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This issue is Number 31 (last of Volume II) and is intended primarily for LASFAPA 15 (December 18, 1977). What will be in the next issue? Will there be one? Stay tuned...

IF THIS WENT ON...

But it didn't. Big changes are coming. This section, by the way, is my explanation/excuse as to where I've been for the past four months. You see, I was once a LASFAPAN, a regular, even a sort-of founder. Ever hear of *SCAPA FLOW*? Well...

For those who never heard of me or hadn't noticed my absence, skip on. And for those who just want the punchline, here it is: I'm going on the waitlist (you know, the one voted down) so if I decide to finally stay in, I can. If I do, the very next zine will pick up on comments. OK? Now for those who are interested in such things (the ones who keep attracting me back to this APA), here's the promised excuse: explanation.

Everybody goes through crises in their professional life, their personal life, and their financial life. Rarely do the three go into crises coincidentally, rare enough to make one wonder if they are not in some way interacting. As far as I can tell, in my case, they are each blowing up independently—but synchronized.

Believe it or not, the last paragraph was not the set-up for a tale of woe and grief; rather, it was more in the way of hope. You see, since this summer, my existence has been overwhelmed by the three to the point where fanac has been all but squeezed out. If it were not for the Triple Crises, I would not even bother writing. How they are resolved will largely determine whether I will return to a fraction of the fanac I once enjoyed, and if I do return to APA-hacking, well, as the commercials say, "You're the one."

I will neither bore nor embarrass you with the second crisis; intimacy should remain just that. Besides, someone else is too involved.

The third one is really not something I can talk about in detail either, for security and counter-economic reasons. So I won't, except to mention that both my typesetting access and a comfortable income have suddenly become shaky. Nonetheless, an uncomfortable income (the obvious alternative) would probably do wonders for my mental and moral flabbiness of the present, so don't sweat it. As for alternate sources of type, well, time to warm up the old ingenuity.

The first one I can give you a quick capsule on. *New Libertarian Weekly*, my attempt at publishing a professional magazine for profit, has had it. Details are available in a special issue I am just mailing out. I gave it two years and 100 issues (101 with the special) and it failed to break even. So I am cutting back, to free both time and money, first to recover, then to build anew.

I expect to put out a monthly which will keep most of my readers for awhile during which time I'll regauge the market and rebuild capital. With some of the time I free I'll get to writing and publicizing some projects I've put off for two years (or even more in some cases).

Of my Triple Threat, this one is the only one really under my control, and I have taken appropriate action. Already I feel the freedom and flexibility I gained. One down, two to go.

Let's assume the "worst," that all three are resolved negatively, that I lose all three of my obsessions (actually two obsessions and a contract), and all at once. Think for a moment, fellow fan and dear reader, what a similar situation would mean to you. [*Thought about it? Good, now read on.*]

Once one is over the shock, and the pain of loss of course, there is an incredible, almost frightening, freedom. Continuity in one's life is disrupted—but look at the opportunity. No ties, no holdovers, no loose ends. One can decide to do literally anything one wants to do with one's life. One can finally do "what one always wanted" even more so than when one graduated from college and had Grad School or a job already waiting. The other side of the coin is the frightening aspect: one no longer has the excuse *not* to do so.

So that's where I've been and where I am. I am playing out the three strands to their ends for this Christmas season, and in January I'll be starting more than a New Year. And perhaps I'll take some of you along (vicariously, through the APA) for the ride... as some of you have already take me and given me courage and perspective. For that I thank you, and for that I am now returning to the fold—consider it a repayment of debt.

And now, out of the ego-wallow and back into fandom.

'STFNAL!' HE SNEEZED

Though my fanac has been obliterated, my fannishness is only constricted. Here are a few things that have occupied my attention since Worldcon.

- *SF Movies Star Wars* remains the great event in SF movies for this year and all time. But there have been a couple other SF movies of note. *Damnation Alley* was a pleasant little diversion, but not what I expected or wanted from Roger Zelazny (I admit I have yet to read the book). Where is the *Cosmic Conflict of Amber*, or of *Lord of Light*, or of *Creatures of Light and Darkness*, or even *Jack of Shadows*? Ah, disappointment—especially after *Star Wars*.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind, many of even my closest friends insist, is SF. If so, I don't want it. Well made, I'm sure, and the special effects were beautiful and all that, but it's not *my* SF. I call it UFO fandom. And I have developed, mainly through typesetting endless articles for a UFO magazine once, a most healthy aversion to the religion known as UFology. The movie was undoubtedly the crowning glory of the UFO freaks as *SW* was to us Space Opera fans, but it's not my fandom. I lump UFOs with Fortean phenomena, lost continents, ghosts, manifestations of the Blessed Virgin, hollow Earth, Cayce, Seth, ESP, all the occult subsiences, astrology, and all the other hypotheses which once competed with explanations proven to be more scientific, logical and rational, but hypotheses which are clung to or adopted for compelling emotional reasons.

I've argued this position in detail orally, and if desired, I will elaborate in comments next issue. But let it suffice here that I want to be identified with Fandom, which I love, and not *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

- **Books** I am approaching my goal of reading all the heroic fantasy of Michael Moorcock as I read *The Swords Trilogy* (now in one volume). More on this when I finish, but let me note here that he's inspired me to seriously try to write something in this subgenre.

Mack Reynolds had a fascinating serial in *Analog* recently, a political SF story. Though I have some strong ideological differences with him, he carried me along contentedly until his down ending. Then again, with his premises, he deserves an unhappy ending. I don't.

Cosmic Trigger: The Final Secret of the Illuminati is half-read at this moment and is driving me sane. This deserves a whole article, and will get one when I complete the book. Robert Anton Wilson, the bastard, is compelling enough to make me read about all those idiocies I denounced above in my *Close Encounters* review—and enjoy it. My mind has been cracked open a painful bit, and the irritation will probably drive me to pen.

- *The Silmarillion* is an event unto itself, making 1977 a year as special to me as 1967 (when I first read *Lord of the Rings*). Even the disastrous televised *The Hobbit* can't take it away. "Beren and Luthien" could easily be a whole volume, as could and should be "Turin Turambar." The "Akallabeth" deserves to be the *Numenorean Trilogy*. And so on. But thanks be to Tolkien for what we did get; and let our imaginations go to work to flesh out the rest. After all, we can't have him do all the work, now can we?

- **People in SF** While my fortunes have been swinging, several worthy people in the field of Science Fiction are succeeding, oh benevolent universe! I rejoice at the profiting of George Lucas, the Space Opera fan, who earned every cent of his new fortune.

Also James Baen, who did so much to revive hope with the faltering *Galaxy* and *Worlds of If*, has gone to his reward at Ace Books and soon a brand-new prozine (*Destinations*). He'll get another shot at a Hugo, and he'll probably still deserve and finally get it.

John J. Pierce, who I have long associated with, has achieved an ambition of his, and richly earned, taking over *Galaxy* in either its swan song or revival. The world is not so bad after all.

Richard E. Geis, another friend and even inspiration, picked up two more Hugos this year, and is carrying on both on the fanzine and the pro columnist fronts admirably and profitably. Hear, hear.

Finally, closest to home, my close friends are also winning. Neil Schulman finally sold his SF novel, and Vic Koman has sold shorter material professionally and has profited justly. More shall come, I'm sure.

So a Merry Christmas to you frenes and fans in general; if indeed there were a God who incarnated this day, he didn't do badly in his Creation. Here surely is enough basis for hope for a Happy New Year as well.

LEFTOVER COMMENTS ON LASFAPA 11

Beth Schwarzin and Don Markstein Maybe the Reappearing Ring could be used in D&D? || I know of a whole crowd of libertarians in Austin. Glad to see some fen there too. || *Sic transit Tanstikkerzeitung.*

Alex Pournelle Sounds like your life is interesting. Chuckle on the bureaucracy, natch. What did you want with a lineprinter?

Eric Lindsay Ah, so *quarto* is 8x10. The secret is finally revealed! || I don't think I received that *Geg* 29. Why in the world should roads be communally owned, any more than land, space, or hot dogs? || No cabs on Sunday? Is that a Blue Law or union rule or what? || I don't have a TV either, so don't feel bad. But somehow "TV personalities" creep into the print medium as well. || No, having a vote is no better than not having it. I have no desire to choose a master; I just work at not being a slave. And I wish no distractions from that task. You are right, in a free society, you would not have politics—the art of rule. || Hear, hear on psych tests being sunk! And for Thomas Szasz. Was he personally in Australia?

Andrina Boys Fifth Amber book, *The Courts of Chaos*, is to be serialized in *Galaxy* in October.

|| I did not ignore your request

Therri Moore Re your title: I should hope not! And I'm not voting, even for you.

Fred M. Mazursky My bathroom is private. And my bedroom. || A "comment hook" is something that the reader finds worthy of comment. Needless to say, they are highly subjective. || Screw your Nurses! || And *Children of Dune* was quite good, so shove that Moose Cock.

Virginia Bauer Your comments to Alex on justice were a mixture of "Right On!"s and "Oh, No!"s

Beverly Kanter There was a female subhuman (*uber-animal*) in *The Island of Dr. Moreau*. Or did you leave before the ending?

MacAdam You're missing a name or two. || I usually party till 6 A.M., and I've been in a hot D&D game until 10:00 A.M. Come on down to LosCon! . Sorry the statists got you. Lucky you didn't have laetrile or saccharin. || Nothing worse than a sell-out anarchist! Traitor! Vote for Nobody! Do you know libertarians Eric Geislinger and Jane Talisman in Portland (also fen)? || Suppose the couples in question consider themselves (individually) attached? Nobody owns another person, but one can freely give oneself exclusively. Laissez faire!

Thanks to Victor Koman for franking this zine. *kiss*

