

# CLEAR ETHER!

Personal-APA genzine of Samuel Edward Konkin III for LASFAPA, Frefanzine, trades, locs and artwork. Address all correspondence to New Libertarian Enterprises, Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801; Personal: SEK3. Volume Three

This is Volume Three, Number Three, and is intended for subscribers, trades, and the following Amateur Press Associations: *LASFAPA 19* (April 14, 1978), *Frefanzine 12* (May 1, 1978), and *APA-NYU 36* (May 4, 1978). *Next month*: Comments catch-up for *LASFAPA*. *Following month*: material of general fannish interest, reviews, locs, something outrageous.

## LEPRECONZO II OR, FEAR AND LOATHING IN PHOENIX!

Heads rolled; gatherings were silenced; parties got raided. "Phoenicians" headlined the daily papers. Balaclava and Austrian crystal gleamed in an international fair. Noted "Conservative" speaker gives revolutionary speech to the bleary-eyed. This is a Science Fiction Convention? Welcome to LepreCon IV, cowboy!

Where to start, where to begin? Perhaps at LepreCon III, a friendly little affair at the Grand Canyon, a year ago. Ah, but that was before politics infected the unwary. There were many Angelenos at the third St. Patrick's Day regional Science Fiction Convention of Phoenix (located at the Canyon for 1977) and six SFALBers; only four came from L.A. and two SFALBers arrived in 1978. One saw a sprinkling of Colorado fen, a couple from Cleveland, an occasional San Diegan or Texan. But most "visiting" fans were from Tucson and Tempe. This was a *local* Con.

Many were oblivious to the politicking—sorry, *smofing*, from "Secret Masters Of Fandom = SMOF," only transformed into verb intransitive by usual fannish linguistics. But while half of LASFS remains only dimly aware that meetings take place in the shed out back, and nine-tenths are oblivious to Los Angeles Westercon Committees and PacifiCon bidding, Iguanacón was an Obsession to the Phoenix fen. A Worldcon in their home town was just too much—the District of Columbia/Sacramento syndrome.

But let's make a stab at a linear chronology, difficult as that may be for your faithful recorder, given the initial turn of events.

### Paleoconia

For me, the Con feeling began Thursday, March 16, as I hopped a bus from downtown Los Angeles and rode to Pasadena. No little old ladies appeared, just Teny and Bernie Zuber, and off I was whisked to a steak house for a Greater Angeleno Gourmet Society (GAGS) pre-convention dinner. Alas, Teny was working Saturday so we commiserated with her over beef grenadine, pepper steak and *vin rose*.

Woeful portents! Bernie, who was to drive the pair of us to Arizona, was stricken ill at the restaurant. On the way home, his radiator blew steam out from under the hood. Those looking for good omens would have to inspect bird entrails.

All was not lost, it seemed. For Bernie recalled that there really was no reason for his nausea attack; he hadn't eaten for quite a while, he had taken Coricidin and washed it down with white wine just before he left home . . . After appropriate sighs of disgust and other proddings, he read the label on the pills, with the clear warning not to mix with alcohol. And the car was quickly healed with a radiator hose transplant at a convenient service station two blocks away.

My nocturnal habits claimed their due as I was still wide awake at 5:30 A.M. when Bernie arose to "get me up" and pack the car. Nonetheless, I remained as talkative as usual, though not terribly alert, and didn't really start to babble until we stopped at Indio's Bob's Big Boy for breakfast, when I got a mild dose of speed from the coffee. Bernie insisted on making sense out of my various ravings, so we pleasantly occupied ourselves through the hot desert, enjoying the sunshine after three months of L.A. rain. I got a thirst-on from Blythe to Buckley, when we stopped to quench it.

we made one false stop at a Ghost Shopping Center, almost brand new but entirely shut down, right off the highway. Weird.

I still remember trying to conjugate Bernie's last name, since it seemed to be obviously a regular "er" infinitive.

Though we had called March fifth for reservations at Los Olivos, they were booked solid. We arrived in Phoenix 4 P.M. Mountain Standard Time (or as they call it back home, God's time) and only took an hour to find the Con hotel. Sure enough, they were still full, having given their cancellations away an hour ago. So off we went to the Royal Towers Inn, about seven blocks away. Strangely enough, the cost for two queen-sized beds in a room was the same as for the Con, the rooms were even more luxurious, and nobody hassled us. Several Olivosites told us Sunday how lucky we'd been.

I vegetated in the hotel room, having already picked up my con badge and not really caring about the programme, as usual. Bernie got together said he was driving over; I was absorbed in Wonder Woman on TV and told him I'd either crash or walk over. If I couldn't walk that far, I couldn't hack the Con, I figured.

Well, I did actually walk over to the Con. The Huckster's Room was the most exciting event going on. Running into Greg Brown, I found out about The Night of the Long Knives and a lot of hinting and beating around the bush. Puzzled, I ran into Bernie as I was leaving the room—and found out what was bugging Greg. He'd been purged.

Allegedly, the WorldCon hotels had not been communicated with in a long time and wondered if there still was a convention coming. Brown was ousted; Tim Kyger flew in from Ohio and at one of the Con Committee meetings going on all weekend, was made the new Iguanacon Chairman.

A local BNF ran into us then. Bernie and he began SMOF-ing so I left. After further wandering around the Con area, I noticed Bernie and several fen follow "Krazy Susan" (latest spelling by herself, a Phoenix Fan) into a room with an incredibly-sized bottle of vodka with a dispenser cap. Hopeful of a real, live room party, I entered, but quickly found it was a Krazy Susan fan club unofficial gathering, with no bheer or Jack Daniels, and I departed.

By now I was contemplating when I would begin to stagger, so I refueled at a Mr. Submarine on the corner and trudged back to the hotel room and collapsed.

### Mesoconia

Early in the morning I hauled ass and soon Bernie was up, wondering why I missed the party. Thence to a hotel breakfast went we, and a little Boiled Brown Bean Speed. Ready I was to be up and at 'em, but for once I was ready for a Con before even the programming would start. The pathetic huckster's room wouldn't occupy me for more than 15 minutes and Bernie had already searched for the books he was trying to find and cased the art show.

So we decided to check out downtown Phoenix and the hotels at which the WorldCon would be held. (Bernie had a particular vested interest in seeing what kind of accommodations room he should ask for his planned Tolkien Society meeting during IguanaCon.) We checked out The Adams, the overflow hotel, which had impressive external architecture but was fairly mundane inside. The Hyatt Regency proved the opposite, and we couldn't resist riding to the 25th floor in the glass-walled elevator to the rotating top-floor restaurant, and see Phoenix sunnily spread out beneath us. After a drink Bernie went to consult with the authorities about room occupancies whilst I returned to the scene of the car to put another nickel in the meter. We had seen some sort of strange festival going on in the square on the adjacent block, and planned to investigate it.

We were to meet in the lobby of the Hyatt at the "Elston's" concession, and while there, I discovered a particularly appealing black western hat. I tried it on as Bernie arrived, and when he confirmed my dashing, dapper appearance, I bought it, affixed my con badge to it, and walked off into a New Image.

On we went to the plaza which was filled by folk; however, these were the kind as in Folk Dance and Folk Festival. Bernie searched for unicorns and I actually found a booth for that well-known ethnic folk, the Canadians. Alas, they served none of the wonderful, distinctive cuisine of our homeland, so I went hungry (more or less) until we returned to the Con.

Soon we had gathered a dinner caucus with the famed "Captain Coors" (Curt Stubbs) and company, and with his

charming and talented wife guiding Bernie and me, we gathered at an honest-to-Giscard restaurant of a real French Chain located in Phoenix. Bernie was far more impressed by the ambience (he was raised in Paris) than the food (modern French junk, I guess) though I freaked out (and pigged out) over the cream puffs. *Vive la patisserie!* A little light luncheon conversation and a little more heavy SMOF-ing, and we were back at the Con.

I actually attended one of the programme panels, with Poul Anderson, someone else whose name I never got, Karen Anderson and a fan moderator. It was a discussion-type event on various What Ifs, with most attention paid to a "What If We Were Non-Blocking Telepaths?" Society, it seemed, would be radically transformed. Some of the blue-skying was truly imaginative, a lot of it was actually sound, and the rest, well . . .

The Con was running out of new thrills, so I got into a discussion with someone of a space-D&D type game called "Traveller." Then I ran into Bernie who had run into an old acquaintance, one Paula-Ann Anthony. P-A joined us for the rest of the evening with her large dog (not Spot), and talked of her old days in Phoenix fandom, her newer days in San Diego fandom, and leading the Highway Patrol on 80mph runs between the cities. (Bernie, worried about speeding tickets on his insurance rates, had driven quite conservatively with my gentle derision; he blanched at P-A's "wild" motoring.)

### Scandal!

Semi-hysterical Concomers came out of the Con room with much wailing and gnashing of teeth. It seems that the hotel (Los Olivos, remember that name) warned us that the Con party would be shut down at 11:00 P.M. if any of the permanent residents complained. Needless to say, the room was surrounded by these sun-tanned, grey-haired mundanes. For frosting on this (let 'em eat) cake, should we be so bold, rash and enterprising as to actually bring liquid refreshment of alcoholic inclination to this party which was *not* purchased from the Company Store (hotel bar), we would be tariffed! (This affront to free trade was referred to by several as "corkage"—which had a fitting mercantilist ring to it.) *Quel bummer!*

In the midst of the milling around, someone must have offered their backyard for an indefinite continuation of a hotel party, scheduled to begin at 10 P.M. and compelled to end at 11 P.M. After getting enough directions to satisfy us (three blocks away south), Bernie, Paula-Ann and I headed for the car and dinner.

We had talked for sometime about going to Dr. Munchies, of which Bernie and Teny had fond memories from their earlier Phoenician visits. (References to Phoenicians in the *Arizona Republic* and *Phoenix Gazette* provided some consternation about our temporal stability until we deduced that was what the local papers called the natives.) But that place was far-off in Scottsdale, and Bernie had some vague plans of going there with some IguanaConCom BNFs late that night. Then there was the Spaghetti Company only three blocks away—but Paula-Ann and Bernie decided that it would be overflowing on a Saturday night.

So we finally went to the "Lunt Avenue" something-or-other—and it was overflowing on a Saturday night. So we tried a restaurant nearby, a little posh and expensive—but what the Inferno, we were on vacation, right?

Now, faithful reader, hanging on my every word, remember that Western hat I purchased earlier, to which I affixed my Con badge and stuff? Ah, I'll bet you forgot I had it on. Well, so did I. But the restaurant noticed. And objected. My mood had been approaching frustration for quite some time,

coupled with cumulative sleep deprivation and a vague feeling that fandom was falling around my ears. Nor, when all was said and done, was I more than marginally happy with this unknown, expensive eating-place.

So I told them where their dress code and other threatened invasions of my personal liberty could be placed (on their privates, private property, of course), told Bernie and Paula-Ann that my actions in no way bound them, and stalked out proudly, my hat brim low, ornery, and mean.

At this point, Paula-Ann revealed her parentage (wealthy father) and knowledge of a nearby restaurant—oh, yes, they did follow me, perhaps out of misguided fannish loyalty. It was outrageously expensive, and none of us cared for the music, but the service was excellent, the food good (except for a bit of livery taste to the steak, which Bernie claimed not to notice), and P-A kept us entertained by rationing out scandal after scandal from her short but adventurous past.

We returned to the Los Olivos, and my wear and tear began to show worn and torn. I made contact with appropriate Arizona fen but lost Bernie and Paula-Ann. Then I found them again but lost Captain Coors and his Los Planet Phoenicians. I do remember a large dog being somehow involved with why we did not go straight to the party. But we did make those final three blocks, in two separate cars, before midnight.

The backyard was crowded and I now had made it to a real, honest-to-Ghods, Con party! I grabbed a Coors and proceeded to renew my will-to-live at Life's Font. After all, this would have to last me until WesterCon.

Tim Kyger appeared, and I personally handed him a cheque for my Iguanacon membership. (I had promised him my scalp after abandoning my non-attendance stance against a Harlan-GoH WorldCon.) The next hour passed in growing inebriation, pleasantly diverted by a scandal of misunderstanding involving Paula-Ann and Captain Coors (which I probably wouldn't publish even if I did get it straight at the time) which seemed to be eventually resolved and further diversion was provided by an occasional glimpse at *Saturday Night Live* on the living room television.

Oozing out the door, I replenished my fuel and snatched a canvas chair next to the filk-singing. A communicative femfan next to me distracted my attention with her inexhaustible description of works-in-progress. (Was I really mad enough—or stoned enough—to tell her I pay money to writers? I wonder how Bova, Ferman and Pierce can stand it?)

I checked my sanity, and sure enough, those were indeed three cops (□ pigs □ fuzz □ Officers of the Law) wandering around the LepreCon Party-in-Exile. We'd been raided.

After having been informed of the complaint of neighbors of excessive noise (no loud music, mind you, just our voices—which implied people really enjoying themselves, which was probably the real objection), some decided to soldier on in relative quiescence, but Bernie, P-A and I headed for the

cars and Doctor Munchies. We certainly hoped he'd be good for what ailed us.

A little dramatic irony at this point, hard-core reader of these intimate revelations. Bernie was preparing us for the worst, saying that there had been no Dr. Munchies listed in the phone book, but there was a Munchies Copper Cooker at the same address in Scottsdale. The one in Tempe had closed for good. Strangely enough, the latest in Beverly Hills (and the only one of the chain I had been to—and recommend highly) was the only survivor.

Sure enough, the Munchies Copper Cooker was not Doctor Munchies and failed to live up to Bernie's expectations, though much of the menu and decor remained unchanged.

My only objection at this bleary hour was a lack of booze (they turn the taps off at 1 A.M., even worse than L.A.). Running out of fuel at last, I started coming down. I noticed a maudlin turn-of-phrase coming out of me (after Bernie found out that Ms. Anthony's first name was not, as he had been calling her all night, Susan, I injected, "I'm so glad your name isn't Susan.") I promptly shut up, stuffed my mouth with some cheesy Mexican crispy dish, and watched myself carefully for any other strange emissions.

I unglued my eye from my navel long enough to bid Paula-Ann farewell at the cars, and soon after we arrived back at the hotel, I could seek oblivion. I found it.

## Cenoconia

Naturally I had to drag my body out of bed at 9 A.M. and pack, check out, and get to the banquet. Bernie passed up the Brunch and went to Lunt Avenue Whatsit to eat instead. I found the food relatively good, superb for banquet fare, but I do not stand by my judgement on that hung-over day. (With one exception . . .) I was not too thrilled with the potatoes, and I picked one up to inspect, turning to the head table (to which I was next) and asked the Andersons, "Does it bounce?"

"Too soggy," one or both (I think it was Karen) replied—twice, since I seemed to be unable to hear things too clearly.

The toastmistress filled our ears with Denver fan marriages and other obscure trivia that I could no longer appreciate even sociologically. Another banquet—\*sigh\*. It was lightened a bit by the Fan GoH, who hadn't got around to writing a speech, and didn't bother wasting our time. Good man!

Pro Guest of Honour Anderson got himself introduced, and as he got past the usual GoH obeisances, something began tugging at my mind, cutting through the fog. Poul was talking about "Science Fiction and Freedom." It seemed to be quite interesting, as a matter of fact; he was saying some hard core things, why . . . My Ghod, he was giving a *libertarian* GoH speech at a Science Fiction Regional Convention! Suddenly I was all alert; this was worth reporting and I was professional again. Reporting? Hell, it was worth publishing. I must have it!

First out of my seat when Poul thanked us for listening and signed off, I led a rare standing ovation (rare for me, who thinks they're far too common), setting me up to spring. Soon as the applause was over, I ran up to Anderson and asked if I could buy the speech. He readily agreed and I rushed back to my seat. I grabbed my checkbook, and while the closing remarks were made, wrote out the instrument, trying to figure out what to offer, then picking the amount my top writer gets and figured Anderson was worth at least that. The moment the banquet was declared over, I was at the head table and handed him the cheque, asking if it was acceptable. It was, he got it, I got the manuscript, and found Bruce Pelz was right behind me, eating my dust, dickering now for fanzine reprint rights.

[The speech has already made it to press in *New Libertarian 3* and is available for \$1 from *New Libertarian Enterprises* (see my colophon).]

My Con was made; the whole trip was worth it; all's well for it ended well. I clicked my red shoes—well, black boots—and said "There's no place like home" with all my might.

Just to be safe, I waited until Bernie finished an interminable phone call to some Tolkienesque local, figuring his driving had proved more reliable than red-shoe service in the past. Who should I meet but Alan Winston of L.A. Even at a regional this small, you can have trouble finding people you know . . . (Actually, Alan informs me that he was out, sleeping through the party night I made and, as

I've related, vice versa.)

But I'll spare you further denouement. Suffice it to say that Bernie and I spent the next eight hours driving back saying some *wild and crazy things* to keep ourselves quasi alert and semi rational, and made it to Long Beach hale, hearty, and thoroughly burnt out. It must have been a good Con. ■

## UPDATES

This is a new section of *CLEAR ETHER!*, in which I tag on some remarks to material I did in previous issues. For example:

In issue one (all numbers of *CE!* are Volume III, unless otherwise specified), I wrote the dissection of Harlan Ellison as GoH and his irrational stance as a defender of feminism via ERA via boycott of Arizona *ad nauseum*. Reaction from oral and DNQ sources (including IguanaConCom) has been overwhelmingly... *favourable!*? Ghu, I struck a nerve. For once, Right Reason, the "masses" and I travel the same road (no, no, not "walking the walk"). Goes to show, I guess, that SF "masses" are not like other masses—but then we've all been saying that for years. Good show!

Last issue, I got turned on by C.J. Cherryh (literally, too) and reviewed *The Faded Sun*: Kesrith. I've just completed the first of her Morgaine series (*Gates of Ivril*) and am reading the sequel, *Well of Shiuian*. She continues to fulfill my early expectations. Imagine a hard-science fantasy? Andre Norton a la Michael Moorcock and a lot of other good stuff in the realm of influences.

## EN GARDE AT THE RIPOSTE OFFICE

### Frefanzine

#### Frefanzine 11

**Cover** Enough desperation! What happened to McIntosh, Martin and Schulman? Not to mention I hear Beth draws too. This one makes Vic Koman look good.

**ToC** So how come I get my zine in first—and get collated last? (Until last minute people were added but not listed in the contents.) Just *what* is your policy, CRC? ¶ I can't decide if I got this disty because if (1) or (4). Both, I guess. Too bad you're not my type, Charles. Charles Curley No comments to me and nothing but comments. I notice you got *Rally* several weeks before I did.

**Harry J.N. Andruschak** Thanks for the notice, but how about a real zine? Is there nothing that all we say of interest? Speaking of Steve Beatty, I remember he had a certain affinity for libertarianism (loved *NL* in an earlier incarnation). May we have his latest address? ¶ Love your "golden rule"—now that was appropriate to *Fref*.

**Daughter of Eris, Cousin of Sam Best** zine in the APA (well, non-typeset, anyways) as usual. Ha,

noticed you also have been taken by C.J. Cherryh. It is truly frightening to see the convergence of our tastes, anarcho-cousin. *Where* did you come from? Are you that clone I was planning to eventually time-trip back to when I needed it most? ¶ Can you convert that UT referendum report into an article (I pay, remember) for *New Libertarian*? And anything else like that is desired. ¶ Perhaps we need coin a new term for gafia/fafia a la professionalism: *papia* perhaps? ¶ I do not support The Thornton's decision to drop out of *LASFAPA*, but, knowing him, he'll fade out of *Fref* soon as he moves. I'd be sorry to see you leave *LASFAPA*—at least until you and Don arrive in California. ¶ Is/was/will be there a "Society to Create Havoc"? Does this answer my question as to what's "SCHav"? ¶ No more Will and Linda? Aw. ¶ Welcome to D&D addiction! Alas, we're moving into C&S, but I'll keep the old stuff lying around just in case I should run into you when you're hot for D&D. ¶ I'll not compound the Sin of Pre-Answering by answering you here; after all, I took care of it with a real letter. (You are the only fan from the APAs I've corresponded with, so have some egoboo.) I have lots more to say on this subject...someday.

Me Yes, typo of "Volume One, Number One" noticed. Nuff said.

**The Thornton** There are people in this APA who don't know you're also called Andy. Can I tell them? ¶ Well, I noticed you *didn't* sign your name to it, after all. ¶ As for your staying in *Frefanzine*, hah! I'll believe it when I see it. (Though if you do, we might actually converse more than we do now.) And writing letters, double (hah!) squared. [For Beth and Steve, that is 2\*(hah!)\*2. And float twos.] ¶ Good point to Beth; why don't you come up with (and develop) ideas like that for *NL*? Why don't you...why do you bring out the Big Brother (read both ways) in me? I feel absolutely compelled to correct you and improve you and I hate myself when I feel this way. (\**Pardon me while I sulk in self-loathing for a time*\*) ¶ Creative typo: "gloom onto her bibliography." I'm sure if Sharon lets you *glom* onto it, it won't be all that depressing. Also an "ook" for "extreat saliva" as opposed to, I supposed, "excrete." You're a better mine of random neologisms than Dennis Jarog. ¶ You didn't write comments to the bugger and he's mad a you. Naw, it's not really that good a reason. ¶ That *might* have been the best Con report you read...before Lepre-Conzo II. ¶ You consider Rommel a villain? I'm not absolutely sure he didn't repent in the end. Let me put it this way: he's close enough to a hero that if he *did* try to off Hitler, he would go over the top. His defense of Europe from the Washington-London Axis and those power-mad imperialists, Butcher Churchill and Mad Man Roosevelt, certainly made up for his Third World incursion into Africa. ¶ Aargh, you typoed a *German* name. Shame! An Austrian economist, no less: *Eugen Von Bohm-Bawerk*. (No, I don't have an *umlaut* on the Merg.) ¶ Since I'm betting you won't make next collation, goodbye, you...you...you! (Good thing you're male or I might get mushy.)

**Lee Gold** Once upon a time, we existence in every APA. Perhaps it shall be so again. ¶ Do you require a royalty on that Declaration? I'm thinking of typesetting it to make it look official, running off a hundred, and selling my surplus. ¶ The epic rain storm came and...came again

**Next Issue: *LASFAPA* comments will be caught up; you will all be mentioned, I swear! Don't withhold my egoboo fix, for the love of Ghu!** ■

and again. When do we get another 2½ year (what I experienced before the deluge) dry spell? ¶ Why did you have to fulfill Charles Curley's pledge? Are you *ilin*? (In-joke for Cherryh fandom.)

## APA-NYU

### APA-v 34

Sorry I missed the Fourth Anniversary. Even a parent occasionally misses his child's birthday parties. [\**And I wish this kid would grow up*]\* I see you've traded Mark Marmor for Bill Bridget. And on that note... Cover Reminds me of New York city-living. One of our better ones.

**APA-News** A long overdue idea. Congratulations. Not that it is necessary for APA-existence, but it does convince others that you're serious. And *APA-NYU* certainly needs credibility.

**Marc S. Glasser** Thanks, but I got the notice to get into the anniversary issue a tad too late to change plans for this Lepre-Conzo. — A serious question to you and any other 'NYUers: Do you know how to get in touch with Mike Moslow (and will you let him know I'm looking for him)? Thanks. ¶ Since The Thornton is moving to Long Island, I may actually show up at an East Coast Con in the next year. Alas, Bastille Day is far too close to the Sixth Annual Heinlein-Konkin Birthday Party, so I'll have to pass on EmpiriCon. Sounds awfully good, though; I am very happy not only to see Lunacon get some much-needed competition, but also by a fan of the libertarian persuasion in the Higher Circles (\**smof*\*). Good work, Marc! ¶ Don't believe your erstwhile friends; Lunacon and Fun are about as compatible and Carter and Truth. ¶ A name for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* fandom? How about "Dead and buried"?

**Edward Horn/Sylvia Gerbil** I apologize if you are incapable of doing any better, but this is an honest-to-ghod crudzine. If it was intended for me in any way, I am insulted.

**Frederick M. Mazursky** This also is a crudzine, but at least I am not insulted. I know you can do better, so I'm not picking on the afflicted.