

T A R Z I N E of the A P A S !
A somewhat controversial and
always contentious personalzine
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cc

WHEN THE ROUND, ROUND ROBIN COMES BOB,
BOB, BOBING ALONG...

Are You Saved? (Part 4)

The mushroom cloud rose and the
thunderclap jolted the car we were in.

"Don't look at it!" The Thornton
warned.

"OK, I'm convinced," I said. "Bob,
keep that goddam Toyota on the road.
Seal Beach is twenty miles away so
we're all right."

I turned as the light dimmed to face
backwards. "Now, Thornton, I want to
know why this happened, who was in on
it and why I wasn't informed."

Thornton shifted uneasily in his
seat. "Need to know basis."

"State shit! That sounds like
Schwarz. Was he on the West Coast?"

"Yeah, well, he's already in
Arizona by now."

"Was Filthy in on it?"

"Only on the other end, on con-
struction. There's a lot of
libertarians working in Defence
back east..."

"And Schwarz turned on the screws.
OK, he was talking about this for
years, and he finally went over the
edge. Why the hell didn't he
coordinate the action with me?"

Thornton slowly turned to me.
"Because you've opposed me shooting
back."

"Damn it, Thornton, that is not
what I said. I'm opposed to it
because of cost and because it takes
a lot of preparatory work to make
it pay. Look, you've gone and nuked
the Arms' Seal Beach Training Camp."

"Knocked out about 20,000 minimum.
Southern California is anarchist!"
The light gleaming in his eyes tore
at my heart.

"Listen carefully. There will be
another 20,000 from out of the area
swarming in here within hours--more
if we moved now. Got that? Now,
we don't have an army of even 1,000
men to fight them, Understood? The
people are not ready to revolt, even
if they know we have nukes. And the
statists will be trying to frighten
them with fear of us! Got it?"

He looked down at the floor of the
car.

"We got to do something!" he cried.

"We are running food in and feeding
people. We are smuggling in petrochem-
icals and keeping a lot of things going
that the state's controlling to death.
Remember that truckload of medicine
we entrepreneured for Utah when the
State Church decided to let the
Mormons die off?"

"I wanted to ride shotgun with
Frank."

"That oilfield tinkerer made a better
cover."

Bob interrupted us. "Which way do
I turn?"

"Head for the LASFS club house.
Ken, Neil and Chuck will be by tonight
and we can take action. As soon as we've
decided what to do."

I thought about it. How could we
make the best of it? Then I remembered
that this was one show I was not
running.

"What did Schwarz think he was
going to do?"

"He's sent in a threat to nuke the
Pentagram in Washington next if the
New Prophet doesn't repeal a list of
laws."

"But that won't necessarily be
publicized. In fact, I doubt that even
the local Arms would be informed of the
threat."

"They're bound to blame it on the
Libertarian Underground."

"Not necessarily, Thornton. We're
mostly identified with protecting
Free Marketeers, small scale tactical
stuff. They might even think the Reds
got a present from Russia with love."
Thornton looked disgusted.

"I think we'll let them suspect that,"
I added.

"What!" he exploded. "After all I went through...?"

"Write it off. Bad investment. Bad p.r. I wish the East Coast revolution-trippers would stay home and screw up their own Coast."

"The Revolution, Thornton, will come when the people are good and ready. Our function is to make sure we survive and guarantee that the post-revolutionary society doesn't set up a State. Any thing else is counter-revolutionary."

Thornton sat thinking. I did some more of it myself.

"OK," he said finally.

"Where's the spare nukes Schwarz left?" I asked casually.

"One is in Neil's apartment, one in my briefcase here," he admitted slowly.

I looked at it with distaste. "All right, keep it disarmed and we'll sell it tonight."

"We're here," Bob noted as he parked.

Thornton and I pulled some boxes out of the trunk. "Shit. Stencils and paper for the fen. Chicken shit."

"Sounds like Schwarz again. There's a lot of people needing a lot of things, Thornton. And I've always said fandom is our best hope to become a worthy post-revolutionary intelligentsia. You used to agree with me."

"Yeah, I guess I still do."

"You know, Sam, what really makes me mad is this heretic New Prophet calling himself a Christian. How would you like it if you were a Christian?"

"I guess I wouldn't. Let's cool it till we get Ken and Neil and Chuck to one side."

Milt had arrived just behind us and was rushing to get in.

We dumped our boxes and I walked over to where he was talking to Jack, Len, Fred, and a few others. Nearly everyone was here. I didn't see Neil or Ken anywhere.

"What's up?" I intervened.
= "There's been a bust!" someone blurted.

Milt turned to me. "I just took a hell of a chance coming here from the lab. Everybody's talking about that Seal Beach blast. What do you people know about it?"

That was not at all like Milt. Generally the less he knew about the Underground, the happier he was.

"They don't think it's the Reds?" I parried.

"They got Ken and Neil. Ken said they were on their way here. Neil was carrying a briefcase."

I stood /stunned. They got Ken and Neil. Neil probably wouldn't talk, and Thornton and Schwarz had not told him anything, not even what was in the briefcase.

Milt knew what I was thinking. "It was in the briefcase, all right. We have been blamed. The only reason they haven't raided yet is they're scared shitless over what we might have here."

I looked at Milt and the others one by one. "OK, Milt, we owe you a big one. The Underground is at LASFS' disposal--as much as any one person can make it. What do we do next?"

"There was another bust earlier," remarked Phil.

We had been dealing guns to Phil so I knew and trusted him pretty well. Frank was usually with him and this was no exception.

"Who?" I asked.

"Ted. They 'pacified' Craig as well. We want to free Ted and we were waiting for you for equipment."

Milt broke in. "They'll be interrogating them together soon."

"OK," I said, "let's plan some action. Neil is loaded for suicide two different ways--hollow tooth and a bomb to go off if he moves his shoulders back a certain deliberate way. Ken's also got something."

"Jeez?" exclaimed Phil.

"Too bad Ted wasn't..." Frank cut off the thought before it became too macabre.

"Action needed," I reminded them.

"I think all LASFS is concerned. Let's call the meeting to order." Bruce looked truculently at me.

"Oh my Ghod, Bruce, nothing can be done collectively!"

The others agreed with Bruce. Thornton, Bob and I took our seats. Bruce called the meeting to order. "All right, shut up!"

"Now, most of you know about the bust this morning. Well, you ain't heard nothing yet!"

((To Be Continued by someone else))

EN GARDE AT THE RIPOSTE OFFICE

June Moffatt: Apologies for the erroneous identification. So I'll ask you for the origin of "ook."

Did you see the article on Higgledey Piggledy's in Time a while ago?

Dick Eney: Since Vic isn't around to defend himself, I'll plunge in. The question of equity is exactly what Vic is talking about. To say the statist gets to shoot back makes as much sense as to say the burglar you found downstairs and took a shot at is entitled to shoot back. Nonsense. He is entitled to drop his loot and put up his hands. And as the author (major one) of "The Ballad of Filthy Pierre" I give you permission to disseminate. Have you got your NYUSFS Hymnal yet (which includes that and many more).

Ted Johnstone: Oh, Ghu, did you blow that scandal wide open. Chris has been trying to keep it quiet and I have been trying to help him locate Stine. Now that you published that whole thing in APA-L, Jardine (with whom I work at the same place) will be on guard to keep his lips sealed.

Chris also informs me that you made a couple of errors. ... other ... t! ... re-reading your ...

... More

seriously, Chris said he didn't necessarily intend to give up on Christmas. Anyways, now that we have a court case here, why don't we step back and let Chris and Hank settle it there.

Marty Cantor: How can you have a con report from a con you never attended? By the way, what have you got against Cons? Yhum, yhum.

Ah, a fellow pipe aficionado. Let me check your prejudices. What do you think of Edgeworth ready-rubbed in a filter / full meerschaum?

Fuzzy Pink Niven: Thanks for the translation of VSOP. Now for a toughie, what do the stars (as in "five star") designate on brandy?

Dan Goodman: Your answer to Cantor on Nazism vs Ayn Rand was excellent and to the point. May I add that Ms. Rand has denounced them as another form of Socialism (which they most certainly are) and that her chief flunky right now is righting a book attacking present trends in the U.S. by comparing it with the National Socialist ideology. Finally, Rand's workers would be supermen too, at least in a "utopia" if she had one. By the way, Rand has also repudiated Nietzsche, so she has not believed in supermen for about twenty years or so. Rand's two main faults are an incredible ignorance of revisionist history and the inconsistency of her actions with her professed theory.

I once went to a Thai restaurant in New York with a real live Thai. ("We are Siamese if you please, we are "Siamese if you don't please" too ((Quick, everyone, what movie is that song taken from?))). Strange food, but nothing turned me off. I'd consider going again.

NOTICE OF MEETING: APA-L 540 (last week) listed the SPALBX meeting at the Anarchovillage (1838 E. 7th, #3, Long Beach) on both Friday night (De Profundis) and Saturday (ToC). Having been confused myself, I checked with the initiator, and had FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26 CONFIRMED. Topice, etc. still the same. Come.

EN GARDE AT THE REPOSTER OFFICE (Cont.)

Fred Patten: Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson both write for a sort of letterzine for the Anarcholeft (Anarchists who are not free market like libertarians) called the SRAFederation Bulletin. I receive it in exchange for NLF. Both are more or less anarchocommunists, one writes for Playboy and I believe appears on the masthead. Wilson and Shea are somewhat more rational than the rest of SRAF, which is why they stand out in my mind. Wilson is also the self-proclaimed chief disciple of Timothy Leary (maybe no longer since Leary became State's evidence). He has raved about Operation Star//seed in other writings (I believe he has also appeared in Church of All Worlds' zine) which is a psychedelic project for starship colonization, with about engineering sense as a stoned sociology major.

Tell me if it is readable or New Wave; if the former, I'll take a crack at it and be glad to give you any inside dope I can glean.

Allan Rothstein: Thanks for the compliment. What is the origin of your title?

I tried Columbo's. Good for the locale, and the price reasonable; I prefer a few more ingredients on my Everything Pizza than they give, but otherwise... And I'm watching for your title change.

John Hertz: How about a movie based on the threat

of an attack of Scrooges (à la Dickens, not Disney)? BAMS! And if that don't sell, it could be retitled THE DAY OF THE HUMBUG!

De Profundis (Tom Locke): Jack Jardine is recovered fully, near as I can tell.

Moshe Feder: Hi, Moshe. Can I yet get a copy of the Mimeo Man? *Funch, fanuch* Hey, why run all the way to Boston for an new APA when there's APA-v in New York crying for members?

Hilda Hannifen: I saw my first D&D game played at the Mythopeic Society picnic on Sunday. The infection has grown into a rash (that's a vowelless rash) and becoming feverish. When Thornton and I returned home, we cast a portal spell to open the door, counted forty feet inside, and then a detection spell. Still had to turn on the light with a switch. A Dreaded Neighbourhood Bore came in, but was dealt with by a sleep spell. here may be a new game emerging after the SPALB meeting.

Bill Warren: Note that APA-v is my inadequate typer's way of saying APA-(nu) which is a one-letter rendition of NYU, where it originated. We came up with the greek letter when we assumed that all the Roman ones were taken. Found out from somebody in Berkley that they have an APA-pi. So much for being original and fresh, etc.

Roger Hill: Only a theo. phys. would sweat the boson-fermion thing (actually, some theo. chem. are finding applications for boson theory). Stay away from them or you will shrink to a point (eee...ek! More seriously, what do you think of writing (not necessarily you doing the writing) an SF story which uses concretizations of the second quantization abstraction. For example, setting up a physical reaction corresponding to a destruction operation (annihilation operator) on earth and creation operator on planet of distant star with small t? (FTL)