

More-or-less weekly APazine of Samuel E. Konkin III for
APA-L, the Amateur Press Association of the Los Angeles
Science Fantasy Society. Official fannish address:
SAMUEL E. KONKIN • 2210 WILSHIRE BLVD., 379 • SANTA MONICA, CA 90403
(213) HEAL-VEX gets you a 24-hour answering machine! • Volume III.

Iarzine of the APAs

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?

For those who so wonder, read the following; the rest of you can skip over it (it's conveniently boxed) and go on to the comments and natter. Actually, I've been away from *this* APA for over ten years! Most interesting to see who's *still* here (accolades to you) and who's *now* here (greetings, old friends) and who's new (hi! to the rest of you).

Fafia in White January

Above is probably the most compact — and thus cryptic — title I have ever used. Allow me to unpack (an apt metaphor) it. For I'm back, if ever I was away, reviving three of my old titles at once in April (no foolin') of 1988 in the two (remaining) APAs I godfathered and the one that originally inspired me.

Fafia — for all you neos I missed meeting — is forced away from it all. I've always carefully distinguished from *Gafia* (*Getting Away From It All*), a term that precedes "Drop-out" but shares its meaning. It's a great Free-Will example: *Gafia* is your choice and *Fafia* ain't. One *gafiates* but one is *fafiated*.

What *fafiated* me was the great leap for the brass ring on life's merryground. In October of 1985 The Agorist Institute acquired a backer and an office. With help from other agorists and with Victor Koman and me doing much supplementary work, AI was ready for courses, journals, research and seminars in "Counter-Economics & Related Interdisciplinary Studies." January 15, 1987 was to be crucial meeting in Berkeley with our biggest backer (yclept "El Donorito," a California in-joke) to nail down a project which would reward our efforts and generate AI a small but steady income.

I'll skip the details (lots of them) and even explanations of agorism, counter-economics and so on; you may request introductory information from me at AI's Outreach Office: 236 E. 3rd Street, Suite 201, Long Beach, CA 90802. Straight to the punch line, then.

I was booked for SerCon three weeks later and WisCon the next month. On the trip up to Berkeley, I realized I had neglected my fanac to the point where APAs that don't have minac were minac-cing me out! I had only attended cons, and then only a couple, for the past year and a half. I was ready to crank up again. In fact, with AI's new Macintosh Laser-

Volume III • Number One • March 19, 1987

Writer and the latest in typesetting layout software (PageMaker™) I could, would, and should be cranking (there's that old mimeograph term again) fanzines out.

El Donorito treated us to a swell expenses-paid weekend and we had a meeting. Slowly he began changing the terms. Vic, worried about his novel-writing, put a (reasonable) three-week limit on re-write work on the project. I offered to make up whatever additional requirements that Vic wouldn't. Donorito decided that was not good enough; the more we tried to satisfy him, the more he deplored our attitude.

You guessed it, right? We (AI and me) had been anticipatorily spending and committing projects and now we were wiped.

Simultaneous with AI's losing Donorito, most of the Anarchovillage libertarians and the neighboring support group had a wave of "between-jobs" unemployment. A major journal I was typesetting was cancelled. Negative synchronicity? Coincidental Depression?

The white market had its Black Thursday in 1929. So the defenders of the black market (us) called the simultaneous "bottoming out" of our fortunes "White January."

The very fact that you are reading this means recovery has occurred. AI will accomplish all it set out to do but much later, over a longer period of time. *New Libertarian* magazine (which actually ran against the trend, still growing in circulation) is out again (the problem was the labor force — us — were distracted by survival), and with the ides of March I have breathing space to utter those long-awaited words, FIAWOL — again!

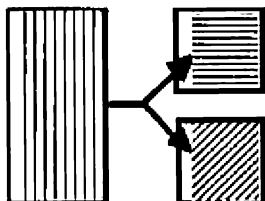
And now to important things, like stfnal æsthetics and Comments...

FRANK/INCENSE-ing YOU

Oops, out of room for my big, back to 'L return zine. I'll pick up the last four back disties and do some serious commenting next week. Meanwhile, I'm franking neofrefan J. Kent Hastings on the back of this page, and fellow mesofrefan and semimesoneopro Victor Koman on a separate flyer.

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose.

—K. Kristofferson

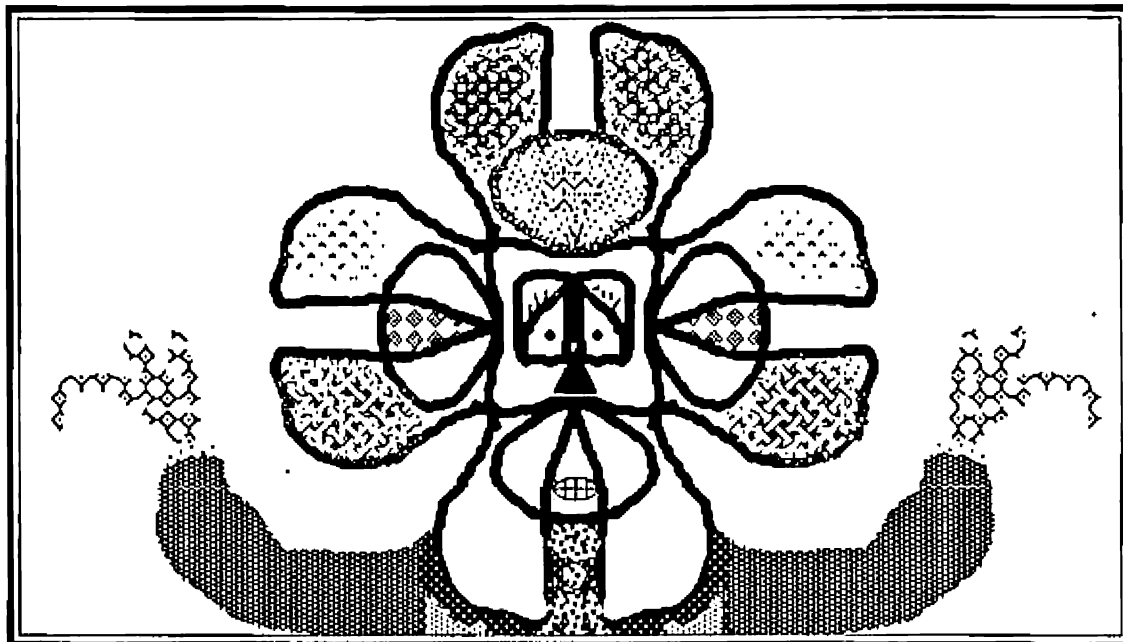


KENT HASTINGS
236 East Third Street
Suite 201
Long Beach, CA 90802

APA-LZINE #1!!!



In this issue...
Who am I?
Who cares?
Review:
Chanur Series



Who cares what APA-L issue #?

Hello. Allow me to introduce myself: Kent Hastings, world famous libertoonian, science fiction reader and ham radio jammer- I mean, operator. I was born and raised behind the Orange curtain, where I attended fairy school aka St. John's Lutheran school (any parochial school is fairy school). After a childhood of intensive religious indoctrination I moved to Paradise, California where my wise-ass Anaheim friends said I should say hello to Jesus for them. If only The Jehovah Contract had been written then...

All that's behind me and now I'm a very successful under-employed Datprok (data processor) not looking very hard for a full-time wage-slave authoritarian working environment, such as I have enjoyed for the last eight years. At one of these progressive organizations the boss asked us for suggestions on how we in the programming department could avoid conflicts with the accounting staff. Things were so bad that they were forbidden by management to walk through our area to the lunch room but had to go outside to walk the long way even though they were in the same side of the building. We were allowed to walk through their area to go to staff meetings and talk to the boss. I presented the following based on *The Third Wave* by Alvin Toffler: Telecommuting is the use of communications technologies instead of more expensive transportation technologies to deliver work assignments, efforts, and results to and from information intensive workers. An important benefit to the company is the reduced cost of rent and supplies. Assume all employees who could

work at home would work at home and that each employee would pay her usual rent. Each worker could order supplies using the company discount with her own money. Salaries could include an allowance for required items beyond pens and paper. The commute time for each telecommuter is the time needed to dial (obsolete term - how about push?) a phone number thus reducing tardiness and absenteeism (such as I was guilty of when I had a 90 mile daily commute at one job). These employees would not need to spend lots of money on office clothes to work at home. Occasional meetings could be held at local restaurants or hotel meeting rooms to present the big picture for a new project and to give recognition to participants for completed projects. Accountability of projects would be improved because all activity would be logged as it occurred. Off-shift application problems would be resolved more quickly because the person notified could sign on from home and start working sooner. But no-o-o-oh, we're an oil corp!

But enough of my sniveling, let us march in step comrade for progress toward Panac!
I just finished reading *The Pride of Chanur*, *Chanur's Venture*, *The Kif Strike Back*, and *Chanur's Home-coming*, which occur in C.J. Cherryh's Compact Space universe. Her Union/Alliance novel *40,000 in Gehenna* takes place concurrently with the Chanur series, according to her note in *The Kif Strike Back*. It wouldn't be a big surprise to see further development of both series combined a la Asimov's robot and Foundation books or Heinlein's Future History/ Fiction mix (since *The Number of the Beast*).

[To be continued in the next irregular issue...]