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Not a bad mailing. I've got to hand it to you guys. Not only did everyone from #14 return for this one—we've got twice as many newcomers and "newcomers" to add to the milieu. I'd like to extend a hearty welcome back to Harry Andruschak, Charles Curley and Craig Vaughan, and an even heartier welcome to first-time contributors Bruce Dane, Arthur D. Hlavaty, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Greg Brown and Mike Skloff.

Now, while 58 pages from a dozen contributors is "not bad" for an apa on the way up after having been in the doldrums for so long, it's not what I'd call really great by objective standards. With 58 pages to comment on, I don't think we should have so many ones and twos in the right-hand column for #16. I personally plan to comment on every item herein, at least ten pages total, so if anyone is game for a pagecount war, that's the mark to shoot for. Also, if you happen to know someone who might be interested in contributing, put him on spec or ask me for an extra copy for him. We're still pretty underpopulated in this apa. (My idea of an apa in the pink, by the way, is about 25-30 regular contributors, at least 20 of whom are in any given mailing, producing 150-200 pages. Healthy, but not unwieldy.)

**This has been Pep Talk #237. Collect the whole set.**

Postage Accounts: No costs for postage or envelopes have been deducted yet, so they currently stand at just what you gave me: Andruschak, \$1; Curley, \$20; Gunderloy, \$5; Hlavaty, \$3; Tutihasi, \$2; Vaughan, \$10. Sam and Donna get credit this time, but don't forget to send me some bread for #16. Tony Parker and Linda Frankel will get #15 at Arthur's expense—don't forget, you can put a friend on spec just by paying the mailing costs.

Unless instructed otherwise, I will send all mailings via USPS at the cheapest rate I can get away with. If you want it first class, just ask.

Harry Andruschak has sent us a nifty bacover, a photograph taken in Martian orbit using stolen money. I'm not creebing about the morality of a government-sponsored space program—in fact, I'm glad to get this nice, albeit small, benefit for my involuntary generosity. But Andy has specifically requested that this and all such future contributions be used on the back of the mailing, rather than the front, and that interferes somewhat with my plans. I have several unusual prejudices in rning apas, one of which is tha t the TOC should be accessible without turning any pages. Since I want a cover on the front, that leaves the back. So—no bacoovers. On the other hand, I don't want to violate Andy's specific instructions concerning his own

contribution, made before I stated my policy on this matter. So—it's a bacover this time, but nexttime, Andy, I'd like permission to run it on the front. Or how about in the middle? These things are really nice looking, but when every apa in fandom runs them on the outside, it can get a little hard to tell them apart.

I realize it's impolite for the OE to comment on something in the same mailing in which it appears, but someone asked about minac. Bite your tongue! Minac is for statist apas that don't allow the individual to take responsibility for determining his own level of activity. Here, we believe you're the best judge of how much you have to say. I'd like to see everyone contribute a ream, but I won't enforce a minimum. If you don't contribute anything at all for a couple of mailings, I'll figure you've lost interest and stop sending them to you, but that's the closest I'll come to enforcing minac or deadlines. Of course, I realize I'm leaving myself open for someone to "contribute" a single agate character in the corner of a page, but the number of a ssholes who would do that is finite, and simply tolerating any such, I think, would be less harmful than throwing them out for not doing enough.

Bear with me; I'm going to be impolite twice in two paragraphs. But to let Charles Curley's query about what to do with the FreFanZine material cluttering up his place go until I do the regular mailing comments would only further prolong a situation that has gone on too goddamn long already. Yes, Charles, send them to me immediately. Use the money I gave you for postage when you were OE. Or nexttime a roommate of yours is going to a con you know I'm going to be at, send them by messenger. Or something. But just asking idly if anyone would like to have material you've been twiddling your thumbs over for months isn't going to cut it.

Mailing frequency: Does anyone have any thoughts he'd like to express on this? My current plans are to stick to the bimonthly schedule Sam established in #14, with this modification: Over the course of the next three or four mailings, I'm going to shift the deadlines up a week or so at a time to where we're a month out of phase with where Sam put it. There are a couple of reasons for this. One is so as not to conflict with SFPA deadlines, which are fairly immutable and pretty important to me (I haven't missed a mailing in over ten years). Another is so as not to conflict with SCAPA FLOW, which I suspect cuts more ice with more people here than SFPA. And when the WorldCon gets back to North America, that'll give us a mailing each year that can be collated there, which may or may not net us any new contributors, but at least it'll be a good excuse for a party. So: Instead of setting the deadline on April Fool's Day or better yet, the day after, which happens to be the 10th anniversary of the day I flunked my Draft physical, I'm setting it on my 2<sup>5</sup> birthday. So...

#### I M P O R T A N T   N O T I C E

The deadline for FreFanZine 16 is March 21, 1979. Copy requirement is 40. Send all material to Don Markstein, Fearless Leader, 8202 E. Vista Drive, Scottsdale, AZ 85253.

One last thing: Ever since I first heard it, I've disliked the name "FreFanZine". Sorry, Sam, but I can't think of a way to pronounce it that doesn't grate on my ear. The prospect of doing "FreFanZinezines" almost makes up for that, but not quite. Discussion? If we do change it, my suggestion for a new name is The Cameroi, after an alien race in a couple of short stories by R.A. Lafferty who accomplished the miracle of creating a society both libertarian and egalitarian. (Read them if you haven't—I believe they're both in NINE HUNDRED GRANDMOTHERS, which is in print.)

One even laster thing: Sorry about being half a week late, but The Duckmobile, my 1957 VW van that usually quacks right along, croaked. It only took 30 seconds to fix, but we were all day reaching the part that needed fixing. Nexttime I'm in a flea market, a pair of four-dimensional forceps is the first thing I pick up. I don't expect trouble in that area again—it was a fairly indestructible thing that was of defective manufacture and still took 22 years to give out—but fanac did suffer.





PAY TO THE ORDER OF OZMA OF OZ: a report on the 1978 HalfaCon by Don Markstein, 8208 E. Vista Drive, Scottsdale, Az. 85253. Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication #376 Intended for SFPA, AZAPA, FREFANZINE and possibly elsewhere. 12/14/78.

I don't recall the exact sequence of events that led to this year's HalfaCon being held in Bisbee, Az., but I do know that the first moving and shaking occurred at an Inevitables party at Zetta and Larry Dillie's house. Earlier, I'd been making noises about putting it on myself, since nobody else looked likely to. But that was while I was living in Austin, and while Texas isn't really part of the South, they were on our side when it counted, and I had in mind establishing credibility for Austin as a possible DeepSouthCon site. But events made it impossible for me to be there to run the con, so I dropped plans somewhere between contacting hotels and getting out flyers:

So by August, when I was firmly ensconced in the Better Elements of Phoenix Phandom, there seemed to be no HalfaCon in the offing. I guess I must have mentioned the fact, along with HalfaCon's unique bidding procedure (the first person to put in a credible bid gets it unopposed), because I do recall the idea being siezed upon by Curt Stubbs and Bruce Dane. Within minutes, we'd decided among the three of us to hold it in Arizona--there's nothing to say it can't visit another part of the country once in awhile, if nobody in the South is willing to hold it.

The biggest problem, we figured, would be getting a hotel. It was relatively easy to get a hotel for IguanaCon--any hotel in Arizona would fall all over itself to have a full house in the hottest part of the year. But December was a different proposition. Obviously, Phoenix and Tucson were out--which left a plethora of small towns.

The dates were no problem. Curt's 30th birthday was Dec. 9, obviously too good a date to miss. The site was something else. The first suggestion was Flagstaff, which I vetoed upon hearing that it was likely to snow there in December (whoever heard of snow at a Southern con?). Next was Benson, made famous in DARK STAR. But Curt had heard of this fabulous old hotel in Bisbee, a former mining town, now pretty much dried up with the playing-out of the mines. It remained for a look at both to decide between them.

Well, it was no contest. We passed through Benson, a squalid little truck stop, on our way to Bisbee, a lovely, magnificently preserved ghost town nestled charmingly in the mountains near the border. The hotel was more than accomodating. All indications were that a small con in Bisbee would be a fabulous success. In another week or so, I'd gotten out a flyer and was flooding fandom with them.

I guess I ought to explain the title before getting into the con itself. The said flyer invited people to "Make checks payable to Curt Stubbs, Don Markstein, Bruce Dane, 1aCon '78, Ozma of Oz, or whoever you please (don't worry; we'll manage to cash it)." (I'd swiped the schtick from one Faruk von Turk did in connection with the 1973 DeepSouthCon.) And sure enough, Marc Tessler wrote his check to Ozma of Oz.

Dealing with the con itself won't be quite as easy as the foregoing-- I think a good measure of how enjoyable a con is, is how little you recall each individual event of it. I was far too busy having a good time to note things for my con report. Particularly difficult is writing a report on a good con in a linear, chronological manner, as I'm convinced that events at cons don't happen in the same order as they do outside; that is, Saturday morning is as likely as not to come right after Sunday afternoon, with the times in between being filled in earlier or later. Anyway, I tend to remember them that way.

But let's take a shot at chronological order and see how far it gets us. Remember what I said back there about snow? Well, it snowed. Boy, did it snow! I have never seen so much snow. I have certainly never seen so much snow on top of cactus. Fortunately, all of the snow fell a couple of days before the con, but even so, it was touch-and-go whether the roads through the mountains to Bisbee would be open.

But they were--barely in time--and early Friday morning Curt and Mahala Stubbs and I ventured forth to get the show on the road. We checked in, found out that the hotel owner/manager who had been so accomodating when we'd been there before had conveniently skipped town for the con, set up Curt and Mahala's room as the perpetual party, put B.D. Arthurs' Rex Rotary in my room, and I got to work on the fourth or fifth version of THE DAILY QUACK, vol. 1 #1 (my usual daily conzine title).

B.D. and Hilde arrived just in time to get the first copies hot off the press, if there'd been any. But right about the moment the first copy should have been coming off, I discovered that the machine had no impression roller. I mentioned this to B.D., who remarked, "That's funny...it had one when I lent it to The Garret." So, as long as the stencil was already on the machine, I hand-pressed a half-dozen or so smudgy copies to pass around and announced that the full printrun would be produced when we got back to Phoenix. What the hell, attendance was small enough (19 eventually showed up, not counting three under 5) to where just passing the stencils around would assure the zines of adequate distribution, and it was worth the slight hassle to create a Faanish First. Lots of cons have distributed their Program Books after the fact, but this was the first time that was done with the daily zine

So much for chronology. I guess this is a good point to mention our guests. Charles G. Finney (THE CIRCUS OF DR. IAO, THE UNHOLY CITY, etc.) accepted the Pro GoHship a week before the con, but health problems prevented him from attending, so he was a guest-in-absentia. No such excuse was available to Fan GoH Jim Corrick, who cancelled out at

NOT NEGOTIABLE

the last minute, probably because of hazardous driving conditions. And Special Guest Allen Greenfield (founder of HalfaCon) didn't show up, couldn't be reached, and hasn't been heard from since.

'Long about midnight Friday, the only previously scheduled program item took place. Since Curt turned 30 at that moment, that moment was when he was presented with his 30-Musketeers bar, a slightly modified candy bar with 30 flaming candles stuck in it. Old Southern fan tradition. We figured we ought to have at least one of those at a Southern con.

Other programming was provided on a roll-ye-own basis. The guy with the Betamax didn't show up (somewhere in the neighborhood of 2/3 of the people we were expecting didn't show up, which was their loss), so there was no film program. And it was too cold to use the saloon, so the Dead Duck party wasn't exactly as advertised. But we still did a pretty good job of entertaining ourselves for the weekend.

Sometime Saturday, we hit the main street of Bisbee to see what could be seen, and found not one but two virgin bookstores, ones that no fan (apparently) had ever visited. No use going there to look for bargains now, of course; they've been seriously deflowered. My best find was a first edition of THE FAR CRY, by Fredric Brown, for 10¢, but the best of the con was a first of Sax Rohmer's BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN, which Mahala picked up for \$1.25.

Saturday was also the day of the art show. Sandy Kahn, who has been going to cons and entering art shows for the better part of a year, actually lives in Bisbee, so Saturday afternoon we braved the elements and hiked up the mountain to her house. Her paintings and ceramics were really nice, but they weren't the only good visuals in the place. The view from her front porch, encompassing most of the old section of the town, is just something you have to see for yourself.

And then there was the body painting party after midnight Saturday night, the highlight of which was an incredible butterfly Mahala painted on Mark Christiansen's back. Still photos of it exist, but for full effect, you have to have seen what it did when he flexed his shoulders. My back was occupied by a oneshot Curt started and Dave Klaus continued.

Gad. I figured three stencils for this, and they're gone. I guess other con reports will have to fill you in on the Naco for Tacos expedition across the border, the world's only dual-sensory name badges, the banquet where we all tromped into the dining room by surprise, and all the rest...I say, all the rest.

# WAZO

DEC. 8-10, 1978  
BISBEE, ARIZONA



## Copper Queen Hotel

Since 1902 a delightful experience in Old World hospitality, nestled in the cool mile high picturesque historic "Old Bisbee". Dining room, sidewalk cafe, historic saloon, heated pool.

Phone (602) 432-2216  
11 Howell Ave.  
Bisbee, AZ 85603

ENJOY A SOUTHERN FRIED CON IN ARIZONA!

### THE CITY:

Bisbee, Arizona, thus far relatively undiscovered by tourists, is a well preserved Western town of about the turn of the century. Though the recent close of the copper mines that sustained it economically caused a severe drop in population (at 8000, a city its size just about qualifies as a ghost town), Bisbee is looking forward to a bright future as a minor mecca of the Southwest. Visitors are welcomed, and treated to an experience that could be had nowhere else. See it now, before everybody finds out and you have to fight a crowd to get there.

### THE HOTEL:

The Copper Queen Hotel, established in 1902, is a fine survival of a style of hospitality and elegance that has all but disappeared from the world. Room rates for the 1/2-Con weekend are \$15 for a single; \$20 for a double. Mention 1/2-Con when making reservations—not only to get the special convention rates, but also so you'll get one of the rooms being held aside for us. And get that reservation in now, because they're going to stop holding them two weeks before the con, and December is the height of the tourist season in Arizona.

### THE CON:

1/2-Con was first held in 1973 in Atlanta, Ga., as a way of whiling away the year between DeepSouthCons. Since that time, it's been held in Nashville, New Orleans, Memphis, and Rome, Ga. So what's a Southern con doing in Arizona? Well, Arizona was once (briefly) under the Confederate flag. And besides, if NovaCon can be held in Albany, New York, what's to stop 1/2-Con from being held in Bisbee, Arizona?

### THE COMMITTEE:

Mtrmlx: Curt Stubbs, 5239 N. Central,  
Phoenix, Az., (602) 277-2311.  
dTd: Don Markstein, 8208 E. Vista,  
Scottsdale, Az., (602) 994-1724.  
SaaF: Bruce Dane, 6307 W. Hearn,  
Glendale, Az., (602) 978-2332.

### RATES:

\$4 until Dec. 1.  
\$5 thereafter.

Make checks payable to Curt Stubbs,  
Don Markstein, Bruce Dane, 1/2-Con '78,  
Ozma of Oz, or whoever you please (don't  
worry; we'll manage to cash it).

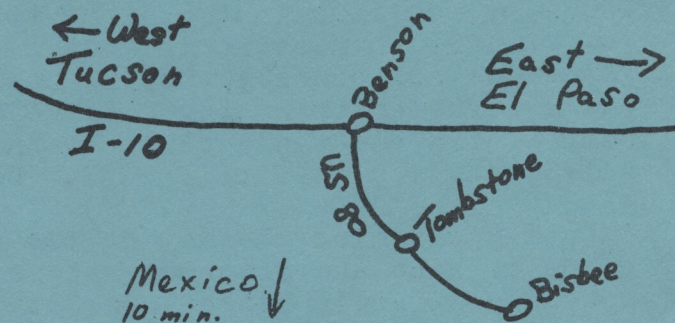
## WELCOME TO BISBEE!



From Cochise County's Largest Department Stores  
Supplying residents and visitors for more than 75 years with  
everything from food to dynamite.

## PHELPS DODGE MERCANTILE CO.

Bisbee — Warren — Douglas



### HALFACON FEATURES:

- + FREE HUCKSTER SPACE. Complimentary tables for amateur hucksters cleaning out their closets have become a tradition at Southern Fried relaxacons—one that we're glad to introduce to a new audience at this Western style Southern Fried relaxacon.
- + ROLL-YER-OWN PROGRAMMING. The only item scheduled is the presentation of a 30-Musketeers bar to Curt Stubbs sometime Saturday. Any other programming you want, you have to provide for yourself. I.e., if you're really hot for a panel, recruit some panelists, drum up an audience, and we'll give you space for it. If you want movies, bring a Betamax. If you want to play games, bring a TV game machine and fight the Betamaxers for the set. Or surprise us.
- + A DEAD DUCK PARTY in an authentic Western saloon complete with the brass beds from upstairs (neatly tucked away in cozy little nooks). Bring a date.
- + AND A CAST OF DOZENS. Be in it. Join us in Bisbee Dec. 8-10 and help us enjoy a Southern Fried con in Arizona.





# Official Agency Questionnaire Explanation Form

be used only in manual form, in computerized form, or in both. Also indicate whether it will be kept in a separate file or made part of a larger file of data about me.

3. If my answers are required by law, what are the penalties or consequences should I refuse to comply?

4. If my compliance is voluntary, was your decision to seek this personal information from individuals reviewed by any central agency or authority in the (city) (county) (state) or (federal) government to insure that this information is not already collected somewhere else, and that it is not unduly burdensome or intrusive to the respondent?  REVIEWED BY CENTRAL AGENCY  NOT REVIEWED. If "REVIEWED," indicate the agency and specific official who made the review. If "NOT REVIEWED," indicate why not.

5. If my compliance is voluntary, do you certify that my answers or my refusal to answer will never be used in making decisions about my access to government benefits or opportunities?  YES  CANNOT SO CERTIFY. If "CANNOT," explain why.

If "YES," supply name and title of person in the agency taking responsibility for making this certification.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Title \_\_\_\_\_

6. If my compliance is voluntary, may I omit my name or other personal identifier?  OK TO RETURN ANONYMOUSLY  NEED NAME OR IDENTIFIER. If name is needed, explain why.

7. If compliance is voluntary and my name is needed, will it and any other personal identifier be removed from the data once the agency undertakes its study, or will the identifiers be preserved with my record?  REMOVED  PRESERVED. If "PRESERVED," explain why this is necessary.

8. State fully the purposes for which this information is being gathered.

9. Indicate why this is necessary to carry out a lawful function of your agency.

10. Describe fully how the information I have given will be processed, used, and stored with your agency, including whether it will

1.

Dear Inquirer:

I have received your agency's form or questionnaire dated \_\_\_\_\_ and relating to \_\_\_\_\_. You requested that I fill it out and return it promptly to you.

HOWEVER, your request presents a serious civil liberties problem. I have checked it below.

a.  You say that my answers are legally required. But as you know (or should know), only valid legal authority can compel me to disclose such personal information, and your communication has not provided the facts I need to determine my legal liability to comply.

b.  You say that my answers are voluntary and ask for my cooperation with an important government activity. But whether I cooperate depends on your disclosing how you will hold my personal information and what uses will be made of it, and you have not made such full disclosure.

c.  You have not indicated if my response is to be voluntary or compulsory, which denies me essential information for determining my response.

Therefore, if you wish to hear from me you will have to furnish more information before I take my valuable time to respond.

Kindly answer ONLY the questions in Section II that have been indicated by the boxes I have checked in Section I-a. You may attach additional pages with your answers, if necessary.

- |      |    |                          |     |                          |     |                          |     |                          |
|------|----|--------------------------|-----|--------------------------|-----|--------------------------|-----|--------------------------|
| I-a. | 1. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 6.  | <input type="checkbox"/> | 11. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 16. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
|      | 2. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 7.  | <input type="checkbox"/> | 12. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 17. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
|      | 3. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 8.  | <input type="checkbox"/> | 13. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 18. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
|      | 4. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 9.  | <input type="checkbox"/> | 14. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 19. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
|      | 5. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 10. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 15. | <input type="checkbox"/> | 20. | <input type="checkbox"/> |

NOTICE: I will hold your form or questionnaire until I receive your reply. See Section IV of this form for my holding procedures.

11. If my answers are required by law, provide full citations to the relevant statute, executive order, or other authorization for such compulsory response, and attach the full text along with this answer.

2. Are answers to all the questions legally required or only some of them?  ALL  ONLY SOME. If "ONLY SOME," indicate which questions are voluntary.

11. Will my consent be obtained before any use is made by your agency of my identified personal data for purposes other than the ones stated above (or in your form of questionnaire, if it was given there)?  YES  NO. If "NO," explain why.

12. If you say my personal data is and will be held "confidential," does that mean you have legal authority to withhold it from other government agencies or jurisdictions that might call for it?  YES  NO. If "YES," please indicate the scope and limits of that authority. If "NO," explain why you put such a misleading claim on your form or questionnaire.

13. Will any other government agencies have regular access to information collected from this form or questionnaire?  YES  NO. If "YES," indicate legal authority for such data sharing.

Does such data-sharing require my consent?  YES  NO. If "NO," why not?

14. If I want to inspect the record compiled about me on the basis of my response, am I entitled to do so?  YES  NO. If "NO," explain why not. If "YES," detail the location of the file, the procedures for inspection and raising issues about the accuracy or completeness of the record, and the name and address of the agency official in charge of such access procedures.

15. Will your agency supply to any private organization lists of names, addresses, and personal characteristics of those who reply to your form or questionnaire?  YES  NO. If "YES," will you obtain my permission first?  YES  NO. If "NO," and if this is based on the assumption that federal or state freedom-of-information laws do not require you to do so, cite the relevant legal provisions.

16. Describe fully the administrative measures

17. Describe fully the administrative measures

that will be taken to guarantee the confidentiality and security of my personal data in your files. If you promise such confidentiality, \_\_\_\_\_

17. If my Social Security number has been requested, explain why you need it, since I am concerned that having this number on many of my government records makes it easy to assemble a comprehensive dossier about me. EXPLANATION: \_\_\_\_\_

If I am opposed to giving my Social Security number, despite your explanation, would you rather I left that space blank and returned the form to you with the other questions answered, or should I throw the form in the wastebasket?  RETURN WITH-OUT SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER IF YOU WISH  THROW INTO WASTE-BASKET.

18. Do you have a regular procedure for either destroying the personal information collected by this form or questionnaire after a certain period of time, or of updating it for accuracy and timeliness if it is retained?  HAVE

III. \* Signature of person completing this form \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>a</sup> Name (print) \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>c</sup> Title \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>f</sup> Date \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>e</sup> Business telephone \_\_\_\_\_

<sup>d</sup> Business address (include ZIP) \_\_\_\_\_

REGULAR PURGING PROCEDURE   
UPDATE THE INFORMATION  OTHER  
Please explain: \_\_\_\_\_

19. Why didn't your agency put this explanatory information in your initial communication to me, either in a letter, an introduction to the form or questionnaire, or an enclosed brochure? CHECK ALL THAT APPLY:  
a.  It would cost us some money.  
b.  It isn't the practice in our field.  
c.  We didn't think anyone cared.  
d.  Policies haven't been formulated yet.  
e.  No one higher up told us to.  
f.  We were just following orders.  
g.  All this uproar over privacy is silly.  
h.  Other. (Write in.) \_\_\_\_\_

20. Wouldn't it be a lot easier in the future to supply such explanatory information in advance, rather than have to reply to all these OFFICIAL AGENCY QUESTIONNAIRE EXPLANATION FORMS?  
 YES  
 NO  
 DEPENDS ON HOW MANY OTHERS  
PUSH US ON IT

LOOK OVER YOUR ANSWERS AGAIN. MAKE SURE THAT ALL QUESTIONS YOU HAVE BEEN ASKED TO ANSWER ARE ANSWERED. THEN BE SURE TO READ SECTION IV.

IV. THE FOLLOWING ARE MY PROCEDURES FOR PROCESSING THIS OFFICIAL AGENCY QUESTIONNAIRE EXPLANATION FORM:

I will hold your original form or questionnaire until I receive your answers on this form and study their responsiveness to my legal and personal rights.

I will not reply to any computer-generated second or third mailings of your form or questionnaire. My memory-system for keeping track of nonresponding agencies is infallible.

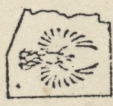
If I do not hear from you within 30 days, I shall assume you are content to have me throw away the original form or questionnaire.

If I receive stern letters pressuring me to answer your form or questionnaire even though you have not replied to mine, I shall write "Constitution-

ally Obscene Mail—Return to Sender" on the envelope and give it back to the letter carrier. FOR YOUR INFORMATION:

If your reply to this questionnaire is unsatisfactory or not forthcoming, I shall send a copy of the reply or of the original questionnaire to the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, if a federal agency is involved, or to the appropriate state legislative committee, if it is a state or local government agency. I shall send additional copies to the local and national offices of the American Civil Liberties Union. I also talk to my friends about these matters, and they talk to their friends. AND LET'S FACE IT—YOU REALLY CAN'T RUN THE GOVERNMENT WITHOUT OUR COOPERATION. CAN YOU?

(After you check off the items you want answered, tear out the questionnaire, fold it in half, stamp or stamp it closed, stamp end mail it to the offending agency.)



CLR-OADEF-94d (approved for use until 1984)

affix  
1st class  
postage  
here

From: \_\_\_\_\_

To: \_\_\_\_\_

THE GUERRILLA FANZINE, for FreFanZine #15, by Charles Curley, Box 46282, Los Angeles, CA 90046, U. S. A. 213/436-0623. begun 15:36, 23 Dec 78. Printer by Centronics, computer by APPLE, text editor by Peripherals Unlimited.

"I hope to see the letting down of hair <in FreFanZine> that has evolved in other APAs... which has resulted in mutual support and reinforcement. I consider this a worthwhile state of affairs, in which I myself wish to exist."

Samuel Edward Konkin III

BUT FIRST, A FEW WORDS FROM THE FORMER #2:

A few words on the recent change in OEs in FreFanZine are in order. To start with, I was never consulted....

I had put out two disties of FreFanZine labeled #12 (the error was a typo, but since it was an oookable one, I let it stand). In the second FFZ #12, I announced that the next disty would be collated at Isuanacon Labor Day weekend. I secured permission from Sam Konkin to use his room as the site of the collation, date and time to be determined later. I also secured some excellent cover art from Suzy Schulman to use on that disty. At this point, I was not too pleased with the FFZ situation. Contributors were dropping out faster than new ones were being found, and I was not optimistic that the trend would be changed.

Then several disasters happened to the Issy collation.

The first one was that I asked Sam to typeset a logo for the cover. This by itself was not a disaster, but I left the artwork with Sam in order to facilitate his typesetting. When we got to Issy, I was informed that Sam thought I had taken the artwork with me, and that he didn't have it. This told me that I had no cover artwork, no logo, and that it was all sitting in Sam's apartment in Long Beach, where it did no-one any good. Later, as things turned out, the artwork Sam had returned to me later turned up on the cover of FFZ 14. You tell me who had it.

The major disaster which befell FFZ was that Sam had determined that he wasn't speaking to me, that I did not exist any more. This made communication difficult. For reasons related to this, I was busy at Issy helping a friend solve some personal problems. This, I felt, came ahead of APAac, even for OEs. I was also informed that Don Markstein, a major contributor to FFZ, would be dropping it. This information later was proven wrong, but I had no way of knowing at the time. I also did not think that Don would welcome a question about his plans for remaining in FFZ at that time. I decided to put FFZ on the shelf until someone showed some definite interest.

"The first sign of "definite interest" I saw from anyone was from Sam's zine in a recent LASFAPA, which he also ran in FFZ 14. He says, "Don <Markstein> and I got in a little smoffing on the future of FREFANZINE and I was pleased to find him willing to take the OEship of my hands as of the next disty." IV/1 CLEAR ETHER! 2

This sentence raised a number of questions in my mind. First, why had neither Sam nor Don made any attempt to communicate with me? I don't think that Sam would have overexerted himself by paying me a personal visit, and both Sam and Don can find out my phone number and dial it. I do have a telephone answering machine,

so either one could have left a message for me.

Second, why was Don taking the OEShip off of SAM's hands, not mine? The last I had heard, I was OE, and OE of an explicitly proprietary and proprietary APA. I just do not remember turning the APA over to Sam or anyone else. Sam states in the TOC to FFZ 14, "Like ... Samuel the Judge, I will continue to maintain the anarchy of FREFANZINE, and anoint new kings as they come and so." Like I said, I had thought that this was a proprietary APA, not the bauble of some self-appointed Judge to dispose of at his pleasure. Let us not confuse anarchy with chaos in this APA!

Third, if Don was to take over as of the next disty, that implied that there would be such a next disty, and that Sam would put it together. O.K. would Sam make any effort to obtain the zines I had collected for the Iszy collation? No effort was made. Would Sam like some help with the disty? I was not asked.

In fact, at no time since Iszy, has either Don or Sam attempted to communicate with me on any matter. Hardly a policy designed to promote an atmosphere of "mutual support and reinforcement." (III/11 CE: 1) In fact, this lack of communication has extended to the failure of the OE to deliver a copy of FFZ #14 to me. As a former contributor, I think I am at least due that courtesy!

Now, the career on all this is that, had Don or Sam approached me with the idea that either one of them should take over the APA, I would have been glad to turn it over to either one! However, to Sam I did not exist, and Don, to my knowledge, had dropped the APA.

Which leaves us with the question: would Don like the zines that I collected for the Iszy collation? I also have a carton of back disties in my garage... would someone like them?

#### COMMENT ALLEY VIEW:

DONNA: OF COURSE you will never have enough bookshelves! Schulman's Law (Neil S. that is), states that books always exceed bookspace. (Pass that one to Marco, if he doesn't already have it.) \*/ Glad you liked "snailed." As far as I know, I came up with it, but I am sure others have come up with it independently. As for whether FFZ should be using the U.S. Snail, well, it's the only game in town. Maybe when disties get big enuf to justify using UPS. \*/ Hexaweek = a six week period. Not to be confused (by computer fan) with a hexadecimal... \*/ "Antelope <Valley> Freeway 24,000 light years..." That's about right! L.A. is huge, and wall to wall concrete. I get pretty sick of it some times.

MIKE: Interesting bio stuff, tho the more recent stuff has been updated in LASFAPA.

DON: You may have indicated willingness to take over FFZ in the past, but (as I stated above) my most recent info was that you were planning to drop FFZ, so I assumed the offer to be withdrawn.

SAM: "\*Fade out to waves crashing\*" Gee, hope both of you got dried out before you caught colds... \*/ Seriously, Sam, you might at least ask what the facts are before you cut off a friendship on the basis of misinformation and erroneous conjecture.

Peace & Profit -- CRC

# I THINK WE'RE ALL BITS ON THIS BUSS

Being the revived zine of: Craig W. Vaughan  
Currently residing at: 6012 Warwood Rd., Lakewood CA 90713  
Who can be reached at: (213)-425-8752 (if a computer answers,  
set your terminal to 300 baud and hit RETURN)  
Peripheral Press #1 Prepared on the Peripherals Unlimited APAnwriter.

(Started 19:05 Dec 26 1978 for Frefanzine #15)  
Once again I foray into the pages of Frefanzine, spreading the word of what Personal Computers can do for fan and libertarians alike. One of the most obvious ways is the ability to edit text for pubbing. This zine as well as Charlie's zine were pubbed on my APPLE II using a program that I wrote (and am also selling). The process of preparing a zine for publication was one of the biggest reasons that I was not very heavily involved in APA's before. What with the drafting of the text and comments by hand, then the typing of the stencil (with much use of conflu), then the actual printing of the zine it was just too time consuming for me. With the text editors I can work on the zine in odd moments, changing and reworking the text until it suits me and then when all is done have the computer spew forth as many copies as is necessary. There are any number of other applications of a Personal Computer in a fannish environ. To list just a few:

1. Games - everything from Chess to Star Trek. (Including D&D)
2. Personal (as well as Business) Finances - budgeting, stock portfolio management, loan/lease analysis, etc. (A computer is perfectly capable of keeping at least two sets of books.)
3. Secure Personal Communications - it is relatively easy to link two computers together with a good encryption program that would take the NSA years to decipher!
4. Contest Blitzing - a number of giveaways and contests are quite susceptible to computer assisted winning ploys.
5. Programming for Profit - the world still is waiting for the \$19.95 full blown accounting package. You could sell a million of them. (Or so claims some of my distributors.)

These are but a few of the possible applications. More ideas in later ish's. My own Personal Computer has grown to the point where it is supporting me & my family, so I suppose I should describe it lest it feel taken for granted. I actually own 3 complete systems, 2 APPLE II's, and 1 SYM-1. The two APPLE's are the mainstays of development and production efforts in my business.

Both APPLE's are 48K byte machines, each with it's own 100K+ mini-floppy disk system. One APPLE is normally connected to a Centronics 101A printer, which is a relatively high speed upper & lower case dot matrix type printer. (This zine was printed on it.) The other APPLE is normally connected to the SYM-1 to provide increased software support for it. (The SYM is a rather limited, but interesting single board system.) In coming zines I'll be describing a workable plan for a completely computer based APA & a nationwide fan computer network!

NOISE ON THE BUSS: (The revised line of Chris W. Va:)

Currently residing at: 6012 Warwood St. Pasadena, CA 91104  
Who can be reached at: (213) 452-8722 (if a computer answers)

CLEAR ETHER! - V4/1 - vis a vis a visit to the Sheraton: the only time getting a reservation at any hotel in Pasadena is difficult is between XMAS and New Years. (Besides what kind of hotel can it be with a bunch of Navy broads breaking into a fan room at 12:30 am?)

RE: Lucifer's Hammer, I for once agree with your opinion of something. As for LOTR, I am divided in my feelings about it. On the one hand, I would have preferred a more thorough treatment, with fewer excisions. (Most notably, the incidents in the barrows wherein Pippin picks up the blade that saves Eowyn in the battle at Gondor) but as they excised her anyway. But given the economics of film making today I also feel that Bakshi did as well as could be expected and will hopefully improve in the second half. (With the talent of the script) (I will be happy to then the actual printing of the tape it was just too time consuming for me.)

HMPH & HASENPFEFFER #6 - All Hail Fearless Leader! I raise my glass in a toast for your success as CEO (the glass contains, by the way, a Red Jim Jones Cooler (take Grape Kool-Aid, 1 bottle almond extract & a big dash of bitters. Plus of course, your own favorite poison) & I will be Vatchins You!

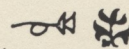
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# FUGITIVE 1



FUGITIVE 1 is written for FreFanZine & selected others by Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Colligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801. This is W.A.S.T.E. Paper # 15.

Hail Eris! You may be wondering why I've asked you all here... Actually, I've been meaning to write something about my (anti)political views & how I got them, and joining a group whose (anti)political views are somewhat similar to mine seems like an opportunity.

First the title. It represents my first approach to dealing with the State. In fact, it represents my approach to a lot of things. I do not mean to brag, but I was the first Westerner ever to be awarded the coveted yellow belt in *yada-yada*, the ancient Oriental martial art of running like hell.

I do not believe that any interesting political (or religious) orientation can be summed up in a single word. I call myself a *decentralist* when I wish to reassure leftists, a *libertarian* when I wish to reassure rightists, and an *anarchist* when I wish to frighten (almost) everyone. Lately, I have added the word *tribalist*, which seems to confuse most people. To those familiar with the internecine struggles among antistatists, I can say that I am the sort of person Edith Efron does not want in her nice clean movement, which is to say that I am more concerned with the right to decide on the gender & number of one's sex partners & to choose which chemicals one wishes to ingest than I am with the right to make money. (Freedom may be indivisible, but I can tell you where my interests lie.)

Jerry Tuccille wrote a delightful book called *It Usually Begins with Ayn Rand*. That sums up one approach to Libertarianism, from conservatism or objectivism. I came around from the other end. (And of course, sometimes it ends with Ayn Rand, as the former libertarian winds up a cranky old conservative who occasionally remembers that it might not be such a good idea to arrest people for grass or oral copulation, but doesn't think that sort of thing is too important. It happened to Jerry, and I'm afraid it's starting to happen to Dick Geis. And I, if I outlive my intellect & potency & like that, will probably wind up as the World's Oldest Liberal.)

In my case, I guess it began with Joseph Heller. That was one of the Archetypal 60s experiences (for men): readings wild blackhumor freakout book about a man paranoid enough to think that his own government was trying to kill him--and then discovering 5 years later that our government was trying to kill us.

When the government started trying to kill me, I joined VISTA. (That's even better than fleeing the State--using its malign energies for one's own purposes. The main thing is, you don't want to confront the sumbitch, as it's bigger than you are.)

I've already described some of my VISTA experiences (that's a typo I think I'll leave alone) in an article that was in FEINZINE (available for \$1 from Adrienne Fein, 26 Oakwood Ave., White Plains, NY 10605, & recommended--this has been an act of flagrant cronyism, and remember, CLANNISH IS FANNISH) & in DR. I fail to see how any person can work for the State for any reasonable period of time without becoming an anarchist.

They tried without success to teach me a lot of things in VISTA training. What I learned was a skill & a fact. I will not go into too much detail about the skill, as I am not sure if the Statute of Limitations has run out, but the operative phrase was "Hold the smoke in your lungs."

The fact was this: The hierarchy was not to be trusted; their goals were by no means the same as ours. Or as Yossarian learned, even in a good war, your commanding officer may be trying to get you killed.

Some other things: I do believe that they could have made more of a dent in poverty by taking their printing budget & throwing it at a bunch of poor people. Every month, they sent out vast printings of expensively produced crudzines called COMMUNITIES IN ACTION, RURAL OPPORTUNITIES (a contradiction in terms), etc., etc. If a volunteer moved, they would send a copy to both old & new addresses, just to make sure we did not miss the latest announcement that some well-paid antipoverty warrior could see the light at the end of the tunnel.

My actual assignment was a fairly useful one, in that we cleaned up some of the harm done by other municipalities & powers. I was with the San Francisco Bail Project, interviewing prisoners to determine if they could be released before trial without bail.

I suppose one could say that, like Lenny Bruce & the Lone Ranger, I profited from the existence of evil, since my job would not have been necessary if it weren't for the existence of victimless "crimes" & improper arrests. If it weren't for that, I'd have been dealing with nothing but a bunch of crooks.

The Criminal Justice System (consider that phrase) is a wonderful place to see the intelligence, compassion, & brilliant organization of the state, but there were other educational experiences for me as well. One other part of my assignment was to take part in local antipoverty politics. The area of San Francisco I was living in was the downtown (Tenderloin) area, largely inhabited by winos, junkies, whores, bikers, & gays. Since the gays were the only reasonably organized group among these, they had control of the local antipoverty board.

Now at this time there had been a Major Scandal in the War on Poverty, which is to say that someone had been caught stealing up to 1/10 of a percent of what gets ripped off on the average defense contract. OEO did not want this repeated, so they passed a ruling that antipoverty jobs should not go to people of known MORAL TURPITUDE. Now if the government had any sense (he said naively), they would have meant that convicted thieves might not be given access to the till, but of course they had strange ideas about what constituted moral turpitude, and so some of the gay people on the board were understandably uptight.

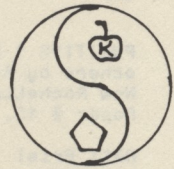
They called a meeting, and tried to figure out what to do about this problem. Finally, one of the few heteros in the room announced that they probably didn't have too much to worry about, as he had been in a hush-hush govt agency which prided itself on not hiring "sex deviants" because everybody knows that they are "security risks," and so had a lie-detector program to keep these dangerous types out. And, he went on, "every time I walked into the cafeteria, I thought I was in a gay bar."

A couple of years later, it was discovered that the lie-detector program was apparently weeding the gay people in. There is of course no such thing as a lie detector. A polygraph measures various signs of nervous tension, of the sort that is caused by lying. The catch was that the test used blunt & graphic questions about homosexual practices, and the nervous tension that most "normal" people feel when being accused of being gay registers far more strongly than the nervous tension many gay people feel when lying about their sex lives.

(To be continued) All hail Discordia!  
Arthur

{ The ILLUMINATUS! Nut Cult, an organization devoted to upholding the principles of the ILLUMINATUS! trilogy (whatever those might be) is now accepting members. Contact Rev. Arthur D. Hlavaty, Primal Nut. Note to law-enforcement agencies: The Nut Cult really is a bunch of harmless nuts, so there would be no point in infiltrating us. }

# *fugitive 2*



*Fugitive 2* is written by Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801, 914-632-1594, for FreFanZine 15. This is W.A.S.T.E. Paper # 31. Hail Eris!

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In case you are wondering why I have 2 different zines back-to-back, I will explain. *Fugitive 1* was written for FreFanZine last summer, but got lost in the shift of editors here. I'm egotistical enough to want it to be seen by a reasonably large audience & far too lazy to rewrite it, so I'm reprinting it. Meanwhile, here are a few mailing comments.

*Fearless Leader (FFZ 13)* To say that there is a libertarian ideal in Anita Bryant's views is like saying that a stopped clock is right twice a day. Of course she should have the chance to send her children to a school where they will not meet preverts, atheists, intellectuals, & other dangerous role models. But as long as we have public schools, she has no right to "protect" all children from those she fears.

*Donna Camp:* Thou art God! It's good to see someone else who admits to being influenced by STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. What with Manson's misuse of the book, & the sexism in it (a small part, but definitely there), & the negative halo effect from Heinlein's last 2 books, it's very unfashionable. Still, I do not deny my past. (It got me here, didn't it?) STRANGER turned me on to Hinduism & made me question monogamy, and it had some great lines in it, like "Man, as a social animal, can no more escape government than the individual can escape bondage to his bowels." We may disagree on the truth of that, but I think we can all accept the imagery.

I too enjoy the Dic Game (as my sewer-mouthed friends & I used to call it). Sometimes he who laughs last found a meaning the censors missed.

ct Beth: I liked IS MARRIAGE NECESSARY? My favorite line from it is: "Marriage is the institution in which you have sex--no, that's a whorehouse." ### ct Lee: 7 days with a curse on them (Now aren't you sorry you asked?) ### ct Beth: The trouble with the word "humanism" is that it's been taken. The capital-H Humanists are nice people in many ways--they're very civilized about sex--but they do tend to be "liberal" statisticians, and their view of psi, etc. is what Robert Anton Wilson calls "fundamentalist materialism."

*Mike Gunderloy:* Your double-entendre title reminds me of the postage meter at the company where Carol Kennedy used to work: SOLID STATE CONTROLS FOR INDUSTRY. ### As a fellow degenerate apahack who's seen several more recent zines from you, I know how dated your remarks are. Good luck, dropout. ### Agree on harming oneself. The only natural substances that taste good are sugar, salt, and cholesterol. And all the unnatural ones are even more harmful.

All hail Discordia,  
Arthur

# SEX

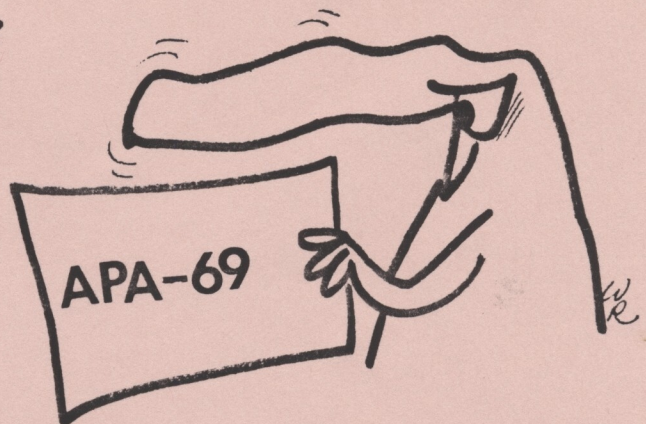
NO, I DIDN'T SAY THAT JUST TO GET YOUR  
ATTENTION. **APA-69** IS THE APA  
DEVOTED TO SEX IN ALL ITS ASPECTS,

INCLUDING:

fucking, feminism, sexual alternatives,  
oral sex, birth control, sex fantasies,  
dirty jokes, the gender of God, group sex,  
attitudes towards the other sex, gay rights,  
sex therapy, sex in literature, sexual role  
playing, pornography and/or erotica,  
asexuality, sex magick, and whatever  
else relates to sex in your mind.

FOR A SAMPLE COPY OF  
APA-69,\* SEND \$1 TO

Arthur D. Hlavaty  
250 COLIGNI AVE  
NEW ROCHELLE, NY  
10801



W.A.S.T.E. Paper #32. DRAWING BY ROTSLER.

\* PLUS A FREE COPY OF THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP.



...and ... in the latest in a series of ... titled ...  
contributions by Don Markstein, 8208 E. Vista Drive, Scottsdale, Az. 85253, this  
one intended for the 15th Mailing, Feb., 1979. Demented Turkish Dwarf Press  
publication #379. First stencil cut 1/22/79. (Oh yeah—I'm now at (602) 956-6533.)

I thought for a little while I could start off this zine with a hot scoop about current events in this tunnel of horrors I call a life, but it turns out nothing particularly interesting is happening after all. For a couple of days last week, tho, I thought something significant was about to happen. Seems I got a phone call from LA, from a person who prefers to remain relatively nameless. He'd been talking with someone else who prefers to remain even more nameless (so this information is already third-hand by the time it got to me; and to you it can't possibly command any more status than a vague rumor), who had, several days earlier, been talking with Harlan Ellison, with whom, as some of you may know, I had words last summer.

According to the story as it stood by the time it got to me, Ellison was, as of approximately the middle of January, in the process of compiling a correspondence file, pursuant to legal action against "that asshole that gave him such a hard time all through the WorldCon" (me). In other words, according to my source, he either had just filed suit, or was preparing to do so imminently.

No such luck! Later versions of the story have him merely referring to the same nebulous legal action he's been making vague threats about since the first sentence I ever heard out of his mouth.

Sigh. I wish he'd just sue me and get it over with. I kind of resent the mileage he's been getting out of claiming he's suing me without actually doing it. Next thing you know, he'll probably be claiming he sued me and won.

So, since I can't start out with my own current events, how about the ones going on in that big, wide world out there? Like, how do you like the recognition of China? I realize such frivolities as whether or not one immensely powerful, coercive state acknowledges the existence of another are of little consequence in the real world that you and I live in, but I did find a few peripheral events interesting.

For example, the very day after Carter announced the recognition of China, the Arabs raised the price of oil. And the day after that, the news was full of all the oil reserves in China. I don't even have to notice the instantaneous move of a well-known manufacturer of soft drinks, based in the home state of the former governor of an obscure Southern state who had the good fortune to hobnob with Rockefellers in the Trilateral Commission, to see the hand of the Illuminati in this.

Meanwhile, Skylab is falling down. In other words, there exists an extremely valuable piece of property, even more valuable because it happens already to be in orbit, whose owner has declared it abandoned. I'll be very disappointed if somebody with some capability in that area (the Russians, maybe, or perhaps OTRAG if they could master the effort in time) doesn't at least attempt to salvage it.

By the way, in case it isn't abundantly clear to all fans, and to forestall any creebing on the part of any unfriendly persons I might happen to send this zine to, the symbol "!" is a quasi-quote, and is intended to convey a general meaning as I understood it at the time, not an attempt to reproduce anyone's exact words. (I might also note that all versions of the story I've heard thus far have Ellison making a big deal over my supposedly having given him a hard time at IguanaCon; whereas anyone who paid any close attention to the affair can only gape in awe at this stupendous reversal of the true state of affairs.)

I was sort of planning on running a review of a few recent issues of THE AVENGERS, wherein our heroes run afoul of the United States Government. A couple of points therein might be of interest here, I think. But I've got a couple of remarks on comics planned for the mailing comments, and don't want to overload the zine with them. Maybe at the end, if I haven't packed them in too solid beforehand.

Let's get something straight at the beginning, Sam. When you say "Don is Fearless Leader now; I will support him and will not gainsay him," I thank you for your support and your confidence. The rest of that sentence, the part that begins with the word "unless", sucks. I am ~~The President~~ Fearless Leader, Number Two, Anarch, OE, or whatever, and like a good anarchist I'm going to do what I bloody well please with it. If I commit what you think is an unlibertarian act, you're welcome to try to take it away from me—and so is anyone else; in an anarchy this is anybody's privilege—but I doubt you'll succeed because I'll probably be fighting you tooth and nail—which is my privilege.

Now, I definitely don't want any nastiness over this sort of thing, but—well, I'm sure you'll understand if I put it this way: If I don't accept the authority of the government to define my responsibilities for me, I'm certainly not going to take a ny such shit from you. As the sort of unlibertarian act that might cause you to attempt to step in, you cite purges, censorship and fraud. Are you going to lay down laws to define what those words mean? You'd have to—otherwise, it's too easy to operate in the gray areas (for example, does lying to the Postal Service constitute fraud? I have done so in the past and will undoubtedly do so again; and if you don't like it, tough titties). But laws? In an anarchy?

Enough! This comment is intended only to serve notice that as long as I'm in charge of this apa, it's going to be administered my way, all the way, up to and including the choice of my successor (unless that choice is taken from me in the manner to be described below). You're the boss in your own contribution, but putting it all together can't be done by a committee. You wanted an aggressive recruiter. You've got one. You wanted a good apa administrator. I've done it in the past and have received great eggbow for it, so I guess you've got one of those too. But you've also got an independent son of a bitch who won't take any outside direction, even from you.

The question for tonight is—would you have it any other way?

One more thing before moving on to the real comments: When I say you're welcome to try to take it a way from me, I don't mean to imply that such an attempt would have absolutely no chance of succeeding. As a matter of fact, I know of two such insurrections in apas that did indeed succeed—one incident in SAPS during the early 1950s, and last year's coup in Apa-H. If Curley had resisted your and my takeover of FreFanZine, this would probably have been a third. In both of the actual cases, what happened was that the OE made some moves that were unpopular in the extreme. One member became sufficiently incensed to organize a resistance movement. He announced that henceforth, he would be OE, and all material was to be sent to him. Obviously, such a move works only if it has near-unanimous support, but if I were to commit any really unlibertarian acts in administering FreFanZine, such support would not be impossible to achieve.

CLEAR ETHER! (Konkin again) When I say I sympathize with Hook, consider him the real hero of PETER AND WENDY, and strongly believe he received a severe injustice at the end (tho' in a very real sense, he won his final confrontation with Peter—see my essay, "Hook's Last Laugh", written c. 1967 and published in two or three fanzines down through the ages—no kiddie magazine would buy it), I definitely do not mean to imply that I condone everything he ever did. Certainly, he committed dastardly acts. Indeed, many of his actions in the story are deserving of censure. But nobody, Sam, is perfect—I, yes, I myself, have told untruths to the Postal Service. Read his soliloquy in Chapter 14 of PETER AND WENDY, from the beginning of the chapter to the line "He fell forward, like a cut flower", and just try to tell me you can't find it in your heart to shed at least a tear for Jas. Hook.

Okay, so you groove on good guys full of sweetness and light because they're real people, just like you. Suppose I'd said they were full of altruism? Care to accuse yourself of that? If so, that's not all you're full of.

It's been quite awhile since I read DeCamp and Pratt's Harold Shea stories, so I can't really comment in full on your assertion that they're as much a classic

Franklin (C.15) ... series as I said Anderson's Van Rijn stories are! But as I recall, what you say has a great deal of truth in it. I'm going to have to reread those things sometime soon—they were loads of fun. If some enterprising paperback publisher would cooperate by (finally!) putting out an easily available edition of the third and last book in the series, I'd have the perfect excuse to reread the first two in preparation. (I sure do wish THE so-called COMPLEAT ENCHANTER had been.)

You've apparently been reading BATMAN a bit longer than I have, despite the fact that we're about the same age. I don't remember any of the stories from the early 50s, with the mystery-oriented plots—I was too heavily into funny animals at the time (still am, but my horizons have fortunately broadened somewhat). By the time I started reading it, in the middle 50s, the mysteries had already started giving way to the gimmick-oriented stories that dominated the title until Julius Schwartz took over as editor in 1963. I don't even remember The Penguin from that period—he'd already disappeared until his revival in one of the last Schiff-edited issues. No wonder, then, that Batman was never one of my favorite characters until relatively recently, when writers like Len Wein, Denny O'Neil and—especially—Steve Engelhart have managed to show me just what can be done with that bizarre character with the right hands on the typewriter.

And speaking of bizarre characters, I still hold that the quintessential villain is The Joker. Maybe I just didn't encounter The Penguin early enough for him to make the proper impression, but he always struck me as kind of silly, and certainly not a worthy opponent for any respectable superhero. The Joker, tho, a certified whacko, is capable of damn near anything. If I hadn't thought that before, a page published last year, wherein the aforementioned Steve Englehart did nine entire panels consisting of nothing but The Joker babbling insanely to himself, would have convinced me that this is a character. And I still say that when they killed off Batman a couple of months ago (what?!), The Joker was the only one who had the right to take him out.

Agreed; killing bureaucrats is wasteful. Like Simon Moon, I believe that bureaucrats, politicians and maybe even policemen can be rehabilitated.

"All the tea in Acapulco" is a line I've been using about as long as I've been smoking tea. Made it up my own self, I did. A few years ago, tho, I noticed that Spider Robinson is also in the habit of using it occasionally, and I've often wondered if he picked it up somewhere in fandom (which means he may have gotten it ultimately from me) or came up with it independently. I saw him at the WorldCon and would have asked, but he was surrounded by attractive females at the time and I didn't want to intrude with what would, at that moment, obviously have been irrelevancies. I'm sure I'll see him again.

GREEN ENGLISH (Camp) Not having enough bookshelves seems to be rather a common problem in fandom. As a matter of fact, you can count yourself lucky if you have enough space to stack the boxes of unshelved books without tripping over them.

I don't know whether or not STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND could actually be said to have influenced me, but quite a bit of it struck a very responsive chord with me, and I do find new goodies in it every time I reread it, ever two, three, four years or so since I was about 19 or 20. It's one of quite a few books that have helped me to clarify a lot of thoughts that were swimming around in my head without any coherent form, and I guess you could call that a form of influence. (It's also damned entertaining.)

I used to call myself a pantheist, but found that was even less acceptable to the folks in charge of the world than atheism—they think you're a Pagan or something and want to throw them to the lions, I suppose. Now, when asked to list a religion, I either leave it blank or, failing that, say "Herbangelist". I guess that sounds vaguely Christian...

Cont. (cont.) RSSA? The local club I recall hearing about in your area during my earlier days in fandom was the Rochester Area Imaginative Literature Society (RAILS), which struck me as somewhat more creative than most local club names. Of course, practically anything that didn't end in -SFS or -SFA would. Any idea what ever happened to that one? Or, did it ever even exist, outside of the crazed imagination of some club lister of the early or middle 60s?

Should the apa be using the Post Offal to make deliveries? Well, let me put it this way: If we weren't using the Post Offal—that is, if we were using UPS (more expensive and somewhat less easy to deal with in a couple of important ways) or making all deliveries by hand, we'd still have to depend on State-owned roads to get mailings to contributors. We'd still have to buy State-taxed gasoline and do any number of dealings with the State. Like it or not, the State is part of our lives. Whether or not this apa should deal with the Post Offal is irrelevant. The Post Offal is there; such meager competition as it has is heavily enough regulated to make it merely a miniature version of the PO itself; and we more-or-less have to deal with it. Tho breaking up the postal monopoly is high on my list of priorities for that happy day when the State finally withers away (!), I'm not going to cut off my own nose by boycotting them.

As I thought was clear in my page-long diatribe about Anita Bryant, the libertarian ideal she espouses is that of opposing legislation that tells people who they must associate with. If the law in Dade County that she was rallying against had just prohibited discriminatory hiring practices in tax-supported institutions, I would have seen no justification in opposing it (except to the extent that I will defend to the death her right to put forth her own views, using whatever influence she can muster, on how her tax money should be spent). But it also prohibited discrimination in private employment, as well as housing, and it seems to me that no matter how unjust a person's basis for not liking (and therefore not hiring or renting to) another person may be, the law has no business stepping in and telling him he must associate with people he doesn't like.

The correct quote is "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds." That shouldn't bother you quite so much. None of your consistency is foolish, is it?

I don't know about Adventure, but I've run across a couple of computerized D&D versions called Advent and Venture, which may be versions of the one you've encountered. Haven't had a chance to play a game all the way through yet, but what I've played of them has been a lot of fun. But what I had in mind as a computerized D&D game would be a cassette that could be plugged into a home computer, that would set up the basic game, with a wide array of other cassettes providing various different dungeons. Sort of an electronic Barbie Doll with all of her clothes as accessories. In five or ten years, when everybody has his own computer (soon after the market gets saturated with video recorders, I guess) the guy who markets those cassettes will probably make a fortune.

It seems impossible that you could get the date of your own divorce wrong, but twice in this zine you refer to it in conjunction with IACon, in 1971, and I'm absolutely positive IACon was in 1972. I'd make a remark of some sort about how we've been to at least one con in common, but I'm not so sure...

I've been trying to remember where I've heard the name of Ken Gale before. I think I've finally got it. Isn't he in one or two funnybook apas? Seems to me a guy by that name was publishing a zine called VOTHOOM in CAPA-alpha shortly before I dropped out of it.

I'll go along with the well-meaning meddlers in saying that you should be careful what you ingest, but I'll also go along with you in saying that they have no business telling you what's good for you. The only reason you should cut down on the consumption of the rogut is for your own sake, and if its attractions outweigh its known dangers for you, that is indeed your decision to make. But the tone of your remarks on the subject seem to indicate that you're perfectly willing to continue and even increase your consumption just for the sake of defying those well-meaning meddlers who say you shouldn't, and spite strikes me, at least, as a really lousy reason for doing anything. But like I say, these are your decisions to make. I can't think of any reason my support or censure should be a factor in making them, so I'll just shut up.

CLEAR ETHER! (Sam again) I was one of the people routed to Burger Continental. I had no idea the guy doing it was doing so for profit—not that it makes any difference, of course; it's a top-notch eatery that I was glad to find, and even if it hadn't been, what the hell, I've had bad meals before. But I also had no idea the guy doing it would be someone I would encounter a few weeks later in this very apa. FreFanZine is a little shaky right at the moment for the old members—met game to mean a lot just yet, but when we do start playing it (I imagine the subject will probably come up of its own accord in three or four mailings), I'm glad to know I can add Mike Gunderloy to the list, even tho his nametag didn't ring a bell at the time.

Huckster rooms—good ones, at least—are good for more than just killing time during the day at a con. I usually don't buy as much as I'd like at them (that is, at those cons at which I'm not huckstering myself, and those are few and getting fewer), but it's still fun to browse and—especially—to stop and chat with such dealers as are inclined toward chatting. On the other side of the table, it's fun being a dealer and chatting with the strangers who come by; and with a whole table full of conversation pieces sitting between us, that's usually not too hard. The huckster room is usually where I do a significant portion of my daytime socializing.

Speaking of Herbangelism, which I was in passing a couple of pages back and which you are here, I've got an idea for a major new schism in the Herbangelist faith. I'll make the real announcement in RALLY!, assuming I ever get #42 out, but if I haven't printed it in a couple of months and anybody here is interested, I could possibly be persuaded to give a brief description of it here. Elst should love it—can't be a great religion, acting as a major shaping force in the world's philosophical progress, without a schism, can it?

Doc Smith was out of print during the period when I could most profitably have become interested in him. He came back in print when I was about 17 or 18, but it was probably too late by then. Anyway, I didn't attempt to read him even then—I was 30 before I did, and by then, it was too late. Like Edgar Rice Burroughs, Carl Barks and any number of others, Smith is one of those writers in whom it's possible to maintain an interest throughout life—but if that interest hasn't at least started by the time you're 15, it probably never will.

What do you mean, "But, O! If Walt Disney had followed through on his option" on LORD OF THE RINGS? In the first place, the Disney studios as a source of fine animation are a thing of the past—since Walt died, the only piece of note they've produced has been THE RESCUERS, and that, I believe, was only because it was the last thing a lot of the old animators were to work on together before retirement, and they wanted to go out with a bang.

But even if they were still in their prime, remember ALICE IN WONDERLAND? Remember PETER PAN? Both of those are fine cartoons, beautiful pieces of animation—but they've got Uncle Walt stamped all over them, with hardly a trace of Lewis Carroll or J.M. Barrie to be seen. I have no doubt the Disney studios in their heyday could have produced a LORD OF THE RINGS that would have been enjoyable in every way except in depicting Tolkien's work in anything resembling a faithful manner. If you don't want to start out with Seven Hobbits with cute names and degenerate from there, somebody besides Disney has got to do it.

Konkin (cont.) So, having eliminated Disney, who do I think best qualified to animate LORD OF THE RINGS? Well, I hate to say this, but Ralph Bakshi looks like a fine choice to me—and lo and behold, he's the one who did it. I wasn't completely overjoyed with everything he did—the decision to rotoscope the whole movie was particularly rankling—but like Disney in his time, Bakshi is the great shining light of animation today. They even share one major fault in common—the fact that both pay an overwhelming attention to realism and detail, to the detriment of the imaginative qualities that, to me, are the only great advantage animation has over live action. BAMBI and HEAVY TRAFFIC could both just as easily have been filmed live, something that can't be said for POPEYE MEETS SINBAD THE SAILOR or DIRTY DUCK.

Be that as it may, I certainly did enjoy Bakshi's LORD OF THE RINGS. I agree with some of the criticisms you make—particularly the one about how many of the background characters weren't sufficiently cartoonized in the rotoscoping process, especially when held against the Disneyesque elves. And I'll add one of my own, that far from agreeing that the orcs were convincing, I thought in many cases they looked like badly rotoscoped guys in gorilla suits, with dubbed-in red eyes. But by and large, I was pleased with the product, and am looking forward to the second half. And now that Bakshi has a sure-fire moneymaker under his belt, I'm looking forward to what he does with the increased budgets he's sure to command now.

By the way, for what it's worth, I think one criticism that I've seen many times—that Tom Bombadil was left out—wouldn't have been made if Disney had done it. As a matter of fact, Bombadil is, likely as not, the only thing that would have survived from Tolkien relatively intact.

And that about does it. Well, somewhat over four pages of comments out of a 22-page mailing isn't bad, I guess. Let's see if I can finish up the page with long-belated comments on the second #12. Hmm—the mailing was 12 pages long. I contributed half of it myself. A third of what remains is a zine to which all possible comment has already been made. Half of what remains after that consisted of such uncommendable material as an IA driving guide and the TOC. And half of what remains after that was simply left out of my copy of the mailing for one reason or another.

But that still leaves one page. And so I present a comment on the inevitable...

CLEAR ETHER! (Konkin) I don't know about an ad in SFR and LOCUS, but it does strike me that someone who knows Geis might try talking him into giving us a plug or two. Seems to me, that would, aside from straining our nonexistent budget less (unless someone wants to donate an ad), produce better results. As for LOCUS, I don't see how that would be particularly helpful to us (tho it couldn't hurt, of course). I have attempted to get plugs for us in most of the fan newszines, including a few local organs, but so far, I haven't seen any results of that, at least in terms of picking up new contributors.

While we're on this subject, it goes without saying (but I say it anyway) that if anyone can get or give FreFanZine a plug practically anywhere, it couldn't hurt to do so. Particularly in other apas—among the lot of us, we can probably mention it in about a third to a half of the apas in fandom, and there'll probably be interested parties in them who wouldn't hear about us any other way.

I did call your attitude toward ufology prejudice, and I'll stand by that. You say you've listened exhaustively to their arguments and therefore it can't be prejudice, but when you go from observing that most ufological writings are lunatic-type stuff to not liking CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND because it was based on ufologism, I call it prejudice. Sorry.

If you'll check carefully, you'll note that there is no death notice for Eric Frank Russell in the WorldCon Program Book. Back when I was working on Iggy, setting type for it, I pointed that fact out to Teresa Nielsen, who queried, "Eric Frank Who?" Shortly thereafter, I was fired from the staff at the insistence of the Pro GoH, who threatened to stay home and sulk if that and several other demands weren't met, and the correction was never made.

LIBERATED QAT #1 for FREFANZINE #15. R Laurraine Tutihasi, Katnip Korner, 1217 Majestic Way, Webster, New York 14580, 716-872-4528; at work 716-422-1391. Begun 27 December 1978.

FREFANZINE #14 appeared mysteriously in our mailbox, possibly placed there by our erstwhile mail carrier. The return address indicates that it came from none other than Sam Konkin himself. I don't have the time to join this apa, but what the hell! I received another copy at a later date from Don Markstein. I will try to pass that copy on to a friend or acquaintance.

Everyone in this disty knows me already, in some manner, so I won't introduce myself. Anyone with questions about my identity, ask away. Politically, I have come to the decision that I am a minarchist, but I could change my mind again. I don't have enough faith in the human species to believe in anarchy as a viable possibility.

\*\*\*\*\*MAILING COMMENTS ON FREFANZINE #14\*\*\*\*\*

COVER: Very nice.

FRETOCZINE: Interesting.//Do I have questions for Don! But first I'll finish reading this disty.

SEKIII: Bimonthly apas are nice, since they don't take much time; but I always get this disorienting feeling of living in a time warp whenever I read one. Your zine reads very dated.

DONNA CAMP: Oh, you're new here, too.//Oh, no wonder this looks familiar. I read it months ago in WOOF.//I agree with you about CBers being MCPs, with few exceptions.

MIKE GUNDERLOY: You, too? Another bio?//Is Simi Valley the "other valley"? Or is that the San Gabriel Valley? How many valleys are there?//Enjoyed reading your zine.

DON MARKSTEIN: All my questions seem to be answered here.//It seems to me the whole street-blocking incident with the police could have been handled much better if you had practiced a bit of patience and courtesy.

\*30 December: I saw the *Lord of the Rings* today. I thought it was quite boring. It's the worst of four new movies I've recently seen, the others being *Superman*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, and *Watership Down*. What made *LotR* so bad was the second half of the movie consisted of various battle scenes. These were all done in dark, dim colours; and I really couldn't tell exactly what was happening. I could hardly stay awake. The beginning of the movie was pretty good. I didn't care for the animation much, especially the rotoscoping. The hobbits and Strider are also all wrong. The only positive effect the movie has had is to give me a desire to reread the books, which I only read once over ten years ago.\*

SEKIII: Where's that letter you promised?//Enjoyed your Loscon report.

\*22 January: A one-page zine is just too ridiculous, so I'm going to make a big effort to cover at least part of the backside of this thing.

23 January: I just noticed I used the wrong spacing on my Courier 72 typing element last night.

Anyway, I thought I might rattle on about some of the things I've done or the things that have happened to me lately. One new thing is this Selectric II on which I'm typing, but some of you already new about it. My old typer, a Smith-Corona 2200, will shortly be returning after a long sojourn at the repair shop. I'll be using that for my personal correspondence and for things that are for my eyes alone.

The biggest new development is the discovery that I'm lactose intolerant. Lactose is a sugar found in milk. The majority (70%) of the people in the world lose most of their capacity to digest this after childhood. This doesn't mean that we can't digest it at all, just that we have a reduced capacity. I've suspected that I was lactose intolerant for a long time. I've never liked milk and found that it upset my stomach in quantities as large as a glass, especially at certain times of the day. However, I never thought much about it past that. Recently, a friend of mine discovered that his gastrointestinal pains and other difficulties were caused by lactose. I hadn't realised before that that lactose could have such a noticeable and deleterious effect. Shortly before Christmas, I came down with stomach flu. My stomach was very sensitive, and I could only eat limited amounts of food. So when I got severe cramps after eating one of my limited meals, it was fairly easy to pin down the culprit. It was one teaspoonful of Carnation nonfat dry milk that I had put in my tea. As soon as I'd figured that out, I cut out all milk and milk products from my diet; and it seems almost miraculous how much better I feel. I haven't felt this good since I started working. One reason for this is that my diet underwent some changes when I started working. I never took coffee breaks until I started working. Coffee didn't always taste good, so I switched to hot chocolate; and that probably aggravated my lactose intolerance problem immensely. Now that you're all asleep, except possibly Donna, what else should I tell you? Seriously, lactose intolerance can be a problem at times. I've been trying to negotiate lactose-free meals for convention banquet fare. We shall see how successful I am.

Just to round out the information, I am also allergic to pollen, dust, smoke, wool, soap, and aspirin. Oh, yes, and marijuana, or at least its smoke.

Recently, I have renewed an old interest in astrology. I'd dabbled in it before but with marked lack of success. I finally know someone who can guide me more or less, and I find it is remarkably accurate. It predicted that I'd have more responsibility at work. Since around Christmas I have been so busy that I've hardly had time to breathe between tasks. I also have a lot of meetings to attend. It's all quite unusual.

Well, I guess that's about it. Everything else that's happened is either too trivial or too personal. I hope to get to know you all better here, and I also hope that we get more participants to make this a lively and healthy apa. Till next time,

*Lauraine*

# CLEAR ETHER!

Personal-genzine of Samuel Edward Konkin III for distribution in Amateur Press Associations (with companion commentzine . . .AND ON GREEN!), for trades, locs, artwork and even subscription. Address all correspondence to New Libertarian Enterprises, Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801; Personal: SEK3. Volume Four, Number 2

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## STFNAL

### FUTURE SOCIETIES: LIBERTARIAN ALTERNATIVE

Suppose you are writing a Science Fiction story set in the future. You want one or more model societies to use as background and possibly contrast. One you consider is libertarian. What should it look like; more importantly, what should it *not* resemble.

Libertarian-like societies have been presented by Heinlein, LeGuin, Russell, Kornbluth, Anderson and others. None were written in light of the recent "explosion" of libertarian theory (since 1969); they were the author's idea of a free society independent of the new scholarly literature and movement debates. Circa 1969 even my own Rann Gold Series is obsolete. One has the extreme of Larry Niven's "Cloak of Anarchy," which resembles libertarian thought just close enough to evoke howls of "smear" from the positions attributed to the anarchists not in fact held by radical libertarians.

### WHAT DO LIBERTARIANS THINK?

If you're going to write dialogue for libertarians, you should have some ideas of their precepts, jargons and obsessions. I'm not going to explain the philosophy here, just the *character* traits. Naturally, as individualists, libertarians have a great deal of variety and a great deal of differences between them, but there are some salients in common.

*Libertarians are morality-conscious.* Although a free speech, laissez-faire society is a result of libertarianism, libertarians are strongly concerned with morality. Usually their libertarian position derives from some higher precept: Natural Law, Objectivism, Christianity, or, in the case of the Stirnirites, *denial* of universal morality. Thus you could easily show a group of libertarians in a saloon or around a campfire or in a drawing room vociferously challenging each other in heated debate—but turning as one in scorn on any intruder who dared suggest resolving a disagreement by force, then happily returning to their strenuous arguments. Of course, some libertarians will disagree about *this*, and sit outside the talk sessions attempting

to achieve a mellow state.

*Libertarians are voluntarists.* While a libertarian army is conceivable, and would probably be organized as a highly efficient business company with highly autonomous units using a high degree of independent judgment down the "ranks," it would exist as anything more than a rudimentary appendix only if a clear and present danger (large State nearby) also existed. Some fans suggested in their fanfic a "libertarian police" pouncing on non-libertarians, exiling them, jailing them, or at least cutting off business with them (including feeding and sheltering). This is as absurd as a portrayal of a Christian medieval society with a "Christians for Satan" club. One might portray an "ex" libertarian society which has been taken over by statists and corrupting the name, but they will be recognized by many of the character is your society (probably from the underground).

*Libertarians are marketeers.* Even in the very "Left" anarchy of Anarres, Ursula LeGuin was forced to introduce a private press for her rebels to dissent from the collectivist anarchist line. The vast majority of libertarians today, even of socialistic leanings, expect a free trade society. Most see a highly commercial and technological organization in a libertarian society and view the very existence of government as grit in the gears and highly inefficient (as well as immoral).

Any attempt at business interference would strike your characters as counter-productive, competition would be exalted, and crime against life and property would arouse the populace immediately.

*Libertarians are varied.* While libertarians have many rigid ideologies as well as free-form positions, there is no monolithic party line . . .which brings us to the next section.

### WHAT KINDS OF LIBERTARIAN SOCIETIES ARE THERE?

In *principle* all libertarian societies are alike. Culturally, however, one may not only conceive of many different libertarian societies but every libertarian society by its nature will have numerous subsocieties. From an SF author's point of view the use of a libertarian society for a setting offers the widest latitude to the imagination. Invent any non-coercive philosophy or religion and there's no reason why you

[Continued on page four]

## SKYLOCS OF SPACE

December 23, 1978

Dear Sam:

*I enjoyed muchly your con report, even though it's difficult to find comment hooks. I did, however, find your comments on Doc Smith vs the feminists interesting. It has always amused me to watch perfectly rational, intelligent people attempting to judge a work of art produced in a particular age by the standards of another, usually radically different age. Tis one of the reasons I defend films like War of the Worlds, Forbidden Planet, Them and The Incredible Shrinking Man so strongly. For their time, they were all incredibly good films, but not all that great when compared to "modern" stuff. Or the work of C.L. Moore . . . whose writing I only marginally enjoy, but when you think of the time in which she wrote, her stories are heads above anything else (if in nothing but style). You are aware, I believe, of my opinion of Smith. I've read very little of his stuff, and find it teetering on the border of unreadable mostly because I consider his style, ideas and development terribly naive—so much so, that I just can't accept them. I can't seem to be able to suspend my belief that far. But I don't think him a rotten writer or anything along that line. I have the same problem with most of the material that was being produced during that time. It's my "fault," not Smith's. What's interesting to note is that his treatment of women is not one of my objections. To tell the truth, I never really ever noticed it. It's not that I'm insensitive either. I recently listened to an episode of Flash Gordon and went absolutely berserk at the portrayal of Dale Arden. I guess it just takes a major "slap" at my womanhood or my intelligence to set me off. Liberal thinking can be a pain in the ass sometimes.*

*And your review of One Immortal Man has me wanting to read it. Now the only problem is to get my hands on a copy. \*sigh of complete & utter exasperation\**

*Bobbi Armbruster  
Munchen, Deutschland*

Well presented and difficult to pick apart from that position. Alas though, that thou shalt never get that rush of joy I experienced several times in reading the Lensman, especially at the end of *Children of the Lens* when the Eddorian lookout called "All Highest! Help!" While I dislike the movies you mention, your reasoning sounds too much like my own for defending *Star Wars* against the Pseudoliterati for me to do much. You seem to have an excellent grasp of the areas where you are subjective and where objectivity is required; one of the rare ones you are. As for Dale Arden, how did you like Dale Ardor in *Flesh Gordon*? And far be it for me to take a major slap at your womanhood. \*have a straight line\* Geis's novel is being published in book by REG himself, if I got my ads straight. I shall investigate getting a copy through the international mail . . .

## MY FANNISH WAYS

### C.S. LEWIS SOCIETY

Since I don't have a Con report, I thought I'd write a meeting report. Alas, I've been missing so many meetings at LASFS that it would require a refresher for me to do it justice; besides, *everyone* goes to LASFS. SFALB (Speculative Fiction Association of Long Beach) has been done in these pages already, and has recently been sporadic in meetings anyways. I may do one on Westmarch, the Tolkien group, but how about one that would very likely never be mentioned in any other fanzine? A CLEAR ETHER! exclusive!

I have been associated with C.S. Lewis Societies since the first year of the first one. Clive Staples Lewis was first brought to my attention in a classroom in Alberta as *The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe* was read to us. Finding out there were more Narnia Chronicles in the library, I read them as soon as they were published and arrived at the library. Later, as I got into SF, I discovered the Ransom trilogy, though not immediately recognizing the authors as the same.

Joining the University of Wisconsin Tolkien Society in 1969, I discovered that a fellow member and friend (Jared Lobdell) was also into Lewis—even more than Tolkien—and that they were both Inklings. Later that year, the New York C.S. Lewis Society was formed, and in August, 1970, I attended a meeting in New Jersey.

After moving to New York that fall, I attended most monthly meetings until the summer of 1975. Originally there were a fair number of SF/Fantasy fans, but soon it was a mainly religious/literary orientation. As an atheist, not particularly literary, I suppose I have been somewhat anomalous in the society, though by sheer longevity of acquaintance I achieved a good deal of acceptance and camaraderie from the more conservative members. Several members whom I brought in or who were fans as well as "Lewis Christians" filled a spectrum between me and the mundane converts and the New York group remained fairly heterogenous and spiced with amiable differences and discourse.

In 1974 the Southern California C.S. Lewis Society was formed around seminar attendees at Valyermo by Brother Peter Ford (now Mr. Paul Ford). Although aware of the New York (and Portland and others by then) group, they were independent. Since I planned to move to L.A., I wrote Ford telling of my coming and offering what I could. I later discovered my arrival was awaited with some foreboding as I had been quite candid about my orientation and the Southern California group was almost entirely mundane and theistic.

I begin attendance in October 1975 and with few lapses, have been a staunch member and supporter since. All it took was an understanding of our sincere mutual love for the thinking of Lewis to engender respect and acceptance among us, through about a year.

The Tolkien connection occurred here too, as Bernie and Teny Zuber were fairly regular attendees. (They are founders of Westmarch and former Mythopeic Society fen). Glen and Bonnie GoodKnight and some of their associates attended for awhile, but currently my friends are the only fannish contingent. Interestingly enough, some of the harder-nosed skeptics of my membership and commitment to Lewis have also drifted away, leaving a friendly, affable group again.

What I see in C.S. Lewis, not accepting his Christian metaphysics, would fill an issue by itself, and if I get the demand for it, I may explain it. It has had its hazards, with one atheist friend of mine attending and converting to Christianity, another is currently teetering on the brink. Above all, though, I love Lewis' mind: rigorously rational, entertainingly imaginative, uncompromisingly consistent and winningly tolerant. It's a combination akin (though not exactly) to the character I have sought to achieve myself.

The most recent meeting (January 17) is fairly typical. The third Wednesday of the month is standard, though I have had a running battle with the others not to skip December and the summer months. Last year they gave in as far as June and July meetings—and guess who was chosen to lead the July meeting! Fortunately, Father James Sadowsky, S.J., probably the world's only libertarian jesuit, was in town and I managed to bring him for a well-received coup.

This meeting began (probably, as I was late) at 7:30 P.M. with the usual introductions around the table of the twenty or so in attendance. Paul Ford was there, though no longer on the executive, asking opinions on the illustrations he had for his upcoming book on Narnia. Professor Bill Geiger presided; he, Ken Futch and George Musacchio (*The Lamppost* editor) are a threesome from Riverside Baptist College who have been pretty heavily into the organization and administration of the society. Marilyn Peppin has taken care of membership for as long as I can remember.

The meeting had been moved from its regular second-floor room in Fuller Seminary (Pasadena) to the first floor in the cafeteria room, so as not to conflict with a class. Professor Mary Mahl was guest speaker on Lewis' literary theory, but most of her address consisted of quotes from unpublished letters by Lewis which were avidly received. The usual break for refreshments of cheeses, cakes, cookies, coffee and tea

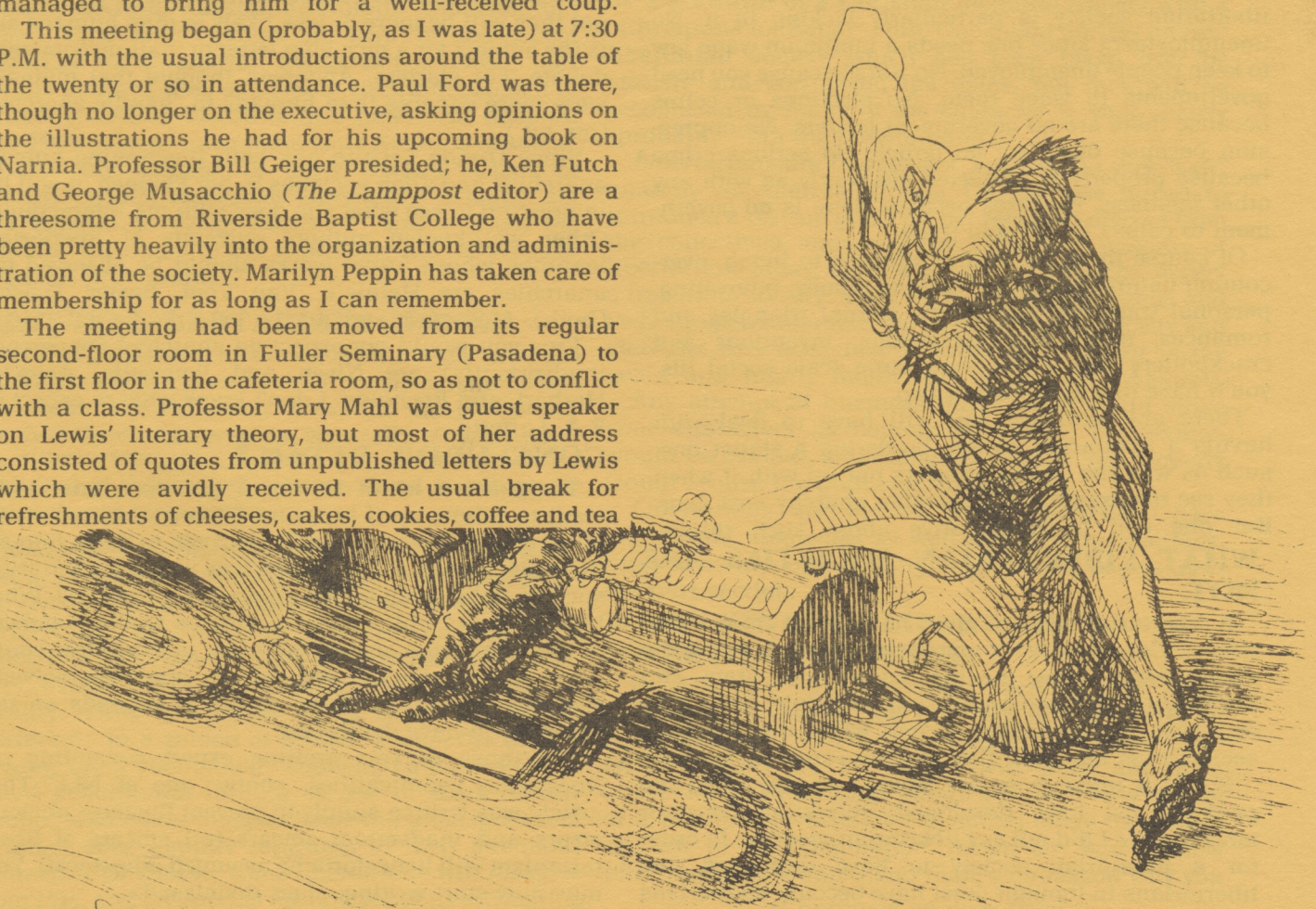
came between the talk and the questions rather than after introductions, announcements and business (more usual).

Mentions of Lewis in the media are always brought up at the meetings; this time a film on his life narrated by Peter Ustinov which was touring the country was the highlight. Plans were made to attempt to get the film for a club showing (probably open to the public).

This time I brought a fairly regular fellow attendee, J. Neil Schulman, who brought a newcomer himself. The meeting broke up early at 9:30 but we usually go out with the more fannish type to a nearby restaurant (often the Salt Shaker on Arroyo Parkway) afterwards.

I'd like to get more fans to come to the meetings and of course attend our aftermeetings. Those reading this outside the L.A. area might consider checking your locale for clubs you can attend. And all might work on getting Lewis the richly-deserved Gandalf Award for Grand Master of Fantasy for which he has been perennial runner-up. (I know the rules of the World Science Fiction Society/Convention have been altered to exclude non-living authors—though Tolkien received the first immediately after he died—but a special exception could be voted.)

Next meeting at Fuller will be an open discussion of *The Screwtape Letters* on Wednesday, February 21, 7:30 P.M., Room 110B. No Watchful Dragons await...



## FUTURE SOCIETIES: LIBERTARIAN

[Continued from page one, column two]

cannot have several practitioners of it in your society.

A perfectly reasonable example would be to have an elite, Dorsai-like group of mercenaries coexisting on a planet (a "free port" perhaps with the other planets state-controlled) with pacifist businessmen, clannish communal farmers, and guildish scientists and engineers. Throw in a libertine entertainment district, some wandering freaks both religious and secular, and a few refugee revolutionaries from the other systems and presto! You've got more interactions, character growth, contrasts and "conflict" than you could possibly use, not to mention ample ideas for humour by juxtaposition.

In one sense, every individual in a libertarian society is an autonomous unit. To know one is to know almost nothing about the rest. In another sense, there cannot be more than one libertarian Society in the sense of distinctly separate units with defined borders or boundaries. Anyone can go anywhere he, she, or it can afford or get invited. Then again, one group may decide to withdraw from the rest and isolate themselves anyway.

### NO POLITICS, NO WARS, NO TAXES, . . .

For a writer, conflict is especially important. Alas, a libertarian society is particularly lacking in it. No unemployment since one needs a minimum wage law to keep people unemployed. No wars because you need governments to wage them. No elections or coups because there are no government leaders. No oppression because there are no police. No serious crime because property is protected efficiently as with any other business. No taxes because there is no government to collect or demand them.

Of course there are still challenges to living, overcoming natural obstacles, making money, innovating, personal tragedies and fights, eternal triangles and romances, errors and corrections, inventions and crackpottery. But if you want large scale social ills, you'll have to add a State or two.

There are problems you will have to deal with having a libertarian society bordering a statist one, such as why the State's subjects put up with it when they see the example of a working anarchy next door. But one can be imaginative about such things.

### WHAT LIBERTARIAN SOCIETIES ARE NOT

A libertarian society must have come from somewhere. Conceivably, it might have arisen on some alien planet never having known the State and discovering the non-aggression principle early. One can have some obvious drama when this innocent society runs into their first statist—such as Terrans!

But if it arose from our present society, then the people must have developed libertarian behavior modes. Note I did not say libertarian theories. In order for a libertarian society to have developed, the libertarians in thought must have become libertarians

in deed. This has nothing to do with signing up, voting, or declarations.

A society becomes libertarian when the populace refuses, en masse, to obey the State, to submit under threat, to pay taxes, to use State currency, or to accept handouts and subsidies. This self-sufficiency will be maintained as long as the society is, and this will be reflected in all customs, transactions, traditions and even the romances of the libertarians.

Thus behavior patterns at variance with an individual self-governance—of children, of parents, even of the "handicapped"—will be tolerated and could be found—but they would be clearly noted as aberrations.

### ALIEN LIBERTARIAN SOCIETIES

The construction of libertarian alien societies has been about as common (or uncommon) as those of Terran human ones. Asimov had an anarchist society in *The Gods Themselves* (though I surprised him in an elevator by pointing it out to him); Anderson in *Winter of the World* (although the aliens were ex-human mutants). Many others mention alien societies in passing but "forget" to give them a government or politics.

Libertarianism is based on individual intelligence (free will) and its interaction with matter (property). Hence any beings with the smarts and material possessions can have a libertarian society. Whether or not they will be more or less likely to than humans are is the subject for a nice long letter or mailing comment debate. For starters, Anderson thought that mutants were more capable than humans to "handle anarchy" (*op. cit.*).

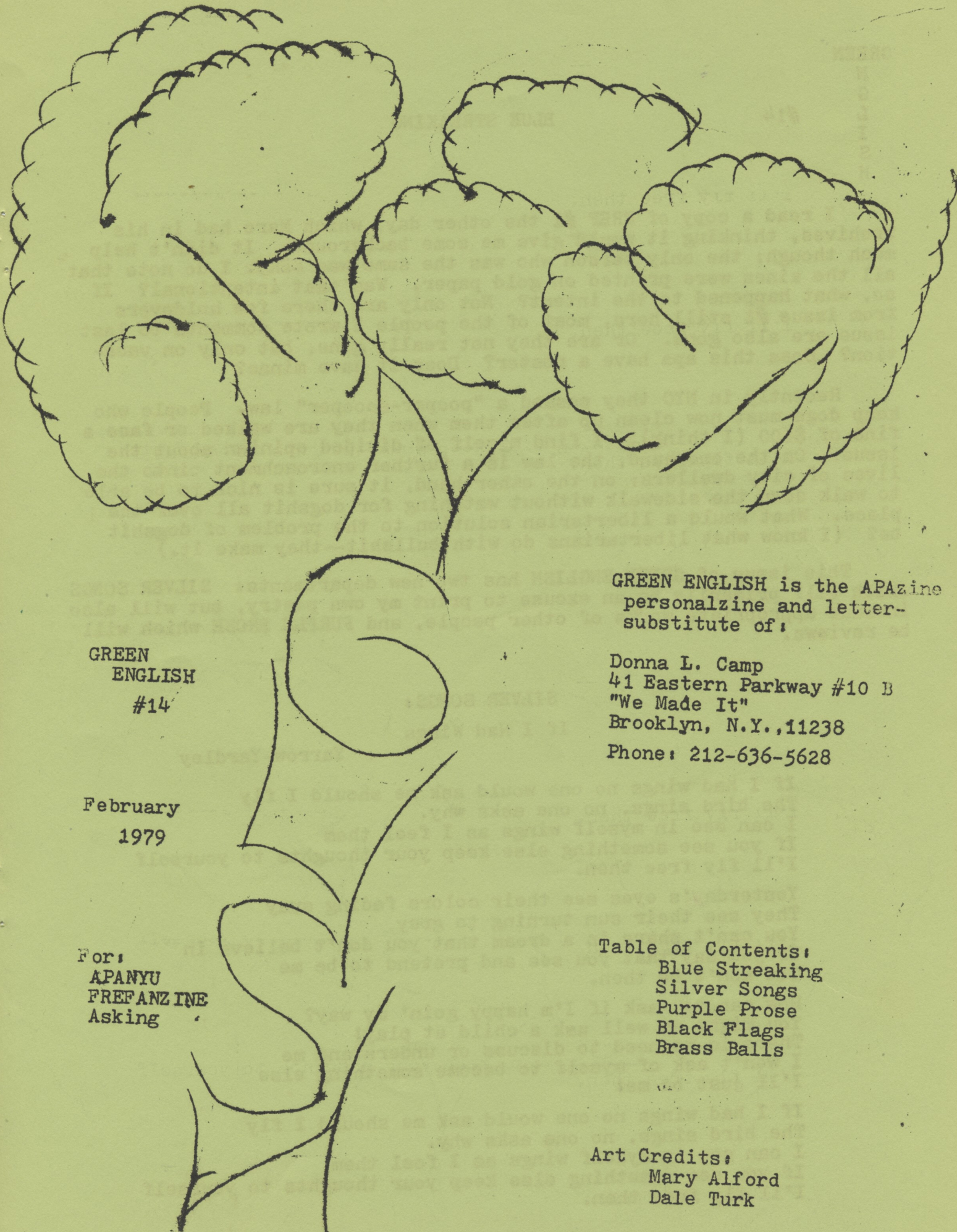
Since Ursula LeGuin has both functioning human anarchies and alien societies in her Ekumen, it will be interesting to see what she does with the interactions. Other well-known authors currently of libertarian leanings whose future works should be observed for anarchies are Heinlein, Van Vogt, Bester, Wilson (both), Moorcock and maybe even Richard E. Geis.

Pros you would not expect an anarchy from (except inadvertently) are Niven and Pournelle, Asimov, Herbert, and Reynolds. I don't know what to expect of R.A. Lafferty.

### CONCLUDING DETAILS

There are a lot of technical questions one might want to follow up if building a libertarian society in close detail. There is simply no room to delve into all the possibilities. For example, how would a libertarian society fight a state that appeared suddenly? What kind of heavy philosophical debates would members of the libertarian society get hung up on? How could garbage be collected and murder mysteries solved? The answers to all these is that it depends on the context you have developed.

For those of you wanting expert consulting on libertarian technicalities, contact me at NLE. This article was written simply to prevent the most obvious errors and inadvertent smears (all smears of libertarianism will henceforth be assumed advertent!). You may now start writing; class dismissed.



GREEN  
ENGLISH  
#14

February  
1979

For:  
APANYU  
FREFANZINE  
Asking

GREEN ENGLISH is the APazine  
personalzine and letter-  
substitute of:

Donna L. Camp  
41 Eastern Parkway #10 B  
"We Made It"  
Brooklyn, N.Y., 11238  
Phone: 212-636-5628

Table of Contents:  
Blue Streaking  
Silver Songs  
Purple Prose  
Black Flags  
Brass Balls

Art Credits:  
Mary Alford  
Dale Turk

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BLUE STREAKING

I read a copy of FREF #1 the other day, which Marc had in his archives, thinking it would give me some background. It didn't help much though; the only person who was the same was SEK3. I do note that all the zines were printed on gold paper. Was that intentional? If so, what happened to the intent? Not only are there few holdovers from issue #1 still here, most of the people I wrote comments to last issue are also gone. Or are they not really gone, but only on vacation? Does this apa have a roster? Does it have minac?

Recently in NYC they passed a "pooper-scooper" law. People who keep dogs must now clean up after them when they are walked or face a fine of \$100 (I think). I find myself of divided opinion about the issue. On the one hand, the law is a further encroachment onto the lives of city dwellers; on the other hand, it sure is nice to be able to walk down the sidewalk without watching for dogshit all over the place. What would a libertarian solution to the problem of dogshit be? (I know what libertarians do with bullshit—they make it.)

This issue of GREEN ENGLISH has two new departments: SILVER SONGS which will primarily be an excuse to print my own poetry, but will also include appropriate works of other people, and PURPLE PROSE which will be reviews.

SILVER SONGS:

If I Had Wings

Yarrow-Yardley

If I had wings no one would ask me should I fly  
The bird sings, no one asks why.  
I can see in myself wings as I feel them  
If you see something else keep your thoughts to yourself  
I'll fly free then.

Yesterday's eyes see their colors fading away  
They see their sun turning to grey  
You can't share in a dream that you don't believe in  
If you say that you see and pretend to be me  
You won't be then.

How can you ask if I'm happy goin' my way?  
You might as well ask a child at play!  
There is no need to discuss or understand me  
I won't ask of myself to become something else  
I'll just be me!

If I had wings no one would ask me should I fly  
The bird sings, no one asks why.  
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#14

PURPLE PROSE

### The Aliens Among Us

Perhaps one of the things I can do in the "new" GREEN ENGLISH is a movie review. The only problem is that I never wrote a movie review. What should I say? I can't say the ending, yet the first couple of thoughts I have to say reveal the ending. Of course there is always the possibility that I am wrong about the ending; there is just enough ambiguity that if one doesn't want the movie to end the way it seemed to, one can convince oneself that it did not. I'm sure of that because I overheard two people discussing it in the restroom afterwards. I won't say see it. It was not exactly a fun movie, and the majority of the audience left dissatisfied. And you're saying, "Why won't she say what movie she's talking about?" And since I'm going to say the ending, I'll make up for it by not saying the title.

Well, they get him in the end. Or do they? It doesn't really matter. What matters is—are they going to get you? I guess a peripheral issue, of course, is whether or not "they" are "they". Are they really "we", as they say they are? *Who is this really? And how does he make his voice do that?* So who are they? And whoever they are, do they get him in the end? And, of course, who are we? Is he we? Is it really an invasion?

There are undoubtedly clues to the second question; however, it doesn't really matter. The fun of the body of the movie is in the question of who they are. If my thesis is right, the movie was a very subtle satire, except for snatches of rather bald clues.

If my thesis is right, this movie was an attempt at a powerful statement in support of individuality and in identification of its enemies. An attempt only, though, because it was almost too subtle. Only one other person in the audience laughed "Ah ha!" when they started playing Amazing Grace.

"That's the Trouble with Men of Steel, There's Never One Around When You Need One"

Having just written my very first movie review (an hour ago), I'm carried away with literary success and will try another. (Oops, just remembered I "reviewed" Wizards, sorta—it was such a forgettable movie I forgot I'd reviewed it.) (Do the comments I made to Ken Gale about LoTR count as a review?)

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## BLACK FLAGS

by Frederick Cookinham

(resident anarchist and roach killer)

## ...AND MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT

Ferdinand Feghoot once achieved fame and glory by inventing a device to help the desperate people of a planet whose sun had burned out. But his glory and his invention were sadly short-lived. Here's how it happened.

On the far off planet of Dyslexia, the unfortunate natives had had to make do with such artificial light as they could muster in the century and a half between the death of their parent star and the coming of Feghoot. Upon landing and establishing his business in this new-found time market (at that he was a trader dealing in Kivis and Trillium) he appraised the lightless situation and decided to do something about it. Since he possessed the accumulated knowledge of many years and many planets, he knew a physical principle or two that had escaped this stunted culture, and soon constructed a huge artificial sun, about 200 meters in diameter, which would float at altitudes of between 7 and 70 kilometers, and shed a satisfactory light and warmth on the ground below. It never needed refueling. It was powered by forces the Dyslexians had no knowledge of. Feghoot planned to build more, enough to illuminate the whole world, which was only slightly smaller than Earth.

The Dyslexians were in transports of joy and Ferdinand received many honors after demonstrating the device in the lab. The practical start of the system was to be celebrated with a picnic, the highest form of festivity in Dyslexian society, especially since the custom had been rendered almost impractical by the lack of natural sunlight. A picnic with sunshine was something out of legend for a generation who had never seen the sun.

The press gathered and the general public crowded around Feghoot and his financial backers, standing in the faint light of many incandescent bulbs. Feghoot cut the guy wire and the great white globe rose majestically amid silent bated breaths and craned necks.

Feghoot stepped to the control board. "When the globe reaches 2 kilometers," he explained, "I'll start it glowing at low power. There are a number of different settings, different colors and intensities, all controlled from this console. I can produce a romantic, very soft light called "moonlight"...on Earth, see, we have a natural satellite that shines softly at night by reflecting our sun's light and it's called the "moon". He suited his action to the word. A white glow, subtle and without warmth, spread. The incandescent bulbs were turned off. Everyone stared at each other's ghastly aspect in the strange light. Murmurs of pleasure rippled across the immense gathering. Feghoot, ever the showman, was teasing.

"Now an effect I call "Tequila Sunrise". The crowd waited patiently as the globe, reduced to almost lightless, was sped off to one side, toward the planet's East, so that the crowd saw it at a lower angle. "I'm going to turn it off, then make it glow first at its tip, then down its sides, as if it were the sun rising in the East, and there will be different hues....Well, you'll see." He was aware that this process had been described to these people many times, but they had all had little luck in imagining and visualizing it. Their sun had died just prior to their invention of photography. This was something that one simply had to see.

And now they saw it!

Red, pink, yellow, white appeared the sky-tones, blooming out of nowhere, mixing, giving way to the next color, and the globe seemed to rise out of blackness. The illusion couldn't be perfect, but these people wouldn't have any way of knowing that. Feghoot's cohorts supplied artificial clouds to diffuse the globe's light..

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PURPLE PROSE

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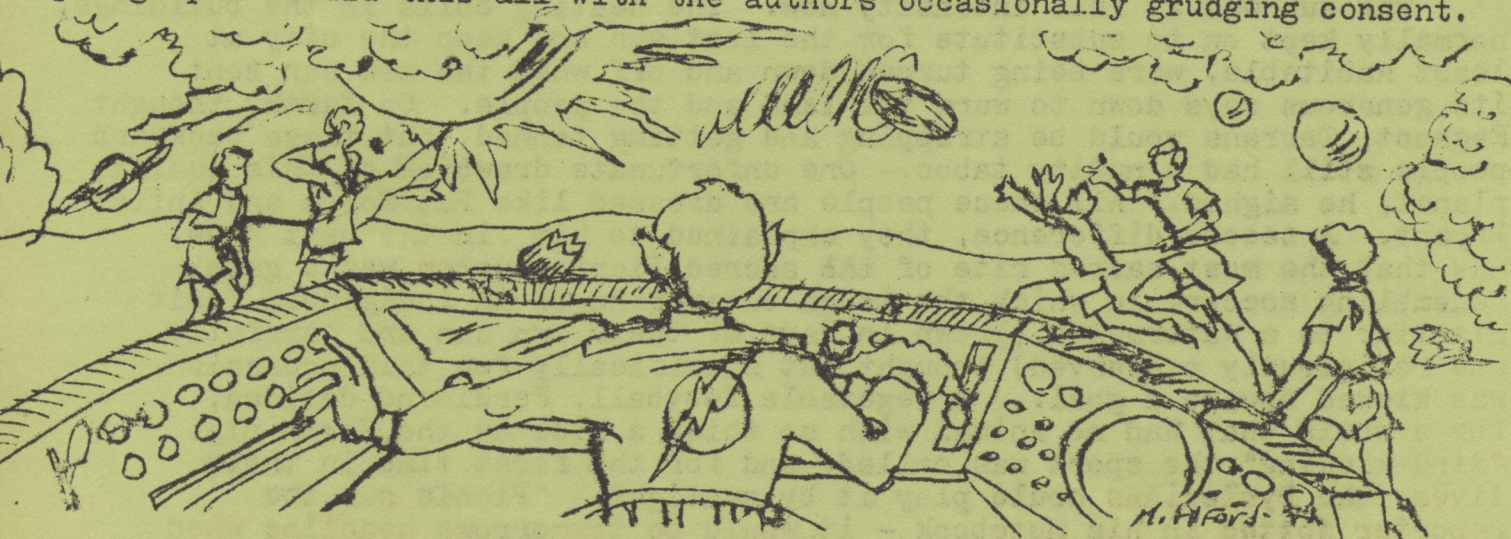
But a third difference soon loomed over the carefree Picnic, for the people of Dyslexia were quaint not only in custom and dress, but in their economic beliefs. All uncomprehending of the benefits of sunshine

a small group of workers - men who maintained the heretofore vital heating coils in the buildings, men who sang songs of international solidarity at scout meetings, surrounded by red banners, men who believed in the kind of sophomoric historical and economic theories that every planet turns up from time to time, and which some planets, including Earth, had left behind, men who saw their collective livelihood threatened by the artificial sun shining benevolently down on them - grim men advanced through the crowd, around the kicking field, through the reporters, and toward Feghoot's control board, where all power for the light and levitation of the globe flowed. They concealed black heavy spheres with burning fuses in their quaint picnic baskets...

It was all over in a few moments. The console was gone, the crowd in panic. Two of the terrorists were dead, and two of Feghoot's backers. The other backers had fled, more terrified of the "anarchists" than eternal damnation, and too terrified, Feghoot realized with a sinking heart, to help him recover his investment and start again. Terrified and facing imminent revolution. Time to leave this unhappy planet and move on, he thought. And so it must be. ~~The giant globe lay broken on the ground, many people having barely gotten out from under it before it had crashed.~~ Turning to the newsmen, who were slowly gathering their wits after the sudden attack, and determined to maintain some of his self-mastery anyway, in front of the people he must now leave, probably forever, Feghoot mounted a chair and said, "I leave you now...and let me just say this...You know, I feel sorry for you newsmen - you won't have Picnic sun to kick a rind anymore!"

all (copyright by the author.)

I did not edit this much, feeling that it takes more balls to chop up somebody else's writing than I have got. The extent of the changes I made was to drop a few commas, rephrase one sentence and drop one final paragraph. I did this all with the author's occasionally grudging consent.





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Sam, the fillo illo below is by Mary Alford, who drew it never having seen you or your picture, from a verbal description by Marc of you.

that there's no way to get out of this world alive to watch all the foods that are "good for you". The foods that you eat to avoid overweight will give you cancer. The foods that are "good" for cancer (as in the high-fiber diet) give you overweight, and so on. It all comes down to the Three Laws of Thermodynamics:

- 1) You can't win
- 2) You can't even break even
- 3) There's no way to get out of the game.

◊ Ah yes, as Linus van Pelt says, "There's no heavier burden than a great potential." That leading edge remark sounds like you, too, were familiar with the feeling.

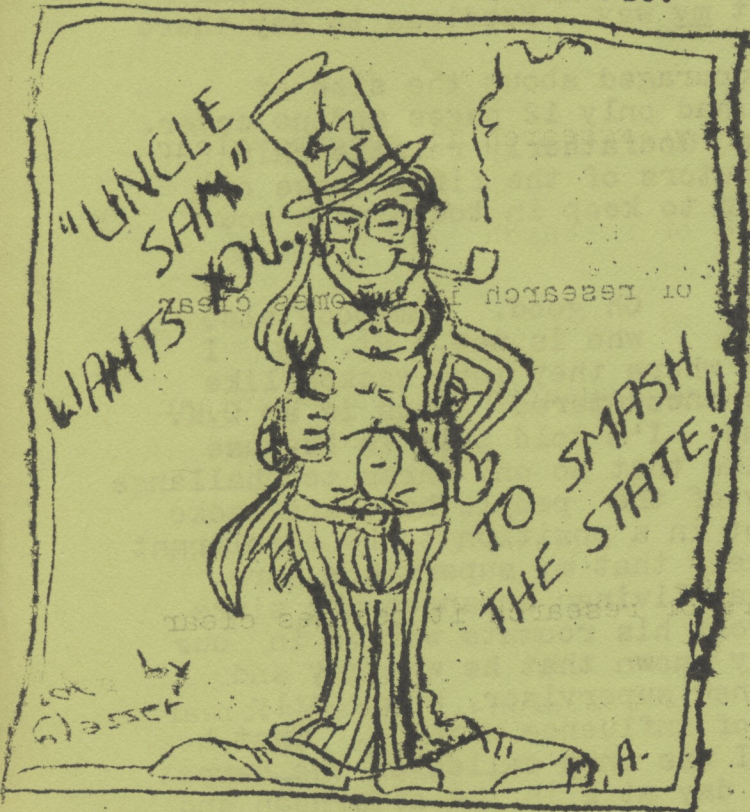
HMPH & HASENPFEFFER! / Don Markstein:

Well, here's my answer to the roster question. I would therefore like to see a list of recent contributors as well as people who have postage accounts but do not contribute, because it is easier to write interestingly when one knows one's audience. ◊ Good filk.

CLEAR ETHER! / Samuel Edward Konkin III:

It's going to be a problem to not ignore you here since

I mc'ed this zine in APA-NYU.







the magazine of everything but

This issue of my sterling all-purpose apazine is published for SFPA and FreFanZine, by Don Markstein, 8208 E. Vista Drive, Scottsdale, Az. 85253, (602) 956-6533, as a sort of celebration of my taking over the Fearless Leadership of the latter apa. It may also be sent around to the RALLY! mailing list; and if, as I strongly expect, I fold RALLY! (again) after #42, it will go toward retiring current subscriptions (that is, assuming none of the said subscribers creeb too strongly, in which case I'll be glad to hold onto the record of their subs and revive them for RALLY!'s inevitable Fourth Incarnation). Backcover by Alan Hutchinson. Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication #380. This stencil (and maybe the rest) cut Jan. 28, 1979.

The reasons for the probable demise (again) of RALLY! are several. One fairly obvious one is the notoriety generated last summer, when a popular sci-fi author who has many times proven himself capable of generating an enormous amount of publicity, became the very first person ever to take serious exception to something said in RALLY!, or to the flippant style in which it's usually said. That notoriety generated a lot of new subscriptions—but contrary to the rumors going around, I wasn't seeking that sort of fame, and the thought of being obligated to send so many issues to people who may not even like it is not attractive to me. If the notoriety was to serve any useful purpose at all, it would have been in the sale of single copies of the issue in question—then, having seen what was, in most ways, a typical issue, people could decide on an intelligent basis whether or not they want to see more. But ever since IguanaCon, I've been getting dollars in the mail from scores of strangers who want to see what all the fuss was about, and they're bound to be disappointed that there usually isn't any fuss at all. I'd rather have no subscribers at all than a lot of people subscribing for the wrong reason, so I'm leaning strongly toward folding it.

A better reason for wanting out is that my major expenditure of famish energy, at the moment, is in a different direction. I just became Fearless Leader of FreFanZine, The Only Libertarian Science Fiction Apa In The Entire Friggin' Universe, and I'm putting a lot of effort right now into building it up into a thriving operation. Last summer, FFZ was in what looked very much like a terminal slump. My first mailing will be out in less than a week, and from all indications, it'll probably have about three times as many people contributing as either of the last two did. Putting an apparently dying apa back on its feet takes more energy than starting a new one from scratch—most times I wouldn't even consider it worth doing, but I do like the idea of an apa consisting mostly of anarchists, and operating on anarchist principles, being around. I know I'm capable of performing the miracle, having performed it on another apparently dying apa that I liked a lot about ten years ago, so I took it over. To the detriment of other activities like RALLY!, of course. (If you're interested, or at least curious, I'll be glad to ~~fill/put/put/put/with/FFZ/with/FFZ~~ send you a spec copy or two.)

But the best reason of all is simply that I'm tired of it. And when you're doing something for enjoyment and you get tired of it, it's time to stop. The ideal length of a RALLY! incarnation is a year and a half or so, and this one has just about had that. But fear not. In five years or so, some enterprising young Southern fan with a flippant way of looking at things will see the RALLY! editorship as a power vacuum, and will move to fill it. And the News'N'Chatter Zine With A Southern Accent will be reborn in all its glory. Current subscribers have the option of waiting for that happy day, having their subscriptions filled out with whatever I happen to publish that doesn't have mailing comments in it, or, if they want to wash their hands of the whole affair, getting their money back. Wait until #42, where I'll announce whether it's continuing or folding, and let me know. (If I don't hear from you, I'll make the choice for you, based on whether or not I think you're likely to want to wait.)

On to more interesting topics. I don't suppose any of you have seen a brilliant new sci-fi opus entitled ATTACK OF THE KILLER TOMATOS yet. I have—twice already. And if you haven't, I recommend you put this zine down immediately, rush to wherever it's showing in your area, and report back when you've remedied your lapse.

Back? Good. Then the following may mean something to you. Following the casting of the live-action Uncle Scrooge and the all-duck version of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW (Mitch Thornhill's idea, tho I did most of the casting for it), a few of us at a party the other night started casting ATTACK OF THE KILLER TOMATOES as a Warner Brothers cartoon. The ones everyone agrees on are Yosemite Sam as the newspaper editor, Porky Pig as Mason Dixon, Wile E. Coyote as Sam Smith, Belvedere as Spot, and—especially—Daffy Duck as Ted Swan, the advertising executive.

Less unanimous are votes for Bugs Bunny as the President's Press Secretary, Pepe LePew as Wilbur Finletter, Bugs Bunny as Lois Fairchild, Petunia Pig as Lois Fairchild, Elmer Fudd as Wilbur Finletter, Elmer Fudd as a tomato and others too numerous to remember through the haze that permeated the room and our minds as we dreamed all of this stuff up.

Anybody have any further thoughts on this? Remember, one character can play multiple parts as long as they're not on screen together (for example, there would be no conflict in Bugs playing both Lois Fairchild and the Press Secretary). (Hmm—a thought just struck me that's too good to pass up—how about the Tasmanian Devil as all of the tomatoes?) Let's see if we can't come up with a cast everyone agrees with, as we did for the all-duck cast of THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. We never did manage that for the live-action Uncle Scrooge movie...

Still on the subject of KILLER TOMATOES, it also occurs to us (me, Curt and Mahala Stubbs, Bruce and Gigi Dane and a few others) that there are some really good costumes in that movie, which might well go over at a con. For example, Curt's idea is to have five or six people all dress up as Sam Smith in various disguises, with himself as Sam Smith disguised as a killer tomato. My favorite costume, tho, would be Wilbur Finletter, but it might take several more viewings before I manage to get all the patches on his chest down pat, and a parachute might be a tad expensive...

Meanwhile, does anybody happen to know the lyrics to "Puberty Love"?

Twice on the last page, you may have noticed, I used the expression "sci-fi". If you're a typical fan, you may already have written your comment about what a lousy excuse for a human being I am for denigrating the hallowed science fiction with that noxious abbreviation. But save your ink—I already know it.

Aside from science fiction fandom, I am also somewhat active in comics fandom. I don't apologize for this, of course—why, I could name some trekkies who also display vestiges of intelligence. I mention it here only for purposes of bringing up my favorite term for comics—funnybooks—and noting that this term is not only accepted among the more mature and intelligent fans—it has even attained wide currency.

Now, we all know that comics fans are fuggheaded, immature little louts. So why is it that they're cool enough to make fun of themselves that way, while we Cosmic Minds act like we're being torn apart by wookiees when somebody says "sci-fi"?

To hell with that. If your comment to me on the last page was "But fans don't like the word 'sci-fi'" you can go fly a kite. I like it, and I'm a fan. So there.

Along the same lines, did anyone else see the WONDER WOMAN episode where she fought crime and evil at a sci-fi con? I understand it was filmed at an actual con, which makes it all the more enjoyable.

Now, I'm sure many of you will object to the depiction of fans therein. I guess I can sort of see your point, but look at it this way—showing them that way will help keep walk-ins from cluttering up our cons, won't it? And anyway—this may be an unpopular statement, but I can't really object to the way Sylvester Grogan was handled in that show. I can cringe at seeing him displayed to millions of viewers, but I can't really object. I've seen too many like him and worse to claim truthfully that fandom is in any way being misrepresented by him.

Having already admitted to being a funnybook freak, I guess I can't damage myself any more in that regard, so I might as well bring up the subject again. Of course, the best funnybooks, in my opinion, are funnybooks--UNCLE SCROOGE, POGO, LITTLE LUIU, HERBIE... As a matter of fact, last summer, while all the brouhaha was going on in the back pages of RALLY!, the lead story concerned the rising price of HERBIE comics.

In case anybody is sufficiently Unaware that he doesn't know offhand who Herbie is, you may recall a character that flourished between 10 and 20 years ago who wore blue pants and a white shirt, was enormously fat, atelollipops, could do anything, and had the most unshakeably phlegmatic attitude this side of the catatonic ward.

In 1958, Richard Hughes, Honcho of the American Comics Group, was producing a line of medium grade sci-fi and fantasy comics. One of his favorite themes was the character with hidden depths--the one that nobody thought was worth anything, but inside he was everything you ever dreamed about being. Such a one appeared in FORBIDDEN WORLDS #76, in a story entitled "Herbie's Quiet Saturday Afternoon". It was about this little fat boy with glasses that nobody would play with, despised by all around him including his father. But when nobody was looking, he talked with the animals in the zoo, had wonderful adventures with aliens, saved the world and did all sorts of neat stuff.

Reader response must have been pretty good, because Herbie was back in a sequel a couple of years later, and back again a year or so after that. By the early 1960s, he was appearing in every other issue of FORBIDDEN WORLDS, with his name in larger type than the title. Then, in '64, he made the move to his own book, where he stayed until shortly before ACG's demise in 1967.

By the time he was appearing regularly, a number of schticks had evolved. For one thing, his everpresent lollipop was perceived as being either the source of his strange powers, or at least the focus through which they were exercised. He had acquired a magic word, "Allega Poop", also associated with the exercise of his powers. His threat, "You want I should bop you with this here lollipop?" appeared in most issues. Fatness became a trademark of his, and was looked on as a desirable attribute. His father had evolved into a top-notch supporting character. The scene of Herbie looking at someone or something that precisely resembled him and thinking "Glad I'm not like that", became a familiar sight. And many others, of course.

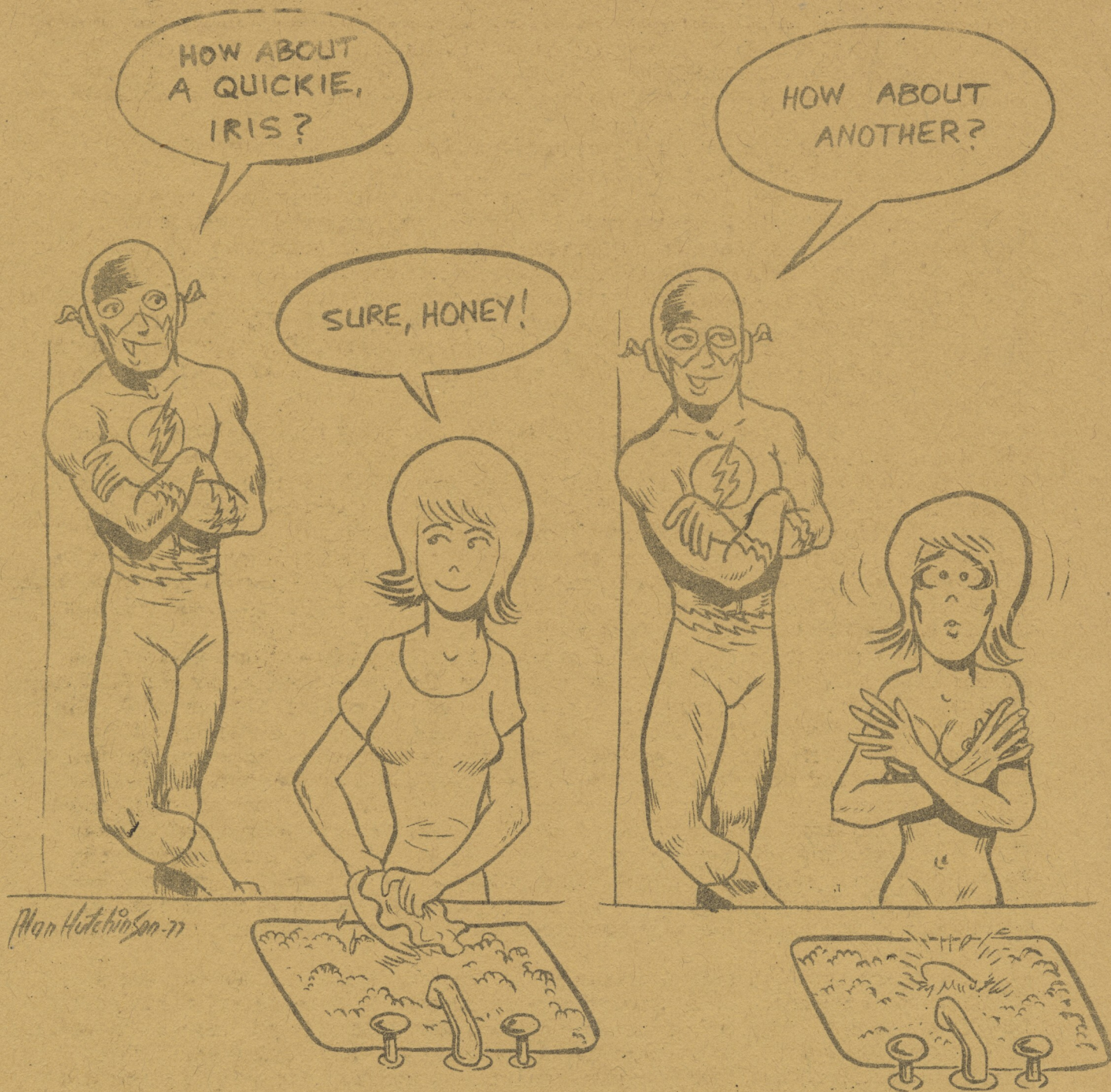
It was a thoroughly delightful comic book. But in 1967 it disappeared without a trace. Hughes, who wrote all of the stories under the name "Shane O'Shea", is dead. Ogden Whitney, the master of deadpan humor who drew them, hasn't worked in comics in years; I have no idea where he is now. Nobody even seems to be quite sure who owns the rights to the character, tho DC Comics is a strong possibility.

But kids--even big kids like me--remembered him. And as time went on, the number of fans who had been those kids grew. References to Herbie would appear in fanzines. Gary Brown did an index to all Herbie appearances in Apa-1. The prices on his comics started going up--you can't get a mint copy of #1 for under \$20 anymore. And a nut cult in California, the Herbangelists, started preaching that anything as powerful as Herbie ought to be worshipped.

Which brings me, at last, to the point of this little piece. The Herbangelists have been getting along for years now without a schism, which any respectable religion deserves. And they deserve a schism even more than most, because you see, the very basis of their belief is a baldfaced lie. Back up three paragraphs. Under "schticks", see where I mentioned a "magic word"? Well, I maintain that "Allega Poop" is no mere magic word at all, and that worship of a minor ghod like Herbie is woefully misplaced.

Allega Poop is the name of the ghod to whom Herbie prays!

I regret that my collection, which includes every appearance of the Fat Fury, is in storage right now. I expect to retrieve it shortly, however, and then I shall perform the exhaustive research necessary to prove my claims. Watch for it in the best apas everywhere--including, barring insidious censorship, Herbapa Itself.



As all long-time readers of KITCHEN SINK are aware (and as long as it's been since #2, anybody who was around for a previous issue is a long-time reader), this zine has undertaken an ongoing **project** of violating its editorial policy in each issue. Since its only editorial policy is "everything but", that means that each issue, in compliance with this ongoing project, is obligated to present a kitchen sink.

This issue's kitchen sink is by Alan Hutchinson, fan **cartoonist** extraordinaire. Note the sleek, smooth lines of the chrome fixtures...the brilliant white of the porcelain...the outstanding cleanliness of the water, which, with its new miracle detergent can handle twice the grease of ordinary, Brand X water and never leave an ugly residue on your fingernails. Pay no attention to that silly charade in the background. The kitchen sink is what matters.

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GONZO'S OWN POLITICAL ZINE, a frefanzine of Greg Brown, 767 E. Montecito #97  
Phoenix, AZ 85014. 602-264-5106.

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I have no real idea of why I'm joining another apa. Its certainly not because I have all of that free time...

No, the reason why I'm here is kind of massive aid for several other apas that have long suffered under my politcal soapboxing, and this seems to be a nice place where I can let off a laittle steam, and save them the pollution of ideas. Besides, I think a lot of them are a bit uncomfortable when people try to get them to think about their politcal world.

Well, one last word before I start haranguing you all--I've borrowed a Sel-ctric from work for the weekend, and my wife & I are fighting to see who can use it the most. Therefore, what little I'm typing on it is at about 120 wpm, and damn the corflu!

Ah yes, a definition of terms. Thats always a good starting place. First off, you have to understand that I read a lot. Not just a little lot, like most well read people, but a lot lot. I read from 10-20 books a week(even when I have little time for anything but work & reading)...and they aren't all the latest Executioner novels, Georgette Heyer romances or Donald Duck comic books. I have spent two years working for the Us gov't in an unintelligent capicity in Berlin(not New Hampshire). I have written two (count them, 2) books on the politics of E. Germany, and one army manual on something or other. I have read political works from Ayn Rand to Mikhail Suslov.

One of the most enlightening experiences I ever underwent was while I was in the Army, serving over there behind the Iron Curtain(actually, as far as I know, both the Russains & E. Germans use steel jacketed bullets for the curtain) The people I was working with were, for the most part, products of the late 60's protests against the war in Viet Nam. And, for one reason or another, decided that to serve, and make sure that they never came close to the battle zone, was far, far bettera course of action for them than avoiding military service. None of us liked military service, none of us liked what we were doing, but we did find it interesting, and we did do what we did(when the Army let us alone long enough to do our jobs) rather well. And, while a lot of people might have been 'soft' liberals before they served with us, noone who served in my section was stupid enough to ignore the daily evidence of a million tiny facts...and a couple of big facts.

Communism is a political philosophy in the same sense that Ghandi was a political philosopher. They are using what amounts to a religion( a religion I define is a set of beliefs that someone/some diety expects you take to on faith or someone else's post hoc interpretation of events.) They really think that communism is the natural successor to capitalism, and that the only way you can get rid of capitalists is to kill them. They teach this in the schools. They no longer have a 'confirmation day' celebration for a young person about to be accepted as a young adult...instead they have a coming of age in the Party. In W. Germany a 'Jugendwiehe' is the confirmation ceremony for childred about to be accepted into society...the local religuous society to be sure. In E. Germany it has the same name...except that the children don't repeat a catechism about God, they have a catechism about articles of faith as applied to history & economics.

After anywhere from 20-40 months exposure to that sort of thinking on the other ends of the telephones none felt that the "Red Conspiracy" was a figment of Joe McCarthy's imagination. Its real, it exists. Not just in the way they talk on the phone, not just the way the kids were taught in schooly but in day to day living.

We live in a world of finite resources. Today is the result of several millions of yesterdays. A long history of history. There may indeed be historical imperatives as some philosophers talk about...but maybe not. There are some things, certainly, that are imperative...but I think I would rather use the word indicative rather than imperative.

The United States occupies a position that makes me, as a reasonable, thinking person, a bit nervous. 5% of the World's population using about 40% of the world's resources. I have this feeling that the only reason we have not been called on account of this is because the nations who could do so have as bad a position as we do---at least as far as the 90% of the world's population that gets about 20% of the world's resources. We are faced with tough decisions about where we go from here. Malthus had some comments, a while ago, but who listens to him?

Americans, it seems to me, live with their heads perpetually buried in the sand...particularly that breed that styles itself 'Libertarians'. This isn't a novel by Ayn Rand...this is real (or what passes for it). You can't get to John Galts broadcast & skip ahead 6% of the book, and avoid unpleasant facts indefinitely. You can't go on forever making noises about the best government is the one that doesn't exist...this is the real world...we do have a government...and no matter what our political ideals are, we have to live with the yammerheads that try to run things.

Please: don't abstract from all of this that I approve of what our government is doing. How could I? They do so little...except in areas that people are apathetic or uncaring about (such as personal freedoms). I really think that the average American, given a choice between giving up the right to bear arms & the right of free speech, would give up the former for the latter. (Some might be a little surprised when they lost the latter later...but not me).

Libertarians...the worst of the lot. The group of people who can make noises like they believed in complete independence...but in reality were less free than some ghetto dweller on ADC, welfare & food stamps. The saving grace of the welfare recipient is that they don't want to rock the boat for fear that someone will take away their bread & circuses (silly fools...that has been a tradition off civilization since we started writing---and even before) But the Libertarians now, there we have something. A group of people believing in, of all things, freedom.

But, the ones I've met, for the most part, really believe in only freedom for themselves...the desires of others has no role in their vision, unless they agree. Libertarians talk a lot about avoiding jail because of their convictions...rarely about their willingness to suffer it because of them. Libertarians bitch & moan about taxes, and how they don't want their money spent on such things. Ask them about how the highways will be built (sure, you can have toll roads... why do you think that people tired of them about AD 1400?) Libertarians don't like cops...I'd love to hear of one who refused the help of a local police force after they were broken down on a freeway a million (or less) miles away from the nearest gas station? I'm curious about the Libertarian position on such things as national defense. I haven't heard of any of them donating enough money to supply even one nuclear weapon, airplane for the national defense, nor have I heard of any Libertairan battalions that served in the defense of Viet Nam (or Cambodia, or anyplace else). I have this feeling that consciously, or unconsciously, most libertarians don't want to face facts. They seem to have ideal societies that we could live in...if only things were different. If only people were a bit different, then things would be better. If only...well, fuck if only. That's not the way things are. This is real, and you have to live in a real world. What do you really think Karl Mark would have stood on the Soviet or Chinese versions of his theories? Do any of you really think that Washington, Adams or any of the others would have stirred their little pinkies to start a revolution if they had any idea of where it would lead?????

To be continued---at great, great length

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ZERO. An apazine by Greg Brown for his sundry apas. 767 E. Montecito #97  
Phoenix, AZ 85014.

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This is going to be the most difficult apazine I've ever written. The title stems from two sources: ,my nickname in Berlin while I was in the army; the amount of patience I have remaining.

I am a very human being---I make mistakes, frequently on occasion, big and small. But, I've been coming to realize that the single biggest mistake that I ever made was in marrying Margaret Hildebrand.

There is something very tacky about dragging messy interpersonal relationships into fannish affairs and I think considering some past events I've been better able to do it than some. Please be patient for a minute & let me get a few things off my chest.

First of all: Zero. Zero(as in Beatle Bailey's Zero) was smething I fell into while in the army. It was a convenient way to blend into the background so that the army did not notice me. It worked very well. I have had this aptitude for being unobtrusive, and unforceful(and unliterate as well, sorry). I hate telling people that I won't do something for them, and the closer the person the less objections I raise to what is asked of me. But, just as everyone has a price, everyone has a breaking point.

Secondly, and the reason why this is the second time I've done this, Margaret, 'Hilde' or whatever she calls herself is putting on a front to fans and everyone else. I mentioned it once before, and people seemed to ignore it. Well, I'm going to bring those things up again, and the latest. I don't like someone who tells people what kind of a feminist she is, when in fact she isn't.

To set the facts straight at the onset, and they are the facts, proved in court, if you will. 1) I moved out on Hilde, leaving her with an infant son. 2) After about a year I was laid off from my civil service job, and was unable to maintain my agreed upon support payments. I had not requested a divorce. 3) Hilde applied for a divorce when she discovered she wanted to marry Bruce Arthurs. She was married to him within a week of the divorce decree. 4) Alimony was not then, nor is an issue, the money I am upset about is child support. 5) I was brought to trial for contempt of court, on charge that I had wilfully disobeyed by being about 16 weeks behind in child support---this at a time when I had been unemployed for over a year. During this trial she and her attorney, then Bruce Arthur's employer, attempted to prejudice the judge by presenting some of my AZAPazines as evidence, in which I talked about creating ID for myself but under a different name; also her lawyer attempted to have me gagged: he introduced a motion that I not be allowed to testify or present evidence on my behalf, this with the approval of Margaret. Bruce Arthurs graciously donated several complete dsities to be used as 'evidence'. The outcome was that I was to get current & make up arrearages.

In May of the year 1978 Margaret told me that she & Bruce wished to adopt(more specifically, Bruce wanted to adopt) Alaric, the son of Margaret & I. She told me that she was going to hold onto her child support checks until she had sufficient money therein to pay for the adoption. In November I signed the permission to adopt. I immediately stopped sending further support checks.

Legally I have no leg to stand on. And, the reason for all of this: Margaret is now demanding that I make up the further arrearages, and continue sending her the checks. According to the best information that I have heard, there is a six month or so period to wait---Margaret tells me that

it will take until September or October.

Look: I have had it. I rolled over and played dead the first time. I rolled over & played dead for the Iggie Committee. I've had it people. Yes, I make mistakes, but by God, any dumb turkey that thinks I'm going to keep paying and paying is wrong, sadly wrong. I will use any weapon I have to prevent my having to pay. I will not. Period.

Why am I writing this? Well, partly of course, to generate sympathy for me, I can't stand lying for any cause. But: I have contempt for people who mouth principles and act covertly otherwise. I have contempt for people like Bruce Arthurs who want to do something like adopt someone's son---and no guts to ask---he sends his wife. My contempt for Margaret knows no bounds. She made her arthritis a rallying cry for doing nothing & falling in everything she tried. Her biggest problem has always been an absolute lack of self confidence, not her physical difficulties. I ask your honest judgement of a couple who save up someone else's child support checks so they can pay for the adoption of the child---and then when they announce their intent, formally, legally, still want to get their \$25/week. Figure yourslef.

As in the past, I will send one copy of this to Margaret. And I want to say one thing in general about what she(in my estimation) is likely to reply.

I have a lot of hopes, desires and pain which I have little or no desire to share with pople. Margaret got custody of Alaric by simple black-mail---and I could not object. I tried to visit, but no matter what she says about my caring or not caring or frequency of visitation---I am a very weak person when it comes to children's tears. I simply did not have the courage to face my son---he would cry when I arrived, and cry when I left. I will carry those sounds with me to the grave. Sorry: I have not seen my son for about two years: the last time he didnot recognize me. I'm damned if I know the reason why I have not the courage. Sure, she can say I haven't seen him but x and so many times since I left---and God help me, its true. I can not, will not make him a battle ground. I do not approve of the fashion he is being raised, nor do I approve of the people doing it.

I'm sorry. I've gotten to the maudlin sentimental part, and can go no further. I don't expect anyone to do anything this time either: its not your problem. But: next time certain people get up & talk about such things as rights...well, you know where its it. I wish I had more faith in you.

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F--I.W. #1...is the semiobscure title of an apazine written for PREFANZINE #15 by J. Michael Skloff, living now at 327 W. Harmont Dr., Phoenix, AZ., 85021, my phone number being (602) 943-4550. 1-10-79. Non-opressive Press publication #1, for those curious. Silly, really. ++++++

Greetings, fellow Libertarians, anarchists and non-. Further hellos to all my friends--hi, Don; hi, Linda; a high to all other Phoenix phen contributing--and to all with whom I'm not yet acquainted, the best introduction I can find: a quick entry into the MCs--

COVER: 5th.

FRETOCZINE: "...I will continue to maintain the anarchy of PREFANZINE ..." You will continue to maintain the anarchy of PREFANZINE? Perhaps I misheard. "I...dominate almost everything I am involved in by reputation alone." Well, now that I know your reputation I ask myself whether I feel dominated, and answer no, not really.

CLEAR ETHER! III/11: "PREFANZINE is intended to be an agora in information-trading for libertarian-inclined SF fen." A fine, commendable ideal--even if it does sound rather like Bill Patterson (no cut intended)(toward either party). May it be long-maintained. I myself hope to be trading information here, as opposed to chattering, gossiping, editorializing or meandering. But remember, all ye FreFen, free trade consists in trading; I won't give goods for nothing, so give me some feedback, willya please? "I groove on good guys full of sweetness and light. They're real people, just like me." Always happy to discover another sweetness-&-light fan. Oh, and did you mean to say you're one of the good guys, or that you're a real person, which I believe is what you said. The trick, of course, is in being both real and good--or real good, so to speak. "I have no laws that I like. The best way to kill a beautiful idea is to have it enacted into law. It becomes a virtue to violate a virtue once it has become a law." I feel much the same way on this. Fortunately, though, I've gone beyond mere feelings about the issue to actually thinking about it. If violating legalized virtues is virtuous, what happens on those rare occasions when laws are genuinely consistent with rights, and not opposed (or incorrectly supplemental) to them as is generally the case? Is it then a virtue to violate a right? Simply because they happen to get matters straight for a change and declare a fundamental right legal? No, I should hope not. Laws, as I've encountered them, are of three kinds: those consistent with actual individual rights, those contrary to them, and those that invent "rights" that in fact aren't. It is virtuous to violate laws of the second and third sort, not the first. What do you think about this?

PREFAN PARTY FLYER: Fly on, fly on.

GREEN ENGLISH #12: How's New York this time of year? I may be visiting there soon. "...I don't think we'll ever have enough bookcases." --But who ever has enough bookcases? (Or, if having them, enough space to put them in?) "...SF because those were "boys books."" Hell, doesn't that just set you to simmering? Those nitwitted Minoan librarians!, I would have told them precisely what they could do with their Tolstoy or their Dickens. Just imagine: blowing up at cretins in Minoa! I wonder how extensively that old notion still lingers. No if only we could disabuse more writers of the idea. "I used to be a tree." When were you a tree, what kind of tree were you? Were you ever pulped for a good cause--or did you end up as a copy of, say, The World of Null-A? (I'll resist the temptation of tree puns.) "...for

I'd content myself to pen the finest collection. "I'm a passionate camper (no pun intended)..." Okay, just so long as you aren't a passionate DeCamper.

many years I dreamed of writing the Definitive Volume of American Poetry." How does one--one poet--write the definitive volume of American poetry? Isn't that work better left for anthologists to produce I'd content myself to pen the finest collection. "I'm a passionate camper (no pun intended)." Okay, just so long as you aren't a passion DeCamper. "I was primarily agnostic..." Well, aside from the fact that I can't imagine how you could have primarily that, it's a great way to be. Allow me the chance to insert this quotation from Bertrand Russell which perfectly describes my own position:

"I think that in philosophical strictness at the level where one doubts the existence of material objects and holds that the world may have existed for only five minutes, I ought to call myself an agnostic; but, for all practical purposes, I am an atheist. I do not think the existence of the Christian God any more probable than the existence of the Gods of Olympus or Valhalla. To take another illustration: nobody can prove that there is not between Earth and Mars a china teapot revolving in an elliptic orbit, but nobody thinks this sufficiently likely to be taken into account in practice. I think the Christian God just as unlikely."

"Thou Art God." Pretty as it sounds, I've never been able to determine quite what it means. What Heinlein meant by it is clear enough from the context of the novel, but remember it was just that--a novel, a fiction. What does it mean to say you're God, I'm God? What constitutes Godhood? How is it different from and similar to just being a person in the ordinary sense? "All that lives is Holy"--William Blake. Still, what does it mean? And "Thou Art God," by the way, isn't quite Pantheism, unless you consider life on earth, especially human life, identical with the whole Universe and all its forces, laws, manifestations, etc. Pantheism states that the Universe is God and visa versa, which includes but does not consist solely of humanity. This isn't the entirety of your "philosophy of life," I hope (world-view, perhaps?). Pantheism pertains to theology; what are your ideas in ethics, metaphysics, politics--? Personally, I've never had any use for theology: "One man's theology is another man's belly laugh." --Heinlein, TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. One thing more--I'm not sure, but I suspect witchcraft is incompatible with pantheism. I'll have to think on it more. Good game, this Dictionary you mention. If playing it, I might throw out this, one of my (many) favorite obscure words: nympholepsy. No, no--it's not what you might imagine...but look it up. Many congratulations on your realization concerning "humble opinions." Whenever I use the expression, "in my humble opinion," and I still do, I always say it with a heavy note of sarcasm. It is an irony. As for marriage and its alternatives, I'm not convinced something is necessary (loathing, as a Libertarian, the whole idea of necessity as it is commonly held), except, perhaps, Love. That, I suppose, counts as a "something," and for me seems enough for persons to stay together without artificialities. Next, I wish I'd heard that "elucidation of the Randian Argument"; maybe I will someday. You know, the Yin/Yang motif is basic enough to be equated with almost any dichotomy--it doesn't really mean a great deal, if you ask me. "WARNING--I am naked underneath my clothes." Bravo, wonderful! I love it. We need more slogans like that. Incidentally, I have plans to enter the bumpersticker/button business, and have several or more pages of delightfully offensive mottos I might reprint here some later ish.

(CONTINUING COMMENTS FOR GREEN ENGLISH...) -3-

Yes, Donna, stars of the desired kind are available on both Selectric typeballs and SCM interchangeable elements. I would even tell you the serial number for the SCM, if I could find the catalogue. But in any event, the answer is yes. "I don't understand the libertarian ideal Anita Bryant holds." Well, obviously/<sup>she</sup>doesn't hold any Libertarian ideals consciously, pinheaded miscreant that she is. In fact, I'm sure she never set out to perform a libertarian action in her miserable life. What Don refers to, however (I think), is the nature of her work to have the Dade County ordinance repealed and thereby end a form of preferential treatment, or reverse-discrimination, if you will. Granted, she could have selected better targets for this, but nonetheless her's is an essentially Libertarian act against an anti-Libertarian law...which may be a redundancy anyway. "Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds..." is another of those pretty-sounding aphorisms that actually doesn't make much sense. There's nothing wrong with complexity but it needn't be inconsistent and incoherent. Consistency is also the hobgoblin of great minds; and for that matter, inconsistency is almost always the true hobgoblin of small minds. Oh, enough of this! You have identified what I also consider a perplexing phenomenon: the person who refuses to think. xThe greater fool is not the simple idiot, but the one who refuses to think. Sadly, I grew up in a household of such people. It's disgusting. Ethics and morals do, you realize, have strict and set definitions, and needn't be argued over for meaning. Maybe I'll get into this next time; too tired xnow. Count me among the growing number who consider Poul basically anarchistic. My favorite anarchist SF writer, though (not that Poul isn't great), is Michael Moorcock--and not for his S&S crud. Liked that closing poem.

CLASSICALLY FORBIDDEN STATE #1: What? Physics is no pain in the ass which is more than might perhaps be said of you for "dumping"--your word, not mine--the girl who introduced you to sex ("Mike, this is Sex; Sex, this is Mike. How do you do ~~x~~."). True, I don't know all those painful details, but "dumped" sounds to me rather unkind at the very least. "If I want to die young, that's my business--maybe I want to!" Right on! If only more persons felt that way!

HMPH AND HASENPFEFFER! #6: I agree, of course, with all your comments on the pleasantness, etc., of anarchists. How long, Don, is the "foreseeable future"? As for this being "The Only Libertarian SF Apa in the Entire Friggin' Universe," see my quotation from Bertrand Russell above. "...an article of faith...demand that those objecting to it submit evidence to the contrary..." Pfui! I remain unconvinced. After the final MCs, I'll add my own account the compendium of woe brought on by our Men in Blue.

CLEAR ETHER! IV/1: You still sound like Bill Patterson. Are you? Survival isn't everything, but the best place to begin. Oh, feh, there are just too many comment hooks here to bite into. Later, OK?

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Don Markstein has invited me to relate to you my encounter (of the most putrid kind, if you were wondering) with the Eviol of the State, as represented by Phoenix's Finest. At first I didn't think the experience of sufficient ideological purity to rank as a good Libertarian horror story, and although it's no match for Don's I'll admit he's paved the way with his anecdote last ish about the New Orleans cop. So with only that as an excuse, here we are--a little tale of a Saturday night ill-spent, or My Trip To Jail.

One Saturday night--October 14, for the historically-inclined-- I drove over to a friend's house, only a few blocks distant, to await

his arrival from Tucson. The hours stretched on, he didn't show up, and I realized I'd be late to a meeting of OMNI (a Phoenix fan group-- named in a fit of the utmost bad taste--intended to merge the many fandoms here into one unified, productive organization...chortle, cho. if I didn't head home for dinner quickly before starting out again for the meeting. Half an hour before it was scheduled to start, I got into my car and traveled those few, familiar blocks to home. As I drove through the area, I passed a small side-street intersecting the one I was on, and at the corner was a police car.

Do any of you get just a little uneasy around Officers of the IAW, agents of the State? Well, I do; and I did.

So, as I continued onward to 7th Ave., I paid greater attention than usual to my speed and general driving etiquette. Call it paranoia perhaps--justified paranoia. I reached 7th, made a right, and then a left onto Harmont, my home street. I hadn't been checking my back mirror during all this, as is my habit, since it only gives me greater chance to screw up and give the fuzz cause to stop me. It came as a big surprise, then, when I turned onto Harmont and almost immediately heard the whoop of the siren and noticed those ol' familiar flashing lights behind me. Damn!, I thought, or something like it, not now, not again! What the hell is it this time?! I was absolutely certain my speed had never exceeded the posted limit, my right and left turn signals had been on, my driving was its impeccable normal, I hadn't squished some poor cat or toddler.... --So what the hell had I done?

Pulled over, parked, got out. This slick, slimy fop of a cop was easing out of the squad car with clipboard in hand. "Let's see your driver's license," was his cheery salutation.

Gee, I wished he hadn't asked me that. "I'll have to dig it out from the back seat of my car...just thought you'd like to know." They've been known to get trigger-happy, you know, and I really didn't want myself smeared all over my car. I've found it rather inconvenient to carry my driver's license in my wallet or in my pocket, so I keep it in the car permanently. This night happened to see it tucked inside a little plastic folder, which was between some envelopes inside a small cardboard box buried on the back seat of my car. And the inside of my car were not what one would call tidy: The back seat overflowed with accumulated layers of clothes and boxes and papers and machines; on the front seat rested my black briefcase; the glovebox was open and crammed with more papers, metal chassis and plastic pill-bottle; the dashboard and hood were strung with wires for my 8-Track; and tools and gadgets were everywhere scattered.

So I thought it wise to announce my intentions in advance. After some digging--carefully watched, of course--I pulled out the license and handed it over. Displeasure flashed across his face.

Now listen, my driver's license, valuable as it is, doesn't come close to being my favorite possession, my greatest treasure--and I don't pamper it. I use it, which involves a lot of pulling it in and out of my pocket, car compartment, whatever. In time it gets worn. Perhaps if they weren't made so damn cheaply and were coated with a plastic film, they wouldn't deteriorate so easily and rapidly. But tell that to the State. Or to some assinine, pinheaded cop intent on getting you.

He wrote me a citation for possessing a--and I use their term here--"mutulated" driver's license. For this I'm made late to a meeting?

Then another squad car pulls up and parks behind the first, to my considerable astonishment--do I deserve all this? is min a two-car offense? About this time I adopt as a mantra Shit! And I still haven't been told why I'd been stopped in the first place! Now two

beacons were busy revolving, illuminating the neighborhood. I wanted out of there, away.

After repeated prying, my crime as at last revealed to me: I'd been guilty of having a broken license plate light.

A broken license plate light. That's why I'd been stopped...a broken license plate light! For that two cars are required. Just imagine how many would be on the scene if something really serious had happened...like a drug bust, or a cat up a tree.

But it didn't end there, dear Murphy. Since he was having such trouble reading the necessary information from my "mutalated" driver's license, the lead dolt stepped around my car to check the plates, which he would have done anyway, no doubt. His pardn'r has now joined us.

Waves of cold, trembling, sickly moist panic hit me.

To explain their source, it's now time for a digression to a time many months before this happened, back to the very beginning.

The story starts the day I received a notice from the Maracopa County Motor Vehicle Department that my car was due for renewed registration--you know, those chintzy little stickers on the corner of your plates (that is, if you're from Aridzona; elsewhere they might not be so cheap and actually provide new plates). Well, this mailing informed me that I was required, ahem, to journey across town to have my car's emissions tested--for a price, of course--and then to mail in the results, along with some insane sum toward registration. Which is an outrageous imposition on my liberties, sure, but one I might have been willing to abide in order to avoid needless complication. Ask my intimate friends; they'll tell you I do that every now and then. I would have done it in this case.

Except for one little thing. The notice instructed me to make my check payable, not to the Motor Vehicle Dept. itself, but to one Ken R. Kunis, Maracopa County Assesor and embezzler under indictment at the time--in short, a crook. One who got caught, even. And it was to this man that they told me to write my check. Whoo, hold on a minute: did they seriously expect me to sign off my money so willingly into the hands of that asshole (pardon the image)? Why, it's bad enough that they were 'compelling' me to pay for a service neither requested nor desired, a "service" that would use up my time and my money only to add to their revenue (face it, what's the use of those stickers? The only justification for license plates I can conceive is as a form of identification the State can use in case a crime of some sort is committed--by or against me; renewal stickers aren't needed for that, and are only a further way for high officials to line their pockets, goddammit!--but to make that check out to Ken Kunis was just a little more than I could tollerate. So I didn't.

And instead of taking recourse in any of a number of other intelligent actions open to me--like going ahead and writing the check to the MVD, or asking whether that were acceptable, or writing to my reps--I just did nothing. I ignored it all.

Months pass. Now in Scottsdale, I was driving from my apartment to work (the Flying Buffalo--you remember, the wargaming business where everyone in Phoenix fandom either has or will work eventually) when, no more than a few hundred yards ffrom the building, a local vark starts flashing his Christmas-tree ornaments and tooting his siren and pulls me over. Hell, I thought, was I really going that fast? again? But no, the kindly ossifer intends only to cite me for having no current registration. That's \$13, people, almost as much as the friggin' decal--but not including the emission testing fee--would have cost. Infuriated, then, I parked my car, rushed into the Buffalo found canary-yello paper, press-type and note-pad paste, and proceeded to make my own registration sticker! (ON TO NEXT PAGE AS THAT SINKS IN

It was a rather fine imitation, too, almost indistinguishable from the genuine article if viewed from a few yards away. I completed the project with fiendish enthusiasm born of anger, went out and pasted it onto my back license plate, and continued on my merry way for about the next half a year without incident, in which time I paid (yes) the \$13 fine to the Scottsdale City Court (after concluding that the chance to plead my somewhat atypical defense wasn't worth an hour's wait in line there), and did such things as quit work at the Buffalo, move out of the apartment, attend Iguanacon...most of the usual things one does in that period of time. That also included being in on the formation of the OMNI group, of which I've already spoken.

Okay, now does that give you any clues as to why my stomach felt on the verge of falling out that Saturday night? Shall we suspend judgement of my above-mentioned graphic production and go on with the account?---

The Dynastic Duo, you recall, were looking curiously at my plates. Good as my sticker was from 20 feet, five didn't quite make it. I was asked questions regarding whether I'd put the sticker on myself, when I did so, whether I knew it was phony, and so on. I denied everything. So they went to the radio and began a computer check.

One amusing incident took place as this was being done. As the head pithecanthropoid was waiting for results, his eager rookie pal circled my car several times, aiming his flashlight beam into the depths of my car, Rover--whose interior has already been described in putrid detail--obviously searching for various Illicit Substances. The way my car looked did not amuse our flashlight-toting dunce, who probably just knew, no question about it, that I was transporting enough drugs ~~xx~~ and Ghod-alone-knows-what-else to bomb a city block. Did I say "bomb"? Well, my arresting officer--his stupidity was simply arresting--looked in to where his buddy pointed, saw a large box full of cylindrical electronic components I'd wired together, and asked me, "What's that?"

"That? Three-quarters of a Farad's worth of capacitors--electronic devices that store an electric charge applied...not to insult your knowledge of electronics, of course."

"Oh." He paused. "Building a bomb?" (They looked deadly!)

"No. Not lately." Peace Officers, \*burp\* have this annoying, probably cultivated habit of taking everything you say quite literally the jerks.

"You've built them before?"

"Not really; though I've been involved in a good many, alas."

"How's that?" he asked, missing the point--as one might expect.

"Well, at least the audiences thought so."

M-o-r-o-n.

Yes, we had all sorts of fascinating chatter. Before it was over, I had freely volunteered the information that I was a Libertarian. This was in response to the "bomb" episode. They asked me what Libertarian was, and whether it was related to the Moonie cult...to which I replied no, it's generally atheistic in fact. FUCKING ASSHOLES!! And so it was that I eventually told them I was not only a libertarian but also an atheist and an anarchist. Just tryin' to be friendly.

The results came back over radio and I was up the crick. They once again asked me if I knew about the bogus sticker and I decided to tell them about it. Why? Well, I realized the advantages of taking the 5th at the time; but, finding nothing wrong or shameful in my actions, I preferred not to be pushed around by the System and to tell them the truth of it all. They wouldn't have the privilege of watching me evade through silence or lies.

Then I was frisked (no, Don, I didn't say "Watch your hands, pal!") and read my "rights," which sounded straight from DRAGNET. Oh, and the told me--upon being asked--that I was under arrest. It was left to be decided whether to write me a summons or to haul me off to jail. They had a bit of trouble making the decision. They didn't know what to do with one like me.

So they took me away in the squad car anyhow, to a vacant church parking lot where I waited 20 minutes for a superior officer (no great feat, I assure you) to arrive with further instructions. During this time the fop kept the air-conditioning on Max--again, no doubt, intentional: you start shivering, something common enough anyway in situations like that.

The Bossman at last came, conferred with Bozo, and evidently though me worthy of prison. Off I went.

First to a police substation, though, where I sat in a little cubicle for at least half an hour while being "processed." From time to time my ossifer would poke his Neadrathal mug into the porthole on the door and quiz me on details for his report. He never seemed to believe me, but that didn't stop him from asking more. Outside, I heard what I figured to be some wealthy drunk happily buy his way out of the mess, and some poor chicano complain his mouth off about mistreatment during arrest. Real fun here.

I was taken out, searched again, administered preliminary fingerprinting, deprived of certain possessions on my person (they were intent on taking my glasses, but I managed to explain to the choulderheads that some individuals require glasses in order to be able to see) and taken away again.

This time in a paddywagon, by myself, all the way across town to the Jail Annex just below Sky Harbor airport.

They first dumped me into a holding tank filled with half a dozen fellow criminals, most of whom there for DWI charges or something similar, one for a drunken brawl (but he was a jovial chap), almost all for victimless crimes, and a couple of sick Indians there for indeterminate reasons. I quickly found (out of a desperate desire to prolong my life) that talking about the peculiar nature of my reason for being there served to ingratiate myself with them. They wondered what a college student like me was doing in a place like that. (I've never gone to college.)

We were lead out and booked. I was handed a computer print-out form that listed the three charges against me: "mutilated" driver's license; no current registration, and, it follows; forgery. Apparently they weren't going to hold the broken license plate light against me anymore. The form listed the bail set for these: for the "mutilation" it was \$10; for no current registration it was...\$110 (you figure it, I can't); for forgery it was...no, it wasn't: they didn't set bail for the forgery charge, and told me I must wait until tomorrow morning to see de Judge about that.

Wonderful! I'm going to spend the night there! They set bail for two out of three, which means I'm 2/3 free, which means I ain't free at all. Criminal justice and all that. Aren't laws marvelous!

I was fingerprinted quite thoroughly, and I was returned to the holding tank, and I was taken into the jail barracks and left there. The room was a long hall with metal bunks on either side and johns at the end that wailed like banshees when flushed. The scanty, loose-knit blanket I was given didn't stand a chance against the freezing air blowing in through a cracked window over my bunk. I had to use it to cover me and stay warm as best I could rather than use it as a much-needed pillow on the cold metal of the bunk. The place stank,

by the way. But that's expected. Grafitti in what I could swear was Linear-A covered every square inch of the surroundings. Down at the end of the barracks I young man whimpered and simpered an incoherent babbytalk all night. In the voice of a spoiled 9-year-old deprived of candy, he babbled on and on about his birthday, about liking the good officer, and about what the other inmates were doing to him for not shutting up. They were going down to the johns, filling cups of water and throwing them in his face. Occasionally, I'm sure, those cups weren't filled with water. But the fellow kept it up--what the hell had he been on?

Eternities later, morning came and we filed out for breakfast. Mush, let me tell you, absolute much.

Well, I'm gonna skip all the unpleasent details and just say I was taken back to the barracks, finally heard my name called and went up to the front and out, into court. There, I was releived to find someone claiming to be my cousin the Lawer--who was I to object?--and he took care of the legalities from there. Suffice x it to say I was out of jail before 1:00 that afternoon. But not before x returni to that holding tank again. This time it was populated by some men I'd met before in there and who had been as friendly as anyone you'd find elsewhere, but it also featured those sick Indians again, who were busy puking repetedly in the john behind me. It was also filled with a lively black kid whose clothes the jail authorities had taken away and could not find; he bitched long and loud about that, and afte two hours of steady pestering finally got them back, which allowed him to leave there once and for all.

So at 1:00 all the doors opened for me, forms were handed over, and I walked right out into the blessed sun. And I continued walking, all the way from there below the airport to the house of Larry the Duc or about 9 miles. I thought I might as well get some good out of the experience.

My trial date had been set for December 28--maybe some of that Christmas Spirit would linger. But in the months that followed, I watched the whole affair slowly, strangly evaporate before my eyes due to sheer incompetence, mainly. For instance, I received a notice on Friday that my Pre-Trial Disposition Conference--which I'd never heard a thing about--was still scheduled for the coming x Saturday; this was termed a "reminder." Only one problem: the court system isn't open on Saturdays. I went down there anyway, just so they couldn't claim I hadn't, an naturally found it closed. They said to call if I had any questions, and I did call--but got now answer. It was Saturday, dammit, and everything was closed. Why, then, the note? Next Monday I did call, got a secretary, and asked just what charges were on record for me. She couldn't find a thing about the forgery. Some days later, after asking the same question to my lawer I got in the mail a computer printout that had my name and biographic data at the top, then a heading called OUTSTANDING CITATIONS, and und it were the code numbers for the first two charges, the ones about my driver's license and no current registration--but nothing about forgery. Then, below that, came a heading, OUTSTANDING WARRENTS, and although the paper was cut off at that point, I had been told' again and again that I had no warrents out on me, so I assumed none had been listed. So were did the forgery go?

Well, I talked to my lawer again and learned that it had not been filed by the xState. Somehow, my case was just too odd for them to deal with--in fact, he said it was unique. Waw, I'd committed a hitherto-unknown crime! Hail Eris! Since they didn't know what to do they did nothing. //That's all for now. Next ish I'll tell you of wh: became of those other two charges, and other strange and colorful new: Until then, I bid you anada, and remember: Freedom--I Won't! *Mike*



**Viking News Center**  
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Viking photographs a Martian dust storm. In this picture from Viking Orbiter 2, a turbulent, bright dust cloud (arrow) more than 300 kilometers (186 miles) across can be seen inside the great Argyre Basin. It is apparently moving eastward under the influence of strong winds that also create condensate lee-wave clouds to the west of the basin. This is the first color picture of a dust storm taken from a spacecraft orbiting the planet. Large depressions like Argyre and Hellas seem to be favored locations for the formation of dust storms. Later this year, when Mars comes closest to the Sun, a local dust storm like this may spread violently and cover most of the planet. A global dust storm delayed the start of Mariner 9's mapping mission in 1971. Although Viking scientists do not welcome the likely interruption of the mapping from orbit, the possibility of studying a global dust storm from its beginning is recognized as an unusually interesting phenomenon. The great Argyre Basin in the southern hemisphere of Mars is one of several enormous depressions created by the impact of large asteroids early in the planet's history. Previous Viking images and infrared data have shown that during winter the floor of Argyre is covered with carbon dioxide frost — the edge of the south polar ice cap. In this view of the region, at the end of southern winter, the bright polar cap covers only the southern half of Argyre — the cap has begun to retreat. In a few places among the mountains surrounding the basin the ice can be seen as white. Elsewhere the polar cap has a golden hue. Surface dust, apparently suspended in the atmosphere, filters the light from the cap and scatters light from the sun.



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