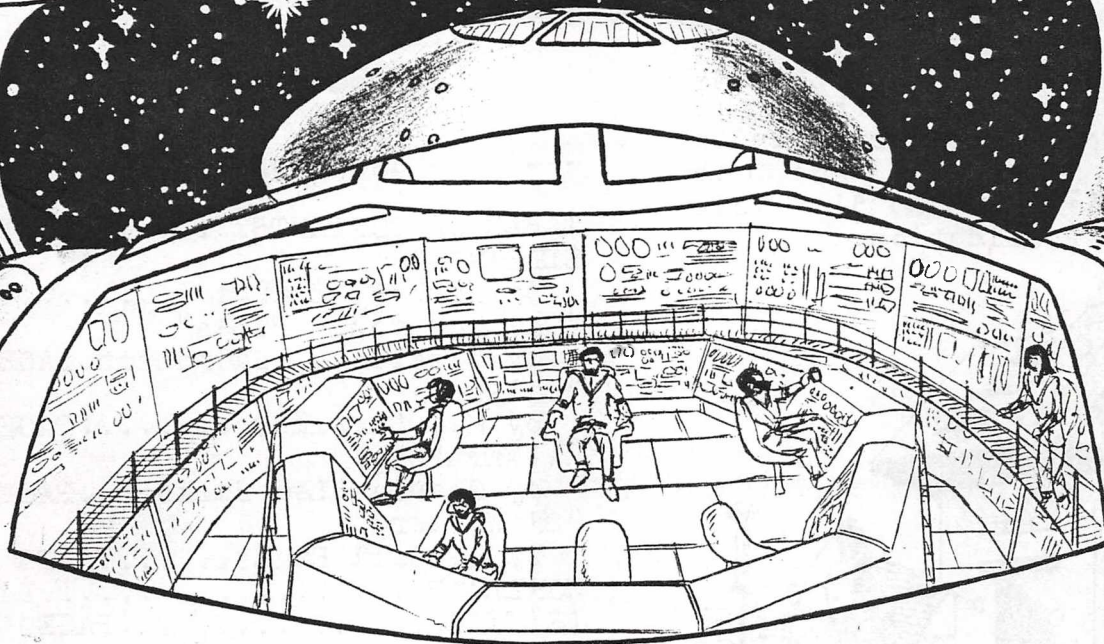


# SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES 79

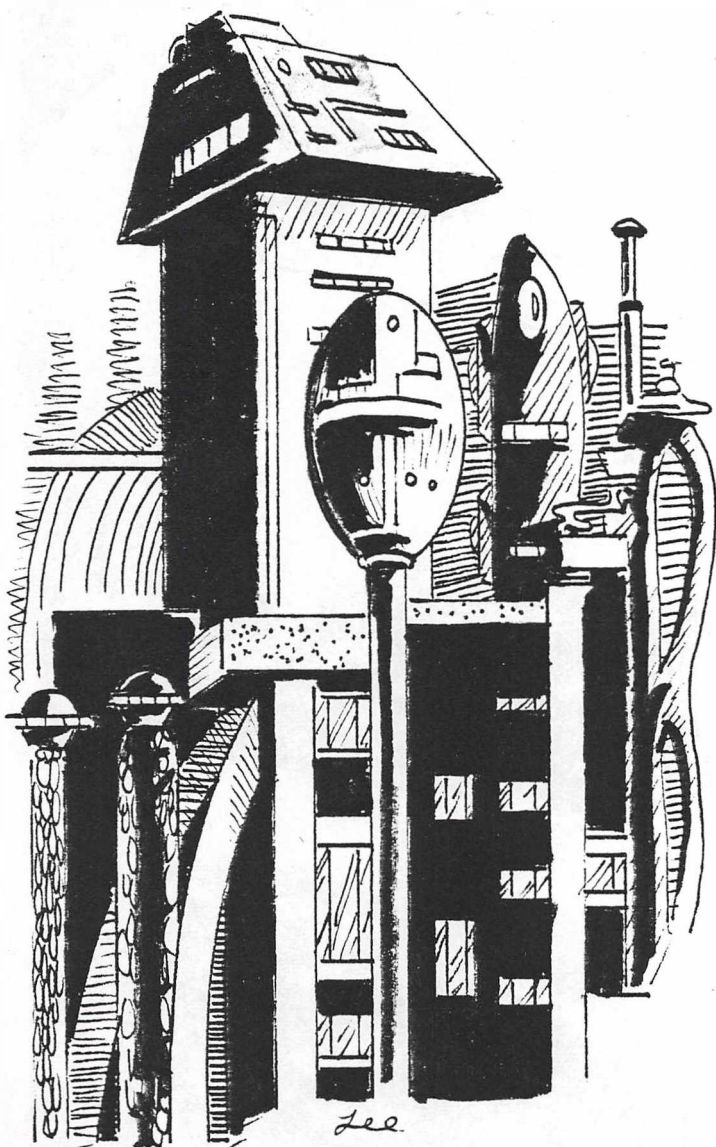


**USS BRUCE PELZ**



# Shangri L'Affaires 79

Shangri L'Affaires 79 is the official general interest fanzine of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood, CA 91601. This issue is being edited by Mark R. Sharpe and all correspondence should be mailed to him in care of the Society. This is the Spring 1983 edition of Shangri L'Affaires, copyright 1983 by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society for the contributors. Shangri L'Affaires is available to the active membership of the Society, for The Usual and \$1. This is a Horrible Publication.



**SUMMER 1983**

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Al Sirois.....	Page 3
Bill Rotsler.....	Pages 4/8/9/15/16
Stan Lee.....	Pages 5 and 11
Sheryl Birkhead.....	Pages 6/7/12
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# Editorial

by Mark R. Sharpe

Most of the people receiving this fanzine are members of the LASFS. The purpose of this fanzine is to entertain. There is a problem, however, with matching these two statements: with so many divergent tastes and interests among the membership, how can a small fanzine entertain everyone?

It can't.

Shangri L' Affaires (Shaggy) is a general interest science fiction fanzine, a genzine for short. Most genzines are produced by an editor who gathers the written and drawn material together periodically, and reflect the editor's personal style. A club-run fanzine (clubzine), however, is a different matter, and whenever possible the editor should restrain his or her tastes in favor of accurately reflecting the club's tastes. Well, gentle readers, don't hold your breath because LA fandom is too big and has too many interests to represent properly.

Here, then, is what I plan to do: I will publish two issues of Shaggy a year, doing the best job I can with what materials I can come up with. Period. If I don't do the job properly, in your opinion, write a letter of comment and I'll probably print it. If the LASFS feels I'm doing a lousy job they can fire me. Short of that, I hope to be publishing Shaggy for some time to come, and I hope you will find it entertaining. Your comments would be appreciated.

Your contributions would also be appreciated. If you are an artist please send interior illustrations sized to fit the two-column format or I won't be able to use them. Cover art should be on a 8 1/2 by 11 sheet of paper with a quarter inch border left blank.

A genzine can be serious or silly and is frequently both, so if you are a writer almost anything will be considered for publication. After all, this issue has an article by Mae Strelkov about the castration of her daughters' horse, hardly the run of the mill fanzine article.



*Mark R. Sharpe*

# The Karamozov Blues

by Jessica Amanda Salmonson

"Karamozov is a West Coast fannish fad (like Bozo the Clown in Minneapolis) based on the Fabulous Karamozov Brothers, a Firesign Theatre-like group who perform in the Magic Cellar, a fan hangout in the San Francisco Bay area, and who won a standing ovation at the '77 Westercon in Canada. This whole manuscript is written Karamozov-style, and I incorporate their one catch-phrase as a sort of a tip-of-the-hat to a funny, funny group." ---J. A. Salmonson

Click.

Visual: TEST PATTERN. Audio: "Eeeeeeeeeee..."

"It's time for the FARM NEWS. Plant your weed deep. It's a great season for pigs, turkies, hard-hats, red-necks and prunes. Corn is up, but plums are plummeting. We'll return to the FARM NEWS after a station break."

(Drink SPUD WATER, the champaign of bottled urine)

"Greetings sports fans. I'm Hank Heavy, here with the early morning sport scores: three to nine, fifty-seven to sixty-nine, one love, a birdie, and you are out. And now this message."

(I had 37% fewer teeth with ROT-A-WAY toothpolish. More rich dentists recommend ROT-A-WAY over any other brand.)

"Hi! I'm Mike." (Clap. Clap. Clap.) "Welcome to the Mike Bug-us Show, with my special guests Rackell Raunch, Spurt Reynolds, Flit Wilson and the Barfy Doll Look-Alike Contest winner Sandra Elf." (Mike sings.) "I feel pretty, oh so pretty."

(Please don't squeeze the butt wipes. I said please don't squeeze the butt wipes. You heard me you little turd, get the hell away from those butt wipes.)

(Madam, you're sitting on my duck.)

"It's time for LUNCH WITH LARRY." (Larry in his apron.) "Hi fellas." (Larry waves.) "Today we're going to make such a *marvy* dessert. I'll be *right back* and show you how *IT* is done, after this itty bitty commercial break. Don't go 'way, Sweets."

(More mothers feed their children MALNUTRIV than any other brand of breakfast cereal. You, too, can send your children to school with rickets. Buy MALNUTRIV, and never worry about quality again.)

(And now, back to our program already in progress.)

"BANG BANG! SCREEEEAM! GARRRR! NO! PLEASE! KEEP AWAY!"

(We'll return to our movie BOZO THE CLOWN MEETS THE PLANET OF THE APES after this brief message.)

(BUNGLES, the unique new snack food from General Schills, is shaped like a cracker. Kids love 'em. Moms love 'em. Morticians love 'em. BUNGLES, the snack food the astronauts left on the moon.)



THE KARAMOZOV BLUES

(Stay tuned for station identification.)

(You are watching KRAP, subscribing to the Good Communications Code and licensed by Big Brother Government.)

(And now, back to our show.)

"Hee-hee. Hello boys and girls. Have I got a surprise for *you*. But first, this message."

(This is Barfy and her boyfriend Ben going to the prom, and this is Barfy's kid sister Trixie the Whore, and Ben's lover Swishy Sam, and these are a few of their four-thousand practically identical outfits which are available for an outlandish price, but you don't have to worry about cost because it's your parents' money, probably your daddy's money in fact, unless it is tax money your mommy got from welfare, so throw a temper tantrum until you get ALL these wonderful dolls and their per german shepard Lust and all the fun assessories which you'll soon get bored with and never touch again. Remember, Ratty Rattell says, "Every girl wants a ratty twirl, and so do boys.")

(SMOKING CAUSES YOUR LEGS TO FALL OFF. A public service announcement from the American Dancer Society.)

(And now we return you to the regular programming)

"H..."

(But first.)

(Sure you've got a headache, you're tense and irritable. Why not take it out on the kids? Buy WHIPS AND THONGS, to ease daily frustrations.)

(WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST FOR AN EMERGENCY BULLETIN FROM CIVIL DEFENSE! But first....)

(Here kitty, kitty, kitty. HERE KITTY, KITTY, KITTY. Purr-rena cat food comes is assorted flavors: pheasant under glass, roast duck, braised rabbit and ground mice. Taste-tested in MacDonalds Restaurants across the world. Cats love it too.)

(Drink sparkling sugar water, caffeine, carmal color and artificial flavors. Fukka Foola beverage company, a subsidy of Zero Population Growth and the Mormon Church.)

(I really love my dog. That's why I feed him BITS OF SHIT, one hundred percent beef by-products.)

(Got a headache? Contact your local National Rifleman's Association.)

(How can I tell her she has bad breath? Martha, I'll say, you've got housatosis in your armpits and crotch. Here, spritz some of this RAID LAUNDRY DETERGENT AND INSECT PROPELLENT SHIRT STARCH in your personal area, and kiss your hemorroids good-bye.)

(WE INTERRUPT THIS INTERRUPTION TO TELL YOU THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR SET AND THAT EVERYTHING YOU SEE IS REALLY HAPPENING.)

(Ho!)

(We return you to the number one sitcom FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD BIGOT.)

"You dingbat, pollock, yid, wop, stupid feminist, bullshit fag, commie dyke toad." HA HA HA HA HA HE HO HA HOO WHEE HA HA et cetera, ad infinitum, ad nauseum, what a bunch of drivels.

(In a minute we'll get back to our late night movie MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON WITH CARRIE TO SEE KING KONG DURING AN EARTHQUAKE, but first let me tell you about LITTLE KITCHEN WONDER. It slices, it dices, it spices, ices, splices and Jesus Christ it cuts, tears, spindles, mutilates, opens bottles, cleans ovens, kills flies, polishes toilets, cores apples, squares a circle and YES, sharpens knives, all at once, in one easy motion. Send \$8.88 before midnight tonight to LITTLE KITCHEN WONDER, Box 60609, Chicago, IL. Act fast, and get your free multi-fascetted BEDROOM TOY -- opens drains too. Call this toll free number, 1-800-PIG-WHISTLE, and we'll put you on our mailing list FOREVER.)

"And now; heeeeeere's Phoney!" (Phoney walks to center stage and begins monologue.) "But seriously folks, ha ha, we'll be right back after this...."

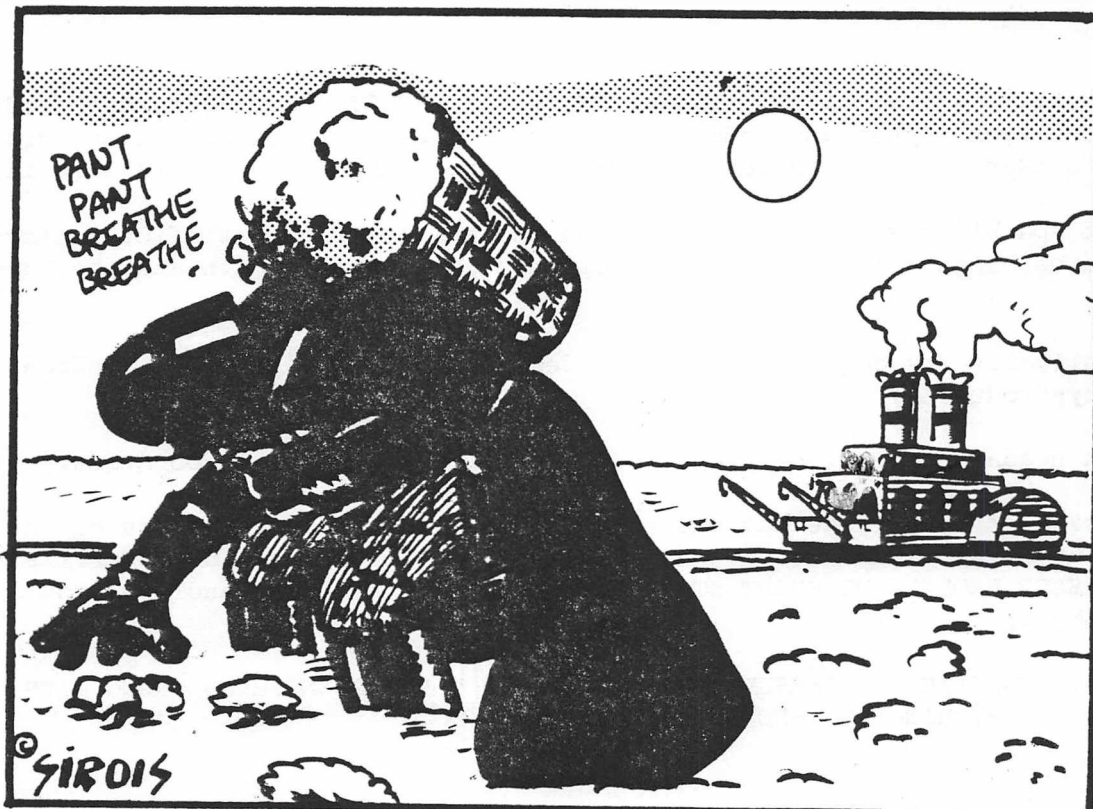
(Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we watched, all through the night.)

Zzzzzzz.

"It's time for the FARM NEWS...."

-never finis-

by Jessica Amanda Salmonson



# ¡BALLS!

by MAE STRELKOV

The problem was brought to me in a very graphic way. Vadim suddenly entered the dining room area saying, "Here are Snappy's balls." And I wailed, "Oh, poor, poor Snappy. This makes me terribly sad."

"But we had to," he reminded me. "He was getting dangerous."

"Oh, I know it, but I can't help feeling awfully sorry." I took the dripping objects, muttering, "I suppose I'll have to cook them for the dogs."

When calves are gelded, the peons barbeque them instantly, eat them, get drunk, then make jokes about what their wives are going to endure from them shortly.

"Yes, for the dogs eventually, but first Sylvia's going to dissect them, so put them somewhere for her." Sylvia is one of our two daughters, both of whom are studying to be vets.

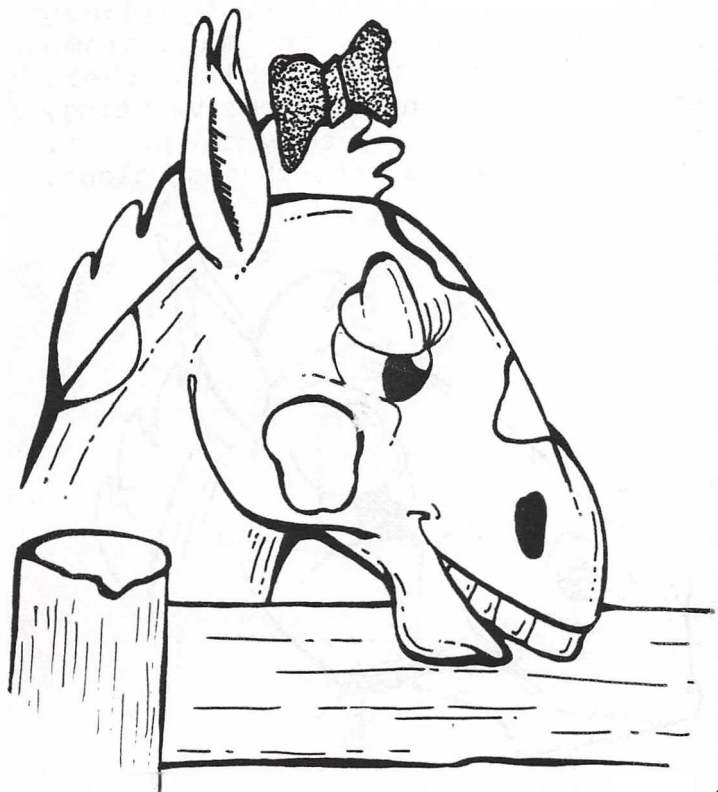


As I put them in a dish, Sylvia came in. "Oh, Sylvia, I'm so sorry."

She repeated what her daddy had just said, "But we had to, Ma. He was getting dangerous."

Snappy was supposed to have been named Tonka, suggested as a name by Sheryl Birkhead back in 1973 or 1974, but our little girls, not yet in their universities dissecting animals uninhibitedly, had fallen in love with the name of Sheryl's own horse (or mare) already and were calling their own new little colt Snappy privately. The name stuck.

Snappy had been allowed to stay a stallion much longer than is usual. We kept postponing the inevitable, hoping. He was such a tame and gentle dear, but when he began to feel his hormones rising and grew to be about the largest of all the big horses to this mountain estancia he began to sire colts everywhere. Even worse, no one dared ride anywhere near the estancia on gelded horses because Snappy, feeling it was his duty to protect his little flock of mares, would launch himself in a vicious attack at the invading horse, giving the rider no chance to explain that they were just passing by with no intention of challenging his supremacy. Though some peons had asked us to keep him one more season, wanting him to sire colts with their little mares, we decided to castrate.





Some trust in antibiotics and some in mumbo-jumbo when gelding occurs. Hundreds of young calves get gelded every year without any special worries; an antibiotic spray is applied to the wound and off they go. But the gelding of a stallion is an emotional thing for us all, peons included, somehow.

Stallions are worse than bulls. We have quite a number of bulls at times, separated in a special big pasture away from the cows. A pair of bulls may occasionally lock horns together and argue over a tuft of grass, but they never bloody themselves, or, at least, very rarely. They are satisfied with just a normal-sized bit of territory for each when cows aren't close by. Even with cows present, you don't need to keep the bulls apart, as long as there are enough healthy dames to satisfy healthy appetites. A stallion, however, will roam the hills for endless kilometers just to make certain there's no other stallion near.

A stallion marks his domain by placing its dejecta - turds - carefully on top of any other horse's which it finds. Sylvia told me when Snappy arose from his ordeal he paused to mark the way as usual, but even while doing so he looked puzzled, thinking perhaps, "What's the purpose, after all?"

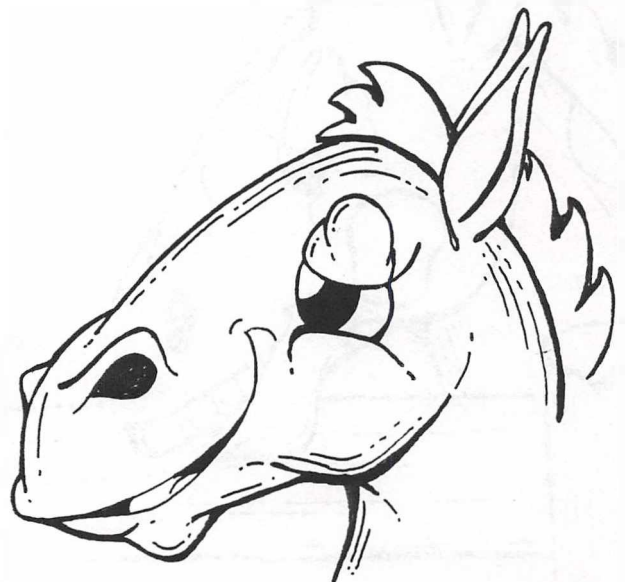
Sad, isn't it? Or is it?

Snappy may never again sire a lovely colt, but three do exist - all females. The bulls are all gone and we've got new bosses. Imported cows from Germany are inseminated artificially these days, and all is streamlined. The only problem now is we have more stallions than mares, for our boss loves polo and wants fifty or sixty polo ponies (both geldings and stallions), all pacing impatiently, waiting for him and his cronies to fly up from Buenos Aires on the weekends.

Tony and Sylvia fell for polo and were helping the new grooms train the horses until the accidents occurred. A mallet knocked out the groom's front teeth, and another conked Sylvia on the head...twice. We, the venerable parents, suggested no more polo and the kids earnestly agreed, awed by the terrible potential for danger.

And Snappy? When all the new stallions and the proud purebred geldings arrived a year ago, Snappy was ready to kill them all, and much drama occurred. Our new bosses didn't love us. We had to exile Snappy, his mother, and his daughters afar and make them most unwelcome when they came visiting, jumping high stone walls to reach us regularly. Finally, they caught on, and live their lives in the mountains, the wild ravines, the chasms, alone.

There was one other young stallion competing with Snappy before his gelding, and it belonged to a peon. All the other peons did what they could to protect their mares from that other stallion's advances and save the dears for our Snappy's youthful enthusiasms. As the colts started dropping, great arguments commenced as to which colt was from which daddy. We have no doubt about our three young foals; they'd been sired in full view, with our former boss-lady discreetly admiring and cheering, and, grateful for it all, telling the children the progeny would be theirs.





Please! Let it be fully understood, such "spectator sports" were all in the line of duty. In full innocence. I'm not sure how artificial insemination is achieved - getting the semen, I mean. - but I'm sure it's all done without anything being "wrong." I mean, no trips down the primrose pathways by anyone. So I trust no international incidents will occur if the wrong people read what I wrote about public entertainments and folks "admiring and cheering?"

As for Snappy, poor trusting soul, he didn't hold it against the children. Like a lamb to the slaughter he went to his gelding. The peons gathered around and, between them all, bound Snappy and got him on his side, head carefully protected in a peon's arms.

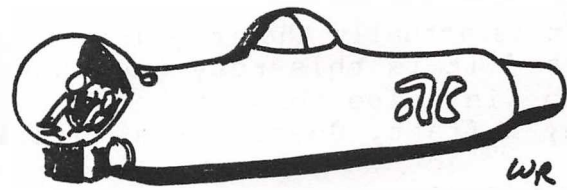
The others got to work, very neatly and very swiftly. The gelder washed his hands and instruments in alcohol, the key to Snappy's courage was instantly sliced away, and an antibiotic spray was applied.

Snappy is now an "it," poor dear, unaware that he has been transformed from a dangerous, spirited brute to a gentle, servant of mankind. Not that he turned out to be very gentle, mind you, the gelding was too late for that. Snappy is still a terror and he walks and trots like a proud-looking stallion.

When Sylvia and I discussed the change in the horse and its sudden tractability, on the whole anyway Sylvia suddenly laughed. "That would be a way to prevent wars, wouldn't it, Ma?"

What a horrible thought

Masculinity...what a mystery it is. A few thousand years of patriarchal and religious doctrine have made us all accustomed to the very idea. Now the women's movement puzzles men. I guess human males will just have to learn how to control their hormones; to make love, not war. I can give no nicer advice. Maybe we'll learn to run our world in tandem yet, and that would be best, learning male/female coexistence at last.



# A Narticle

by His Serene Highness Charles Lee Jackson II, Emperor

So I volunteered to write an article for Shangri L'Affaires. So sue me.

I've read my share of articles, anecdotes and stories in my time. Many of them in Shaggy in its earlier incarnations and, so, as an Editor in good standing (Local #30, Brotherhood of Editors, Proof-Readers and Garden Gnomes - BEPRAGG, Los Angeles), I knew exactly how to get started writing this article after Mark asked me to come up with something.

I went across the street to the bar, and took up with a young woman of my acquaintance.

Now, a bar is a wonderful place, even the rat-trap across the street from the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Within its portals one can find usquebaugh, the water of life, in many of its current delightful variations.

Marvelous stuff, Canadian Whisky. Smooth (stretched pronunciation is left to the individual reader) and golden delicious, to name a famous Roman, and probably good to its mother, if it had a mother. It goes down well, especially Black Velvet or Canadian Club, and produces a rosy glow at about the level of one's sternum. Said glow is more entertaining if produced near the sternum of one's drinking partner, especially if she happens to be female, but inasmuch as my drinking companion was working on Club Soda and Grenardine, her sternum was only as interesting as usual. Which is not to say that...oh, well, never mind.

It is actually the rosy glow in one's OWN sternum that is of importance here, and it is this rosy glow that must be fanned into a warm fire if one is to be in shape to write a proper article for this Journal. I'm sure Burbee, Moffatt, Sneary et al would approve of this approach.

But I digress.

Canadian Whisky is an amber fluid, of mysterious and possibly sinister origins. Canada is a country much nearer to us than Scotland, where whiskey is produced, if we are to believe the Peter Dawson ads, by Loch Ness monsters with smiling faces (and why not, if they're putting in long days at the Gin Mills, as it were?). But Canada has no Loch Ness monsters, and probably no Sasquatches, either. Who makes THEIR proprietary whisky? Or is it like LosCon, changing from hand to hand every year, so that no one person can take control of it or get the hang of doing it right?

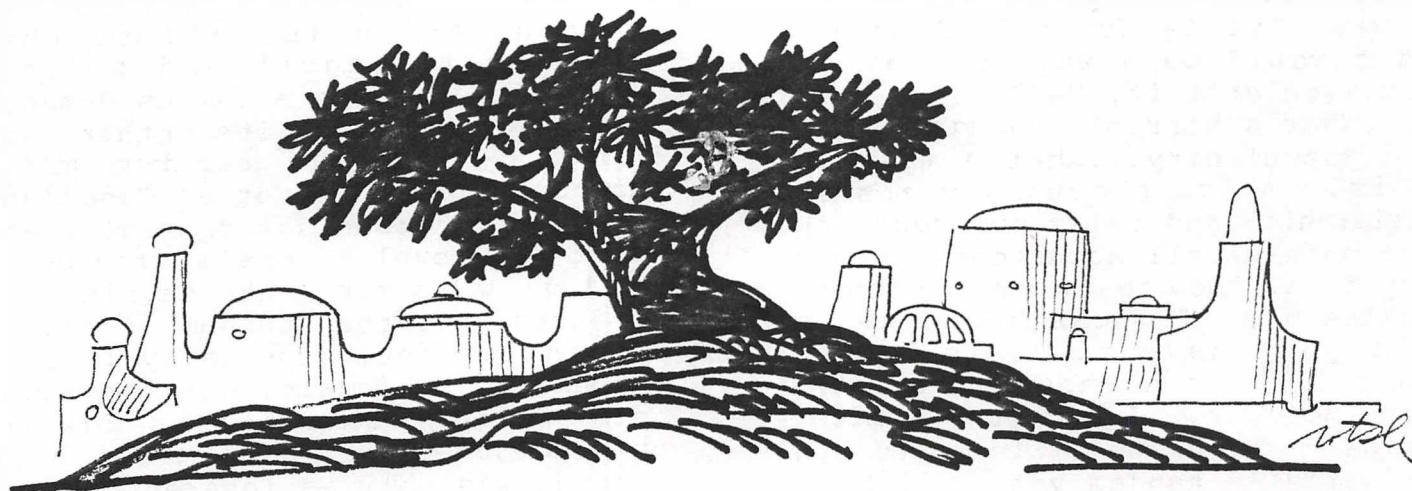
In fact, according to Louis Jordan, good Americans everywhere should attempt to drink Canada Dry. While this may be a laudable ambition, in the matter of Shaggy articles, it may be too much of a good thing. A quart of Black Velvet washed down with a two-liter bottle of 7-Up and a handful of red maraschino cherries is quite sufficient to prepare one for writing for Shangri L'Affaires, or almost any other fanzine, for that matter.

But I digress.

This article is supposed to be about the movies that came out last year. A retrospective, as it were. Then what is all this stuff about whisky? Oh, well, I'm sure Mark can edit it out. I, of all people, should know what you can edit out of an article or into one. I mean, who KNOWS what people think I'm saying in that Dutch magazine I write for? I write it in English, but when it hits the newsstands, it all says, "Hoop dan ook ook werewolven."

((EDITOR: True, this article was SUPPOSED to be about the films which came out last year, but with the fire delaying the issue and no mention made of E.T., well, why bother with film reviews? As it is, the whisky stuff was better than the reviews so I decided to drop the reviews. So sue me.

But I digress.))





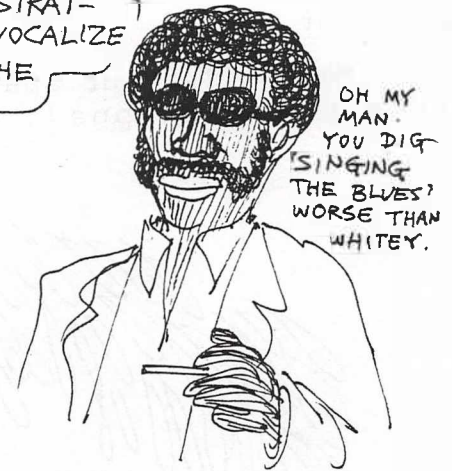
# SF Writers Should Be More Like Rock Stars

by Kendall Evans

They really should. Be more like rock stars. Science fiction writers. It's true.

I suffered through this thought one Saturday night as I sat plopped before the television set sipping a beer. It had been a long day; a difficult week of 70 plus hours working for a motion picture company, promoting films I did not truly believe in, in an attempt to maintain my family of four at the same level of economic inadequacy as last year.

HOW CURIOUS. THE FAILURE OF YOUR... REPRODUCTIVE STRATEGY CAUSES YOU TO VOCALIZE ABOUT A PORTION OF THE VISUAL SPECTRUM?



Mildly depressed, I had picked up a couple of beers and a pack of Marlboro Lights on the way home, and now I sat drinking and smoking and watching TV. I gave the grainy, flickering gray image little of my attention - until Pat Benatar came on the screen. Immediately I snapped into focus, and sat forward watching intently. She possessed such energy, such drive; she was so totally absorbed in the performance, owned so much artistic integrity - that it made me angry. Angry at myself. And angry at science fiction writers.

The dynamic rendering of "Heartbreaker" and "Hit Me with Your Best Shot." The wholehearted oneness with her lyrics. SHE MEANT EVERY WORD SHE SAID.

Science fiction writers, I decided, should be more like rock stars.

I mean, you've got to win the hearts of the kids. Are you going to let Pat Benatar and Mick Jagger and The East Junction Minnesota Gang determine their dreams? Isn't it better that they possess visions of cartwheeling space stations and new worlds to conquer? Think! Future generations are at stake. Passion is vital!

And you've got to be sexier. Oh, I've seen the photo snapshots at the conventions, and the 2x3 black and white glossies submitted with manuscripts and biographical sketches. Most of you look like old maid librarians or weary, disenchanted rabbis. You need to come on like Mae West, Tina Turner, Bob Dylan and John F. Kennedy all rolled into one; you've got to sparkle. A little charisma is called for. Trade your thick lenses in for some contacts. Or change your hair style or take up weight-lifting or aerobic dancing. And watch your diet.

You need to be as flashy as a comic book superhero and as substantive as Schopenhauer if you want the public's attention. Rock music emerged as a national force, peaked and waned, but disco was never really formidable enough to replace it. Now it's time science fiction overshadowed both.

LISTEN! Too many Christians are waiting for the Rapture, looking forward to doomsday as fulfilling biblical prophecy. Are we really going to let them have their nuclear holocaust? When the stars are calling? When we've hardly dipped our baby toes into the new frontier of outer space?

Meanwhile, our space program is a pussy-whipped, sissified,

castrated little joke. We could have been on Mars by now. Should have!

The first space cities should be a-building already, but no! The dark vacuums should be littered with our corpses, heroic attempts to explore the unknown. It's the withered American Dream to die in bed, instead. We spend more energy on worrying about the economy or applying mascara than on conquering new territory. Absurdities!

What has become of our visionary power? Our glory? And it is as much the science fiction writer's fault as anyone's. Don't you mean business? Aren't you serious? Have you accommodated yourself with Armageddon, yielding to the final human failure? Isn't it your responsibility? NASA's public relations people certainly aren't doing the job, and the President hasn't demonstrated much of a commitment. Reagan would rather resurrect the 1950s or turn the shuttle into a high-flying bomber. The other politicians are namby-pamby, willy-nilly, lukewarm at best, too busy consulting the polls and keeping their teeth white; expressing watered down, third-hand opinions that involve no risk, that take no stance. Empty statements believed to reflect what the constituents want to hear.

Is there anyone out there I haven't offended yet?

What about the man on the street. "What good is that Buck Rogers stuff?" is still one common opinion regarding SF. Or, "I understand science fiction is more acceptable now. Classes are being taught on university campuses, aren't they?" Either this person is trying to be polite or he believes everything taught at the university level has to be okay. And, of course, there's "I loved 'Star Wars' and 'Star Trek'." He or she can probably tell you that Isaac Asimov writes science fiction. In a pinch they might be able to name Arthur C. Clarke, Ray Bradbury or Robert Heinlein. That's just not good enough, folks.





And let's not leave out, "Science fiction hasn't been the same since John Campbell died." Chances are this guy hasn't read any science fiction since the death of John Campbell.

Opinions relating to the worth of our space program are even more absurd: "Putting a man on the moon was a waste of money. We need to solve poverty first," and "what GOOD is space travel? It doesn't serve any practical purpose." Then there's the classic, the underground paranoic belief with a limited number of convinced followers, best reported by a man I once met behind the counter of a liquor store (smoking a cigar and reading John Birch Society propaganda, weighing in at about 350, with calluses on his palms - like those suffered by Malcolm Lowry - from leaning his weight on the counter so his legs won't have to support the entire burden.), thus: "We never landed a man on the moon at all. It was a stunt, the entire sequence taped in a Hollywood studio, on a stage set made over to look like a lunar landscape."

I mean, it made me mad. Like Larry Homes, mad. Like Moammar Khadafy.

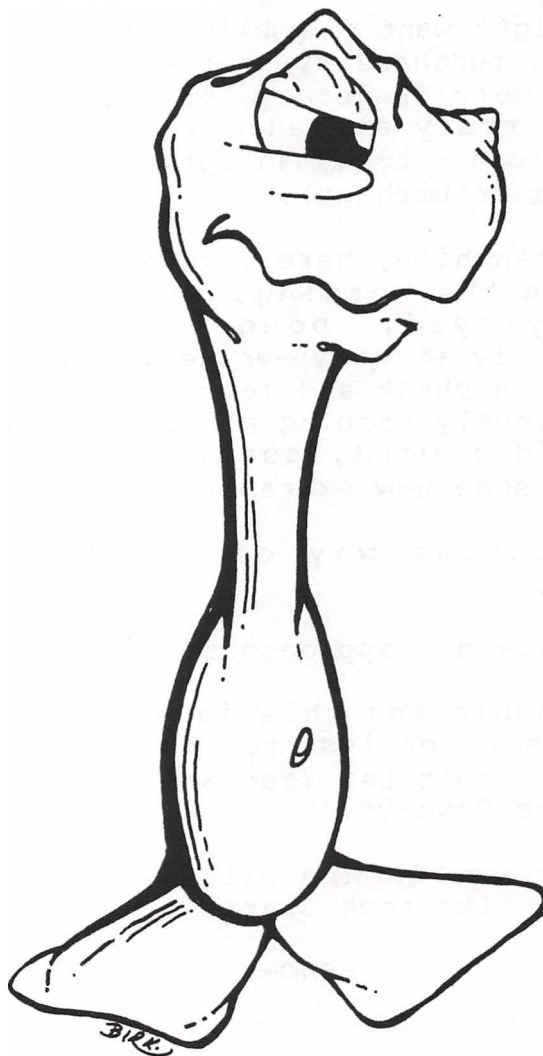
And so I crank up my mojo and get it working and step up to my typewriter with outrageous courage (especially considering the number of rejection slips I've collected), and pound away with all the frenzy of Jerry Lee Lewis assaulting a different variety of keyboard. And maybe I toss in a few pelvic thrusts while clacking away, spillover of excess passion.

I delve into realms far distant, dream my way into remote galaxies, burn my way into unremembered pasts and unborn futures, utopias and dystopias, macrocosms and microcosms - never quite certain whether I've created these outre landscapes or merely visited them.

My typewriter tosses forth stories about angels and spaceships,

alien cultures, lamia and werewolves, experimental future societies, hyper-spatial adventures and poltergists. My stained birch filing cabinet overflows with short stories and novelettes, novels and vignettes, SF poetry and stories so totally far-flung as to defy classification.

I seek inspiration as fervidly as any Christian praying for salvation, seek grace and harmony and strength and perseverance. Hoping against hope that another, upon reading my words, shall see the flickering of light, dream the bright dream, realize the possibilities, and allow his soul to unfurl. One of the astronauts said that Robert Heinlein had inspired him with the dream of travelling to outer space. How joyous to open a mind. Would that I might inspire future explorers just so.



And so I jog around the block to keep in shape, play tennis, play chess, and the Japanese game Go to keep the old gray weapon sharp; and drink cup after cup of coffee, not to mention booze, and force myself to further limits and to prop myself toward consciousness after working 11 plus average hours a day at the office, a grim necessity since my limited number of SF sales won't begin to pay the bills.

My library expands uncontrollably as I subscribe to esoteric scientific journals and bring copies of SCIENCE DIGEST and OMNI and SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and so forth home from the newsstand.

During the summer whenever possible I travel to SF conventions within a reasonable radius, inviting myself to be invited to speak on panels, doing my best to win over the crowd (and obtain enough notoriety that some editor might, just might want to publish my latest opus, or purchase my stories with a little more frequency, or perceive that I truly am dedicated to the great dream - to human survival, to mankind triumphant).

Meanwhile, here I am again at 2:30 in the morning, weary and bleary-eyed, pounding away frantically at my typewriter, tongue firmly in cheek and foot in mouth, meticulously groping after exactly the right word, pushing myself toward some new extremity of...

...some way of thinking that...

...a new approach to the...

Fashioning this impassioned plea, more or less to the tune of "Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys."

Science fiction writers should be more like rock stars.

-END-

## LA Hosting 1984 WorldCon

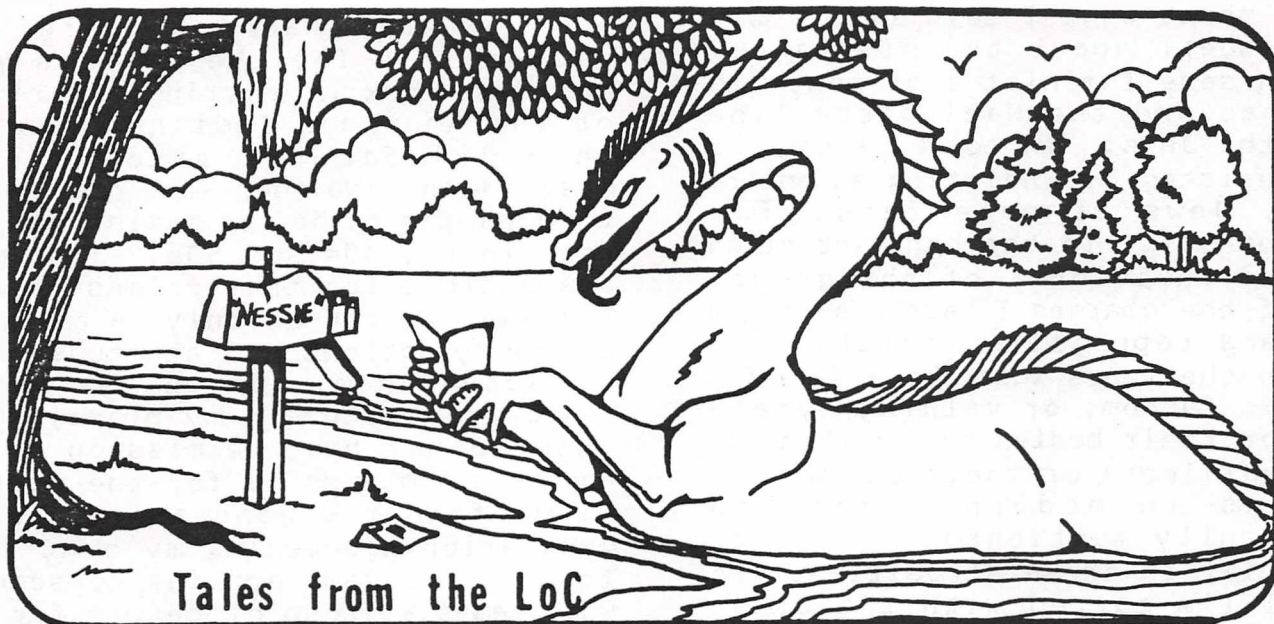
Los Angeles will be hosting the 42nd World Science Fiction Convention, the WorldCon, August 30 through September 3, 1984, at the Anaheim Convention Center. The Guest of Honor for L.A.con II will be Gordon R. Dickson, with Fan Guest Dick Eney, Toastmaster Robert Bloch and Master of Ceremonies Jerry Pournelle rounding out the dais.

Membership in L.A.con II is \$40 for an attending and \$20 for a corresponding membership. Corresponding memberships will NOT be convertible at any time. They entitle you to nominate and vote for Hugo Awards and site selection, and to receive Progress Reports and the Program Book.

All correspondence should be addressed to L.A.con II, P.O. Box 9442, Van Nuys, CA 91409.







HARRY WARNER

How do I keep clear in my mind the difference in the mental images of Mark Sharpe and Mike Shupp? Despite this name similarity, I found Mike's article anything but confused. In fact, its greatest value for me might have been for its informational content rather than for the questions it posed. I've never had an official duty involved in running a con, nor been a member of a local fan club, so the things which Mike writes in connection with con management and club activities are in a large part new to me, familiar though they might be to a lot of other people on the Shaggy mailing list.

I can't find much to dispute in the way his article pictured the aspects of fandom that I'm familiar with. He summarizes quite well the uneasy balance fandom maintains between complete anarchy and unwritten laws for its participants. It's hard to think of any other milieu which provides this same combination of laissez faire and group constraints that exists in fandom. But after reading the article, I suddenly thought about one area in which something familiar exists, and an unexpected one: many churches. Not the Fundamentalist, Pentacostal and Primitive churches that occupy empty storerooms, nor the churches that still retain rigid standards for conduct of their members like the Roman Catholics and Amish, but the great bulk of the Protestant denominations like the Lutherans, Methodists and Baptists. A typical congregation will contain a lot of sinners but it's rare that the minister or congregation will toss out the individual whose transgressions are less serious than slaughtering half the town's population. There is the same paradox in most of these congregations as in fandom, in the sense that church members' energies are apt to go into box socials and picnics and arguments over whether a new minister is needed instead of prayer; like fans' proclivity for playing hearts or partying at cons instead of attending the formal program. Many church members nowadays admit they don't believe everything in the Bible is literally true and they don't accept the older beliefs about the nature of Heaven and Hell; just as many fans admit they read little or no science fiction and may not even care if mankind ever colonizes other planets.

((EDITOR: Separating the mental images of Mike Shupp and Mark Sharpe is fairly simple: the latter is just a lurking hulk waylaying potential contributors whereas the former appears to have something in the way of a working cerebral cortex.))

I meant what I said ((in a LOC last issue)) about the similarity between some feminist statements in fanzines and the Nazi party line about the Jews. In both cases, it has consisted of indicting an entire group, Jews or male fans, for imagined guilt in the behavior of an isolated individual of the group. None of the charges I have read about male fans repressing female fans back in the years when there were few women in fandom, or valuing female fans for their bodies rather than for their intellects or their characters at cons in modern times has specifically mentioned me as free from guilt in these atrocities. So I feel I'm tarred with the brush because I was active in fandom many years ago and I've attended a few modern cons.

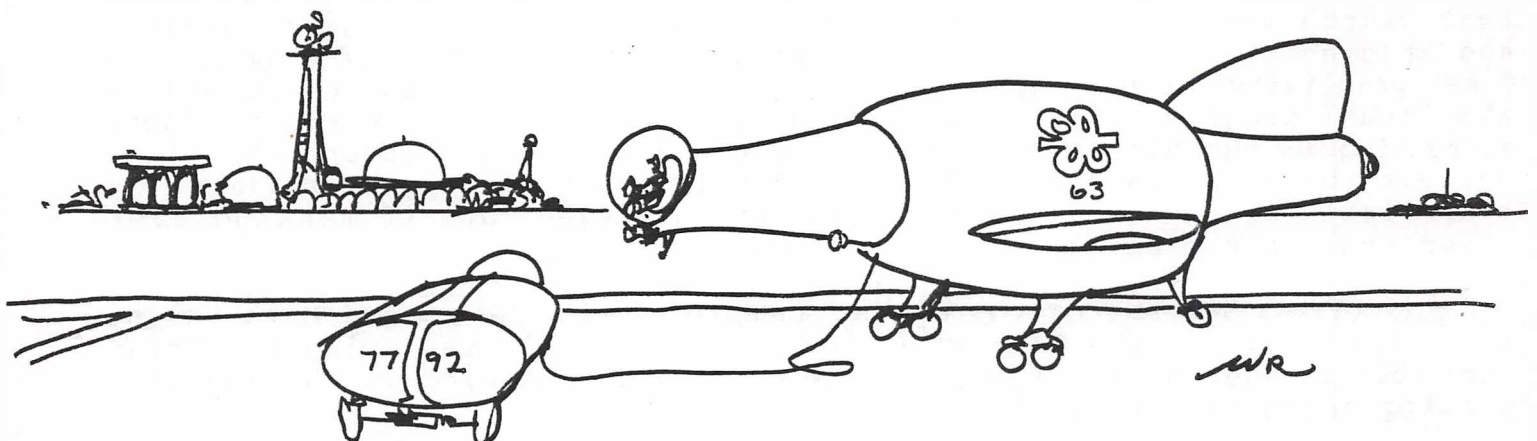
I think these are examples of the same Big Lie technique that the Aryan Germans utilized to provide a rallying point for the Nazi Party. The consequences in fandom won't be as tragic as they were in Germany, but I've tried and tried to regard them as funny when exercised in fandom and I can't: this propaganda's success among a few of the most ardent fannish feminists is the ominous proof of what suckers some intelligent people are for any party line that makes them imagine themselves fighting the good fight against oppressors, and I fear the same pattern will be repeated on a larger scale in the mundane portion of the United States some day soon with awful consequences for some group or other.

((EDITOR: Harry, you are not responsible for the actions your ancestors took in usurping the rights of the American Indians, assuming they did for the sake of this discussion. Neither am I responsible for what pig-headed or sexist men did back in the 40s and 50s. I am only responsible for the actions I take. I answer to others only on the basis of how my actions and attitudes have affected them, not on how others might have acted in my place, which they do not have permission to do. Anyone who blames me for the actions of my father's generation, or any generation preceeding my own, is a fool. The same applies to someone who blames a group of people for the isolated acts of an individual of that group. And I suffer not a fool or a fool's opinions; my time can't be wasted on such garbage.))

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

I have a fundamental disagreement with Mike Shupp's article. It seems to me that Mike is using the term "social controls" for what I would prefer to call "political controls" - that subset of the means of controlling human behavior which ultimately rests on the coercive power of the State.

But in fact there are, in society as a whole and in smaller groups, subtler social controls which rest upon agreement and approval, rather than coercion. Table manners are socially controlled. Blow your nose in your soup, and you will not be arrested, imprisoned, fined, etc., but you will find yourself getting





fewer dinner invitations, and that is sufficient to determine people's behavior.

Fandom is short of what I call political controls because it doesn't need them that often. Fandom is embedded in a larger matrix of society as a whole, which includes a government. Assault, robbery and rape are mercifully rare in fandom. If they did occur, the solution would not be to have some fannish court for judging the offenses, but to turn the perpetrator over to the secular arm. On the other hand, victimless sex and drug acts treated as crimes by the State are (rightly, in my opinion) acts treated with tolerance in the fannish community, at least to the extent of not calling the cops. There is an area in between. It is my own personal opinion that fans are overly reluctant to call in the law when they have been genuinely victimized (r.g., bad checks), but even there, social controls subtler than arrest, imprisonment or banishment are at work. I could tell you the names of half a dozen people not to take checks from, and I'll bet if I were in a position to take money, I could tell you more.

The point I am trying to make is that there are genuine social controls that do not rest upon enforcement or coercion, and fandom has many of these. For instance, the man who enters an apa, ready to take offense at anything and retaliate with great masses of abuse and hostility, finds that people will not listen to him. Expulsion from apas is quite rare; what is much more common is disagreeable people leaving because no one talks to them.

Finally, this dispute comes down to personal preference as to the kind of group one wishes to associate with. Mike likes a group with law and order - charges made, properly adjudicated and settled one way or the other. This sort of thing is probably necessary for society as a whole. I like the sort of group where the social controls are subtler and more flexible - where mammalian dominance behavior is not yielded to nor opposed by similar force anywhere

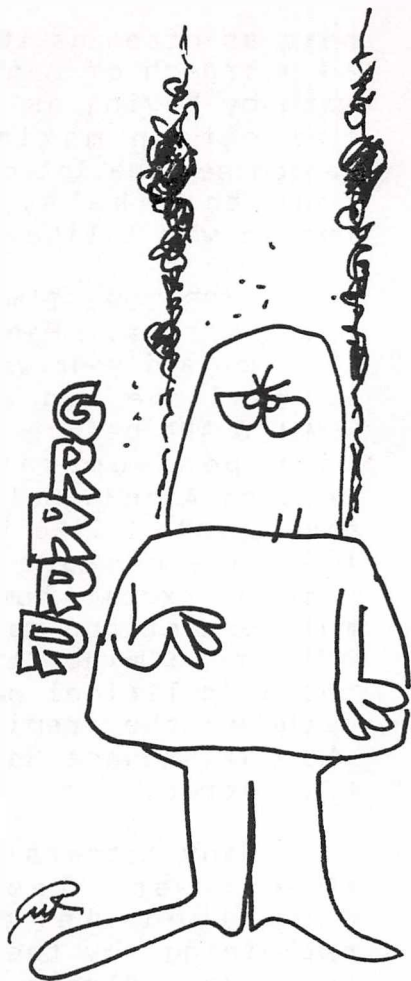
near as often as it is simply treated as a breach of manners to be dealt with by having as little to do with the person making the trouble. Fandom seems a lot closer to my ideal than to Mike's, and that is one reason why I like it here.

((EDITOR: I'm glad you like it here, Arthur. Fandom is better off with you and your writing skill. But what of the men who belonged to A WOMAN'S APA before being kicked out, with post-operative transsexual Jessica Amanda Salmonson heave-hoed with them? I like it in fandom, too, but only because the assholes who voted to exclude humans who were born male out of the roster of A WOMAN'S APA are a minority. Their sort of social/political controls I can do without; they remind me too much of the Nazi menace Harry brought up in his letter.

Many letters and other fannish things were lost in the fire described in the editorial, explaining why the letter column is so short. Please write and tell me what you think of this issue. This is a hint.))

-END-





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