

ARCHIVAL ESTABLISHMENTS

A couple of years ago there was a series of doctored films that purported to be a rematch of the all-time great boxers -- Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey, Muhammad Ali, and the whole batch, going one on one up the tournament ladder until one was selected (the whole thing having been pre-matched by a computer, and film edited to suit.) I don't know whatever became of that, but it did give me an idea for a fan-bish equivalent. Something that would, in fact, be even better. We switch you now to a late night tv spot on Channel 5 some time in the Far Future.

GALACTIC JUNE 75  
FEUDS

"Coming next week to a fan club near you -- THE ALL TIME GREAT FEUD ARTISTS. Yes, Ladies and gentlemen, if you always wanted to know who was fastest with the quip, sharpest with the tongue, could spray out more verbal acid in a given range of time than any other fan -- this is your chance. We have taken convention and fan club films of all the great feuders of the past, and through pre-selection by computer, established a series of confrontations between them that will lead to the ultimately ~~efcrowing~~ crowing of King Venoni!

"Name your dream feud -- Ted White versus Francis T. Laney. Harlan Ellison versus Harlan Ellison (at two different ages!). Bjo Trimble and Dick Sey...."

Milt Stevens also came up with a variation: a computer program that you could set up to let you feud with any of the all-time greats. Ock ock.

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RICHARD WARTER: Thanks for the electro data. Since your abolition of the Editorship, I thought it best to re-inquire.

JUNE HOPKINS: Now, June, you needn't take it that way. // The ending of Connecticut Yankee was one of the things that rather slowly but inevitably caused the dense yours truly to figure out that, yes, the Connecticut Yankee was himself a satire of certain things. It seem'd a thrilling discovery at the time, but then maybe I'm too easily thrilled... (Disclaimer.) // Both practical and mystical -- like one of those yogis who advertises himself on the radio? // "...contain either De Jueves or an acceptable substitute..." Ock eek ach: and what would a suitable substitute be? De Leepsday?

JOHN HERTZ: Woodman, spare that bark! // "science was still itself a matter of mystery" in the 19th century? Come now, John. How many centuries after Newton? How many names therein, like Darwin, Mendel, ~~Mendel~~, Edison, Faraday, etc? The reason that I feel comparatively free to compare Twain and Wells at that stage is precisely because the genre had not been defined yet, and because both sprang from dealing with similar situations and concepts. Now the issue is not what distinguishes ~~from~~ SF from literature so much as how writers escape genre by expanding the genre beyond meaning. I submit that in due course Twain's fiction was out of satire, but beyond it, even as one could say that Ellison's fiction, though bred of SF, is beyond generic restraints. // What say you about the idea that sf and the Western as both subspecies of the Gothic novel? That would account for why sf and mainstream are distinguishable by Joe Mundane, eh? Don't tell me, tell Brian Aliss...



FRED PATTEN: What is it that makes destroying Los Angeles the art-world's favorite recreation (at least when they can't get Godzilla to stamp his athletic feet all over Tokyo)?

Therri Moore: Actually, I believe that Eliza is more into filksinging.

LEE GOLD: If one were to refer to Cinque on the basis of what fraction of his brains remained, I'd have to learn about negative fractions in French. Too much work just to put down a mere police informant.

DAN GOODMAN: Well, ever since I got LOCUS and discovered that two Star Trek writers had made it into the fanwriter slate for the Hugos, I've come to the conclusion that the Hugos have become meaningless. Gee, isn't strange how I coincidentally arrived at that conclusion at the same time that my zine failed to get a nomination? Not so strange at all, you say? Well, I just threw that in to show I'm aware my objectivity on the matter can be challenged. What I'm really inclined to believe at this point is that the Hugos try to fit the legislated tastes of traditional fandom to a nontraditional audience which does not in large part share the same values. Therefore the award loses a good deal of its identity and value as a means of recognition. Corollary: no Hugo reform is required (abolition is optional) otherwise we face the same situation of a minority continuing to impose criteria on a disorganized majority. The values that determine who is nominated for the Hugo are less in-groupish than in the past due to a ballooning Worldcon membership of diverse cliquish interests: ST, fmz either sercon or fannish, or professional, etc. Assessment?

BILL WARREN: The purpose of the essay was not to obtain a grade so much as to express ideas -- you have a rather unrealistic impression of what kind of writing earns what kind of grade at Thee Moderne Universitee. My paper could have been half as good as the one you rated B+ and still copped an A -- I assure you. Now having straightened that out (yup, straight as a snake) let me further state that I tried to be at pains to assure you that I by no means said that satire was the purpose of SF. I said a comparative relationship existed. I asserted that SF, in the latest stage of its perpetually fluctuating nature, seemed to be criticizing, yes, but also educating about the thing under criticism. This satire cannot do. Or at least has not done. Therefore if you want imaginative criticism of technical issues, you have to look beyond satire -- and I feel that some sf readers and writers are using the genre to serve that function. Thus they are progressing beyond, let us say, the average sf story of the 1950s both in purpose and in literary execution. // Correction accepted on word "style." // I was told Doohan was doing stage acting in San Francisco.

JACK HARNISS: The League's latest triumph? To wit, my mosquito story which you labored over last year took second place in the BSF short story contest. That's not too bad, considering Carr was judge. After I incorporate your criticisms (which I promise myself to do real soon now) it ought to be saleable. Somewhere?

JOHN BRAZIMAN: Non-representational personae envisaged the event with improbable execution of grammar and style. Left towards the main were thirty-five members and a half a host of crocodiles sunbathing in rehabilitated sewage. Reformation without renaissance in a world without manhole covers, while explanations of the differentiation in definition and connotation between steroids and high-fidelity rates was a rage on the Continent. Further games were contested with the subject ever presently invoked. Seldom had the dystopic comprehensibility restricted ramifications. More often did the substitution of sedulous activities interrupt the chronology of campfires and greasy characters. And fuck you too.

Next issue: Explaining the Kohoutek Heritage  
The Kohoutek Legacy  
Kohoutek and Phlegm Abatement