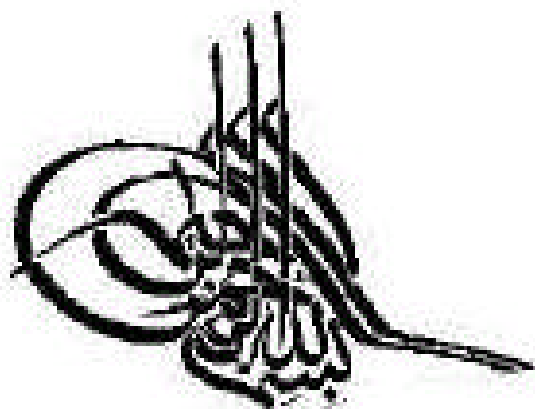


Whistlestar

No. 6



Whistlestar #6

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ABOUT THISH

The Algonquin Roundtable has passed into legend. We don't see much in print from the fabulous New York Fanoclasts, these days, either. Yet those poet-inheritors of H.L. Mencken's literary muse have long been the pistons that drive the publishing engine of fanzine fandom. The dispersion of our muse into online Cipherspace has given birth to some new stars, now, and Jo Walton is one of them. The mimeo and the modem should be friends! The Algonquin tradition continues.

A propos to New York roots, Julius Schwartz is one of the first science fiction fans I ever met. Arnie Katz and I interviewed him almost forty years ago, when both of us were teenagers. Not yet Fanoclasts, we journeyed to the Golden Skyscraper in New York in search of a story for one of our first fanzines. Julie, and his buddies, Sid Greene and Mort Weisinger showed us the backstage workings of the world of DC Comics. I enjoyed reading Schwartz's recent autobiography for its ability to evoke my memory of that time (and of the golden age of fandom in which he was a well-known participant). But despite the nostalgia that the book conjured up in me, I knew I wanted a reality check on some of the things that were inscribed there. You'll find that reality check in thish, courtesy of Ted White, Fanoclast critic, extraordinaire.

Andy Hooper is probably the most under-rated fanwriter in our roster of Hugo-caliber playwrights. In the '50s we had Robert Bloch and Carl Brandon.

[continued on page 36]

BanappleGas

by Lenny Bailes

IN THE ATTICS OF MY LIFE

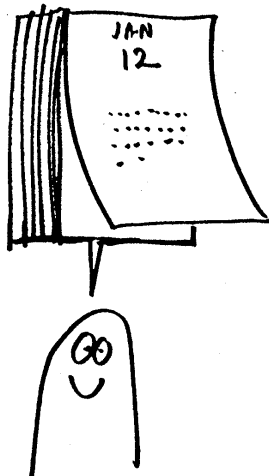
In the dream hotel at the Worldcon:

I've been drawn to it on so many nights. Fresh off the dream-bus I stand, suitcase in hand, inside the universal lobby. I witness the comings and goings of the tribe of fandom. Some go up on the elevator and some come down. We live on levels; the bunkhouse is above.

Sometimes the scene transitions to an outdoor walkway that leads to the fan lounge. Bruce Pelz is probably around the corner. The gently winding path bears a remarkable resemblance to the one I trode in high school— a dirt road between various school buildings leading to the the cafeteria. I turn off for the fan lounge.

The s-f convention scene often fades into a transportation scene: I'm on a bus or a train, searching for the hotel. Oddly, the event sequence seems to run backwards; the transportation episode follows the lobby scene.

As the nightly sleep cycle winds to its conclusion, the transportation episode segues into the homeward journey scene—the train or plane ride to childhood's home base. Trains turn into automobiles, or into bicycles. Parent-drivers pick up their children. My father and I ride, together, toward a drop-off point. But I usually leave the car and must finish the journey alone.



THOT FOR TODAY

Recurrent dream patterns represent the mind's attempt to find a kernel of idealized desire. We long for the assembly of our community: brothers, sisters, friends, and acquaintances, together under one roof.

Sometimes, for me, this backdrop becomes the ampitheatre where dream Grateful Dead concerts take place: the ticket line and the dream lobby. We seek our seats to hear the concert, or to see the Firesign Theater. We're assembled in our seats under one roof. Sometimes the spotlight is on the performers. Sometimes we become them. Other times we look around and spot familiar faces in nearby seats. as we gradually wake or turn over in our slumber..

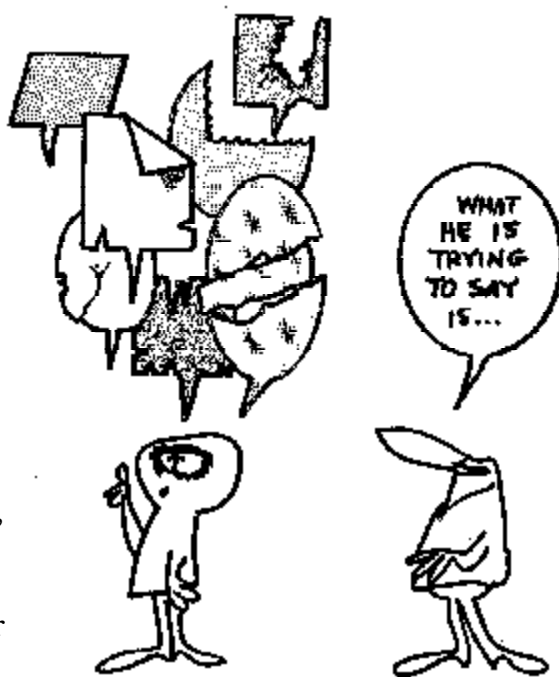
My Grateful Dead show attending days have rolled into the past. This version of the Dream comes, now,

less frequently. The voice of God sometimes speaks. In the cosmology of my dream conventions there are two deities: the God of All Our People and the Great Builder. For years, in my dreams, these spirits have made occasional appearances at the podium, They manifest themselves, respectively, in the forms of Terry Carr and Harlan Ellison.

It's hard to believe that I'm actually doing this again. The last issue of *Whistlestar* came out in 1987. I've always intended to publish another issue, but the '90s gave me a successful career as a writer of computer self-help books, while allowing me to continue my computer journalism. I didn't intend to quit fan publishing; and I didn't disappear completely from the fan scene. A couple of issues of *Ink Gun Blues* appeared in the '90s. But like several other longtime fanzine publishers, I shifted my focus in the '90s from editorializing and letterwriting in the fan press to participation in electronic conferencing systems. I'd been a member of The Well (one of the first online conferencing systems), out of my involvement with the Grateful Dead Scene. I participated in Well conferencing heavily in the '80s.

In 1990, I followed the Nielsen Haydens into GENIE's Science Fiction RoundTable, and witnessed the flowering of a new fannish continuum. In classic fanzine fandom, we'd become a bit clannish. Our lettercolumns thrashed out our personal debates, but we seldom reached out to the wider science fiction community that was evolving at conventions.

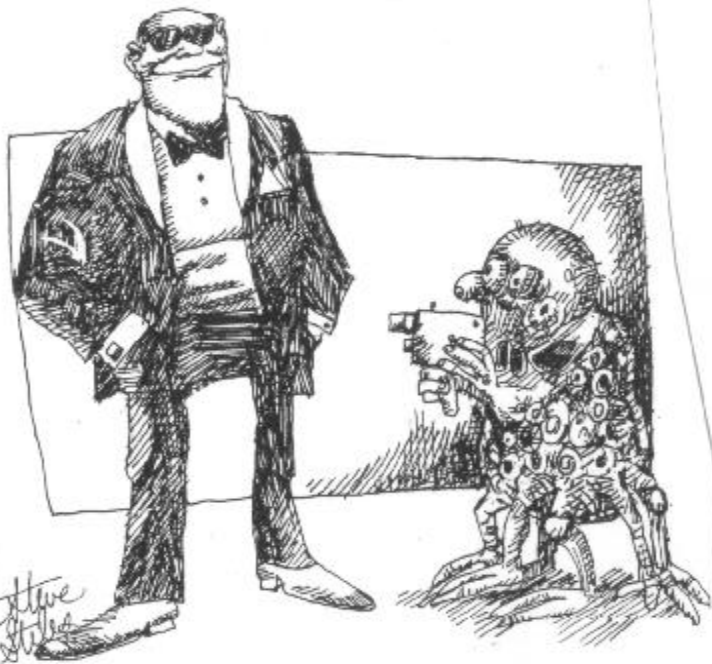
From 1990 to 1996, the SFRT became a new focal point for people associated with the science fiction community: to correspond, share wit, editorialize on a wide number of subjects, and exchange opinions. One of the important aspects of this new community, for me, was that it attracted the professional s-f writing community to jump in and dialog with the rest of us. The SFRT was open to anyone with the communication skills and computer savvy necessary to participate in it. Members included people drawn in through participation in online bulletin boards, science fiction readers, s-f writers and critics, and convention attendees—some of whom revealed themselves not only as entertaining writers, but as people truly worth getting to know.



MY LIFE IN WINDOWS

Has been slowing down in recent months. After the dot-com revolution slowed the computer magazine industry, I had to find another steady way of paying for cat food, comics, and the occasional science fiction novel. Fortunately, I've also been a teacher for the last ten years. I was lucky enough to land a job teaching computers and operating systems for San Francisco State's Instructional Technology program a few years ago. This actually proved to be a turning point in my teaching career. When I looked at the faculty identification card in my wallet, I was finally able to believe I was a successful adult. Once again, a member of the Green Lectern corps! (I believed that I was partially fulfilling my mission from the Guardians when I got my high school teaching credential, but my public school teaching career wasn't a happy one.) With the appointment to a college-level instructor's position, I found myself in classrooms filled with students who really wanted to be there and pick up the knowledge I'm able to impart to them. (I had some sincere students in a few of the high school and junior high school classes I taught, but the situation was different. I found it a relief and a pleasure to see so many students in the classroom voluntarily, because they wanted to further their knowledge and seek productive careers.)

All the time I've spent over the last decade testing and writing about Microsoft's operating systems paid off for me to the extent that I found myself able to con-



struct and deliver classes in PC basics and Windows networking that were appreciated. My decision to complete the Master's degree in Instructional Technology that I started in the early '90s helped me, as well. Although my evaluations in the first few semesters I taught for SFSU were generally good, I wanted the educational experience of the students to be better. My grad school classes helped me to organize the material that I prepared for my students.

I actually started teaching classes in using Microsoft Win-

dows in the '90s for a corporate training company, back when the idea of organized instruction in personal computer use was a relatively new idea in educational circles. The classes I taught back then in Windows 3.1 and 95 were mostly very basic. When I started my stint at SFSU, I wanted the classes to convey a deeper level of understanding of the intricacies of the software. I was, in some ways, a pioneer in designing classes that would actually show students how to master and use Windows 95, in all of its eccentricities—getting networked computers set up for use in a business-oriented peer-to-peer network. My first few semesters were tech-oriented and the material I designed skipped around enough that some students had trouble following it. Going back to grad school to finish my M.A. helped me to get the discipline to make my classroom materials user-friendly to an audience that was less computer-savvy than the readers of my books.

I've been working on course material, since that time for classes on Windows NT networking, administration, and technical support. Last winter, I turned in the last piece (Culminating Experience field study) for my degree in Instructional Design. That field study was essential for me in learning how to design classroom handouts and organize classroom activities. I used the classes I'd been teaching in Windows 98 Networking as an example for applying the scholastic process of formative evaluation. Application of this process is a core discipline in the degree program I'd been following (in between writing books on operating systems and testing printers to keep the catfood-scrip coming into the house).

Prior to doing the field study, I'd been a softy—as far as grading students enrolled in my courses. This was in line with the general *credit/no-credit* practice followed by my colleagues in the Information Technology Program. The idea was that the students would come in, get a little bit of hands-on experience and exposure to procedures for using Windows, then go back to their job and home lives the wiser for it. The school's rating sheets reported that students were enjoying my classes, for the most part, but I really had little idea how much of the material I presented was being retained. Writing the field study taught me the necessity of using tests and review quizzes to see what was happening with student progress in learning how to actually make the computers work. The field study also taught me the usefulness of creating and analyzing surveys to get a handle on where the students come from. Well-designed surveys can tell a teacher how to fill in the gaps for students entering and exiting classes in a specific instructional program.

My official Master of Arts certificate from San Francisco State University arrived in the mail a month or so ago. So now, maybe, I've graduated the green lecturer training academy. I'm hoping for a regular sector patrol assignment.

THE POLITICS OF R.A.S.F.F.

I've been participating on and off for the past five years in the Usenet newsgroup known as rec.arts.sf.fandom. When I first discovered r.a.s.f.f. it was populated mostly by s-f readers and Internet computer geeks. I didn't spend much time there in the mid-90s, but I remember the day I first logged on there in 1996, and noticed the presence of fanzine fans. It was a welcome home sign for a computer geek immersed in the world of Windows. I'd drifted away from traditional fandom in the early '90s and was active in modem-to-modem discussion groups as part of my new career as a computer support guru.

DESQview, where will you write, tomorrow?
Will history record, a fan on the run or
a man with a strum? ...For DESQview.

I wasn't much involved in the Barking Dog forums of FIDOnet at that time, and had no idea that I might become one, myself, in the forums of fandom-on-the-Internet.

That's what happened to me, though, on rec.arts.sf.fandom in the last two years of the 20th Century. I've always had a tendency to be a bit of a wise guy in differing with commonly held opinions. On r.a.s.f.f., I discovered that this attitude wasn't appreciated (or that I wasn't communicating in a way that some of the participants would classify as congenial). I have respect for the process of checks and balances that has evolved on r.a.s.f.f. through the mingling of fanzine fans and other bright people who claim membership in this articulate forum. Absorbing the criticism my words engendered and learning to reign myself in was a beneficial experience for me, although not a very pleasant one.

In retrospect, I'm happy that time has allowed me to mend fences with some of the people I offended with my off-the-cuff sarcasm and outrage. In turn, I hope I've developed a more courteous communication style and a sharpened sensibility about what's fair and foul in the world of the theater.



But I hope I haven't lost my ability to bark. The last words from my keyboard in the area of theatrical criticism were a challenge to those who sanctioned the denouement of the sixth season of Buffy the Vampire Slayer. I believed then and believe now that the ending of the 5th season was unsatisfactory. It's bad juju to sanction the sacrifice of innocent individuals in the name of destroying the devil or saving the world. The

innocent must not become targets in battles fought by those who seek to defend the wellbeing of the world. From the luxury of safety in a prosperous American city, I've attempted to continue to live by that belief in the face of the terrible tragedy that came upon us in September, 2001.

My respect for the people who post on rec.arts.sf.fandom has grown over the years. It is, in many ways, a worthy successor to the Science Fiction Roundtable we had on the GENie bulletin board system in the early '90s. Despite the alienation that I've occasionally experienced in participating in the forum, rec.arts.sf.fandom has been a source of comfort and spiritual support for me in the last two years for the clear-headed ability of its participants to bark at some of the political injustices in this country.

THE PLANETARY TRUTH

“Small wheel turns by the fire and rod, big wheel turns by the grace of God,” sing the Grateful Dead in their classic performances of *The Wheel*, by Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter. The Golden Eagle Hotel in San Francisco's North Beach (where I lived for a season in the '70s), bears a remarkable resemblance to the Mars Hotel depicted on the cover of the Grateful Dead's eleventh album. If you're ever at the corner of Broadway and Kearny Street in S.F, you can check the resemblance out for yourself. The place is still standing there, next to what used to be The Keystone nightclub.

Like a listener to the first Jerry Garcia album, I was late for supper a few times in the '70s, during my stay at The Golden Eagle, but I was also fortunate enough to see the grace of the Big Wheel in ways I hadn't previously know were possible. In 1972, I began my amateur education as a sketch artist. I quit a clerical temp job at the University of California because my right hand wanted nothing more than to flow with pen and ink, tracing out images of Jerry Garcia.

Unemployed and reduced to \$12-per-week lodging at the Eagle, in 1973, I would hike around the city as a seeker (into Mystery and food-stamp friendly grocery stores). I'd walk crosstown from North Beach to Noe Valley—until, one day, I discovered the Meat Market coffeehouse. Converted from its original function into a communal cafe, the Meat Market was, at that time, the crossroad nexus of the Hippie Universe. It was a checkpoint for long-haired, guitar-carrying pilgrims traveling through San Francisco on their journeys around America.

The Meat Market was where I taught myself how to sketch (with a little help from mysterious friends at adjoining tables). I had stellar dreams in those days. I believed the dreams were pretty much over, now, in my new sedentary career as a teacher and computer support technician. For years, my hippie adventuring was

[continued on page 35] 9



In **rec.arts.science.fiction.written** article
<3BF8FFBF.8C07E1AD@hotmail.com>
dsichel@hotmail.com "Danny Sichel" writes:

- > David Tate wrote:
- >
- >> ObSF: If Dylan Thomas had written sf, what
- >> would it have been like?
- >> _A Child's Christmas on Arrakis_?

Jo Walton replies with Under Milk Dune: a play for voices

First Voice

It is night, night in the deep desert. Listen. Only you can hear the song of the stars in the high dark, the sough of the wind on the sand. The stars lie in drifts like the starlight-diffracting sand, and here between them there is only the night.

Listen harder. Far down beneath the sand are the worms, turning, the makers turning water into spice, making the worm's way, the hard road, the fast road, the thread that nets the stars together.

Walk with me now across the sands, feel the chill of night under the unsleeping stars, walk with slow sliding steps with no rhythm, no thump to call up the wild worm-howling sudden out of sand. Walk slow and slant across the wind-humped dunes and rock-studded sloughs of the sands. Stop here, look, here in the shadow of the rock, here, asleep, a mother and son tucked up close in a cloak, as snug as babes on far Caladon, snug and water-fat, snug as nobody should be here in dark desert Arrakis where water is wealth and hope and life itself.

Look closer. The boy is waking, blinking, look into his eyes, blue as noonday, dark as space between the stars. Is he the Kwisatz

Haderach, the promised one? He has crossed the stars to come here. His eyes close again and he goes down into sleep. Shall we

follow? Shall his dreams show his messiah mind? Dreaming he goes forward and back, back and forward like the swift-tailed desert-mouse. Dreaming he sees:

Chani

Me, Chani, daughter of the desert. Fremmen from my Stillsuit covered head to my stilsuit covered toe, but utterly delectable all the same, and knowing it. And knowing the value of water to the nearest micro-millilitre. I lean towards him provocatively in his future-foretelling dream letting him see the shape of me, me who he hasn't met yet, but will soon, and I croon gently "Tell me about the waters of your birthworld, Usul."

Paul

Oh Chani, Chani, am I the messiah?

Chani

It's a cold night in the desert and you've come to save us, if that's not the messiah what is?

Paul

Then it must be Christmas morning. Jessica and Leto will be bringing me presents.

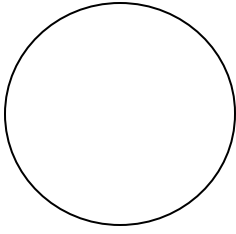
Duke Leto, sadly

I've no head to bring presents to you now, son.

First Voice

Paul stirs, but does not wake, and in his dream the dunes of Arrakis are covered with ornament-dangling light-sparkling Christmas trees, and there is the sound of sleigh bells.





MAN OF TWO WORLDS

**My Life in Science Fiction and
Comics**

by

Julius Schwartz

with Brian M. Thomsen

Afterword by Harlan Ellison

Reviewed by Ted White

I picked up this book with both curiosity and interest, since my life has also intertwined science fiction and comics – both as a fan and as a professional.

Schwartz preceded me by at least a couple of generations, having become a SF fan before I was born, and taking up what would become his lifelong career as a comic book editor at DC Comics the year I was six. Indeed, he undoubtedly edited what were some of my favorite comic books when I was eight, nine and ten – the All-American group at DC (originally set up by M. C. Gaines and sold to DC by Gaines when he set up EC Comics), which published *Flash Comics*, *All-American Comics* (starring Green Lantern), *Sensation Comics* (starring Wonder Woman) and the other titles associated with those characters.

In my early explorations into fanhistory I quickly discovered that Schwartz and Mort Weisinger were buddies and early fans who'd blazed the typical New York City fan career into professional SF which was followed by generations of subsequent NYC fans – including, yes, myself.



THE CRITIC

So I was predisposed to enjoy this book, and I began reading it with an eager anticipation.

It began, I thought, rather well – with this proclamation:

“Stop!

“Don't pass up this page!

“My life (story) depends on it!

“This is a memoir of my eighty-five years in science fiction and comics.

“Now, eighty-five years is a long, long time, and some memories are clearer than others.

“Remember – this is a memoir; it is the way I remember it.

“Great minds are allowed to disagree and their recollections may differ from mine ... and that’s okay by me!”

But it’s signed “Big Heart’ Julie.”

That page is followed by Brian Thomsen’s “Introduction,” mostly devoted to what it was like to follow Julie around the 1998 San Diego Comic Con (the “Worldcon” of comic conventions), in which we are presented with an admiring – indeed, adulatory – view of the Grand Old Editor on home turf, meeting and greeting and seemingly inexhaustible.

But it is Thomsen’s opening line which struck me: “When I first agreed to work on this book with Julie, we concurred that it would probably be a good idea to attend a few comic book conventions together for a certain amount of atmospheric research.”

I want to savor the first words of that sentence: “When I first agreed to work on this book with Julie...” He “agreed” – did it require arm-twisting? – “to work on this book” – doing *what*, exactly? – “with Julie” – in what capacity? Editor? As-told-to author? Collaborator? Fact-checker? Researcher? Hand-holder?

I’m told Thomsen is an editor. And this book, as it turned out, surely *needed* an editor. It needed someone to check for simple typos (which abound) and omitted words (one is coming up in a quote; you won’t miss it) just to begin with. And then it needed the editor who could point out the repeated stories in different chapters. And ultimately it needed an editor who could say, “This is uninteresting twaddle, mostly constructed out of name-dropping, lacking any insights into either science fiction or comics. You want to see it published, try a vanity publisher. That’s where books like this usually end up.”

I’m afraid that telegraphs my own considered reaction to the book.

My suspicion, based on the wandering topics and repeated stories, is that Schwartz *talked* this book, either directly or via tape, to Thomsen. And Thomsen had a transcript typed up and edited it some. I see little of Thomsen’s editorial or auctorial hands in the book, which is mostly Schwartz preening and strutting.

The book starts out by telling us that Schwartz was always an obsessive-compulsive about time, never missing a deadline, never arriving late. He says he was a reader, a “library kid,” but puts all his early reading experience in a single paragraph, and quickly jumps to junior high school. “My best memory” of P.S. 45 “is of a short fellow student named Jules Garfinkel who appeared in a school play, delivering the melodic line ‘Swallow, swallow, little swallow’ ever so sweetly. Years later he changed his name to John Garfield and carved out a short but successful career on Broadway and in Hollywood.”

It's only the top of page 4, but Schwartz has already dropped his first name. That's the only time he mentions this "best memory," and he offers nothing further on Garfield. The lack of any insight revealed in this quote will be repeated many more times in the book, as Schwartz finds the occasion to drop other names.

Indeed, on the same page he reveals that "as a senior in Theodore Roosevelt High School," he had as his mentor "a junior who edited the school publication, called *The Square Deal*." That junior was Norman Cousins, who "later went on to be the celebrated editor of *The Saturday Review*." Schwartz gives him credit: "He was the best editor" – as a high school junior! – "I've ever known, and he taught me a lot about editing." One wonders if Cousins, given the opportunity to review Schwartz's editorial career, would have expressed much pride in this accomplishment.

It's at the top of page 5 that we encounter for the first time a truly annoying continuing feature of this book: "sidebars" interjected into the text. These would work better as boxed and genuine sidebars around which the text could flow. But instead they are simple interruptions to the text, presented in a casual sans-serif typeface which vaguely approximates comic book hand-lettering (except that it's in the usual upper- and lower-case characters, unlike comic book lettering) – behind which is a canted oval of fine-dot gray which I suspect is supposed to resemble a comic book speech balloon. The comic book elements are abstracted and implied, but it hardly matters because they are visually jarring and the text parts could have been as easily assimilated into the main narrative. Sometimes they start out as quotes from early fanzines, but may shift into current-day commentary by Schwartz without any typographical indication except the enclosure of the new material in parentheses.

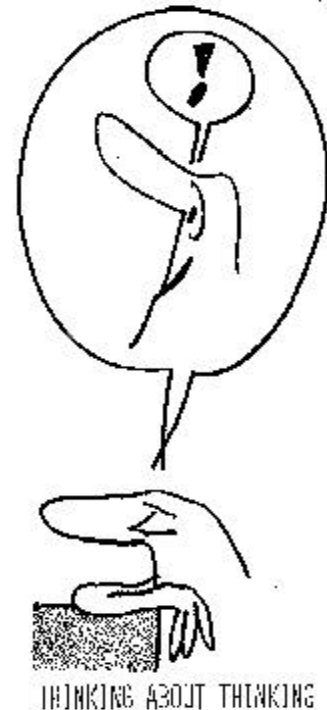
Some of these "sidebars" run for more than a page and the first chapter alone has *seven* of them. In terms of the book's design they are clumsy and ugly, cheapening its appearance. The book was designed by Joseph Rutt, and I can only wonder whether he was expressing his contempt for it or simply trying to find the most appropriate design for a book of its nature and quality.

On page 12 Schwartz describes how he and Mort Weisinger began visiting prozine editors and amassing information on upcoming stories. "It occurred to us that it would be a nifty idea to share our newfound knowledge with others. ... The problem was that we really didn't know what to do with the information now that we had it. I recalled the Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney movies and how they would always solve their problems by 'putting on a show,' so I suggested we do the same in the form of a fan magazine." Thus was born *The Time Traveller*, in January, 1932. "Mort and I were sixteen-plus years old," Schwartz says. I can only wonder how old Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney were that year, but I'm pretty sure they hadn't made any movies yet. (The passage immediately follow-

ing, describing the first issue of *The Time Traveler*, is strangely unedited: both “letter hack” and “letterhack” appear one paragraph apart, and an early Ackerman film column is described as “a list of scientifilms films.”)

By page 20, Weisinger and Schwartz have discovered the need they can fill as SF’s first agents, “and thus Solar Sales Service was born – as well as my career as a science-fiction professional.” And thus concludes “Part One” (the first chapter).

Amazingly (and after telling us a very little about *Amazing’s* elderly editor, T. O’Connor Sloane), in the second chapter, on page 24, Weisinger and Schwartz are “not yet out of our teens, but that didn’t stop us from teaming up as the first literary agents specializing in science fiction and fantasy.” Yes, “thus was formed Solar Sales Service (oh, how we loved that alliteration!), and we set out to set the world of magazine publishing on fire.” Yup, he tells the same story twice – within four pages!



While most of the authors of the age appear as walk-ons in this book (Bradbury is *repeatedly* identified as a kid who sold newspapers on the corner, distinguishing him a trifle), Mort Weisinger becomes Schwartz’s buddy, his partner in everything from fanzines to agenting – until Mort takes a real job with *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, leaving Schwartz behind with the agency. But Schwartz tells us almost nothing about Weisinger as a friend, a fellow fan, or even a person.

So it’s a shock when Schwartz tells us on page 34 that Weisinger was famously a liar: “I sometimes forgot to remind myself that Mort more than occasionally chose to stretch the truth. Heck! One might say he used it as if it were a rubber band. So, many years later I was not really that surprised when Fred Pohl informed me that Mort’s story ... was pretty much an out-and-out lie.” It “was yet another Mortimer Weisinger lie, and ... I felt badly misled.” And he suggests Weisinger’s tombstone should say “HERE LIES MORT WEISINGER – AS USUAL.”

All of this information is contained in four short paragraphs, concluding with the suggested epitaph. The very next paragraph is, in its whole, the following sentence: “Ed Hamilton (whom I now represented) and I became fast friends.”

The subject of Weisinger’s lies, so abruptly brought up, has been as abruptly vanquished in favor of a story about napping while visiting Hamilton, listening to

him typing up Captain Future stories and thinking, with each end-of-the-line typewriter *ping*, “Another penny!” for himself, since Hamilton averaged ten words to the line and was earning a penny a word, one-tenth of which was Schwartz’s



fee as an agent. Pretty easy work for Schwartz, huh? (Schwartz’s memory for correct years or decades may not be too good, but he is able to tell us to the penny how much he sold a variety of stories for as their agent. He must have kept records.)

Schwartz was a fan in the 1930s, and didn’t really give up fandom until he started working for DC Comics in 1944. But he tells us very little about New York City fandom, and nothing about its history of different (warring) factions.

On page 49 he tells us about the 1939 New York “World” SF Convention (originally so named because it was to be held in conjunction with the 1939 New York World’s Fair), and on page 50 appears this remarkable passage, in which

he introduces us to Sam Moskowitz and brushes off the infamous Exclusion Act without mentioning who had been excluded (indeed, Don Wollheim is missing from most of this book):

“On opening day, convention chairman Sam Moskowitz blocked the door to make sure that no Commies or ‘Reds’ could get in and disrupt our convention. He was the perfect guy to do the job because of his broad frame. He literally filled the doorway. You might say that was [*sic*] built like a truck driver (as a matter of fact he *was* a truck driver).”

That is *all* Schwartz had to say on the subject. No hindsight and no insight. Wollheim and the Futurians (who are also never mentioned as such in Schwartz’s book) were just a malingering bunch of “Commies or ‘Reds’.” No irony, either. Just obliviousness.

That single passage sums up the fanhistorical value in this book, which is nil.

The prohistorical (if I can make up a word here) value of the book is not much greater. Schwartz drops in factoids here and there, but they seem to be taken and presented at face value, without much thought or any research. Thus, on page 52, after telling us that Malcolm Jameson “had served as an officer in the navy, and most of his stories treated spaceships as if they were submarines in outer space so that he could draw on his experience,” he refers to L. Ron Hubbard as “another submariner of the same era” (the ’30s), which is fatuous

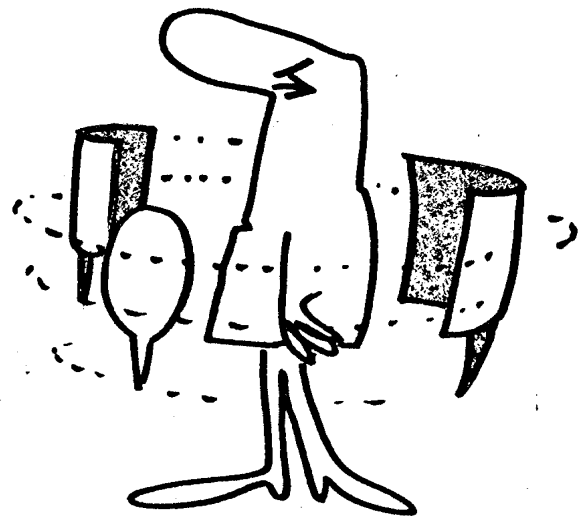
nonsense and part of Hubbard's self-serving hype.

However, in what amounts to the same breath, he informs us that Hubbard "dated" Jameson's daughter, Vida, and that the two were "immortalized by Hannes Bok for a *Weird Tales* cover from 1939" – which is reproduced on the facing page (albeit in black & white). "Vida was lusted after by many in our circle," Schwartz says of her, but Bok portrays her as anorexically emaciated and sour-faced. This connection is perhaps the most interesting factoid in the book, but hardly justifies the surrounding 200 pages.

Paging on, I hit Schwartz referring to how "Our place became the hangout that month" (in 1941) "for the Los Angeles Science Fiction League, where we would gossip and party and exchange ideas and swap stories." By 1941 the Los Angeles Science Fiction League had been for years the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society and no longer a chapter of Hugo Gernsback's defunct Science Fiction League. If remembering this was more than Schwartz was up for, perhaps Thomsen could have earned his keep by checking it out. Harry Warner's first volume of fanhistory, *All Our Yesterdays*, could have set him straight.

On page 65 Schwartz gets to his entrance into comics (about which he knew surprisingly little). And on page 66 he goes into an extended parenthetical digression (in which he makes the same point I did about Bob Kane's "creation" of Batman for *All In Color For A Dime*) which lasts four paragraphs. But someone never told him (or Thomsen) that you should place an opening-parenthesis at the beginning of each parenthetical paragraph, and nobody at HarperCollins noticed either. It's the sort of low-level typographical mistake that is so simple and so stupidly obvious that one can only wonder why no one caught it, and, that being the case, it becomes yet another annoyance in this sloppily-produced book – of a piece with the missing words and stylistic inconsistencies.

It's genuinely annoying to read Schwartz on comics and how they're produced. This is because it would appear Schwartz never really knew very much about the comics industry (he refers to Bill Gaines as the "legendary founder of *Mad* magazine"), and learned damned little about it over the years during which he worked in it. So his advice and insights boil down to



UNABLE TO FIND JUST
THE RIGHT WORD

the factoid that gorillas in human situations on super-hero comic book covers sold extra copies of those issues. (He tells us this several different times in the book so we won't forget it.)

As someone who read Schwartz's "triumphs" when they were published (I even had subscriptions to *Strange Adventures* and *Mystery in Space*), and who closely followed his revival of the Flash, Green Lantern, Hawkman, the Atom, and The Justice League in the late '50s and early '60s, I am here to tell you that his editorial decisions always favored the bland over the interesting, and that his comics were quickly eclipsed by Stan Lee's when Stan got back into super-heroes with The Fantastic Four and Spider-Man. I don't think Schwartz to this day understands this. He believed in stamping out comic book stories with a cookie-cutter: producing mechanically-contrived crap for a market in which he took no pride. He toed the DC Comics line – and still does – never questioning the ethically-challenged mobsters who ran the company.

Schwartz's grounding in science can be found in this passage about his reinvention of The Atom: "An added bonus of the call was that it inspired me to come up



with one of the Atom's unique powers, where he could travel from place to place along the phone line as if he was one of the transmitted sound particles." Try rolling *that* around on your tongue: "transmitted sound particles." Has Schwartz discovered a new area of quantum physics? Or is this just another example of comic book "science" ladled out *by* the ignorant, *to* the ignorant?



THINK SMALL

While reinventing Batman (once he became Batman's editor in the mid-'60s) he installed an elevator to the Batcave, souped up the Batmobile, and: "There were also references to that very hip 'hootenanny' music that was then very popular with the young people." You remember that – it was right after Lawrence Welk permanently edged the Beatles out of the top spot in the charts.

But Schwartz does tell the definitive Bob Kane story: Kane, a hack artist who used "ghost" pencillers and inkers almost from Batman's beginning, paying them each only a quarter of what he was paid, and who never wrote a single Batman story himself (the strip was created by writer Bill Finger), coasted for years on his "fame" as Batman's creator and guiding genius. (And indeed Kane was eulogized upon his recent death with wholly false claims for his abilities and talent.)

Schwartz tells about trying to work with Kane on a Batman story, which Murphy

Anderson had to repair. When Schwartz asked Kane why he'd had Anderson do the work instead of doing it himself –

“His reply shocked me.

“Three little words:’ he answered, ‘lack...of...talent.’”

Schwartz’s comments on Kane (and, earlier, on Weisinger’s lies) are the only negative or critical comments in his book. As such, they alone appear to dig beneath the surface and expose some truth.

But even the Kane stories are undermined by such statements as this one, appended to a sentence by Thomsen in his brief “Epilogue” about the comics artists and writers who “have all passed away over the past year”: “not to mention the credited creators of Batman himself, Bob Kane and Joe Orlando.” This is the very first time that Joe Orlando has been “credited” as a “creator” of Batman – and one can only hope it is also the last. (Joe Orlando got his start as Wally Wood’s assistant around 1950 and went on to be a major artist at EC Comics. Later he became an editor at DC Comics in the 1960s.) One can only wonder why Schwartz, or someone, did not catch this error.

Far more typical of the book is Schwartz’s description of meeting Robert Silverberg at the 1984 Los Angeles Worldcon (which Schwartz puts in 1986). “Len Wein told me that it was Robert Silverberg, so I decided to go over and introduce myself.

“Excuse me, Mr. Silverberg,’ I said, ‘you don’t know me but my name is Julie Schwartz.’

“Julie Schwartz!’ he exclaimed. ‘Harlan Ellison told me all about you. You are a living legend. What can I do for you?’”

I’ve known Robert Silverberg since the mid-’50s. I’ve seen him in a variety of public and private settings. I’ve *never* seen or heard him gush over anyone like that. I’m sure he was polite, affable, even friendly. (Schwartz subsequently tells Silverberg about a series of SF graphic novels DC was doing, and Silverberg promptly suggests they do “his award-winning story,” *Nightwings*. I found that much more plausible.)

Finally, there’s Harlan. Between them Harlan and Julie have cooked up a never-never history between them that goes back to sometime in the ’40s.

“As Harlan tells it, he sent me a letter back in the ’40s, and I wrote back to him

(note: I was credited with inserting full addresses in the letters-to-the-editors columns in comic books to maximize and encourage fan input and communication.)” This is true, but Schwartz is off by a full decade: he began using full addresses in 1960. “He also claims that he saw me in my office at DC Comics in the late ’40s but was stricken silent with awe (note: a silent Harlan Ellison is not likely). A year later he wrote asking me for a piece of *Hawkman* art for his son and I wrote him back. (Harlan later confesses he had no son...but did have a stepson at the time of his letter!)”

Schwartz states that in fact Harlan wrote him in 1946 or 1947 to ask if “he had any chance of becoming a writer,” and that he sent back an encouraging note, and subsequently he published a short (eleven words) letter from Harlan in *Real Fact Comics*. That comic appeared in the ’40s and did *not* publish complete addresses. (No comic in that era did – and only a very few even had letter columns.)

But it was during Harlan’s marriage to his second wife, Billie, in the early 1960s, that Harlan had a stepson – and a renewed interest in comics, fueled by the comics nostalgia pieces appearing in *Xero*, and the parts of my collection I’d brought to New York City (some of which he bought from me). So it was in 1961 or thereabouts that Harlan asked for the Hawkman art “for his son,” not the “late ’40s.”

Harlan obviously holds Schwartz in great affection, and has contributed an “Afterword,” titled “Fer Chrissakes, Schwartz, Get Outta My Face!” It struck me when I read it as the perfect ending for this strangely awful book. In it, Harlan – apparently at a convention – suffers “a heart attack, a stroke, one of those many-named killers that lie in ambush in the body.” He collapses, only to be aroused by Schwartz, “crouched over me, shaking me and already talking.”

“‘Get up,’ he was saying. ‘Get up! I need you to write a tribute about me for the Con*Stellation 6 programme booke [sic]. It doesn’t have to be very long, only about six hundred words.’”

Harlan is dying and all Schwartz can do is importune him for a piece about himself. It goes on for two pages of Schwartz twisting Harlan’s arm and Harlan being too numb and in pain to feel it.

Finally, “I couldn’t stop crying, because I hurt so bad, and obviously Julie didn’t understand that, so I grasped the pen in my right hand as best I could, with my fist around it like a baby trying to use a Crayola, and with scrawling lines that trembled and didn’t match, I scrawled the only tribute I had in me. I scrawled: I LOVE YOU, JULIE.

“And then I closed my eyes, and I died.”

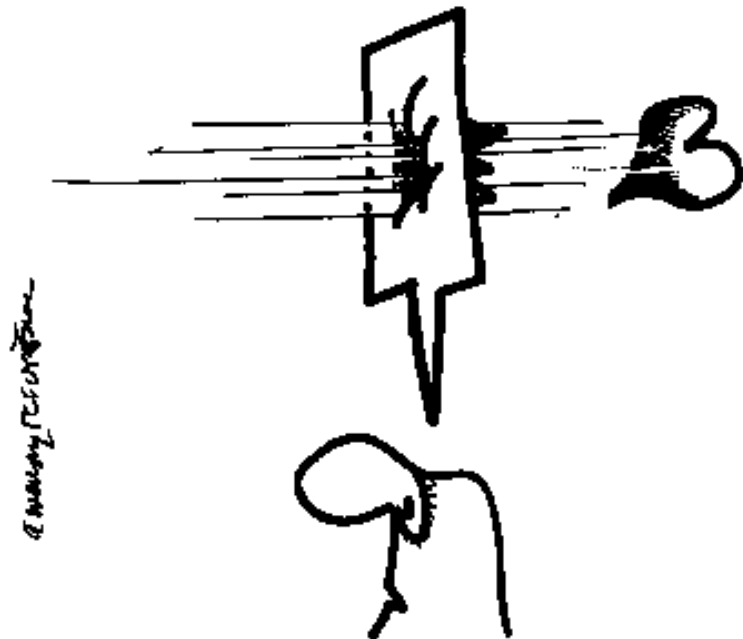
A socko ending, followed only by “The Awards, Honors and Accolades of Julius Schwartz” and “The Comic Book Cameo Appearances of Julius Schwartz,” two rather short lists. “What an appropriate commentary on this book,” I thought to myself when I’d read Harlan’s last line. “At once a merciless skewering of Schwartz’s self-absorption and a statement of honest and heartfelt affection. Brilliant!”

Then I read the fine print on the copyright page. Harlan’s Afterword was copyrighted 1987, and reprinted “by arrangement with, and permission of, the Author and the Author’s agent, Richard Curtis Associates, Inc., New York. All rights reserved.” He’d written it more than a decade before Schwartz’s book was put together.

I guess that makes Harlan prescient.

But we are still left with a hastily thrown together, ill-designed book of about 200 pages which can easily be read in an hour or two, a largely unrewarding experience. I finished this book with disappointment verging on resentment. I don’t know why, but I’d expected better.

—Ted White



An Introduction to Fanotchka

Having temporarily drifted into a backwater of gafia, I find it challenging to explain or even understand the motives and ideas behind a work as faanish as this melodramatic pastiche, Fanotchka. It is, certainly, a parody of Ernst Lubitsch' 1939 film Ninotchka, starring Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. Released November 9th, 1939, the fantasy of a properly socialist Russian woman tempted by the wiles of a Parisian gigolo found its audience subdued by the advent of another European war, and the social evils of totalitarianism bearded by its comedy suddenly seemed trivial in comparison. Garbo was sublime in her first comic role, but lost the Oscar to Vivian Leigh in Gone With the Wind.

The idea of relocating the story to a comic opera version of science fiction fandom first came to me some time in the late 1980s. The dynastic and revolutionary background of the film seemed easy to adapt to the endless and spurious conflict between serious, constructive fans, personified by convention-runners and over-serious amateur critics, and more insurgent, fan-focused trufen and fanzine fans. Originally, I planned it as simple fan fiction, maybe as long as a novelette, but nothing as ambitious as a reader's theater play with a dozen characters to cast. But after writing several plays for performance at Worldcon, Corflu and other conventions, I found myself committed to finishing a new script for premiere at the 1996 Worldcon in Anaheim, California. Originally, I had boasted that I was preparing a fannish version of the Donner Party tragedy, but ultimately this was just too sardonic even for my taste, and I had to devise something else without a lot of lead time. The fannish retelling of Ninotchka swam back up from my deep and distant memories, and the first draft was finished in one 12 hour session.

The context of the original production lent itself to a few cheap topical gags — you can never go wrong with jokes about William Shatner for an audience of Angelinos — still, I think the fun house view of fandom offered here will seem familiar to anyone who has been an actifan in the past two decades. I knew that stuff would go over well. What surprised me was how effective the love story at the center of the plot proved to be. Fans, it turned out, were big sappy romantics at heart, and simply swooned when I delivered a happy ending. Paul Williams and Cindy Lee Berryhill were brilliant in the lead parts, and brought a genuine affection to their interplay. The political aspects of the story were less thought out — I hadn't any real intention of accusing any part of fandom of totalitarian ambitions, any more than I expected the backwards "R" in the title of Apparatchik to be a correct use of cyrillic letters. If there is a real conflict paralleled by the fan club struggles in Fanotchka, it is in the personality of every fan, where the battle between the gosh-wow grinning fanboy and coolly slannish technocrat continues unabated in its second century.

Andrew Hooper
February 5th, 2002

FANOTCHKA

a play by **Andy Hooper**

CAST (in order of appearance)

Iranoff, con-runner from the Tri-State Science Fiction League

Mudger, con-runner from the Tri-State Science Fiction League

Beaupall, a slightly more cautious con-runner from the Tri-State Science Fiction League

Mr. Lansing, day manager of the Builtup Hotel

Roberto Bolsa, a room-service waiter

Leon Dalghu, a frivolous fanzine fan

D. Jenny Winder, big-name fan, long-time chair of the Tri-State Science Fiction League

Mercenaire, a famous huckster

Fanotchka Fettucini, deputy convention commissioner, Tri-State Science Fiction League

Otto Fied, A mimeographer

MacArthur Ho Park, a fanzine fan

Lentil Hackberg, another fanzine fan

John Barkenhorst, Convention Commissioner, Tri-State Science Fiction League

NARRATION (conversationally): This story takes place at the World Science Fiction Convention, in a hot, decadent city where dreams are the most important industry. The time is a labor day weekend in a happier year, perhaps one without a general election or other moral crisis, but with a tight pennant race, and more hope than fear. As registration opens on Thursday afternoon, three shabby fen in threadbare Constellation T-shirts stand outside the front door of the Builtup hotel. They gather up their courage to walk through the big revolving doors and into the vast, echoing lobby.

Scene 1: The Builtup Hotel

IRANOFF: Oh this is amazing. We haven't got a single hotel like this in Rain City, and they have at least three this big. But this the best. this is definitely the best. It's like a set from a Ridley Scott film. Or a James Gurney painting. Or something powered by a naked, pulsing singularity in a Greg Bear novel . . .

MUDGER: Get a grip, Iranoff. It's just a hotel. Somewhere in the bowels of the building a hundred Hmong refugees are polishing the silver for two groats an hour.

IRANOFF: You're like a human antidote to the sense of wonder, Mudger, you know that?

BEAUPALL: Don't start a fight, you two. That's all we need, for Barkenhorst to find out we were seen brawling in the lobby of the Builtup hotel. That would be a big boost to the bid's popularity.

MUDGER: Oh, I don't know about that, Beaupall. Remember the year the Texans made eight-alarm chili, and wouldn't let anyone get to the beer without buying a pre-support? People admire brass, they go for a little flash. And the bid that inspires the most gossip is usually the one that gets the most votes.

BEAUPALL: You need to stop having ideas like that, or we'll end up on the children's Animé committee when we get home. Commissioner Barkenhorst reads every voucher, and signs every check, and there a lot of people in the club who would have liked a free trip to the Worldcon. Now you want to betray his trust by putting us up in this gaudy hotel. Remember, our vote isn't for another four years, we can't afford full-time parties yet.

IRANOFF: Gaudy! That's a good word for it. It's like the cover of a C.J. Cherryh novel come to life. Imagine what the beds are like here! Free Sci-Fi channel and VH-1 in the room! Ice machines that really work.

BEAUPALL: Not like the Mystic Gherkin. I bet these people don't even know what an earwig looks like.

MUDGER: We're here to make money, not spend it. The Mystic Gherkin makes it just 12 dollars a head for us, 10 after Sunday.

IRANOFF: Of course you're happy with it. You've got the key. We have to wait until no one's watching and give the secret knock before you'll let us in.

BEAUPALL: If you feel like it.

MUDGER: I told you, I was taking a shower.

IRANOFF: But look, I didn't bring us here because I wanted more towels. If we're going to get the best price for the Winder collection, we have to be able to show it to people. Big time hucksters need to be near the action, ready to snap up a rare Arkham House edition of *Chuch Harris, Frontier Nurse* when it comes by, then lay it out in the black-velvet-lined display case with a \$700 price tag on it.

MUDGER: It's the Tri-State Science Fiction League Library, not the Winder collection. The court said so, Iranoff, and it doesn't help when even WE can't remember to use the right name.

IRANOFF: It's worth more as the Winder collection. She might have walked off with thousands of dollars in club assets, but the former Madame chair has a name fans recognize instantly. They'll be climbing all over each other to buy a piece of her collection.

BEAUPALL: Her name is on the flyleaf of every book, but she bought them with club funds, and they belong to the fans of Rain City, Doomstown and Particolor. Try to keep that in mind when you go off on one of your Fandom-is-just-a-source-of-income fantasies.

IRANOFF: Listen, all I'm saying is that we have to be smart about this business. You want to squat in the Mystic Gherkin like Jack waiting for a handful of magic beans, that's about what you'll get. But if we get a room here in the Builtup — have an open party to show off the collection — let it slip we want to hear some competing bids — we could make a fortune, pay for the expense of the room and the party and still show half-again the profit we're going to if we just accept what Barkenhorst is expecting us to.



MUDGER: I hear Mercenaire is an honest dealer, and offered a fair price.

IRANOFF: So he is! But we want an unfair price, and the only way to get that is to stir people up. Create a perception of demand and scarcity. Let it slip that the deal is nearly done, and we need some quick counter-offers. Get them bidding against one another until they need a bib to keep from drooling on their name badges. That's the way we should be running this show.

BEAUPALL: It would be nice to each have our own pillow, too. And maybe a mint on it, instead of a water-bug.

IRANOFF (Shivery): Oh, that's it! You go get the first of the crates, and I'll talk to the management.

MUDGER AND BEAUPALL: (As LANSING and IRANOFF reach the middle of their dialogue, one of the pair begins to make a noise like a truck engine, while the other emits loud beeps as of backing lights. When IRANOFF reaches the words "like this?" the engine noise should stop in a loud "Zhhhhssshhh," as if of the engine stopping and air brakes being set. Mudger can do a little mime of driving the truck, while Beaupall "Spots" him.)

IRANOFF: Excuse me, sir, are you the manager?

MR. LANSING: Yes sir, my name's Lansing. What can I do for you?

IRANOFF: My colleagues and I are not satisfied with our current accommodations and were wondering if you could possibly help us in finding a room here at the Builtup.

MR. LANSING: Certainly! We were sold out, but we've had a number of cancellations.

(Begin Sound FX)

IRANOFF: Well, that's good news. But I'm not sure if you'll be able to meet some of our more critical needs. Do you have security boxes for your guests?

MR. LANSING: Of course.

IRANOFF: But are they large enough to handle rather large cases and packages? Like this?

MR. LANSING: Oh, I don't know — that's a little large for the safe deposit boxes.

IRANOFF: Well, do you have any rooms with security lockers of their own? Safes? Secure doors to the room? Armored closets?

MR. LANSING: As it happens, we do have one such set of rooms. And they might especially appeal to you gentleman on the strength of your interest in "sci-fi" (elaborately, and pronounced as "sky-fi")

IRANOFF: Really? How so?

MR. LANSING: I'm proud to offer you the William Shatner suite. Seven rooms, Minoxodil on tap, and the furnishings are sometimes yellow, sometimes green!

MUDGER: (pause a beat) We'll still take it.

Scene 2: The Builtup Hotel, The Shatner Suite

NARRATION: Staggering under the weight of the Winder collection of pulps, prozines, hard covers, paperbacks, fanzines and Walt Kelly promotional figurines from boxes of Dreft, the three struggle into the freight elevator, and through the back door of the 24th floor. The surroundings are opulently clean, with none of the monkey vomit stains so common on the floors of the Mystic Gherkin Motel. They are assigned their own waiter to help them coordinate their party plans with the catering department. Unknown to the three, however, this is no ordinary waiter; he is in fact Roberto Bolsa, a former aide of former Madame Chairman Winder of the Tri-State Science Fiction League, whose collection they are hauling into their rooms.

ROBERTO BOLSA: Naturally, you'll want some of our famous sliced pineapple plates.

MUDGER: What's so famous about them?

ROBERTO BOLSA: They're 16 dollars a plate.

MUDGER: Treading the line between fame and infamy, I see. But if we're to beat out Garth Kreasing Books for most notable party on the floor, we'll need a bunch of them. I swear, the man gets to the convention a week early so he can start cooking.

IRANOFF: Wow! Look at this! Speaker phone in the bathroom! Electric sheets! And look (remote clicking noise) (Sound effects: Oh! Oh! Oh!) Bowdlerized porno movies with all the glorious dialogue and none of the genital shots!

MUDGER: Yes, we have drunk the milk of paradise.

BEAUPALL: I'm more impressed with these paintings from the life of Shatner. Here we have the hysterical transporter-accident double with too much eyeliner. And here the worst production of the Hound of the Baskervilles ever made. And here — this goes beyond aesthetics, into something like — uh —

IRANOFF: What's it say at the bottom?

MUDGER: "T.J. Hooker, season two: The Day the Truss Gave Way."

BEAUPALL: I don't know if I go for this modern art.

IRANOFF: Yes, but it's a little like a mid-thirties Astounding cover, isn't it? Here the whirling heterodyne — and these bulges are like the teeming compound eyes of the alien menace.

MUDGER: Teeming?

IRANOFF: I can show you something just like — see, I have the image here on my Newton. I have almost the whole Winder collection catalogue scanned in now. Course, I can't carry it all on disk at once, but if I need them —

BEAUPALL: Can't we even try to call it the Tri-State SFL Library when we're alone?

ROBERTO BOLSA: Pardon me for interrupting, gentleman, but did you say "The Winder collection?" Were you referring to D. Jenny Winder, the one-time chair of the Rain City Science Fiction Club?

MUDGER: Indeed we were. Why do you ask?

ROBERTO BOLSA: Oh, I — well, you know I run something of a small book service myself. I specialize in Happy Hollister mysteries and Braille editions of Lucky Starr.

IRANOFF: Oooh! Cool!

ROBERTO BOLSA: My Card.

BEAUPALL: "F. Olding Munny, rare and disturbing editions."

ROBERTO BOLSA: *A nom de guerre*, of sorts. I would love to talk with you when my duties permit. I understand the Winder collection has a complete set of 3-D Insect Fear Film Trading Cards from Ma Rainey's Moleskin cookies boxes, Set I, January 1962 to June 1963? A buyer I'm acquainted with might offer a very high price. But right now, unless there is anything further I can do for you gentleman, I should see to your lunch orders?

IRANOFF: Absolutely! I'm so hungry I could eat TWO bags of pork rinds.

ROBERTO BOLSA: Very good sir.

MUDGER: Interesting, isn't it, that in one hotel we should find a huckster with the soul of a waiter and a waiter with the soul of a huckster?

Scene 3: The Goulart Arms, suite of D. Jenny Winder, bnf

NARRATION: Riding the freight elevator directly to the subterranean garage, Bolsa the waiter jumps into his late-model Hyundai and speeds across the Anaheim to an exclusive resort complex known as "The Goulart Arms." Leaving his little towel in the car, he rides another elevator to the penthouse, where D. Jenny Winder and her latest boy-toy, the fan-editor and gigolo Leon Dalghu, are lounging on the verandah.

WINDER: Leon, do you think I should wear the Klingon nose or the Bajoran nose to the costumer's party tonight? The Bajoran nose is so much cuter, but someone told me it makes my eyes look too close together. Of course the Klingon nose makes it harder to eat, which is sometimes a good thing at these chili and pork-rind parties. But then, wearing a nose at all sometimes makes it hard to get into the SFFWA suite, even when I tell them I'm a personal friend of Diane Duane. Maybe the Bajoran nose is the way to go — so much easier to accessorize, and sometimes people forget you're wearing a nose at all.

DALGHU: One great virtue of your conversation, DJenny, is that you are unfailingly happy to answer your own questions.

WINDER: Oh Leon, you're so bad.

DALGHU: Positively Satanic.

WINDER: So how did your dinner with all those publishing people go last night?

DALGHU: (Brightening) Oh, Djenny, it was perfect! We had the most wonderful time!

WINDER: Ugh! Publishers! I can't imagine what I would find to talk about with people who spend all their times worried about books. I'm glad I've left all that behind now.

DALGHU: Well, you'd be surprised. Some very nice people associate with editors and publishers. And you shouldn't scoff, because I have some perfectly marvelous news to tell you!

WINDER: Oh, is CBS bringing back *Beauty and the Beast* again?

DALGHU: Better! You remember that deluxe Gestetner Copy-printer that reads your thoughts and cuts them direct to stencil? You'll be able to afford to buy it for me now.

WINDER: Oh, Leon, how you spoil me. So tell me, what's behind this sudden tide of solvency?

DALGHU: Well, I had at least three publishers counter-bidding for the right to publish your memoirs. Offer them a few thousand words of "My Memories of Empire and Excess," and we'll be floating in money. The true story behind the Tri-State SFL scandal! Roger Corman is interested in the film rights, and someone told me Joan Collins would be happy to read for the talking book, plus we could do a series of CD-ROM adventure games with —

WINDER: Honestly, Leon, sometimes you are such a huckster. Where is the simple young man I found publishing book reviews in his basement? Has it been so long since that night I showed you Vincent Price's star on the walk of fame? You know I could never submit myself to such public scrutiny.

DALGHU: Well, we need to do something around here. Pretty soon I'll be reduced to printing on the back of crud sheets again.

ROBERTO BOLSA: (sound like an intercom buzzer)

WINDER: Who is it?

ROBERTO BOLSA: (as if through the intercom) It's Bobby Bolsa, Madame Chairman, I have some extremely important news. Can I come in?"

WINDER: Bolsa! What could that weasel want? Let him in, would you Leon?

DALGHU: Of course I will. (a little beat of foley) Roberto! So nice to see you again.

ROBERTO BOLSA: Ms. Winder, I can only stay a moment, I'm in the middle of lunch service, so I'll come to the point. Your collection is here, at the Worldcon.

WINDER: What?

ROBERTO BOLSA: Your run of ASF, Madame Chairman. Your copy of Vargo Statten with the reversed color cover. Your E.E. Smith proofs. Your Gnome Press editions. The unburnt stumps from the Supermancon indoor cricket game. The cans of Leonard Nimoy's shoe polish. The set of chicken bones from the Walter Breen Picnic. All of it!

WINDER: That's impossible. All that stuff is under lock-and-key at the Rain City Clubhouse. All you need is a membership card and you can check it out like a copy of Curious George from the public library.

ROBERTO BOLSA: Yet, there are three fans in the William Shatner suite at the Builtup hotel, with the entire collection in a dozen crates, ready to sell them to the highest bidder!

WINDER: They wouldn't dare!

DALGHU: Oh, but they would. Their bid for the 2004 Worldcon is in big trouble, almost no one is taking them seriously. And for some reason, people are reluctant to give pre-supporting money to a club that has had so many financial scandals in recent years . . . they must need to sell the collection for bid capital!

WINDER: This is terrible! It was bad enough knowing that my books and tapes and fanzines and knickknacks were available to any fan with 12 dollars in dues money, but having them dispersed into the paws of a dozen dealers — they can't do this, can they? When I gave all that stuff back to the club, the agreement was that they had to preserve the collection intact!

DALGHU: They probably can. It would require an amendment to the League bylaws, but they could do it if the need was great enough.

WINDER: If their part of the agreement can be invalidated, so can ours — right?

DALGHU: Of course! I know a judge who will write a restraining order in his sleep. They may be a registered corporation in TriState, but in California that and four bucks will get you a cup of coffee. We can keep them tied up in court for ten years. Come on, Roberto, take me to them. If I know the way the clubfannish mind works, we should come out of this with a big chunk of the profits.

WINDER: Go get them, Leon! Use the BIG Forceps!

DALGHU: Darling, you're beautiful when you're vengeful.

Scene 4: The Builtup Hotel, the Shatner Suite

(Sound EFX: Clinking of glasses)

IRANOFF: I don't care what people say, I think this California champagne is quite good!

BEAUPALL: Yes, and I don't think I've ever seen this many macadamia nuts in one place before.

MUDGER: All right, you two drunkards leave the talking to me now. Remember, this is the richest dealer on the entire west coast, and if anyone afford to buy the whole collection, it's him!

(Sound FX: Door-knock)

MUDGER: Please come right in, Mr. Mercenaire.

MERCENAIRE: Oh, call me Hank, everyone does. What a nice — OH! T.J. Hooker. The second season, I presume?

MUDGER: Uh — yes.

MERCENAIRE: Bill had to use a different tint that year, the FDC outlawed Tawny # 24.

IRANOFF: You can't fool the expert eye!

MERCENAIRE: Well, thank you. Now, you had some signature pieces you wanted to show me?

BEAUPALL: Well, yes, there are a few things we actually left off the catalogue, in case we ended up holding a public auction. Things we assumed we'd do better offering to a few discerning collectors.

MERCENAIRE: Ah, I love a conspiracy.

IRANOFF: Shahm-pahn-ya?

MERCENAIRE: Oh, thank you.

MUDGER: The first thing I wanted you to see was this collection of eraser carvings attributed to the young Francis Towner Laney. You'll note the donkey in this one —

(Sound FX: Knock on door)

BEAUPALL (on top of Iranoff) : Who can that be?

IRANOFF (on top of Beupall) : I'll get it.

DALGHU (hustling in): Good afternoon, is this the office of the TriState Science Fiction League?

MUDGER (over Dalghu): Excuse me, sir, but we're having a private luncheon. Who are you and —

DALGHU (Over Mudger): Hi, Hank, how've you been? You ever get your money back on those mis-cut Steven King trading cards?

MERCENAIRE: Leon! Well, this is a surprise! Are you bidding on the Winder collection too?

BEAUPALL: Oh, no, no, we're not showing it to anyone else yet, Mr. Mercenaire!

DALGHU: Well, I have to admit that's why I'm here. Is that Champagne? (sniffs) Hmm, Mondavi.

MUDGER: Sir, I must insist —

DALGHU: Oh, right! No, Hank, I just wanted to make sure that you didn't put yourself under a charge of receiving stolen goods.

MERCENAIRE (all together): Well this is an interesting development. I was told that —

BEAUPALL (all together) : Oh, no, no, Chairman Winder herself agreed —

IRANOFF (all together) : Stolen goods? The only people these goods were stolen from were the members —

MUDGER (cutting them off, very loud): IN AN AGREEMENT WITNESSED BY THE RAIN CITY ATTORNEY, D. Jenny Winder surrendered all title to these science fiction materials in exchange for assurances that the TriState Science Fiction League would not pursue charges against her, to wit: Embezzlement, Fraud, Grand Theft, Simony, impersonating a Federal Poultry Inspector —

DALGHU: All noted and stipulated to, sir, but you're in the State of California now. And this — (crinkling paper) — is a court order restraining you from the sale of the items listed in the official catalogue and any additional goods attached thereto, pending determination of the true ownership of said articles in a California Court.

MUDGER: That phony order isn't worth the paper it's Xeroxed on!

MERCENAIRE: Let me see that. Uh huh . . . Uh huh . . . oooh, this is bad.

BEAUPALL & IRANOFF: D'ohhh!

MERCENAIRE: Yes, this looks like a completely legal and valid court-order to me, gentlemen. I'm still quite interested in the collection, including those Tijuana rubber stamps, but you'll have to have the matter resolved in a California court before I can afford to even offer a bid. I'll be in the dealer's pit the rest of the weekend if you can find a way to resolve this.

(sound FX: door closing)

MUDGER: I don't know who you are, pal, but you've bought yourself a world of hurt.

DALGHU: Well, let me make that much right, anyway. My name is Leon Dalghu, and I am here as an official representative of Madame Chairman Winder. Plus, I publish a few fanzines, let me know if you'd like to see a copy.

IRANOFF: Jenny Winder doesn't have a legal claim to a single book in any of these crates! Not only did she steal them to begin with, she signed away any and all rights to them to stay out of jail.

DALGHU: Well, that's quite true. We all know that. The problem is that the California court system doesn't know that, and it will take some convincing to make them believe it. And who knows how long that might take? Two years, three . . . all the while, the collection will sit in some extra-large evidence locker somewhere, while the Rain City Worldcon bid slowly withers and dies on the vine . . .

BEAUPALL: I don't believe this is happening. Barkenhorst will kill us.

MUDGER: Shut up, Beupall. I take it there is some way that this legal nightmare might still be averted?

DALGHU: Of course there is. After all, it doesn't do me any good to have the collection locked up either. So I'm prepared to offer a very reasonable arrangement that will be of aid to both parties.

MUDGER: And that is?

DALGHU: A fifty-fifty split of all the money made from the sale of the collection, half to the TSFL and half to Jenny Winder.

MUDGER: There is no way we can possibly accept such a solution, Mr. Dalghu. We haven't the authority to do such a thing. And even if we did, I'm sure I would have to —

DALGHU: Please, please, sir, I'm sure that everything under the sun might prove to be negotiable if we ponder it long enough. But for the moment, I'm happy to consider your offer . . .

IRANOFF: Our offer? What offer do you mean?

DALGHU: Why, didn't you say something about lunch? Here, let me have some of those macadamia nuts.

Scene 4: The Shatner Suite, the morning after

NARRATION: It is the Friday morning of the Worldcon. The Shatner suite looks as if either a tornado or the Klingon Diplomatic Corps has gone through it. Iranoff, Mudger and Beupall lie sprawled on various pieces of furniture, each rather eccentrically half-dressed. Iranoff snores gently under a large red fez, bearing the legend "I've been to see the BEAVERS at BEAVERWORLD!" This falls off his head and on to the floor with a thump, just as the telephone rings. Mudger leaps from the love seat, scattering a lap-full of empty cans and picks up the phone.

MUDGER: What? Yes, this is — oh, yes, since it's — ELEVEN THIRTY! Oh, yes, please send up the housekeepers and — yes,

voice mail — all right, I'll hold — WAKE UP YOU IDIOTS! Which one of you phoned the Commissioner's voice mail?

IRANOFF (sick): I did. I thought we'd agreed I would. And then after we finished one of those tiny little bottles of the green stuff, you sent me for the phone, and after Bubbles got off my lap —

MUDGER: Shut up, they have his reply! Here, I'll put it on speaker.

BARKENHORST (tinny, phone-like) "This is Jim Barkenhorst calling. What the hell do you mean, you have to split the profits with Jenny Winder? If you three dolts give her so much as a bus token, you better not show your faces around here again! You'll be drinking your dinner through a straw, in case you aren't already doing that, you no-good drunken, idiot — I better not be paying for all that booze, you — oooohh — gahhh — SON OF A BITCH! (dial tone)

BEAUPALL: I'm going to be sick.

BARKENHORST (still on the phone) "This is Jim Barkenhorst calling. I'm sorry I got so mad earlier, but you know how it is. Modern technology, just lets you make an ass of yourself even faster, heh-heh. Anyway, boys, I'm sending you some help. I never anticipated you'd have to deal with this kind of problem. So, deputy commissioner Fettucini will be out there to take charge of the situation. Just meet the commissioner at the airport; the noon plane from Rain City. And have fun!" (dial tone)

MUDGER: NOON! OK, we have to work fast. Iranoff, get over to the u-park and get the Pinto. Beupall, help me pick up all these bottles. And get those nitrous cartridges out of the bathroom!

BEAUPALL: I *AM* going to be sick.

(sound FX: Phone bail clicking)

MUDGER: Hello, desk? No, we don't want more condoms! Listen carefully, I need this taken care of *right away*. I need you to take all of our things and move them from the Shatner Suite to the smallest, most modest room you have. Yes, right next to the kitchen, that's fine. No, we'll still need the Shatner Suite, but it should be switched to the name of a — Commissioner Fettucini.

IRANOFF: (giggles)

MUDGER: What are you still doing here?

BEAUPALL : (discreet retching noises — pour glass of water into pail)

Scene 5: Orange County Airport

NARRATION: The three hungover fans get themselves as close to upright as they can and hustle to the Orange County Airport, to meet Deputy Convention Commissioner Fettucini



IRANOFF: What kind of a name is Fettucini, anyway? The guy must be Italian, don't you think?

BEAUPALL: Are you sure he said Orange County? Are you sure we aren't supposed to be at Ontario instead?

MUDGER: No, this is the flight number. Now try to look like human beings, and help me find the commissioner.

IRANOFF: Look, that guy's a fan — look at the buttons Maybe he's the one.

MUDGER: No, look, he's with those furry fans over there.

BEAUPALL: God, how can they stand it? I'd hate having all that hair on my tongue.

MUDGER: Maybe this big dude, huh?

(Sound EFX: "T'plah!" T'plah!" Loud smack of forehead on forehead)

IRANOFF: Everybody's a Klingon . . .

FANOTCHKA: Iranoff, Mudger and Beupall, I presume.

MUDGER: Umm, I believe you have us at a disadvantage, miss. We're —

FANOTCHKA: I'm Fanotchka Fettucini, deputy convention commissioner for the TSFL. You were expecting me?

IRANOFF: Here, let me take your bag!

FANOTCHKA: I can carry it.

MUDGER: I'm sorry, I — well, that is, we — If they had —

FANOTCHKA: You didn't know I was a woman? Don't you read the club bulletin? My appointment made the front page last issue.

BEAUPALL: We've been pretty busy with this business of selling the Win — I mean the member's library.

FANOTCHKA: Yes, and you've made a hash of it. I don't know why they didn't recall you immediately, but maybe it's cheaper to fly out in mid-week. Or perhaps they'll just have you shot right here.

BEAUPALL: (miserably small) : Shot?

FANOTCHKA: Calm down, it's a joke. We'll fix all this and come home covered in glory. but only if you pull you're own weight. No, I can CARRY it! Just show me where the car is.

Scene 6: The Shatner Suite, Friday afternoon:

NARRATION: The four return to the now-cleaned and fumigated Shatner suite.

FANOTCHKA: I'm not sure what to make of this; which part of the room is mine?

MUDGER: I know it's a bit much, but this is all yours, Deputy Commissioner.

FANOTCHKA: Were you planning on trying to get all this by the financial committee? As I recall, you were supposed to be at The Mystic Gherkin Motel.

IRANOFF: Well, we were, but it turned out no one was willing to come see us there.

FANOTCHKA: Mr. Mercenaire was willing to.

MUDGER: I take full responsibility, Deputy Commissioner. We felt that we ought to entertain rival offers before we met with Mercenaire. See what the market would bear.

FANOTCHKA: And in doing so, you attracted the attention of the former club chair. Who, understandably, has leapt at the opportunity to lay her hands on the books and memorabilia once more. So, do you understand why the directorate would have preferred to see you stay in the Mystic Gherkin after all?

MUDGER: Of course.

FANOTCHKA: But don't worry, Mudger, you're off the hook. Now that I'm here, I'm the one responsible for the success or failure of the mission. All you have to answer to is me. Which may be worse, once you get to know me.

MUDGER: I'm sure —

FANOTCHKA: I think you should reserve judgment until we're through. Right now, I need you to get us some legal advice. See if you can log on to the convention database and find out if any con members are lawyers who might be willing to take a look at our situation. Iranoff, you should take the collection catalogue around the dealer's area, see what kind of interest we'll face if we do manage to get the injunction lifted. Which we will do. We'll make Madame Chairman sorry she ever poked her head back out of her hole. And we WILL keep the bid going, and we WILL win the chance to host the Worldcon in 2004. And Beaupall —

BEAUPALL (rather too brightly): Yes!

FANOTCHKA: Any chance we could get some food up here?

BEAUPALL: Food! We forgot to cancel our lunch order!

(Sound FX: Cacophony of carts, dishes, rather like the stateroom scene in "A Night at the Opera.")

ROBERTO BOLSA: The salmon will be along in a few minutes, folks.

FANOTCHKA: Oh, boys, boys — you didn't need to order all this on my account

IRANOFF, MUDGER AND BEAUPALL: (Heavy, relieved sighs)

Scene 7: The Shatner suite, two hours later.

NARRATION: Following some gastric fortification, and a lot of phone calls, the situation begins to look much brighter.

FANOTCHKA: All right. So we have assurances from the California State's Attorney's office that they will not respond to any request for seizure of the collection. That's good. But neither can they do anything to free us from this nuisance lawsuit. Not as good. While we have bids on the total collection in excess of \$40,000, which is very, very good, yet no one is willing to sign a contract to that effect, pending resolution of the Winder claim, which is worst of all. We need earnest money to seal hotel contracts, create web sites, brochures, bribe teamsters, all of the little things that can make a Worldcon go. And we have no way of raising that money in the short term, apart from the sale of this library.

MUDGER: In fandom, money isn't everything, Commissioner Fettucini.

FANOTCHKA: That's true, and that's a good attitude to take if you don't have any. But hopeful platitudes will not bring the Worldcon to Rain City, Mudger. Still, I'd prefer if you called me Fanotchka — my last name seems to make people hungry.

MUDGER: And you can call me Mark.

IRANOFF: Tom.

BEAUPALL: Garret

FANOTCHKA: Pleased to meet you all.

BEAUPALL: I just assumed that Fanotchka Fettucini was a badge name.

FANOTCHKA: No, that's really who I am. My father was a member of The Diggers in the sixties and changed his name from Robert Clarke to Frankie Fettucini. Legally. And he and my mom were big fans of the Strugatskys and Andre Tarnkovsky, so they named me Fanotchka, little fan.

IRANOFF: Wow. A second generation fan!

FANOTCHKA: There are third and fourth generation fans around these days.

MUDGER: Well, we're sorry that you had to come all the way down here, Fanotchka. I'm sure Barkenhorst would never have sent you if it wasn't for that eel Dalghu — I swear, he could talk a person into anything.

FANOTCHKA: What he is, Mark, is a gambler. He's gambling that our need for money is so great that we'll agree to his conditions in order to make a sale during this weekend. If wonder if we wait another day, will his request for a percentage drop from one half to one third? And then to one quarter? Of course, if he actually takes us to court, he'll lose his case and be in line to pay us damages for the income he's cost us. This is a very bold play, and the act of a supremely irresponsible person.

BEAUPALL: True, responsibility doesn't seem to be very high on his list of features. But he has such a surplus of charm that perhaps he has been shortchanged in other areas.

FANOTCHKA: Well, I'll be on my guard. For now, let us proceed with the assumption that he will drop the injunction as the end of the weekend approaches, and continue showing the catalogue to as many customers as possible. I, for one, am going to take an hour to enjoy the Worldcon.

MUDGER: An hour! Best not be too liberal with yourself, Deputy Commissioner.

FANOTCHKA: You're right. 45 minutes ought to be enough, all I really want to see is the art show. I'll see you in — but why such long faces, boys? After all, we're at the Worldcon!

IRANOFF: Well, it's just — we're — none of us had a lot



to cash to spare when we came, and we had to rent the car, and there were a lot of tips last night —

BEAUPALL: We're broke.

FANOTCHKA: Good Ghu, who really needs money to have fun with 8,000 fans thronging the place? But I know what you mean, so here's a fifty from my personal expense account.

IRANOFF: Thank you very much, Deputy Commissioner!

FANOTCHKA: Bring me back 35.

Scene 8: The Convention Center lobby

(Sound FX: Rhubarb, Rhubarb)

NARRATION: Entering the convention center, Fanotchka has the sensation of stepping into a surging tide. There are people everywhere, occupying almost every available space. There are message boards, and maps and guides and newsletters to direct her from place to place, but she can't even get to them. In desperation, she climbs onto a garbage bin to see over the crowds. And is in this manner that Leon Dalghu lays eyes on her for the first time, unable to push an empty soda cup into the bin without dribbling melted ice on her shoes.

DALGHU: I wonder if I could help you find something or someone, you look kind of lost.

FANOTCHKA: Oh! I suppose I am — help me down from here, will you?

DALGHU: Gladly.

FANOTCHKA: I was hoping to find a way to the art show, but there are so many people here it seems quite hopeless.

DALGHU: The key is to take the back corridor off the green room. Saves about twenty minutes of struggling against the tide. I'd be happy to take you there —

FANOTCHKA: Oh, I couldn't ask you to do that.

DALGHU: I was curious about taking a look myself. Just follow me, if you like.

(Sound FX: much muted Rhubarb Rhubarb)

FANOTCHKA: Jim Burns! Oh, I love Jim Burns!

DALGHU: He's one of my favorites, too.

FANOTCHKA (laughing): Oh really? How convenient!

DALGHU: No, I do! I like all those slightly dour British illustrators, the one's who'd love to make money illustrating Warhammer manuals, but can't bring themselves to paint that much blood.

FANOTCHKA: It's really something to see the paintings at full size like this. And there's so much missing, they just put a little bit of the total picture on the front of a book.

DALGHU: And then hide it with the title, the writer's name, the bar code.

FANOTCHKA: Everyone should have a chance to see these before they decide on who to vote for in the Hugos. It's like seeing a completely different work.

DALGHU: I've always thought so.

FANOTCHKA (looking at name badge): You're a very agreeable man Mr. . . . Degler?

DALGHU: It's a friend's badge. I'm afraid I'm ghosting the convention to save money.

FANOTCHKA: I'm trying to avoid thinking of money right now, myself. So you —

DALGHU: My real name is —

FANOTCHKA: No, don't tell me! You can be Claude Degler for a while. I just — I just want to be part of the crowd. You too.

DALGHU: All right. If it pleases you. And I can call you (reading badge) "Member # 4, TriState Science Fiction League." Funny

coincidence, I was just at a party with some members of your club last night.

FANOTCHKA: I hope they behaved themselves.

DALGHU: That's a very proprietary attitude to take.

FANOTCHKA: We're bidding for the Worldcon ourselves. We have to be careful about the image we project to potential voters in the site selection ballot.

DALGHU: In my experience, bids that worry about their image come off as tight-assed and alienate people. Besides, you're bidding for 2004. You won't be up for another five years. That's a long time to worry about what people think of you.

FANOTCHKA: And do you never worry about what people think of you, Mr. Degler?

DALGHU: Oh, my reputation has been a lost cause for many years. And do I call you Member # 4, or . . . ?

FANOTCHKA: Oh, I — I have a really silly name, I'd rather — just call me . . . Trina. After Trina Robbins. I always thought that was really cool name. I always wanted to be a Trina.

DALGHU : Trina and Claude, together again. Two star-crossed souls trapped in a world they never made. Crisis on Infinite Earths!

FANOTCHKA: Lovely.

DALGHU: Tell me, Trina, would you like to get a drink with me? We could go up to the fan lounge and you could meet some very friendly fans I know . . .

FANOTCHKA: I was supposed to be meeting some friends about now . . .

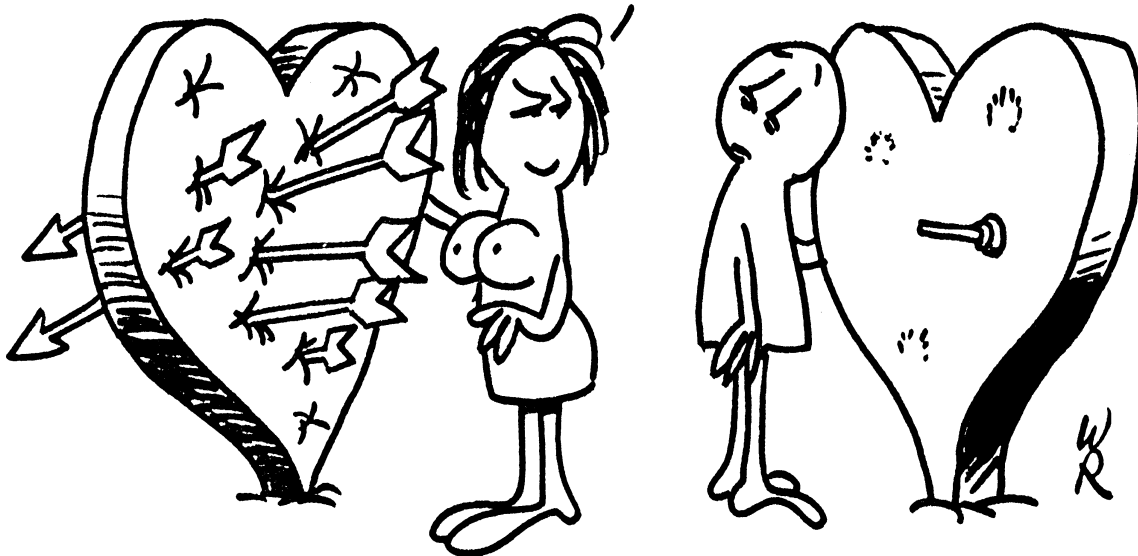
DALGHU: I'm sorry —

FANOTCHKA: But I have a feeling that they are most likely having fun themselves. I'd hate to show up and be the only one there, alone in a room with the Worldcon whirling around me . . .

DALGHU: To the third floor then!

[... end. pt. 1. Conclusion next issue.]

CAN I HELP IT IF I'M POPULAR?



Banapple Gas (continued from page 9)

limited to listening to The Grateful Dead once a week on David Gans' KPFA radio show. But, recently, I've had some reminders of those old days of art, guitar playing and astral traveling.

I was sick in the days before last year's Worldcon, and I found myself trudging through the streets of San Francisco in an attempt to recover my health. I know that sounds odd, but I felt I needed to take care of some responsibilities despite feeling weak and dehydrated. I felt more comfortable out of my rented flat than in it.

My guitar broke down at a critical moment and I had to get it repaired. I was suffering from dehydration and could barely manage to eat a meal and hold it down. Each cup of water I found was precious, in my walking quest to have my guitar re-pegged and close out responsibilities for my employer.

When I got to Muddy's Coffeehouse, in a semi-delirious state, I discovered the waitperson there was playing an amazing desert suite on the house stereo system, music mildly reminiscent of the work of Thelonious Monk. I've always suspected that there were worlds out in space, someplace, that needed water—worlds out of the sight of our telescopes. While nursing my cup of water and listening to jazz at Muddy's, it was almost as if I could hear the winds and perceive the great forces moving in a far away place. I picked out the parts of the composition that sounded like desert drumming as I continued to nurse my cup of precious water. I prayed along with the the people in the cafe (and the friendly waitress who selected the music) for the fate of that faraway place. My prayer consisted primarily of selective listening.

Several days after the cafe experience, I woke up and perceived a great Splash. I knew, somehow, that the prayers had been answered.

I wasn't really physically well at that point. I was scheduled for several panels at Millenium Philcon and didn't have the strength to clean my own living room. Steve and Elaine Stiles had invited me to be a host at the MilPhil fanroom and assured me that I'd be welcome there. That convinced me to stagger some clothes into a valise and make the trip, after all. Some of my subjective experiences at MilPhil were far out enough to serve as filler for a light science fantasy novella, but I did enjoy seeing the awesome Philadelphia Convention Center. The Marriot Hotel had some of the best service I've ever seen at one of our conventions. God bless their staff! It appears that I stumbled satisfactorily through the

comic book panel I moderated, and I enjoyed being between James Morrow and Tom Purdom on the “Death of Kilgore Trout” panel. I spent most of my off-time in the fan lounge. Danny Lieberman looked cosmic in his tie-dyed t-shirt, throughout, and I’m told the “Ben Franklin” science tracks were very successful. Greg Benford was fearsome at the Cincinnati party on the last night, and I got to make friends with Roger Sims.

Colophon (continued from page 3)

Moshe Feder and Denny Lien wrote great fannish musical pastiches in the ‘70s. I can’t think of anyone since that time who’s done more for the art of faan drama than Andy. His play, *Fanotchka*, was first performed at LACON III, the third Los Angeles worldcon in 1996. It was a hit, then, for those of us seeking an alternative to the spectacle of worldcon masquerade, and it was a hit two years later in its return engagement at Corflu in San Francisco.

Author Credits:

Banapple Gas -- Lenny Bailes
Under Milk Dune -- Jo Walton
Man of Two Worlds -- a review by Ted White
Fanotchka -- a play by Andy Hooper

Art Credits:

Cover: Islamic calligraphy library, <http://khat.hypermart.net/misc3.htm>
William Rotsler: p. 3, 4, 5, 12, 15, 16, 18, 21, 32, 34
Steve Stiles: p. 6, 24, 30, bcover

Whistlestar #6 is edited and published by Lenny Bailes of 504 Bartlett Street, San Francisco, CA 94110, hurriedly put together for distribution at Corflu Valentine and to general fandom in January of 2002. Almost fourteen years since the last issue, but the next one will be out a little sooner! Available by whim, for LoC, and for trade by editorial arrangement. Apologies for minor layout errors in this. A corrected PDF will be posted on the Web for other interested parties. Sing a merry madrigal, and carry a harmonica!

WHISTLESTAR #6

