

And I Awoke and Found Me Here on the Collation Rack

This is the second issue of the WisCon 20 Daily Newszine, issuing from the messy but still rockin' publications room, where editors Andy Hooper and Jae Leslie Adams brave the deadly mimeo rays to bring you the delightful antics of Jophan's smarter sister, Jane. Our Art Director, Stu Shiffman, will be joining us presently, I feel it. Contributors to this issue include Jae and Andy, numerous but anonymous convention staff, Tom Becker, Tracy Benton, David Bratman, Trina Robbins, "Liz, Laura and Beth," Greg Rihn, Andy Hilgartner and Geri Sullivan. Art by Ian Gunn, Bill Rotsler and Georgie Schnobrich. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #259. D: "You must be herself." U: "I am."

WISCON SELLS OUT

Newszines like to publish lists of attending members, banquet tickets sold, and sundry other things we can't make very interesting at WisCon 20. There's no masquerade results to report, no art show awards to publicize, and since membership was set at a maximum of 800 attending members, there's no anticipation to publishing the usual statistics. Which are really quite meaningless in any event; a convention's success is seldom measured by the absolute number of people in attendance, but rather, by what sort of fans are included in the count. We think we have a pretty high-class group of fans here, no matter how many they are.

The one drawback to setting a sensible cap on attendance as we have is that we have had to turn away a few disappointed people from registering for the convention. If you have friends that have fallen into this category, we apologize, and hope that we will be able to make it up for them at future conventions. We hope the quality of the experience we've been able to offer as a result of this policy will make up for the

**HEY ! Looking for all the
breaking news on schedule
changes and program events?
Turn to Pages seven and eight
for news about what's
happening today and tonight!**

The Opening Ceremonies that Wrote Themselves

by Tracy Benton

When approaching this year's opening ceremonies, I knew, without a doubt, that the play this year should be *about WisCon*. Normally our plays are somehow related to the convention, perhaps even set at the convention, but seldom are they actually *about* the convention. This year, however, would be WisCon 20. We needed, in my opinion, to blow our own horns a little.

Now, this is a convention in Wisconsin, and midwesterners, as a general rule, are brought up humble. Too darn humble, sometimes. We're not bred and raised to stand up and say, "What we do is great! We've accomplished something important here!" Those of us who manage to overcome this are still looked at by the others as being too big for our britches. So I knew that I couldn't write anything that sang glory, hallelujah. Besides... it would be pretty darn boring, although it might be the requisite length (translation: "short").

So we began to think about how to bring across all the different bits and pieces that go into a Wiscon, and tried to rack our brains about what would bring across the requisite mood (translation: "funny"). And it occurred to us that really, nothing is quite as funny as a bunch of fans.

Think about it! Fans are funny! Not necessarily when they're trying to be—in fact, that's when they're usually the least funny—but if you just step back a ways and think about some of the people you know, you'll come to the same conclusion. Fans at their most serious can be the funniest people anywhere.

And so we came to the conclusion that we needed to look no farther than WisCon's meeting minutes for a Tut's tomb full of material. We didn't have to make very much up at all. Remember the section in the play about how we choose guests of honor? You know, paragraph of 100 words or less, can't vote unless you've been to three meetings in the last year, et cetera, et cetera—that's *true*. That's the way we do it, Australian ballot and all (when there's a handy computer programmer around to crunch the numbers). As one old Wiscon hand said after seeing the show, "I was *at* that meeting! That's just the way it was!"

(Continued on Page Three)

HoffWomen of the Decades by Geri Sullivan

As far as fandom was concerned, Lee Hoffman was "one of the guys" from the very first issue of *Quandry*, published just 44 days after LeeH first saw a fanzine.

Of course, LeeH wasn't one of the guys. The secret was revealed at Nolacon, the 1951 WorldCon. The shockwave spread through fandom: Lee Hoffman was a Girl! Bob Tucker claims he dropped his towel.

Lee hadn't hidden her sex. In fact, she exchanged wire recordings with other fans; at least one listener assumed Lee was young, that his voice hadn't changed yet. Assumptions.

Fannish accounts, written by men, attribute little change in the nature of LeeH's fanac before and after the great revelation. Well, Harry Warner, Jr. wrote, "for some reason, the number of fans visiting Savannah underwent a noticeable increase after the Nolacon." But LeeH was at the heart of the newly-emerging Sixth Fandom, introducing such fannish icons as the Fort Mudge Steam Calliope Company and "Who Sawed Courtney's Boat?"

LeeH's fanac came in bursts, competing with and sometimes losing out to a multitude of other interests: horses, creating folk music fandom, writing westerns, etc. Just last year she began exploring the joys of model railroading (HO gauge). But two LeeHallmarks survived and flourished through the decades.

The longest-lived is *Science Fiction Five Yearly*, published in 1951 and every five years since. *SFFY* #10 is due out this November.

Joyce Worley Katz became known as "the Lee Hoffman of the '70s," starting another LeeH-inspired tradition. "I believe it was flattery," Joyce writes, "but it was based on my being so active in all forms of

fanac, especially fannishly. And perhaps inspired because of my well-known admiration and respect for LeeH, who is truly my mentor in fandom.

"I have always admired, and wished I could emulate, the way she gained acceptance NOT because she was a female, but for her fanac. More than anyone else, she made it on her own, using her own talents, without being given any kind of break for being a woman. And of course, I adored her light hand and quick wit; she showed me, more than anyone else, something in fandom that I wanted to be part of."

The torch passed to Jeanne Gommoll, "the Lee Hoffman of the '80s." While Jeanne embraced feminism the most actively of all the "Lee Hoffmans," I feel each of us represents strength of character and pride (or at least acceptance) of ourselves as women — in and out of fandom.

I say "each of us" because with the arrival of the '90s, the title passed to me. I'm embarrassed to confess that I don't remember who used it first, 'though Arnie Katz was quick to pick it up and play with it, as is his wont. In 1987, upon reading my first fanzine arti-

cle, Walt Willis assumed I was a man. When I sent him a Valentine a year later, it was the first he'd received since Lee's some 38 years earlier. There were certain parallels.

Being "the Lee Hoffman of the '90s" is quite an honor. Lee and I have been corresponding since 1990, when she, Jeff Schalles, and I started work on *SFFY* #9. I admire her detail orientation and directness. She states her mind, freely sharing her opinions. I admire the way she embraces "the new" in technology and other interests. And I admire her acceptance of her own shortcomings as I struggle with my own. LeeH also shares anecdotes and fannish memorabilia freely; let me tell you about the New Lost City Ramblers Appreciators....

And yet the honor carries a price. I can't help but wonder about fandom's willingness to accept women as full participants. It's made a place for strong femmefans through the decades, but is our role limited to hostess, nurturer, mother, queen, harpy, or shrew?

I asked Joyce, who said "I think fandom has been chauvinistic toward the femmefans in that it is always eager to give a helping hand to the little women, to pardon their slips showing, to laugh at their jokes a little too quickly. Some of the finest fans are the most guilty; in their eagerness to be kind, they overlook flaws they'd never overlook in a male neo. They send quick contributions to femme zines....[though often it is second-rate material; perhaps indicating some kind of doubt the woman will ever (1) get it out, and (2) produce a memorable zine.] But, I hasten to add: fandom is more fair to its women than any other arena I've played in. If there is a little pro-femme bias, it is much preferable to the anti-femme bias you'd find in other hobby groups.

"Fandom has been unwilling to

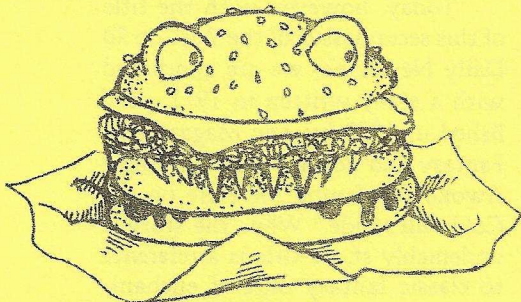


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accept us as just run of the mill schmoes with mediocre talents and habits. Fandom insists we be more...all those roles you list. But I think it wants us to be more: unfailingly kind, gentle, and always correct.

"But I can never feel any bitterness toward fandom, that it expected me to be G*R*E*A*T*E*R than the sum of my parts. Fandom has always offered me a measure of equality not found elsewhere, and by those unreasonable expectations, inspired me to try harder. Fandom is a fertile field that allows everyone to grow as they will. And if the fertilizer gets deep around our feminine feet now and then, no matter: it probably ends by improving our blossoms."

Did I mention the original Lee Hoffman likes gardening, too?



(Opening Ceremonies, continued from page one)

So we strung it all together, merging together some fan personalities and vastly shortening the discussions (yes, vastly. You don't think we voted to move to Memorial Day weekend in less than six hours, did you?) and hurriedly changing names to protect ourselves from lawsuits. And at the end, I looked it over and said to myself, *what if they don't get it?* This was, after all, a giant string of in-jokes! Would there just be a small core of people who would find this amusing?

But my worries were obviously unfounded. I heard you all laughing. If you don't know us, you know people just like us. Isn't that scary?

**Live from Madison, it's --
WisCon Opening
Ceremonies!
By Greg Rihn**

That line, or something similar has opened nearly all of twenty Wiscons. Like other Midwest SF cons, WisCon has a tradition of opening ceremonies sketches, blackouts and plays of varying degrees of artistic success, but which have always helped to set a joyous tone in getting the weekend underway. I have been fortunate in helping out with many, if not all, of these projects, and hence have been asked for a few reminiscences. I hope I will be forgiven if precise dates and names escape me, but theater has ever been the most ephemeral of art forms.

The first opening play I recall I was not in, but I watched from the audience. It was an ambitious, fully-scripted project, with purpose-made costumes and props. It was, I recall, a morality tale, the crowning moment of which was the transformation of the villain (played most memorably by Phil Kaveny) into a human turkey sandwich. Most who were there remember that. However, I also recall the performance given by a very small, sweet voiced woman, who wore a lab coat festooned with odd objects -- a scissors, a natural sponge, others. When asked what they were for, the answer, given with beautiful timing and paced-out logic, was "Ballast."

Like any ongoing series, WisCon curtain-raisers had ups and downs. In the year of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, we came to the eve of the con with no one having the time or energy to produce a script, let alone an entire production. Feeling moved by the fannish dogma that anything done at least twice was traditional, the committee decided to improvise, which led to a rather memorable little sketch with myself and Richard Russell as

military and government representatives, respectively, sitting in the "Devil's Tower Café" and bemoaning the fact that absolutely nothing was happening as Amazon swordwomen (Jan Bogstad) Supermen (Rick White) and antennae aliens (Jeanne Gomoll) cavorted around them.

Topicality has often been a hall mark of WisCon productions. There was the year of D&D, in which dungeon explorers rescued Joan Vinge ("a woman in dis dress") from durance vile, and were awed by the oratorical prowess of Octavia Butler, who would not appear on stage, but nevertheless made herself heard in the hall delivering her lines from the wings. (The whole thing was introduced, incongruously enough, by Jim Frenkel, performing the ballad of the "Frozen Logger.")

There was the year of *Dune*, another piece that launched a thousand parodies, in which, I must modestly say, my crawling entrance and best Foster Brooks imitation as "Drunken Idaho" quite stole the show from Andy Hooper's "Paul (Zippy the Pinhead) Mua'dib." There was WisCon five, wherein guest of honor Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's best-known character was featured in "St. Germain, Again," and I had the honor of being coached by the author herself on such points as "The Count never, ever runs." And remember when *Saturday Night Live* was actually good, and something people talked about during the week? Well, that was when we stole the "live, from Madison, it's _____" line in a series of blackouts, including wacky ads, Vampire news, and usually culminating in a Chevy-Chase-style stage dive by the indestructible Don Helley.

But one of the best things about WisCon openings has been the flashes of brilliant self parody, the ability to send up even those supposedly holy and sercon icons. Vividly I remember Phil Kaveny as "Gonad the Barbarian" engaged in Herculean

**About the Title:
By Andy Hooper**

Fruitless though it may be to try, most readers find it difficult to resist trying to take an author's motives or meaning by stealth, trying to divine much from the trail of their life behind them. But Alice Sheldon, who was James Tiptree Jr., resists such efforts even more than most. In some ways, she is our genre's B. Traven, the enigmatic German author of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, whose identity remained a mystery for decades. But she went beyond even Traven in a significant way; while the latter fled political imprisonment in his youth to start a new life in Mexico, Alice Sheldon continued to live her life, and trusted that her work would be sufficient camouflage to save her secret from discovery.

We cannot say she failed in this: Tiptree "survived" for ten years, before a combination of postal evidence and reader curiosity led to her "exposure." The revelation does not seem to have affected her in any significant way when compared to the serious damages her health would suffer at roughly the same time, which leaves a mistaken impression that her unique and uncompromising voice was somehow weakened by the discovery of her pseudonym. In reality, it gave much greater discomfort to some critics who had scoffed at the possibility she might be a woman for several years before proof was offered.

Alice Sheldon had already lived a life more than exotic enough for fiction long before she ever wrote a word of science fiction. Her family are often referred to with the potentially abstract term "explorers": While Alice was born in Chicago, she grew up in a series of expeditions through Africa and Asia. In college, she showed a variety of talents, and

pursued a successful career as a graphic artist and painter until the outbreak of World War II, when she was hired by Air Force intelligence to draw maps and ended up working in aerial photography. During the war, she met Huntington Sheldon, who would become both her husband and her colleague at the CIA, where they both worked in photo intelligence for nearly a decade. In the mid-fifties, Alice Sheldon decided to remake herself, and returned to college to eventually complete a Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology.

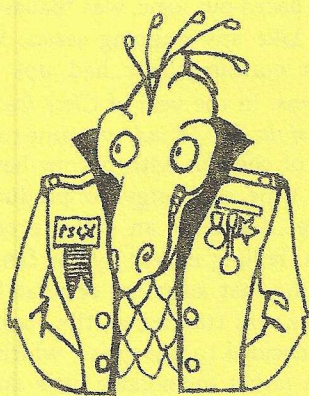
Perhaps the most frustrating thing about Sheldon's career to all would-be writers, is the way it began. Simmering lightly in her own juice during her doctoral exams, she idly tapped out a quartet of stories as a means of working off nervous stress. On such an idle whim, she discovered still another talent inside herself, the one which she would pursue with ever-increasing intensity until her physical decline began. She brought to her work a degree of seasoned experience that few writers have ever had the benefit of, and made every bit of it work for her. In the end, she even chose the way that she brought that work to a close.

From these rudimentary details, it would be easy to think that Tiptree was a pale cipher in comparison to the real woman behind him,

but this was not the case. "Tiptree" was a passionate correspondent, often willing to exchange numerous letters in discussion with the science fiction community regarding the ideas important to it. Through this exchange, as well as the adoption of the semi-apologetic sub-pseudonym Raccoona Sheldon (flaunting her "masks" for the benefit of anyone with the modicum of intelligence required to notice them) in 1974, enough clues were sown that some readers became curious enough to lie in wait for the aging author as she used her post office box. Taking off the mask did nothing to dull Alice Sheldon's power over her readers, and even in her last few years, some of the crackling energy she had once shown sputtered and smoldered in her less demanding works.

Today, however, with the title of this second issue of the WisCon 20 Daily Newszine, we are concerned with a story written in 1971, published in 1972 by *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, "And I Awoke and Found me Here on the Cold Hill's Side." While the story is undeniably sf, its title is a reference to classic fantasy tales of enchantment by a lover out of Faerie, who lures the protagonist into an embrace that leaves him unnaturally aged, and so transfixed by the power of the experience that the rest of his life is nothing more than an effort to recapture that fleeting ecstasy. This archetype is updated to address the issue of contact between humans and sundry aliens in a space-faring future. Tiptree argues that we will inevitably be overwhelmed by any interaction with aliens, that human culture will quickly begin to atrophy in the face of our fascination with that of the aliens.

As usual, Tiptree writes directly into the heart of the area of human endeavor most likely to bring this point home, which is our sexuality. She shows humans desperately



drawn to sexual contact with a variety of aliens, who generally remain maddeningly aloof and cold to humanity's desire; again, not unlike the elf-queen of legend who chooses a human for a momentary dalliance, unmoved by the traumatic effect this has on her conquest. The rest of the numerous sentient races of the galaxy do not share the same attraction towards the new that humanity does, leaving us looking foolish and ruled by petty perversities, which, the reader generally agrees, we are.

There is a great structural distance between "And I Awoke . . ." and "A Momentary Taste of Being," first in that the former is a mere 9 page short story, almost 80 pages short of "Taste's" immense length. Even so, the short story seems to take a more leisurely pace than the novella, with the almost-distant voice of the narrator reluctant to be drawn into drunken self-pity of the protagonist. There is no sense of immediate and impending crisis, as in 'Taste,' and her decision to set the story in a busy spaceport can have the effect of making the reader wait for the more traditional robe and blaster aspects of conflict in most science fiction. After thousands of pages of training by the usual tropes of the genre, sf readers may have a natural tendency to regard issues revolving around personality, and sexual identity, as being somehow less compelling than technical or tactical concerns; but slowly it dawns on us that this *is* the story, and that our hunger for bug-eyed monsters and high-G acceleration is unlikely to be fed by this particular space opera.

It's a bitter, biting joke of a story; just as the reader sees the tragedy of the protagonist underlined by the revelation of his equally-damaged partner, the narrator draws back away from the whole scene in disgust, and forgets the whole scene in a heartbeat as he strives to get his own glimpse of one of beautiful, dangerous aliens, whose attractions

he is equally powerless to resist. Like so many Tiptree stories, the ending seems to summon equal measures of pathos and black humor, a laugh wrapped in a shudder.

And given the gloomy quality of this second morning of WisCon, that seems quite appropriate. Tomorrow, I'll look at a much gentler piece of fiction, in which the author herself appears to make some chilling observations on what makes humans human.

Forget About Teachers By Jae Leslie Adams

One month in my writing I find myself wondering wistfully how I might discover a teacher who could teach me what I want to know, and in the next month I viciously denounce the incompetence of teachers I have known. Natalie Goldberg in *Writing Down the Bones* would recommend no doubt that I dwell on the good teachers I have clearly not learned enough from--and no doubt there were a few. But my perversity is such that I'd rather dwell on the teachers I had sex with. What went on in bed was staggeringly beside the point. I should have worked at writing that persistently.

Goldberg reminds me to think of my English teachers. No inspirational dynamos occur to me. From the very beginning let's just skim over the two English professors who were my parents. All of English literature is pretty stiff competition for a beginning writer. In reaction I avoided reading any classic authors until well after I got out of college.

Mrs. Lutz in seventh grade was good, but unfortunately she had a baby midway through the year. She gave interesting reading assignments. I was awfully pleased to have officially sanctioned access to the Ginn reading texts my mother had edited, with real readings from Twain and Steffans and whatnot,

instead of Tom-Betty-Susan & Flip-the-dog.

For Mrs. Lutz I quite happily diagrammed sentences. She asked for freely-written journals which was at the time pretty avantgarde educational technique. I attempted a mixed-media book report (with tape recording) on Gilbert & Sullivan, as I had recently read all of W.S. Gilbert out of the university library.

Then she was gone, and Mrs. Tyler took over, a cheerful lumpy disciplinarian, and we spent the rest of the year on programmed learning skill workbooks. They were color coded for different levels of achievement, on the theory that "individualized instruction" would compensate for some of the students having missed out on major content areas in previous years. But there weren't enough texts for the class. So I picked out whatever color was available, at whatever level, as Mrs. Tyler told me to, and whiled away my time filling out endless sheets of correct answers.

Actually I had better teachers of French than I had in English. In eighth grade the chair of the university foreign language department, M. Durette, taught my class French, and I caught up to kids who had been meandering along through the elementary program for five years. Then the high school had the benefit of Mme. Flanagan, an affectionate and energetic lady who recruited a number of students in our backwater college town for a six-week summer lycee in Switzerland.

But I cannot recall eighth grade English at all, except for an essay I wrote for my homeroom teacher in the first six weeks called "What's In A Name". It concerned the social dynamics of learning the names of other students in the homeroom class. That was a lesson in appropriate content that got me into big trouble a couple of years later in Mrs. W's high school composition class. She assigned us to write a paragraph

with a topic sentence. I wrote on the topic of what was wrong with her class and what, in brief, could be done about it. My effort was indignantly rejected. Mrs. W scolded me in front of the class.

What an embarrassment! What a trauma.

Mrs. Fleck tried extra credit readings with me after school, "The Celestial Railroad" of Hawthorne, and Twain. We talked but somehow didn't connect. That one high school semester of American lit with her, and four semesters of French lit in college, are the entirety of my formal training in literature.

My journal was in full swing by then, and thanks to the poetry we read in Fleck's class I adopted the style of e e cummings. Learned quite a bit about the uses and effects of capitalization and punctuation from that.

Then Virginia was a young and dynamic high school teacher, but much more interested in coaching the boys in debate. I couldn't get into Bill's class, where he held my friend Alice enthralled. I had an odd point of view of old Bill because I knew his wife, soon to be ex, from the women's consciousness raising group at the U.

When my family moved to San Diego, I dropped out of the high school scene--no wonder!-- and into the free school, and the nonexistent and invisible community of scholars. There I sat in on a college writing class with ***Jerry Farber***. He was the last writing teacher I was to have for twenty years.

I was nuts about ***Jerry***, a gangly balding brown Comp Lit professor with eyeglasses. Every time I wrote his name I put those stars around it, even though I knew it was silly, and had a pretty good understanding of why I felt the way I did. I attempted to write what I thought was a play (it wasn't) and what I imagined was a radio

interview (it was a fantasy of the future). He read poetry with us, showed us Greek dancing, took us outside the classroom to meet, taught us to do timed writings and those "exquisite corpse" exercises where each person writes a line and passes the work on to the next writer. Our semester project was a surrealist collaborative work.

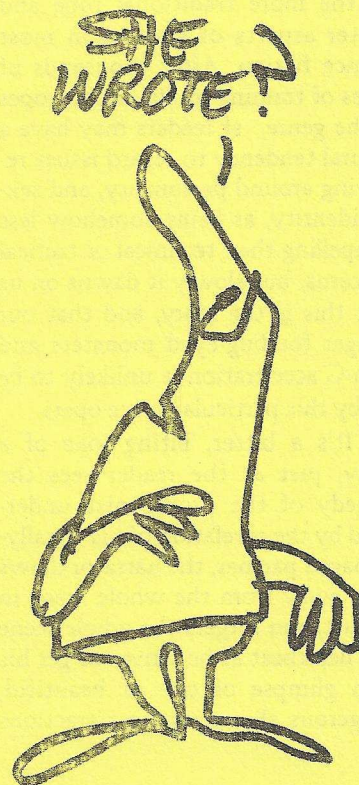
Most of what I know about ***Jerry*** is really through his writing. Before we went to San Diego, he was known to me as the author of *The Student As Nigger*, a collection of essays featuring a radical critique of the educational system. His next collection of more general essays was *The University of Tomorrowland*. Although I don't go in for autographs I have a personally inscribed copy of his *Field Guide to the Aesthetic Experience*.

That semester's journal was an easy assignment. I just stapled together pages from my looseleaf notebook, and hoped I hadn't been too indiscreet. Now of course all I find there are the painfully reserved natterings of adolescent inhibition. I was off to Wisconsin for college when my mother picked up the journal from him. She asked to read it too before she mailed it on to me, and I said sure, reckless as I still am (publish and be damned!) and flattered as well that anyone would take an interest. She was interested, but Jerry's note on the sheaf of pencilled papers was warm: he had been pleased to find himself in there as a character.

My mother Elsie took his Proust class, and for years kept loosely in touch, as they served on faculty committees together and my little brother went to college there. The last time I visited ***Jerry*** in his office, he recounted how he'd heard the news of what I was doing. As always he was one who could cut through layers of propriety and

defensiveness, so that I felt immediately genuine in his presence--and embarrassed both of us by bursting into tears then and crying on his shoulder. He seemed to understand so much, so easily, and I've always felt starved for that.

So there he is, tucked away in memory, forgotten, the Good Teacher I've never had enough of, left behind in San Diego whence I fled, half the continent being a necessary buffer between the queenly territories of my mother and me. I could send him a copy of my book--if I had one. Briefly I imagine I could write one for him. I could review what he did teach me in that short time, that semester. The teacher in me really does know a lot more about writing than I've been able to put into practice. I could rediscover that time, so dark and light, through the lens of him in me: that one who takes an interest, and knows my language, and walks the walk of the LitCrit department knowing it's only a division of the Ministry of Silly Walks. I could write him a letter but there's really nothing to say.



(Live from Wiscon! *con't from page 3*)
leopardskin and critiquing feminist theory in his best philosophical style to the waiting ears of his faithful companion, Oarlock (Richard Russell thinks that everyone remembers Phil, and has forgotten the euphoniously-named Oarlock. He is wrong.) – only to slink from the stage under a “withering” barrage of feminine hectoring.

And what summed it up better than “The All State Street Restaur-literateria” where literary criticism, food fadism, and political correctness were all ruthlessly made light of – and this was when “PC” was still an insider’s joke and not a conservative’s curseword?

Whether elaborately costumed and set, or pared down to the austerity of a “Fannish Home Companion,” whether played on the shoebox stage of the Wisconsin Center or the spacious ballrooms of the Concourse Hotel, WisCon openings will always be remembered by me as some of the best of our wit and creativity. Oh, and I’ll have another order of the tabouli and Tiptree, thank you.

**GOT NEWS IF YOU WANT IT!
(NOTES ON TODAY’S EVENTS)**

ALL CONVENTION registrants should periodically check the WisCon Official Notices Board (next to the reg. desk) and the personal messages on the Voodoo Board (a little farther along the same wall). Don’t miss your messages!

Also, WisCon attendees are invited to add a pin showing their home town on the big maps outside the dealer’s room.

NEWS FLASH — PICKPOCKETS! A fan reports that her wallet was stolen in the Walgreens on State St. After talking with some of the skate punks and street people nearby, she was warned that there are *well-known pickpockets* operating routinely on State. Beware!

Autograph Sessions

The following authors have committed to singing their work on Sunday in Capitol Room A. Other writers interested in signing should come to the Green Room (623) to setup a time.

11 AM: Roland Green

PC Hodgell

12 PM: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

M. J. Engh

Rachel Pollack

1 PM: Kathleen Ferch

Nancy Springer

2 PM: Suzette Haden Elgin

Sandy Zettel

OUR FRIEND KAREN Axness, founding mother of WisCon and the popular Writers you may not have heard of program (#226), sends these suggestions for books to pick up in anticipation of the panel:
Archangel, Sharon Shinn
The Jigsaw Woman, Kim Antieau
Looking for the Mahdi, N. Lee Wood
Wolf-Woman, Sherryl Jordan
The Shape-Changer’s Wife, Sharon Shinn

QUICK, WHO WAS THE

first costumed action heroine in comics? If you guessed Wonder Woman, you’re wrong! You need to Go to Trina Robbins’ slide show and presentation “The History of Superheroines” (program # 61, 4:00 PM in Senate Room B), based on her forthcoming book (this fall!) *The Great Woman Super Heroes*. Find out about the sidekicks, pain in the ass and otherwise, and the great Superheroine Slumber Party of 1948, among other things.

A QUEST FOR HELP:

We need volunteers. We need ‘em bad. If you haven’t put in any hours yet, I’d like to appeal to your community spirit to donate a few hours. I’d like to bribe you with a hat, too. If you have done 6 hours, and you give me four more, we’ll

give you a T-shirt.

Also, those who have volunteered to fill out forms so that your refund can be sent to you. You can get these at the gopher hole.

HEALTH TIP FOR CONGO-ERS: Get at least 5 hours of sleep and 2 meals a day (not vice versa). –Kathi Nash

WE ARE INFORMED that memberships for Bucconeer, the 1998 WorldCon (to be held in Baltimore, MD), are on sale in the showcase.

WWW PEOPLE!

Join Bill Humphries, Wiscon 20’s Web Designer, to talk about design tech and jobs. Meet Sunday at 7 P.M. in the lobby—we’ll go someplace for coffee or dinner.

IN CASE YOU WORRY about these kinds of thing, we are producing this fanzine on a number of PCs, then electro-stencilling laser-printed output, and mimeographing it on the mighty Gestener 4130. We feel almost like Steam Punks

(Keep going, there’s more on the next page!)

Spotting the Wild LeGuin

Many interesting birds fly through Wisconsin; the LeGuin is one of the rarest. We are extremely fortunate to have the opportunity to study this unique bird, which has landed in Madison this weekend. Observers should be cautioned that the LeGuin is a very intelligent and curious bird, and is often found to be quietly observing the humans who are looking for it! Tip: When the LeGuin is not “on display” at the front of a large room, look for it nestled behind some chairs in the back. Its silver crest can blend in with the chrome on the chairs, making it hard to spot, but the characteristic head-bobbing and famous “laughing” call are unmistakable.

-- Tom Becker

What? Another Le Guin Bibliography?

Several people who have seen the flyer in their members' packets for my bibliography of Ursula K. Le Guin's works have asked me, "David, why are you selling copies when it's already in the memory book?"

Well, folks, the version in the program book is only a selection, a small portion of what's in the full bibliography, which is eight times as long and includes, in addition:

British editions of books

Many magazine and anthology appearances of stories in Le Guin collections

Numerous poems, essays, interviews, published letters, etc., that aren't in the memory book version at all

Book reviews by Le Guin (now you can read what she reads!)

If you'd like to look at or purchase a copy of the full bibliography, catch me outside of any Le Guin program items—I should be there—or write me after the con

A NOTE from the participants of Panel #106, "Gender, Power & Sexuality. Senate Room B, 9 PM Saturday

"We want to make the subject of this panel more clear. "Power" is code for S/M – in other words we will be discussing sci-fi sleaze, smut, and sex. Adult content & language.

Thanks – Liz, Laura & Beth"

ANYONE INTERESTED in discussing and exploring SF/Fantasy music? Contact Jeff Berkwits via the Voodoo board and we'll find a time and place!

AUSTRALIA IN '99 WorldCon bid party: Room 619 starting 10 p.m. (right after the Australian SF & fandom panel).

PLEASE ADD Lucy Sussex to panel 191, 7 PM Sunday, as she will be reading with Terry Garey.

JUDITH MERRIL WORKSHOP

A workshop based on the memoirs of Judith Merrill has been scheduled for the spontaneous programming room, Conference 1, Sunday, 10 to 11 a.m. This will allow fans an opportunity to react to what she read at her GoH speech.

PARTY SCHEDULE Version 1.5

Saturday evening

- 619: Australia in '1999
10 PM [Jean Weber & Joyce Scrivener]
- 623: Diversicon
10 PM [Eric Heideman]
- 629: Tor Party
10 PM [Jim Frenkel]
- 634: Chicago in '2000
10 PM [Dina Krause]

Sunday evening

- 607: Minneapolis in 1973
9 PM [Geri Sullivan & Jeff Schalles]
- 611: Fem-sf Party
TBA [Helen Merrick]
- 619: Crank!/Century
TBA [Meg Hamel]
- 623: Vampire Party
TBA [Toni Armstrong & Pam Keesey]
- 629: Boston in 2001
9 PM [Sharon Sbarsky]
- 634: Mad Media
TBA [Jae Adams & Dave Weston]

I STARTED READING the works of Ursula LeGuin some three decades ago, and it does not suffice to say I loved them -- rather, at times I saw myself in them in ways that made me clearer to me. In particular, I saw myself as somewhat like Shevek, in *The Dispossessed*.

I work as a scientist -- a theorist -- I've written an original theory of human behavior. At one point, my closest collaborator,

the linguist Ron Harrington, and I found ourselves stuck in a research project. In some kind of strict derivation, we found we could not get from Point A to Point B. As we sat in his office, in effect beating our heads against the wall, Ron suddenly straightened up, and said, "I want to read you something." Then, off his bookshelf, he took his own copy of *The Dispossessed*, and, unerringly (as it seemed to me) opening it to the page he wanted, he read LeGuin's account of how Shevek had gotten stuck in his own research problem and found himself unable to get from his own Point A to Point B. Shevek hit upon the stratagem of positing that he had ALREADY SUCCEEDED in bridging that gap, and he looked to see what that would mean -- and found that this process actually BRIDGED the gap, allowing him to proceed to the next step.

When he finished reading that passage, Ron and I looked at each other, and then decided to try that trick ourselves.

It worked.

So we used a science fiction novel to solve a real problem in an ongoing research project.

— Andy Hilgartner



LOST AND FOUND ITEMS:

Look in at Registration



Slow Mimeo

This is the third issue of the WisCon 20 Daily Newszine, coming once more from the Publications Room, where Jae Leslie Adams, Andy Hooper, and the disappearing Stu Shiffman languish in caves of methane ice, a thousand miles beneath the fortified palace. Contributors this time include Karen Babich, David Emerson, Terry Garey, Bill Humphries, Richard S. Russell, Kate Schaefer, and F. Olding Munny. Art by Jeanne Gomoll (say, I know her) and Ian Gunn from across the sea.. This Drag Bunt Press Production # 260. Still two more issues to go: Kill us.

Autograph Sessions!
All autograph Sessions are
scheduled for the Capitol
Room B

Sunday 11am

Willy Baird
MJ Engh
Roland Green
PC Hodgell
Gwyneth Jones
Nancy Kress
Ursula Le Guin
Judith Moffett
Alice Nunn

Sunday noon

Maya Kaathryn Bohnhoff
MJ Engh
Elizabeth Moon
Rachel Pollack
Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

Sunday 1pm

Lois McMaster Bujold
Suzy McKee Charnas
Candas Jane Dorsey
Kathleen Massie-Ferch
Trina Robbins
Pamela Sargent
Nancy Springer
Elisabeth Vonarburg

Sunday 2pm

Suzette Haden Elgin
Anne Harris
CJ Mills
David Prill
Sarah Zettel



Tiptree Benefit Auction Raises \$2,100 for Award

By Bill Humphries and Jae Leslie Adams

An auction and a bake sale this evening raised \$2,300 for the James Tiptree, Jr. Award. Ellen Klages fought off a fever in order to serve as auctioneer for the third year in a row.

The bidders were taciturn to start, but turned enthusiastic as rare, exotic, and compelling items were paraded before them. The auction featured items created by WisCon 20 guest and Tiptree Award winner Ursula K. Le Guin. One of her contributions: a limited edition chapbook of her story, *The Unaming*, sold for \$160. Other wonders included a book bag sewn and embroidered by Le Guin and Vonda McIntyre, a vest sewn by Kate Schaefer, and two cases of beer handcrafted by the Founding Mothers of the Tiptree Award: Karen Joy Fowler and Pat Murphy as well as auctioneer Ellen Klages.

People contribute pieces of themselves to the auction and the Tiptree award. A broadside from the conclusion of *A Room of One's Own*, hand-lettered by Jae Leslie Adams meant so much to the artist that she broke down briefly while trying to read it, even though she said "I've read it many times!"

Freddy Baer's work was also very popular, as usual, while the artist was less forthcoming. She still seemed to be smiling, however, as her T-Shirts sold briskly. While the LeGuin chapbook was the most expensive item, bidding was also passionate on bottles of Karen Joy Fowler, Ellen Klages and Pat Murphy's Tiptree-special homebrew, "The Only Neat Thing To Brew." Ellen kept the crowd panting with nearly-demented laughter at such classics as her William-Shatner-inspired rendition of "Row, Row, Row your Boat" clad in a shocking blue leotard and sequinned jacket that observers claimed to make her appear to be a spinning disco ball. A good time was had by all.

ELLEN KLAGES TAKEN ILL

During and immediately after the Tiptree auction Ellen Klages was seized with severe abdominal pain and was rushed to Madison Meriter hospital. A phone call from Steve Swartz indicated that she was being examined with ultra-sound, and may have to undergo surgery. We will endeavor to keep everyone informed as to her condition as we find out more.

ALWAYS COMING HOME

On Sunday night at 9 in the Capitol room an ensemble of some of fandom's finest readers, singers and dancers will gather together to perform Ursula K. LeGuin's *Always Coming Home*. The novel is set in the far future, long after the the

(likely) nuclear holocaust has destroyed civilization, to be replaced by a peaceful egalitarian society, known as the Kesh. The main narrative, *Stone Telling*, forms the bulk of the performance, and will be read by nine women. A second narrative, *A Hole in the Air* will be read by three men, and we will have three songs, dancing and chanting to round out the evenings entertainment.

The participants have all been influenced by Ursula's fiction, and offer this production of *Always Coming Home* as a gift for ourselves, you our audience, and most of all to Ursula herself

— Don Helley



Wiscon 20, May 25th, later

Additional showings
of the film of Ursula LeGuin's *The Lathe of Heaven* have been arranged. These will be in the Caucus Room at 10 PM Sunday, and 11:30 AM Monday.

SPONTANEOUS PROGRAMMING

"Spontaneous programming" is located in Conference I, just to the left of registration.

This is where you come in. Create the program item you want to see, the one that you feel is missing from our already over-booked schedule, or see who else missed the panel you couldn't get to. Here are some great ideas other folks have already come up with:

Saturday, 6-7 PM

Magic Tournament, bring your own cards. See ya there!

Sun, Noon - 1 PM

Babylon 5 Discussion Group in Conference I.

Sun, 4-5 PM

Audio Books: Reading and Writing and Recording SF for. Delia White, Steve Gordon, Michael Hanson, Carol Cowan, Lois McMaster Bujold.

Sun, 7-8 PM

Web Heads Go To Dinner: Share Tech and Job Leads. (Meet Bill Humphries in lobby)

Mon, 10-11 AM

Where Are We? I missed too many episodes of Babylon 5. (The note doesn't say anything about points for better ideas than the scriptwriters had.)

There are also a couple "Chick Chat" interviews scheduled during the available times. Remember: The Spontaneous Programming Room is where you can continue the discussion begun in a panel, create your own panel, or see who else is interested in the author you're obsessing about this week. Hope to see you there!

CURIOUS EXPEDITIONARY ALLIANCES

This is a fancy term for "dinner parties." Get together with folks to go out for a bite to eat and gab for a while

in wholesome surroundings. Print in a neat, tiny hand with details about meeting place, topic, your name, and a short blurb. Then scare up a glue stick and post it in the appropriate slot.

Sign up panel and forms are outside Conference I.

Late Breaking News From
the spontaneous programming department: "Silent SF films of 1995", Sunday at 8 PM in Conference Room 1. Bill Hoffman vs. Andy Hooper acting out titles of the SF & Fantasy films of 1995. Mike DuCharme vs. the Audience in guessing them. Richard Russell serves as ringmaster.

Judith Merrill Workshop

A workshop based on the memoirs of Judith Merrill has been scheduled for the spontaneous programming room, Conference 1, Sunday, 10 to 11 a.m. This will allow fans an opportunity to react to what she read at her GoH speech.

DRUM JAM!

A workshop/jam was led by Chris Goodwin and Don Helley — 35 people participated, including GoH Ursula LeGuin and Suzy McKee Charnas — and a raucous noise was made unto the heavens. Any discomfort this may have caused to Heaven's neighbors (i.e., the film program) is sincerely regretted. But we had a jam!

The Center-Pin of the Whirling Dynamo of Fandom

The Tor books party seemed almost too wonderful to endure; no matter which way one turned there was another remarkable woman writer, most often in delighted little circles, some just grinning and watching the room. It was entertaining watching for new visitors as well, trying to guess what country they might have come from. Kudos to the folks at Tor for stocking a good party.

Isn't that a great con suite?
Really, a nice job all around,
no broccoli stems at all

A Reminder

The Reception for the James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award Ceremony will be held in the Wisconsin and Capitol rooms from four to five PM. At five PM the doors will be opened to admit non-ticket-holding members to the room for the Award Ceremony.

We Badly Need Material

Look at me vamping here, trying to fill up the page! We need more notes and would especially love to hear from members who attended any of the following programs:

#65, How to Be a Pagan Martha Stewart

#28, The Plague Panel

#73, What does it take to be a Bad Girl anymore?

About the title:

"Love — " Mortal grief fought the invading transcendence. Ahead of him the girl faded slowly into the glimmering veils, still following her last earthly desire. He saw that humanity, all that he had loved of the glorious Earth, was disappearing forever from reality. Why had it awakened, only to be lost? Spectral voices were near him, but he did not want specters. an agonizing lament for human life welled up in him, a last pang that he would carry with him through eternity. But its urgency fell away. Life incorporeal, immortal, was on him now; it had him as it had her. His flesh, his body, was beginning to attenuate, to dematerialize out into the great current of sentience that flowed on its mysterious purposes among the stars.

Still the essence of his earthly self moved slowly after hers into the closing mists of infinity, carrying upon the River a configuration that had been a man striving forever after a loved dark girl, who followed a ghostly white milch deer.

— James Tiptree Jr, "Slow Music"

The Boycott

By Kate Scheafer

There's nothing like indignation to get people moving.

At MidAmericon, the 1976 World Science Fiction Convention in Kansas City, there were two panels related to feminism. One of the panels was a serious and constructive panel on women in SF, moderated by Susan Wood. The other essentially made fun of the first. Sex in Science Fiction, it was called; Women in SF: Are they Necessary? Men in SF: Who Needs Them? I didn't attend either of them, because I was working at the convention and because my circle of friends believed that no trufen attends panels, but I did attend room parties after those panels. The conversations in the parties were about how the second panel again reduced women from actors to acted-upon, from people with many aspects to sex objects with only one. The women (and men) who had attended those panels were by ghod going to do something about it. One of the things that those people did about it was start WisCon., which is why we're here today. Another thing they did was start A Women's Apa, which was and is an energetic and energizing venue for discussion of our issues. I haven't been a member of the apa for many years, but it's still going strong. Over the years it has spun off a number of apas from the waitlist, including Spinoff and BWA. A third thing those people did was vow that worldcon programming was going to be different in the future.

Also at Big MAC, Phoenix won its bid to put on the 1978 worldcon.

There was no feminist programming at Suncon, the 1977 worldcon. I heard that a reprise of Susan Wood's panel was suggested but vetoed because there had already been one panel on women, so it didn't need to be done again. The hotel roof leaked, too.

In the meantime, some states had ratified the Equal Rights Amendment. A lot of states hadn't. The deadline was approaching. The National Organization for Women

declared a boycott of states in which the ERA had not been ratified, of which Arizona was one. Fans discussed moving the convention, never very seriously. Where would it go? How could it move, this late in the day? The Iguanacon II committee couldn't run a convention out of state (SunCon had demonstrated the folly of long-distance commuting for concons). They weren't going to step aside and hand it to some other committee in some other city which would then have to line up facilities for 7000 with an awfully short lead time. Besides, Phoenix won the bid before the boycott was declared.

Then the guest of honor, Harlan Ellison, said he was considering withdrawing to honor the boycott.

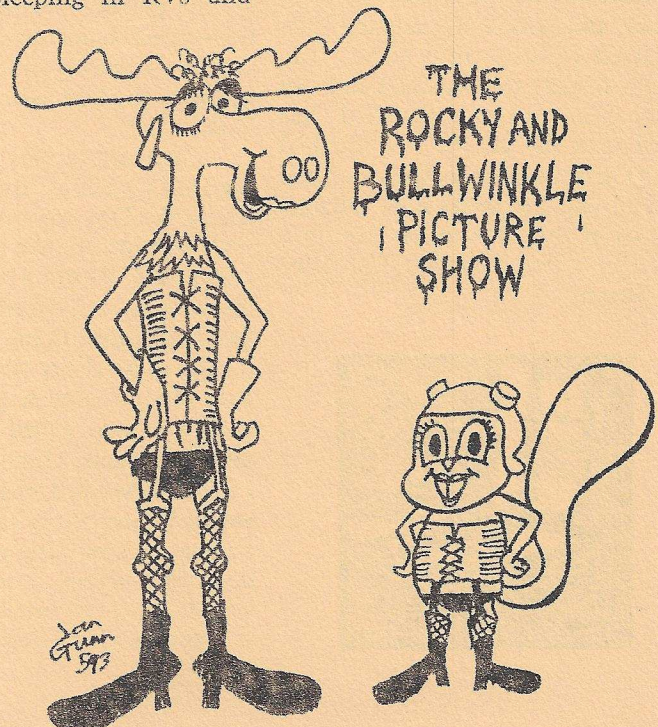
I was not privy to internal committee discussions at that point, but I imagine there was a fair bit of panic. What would they do? Ellison offered to procure an appropriate replacement; the concomm thought if he withdrew they'd prefer to select their own next-choice honoree. Ellison called NOW and asked them what they'd prefer he do under the circs, and they suggested that he attend (which made the concomm breathe several sighs of relief) but not spend any money in the state.

Now, had the entire membership of Iguanacon II attended the way Ellison did, sleeping in RVs and

eating groceries from California, we would undoubtedly have been thrown out of the state. The rest of the membership stayed in hotels and ate at restaurants. The local paper ran a good-sized article about how a suite at the Adams Hotel lay empty while Harlan Ellison slept in a hot, stuffy RV parked outside. As I recall, the article included one or two substantive paragraphs about the ERA.

But that third consequence of the discussions at the room parties at Big MAC, the change in future worldcon programming, that took hold at Iguanacon II. Margaret Hildebrand set up a room for women, A Room of Our Own, for informal discussion and small panels. Patrick Hayden (now Nielsen Hayden) kept gender issues in mind as he set up programming; the discourse moved beyond the idea that having women characters would just slow down the action. Again, I was working at the convention and didn't actually attend any of the programming, so I'm not the best witness of history.

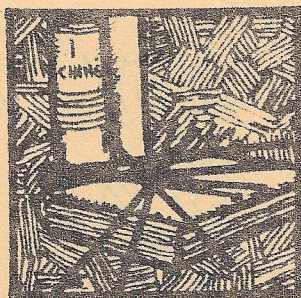
As we all know, Arizona ratified the ERA soon thereafter, followed by Illinois and the other holdouts. We now live in a world of complete gender equality. Wiscon continues to be the only feminist SF convention because feminism has become an antiquarian issue, of interest only to specialists.



Thoughts Following the
Susan Wood Panel
by David Emerson

Those of us at the "Susan Wood: Who Was She" panel Saturday afternoon shared so many memories of Susan, both joyful and painful, that it seemed at times more like a long-delayed wake. John Berry told about her passing out daffodils to the North American fans touring Australia in 1975. Jane Hawkins described how Susan transformed fandom into a place where Jane could feel at home being both a woman and a fan. Denys Howard appreciated Susan's passion about subjects ranging from communism to sexual politics. John and I compared incidents of Susan standing nude on a hotel-pool diving board late at night proclaiming "I'm a respectable college professor attending a serious academic conference!" We all bemoaned the demons that drove her to alcoholism and deep depression, and ultimately to her death.

Afterwards I was telling Jeanne Gomoll about the panel, and she said that when she was inviting all the previous guests of honor to WisCon 20 that she kept thinking that Susan especially should be here, since Susan's panel at the 1976 WorldCon was so instrumental in bring feminism to fandom, and (indirectly) causing WisCon itself to come into being. My thought is that the feminist fannish energy that Susan embodied has passed into the people she touched and the institutions she instigated and inspired, and her spirit now inhabits all of us at this convention. So in a sense she *is* here. Happy 20th WisCon, Susan.



I Dismember Gorthaur
By Richard S. Russell

Dungeons and Dragons wasn't the first role-playing game ever invented, but it was the first to gain wide notice in the mundane world. And it served as an entree to role-playing games (RPGs) for a lot of Madison fans.

For those not familiar with RPGs, each player assumes the role of a character in an imaginary world created by the game's coordinator (who in D&D is called a Dungeon Master or DM). The DM is responsible for playing the roles of various non-player characters (NPCs) and for creating scenarios and natural events; in effect, the DM assumes the role of God.

There are various styles for playing D&D, such as "tricks and traps", where the DM tries various fiendish ways to wipe out the party of adventurers, and "Monty Haul", where the objective is to make off with as much loot as possible. In our circle -- which tended to be about 10-20 years older than the typical teenage players -- we used a variant called "Emersonian", after Emerson Mitchell, the math PhD who worked out a lot of what would be real-world consequences of having to carry such-and-such a burden, run across a room, swing a sword, etc. And, under the influence of thespians like Greg Rihn and Don

Helley, we tended to actually *act* the roles of our characters a lot more than other players did.

Those were the days when we ran the "D&D Game of the Month" on the local public-access TV channel (now WYOU Cable 4). We called it "the longest show on TV" -- not the longest *running*, you note, but the longest, since it ran 4-6 hours at a crack. We had a DM bring in a bunch of her or his players and run a game, and we always allowed callers to assume the role of 1 of the characters.

Well, needless to say, any activity that took up so much energy of so many local SF fans would eventually slop over into a WisCon, and so it came to pass that Bill Hoffmann, Carl Marrs, and Julia Richards hatched the plot to run a dungeon specifically created for WisCon. But this was not to be just a typical six-hour game. Oh, no, they wanted to be sure it would last the entire con.

So, in their roles as worldmakers, they created an entire pocket universe -- three stars (red, yellow, and blue), each circled by three planets. The universe was created by an entity named Gorthaur, who was unable to make the transition to the next higher plane of consciousness with the rest of his race. The reason for this was hazy, but the effect was clear -- he ran his little universe like a tyrant.

The party of adventurers had learned -- at the cost of many lives over generations -- that the machine which Gorthaur had used to create their little hellhole could be turned off if they assembled nine components (one on each of the planets) and activated them on the system's tenth world, a small, artificial, cubical black planet equidistant between the stars. This was where Gorthaur himself lived.

So there was already a little Monty Haul going on, and this particular set of DMs cackled with glee at the tricks and traps that they laid for the unwary travellers. (My personal favorites were the monomolecular wires strung across random corridors and the room full of liquid nitrogen.)

Logistics for the game itself were also intriguing. It had to be possible for virtually anyone attending WisCon

to drop in and out at almost any time, so the adventurers carried with them a "portable gate", which allowed characters to beam in and out from their home planets during breaks in the action. And there was always an assistant DM on duty to explain the game to newcomers and fit them out with one of the 50+ characters which had been generated for the game.

And, unbeknownst to all but a few, 1 of the characters was an awestruck devotee of Gorthaur who was biding his time until he could betray the entire party.

The first running of the WisCon dungeon was a complete success. Endless shifts of DMs and ADMs took turns running the game, and many players came and went (except for 1 hardy soul, who basically stayed awake and played the game the whole weekend). By the time the con ran out, the party had in its possession only four of the necessary nine components.

So we packed it all up and did it again the following year. Eventually the adventurers achieved their objective and rejoined the rest of the universe. Perhaps some of them are wandering around WisCon 20.

Back at the WisCon Again By Stu Shiffman

Well, it certainly is a wonderful thing to be back at a WisCon, a source of some of my best conventional memories. I live in Seattle now, with my faithful companion Andi Shechter, and it is pure delight to be attending a sf con that doesn't equate thoughtful programming with having both a Roman and a Klingon track. Even the refugees of the Madison Diaspora are here! And I've seen other Seattle fans here that I haven't spoken to in months.

Tres cool.

Andi and I've been a bit out of sf lately, what with involvement with the 1994 Bouchercon (World Mystery Convention) and the upcoming 1997 Left Coast Crime 7 in Seattle (of which Andi is the chair). And I've been involved with the parallel world of Sherlock Holmes fandom, including the Hounds of the Internet and the



Re: Posters in Hotel Hallways

Puget Sound scion society Sound of the Baskervilles. Drawing a lot of folks in trench coats or deerstalkers. The Sherlockian world is interesting, with its mix of conservative elements with a overlay of men's club atmosphere and the apparent need for a female counterpart to Holmes, Irene Adler as Virgin Mary/Mary Magdalene.

The last few years have been tough for people of progressive views. Just as we thought we were through with the sustained heck of the Reagan/Bush years, the world has gone nuts with the extreme conservative backlash and a blossoming of the suspect staff of Pat Buchanan's campaign, fringe paranoid survivalists and "militia" movements. Things fall apart, the center cannot hold, and McDonald's and Microsoft spend millions and the Media concentrate on the hype and not the real stories of the dangers to our Republic and its democracy. Can we survive this too? Is the potential banning of fertilizer as a terrorist material a threat to our civil liberties? How can Senator D'Amato get up in the morning and shave his face? Why is Camille Paglia?

I can't figure it all out, though as a guy I have this need to perceive the pattern and FIX EVERYTHING! What bothers me is that my more paranoid insights seem to be coming to fruition. Does this mean I should be writing for X-Files and otherwise just relax?



Did you know?

Cats are legally entitled to spousal benefits on the Island of Tonga.

WIS GONES BY by Terry Garey

My voice made it to Wiscon before I did. All us fierce, sf feminist wanted to be there. *A Woman's Apa*, *Janus*, and later *Aurora* fueled our desire to be where the action was.

The problem for me was I lived on the west coast in the late 70's and never had the money to get to wiscon in February. The spirit was willing but the temp agencies were weak.

Somehow (I think it had something to do with Jan Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll) I got the idea of sending a poetry reading to Wiscon. Wiscon said "Sure!"

I enlisted the help of Wendy Rose and Camilla Decarnin and in Wendy's tiny kitchen in Richmond down by the sloughs, we read poems into a cheap tape recorder and got silly. We had a great time.

I packed it off to Wiscon. Apparently the tape got there & some of it was played but there was a glitch or something. I was told that the local SF radio show played it a lot for a while (maybe till the listeners complained?)

Much later after having moved to Minneapolis, I finally made it to a Wiscon, realising my dream. I attend every year my back allows me.

Wiscon is a haven, an education, great fun, scary, wonderful, stimulating and an example of what determination and imagination can accomplish. It makes me feel good, I am always enriched and never have to teach Feminism 101 to anybody

So really, I guess my heart made it to Wiscon before my voice or my body made it and I guess it'll just have to stay

The Various Faces of
Identity
By Tom Becker

One of the first panels at the convention, the identity panel was a great start for the programming. The discussion showed how concepts of identity are deeply intertwined with feminism and speculative fiction. Maya Bohnhoff started with a quote that when you're talking about who you are, it is important to "remember where you are and who you're with." Ian Hagemann talked about how he defines himself by the conscious choices he makes, rather than by what he was born as. Given that identity is the story you tell about yourself, "what's important is if the stories come true... In some sense, the stories I write are the ones I want to come true." Nalo Hopkinson talked about being a Caribbean-Canadian "border person" who has grown up and lives in different cultures. This extends to her writing speculative fiction: "As soon as the genre tag is put on my work, people look at it differently and respond to it differently, and I think that is very interesting." The discussion went on about how identity is a process, not a thing. Changes in identity over time are what make a story interesting. Katherine MacLean pointed out from the audience how people choose their identities based on role models, and how fiction is important because it can provide alternative models that are more flexible and humane. Other comments brought up the importance of defining identity by things that all people can share, rather than by skin color or gender. The theme of identity as an expression of personal choice was contrasted with the reality that many people's choices are profoundly limited. Who we are is a mixture of what we are assumed to be, what we tell ourselves, and what we share with others in a community.

Tape Cheese and Dead Fish to the
back of the drawers

Farewell, My Chocolate
By Karen Babich

The final phase began shortly after 6:30 p.m., Saturday evening. Half the convention had left for dinner. The Stuff was spirited down to Room 634. The hotel staff was called to remove the trash. The Chicago in 2000 party hosts hauled in the first load of supplies, stashed them in the corner, and helped move the double table. An unnamed person moved all of the chairs out of the way and then disappeared before she could be thanked. Hope Kiefer (Mistress of the Con Suite) donated a sharp knife, 250 dessert plates, and a handful of paper napkins. A handful of hard-core bake sale fans waited outside the suite doors. A seemingly endless supply of fudge and baked goods was extracted from dozens of plastic, metal, and paper containers (all right, almost a dozen, but they were really full). The sharp knife flashed, and the plates began to fill. Someone opened the doors, and the ravenous throng crowded into a queue in front of the long table.

The two women behind the table began reciting the litany of the names of the treats: rhubarb tea cake (as seen in *The Bakery Men Don't See*), chocolate chip lime bread, mint chocolate chip cookies, marshmallow fudge, ginger bars, chocolate-frosted shortbread, traditional shortbread, chocolate-frosted peanut butter bars, apricot bars, chocolate crumbly bars (which turned out to be turtle bars), apricot muffins and bran muffins baked just that afternoon, eyeball cookies, melt-in-your-mouth lemon cookies, chocolate nutmeg cookies, banana bread sandwiches, and the incredible sugarless (yet, somehow, somewhat sweet) Swedish pastry—with or without slivered almonds. The amazing *Waking the Moon* cake was admired by all and photographed by those with the proper equipment.

A third woman jumped into the plate-filling frenzy. The plate supply dwindled. Tales were told of trays of brownies taken to parties at Chicon

only to sell out in the elevators. The third woman left, the crisis over. A fourth woman filled a cookie sheet three times with a selection of goodies and later returned with wads of bills twisted between her fingers like a cocktail waitress in a sleazy bar. (Rumors later placed her at the Tiptree auction and other functions on the second floor.) The ice bucket filled with currency: ones, twos, fives, tens, and even twenties.

9:00 p.m. The party hosts returned, plastering the walls with their propaganda and positioning their own supplies in preparation for the takeover. The empty containers were packed for the return trip to storage. The knife was cleaned and sent back to the con suite. The woman with the tray prepared for one last circuit. At the end of the evening, almost two and a half C-notes (in small, unmarked bills) and some crumbs were left.

Director: Julie Humphries. *Cast:* Julie Humphries, Karen Babich, Vicki Rosenzweig, Karen Schaffer. *Grips:* Paula Lewis and John Peacock. *Catering:* Jae Leslie Adams, Tracy Benton, Jeanne Gomoll, Pat Hario, Julie Humphries, Ariel Franklin Hudson, Jim Hudson, Hope Kiefer, Diane Martin, Kathi Nash, Lucy Niehaus, Georgie Schnobrich, Karen Shaffer, plus several people who gave their baked goods to Julie—but not their names.

Epilogue: The empty containers can be procured from The Director (the woman with the short blonde hair) on Sunday: around and about during the day or in the Green Room after 7:00 p.m.

From the Fannish Lexicon:

FEMFAN, FEMME FAN:

A female fan (obsolete). The term, that is; female fans will NEVER be obsolete. (rich brown)

MIMEO:

A mimeograph machine, used for duplicating fanzines. The preferred choice of FooFooists. (rich brown)

WE WHO STOLE THE 'ZINE

APPROVED
BY THE
AMAZON
ACTIVAR
ALLIANCE

OVERHEARD IN ELEVATORS:

"You haven't been here all alone, have you?"

"On disk it's called sex because it's shorter."

"I'm not sure how far the general public participates in scientific revolutions. There's a theory that *thought* gets into the air and worries people."

"We're all ghettoized in our own home."

Saying "You can't be a feminist if you don't agree with me," play into the hands of the power structure. We're already divided and conquered."

"You know what I just remembered? It was Saturday night last night, and I forgot to have sex!"

"You get your own little dial, which you can set from "Jungle Rot Kid on the Nod" to "William S. Burroughs."

"Separatism is Utopia." — Gwyneth Jones

"Men work all their lives and then retire. They don't know what to do. Women have worked at family all their lives. They don't retire."

"A heroine is someone who copes."

"Women are not taught empathy. Men are taught not to feel empathy. Women are taught sentimentality and pleasure-giving." — Judith Merrill

This is the fourth issue of the WisCon 20 daily newszine, staggering out from the Publications Room on Sunday afternoon, as editors Andy Hooper and Jae Leslie Adams struggle to keep their eyes open. Art Director Stu Shiffman is on assignment. Art by Richard Bruning, originally from the WisCon 3 Program. Contributors include Tom Becker, Eric Biever, Martha Bartter. Thanks to Spike, Carrie Root, Don Helley & any other stringers I may have forgotten. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 261.

A KEY TO DECIPHERING ISSUES 2 & 3

I don't know how familiar you are with the process of putting together a daily fanzine at a convention, but it's hard enough to publish a single sheet with inaccurate party times, let alone a full-fledged fanzine with articles and essays and ads for bibliographies. I personally like to worry over a fanzine for several weeks before letting anyone see it. So I should have known that working as quickly as we are, numerous mistakes would find their way into print.

In issue #2, several columns shifted due to seismic activity in the layout software. The word "inconvenience" disappeared from the end of the column "WisCon Sells Out," and the continuation line directing to the end of Greg Rihn's column on page seven disappeared from page three. Yes, it really does read "Hereulean Leopardskin." And David Bratman's address was omitted from his solicitation for the bibliography of Ursula Le Guin's work he has published. David's address is: 1161 Huntingdon Dr., San Jose, CA 95129, and the address is also on a flyer on the freebie table. We're very sorry, David.

In Issue #3, the autograph session schedule was largely correct, but we mistakenly set them in Capitol Room B, when Room A was correct. If you went to the autographs and found a lot of kids playing Magic in the room, that's why.

Also, our claim to have developed a perpetual motion machine using two tubes of mimeo ink and a foam-core spontaneous programming announcement board has proven to be somewhat premature.

If you would like to receive a copy of issue #5, with the guide to the errors in this issue, and you do not intend to stay for the last day of the convention, bring your address to the Publications Room and we'll put you on the list for mailing copies. Allow 2 to 6 weeks for delivery.

ELLEN KLAGES FOUND JAZZED ON MORPHINE

...in her hospital bed, that is. Ellen was admitted for a series of tests after suffering severe abdominal pain during the Tiptree Awards Benefit Auction. She later claimed that she barely felt the pain while she was on stage, but as soon as the auction was over, she collapsed and was taken to a Madison hospital. As of this morning, Ellen's impression was that her condition had not been found to be especially threatening, and that her condition would probably not require surgery after all. A get-well card is circulating around the convention. We are once again quite frankly awed by Ellen's determination and dedication to the Tiptree Award. People have been so impressed with this act of selfless sacrifice that they have almost completely stopped talking about Jeanne Gomoll's near-failure to introduce the Guests of Honor Friday night. But not quite.

PARTY SCHEDULE MODEL 2.0

Room	Host	Time
607:	Minneapolis in 73	9:00 PM
611	Feminist SF party	8:00 PM
619:	Century magazine	9:00 PM
623	Vampire Party	8:00 PM
629	Boston in 2001	9:00 PM
634	Mad Media Con	8:00 PM

PHOTO OPPORTUNITY

Between the Tiptree Reception and the Awards ceremony, all attending past WisCon Guests of Honor will be lured into the Guest of Honor Showcase Room for a group photo by official WisCon Photographer Bill Dyer. You are welcome to bring your camera and snap a shot of the assembled luminaries, too.

While we understand the temptation to take flash photos during the Awards ceremony may be irresistible, but please try to take any additional portraits outside the function space. Thanks!

WORLDCON SALES

The table selling BueCONeer (the 1998 WorldCon in Baltimore, Md.) and LoneStarCon II (the 1997 WorldCon in San Antonio, Texas) memberships has moved from the Showcase room to the area formerly known as WisCon registration. Stop by, buy a membership, and see future WorldCon committee members while they still have the pink glow of health upon their smiling faces.

WOMEN OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS:

Eavesdropping on a voice that sounded like Jeanne Gomoll: "You know, the Australian women are crazy. They remind me of the Madison group in the seventies: they want to do everything right now! I was in the Showcase room when they came in on Friday, and when they found out we had a few old copies of *Janus*, they literally attacked them! They practically collapsed with delight when they saw we had some copies of *The Witch* and *the Chameleon*. I told them I had a few copies of some other titles back at my house, and one woman asked, 'Can I come live with you?' The other amazing thing is that a lot of them have never set eyes on each other before! They had to fly all the way to another continent to meet."

PROGRAM CHANGES

Contrary to the announcement in issue #2, Lucy Sussex will not be joining Terry Garey's reading, in order to appear on panel # 187, "Small Feminist F/SF Press," 7:00 PM Monday. She regrets the inconvenience.

This is the only program change we've received today; we're flatly amazed at the fact that the WisCon with by far the most programming ever seems to have had the fewest cancellations as well.

SHORT TAKES ON PROGRAMMING BY BILL HUMPHRIES

During the "Use and Misuse of Feminism in Cyberpunk" panel, it occurred to several of the participants that the prototypical feminist cyberpunk protagonist of the future could be the tech-writer turned Web designer, and participants realized that they were those protagonists. Nalo Hopkinson suggested a second look at the film "Jumping Jack Flash" because it shows a competent, attractive woman of color who in the course of doing her job (computer security) solves the problem and gets the guy. Given the vagaries of Hollywood, this movie was the exception, not the rule.

Suzy Charnas mentioned a book, *Art of Darkness: a Poetics of Darkness*, at the "Men are from Denmark/Women are from Wonderland" panel. The book described Gothic novels by women as the adventures women have in making sense of their husband's houses, and in turn, making them their own. The canonical example cited was *Jane Eyre*. Men's Gothics concern killing the monster, then the monster coming back and killing the protagonist. The canonical example cited was any Stephen King novel. Greer Gilman said the panel had been inspired by a quote in *The New Yorker* which described women writers as Alices who were the only reasonable creatures (harkening back to Mary Wollstonecraft) making sense of a confusing world.

FIGHTING CENSORSHIP IS A FEMINIST ACTIVITY

After President "Bubba" Clinton signed the telecommunications regula-

ALL THESE ITEMS

are being held in the Lost & Found box behind the registration table on the second floor:

An umbrella; a blue sweater; a navy-blue woolen jacket; a brown *Wired* sweatshirt; a mesh water-bottle holder filled with a very tepid brown liquid; a plaid head band; a blue nylon windbreaker; a pocket program with Margaret McBride's name on it; some embroidery floss, color 5379 (tan); *Foreign Affairs* magazine, Mar/Apr '95; and one or more lost books (Tell us the title and you can claim it or them).

tory reform bill, including the hated Communications Decency Act amendment, I stewed for a couple of days, grumbled, and was generally unpleasant company. At the same time, on the email lists tracking and discussing attempts to censor the net, other people were in a bad mood, and some were blaming feminists for the CDA. So I emailed Avedon Carol, whom I had met once, at the Madison Corflu. I knew she had articulated a solid feminist stance against censorship. I asked if she could send me a short essay I could transform into a page. I loaded <http://www.fullfeed.com/hypatia/censor.html> a week later. I announced the page to the anti-censorship community on the Internet, including those people who wanted to blame feminists for the CDA.

Avedon and I receive many positive comments about the page. Occasionally, we get one from a concerned individual convinced we are pawns of a "vast feminist conspiracy to subvert Capital and the State, which has implanted chips in our rear ends." They may be right about the first part, but no chips. My butt is sore enough from all the time I spend working on-line.



A THANK YOU FROM MARTHA BARTTER

WisCon 20 has been a real joy for me. Not only have most of the people I wanted to see been present and available, but the staff has worked exceptionally effectively. I want particularly to express my appreciation for the technical support they have given me. (Several people at my presentation of "Trashing Disney's *Beauty and the Beast*" claimed that it was the most "multi-media" presentation they had seen. I needed all the help they could provide.) Incidentally, since the journal that initially requested to print this paper has, to all appearances, died from lack of institutional support, I'd be glad to provide copies to anyone who requests one. Address: Division of Language & Literature, Truman State University, Kirksville, MO 63501.

A NOTE FROM VICKI ROSENZWEIG

After 15 years in fandom, I feel like a neo again. I've missed meals because I couldn't bear to miss program items. Lunch is a fine thing, but it can't compete with Ursula Le Guin's reading or a panel on race and racism in sf. If you have the same problem (or is it pleasure?), I recommend Radical Rye for fast take-out and large, tasty sandwiches.

This is what a WorldCon should be. Eight hundred of the right people: not everyone we'd like to see, or who would like to be here, but enough people to produce good conversation until the small hours, and few enough that you can find them. Lots of programming that we actually want to attend, instead of hanging out in the Dealers' Room for lack of anything else to do.

WisCon is participatory. Even the people who aren't officially on programming don't just sit there and watch. We all have things to contribute, and there's room and time for us to say them. That's the difference about WisCon that nobody mentioned, or maybe it's part of being a feminist convention. Le Guin pointed out in her Guest of Honor speech that the only thing worse than nobody talking is nobody listening, which seems all too common in the world outside. At WisCon, people listen, and hear, and then say something interesting back to you. I'd wish for another three days of WisCon, but it's already almost as long as WorldCon, and more intense.

THE LEGION OF USELESS HEROES BY ERIC BIEVER

[The Legion of Useless Heroes, abstracted from a conversation at the Saturday night Tor Books party involving Laurel Winter, Stu Shiffman, Paula Rice Biever, and Erik Biever, inaccurately transcribed by Erik Biever.]

Duet Tape Man—Has trouble moving because his cape sticks to everything.

Dust Bunny Man—You'll find him hiding under the furniture.

Egg Man—Faster than a speeding bullet. Has difficulty stopping.

Hard-Boiled Egg Man—Egg Man's arch-enemy.

Rotten Egg Man—You don't want to meet him.

Scrambled Egg Man—Egg Man's schizophrenic counterpart.

Decaffeinated Man—Too tired to offer much help.

Middle Management Man—Would like to help, but he's just been downsized.

Bureaucracy Man—Will help you soon... just fill out this form.

Tunafish Man—Can't do much, but makes a great casserole.

Daylight Saving Time Man—Only works two days per year.

Uff-Da Man—Only operates in Minnesota and Ballard.

Like, Wow, Man—Uff-Da Man's California counterpart.

Recycling Man—Keeps coming back in different forms.

Fries With That Man—Can't find a decent job.

Redundant Man—Can only perform functions of previously arriving Useless Heroes.

Indecisive Man—Might help you, then again might not; it's hard to say.

LINES FROM HER LADYSHIP BY SUSAN WOOD

(Originally appeared in *Osfic Quarterly* #1, January 1972)

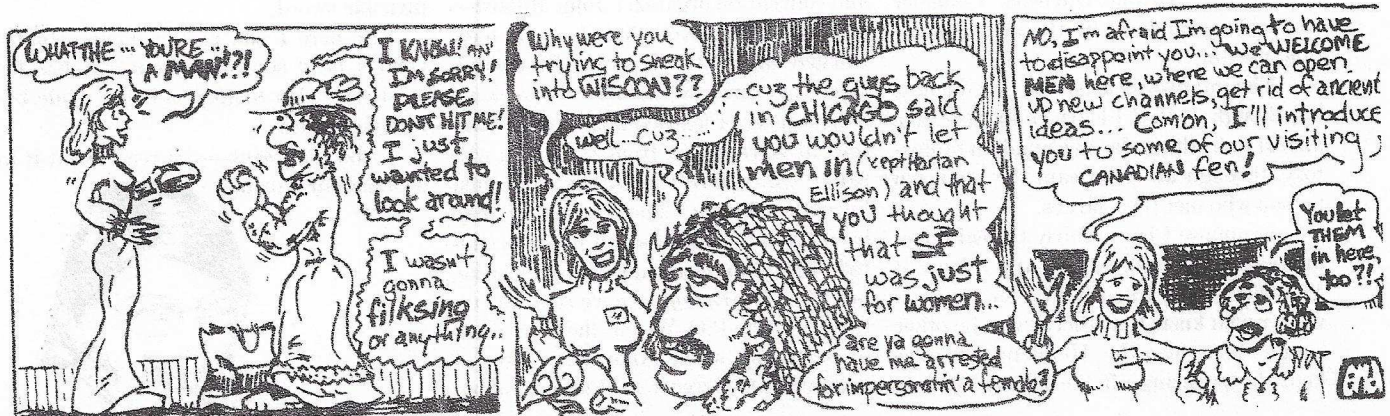
"Yes. Yes, Gordon. Yes, I'll try to write something for *Osfimaggie*. Yes. Probably about how I became Duchess of Canadian Fandom."

"What of Canadian Fandom?" asked Gordon Van Toen. "I thought duchesses were old women."

"If my sweetie can be Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom at 27, I can be a duchess at 24, can't I?"

"Um," said Gord, dubiously. "Just have it in by next week, ok?"

Actually I don't know if there is an age requirement for the job. I don't even know what a D. of C.F. does. Shall I preside at literary tea parties? (In our tiny back bedroom with the mimeo, the snake in his cage and the gerbils in theirs, the paper supply and several thousand fanzines and Marvel comics—ha!) Shall I



stride about at conventions in British tweeds and Canadian furs, being photographed for the society page of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* as a Personality and Arbiter of Fannish Taste! Shall I run frantically about looking for people who've written nasty things about *Energumen*, shouting "off with their heads" a la the Queen of Hearts in Alice? (Now that idea I like. But whatever would become of the Canfannish reputation for decency, moderation and tolerance?)

I may not know what to do with the job; but I do know I'd like to have it. The United States has its Secret Masters of Fandom, wheeling and dealing; why shouldn't Canada, with its British heritage modified by New World democracy, possess an aristocracy of merit, guiding and refining Canfannish life, above mere petty influence peddling, uniting known fannish hearts from Oromocto, N.B., to Burnaby, B.C., with one great bond of loyalty—she said, practicing the pompous verbal magnificence appropriate to the position.

I confess that the idea isn't an original one. I was reading an old fanzine, a mid-'60s one, I think, when I caught a reference to "Norm Clarke and his wife Gina, the Duchess of Canadian Fandom." I thought that the fanzine in question was Terry Carr's *Lighthouse*, but having diligently re-read not only those, but our files of *Quip*, the old *Poolscape*, the brilliant Irish *Hyphen*, even Terry's earlier *Immundo* and similar mimeo masterpieces, I've been unable to find the reference again. I don't know who christened Gina the D. of C.F., or why, or what her role on fandom was, apart from some good writing in the aforementioned *Lighthouse* and some FAPAazines reviewed in it. I confess I haven't contacted her to ask if she minds my usurping her place. On second thought, it would be more tactful to promote her to Grand Duchess. Consider yourself aggrandized by the next generation, ma'am.

The interesting aspect of this duchess bit, though, is that I learned about it, like almost everything else in Canadian fanhistory, through an American, the unknown person who met the Clarkes.

I suppose I had a fairly typical introduction to fandom. Like many others of You Out There, I had been a long-time sf reader who knew that there *must* be other people like me—the Heinlein juveniles kept disappearing off the library shelves.

When I actually made contact with such persons, it was through something called a fanzine—*Hugin and Munin*, published at Carleton University by Richard Labonte, who proceeded to tell me marvelous tales of people who not only read and even wrote sf, but who published more fanzines and held conventions. Most of them were American; some were British and even Australian; and (so rumor whispered) there were even...other Canadian fans! But we had to go to conventions to find them, or read fanzines, or even prozines, all of them (until OS-FiC), American. Mike Glicksohn Discovered Fandom by reading an ad for the Tricon in '66 in *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, which is about as fringe-fannish as you can get. Rosemary Ulyot Discovered Fandom when a girl walked into the bookstore where she worked wearing an "I Grok Mr. Spock" button, from the U.S. fandom of a U.S. TV show. Every so often, someone in Elbow, Sask., or South Dildo, Nfld., Discovers Canadian Fandom in the lettercolumn of the U.S. prozines *Analogue*, *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, or in an envelope from *F&SF* where Andy Porter, New York's undercover would-be Canadian fan mails out TorCon 2 fliers with that magazine's rejection slips. Finally, I Discovered Mike Glicksohn mostly at Boskone in '69. Isn't fandom wonderful?

Even the title "Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom" was bestowed on Mike by David Lewton, an otherwise-obscure Indianapolis fan who gaffiated after this historic achievement.

Gradually I became aware, thanks to U.S. conventions and fans, that Canadian fandom had a past, albeit a somewhat stunted one. I learned of the people who had put on the first TorCon in '48, mainly by reading Harry Warner's fan history and meeting First-Fandomite and convention organizer John Millard—at a Boskone. Not that I could have learned about the TorCon first-hand, since your duchess was born the weekend it took place. I learned about other Canfans at conventions from U.S. fans who said: "Oh, you're Canadians, you must know the Clarkes." The Clarkes? We had been given the address of a Famous Old-time Canadian Fan named Norm Clarke, but when the *Energumen* we sent was returned by the P.O. We got the correct address finally when Mike met Norm at (where else?) NoreasCon. I learned about

the Insurgents, who revived Canadian fandom after the post-TorCon collapse, from U.S. fans such as John Berry and Harry Warner, who wrote us letters casually praising early Canfanzines such as *A Bas* with its famous Derogations—assuming, of course, these were quite familiar to us. Mike replied: "Pardon my ignorance, Harry, but what were the Derogations?" We were told that they were Boyd Raeburn, another famous Canfan, not suffering fools gladly in an extremely witty manner, but we hadn't the foggiest idea who Boyd Raeburn was. Our ignorance led to an embarrassing contretemps at NoreasCon, when "the Canadians"—the '70s version—held a party. Some of their predecessors attended. Rosemary Ulyot, Hugonominated Kumquat May of Canadian Fandom, looked up, saw a home-town name badge, and shrieked: "Boyd Raeburn! I thought you were dead!" He wasn't. We had to wait until John Berry came up from New York to discover the True North before we got to meet him.

The visit was a most pleasant one, involving chatter about the Good old Days of Canadian Fandom. Boyd, "well-known fake gourmet and bon-vivant" (to quote Robert Silverberg, who knows more about early Canadian fans than I do) mentioned visiting the Clarkes. "Why was Gina Clarke called Duchess of Canadian Fandom?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Boyd.

I sighed. "That's too bad, because it sounds like fun, and I'd really like to be one."

"If you want to be a Duchess of Canadian Fandom, then *be* a Duchess of Canadian Fandom."

"Won't Gina mind?"

"I don't suppose so. She and Norm aren't all that active; we're all Old Fans and Tired. There. I name you Duchess of Canadian Fandom." He gestured with an invisible sword.

So here I am, people. Your nobility. (Did I hear someone shout, "A bas les aristos"?) Fan history is being made before your eyes.

And just *think*—you read about it in a Canadian fanzine!



The Last Afternoon

MIMEO

Cheap Duper for the World,
Party Announcement Creator, Copier of Fanzines,
Printshop in Slanshacks and the FAPA's Text Handler
Solid, heavy, churning,
Machine of the Big Inkdrum:

They tell me you are noisy and I believe them, for I have heard your tinnitis in the wee hours rendering collation conversations impossible.

And they tell me your repair is a seller's market and I answer, Yes it is true I have seen the service tech gouge and go free to gouge again.

And they tell me you are messy and my reply is: On the fingers of faneds and neos I have seen the marks of wanton overinking.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my usual method of repro, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another print method with lifted paper bales so proud to be heavy and full and gearing-up-automatically-with-every-tenth-rotation-of-the-crank and feeding-paper-far-more-often-than-not.

Flinging Fibertone lint amid the toil of printing text and art, here is a squat bold pressman set vivid against the little soft copyshops;

Fierce as a trufan with tongue ranging against gaming, cunning as a punster hiding double entendres in LoCs,

Hand-cranked,

Stencil-ripping,

Jogging-automatically,

Offsetting,

Working, breaking down, working again (sort of),

Over the silkscreen, ink flying everywhere, chuckling in evil glee,

Over terrible art rendered on-stencil chuckling as a critic chuckles,

chuckling even as a gangster chuckles who knows he'll always win,

Boasting and chuckling that your soon-to-sprain wrist is the motor, as under his impression rollers appears the living face self-expression,

Chuckling!

Chuckling the solid, heavy, churning chuckles of Fanac, half-crazy, grasping for egoboo, proud to be Cheap Duper for the World, Party Announcement Creator, Copier of Fanzines, Printshop in Slanshacks and the FAPA's Text Handler.

— Mark Manning

MEDICAL BEAT

During the Tiptree Awards, Jeanne Gomoll also gave the audience an update on the condition of the indomitable Ellen Klages. Her condition has been identified as Diverticulitis, a local infection of the lower intestinal tract. The condition does in fact usually require surgery, but it isn't clear if Ellen will have an operation here or go home to Califor-

nia first. In either case, she will remain in Madison for the next three to five days. Get-well wishes can still reach her; try dropping them by the convention office.

In an apparently unrelated incident, hard-working Consuite Suprema Hope Kiefer was taken to the hospital with nasty cut on her finger Sunday evening. No mor-

This is the fifth and final issue of the Wis-Con 20 daily newszine, drifting somnambulistically from the Publications room, where editors Jae Leslie Adams and Andy Hooper are long gone by now. Contributors: Tom Becker, Ian K. Hagemann, Jennifer Lackey, Mark Manning, Carrie Root, Amie, Dina & Sydnie, Jae Adams and Andy Hooper. Art by Ken Fletcher. This is Drag Bunt Press # 262. If you are interested in the fascinating world of fanzines, and would like to find out more about them, why not send your address to Andy at 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, and he'll make sure you get some odd mail. Hey, let's do this again in 2016.

TIPTREE AWARDS CEREMONY UNFORGETTABLE

Karen Joy Fowler and Pat Murphy presided — ably, and under some comic duress — over the fifth James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award ceremony Sunday evening, an event full of affection, energy and honor, which threatened to break down into two to three hours of show tunes throughout. Elizabeth Hand could not be here to accept the 1996 Tiptree Award, for the novel *Waking the Moon*, but sent a vibrant note of acceptance which concluded "Feminism is not a dirty word!"

Happily in attendance Theodore Roszak, whose novel *The Memoirs of Elizabeth Frankenstein* shared the 1996 award, was quite pleased and gracious in his acceptance of the traditional chocolate typewriter, framed certificate, and stunning reproduction of the Tiptree Quilt created from over 18,000 beads by Rose Cain. He expressed the hope that he might remain associated with the award and the community that supports it, which was greeted by warm applause.

Bedlam then broke out in the audience as Ellen Kushner was brought on stage to sing a rousing chorus or three of both "There is Nothing" (Continued on page 2.)

Upon the Virtues of a Good Nap

By Jennifer Lackey

Once upon a time I was a night owl. Now the unfortunate and inescapable necessity of a day job has reformed me, but even so I couldn't resist the allure of the midnight vampire panel. I prepared myself for the night with a power nap (cheating in the sleep-starved culture of cons, but hey, if vampires can sleep through the day, so can I) and arrived bright eyed and bushy-tailed for the discussion.

Proceedings were begun by the dapperly-attired Greg Rihn, who set the mood with a reading from Stoker's classic *Dracula*. Lively discussion followed, ranging from a comparison of panelists Suzy McKee Charnas and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's respective vampires as examples of the two major modern views of the vampire (Predator vs. Reluctant Survivor) to why there aren't more representations of vampire plumbers. Actually, the conversation seemed to keep circling back to vampire plumbers periodically, and many hilarious, witty things, which of course I can't now specifically remember, were spoken by both panelists and audience members.

A really funny exchange about vampirism and co-dependency elicited a joking promise (or was it a threat?) from moderator Nancy Donoval to write a story about a vampire enabler - which, if it ever actually materialized would no doubt be as witty as her comments throughout the discussion.

At one AM, tired panelists called it a night, a good time (to all appearances) being had by all. I capped off the experience by viewing a very strange short film "Because the Dawn", which was visually interesting but verbally paltry. Finally, my enthusiasm waned, and I shuffled off to bed.

Since I spent several hours of the evening considering the creatures of the night, one might expect that my dreams would be full of various horrific beasties. But as I lay in the dark

waiting for sleep, I was haunted instead by the inspiring words of Judith Merril and Ursula LeGuin from earlier in the day. I drifted off, dreaming of Utopias, the lives of women and possibilities

Wiscon Personals:

Time traveling alien seeks unique time-traveling confidante for mysterious and otherworldly adventures. Contact Prince Thun, Lord of Time (608) 256-2001

O Illuminated Ones! I know you exist. If any dare take up the challenge, join our game of Illuminati — New World Order by contacting rev.velveteen@ujackn.com. the slack is out there!

R - I want to know the strangeness of the stranger that is you and your beautiful hands, you are truly stunning. I was at a panel with you, let me give you a clue — your gender can be my sexuality. Check the Voodoo message board!

Tiptree Ceremony — Continued

(From Page One)

Like a Dame," and "I Feel Pretty," with the able assistance of an all-star body of background singers dubbed "The Tips" just for this occasion. The audience had so much fun with this that they were reluctant to allow Karen and Pat to move on to the next item of business. This was the Retro-Tiptree Awards, given in honor of the 20th WisCon and the 5th anniversary of the annual award. Conceived as a way to honor some of the ground breaking works gender-related SF published before the Tiptree committee was formed, the retro-award went to three writers and works whose impact in the field of feminist science fiction is incontrovertible.

Joanna Russ' award for *The Female Man* was announced first. Health limitations prevent Joanna from traveling, but she sent word of her thanks.

Ursula LeGuin was called up to the podium next to accept an award

for her novel *The Left Hand of Darkness*. Ms. LeGuin growled convincingly as she unwrapped the chocolate award certificate, and took a large bite before leaning into the microphone and saying "Thbak Nu."

Suzy McKee Charnas accepted the third Retro-Tiptree for her novels *Motherlines* and *Walk to the End of the World*. Suzy made special note of the collaged award sculpture each of the three received, created by the woman who has become the unofficial artist to the award, Freddie Baer.

Thanks were also offered to the award juries, local organizers Jim Hudson & Bill & Julie Humphries, and finally a standing ovation was offered to WisCon Coordinator Jeanne Gomoll. The audience wanted to force Pat and Karen to sing some more, but Jeanne insisted that they should be applauded for their efforts in starting and sustaining the Tiptrees instead, and with that, the crowd was finally induced to let them to leave the stage.

Later in the evening, as spontaneous and planned parties raged up and down the Concourse, a remarkable circle of women gathered in the hot tub, and continued singing show tunes, torch songs and other standards until a guest staying in a room that fronted on the pool came out and demanded they stop. And even then, they just moved into the steam room. For all I know, they are in there still.

REGRETS

While we have been blessed with an amazing gathering of guests from past and present WisCons, a few of our former guests were unable to join us. Chip Delany is attending his daughter's graduation, while Roberta MacAvoy is dealing with a family illness. Cate McClenahan, who was unable to make her GoH turn at WisCon 3, but did appear at WisCon 5, is expected here for # 22. And Marleen Barr, Flynn Connolly, Colin Greenland, Gilbert Herdt, Jonathan Lethem, Melissa Scott and Sue Thomas were not able to attend for various reasons. Wait till they hear what they missed!

**They're the WisCon Kids
Reported by Carrie Root**

When I first started bringing my two youngsters to WisCon, fourteen years ago, it was often a real challenge to find programming items that would keep them interested. It's not that the WisCon programming staff was anti-child, but there just weren't that many of them in the early years. Randy Jones was around from the beginning, often appearing in opening ceremonies and generally serving as club mascot. And there was Bethany Cox and Giovanna Fregni's girl, plus a sprinkling of kids from out of town. But seldom enough to justify more than a couple of items specifically for kids. I recall some face painting courtesy of Giovanna, and some arts and crafts.

So when I heard that there were a BUNCH of kids up on the sixth floor, and that they seemed to be having a BUNCH of fun, I just had to go up and see what was going on. When I got there, there was a table of kids absorbed in making origami boxes and frogs that really hopped (!), and they didn't look like they wanted to talk to me much. But a little group at the other table kindly consented to interrupt their picture-drawing long enough to give me their impressions of the convention and the kids room.

Melissa had been attending the kid's programming since Friday, and was very enthusiastic. When asked to pick out her favorite activities, she particularly liked when she made a car out of pieces of stuff that were in a box, and face painting, which was something she wouldn't normally get to do at after-school day care. By the way, Melissa is a mystery reader, and particularly recommends two dinosaur mysteries: *On the Right Track*, and *Fair Play*.

Amie was disappointed because she had dozed off Sunday morning and missed the airplane thing (there were dozens of paper airplanes adorning the room - some looking quite airworthy). But she had enjoyed making rocket ships out of found objects.

Malcom had designed quite a rocket ship. It was a two-stage lunar lander, complete with astronauts that could get in and out of the re-entry vehicle. This young engineer also had drawn a space ship that was being threatened by some unidentified space phenomenon, and when I left him, it looked like help was on the way via a wormhole.

I had to leave then, but got promises from the kids that they'd write more for me this afternoon. The following pieces are from them:

♦♦♦

Sydney, age 6:

I liked the origami making and I liked making rocket ships out of recycled stuff. I like going to the Con Suite. I liked the face painting. It was fun swimming in the pool and the hot tub. I learned that "Everything is Beautiful - Ho" at Sufi dancing. I liked the Chicago in 2000 party. The convention was really Jammin.

And here's a piece of fiction from Sydney:

A magic ball dropped on the grass. It was found by a girl who lived in London. She showed it to her friends. Jenny fainted. Billy freaked out. Pam told her Mom. Pam made a wish. She wished for a \$1,000. Mom said "wow." Mom said "can I have a wish. Please." "OK" said Pam. "I wish we live in peace."

The End.

♦♦♦

And one from Amie:

The Magic Strawberry

Once upon a time in my garden I had a patch of strawberries but one of them was different! It was a magic one. Because that no matter what year it was it just kept growing and growing and GROWING!!! It Grew in winter and spring and summer and even in fall! But in 1997 a magic catapillar ate it. And that was the end of the Magic Strawberry.

The End.

♦♦♦

And a final piece from Dina:

Minnie

Minnie, my favorite hamster, was very extraordinary. She could do almost anything.

One morning I woke up to find that Minnie had sprouted a pair of silky, white wings. I had never even dreamed of something that weird happening to her. When I went to pick her up, she said she had dreamt of being a pigeon. I went to tell Issie, my sister, but she was stuck on the tube (TV). When she heard it had to do with Minnie, she zoomed right in, but Minnie was back to normal. Issie said I had to pay her one dollar because I got her off the tube for no reason. TO BE CONTINUED.....

[Thanks and congratulations to the program organizers for these budding SF fans - Mary, Allan, Lisa, and Mel Pealman, Dina Krause, Tina Iyanma-Kurtz and Dan and David Kurtz, Andy Hilgarter, Tom Porter and Susan Kinast-Porter, Scott, Val and Cassandry Siemon.]

WilMer Publishing

Helen Merrick and Tess Williams are feminist editors starting a new SF magazine. They are interested in taking an index of possible contributors (writers, artists, etc.) back to Australia with them. They particularly want responses and material about/from Wiscon 20 for a projected anthology. If you can help, please leave your details on the "WilMer" sheets on the con registration table, or use the following email addresses to contact them in Australia:

Helen Merrick
14 Rothsay Cross
Menora 6050
Western Australia
hmerrick@uniwa.uwa.edu.au

Tess Williams
160 Cordelia Ave.
CoolBellup 6163
Western Australia
twilliam@central.murdoch.edu.au

WOMEN WRITERS YOU MAY NOT HAVE HEARD OF THE WISCON 20 LIST

(Although this complete list will be given to everyone attending program #226, "Women Writers You Probably Haven't Heard Of" at 12 PM Monday, not everyone at the convention will be able to get in. Since the list was assembled with suggestions from all manner of convention members, we thought we'd share the list. We wish everyone good luck in finding a new favorite from this list.)

Catherine Asaro: *Primary Inversion*

Toni Cade Bambarra: anything...

Vanna Bonta: *Flight*

Mary Choo

Mona Clee: *Branch Point*

Maryse Condé: *I, Tituba: Black Witch of Salem*

Segu I

Segu II

Anne Eliot Crompton: *Merlin's Harp*

Max Daniels (Roberta Gellis)

Candas Jane Dorsey: *Black Wine*

Candas Jane Dorsey: *Machine Sex and Other Stories*

Tananarive Due: *The Between*

Julie Ecklar: *Regenesi*

Kandis Elliot

Jessica Frasca: "First Contact on the Second Planet of Sigma Draconis"

(Zone 9, Jan '96)

"On Bringing Up Shape-shifters" (Terra Incognita #1, Summer '96)

Valerie J Freireich: *Becoming Human*

Kathleen Ann Goonan: *Queen City Jazz*

Phyllis Gotlieb: *Blue Aspen*

Virginia Hamilton: anything...

Anne Harris: *The Nature of Smoke*

Nina Kiriki Hoffman: *The Silent Strength of Stones*

Nalo Hopkinson: "Riding the Red" (White Swan

Black Raven Anthology)

"Precious" (The next in the series noted above)

"Habit of Waste" (Fireweed #53)

Tanya Huff

Keri Hulme: *Bone People*

Te Kaihau (The Windeater)

Eileen Kernaghan

Martha Lawrence: *Murder in Scorpio*

Kelly Link: "Water off a Black Dog's Back"

(Century #3)

"Vanishing Act" (Realms of Fantasy)

"Flying Lessons" (upcoming in Asimov's)

Holly Lisle: *Mind of the Magic*

PK McAllister:

Maureen F McHugh: *Half the Day is Night*

CJ Mills: *Winter World Books*

Naomi Mitchison: *Memoirs of a Spacewoman*

Solution Three

Winning Colors

Elizabeth Moon:

Patricia Mullen: *The Stone Movers*

Linda Nagata: *The Bohr Maker*

Gloria Naylor: *Mama Day*

Bailey's Café

Frank, Stine,

Ackerman:

New Eves: SF About the the

Extraordinary Women of

Today and Tomorrow

Random Factor

Jessica Palmer:

Francise Pelletier (francophone)

Doris Piserchia: *Earth in Twilight*

The Dimensioneers

Doomtime

The Flugger

Teresa Plowright

Jewel Parker Rhodes: *Voodoo Dreams*

Judith Merkle Riley: *The Serpent Garden*

Esther Rochon (francophone)

Rhea Rose

Felicity Savage: *Humility Garden*

Melissa Scott: *Trouble and her Friends*

Shadow Man

The Shape-Changer's Wife

Sharon Shinn:

Leslie Marmon Silko

Stephanie Smith:

Other Nature

Midori Snyder:

The Flight of Michael McBride

Heather Spears:

Moonfall

Children of Atwar

The Taming

Naomi Miller Stokes: *The Tree People*

Tricia Sullivan:

Lethe

Tesseract

Tesseract 2

Tesseract 3

Amy Thomson:

The Color of Distance

Elisabeth Vonarburg: *The Silent City*

In the Mother's Land

Reluctant Voyagers

N Lee Wood:

Looking for the Mahdi

Late-night Editorial Addition:

New writers to watch for in the next five years:

Velma Bowen
Nisi Shawl
Cecelia Tan
Holly Wade Matter
Cindy Ward
Amy Wolf

□□□

How to be a Critic By Jae Leslie Adams

Shackled to the mimeograph machine all weekend I haven't been able to attend nearly as much programming as I wanted to. Yet my chain was long enough to allow me to stagger as far as the room next to Publications, where by good fortune David Hartwell held forth Saturday morning on *How to Be a Critic*, a subject of strange interest to the publications staff.

Hartwell first discussed the reasons that SF is not served by modern literary criticism. SF is usually written in a plain style and concerns extraordinary events and people. Literary works in the modern movement usually concern themselves with ordinary events and people, and distinguish themselves by style. Since the early 1970's Hartwell has seen a great lack of criticism (as distinct from jacket blurbs) particular to the field of SF which would develop and promote its special characteristics.

His advice on *How to Be a Critic* is plain and simple. Each of us must decide on her own aesthetic position, by constant examination of the stuff we like to read. Why do you like what you like?

It will be helpful to read the criticism of others with an eye to the aesthetic position that informs their work. Hartwell particularly recommended these books on the field of SF: Damon Knight's *In Search of Wonder*, James Blish's *Issues at Hand*, his own *Age of Wonder*, Barry Malzberg's *Engines of the Night*, and Algis Budrys' *Benchmarks*.

If you are going to be a critic you must find enjoyment in criticism; thus, Hartwell advised, don't read contemporary academic criticism. Read meaningful comments on the texts, rather than criticism that concerns itself with criticism.

In this way you will arrive at a state where you can agree or disagree with others' reviews. Once you know your own mind, what could be simpler?



Towards a "Feminist Male" Lexicon Ian K. Hagemann

I was on Saturday's Men Identified as Feminists panel, and said at one point that I had self-identified as a pro-feminist man, an anti-sexist man, and a feminist man at various points during my life. Somebody asked me at one point what those terms meant, but I don't think I explained it well so I'm going to take a short second cut at it for Monday's 'zine.

If one takes feminism as the radical notion that women are human, then anybody can be a feminist, and I am one too.

However, some people have found it useful to say that only woman can be feminists and that men can only be pro-feminists. I don't think I understand this argument very well, but it might be based on an argument that men can't be pro-women in the same sense that women can because we can't fully know what it is to be a woman. If so, I am a pro-feminist because I support pro-women work.

Personally, I like the terms "anti-sexist" or "sex traitor" the best. I believe in fairness for all people, and I am an anti-sexist male because I actively try to offset the unfair advantages I've accrued under sexism because of my sex. As a

sex traitor, I actively eschew the sex roles and gender advantages which I grew up with, and work with "the enemy" (that is, women) to end sexism.

Ian K. Hagemann is a Seattle area Clarion West graduate and fan who is interested in starting an apa for men who support feminism. You may e-mail him (IanH@SCN.ORG) or snail-mail him at 905 NE 45th Street #204 / Seattle, WA 98105.

Review: Always Coming Home By Andy Hooper

Sunday evening saw the performance of a dramatic reading, complete with interludes of music and dance, of two excerpts from Ursula LeGuin's novel *Always Coming Home*. The audience was large at the beginning of the reading, and grew even more so as curious fans filtered back to the convention after their dinner expeditions.

Producer Larry Taylor, Script Editors Jae Leslie Adams and Rick Oehling, director Don Helley and musical director Jim Nichols all deserve great credit for the way they brought together an extremely diverse cast of readers, singers and dancers to tell a pair of remarkable and moving stories.

Stone Telling is the story of a woman who leaves the valley in which she was born in and the culture of her mother's people, to journey to the city where her father came from, her struggles to live there and her eventual return.

A Hole in the Air is the tale of a person in the *real* world who stumbles upon a way into our world, and struggles for years to find a place free of walls, roads and roofs, as far as the eye can see. He finally returns home through the office of some helpful vultures (who eat him), and returns from death long enough to tell his tale to some others, who uncover the hole and let the wind blow it away.

Both of these stories seemed superbly adapted for oral performance, and the use of eight different women actors to provide the narration of *Stone Telling* made it seem like we

were listening to the main character at different ages of her life. Although the group was only able to run through the script twice before the final performance, everyone seemed to be quite familiar with the material and both pieces flowed very nicely from beginning to end.

The musicians, including the vocal trio of Jim Nichols, Chris Goodwin and Rebecca Lee and solo artist Nancy Vedder-Shults had clearly been rehearsing for a little longer than the rest of the performers; their interpretation of the Kesh language was quite beautiful. And the dancers, Cynthia Sorenson and Catherine Asaro (who also developed the choreography) added a dash of action, especially to *A Hole in the Air*.

Over the years, WisCon has featured a number interesting dramatic and musical performances, from Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's quartet for strings to the infamous opening ceremonies rendition of "Nothing Can Change the Shape of Things to Come," by the band Alienation. But this goes down in my book as one of the most impressive and well-received things anyone's ever done at Wiscon, and it was especially thrilling to be able to applaud the author at the end of the play's performance.

ATTENTION!
Due to the threat of rain,
The WisCon 20 Dead Dog
Party has been relocated
to the warm, mostly dry
Con Suite
(Sixth Floor, of course),
where FREE Pizza
is scheduled to be served!

We inadvertently left an ad for the Chicago in 2000 party out of an earlier issue, so we figured we owed those folks some free advertising. Pre-supporting memberships are just \$10.00, and can be obtained from:

Chicago in 2000
P.O. Box 642057
Chicago IL 60664

Diversity in the Feminist SF Community By Tom Becker

I ran into Steve Swartz in the hallway, and let him know how much I was enjoying the program and how the program descriptions seem to be particularly well-written and helpful for focusing the discussion. So Steve, I'm sorry, but here are some examples of panels that deviated from the plan in thought-provoking ways; ways that might provide some program ideas for future WisCons.

The diversity within feminisms panel discussed the meaning of the word feminism from different personal and historical perspectives. We never got around to talking about differences within the feminist SF community. I think this is because WisCon attracts people who want to communicate and who tend towards an inclusive definition of feminism. Also, any problems of divisions within the Fem-SF community pale compared to the situation in the wider world where people are afraid to call themselves feminists at all. What LeGuin aptly called "I am a feminist but," I think is unconsciously completed with an "I am afraid to admit it, even to myself." The panel and audience strongly agreed on the imperative of reclaiming the word feminist as a way to pull together the broadest possible community. A lot of great points were made about the importance of building consensus, no matter how arduous the process, and the need to allow differences and to live and let live within the feminist community - even with people we now think of as enemies. How we could actually do this is another panel.

The panel on revisiting the Ekumen and Earthsea needs to be revisited. We can blame Ursula - she's put so much into her worlds, we just weren't able to explore them all in the time allotted. The panel found some interesting differences between Earthsea and the Ekumen. The Ekumen is a clever modular

system that can be expanded whenever necessary, simply by plugging in more planets. Earthsea, because it is a single world, is more of a setting for themes of unification. The diversity of the Ekumen is boundless, even at its center.

Women in the military academy was limited because only one of the panelists had first-hand experience in a military academy. So instead we got personal stories about the military from the panelists and an audience member. The stories were told in a direct and matter-of-fact style which made the impact even more powerful and moving as far as I was concerned. No matter what we think of militarism and war, I think we should all be able to agree, if we're going to have a military at all, it should be a good one; one that is well-managed, treats its soldiers fairly and respectfully, and provides equal opportunities. I think we have a lot to learn from the women who are struggling to be included in what is one of the most difficult and dangerous things people do (after motherhood, that is).

Thanks to Steve and everybody else at WisCon for bringing together such a wonderful range of voices. Keep up the good work.

About the Title: By Andy Hooper

Just a few inches left to fill here, and I thought I'd mention that "The Last Afternoon" is the title of a James Tiptree Jr. story, a really weird one about a little colony on another planet that gets stomped to bits by building-size arthropods that come ashore to mate all over the village. I found it, as well as all the other stories I've talked about here, in a superb collection, *Her Smoke Rose Up Forever*, edited by James Turner and available from Arkham House books. This is really the anthology to buy, since it has all the work from Tiptree's best period, generally free of many of the errors which crept into earlier collections. Plus, it's a beautiful book, with a pair of exquisite Gustav Klimt paintings on the dust jacket. Highly recommend!