

THE MAD MOOSE GAZETTE 3

The Official Organ of WisCon 18, March 4-6 1994, Madison Wisconsin.

READ THIS!

PROGRAMMING ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

ADDITION: Attorney Ellen Kozak, author of *From Pen to Print, Every Writer's Guide to Copyright and Publishing Law*, and several SF novels, will discuss and answer questions on the legal rights and responsibilities of writers, as well as the legal implications of readings and video showings at SF cons, at **COPYRIGHT LAW**, Saturday at 12:00 pm (noon) in the Seminole Room.

Eric Heideman will be a panelist on both #3 - *Calling All Editors*, and #27 - *Is Sarah Canary an X-T?*

Michael Shannon and Harlan Harris will be doing classical fencing as part of #46 - *Martial Arts Demonstration*.

#58 - Terry Garey Reads, has been cancelled.

Kris Jensen will not appear on #26 - *What is Gender Bending?*

TECHNO-TRIBAL?

So what is it? A marketing gimmick? Kalahari Bushmen with powerbooks? Pakistani day-laborers hanging out at an unlicensed discotheque in Shanghai? Suburban youth sporting ampalangs and Maori tattoos? Yeah, it's like that.

It's dance music with thousands of beats per minute, samples and clever editing. We'll play other highly danceable stuff as well, including tasty raves.

Come, join in. Mystery judges will look for the best costumes and most spirited revelers. Nifty prizes await.

Friday night, 10 pm to 1 am.

CHILD CARE

Child care became a non-issue for this convention when only one parent requested it before the deadline. Alternate arrangements were facilitated for them, through the generosity of another attending family willing to share their brought-along babysitter. Kathleen Madigan has agreed to organize child care for WisCon in 1995, should there be an increased demand for the service.

WISCON 18 T-SHIRTS

Are available at the dealer room (Expo Court) in attractive colors, \$10; black on turquoise, palm green, or natural, and white on black.



The Mad Moose Gazette...
you betcha!

THE TRUE BIOGRAPHY & ADVENTURES OF WISCON 18

WISCON 18, risen from a deathlike state to walk among us, sapping energy from the living, horribly undead... No no no.

WISCON 18, abandoned on a mountaintop by its natural parents, exposed to the rigors of hunger and below zero temperatures, saved from a cruel fate by kindly shepherds who took in WISCON 18 and raised it to adulthood. Naturally enough after a northern winter like this last one it went out into the world to seek its fortune.



WISCON 18 might not be old enough to drink and might not know enough to vote but by ghod it was old enough to be drafted. Still it was a surprise to the Corresponding Secretary when WISCON 18 received in the post office box a notice to report to its selective service board.

"No, I'M not WISCON 18—"

"You know it's a felony to impersonate an inductee, miss?" growled the sergeant, narrowing his eyes at the buxom young woman before him. She turned pink with rage and stretched herself as tall as she could, attempting to tower. She knew he wasn't going to listen to her.

"But I'm an officer of—!"

"You think you're impersonating an officer?" He wouldn't even let her finish a sentence.



"This happened once before," muttered Dick Russell, "to WISCON 5. Drafted, and our initial objection denied. We had to appeal at every level up to the Supreme Court and back down again. The paperwork was a thing of beauty, and thus a joy forever."

Deep in the memory vaults of the bank, WISCON 5 turned in its well-preserved slumber, murmuring, "I'm just a little bitty boy," and fell from dream to sleep again, horribly, undead.



WISCON 18 is landing on Mars when the ship crashes and WISCON 18's rightful father the Captain is killed. WISCON 18's foster brother, MadMediaCon, rescues his crumpled half-dead sibling from the horrible wreckage and returns to the orbiting mother ship for medical attention. WISCON 18's delicate condition is complicated by pregnancy. The surgeon must decide whether to save WISCON 18 or its unborn offspring.

"I can't operate, WISCON 18 is my own child," the surgeon proclaims, stripping off her latex gloves.



And so a hedge of briars grew up around the Holiday Inn Southeast where WISCON 18 slumbered in a bower of roses.

Holding aside a bramble, you surprise a fat badger lolling in the sun. He rolls over and hisses at you:

"WELCOME TO WISCON 18
where you can write the rest of the story!"

The Publications Room

The PUBLICATIONS ROOM will be open in Room 275, hours to be posted as determined by Publications Collective. All and sundry invited.

Who's Behind That Curtain?

Material provided by Bill Humphries, Jim Nichols, Kathleen Madigan, Jae Leslie Adams, illo by Sheryl Birkhead who couldn't come but sent a nice card. Layout and design by Nevenah Smith.