

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-

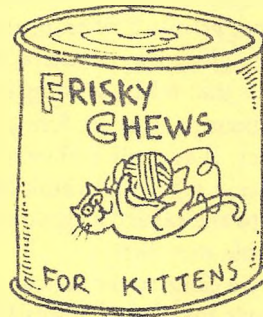
cle, Walt Willis assumed I was a man. When I sent him a Valentine a year later, it was the first he'd received since Lee's some 38 years earlier. There were certain parallels.

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

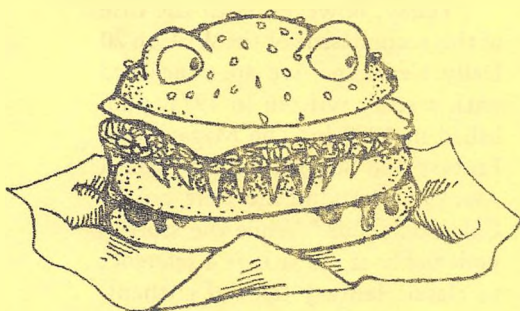


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accept us as just run of the mill schmoes with mediocre talents and habits. Fandom insists we be more...all those roles you list. But I think it wants us to be more: unfailingly kind, gentle, and always correct.

"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 antennaed 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.

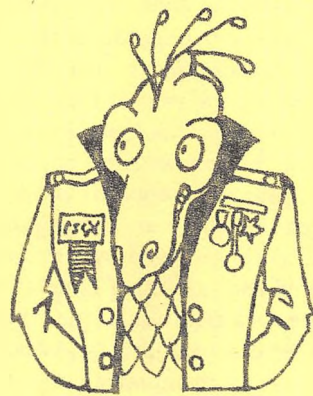
Perhaps the most frustrating thing about Sheldon's career to all would-be writers, is the way it began. Simmering lightly in her own juice during her doctoral exams, she idly tapped out a quartet of stories as a means of working off nervous stress. On such an idle whim, she discovered still another talent 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 Newzine, 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 Restau-raliterateria” 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 Wis-Con 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 signing 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 Keeseey]
- 629: Boston in 2001
9 PM [Sharon Sbarsky]
- 634: Mad Media
TBA [Jae Adams & Dave Weston]

rator, 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

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 collabo-

