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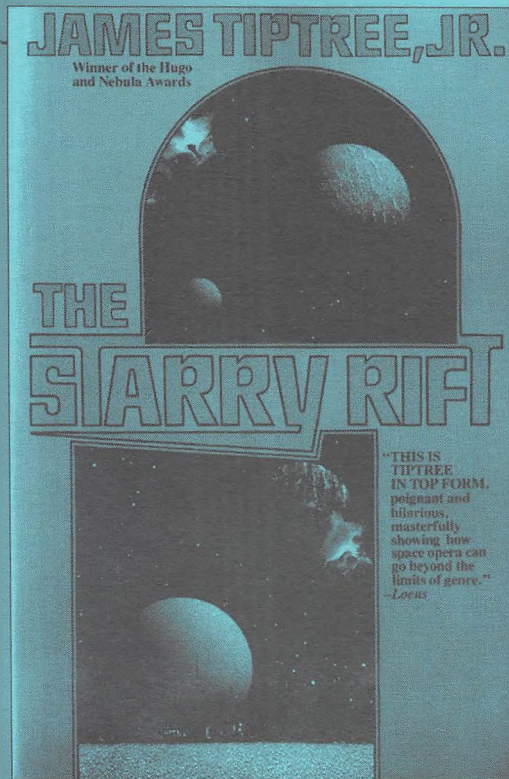
WisCon



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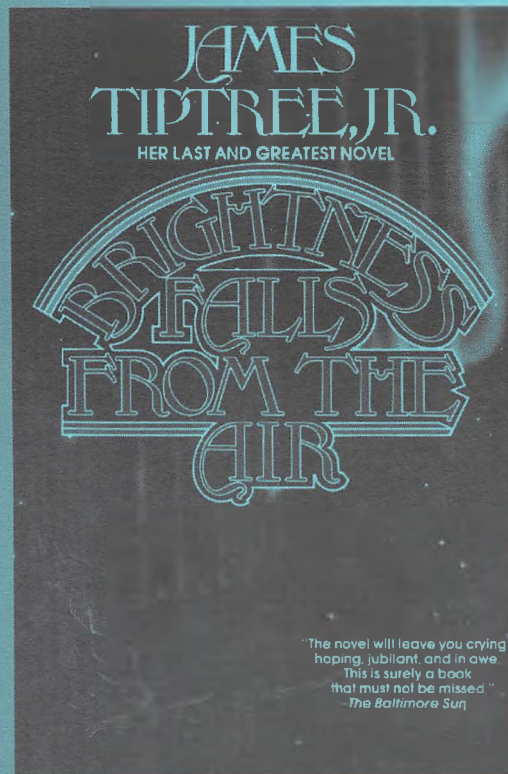
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WisCon

MADISON WISCONSIN • MAY 24-27, 1996



WELCOME!

What has drawn you to WisCon this year?

Are you interested in participating in the discussions of feminism and gender issues?

Have you heard that WisCon's emphasis on quality science fiction and fantasy can help you add many more books to your reading list?

Do you want to meet some of the most interesting people in the business—writers, editors, publishers, academics, and fans?

Could you not pass up the opportunity to meet Ursula K. Le Guin and Judith Merril, or the many returning past guests of honor?

Is this a perfect way to spend time with old friends from around Madison and the rest of the Midwest?

Have you always wanted to see this city, the Capitol, the campus, and explore the beautiful country around it?

You want find out for yourself why everyone makes such a big deal about cheeseheads?

Whatever brought you to WisCon, you'll find it this weekend. And we're glad that you have joined us for this special anniversary year. Talk, learn, read, listen, play, eat, walk, and have a terrific weekend!

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First, an important note about this book. WisCon has always tried to do things differently, and this year we've decided to organize the publications in a new way. All programming information, descriptions of panels, the daily schedule, and other important at-the-con info like rules and maps are now contained in one handy publication, the **WisCon 20 Unsurpassed Perfectly Organized Mother-of-All-Pocket-Programs Pocket Program**. Articles about the guests of honor, bibliographies, WisCon history, short biographies of all our past guests of honor, and a special James Tiptree, Jr. Award section are in this book, what we call the **Souvenir Book**. Andy Hooper will be editing the **daily con newsletter**, available around the Concourse hotel. That will contain all the current news and program changes, as well as lots of wackiness, so be sure to pick up that each day.

The WisCon 20 ConCom

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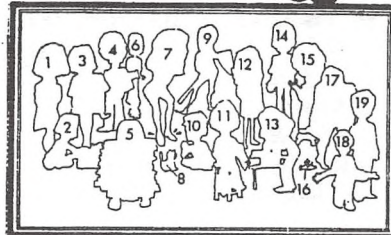
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14. Jim Cox
15. Lucy Nuti
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17. Phil Kavery
18. Richard West
19. Greg Rihn

cartoon by Jeanne Gomoll



WisCon 20 Souvenir Book

May 24-27, 1996

The Concourse Hotel and Governor's Club Madison, Wisconsin

WisCon is sponsored by SF3, the Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction, a nonprofit educational and literary society incorporated by the State of Wisconsin.

For more information, please contact WisCon and SF3 at P.O. Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624.

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Cover © 1995 by Georgie Schnobrich.

The body text of this book is Minion (how appropriate!) with heads and other text set in Franklin Gothic. Typesetting and design by Meg Hamel, who wishes she had put together a retrospective look at the typography and production of the past WisCon program books—how far we've come!

Immense thanks are owed by the souvenir book editor to WisCon Coordinator Jeanne Gomoll, who contributed or organized substantial portions of this book.

WisCon: A Celebration of Women of Wonder

by Jeanne Gomoll, WisCon 20 coordinator

We Who Are About To...

Science fiction writers explore different realities, and give us—the readers—the chance to consider scenarios that may result from minor or major alterations of our current reality. Over the years, science fiction has focused on different themes:

During the 1950s many stories explored the idea of humans freed from merely atmospheric boundaries: rockets blasted off from the earth and aliens landed on it. “Who’s out there?” we wondered.

In the 1960s, the focus of much science fiction shifted from technological wizardry and physics, to the biological and social sciences. Imagined aliens called to mind more questions about human beings than about the metabolism of aliens who breath methane. We asked, “Who are we?”

Authors in the 1970s explored political issues that had been seldom addressed by speculative fiction, and among those issues was gender politics. Fiction of that era invited us to consider the unequal roles of women and men in our society and the worlds that might come into being if things changed. “Does it have to be this way?” we pondered.

That’s when I become an active participant in the conversation among science fiction writers and readers. That’s when many of us here in Madison joined the forum. The appearance of speculative fiction that dealt with gender issues and widened the horizons of feminist discussion catalyzed a Madison-based fanzine (*Janus*) and provided impetus for the first WisCon. It was around that time, too, that the numbers of women, gay, and lesbian science fiction writers and fans increased dramatically. Bookshelves and conventions took on a different look; convention conversations puzzled those who assumed that science fiction was for and about adolescent boys.

Science fiction shifted its attention to other themes in the 1980s. The backlash threatened to blur the accomplishments of the 1970s. And now, in the midst of the 1990s, we’re interested in gender again, though our attention has skewed and widened from the more narrow focus of the 1970s. (We no longer stop at speculation of what things might be different. Sometimes, now, we ask, “how do we make it happen?”) Many of us believe that it’s important to keep this conversation alive, to help it evolve and prevent the discussions of the 1970s from being forgotten. Maybe that’s why you’re here this weekend; it certainly has a lot to do with why I’m here.

WisCon is the only feminist-oriented science fiction convention in the world. It promotes and offers discussion space to those who wish to speculate about the future, gender, and relationships between the sexes. WisCon has dedicated itself to the idea that imagination is the essential first step in any process of change, and celebrates speculative fiction as the ideal tool for exploring alternate futures which focus upon gender roles instead of the more traditional rocket ships more commonly associated with science fiction.

Many people were surprised to find out that there was more than enough to talk about at the first panel on femi-

nist science fiction at the 1976 Kansas City World Science Fiction Convention, but they most certainly didn’t think there was enough to justify a whole convention when the Madison group announced its intention in 1977 to orient much of its new convention to that subject. But here it is, twenty years later, and we’re still going strong, still talking, and—if anything—more energized by the topic than ever before.

Women of Wonder

Much of what WisCon represents can be summed up by the authors, artists, critics and fans it has chosen to feature as Guests of Honor. You will have the chance to become reacquainted with or—in some cases—meet some of these people for the first time in the pages of this book and in the halls of WisCon 20. I’d like to tell you about a few of them who symbolize, for me, the various stages of feminist awareness in the science fiction field.

Katherine MacLean, WisCon’s very first Guest of Honor in 1975, began writing hard-boiled science fiction in the 1940s, long before the wave of feminist writers of the 1970s demanded that their voices be heard. In a recent letter, she noted:

I wish I had used female instead of male central characters. I didn’t want to preach. I had always agreed with my fellow students at Barnard College, Don’t tell the men you are equal, go out into the world and win against them, and let them see it. But they didn’t look.

We hope Katherine feels free, at WisCon 20, to say a few of the things she hasn’t said before now about being a woman science fiction writer. We expect, in fact, that all of WisCon’s returning guests will have much to say on the subject, as most of them have been instrumental in changing their readers’ ideas about gender.

One of the guests from WisCon 3 was **Suzu McKee Charnas**, whose series, *Walk to the End of the World*, *Motherlines*, and *The Furies* not only traces the fictional history of the slaves, Free Fems, and Riding Women of Holdfast’s world, but also mirrors the evolution of feminist science fiction from the early 1970s to the present. In the course of this

WisCon has dedicated itself to the idea that imagination is the essential first step in any process of change, and celebrates speculative fiction as the ideal tool for exploring alternate futures which focus upon gender roles instead of the more traditional rocket ships more commonly associated with science fiction.

Diane Martin and Jeanne Gomoll present check to Pat Murphy for the Tiptree Award fund



INTRODUCTION

Welcome to
WisCon 20!

important series of books, the main character, Aldera, recognizes and begins to understand the tyranny of sexism, contributes to the building of a feminist utopia of sorts, and realizes that the habits of patriarchy are hard to break. In *The Furies*, Aldera demonstrates that the urge toward revenge merely turns tables and fails to eliminate the evil created by a society which defines one gender as more worthy than the other.

Charnas wrote her Holdfast books in real time. She matured personally and politically between the writing of her first and most recent books, and allowed her characters to mirror her growth. The books themselves became a journey of ideas. I remember waiting impatiently for the sequel to *Motherlines*, hoping that Charnas would devise a solution to her fictional society which was fatally divided between warring sexes, and expecting that her ideas would shed light on real world problems. But real world problems, whether portrayed in fiction or on the evening news, have a way of being more complex than we would like, and it took Charnas almost twenty years to write that sequel. Not surprisingly, it turns out that no quick fix is possible, and Charnas expects that two more books will be necessary to explore the resolution of a society based on the enslavement of one sex by the other.

Two of our more recent guests of honor, **Pat Murphy** (WisCon 15) and **Karen Joy Fowler** (WisCon 18) skew and enlarge the focus of feminist science fiction to fiction that considers gender in a wider sense than in the feminist science fiction of the 1970s. Murphy and Fowler lead the way in their fiction and also through their invention of the James Tiptree, Jr. Award, the award for gender-bending science fiction and fantasy.

Subversive even in its name, the Tiptree was named for an author, Alice Sheldon, whose work was once described as “ineluctably masculine,” but whose secret identity was definitely female. The subversiveness of this award goes beyond its name: it is the first science fiction award named after a woman and the only award that I know of that celebrates literature that explores and expands the roles of women and men.

Whereas feminist fiction of the 1970s presented us with dystopias of female enslavement, and utopias of women’s power, gender-bending fiction of the 1990s is more often concerned with relationships between the sexes and the very essence of gender and sexuality.

The Tiptree has been awarded for four years (to six authors, counting ties), each time by a different panel of judges whose diversity has proven beyond a doubt that there is no such thing as a single feminist or gender-bending agenda. (A special Tiptree Award section is included in this book.) You can participate in the fifth Tiptree ceremony at this year’s WisCon, when Theodore Roszak accepts his award for *The Memoirs of Elizabeth Frankenstein*, an award he will share with Elizabeth Hand (for *Waking the Moon*). Unfortunately Hand is unable to attend WisCon.

The ironic thing is that Pat and Karen proposed the idea of the Tiptree as a little joke. They never expected that it would be awarded more than once, and report constant amazement at the vitality of the fund-raisers and support network that has grown up around the award. Their reactions reminds me a little of the feelings of the Madison group that started WisCon twenty years ago: it’s amazing and gratifying that *it’s developed a life of its own*. Long may both WisCon and the Tiptree Award live!

Just as the past WisCons can be characterized by the guests who have honored our convention, the significance of this year’s WisCon—celebrating twenty years—is enhanced by our Guest of Honor, **Ursula K. Le Guin**.

Le Guin’s work spans four decades and she is without doubt one of the most significant voices in the science fiction genre. I’ve been especially fascinated with her recent books in which she revisits the settings and stories of earlier publications. In the newest edition of *The Left Hand of Darkness*, Le Guin reconsiders her use of the male generic. In *Tehanu* she revisits the world of Earthsea and views it through the lens of a woman’s life experience. The familiar Hainish envyoys explore the role of gender inequality in the Tiptree-winning short story, “The Matter of Seggri,” and in the novel *Four Ways to Forgiveness*. In the latter, Le Guin demonstrates that she is fully engaged in the current discussion among feminist science fiction writers about the *route* to a better world.

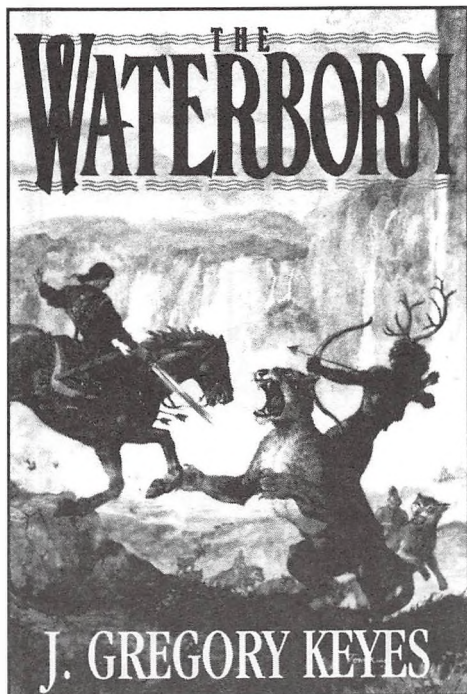
I would love to hear Ursula Le Guin and Suzy McKee Charnas discuss their very different fictional images of the way to an egalitarian society: I imagine that Charnas might say that anger and psychological damage caused by a sexist culture must be vented before equality can even be imagined. And I imagine that Le Guin would say that an egalitarian society is made by people who have forged egalitarian relationships with those with whom they live. What a fascinating discussion that would be!

And the wonderful thing is that we just might hear it, and if not that particular discussion, a hundred more fascinating conversations. There are more science fiction professionals—writers, academics, critics, artists, and editors—who are interested in feminist science fiction gathered here at WisCon 20, than have ever been gathered in one place before. It is, as we shouted from our brochures, the Greatest Confluence of Feminist Science Fiction Ever!

Let’s make the most of it.



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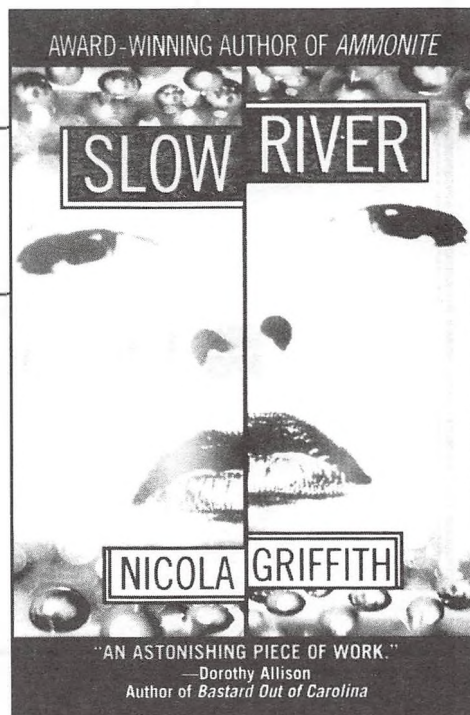
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CONGRATULATIONS

URSULA K. LEGUIN

WISCON 20 GUEST OF HONOR



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Without Apparent Effort

by Vonda N. McIntyre

Write a poem, Ursula said.

Ursula K. Le Guin is probably the only person in the world who could get me to write a poem.

It's not that I have anything against poetry, particularly; it's just that a forcible overdose in high school and a disinclination to take English literature courses in college ("Oh, you're a writer? You must have majored in English." Grr.) have kept me unfamiliar with the field. On the rare occasions when I've encountered a mix of prose writers and poets, the gathering has at best resembled a sophomore sock-hop, incompatible groups standing up against opposite walls pretending not to look at each other; at worst a civilized, smile-at-each-other, literary war.

Part of the problem is the rigid genreification of writing that all of us, readers and writers, are forced to contend with. One writes (or reads) hard science fiction or fantasy, prose or poetry, mainstream or genre fiction. Woe to any writer whose work can't be pigeonholed, or who doesn't do the same thing over and over again. Editors send back regretful rejection slips: "I really like this story, but it's too much for my readers—sure wish you had sent us something just like the last story you published"; or "I would really like to publish this book, but I don't know how to categorize it, and the marketing people say they don't know how to sell it." (Why the comment "I don't know how to sell this book" is an acceptable response from someone whose job it is to sell this book remains shrouded in the mysteries of publishing.)

Ursula Le Guin knows about genre pigeonholes and the walls between them; she has written about them. Her National Book Award acceptance speech concerned writing in more than one genre (sometimes simultaneously). And yet somehow she transcends the barriers that writers so often find built around them, or build around themselves.

Unlike many of the rest of us, she has never allowed herself to be forced into some predetermined pattern by editors, or critics, or the dreaded "marketing forces," or even by falling into a rut.

One place where you will never find Ursula Le Guin is in a rut.

The amazing thing about her ability to transcend all the categories is the grace with which she does it. There are many strategies for coping with pigeonholes and categories. They range from quiet capitulation to beating your head against the wall to yelling so loud that the wall cracks just long enough for you to sneak through (sometimes only halfway, with your feet sticking out and kicking behind).

Ursula uses what I like to think of as a macroscopic version of the quantum mechanical tunneling effect: She's on one side of a wall others find impenetrable, and suddenly, without apparent effort, she's on the other side.

Or maybe it's that she exists in all places simultaneously. She does write science fiction. She does write children's books. She does write essays. She writes, regardless of boundaries that attempt to keep her in (or, recently and astonishingly, boundaries set up in an attempt to push her out!), whatever she needs to in order to express what she wants to say.

By the way, "without apparent effort" is an illusion. Like most great writers, she produces work that reads as if it were

created in one smooth and powerful stroke. She makes it look easy. It is not.

Write a poem, Ursula said.

Several years ago, I signed up for a class called "Write Here." Ursula and the poet Robert Davies taught it at the Malheur Field Station in the southeast Oregon desert—a desert that was, at the time, being flooded. The opportunity to spend a week studying with Ursula was irresistible. The site, I thought, though interesting, would be incidental.

I did not realize that the desert is beautiful, alien, severe, terrifying, and utterly indifferent to the survival of human beings.

THAT WEEK was one of the memorable experiences of my life. I had been to enough workshops to expect the feeling of community that developed among us. But I had never been to a workshop in which the physical environment played such a part. That was the intent of the workshop, the reason to hold it at the field station, the genesis of the title of the class. And it worked spectacularly. Everyone wrote, including the instructors. We divided our time between writing and discussing our work, and exploring the desert. As the first humanities group ever to study at the field station, we were fortunate to be able to tag along with some of the more traditional Malheur classes—geology, botany, desert ecology, aboriginal life skills. You can't simply wander off into the desert to explore if you don't know what you're doing, and most of us didn't.

We went on field trips; we looked at petroglyphs or snowy owls and egrets and ibis and herons and pelicans, or visited a lava cave or picked up lava bombs (chunks of rock or mud that fall into a crater just long enough to get coated with molten lava before they're ejected again; the mud ones dry and crack inside and turn into shakers that make fine rattles). Then we came back and wrote, sweating on our notebooks or racing the portable computer to see whether it or its operator would crash and burn, figuratively speaking, from the appalling heat. Or we came back, tried to nap during the hottest part of the day, and wrote at night. That was a problem, too, because artificial light attracts bugs.

At first I couldn't figure out why the only lights in the dorm rooms were overhead lights—no desk lamps, no bedside lamps. So I turned out the overhead light and tried to read in bed with my flashlight. Within five minutes, mosquitoes were dive-bombing my face. I didn't do that again. At the field station the night before class started, I thought we were in the middle of a rainstorm until I realized that what was pattering against my screen was bugs: great huge moths, enormous mosquitoes, mysterious desert beasts who shed lacy bits of wing as an offering to the gods of light.

The first day of class, the assignment was to write a poem for the after-dinner workshop. Wait a minute! This is supposed to be a fiction and poetry workshop. I had thought I could get away with writing prose all the time.

Write a poem, Ursula said. A poem.

I'm not sure what it is about the best instructors. (I do know that the line "Them as can, do; them as can't, teach" is complete and utter baloney. The best instructors I've ever had were the best at doing whatever it was they were teaching.) I'm not even sure you can make generalizations about



Ursula K. Le Guin

The amazing thing about her ability to transcend all the categories is the grace with which she does it. There are many strategies for coping with pigeonholes and categories. They range from quiet capitulation to beating your head against the wall to yelling so loud that the wall cracks just long enough for you to sneak through (sometimes only halfway, with your feet sticking out and kicking behind).

WISCON 20 GUESTS

Guest of Honor
Ursula K. Le Guin

the best teachers—I think it's possible that they are all different, and that their uniqueness is one of the reasons they are so good. I think the way Ursula draws unexpected achievement out of you is that she expects from you what you haven't ever had the nerve to ask of yourself.

I had to jump over or tunnel through a genre boundary to write a poem. It was a small jump, a short tunnel, and maybe my feet hung out a little afterwards—but it was an escape from the self-imposed restrictions that are so easy, so comfortable, to accede to.

No one was going to take me out into the desert and leave me there, not knowing the difference between edible camas bulbs and the dreaded death camas, if I failed to write a poem. I probably wouldn't even have tried to write one without Ursula's expectations, and, even more, without the example of her intellectual courage to follow.

HER INTELLECTUAL courage is one of her most striking qualities. At first glance she does not appear extraordinary, until you look at her eyes. I know that she does not think of herself as physically adventurous, though I also know that she has been into the Red Zone around Mt. St. Helens several times, following hair-raisingly precarious mountain ridge roads. But true intellectual courage is far rarer than physical courage. She is not afraid to grow and change, to change her mind, to talk about changing her mind. Though she could easily and safely and probably lucratively write novels and short stories and nothing else, she is always trying new things. Unfamiliar forms. Forms that she invents herself. She was consultant for the teleplay of *The Lathe of Heaven*, and had an enjoyable time doing it because she is not willing to compromise her work. She wrote a science fiction opera. A radio play. A multi-media novel, *Always Coming Home*. The screenplays for *The Left Hand of Darkness* and for *The Wizard of Earthsea*. Several children's picture books. The scenario for a dance piece, "Kesh Dances," in which she played the drum. She wrote a video script for wind-up robots.

Recently she has been working with composer Elinor Armer on a series of performance pieces for orchestra, singers, and poet called "Uses of Music in Uttermost Parts." What if music had other uses in other places? What if music were food? What if it were weather? What if your environment were a musical instrument? What if music were sex?

I've seen two of the three premieres, "Eating with the Hoi" and "The Seasons of Oling," and they were wonderful. Trying to describe them in a few words in an essay reminds me of trying to answer the question, "What's your latest novel about?" The best answer to that I've ever found is, If I could describe it to you in twenty-five words or less, I wouldn't have had to write the novel. "High concept" (a Hollywood term for a project that can be described—and imagined—in a single phrase) is not Ursula Le Guin's style. I can tell you that the subject of "Eating with the Hoi" is music as food—but that will not give you any idea what the finished piece looked like or sounded like. You had to be there. If you ever have a chance to see one of these performances, don't miss it. If you have a chance to hear Ursula read—even if she isn't being conducted by Elinor Armer, or accompanied by orchestra, chorus, or kazoo—don't miss it. You may gain a whole new insight into her work. I know I did. Many years ago, when I was younger, dumber, and appallingly serious, I always approached Ursula's stories with a sort of boneheaded, earnest solemnity. I can feel myself blush as I write this admission, but at the time I somehow managed to overlook the fact that a significant proportion of what she writes is a laugh riot. Listening to

her read gave me the opportunity to observe from a different perspective, to see something new.

Knowing her has given me a lot of opportunities to see something new, to do something new.

Write a poem, Ursula said.

Diamond Craters

The lava-bomb eater
Nibbles delicately at the red basalt,
Crunches through the skin to the center,
And savors the obsidian core.

Those black ones taste good,
Melting to runny glass,
But the shakers dissolve deliciously
When the ancient sediments
And fossil bones
Touch the tongue.

Vonda N. McIntyre
Malheur Field Station

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The Jeanne R. D'Arc Song

If you write Sci Fi
you ain't a regular guy.
They gonna moan and cry
They gonna yell and scream—
 She ain't Main Stream!
All the watchdogs bark
Kick her out of the park.
Shame, shame on her!
She didn't keep her genre
She didn't keep her genre dark.

If you write about women
well you ain't in swimmin,
You are high and dry.
All the regular guys
gonna moan and fuss,
gonna yell and cuss—
 Why didn't she write about Us?
Kick her out of the park.
She gets a real bad mark.
Them women libbers conned her
and she didn't keep her gendre
she didn't keep her gendre dark.

Ursula K. Le Guin

An Ursula K. Le Guin Bibliography

compiled by David Bratman

PART 1—Books

First editions, and subsequent U.S. trade and mass market editions, of full-length adult or children's books written or edited by UKL. Editions of books believed to be in print or available in bookstores are marked with ☐.

Abbreviations:

hc = hardcover

tp = trade (large-sized) paperback

pb = mass market paperback

A. Novels

Rocannon's World

New York: Ace, 1966, pb (Ace Double, bound with *The Kar-Chee Reign* by Avram Davidson)

New York: Ace, 1972, pb ☐

New York: Garland, 1975, hc (photo reprint of the Ace pb)

New York: Harper & Row, 1977, hc (with textual corrections and a new intro by the author, reprinted in *The Language of the Night*)

Planet of Exile

New York: Ace, 1966, pb (Ace Double, bound with *Mankind Under the Leash* by Thomas M. Disch)

New York: Ace, 1971, pb ☐

New York: Garland, 1975, pb (photo reprint of the 1972 Tandem UK pb)

New York: Harper & Row, 1978, hc (with a new intro by the author, reprinted in *The Language of the Night*)

City of Illusions

New York: Ace, 1967, pb ☐

New York: Garland, 1975, hc (photo reprint of the Ace pb)

New York: Harper & Row, 1978, hc (with textual corrections and a new intro by the author, reprinted in *The Language of the Night*)

A Wizard of Earthsea

· volume one of the Earthsea Quartet

· illustrated by Ruth Robbins

Berkeley: Parnassus Press, 1968, hc

New York: Ace, 1970, pb

New York: Bantam, 1975, pb (reprinted as Bantam Spectra, 1989) ☐

Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1981

New York: Atheneum, 1991, hc ☐

The Left Hand of Darkness

New York: Ace, 1969, pb (reprinted in 1976 with a new intro by the author, itself reprinted in *The Language of the Night*) ☐

New York: Walker, 1969, hc (reprinted in 1994 as the 25th Anniversary edition, with a new afterword on pronouns & alternate rewritten chapters) ☐

New York: Harper & Row, 1980, hc (with 1976 intro)

Norwalk, CT: Easton Press, 1992, hc (Collector's Edition, with 1976 intro, preface by Joan D. Vinge, and illustrations by Frank Kelly Freas and Laura Brodian Kelly-Freas)

The Tombs of Atuan

· volume two of the Earthsea Quartet

· illustrated by Gail Garraty

New York: Atheneum, 1971, hc ☐

New York: Bantam, 1975, pb (reprinted as Bantam Spectra, 1989) ☐

Boston: G.K. Hall, 1988, hc (large print; without illustrations)

The Lathe of Heaven

· first published as a serial in *Amazing*: March 1971, p. 6-61; May 1971, p. 6-65, 121-123

New York: Scribner's, 1971, hc

New York: Avon, 1973, pb ☐

The Word for World is Forest

· first published in the anthology *Again, Dangerous Visions*, ed.

Harlan Ellison. Garden City: Doubleday, 1972, hc, p. 30-108

New York: Berkley, 1976, hc and pb

New York: Ace, 1989 ☐

The Farthest Shore

· volume three of the Earthsea Quartet

· illustrated by Gail Garraty

New York: Atheneum, 1972, hc ☐

New York: Bantam, 1975, pb (reprinted as Bantam Spectra, 1989) ☐

Boston: G.K. Hall, 1988, hc (large print; without illustrations)

The Dispossessed: An Ambiguous Utopia

New York: Harper & Row, 1974, hc

New York: Avon, 1975, pb

Norwalk, CT: Easton Press, 1986, hc (Collector's Edition, with preface by Frederik Pohl)

New York: Harper Paperbacks, 1991, pb (reprinted as HarperPrism, 1994) ☐

Very Far Away from Anywhere Else

New York: Atheneum, 1976, hc ☐

New York: Bantam, 1978, pb

The Eye of the Heron

· first published in the anthology *Millennial Women*, ed. Virginia

Kidd. New York: Delacorte, 1978, hc, p. 124-302

London: Gollancz, 1982, hc (first separate publication)

New York: Harper & Row, 1983, hc

New York: Bantam, 1984, pb

New York: Harper Paperbacks, 1991, pb (reprinted as HarperPrism, 1995) ☐

Malafrena

New York: Putnam's, 1979, hc

New York: Berkley, 1980, pb

The Beginning Place

· first published in condensed form as "The Crossing," *Redbook*, Dec. 1979, p. 165-189

New York: Harper & Row, 1980, hc

New York: Bantam, 1981, pb (reprinted as Bantam Spectra, 1987)

New York: Harper Paperbacks, 1991, pb ☐

Always Coming Home

· with Todd Barton, composer; Margaret Chodos, artist; George Hersh, geomancer; maps drawn by the author

· includes some stories and poems previously published separately

New York: Harper & Row, 1985, hc and tp (in cloth slipcase or paper box with cassette "The Music and Poetry of the Kesh"; also published as hc without case or cassette)

New York: Bantam Spectra, 1986, pb (without cassette) ☐

Tehanu: The Last Book of Earthsea

· volume four of the Earthsea Quartet

New York: Atheneum, 1990, hc ☐

New York: Bantam Spectra, 1991, pb ☐

B. Short Story Collections

The Wind's Twelve Quarters: Short Stories

New York: Harper & Row, 1975, hc

New York: Bantam, 1976, pb

New York: Perennial Library, 1987, tp

New York: Harper Paperbacks, 1991, pb (reprinted as HarperPrism, 1995) ☐

Orsinian Tales

New York: Harper & Row, 1976, hc

New York: Bantam, 1977, pb

New York: Perennial Library, 1987, tp

New York: Harper Paperbacks, 1991 ☐

The Compass Rose: Short Stories

Portland and San Francisco: Pendragon Press/Underwood Miller, 1982, hc (limited edition)

New York: Harper & Row, 1982, hc

New York: Bantam, 1983, pb (reprinted as Bantam Spectra, 1987)

New York: Harper Paperbacks, 1991, pb (reprinted as HarperPrism, 1995) ☐

WISCON 20 GUESTS

Guest of Honor
Ursula K. Le Guin

Buffalo Gals and Other Animal Presences
· illustrated by Margaret Chodos-Irvine
Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1987, hc
New York: New American Library/Plume, 1988, pb
New York: Penguin/Roc, 1990, pb
New York: Roc, 1994, tp 📖

Searoad: Chronicles of Klatsand
New York: HarperCollins, 1991, hc
New York: HarperPerennial, 1992, tp 📖
New York: HarperPrism, 1994, pb 📖

A Fisherman of the Inland Sea: Science Fiction Stories
New York: HarperPerennial, 1994, hc 📖
New York: HarperPrism, 1995, pb 📖

Four Ways to Forgiveness
New York: HarperPrism, 1995, hc (pb forthcoming, 1996) 📖

Unlocking the Air and Other Stories
New York: HarperCollins, 1996, hc 📖

C. Omnibus Editions

Three Hainish Novels
· *Rocannon's World, Planet of Exile, City of Illusions*
Garden City: Nelson Doubleday, 1978, hc (Science Fiction Book Club)

Five Complete Novels
· *The Left Hand of Darkness, Rocannon's World, Planet of Exile, City of Illusions, The Word for World is Forest*
New York: Avon Books, 1985, hc

The Dispossessed, The Lathe of Heaven, and The Wind's Twelve Quarters
New York: Book-of-the-Month Club, 1991

D. Children's Books

Leese Webster
· illustrated by James Brunzman
New York: Atheneum, 1979, hc

The Adventure of Cobbler's Rune
· illustrated by Alicia Austin
New Castle, VA: Cheap Street, 1982, hc (limited edition)

Solomon Leviathan's Nine Hundred and Thirty-First Trip Around the World
· illustrated by Alicia Austin
· first published in *The First Puffin's Pleasure*, ed. Kaye Webb and Treld Bicknell. Harmondsworth, England: Puffin, 1976, hc, p. 18-22
New Castle, VA: Cheap Street, 1984, hc (limited edition) 📖
New York: Philomel Books, 1988, hc (new color illustrations by Austin)

A Visit from Dr. Katz
· illustrated by Ann Barrow
New York: Atheneum, 1988, hc 📖

Catwings
· illustrated by S.D. Schindler
New York: Orchard Books, 1988, hc 📖
New York: Scholastic, 1990, tp (reprinted 1992 in tiny size) 📖

Catwings Return
· illustrated by S.D. Schindler
New York: Orchard Books, 1989, hc 📖
New York: Scholastic, 1991, tp (reprinted 1992 in tiny size) 📖

Fire and Stone
· illustrated by Laura Marshall
New York: Atheneum, 1989, hc 📖

A Ride on the Red Mare's Back
· illustrated by Julie Downing
New York: Orchard Books, 1992, hc 📖

Fish Soup
· illustrated by Patrick Wynne
New York: Atheneum, 1992, hc 📖

Wonderful Alexander and the Catwings
· illustrated by S.D. Schindler
New York: Orchard Books, 1994, hc 📖

E. Poetry Books

Wild Angels
Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1975, tp
The Capra Chapbook Anthology, ed. Noel Young, Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1979, tp; San Bernardino: Borgo Press, 1989, p. 275-319

Hard Words and Other Poems
New York: Harper & Row, 1981, hc and tp

Wild Oats and Fireweed: New Poems
New York: Perennial Library, 1988, hc and tp

Blue Moon over Thurman Street
· poetry cycle with photographs by Roger Dorband
Portland: NewSage Press, 1993, tp 📖

Going Out with Peacocks and Other Poems
New York: HarperPerennial, 1994, hc & tp 📖

F. Essay Collections

Dreams Must Explain Themselves
· ed. Andrew Porter, illustrated by Tim Kirk
New York: Algor Press, 1973, tp
San Bernardino: Borgo Press, 1983

The Language of the Night: Essays on Fantasy and Science Fiction

· ed., with introductions, by Susan Wood
New York: Putnam, 1979, hc
New York: Putnam/Perigee, 1980, tp
New York: Berkley, 1982, tp
New York: HarperCollins, 1992, hc (revised edition)
New York: HarperPerennial, 1993, tp (1992 revised edition) 📖

Dancing at the Edge of the World: Thoughts on Words, Women, Places
New York: Grove Press, 1989, hc
New York: Perennial Library, 1990, tp 📖

G. Anthologies

The Altered I
· stories and essays from sf writing workshop conducted by UKL;
book ed. Lee Harding
Carlton, Australia: Norstrilia Press, 1976, tp
New York: Berkley Windhover, 1978, tp (revised edition)

Nebula Award Stories Eleven
· ed. UKL
London: Gollancz, 1976, hc (first edition)
New York: Harper & Row, 1977, hc
New York: Bantam, 1978, pb

Interfaces: An Anthology of Speculative Fiction
· ed. UKL and Virginia Kidd
New York: Ace, 1980, tp and pb

Edges: Thirteen New Tales from the Borderlands of the Imagination
· ed. UKL and Virginia Kidd
New York: Pocket, 1980, pb

The Norton Book of Science Fiction: North American Science Fiction, 1960-1990
· ed. UKL and Brian Attebery, with Karen Joy Fowler, consultant
New York: Norton, 1993, hc 📖

PART 2 - Separately published shorter works (selected)

Mostly small-press chapbooks. Most works in this category are also included in one or more of the standard full-length books in Part 1.

A. Stories

Nine Lives
· first published 1969; also reprinted in *The Wind's Twelve Quarters*, 1975
Eugene, OR: Pulphouse, 1992, hc & tp

The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas
· first published 1973; also reprinted in *The Wind's Twelve Quarters*, 1975
Mankato, MN: Creative Education, 1993 📖

The New Atlantis

· first published 1975; also reprinted in *The Compass Rose*, 1982
New York: Tor, 1989, pb (Tor Double, bound with *The Blind Geometer* by Kim Stanley Robinson)

The Water is Wide

· also printed in *The Compass Rose*, 1982
Portland: Pendragon Press, 1976, hc and tp

Gwilan's Harp

· first published 1977; also reprinted in *The Compass Rose*, 1982
Northridge, CA: Lord John Press, 1981, hc and tp

The Visionary: The Life Story of Flicker of the Serpentine

· first published 1984; also reprinted in *Always Coming Home*, 1985
Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1984, tp (Capra back-to-back, bound with *Wonders Hidden* by Scott R. Sanders) ☞

King Dog: A Screenplay

Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1985, tp (Capra back-to-back, bound with *Dostoevsky: A Screenplay*, by Raymond Carver and Tess Gallagher) ☞

Buffalo Gals, Won't You Come Out Tonight

· first published 1987; also reprinted in *Buffalo Gals and Other Animal Presences*, 1987
San Francisco: Pomegranate Artbooks, 1994, hc (illustrated by Susan Seddon Boulet) ☞

A Winter Solstice Ritual from the Pacific Northwest

· short satirical piece by UKL and Vonda N. McIntyre
Seattle: Ygor and Buntho Make Books Press, 1991, tp ☞

Findings

· also printed in *Unlocking the Air*, 1996
Browerville, MN: Ox Head Press, 1992, hc ☞

B. Poetry*Walking in Cornwall: A Poem for the Solstice*

· first published 1976; also reprinted in *Hard Words*, 1981
Portland: Pendragon Press, 1979, tp

Tillai and Tylissos

· "The Dancing at Tillai" by UKL and "The Dancing at Tylissos" by Theodora Kroeber Quinn; "The Dancing at Tillai" first published 1979; also reprinted in *Hard Words*, 1981
St. Helena, CA: Red Bull Press, 1980, tp

In the Red Zone

· poems also printed (revised) in *Wild Oats and Fireweed*, 1988
Northridge, CA: Lord John Press, 1983, hc (with essay, "A Very Warm Mountain"; illustrated by Henk Pander) ☞

Way of the Water's Going

· poetry and prose excerpts from *Always Coming Home*, plus new intro by UKL, with photographs by Ernest Waugh and Alan Nicholson
New York: Harper & Row, 1989, hc

No Boats

· collection of 10 poems
Seattle: Ygor and Buntho Make Books Press, 1991, tp ☞

C. Essays*From Elfland to Poughkeepsie*

· also printed in *The Language of the Night*, 1979
Portland: Pendragon Press, 1973, hc and tp (with intro by Vonda N. McIntyre)

Myth and Archetype in Science Fiction

· first published 1976; also reprinted in *The Language of the Night*, 1979
Eugene, OR: Writer's Notebook Press/Pulphouse, 1991, tp

Talking About Writing

· first printed in *The Language of the Night*, 1979
Eugene, OR: Writer's Notebook Press/Pulphouse, 1991, tp

A Woman Writing, or, The Fisherwoman's Daughter

· also printed (revised) in *Dancing at the Edge of the World*, 1989
New Orleans: Graduate School of Tulane University, 1987, tp

Earthsea Revisited

· essay on the writing of *Tehanu*
Cambridge, England: Children's Literature New England, 1993, tp ☞

D. Artwork*The Art of Bunditsu*

· humorous treatise on cat arranging, reproduced from the author's manuscript
Portland: Nekobooks, 1982, tp
Seattle: Ygor and Buntho Make Books Press, 1992, tp ☞

PART 3—Selected Uncollected Writings

Sections B (Poems) and E (Interviews) are particularly selective and include only more recent or relatively easy-to-find items.

A. Stories

"Selection"

Amazing, August 1964, p. 36-45

"Cake and Ice Cream"

Playgirl, February/March 1973, p. 36, 50-55

"The Evil Eye"

Seventeen, September 1984, p. 192-193, 210

"Along the River"

Omni Best Science Fiction Three, ed. Ellen Datlow. Greensboro, NC: Omni Books, 1993, tp, p. 98-102 ☞

"The Matter of Seggri"

CRANK!, issue 3, Spring 1994, p. 3-36 ☞

The Year's Best Science Fiction, Twelfth Annual Collection, ed. Gardner Dozois. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1995, tp, p. 417-445 ☞

Nebula Awards 30, ed. Pamela Sargent. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1996, hc and tp ☞

"Unchosen Love"

Amazing, Fall 1994, p. 11-26

"Solitude"

Fantasy & Science Fiction, December 1994, p. 132-159

"Coming of Age in Karhide"

New Legends, ed. Greg Bear and Martin H. Greenberg. New York: Tor, 1995, hc, p. 89-105 ☞

B. Poems

"Lost Arrows and the Feather People"

Healing the Wounds: The Promise of Ecofeminism, ed. Judith Plant. Philadelphia: New Society Publishers, 1989, tp, p. 189-191 ☞

"From the Tao Te Ching"

· translations of six poems by Lao Tzu
The Literary Review (Madison NJ), Spring 1989, p. 364-367

"Naming Gary"

Gary Snyder: Dimensions of a Life, ed. Jon Halper. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1991, p. 201-202 ☞

"The Writer On, and At, Her Work"

· poem/essay
The Writer on Her Work, vol. 2, ed. Janet Sternberg. New York: Norton, 1991, hc, p. 210-222 ☞

"The Great Oregon Serial Poem"

· UKL was a contributor to this project ed. Jack e Lorts
Oregon English Journal, Fall 1991, p. 16-19

"To Krakie; Song; December 31st, 1947"

· three poems, written in 1934, age 4; 1947, age 17; 1947, age 18
First Words: Earliest Writing from Favorite Contemporary Authors, ed. Paul Mandelbaum. Chapel Hill, NC: Algonquin Books, 1993, hc, p. 316-317 ☞

C. Essays

"The Crab Nebula, the Paramecium, and Tolstoy"

Riverside Quarterly, vol. 5 no. 2, February 1972, p. 89-96

"The Ursula Major Construct"

· essay on writers' workshops
Clarion III, ed. Robin Scott Wilson. New York: New American Library, 1973, pb, p. 32-37

"Science Fiction Tomorrow"

Christian Science Monitor, July 8, 1974, p. 13

"The Lathe of Heaven"

TV Guide, January 5-11, 1980, p. 17-18

WISCON 20 GUESTS

Guest of Honor
Ursula K. Le Guin

“Dreampoems”

- three versions of essay, with poems, on hypnagogic writing
Dreamworks, Summer 1980, p. 156-157
- Parabola*, v. 7, no. 2, Spring/May 1982, p. 22-23
- Dreams Are Wiser Than Men*, ed. Richard A. Russo. Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 1987, p. 18-21 ☞

“A Very Warm Mountain”

- essay on the eruption of Mount Saint Helens
Parabola, v. 5 no. 4, Fall/November 1980, p. 46-51
- In the Red Zone* (poetry chapbook collection), 1981 ☞
- The Norton Book of Nature Writing*, ed. Robert Finch and John Elder. New York: Norton, 1990, hc, p. 715-722 ☞
- Celebrating the Land: Women's Nature Writings 1850-1991*, ed. Karen Knowles. Flagstaff AZ: Northland Pub., 1992, tp, p. 75-81 ☞

“On Writing Science Fiction”

- The Writer*, February 1981, p. 11-14
- The Writer's Handbook*, 1982 edition, ed. Sylvia K. Burack. Boston: *The Writer*, 1982, hc, p. 270-274

“Bears”

- Parabola*, v. 8, no. 2, Spring/May 1983, p. 35-36

“Introduction”

- The Book of Fantasy*, ed. Jorge Luis Borges, Silvina Ocampo, and A. Bioy Carares. New York: Viking Penguin, 1988, p. 9-12
- same. New York: Carroll and Graf, 1990 ☞

“Legends for a New Land”

- on the writing of *Always Coming Home*
Mythlore 56, Winter 1988, p. 4-10
- The Roots of Fantasy: Myth, Folklore & Archetype*. Seattle WA: World Fantasy Convention 1989, p. 35-46

“Spike the Canon”

- Pilgrim Award acceptance speech
SFRA Newsletter 169, July/August 1989, p. 17-21

“On *The Left Hand of Darkness* and *The Dispossessed*”

- The Best of the Nebulas*, ed. Ben Bova. N.Y.: Tor, 1989, p. 20-21 ☞

“By Her Loneself”

- foreword
A Home-Concealed Woman: The Diaries of Magnolia Wynn Le Guin, 1901-1913, ed. Charles A. Le Guin. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1990, hc, p. ix-xiv ☞

“Children, Women, Men and Dragons”

- on the writing of *Tehanu*; earlier version of “Earthsea Revisited” (see above)
- Monad* 1, September/October 1990, p. 3-27

“Prides”

- essay on writers' workshops
Gifts of Blood: The Collected Stories of Susan C. Petrey, ed. Paul M. Wrigley and Debbie Cross. Portland: OSFCI, 1990, hc, p. 7-14

“The World of Science Fiction”

- Ms*, November/December 1990, p. 52-54

“Recreating Reality”

- The Writer*, October 1991, p. 11-13

“Introducing Myself”

- Left Bank* 3 (Hillsboro OR), Winter 1992, p. 12-15
- Readercon 7 (Program Book), 1994, p. 3-4

“Pornography & Responsibility”

- adapted from a speech on receiving the E.B. MacNaughton Civil Liberties Award from the ACLU of Oregon Foundation
Civil Liberties 379, Fall 1993, p. 4, 10 (see also letters in issue 380, Spring 1994)

“My Appointment with the Enterprise: An Appreciation”

- TV Guide*, May 14-20, 1994, p. 31-32

“Thinking About Cordwainer Smith”

- Readercon 7 (Program Book), 1994, p. 29-32

“Introduction”

- The Diaries of Adam and Eve*, by Mark Twain. New York: Oxford University Press, October 1996 (forthcoming)

D. Recipes

Crab Nebula; Fresh Gichymichy; Primitive Chocolate Mousse

- Cooking Out of This World*, ed. Anne McCaffrey. New York: Ballantine, 1971, pb, p. 104-107. Newark: Wildside Press, 1992, hc & tp, p. 104-107

Auntie Cowsie's Cookies; Auntie Cowsie's Ginger

Christmas Cookies

- The Bakery Men Don't See Cookbook*, ed. Jeanne Gomoll. Madison: SF³, 1991, p. 50 ☞

Cream of Food Soup

- Her Smoke Rose Up From Supper*, ed. Jeanne Gomoll. Madison: SF³, 1993, p. 62 ☞

E. Interviews

“She Writes About Aliens—Men Included”

- Paula Brookmire, interviewer
Milwaukee Journal, July 21, 1974, part 6, p. 3
- Biography News*, October 1974, p. 1155
- Authors in the News*, vol. 1, ed. Barbara Nykoruk. Detroit: Gale Research, 1976, p. 302

“SSF Interviews Ursula K. Le Guin”

- James Cowan, interviewer
UWM Union SSF (University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee), Fall 1974, p. 31-40

“Ursula Le Guin”

- Anne Mellor, interviewer
Women Writers of the West Coast: Speaking of Their Lives and Careers, ed. Marilyn Yalom. Santa Barbara: Capra, 1983, tp, p. 68-77

“In a World of Her Own: Ursula Le Guin”

- Nora Gallagher, author/interviewer
Mothers Jones, January 1984, p. 23-27, 51-53
- Points of Departure: An Anthology of Nonfiction*, ed. James Moffett. New York: New American Library, 1985, pb, p. 289-301 ☞

“Ursula K. Le Guin: Down to Earth”

- Locus* 284, September 1984, p. 1, 56

“An Interview with Ursula Le Guin”

- Larry McCaffery and Sinda Gregory, interviewers
Missouri Review, v. 7 no. 2, 1984, p. 64-85
- Alive and Writing: Interviews with American Authors of the 1980s*, ed. Larry McCaffery and Sinda Gregory. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1987, p. 175-195 ☞
- Across the Wounded Galaxies*, ed. Larry McCaffery. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1990, p. 151-175 ☞

“Ursula K. Le Guin: Voyager to the Inner Land”

- Anne Fadiman, author/interviewer
Life, April 1986, p. 23-25

“Ursula K. Le Guin”

- Miriam Berkeley, author/interviewer
Publishers' Weekly, May 23, 1986, p. 72

“Ursula K. Le Guin: The Lathe of Science Fiction”

- Baird Searles, interviewer
Amazing, September 1986, p. 41-46

“Ursula K. Le Guin”

- Nicholas O'Connell, interviewer
At the Field's End: Interviews with Twenty Pacific Northwest Writers, by Nicholas O'Connell. Seattle: Madrona Publishers, 1987, hc & tp, p. 19-38 ☞

“Le Guin, Ursula K(roeber), 1929-”

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Science Fiction Review 2, Summer 1990, p. 22-24; issue 3, Autumn 1990, p. 52-56

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· Colin Greenland, interviewer
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Locus 388, May 1993, p. 6, 73-74

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· Jonathan White, interviewer
Talking on the Water: Conversations About Nature and Creativity, by Jonathan White. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1994, tp. p. 99-120 ☐
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· Victor W. Reinking and David Willingham, interviewers
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· Judith Pierce Rosenberg, interviewer
A Question of Balance: Artists and Writers on Motherhood, by Judith Pierce Rosenberg. Watsonville CA: Papier-Mache Press, 1995, p. 243-252 ☐

"I Am a Woman Writer; I Am a Western Writer: an interview with Ursula K. Le Guin"
· William Walsh, interviewer
Kenyon Review, Summer 1995, p. 192-205

"Ursula K. Le Guin: A Galaxy of Books and Laurels"
· Sara Jameson, interviewer
Publishers' Weekly, September 25, 1995, p. 32-33

F. Panel Transcripts

"The Creative Spirit and Children's Literature: A Symposium"
· symposium on children's literature, University of California-Berkeley, July 11-15, 1977
Wilson Library Bulletin, October 1978, p. 166-169

"The Making of *Always Coming Home*"
· UKL, Todd Barton, Margaret Chodos-Irvine, and George Hersh, from Mythcon XXIX, Berkeley CA, July 31, 1988
Mythlore 65, Spring 1991, p. 56-63

PART 4—Selected Video and Audio Recordings

A. Commercially released "Talking Books" of UKL's works (U.S. commercial releases only)

The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas, Direction of the Road, An Orgota Creation Myth
· read by UKL
New York: Alternate World Recordings, 1976. LP

Gwilan's Harp and Intracom
· read by UKL
New York: Caedmon, 1977. LP and cassette ☐

The Left Hand of Darkness
· abridged and read by UKL

May 24-27, 1996

Stamford CT: Waldentapes/Warner Audio, 1985. 2 cassettes ☐
· read by Ruth Stokesberry
Newport Beach, CA: Books on Tape, 1987. 8 cassettes ☐

The Word for World is Forest
· read by Laurence Ballard
Miami: Book of the Road, 1985. 2 cassettes ☐

A Wizard of Earthsea; The Tombs of Atuan; The Farthest Shore
· read by Allison Green
Elkins Park PA: Literate Ear, 1991-1992. 4, 4, and 5 cassettes each
· read by Rob Inglis
Prince Frederick MD: Recorded Books, 1992-1994. 5, 4, and 6 cassettes each ☐

The Beginning Place
· read by Rob Inglis
Prince Frederick MD: Recorded Books, 1991. 5 cassettes ☐

Gwilan's Harp
· read with harp accompaniment by Patrick Ball
Storyteller: Gwilan's Harp and Other Celtic Tales. Tucson, AZ: Celestial Harmonies, 1995. CD ☐

B. Musical recordings featuring UKL as author or narrator

Wild Angels of the Open Hills
· poems by UKL, music by Joseph Schwantner
Performed by the Jubal Trio. New York: CRJ, 1983. LP (paired with "String Quartet No. 6" by Ben Johnston)

Music & Poetry of the Kesh
· words by UKL, music by Todd Barton
Performed by musicians of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. Ashland, OR: Valley Productions, 1985. New York: World Room, 1988. cassette ☐

Rigel 9
· words by UKL, music by David Bedford
London: Charisma, 1985. LP

Mother of Us All
· libretto by Judith Barrington, music by David York
Performed by Concord Choir and Obo Addy, with UKL, narrator. Portland: Omni Records, 1994. CD and cassette ☐

Uses of Music in Uttermost Parts
· words by UKL, music by Elinor Armer
Performed by The Women's Philharmonic, JoAnn Falletta, conductor, with choral singers and chamber musicians; UKL and Elinor Armer, narrators. Port Washington, NY: Koch International Classics, 1995. 2 CDs ☐

C. Radio and television broadcasts

A very selective list. Few of these have been commercially released.

A Wizard of Earthsea
Dramatized by John Robbins. Broadcast on WETA-TV, Washington, 1974 or 1975.

The Lathe of Heaven
Dramatized by Roger Swaybill and Diane English. Directed by David Loxton and Fred Barzyk. Produced by WNET-TV, New York. Broadcast on PBS television, January 9, 1980.

An Eye for An Eye
Radio play by UKL. Produced by KSOR, Ashland, OR. Broadcast on NPR's "The Curve of Wonder" series, 1988.

The Word for World is Forest
Dramatized by Alberto Manguel. Broadcast on CBC radio in three parts, March and April, 1988.

Gender: The Enduring Paradox
Episode 601 of "Smithsonian World", including interview with UKL, TV broadcast January 23, 1991.

Texts; The Wise Woman
Stories from *Searoad* and *Unlocking the Air* (respectively), read on NPR's "The Sound of Writing" radio series, 1991 and 1995.

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Judith Merrill vs. Plotto

by Katherine MacLean

WE WERE all young writers together in New York City.

Judy's first story was about a woman reacting to having a radiation-damaged baby. It was a strong story but it was a revelation to me that a science fiction story could be printed in a science fiction magazine without an action-adventure plot and a male hero.

No other plot type had ever attracted my attention. I had started to read Tarzan at age six. Popeye, Tarzan, Sherlock Holmes, Macbeth, Hamlet, Flash Gordon, Lensman, and Grey Lensmen were all action-adventure heroes to me. As a reader I had lived hundreds of fictional lives in all corners of space and time as fictional heroes, not as fictional women. Heroines were Olive Oyle and Ophelia, they whined and cried for help and I ignored them. I wrote stories the way I had read them. Men in adventures.

How had Judy Merrill written a female central character who neither screamed nor was a hero? She also talked freely of her feelings as a woman. I could not do that either.

I KEPT ON thinking up science futures and fitting them into action adventure format and selling them. But Judy Merrill kept writing with women as people in her stories, and Ted Sturgeon could somehow get human feeling and odd sensitive characters into his. I kept a suspicious eye out for their stories and read them with attention and surprise, but I could not imitate them.

Then Judy started doing an anthology. I visited her in a big house in Red Bank, New Jersey, full of the wonderful creative sound of distant typewriters generating new worlds.

Judy sat sorting and reading, surrounded by stacks of magazines with notes sticking out of them, each marking some particularly exciting story and let me read them. Then she listened with respect to my reactions, asking questions that puzzled me.

I spoke about the originality of the idea, the novelty of the world view, the effectiveness of the suspense. She asked about mood and emotion in the reading and the aftermath mood of one story compared to the beginning mood of another.

I slowly understood that she was doing something I had never heard of, arranging the anthology like a banquet—flavors in sequence, biting and tangy, sweet and sour, rich and salty and strong and needing thoughtful chewing over, so don't cut the flavor with a sharp change of mood. You can follow a happy ending by almost anything but what comes on stage after a tragedy?

Not just choosing the best but arranging them for stronger effect. All this while still honoring strongly original plots with respectably logical ideas about the future.

When I visited again I read some new additions to the final winnowing of the shrunken stack of stories under consideration, while she typed and made urgent phone calls. I was awed by the volume of paperwork, letters, permissions, copyright releases from publishers, contracts...

And listening to her phone calls I was fascinated by the interesting people she got on the phone and the letters she wrote to the more original and brilliant of the contributors to the finished anthology, discussing their ideas and the way

she could turn them into friends and sometimes brief glorious love affairs.

AFTER SOME years of personal adventure, I visited Judy in a small town in the woods and she was again surrounded by stacked magazines and books with slips of paper sticking out of them, but this time she was selecting science fiction stories from magazines and collections that were not science fiction specialty magazines.

When she asked me to read the preliminary stack she had chosen I dove in eagerly and after six stories became aware of a kind of indefiniteness and freedom of form where the plot should be, an unusually detailed ordinary life, a description of feeling. And on the average the characters were not aliens and the first pages did not leap into action with a planet-wide crisis.

"These read like, ah, literature! I don't mean great, I mean like home magazines. Like..."

"The word is 'mainstream,'" Judy said.

"But they feel low key. Will science fiction readers, ah..."

"Science fiction fans are getting too specialized. It's turning into a ghetto," she said. "We should bring in the general readers, give them something they can understand."

I said, "But outsiders don't understand the ideas, they think anything they have not heard of before is just fairy tales or raving insanity. And critics hate anything that confuses them. They won't review it."

"H.G. Wells was mainstream. The critics reviewed him," said Judy and floored me.

She had just knocked Plotto out from under me. I came up trying.

"But they never discussed his ideas, just his characters, just normal little people—just how normal they were. These stories you're choosing all have characterizations but they still have new ideas and wild backgrounds.

"So did Wells," she pointed out. "And they didn't hate him."

I remembered my cultured, gentle relatives taking my magazines away and burning them. I said stubbornly, "The critics won't review it."

"The readers will read it. These stories appeared in mainstream magazines, and they were popular with the readers. If we can't join the mainstream we can pull in all their readers and we'll be the mainstream. The mainstream will come to us."

THAT WAS 1955.

How did she do that?

For a while science fiction was the mainstream, the most popular read, the highest rated movies.

I know other people contributed with great stories and novels and great anthologies, but for a few years, over coffee in Red Bank and Milford, looking at yard-high stacks of manuscripts and tear sheets and letters in every corner, it looked like a single handed effort.

I hear she has made equal efforts in Canada finding and encouraging young writers. I think Judy Merrill deserves the honors she has been receiving.



Judith Merrill

Originally published in a special Judith Merrill tribute issue of *Aloud* magazine, vol. 2 no. 7, October 1992; Toronto, Canada.

An Unbrief Biography of Judith Merrill

by Judith Merrill

BORN, New York City, Jan 21, 1923. Raised in the Big Depression, and in secular but intensely Jewish-cultural atmosphere. In high school, moved from (pre-Israel, pacifist-social-democratic) Zionist to socialist youth to Trotskyist. (Again, the label meant different things then than now.) Wrote for *Challenge of Youth*. Married at 17, first child at 19, followed drafted husband around the country.

In 1944, when my husband went overseas, I went back to New York and met up with some of the Futurians, most notably John Michel, Bob Lowndes, Larry Shaw, and Damon Knight; shortly afterwards, Virginia Kidd moved up from Baltimore. I had found my own kind of family.

I was working as a research assistant on Western history. Lowndes had a job as editor of pulp magazines; he started buying filler articles from me for his Western mags. Then he and Michel took it on themselves to persuade me I could write fiction: savaged my first effort (much as good writing workshops do now) till I had a story Bob could buy (1/2 cent a word) for *Crack Detective*.

My daughter, Merrill (whose name I later adopted for myself) was two; Kidd's Karen was less than a year; we moved into a dirt-cheap (like, roaches too) old slum tenement together—"Parallax"—where we could share house-keeping and babies, friends and Futurian "family," ideas and widely divergent backgrounds, fanzine-creating, writing, and criticism. When our husbands came home from the wars, we were no longer the wives they had left behind; both marriages broke up. (Virginia later married Jim Blish; later still, I married Fred Pohl.)

Couple of years of make-a-living pulp writing: westerns, detectives, sports, and meanwhile Ted Sturgeon was persuading me I could indeed write science fiction. (Without

all those persuaders, would I have done it eventually anyhow? Who knows? This was the 1940s.)

Got a job as mystery editor at Bantam Books, where I did my first anthology (*Shot in the Dark*) and began my first novel (*Shadow on the Hearth*), both published in 1950, the year my second daughter, Ann, was born.

All these last were with active support from Pohl. I always have to disappoint people who want to hear about struggles against the male hierarchy; I've got plenty of horror stories, but not about work barriers.

Most of the rest is in the *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* and assorted biographical dictionaries: Another novel, short story collections, book of novellas, two collaborative novels with Cyril Kornbluth, a few more anthologies before the *Best Science Fiction* series started in 1955. Between 1963 and 1968, books editor for *Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

In 1968 I moved to Canada, along with the stream of draft-dodgers and deserters, for much the same reasons. A year as "resource person" at Rochdale College, a "free university." Radio documentaries for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. Mini-documentaries as extras for *Dr. Who* on Ontario's educational TV station. Writing workshops, writer-in residence stints, work with The Writers' Union of Canada and writers' section of ACTRA (radio/TV). All crowned with an official Tribute at Toronto's International Authors' Festival, three years ago.

Now live in semi-retirement at the Performing Arts Lodge, a building full of vigorously aging actors, dancers, directors, writers. Do the occasional writing workshop, sound off from time to time on TV, do my best to subvert grandchildren (six) and great-gran's (two), and writing a book of memoirs, *Better to Have Loved*, trying to figure out how I got so lucky.



Judith Merrill

Judith Merrill Bibliography

compiled by Barnaby Rapoport

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WISCON 20 GUESTS

Special Guest
Judith Merril

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Press Porcepic, 1985

Radio Documentaries

"How to Think Science Fiction"
Canadian Broadcasting Co. (CBC) "Radio Schools, Kaleidoscope"
program: 4 half-hours, 1971-1972

"Women of Japan"
CBC "Ideas": 1 hour, 1972

"What Limits?"
CBC "Ideas": 1 hour, 1973

"Growing up in Japan"
CBC "Radio Schools, Kaleidoscope": 5 half-hours, 1973

"How to Face Doomsday without Really Dying"
CBC "Ideas": 5 hours, 1974

"Japan: Future Possible"
CBC "Ideas": 10 hours, 1975

"Science Fiction Special"
CBC "Radio International": 2 hours, 1975

"To Make a World"
CBC "Ideas": 1 hour, 1975

"Apple Bay"
CBC "Ideas": 1 hour, 1975

Translations from Japanese

Ryu Mitsuse, "The Sunset, 2217 A.D.," *Best Science Fiction for 1972*,
ed. Frederik Pohl, Ace, 1972; trans. with Tetsu Yano

Morio Kita, "The Empty Field," *Omega*, ed. R. Elwood, Walker,
1973; trans. with Kinya Tsuruta
Sakyo Komatsu, "The Savage Mouth," *Rooms of Paradise*, ed. Lee
Harding, Quartet, 1978; trans. with Tetsu Yano
Takashi Ishikawa, "The Road to the Sea," *Proteus*, ed. Richard S.
McEnroe, Charter, 1981; trans. with Tetsu Yano

Dramatizations

"Atomic Attack"
dramatization of *Shadow on the Hearth* for Motorola TV Playhouse,
1954

"Whoever You Are"
adapted with Charles Dewar; dramatized on CBC "Ideas" March, 1974

"Headspace"
adapted with Paul Kelman as a stage play based on "Connection
Completed," "The Lady was a Tramp," and "The Land of Unblind"
for the Theatre Passe Muraille, 1978

Selected Listing of Lectures and Talks

Secondary Universe Conference I, 1968: Keynote Speaker
Univ. of Toronto, Lecturer in Science Fiction 1970-71
McGill Univ., "Contemporary Mythology", 1972
Sir George Williams Univ., "Science and Myth", 1972
SeCon (Secondary Universe) IV, "Privacy and Publicity", 1972
SUNY-Buffalo, Symposium on Popular Culture, 1973
Univ. of Toronto, Interdisciplinary Course on Extraterrestrial Life,
1973-74
Univ. of Toronto, course on History of Atheism, 1974
Erindale College, intermedia presentation, 1974
Univ. of Toronto, Hart House Library Committee, 1976
MENZA International Congress, Toronto, Banquet speaker, 1976
Dalhousie Univ. Library School, 1977
Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst., "Living with Technology," Albany, N.Y.,
1977
O.I.S.E. Group for Research on Women, 1977
Centennial Community College, Festival of Women in the Arts
Canadian Authors' Assoc. Conference, Toronto, 1979
SUNY-Brockport "Writers" Forum", 1979
Heritage Canada Foundation Conf., slide show on "Dream Cities,"
Winnipeg, 1980
York Univ., "Living in the Information Society" Conference,
Keynote Speaker, 1981
"Bread and Roses" Symposium, Ottawa, "The Future of Women
and Work," 1982
Atkinson College, York Univ., "Write-on" conf., 1983
Partisan Gallery, Toronto, "Feminism and Culture," 1983
Matrix/Midland Festival, Michigan, "Arts and the Future," 1983
"Women and Words" Conf., Vancouver, 1983
Temple Univ., Philadelphia, 1984, "Facing Nuclear Holocaust"
American Psychological Assoc. Conf., Toronto, "Science Fiction
Treatments of Aging," 1984
Westminster Institute/London Public Library, "Bio-Ethics in
Science Fiction," 1985
Couchiching Conference, "the Informal Economy," 1986

UPDATES

"Introduction"
The Work of Reginald Bretnor (bio-bibliography), Scott Burgess,
Borgo, 1989

"Afterword"
Ark of Ice, ed. Lesley Choyce, Pottersfield Press, Halifax, 1992

"Foreword" and "We Have Met the Alien (and It Is Us)"
Tesseract, Press Porcepic, Vancouver, 1985

"Memorial tribute to Fritz Leiber"
Gummitch and Friends, Grant, 1993

"Something Else" (Introduction)
Out of This World, Quarry Press and National Library of Canada,
Ottawa, 1995

"Public Disservice"
QWII & Quire, Toronto, Nov 1994

"Message to Some Martians"
· introduction to *Visions of Mars* (CD ROM), The Planetary Society,
1994
Witness to Wilderness: The Clayoquot Sound Anthology, Arsenal Pulp
Press, Vancouver, 1994

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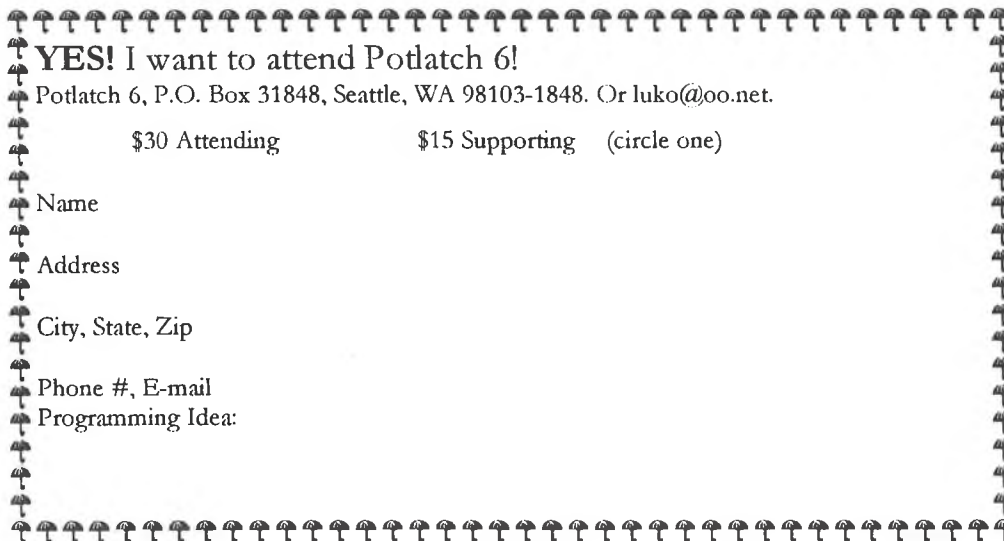


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People's Programming

by Susan Wood

WHEN I FIRST entered fandom, in the mid-1960s, I noticed two things. First, I thought I had met my kind of people, at last. They talked to me, seriously, about books, politics, ideas. They did not (for the most part) play silly sex-role games, those games in which I was a misfit "girl" in the "real" mundane world. They accepted me as one of themselves.

They accepted me as an Honorary Man.

The second thing I noticed was that, in this period, people (= males, writers, and editors, and the "femme" fans who were their acolytes) were devoting a lot of time, verbiage, emotion, and hostility to something called "The New Wave." As I perceived it, this was a literary movement (if one could call it that) designed to introduce such matters as style and characterization into the cardboard-and-wiring-diagram realm of traditional North American pulp escape-reading science fiction.

I liked the New Wave. I liked to have my science fiction literate, experimental, and humanized.

I liked being an Honorary Man, too.

Now, I'm still in fandom, in the late 1970s. There's a new movement, bringing fresh ideas, fresh concepts of what people can be and do and how they can relate to each other. It's affecting North American society. With the usual time-lag, it's affecting science fiction and fandom. It's affecting me.

It's called, generally, the women's movement. And because of it, I call myself a woman.

Because one of the tenets of this movement is that the personal and the political are inexplicably related, I want to talk about my involvement in "women's programming" in science fiction fandom—preferably, people's programming—in terms of my change from Honorary Man to Woman Fan.

IT'S BEEN A slow, sometimes painful journey, to new awareness for myself, new friends, a new pride, and a new sense specifically of what this thing we call science fiction can do to show us new models for the future. On the way, friends who liked me when I laughed with them at anti-woman jokes now dismiss me as "bitter" and "crazy". No: I and many women like me are finding a new joy and sanity, based on self-respect. Other ex-friends urge me to "stop knocking fandom" or stop trying to "destroy" fandom by erecting "barriers" (which are already there). Things, they say, are Worse in the Real World; change *that* (and leave us alone).

But fans are educated and have a vested interest in their self-image of being enlightened and aware. Shouldn't we really try to live up to that (often false) image, not hide behind it? What, I'd like to know, does the spectacle of an almost-naked dancer, carried onstage bound hand and foot, to perform for the drooling masters, have to do with science fiction? Or with adult behavior in 1977? At this point, I walked out of the 1977 WesterCon Masquerade in disgust; and a famous pro jeered at me for being uptight, repressed, and "over-reacting." If this is "normal" entertainment for an adult audience of science fiction readers...if my protest is wrong, then the fandom I love is pretty sick.

Ten years ago, I would have stayed, and silently squirmed. This year, I spoke my disgust—and became, publically, not

an Honorary Man, but an Emotional Woman. Possibly a Strident Feminist Bitch. Wellllll... *uppity women, unite!*

What do I mean by "honorary man"? Well, I mean "human being"—sort of. In the 1960s, an honorary man was a female person whom you did not treat as either a silly nuisance or as a sex object. If you were a teacher, you complimented her (unfeminine) intellectual ability by saying, "Susan, you think like a man!" If you were a young male, you traded your math homework for her English homework, lent her *Analogue*, and treated her as an equal...almost. You let her do the dirtywork in the chem lab (because she was more deft), the pasteup on the newspaper (because she was neater), and the shitwork on the fanzine (because she had more time). As a reward you said, "Gee, Susan, you're just like one of the guys," meaning "How nice it is to avoid all the complications of sex!" and "How nice it is to talk to you. *You* aren't silly, like Those Other Girls."

And it *was* nice. Even in 1967, I knew that "You think like a man" wasn't a compliment; I knew that my women friends were intelligent and trying to hide it; but I knew, too, I wasn't a "girl." Whatever class they taught flirting in, and how to apply eyeliner, and play dating games, I missed (and so did my friends). Student newspaper work, and then fandom, were wonderful worlds to me. I want to emphasize this; I was, and *am*, grateful to fandom because it let me talk to men and women, as equals, without those games that go on between the sexes-as-aliens.

Or so I thought. It helped that women were a comparative rarity in "my" fandom: there were the "trekkies," the flamboyant WPSFA femme-fannes, and the Conspicuous Overachievers, like, oh, Juanita Coulson (Hugo-winning co-editor with husband Buck), Elinor Busby (Hugo-winning co-editor with husband Buz and friend Wally), Lesleigh Luttrell (co-editor with Hank), and Joyce Fisher, now Katz, whom I will always revere because she showed me that women can do their own fanzines. Joyce; who doesn't trust her own talent, and cooks instead of writing her beautiful words these days.

It helped, too, that fairly soon after entering fandom at large at St. LouisCon, after several years of limited local activity, I became Partnered and then Married: as a woman (= "sexual being") I was neutralized, safe. I could talk to men without them, or their partners, feeling I was a threat.

I became a reasonably well known fan, as an appendage. Never mind that mail to the co-edited fanzine tended to come addressed only to the male editor...and etc. Never mind that, if I wanted to discuss something serious, I was told to play with my own little zine; and never mind that I was so convinced of my own inferiority that I was truly amazed when anyone *read* it.

WHAT DID matter was the reaction I noticed when I started acting or talking as a person who was also a *woman*. Admiring someone's discussion of mimeo techniques was okay; trying to discuss my feelings of frustration at the male domination of fandom was "boring," "irrelevant," and "crazy." Writing an article about social reactions to breast size (we all have our unliberated moments) was funny, ha ha; but aren't you making a fuss about nothing? Talking about teaching science fiction, at conventions, was okay,

Because one of the tenets of this movement is that the personal and the political are inexplicably related, I want to talk about my involvement in "women's programming" in science fiction fandom—preferably, people's programming—in terms of my change from Honorary Man to Woman Fan.

Reprinted from *Janus II*, vol. 4 no. 1, Spring 1978; ed. Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll. *Janus II* doubled as the WisCon 2 program book.

Susan Wood's call for participation and action by women in science fiction

"people" behavior; complaining about dirty-jokes panels and strip-tease acts at those same conventions was "crazy libbers" behavior, "making a fuss about nothing" (again), and terribly "uptight." Saying that fandom was one big happy family earned me a couple of Hugos. Saying that fandom, like the rest of North American society, was sexist and did *not* necessarily treat women as individuals unless they denied the existence of sexism and denied their womanhood earned me abuse. (Despite, or because, of some of this, I also won another half Hugo. I'm delighted and a little puzzled.)

AN HONORARY man is a woman who is accepted as "an individual" *provided she does not, ever, remind her companions that she is a woman too.* Unless she comes on to them as a sex object, but that's a whole other trip. (And in this new "liberated" society, women aren't allowed the privilege of saying "no.") The woman/individual is accepted provided she does not even complain that her situation *as a woman* is rather less than equal or ideal. Even in fandom. Yes, I know men have problems too. *You* work on them. I'll start helping you if, and when, you show some signs of being willing to help me. Okay?

In your fandom—the fandom of 1978—there are people whose identity rests, in part, on the fact that they are men, socialized in certain patterns, reacting to those patterns. And there are people who are women. They meet, as individuals, at conventions like this WisCon; and they find some programming which deals with these differing identities *and how to break down the "barriers of gender" that already imprison us!* They find what is misnamed "women's programming." Programming which deals with the human condition. Programming which seems traditional, inevitable. "Saturday, 4 p.m., the Usual Women's Panel, with Terry Carr *in absentia.*" Programming which only got started, in the fannish consciousness, in the early 1970s.

Women's organizations in the 1950s in fandom withered. In the early 1970s, the women's movement was only beginning to make an impact on the science fiction community, chiefly through the fiction and criticism of Joanna Russ, seconded by Vonda McIntyre. They pointed out that North American science fiction reflected, and reinforced, a white-male-supremacist worldview. In general, its portrayal of women was sexist and stereotyped: blond victims, housewives in galactic suburbia, or evil temptresses. They pointed out that few women were, therefore, encouraged to read this stuff, which purported to portray alternate futures but really reflected North American 1950s social attitudes and pulp clichés. (And yes, that kinda limited the men's minds, too.) They pointed out that very few women were encouraged to write the stuff, unless—and you can name the Notable Exceptions—they either bought the male adventure-story norms and became "honorary men" or wrote ladies' magazine fiction with terribly intuitive but helpless heroines.

VONDA AND Joanna said these things circa 1970 to 1973, when I was really just discovering feminism and rediscovering myself. Hostility erupted and blood flowed, in the SFWA *Forum*, Dick Geis's fanzines, and elsewhere, while I stood on the sidelines and felt a little afraid of fandom. They said these things publically—Vonda was on a panel in "Women in Science Fiction" at PgHlange in 1970. ("And I got into a shouting match with Lester Del Rey about women.") I remember a talk Joanna gave, I think at the Toronto Secondary Universe conference in 1972, wittily reversing sex roles: woman makes rite of passage into adulthood by

killing bear, etc. I fell down laughing when I read that passage later in *The Female Man*.

Joanna, Vonda, and a very few supporters were rousingly trashed for being bitter, vicious, feminist bitches. One small but vocal trashing minority (like most of them, a man deeply afraid of women) cornered me at a party in Vancouver honoring Judy Merrill. He asserted, sniggering, that the only way Judy acquired the stories for her famous *Year's Best* series was by having sex with the authors.

"First of all, how do *you* know that? And second, why do you assume that about a woman editor, and not about a man? Or do you think Don Wollheim and Terry Carr sleep with their authors, too?"

"You mean, you're one of those crazy libbers too?" the man stuttered. "But you're a fan. You won a Hugo!"

"Two," I retorted. "And I'm not crazy, I'm a woman, you're a pig, and I'm angry." *Click.*

JOANNA, MEANTIME, retreated from the fray into teaching (which takes up as much energy as any of us has to spare) and fiction writing. Vonda put her energy into constructive things: "Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand," *The Exile Waiting*, "Aztecs," *Dreamsnake*. Meantime, their courage in speaking out first helped a lot of us to find our identity and courage. Thank you.

The 1973 WorldCon, TorCon II, did not (as far as I remember) have a women's panel. It was (as far as I remember) the last of the old-style WorldCons, where women had comparatively little visibility. I went to none of the programming, being absorbed with running the "All Our Yesterdays" fanhistory display. The con chair was unmarried, a First Fandomite, and women either just weren't part of "his" fandom or were appendages. I was appreciative, and singularly honored, when he started to treat me as an honorary man, a real fan who could be trusted with responsibility for a project dear to him. I had two able helpers in the (female) persons of Lindas Bushyager and Lounsbury; I gained much assistance from Juanita Coulson; but it wasn't until Elinor Busby came up to me and said, "Why didn't you mention Cry anywhere?" that I began, dimly, to realize that "All Our Yesterdays" was a display of all *men's* yesterdays, plus a photo of Joni Stopa in a fountain in a bikini.

When Alexis Gilliland asked me to moderate a panel on "Women in Science Fiction: Image and Reality" for the 1974 WorldCon, I said yes. I had begun to make personal connections between feminist writing, my life, my self; I had begun to learn that women were interesting. I was told that Quinn Yarbro and Katherine Kurtz would be on the panel...with me as moderator. I made a point of seeking out Quinn, trying to plan the panel. I knew a "women in Science Fiction" panel had to be not just good but excellent: interesting, well-run, run, supercompetent, with absolutely *no* rough edges to criticize. Katherine Kurtz declined to be located, but I did get five minutes with her before the panel, to establish biography and some working questions. The preceding panel, of course, ran overtime. Then, just as (trembling slightly) I was about to step onstage before a couple thousand people, Joe Haldeman said to me, "Oh, by the way, we've added a couple more people." Betty Ballantine and Leigh Brackett, as I recall...someone else? Memory fails. I do remember insisting I be given a few minutes to talk to the panelists so I could at least introduce them properly.

Well, "Women in Science Fiction: Image and Reality" succeeded, sort of. Not surprisingly, the older women who had made their peace with the male-dominated field said that women suffered no discrimination; and men suffered too from character stereotypes. True, but.... Kurtz, wearing an

In general, [SF's] portrayal of women was sexist and stereotyped: blond victims, housewives in galactic suburbia, or evil temptresses. They pointed out that few women were, therefore, encouraged to read this stuff, which purported to portray alternate futures but really reflected North American 1950s social attitudes and pulp clichés. (And yes, that kinda limited the men's minds, too.) They pointed out that very few women were encouraged to write the stuff, unless—and you can name the Notable Exceptions—they either bought the male adventure-story norms and became "honorary men" or wrote ladies' magazine fiction with terribly intuitive but helpless heroines.

evening gown at 2 p.m. and being very beautiful and flirtatious, said much the same thing. Only Yarbrow addressed herself to the real problems: image and reality, breaking down the stereotypes, introducing strong women characters, dealing with editors, finding time *as a woman* for that most self-ish of pursuits, writing. Because of the delays, we had 45 minutes, not an hour, and almost no time for audience questioning. I winced when Jennifer Bankier, a Toronto feminist, started to make an angry challenge against the calm assumption that there was no discrimination against nonconformist women writers or nonstereotyped characters in science fiction...and against the fact that we were being hustled offstage so that the (all-male) artists' panel could go on. On one hand, I could not accept some of the assertions being made. On the other hand, I felt uncomfortable, still, about being part of anything "controversial."

And then the *real* learning began. As we left the stage, some groups of women, many women (and some men), talking animatedly, left the Park Ballroom with us. In the hall, in the lobby, for, literally, hours, we stood, talked, argued, were excited, moved, angry. Women suddenly came together to discuss their roles *as women*. Catalyzed by that panel. Catalyzed even by knowing that their discomfort and their dissatisfaction with stereotyped characters and Queen Bee women who implied "Well, if you aren't successful, it's because you aren't talented, beautiful; sexy, and super like me." were shared.

And me...catalyzed by standing, talking seriously, passionately, almost for the first time, with Quinn and some others...about our lives, our very lives...and a Well-Known Male Pro walked past Quinn, patted her on the fanny, and said, "Caught your panel. You were cute." *Click*.

FROM DISCON II, I learned many things.

- First, I learned that the "Women in Science Fiction" panel *meant* something, to the women who participated and the women who attended. It meant new ideas, a new sense of womanhood/personhood/individuality *shared*, a new sense of protest aired. The people grouped in the halls...we needed discussion space, small group space such as some WorldCons had already been providing for informal seminars.
- Second, I learned—and I mean no disrespect to Alexis Gilliland, who is an open-minded human and did an excellent job arranging DisCon II programming—that the women concerned with these ideas needed to take control of "their" programming: at least to the extent of picking speakers who would talk directly about the topic and have real things to say about establishing women's presence in the male pulp fiction world.
- Third, I learned that I wasn't happy to be a token man anymore. I would have to talk with other women, and not fear that either they, or men, would condemn me. The alternative was to be patted on the fanny, called "cute"...and dismissed.

I also noticed how few women were on the program. But then I (like most fans) skipped the program anyway; there was nothing exciting on the program (axiom); I went to cons to see my friends. I sold AussieCon memberships, and had a great time.

At AussieCon...well, Ursula Le Guin was Guest of Honor, and she seemed to be on half the program. I was half the Fan Guest of Honor, and a Tame Academic, and I seemed to be on the other half. There were all sorts of women on panels; and interviewing us for radio, TV, and papers; and helping me to run the con; and... Fandom felt more human, somehow. Natural. Fun. For me, that con represents an ideal: the sense that the tribe of science fiction includes sis-

ters as well as brothers talking together about a truly human future. If I work for "women's programming," "alternate programming," that's what I want.

OKAY. The time is now July 1976. The place is Berkeley, a small regional con with the Traditional Women's Panel. Again: the sense that the ideas presented here are new, exciting, to men as well as women. The audience is attentive, and the discussions (about breaking down stereotypes, recognizing our assumptions and prejudices, in our lives, our fiction, our view of the future) proceeds with energy. Mistake: seven women overcrowding the panel, and not enough preparation.

September, 1976. The panel I proposed and planned myself, on "Women in Science Fiction" for MidAmeriCon is *organized*. I spent three months writing to women, asking for participation and suggestions, feeling part of a growing network of women all newly conscious of identity and common purpose: "No, I'm not coming, ask so-and-so, she's a good speaker." Example: I have a beautiful three-page letter from Virginia Kidd, describing her transition from untroubled woman-in-man's-world to woman-writer, woman-agent, agent of new women writers very conscious of new identity and purpose. Letters, letters...and problems with some of the MidAmeriCon people, the least of which is the fact they want to cancel the panel, or run the dirty-jokes panel "to give the men equal time." (The men have the whole rest of the convention!) I politely explain, over and over that since no one on my panel is under 14, it is inappropriate to refer constantly to "the girls' panel." I insist on—and get—the right to use a smaller room for two hours as a discussion room, after the 1½-hour formal panel.

I chose a feminist fan editor (Amanda Bankier), two articulate women writers exploring unstereotyped characters and situations (Marta Randall and Suzy McKee Charnas), and an established, articulate writer whose excellence is finally being fully recognized (Kate Wilhelm). They lit up the room.

The audience, some 300 or more women *and* men, sat, and listened...attentively. None of the to-ing and fro-ing, the drifting in and out and chattering that happens in most convention-panel rooms. These people wanted to be with us—not in the main hall listening to the Big Draw, Jerry Pournelle (who felt called upon to put us down publicly). And afterwards, a hundred people or more crowded into the hot, tiny discussion room, and talked, and talked...and talked at the parties, and talked to me, and talked to each other. Victoria Wayne had brought the flyers for *A Women's Apa*, so we could keep on talking.

FROM MY mistakes, I learned. For the 1977 WesterCon in Vancouver, with the help of the chair, Fran Skene, and programmer, Allyn Cadogan, I organized some "alternate programming," alternatives to the usual four male scientists building a world, or four male pros bragging. First, a lounge, A Room of Our Own, for serious discussion about sexism, etc. It became male-dominated. Funny how anything involving a woman author became "women's programming," as if men are somehow exempt from attending (but the ones who cared about human liberation came, and learned); or as if some women could avoid it, saying, "Oh, women bore me" or "Oh, I know I'm liberated; I don't need that radical stuff; come on honey, let's screw."

We had some programming on Saturday, in the Room and a separate area, with Suzy Charnas reading, and an important panel on "Alternatives to Patriarchy," organized by Paul Novitski, that I'd like to see done more tightly, and done again...and again. After the *Women's Apa* party Satur-

Susan Wood's call for participation and action by women in science fiction

I learned that the "Women in science fiction" panel meant something, to the women who participated and the women who attended. It meant new ideas, a new sense of womanhood/personhood/individuality shared, a new sense of protest aired.

WISCON HISTORY

Susan Wood's call for participation and action by women in science fiction

day, we opened Sunday with Suzy, Quinn, and Lizzy Lynn (as I recall) discussing their creations of nonsexist worlds, nonstereotyped characters, true alternate worlds—and their problems getting editors to *publish* these new ideas. People participated, suggesting alternate sources of inspiration: Indian cultures, Oriental cultures. Then followed Allyn's formal interview with Special Guest Kate Wilhelm ("I think any woman who is aware has to be a feminist") in the main hall. Kate held a two-hour informal discussion in the Room of Our Own about her problems as a wife/mother/woman/writer (No, it isn't easy.), and her writing techniques. Then Lesleigh Luttrell and Jeanne Gomoll talked about setting up a feminist science fiction con, the WisCon...and here we are at the second one. We had more than seven straight hours of programming for women and men. For me, it was one long, exhilarating consciousness-raising session of a genuine human community. I was no longer an honorary man, tolerated only if I kept my mouth shut about what mattered to me.

WOMEN'S PROGRAMMING? People programming? What do I want? That community, truly. Fandom pays too

much lip service to the idea of being a tribe of equals, friends. Science fiction pays too much lip service to the idea of being a literature of new ideas, soaring visions of human potential. Let's make it true. And let's honor the new authors and the fans (especially the women) who are making it come true.

Jan and Jeanne wanted me to write about my experiences with women's programming. What I seem to have written about is the growth of a new science fiction community in which women and men share love, rage, frustration, and tenderness in their struggle to be free people. In which men are learning to hug each other. In which women, once merely tolerated as asexual beings, then welcomed as sex objects, are now (perhaps) able to relate more honestly to men and women as friends. In which, especially, women are discovering that other women are damn interesting people. In which WisCon is possible.

And that, my friends, is how I stopped being an Honorary Man, and became my own person...by becoming a woman. I've changed, and my fandom has changed. I hope you can share my joy in that growth.

Marleen S. Barr

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The Madison Science Fiction Group: A Personal Memoir

by Jeanne Gomoll

THE MADISON Science Fiction Group, known in various incarnations as Madstf, SF³, and “the group,” has met every Wednesday night since its first meeting at the Madison Book Co-op in the fall of 1974. Founded by Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, Jan Bogstad, Phil Kaveny, and Thomas Murn, its membership has grown to about 100 people, and into a group that’s hard to define....

The state of Wisconsin thinks it’s simple. According to the state (and the IRS), we are the Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Inc.—SF³ for short—an official nonprofit educational corporation. Some members do indeed pay dues to SF³—the corporate umbrella which facilitates the group’s convention (WisCon), publications, and various activities—but dues are not required for any activity other than voting at the annual SF³ meeting. On the other hand, the University of Wisconsin counts the Madison Science Fiction Group among the other official University clubs, and allows us to reserve space in Union South for concom meetings and special events. In the 1970s, many of the group’s members attended the UW; but nowadays it’s not that easy to find those required student signatures for our University Club Status Renewal Form. Some people define us according to our politics, and indeed, many of us are active feminists, but contrary to rumor, men are allowed to join and no test of political correctness is required. Most members attend WisCon, but declining numbers work on the convention committee. A few active SF³-ers no longer even live in Madison, though almost all members read science fiction. Some members seek connections to the international fannish community while others have time only for the local network of friendships it provides. Some members consider themselves “fans,” while others bristle at the label when it is applied to them.

I would be hard-pressed to characterize the Madison Science Fiction Group with a one-sentence description. Few labels can be universally applied in our group; few traditions survive indefinitely, which may provide some explanation for the group’s longevity. The group’s resources have generally been adapted to whatever its members were interested in at the time. At the start, we were interested in publishing. In fact, it was the announcement of the imminent publication of a science fiction magazine that drew me to one of the group’s Wednesday night meetings at the Book Co-op. I remember saying, “I’ll help.”

FIVE ISSUES of *Janus* were published on Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell’s mimeograph machine in the back room of their flat on West Mifflin Street before we switched to offset printing. Edited by Jan Bogstad and myself, the zine exploded onto the fannish scene with a quarterly publication schedule and a provocative feminist perspective shared only by the short-lived, Canadian fanzine, *The Witch and the Chameleon*. *Janus* was the group’s “only child” in those days and it was lovingly and obsessively groomed. Thomas Murn wrote long articles on popular culture, John Bartelt contributed short stories, Jan wrote very serious articles from a Marxist literary perspective, I began to experiment with a humorist style, and everyone wrote book reviews.

Typing and proofreading chores were shared among all of us (including Mike Weidemann, Perri Corrick, and Doug Price), though I was fired from that task abruptly when it was discovered that I could spell a word five different ways on the same page. Feminist science fiction was flourishing and we enthusiastically joined the conversation. Letters of comment flowed in, surprising the editors who hadn’t understood they were joining a vast letter-writing community when they began publishing their “magazine,” but soon the group began attending conventions and trading “fanzines.”

Except for Hank and Lesleigh, no one in the group had ever attended a convention before the 1976 MiniCon, but it was our second con, the 1976 WorldCon in Kansas City—MidAmeriCon, MAC, or Big Mac—which imprinted our minds with the most fateful ideas. The reason the first (1977) WisCon, which was, after all, only a small convention with barely two hundred members—boasted four tracks of programming was because Big Mac’s programming had been scheduled in multiple tracks. That’s how conventions *worked*, we assumed. Big Mac’s masquerade featured a strip tease performance and quite a few fans shared their anger and feelings about it at the serious, feminist panel which Susan Wood had set up in spite of the concom’s opposition. This landmark panel overflowed into an extended discussion/party/consciousness-raising session. A *Women’s Apa* got its start in that room and both Jan and I joined. Afterward, we interviewed Suzy McKee Charnas and Jennifer Bankier and printed the transcript in *Janus*. And we resolved to produce panels for WisCon like that great feminist panel at Big Mac.

1976 WAS A significant year all around for the group. Many of us began attending conventions and meeting some of the people who had been writing *Janus* letters of comment. Also, the Wednesday night meeting moved away from its traditional bookstore site later that year. We had begun meeting in the Wisconsin Student Association Book Co-op, but when the store went out of business, our refuge group adopted Nick’s Restaurant, and that move subtly changed the group’s social interaction. We still laughed about (and took secret pride in) our group’s capacity to turn any party into a meeting, but things loosened up. There was less talking about science fiction and more socializing. There was less note-taking and more eating and drinking. There was more flirting and many members began striking up casual and permanent liaisons with one another.

That trend toward greater socializing didn’t actually begin with the move to Nick’s; the move just intensified the changes. The friendships had already begun to flourish in the bookshelves among this small group of people who committed every Wednesday night to conversations, and a publishing project that gobbled up more and more of their free time. In fact, Jan and I worried that the Wednesday night meetings were straying dangerously far from serious discussion of science fiction, and as an antidote we organized the monthly programs at Union South. The programs were elaborately planned, and the members responsible—

Some people define us according to our politics, and indeed, many of us are active feminists, but contrary to rumor, men are allowed to join and no test of political correctness is required. I would be hard-pressed to characterize the Madison Science Fiction Group with a one-sentence description. Few labels can be universally applied in our group; few traditions survive indefinitely, which may provide some explanation for the group’s longevity.

Originally published in
the Corflu 10 program
book, 1993.

WISCON HISTORY

Your WisCon hosts and how they got that way

Many of us were developing strong friendships among other fan groups, especially in Minneapolis, Seattle, San Francisco, and New York. We exported cat-wrapping and my own "Dead Cats through History" slide show to conventions all across the country—demonstrating that Madison fandom was not all sercon. But our serious reputation persisted and the diverse feminist programming we pioneered at WisCon and published in *Janus/Aurora* continued to represent our image for most fans outside Madison.

Jan, Phil, Hank, Lesleigh, Rick White, John Bartelt, Perri Corrick, Richard West, Randy Everts, myself, or a special invited guest—often researched their topics as if they were writing a term paper. I spent hours each month drawing illustrations for the posters which were printed and tacked up onto University kiosks. Of course, this attracted more new people. Pat Sommers, Greg Rihn, Kim Nash, and Steven Vincent Johnson began showing up on Wednesday nights. John Bartelt, Greg Rihn, Doug Price, and Rick White rented a flat together on Gorham Street the next year, creating Madison's first slant shack.

Janus's expenses in 1974 and 1975 were largely paid out of our pockets. Everyone chipped in when it became clear that our fannish publication would never produce a profit. The University of Wisconsin provided assistance: The UW-Extension, through the kind offices of Professor George Hartung, paid for the travel expenses of WisCon's first Guest of Honor, Katherine MacLean. The Wisconsin Student Association awarded *Janus* several grants, and provided us with electro-stencils and use of their bulk mailing permit. But we considered ourselves fairly poor—individually and also as a group—and so tended to resist grandiose schemes. At least we did until Dick Russell and Diane Martin showed up at one of our monthly programs. It was, I think, a meeting intended to drum up interest in the upcoming first WisCon. In fact, it was the first concom meeting ever held at Union South.

Diane and Dick joined the group in 1975. Dick immediately advised us to organize ourselves as a nonprofit, tax-exempt corporation in order to reap the benefits of a cheap bulk mailing permit and avoid the hazards of financial liability, and went to work writing our bylaws, which were officially filed in the fall of 1976. Perri Corrick was elected "President for Life," though her term didn't last quite that long. Dick and Diane also convinced us (and contributed financially) to print *Janus* on an offset press, and the new, improved *Janus* appeared in December 1976, with number 6. Diane and Dick were an amazing, stunning whirlwind of proposals, assistance, humor and energy, who changed the group's activities and social map profoundly.

IT'S HARD TO believe now that the name SF³ simply appeared within the mass of paperwork that Dick presented to us as the SF³ bylaws, that we collected no nominations of possible names, that there was no voting. But the hot issue of the day did not concern our name; rather, we debated whether or not Dick was an evil force attempting to "take over" the group. In comparison, the name of this proposed corporate front group seemed like a very insignificant matter. (Most of us never expected to actually use the name outside of the silly annual meeting required by law.) Some of us worried instead that Dick's plans would change the group into one of his preference. It was hard to believe at first, that Dick was as unselfishly generous as he appeared. Did he have a hidden agenda? Eventually, however, those who distrusted this corporate transition were convinced to give Dick a chance and eventually adopted him as our "pet bureaucrat." Dick proved to be a tireless proofreader of *Janus*, and both Diane and Dick introduced to the group a technology of monolithic importance (as in *2001: A Space Odyssey*): the IBM Selectric. Diane volunteered to help us organize our finances and worked as the group's treasurer for more than a dozen years. Jan gratefully handed over the shoebox. As a result, *Janus* commenced a period of high-quality production and by the second WisCon, the group's finances and legal standing had improved immensely.

ONCE THE structure had been built—once we became an *institution*—we experienced an avalanche of changes and achievements.

I learned the basics of graphics and layout from my work on *Janus*. Offset printing allowed me to create and procure a larger range of artwork and our zine's graphic style improved from one issue to the next. Many fans and some pros began writing and illustrating for the zine and in the years that followed, *Janus* attracted several Faan awards and three Hugo nominations. My work on *Janus* and other zines eventually led to a professional book illustration job and later helped me secure a position as a professional graphic artist with the state of Wisconsin, where I work today.

By the spring of 1977, Jim Cox, Phil Kaveny, Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell were working at the local listener-sponsored radio station, WORT, on the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hour. Jim Cox was hosting the Madison Review of Books and had begun a separate organization of the same name with Lesleigh Luttrell, Phil Kaveny, Terri Gregory, and John Ohliger. For a couple years, Jim operated an office on University Avenue and packed the shelves with review books. Jim encouraged us to pick up a book at the MRB office, review it in the MRB newsletter or on the radio show...and *keep* the book. It was a dream come true for some poor student-type members.

By 1977, the "Book of the Month Circle" sprouted from a discussion section of one of Professor Fanny Le Moine's Comparative Literature science fiction classes and was annexed, after a couple years, by SF³. (Le Moine taught the first science fiction class at UW-Madison in 1972.) The Circle met every month at people's homes. Richard West's Tolkien Society met every month, too, and attracted some members of our group, though the overlap was small. A group of rabid D&D players—including Bill Hoffman, Carl Marrs, Julia Richards, Greg Rihn, Lucy Nuti, Joanna Meyer-Mitchell and Emerson Mitchell—was meeting weekly by the end of 1977, utilizing the fictional world created by Emerson. Eventually almost all of these players invented "worlds" of their own based on the Emersonian model. In 1978, Phil Kaveny delivered the occasional lecture at a west-side Madison high school and attracted another wave of new members—among them, Andy Hooper, Lynne Ann Morse, and Nevenah Smith. This "youth" wave touched off a minor controversy concerning the ethics of meeting in a bar with underage persons, and exposed a few ageist biases among the other members who were mostly in their twenties and thirties.

In 1985, Dick Russell toured many public libraries in and near Dane County promoting D&D for the Summer Reading Library Program. Social relationships grew more tangled. At times, it seemed we lived in one another's pockets—attending the new releases of the first science fiction blockbuster films *en masse*, partying together, painting a mural in Diane and Dick's basement, and going to all those meetings. By 1979 the same people who had been presenting shows on WORT radio, created parallel shows on Public Access TV-Cable Channel 4. Dick Russell directed "The D&D Game of the Month," live the last Saturday of each month. Subtitled, "The Longest Program on TV," it corralled players and artists from the group as talent, and trained interested members in the skills of production and video technology. The number of the group's activities became more and more complex and I quickly lost track around this point as to who was doing what with whom. At the same time, our contacts with fandom at large continued to increase.

JANUS WAS not the only fanzine being published by Madison fandom. Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, who had been

well-known, Hugo-nominated fanzine editors before they moved to Madison from Columbus, Missouri, still published *Starling*. Perri Corrick's zine *Corr*, Richard West's *Orcrist* and John Bartelt's *Digressions* were listed under the SF³ umbrella in our ads. We ran WisCon room parties at XCon, MiniCon, ArcCon, Confusion, WindyCon, ICon, and many WorldCons. As a result of all this publishing activity and convention traveling, many of us were developing strong friendships among other fan groups, especially in Minneapolis, Seattle, San Francisco, and New York. We exported cat-wrapping and my own "Dead Cats through History" slide show to conventions all across the country—demonstrating that Madison fandom was not all sercon. But our serious reputation persisted and the diverse feminist programming we pioneered at WisCon and published in *Janus/Aurora* continued to represent our image for most fans outside Madison.

WISCON'S CONCOM, which at the start overlapped almost entirely with the *Janus* editorial staff, began to take more and more time from members of the group. Issues of *Janus* were merged with the program books of WisCon 1 and 2 (1977 and 1978). But by WisCon 3, *Janus* went into a hiatus during the planning period of WisCon, "making up for it" with a special double issue (No. 12/13) that year. But *Janus* never again achieved its quarterly goal, and between 1979 and 1982 *Janus/Aurora* became a bi-annual publication. The group's primary focus had shifted away from the publication of its fanzine to the care and nurturing of its convention. By 1983, *Janus* could no longer meet even a bi-annual schedule. 1983 saw the publication of only one issue, number 23. Number 24 was published in 1985, number 25 in 1987, and the last issue came out in 1990.

Janus became *Aurora* in 1979 because its two editors could no longer work with one another. After an especially stressful year, Jan Bogstad and I decided to stop co-editing a fanzine together. Our styles clashed and personal disagreements between the two of us were making everyone uncomfortable. The whole group met in Hank Luttrell's bookstore, 20th Century Books, and Jan and I formally presented our disagreements as we saw them. It was decided at that meeting that Jan and I would no longer co-edit a fanzine named *Janus*, and that furthermore, neither of us would individually publish a zine of that name. Eventually Jan began publishing her own zine, *New Moon*, and I joined the former *Janus* production staff and we started work on the new fanzine, *Aurora*, though we continued the issue numbering system from the defunct *Janus*.

WISCON, IN the meantime, flourished. Having achieved early notoriety with its feminist, political and radical programming, and having been dubbed "PervertCon" by disapproving fans—WisCon settled into its niche: as a small, serious, intense convention. Guests of honor were mostly chosen from the ranks of young, new, female science fiction authors, many of whom went on to win Hugos during that brief period in the late 1970s and early 1980s when feminism was actually fashionable: Vonda N. McIntyre, Susan Wood, Suzy McKee Charnas, John Varley, Octavia Butler, Joan D. Vinge, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Samuel R. Delany, Marta Randall, Lee Killough, Elizabeth A. Lynn, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Suzette Haden Elgin (WisCon's unofficial Fairy Godmother), and Lisa Tuttle. WisCon developed a loyal group of attendees, some of whom went to no other cons except WisCon, and others—fans and pros—who traveled a surprising distance for such a small con.

The first five WisCons were housed on campus (programming at the Wisconsin Center, sleeping rooms at Low-

ell Hall and the Madison Inn), but soon our burgeoning numbers and complaints from attendees, who for some reason disliked hiking two blocks through blizzard conditions, convinced us to move downtown to the Capitol Square for WisCon 6 in 1982. Much of the group's energy focused upon WisCon planning. Even the monthly meetings at Union South were reorganized for a while to function as "practice sessions" for WisCon programming. Recruitment drives were aimed primarily at attracting new fans who could be convinced to work on the con. The group entered a period of time in the mid-1980s when our bureaucratic machinery gained power and momentum.

I drew away from many of the group's activities in the mid-80s. *Aurora* had lost its excitement for me since my job allowed me to do lots of interesting graphics. The *Aurora* publishing sub-group seemed to have been sucking dry of most of its energy, which I suppose was not surprising since its two most active members, Diane Martin and myself had found fulfilling careers. Dick Russell had moved along into other obsessions—D&D, TV production, union organizing, and junk mail management. Georgie Schnobrich, who had been helping me lay out *Aurora*, left town. Also, there seemed to be a larger force at work: most of the group's fan-nish energy was being focused on WisCon. But as WisCon got bigger, some of us discovered that we had developed a profound distaste for the bureaucratic machinery of con-com meetings, and turned more and more of our energy toward writing, drawing, publishing, and interacting with fans outside of Madison.

Part of my loss of interest stemmed from my friendship with Spike Parsons and some of the events that happened after she joined the group. Spike and I met one another in 1983, in the weight-lifting room at the YWCA, realized that we both worked for the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, and then discovered that we also shared an interest in science fiction. Spike, at the time, was reading Jessica Amanda Salmonson's *Amazons!* anthology and was excited to learn that in 1984, Salmonson would be WisCon 8's Guest of Honor. I convinced her fairly easily to attend a convention planning meeting, and after that there was no stopping her.

I THINK NOW that some members of the group reacted to Spike very much like they reacted to Dick Russell and Diane Martin's explosive entry onto our local scene. Spike upset the status quo by not "working her way up" into the active core group, and by almost immediately suggesting changes and assuming a very active role in our activities. Spike, being Spike, wouldn't have been capable of any other kind of behavior, but some members suspected the worst. It is the nature of our group, and probably every volunteer group like ours, that big personnel changes (who does the work) are mirrored by big changes on a purely social level (who is popular). And there are always some people in the group who resist those changes. Things got pretty ugly for a while later in 1984 when Spike headed the WisCon 9 publications committee and proposed to do things differently. She wanted to publish a *preconvention* program book, which would have required the programming department to finish their work a month or more earlier than usual. Heels were dug in, egos crashed, and finally Spike left the room and the committee. Whereas the group had gained enormously by accepting change with Dick and Diane's involvement, we lost when we appeased the anti-change contingent of the group and rejected Spike's ideas. She didn't disappear; she continued to work on the con and edited *Cube* [SF³'s club newsletter] for several years, but the social group seemed to fragment. The hostile reaction provoked the very thing that

Your WisCon hosts
and how they got
that way

Having achieved early notoriety with its feminist, political and radical programming—and having been dubbed "PervertCon" by disapproving fans—WisCon settled into its niche: as a small, serious, intense convention. Guests of honor were mostly chosen from the ranks of young, new, female science fiction authors, many of whom went on to win Hugos in that brief period in the late 1970s and early 1980s when feminism was actually fashionable.

Your WisCon hosts and how they got that way

the anti-change contingent most feared: cliques and a loss of community within the group.

I walked out of that concon meeting with Spike. But unlike Spike, I never returned. I began agitating for a formal decision to kill off *Aurora*. Diane Martin almost single-handedly published the second-last issue (#25) in 1987, but the group continued to avoid the reality that we no longer had enough people or time to invest in *Aurora*, and it wasn't until 1990 that the last issue was published and we returned subscription funds and manuscripts.

CUBE MADE its first appearance in October 1982, perhaps because the group missed the appearance of a regularly published zine. I edited it through September 1985 issue number 14, and then Spike took over editor duties for 29 amazingly regular issues. Andy Hooper eventually edited numbers 45 and 46 of *Cube*, and after a 16-month hiatus, Steve Swartz took over its publication in May 1992, turning it briefly into a large-scale fannish genzine. *Cube*, still under Swartz's editorial control, has now returned to an ensmallered newszine format.

I attended and usually had a good time at the WisCons of the late 1980s, continued to organize one or two feminist panels each WisCon, and offered advice when asked, but my attention drifted away from the group. New members joined, became active on the WisCon committee, but I didn't try to find out who they were or what they were doing. A complete history of the Madison fan group would, of necessity, be collaborative. No one member stayed active continually or was involved in all the different activities. I missed a lot.

Therefore it was a surprise to be drawn back into intense interaction within the group again in 1987 when Andy Hooper founded *The Turbo-Charged Party Animal Apa*. I had gradually realized that there was a whole new community of people active in the Madison Science Fiction Group and I began to get a little curious about them. I wrote to Spike, who was visiting friends in England, and told her about the new publishing development in Madison fandom. Pretty interesting, I wrote to her, and then realized that indeed I was interested. Although I was publishing my own zine, *Whimsey*, I had dropped out of *A Women's Apa* several years before that, and I thought I could manage a monthly apazine.

WHAT A WONDERFUL decision that turned out to be! I've enjoyed getting to know these folks and now count many of them as good friends of mine. I never did return to regular concon meeting attendance, even though the Tiptree Award pulled me back for some WisCon planning in 1992 and 1993. But it's been exciting to see the resurgence of interest in fannish publishing. Much of the credit for our renaissance must go to Andy Hooper who inspired people to write for *Turbo* and for the zine he co-edits with Carrie Root, *Spent Brass*. After immersing himself in back-issues of *Pong*, Andy emerged reborn, so to speak, and began to proselytize to the Madison masses, and his message was, "pub your ish!" When Andy and Carrie announced that they were going to move to fannish Seattle, we all wondered if the publishing boom would fizzle or continue to grow.

But nothing stays the same—except maybe our fears of change. A small but powerful wave of new members have joined our group in the last couple years. Ellen Franklin and Jim Hudson moved to Madison from Boston. Both of them are enormously experienced con-runners. Ellen is showing interest in publishing her ish, and both she and Jim enthusiastically joined the Corflu concon and have expressed interest in promoting a smallish Corflu/Potlatch/Reincona-

tion-like con for Madison. And Steve Swartz moved to Madison with Elk Krisor from Washington, D.C. in 1991, about the same time Andy and Carrie left town, and picked up the baton Andy passed on when he and Carrie moved to Seattle. Like Dick Russell and Spike Parsons before him, Steve set off alarms for some people in the group. His editorship of *Cube*, his lobbying for a new mimeograph machine, encouragement of new publications, his tendency to volunteer to help everyone do anything, and the sudden effect on social interactions within the group provoked uneasiness and distrust from some Madison fans—many of whom weren't even around when Diane and Dick or Spike first stirred up Madison's fannish waters. This repeating pattern of reluctance/rejection and final acceptance would be funny if it didn't cause real injury to the new person offering this gift of energy, and cheat us all of the work they might do. But I expect that Steve, Ellen, and Jim will gradually become familiar enough fixtures in Madison's fannish firmament, and things will calm down until the next wave of immigrant fans stirs things up again.

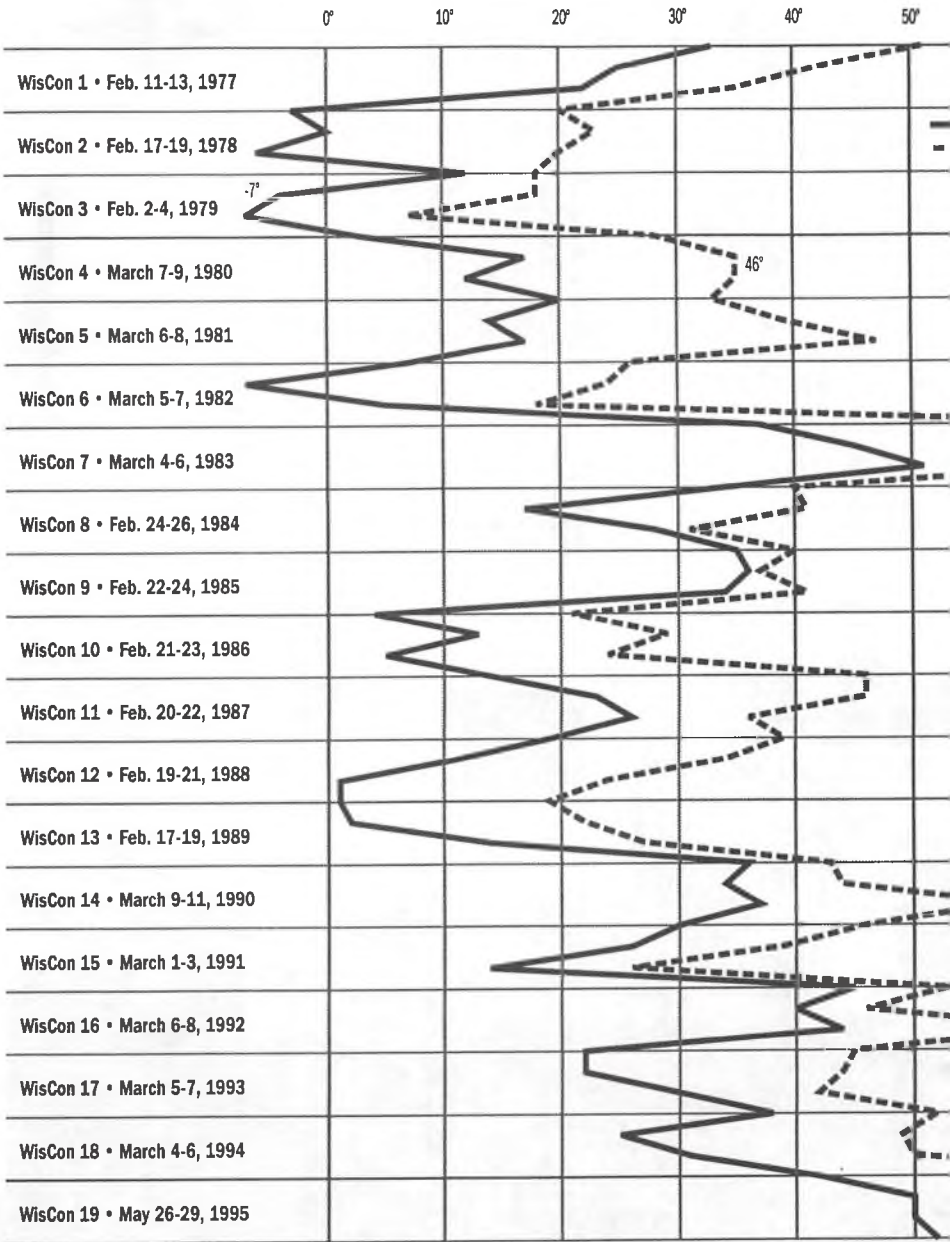
AND PERSONALLY, I do *enjoy* it when things get stirred up! At the 1991 WisCon 15, for instance, guest of honor Pat Murphy stirred things up Big Time when she announced the birth of a new award to be named after James Tiptree, Jr. to honor gender-bending science fiction. Many of us felt that the convention had renewed our excitement and commitment to feminist discussion, and Murphy's announcement electrified her audience and recruited an avalanche of volunteers. It felt to me as if this award provided a culmination of all the work, all the WisCons, all the issues of *Janus* and *Aurora*, and all the feminist panels, that the Madison Science Fiction Group has supported. Suddenly those of us who never seemed to have enough time to spare for the WisCon concon or other fannish activities were falling over one another to offer our time for this project. We organized bake sales and published the first Tiptree cookbook to benefit the award, *The Bakery Men Don't See*. At the first Tiptree Award ceremony at WisCon 16 (1992), we proudly presented Pat Murphy with a check for \$1800 to add to the bank account made up of donations and the proceeds of dozens of convention bake sales held all over the country for the award fund. Eleanor Arnason (*Woman of the Iron People*) and Gwyneth Jones (*White Queen*) won the first two Tiptree awards. This year, 1993, we published a second cookbook, *Her Smoke Rose Up from Supper*, and Elk Krisor (who is not a fan) is organizing the sewing of a king-sized art quilt whose design is based on Tiptree's novel *Brightness Falls from the Air*, also to benefit the Tiptree Award. Maureen McHugh (*China Mountain Zhang*) accepted the Tiptree Award at WisCon 17, and the "Tiptree Machine," as Pat Murphy calls it, rolls on.

You may already have guessed by now that I think the Khatru reprint project falls under the category of stirring things up, too...

As must be very clear by now, this so-called "history" of mine is neither unbiased nor complete and needs to be fleshed out with some research into the activities I didn't witness, not to mention with some revelations about interpersonal relationships I am tactfully ignoring. But that's for another publication and another day.

For now, the Madison Science Fiction Group welcomes you to our city.

[Editor's note: Perceptive readers will realize that Jeanne's renewed enthusiasm for Madison science fictional activities, spurred by the establishment of the Tiptree Award, led her to take on the crazy and massive task of organizing this anniversary WisCon. Never say never!]



60°

70°

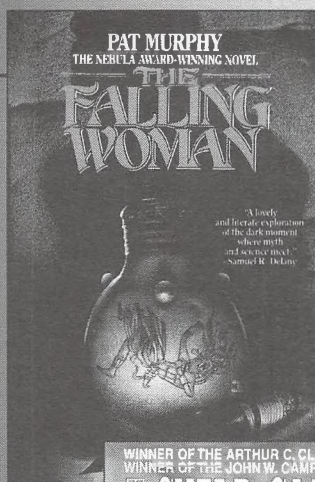
Madison Newspaper Headlines

		There's hope for furnace efficiency
— daily low temperature - - daily high temperature		Haldeman give Nixon blame for both burglary and coverup Haldeman book stirs denials—and sales Carter vows to take coal strike role
		Natural gas users will get one-shot refund Iran woes peril U.S. oil prices More women become pilots
		Producer inflation hits 20%
		Regulation on clean air may change States push for repeal of 55-mph speed limit
		Comedian John Belushi dead at 33 Women earn less than men, study finds
		Another nice "spring" day makes mockery of winter SF3's WisCon 7 means sci fi fun
		Beam on over to sci-fi confab
		Donald Duck's voice, Clarence Nash, dies Science fiction fun
		Science fiction fans to gather
		McFarlane airs Iran cover-up
		Boitano skates to the gold
		U.S. leads Japan in software market Wider coverage of Medicaid urged North's trial opens Tuesday
		Pentagon beefs up drug war
		Activities to celebrate Women's History Month; Feminism pervades WisCon Bush presses Saddam; Troops may exit "in days" College offers course on "white male writers"
		Educating women about "social lies" Two shrunk heads sell for \$22,000 Science fiction goes feminist
		UFO cow killers? Whoever, it's udder chaos! Feds have maxi need, mini talent for computers Government computers spawn terror
		Pioneer feminist remembered Women's touch transforms legal culture Book banishment turns town into battle ground
	73°	Humankind's father traced back 270,000 years

WISCON HISTORY

Madison temperatures
and headlines
by Pat Hanjo

Classics of modern SF and Fantasy from Orb



THE FALLING WOMAN

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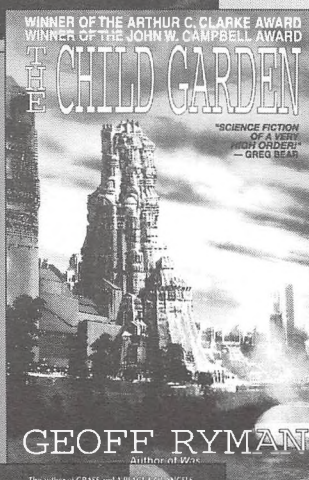
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"A lovely and literate exploration of the dark moment where myth and science meet."

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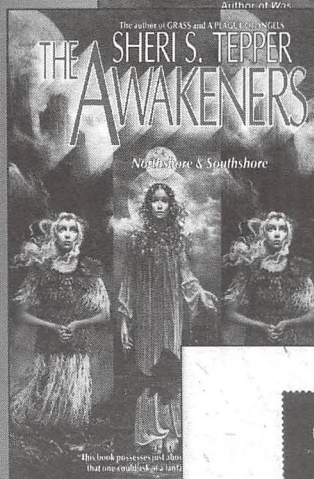
Winner of the
Arthur C. Clarke Award
and the
John W. Campbell Award

"An exuberant celebration... You will not be bored."

—THE NEW YORK TIMES

"Excellent... Dark and witty and full of love, closely observed, and sprinkled with astonishing ideas. Science fiction of a very high order!"

—GREG BEAR



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0-312-89022-2
\$14.95/\$19.95 Canada

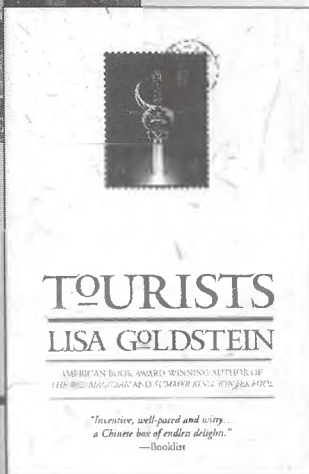
"This novel contains just about every possible virtue that one could ask of a fantasy novel."

—BOOKLIST

"Sheri S. Tepper has a remarkable talent and with each new book she outdoes herself. I don't know which I like more: the worlds she creates or the way she writes about them."

—STEPHEN R. DONALDSON

In the ancient, mysterious city of Amaz, two troubled sisters come face to face with their deepest fears... and wildest dreams.



TOURISTS

by Lisa Goldstein

0-312-89011-7
\$11.95/\$17.95 Canada

"Goldstein has given us the kind of magic and adventure that once upon a time made us look for secret panels in halls and wardrobes, or brush our teeth with a book held in front of our eyes, because we couldn't bear to put it down."

—THE NEW YORKER

<http://www.tor.com>



RAINBOW MAN

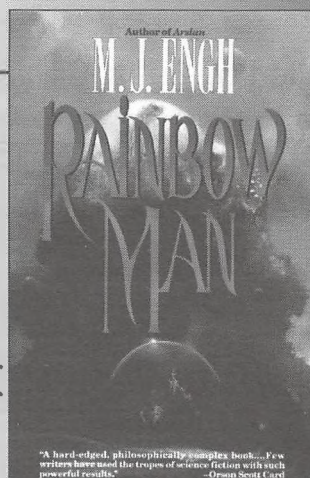
by
M.J. Engh

0-312-89041-1
\$10.95/\$15.95 Canada

"A lively, absorbing page-turner...
Brings to mind the works of Ursula K.
Le Guin and Orson Scott Card."

— PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

She cannot bear children, so her newly
adopted world calls her a man. When
she falls in love with another man, they
want to send her to hell.
And they can do it.



"A hard-edged, philosophically complex book... Few
writers have used the tropes of science fiction with such
powerful results."
—Drew Scott Card

"THOROUGHLY ORIGINAL, GENUINELY WEIRD, AND STUFFED TO BRISTLING WITH
DISPENSABLE GORE." — Bruce Sterling, author of *The Hacker Crackdown*
winner of
the James Tiptree, Jr.
Memorial Award

WHITE QUEEN

by
Gwyneth Jones

0-312-89013-3
\$12.95/\$18.95 Canada

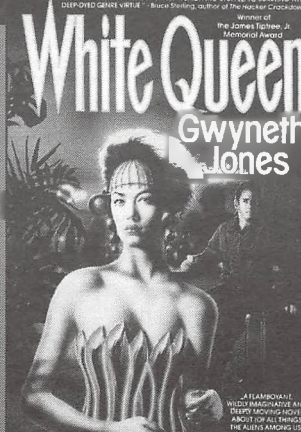
Winner of the
James Tiptree, Jr.
Memorial Award

"This book is so
good it practically
glows. Gwyneth
Jones makes me
proud to be in this
field."

— PAT CADIGAN

"Beautifully worked out, full of the dense,
startling, messy qualities of life as we all know
it, and casually ruthless in its challenges to
our usual assumptions about sex. Rich,
baffling, brilliant, a banquet of a book.
Read it!"

— SUZY McKEE CHARNAS



RING OF SWORDS

by
Eleanor Arnason

0-312-89016-8
\$13.95/\$19.95 Canada

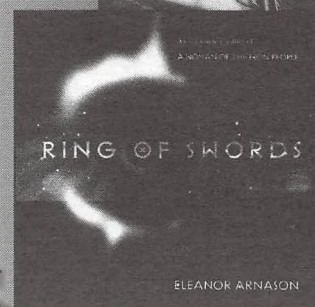
"Original, provocative,
and funny. If Jane Austen
had collaborated with
Isaac Asimov, the result
might have been
something like this."

— MINNEAPOLIS STAR-TRIBUNE

"At last, a non-predictable thought-
through, can't-stop-reading-it story,
full of complicated and irresistible
people, some of them human...
Enjoy! Enjoy!"

— URSULA K. LE GUIN

By the Tiptree Award-winning author of
A Woman of the Iron People



THE RED MAGICIAN

by
Lisa Goldstein

0-312-89007-9
\$10.95/\$15.95 Canada

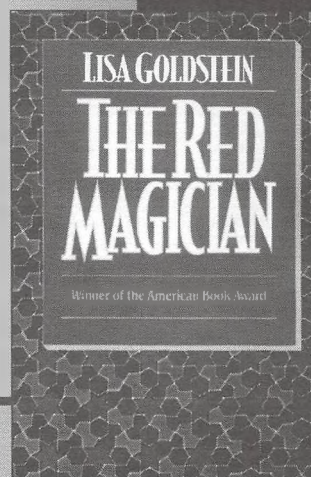
Winner of the
American Book
Award

"Turns the hidden world of
world of Eastern European
Jews during the 1940s into a
world of wonders, then
transcends the Holocaust
with a magical optimism."

— THE NEW YORK TIMES

"This touching novel
is an effortless repast,
nourishment for the
mind and soul."

— PHILIP K. DICK



"This novel is a masterpiece of
imaginative and historical
writing."
— JEFFREY STANTON



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ORB®

Everyone (we think) who has volunteered or appeared as panelist

Past WisCon Participants

compiled by Cathy Gilligan and Greg Noggle

Compiler's Notes: This table is based solely on information found in the program books. Program or panelist changes subsequent to printing are not represented. I regret that information on "gofers" and other volunteers at the convention, who also made a significant contribution, was unavailable.

Name Variations: In cases where spelling or use of nicknames or initials differed for a person, I took my best guess based on frequency, pattern, and formality. Contributions from those who have had name changes known to me are combined under the most recent name.

KEY:

A = Artwork for program book. Includes photographs and badges. May indicate multiple contributions.

B = Program Book production staff (where explicitly named) or signed articles in the program book.

C = ConCom. There are no ConCom listings in program books for WisCon 2, 4-6, or 8. May indicate multiple positions.

G = Guest.

P = Panelist/Program Participant or Person in charge of a room/function (e.g., hospitality suite). The number following is a count of items participated in.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
Ackley, Meredith	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Arlams, Jae Leslie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P3	CP4	ACP2	
Arkins, Sam S.	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Aitken, Ion	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P1	X	X	X	
Alan, Jim	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
All'es Blom, Suzanne	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	
Allsberger, Chris	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Alston, Jirly	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	
Ambler, Rich	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	
Anderson, David Lee	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	
Anderson, Douglas	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Anderson, Kevin L.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	B	X	X	X	
Amason, Eleanor	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	P2	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	P3	P4	P4	P5	
Aussem, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Austin, Alicia	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	AGP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Averill, Wendy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Avness, Karen	X	B	CP1	BP2	P3	P1	P2	P2	P3	P2	P3	P2	P3	P2	P1	P2	BP1	P2	P2	
Babich, Karen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	P1	P1	P2	
Badami, Mary Kenny	P1	X	P2	P1	BP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	C	P1	X	X	X	
Railey, Rohin	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Balliet, Susan	X	X	X	P1	B	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	C	C	X	
Baller, Geri	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	P3	P2	P3	X	
Bankier, Amanda	GP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bankier, Jennifer	B	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Banks, Iain	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BGP6	X	X	X	X	X	
barbour, douglas	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Baron, Mike	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Barrett, Woodson	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bartett, John	BCP1	B	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Barton, Richard	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	X	X	X	X	P1	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bauer, Jemy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	A	
Baures, Jamie	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Becker, Tom	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P6	P1	X	X	P3	
Beers, Jinx	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	ABP2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bennett, Carl Eugene	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Benson, Gary I.	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Benton, Ricki Jo	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	C	X	C	X	X	X	
Benton, Tracy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	CP1	C	CP3	AC	CP2	ACP1	X	
Bergstrom, Elaine	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	P3	P4	P3	P2	P3	P2	X	
Berman, Ruth	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P2	
Bierler, Brad	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	
Bjorklund, Erli	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Blair, Jim	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bless, Robert C.	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bloczynski, Ann	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP3	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bloczynski, Chris	X	X	X	X	BP1	X	CP2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Blom, Sue	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P1	X	P2	CP3	X	P2	P3	X	P3	P1	X	X	
Blood, Simha	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	CP1	P1	C	X	C	X	X	X	X	
Bnal, Nina	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Borden, Bill	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	CP3	CP4	C	CP1	CP3	CP3	X	X	CP1	
Boettcher, Glen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P2	P2	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	
Bogstad, Jan	ABCP2	B	BCP3	BP4	BP5	BP9	CP4	CP4	BCP4	P4	BCP6	P2	X	P5	P4	P2	P3	P3	P1	
Bonke, Robin	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	
Bonser, Jo	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bonser, Julie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	P1	X
Boyer, Robert	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Brewer, Eric	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Brooks, Heather	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	
Brooks, Jim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	
Brown, Melinda	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	P2	P2	X	X	
Brown, Pate	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bruning, Richard	X	X	A	AP1	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Budrys, Algis	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Bujold, Lois McMaster	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	ABGP4	X	
Bull, Emma	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	P4	GP6	P4	X	X	X	X	
Burke, Mary Jo	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	
Burnett, C. H.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P5	AP3	AP1	P2	X	AP2	X	X	X	
Bushy, Elinor	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Busch, David	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Burlier, Octavia E.	X	X	X	GP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Byers, Randy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Carligan, Pat	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BGP5	P2	P2	X	X	X	X	X	
Campbell, John M.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Campbell, Sara	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Campbell, Tom	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	C	C	C	C	X	X	X	X	
Capanita, Joe	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	
Carney, Brian	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X
Carl, Avedon	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Carr, Terry	X	X	X	X	X	GP5	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	

Everyone (we think) who has volunteered or appeared as panelist

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
Carver, Jane	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Casper, Susan	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cavil, Kathryn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Chancellor, Ann	X	X	X	X	P2	P2	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Charnas, Suzy McKee	X	X	GP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	P7	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P4	P3	P4	
Chavey, Darrah	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Chavey, Peggy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Chen, Allen	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cherhavy-Shumak, E. J.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P2	X	
Cheryh, C. J.	X	X	X	X	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Chwedyk, Richard	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	
Clark, Judith	X	X	P1	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Clarke, Gina	X	X	BGP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Clemente, Bill	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	
Clifton, Kelly	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Clingman, Beth	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Coates, Michael	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Code, Arthur D.	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cohen, Eli	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Coleman, Linda	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Collier, Richard	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Collins, Farrell	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	
Coloni, Cindy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	ACP1	CP4	P2	X	P1	P1	X	
Coltrain, Darlene P.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	P1	P2	P1	X	X	
Conley, Bill	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cooke, Catherine	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cooke, John P.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Corey, Shari	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cornett, Bob	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cornick-West, Peri	AC	BP1	BP2	P2	P3	BP1	BCP3	CP1	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Corse, Bill	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Coulson, Buck	X	X	X	X	GP4	X	X	X	X	P5	P1	P3	P3	P2	P1	X	X	P1	P1	
Coulson, Juanita	X	X	X	B	GP4	X	X	X	X	P2	CP2	P3	CP3	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	
Coulter, Janice	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	
Cox, Bethany	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cox, James Andrew	BCP1	X	CP3	P2	P3	P1	CP1	CP2	C	CP3	X	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Cox, Nancy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Ctein	X	AB	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Currier, Catherine	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	C	X	P2	X	P1	P1	P1	X	X	
Custis, Scott	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	P1	C	
Daemmrich, Debra	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP2	P1	C	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Davenport, Phil	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P3	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Davis, Hal	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Davis, John	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Davis, Robert	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	
Dean, Dorothy K.	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Dean, Pamela	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	P3	
Decamin, Camilla	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P4	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Delany, Samuel R.	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	GP4	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Dennis, Jane	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Dennis, Scott	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Denton, Denise	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
DeWeese, Bev.	X	X	GP3	BP3	P3	P2	P1	P2	P3	P1	P1	P2	P3	P1	P2	P2	P2	P1	P1	
DeWeese, Gene	X	X	P1	P1	P2	P1	X	X	P1	P3	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Disch, Thomas	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Donoval, Nancy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	
Dowling, Lela	X	X	X	A	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Doxtator, Richard	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Dozsis, Gardner	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP4	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Draheim, Keith	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
du Veritas, Cicatrice	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	X	
DuCharme, Michael	X	X	X	X	X	CP2	CP2	CP1	CP2	CP4	CP4	CP2	P4	P5	X	X	P4	X	P4	
Dugas, Adam	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	
Dyjak, Pat	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	
Eads, Valerie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Eddy, Claire	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	
Effinger, George Alec	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	B	
Eisenstein, Alex B.	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Eisenstein, Phyllis	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Elgin, George	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Elgin, Suzette Haden	X	X	X	X	X	BGP6	P6	X	P2	BGP9	P5	P4	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Emerson, David	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	P2	P2	
Emys, Barbara	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	X	P2	P1	X	P1	P2	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Erfandsen, Dana	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Eskridge, Kelley	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	ABP4	
Everts, Randy	X	B	B	X	X	X	P2	P1	P1	P1	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fairbanks, Linda	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	
Fanto	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Farber, Gary	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Farina, Bill	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Farrow Busack, Judy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	
Feder, Moshe	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Felice, Cynthia	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fenner, Arnie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	AB	X	X	X	X	X	X	
File, Sheri L.	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Finder, Jan Howard	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fiscus, James W.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	
Fisher, Christopher	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fisher, Leah	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fisher, Matt	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P2	P3	P3	P3	P3	X	X	X	X	
Fitzsimmons, KT	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	
Fletcher, Ken	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fieger, Verlyn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	P1	P1	P2	P1	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	
Fonstad, Karen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Ford, Jeff	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	
Forniller, Peter	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Forno, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	
Fowler, Karen Joy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP6	X

WISCON HISTORY

Everyone (we think) who has volunteered or appeared as panelist

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
Fowler, Robert	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	
Fox, Selena	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	
Fox, Steven	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Frane, Jeff	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Frankel, Joy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	
Franklin Hudson, Ariel	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	
Franklin, Ellen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P2	X	CP4	
Franko, Carol	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	
Frazier, Robert	X	X	AB	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fregni, Ellie	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fregni, Giovanna	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P4	P3	P1	P1	P3	CP5	X	P1	X	X	X	X	
Freitag, Lisa	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	P5	
Frenkel, Jim	X	X	X	BP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP5	X	X	P4	GP4	CP6	
Friend, Beverly	X	X	X	P1	P3	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Friou, George	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Fritts, Kim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	
Fulford, Jeff	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	
Galbreath, Bob	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Galko, Virginia	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Garcia, Andrew	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Garde, Curt	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Garay, Terry	X	B	X	X	X	B	X	P1	X	P1	P3	P1	P2	X	P3	P5	P3	P3	P3	
Gaucys, George	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X
Gavinski, Kim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Gazdecki, Sandy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Gehrkey, Gary	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
George-G, Mary Lee	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Gilligan, Barb	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	C	P1	C	X	X	X	X	P1	X	C	P1	
Gilligan, Cathy	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	X	CP2	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	
Gilliland, Alexis	X	AB	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Glaeske, Matt	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Gleekle, David	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Godwin, Parke	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Goffin, Grace	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Gold, Laurence	X	B	X	BP2	P2	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Goldsworthy, Brian	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	
Gomoll, Jeanne	ARCP1	AB	ARCP4	ABP2	ABP2	ABP2	ABCP3	ACP3	CP1	ACP2	ACP4	ACP5	AP5	P2	P4	CP5	CP4	AP3	ACP6	
Gomoll, Julie	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	BCP1	P1	X	CP1	X	X	X	P2	P1	X	X	
Goodman, Lou	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	P2	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Goodwin, Cris	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	
Gordon, Joan	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Green, Roland	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	
Greenberg, Martin H.	X	P1	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	P1	P1	P2	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	
Greenholdt, Joice	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	
Greenholdt, Michael	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	P2	X	X	X	
Gregory, Terri	X	B	CP1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Griep, Milton	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Griffith, Nicola	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP6	
Grigsby, Charles	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Grubb, Jeff	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	
Gunn, Eileen	X	X	X	X	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	
Hackhart, Dennis	X	X	X	P1	BP1	X	CP1	C	C	P1	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	
Hagberg, Erica	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	
Hahn, Nita	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Haibucher Pat	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	P1	P3	P1	X	
Hailman, Karl	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	X	P1	X	X	X	P1	
Hambly, Barbara	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP5	
Hammerstrom, Marina	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Hanke-Woods, Joan	X	X	X	AP1	X	A	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Hansen, Rob	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	AP4	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Hanson, Michael	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Hario, Pat	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	C	CP1	X	C	X	X	
Harms, Linda	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	C	C	X	X	C	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	
Harper, Jorjet	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Harris, Anne	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	P2	
Harris, Gwen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	
Harris, Harlan	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	
Hartung, George	X	X	CP1	P1	P1	P1	CP2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Hartwell, David G.	X	X	X	BGP3	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Havighurst, Tom	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	
Hawkins, Jane	X	B	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Haycraft, Neva	X	X	X	X	B	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Heap, Diane	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Heideman, Eric	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	
Helley, Don	X	X	X	X	X	B	BCP1	C	C	CP1	X	CP1	C	CP3	ACP3	X	X	P1	AC	
Hempel, Jeff	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Higginbotham, Paul	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	
Hinchliffe, C. Kay	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P3	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Hodgell, P.C.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P5	P3	P2	P3	X	P2	X	X	P1	P2	X	X	
Hoffman, Bill	X	X	CP1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P3	P1	P1	P3	P4	P3	P1	P2	
Hoffman, Paul Seth	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	AP1	A	X	P1	X	X	X	X	
Holden, Rebecca	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	
Holmes, Mary Jean	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Hooper, Andrew P.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP2	CP2	CP5	CP3	CP5	CP4	P3	CP5	CP3	X	X	X	
Hooper, Margaret	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	C	C	X	X	C	C	C	X	X	
Howard, Denys	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Howard, Liz	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	
Hudson, Jim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	CP2	
Hughes, Diane	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Hughes, Kim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	P1	
Hull, Betty Ann	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	P1	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Humphries, Bill	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	CP4	CP3	P3	CP4	CP2	CP2	
Humphries, Julie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	CP1	CP1	CP1	X	CP1	CP1	P2	X	X	X	CP1	
Huyck, Liz	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Isabella, Lori	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	C	X	CP1	X	X	X	X	
Iyama-Kurtycz, Dan	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	
Iyama-Kurtycz, Tina	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	CP1	X	
Jacobi, Lotte	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	

WISCON HISTORY

Everyone (we think) who has volunteered or appeared as panelist

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Jacobs, Bob Wreh	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Jacobson, Peter	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	C	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Jarold, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Jarvis, June	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Jennings, Brian	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X
Jennings, Phil	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X
Jensen, Barb	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X
Jensen, Kris	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	P4	P2	P3	P2	X
Johnson, Steven Vincent	X	X	CP1	P1	AGP2	BP1	P2	X	C	P1	P1	X	C	C	P1	X	P1	P1	X
Jones, Gwyneth	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X
Jones, Karen	X	X	X	P2	P2	P1	P1	CP1	C	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Jones, Randy	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	CP1	X	P1	X	X	P3	P2	P2	X	X	X	X
Jones, Tom	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	P1	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Jorenby, Douglas	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Juliano, Laurence J.	X	X	X	AP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kadrey, Richard	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	X	X	X	X	X
Kaether, Ken	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Karger, Debra	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X
Karr, Phyllis Ann	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	BP2	P4	X	P3	P3	P3	P3	P1	P3	P1	P3	X
Katzenberger, Mike	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kaufman, Jerry	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BP2	P4	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kavery, John R.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kavery, Philip	BCP1	BP1	CP3	BP2	BP3	BP5	CP3	CP2	BCP2	P4	CP4	P4	C	CP3	P1	P1	P1	CP2	CP2
Kaye, Marvin	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Keeseey, Pam	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	X
Keir, Richard	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kellough, Robert	A	A	A	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Keinhoffer, Rick	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Kennedy, Carol	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kenyon, Chas	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ketter, Greg	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	X	X	X	X
Key, Christopher	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kiefer, Hope	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	CP2	CP4	CP3	CP3	CP2	P1	P3	P1	X	CP2
Kiel, Carolyn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Killough, Lee	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP7	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Killough, Pat	X	X	X	X	X	X	AP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kinast-Porter, Susan	X	X	X	X	P1	P3	CP2	CP1	CP1	CP1	CP3	P1	P2	X	P2	P1	P1	P1	X
Kinky	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A
Klaehn, Bob	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P3	X	P3	P1	X	X	X
Klages, Ellen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2
Klein, Jay Jay	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Klemp, Sue	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X
Kludy, Rebecca A. L.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP2	X	X	X
Kludy William S. H.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	ACP2	X	X	X	X
Knaak, Richard A.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X
Koch, Marie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	P1	P1	P1	P3	X
Koenigsburg, Kim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kokh, Peter	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X
Kolney, Tess	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P3	P4	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Konkin, Samuel	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
KONKOL	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Konkol, Ken	X	X	C	P1	P1	X	CP1	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kopp, Sis	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kormanik, Rick	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kovalic, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	AC
Kozak, Ellen	X	X	P1	X	X	P1	P1	P1	P2	P1	X	P2	P3	P2	X	X	X	X	X
Krueger, Elise	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	P3	P3	X	P2	X	X	X	X
Kucharski, Carl	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kulyk, Christine	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kushner, Ellen	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	P7
Kvern, Neil	X	B	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kvem, Ole	X	A	A	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Labonte, Richard	X	B	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ladwig, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Laffer, Janet	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X
Laluzeme, Ellen	X	X	BCP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Langebartel, Marita	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	CP1	X	X	X
Larsen, Peter	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	P1	X	CP4	CP5	P1	P3	P3	P2	P1	P2	X
Larsen, Eric	X	X	X	X	P1	P3	CP4	P1	X	P3	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Laughlin, Kevin	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Lawson, Dave	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
LeMoine, Fanny J.	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Levy, Lon	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	CP1	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X
Levy, Michael	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P1
Lewis, Janet	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lewis, Paula	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Liebig, Ann	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lieder, Kafryn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lien, Denny	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lindow, Sandra	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	P2	X
Lindsay, E. B.	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Livemash, Sherri	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lobdell, Jared	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	CP2	P4	CP8	P3	X	X	X	P2	P2	X	P2	X	X
Loebel, Vickie	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lowrey, Mike	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	P3	X	X	X	X	P2	P3	X
Lucas, Patty	X	X	X	X	P1	BP1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lundeen, Garrison T.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lundeen, Orson W.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lundquist, Karen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Luttrell, Hank	ABC	BP1	CP3	B	BP2	BP1	CP2	CP1	C	C	C	CP1	C	CP1	C	BC	C	C	CP2
Luttrell, Lesliegh	BC	P1	BC	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Luznicki, Mike	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Lynn, Elizabeth A.	X	P1	P1	X	B	X	X	GP2	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
MacAvoy, R. A.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP5	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
MacLean, Katherine	GP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Madigan, Kathleen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	P1	X	CP2	C	X
Madsen, Catherine	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Manesis, Peter	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

WISCON HISTORY

Everyone (we think) who has volunteered or appeared as panelist

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Manney, Tomlei	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	CP1	C	CP4	CP3	X	X
Manzo, Jon	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
March, Robert	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Marfilus, Mary	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Marfilus, Pat	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mars, Carl	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Martin, Darrell	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X
Martin, Diane	BCP1	BP1	BCP3	BP2	ABP3	BP2	BCP1	BCP1	ACP1	ACP2	CP2	X	P1	CP1	CP2	P2	X	P1	CP1
Martin, George R. R.	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	BP4	X	X	GP5	X	X	X	B	X	X	X
Massie-Ferch, Kathleen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P3	P2	P3	P3
Matson, Elizabeth	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1
Matthesen, Elise	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P6
Matzke, Paul	X	X	CP2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Maxwell, Jim C.	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
McClenahan, Catherine	X	X	P1	P2	GP3	P2	X	X	P2	P2	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
McCrumm, Sharyn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BGP3
McFall, Michael	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
McGinley Demmie	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
McGuff, Luke	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	P4	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X
McHugh, Maureen F.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BP1	X	X
McIntyre, Vonda N.	X	GP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
McKinna, Andrew	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X
McLeod, James	X	A	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mealy, Jeanne	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2
Memil, Christine	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Memitt, Ethan	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mildebrandt, Nancy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	CP1	X	P1	P2	X	X	X	X	C
Miles, Rich	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Miller, Michael S.	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mills, C. J.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mitchell, Emerson C.	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mnert, Elaine	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Moffett, Judith	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X
Montgomery, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Monyaleske, Tanya	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Moody, Nikki Ann	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Moore, Charles A.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Morse, Lynne Ann	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	BC	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1
Moylan, Tom	P1	P2	P2	P2	P2	P1	X	X	X	P2	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mueller, P. S.	X	X	X	X	A	A	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mueller, Roger	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mueller, Therese	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Muench, Gary	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mulhern, Kitty	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X
Mum, Thomas	BCP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Murphy, Pat	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	ACGP4	P2	BP3	B	X
Nagle, Luther	X	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Nash, Kathi	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	CP1	C	CP1	C	C	CP1	CP1	CP2	P1	P1	C
Nash, Kim	X	X	P1	P1	BP1	BP1	X	C	C	C	X	CP1	X	CP2	CP1	CP1	P1	P1	X
Neder, Karen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Nees, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Nell, Victor	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Nelson, Jim Darsay	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A
Nelson, Rex Thomas	X	X	P1	P2	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Nesheim, Eric	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Nichols, Jim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP4	CP3	C	CP3
Niehings, Doriane	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Niehaus, Lucy	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	C	X
Nielsen Hayden, Patrick	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BP6	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X
Nielsen Hayden, Teresa	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Nimgade, Bhim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	C	C
Noble, Brnwyn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Noel, Rena	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	C	CP1	X
Noel, Wesley	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X
Noggle, Greg	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Norton, Glenn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1
Norton, Paul	X	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Notkin, Deb	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	R	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X
Novak, Kate	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X
Novitski, Paul	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Nrifi, Lucy	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
O'Brien, Mary	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
O'Donoghue, Jim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
O'Malley, Grace	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P1	P1	X	P2	X	X
O'Malley, K. C.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X
Oehling, Rick	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X
Olsen, Eric	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ostrander, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ott, George	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Paleo, Lyn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Parsons, Spike	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP2	BC	C	CP2	CP2	CP2	CP4	BCP1	P3	P3	X	X	X
Patterson, Jeff	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Pavlac, Diana	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	P2	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X
Pavlac, Ross	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	P1	P1	P2	P3	P1	P2	P1	X	X	X
Peacock, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	P3	CP3	X	X	X	X	X	X
Pearlman, Mary	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	CP1	X
Pelton, Lee	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Perkins, Daniel	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X
Perkins, George	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X
Perret, Patti	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Peterson, Joyce	X	X	X	P1	X	P1	P1	P1	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Peterson, Judith	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP2	X	P4
Petruinas, Antonia	X	X	P1	X	P2	P2	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Pettengil, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Pierce, Vicki	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Pietrusz, Jim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Poor, Karen	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Porter, Andrew	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	A	X	X	X	X	X	X

WISCON HISTORY

Everyone (we think) who has volunteered or appeared as panelist

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Porter, Susie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Porter, Tom	X	X	X	X	X	P2	CP2	CP1	P2	CP2	CP3	CP3	P3	P2	P3	P4	P1	P2	X
Poyser, Victoria	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Preston, Dick	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Preuss, Karen R.	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Price, Douglas	BCP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Priest, Christopher	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Prince, Sarah	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Quale, Tom	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X
Quinlan, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Randall, Marta	X	X	X	X	X	B	GP6	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Randle, Kevin	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ratcliff, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P2	P2	P2	P1	P1	P3	P2	P1	P2	X	X	X
Raw, Matthew J.	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	CP5	CP2	X
Raymond, Victor	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P4	P1	X	P1	P2	X	X	P3	X
Redding, Julie	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P1	X	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Rhonur, Lucy	X	X	P1	P1	P3	P4	ABCP5	CP1	C	C	CP2	P1	CP1	CP2	CP2	CP2	CP2	X	X
Richards, Julia	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Richerson, Carrie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P5
Rihn, Greg	BCP2	ABP1	CP4	P3	P*	P6	CP4	CP5	CP4	CP6	CP4	CP6	CP4	P3	CP4	CP2	CP2	P4	P4
Ritterhouse, Deirdre	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ritterhouse, Jim	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	P1	P3	X	X	X	X	P3	X
Robbins, Trina	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	AGP2	X	X	X	X
Robe, Tom	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Roberts, Marjorie	X	X	X	X	X	BP1	CP1	X	X	P2	P1	P2	P3	X	P1	X	X	X	X
Rogers, Ivor	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Rogers, Steven	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P1	P2	X
Rogge, Rebekah	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BC	X	CP1	C	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X
Romm, Dave	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Root, Carrie	X	X	X	X	X	CP4	CP4	BC	CP5	C	CP1	CP1	C	X	X	X	X	X	X
Rosenfeld, Sue-Rae	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Rosnek, Karen	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Rotsler, William	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Rude, Steven	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ruoho, David	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Rusch, Kristine Kathryn	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP4	X	X
Russell, Gary	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Russell, Ray	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Russell, Richard S.	BC	BP1	BCP2	ABP3	ABP4	ABP7	ABCP7	CP2	BCP3	CP3	CP5	CP3	CP1	CP3	P7	P4	CP3	CP3	CP3
Salmonson, Jessica Amanda	X	BP1	P2	X	X	X	X	BGP4	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Sandler, Denise	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Santosi, Taum	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	P2	P1	P2	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Sargent, Julie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Sargent, Pamela	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP6	X	X	X	X
Schechter, Andi	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Scheller, Doug	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Schepartz, Fred	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	P2	P3	X
Schimanski, Johan	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Schlobin, Roger	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Schmidt, Janet	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P2	X	P2	X	X	X
Schmidt, Karl	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Schmidt, Mary	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Schmidt, Stephanie	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Schneider, Lee	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	P1	P4	P1	X	X	X
Schnobrich, Georgie	X	X	AB	AP1	AB	ABP1	ABCP2	ABCP1	ACP3	ACP3	P1	CP2	P2	P3	CP2	CP2	ACP2	P3	P2
Schoenherr, Gerald	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P5
Scholtes, Matt	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2
Schroeder, Deb	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Schuette, Wade	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Schriner, Joyce	X	X	X	P1	P2	P1	P1	P2	P1	X	P2	P3	P2	X	X	X	X	X	P1
Seidman, Hugh	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Sellgren, Kris	X	X	P1	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Senzag, Don	X	X	P1	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Severson, J. Eric	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X
Shandra, Liz	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Shannon, Michael	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	C	X	C	X	X	X
Sherman, Delia	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	P6
Shetterly, Will	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P4	P3	AP2	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Shiffman, Stu	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	P1	P3	AGP5	P3	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Simmons, Don	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Simmons, Pat	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Simpson, Wes	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Singer, Jon	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Skirvin, MaryLynn	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Smith, Dave	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Smith, Dick	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Smith, Nevenah	X	X	C	X	P1	X	X	X	X	AC	ACP3	CP1	C	CP2	P2	P1	ACP2	X	X
Smith, Susan	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X
Smith, Sybil	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X
Snider, Karen	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Snodgrass, Melinda	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP5	X
Snyder, Midori	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Sondahl, Carrie	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X
Sorenson, Cynthia	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P1	P1	X	X
Spelman, Dick	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Spiehs, Laura	X	X	X	X	X	X	BP1	CP1	CP3	CP2	P2	CP2	CP2	CP2	P3	P2	P4	X	X
Squires, Rob	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
St. Ament, David	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
St. Louis, Robert	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X
Stanley, John	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X
Stark, Bruce	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1
Steele-Uzquiano, Linda	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Steffan, Dan	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Stein, Mike	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Stephenson, Martha	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	X	X
Stevenson, Jennifer	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP2
Stevemer, Caroline	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1
Stidolph, David	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

WISCON HISTORY

Everyone (we think)
who has volunteered
or appeared as
panelist

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
Stokes, Rich.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
Streif, Vincent.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X
Sturjgs, Susanna.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P4	P4	X	X	P3	P4
Sturtzman, Mike.....	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Sullivan, Geri.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Suomi, Verner.....	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Swartz, Steve.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3	CP4	X	CP2	
Synk, Lucy.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Tauchen, Laurie.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	P1	P2	P1	X	X
Taylor, Lary.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1
Taylor, Lucy.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Taylor, Sandra Maney.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C
Teeselink, Arin.....	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Testen, Mary Ellen.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P2	CP2	CP2	P2	X	X	P2	
Thaler, Carl.....	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Theron, Peter.....	X	X	X	X	B	B	CP2	C	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Thilke, Margaret.....	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Thomas, Paul.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	P1	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Thompson, Don.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P2	X	P1	X	X	X	X
Thompson, Joyce.....	X	X	X	X	X	B	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Thompson, Kristin.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Thompson, Maggie.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P2	X	P1	X	X	X	X
Tiedt, Dennis.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BCP2	CP3	CP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Tilton, Lois.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P6	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Toft, Bill.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Tompkins, Suzle.....	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Troise-Heidel, Theresa.....	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Tucker, Lary.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Turville-Heitz, Meg.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P3
Tuttle, Lisa.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP5	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Tymn, Marshall.....	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Valance, Marguerite.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P1	X
Valance, Marsha.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	P4	P3	P3	P4	X
Valenti, Mary Jo.....	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Van Name, Mark L.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	B	X	X	X	X	X	X
Van Sluys, Sharon.....	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Varley, John.....	X	X	GP4	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Vedder-Shuits, Nancy.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P2	P3	P1	X	X	P3	P2	X
Vinge, Joan D.....	X	X	X	AGP3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP3	X	P4	BP3	P6	X	X
Wagner, Ted.....	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wainer, Nora R.....	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Waldrop, Howard.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P5	X	X	GP4	X	X	X	X	X
Wallner, Eric.....	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Warrick, Patricia.....	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	P1	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wassenaar, Gerry.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Watson, Jim.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Webber, Bob.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	P3	P1	P4	X	X	X	X	X
Weber, T.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wees, Wendy.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Weinstein, Ben.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Weiser, Ann.....	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wells, Lily.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wells, Paul.....	X	X	X	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wenz, Rocky.....	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	C	C	CP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Werner, Kathy.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
West, Richard.....	BCP1	BP1	P2	P1	P1	P2	P1	P1	P2	P3	P3	P2	P1	P4	P2	P3	P2	P1	X	X
Weston, Dave.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP1	CP2	X
Whitaker, Robert J.....	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
White, Lynn.....	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
White, Rick.....	AC	BP1	P1	P2	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wickart, Bill.....	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Widner, Art.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Williams, Karen.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Williams, Walter Jon.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	B	X
Willis, Connie.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	GP5	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wilson, Dan.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X
Winkler, Doug.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C
Winter, Laurie.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2
Winz, Kim.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	C	C	X	X	P1	X	X	P1	X
Winz, Pete.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	CP1	CP3	CP1	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X
Wolfe, Gary K.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wolfe, Gene.....	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wollheim, Don.....	X	X	X	X	GP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wollheim, Elsie.....	X	X	X	X	GP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wood, Greg.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	C	CP1	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wood, Mary.....	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wood, Susan.....	X	BP1	P2	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Woodford, John.....	X	X	P1	P1	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	CP3	P2	CP4	P2	P3	X	X	X	X
Woodson, David.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Woodward, Chad.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Woodward, Honey.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wright, Debra.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X
Wujcik, Erick.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P2	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wysoki, Lynn.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Yarbro, Chelsea Quinn.....	X	X	P1	X	GP4	X	X	X	X	GP7	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Young, Tim.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Yourke, Laurel.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1	X
Yovovich, Christina.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	P1
Zahorski, Ken.....	X	P1	X	P1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Zebrowski, George.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	BP2	X	X	X	X
Zielinski, Mike.....	X	X	X	X	X	X	C	C	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Zrimsek, Paul.....	X	X	X	X	X	BP1	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

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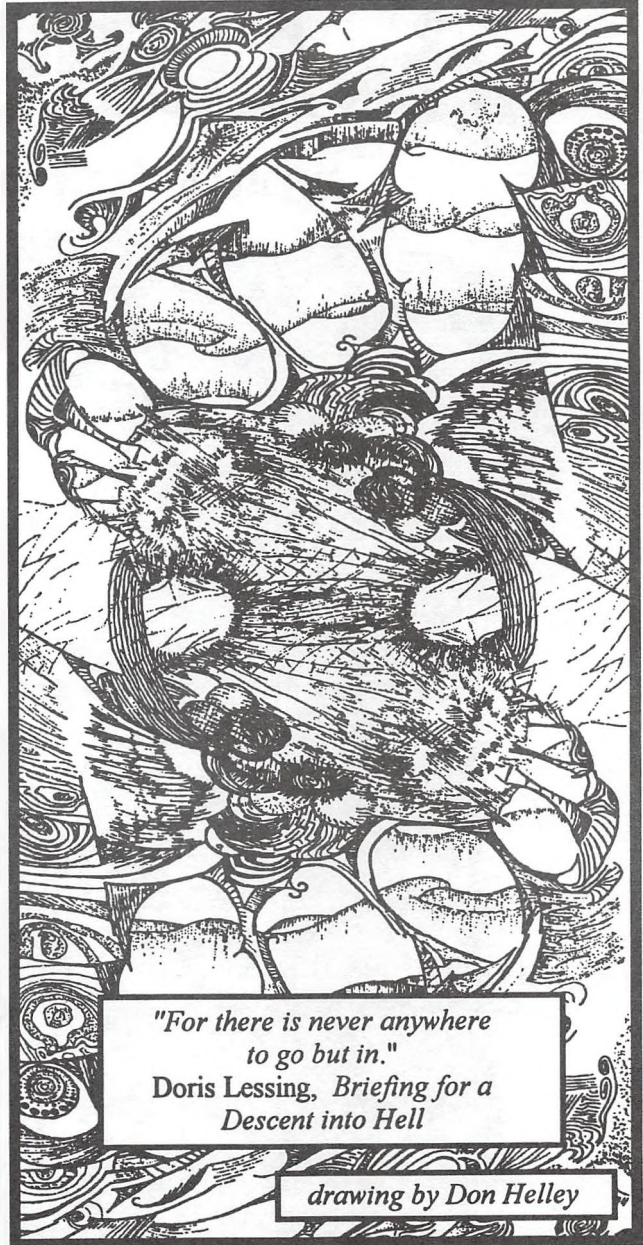
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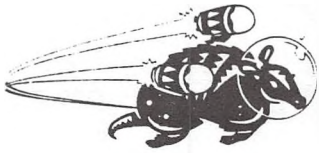
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Madison History

by Andy Hooper

FOR A CITY founded a mere 165 years ago, Madison has a lot of history to try and synopsise in 1,000 words. Considering that the region's natural beauty has always excited the most comment, there is a temptation to begin with the laying of the local geological foundations, some 1.8 billion years past. But since we have only a little space, suffice it to say that the four lakes region went through typically American geological phases as a mountain range, as arid uplands, shallow sea floor, and weathered watershed, before a succession of glaciers carved the low hills and basins we see today.

Not long after the last ice age ended, some 10,000 years ago, the open woodlands and abundant water attracted Paleo-Indian hunters to settle in the area that is now Madison. The region has been continuously occupied by human societies ever since, from the enigmatic Late Woodland Indians, with their signature effigy mounds, to historical peoples such as the Winnebago and Menominee, until the arrival of European trappers and traders in the mid-18th century.

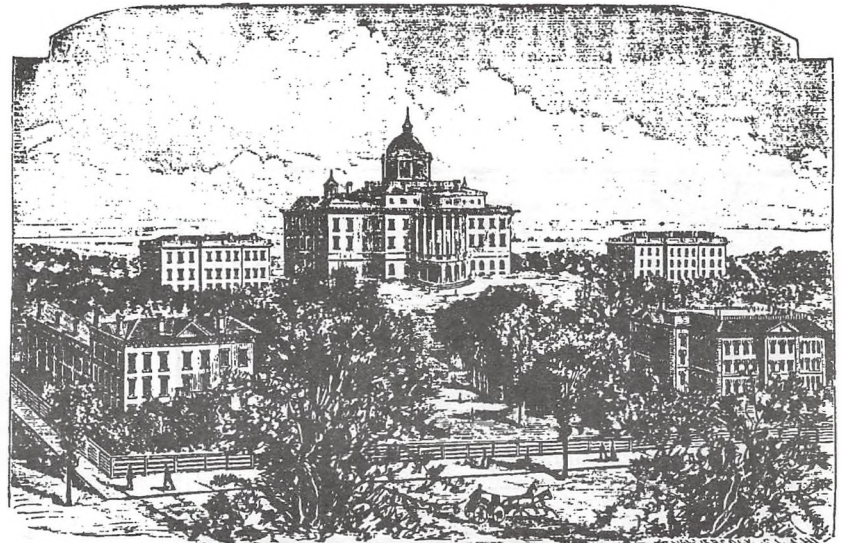
Those first occupants of the city were removed to the other side of the Wisconsin River, following the Blackhawk War of 1832. The war began when a group of Sauk and Fox Indians from the Illinois border tried to re-establish their claim to farmland near Rock Island, Illinois, then occupied by European settlers. People on both sides of the question were killed, and a contingent of militia sent out to bring Chief Blackhawk down. The Sauk retreated through southern Wisconsin, and passed through the Madison area on the way to their eventual destruction at the battle of the Badaxe river. Following the conflict, Indians inhabiting the area were forced north, so that new settlers faced no competition for land on which the city is built.

MADISON CAN trace its existence as a city from the passage of James Duane Doty, who transited the area as a Michigan territorial judge in 1829, when Wisconsin was administered from Fort Detroit. Staying at the trading post of Oliver Armel, which stood two blocks from the modern capital building, he commented on the beauty of the region and its suitability for settlement. When Wisconsin became a territory in its own right in 1835, Doty led the fight to have Madison made the new territorial capital, although the city existed only on paper. By then, the land was owned by Doty himself, and it was his design on which the original city plat was based.

After becoming the territorial capital, and its transition to state capital with statehood in 1848, Madison faced an uphill battle in becoming the metropolis which Doty had envisioned. A series of economic booms and busts made speculation on the future of as remote a city as Madison a dangerous proposition. Entrepreneurs such as Leonard Farwell, Elisha Burdick, and George Delaplaine derived great benefit from their introduction of industry—sawmills, breweries, gasworks, and the first resort hotels in a long line of Madison tourist attractions—but also went bankrupt with alarming frequency when their over-extended holdings were ruined by depression and bank panic. Other cities in Wisconsin struggled to replace Madison as the state capital, and until the first railroad service reached the city in 1854, there was always a chance they would succeed.

Two factors secured the eventual survival of Madison. The first was the wave of immigration from Europe throughout the 1840s and 1850s, which swelled the city's population from 250 in 1845 to 9,000 in 1855. The second was the American Civil War, during which Madison was the state's largest training center, and which provided immense economic benefit to the merchants of the city. Thousands of men from Madison and the area served in the Union army, and the record of most units drawn from the region was exemplary. On the other hand, the city itself remained heavily dominated by the Democratic party and its anti-war pol-

[Madison] remained heavily dominated by the Democratic party and its anti-war policy throughout the [Civil War], and did not support the Emancipation Proclamation or other political expressions of the Republican-dominated war government. The Wisconsin Progressive political tradition was still three decades away.



Left: The Wisconsin State Capitol

Right: Bascom Hill on campus, circa 1870

WISCON HISTORY

Madison is more than just cows

The 20th century's technical innovations have all done their work to change the face of the capital city (which is on its fourth capital building, by the way), but the basic tenor of life here was determined by those philanthropists and social visionaries of 100 years past.

icy throughout the conflict, and did not support the Emancipation Proclamation or other political expressions of the Republican-dominated war government. The Wisconsin Progressive political tradition was still three decades away.

FOLLOWING THE war, Madison survived a long period of general depression on the strength of returning veterans and their desire to settle and build homes in Madison. During this period, the state university began to develop more prestige and a wider enrollment, more rail lines reached the city, and a new series of farm-implement manufacturing factories were built on the near-east side, which served many of the farmers then opening the plains. Until the depression of 1873, of course, which ruined the market and closed half of the plants.

Throughout the latter half of the 19th century, Madison was also the object of concerted efforts to turn it into a resort center. The picturesque quality of the lakes and uplands attracted the eye, and the general mania for "water cures" was well served by Madison's artesian wells. Hotels and resorts were built on speculation, enjoyed a decade or so of success, and usually burned down under suspicious circumstances.

Despite all of these economic failures, the city ultimately succeeded because of the huge number of farmers who set-

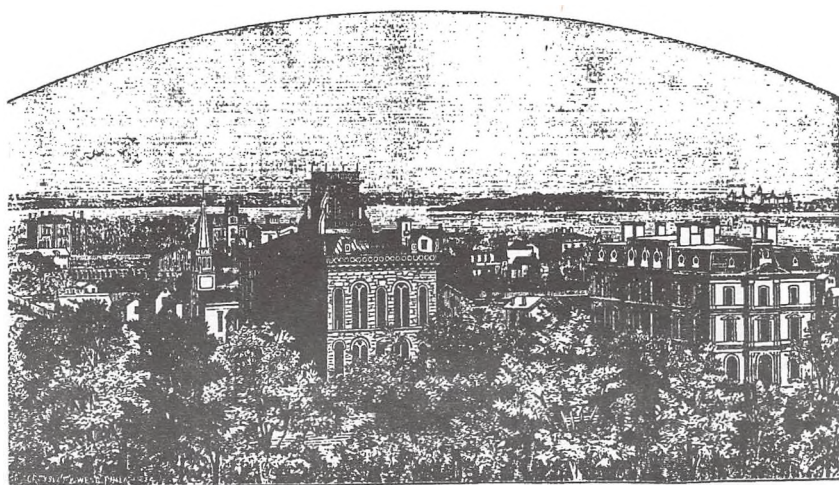
tled in the surrounding countryside, and needed the goods, services, and markets which Madison provided. The continuing stability of the retail economy made many Madison residents wealthy, and most of the fine houses in downtown Madison were built on those profits. Soon the central city was built up, and the first developments outside of the central isthmus were established in the late 1880s.

WITH PROSPERITY came charity, culture, and a passion for the "city beautiful." Madison's many parks date primarily from the turn of the century, when the Madison Park and Pleasure Drive Society did their farsighted best to preserve the green spaces that give Madison so much of its character. Telephones, electricity, trolley cars, movie theaters, airline service, and the rest of the 20th century's technical innovations have all done their work to change the face of the capital city (which is on its fourth capital building, by the way), but the basic tenor of life here was determined by those philanthropists and social visionaries of one hundred years past.

Many industries have come and gone in Madison's history since then, from the beet sugar plant to Ray-O-Vac batteries to Oscar Mayer Meats to the wealth of insurance companies and credit unions. Through all their vagaries, Madison has been buoyed by the patronage of the University and state government, which meant that even in the worst of times, Madison was a center of both culture and commerce.

Given unlimited space, I would wax endlessly on the various cultural achievements of the city, our sporting clubs, our famous residents, the scientists and educators and statesmen who have called Madison home. Thornton Wilder and Georgia O'Keefe were born here, Tillie Olson and Frank Lloyd Wright lived and worked here, and Frank Herbert and Otis Redding died here. Al Capone and Desmond Tutu, Jenny Lind, and Avedon Carol have all spoken highly of their visits to Madison. The territorial city of the 19th century is still visible under the concrete and glass of the present, and the fundamental character of Madison, with its contradictory pretensions and prejudices, has resisted all efforts to change it. We're proud of this city and the people in it; buttonhole any member of the committee or the local fan community this weekend to ask why, and we'll be happy to talk your ear off.

View toward Lake Monona from the capitol dome, including the old City Hall and old Post Office, circa 1870



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WisCon Then and Now: Women, Feminism, and Science Fiction

Catherine L. McClenahan, Indiana University of PA

I'M GOING to write academese for two paragraphs and then I'll subside into normal English....

In *Culture and Dominion*, John Brenkman argues for a cultural hermeneutics which draws not only on Western tradition and a discontinuous heritage of revolt, but also on contemporary social practices of social movements that respond to modern forms of domination—the practices of groups in the women's movement, third-world populations, gays and, I would add, science fiction fans or particularly, feminist science fiction fans. Brenkman would say that such fan activities as conventions and zines, like other cultural practices, contain an interplay of both ideological and utopian elements—with the words “ideological” and “utopian” being as subject as any other to variable and contested meanings (229-30,ix).

Angelika Bammer has traced an important new definition of utopia that emerges from the science fiction and utopian fiction of feminist writers of the 1970s, in America and Europe. Although some feminist writers continued to produce fictions which projected utopias as “gender-separate” spaces outside of history and patriarchy, others (like Piercy, Russ, and Irmtraud Morgner) located the utopian “in everyday acts,” envisioning movement toward a gender free state in “the sum total of changes we ourselves create day by day in the process of living” (92, 156).

ONE SPECIFIC cultural practice, or set of practices, is not a text but a science fiction convention, WisCon: “the only science fiction convention in the world to focus upon feminist science fiction and fantasy,” as it proclaims. In its utopian intentions, WisCon seems very much of a piece with its time and place of birth. Madison, Wisconsin in the 1970s was a center of a variety of protest movements and radical politics: Vietnam protests and the Cambodia strike, environmental and anti-nuclear movements, teach-ins, demands for hiring and curriculum changes to address the needs of women and minorities, consciousness-raising groups for women, men's groups, eventually even the election of a former radical student activist as mayor, to mention only a few (items). Yet WisCon has continued to develop and flourish through the 1980s and into the 1990s, holding its 20th convention in May of 1996.

Why should this topic interest anyone at an MLA convention? The kind of labor (and it *is* labor!) that WisCon represents should be of interest to scholars of science fiction and fantasy or “speculative fiction,” to scholars of women's history, women's writing and women's art, and to scholars of American cultural history (along the lines of Henry Jenkins' *Textual Poachers*).

As a feminist, a teacher and student of women's studies, a reader, teacher, student and fan of speculative fiction, I find WisCon an important subject in its own right and in the way it represents a still-underexamined aspect of science fiction history (a subject that one noted science fiction scholar recently described as pretty well known, thanks to the work of the last 20 years). Despite the persistence of activities like WisCon and the many forms of fan writing and exchanges

it has fostered, despite the growing number of feminist critics who appear in publications dealing with science fiction, fantasy, and utopian/dystopian fiction, Marleen Barr found it necessary as recently as 1987, and again in 1992, to call for greater dialogue, more exchanges between the majority of readers and critics of science fiction—mostly men—and feminist critics. The intent of this 1995 MLA panel in its original constitution was also to consider the political implications of this cultural practice that WisCon has been and to call the attention of academic scholars of feminism or science fiction to the everyday work of fans.

In fact, I'd like to look at the historical moment just before WisCon and the work of Susan Wood, a professor of literature who, even before her Ph.D. from the University of Toronto in 1975 and subsequent academic publications, was a famous and prolific fan writer, winner of two Hugo awards. Susan Wood died at a tragically early age, and though I think that she would have become a major voice in feminist and science fiction studies, much of her most important work exists in zines. The piece I'm about to talk about—a mini-history of feminist programming at science fiction conventions—is one example of a kind of writing, art, and music of feminist (and other) fans often unknown to academic scholars. Yet such “fan” productions influenced and continue to influence writers, publishers, editors, and librarians who began to produce and disseminate feminist science fiction in the late 1960s and 1970s, as well as academic scholars and writers in a number of disciplines, including literature, communication, anthropology, women's studies, gay and lesbian studies, and political science, among others.

SUSAN WOOD'S mini-history comes from a zine called *Janus*, begun in 1978 by Jan Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll, both members of the Madison group called SF³ (Society for the Furtherance of Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction) which would begin WisCon.

In a familiar consciousness-raising narrative, like Adrienne Rich's “When We Dead Awaken: Writing as Revision,” Wood describes her first happy entrance into fandom in the 1960s, finding “my kind of people”: that is, accepted as an “Honorary Man” and also finding herself in the midst of science fiction's “new wave,” fiction she appreciated as “literate, experimental, and humanized.” An honorary man is “a female person whom you did not treat either as a silly nuisance or as a sex object,” and Wood notes that she was grateful to fandom for this feeling of acceptance and apparent equality (the same sense of community that Henry Jenkins has much more recently described as a major attraction of media fandom). She's grateful not only for acceptance in a male-dominated literature and fandom, but—despite the relative rarity of women in fandom—for the enabling example of women fanzine writer/publishers like Juanita Coulson, Elinor Busby, and Lesleigh Luttrell (it may be worth noting that all of these were also married to well-known fans).

Writing in the late 1970s, however, Wood points to the effects that the women's movement is having on North

Presented at the 1995 MLA in Chicago, for a panel called “Feminism Formations in Science Fiction: WisCon and Women in the 1970s.” Tom Moylan organized it to include me, Jan Bogstad, and Eleanor Arneson—and then everyone dropped out except me. So I reorganized it under the same name; the new participants were Beverly Friend of Oakton Community College and Celeste Calderon from Indiana University of PA. Bev talked about teaching science fiction from the 1970s to now; Celeste (whose dissertation is on SF) talked about what science fiction had meant to her as an Hispanic woman, scholar, and teacher who was just entering college in 1970.

This article is also in joyful memory of Judith Clark, Ph.D., science fiction scholar/teacher/fan. She would want to be here for WisCon's twentieth.

WISCON HISTORY

An academic look at
WisCon and feminism

If some traditional fans, male and female, were still resisting the incursion of feminism and other political issues into the field, WisCon from the beginning attracted important publishers, editors, and writers of commercially published fiction as well as graduate students and young faculty from various disciplines who were science fiction readers, teachers, scholars, or librarians who reported new work of interest or learned about it and made sure their libraries ordered it. WisCon and the feminist science fiction zines fostered feminist art and feminist criticism through reviews and interviews with new writers.

American society, on science fiction fandom (“with the usual time lag”) and on herself: no longer willing to call herself an Honorary Man, she gives herself a new name and image, a Woman Fan. Because one of the tenets of the women’s movement in the 1970s was that the personal is political, Wood tells her story of the change from Honorary Man to Woman Fan in order to demonstrate important developments in the history of “women’s programming” or as she later preferred, “people’s programming.”

Once established as a successful fan writer and active convention participant, Wood began to notice that speaking *as a woman* (e.g., objecting to dirty-joke panels or striptease acts at masquerades) earned the label of “crazy libbers’ behavior” or “a fuss about nothing”—a typical reaction of academic scholars and fans in other contexts. She discovered that you could be an Honorary Man only if you never remind your companions that you’re a woman, too.

THE IDEA THAT science fiction “reflected and reinforced... a white-male-supremacist worldview” entered fandom in the early 1970s, Wood claims, primarily through the fiction and criticism of Joanna Russ and also Vonda N. McIntyre. Although “hostility erupted and blood flowed” in the *SFWA Forum* and in zines and cons, Wood notes that even at the “last of the old-style WorldCons, where women had surprisingly little visibility,” she herself failed to notice this absence. Her attention was on the fan history display, “All Our Yesterdays”—but it took Elinor Busby to make her notice that the yesterdays portrayed were only men’s.

Wood locates the turning point for herself and fandom as a panel on “Women and Science Fiction: Image and Reality” that a male head of programming asked her to chair at the 1974 WorldCon, DisCon II. When older women panelists, the editor/publisher Betty Ballantine and writer Leigh Brackett, denied that there were problems for women in fandom or publishing, an angry challenge by feminist fan Jennifer Bankier “catalyzed” the women at the con. “Pros” and fans talked for hours in the hallways and the lobby. The experience taught her, Wood says, that the new “women in science fiction” panel *mattered* to people, signifying new ideas, a new sense of community, and a new sense of protest to panelists and audience: women had to take charge of “their” programming. As such fan panels spread in the next couple of years, fandom began to seem more “human,” more “fun.” Her own panels on women in science fiction became more organized, utilizing the resources of a growing network of other feminist fans and zine writers, new feminist writers like Suzy McKee Charnas and Marta Randall, agents and editors like Virginia Kidd, and *A Women’s Apa*. Alternate programming by men and women began discussing not only The Problem but a wide range of new ideas like nonmammalian birth, feminism and the English language, alternatives to patriarchal societies, social and biological revolutions occurring in the 1970s. The result, she reports, is that fans began to go to programming instead of mainly socializing. (Wood also points to a result that occurred everywhere that women began consciousness-raising groups or women’s faculty groups or feminist discussion groups or demanded to teach women’s studies courses: some men now demanded “equal time.”) We could point out that Wood herself discusses new ideas about gender and sex and sexual orientation without mentioning other groups then demanding attention, like African-Americans and Hispanics, thus reflecting science fiction’s overwhelmingly white makeup. To be fair, however, these issues were discussed at cons and in zines. By the 1976 WorldCon, Wood notes, Madison fans Jeanne Gomoll and Lesleigh Luttrell were talking about starting a feminist science fiction

con. The Madison group SF³ held the first WisCon in 1977; Jeanne Gomoll and Jan Bogstad (now a professor of Library Science and Women’s Studies at UW–Eau Claire) began the feminist zine, *Janus*.

I SPEND THIS much time summarizing Wood because her work, like WisCon’s, adds to our knowledge of how women in the 1970s and 1980s were discovering and sharing new views of reality, new questions about society, grasping eagerly at what science fiction and fantasy could show them about what was wrong with existing social arrangements and how to imagine other ones. But very few people will read articles like hers, while the network of fans and of academic science fiction and feminist scholars who have been connected to WisCon has been growing for 20 years. So one question for science fiction and feminist scholars is who will preserve these especially ephemeral publications from before the computer age and where? Indeed, it also raises the question of what will happen to the even more ephemeral writing now created and exchanged on the Internet or Worldwide Web. What scholars of science fiction or feminism will have access to them—or see them as important at all?

If Wood’s mini-history helps to show how she and other women within a very small cultural “institution” realized that they lacked power or authority and moved to take it, WisCon shows the complex skein of relationships that can exist between powerful institutions—like commercial publishing or the University of Wisconsin—and people who turn the resources and products of those institutions to their own uses and even help to challenge the values and practices of those institutions.

THE FIRST WisCons were held with the assistance of UW’s Extension program, in its building on campus. Many of the SF³ members who began it and people who regularly participated in it were recent or current graduate or undergraduate students. So from the beginning, WisCon ignored or broke down traditional barriers between fan and academic readers of science fiction (who had already begun academic organizations like SFRA). In Madison’s intellectually and politically aware climate, WisCon participants were often familiar with international science fiction and the explosion of feminist studies of the 1970s in America, France, England, and Germany.

If some traditional fans, male and female, were still resisting the incursion of feminism and other political issues into the field, WisCon from the beginning attracted important publishers, editors, and writers of commercially published fiction as well as graduate students and young faculty from various disciplines who were science fiction readers, teachers, scholars, or librarians who reported new work of interest or learned about it and made sure their libraries ordered it. WisCon and the feminist science fiction zines fostered feminist art and feminist criticism through reviews and interviews with new writers. To fandom’s traditionally permeable lines between readers/writers/publishers they added links to feminists in general and to teachers and academic writers. Instead of the tension between commercial owners and producers and fans that Henry Jenkins has studied in media fandom, WisCon fostered alliances among feminist fans, workers in professional publishing, and academics.

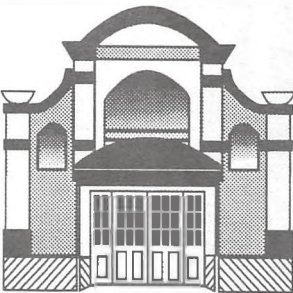

From this annual convention, feminist science fiction fans (men and women) took new texts and critical approaches back to courses they were teaching and dissertations they were writing; the first feminist science fiction anthologies were published (Sargent’s *Women of Wonder* series and Anderson and McIntyre’s *Aurora*) signalled commercial

awareness of a new market. Academic program tracks began appearing at regular fan cons, even WorldCons. New feminist writing of the 1970s (Greer and Millet, Rowbotham and Juliet Mitchell, Phyllis Chesler and Susan Brownmiller; Irigaray, Kristeva and Cixous; Moers, Showalter, Gilbert and Gubar) were regularly discussed on panels and in casual conversations. Among the academic scholars with ties to WisCon are Teresa de Lauretis, Samuel R. Delany, Brian Attebury, Marleen Barr, Gary K. Wolfe, Donna Harroway, Joan Gordon, Natalie Rosinsky, Veronica Hollinger and Tom Moylan.


WISCON HAS thus played and continues to play a significant role in developing and widening that community that Susan Wood looked for in fandom and the university and the world of real politics. Yet as I said at the beginning, Marleen Barr still finds it necessary to urge better contact among readers and scholars of science fiction, feminist theorists, and scholars of postmodern fiction. And the exchanges between academic and fan readers, critics and historians of speculative fiction and feminism have barely begun.

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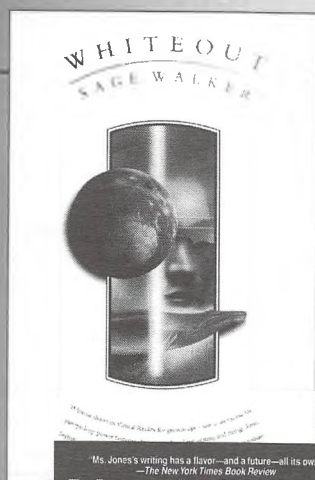
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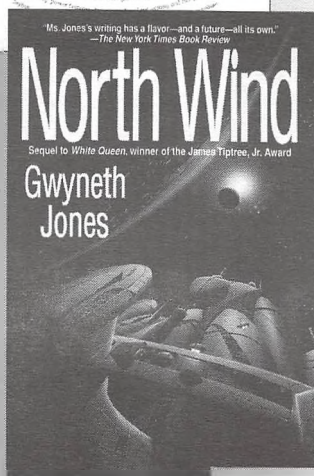
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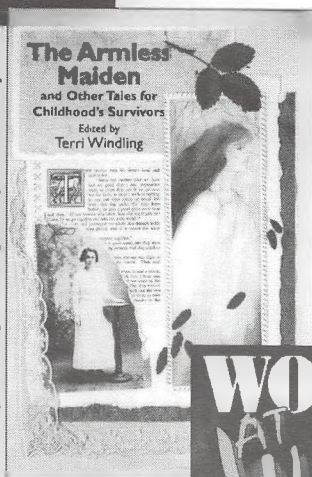
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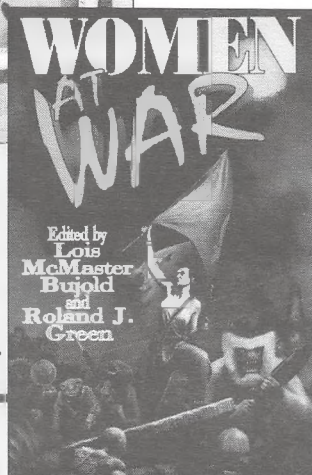


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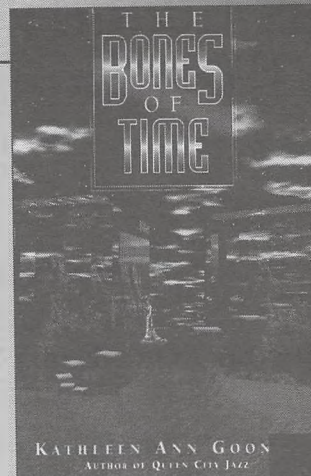
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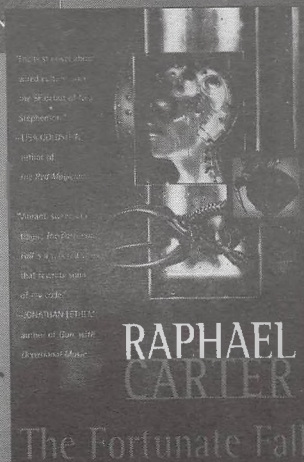
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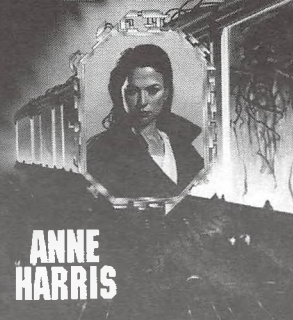
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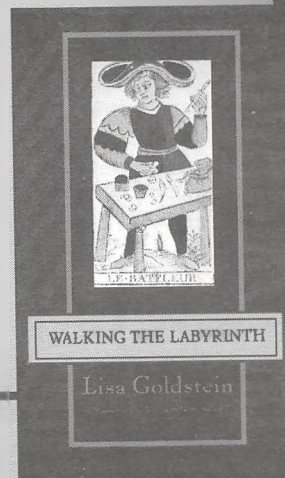
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The First Nineteen Years

compiled from past WisCon books and contributions of members and guests

The first nineteen years of WisCon have yielded such a variety of guests, panelists, discussions, staffers, ideas, projects, and conversations that it would be a colossal task to summarize these two decades in a form appropriate for this souvenir book. This section presents the biographies of the guests of honor as they appeared in the original program books, often accompanied with comments and updates from the guests reflecting what they've been doing in the years since they headlined at WisCon.

WisCon 1

February 11–13, 1977

Guests: Katherine MacLean and Amanda Bankier

Chairs: Jan Bogstad and Doug Price

Katherine MacLean

by Jan Bogstad

Although I've not yet met her, I feel very close to Katherine MacLean for several reasons.

What first impressed me about Ms. MacLean was her dynamic personality. When I called to invite her to WisCon, I was almost immediately overwhelmed by her energetic and exciting phone personality. We spent a few minutes discussing the possibility of her appearance at WisCon and then we discussed several ideas she was turning into story plots, what she was interested in at the moment (she was mulling over the General Systems conference information she had recently received), and the comparative climates of Maine and Wisconsin in February. During the second phone conversation, we discussed rat genetics in conjunction with another story she was writing and many other interesting topics. It was beautiful.

I had only read the novel version of *The Missing Man* and the story "Contagion" from Pamela Sargent's *Women of Wonder* but a scant few months before I called Ms. MacLean. When I put together the amount of serious scientific extrapolation found in both of these pieces of fiction, and those I have read since, with the personality of the woman I had talked to on the phone, I was again impressed. The plots were both complicated and interesting. As Jeanne [Gomoll] mentions in her review, the amount of detail in the city of *The Missing Man* also sets it off as a special kind of science fiction novel. In discussing "Contagion," Ms. MacLean (in a private letter) mentioned that she felt she had not said enough about the relationship between men and women. I found the story to be fascinating in that and other areas, but on a subdued level. The main plot of "Contagion" is not concerned with heterosexual relationships and yet the women in this story collectively come to the realization that one's individual personality is not wholly dependent on external appearance, a lesson many people of both sexes could profit from in our society.

I've been having a lot of trouble making this into a biography of Katherine MacLean, so I'll add what she has written to us by way of "biographical filler:"

May 24-27, 1996

Katherine MacLean was born at an early age, went to grammar school, high school, college, and now teaches English at the University of Maine as a part-time lecturer. She's worked in various laboratories and hospitals as various kinds of technician, and taken the twenty or so other kinds of jobs around the country writers always feel they must experience to broaden their scope as writers. Though she spends little time writing and much time learning new jobs and skills, she claims it is all to eventuate in mastery of writing characters....

So much for straight biographical data. If you want more, you can find it in *Contemporary Authors: A Biographical Guide*.

I will mention that she was born more than 5² and less than 10² years ago (like myself), and that we share some of the same early interests.

Ms. MacLean writes of her early years (before age seven), describing a fascination with Tarzan, wolves, and Mad Scientists. She says her Tarzan phase lasted only until age five or six (my own was a bit more protracted as I had two younger sisters to boss around the jungle) When her decision to become a Mad Scientist won out, she was about seven and already in school. The next phase of her interest involved H.G. Wells, also one of my early favorites. She writes:

Science fiction fed this dream (to become a Mad Scientist) and I studied encyclopedias diligently until an essay on H.G. Wells convinced me that I should follow his footsteps from the path of science to the path of science fiction, becoming a prophet and a forewarner of the future.

She elaborated, in a Wellsian fashion, on the sort of stasis she sees in 20th-century American reality in an interview, entitled "Utopia: When the Grass Grows in the Yard and the Kids Play with Horses," published in the *Evening Express* (Portland, Maine, July 1, 1976). In it, she describes how it is that we have passed by the period of time when it was possible for a true utopia to exist, with just the right mixture of technology and individual, hence immediately self-satisfying, labor. She points out that our over-dependence on technology has taken much of the creative possibility out of life in 20th-century America. There is hope, in her view, however. We can still achieve the balance of just enough technology and room for satisfying labor which should result in a harmonious balance with nature also. But this can be achieved only through conscious effort on the part of all of us.

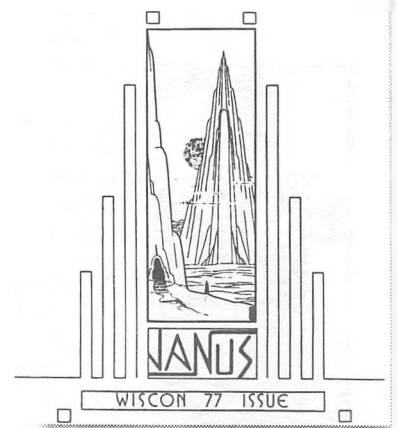
We already know about Ms. MacLean's adult life, that of a lab technician and teacher and of a writer of science fiction who sold her first story in 1949 ("Defense Mechanism"). She describes her experience with other young writers of science fiction with a great deal of relish, people such as Judith Merrill, whom she still

Four of WisCon's past guests of honor have passed away: Susan Wood, Terry Carr, Don Wollheim and, most recently, Elsie Wollheim.

Their effects on the field are immeasurable. Our thanks to them for making WisCon, and science fiction, a more wonderful place to be.



Katherine MacLean from the WisCon 1 program book



WisCon 1 cover by Robert Kellough

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 1
1977

Amanda Bankier

WisCon 2
1978

Vonda N. McIntyre



Katherine MacLean

[MacLean] describes how it is that we have passed by the period of time when it was possible for a true utopia to exist, with just the right mixture of technology and individual, hence immediately self-satisfying, labor. She points out that our over-dependence on technology has taken much of the creative possibility out of life in 20th-century America. There is hope in her view, however. We can still achieve the balance of just enough technology and room for satisfying labor which should result in a harmonious balance with nature also. But this can be achieved only through conscious effort on the part of all of us.

Jan Bogstad



Amanda Bankier

claims as a close friend, and Fred Pohl, Harry Harrison, and Lester Del Rey. She was a member of the early Hydra society and now belongs to Science Fiction Writers of America, the Science Fiction Research Association, and Mensa.

But still, what impresses me most about Katherine MacLean is her wide range of interests and ideas. She seems equally at home with biochemistry and General Systems management, mentions an interest in social laws, evolutionary ethics, and psychic research.

Katherine MacLean talks about her stories as if they were patterned after scientific experiments. In this she reminds me of Ursula Le Guin's approach to science fiction as described in "Is Gender Necessary" (in *Aurora: Beyond Equality*, ed. Susan Anderson and Vonda McIntyre). She tells us that she started writing under the Campbell school of science fiction, where each story had to have an original idea. I must admit, I am most impressed with stories that have not only one but several new ideas, extrapolations of new possible futures. She also bemoans the fact that few contemporary editors are looking for the kind of solid extrapolation and scientifically based stories she likes to write. In one of her letters, Ms. MacLean says: "Are fans no longer slans? Who am I writing to? Does anyone want ideas?" To those questions I hope you can join me in answering, Yes. We are still slans and we all read science fiction for the new perspectives it gives us on our own, often incomprehensible reality. What else would science fiction be for if not the ideas it explores? So, Ms. MacLean, keep writing stories that are idea-oriented and we will keep reading them. Perhaps the message will get across to editors that science fiction can be well-written and scientifically interesting at the same time.

Ms. MacLean seems very accessible to me in many ways. Not only our similar interests, but her friendly and exciting personality makes me want to meet her very much. I'm sure you will want to also. It won't be long now!

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Katherine MacLean, known primarily for her novel *The Missing Man*, was fascinated by the character of Frank N. Furter in WisCon 1's showing of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. After leaving Madison, she returned to her home in Maine. The last we heard, she was thinking about building a castle on a windswept hilltop.

Amanda Bankier

by Jennifer Bankier

Amanda was first exposed to science fiction at the early age of seven or eight when her father read Hal Clement's *Mission of Gravity* to her and her younger brother. In addition to the resulting addiction to Clement's work, she subsequently acquired a taste for the writings of Russ, McIntyre, Delany, Norton, Charnas, Brunner, Ellison, and Le Guin. Although she continued to read science fiction avidly, Amanda did not have any active contact with fandom... until, at the age of 18, she attended FanFair 11 in Toronto. This convention did nothing to change her perception of the existing atmosphere within fandom as that of a male club. By the time of TorCon II, however, there were increasing numbers of women who got involved in fandom on their own initiative, and this, combined with the work of women writers such as Joanna Russ and Ursula Le Guin, encouraged Amanda to commence publication of her feminist fanzine, *The Witch and the Chameleon*, in August of 1974. In that issue she stated her goals as follows:

I feel very strongly that science fiction has tremendous potential for treating women fairly and honestly, and should be in the vanguard of literature in this respect rather than at the rear as it was for so long. I hope we will soon see a number of forums for women who care about science fiction and want to work on it, and where feminism will not be treated as a humorous aberration as it has been in so much fiction and so many fanzines.

In *The Witch and the Chameleon* I hope to have all kinds of material except one: that which insults or trivializes women.

That there was a major need for a fanzine of this kind is demonstrated by the fact that *Witch* has attracted contributions or correspondence from such prominent women in the science fiction field as Vonda McIntyre, Joanna Russ, Andre Norton, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Raccoona Sheldon, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and Suzy McKee Charnas. It has also elicited positive response from both fans and feminists outside fandom. To date there have been four single issues and one double one...produced in an offset format.

In mundane life, Amanda spent a couple of years studying chemistry at Cambridge in England, and will shortly obtain a degree in mathematics from MacMaster University in Hamilton. Her future ambitions, however, lie in the fields of printing and writing (both fiction and poetry). Her non-professional interests outside the science fiction field include choral singing, embroidery, and photography.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

I haven't been active in fandom; it is only lately that I've been able to start taking an interest again. I stopped publishing *The Witch and the Chameleon* for the usual reason of exhaustion and have been occupied with a lot of changes since. I had been studying mathematics, and although I eventually took a B.Sc. in pure math, I left the field, worked for a short time as an offset press operator, and have been studying singing at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto for the last few years. I've completed about 80% of the work towards the ARCT diploma, which is the standard qualification for private music teachers in Canada, and hope to finish it this year.

At WisCon 1 I spent a good deal of the time collapsing with the after-effects of a bad attack of flu I'd had just before, and though I did manage to give my speech and participate in a panel, I'm afraid I must have been a poor specimen of a guest of honor. My feet remember the ice and snow very clearly, but my mind remembers the unparalleled warmth and friendliness of all the people I met, and the atmosphere of particular welcome for women as unquestionably equal participants. I've never attended a better convention and am only sorry to have missed the ones between.

WisCon 2

February 17-19, 1978

Guests: Vonda N. McIntyre and Susan Wood

Chair: Jan Bogstad

Vonda N. McIntyre

by Vonda N. McIntyre

I was raised in several East Coast States but became an adopted Northwesterner when my family moved to Seattle, Washington, in 1961 when I was 12. In 1970 I got a BS in

biology at the University of Washington, then went on to graduate work in genetics. However I quit grad school after a year and a half. Having been in school for nearly 20 years straight by then, I was academically exhausted; also I had begun to realize that as a scientist I made one hell of a science fiction writer. The summer before starting grad school I attended the Clarion writers' workshop in Clarion, Pennsylvania, and received a good deal of encouragement for my writing. I had sold several stories already, to Edward L. Ferman and others, and during the workshop I sold several more, to Damon Knight, Harlan Ellison, and Marilyn Hacker.

I organized and ran the Clarion West writers' workshop, in Seattle, but folded it after the third year; it's extremely difficult to deal with university red tape and bureaucracy when you have no formal faculty position, as I did not. After the 1973 workshop I vanished into the Oregon woods and did not resurface for some months, thanks to Ursula and Charles Le Guin, who loaned me their mountain cabin. I finished my first novel, *The Exile Waiting*, while I was there, and sold it to Fawcett Gold Medal. During that time, too, Susan Janice Anderson and I were coediting *Aurora: Beyond Equality*.

More recently I finished and published a couple of novels, "Screwtop" in Silverberg's *The Crystal Ship*, and "Aztecs" in Bryant's *2076: An American Tricentennial*. Both stories received decent reviews and instantly went to novella heaven. (The local distributor claims *2076* does not even exist.)

In early 1977 I went to Australia to help teach a Clarion-type workshop in Melbourne; the students were so good that I fully expect the next generation of science fiction writers to hail from the southern hemisphere.

This summer Houghton Mifflin bought my second novel, *Out of the Dead Land*, which will be published in the spring of 1978.

After WesterCon XXX I threw a party at which Jeanne Gomoll talked me into being Guest of Honor at WisCon, a part I fear I'm little better suited to playing than that of rising young scientist. But I'll do my best.

Produced by UKLeG by Dint of Sitting on VNMcl at Intervals Over a Period of Two Days and Slowly Squashing Little Dribbles of Information Out of Her

by Ursula K. Le Guin

[...Vonda was here Tuesday and Wednesday and as you see, we jointly produced a sort of a kind of a like biography? Just be glad we didn't do the one we thought of, that would have been a huge list of the kind of things that men writers always have done like driving jeeps in Saudi Arabia and slinging hash in the Bowery and herding yaks and building supertankers and on and on for a whole paragraph, and we were going to make this huge list of things she had not done. But it got boring. They always do....]

Early in the autumn of 1948 a small two-seater airplane named, possibly, the *Enola Which?* took off from a little-known runway in Louisville, Kentucky; gaining altitude, it flew off towards the northeast. Several hours later it approached an even lesser known runway in Nahant, Massachusetts, from the southwest, received permission to land, and landed.

Aboard this plane—it is now known—was a six-week-old child.

The name of this child was Vonda N. McIntyre. If you leave out the N. her mail goes to her mother, and if you call her Wanda she will bite you. She lived in Nahant till she was

seven, then the family moved to Fayetteville, New York, and got snowed on for two years; then to Rockville, Maryland, where she got her first horse, a pony named Missie; then to the Netherlands for a half a year, and then to Seattle where they have stayed put since. McIntyre attended Sammamish High School, an experience she describes succinctly as "fairly ghastly." She went on to the University of Washington, majoring in biology, and started graduate school there in genetics. She spent a year making starch gels ("like making oatmeal, only it burns even easier") and performing unsuccessful experiments. ("I was cloning a teratoma that summer—I was never quite clear *why* I was supposed to clone a teratoma—that was my central problem as a geneticist, I think.") McIntyre's mind had begun to wander. She went on leave from the graduate program in 1971; she is still on leave, and shows no signs of getting off it.

Her horse Grey is past riding now, but he's out to grass and happy.

Her mind is still wandering.

It began wandering wordwards in its teens: McIntyre became editor of the high school literary magazine, and wrote stories for it. Her first science fiction convention was a decisive event: "I discovered that there were Fans and Pros—Readers and Writers—and that *Writers were human beings too*. (She has not modified this opinion despite subsequent experience.) In 1968 she started submitting her stories to the professional markets. Ed Ferman rejected her first one with a "try-again" note; having the extremely literal mind of the born science fiction writer, she tried again, and her second submission was her first published story.

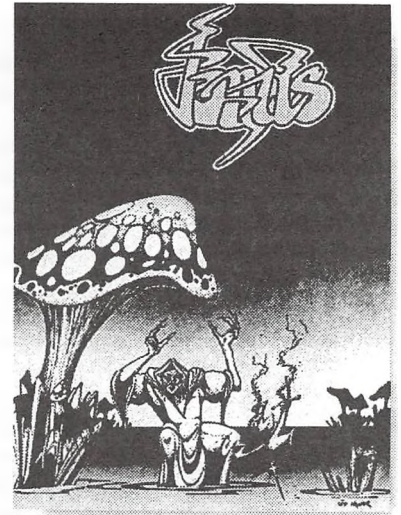
Some subsequent high points: she attended Clarion, when it was in Clarion, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1970, "A very good experience: both positive and good negative feedback—and I sold stories." She was the director of the Clarion West workshop at the University of Washington all three summers of its existence (1971–73), and turned out to be a superb administrator; her mind wandered, her clones died, but her workshops were terrific. It was during this time, in order to relieve incessant stress, that Ygor appeared (McIntyre's Hyde-side). Ygor hasn't been around much lately (he can't keep up), but now and then he leers jovially out. In 1976 McIntyre gave a two-week science fiction writing workshop in Portland State's Haystack program at Cannon Beach, Oregon, and taught with Kenneth Rexroth, Tom Robbins, and Madeleine DeFrees at the Port Townsend, Washington, Centrum Institute. In February 1977 she went Down Under to teach in the second Australian Science Fiction Workshop.

Her first Nebula award (1973) was for the story "Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand." It won't be her last.

She stands 13 hands at the withers, and can take any fence.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 2, Vonda's published works include *Barbary*, *Superluminal*, *The Entropy Effect*, the anthology *Fire-flood and Other Stories*, the Star Trek movie novelizations *The Wrath of Khan* and *Star Trek III*, and the novelization of *The Bride*, as well as a variety of short fiction, including "The Straining Your Eyes Through The Viewscreen Blues" in *Nebula Award Stories 15*. She also had "Observation of a Psychic" published by *The Skeptical Inquirer*.



WisCon 2 cover by Eric Wallner



Vonda N. McIntyre from the WisCon 2 program book art by Virginia Aalko



Vonda McIntyre (photo by Gary L. Benson)

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 2
1978

Susan Wood

She's been guest of honor at ConStellation (not the WorldCon, the one in Victoria, B.C.) in 1983, Vancouver Science Fiction Con in 1981, and PenultiCon in Denver in 1980.

Vonda N. McIntyre: The Real Story

by Eileen Gunn

(reprinted from the LunaCon program book)

You probably think you know a lot about Vonda N. McIntyre, right? That's why you invited her to be Guest of Honor, right?

Well, you're wrong. Maybe you know some things about her. Maybe you know her books, for instance. Maybe you know her unassailable generosity and strength of spirit. Maybe you even know her middle name. (I will not reveal it here, but it distinguishes her from her mother.)

But do you know her lost novel *Droomslang*, her secret persona Ygor, her clandestine taste for country music? Do you know that she used to stable her horse where Microsoft sits right now? You don't? Then you do not know everything about Vonda N. McIntyre. Come closer, and I will tell you more things of which others are unaware.

Very few people, for instance, know that Vonda keeps a large personal menagerie of wild snakes, tame wolves, and cloned dinosaurs, plus a huge mole named Philby that sleeps on the hassock in her office, and a wolverine named Ursula, of which she is inordinately fond. In addition, Vonda has created an urban-wildlife rescue area, with crocuses, on the parking strip in front of her house. It attracts and nurtures native Seattle wildlife, such as raccoons, possums, wombats, slugs, grunge bands, and bald eagles.

She also controls a vast woodland empire, where she's building a stately pleasure-dome out of recycled popsicle sticks. She personally oversaw the planting of thousands of tiny trees on this preserve, which contains a trout-stream with genuine trout in it. She feeds the trout homemade chocolate chip cookies, which they take from her hand, emitting chirps of pleasure. From time to time, salmon wend their way upstream to spawn. It's extremely bucolic and picturesque, or will be when the trees get bigger.

You are all aware, I am sure, that Vonda is a superb cook, specializing in certain Seattle delicacies: coffee, chocolate decadence with raspberry sauce, and the occasional geoduck sushi for fiber. But not many of you know that she prepares an excellent hot-and-sour soup. It's true, and if it were more widely known, she would undoubtedly have gained an unsought three-star rating in the *Guide Michelin*, and the crocuses on her parking strip would be overrun with BMWs. So we'll let this be our little secret, won't we? And you might keep mum about the chocolate decadence, too, while you're at it—there'll be all the more for those of us in the know.

This weekend you will witness Vonda's ability to make an elegant personal fashion statement: suede boots, silk shirts, the restrained use of gemlike color. I will disclose here the darker side of her fashion sense: the stuffed effigy of a beaver (*Castor canadensis*) named Roscoe that she dressed for WesterCon last summer. Roscoe, bedecked with velvet, satin, gold spraypaint, brass chains, and iridescent glow-in-the-dark fishing lures, like some Sasquatchian Infant of Prague, may foreshadow an in-your-face, go-for-broke rebellion on Vonda's part against her accustomed wardrobe. Or he may not.

Many people writing about Vonda would mention how responsible she is, how loyal to her friends, how helpful to those in need. Such talk makes her seem much older than

she is, and gives the impression that she's part sheepdog and part boy-scout, which she isn't. But I would like to add here that Vonda can be a very forgiving person. How do I know this? Well, one lovely June evening, I lured her to a railway siding where the Survival Research laboratories seated her amongst tall strangers, then assaulted her with noise and drenched her in crickets and rocket fuel. She forgave me for that. She may even, some day, forgive me for this biography.

[Recent books by Vonda are the Starfarers series: *Starfarers*, *Transition*, *Metaphase*, and *Nautilus*. *The Moon and the Sun* will be published in the summer of 1997.]

Susan Wood

by Richard Labonte

What is best in my world is often what is constant; Susan Wood is one of those constants.

Ten years ago, Susan was fighting Ottawa's city government to have ice and snow cleared from steep steps leading from an overpass down to the Carleton University campus.

Last year, Susan and her neighbors were fighting builders abetted by the government of British Columbia in an attempt to take over low-cost housing near the University of British Columbia campus.

Like all of us, she is older. Like enough of us, she is wiser. Unlike many of us, she has not aged. Susan can still be impassioned.

In 1967, when we shared desk space and deadlines for Carleton's weekly student newspaper, Susan cared: about icy steps, about the quality of her education, about the vitality of Carleton's science fiction club, about—even then—her rights as a woman.

Now she is a university professor who frets about the quality of her student's education; a science fiction fan and scholar who cares to study and enthuse about the best of the field; an activist who has joined with other women and some men to bring a new sensitivity into science fiction and fandom.

To all these passions, Susan brings what surely must be the most highly tuned sense of appropriate hysteria ever manifested on the North American continent.

It's also an effective hysteria.

Back at Carleton, it got the ice and snow cleared off those steps; it also got the Department of English thinking about setting up science fiction courses—a trail of which Susan has scattered across Canada in her moves from university to university.

Susan was in town—in Ottawa, my town, her mom's town—for the past Christmas. Her appropriate, effective hysteria was a tonic.

Two days after she arrived, we joined some old friends at a Christmas bash, with live music supplied by Ottawa's Great Sneezey Waters.

There was Elizabeth Kimmerly, a den mother dear to us all who introduced Susan to cooperative living a decade ago; Rosemary Ulliot, once and perhaps future chronicler of our fannish lives; Gina Clarke, whose husband Norm was onstage making the music sweeter with his saxophone; and Susan: four women in all, and me.

I'm not much—though, lately, more—of a dancer; but Susan is, and Elizabeth is, and the music was irresistible. So Susan and Elizabeth, the former respectably divorced and the latter happily married, danced. Hysterically. Soon, I did too.

Susan has that ability: to make people do what's good for them. It's her strength: nonstop talking and no-end writing



Susan Wood
from the WisCon 2
program book
art by Virginia Aalko

and never-finished laments about career, classes, and cats are the surface Susan.

Luckily for us—and for me—there's another Susan under the professor overworked, the administrator subverted, the scholar frustrated, the citizen betrayed.

Our Susan can still dance, and sweep us off our feet when she does.

by *Eli Cohen*

I guess it's just that she has more energy than most normal human beings.

For instance, consider Susan Wood's career as a science fiction fan: she has engaged in a staggering variety of fan-nish activity, which has included such diverse examples as publishing a fanzine, being on a WorldCon committee, joining the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, "smoothing" with Bob Tucker, dropping out of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, and liberating a hotel swimming pool.

She was co-editor (with Mike Glicksohn) of *Energumen*, which won the Best Fanzine Hugo in 1973; at the same time she was publishing her own fanzine, "a journal of heavy raps and light natters" called *Aspidistra*. After *NERG* and *Asp* folded, in 1973, she began producing a profusion of articles for other fanzines, and at the 1974 WorldCon she was awarded the Hugo for Best Fan Writer.

Meanwhile, she had begun the *Amor de Cosmos People's Quietrevolutionary Susanzine*, a "letter-substitute that got out of hand." She shared (with Mike Glicksohn) the position of Fan Guest of Honor at the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention (held in Australia in 1975), which gave her an opportunity to invent Daffodil Fandom, and instigate a rowdy chorus of "Waltzing Matilda" during the Hugo banquet. She did "The Clubhouse," a fanzine review column in *Amazing*, from 1974 to 1976, all the while writing a regular column for *Outworlds*, and articles for fanzines like *Starling*, *Granfalloon*, *Kratophany*, and *Xenium*—and at the 1977 WorldCon she tied for Best Fan Writer, making her the only person in the world with 1½ Hugos. Oh yes, somewhere in there she also found time to participate in six APAs; do a regular column for *Algo!*; set up the TorCon II "All Our Yesterdays Room" (devoted to fan history); and appear on and/or run a dozen convention panels.

Susan has certainly had a very distinguished fan career (and I haven't even mentioned her "Hogu" award for Sexist Fanzine Cover of 1975); perhaps I have made my point about above-average energy.

But.

While she was doing all of that, she *also* got a Ph.D. in Canadian literature, for which she wrote a 400-page thesis on "The Land in Canadian Prose, 1840–1945" (her dissertation, by the way, wrecked three Xerox machines and a car, destroyed my typewriter, and disabled two typists. Ask Susan about the thesis-dybbuk some time.); moved five times; graded in excess of 3,000 term papers and final exams.

You see, when she is not throwing daffodils at hapless Australians, Dr. Wood is an assistant professor of English at the University of British Columbia. She puts on her efficient-looking professorial suit and sallies forth to transmit culture and basic writing skills to swarms of semi-literate students; little do they know that underneath that professorial suit she is wearing her Captain Canada t-shirt (or her Carter the Great t-shirt, or the one that says "Alcoholism: Australia's Worst Drug Problem," or the one with "The Thing of Venus" cover from *Planet Stories* or... Susan has the world's largest collection of weird t-shirts.)

Not that all of her classes are concerned with the joys of Susanna Moodie's *Roughing It in the Bush* or the evils of dangling participles. She has also had a fair chance to teach Our Literature. In fact, she has convinced university English departments from Ottawa to Vancouver to let her teach science fiction courses. (At the University of Regina, where she taught for two years, her science fiction course had to go through six levels of administrative review before it got final approval.)

In her copious spare time, she has written a 32-page critical paper on Ursula Le Guin (for Tom Clareson's *Voices For the Future*, Vol. 2), an introduction to Marion Zimmer Bradley's *The Heritage of Hastur* (for the Gregg Press edition), a paper on "Women in Science Fiction" (delivered at a seminar on popular literature at UC–Berkeley), and numerous book reviews for *Locus* and Delap's *F&SF Review*; she is also editing a collection of Le Guin essays for Putnam/Berkeley.

The sheer range of her writing is astonishing. Critical essays on science fiction and book reviews could perhaps be expected of an English professor. But her fan writing includes articles on Dorothy L. Sayers, teddy bears, tuna-fish recipes, visiting a Zen monastery, and buying a life-size, papier-mâché lion. (Susan made me promise not to mention "Breast-Fetishists of Sol III," so I won't.) I guess the quality of her writing is best indicated by the 1½ Hugos for Best Fan Writer.

Incidentally, she also grows the tallest avocado trees west of Jon Singer.

If I didn't know better, I would think she had found the secret of cloning herself. As it is, if she gets sick for two days, she gets a week behind.

So. Meet your Guest of Honor, the amazing Susan Wood. Maybe you can ask her how she does it all. Me, I get tired just writing about it.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Susan Wood died unexpectedly of an apparent heart attack in 1980. She was 32. Many people have tried to put into words what she meant to fandom, to science fiction scholarship, to feminism, and to them personally.

Here we simply quote Susan herself in her guest editorial "People's Programming" in *Janus* 11, which doubled as the WisCon 2 program book: "Women's programming? People programming? What do I want? That community, truly. Fandom pays too much lip service to the idea of being a tribe of equals, friends. Science fiction pays too much lip-service to the idea of being a literature of new ideas, soaring visions of human potential. Let's make it true. And let's honor the new authors and the fans (especially the women) who are making it come true."

WisCon 3

February 2–9, 1979

Guests: Suzy McKee Charnas, John Varley, and Gina Clarke

Chair: Jan Bogstad

Suzy McKee Charnas

She gets up early; I remember that much. She was wandering the halls of the UBC dorm looking for someone to go to breakfast with. She hadn't learned that breakfast in the *morning* is simply not fannish at cons. (You might look for her at WisCon at some similarly unfannish hour.) She



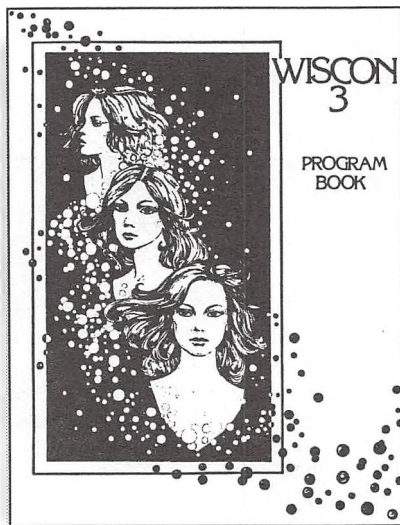
Susan Wood

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

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Suzy McKee Charnas

hauled Sherri File, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, and me off to eat and demonstrated the most fearless and creative ordering (in the face of a complete lack of price lists) that I've ever witnessed. Though I couldn't figure out why I was still awake at such a crazy hour, I soon forgot my sleepiness in the midst of the laughter and good eating that characterized our company. (*Jeanne Gomoll*)



WisCon 3 cover by
Victoria Poyser

Suzy Charnas was the first *real live* author whom I had ever interviewed. I was really excited to start with, and, when she began discussing some of her viewpoints on feminism, world politics, and the future of women in Western culture, I was overwhelmed by her conversational abilities. I had read *Walk to the End of the World* and not really liked it, but, as she explained the things she was discussing in the book and talked about the sequel and the difficulty of getting it published, I became fascinated with the trilogy idea. What really sold me on her as a person and as a writer, however, was the manuscript for *Motherlines*, which she lent us for prepublication review in *Janus*. I knew from our interview that she was friendly and articulate, but the manuscript showed that she writes so damn well about the things that many of us in the feminist movement are concerned

with. I can't wait to meet her again. (*Jan Bogstad*)

Someone, probably Pam Sargent, had told me to get Suzy on the "Women in Science Fiction" panel at MidAmeriCon, because "she's terrific!" I did. She was. She is.

My first impressions of her were of warmth, strength, and absolute directness. Clothes, hairstyle, manner, approach: in Suzy, all of these are basic, functional, simple, unpretentious, but somehow still astonishing enough to make you look at her twice when you first meet. I don't mean that she invades your personal space—far from it, since Suzy is a woman of great tact and consideration—I mean that she deals with each person directly and openly. She's got a grin that can light up a room; she's got a style that says, "Let's deal with Real Things"; and she's got a manner that makes you feel as if you are with her at the center of the universe. For me, her fiction is the same: simple, direct, getting to the heart of matters. What I'm trying to convey is the cutting-through-the-crap-ness which is the essence of Suzy. She's...real! And I love her for it. (*Susan Wood*)

Suzy came to the conference on her own steam, but she was kind enough to serve on a panel with some enlightening title like "Women in Science Fiction." The conference was backed by some granting agency that didn't want any of those "libbers" involved, but it was very energetic, very feminist, and very science-fictiony, despite the 103° weather. Suzy fit in well.

I also recall that Suzy likes hiking and backpacking around in the mountains out West and that she's even been in Switzerland and served two years in Africa in the Peace Corps. Among her many activities, she includes teaching art as a volunteer in the Albuquerque school system. Oh, and I like her letters. (*Vonda N. McIntyre*)

To me, it is significant that Suzy begins many of her letters with "Yes, yes." She writes frequent and voluminous letters, all of which are exciting (much like Joanna Russ).

I write almost no letters, but we started exchanging comments in 1975 when I wrote her and said something like,

"Hi. I'm a woman science fiction writer and I really feel the need for a support group." I got back this wonderful letter in which she introduced herself and initiated a long and fruitful correspondence. Suzy is really open to new people and seems to understand what they are trying to do with their writing. She takes it seriously and can tell you what she thinks is wrong with it without asserting any "superior knowledge."

(By the way, she has this dyky image I really love, especially considering that she has a husband who is a really fine person.) (*Elizabeth A. Lynn*)

I won't bother telling you she's a good writer; you already know that. Anyone who reads her work knows that. Instead, I'll mention that she has a passion for opera, a passion I've also had for almost 30 years, and we exchange long and opinionated letters about specific operas and singers and music and productions because each of us understands the passion of the other, which is a delight. (We don't always agree; we recently had a heated exchange about tenors.)

Some time back, I did a tarot reading for Suzy. (I'm a serious occultist.) It said that this would be a time of three steps forward and two steps back. It also indicated that the purpose was intellectual growth. In a recent letter, sandwiched between tenors and thumbnail reviews, she mentioned that the reading had proved to be quite accurate and that the first signs of growth were coming through. It was good to hear: Suzy is willing to go beyond the familiar into that cold, clear light of perception, and as a writer she's willing to describe what she sees so that we can grow along with her. (*Chelsea Quinn Yarbrow*)

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 3 I've had the following works published: "The Ancient Mind at Work," (*Omni*, 1979 Feb.), about an anthropology professor who is the world's only real vampire, reprinted in *Best of Omni 2* (1981); "Scorched Supper on New Niger" (*New Voices 3*, ed. George R.R. Martin, Berkley 1980), a space opera with a twist; "The Unicorn Tapestry" (*New Dimensions 11*, ed. Marta Randall and Robert Silverberg, Pocket 1980), the vampire in therapy; and *The Vampire Tapestry* (Simon & Schuster 1980, Pocket 1981), the vampire's full story.

The Bronze King is due out from Houghton Mifflin in October 1985. It's an urban fantasy set in New York and drawing on my own childhood there to some extent—first time I've ever done that. A novel called *Dorothea Dreams* will be published by Arbor House in the spring of 1986, paperback to follow from Berkley the following winter. And *The Vampire Tapestry* is to be reprinted by Tor sometime in early 1986.

I won the Nebula for best novella in 1980 and was a nominee for the World Fantasy Award for best short fiction that same year. I'm currently one of the five judges for the World Fantasy Awards for 1984, which is a nomination of some kind (to the loonie bin I sometimes think).

I'm currently working on a sequel to *The Bronze King*, volume three in the *Motherlines* series, and a passel of stage plays, two of them based on two chapters of *Tapestry* currently completed and out looking for production at the regional level. But mostly reading what everybody else wrote in 1984.

Mundanely, I have moved, out of the grimily rural valley into downtown Albuquerque where I can walk to the university and its library, and Steve can walk to work. Stepson Ned has passed the California Bar and is launched. We are renting out our old place, making ourselves into members



Suzy McKee Charnas
from the WisCon 3
program book

of that dreaded race: the landlords. (Arggh, help, kill!) Had a five-month sabbatical in Italy last spring, and Steve returns to Rome for his vacation in the fall. I may or may not accompany him, but we've both been studying Italian since.

Trying to think back to WisCon 3. I have a notoriously lousy memory, but I do remember being astonished to find *real* programming. I mean about matters worth, in my humble estimation, talking and thinking about (like people's cats); and to find people who had actually read my book; and that it could be so goddamn cold anyplace. Mostly I remember David G. Hartwell grabbing my elbow and thereby saving me from breaking a leg when I slipped on the ice on the way back from dinner one night.

And—was it that time? Well, yes, it was! I remember spending some time in the university library with a wonderful book, a life of Puccini in Italian, which at that time I had no contact with as a spoken or written language except through the studies I was even then doing on various versions of the libretto of *Tosca* for Chapter 4 of *The Vampire Tapestry*. Here was this neat book which I could almost read—and in fact I did skim it, if you can believe that, and got from it some valuable material about Puccini as a devoted and bloody hunter (birds mostly) and something else, some quote that slips my mind now but that was crucial to something in that chapter as it developed. I still remember being astonished and rejoiced to find such a treasure in such an unexpected place, and there is much in the flavor and the material of Chapter 4 that grew out of that strange afternoon somehow “reading” a book that I had never expected to find there, in a language I didn't know. Strange and wonderful.

The rest, I fear, is a pleasant blur, but then so is most of my past life, so don't feel discriminated against, okay?

Suzy McKee Charnas in 1996:

So, what have I been doing since my guest of honor stint here? I'm not sure how I've spent all that time, but there are some books and stories to show for it, an award or two, some friends, and what would be memories in a person who *had* a memory but are just warm, fuzzy feelings in yrs truly. At any rate I have, like others, weathered the godawful 1980s and am trying to get through the horrendous 1990s without giving up in disgust and becoming a sour old hermit muttering into her soup.

One continuing preoccupation has been finishing the cycle of books begun (unwittingly, I swear it!) with *Walk to the End of the World* in 1974, which turns out to be a set of novels written in real-time about real events (inward, emotional events mostly, but of a kind shared by many American women at roughly the same the time and having to do with having your consciousness booted into the next century, or beyond). I couldn't do the third book, *The Furies*, about the justified anger of women transmuted into outright warfare, until real women began to reclaim the rage that was given up or hidden away during the Reagan-Bush disaster. That book finally happened a couple of years ago, and I am now working on the fourth and final volume, as yet untitled (and no, it is *not* going to be another dozen years until this one sees the light of day).

This one is about the solution. Ha, fooled you there for a minute, didn't I? If there is a solution I don't know what it is, but I have some ideas about getting to a place from which we might begin to make a solution, and maybe this book will get that far.

Beneath that over-arching project (which sometimes has the daunting look of a “life-work,” it's taking so long), other writerly things have occurred: some YA books; a novel

about a woman haunted by...well...haunted; and of course *The Vampire Tapestry*, which goes on steadily selling after all these years in a handsome (but hard to find) trade paperback edition distributed by the University of New Mexico Press; another, much lighter vampire novel due out next year, which I wrote for my sanity's sake while still fighting my way through *The Furies*; and, just lately, a novella about being married to the Phantom of the Opera (no, I'm not, my heroine is!) published this spring in *Asimov's* and now looking for a more permanent home. Meanwhile I got to serve as a Tiptree judge early in that award's history, which was a joy and very reassuring (so much good new work to consider!), to move twice without losing my sanity, to acquire two grandchildren, and to do a little teaching on the side.

Other major developments have to do with the Internet and the theatre. I did a stage script of “Unicorn Tapestry” which was produced in San Francisco as part of a festival of new plays in 1991. The experience was so exhilarating that I was hooked and landed. This spring I've been looking into making a dramatic monologue out of the Phantom story, paired with “Boobs,” that little tale of a teenager who turns into a werewolf instead of having her period (a very nicely contrasting couple of narrative voices there).

When I finally got on the Internet last summer, the obvious place to start was *not* all those science fiction talk-things on GEnie where you can have the same conversations with the same people as in any publisher's party at a con (though I do drop in on the science fiction newsgroups, being far more interested in readers have to say than what science fiction writers have to say, except for a select few; well, life is short, sweeties).

In fact I began with newsgroups about theater and musicals. The unexpected result has been that I spent part of last autumn revising and writing additions to lyrics for a musical based on the silent film *Nosferatu* (the first vampire movie ever made, which must have come out of copyright, of course). The composer/lyricist lives in England, and we communicate through someone who runs the Phantom Appreciation Society on the Internet and who happens to know the composer (the way that all English people of approximately the same class or profession seem to know each other). A formal proposal for credit and a percentage, based on the amount of my work that is used in the show, is in the offing, or so I am told. I did it all on spec, and I'm glad, d'you hear? Glad! Even if it comes to nothing in the end (which, since this is theatre we're talking about, is by far the likeliest outcome).

Even more exciting (much against my expectations for I am not a technological person) is the Internet itself. Here, at last, is a place where cross-generational conversation takes place without the filtering screen of appearances (“What can that old fart have to say to me?” vs. “No kid in black lipstick can possibly have a thought in her head worth hearing about!”) blocking any interchange of ideas and opinions. Nowadays I do much of my feminist conversation on the “musicals” list where I find myself asking questions like, is male pain privileged over female pain (“Why do people cry at the end of *The Phantom of the Opera*, but not at the end of *The Heiress?*”), and just what does Christine owe the Phantom in return for singing lessons and a leg-up in her career? Or on a “books” list, adding a bunch of names (women's names—you all know them) to a list of recommended fantasy authors that till then had included almost none. Or, in a group of psychiatrists interested in art, raising the question of whether the supposedly ubiquitous female “drive” to have babies is being reevaluated by mental health professionals in light of the fact that for the first time



Suzy McKee Charnas

The past to me is like water to a sieve; but I'll try. I remember coming to WisCon right after an ice storm and seeing the trees magically encased in ice. I remember being met with friendliness, interest, and the excited exchange of ideas, and coming away with the sense that WisCon was a constantly changing center of the kind of inquiry that feminist science fiction proposed. And then everybody was so damn nice to me when I showed up with my stupid broken leg in 1991, or whatever it was (1992?), and had to be wheeled around the motel in a chair. And here we are again: Happy Twentieth, everybody! And congratulations all round!

Suzy McKee Charnas

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John Varley

in known history women (some women) who sleep with men can choose *not* to have babies and make it stick. (One psychoanalyst answers “yes,” and is sending published material to prove it.)

So my career, whatever that may be, continues to careen wildly out of control as usual (I should mention my Tarot deck, which you can see displayed in the art-by-authors show here at WisCon 20. Just a little something I whipped up during a couple of weeks around Christmas a couple of years ago in some kind of weird and inexplicable frenzy).

In general I am more and more interested in what people bring to my work, what they find in it and make of it, more drawn to collaborative and interpretive efforts, as I go along. If I just wanted to put stuff out there for people to passively receive in exchange for money, I could be making widgets, or, in Ursula Le Guin’s immortal phrase, “extruded book product.” But what I write about really interests me, and the writing becomes increasingly a way to find out what other people are thinking about the concepts and characters I work with, and how our thoughts can build on each other to reach places that perhaps none of us had envisioned at the outset.

Now, that’s an adventure; and I guess to me adventure has always been the point of making stories in the first place.

John Varley

by Paul Novitski

Most science fiction writers must sweat and slave to invent their futuristic technologies and alien worlds. However easy the actual writing process may be, they really have to strain to project their worlds. Too often—with a frequency, in fact, once cited by Theodore Sturgeon—the science fiction stories born of such hard labor turn out not to seem quite alien enough. While reading them, we are kept wincingly aware that their authors are, alas, all too human and contemporary.

But there are a few science fiction writers who are Different. No matter how difficult the act of putting words on paper might be for them, the visions they conjure share a very convincing tone. Almost too convincing. Alarmingly real. While reading these stories, one gets the uncanny impression that they are not so much extrapolations as reminiscences, not dream but homesick nostalgia.

You’ve seen some of these writers. They do come to conventions occasionally. You can recognize them by their private smiles. Often they are left-handed, say, or speak with unlikely accents. They’re the quiet ones, the seemingly shy who hover at the outskirts of crowds instead of hogging the limelight. Yet if you approach them politely and strike up a conversation, you’ll discover that they do indeed have a lot to say, much of it rather off-the-wall and some of it quite off-handedly brilliant.

Above all, they seem to be observers from...someplace else. We find ourselves quietly inspecting them for tendrils in their hair or multiple eyelids or sixth or seventh digits. We wait patiently for them to slip up in their use of the contemporary jargon or their censored knowledge of subatomic physics. Most, I fear, are camouflaged to look nearly authentically terrestrial.

For the four years I’ve known Herb Varley, my suspicions have steadily grown.

Not merely because of his fiction, a dead giveaway by itself. No one could write so persuasively about sex changes and limb grafts—and the cultural milieu in which those are commonplace—without a great deal of first-hand experience. Any of us who have enjoyed “The Phantom of

Kansas” or *The Ophiuchi Hotline* must have guessed that this Varley is just a wee bit too well-versed in the personal and legal ramifications of memory banking and clone reincarnation. There will be some crusty old cynics who will insist that Herb Varley is nothing more than one of the most brilliant science-fiction writers of the century, and that his fictions result merely from talent and hard work. But I cannot believe it’s that simple.

Herb does give himself away. I don’t mean to be critical, mind you; don’t get me wrong. It must be incredibly difficult to visit a primitive world in a barbaric era and pass yourself off as one of the yokels. He probably writes his “science fiction” to stay in touch with the good old days of the future, with the mercury pools of home. But he does slip up.

He’ll tell you, for example, that he was born in ’47. Note that he isn’t more specific than that. He claims to have grown up in the improbably named town of Niederland, Texas—which you’ll be hard-put to find on any Earthly map—and even sports traces of a Texan accent. (Not a very strong accent for one who supposedly spent his first 18 years in a tiny rural town. Never fooled me for a second.) He’ll spin tall tales about hot-rodding across the southwest desert with his buddy, hiding out in California, and even spending a week in a Los Angeles jail for lack of proper ID. Now, doesn’t that sound like a thin metaphor for jockeying a battered interstellar craft across the deserts of time and space, only to disembark in 20th-century L.A. without properly forged papers?

What was he fleeing? Genetic crimes? An identity crisis with one of his clones? Or is he trying to forget a soured relationship with his favorite computer? Perhaps he’s simply an archeologist here on a dig.

Herb lives today in the Eugene, Oregon, home he shares with activist/musician Anet Mconel and the three youngers, Stefan, Roger, and Maurice. Their nonhuman housemates include one dog, two cats, and dozens of exotic fish. Herb spends much of his time working or lounging in his luxurious penthouse basement—when his attention isn’t given to his family or to the household computers with which he pits wits.

For a man—and one wonders if that’s always been his gender—Herb demonstrates a serious interest in feminist issues, in his fiction, by his actions, and through his humor and his heart-to-heart talks. Once upon a time a physics major at the University of Michigan who switched—he claims—to English before getting his baccalaureate, he can be persuaded to reveal a considerable knowledge of the physical sciences. These two concerns, for social equality and for the nature of reality, combine in his fiction to provide us with some of the most exciting and solid science fiction in recent decades.

After four years, I still don’t know why he came here or where he’s from. All I hope is that he extends his visit to the here and now for as long as is inhumanly possible.

From the “Memory Lane” section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 3, I’ve had the following works published: *Blue Champagne* (1986) in \$100 and \$38 limited editions from Dark Harvest Press and a regular hardcover; *Demon*, *Wizard*, *Titan*, *Millennium*, and *The Barbie Murders* (also published as *Picnic on Nearside*), all from Berkley; and four or five screenplays which have not been produced but which have provided a decent living. I’ve won Hugo awards for “The Pusher” short story) and “Press Enter” (novella) as well as a Nebula for “Press Enter.” I haven’t kept track, but I assume I’ve lost my usual quota of awards since WisCon: the ratio is about 7:1, making me the losingest author in sci-



John Varley
from the WisCon 3
program book
photo by Jay Kay Klein

ence fiction except for Robert Silverberg, who cheated, losing ton of them back when SFWA allowed 20 or 30 stories on the final Nebula ballot.

I'm currently working on *The Master*, an adaptation of a T.H. White novel for Walt Disney. (The studio, not the man. So far as I know, ol' Walt really is dead.) Also, an untitled novel for Berkley.

Elsewhere in my life, my dog did not get pregnant, though we tried. My pet octopus died. So did a couple of seahorses. My wife moved out and my sister moved in. Ummm... that's not as bad as it sounds. My sister lives in an apartment downstairs in this big old house with no word processor in it. I bought a compact disc player, and it's "so long" LPs. My sons Maurice, Roger, and Stefan have formed a band, and every night they hop till they drop at the Shilo Inn out on the freeway. We elected a bad actor to a second term as president, and so far the republic has endured it.

My most memorable experience at WisCon 3 was: snow. I really ought to leave it at that, as an old Texas Gulf Coast boy. Madison snow has to be seen to be disbelieved. I'd never been in a town where you have to shovel your way down to put a nickel in the parking meter.

I remember many good times, meeting many good people. I still hear from some of them. But what I mostly remember is Susan Wood.

Hey, folks, let's get painfully honest here. I had a wonderful time at WisCon. Really I did. I still put it up there in the top two or maybe three of the many dozen cons I've been to. But, though I'd love to come back, I'm not completely sure I'd enjoy myself. I remember WisCon as a serious con, where much talk was talked about Science Fiction and the serious things It had to do. This was at the height of feminist science fiction. That's all great, it's fine the people like to do that—talk about serious things at conventions—but I'm a little older now, and sometimes I get very tired. It's a personal thing, okay? But sometimes I think if I ever read one more panel description, much less have to be on the damn thing and try to sound intelligent... How to say it without sounding like a beer guzzling low-brow? Dammit, these days I go to cons to relax, meet friends, and never attend a panel.

And WisCon was like that, I'm sure it still would be today, as any con is largely what one makes of it. At least I've always felt that way. But WisCon is special to me because of Susan Wood.

I still can't believe she's dead. I still think, when the phone rings late at night, that it's Susan with another crisis.

John Varley in 1996:

My memories of WisCon are mainly about a wonderful thing that happened that I can't talk about, and snow, so I'll talk about snow. I had never seen it heaped up higher than the parking meters. I concluded that Wisconsin was only marginally habitable, an opinion I still hold. But that's because I grew up on the Texas Gulf coast, which may be warm but is demonstrably uninhabitable twelve months in the year. The part of Texas next to Louisiana, anyway. Dave Hartwell, avid to show this Texas boy how to make a snow angel, hurled himself with more enthusiasm than good sense into a towering snowbank. The snowbank proved to be frozen solid and hard as a rock. He was shaken up, but not seriously injured. This was in the middle of the day. God knows what he was up to after a few hours of partying.

My friend Paul Novitski, who wrote the bio of me, made a few mistakes which I'll take this opportunity to correct. My home town is spelled Nederland, home of the Bulldogs. It's true, it is hard to find on a map. That's because you might as well spell it P-O-D-U-N-K. I got out of there as fast as Delta Airlines could carry me, have been back twice in

thirty years. It still stinks of petrochemicals. I attended Michigan State, not U of M, and did not graduate. The sixties seemed a poor era to waste time attending school. Instead I got an education on the road and have never regretted it. And it was a *month* in jail, not a week, on a trumped-up misdemeanor marijuana charge that was eventually dismissed. The irony is, I am allergic to the weed. I smoke it, I throw up. I dodged the draft through means too complicated to relate, but basically I just snarled the bastards in their own red tape. I've never regretted that, either.

As for feminism, I've been alarmed at some trends over the past decade or so, but there's no use getting into that except to say I regard Andrea Dworkin as a dangerous lunatic. As for science; fiction, I am alarmed and saddened by the books I see on the shelves today. They are, for the most part, not my cup of tea. I'll probably be getting out of the field in a year or so. And as for the movie business, where I basically wasted six or seven years, I am alarmed and disgusted by most sci-fi that I see. Basically, I guess I'm just alarmed.

Gina Clarke

by Gina Clarke

Long ago and far away, in the mythical kingdom of Middle Canada, at a time chronicled by fan historians of old as Seventh Fandom, and by their mundane counterparts as circa 1954, there lived a hobbyist with tufts of hair between her fingers. (Spending too much time alone in your room abusing your typewriter will do that, not to mention drive you insane and, if not make you blind, at least make it necessary to upgrade your prescription at intervals.) She had been a fairly normal child, except for a bout of brain fever at age 8 or 9 brought on by reading Jules Verne (who says a novel can't lead young people astray?), which precipitated the total collapse of her reason and restraint when she stumbled across the science fiction publications of her day, ingloriously known as pulps. (This referred, presumably, to the paper in the magazines, not the minds of the readers.) In her adolescence, therefore, she could be spotted (and, alas, frequently was, but thankfully the condition has almost cleared up) sidling crabwise into newsstands, snatching up the shameful mags with the BEMs and half-clad maidens on the cover. Some of these mags had fanzines listed inside, and our heroine wrote away for some and thereby lost whatever shreds of sanity had been left. It was some time after this that she suffered delusions to the effect that the Secret Masters of Fandom in the guise of little green men coming out of a saucer that had landed in her backyard, had named her Duchess of Canadian Fandom and had given her the entire prairies to rule over in solitary grandeur. She then began issuing a long series of rambling proclamations to the inhabitants of her invisible duchy which documents she published under such dignified titles as *Mimi* (short for *Mimeomania*), *Grunt*, *Mooncalf*, *Slagoom*, etc. And, some time later, in conjunction with her husband, the Duke of Canadian Fandom, as he was never known, a "finz" called *Descant*.

No, seriously, folks, the real genuine poop is that, way back when, some dodo fan had claimed to be baffled as to the pronunciation of a name like "Georgina" (fans are slans, as we used to say), and therefore he unilaterally dubbed me "duchess." I wasn't too crazy about it—it reminded me of the character in Alice—but it beat "Georgie," which was what I usually got. And then someone else shortened "Duchess" to "Dutch," and I used that, sort of, for maybe six months. All this a quarter of a century ago. Then came the



Gina Clarke
from the WisCon 3
program book

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 4
1980

Octavia E. Butler
Joan D. Vinge



Gina Clarke

Dark Ages, when my total fanac consisted of FAPA (same thing as being dead) and LILAPA (same thing as being embalmed), and I was blissfully unaware of any fans in the rest of my native land until a couple of years ago I was jolted out of my complacency by some upstart named Susan Wood declaring herself to be the new Duchess of Canadian Fandom. I spun in my grave a bit, but essentially ignored the whole thing, and I'm happy to say that the misunderstanding has almost cleared up.

Nowadays, our erstwhile First Duchess is a crabby old lady with tufts of hair in her nose and ears, who will snarl at anyone who wants to hear about the good old days, because she doesn't remember anything that happened prior to yesterday and furthermore doesn't care, But tomorrow.... Now that's another story. Let's hear it for tomorrow!

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Gina was widely known as the Duchess of Canadian Fandom until, during a lull in her fannish activity, an upstart named Susan Wood came along to steal the title. Gina, the last in a string of three Canadian Fan Guests of Honor at WisCon, seems to have entirely gafiated, as we can't locate her anywhere.

WisCon 4

March 7-9, 1980

Guests: Octavia E. Butler, Joan D. Vinge, Beverly DeWeese, and David Hartwell

Chair: Jan Bogstad

Octavia E. Butler

by Jan Bogstad

Separate and therefore equal.

Who starts wars? Old men. Who fights them? Young men and women. Old men win and lose wars. Young men and women only lose their lives, futures, and hopes. Life in America is moving towards 1984. As young people, young readers and writers of science fiction and movers of technological society, we make a truly brave new world.

Octavia Butler and I are of a size. Maybe that's why I had the courage to approach her at a panel at IguanaCon, having read two of her books, as a science fiction reviewer for a local radio station and for *Janus*. In a country where you must be a stereotype even to buy clothes, and you must have the clothes in order to be considered worthy of attention, finding another six-foot woman who is, as she put it, "too much in love with food," and a science fiction writer who can support herself writing, is no mean feat. I must admit, I was favorably disposed towards Octavia E. Butler before I spoke with her the first time. But then I had read her books, which are difficult to like in an unqualified fashion but heartening to read as depictions of people, especially women, who find they must have power before they are allowed affection, but nevertheless fight for their space. Of course, neither Octavia nor I believe that this is all that there is to human interactions. She has selected this aspect of reality to explore in her fiction. In order to understand her series, we must understand her first book, chronologically. *Mind of My Mind* begins with an old man, a very old man, named Doro, and Doro begins the psionic wars that reduce the social structures of the earth to the state in *Patternmaster*. I guess you could say he's one of the old men that loses this war, but you could not say that Mary wins, or that she



Octavia E. Butler
from the WisCon 4
program book



Octavia E. Butler

even wanted to be presented with the responsibility it entails. Butler describes existence in poverty, and powerlessness where power is all that counts. This is what makes her books both distasteful and compelling. We all must decide for ourselves how much of contemporary reality we want in our science fiction. Octavia has already chosen to represent a certain aspect of it.

Octavia and I are also of an age. I am 30, and she 32, but she was born in exotic Pasadena, California to parents who struggled to make ends meet. Her father died in her early childhood leaving her mother to support the family, while I grew up on a farm in northern Wisconsin with parents who were a farming team (mother's side occupation was six children and dad worked as a 40-hour-per-week electrician). Octavia liked horses in her childhood too, and read those Walter Farley books. In her case, this prompted the first attempts at short stories. By age 12, she had switched to science fiction. (We got a real live horse—perhaps that's what stunted my writing career). She submitted her first story at age 13 and she's still writing, but now she can support herself at it, a recent occurrence. So she has time to come to our convention and tell us what drew her to science fiction, first as a reader and then a writer. Octavia can help us visualize a brave new world, but first we have to get through 1984.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 4 I've had the following works published: "Speech Sounds" (*Asimov's* 1983 Mid-December) which won the Hugo for best short story; "Bloodchild" (*Asimov's* 1984 June) which won the Hugo, the Nebula, the *Locus* poll, and *Science Fiction Chronicle's* Reader Award for best novelette; and *Clay's Ark* (St. Martin's Press 1984, Ace 1985). I'm currently working on *Xenogenesis*, a trilogy made up of the following novels: *The Training Floor*, *Adulthood Rites*, and *Imago*.

What I remember about WisCon is:

- Snow. Walking across a snowy field at the airport, breathing icy air and wondering how my Southern Californian body was going to react to Wisconsin weather.
- Laughing on stage with Joan Vinge, Beverly DeWeese, and David Hartwell. That was the first time I could recall unwinding enough to laugh on stage.
- A large, beautiful cake containing a picture in blue icing of Diut, a character in one of my novels. The cake was presented to me on stage. Someone offered to put it away for me. Apparently, they did a good job. I never saw the cake again, never tasted it. I hope someone enjoyed it.
- Solving the problems of the world in shouts over incredibly loud golden oldies while watching Hartwell prove he could dance.
- Wandering around Madison with other convention goers and deciding that the city reminded me of the town nearest to my grandmother's chicken ranch. Of course, Madison was bigger and more important since it's a state capital, but there was a similar comfortable feeling about it.
- Being asked why writers come to conventions, anyway—and talking about being a hermit most of the time and liking an occasional change.

Joan D. Vinge

by Jim Frenkel

Born in Baltimore, Maryland a day too late to be a 1948 April Fool, Joan Dennison Vinge has come far. Her major

new novel, *The Snow Queen*, will be published this April, and the advance excitement is intense. Her novelette, "Eyes of Amber," won the Hugo in 1978. WisCon will mark the third time she's been a guest of honor at a convention within the past half year.

But she wasn't always sure she wanted to write science fiction. Though she was told by her mother that she made up stories to put herself to sleep at age three, her first conscious creative mode was drawing. Thoughts of space, fostered when her father showed her the moon and planets through a small backyard telescope, quickly faded upon the family's move to San Diego, California in 1956. Her father, an aircraft engineer, had found a better job, and Joan discovered Southern California. For a girl born to the snowy winters and humid summers of the mid-Atlantic coasts, the sun and warmth of California made her receptive to outdoor activities, among them horses and playing at historical adventures. She played with dolls, too—but they were always on secret missions.

Or they would talk about horses. Joan began to draw them, and then write stories about them. But for her, the drawing was the important part. By junior high school she'd decided that she would pursue a career as an artist/illustrator. She kept at her art through high school, and into college. But in ninth grade fate took a hand (as they say in the movies), when she stumbled across *Storm Over Warlock* by Andre Norton. Though she continued to draw, her writing began to turn toward science fiction and fantasy, influenced by the colorful and affecting adventures by Norton. In addition to introducing her to science fiction, Andre Norton's work was to pique an interest in anthropology that later grew to dominate her college studies, and that permeates her writing today.

Through high school she read science fiction and fantasy. Having discovered science fiction, she found other authors in Norton's vein, and branched out to more different kinds of reading quickly. She got hooked, too, on folk music, which seemed part of the romantic and colorful past.

Entering San Diego State University as an art major in 1965, her ambitions lasted but three semesters until the arrogant criticisms of instructors drove her to switch majors. Disillusioned by her experience, she stopped drawing altogether at first. Five majors in two years followed, until anthropology/archaeology attracted her steady attention. Once again, it was Andre Norton's influence that pushed her toward this field.

Years before, *The Time Traders* had given her a haunting image of Great Britain 4,000 years ago. Nowhere in a history book could she discover enough about this prehistoric period when people known as the Beaker Folk lived; only by taking a class in archaeology could she study it. In doing so, she made a vital connection—the continuum of anthropology from the far past to the far future. All times are linked by human experience. No matter what the time or place, people experience life.

The shared view, different from your own, yet connected by the bond of life, makes the world new—stimulating, breathtaking, perhaps frightening. But always fascinating.

An interest in the views of others...world-building from the individual on up. From her first published story, "Tin Soldier," there has always been a sense of place and culture in her fiction, and a great feeling for characters. But in 1970 there was no body of work. She had yet to meet Vernor Vinge. Her future husband was introduced to her when he came to speak to a science fiction class taught at SDSU by Harry Harrison. Having previously met Harry and his wife,

Joan, whose son was taking a class taught by a friend of hers, she was demurely set up with Vernor, whom she held in awe.

At the time, he was an up-and-coming science fiction writer, having published short stories of note, and a novel that gained a good deal of critical attention, *Grimm's World*. He was also a Ph.D. candidate in mathematics—she wasn't sure which side of him awed her more. Love triumphed over shyness, however, and they spent more and more time together, finally getting married. After a short stint in the Army, Vernor began to write full-time as they settled down in Ann Arbor, Michigan for a year. After finishing a second novel, he urged Joan to take her own writing more seriously. She had never finished anything she'd started work on, with the exception of a novel begun at age seventeen and redrafted many times without a satisfactory result.

In the summer of 1972 they moved back to San Diego, Vernor having landed a good job teaching math at SDSU, and in the fall she wrote "Tin Soldier." Vernor's editorial instincts were good, and he advised her to try to sell the story. Damon Knight bought it for *Orbit 14*.

Following the brief euphoria of nearly making the Nebula Awards ballot with "Tin Soldier," her creative fortunes seemed to slump. Writing slowly—first in handwritten draft, then revising once, twice on a typewriter—it seemed to take forever for her stories to be finished, and then published. But Ben Bova liked her work and published her stories in *Analog*. She and Vernor had collaborated on a story, "The Peddler's Apprentice," which appeared in two Best of the Year anthologies.

Writing remained an avocation, but as acceptances increased, so did her dedication. By 1977 her work had appeared twice solo in *Analog*, and she'd gotten novellas published in hardcover original-story anthologies. She also finished writing her first novel, *The Outcasts of Heaven Belt*, which she then tried to sell. But over a half-dozen publishers rejected first the proposal, then the manuscript, until she decided to try *Analog* again—and Ben Bova bought it. A book sale followed quickly, as artist Vincent DiFate, who illustrated the serial, recommended *Outcasts* to Sheila Gilbert, editor at New American Library.

In the meantime Bova had commissioned her to write a novelette as the lead fiction for the June 1977 All-Women issue of *Analog*. Her first commission and her first deadline, the assignment made her nervous. She managed to beat the deadline...but "Eyes of Amber" somehow felt to her like a stepchild, forced kicking and screaming into the world, without the loving care she'd lavished on previous, unhurried works. She didn't dislike the story, but she was surprised, to say the least, when a letter arrived from the Hugo Awards Committee of IguanaCon, the 1978 World Science Fiction Convention.

By August 1978 she had two books in the works and scheduled for release in December of that year! The Binary Star series editor at Dell Books had rejected two novellas, "Fireship" and "Mother and Child" on the grounds that neither of them was really long enough to fit his series, but he suggested making a book of those two stories together instead.

But her growing number of book contracts didn't condition the author to expect to win the Hugo, and she was



WisCon 4 cover by Robert Kellough

...created out of a blend of science-fictional themes, characters from Joan Vinge's "Tin Soldier" and Octavia E. Butler's *Survivor*. Joan's space pilot poet and Octavia's survivor, Alanna, are here combined to represent our hopes for the mixture of their originators' talents at our convention, but separated by the abstract design element to represent their separate and unique talents as writers. Finally, the fictional individuals, females in both cases, were created with the idea that their faces should radiate strength of character rather than the sensuality that permeates most portraits of women on the covers of science fiction novels....For me personally, it represents a lot of what WisCon and feminism within the science fiction community are all about.

Jan Bogstad

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 4
1980

Beverly De Weese

named “Most Surprised” Hugo winner when they announced her name. A tote sheet circulating at the Convention just before the awards ceremony had listed her odds as 40-to-1. Afterward, she was heard to curse herself for not betting on her own longshot!

The Hugo was to change her professional life, as her personal life changed too. She and Vernor had grown apart in the time leading up to her Hugo success. The problems had nothing to do with her writing success. As their relationship cooled, she became buried in a massive new project, *The Snow Queen*. The idea came from the Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale of the little girl who rescues the prince from the clutches of the evil queen. She had also just read Robert Graves’s *The White Goddess*, and the themes joined in a new idea, a science fiction novel in which the main characters were all women, though the men weren’t shunted aside or the objects of scorn. What started as a 60,000-word novel began to grow as the plot failed to resolve itself as she’d expected. Finally, fifteen months after beginning, she completed the 190,000-word epic and submitted it to her agent, who had publishers very eager to see it. Several weeks later, *The Snow Queen* belonged to the Dell/Dial Quantum Books program.

Since then she’s been asked to describe the book in a few short words on many occasions. The short plot summary takes about fifteen minutes. But as with all her work, the plot tells you little. The characters make the book, and along with them, the feeling. At conventions people talk about Joan Vinge and they mention things like vivid writing, compelling emotions, well-delineated characters. These elements have joined with a solid technical basis for her work which she owes in part to Vernor, who remains her technical advisor.

For the eighties, she has high goals—to write fantasy and science fiction that she can feel expands her skill, to establish herself as an illustrator in pen-and-ink drawings, and to survive what she sees as a crucial decade in our struggle to adapt to the needs of the Earth.

From the “Memory Lane” section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 4, I’ve had the following works published: *Psion* (Dell 1982, 1985), *World’s End* (Bluejay, 1984), *Phoenix in the Ashes* (Tor 1985), *Ladyhawke* (Signet 1985), *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome* (Warner 1985), *Return to Oz* (Del Rey 1985), *Return of the Jedi Storybook* (Random House 1983), *Santa Claus the Movie* (Berkley 1985), *Dune, the Storybook* (Putnam 1984), and a Tarzan adaptation (Random House 1984). I won the Hugo Award, the *Locus* poll, and a Nebula nomination for best novel of 1980 (*The Snow Queen*) and been nominated for Hugo and Nebula awards for “Fireship.” I’m currently working on an expansion of my novella “Fireship” into a novel.

The big news is my family. Jim Frenkel (publisher of Bluejay Books) and I were married in June 1980. We have a daughter, Jessica, and a new son, Joshua. Jim started Bluejay Books, a trade science fiction line, in 1982, after Dell dropped its science fiction line. I am the president of the company, he’s the editor.

I remember being absolutely terrified to find myself involved in a play that introduced the guests to the con attendees. I remember making jokes with Octavia Butler and Jan Bogstad about our respective big feet backstage. I remember the great pleasure of getting to know Octavia and Jan, Jeanne, and everyone else responsible for putting on a really unique and thought-provoking convention. I remember the beautiful hand-decorated cake that was my guest of honor gift. I also remember dinners in some really

excellent restaurants, the pleasure of roaming the streets of a college town (even in early March in Wisconsin), folksinging and playing the “fill in the blank” game late at night, having long and stimulating conversations in some odd places (like sitting on the window sill in the sun in the women’s restroom at the university), panels that got everybody’s backs up (intentionally I suspected) with real controversy and, last but not least, being a judge at one of the cruelest masquerades I ever attended, (please, never again force your judges to play “tag, you’re out” with the contestants!). Definitely one of my favorite cons ever.

Beverly DeWeese

by Juanita Coulson

WisCon is to be congratulated. It’s got great taste, picking Bev DeWeese as a guest of honor. She’s one of those superb choices: gracious, well-read (and how), witty, an interesting speaker, an accomplished woman for all seasons who’ll fit in fine with all the various con attendees.

However...

I really feel I should warn you, out of my experience in Beverly-watching over more than two decades: she’s sneaky. Yes, indeed, one of those very sneaky people, nice sneaky, but sneaky all the same, actually running the world. Ever since I’ve known her, she’s pulled her own weight and that of half her friends and co-workers too. She’s always been a feminist and independent, but she never let that get in the way of digging right in and doing everybody’s share, to make sure the gears all meshed.

Be on the alert. Beverly’s trademarks are “Get the Job Done” and “Speak Softly and Carry a Full Work Schedule.” She’s the original workaholic and has been since before the term was invented. And if you don’t watch out, your con may click along even more smoothly than you expected, unless you sit on your guest of honor to make sure she simply enjoys herself and does nothing else, for once.

I first met Beverly Joanne Amers in 1951 when we were sophomores at Ball State College in Muncie, Indiana (Middletown, USA). I was jabbering away to a casual acquaintance in the campus cafeteria one day on my favorite topic, science fiction. Beverly quietly injected a comment from nearby. She insists that all she said was, “Oh, yes, Heinlein,” after which, she claims, I dragged her bodily across the table and made her talk science fiction with me until midnight. She exaggerates, slightly. But it was an instant-recognition thing. We quickly found plenty of interests and attitudes in common. Little did I know I was going to become an aider and abetter in Beverly’s secret plan to make the world run right.

Her first tactic was to nudge and suggest and get me heading in a direction I wanted to go, but didn’t realize: organizing a science fiction club and publishing a fanzine. (See if you can get Bev to tell you about our adventures in publishing the very first issue of what was going to become *Yandro*, if she can bear to remember the trauma.) Certain Wisconsin fans may well have had a taste of that sly persuasion themselves. Bev’s a demon proofreader, editor, tidier-upper and general get-this-show-on-the-road person. If it’s lying around needing work done on it, she’s likely to head right for it and finish the job or inspire you to. I know *Yandro* never would have been launched if Beverly hadn’t been there. All she got out of it was a title of “editrix emeritus” and, I hope, some small satisfaction of a job well done.

Next, I found myself in the middle of a busy civil-rights group, the Human Rights Organization. It was a long time before Martin Luther King’s campaigns or *Brown v. Board of*



Joan D. Vinge
from the WisCon 4
program book



Joan D. Vinge

Education, and Muncie is one of the most hidebound, politically reactionary places in the Midwest. It didn't seem possible we'd have the nerve to tackle those prejudice barriers, in the early fifties. But then Beverly was chivvying us along, leading the way even when she wasn't out in front. (This was also long before the days of consciousness about women's rights. Bev was conducting her own impressive personal campaign on that score. But in the meantime, justice against blacks and other minorities needed doing, and she's never one to let an injustice go uncorrected.)

While she was sparkplugging the Human Rights Organization and helping me start a club and science fiction fanzine, she was also a full-time English major, a live-in babysitter, and woman-of-all-work for room and board with a family living near campus. I later figured out Bev operated on a 27-hour day. Just watching her exhausted me; it will you, too. But you'll have to watch closely; she doesn't make a lot of noise while she's sneakily taking over all the work and re-ordering the world. Those are the sneakiest kind of nice people of all: the quiet ones.

After graduation, Beverly was, for a while, practically the entire English and Drama Department of Eastern High School just outside Kokomo, Indiana. She taught umpteen classes, directed the school play (probably finished the posters the kids botched, as well), supervised the yearbook and school paper, coached the seniors taking the then-equivalent of SAT tests, etc., etc., etc. I suspect the English Department eventually disintegrated when Bev moved to Milwaukee. They'd been getting fifteen jobs done for the price of one half. But their world sure ran smoothly while she was there.

Amid all this, she was still helping out on *Yandro*, going to conventions, regularly attending meetings of the science fiction club in Indianapolis and getting married to Gene DeWeese. Occasionally on the same weekend. (That's another tale you can nag her to tell you, how she got married and attended a science fiction club meeting all in one day.) She also had to cope with some incredible adventures with a far-out landlady, a burden of a school principal, the world's foremost elbow-killing pussycat, and a husband who went in for 50-watt speakers for his record player and vintage recordings of train whistles, Enrico Caruso, and Gene Autry. (Bev has a *lot* of stories to tell. A *lot*.)

When Beverly moved to Milwaukee, she discovered whole new fields that needed her super-efficient touch. She and Gene worked at AC Delco on the Apollo project equipment. Bev found all these manuals and technical write-ups crying out for a firm touch, and—for a change—the captains of industry put the right person in charge of proof-reading and supervising the typists. The engineers churning out incoherent prose and typesetters messing it up got a rude awakening. But the manuals never looked so good. We might not have got to the moon without Beverly making sure the instruction sheets made sense.

Then Bev decided to study to be a librarian. (In her spare time, of course. She considers eating and sleeping non-essential; time is for really important things.) I knew the Milwaukee Public Library was going to be dragged kicking and screaming out of its serenity. My best advice to them was not to get in her way.

Along the way to becoming a librarian, Bev stopped off briefly to arrange records for a local government department. They just wanted to use up some federal grant money. Before she got through with them, they had the best organized file system in the area. I'm sure they're still scratching their heads and asking each other, "Who was that

little masked woman who went through here like a whirlwind?"

You may be asking yourselves the same thing before WisCon is over. But relax and enjoy it. Bev DeWeese deserves to be your guest, for long years of labor in the science-fictional vineyards, and you deserve to have her for your efforts in pulling this con together and you won't be disappointed in your guest, I guarantee.

She *may* try to sneak over to the registration desk and neat up your cards, however, or get a derailed committee member back on the track, or.... She's not after applause. It's just her style, and it's great. Give her plenty of applause anyway. The world needs lots more Bev DeWeeses, and we like to show our appreciation for the one we already know.

Enjoy your guest in good health. I give you—Beverly Joanne Amers DeWeese.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 4 I've done occasional reviewing for *The Milwaukee Journal* and *Aurora*. Am more of a talker than a writer, I think.

I was named Librarian of the Year by Milwaukee Bookfellows in October 1985.

Actually, most of my work, I think, is acting as a liaison between science fiction and the library. I regularly make sure science fiction is included on the Year End Fiction Roundup which I and two other librarians present on a yearly TV program. I also appear on occasional TV programs discussing books and science for laypeople. I represent the library on a radio show primarily discussing fantasy, science fiction, and mysteries. I'm involved with a monthly group that meets to discuss mysteries, and I present programs to Southeast Young Adult Librarians on science fiction and fantasy. Mainly, I read fantasy and science fiction and talk about it to a lot of non-science fiction groups, give reading suggestions, compile booklists for the library, etc. I try to do at least one program for WisCon each year and gave a talk at ChiCon 4.

I do a lot of "extra work" projects at the library and just don't seem to find time to do what I should in writing reviews and articles for fanzines, since most of the liaison work mentioned above is done on my time, not library time. And I am getting to be an older fan.

As usual, the things I remember most about WisCon is the friendliness of the Madison science fiction group and the book-oriented panels. I also always associate WisCons with people who read books. I really enjoyed the opening ceremonies skit, in which I took a small part. Naturally, I appreciated the little "cat slide show" Diane Martin prepared. And I had fun being initiated into the Charles Edward Hamilton fan group—by Minneapolis and Madison fans both, I believe. WisCon is one of the few cons I go to because it is always fun. I appreciated being guest of honor and I am so glad you are asking us back. Oh, yes, I enjoyed the "dead dog" party. (I don't usually get to stay that late at conventions.)

David Hartwell

by Jan Bogstad

Jan: David, what were you doing before you worked in the publishing industry? Has this always been something that you wanted to do?

David: No, I actually fell into the publishing industry by accident. I've been a science fiction reader and collector since I was in grade school in Pennsylvania. Throughout my



Beverly DeWeese from the WisCon 5 program book



Beverly DeWeese from the WisCon 4 program book

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high-school and college career I lived in the Boston area, and I'd go into the city and buy old science fiction magazines. I learned of the Clarkson Collection at Harvard and met the head. I spend a lot of my spare time on college vacations picking up fill-in magazines for the Collection. I had been aware of fandom, but was not involved in it, other than subscribing to *Science Fiction Times* and being a member of a few conventions (which I didn't attend, but they'd send the material). I decided after college to go to graduate school in English and then switched to Comparative Medieval Literature.

Late in my graduate work, I was editing a little magazine called *The Little Magazine*, and one of the other editors was at my house one evening raving on about science fiction. I was vaguely aware of the fact that this man's father was in publishing in some responsible position. After dinner we were looking at my bookshelves, and I said, "Your father works for Bantam, right? Well, Bantam just made a very smart move in buying the rights to *The Stars My Destination*." (It used to be owned by Signet, and someone there allowed the rights to revert.) He said, "Gee, you know a lot about this?" I said, "Sure, I've been doing it for years. I have a large collection of science fiction and do a little bit of reviewing from time to time." He said, "Well, you should be in publishing." I said, "No, I should be finishing my dissertation."

He said, "My father is now the president of New American Library, that publishes Signet. And if they're reverting books like that, they need your help." I said, "I'd be happy to talk to him about it some time." The next Monday morning I got a call from the president of New American Library asking if I'd be interested in doing some consulting editorial work and I became, for three years, the consulting editor in science fiction to Signet while I was completing my dissertation.

Jan: Did they pay you a set salary?

David: They paid me a set consultation fee by year, very small, but I did it for love and enjoyed it enormously and, when I left Signet, I became science-fiction consultant for Putnam/Berkley, again on a very part-time basis, and began to get involved in the work. Meanwhile, aside from completing my doctoral dissertation, I had been writing articles in the late 1960s on rock music and science fiction and other things, for *Crawdaddy* magazine and a couple of underground newspapers, and *Crawdaddy* offered me the opportunity to do a monthly review column on science fiction, which I ended up doing for five years, including a fair amount of interviewing. I began to attend conventions regularly and meet people. Signet, by chance, was the publisher of the Clarion anthologies, and I got a chance to go out to Clarion when it was held in Pennsylvania and once, in Michigan, to meet the writers and talk to the students. That's proved to be one of the most valuable experiences I've had, because I've subsequently bought books from about half of the people I met.

Jan: Do you ever think about writing, yourself, or are you just interested in editing?

David: I'm very interested in editing. I do have a contract for a non-fiction book on science fiction with Richard Marik Corporation, collaborating with an old and close friend, Paul Williams, who is in fact the man who founded *Crawdaddy* and has been a fan since he was very young. I write a fair number of essays for the Gregg Press series out of Boston, which I edit. I've been giving serious consideration to writing fiction again.

Jan: So you've always been interested in science fiction—as a reader, and as an editor. When did you cross over from being a consultant to editing as your major occupation?

David: In fact, I've only been a full-time editor since last November [1978] when I changed jobs to Pocket Books and Simon & Schuster. I was a consulting editor in science fiction and finally the consulting editor-in-chief in science fiction. I found that this gave me a great deal of personal flexibility which initially I needed in order to complete my graduate work. It was not my principal source of income. I was, in fact, managing the medical-student dormitory for Columbia between 1965 and 1975. When I completed my dissertation in 1973, I had been investigating the job market in comparative medieval literature for a couple of years before that. So it took me about fifteen minutes to decide that, of the 250 Ph.D.s that year in comparative or medieval fields, there were ten jobs open nationwide and only two jobs in universities that seemed interesting and challenging. I was getting more and more positive feedback for my work in science fiction. It was something I had enjoyed since I was a child and that I would pursue further, letting the medieval literature wait. I talked to my friends and advisors on the faculty and they said that you can, in fact, go back and pick up academic studies again in three or four years.

Gradually however, over the course of the years 1973 to 1977, it became clear to me that I would work in science fiction for the foreseeable future. I had been teaching part-time right up into 1975, contemporary and modern American literature and science fiction, at Stevens Institute of Technology in New Jersey, and it was very pleasant because I was teaching only senior electives in the humanities department rather than the freshman introduction to literature or, even worse, expository writing to engineers.

Jan: Your degree was ultimately in English?

David: Yes, but in comparative medieval literature—English. In graduate school I'd never taken a single course in American literature or contemporary or modern literature, so it was ironic that I ended up teaching contemporary and modern American lit.

Jan: In other words, your viewpoint was unsullied by academic prejudices?

David: I did, as they say, read a lot.

Jan: You consider yourself to be a science fiction fan and have been for a long time. So how did you arrive at what I understand to be an interest in science fiction as a place to apply theoretical approaches to literature? Through your academic training?

David: Partially through my academic program and partially through years of reading contemporary literature and science fiction. From the time I was quite young, sixth and seventh grade, I regarded the best science fiction novels I was reading as equal to the best of any other novels I was reading. Certainly, the science fiction story in the late 1950s and early 1960s, when I was growing up, was the most active and interesting field in the contemporary short story, and I can remember discovering the first translations of Borges in the early 1960s and saying, "Boy, this is as good as or better than most of the science fiction and it's like it too, in some ways."

But science fiction seemed to me more varied and stylistically energetic than most contemporary fiction. I knew from the very beginning that it was unfashionable and the whole science fiction field had an enormous amount of paranoia about the fact. People in the field knew that they

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But science fiction seemed to me more varied and stylistically energetic than most contemporary fiction. I knew from the very beginning that it was unfashionable and the whole science fiction field had an enormous amount of paranoia about the fact. People in the field knew that they were out of fashion and that the literature they wrote would not be taken seriously no matter what they wrote.

David Hartwell



David Hartwell

were out of fashion and that the literature they wrote would not be taken seriously no matter what they wrote.

Jan: What does it mean to you that the literature is not taken seriously?

David: Well it means, for instance, that for fifteen years not a single science fiction novel was reviewed in major places like the *Times* and most other of the "literary" media like the *Partisan Review* or *The Yale Review*. They would not review a major science fiction title because, *a priori*, it was not in the ball game.

Jan: No matter how many copies of a book a science fiction author sold, or what its stylistic features were?

David: Well, the number of copies sold has never been a good indication of literary quality. As to the other part of the question, I was invited once to the American literature doctoral seminar at Columbia to speak on the subject of science fiction. The doctoral seminar that year was studying American literature from 1910 to the present, published in periodicals, and the director of the seminar thought that science fiction was a useful part of that study. And I did in fact go in to the seminar as an outside speaker, having prepared a reading list. When I arrived at the seminar I asked, in a friendly and polite manner, which of the people in the seminar had read any of the stories that I'd asked them to read. Only four people had. Two of the rest of them who had not read any of the stories were honest enough to say that they hadn't read the science fiction because they knew they couldn't possibly like it and couldn't possibly respect it even if they did read it.

Jan: They didn't even have the interest to make the effort?

David: Absolutely. It has been so completely and absolutely out of literary fashion for decades that there are a number of bright, well-educated people who already know that they would not like it and respect it even if they tried.

Jan: Okay, I guess we now know what "out of fashion" means. I've heard Chip Delany talk about not being able to get any of his hardback novels into any major hardback bookstore. They won't take it as long as it's called science fiction.

David: The whole situation has grown up over decades. As Ted Sturgeon said, "Science fiction is the only category of literature in the 20th century that is invariably judged by its worst examples." Everyone knows that the worst science fiction is terrible and therefore all science fiction is terrible. This is the kind of reverse logic that is applied to the field. Many people have investigated it in essays and discussions for years and years, asking why, and it really comes down to the word "science."

Jan: Well, I've heard analyses of it as the literature of the lower middle class, for example....

David: There are a lot of ways to put it down, but basically science and technology are extremely important to our culture in this century, perhaps more so than ever before. Science and technology have built up a mystique around the study of science and the vocabulary of science which alienates most readers. In our educational system, certainly, there is a profound difference between science students and literature students. I'm sure that you can perceive this intuitively.

Jan: It's often hard to get serious science fiction criticism accepted as criticism by graduate schools.

David: For approximately twelve years, there's been some movement towards theoretical criticism of science fiction. As we both know, there's never been a satisfactory definition of what we mean when we talk about science fiction. We need to engage in that kind of critical and theoretical discussion on a high level, levels incomprehensible to most readers because they require a technical vocabulary and a technical background inaccessible to anybody who hasn't studied criticism. Once the theoretical questions are settled, or at least the boundaries are drawn, then whatever principals have been developed can be applied and there will be a great deal more possibility for high level critical discussion between and among works of science fiction. The standard fashion in science fiction has always been to support whatever work you were talking about for its virtues and to basically remain silent about its faults.

Jan: How do you chose to buy a book for publication?

David: That is a question often asked of editors. Each has to answer it in the same way. I chose the books I like. An enormous component of editorial work is intuitive. The good editors, the editors who keep their jobs over a long time, and who in fact move up in companies they work for, have a good intuition for what the audience will like and what they will buy. It is a kind of commercial or market intuition as well as a strictly literary intuition. Style and audience go together too.

Jan: Do you ever find yourself with a novel in hand that you really like but you can't buy?

David: I have never found myself in that position. In fact, in the last ten years, I have attempted to buy every novel that I liked whether it was fantasy, science fiction, science fantasy, or a hybrid kind of technological fiction. I did not always succeed because I did not always have the authority, simply on my own work, to buy what I wanted. There have been cases in which I was forced to reject books because of company policies over which I had no control and in one case was able to buy the same manuscript and publish it later. In general, I am fortunate now to be in a position to buy what I like and I am limited only by the number of works that the company can publish in a given time.

Jan: Do you routinely do a lot of work with authors?

David: Yes. There are occasions where I do little editorial work with an author because I feel that a manuscript is the best book that it can be. There are other times when I work for months to even a year and a half over the same manuscript, suggesting changes. In publishing, an editor becomes involved in the marketing aspects of the books, taking a lot of time away from the pure reading and editing. A normal paperback editor will be working on between thirty and sixty books at once, in several stages of the publishing process. So there's always a tension and pressure on editors in the field, as to how much of each work week will be devoted to acquisition and editing and how much will be devoted to packaging, promotional copy, advertising, attending meetings on the future of the science fiction program, etc.

Jan: Do you find the life of an editor satisfying?

David: Oh, yes, I do. I find it exciting and involving. I particularly enjoy working with fantasy and science fiction right now because it is, in my opinion, where the literary action is. There's more good fiction (certainly more bad fiction too) being published as fantasy and science fiction now than has ever before and I believe that it is the equal of anything else being written in the English language.

There's never been a satisfactory definition of what we mean when we talk about science fiction. We need to engage in that kind of critical and theoretical discussion on a high level, levels incomprehensible to most readers because they require a technical vocabulary and a technical background inaccessible to anybody who hasn't studied criticism. Once the theoretical questions are settled, or at least the boundaries are drawn, then whatever principals have been developed can be applied and there will be a great deal more possibility for high-level critical discussion between and among works of science fiction. The standard fashion in science fiction has always been to support whatever work you were talking about for its virtues and to basically remain silent about its faults.

David Hartwell

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 5
1981

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

Jan: What do you want to do with your editing?

David: I am trying to produce, for my company, the biggest, best, most popular science fiction line in the world. It may take a while, but I'm working on it. I see the opportunity and support developing more and more for a career doing something that I consider to be very exciting and I want to continue.

Jan: I hope you do, because there are a lot of things that I think would not have been published had you not urged publishers in that direction. What do you hope to happen at WisCon and what has drawn you to our convention?

David: I came to WisCon for the first time last year because I heard from friends that the programming was serious and controversial. That there were a lot of good, serious, and rather intelligent arguments that took place at WisCon and it had been eight or nine years since I had attended a convention anywhere in the country, either academic or fan-nish, where there was any controversy on the programming. Certainly at one convention or another there's an insult hurled here or there, but WisCon was billed as a place where I could find dead-to-rights discussion, real serious disagreement. And I did and I enjoyed it enormously and that's why I want to come back.

From the "Memory Lane" section
of the WisCon 10 program book:

David has had quite a roller coaster ride since his experience at WisCon. He had ascended to what surely must have seemed the pinnacle of his profession as founder and guiding spirit of the Timescape line of science fiction books from Pocket, as evidenced by the fact that he was nominated for the Hugo as best editor in 1982, 1983, and 1984. But, without any warning that was visible to the outside world, Pocket folded that line—stranding the works of many writers in the pipeline—and David was out of work. That was in 1983. He spent some of the intervening time enjoying his severance pay and currently serves as a consulting editor for Tor and director of science fiction for Arbor House. He has been an administrator of the Philip K. Dick Awards since 1982. His latest book is *Age of Wonders* (Walker 1984, McGraw-Hill 1985) about the science fiction field. He's also had miscellaneous essays on science fiction and authors in *Publishers Weekly*, *Editors on Editing* (Harper 1985), and various books.

He's always interested in picking up a stray guitar and stirring his coffee with his thumb.

WisCon 5

March 6–8, 1981

Guests: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Don & Elsie Wollheim, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Catherine McClenahan, and Steven Vincent Johnson

Chairs: Diane Martin and Karen Jones

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

by Elizabeth A. Lynn

I first met Quinn Yarbro in 1974. I had just quit a job as a medical secretary to become (I hoped) a full-time writer, and I wanted to meet other woman writers. I had sold one story. Quinn had sold a bunch, including "The Ghosts at Iron River," which in 1973 earned her a Mystery Writers of America award. I remember my first impression of her was largely physical: I saw a short, muscular woman with

clipped red hair and astonishing slate-gray eyes. Quinn introduced me to other writers, suggested that I attend meetings of the local chapter of the MWA, and invited me to The Magic Cellar, a nightclub/hangout for science fiction fans, at which she worked weekends, reading palms and Tarot cards. I was somewhat overwhelmed that someone with evident professional stature should take such an interest in a neo—as I later learned I would be called. But Quinn's home has been for years a haven for struggling writers, artists, musicians, and other creative folk.

What most struck me then—and still astounds me, whenever we meet—was Quinn Yarbro's inexhaustible energy. Yet there is nothing helter-skelter about Quinn: she moves steadily from goal to goal, project to project. Since 1976, she has had eleven books published, fiction and non-fiction both. And Quinn does not only write. Unlike many of us, who find that one particular obsession, or perhaps two, eat up all of our energy and time, Quinn plays seven instruments, sings, has taught voice, composes music, and is currently working on an opera. She has studied children's-theater management and has written and directed plays for which she also created the songs and designed the costumes. She has spent years researching magic and the occult; among the fruits of that study are her five marvelous occult historical novels, among them *The Palace*, a 1980 nominee for the World Fantasy Award. Quinn is a formidable historian, with a library that I covet, and a magnificently honed sense of period and style.

She also rides horses, has studied saber duelling, and has worked as a professional demographer and cartographer. (She did a map of Medici Florence for *The Palace*, which unfortunately did not get into the book.) One of her ambitions is someday to own a Frisian—that's a breed of horse. Oh, and she also does needlepoint.

On top of this, she is perhaps the most dedicated professional I know. She travels to New York, a town she is not fond of, every year, to meet with her agent and publishers. This winter she took a trip to London. And, despite her work schedule, she has been secretary of the Science Fiction Writers of America and vice-president of the local MWA chapter. She maintains correspondence with friends on several continents. She accepts speaking engagements (if they don't take her too far from home) and attends a number of science fiction and fantasy conventions.

She is one of the most articulate, talented, and knowledgeable people in our, or any, field. She lives with her husband, artist Don Simpson; two cats, Guildenstern and Guess Who; and a Qyx Word Processor in Albany, Georgia.

From the "Memory Lane" section
of the WisCon 10 program book:

I'm currently working on a suite for brass instruments and a suspense novel. Nominations and awards? Don't I wish.

My horse is doing very well and is (maddeningly) teething. They do that from about age 1 to age 5, off and on. Pimpernel made a concerted effort to destroy the bedspread in the guest room. My dad's in the semi-finals for the National Lawn Bowling Championship.

I think the impression of WisCon that is strongest with me, other than staring out at the icy lake with so many people strolling on it, was the evening that you arranged for some of my piano music to be performed, and the emotion that I recall most clearly was one of stark terror. Reading through unfavorable book reviews is light amusement in comparison. It was the same evening that Georgie Schnobrich prepared that beautiful, beautiful cake with the *Ariosto* to cover on it. I still think it was a crime to cut it.



Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

Why, you may ask, if this is my strongest memory of WisCon, am I sending you more music in the hope it will be played? I guess it's a case of curiosity triumphing over fear or maybe it's not curiosity and simply ego. Never mind—in a very perverse way, I'm looking forward to it.

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro in 1996:

In her 27 years as a professional writer, Yarbro has sold more than 50 books, over 60 short stories, a baker's dozen of essays, and a handful of reviews; her work has been translated into more than two dozen languages including Russian and Thai. Her work covers many genres horror, science fiction, fantasy, thriller, mystery, historical, romantic suspense, young adult, and westerns. Her best-known series are the historical horror Saint-Germain cycle and the accompanying Olivia novels. In non-fiction, she is the author of the four Michael books of esoteric teaching. She has received the Fine Foundation Award for literary excellence and versatility. When she runs out of words, she writes serious music. She loves opera, horses, the antics of cats, good company and conviviality, and occult studies. She dislikes boredom in all forms. Her only domestic accomplishments are needlepoint and cooking. She has served as President and Chair of the Trustees of the Horror Writers Association, and regional vice-president of Mystery Writers of America.

Don and Elsie Wollheim

by Hank Luttrell

Donald A. Wollheim became a science fiction writer when he was only 20 years old. His first story appeared in a 1934 issue of *Wonder Stories*, one of the pioneer science fiction magazines. In the early thirties, Wollheim was a leader of the New York science fiction group, the Futurians. During this time he edited fanzines and semi-pro science fiction magazines. When a small pulp magazine publisher wanted to have a science fiction magazine without having to pay a staff, Wollheim edited *Stirring Science Stories* (1941) and *Cosmic Stories* (1941). Though there wasn't much money involved, Wollheim and several other young writers and artists put together a presentable, professional package, and people like Damon Knight, C.M. Kornbluth, and Hannes Bok had some of their earliest publications there.

In June of 1943, Donald Wollheim married Elsie Balter, who had been involved with the Futurians for some time.

One of the interesting and important things about science fiction is the diversity epitomized by the different viewpoints expressed by Jules Verne and H.G. Wells: the technologist and the humanist. Wollheim writes about this diversity in his autobiographical book about science fiction, *The Universe Makers*. (Don should reprint this book as a DAW paperback.)

Fantasy is another field about which Wollheim has also shown perception. Early issues of *Stirring Science Stories*, despite the title, were devoted in part to stories that looked a bit like they were from *Weird Tales*. And what vintage paperback collector hasn't been thrilled on seeing a copy of Wollheim's *Avon Fantasy Reader* (1947–52) or *Avon Science Fiction Reader* (1951–53). While most editors are noted for a certain type of story or a certain area of the genre, Wollheim has been successful with diversity and innovation.

Wollheim received a delightful tribute from Pocket Books just recently. Celebrating its long history as one of the major mass paperback publishers, Pocket Books reached all the way back to its first hectic, experimental years; their advertising featured the cover of the first mass-market science fic-

tion paperback, Don Wollheim's anthology *The Pocket Book of Science Fiction* (1943).

Wollheim has always been a prolific writer, even while he was one of the most active editors in the science fiction field. Remember those great Winston juveniles? You know, the ones with the Alex Schomburg jackets and endpapers? *Secrets of Saturn's Rings* (1954), and *Secret of the Martian Moons* (1955) both by Don Wollheim, were two of my many favorites. Others were published by Avalon (later by Ace) as by David Grinnell. Luckily my local library purchased them, and I read them faithfully. To me, Mike Mars, the star of so many of Wollheim's books, will always be a part of the U.S. space program.

Don Wollheim's career is simply too important to all of us not to be familiar; I hardly need tell of it. Editing pulp magazines for Ace was quickly followed by pioneering mass paperbacks for Avon. Then he spent the early fifties developing Ace Books, with A.A. Wyn. During his long career, Wollheim has introduced generation after generation of important science fiction writers.

In 1972, Don and Elsie started DAW Books, a unique, independent science fiction publishing company. With a background in English literature, Elsie used to do much of the proofing for DAW. As the business grew, however, she has had to delegate most of that work to serve mainly as business manager, handling the company's most important marketing activity, publicity.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Among the cakes Georgie Schnobrich decorated for WisCon 5 guests of honor was a tenth anniversary cake for DAW Books, the creation of Donald A. Wollheim, who, with Elsie, goes way back in science fiction. Well, it's now five years later, DAW Books is fifteen, and the company is thriving.

Unfortunately, the some can't be said of Don. He's been seriously ill for some time, but seems to be recovering now. While Don and Elsie still aren't ready to trek halfway across the country for WisCon, they'll be in the Midwest for WindyCon in November.

Buck and Juanita Coulson

by Bev DeWeese

Buck and Juanita Coulson are in some ways the quintessence of the best of fandom. The floor of their house, weighed down by tens of thousands of books and magazines, science fiction and non-science fiction alike, is supported partially by house jacks, and the house itself has been officially pronounced "cluttered" by a semi-major Midwestern newspaper. The house is also something of a Mecca for visiting fans from all over the country—fans who are invited, that is. (Unexpected drop-ins may discover firsthand some of the reasons for Buck's legendary reputation as fandom's foremost curmudgeon.)

They've published a Hugo-winning fanzine (*Yandro*, *nee EISFA*) for 27 years, producing over 250 issues, many on the infamous dog-vomit-yellow paper. They were fan guests of honor at the 1972 WorldCon in Los Angeles (Trantor West), and a fan fund paid their way to the 1979 WorldCon in Eng-

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Don and Elsie
Wollheim
Buck and Juanita
Coulson



WisCon 5 cover by
Steven Vincent Johnson



Don and Elsie Wollheim

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Buck and Juanita
Coulson



Buck and Juanita Coulson

A filking reminiscence, from the year WisCon assigned the bridal suite for a filking room. The committee members in charge obviously meant well, but that was one of the most...uh...interesting venues filking has ever known. Mirrored canopied bed, a jacuzzi jammed up against the bed's foot, and a black marbled attached bath complete with bidet. (The acoustics would have been terrific in *there*, but its...er...seating was even more sparse than in the bridal bedroom itself.)

Buck and Juanita
Coulson

land. They've become experts on postal matters by corresponding with hundreds of fans around the world, and they are often consulted by befuddled local postal personnel to help interpret various arcane regulations.

Juanita's powerful voice (the word "bellow" comes to mind) has been the high point of science fiction cons for many fans since long before filksings were ever heard of. Buck does not sing (fortunately, considering his voice), but he does write great lyrics, including a couple of verses that inspired an entire novel.

Juanita also paints and has been well represented in the art shows, while Buck is perhaps most easily recognized crouching behind his huckster table. (He doesn't circulate around the con; he sits and sells and lets the rest of the con circulate around him.) They have not let filthy prodom (roughly 20 books at last count, including various collaborations) interfere excessively with filthy fandom. However, *Yandro's* schedule does tend to get slightly irregular—perhaps even constipated—whenever book deadlines approach.

And if all that isn't enough, they once even produced a fannish product in the bedroom. They named it Bruce, and it has since gone on to become a fan in its own right. (This is perhaps one reason why *Yandro* is sometimes referred to as a mom-and-pop fanzine.)

Herewith a selected chronology, drawn largely from the early files of *Yandro/EISFA*:

1952 September. Juanita Wellons attends her first World-Con in Chicago. At the banquet, she withstands intense pressure to subscribe to a fanzine allegedly published by a table-hopping teenager who calls himself Harlan Ellison. Buck Coulson is later discovered lurking in the background of the banquet photo.

1953 January. *EISFA*, the official organ of the Eastern Indiana Science Fiction Association ("Ice-Fah, the Coool SF Club") is born. The first issue is furtively produced on a Ball State University mimeo by Juanita, who knows nothing about fanzines or mimeo reproduction. Bev Amers [DeWeese], who knows even less about such things but has a sharp eye, keeps a lookout for campus police.

1953 August. Deprived of Ball State mimeos, Juanita types *EISFA* on carbons.

1953 September. Juanita gets her own mimeo, courtesy of her financial adviser (and mother), Ruth Wellons.

1953 November. Thomas Stratton is born as a filler item with the immortal words: "I stared at the typewriter. It stared back." Stratton is Buck; Thomas is not. This initial appearance is quickly followed by such other memorable items as "It Came from Beneath the Sink," "The Beast from 14½ Millimeters," and "I Remember Yucca Flats." (Stratton's career will culminate in the sale of the only known science fiction book whose dedication was rejected as being too racy.)

1954 January. Juanita, hiding behind "V.A.H. Nietz," publishes her first fiction, a short story called "Twilight of a God." She has also written a 150,000-word novel, but her editorial policy prohibits use of serials.

1954 July. Wellons and Coulson attend a MidwestCon. Juanita introduces the song "Harriman Girl." Buck is introduced to a huckster and soon becomes one.

1954 Autumn. Wellons and Coulson become Coulson and Coulson and take joint custody of *EISFA*. Juanita can now sign her editorials "JWC." (The marriage survived, despite the publication in the October issue of *EISFA* of "The Wed-

ding of Stratton, by Thomas," a scurrilous account of the event.)

1981 March. (We told you it was "selected.") Buck and Juanita are fan guests of honor at WisCon 5.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 5 Juanita has published the first two books in the Children of Tomorrow series: *Tomorrow's Heritage* (Del Rey 1981) and *Outward Bound* (Del Rey 1982). The third is in the pipeline, and she's working on the fourth. Buck has had a bimonthly book review column in *Amazing* since January 1983, a monthly science fiction magazine review column in *Comic Buyer's Guide* since November 1983, plus articles in *Fantasy Empire* and *Dictionary of Literary Biography*. He's currently working with Gene DeWeese on an adaptation of *Gates of the Universe* to a "choose your own adventure" type book for a new line from TSR Books.

Off Centaur has produced two of Juanita's filksong tapes, and a third one has been taped but not released as yet. Two released tapes are "Juanita Coulson Live at FilkCon West" and "Rifles & Rhymes." Buck is partway through the text of a songbook to accompany "Rifles & Rhymes," describing the historical events recounted in the songs.

Most memorable experiences at WisCon 5:

Buck: Mostly, how warm it was for a convention in Wisconsin on that date, and how one of our California friends who attended refused to believe that it was warm at all. And the lone waitress in the restaurant where the...hum..."dead dog dinner"?...was held, and our speculation on whether she was being exploited or trying to prove something. Meeting some pleasant people, most of whom I never saw again. Can't recall if that was the first time we met Diane Martin or if we'd met her previously; I think it was a first meeting.

Juanita: The fascinating nature of having a con on campus. walking back and forth to the center, etc. The amusement of not being introduced by the emcee. The chaos of multitrack programming—more multitrack than any we've encountered before or since. The bemusement of the media woman interviewing various people and trying to figure out what the hell this was all about. A small but nice filk, with some filkers we hadn't heard prior to WisCon. And, like Buck, enjoying the reactions of native Southwesterner Gary Anderson, who protested all the Midwesterners' exultations about unseasonable warmth by pointing at the lake beyond that window-walled main gathering room and saying, "You can't fool me; that's ice out there, and ice won't grow when it's warm."

A filking reminiscence, from the year WisCon assigned the bridal suite for a filking room. The committee members in charge obviously meant well, but that was one of the most...uh...interesting venues filking has ever known. Mirrored canopied bed, a jacuzzi jammed up against the bed's foot, and a black marbled attached bath complete with bidet. (The acoustics would have been terrific in *there*, but its...er...seating was even more sparse than in the bridal bedroom itself.)

Buck and Juanita Coulson in 1996:

1953. Buck, along with Gene Deweese, is refused admittance to a con hotel because the third member of their party is a black woman. (Things like that really did happen back in the Bad Old Days.) Later that year, they and Juanita are successful in being admitted to the Philadelphia WorldCon Hotel along with the two black women in their party.

1981: Juanita's *Tomorrow's Heritage*, book one of Children of the Stars, is published by Del Rey Books. From 1979 through 1981, she also wrote (under a variety of pseudonyms) and published in British magazines horoscopes and graphology charts of teenyboppers' then-popular "faves."

1982: In *The Castle of the Otter*, Gene Wolfe quotes one of Buck's rare favorable reviews (of *The Claw of the Conciliator*) and comments, "...like getting a get-well card from Jack the Ripper."

Juanita's *Outward Bound*, book two of Children of the Stars, is published by Del Rey, and her first professional cassette recording, *Juanita Coulson at FilkCon West*, is released by Off Centaur Publications.

1983: Buck's book reviewing goes professional, appearing in *Amazing Stories* into 1986; his column, "Year of Jubilo," then is featured in *Comics Buyer's Guide* through 1994.

1984: Juanita's second cassette, *Rifles and Rhymes*, is released by Off Centaur Publications.

1985-86: In sequence, Buck and Juanita buy a house, he suffers a major heart attack, and is laid off due to company downsizing (being awarded a munificent \$122 per month pension). From this point on, our hero and heroine gradually turn to full-time huckstering, adding more and more cons as years pass and deciding to emphasize sales of the much more profitable filk tapes over used books.

Their Hugo-award-winning fanzine *Yandro* expires, with a whimper, not a bang, in a seven-page issue, #259. It's mostly distributed with Tom Sadler's fanzine, *The Reluctant Famulus*, in 1991.

1989: Juanita's *Legacy of Earth* and *The Past of Forever*, books three and four of the Children of the Stars series, are released by Del Rey Books. The cassette *Past and Future Tense* is released by Firebird Arts & Music.

1990: *Tales of the Witch World #3* is published, featuring "The Scent of Magic" by Juanita. Firebird Arts & Music releases *Juanita Coulson Live!*, a collection of spotlight performances from numerous conventions.

1994: Juanita's "Cold, Hard Silver" is published in TSR's *Tales of Ravenloft*.

1995: *Women At War*, edited by Lois McMaster Bujold and Roland J. Green, is published by Tor, and includes "A Matter of Faith" by Juanita.

1996: Having been paid previously for writing, reviewing, and bookbinding, Buck now enters another literary field by becoming a reader of unsolicited manuscripts for a science fiction publisher. Which publisher won't be named; he wouldn't want their supply of MSS to dry up for fear of his editorial comments. The post would probably be styled as that of a "second reader," or perhaps "junior editor." *Very junior.*

Currently, Buck and Juanita merrily if somewhat frenetically continue their peripatetic con-going schedule, writing, reviewing, and singing their ways through these so-called golden years.

At WisCon 5: That the MC forgot to introduce the Fan Guests of Honor (us) at the opening ceremonies. We thought the oversight was funny; the MC was mortified.

WisCon 5 may also have been the same con where a filker friend from California managed to wrangle a free ride to Madison. (He was on a cross-country government-work flight that changed planes at O'Hare; there was an inch of snow on the ground, so he told his boss Chicago was blizzard-bound, rented a car, and headed north.) The weather for WisCon was moderate that year, but the Californian had

trouble believing that. Whenever con attendees would assure him how balmy things were, he'd point to the frozen lake and say he knew ice when he saw it—rare as it was in his experience. He almost fainted when he saw a t-shirted skateboarder scooting down the street outside the hotel on Sunday morning.

We attend a lot of cons, and Wiscons have always been...well...unique. There ain't no other con like it, not no how, not nowhere. Take that as you will.

Catherine McClenahan

by Mary Kenny Badami

Cate McClenahan spent half of her first 22 years in Pittsburgh, the other half in Cleveland. She completed 16 years of Catholic education, culminating in a B.A. in English with a Spanish minor from Mount Mercy College in Pittsburgh. During this time, she read science fiction (including Asimov, Norton, Bradbury, and Heinlein), mystery, fantasy, the Oz books, and Nancy Drew mysteries. Of her science fiction interests, she says, "[science fiction was] something I read furiously, and yet I never know anybody at all who also read it.... In Cleveland I missed a chance, got a confusing phone call from a fan and couldn't figure out what that was about...so I never joined a club.... I read from the public library, so I never saw the fan materials or magazines."

After graduating, she worked for a time in the Poverty Project program in Pittsburgh and then joined the Peace Corps. After training in the fall of 1965, she spent 1966 and 1967 teaching in a girls' secondary boarding school in Butere, Kenya, "where the railroad line stopped." Even in Kenya, Cate pursued an interest in science fiction and fantasy. She was responsible for a wide range of subjects and also had her first encounter with the Narnia books by C.S. Lewis. "We fought over whose turn it was to read each novel," she says of herself and the other volunteers, to whom she also introduced *The Once and Future King*. She also read *The Hobbit* there and began reading Charles Williams.

Once home, she considered working on Tolkien, Williams, and Lewis as dissertation topics. In the fall of 1968, she accepted a fellowship in English from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. After teaching a variety of courses for the English Department, she started a course in science fiction at UWM in 1972. Later she taught some sections of the fantasy course, "Swords and Sorcery, Dwarfs and Dragons," that Meredith Ackley had started.

During her stay in Milwaukee, she met Bev and Gene DeWeese. Gene is responsible for her first glimpse (1978) of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, which at last count she had seen thirteen times. Through Bev and Gene, she found out about fans and cons and a group of writers (such as Harlan Ellison) whom she hadn't known about.

When Chip Delany was a visiting scholar at the Center for 20th Century Studies at UWM in 1977, she was his assistant in the science fiction class he taught. ("The polite fiction was that I was his co-instructor.") That was probably the year the "Milwaukee Mafia" was born, along with the Samuel R. Delany Memorial Table at Prima's Restaurant. Highlights included endless discussions, greasy fried eggplant, some games of Botticelli, and a memorable game which Delany taught them: "She likes coffee, but she doesn't like tea." Cate was the first to win. Delany figured greatly in her work. His influence changed the whole approach to her dissertation on William Blake. She had originally intended to include some science fiction authors as well but decided to concentrate on Blake alone. "Blake was the sanest thing for an English major with science fiction interests to

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study.... But what I do with Blake and science fiction is reconstructing the genre." Her dissertation on William Blake's *Jerusalem* was completed in December 1979.

She has been active in the Science Fiction Research Association and at science fiction conventions in Milwaukee and Madison. She is a post-doctoral fellow in Composition and Rhetoric at the University of Kansas. She is a candidate for a 1981-82 position as assistant professor of English at Marquette University in Milwaukee.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 3 I've had the following works published: "Textual Politics: The Uses of Imagination in Joanna Russ' *The Female Man*" (*Transactions of The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters* 1982), "The 'Investment Counselor': Budrys as Critic" (introduction to Budrys's *Benchmarks: Galaxy Bookshelf*, Southern Illinois University Press 1985), and "The Early Delany: The Jewels of Apter and The Ballad of Beta-2" (*New Moon* 1 Spring 1983). I'm currently working on a book on William Blake's *Jerusalem* and an article on Blake's theory of gender.

The rest of my life has included a term as vice-president and current head of special programs for the International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts (formerly "Swann-Con"), Houston, Texas. Still teaching at Marquette University in Milwaukee.

Memorable experiences at WisCon 5 were, in no particular order:

- Feeling a very presumptuous substitute for the original Critic Guest of Honor, Teresa DeLauretis, now at UC-Santa Cruz and whose latest book, *Alice Doesn't*, a lot of Madison people know,
- Embarrassment at missing opening ceremonies.
- Actually being asked for an autograph at the reception—a unique experience for a non-famous academic.
- The sheer terror (and fun—later) of being on the "Early Delany" panel with the author there as respondent and Chip's (usual) grace about the whole experience.
- A hilarious short story by an academic for whom WisCon 5 was a first con experience. Unfortunately, it was too libellous to publish.
- As at every WisCon I've attended, good friends, new friends, wonderful talk with all kinds of people, in sessions and out of them, and enormous respect and appreciation for all the people who have made it possible, year after year.

Steven Vincent Johnson

by Kim Nash

Many people know Steve is an artist. Members of SF³ also know that he's a computer programmer. But I'll bet you didn't know he plays twelve-string guitar and is an excellent poker player (the creep).

Let me start at the beginning. I first met Steve back in 1967, in a high-school summer field-biology course. I immediately sensed that Steve was Not From Around Here. That far-away look in his eyes and his constantly wandering train of thought gave it away: he had been born in California! But never mind; he's okay now (most of the time, anyway). Steve was very popular in high school. He had a red Volkswagen and worked at McDonald's.

He began college with a major in ILS—Integrated Liberal Studies. (Sounds almost Californian, doesn't it?) Not much occurred during those years, although I recall being highly impressed by some of his detailed pen-and-ink drawings. (I

was younger than myself.) It was also during this period that the weekly basement poker games began and I first began to plot my revenge against Steve. (Two bucks was a lot back then.)

Then he dropped out of college and entered Madison Area Technical College to become a computer programmer. Unable to stick to anything for very long, he re-enrolled in the university a while later and ended up with two degrees: one in Art and the other in Computer Science.

It was during this period—the mid-seventies—that he began to paint. The first paintings were on standard science fiction subjects, but then some strange, occult subject matter infiltrated, making his next series of paintings a bit bizarre. Perhaps it was my affiliation with an occult bookstore and Steve's interest in Eastern mysticism that influenced his art.

After it became obvious that painting was more than a hobby, his friends repeatedly tried to convince him that his art was salable, but it was difficult to get Steve to part with his work. (Now that the big dollar signs are involved, he can be persuaded to sell.) Steve's first exclusive show was at the Rocky Rococo Pizza shop, where the manager agreed to let Steve hang several of his paintings. This was also where he made his first sale. One of the paintings was ripped off, and the manager felt so bad about it that he gave Steve \$50 worth of pizza. (Steve lived on that pizza for six months and became addicted to junk food, a problem he still has.)

In 1977 I introduced Steve to the Madison Science Fiction Group. He showed people a couple of his works and instantly became a star. (Anyone who doesn't eat the paint off the brushes in this group is a star.) With all the moral support from the group, Steve was convinced to enter his work in the SunCon art show, and it sold. Moral support was no longer needed: greed, avarice, and thoughts of fame were enough for Steve.

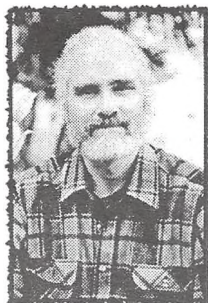
In a matter of three years, Steve has gone from being a starving amateur to winning eleven convention awards, including the last two American WorldCons. And has he forgotten his friends? You bet he has! Just try to get him over to help move a stove up a flight of stairs. Just try.

But I digress. A few closing words about Steve and his work now that I have exacted a just revenge for all those nickels and dimes dropped at the card table. Over the past five years, I have seen a vast improvement in both the quantity and quality of Steve's work. And, although Steve likes to sell his work, I know he'd paint just as much—and just as well—if he didn't sell a thing. He just hates to part with his work. Fortunately for all concerned, he's found a good middle ground. He sells photographic reproductions of his paintings (a photographer too, he is) at reasonable prices and offers the originals to connoisseurs at whatever the traffic will bear. So go up to the art auction, look at your check-book balance, and classify yourself.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 5, I have done cover illustrations for German magazines and paperback translations, most notably for *Mission of Gravity* and *Starlight* by Hal Clement and *Profiles of the Future* by Arthur C. Clarke.

I've received the following awards: IguanaCon (36th WorldCon), best fan artist, color, 1978; LunaCon, 2nd prize, astronomical, 1980; WesterCon 33, guest of honor choice (by Roger Zelazny), 1980; WisCon 4, 1st place, 1980; NoreasCon (38th WorldCon), best color, amateur, both popular and artist vote, 1980; Boskone 18, honorable mention for astronomical and science fiction amateur cate-



Steven Vincent Johnson

gories, 1981; Denvention (40th WorldCon), 2nd place, professional, 1982; plus other awards.

In the art world I have not been noticeably in the lime-light. For the past couple of years I've been spending my time trying to recharge my artistic batteries by studying different mediums, techniques, and subject material.

A major portion of my time is presently invested in my employment at the Space Astronomy Laboratory of the University of Wisconsin in Madison. I'm involved with a team of various skills in writing software for NASA's ASTRO-1 space shuttle launch slated for March 1986. Unfortunately, the launch has been indefinitely delayed due to the Challenger accident. More specifically, I'm writing software for the Wisconsin Ultraviolet Photo-Polarimeter Experiment, WUPPE for short. This is a joint experiment with other institutions such as Johns Hopkins University and the Goddard Space Flight Center. The launch would have coincided with observations on Halley's comet.

Having passed, relatively unscathed, into my thirties, I've noticed new and unfamiliar urges to visit real estate offices. I suspect this is due to some form of a genetically coded phase called "nest building" that mysteriously activates at different times in different people. Please keep all large twigs, branches, canes, and staffs out of sight, or at least firmly within your own possession.

What I remember about my WisCon 5 guest of honor experience is that I had a pleasant time! Even managed to get some sleep!

Steven Vincent Johnson in 1996:

I have had fifteen years to ponder the revealing biography done on me by my old high school friend, Kim Nash. Fifteen years to consider my response. Mr. Nash accurately revealed several key events that helped shaped my life, like how I vacillated between two colleges, including dropping out for a spell before finally completing my degrees from both schools; or how I lived on pizza for six months as culinary compensation after an opportunistic con artist successfully ripped off one of my paintings hanging on the walls of Rocky Roco's Pizza Restaurant; or how "bizarre" and "occult" subject matter began infiltrating my paintings causing many to wonder what kind of brownies I'd been eating; or how "big dollar signs" can now persuade me to part from my paintings. They are all true.... Mostly true.

Speaking of "big dollar signs," Kim conveniently forgot to reveal a crucial incident exposing the odd nature of our relationship. Late one afternoon Kim hit my parked car, denting the front bumper while trying to park his own auto. The accident is still fresh in my memory as I was behind the wheel of my car waiting for the inevitable outcome, in horrid slow motion. We both got out and assessed the damage. Finally, in a stately, not to be questioned manner that only Kim could pull off, he turned to me, gave me a quarter and walked away. I pocketed the quarter. It's true! I swear it's true....Mostly true.

I feel like I'm just beginning hit my artistic stride these days. Recent technological breakthroughs have allowed me to place my art on the Internet. Last summer, after several laborious months of scanning, digital manipulation, and extraction procedures I completed my very own Virtual Art Gallery. If you have a web browser, like Netscape, feel free to browse at: <http://orion.adp.wisc.edu/artgal/>

The website contains over eighty of my images going all the way back to the late 1970s. Enjoy!

What I find most revealing about the Internet is the power it has to allow individuals like me to make an impact over the planet in ways utterly impossible only a few years ago. This was driven home to me early last summer after I

had advertised my website. I sent out approximately twenty e-mail messages to several close friends advertising the Gallery's existence. As expected, several days after the e-mail messages had been sent the log files to my website showed an abrupt jump as my friends "dropped in" for a spell—perhaps to download! But then the magic began to unfold, an unleashed sorcery not unlike Mickey's attempt to control the splintered broomstick in "Fantasia." Those twenty friends told their friends, and their friends told their friends.... As of late February my log files currently show well over a thousand hits a day which I have learned through careful monitoring translates to about fifty individuals per day stopping in for a look. They come from England, Canada, Japan, Australia, South America, the Far East.... Everywhere on the planet.

I'm currently in the planning stages of opening up a commercial Virtual Art Gallery on a commercial server. Now where the hell is that broom!

WisCon 6

March 5–7, 1982

Guests: Terry Carr and Suzette Haden Elgin

Chairs: Hank Luttrell and Georgie Schnobrich

Terry Carr

by *Marta Randall*

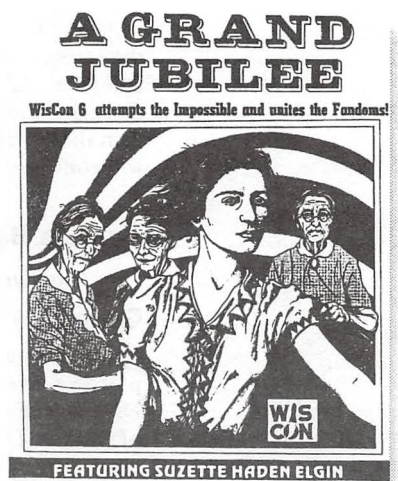
The most important thing to know about Terry Carr is that he's too tall. He may not look particularly imposing (he has terrible posture), and even claims to have misplaced three-quarters of an inch in the past years (although this is just a blatant, heightist bid for sympathy), but tall he is, and it goes a long way to explaining the personal and professional man. Let me explain.

Terry claims that he was not born tall, but does admit to being born in Grants Pass, Oregon (on February 19, 1937)—and that's not all that far from Mount Shasta and Mount Shasta is 14,262 feet tall and that's *tall*, right? Right. The family moved to San Francisco in 1942 merely so that Terry could eventually attend Balboa High School, following in the footsteps of Forry Ackerman, a towering figure in fandom. He attended San Francisco City College but, upon learning that Sather Tower on the University of California campus was much taller than anything City College had to offer, he promptly switched allegiances and spent the next couple of years perched atop the Campanile, chucking water-balloons at the professors and shouting fannish terms into the Berkeley breezes. He was forcibly removed from the university when he was discovered, one dark and stormy night, painting the word "FIAWOL" in red letters six feet two inches tall along the top floor of the student union building. In a bid for the Big Time, he moved to New York in 1961 eventually taking up residence in Brooklyn Heights. He started writing science fiction the same year, was first published in 1962 (that one year between inception and publication may be the only short thing about his entire career), and began editing for Ace Books in 1964 where, among other things, he was

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Terry Carr



WisCon 6 cover by
Georgie Schnobrich

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Terry Carr
from the WisCon 6
program book
art by Georgie Schnobrich



Terry Carr

responsible for the splendid and monumental series of Ace Specials and, not too coincidentally, for the bemused expression on the Statue of Liberty. In 1971, on another dark and stormy night, he was apprehended by New York's finest while painting the word "FIAWOL" in letters six feet two inches tall along the observation deck of the Empire State Building. The matter was hushed up by the authorities, who thought "FIAWOL" was a Ukrainian term meaning "hot dogs stunt your growth"; Terry himself, though, was incarcerated for a week in The Tombs while experts from Princeton and the CIA tried to chop him down to size. They had to release him for lack of evidence, but Terry found the entire event a sobering, if not shortening, experience. He immediately moved back to California (he could have moved to Denver, but California has redwood trees), where he has been attempting to mend his ways ever since.

Like most people who are too tall, Terry has tried to make up for it through such ploys as writing mainly short stories (most of which are included in the collection *The Light at the End of the Universe*) and occasional novels (*Cirque*, 1977). He edits *Universe*, *Best Science Fiction of the Year*, and *World's Best Fantasy*, all of which are stuffed with short fiction. He drives a Toyota. He slumps a lot when he sits, so you shouldn't notice he's too tall. His life-long habits, though, continue to give him away: he lives high up in the Oakland Hills on a very long street; he eats a lot of bananas (and I don't mean the short, skimpy ones, either); he maintains a record collection that stretches for yards and a library that stretches for miles; he carries on at length about people who misuse "hopefully" or say "less" instead of "fewer"; and he hangs all of the artwork in the house up near the rafters. And if you want real, concrete, irrefutable evidence, just check out any random volume of *Universe*. Count the twists and reversals in the stories Terry publishes, and you'll end up with numbers resembling basketball scores. Oh yeah, he plays basketball, too.

And so, as you listen in breathless wonder to his guest-of-honor speech (which may or may not be long-winded), and enjoy his company at parties (where he may or may not make a long night of it), remember that you are dealing with a man tormented (although he does not know it) with a life-long affliction, and treat him with care and consideration. Care that he sees you coming, and consideration of what you'll feel like if he doesn't, and falls over you.

(Um, what's that? Nonsense. The fact that Terry is fourteen inches taller than I am has nothing to do with it at all.)

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Although we didn't get a specific response from Terry to the questionnaire we sent out, there's little secret about his activities. He's still an editor for Ace, in charge of the Ace Specials. And he must be doing a pretty good job of it: he won the 1985 Hugo as best professional editor, the first time someone other than a magazine editor had done so.

Suzette Haden Elgin

Four Questions and Answers by Suzette Haden Elgin

Q: Where did you come from?

A: I came out of a curious scrap of spacetime. The space part was a region around Hannibal, Missouri called "Little Dixie"—the Mark Twain country. The time part was a kind of warp, so I find that the things I remember from my childhood correspond not to the memories of my own generation but of my mother's. (I'm 46 going on 110.) Little Dixie is a piece of the Mythical South set down right smack in the

middle of the northern Midwest—kind of like finding a little puddle of 1850 South Carolina humming along in 1980 Minneapolis. And it's the women who maintain that warp, holding steadfastly to the reins of three personae: The Southern Lady; The Ozark Granny; and The Traipsin' Woman. You come out of something like that—you're beholden.

Q: What have you done?

A: Well, I've raised four children to be grownups, and had part of the raising of a fifth; he was a stepson whose comings and goings were controlled by other people. I've been a gawky girl and a gawkier woman; an Air Force officer's wife and a dutiful (if confused) French daughter-in-law; and a widow woman and a folksinger and a translator and a secretary and a university professor and a minister. I've chaired many a committee and administered many a grant, grumpily. I've published twelve books and a whole batch of poems and articles and songs and papers. I've done radio and television and nightclubs and bars and concert halls and churches and streets. And I've done all the many sub-things that go with *those* things.

For example, to be a secretary you have to have shorthand and typing and I can do both of those lickety-split. To be a university professor, you have to have a Ph.D., so I've done one of those, on the grammar of Narnia. To be a minister you have to have a creed. I've made do with "As ye sow, so shall ye reap" and it's never failed me yet, although there are times when I wonder whatever I could have sowed to be reaping some of the things that crop up around me.

Q: What shaped you?

A: The King James Bible—where I come from you get that with your first and every consecutive breath. The Southern Mountain ballads, and the whole collection of Southern Baptist hymns. Being taken out to campaign with my daddy—he was a lawyer and a politician—which meant that as soon as I could stand alone I was standing up on bars swinging a toothpick mug full of beer and reciting aloud "The Passing of the Backhouse" and "The Face on the Bar-room Floor" and so on. Being told that there was such-and-such a thing I could not do—that's how I got the Ph.D., and that's how I published the books. A *violent* case of Romantic Love that came near killing me off in my early teens, but served to immunize me against the nasty stuff forever after so that I could love wholesomely instead. The Greyhound Bus...that was a most important mover and shaker in my life, since there's a whole different world riding the Greyhound bus. And people...all of the people I've ever known, and perhaps especially my students.

Q: Where are you going?

A: Well, I'm retired now, which means I haven't one single moment of time not full and running over. (I don't have committee meetings to go to any longer, where I can sit and do nothing for awhile.) I'm trying to set up a network in the Ozarks to deal with some issues that I think matter but have been sorely neglected. I'm locked in mortal combat with the IRS, which wants to tell me my church isn't a church because it doesn't keep to a schedule like a railroad or accumulate property like a bank. I'm trying to earn enough money to get ceilings up in my underground house—built every last stick by my husband, including blasting a hole ten feet deep and the size of a house into solid rock. I'm winding up a project for the government on teaching American Indian languages, and I'm writing another Coyote Jones book and considering another book about the Ozark Kingdoms, and I have a second book on verbal self-defense due



Suzette Haden Elgin
from the WisCon 6
program book
art by Georgie Schnobrich



Suzette Haden Elgin

Science fiction is just about the only mechanism we have for exploring new solutions to the problems we face *before* putting those solutions into effect; science fiction has a responsibility that other genres don't have—it's not just "escape" media. (This is what the Linguistics & Science Fiction Network is about—trying to find ways to meet that responsibility, usefully.) I think most science fiction writers feel the same way I do about this (though some say they divide their work into two parts—entertainment stuff and serious stuff); I'm not at all sure that editors and publishers care about it at all; I know for certain that the bookstores don't.

Suzette Haden Elgin

in October of 1982, and I'm getting out a newsletter every other month, and I'm trying to fulfill my responsibilities as factotum emeritus for the Science Fiction Poetry Association. And I have another few things on my mind, like my animals and my garden and my family. And I am deeper than I really dare be into a horrendous rigorous mathematical formal project in semantic analysis that I may not be able to get back out of.

In my spare time, I granny a good deal.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

I'm currently working on four books: *Native Tongue 2*, *Syntonics: A System for Verbal Self-Defense*, *Handbook for Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry*, and *Everywoman's Devotional Book of Very Full Hours*.

I am very pleased to report the founding of the American Syntonics Association, which is dedicated to cleaning up the linguistic environment, eliminating toxic verbal wastes, etc.

What I remember most about WisCon 6 (except for what a good time I had) is the absolute horror I felt when I heard Terry Carr's guest of honor speech and realized that the speech I had spent six months slaving over was not what a guest of honor speech was supposed to be at all—but it was all I had, and I had to give it.

Suzette Haden Elgin in 1996:

Q: What have you been doing since your WisCon year? What projects have kept you busy?

A: Projects is a good word for it; I'll just list them, in no particular order.

- (1) I've been running my business (the Ozark Center for Language Studies); we offer anything people could possibly want in products and services for verbal self-defense: newsletters, in-house publications, audio and videotapes, seminars, consulting, training, etc. We spend a lot of time on the road all over the United States, doing seminars—mostly for doctors and hospitals.
- (2) I've been adding to *The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* book and tape series, steadily, and doing the various dog-and-ponies that go with marketing it. I got to do my first author tour (the kind with escorts driving BMWs who pick you up and squire you around all day); we stayed in hotels where *no* item of food was served without raspberry vinegar mussel sauce over it, and nearly starved in the process. At one of those places we sat next to a table of people who obviously were born to raspberry vinegar mussel sauce; one was complaining loudly that you can't go to Mexico anymore because "it's over-run with Mexicans." It was astonishing; I am broadened. ("We" is not the imperial one; it refers to my husband George and to me. He's my road manager and techie and person-of-all-work, as well as the one who does the grandfather stuff.)
- (3) I've been writing science fiction; I would much rather write fiction, always. The fact that very little of it has been published recently is not for lack of trying on my part. I write, I market, I promote, I try. It saddens me that I can no longer find a home for novels, because I so love writing them.
- (4) I've been very gradually moving forward with art that I do: crochaintings (crocheted pictures), Ozarques (nature spirit figures), Meandering Water Tribe baskets (my title for *Native Tongue III* was "The Meandering Water Tribe"), ink and colored pencil drawings. I enjoy this enormously, and all the science fiction artists have been extraordinarily generous in helping and advising me.

- (5) We also have a nursery at OCLS, where we raise and sell miniature trees—rosemarys, lemon eucalyptus, "exotics," and baby saguaros that I raise from seed. Talk about hard rows to hoe... At least this year we finally got a generator, so perhaps I won't again lose hundreds of baby trees at a time when our power fails in winter. Keeping the deer from eating them to the ground is another problem; the generator won't help with that.
- (6) I've been watching over the Laadan language, from afar. Klingon is taking over the world; Laadan is not.
- (7) I have nine grandchildren now, and that takes a great deal of time.
- (8) Last but far from least, I write and publish (with massive help from George) the Linguistics & Science Fiction newsletter, publication of the Linguistics & Science Fiction Network—plus two more newsletters (the *Touch Dominance Quarterly*, and the newsletter for my verbal self-defense trainers.)

Q: Did being a guest at WisCon have any effect on your professional or personal life?

A: Absolutely.

Q: Any other news?

A: See above.

Q: What are your memories of the con?

A: I remember how ignorant I was. You'd asked for a guest of honor speech, and I thought that meant something along the lines of a keynote address for an academic conference. I spent much time writing the speech ("Why A Woman Is Not Like A Physicist") and learned a lot in the process. Only after the fact did I realize that I had been expected to do a five-minute warble about how I used to read comics under my bedclothes by flashlight when I was a kid. And I remember Terry Carr grabbing my elbow during the speech and correcting my mispronunciation of the name "Escher," in front of the entire audience. As I said, I was ignorant; I hope that's gotten a tad better over the years.

Q: Do you recall some particularly humorous or significant events?

A: See the previous question, please.

Q: How about a brief piece on the state of science fiction today, on feminism and gender issues in the genre, and/or other topics relevant to WisCon?

I'm distressed about the state of science fiction today. (Maybe that's sour grapes? Maybe it's old age? Could be either, certainly, but I know I'm not alone in being distressed, and some of those who share my feelings are Big Names.) There are wondrous exceptions, books and stories that I admire and enjoy and even treasure—of course. But most of what I pick up to read is, in my opinion, almost unreadable. So much so that I now buy science fiction at a used bookstore first and then, if the book turns out to be good, I go buy a new copy. I don't know what can be done about this. The publishers say they have no choice, they have to buy books based on the sales of a writer's previous book (which means first books have an unusual advantage, there being no track record to worry about), because that's what the big bookstores insist on. The bookstores say they have no choice; they buy what sells. The readers say they have no choice; they buy what's there. It goes around in an endless loop, and it's not good; if WisCon has a solution, please share it with the world.

This really matters to me, because science fiction is just about the only mechanism we have for exploring new solutions to the problems we face *before* putting those solutions

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 7
1983

Marta Randall



Suzette Haden Elgin

into effect; science fiction has a responsibility that other genres don't have—it's not just "escape" media. (This is what the Linguistics & Science Fiction Network is about—trying to find ways to meet that responsibility, usefully.) I think most science fiction writers feel the same way I do about this (though some say they divide their work into two parts—entertainment stuff and serious stuff); I'm not at all sure that editors and publishers care about it at all; I know for certain that the bookstores don't. Fret, fret, fret...

Because the Laadan grammar and dictionary was published by WisCon, I suspect it falls under the category of relevant topics. There's a complete report on what happened with the language—which was a scientific "thought" experiment—in a fairly recent issue of *Linguistics & Science Fiction*. If I just sum it up, it goes like this: I took the hypothesis that existing languages (English at minimum) are inadequate to express women's perceptions; I added the hypothesis that if that were true, if women were offered a language constructed specifically for them they would (a) learn it and use it; or (b) reject it as not right and offer a better one in its place. I gave the experiment ten years, and used Native Tongue as my laboratory. At the end of the ten years I reported that I had proved my *own* hypothesis false, but not necessarily the original one.... At the moment, I think that rather than a language constructed for women, what might be best (if not co-opted in the usual fashion by the powers that be) would be what Mary Daly has been doing—taking words that English has discarded as obsolete and archaic and using them to lexicalize concepts women need but for which English has no current words/phrases. (Note: The only American publication ever to ask me for an interview about Laadan is *Glamour* magazine. I think that must be a clue, but I'm not sure to what.)

WisCon 7

March 4–7, 1983

Guests: Marta Randall and Lee Killough

Chair: Diane Martin

Marta Randall

(*A Pastiche Biography in Many Parts*)

Marta Dolores Randall was born a month early, in Our Lady of Conception Lying-In Hospital, Mexico City, in 1943. She says she hasn't made a deadline since. (Terry Carr)

Marta Randall? She's one of those eclectic, talented, strong people you'd love to have with you in the event of some disaster, whether natural or human. Nor is she any slouch as a writer. Marta does have one teensy vulnerability: she's so completely the Bay Area chauvinist. But that's not a bad record for weak points, is it? (Edward Bryant)

She has class. (Terry Carr)

Marta Randall is a fluent, graceful author with a gift for juggling fifteen or twenty fully-realized characters at once. She's an astute editor and a forceful, efficient administrator. Of course she's also a well-known troublemaker, and probably the sexiest river-rat I know. (Paul Preuss)

She owns her own home with some help from seventeen banks, none of them in Switzerland; she drives a Mazda RX-III with racing tires and has named it Clint. She's an excellent driver and plays lousy tennis. (Terry Carr)

If I were walking in a jungle/dark alley/New York subway station (choose one), Marta is the person I'd want to guard my back. She's mean and fast and tough to scare, and she'll make you howl with laughter just when you think nothing will ever be funny again. She's got a great critical eye, an invaluable skill in a writer who's also a friend; she can take my prose apart and leave my ego intact. And when she gets pissed off she can swear in English, Yiddish, and Spanish. (Lizzy Lynn)

Whatever Marta does—writing, cracking jokes, cursing in fluent Spanish, giving parties, solving other people's problems—she does with all of herself. Marta is always right there with you; she's in whatever mood she's in, she doesn't have to be cool. She wears her own style, and she wears it with comfort and intensity. She probably isn't any more real than anyone else, but when you're with her that's hard to believe. (Debbie Notkin)

Marta is the kind of friend who says "no problem" when there is one and will sit as close to the screen as you want. (Carol Carr)

She's also a mother. Her son, Ricky, is currently 14 and knows more about science fiction writers than you do; but don't ask him for sleazy gossip, because he'll only smile and flash the payoff money he gets from all the local pros. (Terry Carr)

Marta uses facial expressions when she writes. If it's a love scene, she looks dreamy; an action scene and her face tightens gets and she stiff. Fortunately for the typewriter, she doesn't write many fight scenes. (Ricky Bergstresser)

But one warning. If you have any intention of befriending her yourself, don't ever call her Martha. (Carol Carr)

She wasn't always Very Fierce, of course. I actually thought she was a bit on the timid side when I met her. (Stop laughing! Stop laughing! She *acted* timid. She *told* me she was timid. She didn't look very big. How was I supposed to know she was secretly Very Fierce?). I recall most vividly an editorial conference between Harlan Ellison and Marta on the threshold of Terry Carr's bathroom at a New Year's Eve party in 1974. They were discussing, I think, Harlan's desire to have the book [*Islands*] almost totally rewritten, and Marta's timid reluctance to do any such thing. Who won the argument that night I don't know; but when the book appeared in 1976, the text was exactly as Marta had wanted it to be. It was about that time I began to think she might not be all that timid. The cemeteries are full of people who have held unsuccessful disputes with Harlan; but this time he had picked on someone his own size, and she had come out of the combat unbloodied and unbowed. (Robert Silverberg)

Everyone knows that Marta is "short and fierce" (or maybe "short *but* fierce") and they know she's the St. George of SFWA and a pretty fair writer and attractive and smokes too much (which means we'll not have her around as long as we'd like) and can hold her own with anyone. Everyone knows that who's been around fandom nine minutes. But maybe they don't know (until they've been around a half hour) that she has never been, in my long friendship with her, boring. Never, not even once. I love her, so you won't get me to tell you any of her disgusting sexual habits, her table manners (learned at Attila High School), her proclivity for...no that's it, you'll not get any more from *me*! No



WisCon 7 cover by
Jeanne Gomoll
and Georgie Schnobrich

scandalmonger I. (But I *do* love her and it shows your great perception to give her this honor.) (*William Rotsler*)

Marta insists that she's part-Lebanese and spent 90% of her life in Berkeley. I insist she's 100% Jewish and came from New York. She has a strange well thought-out fantasy life that includes having attended Berkeley High School, and she will swear up and down that her mother's house on Derby Street is the house she grew up in. But I make allowances for her; she's a science fiction writer, after all. The reason I know Marta is New York Jewish is that she talks fast and understands all about guilt. Also, I've never known her to "protect her own space." She worries about things most Californians don't, like being on time, and doesn't worry about things Californians do, like saving up the money to move the hot tub to Sonoma. (*Carol Carr*)

Writer, legal eaglet, raconteur, first female President of SFWA, anthologist, and sometimes sex symbol, Marta Randall is, in short, a Renaissance woman of her generation. (*Norman Spinrad*)

Definitely New York Jewish Type A. (*Carol Carr*)

A sentence that could sum up Marta would have to be the longest sentence in the world...she's got just about everything admirable you could find in a single being: talent, intelligence, wit, strength, and a great and generous heart (also a really admirable son). And that may be the longest sentence in the world! (*Joan Vinge*)

Marta's an efficient lady. She also has a perverse streak of silliness, so don't be surprised if some things don't seem exactly normal. No one has ever called Marta Randall normal. (*Terry Carr*)

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 7 I've had the following works published: *Journey* (Timescape 1983, reissue); *The Sword of Winter* (Simon & Schuster 1983, Pocket 1985); and *Those Who Favor Fire* (Pocket 1984). I also edited *The Nebula Awards 19* (Arbor House 1984). I seem to have made it big in, of all places, Germany, which has printed translations of three of my books. The Japanese edition of *Journey* just arrived, featuring (as far as I can tell) a bunch of four-legged mice in lavender bloomers playing volleyball.

Short stories include: "On Cannon Beach" (*Asimov's* April 1984); "Undeniably Cute" (*Asimov's* Feb. 1985); "Sea Changes" (*Asimov's* May 1985); and "Big Dome" (*The Planets*, ed. Byron Preiss, Bantam).

I'm currently working on short stuff, mostly. I have a proposal out for some children's books featuring a bright, scientifically inclined 10-year-old girl known as "Molly the Mutant."

I've been doing a lot of teaching recently, including the 1985 July Clarion West Writers Workshop at Seattle's Central Community College. In addition I've been running private fantasy and science fiction writing workshops. I'm still surprised at how much I like this teaching business. There's a certain excitement to editing—working with a writer, watching a piece of fiction shape up and take on substance. This excitement is even greater in leading writing workshops.

By the way, just to toot my own horn, I put together a last volume of *New Dimensions* (number 13), which was slated to be published in 1982 by Pocket Books. The book went through all the prepublishing stages, up to and including having the cover printed, when the publisher killed the project. I returned rights to all the contributors, of course, and since then the stories have all been published and many of them have garnered either nominations or awards. They

included: "Black Coral," Lucius Shepard's first fiction sale, "All My Darling Daughters," by Connie Willis, "Superluminal," a section of Vonda N. MacIntyre's novel, and others by Swanwick, Malzberg, Lafferty, Bryant, et al. Why do I mention this? Because I'm pissed that I didn't get to publish these stories is why.

Chris Conley and I married in October 1983, and I've spent the ensuing two years discovering what it's like to be a Happy Person. I recommend the experience highly. The Big Current News in my life is Caitlin Elizabeth Randall Conley, conceived at the L.A. WorldCon and born on May 20, 1985. Katy is six months old as write this—bright, easy-going, good-natured, beautiful, sweet, healthy, intelligent, and just generally wonderful. I think we're going to keep her.

My son Richard is now out of high school, planning a career in technical theatre, specializing in lighting design. He's been working for a handful of local commercial theatrical companies and for Bill Graham Presents, which means he gets to see *lots* of concerts.

I've quit my job of 17 years, mostly because I didn't want to be away from Katy for 9 hours a day, but also because it finally dawned on me that 17 years is an awfully long time to be typing other people's letters. This will probably lead to the creation of more fiction, financial desperation being the mother of invention.

What I remember most about WisCon 7 was:

- Meeting Suzette Haden Elgin.
- Running about stage brandishing a hairdryer wrapped in foil to look like a blaster.
- Real good parties.
- A real good dance
- Not being snowed in. (I was so disappointed.)
- Intelligent programming.
- Meeting, and liking, Wisconsin fandom.

Lee Killough

by C.J. Cherryh

Now here is one of science fiction-dom's genuinely *nice* people. You'll find this out for yourselves, of course, without any trouble, but I want to tell you about this person.

Lee has a thing for ferrets in mailing tubes. This image has always stuck with me about Lee, who I have always maintained should do an interplanetary zoo novel.

She also has a thing for police stories and more than once I have walked past a policeman and suddenly missed Lee—right, of course right!—back collecting war stories, which range from the horrid to the hysterical.

Ferrets, badges, and notebooks. Lee is the keeper of abundant notebooks. I am put to shame when in chapter four I am unable to remember the hair color of my main character or whether city X lies north or south of the equator, and I am then forced to go back and try to pull all of this into some kind of order. Lee, on the other hand, is a researcher. I don't think Lee's characters ever forget what color their eyes are, or where they live or any other detail. Lee's notebooks are a fascination to me, meticulous, beautiful... maybe it's the kind of habit you get into when you have so much going on as Lee does, because between herself and Pat (who is the other half of this team and one heck of a guy) there are enough projects going on in that Kansas domicile to keep your average couple booked up from now to hereafter. They bubble with creativity. Bubble. That's a fair word. Seethe and simmer. There are plots cooking, arts being practiced, things being hatched, designs being contrived, in short, this is not mundane territory.



Marta Randall from the WisCon 7 program book

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 8
1984

Elizabeth A. Lynn



Lee Killough
from the WisCon 7
program book

Lee calls me to say hello, they have a new house! Yes, well, they've installed this marvelous modern sound-activated lighting system. You just clap your hands and the lights go on and off.

And then there was this Kansas thunderstorm.

These are people of a kindred spirit, I tell you.

I love 'em. I love the stories Lee tells. Mama is one of a kind; and the intricate otherworldly tales which depend on alien biologies and strange geologies and all the kind of gosh-wow curiosity that makes us all ambitious to go kiting round the globe; but Lee's aren't based on anything quite so close to home—they're whole other creatures, thought out right down to their skeletons and out to their guts and feelings and the things that make them truly alien and the things that make us know them.

Go on. Ask about the ferrets. She'll hate me for this. Get her off on police stories. Make her write the zoo novel. This is one multitalented person, this Lee Killough.

From the "Memory Lane" section
of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 7 I've had the following works published: a poem titled "The Colonist" (*Asimov's* June 1983); three short stories, "The Leopard's Daughter" (*Asimov's* February 1984), "Symphony For a Lost Traveler." (*Analog* March 1984, Hugo nominee), and "Deathglass," (*Asimov's* April 1985); and a novel, *Liberty's World* (DAW 1985).

I'm currently working on expanding "The Leopard's Daughter" to a novel. I've also finished and am trying to sell another novel with the characters from *The Doppelganger Gambit*. Hopefully, it will be sold by WisCon.

I'm still working at the veterinary hospital. I haven't been able to afford to write full time yet. We still have the same Burmese cat Phaedra and no new additions to our pet population. Oh, I'm writing on a word processor these days, a TI Pro, using WordPerfect and am delighted with the performance of both. Unfortunately, it just makes *writing* easier...it doesn't make the *sales* come any faster.

Oh, dear, it's hard to put down what I remember from WisCon 7...in an organized fashion, that is. Arriving there and coming home became a real adventure in flying what with cancelled flights and such, but we did arrive both ways with all our luggage and Pat's wheelchair. I do remember lovely weather, walking around the center of Madison, a city I have decided I like very much, in the foggy morning. I remember friendly fans and an intelligent, sensitive, caring conglom. We found a great deal of amusement in being able to tell people back home that our liaison people were a nurse/doctor couple...he being nurse and she the doctor. Tom Porter and Susan Kinast-Porter helped make our visit to Madison and WisCon as stress-free as possible. I remember a dizzying array of programming, all good.

WisCon 7 started some friendships for me, with Suzette Haden Elgin. We've met a number of times since, and gone through at least one horribly unforgettable SFRA meeting together, and become good friends. Marta Randall and I found, too, that we not only both write science fiction, but we are both "Hill Street Blues" fans, and the rehearsal for opening ceremonies had to finish in time for us to race off to her room to watch the show Thursday night.

Those opening ceremonies! I've never been through another like them. But I

loved them. Yours is the only convention I've ever done a strip tease at. Sitting and watching the opening ceremonies at other conventions, you know the kind, where they say "Hi there, and here are our guests," I've often thought back to the zaniness of the one at WisCon and wondered why more cons aren't as imaginatively crazy or crazily imaginative.

Pat says that he had heard of WisCon's feminist reputation and went with some trepidation, expecting to have rocks thrown at him for being male, but was pleasantly surprised to find very few shrill feminist voices. He was able to relax and enjoy himself. We both felt we received royal treatment that made the trouble with the planes well worth it. And we wish Madison sat closer to Manhattan so we could come back more often.

WisCon 8

February 24-26, 1984

Guests: Elizabeth A. Lynn and Jessica Amanda Salmonson

Chair: Peter Theron

Elizabeth A. Lynn

by Debbie Notkin

Elizabeth A. Lynn is the author of five novels and one short story collection (so far). If you want to know about her, you should read her books. If you want to know more about her than you can find out in her books, you're probably out of luck, because she's a very private person.

Liz Lynn is sometimes confused with Elizabeth A. Lynn, which isn't too surprising, since they seem to inhabit the same body. Lizzy is also a pretty private person, but she's a bit more accessible than her author-counterpart Elizabeth A. Lizzy is a creature of strange passions, ranging from the Japanese martial art of aikido to the Chinese delicacy of duck feet in black bean sauce, from her dog and two cats to pro football, from "Hill Street Blues" to the German print-maker Hundertwasser.

Liz recently moved to a smaller house, and decided to cull her book collection. It now consists only of those few hundred volumes that she can't possibly live without, an eclectic range from mysteries to mountain-climbing texts. One of the few ways you can be sure she's actually connected to Elizabeth A. Lynn is that most of Lizzy's passions show up in the books somewhere—ice-climbing sequences in *The Sardonyx Net* are a perfect example.

I'm not sure which of them writes the book reviews and the occasional critical article, but I think it must be Lizzy (Elizabeth A. probably limits herself to fiction). Certainly, Lizzy has strong enough opinions about what she reads to be a reviewer. Everyone I know uses the phrase, "I threw the book across the room," but I think Liz is the only person who actually does it, even if she usually does go pick it up and read at least a little bit further afterwards. She's an incredibly satisfying person to sit around and discuss books with, too. She seems to have come away from her English masters degree with a remarkable ability to articulate what she liked and didn't like, but without the stuffy self-importance which so often accompanies such an education. We usually agree, but it's more interesting to me when we disagree, since then I have to look at the book again and see if maybe she's right. Her passionate likes and dislikes are as strong in literature as they are anywhere else—ask her about Shirley Jackson, for example, or Michael Bishop. (If you



WisCon 8 cover by
Wendy Wees

WisCon 8
1984Jessica Amanda
SalmonsonElizabeth A. Lynn
from the WisCon 8
program book

want to know about her passionate dislikes, you'll have to ask in person. I'm too much of a coward to name them here.)

Most of the adventures I've had with Liz have been in less mundane surroundings than icebergs or spaceships. In fact, most of them have been in Chinese restaurants. There was the day she tried to talk me into ordering the jellyfish.... Now, no one wants to look cowardly in front of her friends, so I made up a whole spiel about how I'd be delighted to try it if there were more of us, but since it was just she and I, if we didn't like it.... She can't be daunted by such flimsy excuses—she got an extra half-order, over and above our meal, and she made me taste it. (It wasn't bad.) There was the day she went into the restaurant kitchen to ask if our favorite dish would be coming out soon. And there was the day we got started eating together in Chinatown. It was about three days after a tong war massacre where the Golden Dragon Restaurant wasn't likely to be at all crowded. She was right, but the waiter did go out of his way to seat us at a table which was not in line of sight from the door.

Elizabeth A. Lynn may be a writer, but Liz always stands out in my mind as a teacher. I've taken aikido classes from her, and I've watched her teach literature classes, and I've never ceased to be amazed at the amount of confidence she can generate in students. Watching any student's effort, no matter how far off some arbitrary mark, Liz can find something to praise, something to make the student feel capable. She simply doesn't criticize without saying something complimentary as well—and her students not only learn a great deal, they also get to the point where they'll walk through fire for her.

I said that I think of Liz primarily as a teacher, but I also think of her as a good friend—I don't mean a close friend, but someone who is extremely skilled in the fragile and little appreciated art of friendship. Lizzy's friends are the recipients of a constant loyalty, a faith in their abilities and judgments and motives, a certainty that her friendship is a bulwark they can fall back on. Liz takes friendship seriously (but not humorlessly) and she is remarkably good at it.

That's Liz as I see her—she is certainly complex enough so that someone else who knows her might see completely different things. One thing I do know—she'll make this WisCon a livelier and more interesting place to be than it would without her.

From the "Memory Lane" section
of the WisCon 10 program book:

The very year of WisCon 8 I had a Bluejay book published: *The Silver Horse*, illustrated by Madison fan artist Jeanne Gomoll.

My most memorable experience at WisCon 8 was the best rock and roll party I've ever attended at a con! Great folks! Good beer, too.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson

by Phyllis Ann Karr

On a bookshelf in my bedroom stands a wooden statuette from France: a young woman in sabots, long skirt, long-sleeved blouse, and hooded cloak. She carries one lamb in her arms, while another clings almost catlike to her skirt. Her hair is collarbone-length and blonde, her face strong, happy, and smiling. Who did the carver have in mind? Joan of Arc tending her sheep? The Good Shepherd as Shepherdess? A crèche figure? If St. Joan, it is a kind of treatment I have not seen elsewhere, for the head is bent very slightly earthwards and the smile has nothing of rapt mysticism. It is an earthy smile. You can almost see a twinkle in the eyes.

May 24-27, 1996

Whoever this statue represented to the artisan, I bought it and describe it here because to me the face bears a definite resemblance to Jessica Amanda Salmonson. Probably she would prefer to be cast as almost any other Amazon than Joan of Arc—and if Joan, at least in armor! She might find the Good Shepherdess equally objectionable, for whether male chauvinism is integral or accidental to Xianity has formed one of our favorite bones of contention for years. But until I find a Samurai statuette with the same face, this one serves as Jessica's proxy. (Usually reminding me that I owe her at least one letter.)

It was the late Dale C. Donaldson who introduced us, with the help of the much maligned and often malignable post office, back in the early seventies. I was trying to break into Dale's *Moonbroth*, and he forwarded one of my stories to Jessica, who was looking for what Dale called S&S. (That was also the first time I'd ever heard the term S&S. I think it was still a comparatively respectable label then, and I felt so tickled to learn I'd been writing the stuff that I still prefer that tag to "heroic fantasy.")

Well, Jessica didn't want that story any more than Dale had—maybe less—and she didn't want the next half-dozen or so I submitted, either. But she kept bouncing them back with full, painstaking explanations of what was wrong with them. Excruciating comments, sometimes: when Jessica makes a point, she leaves no room for misinterpretation. At length I grew so angry at her reaction to a tale for which I'd borrowed one of my all-time favorite literary characters (safely in public domain) as hero, that I worked up an alternate-universe version of him, put him into his first short story, and finally broke into Jessica's *Literary Magazine of Fantasy and Terror*. Jessica is the godmother of Torin the Toymaker.

As editor, Jessica is tough but just. An author herself, she respects the opinions and integrity of her contributing authors. Either she likes a story or she doesn't; if she doesn't, she rejects it intact, while if she does, when it appears in one of her publications or anthologies it will still be the author's own story, not an editor's exercise in literary reinterpretation. She has more often rejected stories of mine than asked for rewrites, but when she does want a rewrite, it is usually minor and always, always in the spirit and best interests of the story itself according to the author's vision at the time of its composition. (And if ever she asked for a rewrite and then did not buy the story after all, it must have been a most unusual case.) Breaking into a Jessica Amanda Salmonson anthology is like joining a cooperative venture complete with lots of camaraderie.

On encountering injustice in the publishing world, Jessica is an Amazon indeed, always ready and eager to hassle on behalf of authors' rights: the right not to be censored, the right to receive royalties and other payments, including authors' copies. As an example of her own scrupulous honesty in business dealings, when I coedited and typed material for *Fantasy and Terror*, my aging, idiosyncratic Selectric refused to produce usable copy on the special, expensive paper Jessica provided—and she wanted to pay me for typing the unusable pages, anyway!

Probably Jessica's favorite hat, however, is that of author: writing peaceably at her typewriter creating her tales of wonder and excitement. She can immerse herself totally in the world of her present project—the wholeness of focus that has produced the remarkable *Tomoe Gozen* saga, surely her masterpiece to date in the novel category, which among other things makes the rich culture of medieval Japan immediately, almost casually, intelligible to Western readers with even the minimum of exposure to Samurai tradition.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson
from the WisCon 8
program book

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 8
1984

Jessica Amanda
Salmonson

Yet apparently at the same time, and without disturbing her central focus, she manages forays into other pastures, questing for the best new worlds to explore in their turn. Her appetite for nonfiction always awes me, her knack of unearthing obscure volumes must be the envy of many a bibliophile; her ability to digest research material, the goal of many a scholar. Her penchant for choosing unusual backgrounds, her vision in examining even "familiar" settings from untraditional vantage points, and her talent for turning research and personal meditation into materials for many readers is the stuff of which lasting literature is made.

Over the years, Jessica's thoughts have influenced mine to a greater extent than either of us would probably have imagined when we exchanged our first letters. One criticism of hers especially has born its fruit: after several years and two moves it would be hard to put my hands on her actual letter, but in rejecting one of my stories that involved exterminating a dragonlike creature, she asked, Why should anyone assume that this creature was evil and had less right to live than the villagers (gnomes and such) simply because they were humanoid and it was not? The often misunderstood way of the true, disciplined warrior does not entail mere thud and blunder hacking, however refined. It demands appreciation of life, respect for the enemy, the strength to apply strength only where and when appropriate. I think Jessica Amanda Salmonson is farther than most of us along this road.



Jessica Amanda Salmonson

The Real Jessica Amanda Salmonson

by Eileen Gunn

Jessica Salmonson, seven feet tall in her clear-plastic stiletto heels and wearing a leopard-print cheong-sam, had verbally nailed Paul Novitski to the wall in an argument over the need for feminist separatism. Licking his wounds later over tea and tofu, Paul told me all about it. Though he didn't actually describe Jessica, I could see her pretty clearly. Where did she get the leopard-print cheong-sam, I wondered. I'd been looking for one for years.

Two days later, when I met Jessica for the first time, I could see no trace of this Amazon, or, alas, the leopard-print cheong-sam. Jessica Salmonson was a different woman in drawstring cotton pants and a djellaba, small of stature, with blonde hair like a Christmas-tree angel. She was quiet, and if you didn't listen to what she was muttering under her breath, she was polite.

But which one was the *real* Jessica? Are people who they are in their living rooms? Or are they who they are in other people's imaginations? Or are they both? If the last is true, there are a lot of real Jessicas.

There's the fierce Jessica. The one who writes novels of bloodshed and dismemberment. The one who delights in third-rate yakuza movies. The one who, brandishing a samurai sword, leaped into a pro-dawn gathering of chanting drum-playing Krishna converts and demanded that they shut up and let her get some sleep, or she'd slaughter them all.

This Jessica, after finishing the third novel of her trilogy and putting her heroine through ever more-rigorous adventures, declared gleefully, "If anyone ever sees Tomoe Gozen again, she'll be limping rather badly."

Jessica leavens her ferocity with a self-awareness I find engaging. I overheard her recently in resounding argument with Jerry Kaufman, exclaiming "Fans are jerks!" When Jerry took offense, Jessica responded inexorably, "When I say 'fans,' I mean me!"

Obviously, this is the same Jessica who commented with scathing generosity on a well-known fannish editor: "I think he's a cultural hero to fandom, and I think he deserves to be."

And yet Jessica can be painstakingly patient with 14-year-olds who are putting out their first awful fanzines, granting them interviews and writing letters of comment. Her attitude reminds me of Helen Gurley Brown describing *Cosmopolitan* readers: "They're little mouseburgers. was a little mouseburger once and I know how they feel..."

The fierce Jessica should contrast with Jessica the vegetarian. But, Belushi-like, she is Samurai Vegetarian, her long sword slicing into the table, splitting the plate of stir-fried tofu and snowpeas cleanly in half, the chicken-based sauce oozing slowly onto the tablecloth.

And Jessica the vegetarian segues smoothly into the more aesthetic Jessica. My sustaining image of Jessica is of her walking with Wendy Wees on a drizzly Seattle night, both of them dressed in idiosyncratic adaptations of Japanese clothing, their heads tilted toward one another under an oiled-paper umbrella from China. They look like a print by Harunobo Suzuki.

This quieter Jessica can also be seen in some of her short stories and in some of the stories she has selected for her anthologies. Perhaps this Jessica, on fog-shrouded nights, peers through the bamboo at Jessicas that I haven't seen, though I know by hearsay that they existed. A terrified five-year-old strapped into a carnival electric chair, with harrowingly explicit instructions on where to place hands and feet. A twelve-year-old wrestling with a 300-pound monitor lizard. (Or was it a twenty-year-old toying with a ten-pound lizard? It sounded awfully big.) I've been told there was even a Jessica who enjoyed having doors opened for her. I find them all amazing, but I never met them personally, so I will give them here only a nod and a wink, as I would a sympathetic stranger.

An important contender for the title of Real Jessica is Jessica as she imagines herself. In an unsolicited testament, Jessica described herself as "a half-blind 400-pound double-amputee who practices aiado. I usually win," she said, "because the sight of me coming across the dojo floor wielding a sword intimidates most opponents. Wendy Wees," she continued, "is a six-foot anorexic."

I would put my money on there being lots more Jessicas. You may know some yourself. I wager that the real ones are all smallish, however fierce they get, and that none of them owns a leopard-print cheong-sam.

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since WisCon 8 I've had the following works published: *The Haunted Wherry and Other Rare Ghost Stories*, a collection (Strange Co. 1985); *Ou Lu Khen and the Beautiful Madwoman*, a novel (Ace 1985); *A Silver Thread of Madness*, a short-story collection (Ace 1986); and *The Diary of Cathia the Bold*, poetry (Angst World Library 1985).

Nominations and awards: Oh, well, I had a Balrog nomination for a workman-like story but an even worse story by someone else won instead and I was a mere runner-up. Won a case of Reynolds Aluminum Wrap when I was 8 years old, at Disneyland. Winner, Jessica Amanda Salmonson Memorial Award, Best Novels by a Corpse. Best In Show (Polish Rabbits), Western Washington Fair. Grocery Store Bingo Lottery Winner, \$2 prize. Winner of 1985 Marathon Slog, "Slog for Lepers Marathon," Madagascar Olympics.

I'm currently working on: a few secrets.

And the rest of my life has included the following: many secrets.

My most memorable experience at WisCon 8 was: Let's see. I remember the used bookstores in town were pitiful, they have even better ones than those in Dallas where nobody knows how to read. The convention, however, was

quite fun, and people laughed so hard at my guest of honor speech that I almost decided to give up being an author and go into comedy instead, until I realized that those were the only funny things that ever happened to me, ever. It was the first time I met Spike: that was swell. I think Liz Lynn was there too, but it was sometimes hard to be certain: her "hall costume" was "ghost," which perhaps only means she's smarter than I am. I also recall being followed around for a long time by a fellow who always said things like, "Huh, uh, uh, I haven't read your books, but, uh, huh, uh, gee, would you sign my program book, gee, uh, huh," the whole while smacking himself in the forehead to keep his glasses on straight. What else? Oh, just lots. It was a swell time had by all, I hope, especially me, really it was. If there were any serious mishaps, I've completely forgotten them. Oh yeah! Just remembered, my little prose-poem booklet, published by Strange Company, debuted that weekend, *Innocent of Evil*, and lots of people bought copies of that. That was a big thrill, absolutely, because it's hard to find that many people who give a toot about poetry.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson in 1996:

Was it so long ago as that? Some of my post-1988 publishing credits include *The Encyclopedia of Amazons* from Paragon House (hardcover), still in print from Doubleday in trade paperback; the novel *Anthony Shriek: or, Lovers from Another Realm* from the justly ill-fated Dell/Abyss line; a teensy hardcover called *Mr. Monkey and Other Sumerian Fables* from a world-famed publisher of miniature books, Tabula Rasa Press; *Wisewomen & Boggy-boos: A Dictionary of Lesbian Fairy Lore from Banned Books*; and a collection of poems-in-prose *The Goddess Under Siege* from the Street of Crocodiles Press. Short story collections have included: *A Silver Thread of Madness* from Ace; *John Collier and Fredric Brown Went Quarreling Through My Head* from Weirdbook Press; *The Mysterious Doom* and *Phantom Waters* from Sasquatch Books; *The Eleventh Jaguarundi and Other Mysterious Persons* from Wordcraft of Oregon; and the already extremely rare *Mystic Women: Their Ancient Tales and Legends as Told By a Woman Inmate of the Calcutta Insane Asylum* from Street of Crocodiles Press.

I pretty much stopped writing novels years ago as I just didn't like spending the time on them and have always regarded the industry that publishes genre novels an insult to art. I have focused more on short stories, nonfiction, and poetry. At the beginning of 1995 I received quite a large arts grant from a private source and have lived so frugally that I still have some of it, which has freed me to pursue kabbalistic and gnostic studies as I work on an elaborate quarter-million-word apocryphon on the Feminine Divine in Western Religious Traditions, a book that will be long in progress and which I somewhat facetiously call my *Philistine's Guide to Women and Goddesses of the Bible*. I haven't a clue who might one day publish such an enormous and extravagant against-the-grain overview, but I've been driven to work on it since experiences induced by many weeks bedridden on the brink of death. At that time Lilith, the lowest rung of Jacob's Ladder, visited me in my hallucinatory state on many consecutive nights. These were instructive and erotic encounters during which I received teachings I later discovered were drawn from ancient wisdom literature, though I couldn't recall having read these works formerly, and still wonder how I could have come up with such things as a strict matter of hallucination. I would like to have those experiences again, but without having to become so ill that death was the expected outcome. The encounters made me something of a saktist devoted to Mother Kali's western manifestations.

My editing projects since 1988 have included some historically significant material: a two-volume set of *The Collected Supernatural Stories of Fitz-James O'Brien* (a gay Irish-American of the 1850s) from Doubleday; *What Did Miss Darrington See?: Feminist Supernatural Fiction* from the Feminist Press (this took the Lambda Award and Reader-Con Award); and *Master of Fallen Years: Complete Supernatural Stories of Vincent O'Sullivan* (a chum of Oscar Wilde's) for the Ghost Story Press in London. I'm currently editing a multi-volume set of the best weird tales of Julian Hawthorne (Nathaniel's son) for Ash-tree Press, and have two other titles forthcoming from the Ghost Story Press: *The Moonstone Mass and Others: Complete Supernatural Stories of Harriet Prescott Spofford* (an American Victorian) and a collection of my own tales, *The Deep Museum: Ghost Stories of a Melancholic*. There's much else going on besides.

I've several memories of that particular WisCon, such as the riotous audience response to my True Adventures with the sexy lunatics Suzy and Rick. But the best moment may have come during a reading of a story I considered about the best thing I'd written up to that time. "The Womb and the Grave" subsequently appeared in *A Silver Thread of Madness*. I still strongly believe in the artistic merits of that strikingly cynical story of God's most beloved angel merrily harming humanity. But it was the more upbeat "Nights in the City" that was chosen from that collection for a year's best anthology, even though I had mentioned to the editor that "Womb" was the most significant piece, and it is the happy-ending "Lincoy's Journey" that is most often mentioned to me by readers. Very few people have agreed with me that "Womb" is the collection's most important story, I believe because its salience is genuinely too ghastly to contemplate. At the premier reading, a large fellow named Dennis sat rapt in the front row, following the grim adventure attentively. At the poisonous conclusion, most of the audience clapped politely then prepared for the next bit of programming. But Dennis sat some while motionless with his arms folded over his head, giving forth a murmured mournful groan. Of all the responses to my stories I've ever witnessed close to hand, Dennis's remains the most appropriate. I thought him one of the few people in this illusory world to become truly attuned to our actual position within infinity, if only for that marvelously tragic moment.

WisCon 9

February 22–24, 1985

Guests: Lisa Tuttle and Alicia Austin

Chair: Richard S. Russell

Lisa Tuttle

by George R.R. Martin

When you stop to think about it, the Brits really have a lot to answer for. The whole imperialism thing, for starts, and the beastly way they've treated the Irish, and that business of burning the White House during the War of 1812 (before that, it was pink). Not to mention inflicting Margaret Thatcher and Benny Hill on the world. The thing that they went and made off with Lisa Tuttle a few years ago. She went over there, all unsuspecting, for the WorldCon in 1979, and what did those bounders do? They kept her!

Lisa was one of our national treasures, even if she did come from Texas. In fact, she was one of the few things that kept the state viable. When you weigh the contributions of



Lisa Tuttle
from the WisCon 9
program book

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 9
1985

Lisa Tuttle

Texas to the human race, on the minus side you've got Texas weather, the Dallas Cowboys, the bland stuff Texans think is Mexican food, and most Texans; on the plus side there's only Texas barbeque, the Turkey City NeoPro Rodeo in Austin, and Lisa Tuttle. Take away Lisa, and you've got to wonder if the state's worth preserving.

There's no doubt that Lisa's worth preserving, though. Let me tell you about her. She comes from Houston, which is a terrific city if you like to live in a wet sauna. She was an infamous teenage fan, writing for fanzines and editing her own, called *Mathom*, which she has steadfastly hidden from me over the years (if anyone has a copy, I pay cash). She went to college in Syracuse, New York, and learned about snow and wind-chill factors (I expect WisCon to give her a refresher course) and journalism. She was a Clarion graduate, attending the notorious Tulane Clarion, the one with all the angst and cannibal orgies. She was a protégé of Harlan Ellison and lived in his legendary Blue Bedroom for a time. Then she went back to Texas, where she hung around with the Austin neopros, Steve Utley and Howard Waldrop and Joe Pumilia and Lew Shiner, and sometimes even collaborated with them. She got a job on the *Austin American-Statesman* as a typist, and before you could



WIS
CON

STUDENT
HANDBOOK

WisCon 9 cover by
Alicia Austin

signing the theme song from *The Patty Duke Show* she was their television columnist, writing deep analytical pieces on nuance and counterpoint in *Three's Company* and flying to Hollywood every year to interview Big Stars.

Despite these formidable handicaps, she turned out to be one hell of a writer.

She's written more stories than I care to think about, all kinds of stories, polished little mainstream pieces, and science fiction, and fantasy, and contemporary horror. Two of her best stories, "The Family Monkey" and "The Hollow Man," were written for my *New Voices* anthology (I blackmailed her). Other terrific Tuttle tales include "Wives" and "The Other Mother" and the truly horrid "Bug House." And then there was "The Storms of Windhaven," which she coauthored with some other guy. Later that became the first part of *Windhaven* (Timescape, 1981), her first novel. Her second novel, a ghost story called *Familiar Spirit*, set in her old house in Austin, came out from Berkley in 1983. She's also written a children's book, called *Catwitch* and a sort of metaphysical art book called *Angela's Rainbow*. She's presently working on an encyclopedia of feminism for a British publisher. Her third novel, *Gabriel*, is finished and sounds terrific but hasn't been sold yet (publishers, take note).

As for her fourth novel, I'm trying to talk her into doing a second *Windhaven*, so if you want to form a mob and descend on her and tell her what a great idea that'd be and how your lives won't be possibly complete without a new *Windhaven* novel and stuff like that, well, that'd be just fine.

In 1974, she won half of the second John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer. More recently, she won all of a Nebula and turned it down. She's been nominated for the Hugo too, and one day she'll probably win that as well. She lives in Harrow, not far from the location of the first auto fatality in history, with a lucky bloke named Christopher Priest, who she up and married a few years back. She's very friendly and very witty and very talented and very gorgeous and altogether she'll be a terrific guest, and maybe if we're lucky she'll tell the Big Mouth Frog Joke during her guest of honor speech.



Lisa Tuttle with Emily



Lisa Tuttle

In fact, I've got a great idea (and won't it surprise those damned Brits?) why don't we keep her?

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Oh, oh. George R.R. Martin, writing in last year's WisCon program book, suggested that, as long as we had Lisa Tuttle here, we ought to keep her. But she went back to England anyway. And now, although she had earlier planned to come to WisCon 10, she can't get out of the country. You don't suppose they're holding her incommunicado? Or maybe she's just hard at work on the next *Windhaven* book.

Lisa Tuttle in 1996:

Since WisCon 9—where I actually did some research—I finished writing my *Encyclopedia of Feminism*, published in 1986 in the United States by Facts on File, and allegedly still in print, although neither I nor anyone I know ever saw it in any bookstore; any sightings or confirmation that it is no longer available (so I can finally get the rights back) would be gratefully received. It got a little more attention, and better distribution, in the United Kingdom where it was published in hardcover by Longman and in paperback by Arrow, both long out of print. A few years ago there was some interest in a revised, updated edition, but this project died when we found that American rights were still tied up.

My marriage to Christopher Priest ended in 1985, but despite the fond hopes of George Martin and other friends, I chose to stay in London, where I was teaching a science fiction class for the University of London, doing some freelance journalism, and writing my books. I followed the *Encyclopedia* with another work of non-fiction, *Heroines: Women Inspired by Women*—a book of interviews with successful women in different fields which never sold in the United States, perhaps because, with the exception of Germaine Greer and Mary Quant (and Marilyn Hacker, who is American) the women involved wouldn't have been familiar to an American audience. It did reasonably well over here, but afterwards I went back to being a fiction writer again.

Gabriel was published in the United States by Tor, in 1988. They were going to follow that with my collection of horror stories, *A Nest of Nightmares* (U.K.: Sphere, 1986), but that was one of the casualties when Tor cut back its list. I've had three collections of short stories published in the U.K., but so far only one, *Memories of the Body* (1992) had a limited distribution as a hardback from Severn House, aimed at libraries, in the U.S. But sometime in the next couple of years White Wolf are planning to publish a compilation—my own "best of" selection from the three British books, with introductions and a brand-new story which I'm working on now, tentatively titled *Riding the Nightmare*. I edited a collection of new horror stories by women writers, *Skin of the Soul* (U.K.: The Women's Press 1990; U.S.: Pocket Books 1991), and wrote two more novels: *Lost Futures* was published as a science fiction novel in the U.K. (Harper-Collins, 1992) and as horror in the U.S. (Dell/Abbyss, 1992). Personally, I think it is a mainstream novel written around a very hard science fictional idea. My most recent novel, *The Pillow Friend*, a fantasy-*Bildungsroman* with elements of horror, erotica, and autobiography—is to be published in the U.S. by White Wolf in September 1996. I also have a young adult fantasy, *Panther in Argyll*, which is being published in the U.K. by Methuen in May.

Before the 1980s were over I had managed to properly meet Colin Murray—whom I had only known rather distantly, as my publisher at Sphere—and we fell in love. We left London in 1990 to move to a rather remote, and very

WisCon 9
1985

Alicia Austin

WisCon 11
1987

Connie Willis

beautiful, area of Scotland. (George Martin, who has visited us twice, can verify the beauty, even if he does prefer a drier climate.) Our daughter, Emily Claire Tuttle Murray, was born in 1991. She's five years old now, and goes to school in the village of Tarbert. I certainly couldn't have predicted any of this (except the writing) back at WisCon 9, nor could I have known how happy I'd be eleven years later!

Alicia Austin

by Jinx Beers

Alicia Austin followed in her family's artistic footsteps by beginning her own creative career at the age of six. She spent her formative years as an army brat absorbing the different styles and philosophies of artists and schools in Texas, California, Arkansas, Canada, Germany, and Japan before discovering her special penchant for fantasy art.

After attending Houston's Sacred Heart Dominican College on an art scholarship, Alicia studied art, biology, and comparative anatomy at the University of Houston with thoughts of becoming a medical illustrator. She then moved to Canada where a college club science fiction and fantasy magazine coerced her into doing their illustrations.

And thus a hobby was born.

Shortly thereafter, Alicia displayed her work at the 1969 WorldCon Convention in St. Louis, where every piece was purchased during the first two days of exhibition.

And thus a career was born.

Alicia's popularity has grown steadily in the last fourteen years. Magazine assignments have led to book and cover assignments. An anthology of her work, *Age of Dreams: The Illustrations of Alicia Austin*, was published in 1978. Her national recognition expanded dramatically in 1980 with the publication of three books and a major short story. Her reputation was confirmed in 1981 with the publication of four books, a portfolio, a group of magazine commissions and an ever-increasing number of exhibits. Her private works, distributed exclusively by the artist on the West Coast and The Pendragon Gallery on the East Coast, are prized by collectors across the country.

Alicia is currently augmenting her artistic horizons by working with etchings, acrylics, and Southwestern art. She is very excited about these new directions and manages to work simultaneously in her new style, her old style, and a combination of the two.

While she undertakes personal commissions on a limited basis, Alicia still manages to find time to work with such distinguished authors as Ursula K. Le Guin and to accept some of her frequent invitations to appear as guest of honor at science fiction and fantasy conventions. She was recently chosen as a principal artist for "The Enchanted World," an important new publication series from Time-Life Books.

Honored in 1970 with the Hugo Award for Best New Artist, Alicia has consistently ranked in the top ten of the Hugo's professional surveys. In 1979, she received both the Balrog Award for Best Professional Publication and the Howard Award for Best Fantasy Artist. In 1982, her work was added to the permanent collection of The New British Museum of American Art.

Alicia is a member of the Graphic Artist Guild, the Association of Science Fiction Artists, and the Los Angeles Business and Professional Association.

At one of her many convention appearances, Alicia was asked to describe herself and her work. "I've been told that a picture is worth a thousand words," she said. "If that's true, there's a whole library in the next room devoted to Alicia Austin. Go read it."

From the "Memory Lane" section of the WisCon 10 program book:

Since last year I've had three books published in the *Enchanted World* series from Time-Life Books: *Magical Beasts*, *Dwarfs*, and *Legends of Valor*. I'm currently working on two more in the series: *Giants* and *Water Sprites*.

I was awarded Best of Show for Overall Work at the Ojai (California) Arts Festival, and the Guest of Honor choice award for "Land of Counterpane" at LepreCon 2 in Phoenix. I had a one-woman show at the Pendragon Gallery in Annapolis for the month of November in 1985.

My best memories of WisCon 9 involved the friendliness of the people there. I knew a few folk from earlier conventions, but it seemed that in no time at all I felt I knew almost everyone else—especially the committee folk. They all went out of their way to assist Jinx and me and make us feel welcome. I also remember the unusually good weather. I'd been terrified of being trapped in transit by a blizzard—but surprise! The snow actually melted because of unseasonable warmth—probably emanating from the WisCon convention committee! Sorry I can't attend this gala anniversary—you'll be in my thoughts.



Alicia Austin from the WisCon 9 program book

WisCon 10

February 21–23, 1986

Guests: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro and Suzette Haden Elgin

Chair: Andrew P. Hooper

(see WisCon 5 for Yarbro and 6 for Elgin)

WisCon 11

February 20–22, 1987

Guests: Connie Willis, Avedon Carol, and Samuel R. Delany

Chair: Carrie Root

Connie Willis

by Cynthia Felice

This incredible woman who won a National Endowment for the Arts Literary Fellowship, two Nebulas, and a Hugo in



WisCon 10 cover

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 11

1987

Avedon Carol

rapid succession—I look at her and know there's no end to what she can do, that she's one of the truly remarkable writers in science fiction.

We met in 1975 at the Colorado Springs Writers Workshop, which gathered at that time about once a month in my living room. She didn't know anyone in the workshop. Connie sat on my couch, a trifle prim with her hands folded in her lap, back straight, short dark hair neatly framing her face, and introduced herself to the group as a housewife and substitute teacher. She spoke cautiously at first, mentioning some sales to "confession" magazines and one very old sale to *Worlds of Fantasy*. Connie, not having read the stories that were being critiqued that day, had to sit very quietly and listen for the rest of the meeting. I can't remember who else was at that meeting nor whose stories were on the block, but I remember that by break time, two or three hours after Connie had arrived, she had opened like a flower and we talked about writing, with her side of the conversation flowing like a river that had just broken the dam.

In 1977 we attended the Milford Writers workshop together. The entire workshop went to the *Star Wars* premiere in Colorado Springs, and the movie was the springboard for discussion many nights in a row. Many Milfordians condemned *Star Wars* as being *mere* space opera, without the substance we strive for in *real* science fiction. Connie and I said we liked space opera. That, the more disparaging Milfordians maintained, was as bad as liking gothic romance. Connie and I said we liked gothic romance. Connie explained that everyone in the room was wrong in assuming that the space opera formula was a spaceship, a boy, and a wise old uncle/scientist, and that the gothic formula was a castle, a girl, and a hero to perform the rescue. She provided the true formula, which brought the accusations of infusing trash with imagined qualities of *real* writing. Only I extolled her incisiveness, for everything she had said about the formula was true. Some Milfordians then said that if we really believed in the space opera/gothic formula we should write one. I remember looking across the room and meeting a fixed gaze from Connie, seeing an enigmatic smile: *Let's show them!*

At the Milford Conference in 1980, Connie endeared herself to Milfordians by leading them on a "short" hike to a waterfall in Telluride Canyon. The science fiction world almost lost George R.R. Martin in his engineer boots to the screen, and Nick Yermakov in his cowboy boots (New York's version...snakeskin leather, I think) on the moss-covered rocks above the falls. But Connie was surefooted as a mountain goat and insistent that all continue with the airing, despite the perils. She was wearing a sweater and jeans, tennis shoes without socks. We ate sack lunches and watched the rainbow in the mist, all the better for some physical exercise after days of sitting, crowded around a table, critiquing stories. Before we left the falls, I saw her pick up candy wrappers and a potato chip bag, automatically stuff them in her pocket before heading back to town.

In 1982 in Glenwood Springs, another Milford, and Connie and I put the *Water Witch* manuscript on the block. Connie sat with her notepad on her knees, pencil in hand. She had the innocuous look of a serious student. She looked up during the critiques only to raise her brows at me when anyone announced they'd read the

whole novel or to say they'd found yet another nit—our hero's eyes had changed from blue to grey, or an unintentional pun. *Is this the worst of it?* she seemed to be saying. Ed Bryant summed up the critique, flat, deadpan, "It probably will sell." Connie blinked, her eyes glazed. At least half the people in the room had been at Milford in 1977, and they looked funny eating crow. Connie didn't laugh, at least, not until much later when we were alone.

I couldn't be in New York in 1983 to watch Connie be called up twice to receive her Nebulas. But I did watch her accept her Hugo in Baltimore. She was wearing a pretty dress and a big smile. She took the microphone and gave thanks that, in the way sincere gratitude often does, sounded a bit corny and made us all so glad to have known her all along. After the Hugos, Connie was the belle of the balls, her smile triumphant and ironical, her conversation carried away by whims and exhilaration. Yet before we left Baltimore the next day, she was back at work with a research trip to Menchen's grave, during which she filled a sheaf of papers with notes, returning barely in time to make it to the airport to catch our plane. She hand-carried the Hugo and the notes, protective of them as equal treasures, stories past and stories future.

It's winter in 1986. Connie and I are walking, airing ourselves after a work-session lunch, talking as we often do about our favorite subject, writing. We've just finished *Light Raid*, the new collaboration, and Connie's already talking about the new solo story she's working on. I look at her. She's wearing a rust-colored Holubar parka that she sewed up herself and the wind is making her ears turn pink and mussing her dark hair. There are a few grey hairs now, and a few on my head, too. There's something shy about her smile as she talks about her new story that reminds me of the day I first met her. She doesn't look like a national treasure, or a holder of two Nebulas and a Hugo. She doesn't look much like anything except cold out here in the wind. And yet I know there's no end to what she can write, that we'll read ever more remarkable stories from her for years to come.

Avedon Carol

by Patrick Nielsen Hayden

My credentials for [Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund] are that once upon a time I started reading science fiction, eventually discovered fandom, went to (and worked on) some conventions, wrote some things and built some fanzines, and even wrote some creditable con reports, one of which was fake. My hobbies include collecting the humour of Hemingway and wearing cheap shoes.

Avedon Carol, TAFF ballot platform, Fall 1982

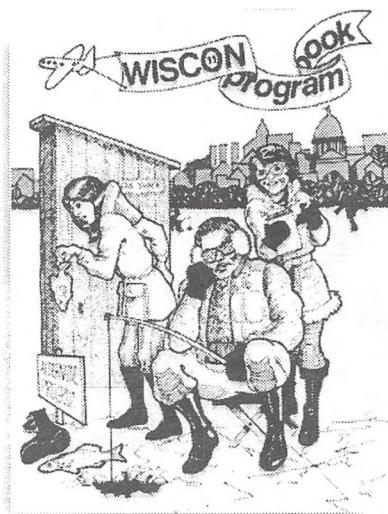
The prosaic history of Avedon Carol reveals less than it conceals. In this one aspect she is not unique, for in fact all fan-historical narrative—all attempts to pin the timebinding subjectivity of fandom down to a grid of dates, places, titles, and proper sequence—all such efforts imply a concept of progression and mounting achievement which is inimical to our real experience of the microcosm. I cannot detail Avedon's Fannish Career because fandom is not about careers; fandom is more like a cocktail party on a Möbius strip. Linear history tells us only that she entered the Washington (D.C.) Science Fiction Association in 1974, hobnobbed around local cons and get-togethers for a couple of years, and then burst like a thunderclap onto the general fannish scene with a sudden storm of funny, feminist, polemical, and hip letters, articles, and fanzines. But this is mere chronology. By 1977, when *A Women's Apa* hit its stride as



Connie Willis



Connie Willis
from the WisCon 11
program book
art by Jeanne Gomoll



WisCon 11 cover by
Rob Hansen and
Jeanne Gomoll

WisCon 11
1987

Avedon Carol

the focus for a new generation of talented (and politically outspoken) fans, It was as if Avedon Carol had always been there: a seasoned Big Name Fan from the 1950s one felt, perhaps a veteran of the Staple Wars and a combatant in the first WorldCon's Exclusion Act. There was more truth to this subjective perception than may be found in mere facts.

Why you should vote for *Avedon Carol for TAFF*, meyer, is what this is about. Avedon should win TAFF because she liberated Europe, and saved Great Britain during World War II. She assassinated George Lincoln Rockwell, and created the Doors. She's been publishing *Fine Fanzines* for years. She's done splendid programming for *Disclaves*, and is working on fan stuff for the upcoming WorldCon in Baltimore. She has given her life for rock and roll, and now refuses to listen to anything post-1972....She's a con fan, and a fanzine fan, and she knows Where It's At, boss.

Gary Farber, *Epiphany* #1, December 1982

What inspired such reactions? Simply, to many of us Avedon Carol represented a new synthesis of *attitude* (an important concept, despite its corruption into a trendy buzzword). In fandom, we already had mundane political debate, but all too often it bogged down in overabstraction (hard to get too concerned when everyone in the debate is comfortably middle-class anyway) and died in terminal humorlessness. We already had dedication to fanac as a pursuit inherently worthy for its own sake, but even among the most energetic fans this approach tended to collapse into internecine squabbling for lack of anything further to talk about. And of course we'd already had periodic intrusions of hip sensibility into fandom, something we'd always needed ("Fans are squares," said F. Towner Laney in 1946, and he's still right) but which we'd never known quite how to react to.

Somewhere in the interstices of Avedon's first explosion of fanac, however, many fans of the period 1976-78 abruptly realized that all those half-tried elements, all that disparate stuff might in fact combine into a workable mix, a new approach to fandom, a new style which integrated our impulses as fannish fans *and* as political radicals *and* as participants in popular culture. A crucial part of this was our amazement that someone as patently, um, *cool* as Avedon would *want* to be so involved in fandom in the first place—for, then as now, even the most talented fans tended to labor under the delusion that somewhere outside of fandom there existed scads of hip mundanes having a much better time than we were, rocking and rolling their way through brilliant lives while we hung around hotel corridors reinforcing each other's social inadequacies. Through no fault of her own Avedon bore several resemblances to the dynamic mundanes depicted in this hallucination, yet here she was: energetically getting *into* fandom, taking all its idealistic promise with perfect seriousness, attempting to Be A Fan exactly the way all the received fannish wisdom recommends. Well, since then the heavens have shaken and the earth trembled several times each at least, and from this vantage in 1987 it's hard to make out the shape the crater took upon first impact. Shrubs and grass have sprouted, and we've become used to seeing that mile-wide dent as part of the landscape. But it was one hell of an impression at the time, let me assure you.

If you are young, you are too young to know any better. If you are old, you must be getting senile. When I was four years old, I told them school was fucked up, grownups were unfair, and that they were doing it

wrong. They said I would think different when I got older. But they weren't as old as A.S. Neill, and he said the same things I said.

Twenty-one years later, I still think school is fucked up, grownups are unfair, and they are doing it wrong.

Avedon Carol, *Macho*, September 1977

During one panel [on feminism in fandom, at SunCon] Ann Weiser said to the men in the audience, "Hey, we don't want to be called girls, or chicks, or broads, or ladies, or any of those. Call us..." "Dykes," said Avedon Carol. "Right! Dykes!" Ann cried, raising a clenched fist and then collapsing under the table in laughter.

Terry Carr, *Diaspar* #19, November 1977, reprinted in *Between Two Worlds* (Boston: NESFA Press, 1986)

You're some kind of idealist, right? I asked myself. You think *someone* should write good fanzines, just like someone should be a good president, or someone should write to their congressperson, or someone should complain to the networks about censoring the not-so-dirty words—but it shouldn't be you, because other people are supposed to make this an already-perfect world for you to enjoy.

Right, I answered myself. Dan Steffan can make the perfect fanzine. Or Teresa and Gary and that crowd.

Who said anything about it being *perfect*? Anyway, Ted says you ought to have a mission, and he ought to know? Oh.

Avedon Carol, *Blatant* #8, Spring 1981

Life is just like high school, only there's more places to eat.

Avedon Carol, *WSFANAC* #2, Fall 1980

Tone is important: tone, timing, and connotation. Style is content. Within fandom, Avedon has never specialized in discrete Major Works: while we remember several longer fanzine articles she's published over the years, most of her writing of that sort has appeared outside of fandom. In the context of our microcosm, Avedon's most concrete achievement has been the use of her role as a performer to promulgate a discourse which encourages and validates the kind of idealism that's gradually leached out of mainstream society during the last decade.

Yet for all that idealism, through Avedon's polemic there has always run an underground stream of clear thought, "common" sense of a sort that anyone can relate to no matter what their social or political prejudices may be. "I spend a lot of time imagining that I'm on a TV talk show," she once explained, "and I've got three quick bites in which I've got to explain, say, why hiring lesbians to be teachers isn't going to destroy the moral fiber of American kids." As a result, whenever the argument gets too abstracted from primary reality, Avedon will be the one who brings it back to earth. However she comes by this rhetorical skill, in fandom it's a quality beyond price.

Now, in 1977, we're still hearing that tired old refrain "but men are oppressed by the system too." We know it, charlie, that's how we got here.

Avedon Carol, *The Invisible Fan* #4, Fall 1977

This fanzine is a fanzine. It is produced for the purpose of fanac. Real fanac. You remember that stuff? We do it for fun. Why? Because we like you (c'mon, pick up your cues).

Avedon Carol, colophon to *Life Sentence*, November 1984



Avedon Carol from the WisCon 11 program book

[Fandom] already had mundane political debate, but all too often it bogged down in overabstraction (hard to get too concerned when everyone in the debate is comfortably middle-class anyway) and died in terminal humorlessness. We already had dedication to fanac as a pursuit inherently worthy for its own sake, but even among the most energetic fans this approach tended to collapse into internecine squabbling for lack of anything further to talk about. And of course we'd already had periodic intrusions of hip sensibility into fandom, something we'd always needed ("Fans are squares," said F. Towner Laney in 1946, and he's still right) but which we'd never known quite how to react to.

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 11

1987

Avedon Carol

Nah, you don't understand. "Tolerance" is just a word people use when they're trying to avoid an issue. It's easier than confronting that issue. All them hippies saying it's cool to be queer, man, I know a guy who's queer and he's really okay, just like a real person, and like that. Beats thinking about it.

Avedon Carol, *Professional Virgin*, February 1981

But I agree completely with your idea that we should stop downplaying fandom as a "literary society." I have come to the conclusion that the biggest mistake fandom ever made was to let the idea of Party Land overtake the image. "Come to Fandom and Talk Seriously About Science Fiction"—that should be the image. After we lure in the elitist little intellectual bastards, we'll shut the doors and have a party. But don't fucking tell anyone, or they'll want our beer.

Avedon Carol, letter in *Flash Point* #8, February 1986

A seeming disjunction obtains in the quotes from Avedon presented thus far: those from her first several years in fandom come largely from discussions of feminist issues, whereas those from more recent years concern fandom and fans. In increments, the committed feminist became an equally committed fan, just as concerned with the well-being of the microcosm (which is to say: her friends, her home) as she had ever been with the macrocosmic political questions that she arrived in fandom discussing. In this new concern, certainly, her background in Movement debate has stood her in good stead, has enabled her to confront ancient and tangled disputes (some of which must have seemed eerily familiar) with overdue doses of good sense. What, indeed, is consciousness-raising but a technique for making people recognize common experience despite major differences in background and outlook?

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

What, indeed, is consciousness-raising but a technique for making people recognize common experience despite major differences in background and outlook?

The social network in which I find myself so mired is one composed largely of people who write, and what they write about most often is themselves, each other, and their passions. To read each piece, or the body of work of each author, as no more than a discrete work of art [is] to deny the fundamental humanity of the creators of these works. These are people who reach us frequently, and who respond to our writings as well; to deny the interrelationship we have with each other, as friends, would be to deny our own humanity. Yours is not just the meaningless byline of some stranger who writes for the Sunday newspaper; we write together in a conspiracy of creative friendship that combines the cocktail party with the jam session and transcends any distinction between "art" and a society of friends, acquaintances, and lovers.

Avedon Carol, *Chuch* #1, February 1986

Feminist polemicist to fannish critic: a seeming disjunction, I called it, but not a real one. In the final analysis, life, politics, art, and performance are one; dichotomous analyses serve only to muddy the central question of how we should

treat with one another. As macrocosmic centrist and microcosmic critic, Avedon Carol has kept the attention of those around her on that central question; for her ability to do so, and to entertain and provoke us in the process, she has been honored before and, here at WisCon, is honored again.

Program book Guest of Honor appreciations usually focus on a résumé of their subject's specific works and accomplishments, sometimes garnishing the result with effusions about what a warm, lovable party animal the guest is. So far I have attempted instead to explain how it is that Avedon Carol is significant in fandom: exactly where she fits in with the endless cocktail party on the Möbius strip. But here at the end, a quick résumé and description would probably be in order. Officially, Avedon Carol lives in London with her husband since 1985, artist, writer, and editor Rob Hansen, with whom she co-edits two fanzines: *Chuch*, their own joint project, and *Pulp*, which they co-edit with A. Vincent Clarke and Pam Wells. In addition she continues to publish her own solo personalzine *Blatant*, which has appeared since 1981. Since 1976 she has contributed articles, substantial letters, and reviews to many major fanzines, including *Mythologies*, *Janus*, *Raffles*, *Telos*, *Deadloss*, *Foundation*, *Gambit*, and *Xenium*. In the late 1970s she edited the genzine *The Invisible Fan*; later, she co-edited *Harlot* with Anne-Laurie Logan and Ken Josenhams, and in 1983–84 she co-edited the award-winning (and deplorably funny) one-shots *Rude Bitch* and *Dear Rude Bitch* with Lucy Huntzinger. She has also been a member of *A Women's Apa* since its inception. For many years she was a driving force in the Washington (D.C.) Science Fiction Association, and arranged much of the programming for that group's convention, *Disclave*; in 1983 she ran the fannish programming track (under budget!) for the WorldCon in Baltimore, *ConStellation*. That same year she travelled to the British National Science Fiction Convention in Glasgow as the elected delegate of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund; she moved to London permanently two years later.

Unofficially, Avedon Carol is short, dark, loud, vulgar, funny, smokes too much, complains incessantly about cold weather, and takes forever getting out of the bathroom in the morning. WisCon attendees who haven't previously met her are very likely to find her friendly, provided that they speak to her as if she were a human being rather than a giant and powerful Big Name Fan. Regarding this dubious status, she has recently written, "I don't feel like being called a BNF is necessarily any kind of useful achievement...it seems to mean I'm no longer expected to operate as if I had ordinary human emotions and motivations. I had a pretty good time when I was just a neo who had to introduce myself to everyone." Interesting people (some new ones, even), good conversations, the usual low-rent good time of an American convention: one suspects that these elements, more than any Guest of Honor hoopla, would make Avedon feel really honored here. Well, how would *you* feel?

A few days [after the 1980 WorldCon] I looked at the NoreasCon program book for the first time, and found I was listed in the Who's Who. It said, "Avedon Carol is a provocative letter writer, editor of *The Invisible Fan*, and one of fandom's most knowledgeable and articulate feminists." Ha ha. No one who met me at NoreasCon will ever recognize me from *that*.

Avedon Carol, *Harlot* #2, Spring 1981

Avedon Carol in 1996:

When I first saw Patrick Nielsen Hayden's biography of me for the 1987 WisCon program book, I was so impressed with the person he described that I wanted to run right out

Samuel R. Delany

by Jan Bogstad

We read not the flame
But the ashes left
From the conflagration.
William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*

What Strikes a Writer at the heart of a sentence so that at last, when it lies limp on the page, clarity and contour are gone, along with energy and precision?

Samuel R. Delany, WisCon 5 panel transcript of
"The Early Delany," *New Moon* #3.



Samuel R. Delany
from the WisCon 11
program book

It is given to most wordsmiths to write either fiction or criticism and we in fact sometimes feel more like masons who stick word-bricks together with thin lines of mortar. To reflect as a critic on the processes operating within a fictional work is expected. To reflect as a writer of fiction on the critical process within a fictional work is more rare and has caused the invention of words like "metafiction." To reflect both processes upon one another is the continual practice of Samuel R. Delany. One can learn as much about critical thinking from his fiction as one does from most people's critical writing. Whereas I sometimes feel like a mason, sticking words together, or a coroner left with the remains of a once live entity after the flame of inspiration has burned out the possibilities of language, my experience of Delany's writing is that of an explosion sending consciousness off in many directions. We hear words such as metafiction, metalinguistics, or metacriticism, and these are applied to the literary processes by which one is made to step back from writing and indeed consciousness itself and contemplate their relation to other systems. Whatever elementary understanding I have of these metaproceses comes in part from the study of Delany's fiction and criticism, for in his attempts to exemplify certain critical systems in his fiction, he demonstrates their strengths and their weaknesses.

It is hard for people of my generation to imagine science fiction without Delany, without his unique perspective on the ideal mechanics and the ambiance of a genre which comes across in both of his kinds of writing. He has been a significant part of the maturation of science fiction into its ideal forms virtually from the publication of his first book, *The Fall of the Towers* (1962). At the time, he was 20 and describes in some of his later essays the enthusiasm he had for literature and his attempts to create a modern American novel in science fiction form. He has been at the forefront of several developments in science fiction over the last two and a half decades. The novel *Babel-17* (1966) dealt with linguistics and consciousness at a time when structuralism (which focuses on these questions) was virtually unknown in America. This same novel has a female protagonist, an even more rare development in science fiction of that time. *Nova* (1968) transforms an adventure tale with the conventions of a space journey into a unique literary experience, but equally as interesting were his collaborations with Marilyn Hacker and the *Quark* anthologies, introducing science fiction that displayed experimentation with literary technique, now sometimes called the "New Wave." *Empire Star* (1966) has been read as an investigation of the personal implications of time-dilation theories of physics, but also as an illumination of the destructive social implications of white subjugation of blacks. His longer and most republished novel *Dhalgren* uses parallel narratives, found manuscripts, and a geographical free-space identifiable as nowhere but recognizable as a decaying inner-city.

One can learn as much about critical thinking from [Delany's] fiction as one does from most people's critical writing. Whereas I sometimes feel like a mason, sticking words together, or a coroner left with the remains of a once live entity after the flame of inspiration has burned out the possibilities of language, my experience of Delany's writing is that of an explosion sending consciousness off in many directions.

Jan Bogstad

and meet her. Now, nearly a decade later, I find myself intimidated by a request from WisCon 20's committee to provide an update. What can I possibly say to live up to the image Patrick crafted?

And yet, when I look at Patrick's elegy—er, eulogy—I am startled to realize that there is no mention in there of Feminists Against Censorship, which these days is my big claim to fame.

In 1987, London fan Roz Kaveney and I spent time on the phone bitching about the anti-pornography movement, but it wasn't until 1989 that we finally did something about it. Roz, with local feminist Linda Semple, gathered every known feminist in the community together to form what is now the only feminist anti-censorship organization in Britain. And in due course, by the simple expedient of being the only person who was willing to type and write for the group, I became the organization's most prominent speaker, editor, and author. That is, my fannish experience, rather than my feminist credentials, turned me into a nearly famous (or "high profile," as the TV people put it) feminist campaigner.

As a group, we've put on a number of events, participated in many more, and published four books, two of which have my name on the cover (*Nudes, Prudes, and Attitudes: Pornography and Censorship*, Cheltenham: New Clarion Press, 1994; ISBN 1-873797-13-3; and *Bad Girls & Dirty Pictures: The Challenge to Reclaim Feminism*, ed. A. Assiter & A. Carol, London & Boulder: Pluto Press, 1993; ISBN 0-7453-0524-5). And on behalf of FAC, I've written more articles than I can keep track of, for publications ranging from sex magazines and *Melody Maker* to *The New York Law School Law Review* and *National Forum*. Waiters recognize me from television appearances, and students write in when they've heard me on the radio.

Things like that can make the work pretty gratifying. When FAC got started, there seemed to be no debate at all on censorship in Britain; it was uniformly being treated as the one and only way to solve all our problems. Now even the *Guardian* admits to a debate on the subject—at least most of the time.

Which is not to say that the legislators in the U.K. have taken any notice. Even while polls say that 90 percent of Britons believe that adult, sexually explicit programming should be available by subscription television on cable and via satellite, the government keeps banning adult channels. Murders by disturbed, battered children generate calls for more restrictions on video content rather than for better handling of abused children. The murder of sixteen children in Dunblane became the spark for a bill to introduce the V-chip to Britain. Censorship is still the moral right's favorite remedy for all social ills.

And of course, all the money is in the hands of pro-censorship campaigners. Funding bodies that claim feminist sensibilities still haven't figured out that banning sexual material hurts women a lot more than it hurts sexist institutions. The moral right, of course, has tremendous sway over government organizations that pay hefty salaries to anti-porn "researchers." The Campaign Against Pornography has paid workers and rents their own offices; FAC does not.

But young women in Britain are no longer willing to cave in to the orthodoxy of pro-censorship activism, and that makes me proud.

Feminists Against Censorship
<http://www.fullfeed.com/hypatia/censor.html>

May 24-27, 1996

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 12
1988

R.A. MacAvoy

The more recent fantasy works, *Tales of Nevèryon* (1979), *Nevèryona*, and *Flight From Nevèryon* (1985) and his latest novel, *Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand* (1986) resemble each other as little as they do the earlier books. And yet they are all unmistakably Delany. One finds some reflections on a modular calculus in the science fictional *Triton* and again in the fantastic *Flight from Nevèryon*. They carry on as does the structuralist endeavor itself into post-structuralist concerns with ever-expanding sign systems (semiotics) on the social, and psychological planes. Yet they are science fiction and fantasy, using the conventions of a genre with an established readership to their full potential. And then there is the critical writing for which he recently received the Crawford Award to add to the many Nebula and Hugo awards he already possesses. And like Lacan, one critic he has quoted, his spoken and written words often rest somewhere between the level of intensity we usually associate with the casual inspiration of the spoken and the controlled expression of the written. Do not expect that you know what he will say or write next. I don't.

WisCon 12

February 19–21, 1988

Guests: R.A. MacAvoy, George R.R. Martin, and Stu Shiffman

Chair: Pete Winz

R.A. MacAvoy

by Jerry Kaufman

Sometime in 1973 or 1974 I rented a huckster table at a LunaCon (the New York convention) to sell some of my books. One of the browsers was a small blonde woman whose name was Berta MacAvoy. In the course of our conversation I discovered that she had come from Cleveland like me, and had attended my high school's biggest rival. (I went to Cleveland Heights High, she'd gone to Shaw.) This was good enough an excuse to start a friendship, and I saw more of Berta.

Berta was, I discovered, a writer of great persistence. She wrote novel after novel with no apparent hope or desire of publication, and filled drawers with them. I asked for permission to read one, and she handed me a manuscript with no reluctance that I can recall. It turned out to be an

interesting combination of realism and fantasy, with chapters alternating between a girl's coming-of-age (with some very effective scenes of high school experiences) and a fantasy adventure set in another dimension, paralleling the realistic story.

When I returned the manuscript, commented on the depiction of several of the protagonist's friends. "They're very much like the people I knew in high school. For instance this character reminds me of Michael G—."

"That was Michael G—!" Said Berta, much surprised, "Did you know him, too?"

We compared our lives in Cleveland more closely, and found that we had hung out at the same strange store, a combination of antique store, leather

goods store (in the sixties this meant sandals and purses, not bondage devices), soda fountain, and Saturday night folk music venue. We must have gone there on alternate evenings, for we couldn't remember each other, but we did know many of the same people. Many of them were incipient writers, artists, musicians. There was always talk of literature or music, there was lots of high ambition, everyone knew they were going to do important things. (They even knew a bit about fantasy, everyone reading the Tolkien books when they appeared in paperback. I remember when the aforementioned Michael G— announced that he was Gandalf.) Berta and I had already worked out that we'd both attended TriCon, Cleveland's 1966 WorldCon, without meeting. This wove the web of near-misses, anti-coincidences, even tighter.

(You may be wondering about names by now: What does R.A. stand for? Isn't she "Bertie"? The "R" is for Roberta, the "A" is veiled. She was "Berta" to everyone when we first met, and didn't become "Bertie" until sometime later, in California, so I'm following that usage here. To my knowledge she's been "Roberta" only once, on her very first published piece.)

I'm a little vague about her circumstances at the time we met, but I was then, too. I think she lived with people who were fascinated with Japanese culture and were friends of Ivan Morris, the scholar and translator of Japanese classics. I have pictures of her at this time, taken at a party; she's dressed all in black, with hair a severely cut, burnished gold helmet. That didn't last long: Berta let the hair grow out, and switched the black for running gear. On more than one occasion she ran from her apartment around 105th Street to ours on 181st, rested briefly, and ran downtown again.

Berta's first published work was a letter to *The Spanish Inquisition*, a fanzine that Suzanne Tomkins and I used to publish. We'd published a column, in issue 4, in which John Curlovich had mauled the contributors to a current anthology. Berta wrote to defend one of those contributors, and we published the letter in issue 5 (June 1975).

The defendant was Ron Cain, whose story "Telepathos" so impressed Berta that she not only broke into print, but also contacted the publisher to get Ron's address. (I used to think that Curlovich's review triggered the contact; now I think that was ego driving my memory.) When he came to New York years later (late 1977 or early 1978, I think), the two met at last. Berta was still impressed. She moved to California immediately to be with him, and soon married him.

Between the letter and the departure came more writing. Berta appeared in *The Spanish Inquisition* three more times with short pieces, including "It Was Them" (#6, September 1975) [in which] pronouns are so overused that they disappear from speech; and "A Tale" (#7/8, June 1976), Berta grows a tale. She also took her first steps toward getting her fiction published. A small press magazine, *13th Moon*, printed her short story, "Business Venture," in its Winter 1975 issue. Berta also began to show her manuscripts to book editors. The first was a well-meaning, vastly encouraging soul who urged Berta to let him read just one of her books—then held the manuscript for well over a year. Although this didn't help Berta immediately, it did break the ice, I think. No more skating. Now she was going to fall into the cold pond of publishing.

The first book sale came years later, in California. So did the transformation to Bertie. So did many other things, like her intimate knowledge of Silicon Valley. She and Ron seemed to move every nine months: Mountainview, Redwood City, Menlo Park. At last they settled on Nelson Farm near Scotts Valley, with interesting neighbors and enough room for Bertie to keep horses, ponies and other equines.



WisCon 12 cover by
Stu Shiffman

WisCon 12

1988

George R.R. Martin

Bertie caught computer fever from Ron, who is a researcher in Artificial Intelligence for SRI. She learned computer programming and all the necessary jargon, and worked at SRI for awhile, too.

In 1979 or so Bertie took up the Irish harp, finding herself an expert harpist as a teacher (Martha Blackman, whose "Martha's Homemade Tape" I'm playing as inspiration) and a beautiful lap-sized harp, a Caswell Wren, she carried with her in a fleece-lined harp-case. She came to Seattle in 1980 and entertained Seattle fandom with it, then, a year or two later went to Ireland and entertained the Irish, including Walt and Madelaine Willis, who personify for fandom the ancient Irish custom of saints acknowledged in their own lifetimes. Bertie's article about this trip, "The Harp Harpside," appeared in Patrick and Theresa Nielsen Hayden's *Izzard* #8 (March 1984). Other articles appeared in other fanzines from the Nielsen Haydens and from Suzie and me: pieces on harps, bowing, martial arts, orthodontia and bondage, and the mixed blessings of becoming a professional writer. She also wrote pieces for a folk music magazine.

And she began to sell books. Early in 1982 Bantam bought the book Bertie called *Oolong* and published it in May 1983, as *Tea with the Black Dragon*. She has published six more: a trilogy (at the urging of her agent), a sequel to *Tea*, and two books set in Ireland. I don't intend to review them here, since you're likely to have read more of them than I (I've only read five of the published works, though I've also read two and a third of the unpublished ones.) I can safely say that none of the ones I've read could be mistaken for pot-boiled. They've all been deeply felt works, all have been about characters she's cared about, all have grown out of one aspect of her life or another, and all have put a spin on what I usually think of as fantasy: The Mayland Long books in which the fantastic only peeps through small tears in the fabric of life; the Damiano books in which angels, demons, little dogs, horses—and even humans—are shown to us as no one has shown them before, all of them all too human.

I feel lucky to know Bertie as well as I do (as slight as that may be—I don't know where she went to college, for instance); I think you're lucky to have this chance to meet and know her yourselves. Treat her kindly and well—she still doesn't believe she deserves all this attention. But you and I share the knowledge that she's going to have to adjust to it. She's going to get a lot more before she's through.

George R.R. Martin

by Lisa Tuttle

Back in 1973, George R.R. Martin was as sweet a guy as you'd ever hope to meet. He still had his gall bladder then, and his innocent dreams. His face was smooth and bare, his eyes were clear and bright as he talked about his plan to become "a famous Sci-Fi guy." His middle initials stood for Roger Ramjet.

Then he met me.

There are photographs of our memorable first encounter in Dallas. In one, I'm snarling as I hit him on the head. In the other, his hands are locked around my throat in what should have been, but was not, a death-grip.

It was Fate, if we'd only recognized it. But George went back to Chicago, back to his cats and his comic books and his endless cups of coffee, back to his typewriter, his dreams of other planets, and his part-time profession of running chess tournaments.

But he couldn't forget me. How could he, when I kept sending him letters? He had his gall bladder removed. He

began to grow a beard. His hats became stranger and more exotic. He started scheduling chess tournaments in far-flung corners of the states, like Houston and Los Angeles, which had in common only the not-irrelevant fact that I happened to be there at the time. And eventually the inevitable happened. We wrote a story together.

It was called "The Storms of Windhaven," and it was, like most of George's stories (but few of mine) a tale of adventure set on another planet, and destined to be published in *Analog*.

The years passed. George moved from Chicago to Dubuque and gave up running chess tournaments to teach journalism. I moved from Los Angeles to Austin and got a job on a newspaper. Both of us having made some slight impression on the science fiction field with our short stories, we responded typically in our different ways. George won a Hugo, wrote a science fiction novel, *Dying of the Light*, and sold two collections of science fiction stories (*A Song for Lya* and *Songs of Stars and Shadows*). Although I was the one who had won The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Science Fiction Writer in 1974 (he'd lost, the year before), it was George who went on to edit the "New Voices" series of anthologies of works by Campbell Award winners. He was becoming a big name in science fiction. I, meanwhile, was writing horror stories.

But we were still collaborating on *Windhaven*, which gradually, over the years, had become a novel. But it was going slowly. It's a difficult business, collaborating at a distance, having to send everything through the mail. And it is impossible to hit somebody on the head when they're hundreds of miles away. So George agreed to come to Austin. We'd spend a month working on *Windhaven* and nothing else, and we would finish it.

It concentrates the mind wonderfully, having someone glare balefully every time you try to get up from the typewriter, but it's also very boring, watching someone else type. During my writing sessions George, for want of anything better to do, read all my unpublished stories. It was a pretty concentrated dose of horror—the poor boy was unable to sleep that night, but lay awake brooding. And in the morning, while I went back to *Windhaven*, he got out his own typewriter, and wrote, in one sustained burst, his very first horror story, "Remembering Melody."

After that, there was no stopping him...not even discovering, as I already had, that there were far fewer markets for short horror fiction than for science fiction. "Remembering Melody" was not published until 1981—two years after it had been written. But George knew what he wanted to do. He adopted J.R.R. Tolkien's middle initials, and decided to write a novel about vampires.

This turned out to be *Fevre Dream*, published to great acclaim in 1982. Set on a Mississippi steamboat during the 1850s, this was a successful hybrid of fantasy, horror, and historical fiction which George would argue was really science fiction because of his rational and realistic treatment of vampirism.

His next book confused the categories still more: *Armageddon Rag* is about the sixties, and about sixties survivors in the eighties; it's about rock music and black magic, about murder and politics, about love and hate and friendship, and it combines fantasy, horror and social commentary.

And he still writes science fiction (*Tuf Voyaging* is his latest) and horror, and fantasy, and he's involved in what appears to be a whole new genre, combining comic books, role-playing games, and fantasy writing, and taking collaboration to absurd lengths in something called a "mosaic novel." Look



R.A. MacAvoy
from the WisCon 12
program book



art by Jeanne Gomoll

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 12
1988

Stu Shiffman



George R.R. Martin

for the *Wild Card* series which George has edited and written with about a dozen other authors.

Meanwhile, I had discovered that all really successful fantasy writers lived in England, so I moved there in 1981. But George, who always refused to believe me when I told him he would have a much more exciting love life if he shaved, showed the same stubborn disbelief when I talked to him about England. He seemed to think he could have more fun, and make more money, in Hollywood. And so, despite his fondness for his adobe hut in Santa Fe, he's been spending more and more time in Lala Land lately, writing television scripts. First for the late lamented "Twilight Zone," and now for a series called "Beauty and the Beast," which sets the classic fairy-tale romance on (and under) the mean streets of present day New York. The Beauty is a crusading lawyer working for the DA's office; the Beast, who lives a very civilized life among other outcasts in tunnels beneath New York City and has an empathic link with the lady lawyer, is a mysterious man with leonine features and more hair than Ed Bryant. Fantasy on television! Now there's an idea that'll never work. But the show hasn't been cancelled yet, and George tells me that it is doing fairly well in the ratings. He also claims that for working on this TV series, he's being given wheelbarrows full of money, which get bigger every week, and that he's making it faster than he can spend it. Poor George. I knew I shouldn't have hit him so hard on the head....

Stu Shiffman

by Moshe Feder

A chariot goes by. Screened by the cloud of dust it raises, a youthful looking man steps out from between two buildings. His complexion is too fair for a native of this clime, but he wears the Babylonian garb without self-consciousness. He is, at least, a seasoned traveler. Walking a ways to get his bearings, he correlates the busy street scene with the archeological maps he's studied and makes his way to the marketplace. Finding an empty spot, he unrolls a cloth and sets out on it a pile of ragged-edged paper, a row of clay bottles of vegetable-based ink and some simple pens. He begins looking for his first customer.

In Renaissance Florence the same man, now in very different clothes, hurries from the Jewish quarter where he is a guest in the rabbi's house (traveling scholars can always find hospitality) to an appointment with young Leonardo da Vinci. The great artist and scientist is fascinated by his visitor's generation of multiple copies of an image by a remarkably simple technique with a grecolatinate name. Soon he is putting stylus to stencil himself, nodding appreciatively as his visitor explains the use of a shading plate.

In 1971, a figure we at first don't recognize because of his ordinary 20th century costume comes to a science fiction club meeting at Queen College in Flushing, New York. Two skinny, rather hyper, sophomores, their adam's apples bobbing in syncopation, interrupt each other to explain the slides of NoreasCon One they are showing. After the slide show, the visitor, who has expressed interest in joining the club, is shown a badly duplicated publication on cheap orange paper. "Placebo" the logo on its cover says. "This is a fanzine. Our first fanzine!" the two neofan club organizers proudly tell him. "Can you use an artist?" their newest member asks in his best John Wayne voice. They look at each other in delight at having found a sucker so easily and enthusiastically pump his hand. "My name's Stu Shiffman," he says in his normal voice, as he opens his notebook. Later,



Stu Shiffman

he walks to class, his notebook a bit thinner, whistling tunelessly between his teeth, a strange knowing look in his eyes.

His travels have brought him to the decisive fork in the time stream; now he knows what he has to do. Activating the chronophore secretly implanted in the back of his head during what his friends believed was just an ordinary life-saving operation in 1985, he moves forward in time to what will have his first out-of-town convention: PhilCon in 1972.

By that time, he is good friends with the two gawky club organizers, Moshe Feder and Barry Smotroff, though they still tend to condescend to him at times, little knowing that he will soon surpass them. While his 1972 self is at the art show with them, he goes to the huxter room and buys a first edition of one of his favorite books—De Camp's *Lest Darkness Fall*—that his 1972 incarnation can't yet afford. He rushes off to secure De Camp's autograph, stopping only to snap up some hardboiled detective novels at a bargain price from a dealer who has overestimated the breadth of the PhilCon-goers tastes. "Any Sherlockiania?" the traveler asks, moving on when the answer is no. He must hurry to return to HexaCon in 1979 where he is enjoying his first Fan Guest of Honor-ship, before his energy reserves run out. His plan is proceeding on schedule.

In 1979 he begins what will become the longest-running continuous host-ship of New York's fabled Fanoclats. In that same year, without the benefit of any transchronal trickery, he will get his first Hugo nomination, beginning an unbroken string that by 1987 will set a record for most consecutive nominations in the fanart category without a win. In 1981, he does win TAFF, representing North American fandom at YorCon II in Leeds, not worrying too much about note-taking for his trip report, since he can always zip back down the time stream to refresh his memory. Three more trips to England at his own expense will follow, but somehow Leeds in 1981 is not among his stops, and the trip report remains uncompleted.

Sometime in the late eighties, having donned one of his favorite period outfits and stuck a Walkman into an inner pocket, Stu concentrates and slides back down the time stream to colonial Philadelphia. Ben Franklin has been curious about the Klezmer music Stu keeps talking about. Ben had never contributed to *Raffles*, Stu's first fanzine, coedited with Larry Carmody. (Something about Carmody put him off, he'd always say.) Now that Stu is publishing a zine of his own, *Potsherd*, he's hoping to use the music as a lever to pry an article out of the polymath. Stu wants him to write a speculative piece about the course of history if mass-produced paper had not been introduced by the Babylonians.

Later, walking away from Franklin's with the freshly mimeoed copy of *Poor Richard's Almanac* Ben has given for his zine collection, Stu is too absorbed in reading it to notice that he has wandered off the sidewalk and into the path of a wagon that is all too suddenly upon him. Knocked to the ground, he hits the back of his head and his chronophore goes crazy. Before the astonished eyes of the good people of Philadelphia who have gathered around him to offer assistance, he dematerializes. His chronophore oscillates like a cartoon gong; sending him up, down, and across the time streams like a caroming pinball.

Mailings of *D'apa-M*, *Vootie*, and *Oasis* flit by like the pages of a calendar used to indicate the passage of time in one of the screwball comedies he enjoys so much, issues of *Captain Confederacy* (in which his first professional comic work appears as a back-up feature) follow like falling leaves. He sees himself as artist guest of honor at MiniCon, then working at his pattern-making computer in the garment district,

laughing out loud when he gets his site selection ballot from IguanaCon and sees that they've used his "Flushing in '80" hoax bid as the no-preference option, enjoying Steeleye Span concerts in New York, Philadelphia, and London, sweating over contributions to *SF 5-Yearly* and *Hyphen* in fulfillment of fannish dreams, driving Moshe to yet another meeting or convention, reading his first issue of *Analog* discovered while on library squad duty at Francis Lewis High School, and then, slipping further back, curled up with his first Heinlein juveniles and Tom Swift, Jr. books. He's coming dangerously close to February 12, 1954, the day of his birth. Just in time, he begins to think more clearly. "I feel like Daffy in *Duck Amuck*," the groggy anachronist mutters as he begins to pull himself together. "Swing is great in music, but it's hardly the heppet way to travel through time. I've got to regain control!"

Calling upon his idols—Powers, DiFate, Maitz, Whelan, and Kidd; Fletcher, Chamberlain, Waller, Taral, and Schirmeister—he prays to Roscoe, whose cult he has done so much to renew, and the Great Beaver responds. Stu concentrates on his memory of the stained glass image of fandom's patron upon his living room wall and chants his mantra, "Fandom's a way of life that's just a goddamn hobby."

Slowly, the ringing in his ears, and in his chronophore, begins to damp out, the mad rush of temporal cross-sections begins to slow. As the multiple images before his eyes merge and stabilize, he finds himself at a science fiction convention. Glancing at a passing nametag he sees that it is WisCon 12. "I'm special guest here, I think," he says to himself. "Quite an honor following Delany. Might as well relax and have a good time while I recover from that wild ride. The master plan can wait. That'll teach me to jaywalk in the colonial era!" Putting aside for the moment his scheme to twist world and fannish history to his own ends, he heads for the green room to find out when his next program item is. Maybe he has time for a hamburger first. With the help of his chronophore he opens an aperture to the 24th Chorp dimension: "Thanks again, Roscoe! I knew you'd come through. Buy ya a beer or a Pepsi? Hungry?..."

since the early 1970s, I don't think it's generally known that he's a native New Englander. Come on, now, how can you say you know someone if you can't name a birthplace?

If you answered B, you probably suffer from undue dependence on conspiracy theories to explain what's wrong with modern life. You might go so far as to say that Gardner was born in Hangar 18. He wasn't. I don't know who's responsible for this late-20th-century squalor we find ourselves in, but it isn't Gardner's fault.

If you answered C, you're most likely a snappy dresser and a great dancer, but you're still wrong.

2. Gardner Dozois was removed from the very first John W. Campbell Award for the Best New Writer ballot because:

- A. His first story, "The Empty Man," appeared in *If* in 1966, so he wasn't "new" enough.
- B. Of circumstances since covered up by the CIA.
- C. The voters couldn't spell or pronounce his last name correctly and didn't want the hassle if he won.

Answer: A. Precocious as all get-out, Gardner made his first sale at 17, the same year he went into the Army, which accounts for the three-year hiatus before his next sale. During this time, he was stationed in Europe as a military journalist. No doubt it was this job which contributed to the development of what the *Village Voice* has termed his "gimlet eye," his special sense of the absurd, and his almost supernatural ability to determine that "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost can be sung to the tune of "Hernando's Hideaway."

B answers: We covered this in the previous question and you're still looking under the bed for conspirators? Look, maybe Elvis is alive, but he's not living at Gardner's. There's just him, his wife (author Susan Casper), son Christopher, and the cats. Really.

C answers: Good guess, but this answer identifies you as a guesser, and it probably hurt your ACT scores just like they said it would. So, here's one thing you won't have to guess at this weekend—it's "Doze-wah." If you're Howard Waldrop, you can say "Doze-wah" if you want. If you say "Doze-oyce," 50 points will be removed retroactively from your College Board verbal scores, and you can't afford *that*.

3. Which of the following did Gardner Dozois not write during his stint as a military journalist?



Gardner Dozois from the WisCon 13 program book

WisCon 13

February 17-19, 1989

Guests: Gardner Dozois and Pat Cadigan

Chair: Hope Kiefer

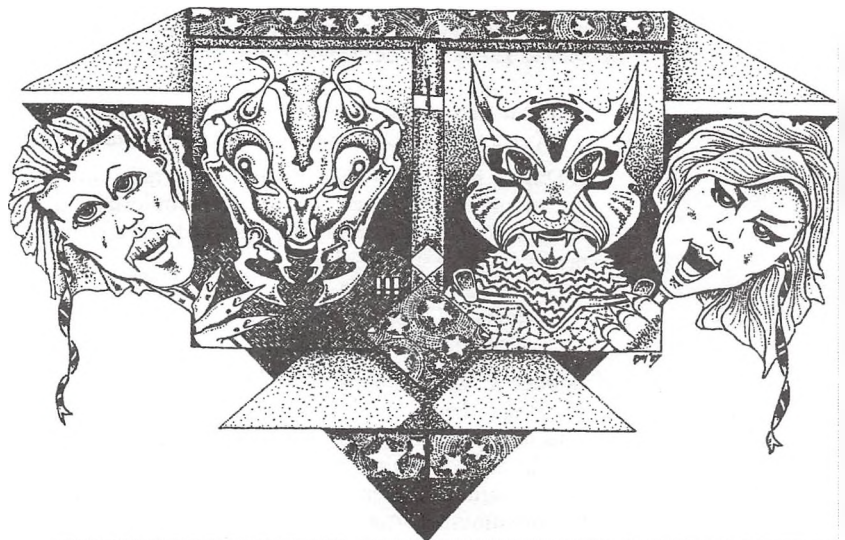
Gardner Dozois

by Pat Cadigan

They tell me it's not what you know, it's who you know. But if there's any truth to that at all, it's not really who you know, it's how much you know about them. In the interests of raising everyone's level of knowledge, at least for the weekend in the case of those who suffer from post-convention blackouts, I've compiled this short quiz designed to test your true knowledge of Gardner Dozois. I hope that, in the process, you will learn more about Gardner Dozois, and perhaps about yourself, too.

1. Gardner Dozois was born in:
 - A. Salem, MA.
 - B. Circumstances since covered up by the CIA.
 - C. Full formal evening wear.

Answer: A. Okay, that was an easy one, but I felt I had to give that to you. Though Gardner has lived in Philadelphia



WisCon 13 cover by Paul Seth Hoffman

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

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Gardner Dozois

- A. An article warning soldiers not to sleep directly under a tank half-track, since it might drive over them.
- B. An article warning soldiers not to relieve themselves out the windows of electrified European trains, because if an electric stanchion was in the line of fire they would be electrocuted.
- C. An exposé of Army food called "That's Inedible!"

Answer: C. This doesn't even qualify as an exposé. Answers A and B are absolutely true synopses of articles Gardner really had to write to reduce the number of noncombat casualties in the armed forces. Over the ensuing years, thousands, even millions of military personnel have not died in camp or aboard European trains, and they all have Gardner to thank. Gardner, with his characteristic gentle-natured modesty, has probably never looked at it that way.

4. After living a year in Germany after his discharge, where he wrote and sold several more stories, Gardner returned to the United States and:

- A. Spent a couple of years in the East Village writing and serving as slushpile reader for *Galaxy*, *If*, *Worlds Of Tomorrow*, and *Worlds of Fantasy* to keep himself in veal cutlets.
- B. Spearheaded the brief "Adopt an Orphaned Flamenco Dancer" movement before resuming his writing career.
- C. Did secret work for the CIA code-named ZOTZ!

Answer: A. Gardner's writing and editing careers began to flourish almost simultaneously. Not only are most people unaware of this, Gardner himself was probably unaware of it at the time. One imagines him sifting through utterly bad New Wave pastiches and "Adam and Eve and it's really Earth" novellas, and then going home to write something like the exquisite "Chains of the Sea," the title novella in a book of three edited by Robert Silverberg, in which a young boy learns, via communication with aliens only the very young can see, that the world is finished. It happens to be one of my all-time favorite Dozois stories, and this takes nothing away from his more recent pieces, such as the Nebula winners "Morning Child" and "The Peacemaker," and "Dinner Party," in which a father buys a dinner for the Guardsman who shot his son at a protest rally, just as he'd promised he would.

There have been writers who edit, and editors who write, and some have been pretty good and some have been fair. Gardner Dozois is the only one in my direct experience who is truly ambidextrous. You've seen what he's done with *Asimov's*. There will be a new story from him, "Solace," in *Omni*; please don't miss it.

If you answered B, you are creative. Be a writer.

If you answered C, you're a stubborn little devil, aren't you?

5. During his time as *Galaxy's* slush reader, Gardner fished out manuscripts by new writers who would later become Names. Which of the following was not discovered by Gardner in *Galaxy's* slushpile?

- A. George R.R. Martin
- B. Michael Bishop
- C. Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Answer: C. Come on—you know the difference between a Soviet dissident and the decidedly talented!

George R.R. Martin and Michael Bishop did indeed surface in a Dozois-filtered slushpile and so got their starts under Gardner's attention. It hasn't stopped there. As the Hugo-winning editor of *Asimov's*, Gardner continues to discover writers who will undoubtedly become science fiction's best. And through the *Isaac Asimov Presents* series, he gave us first novels by Campbell Winner Judith Moffet

(*Pennterra*) and John Barnes (*The Man Who Pulled Down the Sky*); David Skal's new novel (*Antibodies*); and Neal Barret Jr.'s best novel to date (*Through Darkest America*). It may say *Isaac Asimov Presents* on the cover, but that man behind the curtain is Gardner.

6. Even while he edits *Asimov's*, Gardner also edits an annual anthology series, *The Year's Best Science Fiction* and, in collaboration with Jack Dann, a series of theme anthologies for Ace. Which titles on the following list aren't among them?

- A. *Unicorns!*
- B. *Magicats!*
- C. *Bestiary!*
- D. *Sorcerors!*
- E. *Demons!*
- F. *Dogtales!*
- G. *Ripper!*
- H. *Flanksteak!*
- I. *Purple!*
- J. *Valium!*

Answers: G, H, I, and J. I gave you this one, too, but I hope you didn't foul up on *Ripper!*, which is edited by Susan Casper and Gardner Dozois in collaboration, from Tor, released on Saucy Jack's centennial and containing some exceptional original work (e.g., "Love in Vain" by Lewis Shiner and "Anna and the Ripper of Siam" by Somtow Sucharitkul).

If you guessed any of the others, you should sprint, not jog, to your nearest well-stocked bookstore and ask for them (but don't yell like I did). They're all mixtures of old favorites with less familiar but no less terrific stories saved from limbo by the discerning eyes of Dozois and Dann.

While I'm on the subject, that's another of Gardner's fine talents—collaboration, as an editor or as a writer. Gardner has collaborated on stories with Susan Casper, Jack Dann, Michael Swanwick, and Jack C. Haldeman II and even on a novel, *Nightmare Blue*, with George Alec Effinger in 1975. Later this year, Ursus Imprints will publish several of these collaborations in a volume called *Slow Dancing Through Time*. Please don't miss it, or you'll never know how superbly two (or more) writers can work together.

7. The title of Gardner's one solo novel to date is:

- A. *Strangers*
- B. *The Visible Man*
- C. *I've Got Your Novel Right Here*

Answer: A. This was a trick question, because all three are Dozois titles. *Strangers*, an expansion of the New Dimensions novella of the same name, was published in 1978 and was a Nebula and Hugo nominee. It is, to my way of thinking, one of the finest explorations of the human as alien, not to mention the nature of women, men, love, sex, death—this book has *everything*, and the fact that it's out of print is a crime against American culture in general and science fiction in particular.

Answer B, *The Visible Man*, is the title of the only collection of Gardner's short fiction to date. It includes the aforementioned "Chains of the Sea" as well as "Flash Point," which still gives me the same chill every time I read it, and the title story, a vivid and moving tale involving a unique science fiction premise which, in the hands of a lesser writer, would have been just another gimmick story. *The Visible Man* appeared around the same time as *Strangers* and is also, unfortunately, out of print. That's two cultural felonies. *Slaves of New York* by Tama Janowitz is in print—that's *three!* I say we have the revolution right now and *no prisoners!*

Answer C: Okay, I lied. It isn't exactly a title, and it's not always a novel, either. I'm not going to explain further; you'll just have to be there.

8. Wonderful things left unmentioned about Gardner include which of the following?

- A. He and Susan Casper are practically newlyweds, having been married only 15 months.
- B. Since he became the editor at *Asimov's*, the awards ballots have been dominated by work from the magazine in all categories.
- C. His critical writing on James Tiptree Jr. (Alice Sheldon) still stands as the definitive work on this extraordinary writer's career.
- D. He did not invent, nor claim to have invented, the term "cyberpunk."
- E. He is more fun in a weekend than most people are in a year.
- F. He is one of the greats and doesn't know it.

Answer: All of the above. A, B, and C are, respectively, self-explanatory, obvious, and a booklet (*The Fiction of James Tiptree Jr.*, originally appearing as an essay in Gregg Press's edition of *Ten Thousand Light Years from Home*).

D is the pure and absolute truth, regardless of what you've heard; I don't know about you, but I first heard the word "cyberpunk" in 1977 in a context unrelated to the present connotations.

E will become obvious to you soon, if it hasn't already.

F: See E.

Regardless of how many you answered right or wrong, you now know enough to move on to the next stage, which is Gardner Dozois Appreciation and Apperception. Do it early, and avoid the rush.

Pat Cadigan

by Gardner Dozois

While at WisCon, one person you should really make a point of speaking with, if you wish to derive maximum benefit from your convention experience, is guest of honor Pat Cadigan. Why should you speak to Pat?

Well, for one thing, it's fun. Pat is one of the truly witty people in our field. Occasionally, when things work out just so and my mood is just right, I can be "funny" (and when they aren't and I'm not, it can fall as flat as a balloon made of neutron-star material, too)—but that's not what I'm talking about. No, I'm talking about wit now, real wit, something Pat possesses, as opposed to those of us who merely tell jokes and sing comic songs and make funny faces (as witness the zany and inventive article about me that Pat wrote as opposed to the plodding and dully earnest piece that I'm writing about her). Pat's creative intelligence and wit infuses everything she does, even if she can't tell a dialect joke very well. (She can, however, under extreme provocation, do a mean imitation of the Balrog, as documented recently in *Locus*.)

Her talent is so evident, in fact, that it constantly amazes me that she is underappreciated. Perhaps, like other highly original writers (Howard Waldrop, Avram Davidson, R.A. Lafferty), she suffers for her eclecticism—for no Pat Cadigan story is ever much like another...and my experience has been that the harder a writer is to critically pigeonhole, the easier that writer is to ignore.

Did you know, for instance, that she has written an impressive body of quiet-but-scary supernatural horror stories? Stuff like "The Boys In The Rain," "The Pond," "Eenie, Meenie, Ipsateenie," "The Edge," "Heal," "Two," "My Brother's Keeper" (one of the most terrifying modern urban vampire stories I've ever read), and the hair-raising "It Was the Heat" (which not only is really scary and uses local color to masterly effect, but also is deliciously erotic). Enough stuff, in other words, to establish Pat as one of the rising young stars

of the horror genre—were it not for all her other stories that don't happen to fit into that particular category.

There are a number of stories by Pat, for instance, that are hard to categorize at all, that explore the borderlands between science fiction, fantasy, and a vision uniquely her own: "Second Comings—Reasonable Rates," "Another One Hits the Road" (the ultimate jogging story), "Criers and Killers," "In the Shop" (perhaps the ultimate Stephen King satire—absolutely spot-on—and only about 1,000 words long), "The Coming of the Doll," "The Sorceress in Spite of Herself" (a sprightly and funny modern fantasy with a unique idea at its heart), "Death from Exposure," and "The Day the Martels Got the Cable."

And just to confuse things further, there is her large body of real, honest-to-gosh, undeniable, pure-quill, no-argument science fiction—much of it hard science fiction at that!

Within the field, Pat may be best known, at the moment, for her sequence of hard-edged and elegant stories about "Deadpan Allie," a sort of high-tech psychoanalyst of the future who can hook directly into another person's mind to seek out the root causes of her or his psychological troubles. Some of these stories have been expertly melded into Pat's very well received first novel, *Mindplayers*. (A new Deadpan Allie story, "Dirty Work," has just appeared in Ellen Datlow's anthology *Blood Is Not Enough*.) But Pat has turned out much other science fiction as well, stories not related to that series. Stories like "Patterns," "Roadside Rescue" (a close encounter of a very different kind—and a genuinely mean story), "After the Days of Dead-Eye 'Dee'"...and three recent stories that, to me, represent Pat's best work to date, and some of the best work done by anyone at shorter lengths in the eighties: "Rock On," "Angel," and the amazing "Pretty Boy Crossover," which is on my own personal shortlist of the ten best stories of the eighties, and not toward the bottom, either.

Besides being jazzy and hard-edged, tough-minded and compassionate, and elegantly and incisively written, these three stories share another quality with Pat's best work—they are marvels of compression and economy; in each of them, Pat creates a new and unique future society, jam-packed with enough new ideas and background concepts and colorful bits of business that most other writers could have milked a 400-page novel out of any of them; some writers would get a three- or four-book series out of one of them, in fact. But Pat is much more likely to compress a 400-page novel down into a 6,000-word story than to blow a 6,000-word story up into a 400-page novel.

Perhaps that works against her as well: the theory today seems to be that the more sheer volume of work you can parade in front of the public eye, the better, even if many of the novels on the bookshelf today are enormously bloated creatures that would have worked better as novelettes instead. I also find it bitterly amusing that several recent articles on cyberpunk (including an entire magazine full of nothing else) have managed to discuss the subject without once even mentioning Pat's name, in spite of the fact that Pat's work is esthetically much more central to that canon than the work of a couple of the core writers inevitably mentioned in the usual cyberpunk litany...or that Pat was the one writer to be officially read out of the cyberpunk movement by an imperious critic. It seems clear to me that some critics and theorists—not the cyberpunk writers themselves, by the way, who are friends of hers—are made very uncomfortable by the idea that Pat should be allowed to play in the boys' exclusive clubhouse.

But never mind. Pat is still growing as a writer. She has just finished her second novel, and is at work on another.



Pat Cadigan
from the WisCon 13
program book

I also find it bitterly amusing that several recent articles on cyberpunk (including an entire magazine full of nothing else) have managed to discuss the subject without once even mentioning Pat's name, in spite of the fact that Pat's work is esthetically much more central to that canon than the work of a couple of the core writers inevitably mentioned in the usual cyberpunk litany...or that Pat was the one writer to be officially read out of the cyberpunk movement by an imperious critic. It seems clear to me that some critics and theorists—not the cyberpunk writers themselves, by the way, who are friends of hers—are made very uncomfortable by the idea that Pat should be allowed to play in the boys' exclusive clubhouse.

Gardner Dozois

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 14

1990

Emma Bull

Her day is coming. My prediction is that it will not be too much longer until she collects one or more major awards, instead of merely imitating them—already, last year, she lost the Nebula Award, the Hugo Award, and the World Fantasy Award, all for the same story (an interesting accomplishment all by itself).

Pat takes these losses with equanimity and dismisses the idea that she could be a serious contender...but her day is coming, mark my words. Ten years from today, if Pat can manage to escape from the runaway trucks and incompetent dentists of the world, she is going to be one of the Big Name Writers of the Nineties. Then you'll wish you'd spoken to her here at WisCon, when the damn line wasn't so long!

So take my advice and talk to her. It's fun, and it's good for you, and it's not fattening, either. What else can you say that about?

WisCon 14

March 9–11, 1990

Guests: Emma Bull and Iain Banks

Chair: Kim Nash

Emma Bull

by Pamela Dean Dyer Bennet

I first met Emma Bull in print in the pages of *Minneapa*. In her first contribution, she neither plunged immediately into mailing comments nor gave us a brief description of herself and her past. She took us, with very few preliminaries, to the bar inside her head and showed us the characters who congregated there. If you could read this piece (which you can't, because like any author who is still growing Emma would be horrified at the notion that anybody should see the baby pictures) you would recognize many of them. Marya and Kit from "Rending Dark"; a man who looks a little like Chrysanter Harris out of *Falcon*: a few odd shadowy types who might be ancestors of the people in *War for the Oaks* and the *Liavek* stories; and Niki Falcon, already very much himself—young and sometimes snotty self.

Somewhere in the middle of her brief sojourn with *Minneapa*, Emma contributed a half-page apology for not printing up the many pages of comments she had, because the words weren't the right ones, only the approximately right ones. (She said it better, but we are mindful of people's feelings about the baby pictures). And when she decided that, if she was really going to be a writer, it was time to stop talking and start doing. She took us back among the people in her head (who had been mentioned several times, in the intervening zines, as being involved in "moving furniture"), and she explained to us, through them, why she was dropping out of the apa. Niki Falcon has not quite grown up in this scene, but he is already acting as the voice of conscience, the way he would do in *Falcon*.

Not stuffy, not self-righteous, simply stating that this is the way things are: if Emma doesn't want to write his story, he won't keep trying to tell it to her. "I know, I know," says Laura Brass to a Niki very like this one. "Every man's death diminishes you." "Well," says Niki, so simply that the author, who knows what she is about, denies the line even an attribution, "it does."

It isn't only Niki. Marya in "Rending Dark," who has an "I think we ought to do something about this" voice instantly recognizable to her companion; Snake in "Badu's Luck," who is honored that her old friend has brought "the whole poisonous mess" of her problems to Snake's doorstep; Koseth in "The Well-Made Plan," who knows that "blood makes bad currency; the rate of exchange is lousy"; Eddi McCandry in *War for the Oaks*, who knows that even to a piece of scum like the man who sold her motorcycle you do not give fairy gold, because no man is an island and some innocent will end up with the dead leaves; the narrator of "A Bird That Whistles," realizing, through a welter of conflicting emotions, that his hero Willie Silver does not know how to treat his fellow creatures.

This is the core of Emma's work: there is always somebody who knows how to behave. We have here not a simple creed or a neat list of rules easily checked, but a dying instinct. The people who know how to behave are not perfect, and at one time or another every one of them is annoying, and when they are obliged to use what they know they do so with folly or irony or a staggering ineptitude, which they pay for. But they do know.

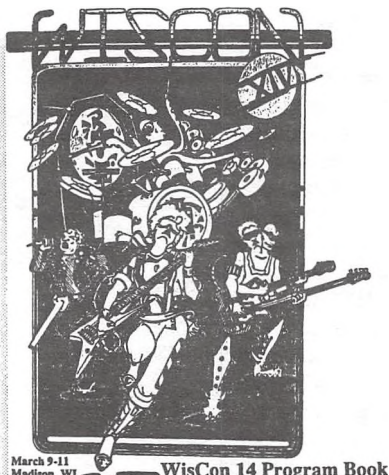
Anybody who has read Emma's work will know what I mean; the rest of you are probably beginning to look wary. If what's described above does not sound like a palace of literary delights, be assured that it is. Emma writes very slowly, to her own dismay and everybody else's; but when I finally have the manuscript chapters or you finally have the finished story in your hands, both of us know why. If I said, "A word for everything and every word in its place," Emma would roll her eyes and you would conceive of a rigid and sterile prose good only as a soporific. In fact she uses a lovely flexible style, capable of moving from nice flights of poetry through plain and businesslike action into delicately balanced irony; and she has a great talent for lifelike dialogue that nonetheless contains a far higher degree of humor and concision than most people really manage. Kit and Marya grumbling at one another; Thyan neatly undercutting any tendency of Snake's to be pompous; Eddi McCandry's modern Midwestern sarcasm against the archaic flowery wit of the pooka; Niki Falcon and Laura Brass's ironic interchanges in which affection balances a profound disagreement of philosophy; the snide and probing remarks of Niki's troubled family; Eddi and Carla considering the problems of love and music.

Emma knows how to create a consistent subtext that will stand up to examination; she knows how to carry out a series of metaphors for the greatest impact; and she knows how to write a scene straight out "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." so that you believe it. It can all be read and reread with increasing pleasure. I will add that Emma's work is not perfect, because if I did not, Emma, a well-behaved and well-intentioned woman who understands the nature of gratitude and can take a compliment with consummate grace, would have my head on a platter, roasted, with turnips. I know a number of authors whose extravagant and excessive praise distresses; but her reaction to such praise is the most alarmed and annoyed I have ever encountered. But readers are not required to stop telling her how much they like her work: that's a different matter, and Emma, as I said, knows how to receive a genuine compliment.

A few facts to accompany the effusions: Emma was born in Torrance, California but has successfully shaken off any adverse influences. She lives in Minneapolis with her husband, Will Shetterly, with whom she edited the five *Liavek* anthologies and made them more than the sum of their parts. They share their house with two profoundly and



Emma Bull
from the WisCon 14
program book



March 9-11
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WisCon 14 cover by
David Woodson

clownishly stupid cats named Chaos and Brain Damage. She is the lead singer for a band called Cats Laughing, which performs mostly original songs, many of them Emma's, and which has appeared in a slightly cockeyed form in two issues of the comic book *Excalibur*. I don't read comic books, but I can recommend the band; I can, in fact, recommend listening to Emma sing any time under any circumstances. What she promises you in her fiction about the power of music, she also performs.

What else? It was she who first realized that a lot of aspiring Minneapolis writers besides herself needed a writer's workshop. She co-founded the experimental group that eventually led to the formation of the Scribbles, which she still graces today, rejoicing our hearts by understanding all the subtle things we try to do into our fiction, and annoying us by pinning down stylistic, grammatical, and emotional falseness. (If she saw this sentence, she would recommend shortening yet more.) She can make a mean batch of Grasmere gingerbread, a fine subtle shortbread, a strengthening pile of corn pancakes. She can talk intelligently about music, poetry, literature, and human nature; and she can make small talk a charming art in itself. If you're very careful you can trick her into a burst of so-called boring technical talk, but her innate courtesy will usually forestall you unless everybody present is interested. She can pound a nail in straight, fix a bicycle, and sew a circle skirt. She hates getting up early, being lectured by strangers about her work, and being praised to the skies for more than a few sentences.

So read her stories, listen to her sing, and talk to her if you can. There are very few like her.

Iain Banks

by Iain Banks

Born in Dunfermline Maternity Hospital on February 16th, 1954. Father able-seaman in Admiralty (later became First Officer, now retired); mother ex-professional ice-skater. Only child, but both parents from large Scots families; numerous aunts and uncles and hordes of cousins. Family lived in North Queensferry, Fife; the young El Bonko's (derived from "bonkers" many years ago, before "bonking" was ever even heard of) bedroom window looked out to the Forth Bridge. In 1963 family moved to Gourrock, on the Clyde; many of the Banks tribe still live in Fife.

Educated in North Queensferry and Gourrock Primary Schools, Gourrock and Greenock High Schools, and Stirling University (1972–1975); ordinary degree in English—along with Philosophy and Psychology. Was there when The Queen Was Insulted, but playing ping-pong at the time. Highlight of time at Stirling was spending a day on Sherrifmuir—along with 149 other students—as an extra in the final battle-scene of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. During vacations, worked in Greenock area as hospital porter, estate worker, pier porter (catching the ropes of the Clyde steamers on Gourrock pier, hauling up gangplanks, that sort of thing); roadworker, dustman, and gardener.

Hitch-hiked through Europe, Scandinavia, and Morocco in 1975. Worked for a year as a nondestructive testing technician for British Steel, spending some time at the Nigg Bay construction site (an area that helped inspire *The Wasp Factory*.) Visited the United States in 1978; drove from Washington, D.C. to Los Angeles and only went above 55 mph once. While in Washington, played front half of the Loch Ness Monster in a benefit revue to raise funds for a local puppet theatre (no, I am not making this up).

Returned to Scotland; spent six months working for IBM in Greenock; only really showed any dedication or zeal

when trying to make sure that vital computer components urgently required in Cape Towne or Johannesburg went via interesting places like Reykjavik, Anchorage, Ulan Bator, Honolulu... Jobs got too hard to find in 1979, so moved to London to stay with other Caledonian exiles. Found work. Got book published. Moved to Faversham, Kent, in 1984.

Made attempt on the Most Penetrable Pseudonym world record in 1986, with the addition of the initial M (for Menzies) to name for the publication of first science fiction book.

Started going to science fiction conventions in 1986 (MexiCon 2) and hasn't looked back (or sober) since. So no change there. Exploits since have included a very limited and perfectly controlled traverse of the south face of the Metropole Hotel, Brighton, at dawn one day during the '87 WorldCon, a minor event which has been completely blown out of all proportion ever since and assumed the status (and verisimilitudic reliability) of a legend. So any stories you hear about Spiderman outfits, abseiling, police detention, or a career as an international jewel thief can be instantly dismissed. The destruction, a few months later, of a gatepost, brick wall, and stable-block gable-end while simultaneously—and almost instantaneously—producing the prototype of the world's only mid-engined Volvo is another sorry dawn-time tale which has accrued a patina of the mythic, but is—sadly—mostly true.

Moved to Edinburgh in January 1988. Has restricted climbing exploits to the Highlands ever since. Well, mostly.

In June 1989, achieved the singular distinction of out-grossing *Viz* comics, when they rejected a photo story. Currently driving what is almost certainly the only BMW M535i in Scotland to sport a Guns 'n Roses sticker.

by Spike Parsons

The above entry from the *Grimace Book of Hotel Climbers and Other Scottish Literary Types* (C. Degler Sons, 1990) provides the sum (or some?) but not the substance of The Man, Iain (M.) Banks. I've hoisted a few with Banksy, beginning at NolaCon in 1988. At that WorldCon I attended a program on outstanding British fantasy and science fiction authors given by Kim Stanley Robinson. He was most outspoken in his praise of Banks' work; I and the audience lent its enthusiastic support.

At the end of the hour, I went off to the huckster room to purchase one of these tomes and there met Young Banks himself, autographing books. (Yes, autographing books he'd written!) Later on in The Bar I insinuated myself into the circle of British publishers, writers, and bon vivants that surrounded Banks. After a few margaritas I thought, "What a perfectly reasonable guy, just the sort to help us reclaim the moral high ground of space opera for the Left rather than the sexist and pitiless Right."

Since then I've had the pleasure of reading several of Iain's books. Although they are a bit hard to find this side of the Atlantic, the extra effort has been rewarded. In case you haven't found them yet, let me tell you a bit about them.

The Wasp Factory earned him instant fame in the U.K. It is a strange warped tale, brilliantly told, of a boy's quest for self-preservation and power. *The Bridge* is really three stories, each fascinating, weird, and/or funny according to their nature, superbly told and interwoven. This is one of those books that I've pressed into the hands of friends, given as gifts, and reviewed again and again in conversation.

His two science fiction novels, *Consider Phlebas* and *The Player of Games*, have received enthusiastic reviews from fans in our local science fiction group. They are space opera, but not run-of-the-mill. Banks turned loose in his favorite genre shouldn't be missed.



Iain Banks
from the WisCon 14
program book

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 15

1991

Pat Murphy

The autobiographical material presented above answers a few of the really fascinating questions one could ask about Banksy. As I said I've hoisted a few with Iain, at NolaCon and MexiCon, and have developed the following list of questions guaranteed to elicit really interesting responses from this WisCon 14 guest of honor.

How do you like the beer? Don't you think *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* is the sort of book that could change one's life? Have you ever read a book called *Lanark* (a surreal Kafkaesque sort of book, also written by a Scotsman, Alisdair Gray)? Did Fay Weldon, author of *Lives and Loves of a She-Devil*, really call you "the great white hope of contemporary British literature"?

Have you tried the Capitol Dark? Is *The Bridge* autobiographical? (*Don't ask if The Wasp Factory* is!)

Have you ever played in a rock band, and if not, how did you do research for *Espedair Street*?

Can I buy you another Point Bock? Did you vote for Maggie Thatcher, and isn't it neat that you've got a female prime minister? I hear that *Canal Dreams* is set on a ship passing through the Panama Canal. What do you think of our policy down there? So how does an Englishman like yourself like our American lager? (Scotsman? What's the diff?)

Would you like another Berghoff Oktoberfest? What is John Jarrold really like? How do you know Arnie Fenner? Is he drawing the cover of your next Culture novel, *Use Of Weapons*? Can you introduce me to Pat Cadigan?

Can I interest you in some authentic Mexican/Wisconsin cuisine?

Iain Banks in 1996:

Most of my memories of WisCon seem to involve playing pool, singing along with old Warren Zevon songs and drinking. The rest is a blur.

Since then, professionally, I've been sticking to the same old schedule of writing a book per year (science fiction one year, mainstream the next) and generally behaving myself. My biography reads much as it did then, except for the last bit, which now goes:

Sat in—in a rather unauthoritative way—on a Creative Writing class he was supposed to be teaching in the 1990 and 1991 Spring terms at Stirling University. Went back to his roots in December 1991, returning to the village of North Queensferry. Got married in March 1992 to a long-suffering lady who—probably wisely—wishes to remain in the background.

Over the years has been invited to and attended various conventions, festivals, and other literary beanos in the United Kingdom, Ireland, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Finland, Canada, United States, and Australia, and ducked out of similar events in France, Denmark, China, and Portugal.

Hobbies: driving (mostly too fast), glen-walking (a gentler form of hill-walking), speculative sailing (Iain's pal Les: "Banksie, we've been sitting here becalmed for the last two hours; let's start the engine." Iain: "Och but look, there's a patch of sort of ruffled-looking water down the loch there; can't be more than a mile away. Let's just give it another couple minutes...."), drinking, eating out (especially in Indian restaurants), reading, shopping, tinkering with MIDI stuff, and playing games (badly). And no, he isn't on the Net.

WisCon 15

March 1-3, 1991

Guests: Pat Murphy and Pamela Sargent

Chair: Kim Nash

Pat Murphy

by Mark L. Van Name

I once had to drive home in a hurricane. The hurricane wasn't directly hitting St. Petersburg where I lived, but it was coming close enough to make people all over the city board up their windows. One minute the rain was pounding the earth, the winds gusting to forty or fifty miles an hour; trees literally falling onto the road. A few minutes later the air went completely calm, as still as death. Then the storm, again. I got drenched just running from my car to my front door. Afterward, I saw the hurricane's pattern, the movement of its edge across the city, but during the experience nothing was so clear.

That's pretty much what it was like writing a story with Pat.

We alternated long phone calls of plotting and criticizing each other's work, stormy conversations full of barely held tempers and egos poised on the brink, with equally long calls of reassurance, conversations brimming with enough "sharing" to make a Beverly Hills therapist puke. We spent more on phone bills than we could ever possibly make from the story.

You see, we had to have the rough talks because Pat's a demanding writer. She wants everything to be just right. If she sees something that she thinks isn't perfect, she'll worry at it until she's comfortable. She's precise, obsessed with the little things, willing to do research at the drop of a setting detail—you know what I mean: a real pain in the ass.

Of course, the results justify all the work. If you don't believe me, just check out her stories, like "Rachel in Love" or "Dead Men on TV," or her novels, like *The Falling Woman* or *The City, Not Long After*. Or even our story, "Desert Rain," in the upcoming *Full Spectrum 3*.

Pat is also, however, an intensely caring writer. That's why we had to have the second kind of talk. Pat's not the type of science fiction writer who uses math problems or the latest issue of *Science* for story inspiration. She digs deep into herself, down into the rough parts that most of us try to avoid. Sometimes what comes up is painful, as in her touching story, "Good-bye, Cynthia." Other times, it's a rage that makes you glad she doesn't feel like practicing her karate on you; check out "His Vegetable Wife" if you've missed that side of her fiction.

I'm glad I had to drive once in a hurricane, although I don't want to do it again. I'm also glad I wrote a story with Pat, but I do want to do that again. In fact, we're already starting on another one.

You probably won't get a chance to write a story with Pat; but you do have the next best thing: an opportunity to spend some time with her. Do yourself a favor and take advantage of that opportunity this weekend. Get to know the storm that is Pat. Hell, you won't even need a raincoat.

Pat Murphy in 1996:

I have published three novels—*The Shadow Hunter*, *The Falling Woman*, and *The City, Not Long After*—and numerous short stories, which have been collected in *Points of Departure*, published by Bantam. My second novel, *The Falling Woman*, won the Nebula for best novel published in 1987. That same year, my novelette "Rachel in Love" won a Nebula, the Isaac Asimov Reader's Award, and the Theodore



WisCon 15 cover by David Lee Anderson

Sturgeon Memorial Award. More recently, *Points of Departure* won the 1990 Philip K. Dick Award for best paperback original and my novella "Bones" won the 1991 World Fantasy Award. In April of 1996, I published my first children's picture book: *Pigasus* (Dial Books), the rollicking tale of a winged piglet who fights pirates to rescue her mother's treasured gold ring. I have recently completed my fourth novel, an historical feminist werewolf novel, tentatively titled *Nadya: The Wolf Chronicles*. A portion of this novel ("An American Childhood," published by *Asimov's* as a novelette), was a finalist on the Hugo ballot. The full novel will be published by Tor Books in Fall 1996.

When I'm not writing science fiction, I write for the Exploratorium, San Francisco's museum of science, art, and human perception. Many of the artworks featured in my third novel, *The City, Not Long After*, were inspired by art and artists at the Exploratorium. This museum, founded by Dr. Frank Oppenheimer (brother to Robert Oppenheimer and therefore the uncle of the Atom Bomb), is a breeding ground for art that makes people take notice of the world around them, learning to look and listen in a new way. The books I have published (or will soon publish) as part of the Exploratorium staff include *By Nature's Design* (Chronicle Books), a book of photos and text about recurring natural patterns, *The Color of Nature* (Chronicle Books, Fall 1996), and *The Science Explorer* (Holt, 1996), a book of science activities for families.

I am a student of Kenpo Karate, a style in which I currently hold a first degree black belt. My favorite color is ultraviolet.

Pamela Sargent

by George Zebrowski

I can now safely repeat the praise of George Alec Effinger, Gregory Benford, James Morrow, Michael Bishop, and many others, who have expressed in public what I have always known—that Pamela Sargent is one of the best living American writers of any kind. Although she has never been nominated for a single award, and been the subject of notably misguided reviews, it is a sign of her influence and acceptance that it is widely assumed that she has been nominated for and even won awards. I've watched writers complain in her company that they have not won an award (all of them have been nominated at one time or another), and watch their jaws drop when she calmly tells them that she hasn't ever been on a final ballot.

Sargent, quite simply, does not promote herself and belongs to no clique. She finds asking another writer for a jacket blurb distasteful. She has never attended a writing workshop. At one time this was shyness on her part, but the shyness was only a sign of something deeper and stronger—an individualism that has always known that in matters of achievement we must all stand alone.

She is one of the few writers who has the array of thought, feeling, and technical skill to do justice to what some people call hard science fiction. This is a great rarity, since the ability to think through subtle ideas does not often go hand in hand with skills of characterization and writerly prose; too often readers are satisfied with the sheer dazzle of the ideas, and miss the equally interesting human impact of such toys. The existence of science fiction readers who care nothing for such considerations is what stops much science fiction from attaining its full potential.

She is neither technophobe nor technophile, or ideologue. There is wonder in her stories, but no easy fantasy or wish fulfillment. To know her characters is to suffer with

them and exult over their victories. Many readers, myself included, report that it is always an experience so convincing that one believes the author somehow managed to witness the events she has depicted.

Many of Sargent's earlier novels will be rediscovered, especially *The Golden Space*, the technical adroitness of which is surprising. Her three Venus novels will become essential to any understanding of this century's science fiction, as will *Shore of Women*, which has been given the sincerest form of flattery: imitation. Her newest novel (to be published in 1992), *Ruler of the Sky*, will reveal her as a historical novelist of the first rank.

I've described what kind of writer Pamela Sargent is, from a reader's point of view. I've also observed her as an editor, and as a fellow writer. What I've seen happen over the years is the growth of a vehement talent finding its own way, while I've had to find mine. Something awesome has come to life within the person I love. To see this happen in a human being in whom one has also known frailties and faults is doubly impressive. When I read a new story or novel by Pamela Sargent, I forget that I am a writer. She sometimes comes into the room and interrupts me. I ask this intruder Pam person to leave, so I can read the writer I admire.

Pamela Sargent in 1996:

Since attending WisCon 15 as one of its Guests of Honor, Pamela Sargent has won a Nebula Award, a Locus Award, and has published *Ruler of the Sky*, a historical novel about Genghis Khan told largely from the points-of-view of women; the book came out in 1993 from Crown in the U.S. and Chatto & Windus in the U.K. Edhasa, *Ruler's* Spanish publisher, brought Sargent to Spain in 1994 for a two-week book tour to promote the novel, and a Russian hardcover edition has just been published. Historical novelist Gary Jennings called *Ruler of the Sky* "formidably researched and exquisitely written...surely destined to be known hereafter as the definitive history of the life and times and conquests of Genghis, mightiest of Khans." Anthropologist and writer Elizabeth Marshall Thomas said about the book: "I love it...scholarly without ever seeming pedantic, the book is fascinating from cover to cover and does admirable justice to a man who might very well be called history's single most important and compelling character."

Among Sargent's recent editorial projects are the anthologies *Nebula Awards 29* (1995) and *Nebula Awards 30* (1996), both published by Harcourt Brace & Company. Harcourt is also the publisher of Sargent's *Women of Wonder: The Classic Years* and *Women of Wonder: The Contemporary Years*, two anthologies called "essential reading for any serious science fiction fan" by *Publishers Weekly*; the books were brought out in 1995, exactly twenty years after the first *Women of Wonder* anthology was published. Sargent is, with Jack Dann and George Zebrowski, now editing the *White Wolf Rediscovery Trios*, a new program designed to bring important works of science fiction back into print.

Sargent's recent short fiction has appeared in *Asimov's*, *Amazing Stories*, *Nebula Awards 28*, (ed. James Morrow), *Return to the Twilight Zone* (ed. Carol Serling, DAW), *Tales from the Great Turtle* (ed. Piers Anthony and Richard Gilliam, Tor), *Castle Fantastic* (ed. John DeChance and Martin H. Greenberg, DAW), and in *Ancient Enchantresses* and *Warrior Enchantresses* (ed. Kathleen M. Massie-Ferch and Martin H. Greenberg, DAW). She is the author, with George Zebrowski, of *A Fury Scorned*, a *Star Trek: The Next Generation* novel (Pocket Books, November 1996). Her 1983 novel *Earthseed* was recently optioned for film.



Pat Murphy
from the WisCon 15
program book



Pat Murphy



Pamela Sargent
from the WisCon 15
program book

WisCon 16

1992

Trina Robbins

WisCon 16

March 6–7, 1992

Guests: Trina Robbins and Howard Waldrop

Chair: Kim Nash

Trina Robbins

by Hank Luttrell

Trina Robbins was a major voice in the small press comics revolution in the late 1960s and 1970s. One of the first women to break into the ranks of what was mostly a boys-only club of cartoonists, she contributed (as writer, artist, and editor) to dozens of those little pamphlets that we call underground comix. You'll have trouble locating many of them. Compared with newsstand comics, the print runs on these were small, and those books that do survive are in the hands of collectors who value them highly. Still, it would be worth the effort to seek them out because they demonstrate the quality that made underground comix so refreshing—that undefinable ability to be controversial, sincere, creative, innovative, and fun.

Underground comix, as we understood them in the 1960s and 1970s, gave way to the more diverse comic book field of the 1980s and 1990s. Underground comix pioneers, such as Trina Robbins, proved there was interest in a different sort of comic book—different, that is, from the superdudes in long underwear offered by the major publishers. With her talent well established, Trina Robbins followed the trend and her work began to appear in comics and books from the large publishers who finally acknowledged that the comic audience was becoming more sophisticated.

Robbins' work is characterized by exquisitely designed line and form, deceptively simple, with every element in the image contributing to the progress of the characters and the story. And what stories! Drawing material extensively from myth and history, much of Trina Robbins' work is well within the field of science fiction and fantasy, as evidenced in her earliest work and continuing today. Trina's recent collection of comics includes the beautiful *Near Myths*, clearly a fantasy anthology, and one of her classics is a sequential art version of Tanith Lee's *Silver Metal Lover*. In 1986, Trina gave a memorable and nostalgic turn with DC's *Wonder Woman*, proving once again that publishers, both large and small, recognize talent.

But Trina is more than just another talented artist. She is also an activist. While this is clear in all of her work, no where is it more evident than in her work for *StripAids USA* and *Choices*. *StripAids USA*, a 1988 benefit book for AIDS, was co-edited by Trina and earned her 1989 awards from both the San Diego Comic Convention and the San Francisco Media Alliance. *Choices*, a 1991 pro-choice benefit comic, which Trina edited and published, won her the 1990 and 1991 San Francisco NOW's Outstanding Feminist Activist Award.

While the two comics above are the best examples of Trina's activism, it is important to recognize that her beliefs and atti-

tudes influence everything she does. In a world where comic book publishers target young men as their largest, most important group of readers, Trina Robbins has never given up on entertaining women. *Misty* and *California Girls* are both wonderful comics for young women, and one of Trina's many current projects is writing for *Barbie* and *Barbie Fashion*. With Trina working on the project, you can be sure that it will appeal to both young and old, and it will educate and inform, as well as entertain.

One of Trina's most ambitious works to date is her fantastic children's book: *Catswalk*. Drawing on history and legend, Trina entered the world of mainstream children's books with the same talent and success as she had entered the comics field. Stop by the WisCon art show and see some of *Catswalk's* magnificent illustrations.

Also plan on seeing Trina's slide show on women in the comic industry. You see, Trina Robbins is also a cartoon historian. In addition to her slide show, she co-wrote the book *Women in the Comics*, which is invaluable in the field. The bad news is that it is out of print, but the good news is that a new book is planned by Trina and Kitchen Sink Press.

Trina Robbins: artist, writer, editor, publisher, and historian. One can only wonder how all that talent stays contained in one person. We're all better for it though, and we can only wait and see what she does next.

Trina Robbins in 1996:

As a woman who has attended far too many comic cons, and not that many science fiction cons, my happiest memories of WisCon consist of what I didn't see, rather than what I saw. I saw no interminable lines of twelve-year-old boys waiting to get their comics autographed by the latest hotshot superhero artist, or arguing about who was stronger: the Hulk or the Thing. I saw no comic book art of overly muscled, tiny-headed guys punching the lights out of each other, or melon-breasted babes in thigh high spike heeled boots and chrome-plated thong bikinis.

Instead, I saw (and met!) intelligent, non-sexist people, attended panels where verbal participants used words of more than one syllable, and witnessed a really good (and funny!) presentation at the Tiptree awards ceremony.

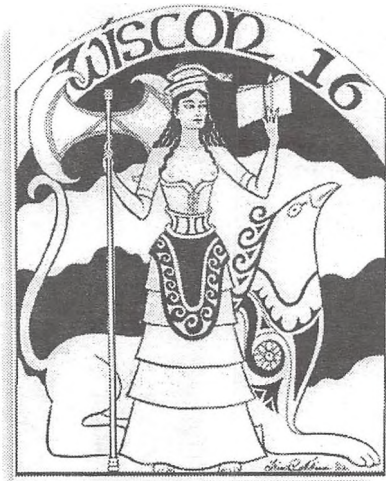
Compared to the average comic con, WisCon is like a steaming plate of crisp, green broccoli after a diet of Big Macs.

And the cheese! O brave new world, that has such people in it!

Was it really that long ago? I guess so; my book, *A Century of Women Cartoonists* wasn't out yet, although I was already doing the slide show about the book, and taking (I hope!) advance orders. This year, I'll be doing a slide show about my new book, *The Great Superheroines*, which isn't out yet either.

Since my last WisCon, besides *A Century of Women Cartoonists*, I've done a CD-ROM for girls, *Hawaii High* and for a year I was the regular writer on Disney's *The Little Mermaid*. (But, and I hope this isn't too confusing, it was published by Marvel Comics!) The mermaid came closest to being the kind of comic I wanted to write for girls—Ariel was a typical teenager, except that she happened to have fins. This meant that she could make mistakes, be good, and have adventures. Unfortunately, the mermaid has been cancelled by Marvel, along with Barbie, which means that (except for Betty and Veronica, who will never die) there are no comics at all for girls anymore.

I'm pretty darn happy about my history of superheroines. As usual, I discovered that when men wrote about comics (and 99% of the people who write about comics are of the



WisCon 16 cover by Trina Robbins



Trina Robbins from the WisCon 16 program book

Trina Robbins



male persuasion), they mostly write about super*heroes*, and if they write about the super*women* at all, they are either very negative or (and this is even worse) very “nudge-nudge, wink-wink.” I decided that I would write *my* book from an unapologetically feminist viewpoint, and I had a lot of fun doing it.

Howard Waldrop

by George R.R. Martin

Let’s begin with some riddles. What do Dwight David Eisenhower and the dodo have in common? How are Japanese sumo wrestlers like Disney cartoon characters? What’s the common link between Izaak Walton, Abbott & Costello, and George Armstrong Custer? If you ran into a gorilla in a powdered wig at a tractor pull, what would that remind you of? And while you’re pondering all that, just who was that masked man anyway?

The last one is easy. The masked man is Howard Waldrop, a short squinty-eyed fellow with an atrocious accent and a wardrobe like Mork from Ork. He was born in Mississippi, grew up in Texas, and has bounced around the Lone Star State most of his adult life, from Arlington to Grand Prairie to Bryan to Austin, where he now resides.

He knows everything there is to know about B-movies, he can sing fifties rock and TV theme songs all night long (and often does), he likes to fish, and he just happens to be the most startling, original, and entertaining short story writer in science fiction today.

The word *unique* is much abused these days, but in Howard’s case it applies. We live in a derivative age, and nowhere is that more apparent than in the books we read. Every new horror writer is compared to Stephen King. Our fantasists all seem to write in the tradition of J.R.R. Tolkien, Robert E. Howard, or Stephen R. Donaldson. The hot young talents in science fiction are routinely proclaimed as the next Robert A. Heinlein, the new Isaac Asimov, the angriest young man since Harlan Ellison, unless they happen to be female, in which case they are dutifully likened to Andre Norton, Ursula K. Le Guin, and Marion Zimmer Bradley. If you listen to the blurb-writers, these days it seems that everybody writes like somebody else.

Howard Waldrop’s short fiction is squarely in the tradition of Howard Waldrop. There’s never been anyone like him, in or out of science fiction. His voice is his own; singular, distinctive, quirky, and—once you’ve encountered it—more than a little addictive. I’m tempted to say that the only other thing that’s like a Howard Waldrop story is another Howard Waldrop story, except that it wouldn’t be true. Howard’s stories differ as much from each other as from your run-of-the-mill science fiction and fantasy. The only thing they have in common is that they’re all a little bit different.

Howard doesn’t like to write the same thing twice. Well-meaning friends keep telling him that the best way to get rich and famous is to write the same thing over and over and over and over again, to keep frying up those robot duneburgers of gore and serving them to a hungry public, but Howard keeps wandering off and getting interested in Groucho Marx, Chinese proletarian novels, and the mound-builder Indians. Suddenly books start piling up in his office, a maniacal gleam lights his tiny little eyes, and he begins to talk incessantly about a strange new story he’s going to write. Meanwhile, he consumes those piles of books during breaks in his daily regimen of building bookcases and watching old movies on television. Then, when all of his

friends are just about ready to skin him alive, out it comes all in a rush: the latest Waldrop wonderment.

It’s an odd way to work, but it’s Howard’s way, as uniquely his own as the stories it produces. He’s been doing it for a long time. People have been paying him for it ever since 1970, but he started long before that, writing stories just for the love of writing. I couldn’t tell you just when Howard began to scrawl words on paper, but I suspect that it was about nine seconds after he first learned to hold a Crayola in his stubby little fingers.

I do know that he was born in Mississippi on September 15, 1946 (a date he’s immortalized in one of his recent short stories), that later on his family moved to Texas, and that he’s been a thorough-going Texan ever since. He was already writing up a storm by the time he first came to my attention. That was in 1963; we were both in high school, him in Arlington, Texas and me in Bayonne, New Jersey, and both of us were publishing our juvenilia in the comic book fan magazines of the day, tiny publications printed in purple with fast-fading ditto masters and circulated to literally *dozens* of eager readers, most of them high school kids, like Howard himself. Even then, Howard was unique. Everyone else who wrote for those tiny fanzines (including, I blush to admit, myself) imitated the professional funny-books and wrote about super-heroes. Howard wrote detective stories set in France at the time of the Musketeers. The readers loved him, but didn’t quite know what to make of him, and they’d write in puzzlement to the fanzine letter columns to say, “Boy, Howard Waldrop’s story was really great, but it was all about Cardinal Richelieu. What powers did *he* have, anyway?” He’s been pleasing and puzzling readers ever since.

Everyone who read him back then knew right off that Howard was too good to stay an amateur for long, and sure enough we were all right. He made his first professional sale in 1970, just before he got drafted. The Army sent him to Georgia, gave him a typewriter, and taught him all the words to “I Want To Be an Airborne Ranger,” but otherwise did him little good. The story had more lasting effects on his life and career. It was a little thing called “Lunchbox,” and the editor who bought it was the legendary John W. Campbell, Jr. During the decades that he had edited *Astounding* (later *Analog*), Campbell had discovered and introduced an astonishing number of science fiction greats, and in fishing Howard Waldrop out of the slushpile, he demonstrated that his eye for talent hadn’t deserted him. Campbell’s untimely death came before he could actually print Howard’s debut story, but in a very real sense it can still be said that Howard Waldrop was Campbell’s last great gift to science fiction.

Two years as an army journalist slowed him down a little, but there was no stopping Howard permanently, and once he was discharged, he returned to Texas to begin to write and sell all sorts of things. He even wrote a novel, a collaboration with his landlord. It was called *The Texas-Israel War*, by Jake Saunders and Howard Waldrop, and it’s still in print today.

Those were heady days in Texas, for reasons entirely unconnected with the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders. Hot young writers were popping up all over the Lone Star State, and selling stories to every contemporary market, large and small. The brilliant Tom Reamy was just beginning to publish, Lisa Tuttle was turning heads with her early stories, Bruce Sterling was in the process of becoming a Harlan Ellison Discovery, and all of them—along with Howard and a half-dozen others—were part of a loosely organized floating workshop they called the Turkey City NeoPro Rodeo. Collaboration was endemic among the Turkey City writers, and

Everyone else who wrote for those tiny fanzines (including, I blush to admit, myself) imitated the professional funny-books and wrote about super-heroes. Howard wrote detective stories set in France at the time of the Musketeers. The readers loved him, but didn’t quite know what to make of him, and they’d write in puzzlement to the fanzine letter columns to say, “Boy, Waldrop’s story was really great, but it was all about Cardinal Richelieu. What powers did *he* have, anyway?”

George R.R. Martin

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 17
1993

Lois McMaster Bujold

During the decades that he had edited *Analogue* (later *Asounding*), Campbell had discovered and introduced an astonishing number of science fiction greats, and in fishing Howard Waldrop out of the slushpile, he demonstrated that his eye for talent hadn't deserted him. Campbell's untimely death came before he could actually print Howard's debut story, but in a very real sense it can still be said that Howard Waldrop was Campbell's last great gift to science fiction.

George R.R. Martin

Howard shared bylines with a number of them, producing some forgettable journeyman stories and others that are still being talked about, most notably "Custer's Last Jump," about the way Crazy Horse and the Plains Indians Air Force destroyed Custer's paratroops at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. It was berserk, brilliant, and an omen of the things soon to come from Howard's clanking manual typewriter.

It was about then that people finally started noticing Howard Waldrop. He was nominated for *two* Nebulas in 1977 for "Custer" and again for "Mary Margaret Road-Grader," Howard's solo *tour de force* about post-holocaust tractor pulls. He didn't take home any trophies that year, but it was only a matter of time. Other nominations for other awards followed, and in 1981 his classic story "The Ugly Chickens" won both the Nebula and the prestigious World Fantasy Award, and came within a dodo feather of copping the Hugo as well, a rare triple crown.

Nowadays, Howard seems to be just about everywhere. Once, to find the latest Waldrop stories, you had to buy Terry Carr's distinguished hardcover anthology series *Universe*, or seek out small circulation semi-professional magazines like *Shayol*, *Chacal*, and *Nickelodeon*. These days Howard is publishing in *Omni* and *Playboy*...but you'll still find him in *Universe* and *Shayol* as well. He's not the kind that forgets where he came from. His name turns up monotonously on the short lists for every major award in the field and most of the minor ones, and no wonder. The stories keep getting stranger and stranger, but they're getting better and better too.

He even had another go at a novel recently, this time without any help from his landlord. The end result was called *Them Bones*, time travel as only Waldrop would write it, and it was published to loud huzzas as part of Terry Carr's revived Ace Specials line.

As good as it was, however, *Them Bones* still wasn't a patch on Howard's short stories. Short fiction remains Waldrop's forte, and believe me, nobody does it better. You've got a damned fine sampler of Waldrop in [his collection *Strange Things in Close Up*], the famous stories and the obscure ones, plucked from magazines with hundreds or hundreds of thousands of readers. The only thing they will all have in common is their quality. If this is your first taste of Howard, I envy you. Bet you can't read just one.

Oh, yes, you'll be wanting answers to the riddles. Howard Waldrop. Howard Waldrop. Howard Waldrop. Howard Waldrop. And finally, Howard Waldrop. There's only one of him, but—luck for us—he spreads himself around.

(Originally printed in *Strange Things in Close Up: the Nearly Complete Howard Waldrop*, 1986. London: Legend.)

Howard Waldrop in 1996:

WISCON: The world-erasing snow.

- I remember: Mama. The Alamo. The world-erasing snow.
- Greg Ketter having my newest books for sale before I'd ever seen a copy.
- Looking out the overheated corridors at the world-erasing snow.
- The Dada panel: wearing coathangers and shoes on my head, and gloves on my feet and trying to get an audience to put its hands together and join us in on Hugo Ball's "Zim Zim"...
- The panel on why *Lord of the Rings* was about WWI, not WWII, and several people in the audience insisting Sauron was the A-bomb, or at least Hitler or Stalin. Sauron was the Kaiser...
- Reading in the bar.
- The world-erasing snow...

- Checking out the pond across the road to see if a) the ice was out and b) if any pike were cruising around. a) yes b) no.
- A dog-collar and leather crotchless vest emporium in Madison where me and the guy behind the counter talked about trout.
- A coffee shop downtown: a *latté* here is what you call an *espresso blanco* there. I was fooled twice...
- Slipping and sliding through the world-erasing snow to get back for the panels...
- Teaching Gwyneth Jones how to bowl a 46; I hadn't had a ball in my hand in twenty years and bowled 187...
- Tired and all funned out; got on the last flight out of Madison before snow closed it; got the last flight into Texas before snow closed O'Hare ("San Antonio—take it or leave it.") seven hours late; tried to sleep while Randolph AFB cycled through 300 basic-trainees in the closed-down airport; got to fly to Austin at 8 am on Conquest Airlines ("Two propellers, no waiting") who leave San Antonio, fly just above the traffic on I-35, and turn right on the off-ramp into Meuller Airport...
- The world-erasing snow...

WisCon 17

March 5–7, 1993

Guests: Lois McMaster Bujold and Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Chair: Lorelei Manney

Lois McMaster Bujold

by Lois McMaster Bujold

I was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1949. I graduated from Upper Arlington High School in 1967, and attended the Ohio State University from 1968 to 1972. I have two children, Anne born 1979, and Paul born 1981. We've resided in Marion, Ohio since 1980.

I've been a voracious reader all my life, beginning with a passion for horse stories in grade school. I began reading adult science fiction when I was 9, a taste picked up from my father. He was a professor of Welding Engineering at Ohio State University and an old Cal Tech man (Ph.D.s in physics and electrical engineering *magna cum laude*, 1944), and used to buy the science fiction magazines and paperback books to read on the plane on consulting trips; these naturally fell to me. My reading tastes later expanded to include history, mysteries, romance, travel, war, poetry, etc., etc.

My early writing efforts began in junior high school. By eighth grade I was putting out fragmentary imitations of my favorite writers—on my own time, of course, not for any class. The parts that hit paper were but a fraction of the stories pouring through my head at that time. Somewhere in my attic still lurk twenty or so pages of an aborted epic in Spenserian verse, the result of having read both *The Faerie Queen* and Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* twice in the same year. My best friend Lillian Stewart and I collaborated on extended story lines throughout high school; once again only fragments of the total were written out. The high point of my high school years was probably a summer in Europe. At age 15 I hitchhiked around England, Germany, and Switzerland with my older brother, and travelled with my parents by car through Austria, Italy, and France. Highlights of England included sleeping on everything from a park bench in Oxford to a castle in Scotland and riding in everything from the back of a flatbed truck in Wales in the rain to a lift from a local Member of Parliament in his Rolls. Shake-

spare as presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company in Stratford-upon-Avon was nothing at all like what I had been led to believe in high school. We travelled from London to Scotland and back south to Salisbury Plain at a time when you could still walk up and touch Stonehenge.

I dabbled with English as a major in college, but fell away from it quickly. My heart was in the creative, not the critical end of things. College wasn't a total waste; an interest in wildlife and close-up photography led me on a six-week study tour to East Africa. Eight hundred slides of bugs; much later I also borrowed the landscape and ecology I had seen for background of my first novel. That's the one of the nicest things about writing, all of a sudden nothing is wasted. Even your failures are reclassified as raw material.

After college I worked as a pharmacy technician at the Ohio State University Hospitals, until I quit to start my family. This was a fallow time for writing, but for a Sherlock Holmes pastiche that ran about 60 pages; it was however a very fruitful time for reading, as my Staff card admitted me to OSU's two-million-volume main stacks, filled with wonders and obscurities.

Then my old friend Lillian, now Lillian Stewart Carl, began writing again, at first amateur fan stories. One of these grew and transmuted into an original novel, followed by a second novel; then she made her first short story sales, then sold her third novel. About this time it occurred to me that if she could do it, I could do it too. I was unemployed with two small children on a very straitened budget in Marion, Ohio, at this point, but the hobby required almost no initial monetary investment. I wrote a novelette for practice and then embarked on my first novel in December of 1982, with encouragement and help by mail from Lillian and Patricia C. Wrede, a fantasy writer from Minneapolis.

I quickly discovered that writing was far too demanding and draining to justify as a hobby, and that only serious professional recognition would satisfy me. Whatever had to be done, in terms of writing, rewriting, cutting, editorial analysis, and trying again, I was savagely determined to learn to do. This was an immensely fruitful period in my growth as a writer, all of it somewhat invisible to the outside observer. I knew what was happening, but had no way of proving it.

My first novel, *Shards of Honor*, was completed in 1983; the second, *The Warrior's Apprentice*, in 1984; and the third, *Ethan of Athos* in 1985. As each one came off the boards it began the painfully slow process of submission to the New York publishers. I also wrote a few short stories which I began circulating to the magazine markets. In late 1984 the third of these sold to *Twilight Zone*, my first professional sale and the first indication that there was light at the end of the tunnel. This thin proof of my professional status had to stretch until October of 1985, when all three of the completed novels were bought by Baen Books, making me an overnight success after a mere thirty or so years of build-up. The novels were published as original paperbacks in June, August, and December of 1986, leading the uninitiated to imagine that I wrote a novel every three months.

Since then I have sold three more short stories, to *Twilight Zone*, *Far Frontiers*, and *American Fantasy*, and completed my ninth book. Television rights to my first short story "Barter" were sold to the syndicated TV show "Tales from the Darkside," and rendered into an episode for broadcast. *Falling Free* was serialized the winter of 1987-88 in *Analog*, and was published as an original paperback by Baen Books in 1988. I was particularly pleased to be featured in *Analog*, as it was a favorite magazine of my father's and of my own; I still have the check stub from the gift subscription my

father bought me when I was 13. Two "Miles Vorkosigan" novellas appeared in *Analog* in 1989: "The Mountains of Mourning" in May and "Labyrinth" in the August issue. Another, "Weatherman," was in *Analog* in February 1990. The fifth book, titled *Brothers in Arms*, is a sequel to *The Warriors Apprentice* and was published in January 1989. The sixth book, again published by Baen, is a collection of the three Miles novellas, titled *Borders of Infinity*, published October 1989; the seventh, also a Miles Vorkosigan adventure including and continuing from "Weatherman" and titled *The Vor Game*, was a September 1990 release from Baen.

The first two books were combined as a hardback Science Fiction Book Club selection under the title *Test of Honor*. The Book Club also published a combined volume of *The Vor Game* and *Borders of Infinity* under the combined title of *Vorkosigan's Game*, and will be doing *The Spirit Ring*. British rights to the first five novels were sold to Headline Books; Pan Books in England has recently purchased *Borders of Infinity*, *The Vor Game*, *Barrayar*, and *The Spirit Ring*. Easton Press has done signed first editions, bound in leather, of *Borders of Infinity*, *The Vor Game*, and *Barrayar*.

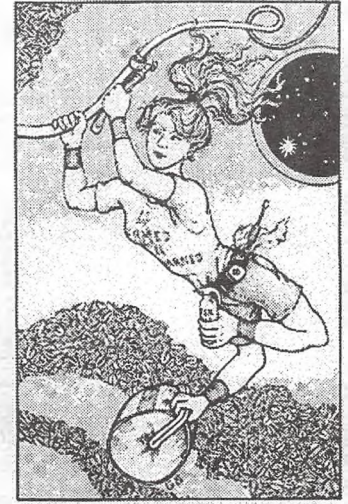
In the meanwhile, *Shards of Honor* was a final nominee for the Compton Crook Award for best first novel of 1986, and was second in the *Locus* poll for best first novels of that year. *The Warrior's Apprentice* also made the *Locus* poll for best novel, ranking 16th. (There were 1500 science fiction and fantasy titles published in 1986.) I was runner-up for 1987's John W. Campbell Award for best new writer, which is given annually by the World Science Fiction Convention along with the coveted Hugo. *Falling Free* was one of the 1988 final nominees for the Hugo Award, voted by the fan membership of the annual World Science Fiction Convention, and won the Nebula Award for best novel of 1988 given by the Science Fiction Writers of America.

The story "The Mountains of Mourning" from the collection *Borders of Infinity* won both the Hugo and the Nebula Award for best novella of 1989. "Labyrinth," another novella in that collection, won first place in the Analytical Laboratory, *Analog's* annual readers' poll; "The Mountains of Mourning" followed it in third place. "Weatherman" was a 1990 Nebula novella finalist, and won the *Analog* reader's poll for favorite novella/novelette for 1990. *The Vor Game* won the Hugo for best novel of 1990.

Barrayar is a direct sequel to *Shards of Honor*. It ran as a four-part serial in *Analog* starting July 1991, and was published by Baen in October 1991. It was a 1991 Nebula novel finalist, won the *Locus* poll for best science fiction novel of 1991, and won the Hugo. *The Spirit Ring* is my first fantasy novel, breaking entirely away from the current series. It is a ghost story based on an old folk tale, and set in 15th-century Italy. It will be published by Baen Books in November 1992. Another Miles Vorkosigan adventure, sequel to *Brothers in Arms*, is now in progress.

Lois McMaster Bujold in 1996:

The tenth book finally lost its working title of, logically enough, *Ten*, and went on to become *Mirror Dance*, and win my unusual third Hugo for best novel. I followed it with a much lighter series prequel, *Cetaganda*, which ran as a serial in *Analog* and was published in hardcover by Baen Books in January 1996. Next up will be *Memory*, Miles's sequel to



WISCON 17 MARCH 5-7, 1993

WisCon 17 cover by
Georgie Schnobrich



Lois McMaster Bujold

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

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Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Mirror Dance, scheduled to be released from Baen in October 1996. I've broken into a new medium with The Reader's Chair's upcoming production of my books on audiocassette. My work now appears in 13 languages. In the meanwhile I (and my two teenagers and three cats) have made a move to Minneapolis, and are enjoying the new community. I am pleased to be returning to WisCon, which I remember with fondness, and hope that our relocation to the area will allow me to become a more frequent attendee.

Kristine Kathryn Rusch

by Kevin J. Anderson

Not many people know that WisCon was the first science fiction convention Kristine Kathryn Rusch ever attended. She didn't make much of a lasting impression at the time, since we were trying to keep her well hidden.

I know. I smuggled her in without a name badge just so she could gape wide-eyed at the dealer's room, see a few of the other fans wandering around the halls, and decide for herself if she really wanted to be part of this community.

Now, a decade or so later, it seems obvious that she has made her choice.

Kris lived in Wisconsin for a total of 19 years, making her home in Madison, Middleton, Superior, Waunakee, and Beloit. She graduated from the University of Wisconsin-Madison with a history degree, specializing in the Civil War period. During her time in Madison, Kris worked as a volunteer at the listener-sponsored radio station WORT, eventually becoming their news director. She was also part owner of a frame shop and art gallery in Middleton.

I first met Kris in a creative writing class my sophomore year at the UW, up on the sixth floor of Helen C. White Hall. I had wanted to be a writer all my life and, though I did not major in English in college, I decided that taking a creative writing class would be the most important thing I could do for my career.

Silly me.

I was discouraged to find that most of the other students were proud to write pointless stories about interminable conversations over the breakfast dishes. Except for one particular history major, two years older than myself—Kris. Even her "mainstream" attempts had a plot; they had characters who (omigosh!) actually did something between the first and the last page.

I remember listening in delight and astonishment when Kris read a *Twilight Zone*-style story in class about a Civil War buff who thinks he has been tossed back in time when he wanders into a realistic battle reenactment in one of the historic battlefields. I congratulated her on writing a good fantasy piece...and she took offense, claiming that her work had real characters and wasn't part of that badly written genre fiction junk.

I attempted to set her straight, and she reacted with subdued kicking and screaming, resisting the news that she knew in her heart to be all too true. Beforehand, the only science fiction she had read included the clunky old nuts and bolts, ray guns 'n' rocketships stuff published half a century ago, but I insisted to her that there was much more to the genre. And finally her own inner defenses won out.

Her next piece was unabashedly science fiction, an atmospheric, intriguing detective story about a deadly work of art on a distant planet. It was called "Winter Fugue," published in a magazine called *Pulpsmith* (no relation to any similar sounding magazine with which Kris may have some connection)—and I sure hope it gets reprinted somewhere.

Kris and I kept in touch long after the creative writing class ended for the semester. We continued to exchange and critique each other's stories. I had gathered up a bunch of small press credits for my own fiction, and I twisted Kris's arm to do the one thing that no creative writing professor had ever dared to suggest—if she wanted to get her stories published, I told her she had to actually *submit* them (gasp!) to magazines. She did, and she kept submitting. And she started selling her fiction.

Kris convinced me to buy my first computer, after showing off her brand new Apple IIe, with 64KB of RAM and two disk drives. She brought me over to show it off, explaining what a menu was or why you had to stick the program disk into the disk drive or what a word processor could do...enough so that I lusted after a computer myself and wouldn't sleep until I had purchased one just like hers, with identical word processing software (since file conversions were absolutely impossible in those days) so that Kris and I could exchange diskettes.

She was the Dungeon Master in a D&D game a group of friends played every Sunday night for a couple of years; I drew heavily (and sometimes obviously!) on those experiences when I wrote my own *Gamearth* fantasy trilogy (of which she read an extremely early draft). My D&D character was named Delrael, who ended up being the main character in my trilogy; after Kris killed off Delrael in the game, I played a guy named Seymour, who showed up as one of the main characters in her first novel *The White Mists of Power*. (I read an extremely early draft of that novel, and then a science fiction novel starring the detective she had introduced in "Winter Fugue"—to be published, completely revised, as *Traitors* later this year.)

When I made my own first professional sale to *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* in 1984, Kris was the first person I called to share my gushing excitement...and now she's editing that magazine!

I moved to California, she moved to Eugene, Oregon, but still we swapped diskettes back and forth through the mail for a long time. Unless you know better, you might think that Kris is now employed by the Eugene Chamber of Commerce for all the times she has tried to get other writers to move there. She has almost as many cats as she has publication credits.

Since that creative writing class, Kris has honed her talents, and she continues to learn. She attended the Clarion science fiction writers' workshop, attended the legendary Taos, New Mexico, writer's workshop given by Algis Budrys; she taught part of a Writers of the Future workshop. She helped to establish a large workshop in Eugene, which has spawned and helped a great many new writers.

As an integral part of the Eugene writers' community, Kris has always been willing to try new ways of writing, including intensive writing weekends, productivity challenges, experimental types of collaboration, brainstorming, and exchanging business information crucial for professional writers. Upon learning of yet another project she and Dean Wesley Smith were launching, a friend of mine cried, "What do those people do, eat adrenaline?" Kris does not understand the phrase "you can't do that."

I remember cruising along the Oregon coastline in a car with Kris and Dean Wesley Smith as they tried to explain to me their hare-brained scheme of producing a hardcover magazine that they were going to call *Pulphouse*. Kris edited eleven issues of that hardcover magazine, publishing stories that received attention for numerous awards. *Pulphouse* itself has already become almost legendary because of its high quality, and I predict it will have a spot in science fic-



Kristine Kathryn Rusch

tion history alongside *Dangerous Visions* as a seminal anthology series in the genre.

So far, Kris has sold six solo novels (*The White Mists of Power* and the forthcoming *Traitors*, along with four others currently in production) and two collaborations with me (*Afterimage* and the forthcoming *Aftershock*). Her work ranges from fantasy, to horror, to mainstream, to science fiction, to mystery. She is perhaps best known for her shorter fiction, which has been published in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Asimov's*, *Amazing*, *Aboriginal*, *Full Spectrum 3*, *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*, *First Magazine*, *The Year's Best Science Fiction Stories*, *Newer York*, *Hotel Andromeda*, *Alternate Presidents*, and *Alternate Kennedys*. A collection of some of her best shorter work has just been released on audiotape by Spine-Tingling Press. She has won or been nominated for the John W. Campbell Award, the World Fantasy Award, the Hugo Award, the Nebula Award, the Bram Stoker Award, and probably a few others I've forgotten.

And ten years ago she insisted that she didn't write science fiction! I'll usually agree with anyone who says that no good can really come out of a creative writing class—but there are a few exceptions.

WisCon 18

March 4–6, 1994

Guests: Karen Joy Fowler, Melinda Snodgrass, and James Frenkel

Chair: Matt Raw

Karen Joy Fowler

by Pat Murphy

I could begin by telling you that Karen Joy Fowler's work, like Karen herself, is lean and fierce. Her stories have an edge—they are sharp and true. They cut, so swift and sure that you don't feel the wound immediately.

But if I begin like that you might think that Karen's work is savage and humorless. Nothing could be farther from the truth, so let me start again.

I'll tell you about the time Karen was a guest lecturer at a science fiction class that I taught at the University of California. Her visit inspired the following extra credit question on the final exam:

According to Karen Fowler, a headless frog will go on copulating for:

- half an hour
- two hours
- a day
- up to ten days

The correct answer, as anyone who has read Karen's novel *Sarah Canary* can tell you, is "up to ten days." The question was inspired by a passage about Dr. James Carr, the head physician at the Steilacoom Territory Asylum. In 1873 (the same year Freud entered medical school in Vienna), Dr. Carr was "duplicating the experiments of William Hammond, cutting the heads off copulating frogs to isolate the physical location of instinct in the frog's body. Hammond claimed to have kept the headless male frog alive for up to ten days, and in all that time the male never released his purposeful grip on the female." Dr. Carr is less successful: "Dr. Carr had great difficulty getting his frogs to couple at all, and then they lost all interest in sex when they lost their minds."

May 24-27, 1996

The section that begins with copulating frogs includes a wide-ranging discussion that touches on Belle Starr, horses, penis envy, and the possibility that earthquakes and roller-skating can cure lunacy. The whole thing is hysterically funny. (This is, incidentally, the passage that Karen chose on the afternoon that I brought my mother to hear her read. But that's another story.)

But if I go on and on about copulating frogs, you won't appreciate the depth wisdom of Karen's stories. So that doesn't seem right.

I could give you a few facts. Karen published her first story in 1985; she won the John W. Campbell Award and published her short-story collection *Artificial Things* in 1986. Her novel, *Sarah Canary*, was published by Henry Holt in 1991. In England The Women's Press has collected a number of her stories (along with stories by me and Pat Cadigan) in *Letters from Home*.

Karen is a surprising person. Though I've known her for years, I just learned (by reading the introduction to "The Dark" in Gardner Dozois's ninth annual *The Year's Best Science Fiction*) that she occasionally teaches ballet. I have often thought that she'd make a fine martial artist (lean and fierce, I tell you). But ballet? It never occurred to me.

I suppose there is one very important thing that I must tell you: Karen Joy Fowler is a trouble maker. There's no question about it. She appears to be sweet and well-mannered, but appearances can be deceiving.

She is, after all, co-founder of the James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award. Since you're at WisCon, chances are you've heard of this award, presented annually to a story or novel that explores and expands gender roles. (If you haven't heard, ask Jeanne Gomoll or Ellen Krisor or Hope Kiefer or Ellen Franklin or Peter Larsen or any other member of the unofficial uncontrollable Tiptree Machine.) And Karen was, of course, the evil genius who suggested that we fund the Award with bake sales.

She has a wicked sense of humor, a gift for irony and understatement. She's dangerous, of course, but only in the very best sort of way. And she's a hell of a writer.

Writing this short bio took longer than I expected. While thinking about what I wanted to say, I pulled down Karen's short story collection, *Artificial Things*, and reread all the stories. Then I reread all her stories in *Letters from Home*. Finally I settled down with *Sarah Canary*, contentedly assuming that I really should reread it too, just to be thorough about this. Of course, around about then I realized that the program was going to press any day. The folks putting it together were being very patient, but my time was running out.

In the end, all I can say is this: *run*, don't walk to the dealer's room, and buy copies of any of Karen's books that you can lay your hands on. Read them, and form your own opinion. You won't regret it.

Karen Joy Fowler in 1996:

I have some very vivid memories of my WisCon. They are so vivid they may not even be real. I had a terrible cold—a cold so bad I took a decongestant, even though past experience suggests this is something I should never do. Decon-

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Program Book

WisCon 18 cover by
Jim Darsey Nelson



Karen Joy Fowler

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 18
1994

Melinda Snodgrass



Karen Joy Fowler

I'm in the dealer's room and someone I don't know is telling someone else I don't know that it takes more than a thousand years to lift a species to consciousness. He's really angry about it, too, as if there's been an argument and soon will be a fist fight. The level of passion and the topic that generated it—they don't seem to fit together to me. I had to go back to my room, call Pat Murphy who was out, and get Richard Kadrey to talk me down.

Karen Joy Fowler

gestants play in an alarming way with my mind and my body.

Among the things I remember is sitting in my hotel room shortly after my arrival, reading for the first time Pat Murphy's wonderful introduction of me. Who among us hasn't yearned to be called an evil genius? And how many have actually seen this dream fulfilled? Just a handful. Me, of course. Been there, done that.

And things were even better when I left my room. Everywhere I went I met wonderful people—some I already knew, but more that I was meeting for the first time. I lunched with the Tiptree cartel, (took that decongestant afterwards), went to hear Suzy Charnas read a section from *The Furies*, talked about books, books, books everywhere I went with everyone. It was really great.

Then the drugs began to kick in. I'm in the dealer's room and someone I don't know is telling someone else I don't know that it takes more than a thousand years to lift a species to consciousness. He's really angry about it, too, as if there's been an argument and soon will be a fist fight. The level of passion and the topic that generated it—they don't seem to fit together to me. I had to go back to my room, call Pat Murphy who was out, and get Richard Kadrey to talk me down.

And then I was all right again. More than all right; I was hysterically funny. Hey, that's the way I remember it, you remember it differently, keep it to yourself.

I remember Melinda Snodgrass's sober and instructive Guest of Honor speech about women in Hollywood.

I met a witch, and I liked her a whole lot, too.

I remember bowling. Now you know I'm hallucinating. We'd all gone out for Chinese food and I'd passed on our own little family tradition, that if you want the fortune in your fortune cookie to come true you must stick it on your forehead with spit and wear it until it falls off of its own accord. Bill Bodden's fortune promised him such improvements as he was desperate to get, so he plastered it on and it stayed for hours, right in the middle of his forehead, looking, as you can imagine, very odd. It stayed longer than I had ever seen one stay. It stayed until I bowled a strike and he struck his forehead in disbelief, thus removing the fortune illegally, in such a way as to forfeit any advantage. I would have felt so sad about it, but I'd just gotten a strike!

Here's the point. I had a really, really great time. From my college days on, I always thought of myself as a feminist, but I was always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time—having children when everyone else was getting degrees; staying home when everyone else was getting jobs. WisCon was really and truly the first time I understood that I was part of a feminist community. The first time I really felt it. I belong here with these people. What a wonderful surprise that has been.

Melinda Snodgrass

by Walter Jon Williams

A friend of mine recently had to undergo an upgrading of his security clearance, which led to sundry minions of the Defense Department showing up at his friends' homes to ask questions related to his reliability, discretion, and allegiance to the nation. Naturally I lied my head off and I believe the fellow was duly cleared.

The particular minion who appeared on my front stoop asked for names of other acquaintances he might interview, and I mentioned Melinda Snodgrass.

"Ah," he said, "She's the writer who raises Arabian horses, works for Hollywood, writes science fiction, and whose main characters are all redheads."

"Ummm," I said, "yeah,"

He smiled. "She's already on the list."

He sounded as if he wanted to talk to her less because it was his job than because she seemed like a very interesting person, and this of course only showed his good sense. The only uncertainty was which Melinda did he end up talking to.

Melinda has a number of personae, all of them accomplished and interesting, and she dons them and casts them off with a celerity that might bewilder the casual passerby. I will provide therefore *A Field Guide to the Greater Snodgrae*, which I hope will serve to help neophytes understand which Melinda they're speaking to at any given moment.

The Daring Equestrian: Melinda raises Arabian horses, trains and shows them herself, and has a wall of ribbons and awards to demonstrate how well she does it. Her mare Flame Sirocco won Reserve National Champion a couple years ago, and will doubtless achieve greater glory in years to come. Recognize the Equestrian Snodgrass by her jodhpurs.

The Hollywood Heroine: Melinda has been a staff writer for *Star Trek: The Next Generation* and *Reasonable Doubts*, which should adequately demonstrate the flexibility of her talent. She's also written television pilots and cowritten scripts for *A Princess of Mars* and the movie version of *Wild Cards*. Recognize the Hollywood Snodgrass by her sports car and Gold Card.

The Swashbuckling Fictioneer: Melinda's fiction career shows equal variety, and includes the hard-science fiction *Circuit* trilogy as well as *Queen's Gambit Declined*, an unusual and interesting "hard fantasy" with a most unlikely hero, William III of Orange. For *Wild Cards* she not only created the series's *raison d'être*, the wild card virus itself, but also the series's most beloved character, the snooty-but-sensitive Dr. Tachyon. Recognize the Fictioneer Melinda by her portable computer.

The Editor: Perhaps the most overlooked and underappreciated of the Greater Snodgrae is the Editor. Much of the work she's done for *Wild Cards*, which includes the creation of the wild card virus itself, has been largely uncredited, though of late her name has appeared on the cover. On her own hook she's also edited *A Very Large Array*, an anthology of New Mexico science fiction writers. Recognize the Editor Snodgrass by her red pencil.

The Devoted Spouse: Several thousand eligible bachelors slit their wrists last year when Melinda married Carl Keim, an architect who, among his other accomplishments, designed the home they're moving into this year. The spouse is a new and unaccustomed persona for Melinda, but she seems to be carrying it off with her usual skill and panache. Recognize the Spousal Snodgrass by the whacking great diamond on the third finger of her left hand.

There are various Lesser Snodgrae: the Romance Writer (believed extinct), the Bridge Demon, and Oort the Fiend-Slayer, but the above guide should cover any you're likely to encounter at WisCon. And if you're confused, you can always approach and ask the following simple question:

"Excuse me, but which Melinda am I addressing?"

Melinda Snodgrass in 1996:

It's hard to believe two years has passed since I was a guest of honor at WisCon 18. Perhaps because the years have been busy, fun and productive. I have continued my screenwriting, and have had the pleasure of adapting George R.R. Martin's *Sandkings* for the "New Outer Limits." I have also written and produced a two-hour pilot for UPN. *Star Command* was filmed in Germany, and offered new insights into



Melinda Snodgrass
from the WisCon 18
program book

the difficulties attendant upon placing quality science fiction on television. It was, as they say, a "learning experience," and I hope I will be better prepared for the next project. Presently I am writing a movie of the week for NBC, and I am working on a World War II novel.

On the personal front my husband and I are enjoying our new home, and our third year of marriage. When I attended WisCon my champion Arabian mare was pregnant with her first foal. Now I am starting her son under saddle, and looking forward to his show career.

James Frenkel

by Joan D. Vinge

James Raymond Frenkel is a kind of natural force, filled with energy and ideas and overflowing with friendliness. He is one of those people who actually enjoys talking to strangers on trains. His biggest problem is that there aren't 48 hours in a day.

Part of his outgoingness is probably due to the fact that he is a native New Yorker. He was born on December 28, 1948, in Queens (one of New York City's outer boroughs), and although he has traveled all over the United States, and even to Europe, before moving to Madison he never lived more than an hour away from Manhattan. These days he flies Midwest Express about once a month to his hometown—a matter of necessity as much as love, because New York City is where they publish books.

He has been reading science fiction and fantasy since he was a "very active" young boy, and he started the Science Fiction Forum at SUNY Stony Brook, where he majored in English because he loved books of all kinds (and he still does). All his reading while taking his turn minding the club's library convinced him of the diversity and potential of the field, and the experience helped him develop the editorial taste he would need for his future career. (He says wrestling with the university bureaucracy on behalf of the science fiction club also helped prepare him for corporate bureaucracies out in the real world.)

After he graduated from college (as a "super senior" in 1971), he wanted to pursue a writing career, but he found that living at home again was difficult, since his lifestyle and habits had changed a great deal during his college years. (His mother didn't approve of his staying up half the night. He is a born Night Person.) He decided he had to find a job, so that he could afford his own apartment. And, he decided, a job in the publishing industry would be ideal; because then he could learn its secrets and be one up on all the other struggling writers.

His first job was at Award Books, a small paperback company, where he was a general-purpose editor. He then moved on to work at Grosset & Dunlap. After a year and a quarter there, he moved to Dell, where he was hired to edit their science fiction line, plus westerns and some other miscellaneous books. He was at Dell for five years, from 1976 to 1981; and in that time, the Dell science fiction line went from eight titles per year to forty at its peak. (His westerns increased from eight to 24 titles a year, and he did half a dozen other books a year, as well.) Now you know why editors take so long to answer on submissions. The pay is usually lousy, too—the company knows the poor fools love their work. During that time Jim was also co-editor of the Quantum hardback science fiction line with Don Bensen.

Unfortunately, during Jim's time as editor at Dell the new president, in a classic manifestation of the Peter Principle, didn't think science fiction paid well enough to be worth Dell's while. As a result, for much of his time at Dell, Jim was

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forced to fight a holding action to keep the line from being summarily cancelled. In the end, it was cancelled after all, but not before he had published such award-winning books as *Dreamsnake* by Vonda N. McIntyre, *The Persistence of Vision* by John Varley, *Stardance* by Spider and Jeanne Robinson, and *The Snow Queen* by Joan D. Vinge.

Despite all the frustration, Jim thinks of his time at Dell as a positive experience. "Nothing makes me feel like the feeling I get when editing a book that comes out real, real well." He found, a little to his surprise, that editing was just what he wanted in a career. And so, when he left Dell, he started up his own publishing company, Bluejay Books. Bluejay published, for three years, a line of trade science fiction books, as well as other books on a variety of subjects. Bluejay published a number of books which have either become classics or have introduced terrific new authors in the field.

Bluejay stopped publishing books independently in 1986 because of a cash crisis (caused mostly by illness of Bluejay's small staff and the wear and tear of a second Frenkel baby). Jim then became a packager and agent. He also began working as a Consulting Editor for Tor, where he has edited such works as Greg Bear's *Eon* and Vernor Vinge's 1993 Hugo Award-winning *A Fire Upon the Deep*, as well as most of Andre Norton's recent books.

He is still doing all these things today. He says he plans to keep on "having fun" doing just what he wants to do, editing and packaging books—and giving lots of readers a chance to have fun, too. Jim lives right here in Madison with his wife, Joan D. Vinge, their daughter Jessica, their son, Joshua, and many pets. He is also a terrific papa.

WisCon 19

May 26-29, 1995

Guests: Barbara Hambly, Sharyn McCrumb, and Nicola Griffith

Chair: Tracy Benton

Barbara Hambly

by George Alec Effinger

There are quite a few things I could say about Barbara Hambly, and I'm safe enough because I live in New Orleans and she lives in Los Angeles. However, she is president of the Science-Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America (of which I am a member), and that means that she could order SFWAs two enforcers, Guido and The Bulk, to pay me a visit here in the land of gumbo and magnolias. Consequently, I will say only nice things, but anyone who wants the real dirt can just send me a SASE with a check for any large amount.

I first met Barbara sometime during the Calvin Coolidge administration, before she was born (I, however, am very old). Even then, she did not let the bonds of nonexistence hinder her from displaying her considerable writing ability. I must admit that at that first meeting, I was not favorably disposed toward her. For one thing, I'd been writing longer than she, and I really didn't need any more compe-

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James Frenkel

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WisCon 19
1995

Barbara Hambly



Melinda Snodgrass



WisCon 19 cover by Don Helley

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 19

1995

Sharyn McCrumb



Barbara Hambly

Barbara was primarily a fantasy writer, and we strictly science fiction types just can't be bothered with wizards and dragons—all our time must be spent providing solutions for the real problems of our time: world hunger, ethnic and racial strife, and going back in time to prevent Bill Buckner from committing the error that let the Mets beat the Red Sox in the World Series.

George Alec Effinger

tion. Second, Barbara was primarily a fantasy writer, and we strictly science fiction types just can't be bothered with wizards and dragons—all our time must be spent providing solutions for the real problems of our time: world hunger, ethnic and racial strife, and going back in time to prevent Bill Buckner from committing the error that let the Mets beat the Red Sox in the World Series.

Then, one day when I had absolutely nothing better to do, I happened to open one of Barbara's books. I don't recall which one, they're all pretty much the same (you know, superior in story, characterization, prose style, and general storytelling invention). I could barely contain my excitement. I was actually enjoying the book—I was reading fantasy for pleasure! Of course, I didn't dare tell anyone, or my publisher would've made me stand before the rest of the writers, and he would've stripped me of all my hard-won insignia. I even had to wear a disguise when I went into local bookstores to buy another Barbara Hambly book, and another, and another. They're as addictive as salted cashews.

I have to admit that I haven't read the *Beauty and the Beast* novels, though.

Currently, my favorite of her books is *Bride of the Rat God*, in which she combines wholly original fantasy elements, terrific action sequences, large helpings of genuine humor, a crew of wonderful characters, some fascinating information about film-making in the 1920s, and Chinese food. The only unfortunate aspect of the book are the Pekingeses, based on Barbara's own Celestial Creamcakes, Nicky and Kismet. I was the one who gave her the line that these minimal dogs are just one step above bunny slippers. I'm a cat-fancier, myself, you see.

I won't say a word about her most recent book, *Children of the Jedi*, appearing—nay, leaping—onto the *New York Times* bestseller list, debuting at number six (with a bullet). There is an old Estonian proverb that says, in rough translation, "Fortune favors the Hamblys." How true. Whatever the secret of Barbara's success, it hasn't seemed to spoil her. That's something else I resent. It would be so much easier if she'd turned into some egotistical, pompous, rude, arrogant kind of writer, like (well, I won't name names, but do send another SASE with another check). The fact is, that although she's one of the most popular and successful writers working in our genre today, she's also a delightful person to meet live-and-in-person. She is unfailingly pleasant and generous with her time, and if you haven't had the chance to talk with her, introduce yourself and tell her that I sent you.

I get a nickel a head.

Sharyn McCrumb

Sharyn McCrumb is a mystery writer, the author of novels and stories that focus on the lives and culture of the people of the Appalachians. This would seem natural from her background: born in North Carolina, she is a graduate of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and has an MA in English from Virginia Tech, where she once taught Journalism and Appalachian Studies. Now a full-time novelist, she lives in the Virginia Blue Ridge with her husband, David, an environmental engineer, and their three children.

She has written many short stories and 13 novels (she is currently working on the 14th), including many award-winners. These include an Edgar for Best Paperback Mystery 1988 for *Bimbos of the Death Sun*; the Macavity Award for Best Novel 1991 for *If Ever I Return, Pretty Peggy-O*; the Best Appalachian Novel in 1985 for *Lovely in Her Bones* and again in 1993 for *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*.



Sharyn McCrumb

As Sharyn says, "My books are like Appalachian quilts. I take brightly colored scraps of legends, ballads, fragments of rural life, and local tragedy, and I piece them together into a complex whole that tells not only a story, but also a deeper truth about the culture of the mountain South."

You may wonder why she a Guest of Honor at WisCon—a science fiction con that has always been dedicated to feminism and speculative literature. Well, two of Sharyn's books, *Bimbos of the Death Sun* and *Zombies of the Gene Pool*, while not science fiction or fantasy, are about science fiction fans and their lifestyle. These books have given Sharyn a shady reputation in the science fiction world, and the best way to introduce her is to give you her own words about the writing of *Zombies*. So hold on to your hats, here she is:

It takes two ideas to make a book—for me, anyway. These two ideas may seem utterly dissimilar, but in my mind they resonate, complementing each other to form one unified concept, and I get a story. For *Zombies of the Gene Pool*, the sequel to *Bimbos of the Death Sun*, the two ideas that inspired me were: the draining of a man-made lake in east Tennessee, and the reported death of the most infamous man in fandom.

Some years ago, I wrote a novel called *Bimbos of the Death Sun*, which won an Edgar in mystery, and made me as notorious as Tokyo Rose in the genre of science fiction. I wrote a sequel to it because I decided that I had more to say on the subject of fandom as a way of life. And because for four years I've been haunted by the strident voice of a long-dead fan, Francis Towner Laney.

"You're not the first person to enrage science fiction fandom," people told me, when *Bimbos of the Death Sun* came out. "Back in the forties a guy called Francis Towner Laney created such a stir that people still won't believe he's dead."

Every time I talked to anybody who knew fan history; that name came up; the notorious F.T. Laney, the Salman Rushdie of science fiction. Laney was a Lovecraft enthusiast, who went from reading the genre to publishing a fanzine, to a total immersion in fandom that broke up his marriage, and finally to a disillusionment so bitter that he wrote a scathing account of his experiences in a mimeographed tome called *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* In it, Laney castigates himself for what he considered his foolish descent into the hobby, and then he went on to skewer everyone he had known in fandom for their personality traits, their hygiene, and every other defect he saw in them. His judgments were harsh, and he named names. It's a miracle he wasn't sued. After that verbal detonation, Laney left Los Angeles, dropped out of fan society, and—according to my early informants—he died on a mountain top in Mississippi.

Since there are no mountain tops in Mississippi, my attention was immediately captured by the mysterious F.T. Laney. For several years, in my spare time from other projects, I began to research Laney and the history of fandom. Finally I located a copy of the mimeographed marvel *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* In my research, I learned that Laney had died of spinal cancer in 1958 in Webster Grove, Mo. (a suburb of St. Louis not known for its elevation: no mountain tops.)

When a kind reader from St. Louis wrote me a letter about *Bimbos*, I put her to work finding out if there were any proof of Laney's death. (There is. The church that held the memorial service told her cheerfully that to the best of their knowledge, "He's still dead!")

I wanted to do a character study of fandom's lifers, the people who don't move on to other interests after adolescence. There is something sad about a 55-year-old man grinding out his political opinions in a mimeographed zine

to an audience half his age. This wasn't the light-hearted Get-A-Life spoof that *Bimbos* was, because it had to focus on people for whom the advice would come too late.

At the same time that I was doing fan research, I became interested in the draining of a man-made lake in east Tennessee. I had vacationed at that lake as a child, and I had always known that a little town had been submerged by the TVA when they dammed up the valley, but suddenly the eeriness of a drowned village obsessed me. I began to see the draining of the lake as a metaphorical time machine, allowing the valley's former residents to return to their "past," when the land is uncovered again in the drawdown.

The plot arose naturally out of this notion. Suppose, I said, that a group of aspiring science fiction writers called The Lanthanides had lived in that valley in the early fifties, and suppose that they buried a time capsule of their unpublished work on the farm—now inaccessible because of a man-made lake. But this summer, the TVA, needing to make repairs to the dam, drains the lake, so for the first time in thirty years, the valley is dry land again. In the intervening years, some of the Lanthanides had become famous science fiction writers, and some of them had become mental patients, lawyers, and high school math teachers—but enough of them were famous so that the time capsule was extremely valuable. Suppose they had a reunion, complete with editors to bid for publishing rights—and suppose that the most infamous man in fandom showed up at the reunion, when they had believed him dead for the past three decades. The strange reunion of the famous and the nobodies in the dead land of the drained lake is intended to be a compassionate look at those for whom fandom is a way of life. As one of the characters says, "It was the right reunion. Bickering, posturing, arrogance, and occasional lapses of genuine affection."

I think Francis Laney would have liked it.

Nicola Griffith

by Kelley Eskridge

When Nicola Griffith was nine years old, she wondered how bows and arrows worked. She had probably read a book about them; she has always read books about history and people and how they shape each other. So she made a bow out of a tree branch and string. She found a stick of bamboo and whittled it to a point with a pencil sharpener.

But how to test it? Nothing easier. Her little sister, who idolized her, was always willing to help with Nicola's mysterious and interesting projects. "Stand there," Nicola said, "and hold out your hand."

Helena did, and Nicola shot the arrow spang through Helena's left palm.

Jump forward about twenty years. Nicola is at a science fiction convention in England, where all of the Grand Old Men of (British) science fiction are gathered for drinks and discussion, with the emphasis on drinks. Anyone who has seen the Brit table at a science fiction banquet will understand.

At the time she attended this convention, Nicola was still a Fledgling Science Fiction Writer, wet behind the wings, with one story published. She waited in the audience of one of the day's main events, a panel with several of the GOMs. There was some unexplained delay, which seemed to be resolved when the moderator announced that GOM "A" would not be participating on the panel after all. Enter, precipitously, Mrs. "A," who protested vocally that her husband had been ruinously maligned and set upon. She was escorted from the hall. Nothing was explained. The moder-

ator said with some relief that now that everything was settled, perhaps the panel could begin. Quite right, quite right, mumbled the audience. Everyone was very happy to pretend the messy moment never happened. Except for Nicola, who stood in front of all those strangers, a Fledgling Writer in the company of the big hawks, and said something to the effect of, *Excuse me, but this disturbing thing did happen, and I would like to know what it means.*

These are the things that people should know about Nicola Griffith:

She wants to know *how*.

She wants to know *why*.

She wants to know *what it means*.

People should also know that she has written and sold two novels: *Ammonite*, and *Slow River* (due out in August). *Ammonite* won the Tiptree Award in 1994, as well as the Lambda Literary Award; it was nominated for the Arthur C. Clarke Award and qualified for the Nebula Preliminary Ballot. It was the first science fiction paperback original reviewed by the *New York Times* science fiction book reviewer. There's a guy out in Hollywood who is hot as a peeled chili for the book, and knows someone who knows someone whose cousin just helped set up a Famous Actor's production company. There are three people I know of who say that the book has changed something about their lives.

This is all pretty cool, but what does it *mean*?

Context is always a tricky issue. A writer's work means a zillion different things to each reader, and ten times that to the writer; *Ammonite* is no different. One of the things the book means to Nicola is that a paperback original with a crappy cover and no publicity can go out into the world and find a home, with people who will watch it dance and feed it chicken scraps and pat it on the head and send it off to dance for other people, who will give it the Tiptree Award.

But before there was the cover and the reviews and the awards, there was another context. This is the context in which Nicola visited her first immigration lawyer, who said, "Are you famous?"

"No," she said, "but I can write."

"Sorry," he said. "Go home. Don't waste your time. You will never ever be able to stay in this country."

Nicola did not go home. She went to a second lawyer, who said, "Can you get a book contract?"

"Yes, I can," Nicola said. And so she did. She by God wrote *Ammonite* and sold it to HarperCollins and Ballantine Del Rey. She got a visa to stay here for three years, in spite of having to educate her lawyer about publishing from the ground up, and having to constantly correct him from referring to her short stories as "articles."

The third lawyer (who is really a goddess in human form) said, "Can you get famous with this book?"

"Yes, I can," Nicola said, and so she did, at least a little. She publicized and networked and did readings and sent out her own press kits when Ballantine ignored her, and she went to conventions and did her own reviews of other people's work, and won grants. She got letters of support from the governor of Georgia and Allen Ginsburg and many many people in the science fiction community. She did not know any of these people; she simply made it happen. She made new case law in the process. And she by God got her green card.

Ammonite is about a woman who does what others say she cannot; who fights and changes and survives, and is made richer.

Here's some news: *Slow River* is about six times better than *Ammonite*.

I have discovered that one of the things I enjoy about writing (and reading) science fiction is the 30,000-foot perspective; the willingness to step back and look at the big picture, at theories rather than facts. It is the underlying connection of people and events, of ways of thinking, of systems that gives me a thrill.

Nicola Griffith

THE FIRST NINETEEN YEARS

WisCon 19
1995
Nicola Griffith



Nicola Griffith

So here are some other things you should know about Nicola Griffith:
She does what she must.
She does not ever give up.

She can make six impossible things happen before breakfast, if she decides that's the right time for them to come into being. If not, you'll just have to wait until lunch.

I hope you get to meet Nicola and spend time with her during the convention. If you do, tell her about yourself. Tell her your *how*; tell her your *why*; tell her *what it means*. Tell her about the time you didn't give up. And she'll tell you.

Nicola Griffith in 1996:

What have I been doing since I was the Special Guest at WisCon 19? Well, it's only been a year, but a busy one.

Last March, Kelley and I decided that Atlanta was too hot and too brash and that we wanted to live somewhere more civilized. I got out an atlas of the United States and decided that Seattle, Portland, Bellingham looked like good places: mild climate and politics, good medical centers and book shops and beer. So Kelley left her job, we put our house on the market, and had some interesting conversations with friends who couldn't seem to grasp the fact that we were prepared to move to a city where we had nowhere to stay, no job to go to, and no family or close friends to succor us.

The way I see it, though, it's simple: moving is like writing. You can plan until you're blue in the face but at some point you simply have to say, "I have no idea how this will turn out," and take the plunge. You have to trust in your ability to find solutions. So we sold our house and moved more than two thousand miles to Seattle and found a job for Kelley and bought a different house and our world is heady and delicious and new.

For me, moving is how I imagine moulting to be for a snake: the sloughing off of old habits, old appearances, old expectations to emerge feeling supple and sharp. Moving gives me a fresh perspective and recharges that part of my creative mind that tends to fall into ruts.

In the house we've bought, Kelley and I will for the first time have an office each. These rooms are tiny, and mea-

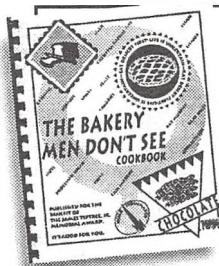
gerly appointed, but they are ours. It's a marvellous feeling, to be able to leave a room and know that when you return—whether in an hour or a month—everything will be as you left it. (Assuming you closed the door, otherwise the cats will have had a fine old time transforming all those wonderful notes into a paper blizzard.) A room of one's own makes a tremendous difference; I've never had one before.

So what will I be doing in my room? Right now I'm putting the finishing touches to the fantasy volume of *Bending the Landscape*, an anthology of all-original short stories with gay or lesbian characters which I am co-editing, with Stephen Pagel, for White Wolf. Science fiction and horror volumes will follow in 1998 and 1999, respectively. I have been writing essays, too. Pinning down one's thoughts—thoughts that seemed so clear before trying to put them on paper—is as tricky as trying to catch a slippery bar of soap in the bath, and I feel just as triumphant when I succeed. I am also partway through writing my first mainstream novel, *Penny in My Mouth*.

I am finding work on *Penny* very, very exciting. This time around when I am in my character's head (and for the first time I'll be writing a novel in first person—itsself a heady experience) all I have to do is create character: not a world or a new culture. It's tremendously freeing, and also rather daunting. It has forced me to think about what it is about writing that I like; what about writing science fiction.

I have discovered that one of the things I enjoy about writing (and reading) science fiction is the 30,000-foot perspective; the willingness to step back and look at the big picture, at theories rather than facts. It is the underlying connection of people and events, of ways of thinking, of *systems* that gives me a thrill. And there's no reason I can't do that with this new book—just filter it all through a woman called Aud Torvingen, a very idiosyncratic character: how she sees the world, how she perceives its systems. I think *Penny in My Mouth* will end up feeling like science fiction, even though it's not. At least that's my aim.

So, in answer to the question, "What have I been doing?": thinking, writing, discovering things. Frankly, having a hell of a good time.



The Bakery Men Don't See

ed. Jeanne Gomoll and Diane Martin

This Hugo-nominated collection of recipes and anecdotes includes Guest of Honor speeches from the 1991 WisCon Science Fiction Convention by Pat Murphy and Pamela Sargent. In her speech, Pat Murphy

announces the creation of the James Tiptree, Jr. Award.

The cookbook's title is based upon the famous short story by James Tiptree, Jr., "The Women Men Don't See." *The Bakery Men Don't See* includes recipes for baked goods, tips, and baking stories by 55 fans and science fiction professionals. Some of the contributing authors: Pat Cadigan, Ellen Datlow, D.C. Fontana, Karen Joy Fowler, Eileen Gunn, Phyllis Ann Karr, John Kessel, Nancy Kress, Ursula K. Le Guin, Vonda N. McIntyre, Pat Murphy, Michaela Roessner, William Rotzler, and Susanna J. Sturgis.

96 pages • spiral bound • 7 by 8½ inches • \$10

Copies are on sale in the Dealers' Room, or order from: SF3, P.O. Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624 (please add \$1 per item when ordering by mail).

Her Smoke Rose Up From Supper

ed. Jeanne Gomoll

This collection of main course recipes and anecdotes includes an introduction by Karen Joy Fowler, the other Founding Mother of the Tiptree Award, and a gorgeous cover by collage artist Freddie Baer.

The cookbook's title is based upon the short story by James Tiptree, Jr., "Her Smoke Rose Up Forever." *Her Smoke Rose Up From Supper* includes main course recipes, tips, and cooking stories from 72 fans and science fiction professionals. Some of the contributing authors: Eleanore Arneson, Pat Cadigan, Suzy McKee Charnas, Phyllis Eisenstein, Suzette Haden Elgin, Gwyneth Jones, Sarah Lefanu, Marge Piercy, Kit Reed, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, Lewis Shiner, Lisa Tuttle, and Joan D. Vinge.

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Both cookbooks: \$19





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—Peter Nicholls, *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*

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The Tiptree Award: a Personal History

by Karen Joy Fowler

I'M GOING to start this by telling a story that I think is true. A few years ago I was watching the Oscar cast when Geena Davis opened the show with a long speech about Hollywood and the year of the woman. (Remember the year of the woman? Were those good times, or what?)

Somewhere during this long speech, I think I remember, I'm pretty darn sure I heard Geena Davis saying that Hollywood had taught us how to be women. She rattled off a list of the various options Hollywood had created for us. Thanks to Hollywood, we could be sexy or smart or brassy or innocent and waiflike. And there were many, many more possibilities for us!, all illustrated with clips of Lillian Gish and Betty Davis and Joan Crawford and Mae West and, of course, the very sad Marilyn Monroe.

Does anyone else remember this? Because, to be perfectly honest, I was quite distracted the whole time by Geena Davis's neckline. It zigzagged about like the streak in the *Bride of Frankenstein's* hair. And so I was thinking, *The Bride of Frankenstein*, now there was a movie that really expanded our options, except for those times I was wondering if a breast was about to break free, and how should I interpret this, if one did—pro patriarchy or against? It was the sort of *décolletage* that functions through suspense and so with one thing and another, I missed some of the speech.

But I still think she said what I just said she said, and I've never been able to feel the same about Geena Davis again. I just loved her in *Thelma and Louise*, but I didn't even go see her pirate movie.

Now this idea that we learn our roles, that without help, we wouldn't even know how to be women, is really a very profound one, with broad epistemological implications. Geena Davis expanded on Rousseau and Feuerbach, right there on prime-time TV, and I would have been proud to see a woman do this, except for the neckline.

JUST ASK yourself, if we weren't taught to be women, what would we be? (Ask yourself this question even if you're a man, and don't cheat by changing the words.)

The Tiptree Award is supposed to honor people who try to answer that question—people who try to help us unlearn what television and the movies and books and comics and advertisements for automobiles and cigarettes have taught us. Because even though Hollywood has given us all those options, we desperately need to examine the old ones and imagine some new ones.

In creating the Tiptree Award, Pat Murphy and I expanded our personal behaviors geometrically. We are both the kind of women who like people to like us, but in establishing the Tiptree, we had, as an acknowledged goal, trouble. We hoped to annoy. We thought we would dip a few pigtailed into the inkwell.

Why us? Think of the hubris involved! Pat and I handpick the jury every year, including the coveted token male slot. We make sweeping executive decisions and we make them in minutes, in brief phone calls. "What do you think?" we

ask each other and, just like that, we lay down policy. Nothing either Pat or I has accomplished to date entitles us to any of this. Is this how women behave?

And then there's the money raising. Pat has a black belt and a science degree (what movie is that from?) and one day she calls me up and points out that, we start the Tiptree Award, and suddenly she is baking cookies and stitching quilt squares and trying to take tiny little stitches. I've been in PTAs and on Little League boards most of my adult life, but for Pat, this is the final frontier. And here's a Tiptree image I love: Jeanne Gomoll, computer wizard, seated at her terminal, writing a program to design the Tiptree quilt. Preceding Sandra Bullock in *The Net* by a good three years. (Does Bullock seem like a good name for a woman to you? Just asking.)

But the best thing about the Tiptree Award is that it got a lot bigger than me and Pat. It did this really quickly. And all the things I like best about it now, are all the things that other people have added to it:

- The fact that we publish the short list and the winner simultaneously so as not to transform the people honored on the short list into losers. We did this on Vonda McIntyre's insistence and it was one of the best ideas we were ever given.
- Freddie Baer's t-shirts
- The quilt, the quilt, the quilt
- The cookies baked by Science Fiction Eye's Steve Brown and sold to the cyberpunks at Armadillocon
- The trophies, edible and un-, the artists who created them, and the artists who eat them. Especially the photo montage of Ursula devouring hers.
- The cookbooks
- The Loud Women and the auctions
- The Australian women and their cakestalls
- The juries' constant reinventing of the name—Tiptrites, Tiptristes, Tripteases, Triptitrus
- Susan Casper's rendition of "There is Nothing like a Dame," at ReaderCon. Susan was backed in this famous performance by the Tips
- The women of WisCon, who made it happen from the very beginning.
- The books, the stories. Most especially the books and the stories.

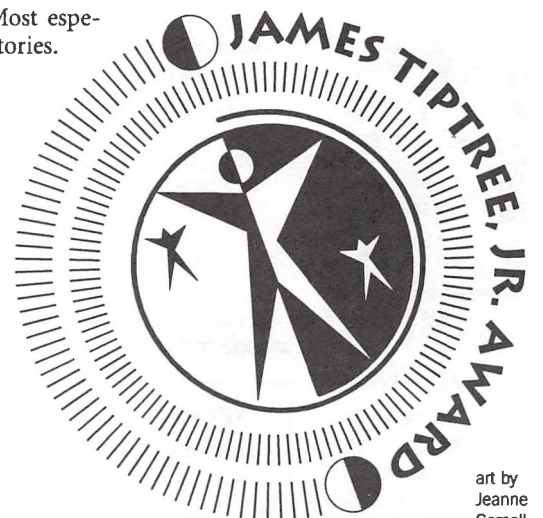


Karen Joy Fowler



Alice Sheldon

Forward recommendations for novels and short fiction to:
Karen Joy Fowler
(457 Russell Blvd.,
Davis, CA 95616)



art by
Jeanne
Gomoll

The James Tiptree, Jr. Award

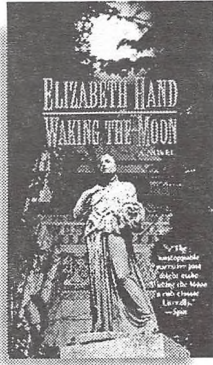
compiled by Jeanne Gomoll with contributions from the Tiptree juries

1996 Winners

Elizabeth Hand
Waking the Moon

Theodore Roszak
*The Memoirs of Elizabeth
Frankenstein*

1996 Short List



Elizabeth Hand



Theodore Roszak
(photo by Christopher Castle)

1996 JUDGES

Marlene Barr
Nicola Griffith
Sara Lefanu
Richard Russo
Nancy Springer

The James Tiptree, Jr. Award is given to the work of science fiction or fantasy published in one year which best explores or expands gender roles.

The Founding Mothers

Karen Joy Fowler and Pat Murphy

The Heroes

The people who made the bake sales, contributed to and produced the cookbooks, designed the t-shirts, sewed the quilt, donated unsolicited cash, attended the annual ceremonies, and otherwise contributed to the ongoing life and saga of the Tiptree organism. The energy and enthusiasm the award engenders is incontrovertible proof of just how hungry the science fiction community is for this award, and how ready everyone has been to make it happen and make it keep happening.

The Process

Each year Founding Mothers, Pat Murphy and Karen Joy Fowler appoint a panel of five judges to read and discuss among themselves the merits of gender-bending fiction published in the previous year. Anyone and everyone is invited to forward recommendations for novels and short fiction to Karen Joy Fowler (457 Russell Blvd., Davis, CA 95616), who will request copies for the judges from publishers. Publishers are encouraged to alert Karen about soon-to-be-published gender-bending fiction.

At the end of a year of reading and deliberation, the judges choose a winner who is invited to the Tiptree Award ceremony to accept their award and prize money. Each winner receives a check for \$1000. Tiptree ceremonies have been held at several WisCon science fiction conventions in Madison, Wisconsin, as well as at ReaderCon in Worcester, Massachusetts, and at Potlatch in Oakland, California.

Although the judges choose not to release a list of nominees before the actual award, thus creating an artificial set of "losers," they do publish a short list of fiction to which they wish to call readers' attention. In 1994 and 1995, the judges published both a short list and a long list.

One of the most exciting things about the first panel of judges for the Tiptree Award was the intensity, care, and concern with which the judges read, and wrote about what they read. Everyone aired real concerns, everyone listened to each other.

The James Tiptree, Jr. Award was started by visionaries, supported by nourishment, and selected with passion, patience and respect for difference. Alice Sheldon would have a lot to be proud of.

*Debbie Notkin
coordinator of the first
Tiptree panel of judges, 1992*

(Commentary below was harvested from correspondence among the judges.)

Judges for the 1997 Tiptree Award are:

Karen Joy Fowler, Richard Kadrey,
Janet Lafler (coordinator), Justine Larbaestier,
and Delia Sherman

The 1996 James Tiptree, Jr. Award

Winners

Elizabeth Hand
Waking the Moon

HarperPrism, 1995

The struggle between women and men, between the female and the male principles, dramatized with intelligence and humor in a novel that spans the 1970s to the present day and marries a nineteenth-century high realism style to a modern gothic content. The author offers no solutions but raises questions both metaphysical and emotional, confronting issues of power, violence and sexuality. [SLF]

Theodore Roszak

The Memoirs of Elizabeth Frankenstein

Random House, 1995

A powerful book about, among other things, the sexual politics of science, and the relationship between gender and knowledge—how gender may affect ways of knowing, ways of approaching and doing science, and affect our world views. It posits that the domination of "male" ways of knowing and doing science, lacking an understanding of, and sympathy for, the Earth and Nature itself, have resulted in a world being ravaged and destroyed in the name of progress and science. And it does all this in the context of a variation on the book many believe marks the beginning of modern science fiction. You may not agree with everything in this book, but you will think about it for days and weeks after reading it. [RPR]

Short List

Kelley Eskridge

"And Salome Danced,"

in *Little Deaths*, ed. Ellen Datlow, Millennium, 1994; Dell Abyss, 1995

Deserves a spotlight. A new and stellar treatment of an old metaphor—*theater as life*—this story is an exquisitely written exploration of the shuddering fascination that gender-limited people feel toward androgyny. This is also a tragedy imbued with a clear-eyed, chilly-hearted beauty worthy of the biblical Salome herself. A must-read. [NCS]

Kit Reed

Little Sisters of the Apocalypse

Black Ice Books, 1994

An intriguing short novel, finely written, and thought provoking. Will probably infuriate many, but will encourage debate about our assumptions about men and women, social roles, and the effects on women of life without men. [RPR]

Lisa Tuttle

"Food Man,"

CRANK! #4, Fall 1994

A nicely finessed story about an eating disorder carried to the illogical extreme, gives food for thought (sorry)

about body image. Who really “owns” the way we look—or try to look? Where is it written that women shall be thin? What are the sexual politics involved, the hidden connections between food and power—or empowerment? The ending was not unequivocally satisfying but the story explores some quirky gender issues and deserves to be recommended and read. A highly original story. [NCS]

Terri Windling, ed.

The Armless Maiden and Other Stories for Childhood’s Survivors

Tor, 1995

This anthology includes stories and poems from writers known within and outside fantasy and science fiction, such as Louise Gluck, Jane Gardam, Emma Bull, Tappan King, Tanith Lee, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, Jane Yolen, and the editor herself, Terri Windling. They are of a strikingly high literary quality. Through retelling fairytales and folktales they explore the grim terrain of abused childhood, Tiptree territory of pain and cruelty. But while they explore the pain of children cruelly exploited, they also recount the stories of their growing up and the piecing together of their shattered selves into women and men capable of loving and being loved. A powerful, haunting collection. [SLF]

Other Works of Note:

Isobelle Carmody, “The Pumpkin Eater,” *She’s Fantastical*, ed. Lucy Sussex and Judith Raphael Buckrich, Sybylla Press

Julie Haydon, *Lines Upon the Skin*, Pan

Pamela Sargent, ed., *Women of Wonder: The Classic Years* and *Women of Wonder: The Contemporary Years*, Harcourt Brace

Melissa Scott, *Shadow Man*, Tor

Stephanie Smith, *Other Nature*, Tor

The 1995 James Tiptree, Jr. Award

Winners

Ursula K. Le Guin

“The Matter of Seggri”

CRANK! #3, 1994

“The Matter of Seggri” is a story that is bigger than it looks. Within its thirty-some pages the world of Seggri is discovered, explored, and altered. Half a dozen distinct and memorable storytelling voices give us comic misunderstandings, tragedies enacted and averted, histories recounted and dreams revealed, all within the frame of a convincingly strange society. Fourteen hundred years are distilled into a few key moments. One of the ways Le Guin has managed to pack so much into this tale is by making it a gateway—a mental hypertext—to a lot of other stories, including her own explorations of gender and society in *The Left Hand of Darkness* and *A Fisherman of the Inland Sea* as well as the thought experiments of other gender explorers like Joanna Russ, Eleanor Arnason, Sheri S. Tepper, and James Tiptree, Jr. The world of Seggri invites comparison with Gethen and Whileaway and Women’s Country without being an imitation or a simple answer to any of them, just as it invites comparison with aspects of our own world without being reducible to an allegory or a simple inversion of existing gender roles. Whereas “Larque on the Wing”

uses the machinery of fantasy to get at the inner experience of gender, “The Matter of Seggri” uses science fiction to map out social implications. It asks how gender enters into institutions like schools and marriages and how it might do so differently. It asks how power and love and justice might be redistributed along gender lines, and what the effect might be on individual lives. It asks what stake society has in enforcing models of femininity and masculinity and what happens to those who fail to follow the template. Most remarkably, Le Guin makes us care about the people we meet: First Observer Merriment and her never-seen partner Kaza Agad, young Ittu and his sister Po, even the fictional-within-a-fiction lovers Azak and Toddra and Zedr. In the few pages each gets on the scene, we recognize their uniqueness even as we learn the social patterns of which they are a part. They make the Matter of Seggri matter. [BA]

It could be a how-to manual on how to explore gender issues through the use of science fiction. [EK]

A short story perfect in its parts as a snowflake, or Chekhov’s “Lady with a Little Dog.” This is the first time the Tiptree has been awarded to a work of short fiction, and “Seggri” proves that explorations of gender can be as efficient pithy as lengthy. [LS]

This deals with gender issues in a way that only science fiction can: by creating a society that has different assumptions than ours, thus forcing us to examine our own. It makes stunning use of different viewpoints to give us an understanding of the society that we couldn’t obtain any other way. Fascinating for its anthropological detail, “The Matter of Seggri” shows the emotional and societal consequences of a different social organization, and the consequences of changing or disrupting that organization. [PM]

Just when I was beginning to fear that no work of short fiction could stand up to the powerhouse novels contending for the Tiptree, along came “Seggri.” On Seggri, women far outnumber the men, an imbalance that, notes one Hainish observer, “has produced a society in which, as far as I can tell, the men have all the privilege and the women have all the power.” Men and boys over the age of eleven live in hierarchically organized “castles.” They gain glory by competing in games, cheered on by the women; the women do all the productive and political work of the society, and the two genders meet only in the “fuckeries.” The women may enjoy sex with men, but naturally they form their primary erotic and social bonds with other women. Both the society and the story are complex, covering several generations and told from various viewpoints. Though undeniably different from our own society, Seggri eerily echoes it, and like several of this year’s short-listed works—notably Arnason’s “The Lovers” and Charnas’s *The Furies*—the focus is on those who, by asking questions and/or not fitting in, become harbingers of change. [SJS]

Nancy Springer

Larque on the Wing

AvoNova, 1994

When is a middle-aged woman not a middle-aged woman? When she’s a ten-year-old girl and a young gay man. In Nancy Springer’s *Larque on the Wing*, the main character unintentionally releases her grim and grubby child self as part of a mid-life crisis. Her young doppelganger leads her to a place called Popular Street, which is

1995 Winners

Ursula K. Le Guin
“The Matter of Seggri”

Nancy Springer
Larque on the Wing



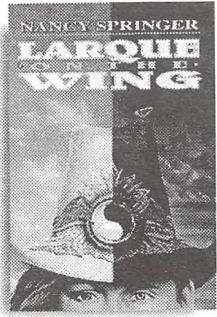
Ursula K. Le Guin

1995 JUDGES

- Brian Attebery
- Ellen Kushner
- Lucy Sussex
- Pat Murphy
- Susanna J. Sturgis

THE JAMES TIPTREE, JR AWARD

1995 Short List



both gay ghetto and enchanted land. There she is transformed from frumpy Larque to handsome Lark, who was, it seems, always there inside. Lark can have the adventures Larque has denied herself: can explore the dangerous night world, wear cowboy boots, beat up homophobic thugs, act on erotic impulses (gay because Larque is attracted to men). As engaging as Larque (and her husband Hoot) may be, what sticks in the mind from the novel is Popular Street. Cheerfully sleazy and genuinely magical, Popular Street manifests unpredictably wherever the forces of order aren't paying attention. It is a place of desires and of truths, both of a sort that conventional society covers over. On Popular Street, features of homosexual subcultures—the lure of the forbidden and the secret, irreverence toward middle-class values, acknowledgment of the varieties of pleasure, a sense that gender identity is something that can be put together and tried on like a costume—become the basis for a powerful and transforming enchantment. What fantasy does best is to take the insides of things and express them as outsides. An ent is the inside of a tree, a beast is the inside of a prince (and vice versa). Nancy Springer has used this property of fantasy to get inside gender and sexuality. She shows that the inside of intolerance is fear, the inside of art is truth-telling, and the inside of a woman is a whole cast of characters of all ages and genders. [BA]

Playful and outrageous, this book taps into some of our less-admissible and more potent fantasies! [EK]

Gender is 90 percent of comedy, but seldom does the comedy step outside traditional sex roles. Larque is the exception, managing to be simultaneously challenging, disturbingly so at times, and hilarious. [LS]

Springer's novel considers the startling, funny, indescribable adventures of Larque, a middle-aged woman whose mid-life crisis takes on concrete form. A ten-year-old version of Larque (blinked into existence by Larque's own uncanny abilities) leads Larque into an exploration of her life and the compromises she made while growing up. Along the way, Larque is transformed into Lark, an adolescent boy, and works magic of many kinds. A rollicking, offbeat, thoughtful fable for our time. [PM]

Larque on the Wing was a front-runner from the day I read it, very early in the year. In this wittily, wildly original contemporary fantasy, Nancy Springer expands, explores, and bends more gender conventions than most authors recognize. Most notably, Larque emerges from a makeover session not with a new hairdo but with the body of a 20-year-old gay man. And Springer restores scruffy, nose-wiping vitality to a useful concept turned tedious cliché: the "inner child." Then there's Larque's mother, Florence, who sees what she wants to see—with a vengeance. Larque does have a weak point or two. Larque's best female friend, Doris, is characterized mostly by her carrot addiction. More significant, and striking in a novel that draws explicit parallels between the Otherness of women and gay men, is the absence of lesbians, from both Popular Street and the ranks of Larque's inner selves. Lesbian characters, erotic love between women: these are still out on the gender-bending frontier. [SJS]

Short List

Eleanor Arnason

"The Lovers"

Asimov's, July 1994

Arnason has explored this territory before but finds new insights this time around. The story concerns heterosexual love in a world that allows no such thing. The lovers convincingly embody gender choices that neither their society nor ours is quite prepared to sanction. [BA]

Like Arnason's other "hwarhath" stories, this poignant tale explores gender on several levels, like a mobile of mirrors that catches new reflections with each turning. Neither *Eyes-of-Crystal* nor *Eh Shawin* is a revolutionary, yet their love both grows from and profoundly challenges the deepest assumptions of their society. By incorporating comments about the "author" of the tale, and finally its evidently human translator/editor (who might well be Anna Perez of *Ring of Swords*), Arnason sketches a broader timescape of a culture in transition. I'm impressed! [SJS]

Suzy McKee Charnas

The Furies

Tor, 1994

Charnas follows up her groundbreaking novels about Free Fems and Riding Women with a dark and challenging story of revenge. The Free Fems have returned to Holdfast in order to tear it down. The question that is never resolved is whether they will be able to make a new life for themselves and the remaining men. Amid uncertainty, bitterness, and betrayal, the heroine of the earlier books struggles to keep the Free Fems from become what they have escaped from. [BA]

The 1994 jury was both blessed and cursed with an abundance of riches. This is a book that not only encourages but forces the reader to question assumptions about gender. It connects the words/ideas "women" and "power" and "violence" in a way few authors have ever cared or managed to. [EK]

This continuation of *Walk to the End of the World* and *Motherlines* is powerful, brooding, and extremely dark. Somebody commented that the two previous novels embodied key moments in the history of feminism; if that is so, then *The Furies* shows we live in interesting times (in the Chinese sense). It shows women turning on men, then on themselves, but battles in the end towards a type of understanding, if not forgiveness. Very few novels indelibly impress upon the mind, and this is one of them. [LS]

Like its predecessors, *Walk to the End of the World* and *Motherlines*, *The Furies* explores the consequences, for both women and men, of a violently patriarchal society. Here at last the Riding Women, who have never been either slaves or slave owners, see the Free Fems in the latter's own context—which is to say that they really see the Free Fems for the first time. There are acts of excruciating violence in this book, men against women, women against men, women against women; such is the power of the writing that I couldn't look away. *The Furies* is one of the most important feminist novels I've ever read—why then did it place a shade behind the winners of this year's Tiptree Award? Because its brilliance lies not so much in exploring and expanding gender roles—here *The Furies* clearly builds on the earlier books—but in



asking the unaskable questions about revolutionary change, and in imagining, and facing, the unimaginable answers. What shapes the relationship of liberator and liberated? Leader and led? What to do with the despised but indispensable former oppressor? Langston Hughes asked what happened to a dream deferred; Suzy McKee Charnas asks what happens to a dream on the verge of fulfillment. [SJS]

L. Warren Douglas

Cannon's Orb

Del Rey, 1994

Like *Genetic Soldier* [by George Turner], this novel hypothesizes that pheromones control large areas of human behavior that we think are rational.

Contact with an alien race has altered human pheromones, with the result that everything from sexual cycles to xenophobia is transformed. The book takes a wrong turn toward the end, but in the interim a lot of assumptions about gender and society are questioned. [BA]

The book begins in an interesting fashion—examining the biological roots of human behavior. But starting from there, the story went in a direction that reinforces our cultures biases in what I consider to be a totally wrong-headed fashion. According to my reading of *Cannon's Orb*, the biological role of women is to control from behind the scenes by flattering and bolstering the ego of the man they have chosen as the alpha male. Women gain their power by supporting men. It sent chills up my spine—and I mean the wrong kind of chills. Because I had such a visceral reaction to the book, it did force me to examine my beliefs related to gender. [PM]

Greg Egan

“Cocoon”

Asimov's, May 1994

A frightening, and all too credible account of what might happen if corporate R&D capitalism ever decides to really cash in on homophobia. A scientific thriller par excellence. [LS]

Ellen Frye

Amazon Story Bones

Spinsters Ink, 1994

The opening stories, revised myths from a feminist perspective, seem a little smug, and I don't believe traditional mythic figures ever talk quite so much. But when it gets to the central narrative, about the fall of Troy and its impact on the lives of Amazons and other women, the book is powerful and convincing. One of the most interesting touches is that the Amazons are never actually there—they're either anticipated, in the mythic sections, or sought, in the more naturalistic narrative. They're a possibility that changes the world, rather than an actuality that can be pushed into the margins. [BA]

Who says that history has to be written by the winners? A tantalizing, evocative account of some of the lesser-known losers of the Trojan war, and how their herstory might have been; at its best when rewriting Homer. [LS]

This book's Amazons are always off-stage. They are a promise and an inspiration. I like that. [PM]

A fine, not to mention rare, example of what can happen when feminism and fantasy marry. The myths that open the book read like a First Contact tale; familiar gods and

heroes are seen through the bemused, benevolent, and often fatally naive eyes of the goddesses they displace. A generation or so after the fall of Troy, a young girl, Iphito, dreams of the near-legendary Amazons and listens to the stories of two old women, one an Amazon herself. This unconventionally structured novel both describes and embodies how storytelling can expand gender roles, especially by sparking the imagination of girls. [SJS]

Gwyneth Jones

North Wind

Gollancz, 1994

In this follow-up to the Tiptree-winning *White Queen*, Gwyneth Jones continues to redivide the gender pie in most interesting ways. There is a war going on between Men and Women—but the Men are not necessarily men. There are also aliens of undoubted sexuality but disputed gender. The narrative itself alternates between masculine and feminine pronouns for one of the main characters, depending on whose perceptions are being echoed. [BA]

A writer friend recently opined, apropos of *White Queen*, that there is more in Gwyneth Jones's paragraphs than there is in most novels. *North Wind* is a worthy follow-up to her earlier Tiptree winner, dense with ideas to the extent of almost being too much of a good thing. A fascinating read. [LS]

Graham Joyce & Peter F. Hamilton

“Eat Reecebread”

Interzone, August 1994

A study in demonizing the Other, in this case hermaphrodites. Even the sympathetic hero is implicated in their oppression, until the seemingly innocuous Reecebread of the title solves the problem. [BA]

The narrator, an English police officer in the not-too-distant future who falls in love with a hermaphrodite, tries to steer a course between the violent hatred of his colleagues and what he perceives as the extremism of some hermaphrodites—with predictably tragic results. Like several other works considered by the 1994 jury, this draws elements of *Romeo and Juliet*, not to mention *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* and *The Crying Game*, into the service of defusing hostility to gender difference. [SJS]

Ursula K. Le Guin

“Forgiveness Day”

Asimov's, November 1994

Like “Young Woman in a Garden,” this novella explores the undermining of the assumptions about class, culture, and gender, dearly held by each protagonist, with immense compassion for both—and, by extension, all the rest of us. I loved the choice of “asset” to describe the slaves/bondspeople; it neatly extends the concept of unfreedom into the so-called free marketplace. [SJS]

Ursula K. Le Guin

A Fisherman of the Inland Sea

Harper, 1994

The title story interacts intriguingly with “The Matter of Seggri.” The world of O could not be more different in its sexual arrangements from the strict separation of Seggri. A marriage on O requires two women and two men, each interacting sexually with two of the others—but not

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1995 Short List

with the partner of the same moiety. That would be immoral. This is a story about having it both ways: not only heterosexual and homosexual but also living two different lives, thanks to the paradoxes of Churten physics. [BA]

Just about my favorite part of this collection was the Introduction, "On Not Reading Science Fiction," in which, with her usual quiet panache, Le Guin nails the use and purpose and intent of science fiction for even the meanest intelligence to perceive. [EK]

Though I enjoyed all of the stories in this collection, I recommend it for the short list because of one story in particular: "Another Story." Le Guin is second to none in imagining interesting cultures. The culture in "Another Story" has marriage customs that, quietly and matter-of-factly, stand our assumptions on their ear. [PM]

"Another Story, or A Fisherman of the Inland Sea," the only 1994 story in this collection, "only" redefines family and provides a scenario whereby one really can, in certain circumstances, go home again. Clearly a short list contender in its own right, it's ably amplified by its impressive company here. Read, or reread, "Newton's Sleep," in which what one doesn't see refuses to go away, "The Rock That Changed Things," and especially "Dancing to Ganam." Reality, said Lily Tomlin's Trudy, is "nothing but a collective hunch;" Ursula Le Guin shows how it works. [SJS]

Rachel Pollack

Temporary Agency

St. Martin's, 1994

I liked about this book for its matter-of-fact use of demons and magic in an otherwise contemporary world. As for the book's gender-bending credentials—Ellen, the main character, is a strong-minded, capable, heroic young woman (she's a teenager at the start and an adult by the end), she ends up in a relationship with another woman; a group of transgender hackers assists her in her work. And (here's the big one for me) in the end, Ellen and her lover, using limited resources and their wits, save the world. I'm always so happy when women save the world. [PM]

Geoff Ryman

Unconquered Countries

St. Martin's, 1994

There is virtually nothing Geoff Ryman writes that does not explore gender or sexuality; his hand is so steady on that wheel that he can steer the vessel off in completely other directions, and still have more to say on gender than do many stories that use it as their focal point. While other writers struggle with questions of, "Gosh, can women be strong and nontraditional, and men complex and conflicted, and how can I show it?" Ryman's assumption is that they not only can be but already are; he begins there, and takes the work where he wants it to go. This collection is notable for his 1994 story "A Fall of Angels, or On the Possibility of Life under Extreme Conditions." [EK]

I'd recommend this for the short list because "O Happy Day!" one of the four novellas it includes, is a powerful examination of the consequences of gender and power and violence. In this world run by women, a group of gay men are the cleanup crew in a concentration camp where heterosexual men are exterminated. The story takes

place in a concentration camp. It's a powerful and gripping story, one that I find impossible to ignore. [PM]

Melissa Scott

Trouble and Her Friends

Tor, 1994

Wild grrls invade the cyberpunk boys' club. Trouble and her friends are virtual amazons, at home inside the virtual world and outside the law. The story includes a lot of weird hardware, an online cross-dressing seducer, and a genuine love story between prickly Trouble and independent Cerise. [BA]

Lesbian relationships in fantasy and science fiction, still lamentably scarce, tend to take place either on the peripheries of the main story or in societies—like those of last year's winner, *Ammonite*—where there are no men. Had Melissa Scott done no more than put Trouble and Cerise front and center in a near-future United States, this novel would be worth celebrating. But Scott goes much further, exploring the challenges to and implications of unconventional relationships in a vivid social context. She uses the gender ambiguity of the virtual world to play an erotic joke on one of her protagonists, and to have fun with a U.S. mythos that generally excludes women: the Wild Wild Western. Perhaps most important, she examines with compassion and insight the slow recovery of a partnership from desertion and betrayal. [SJS]

Delia Sherman

"Young Woman in a Garden"

in *Xanadu 2*, Tor, 1994

Delia Sherman delicately undercuts assumptions about gender and art with this time fantasy about an artist, a lover, a model, and a scholar, none of whom are exactly the person one expects. [BA]

A lovely, haunting story that puts gender considerations in an intriguing historic perspective. [PM]

A young American graduate student finds more than a dissertation topic in this beautifully written story. True to its central imagery, the tale is about learning how to see what lies in plain sight, and here the "what" has much to do with assumptions about gender and sexuality, not to mention the complex relationship of artist/scholar and subject. [SJS]

George Turner

Genetic Soldier

Morrow, 1994

In the future Earth of this book, social roles are predestined by genes and enforced by pheromones. Some are mothers, some are soldiers. Turner combines social and biological extrapolation to produce a very strange world that is at the same time a mirror of our own. [BA]

The influence of pheromones on sex roles has been explored recently in science fiction, but seldom with the narrative edge of Turner. A fascinating exploration that rewrites the theme of star-crossed lovers most nastily and inventively. If anything, this is a metaphysical thriller, with gender ultimately transcended. [LS]

The 1994 James Tiptree, Jr. Award

Winner

Nicola Griffith
Ammonite

Del Rey, 1993

Griffith details a civilization—several generations old—composed entirely of women. Her novel displays uncommon skill, a compelling narrative and a sure grasp of the complexity of civilization. While avoiding rhetoric, cant and stereotype, Griffith’s politics run subtle and deep. [SPB]

A well-written first novel of a world on which there are no males, the men having been killed by a virus long ago. The story is told through the eyes of a woman who goes there to study the society that has evolved. This is the story of how people interact, and the evolution and adaptation of the protagonist to a world that is different from the one she’s always known. Also a novel which postulates that a society composed of only women would not be fundamentally different from one containing both genders. A real page-turner with beautifully well-drawn characters. [SC]

Ammonite is an interesting rite-of-passage novel in which the main character—Marghe—works out who she is and what she wants to do with her life. The culture of the planet Jeep—influenced by a virus fatal to most women and all men, that also facilitates genetic mixing and not-really-parthenogenic births—was fascinating and believable. This book is not based on “difference” gender philosophy (i.e., that women and men are basically psychologically different), and therefore, the women-only culture wasn’t portrayed as a utopia for its lack of men. Greed and mindless violence exist in this culture as in ours. Its gender-bending message was that sexuality is only a minor part of human relationships. The characters all seem to take it for granted that sexual preference is an almost irrelevant aspect of understanding one another. In fact, the lack of men in this world is important only for the fact that because of it, Jeep is quarantined from the rest of the (mainly corrupt) Federation, until and if a vaccine is discovered. The human women on Jeep are never referred to as a lesbian community. They are simply a community of people, all of whom happen to be women. [JG]

A self-assured, unself-conscious, convincing depiction of a world without men, this is perhaps the strongest pure science fiction on the list—doing what only science fiction can do, and doing it with skill and brio. Is it a gender bender? It answers the question “When you eliminate one gender, what’s left?” (a whole world, is the answer). But a lot of books like *Moby-Dick*, eliminate one gender, and yet nobody thinks anything about it. I believe Kate Clinton has the answer: “When women go off together it’s call separatism. When men go off together it’s called Congress.” [UKL]

When plague wipes out all the men and many of the women of a contingent of marines, a planet is declared quarantined. Marghe is sent to study the “natives,” women left from an earlier colonization attempt which was also infected. *Ammonite* could have been a didactic novel or a utopian fiction, but Griffith has made her world of women complex and full of people both good and bad. [MFM]

Short List

Eleanor Arnason
Ring of Swords

Tor, 1993

A novel about human interaction with a culture where cross-gender relations are forbidden, and even contact is kept to a minimum. A lovely book, though the violent male, non-violent female aspects were a tad heavy-handed. Also suffers slightly from a read-the-next-book-in-the-series sort of ending. [SC]

This novel is both a rousing page-turner and idea-turner. The aliens in this book might be the technically advanced version of the aliens from Arnason’s Tiptree-winning novel, *Woman of the Iron People*. In both books, Arnason created an alien race whose social stability stems directly from the separation of male and female cultures. Both books are also based on the arguable premise that the male tendency toward violence differentiates gender. Given that premise, the culture and story that follows are fascinating. Both Hwarhath and Human culture must re-examine all their assumptions when the two races meet one another and begin negotiations to avoid war. [JG]

Both the narrators of this book use an understated, slightly self-mocking, casual tone which may lead the reader to take the story lightly. It is not a lightweight story. It is intellectually, emotionally, and ethically complex and powerful. A great deal of it is told by implication only, and so the moral solidity of the book and its symbolic and aesthetic effectiveness may pass a careless reader right by. The characters are mature, thoughtful, imperfect people, the settings are vivid, the drama is tense, and the science-fictional reinvention of gender roles is as successful as any I have ever read.

The only physical gender difference between human and Hwarhath is that alien women are a little larger than the men; but the cultural gender differences are immense and their implications fascinating, both as a device for questioning human prejudice and convention, and as the basis for a very good novel. The shadowy presence of a third species runs through it both unifying its ideas and always putting all assumptions back in question—a beautiful symbolic device. A beautiful book. [UKL]

A story of alien contact where the male of the species is considered too volatile to have at home. Arnason examines some of our assumptions of gender by creating an alien race whose assumptions are just enough different than ours to bring ours into high relief. [MFM]

Margaret Atwood
The Robber Bride

Bantam Books, 1993

Two young girls, minor characters in *The Robber Bride*, demand that all storybook characters—good and evil—be read as female. So too does Atwood portray all the main characters of *The Robber Bride*—good and evil—as female. This fictional warping of gender role expectations forces an understanding that is ironically more complex than the so-called real world in which behavior and archetype are frequently divided into two sets, female and male. The hint of possibly supernatural motivations, give me the excuse to include this wonderful novel on the Tiptree short list. [JG]

1994 Winner

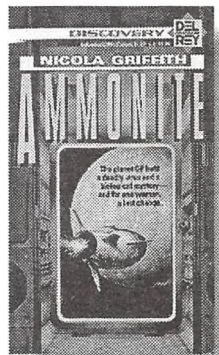
Nicola Griffith
Ammonite

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1994 Short List



Nicola Griffith



1994 JUDGES

- Steve Brown
- Susan Casper
- Jeanne Gomoll
- Ursula K. Le Guin
- Maureen F. McHugh

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1994 Short List

Though in this book Atwood does not extrapolate from gender construction as she did in *The Handmaid's Tale*, gender construction and the behavior and relationships forced on people by their gendered sexuality is always one of her central topics. In this case we have a major artist at the height of her powers telling a very grim's fairytale about what a Bad Woman does to Good Men and Good Women. It is a splendid novel, and far and away the funniest book this jury got to read. [UKL]

Sybil Claiborne

In the Garden of Dead Cars

Cleis Press, 1993

To me this is the most original book we read, and the most honest. The grim, repressive urban future seems familiar, conventional, but it grows less so as we read: its vivid, gritty reality is not borrowed, but discovered. What has happened to men, how women have adjusted to it, who the "carnals" are, all this complex matter is told with a mature and subtle simplicity, as the background to a strong love story and to the yet more powerful relationship of a daughter and a mother. [UKL]

L. Timmel Duchamp

"Motherhood"

in *Full Spectrum 4*, Bantam, 1993

Considers the very interesting premise that human sexual dimorphism (e.g., gender) is a physiological accident that might be swept away by a virus. A young girl reconsiders her body, her self and her relationship with everyone around her when she catches this virus. [JG]

A nineteen year old girl! discovers that her boyfriend has given her a virus that makes her something not human, maybe not female, and the government wants to keep her quarantined. This story could have been the story of a victim but Duchamp has made Pat, her nineteen-year-old, both nineteen and anything but a victim. [MFM]

R. Garcia y Robertson

"The Other Magpie"

Asimov's, April 1993

Robertson has crafted a vivid portrait of a Native American society—the Sioux, at a time when the events of Little Big Horn are occurring just over the horizon. His main characters are two women, one enacting a warrior role and the other transvestite, that seem startlingly unlikely to our eyes. Robertson fearlessly avoids presenting his Sioux with politically correct Noble Savage stereotyping, giving us several thoughtless, cruel, even stupid examples, and ends up with a three dimensional picture of a fully human milieu. [SPB]

A vivid story about Indian Wars of the last century that explores gender in both its look at a young woman who takes on the role of warrior to assuage her brother's ghost, and her transvestite friend who has his eyes set on the white soldiers. [SC]

This story is interesting for its message that cultures based upon different understanding of humanity create dissonant communication when individuals from those cultures try to understand one another. Indians and Whites; women and men; White men and Indian women... [JG]

James Patrick Kelly

"Chemistry"

Asimov's, June 1993

In Kelly's vivid story, all of the interactive negotiations that transpire between lovers have been reduced to chemical transactions. One might think that this love story would end up as interesting as the purchase of a used car, but ultimately it is love story and a touching one. [SPB]

A lovely story which makes the distinction between love and sexual attraction in a different way. A sweet love story and good science fiction. If gender-bending can be construed to mean the way men and women relate to each other sexually, as well as socially, this one nicely fills the bill. [SC]

A short story that starts by talking about love as if it were the interaction of chemicals and ends by making the interaction of chemicals a sweet and poignant story of love. [MFM]

Laurie J. Marks

Dancing Jack

DAW, 1993

Dancing Jack is a wonderful fantasy, with a very unusual portrayal of magic and powerful portrayals of three women characters—the heroes who rescue their post-plague world. This is a wasteland story: saved not by a fisher king or a single knight, but by the combined magics of a riverboat pilot, a farmer, and a toymaker. The land is infertile, crops are not growing, animals die; people have mostly given up. The magic with which these three women reclaim life for themselves and their land is the lesson that acceptance of pain brings the possibility of joy. It turns inside out the formula of the quest and the knight-hero with gender-bending insights. [JG]

I thoroughly enjoyed this very realistic fantasy, but found no gender-bending in it: just a fine depiction of competent, independent women working, and a very satisfying, lesbian love-story. Fantasies about grown-ups are very rare; and this is one. [UKL]

Ian McDonald

"Some Strange Desire"

in *The Best of Omni III*, Omni Publications International Ltd.

McDonald has taken a well-worn fictional path, that of the non-human race that has always lived in parallel with us (usually responsible for the generation of vampire mythology), and reworked it into something new. His "vampires" have a sophisticated form of pheromonal communication and an ambiguous concept of gender. Their interaction with humans is compelling, and tragic. [SPB]

Aliens/changelings/an unrecognized third sex? McDonald doesn't quite say where these gender-shifting people come from, but they pay a high price for a desirability far beyond that of full-time women. Touching and well-written. [SC]

Any story that includes in its first sentence, "Mother says he can remember Grandmother taking him..." grabs my gender-bending radar. It's a suspenseful story about aliens-among-us who change their gender at will from female to male to hermaphrodite, and who are subject to an awful AIDS-like disease. I liked it a lot. [JG]



THE JAMES TIPTREE, JR AWARD

1994 Short List

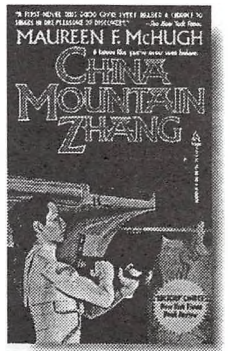
1993 Winner

Maureen McHugh
China Mountain Zhang

1993 Short List



Maureen F. McHugh



Alice Nunn

Illicit Passage

Women's Redress Press, 1992

One of my favorite novels of recent years, *Illicit Passage* concerns the actual mechanics of a feminist revolution, a revolution from within. As the individuals in the asteroid mining town in Nunn's novel learn self-confidence, their lives change. And as the people organize, the social order changes. The establishment panics and looks for "the usual suspects"—the revolutionary agitators, the bombthrowers, and entirely misses the secretaries, mothers, factory workers, and servants plotting radical change right under their noses. *Illicit Passage* is a novel of mistaken assumptions, misdirected expectations. In fact, we never actually hear the main character (Gillie) speak. We only learn about her from characters who dislike or are intensely jealous of her. That we end up liking her very much anyway, in spite of the strongly biased points of view of the other characters, only strengthens our admiration for her. [JG]

Paul Park

Coelestis

HarperCollins UK, 1993

This novel of an alien surgically transformed into a human woman who is gradually reverting—sloughing off one human attribute after another—and the confused human man who thought he was in love with her, is a dark and wrenching experience. Park explores the shadowy alleyways of the city of gender and studies the age-old imperialist clash between rich and poor civilizations. [SPB]

To me this ambitious and complex book is ultimately a failure both as a novel and as an exploration of gender. The self-conscious tonelessness of the narrative voice imposes a real lack of affect. As gender exploration it is seriously handicapped by the fact that there are no women in it, except a girl who is fucked on page 46 and killed on page 49. The alien called "Katherine" is supposed to have been transformed into a female or a woman, but appears, to me, merely genderless from beginning to end. The setting and mood is standard neo-Conrad-on-distant-planet. [UKL]

Simon, a human diplomat, falls in love with Katherine, a gifted pianist and more importantly, an alien who in "her" natural state is not female. As a series of events deprive Katherine of the drugs that keep "her" human, she becomes less and less so. The book is written from multiple points of view and it becomes clear that while Simon continues to find human motivations in her actions, Katherine is more alien than he wants to know. [MFM]

The 1993 James Tiptree, Jr. Award

Winner

Maureen McHugh

China Mountain Zhang

Tor, 1992

Homosexuality is a useful device for a political novelist—a male homosexual is a public agent who does not stand to benefit, in the terms of his own futurity, from anything the state can do. Throughout this novel there's an understated, building tension between the loveless embrace of the 'caring' state and the unassuming

humane behavior of Zhang the outsider. Deep in the heart of *China Mountain Zhang* there's a very old riff: the wild talent, the young male outsider who is smarter, faster, much better than the system that rejects him. McHugh has given this old, old story an elegant transformation.

A sympathetic and subtle portrayal of women and men in nontraditional roles.

Avoiding preachment without abandoning thought is hard. Characters must seem real without seeming doctrinaire; issues must arise out of the story instead of being imposed on it. By this standard I'd say McHugh's *China Mountain Zhang* is the best political novel I've read in years, because for the most part it doesn't seem to be about politics at all.

Rigorous science fiction, set in a non-western culture. It's well written and the characters live and breathe. It's got it all.

Short List

Carol Emshwiller

Venus Rising

Edgewood Press, 1992

Liked the alien sense of Emshwiller's amphibious people. An explicitly feminist story which also has an underlying, rationalized yet subtle science-fictional rationale. I like the way *Venus Rising* can be read both metaphorically and as a "pure" science fiction story.

Ian MacLeod

"Grownups"

Asimov's

This taps into some basic male discomfort with what pregnancy does to women's bodies (although there is no pregnancy per se in the story), and also with adolescent fears about adulthood, the perception of growing up as a loss of vitality and identity.

Judith Moffett

Time, Like an Ever Rolling Stream

St. Martin's Press, 1992

A good science fiction novel about incest or the threat or possibility thereof. Moffett also does a good job of showing the connection—for many conservative Christians—between religion, consumerism, disrespect for the planet, and fear of different people.

Moffett's writing on gender issues, and on the future of humanity, is profoundly and insidiously pessimistic. Under the placid surface of *Time*, there's a truly terrible, and grimly justified, vision of the relationship between the sexes.

Kim Stanley Robinson

Red Mars

Harper Collins, 1992

Liked this book's openly sexual interpretation of human power broking, and the way that sex-drive scrabbling for dominance is shown as being destructive on every possible level.

If this novel isn't explicitly about gender roles, they certainly underlie and drive the characters and their interactions. This is rich, realistic, beautifully done science fiction with the kind of detail that makes one feel the writer has actually lived in the world he creates.

1993 JUDGES

Eleanor Arnason
Gwyneth Jones
John Kessel
Michaela Roessner
Pamela Sargent

THE JAMES TIPTREE, JR AWARD

1993 Short List

.....

1992 Winners

Eleanor Arnason
Woman of the Iron People

Gwyneth Jones
White Queen

.....

1992 Short List



Eleanor Arnason



Gwyneth Jones



Sue Thomas
Correspondence

The Women's Press, 1992

Thoughtful, philosophical, intelligent exploration of human/machine interfacing and transformations.

Lisa Tuttle
Lost Futures

Grafton, 1992

This book is a multiverse riff, strongly reminiscent of *The Female Man* and *Woman on the Edge of Time*, but the device is used for a personal, not a political story. It's mildly yet pervasively eerie and disorienting.

Elisabeth Vonarburg
In the Mother's Land

Bantam, 1992

Vonarburg's writing has a seriousness of purpose that much American science fiction, even some of the best, lacks; moral issues and intellectual debates are an important and exciting part of her work. Change may be necessary, but one has a sense, in this novel, of how problematic it is and how much pain it can cause. One of the delights of this novel is that the reader learns about the protagonist's world in much the way she does, first discovering her immediate environment and then, gradually, the world beyond it.

The 1992 James Tiptree, Jr. Award

Winners

Eleanor Arnason
A Woman of the Iron People

William Morrow, 1991

Four-square grumpy humor and effortless inventiveness. It explores the situation of a people much more obviously (if not more deeply) fixed in mammalian psychosexual wiring than we are (or think we are). No easy answers, no question begging, just a clean, clever job.

That wonderful mix of "sense of wonder" (alien-ness) and shock of recognition (humanity) which...the very best science fiction has and which... "courage" in science fiction demands.

Gwyneth Jones
White Queen

Gollancz, 1991

The real reason this book is so good is its moral complexity. You don't know whether to root for the heroes as they challenge the seemingly benevolent aliens or to pity the heroes for their xenophobia. Jones makes that decision as difficult for us as the decision to support the PLO or the IRA or the Mojahadeen (take your pick) is for people today. The book is infuriatingly and justifiably inconclusive; the characters are as confused as most of today's viewers are.

Short List

John Barnes
Orbital Resonance

Tor, 1991

This book deserves serious consideration because of the viewpoint character (a teenage girl on a space station) and because of the changes Barnes postulates in people

living in a new environment. It's very good science fiction; excellent speculation. Quirky and interesting politics. He's done a fine job of imagining what living in his creation would be like.

Karen Joy Fowler
Sarah Canary

Henry Holt & Co., 1991

Karen disqualified this one early, because she administers the Tiptree with Pat Murphy, but the judges didn't let her keep it off the short list.

Every bit as distinguished as *White Queen*. After eight years of cyberpunk as a more masculine than feminine endeavor, two very strong writers [Fowler and Jones] have invented a feminist reply. In so doing, they've made a long overdue contribution to the great dialog of the science fiction field.

Mary Gentle
The Architecture of Desire

Bantam Press, 1991

Gentle not only successfully blurs the gender lines around rape, she raises all the questions so prevalent in contemporary culture about date rape, marital rape, and other situations where the lines are blurred.... One of the best things about the book is that the protagonist understands what she's done, and why, and through that, comes to understand what the rapist did, and why. Gentle also, in the relationship between the protagonist and her husband, deals with two [essential] gender issues (or at least relationship issues)—love without beauty and love in a context of controlled jealousy.

Greer Ilene Gilman
Moonwise

NAL/Roc, 1991

Women of various ages and stages and forms struggle over a most basic and grand magical achievement, the accomplishment of the winter solstice and release towards spring. A victory is won without the toot of a single war-horn or clash of battle, and it works—without argument, without over-protection, without polemic of any kind, but just by being told, and well-told.

Marge Piercy
He, She and It

Summit Books, 1991

Women tend to talk differently from men.... Part of the reason women speak differently is because their concerns are different. I think that Piercy has taken on cyberpunk and made it answer the questions that women are most likely to ask about the future. Shira and Malkah, the protagonists, are not sleazoid-underworld-street-samurai; they're women who'd like to raise a kid successfully as well as jack in.... This was new; it is not a minor triumph.

1992 JUDGES
Suzy McKee Charnas
Sherry Coldsmith
Bruce McAllister
Vonda McIntyre
Debbie Notkin

The Retrospective Tiptree Award

Recognizing works published before the James Tiptree, Jr. Award was established

by Pat Murphy

THE JAMES TIPTREE JR. MEMORIAL AWARD is now in its fifth year. Thanks to the efforts of bakers and bake-sale-organizers, cookbook writers and t-shirt makers, quilt-makers and writers, the award that began as a joke is going strong.

To celebrate our fifth anniversary, Karen Fowler and I, with all the authority* vested in us as Founding Mothers of the Award™, decided that it was time to put together a list of stories and novels that might have won the Tiptree Award, back before the Tiptree Award existed. We colluded in this endeavor with Debbie Notkin, the illustrious chair of the first Tiptree Award jury.

So here's what we did. We contacted all the folks who had served on Tiptree juries over the years and we asked each person to nominate five works for a retrospective Tiptree Award. We got nominations—and along with the nominations we got complaints, questions, suggestions, and thoughtful letters.

Only five nominees?! Were we nuts?

"This is a difficult task," Pamela Sargent wrote. "This list could easily be a couple of pages long."

"You've asked me for five nominations for a Retrospective Tiptree Award," Gwyneth Jones wrote. "I don't know where to start."

When she sent along her list, Nicola Griffith wrote, "There are at least half a dozen more I'd like to see up there." They all were correct, of course, but our dutiful ex-jurors (even those who pointed out how unreasonable our request was) faithfully narrowed their selection to five.

Vonda McIntyre wrote, quite rightly, "This is kind of a no-brainer, isn't it? The first retrospective Tiptree should go to Uncle Tip. If you have to have a title, "The Women Men Don't See," but better for the body of work." Was James Tiptree eligible for the Retrospective Tiptree Award? That question hadn't occurred to us. Alice Sheldon did, of course, write the definitive Tiptree-Award-winning stories (and, while doing it, lived a Tiptree-Award-winning life). Ultimately, we decided that the existence of the award itself was a tribute to James Tiptree and that giving Alice Sheldon the retrospective award would be redundant.

People struggled to determine what criteria they should use in making their choice. "I started to think of books that had meant something to me when I first read them; books that challenged my assumptions, delighted me with their irreverence, made a difference in my young life. It really highlighted for me how much the award is of its time.... Maybe we shouldn't let people vote for things they weren't old enough to read when they were printed!" suggested Ellen Kushner.

Having given people one difficult task, we compiled the nominations to create a ballot. We decided to combine some nominations, grouping Joanna Russ's "When It Changed" with *The Female Man*, and grouping Suzy McKee Charnas's *Walk to the End of the World* with *Motherlines*. In both cases, the works seemed irrevocably joined.

We then sent our former jurors a ballot with an even more unreasonable demand. We asked them to choose three works from the list of nominees.

It was very very difficult. We know that. With their ballots, people sent notes describing the reasons for their selection. Some people chose to vote for classics in the field, works that forever altered the way gender is used in science fiction. Other jurors chose works that stood out, in memory, as their strongest personal encounters with the field. As Gwyneth Jones wrote of her selection, "These are not the three books I think 'are the best' in a general way. They're my three closest encounters: the books that zapped me personally." Works by three authors clearly emerged at the top of the list: *Motherlines* and *Walk to the End of the World* by Suzy McKee Charnas; *The Left Hand of Darkness*, by Ursula K. Le Guin; and "When It Changed" and *The Female Man* by Joanna Russ.

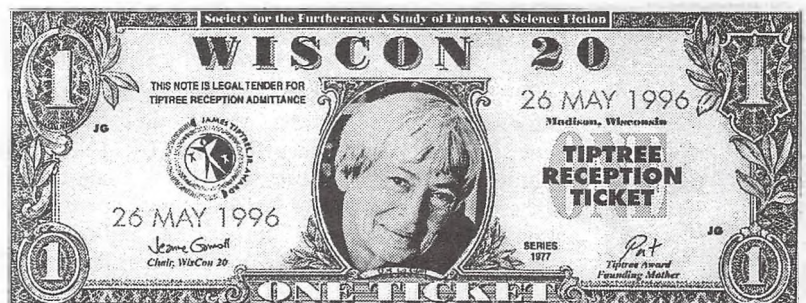
Many other works had substantial support among the jurors; there were many works that people wanted to select—if only we hadn't arbitrarily limited their choice to three. That list follows, annotated with comments from jurors. As you'll see it's an idiosyncratic list, reflecting the varied tastes of our jurors.

For me, this list has already served its purpose. There are books on it that I missed when they came out—and a few that I'd never heard of! For me, this is a list of future pleasures—books to seek out and appreciate. But I'd also like to note that this is not the final, complete, never-to-be changed list of what could have won a Tiptree Award. Like the award itself, the list may change over the years. Who knows? Five years (and hundreds of chocolate chip cookies) from now, we could torture another list of jurors with unreasonable requests.



Gwyneth Jones and Eleanor Ameson receive chocolate typewriters at the first Tiptree Award presentation

Jeanne Gomoll designed special tickets for this year's Tiptree presentation



* I feel obligated to point out that we have no particular authority. That's part of the joke, of course. But then, I guess you all know that.

THE JAMES TIPTREE, JR AWARD

Retrospective Tiptree
Winners

Suzy McKee Charnas
Motherlines
Walk to the End of the World

Ursula K. Le Guin
The Left Hand of Darkness

Joanna Russ
"When It Changed"
The Female Man

The Winners

Suzy McKee Charnas

Motherlines

Walk to the End of the World

Ballantine, 1974; Berkley, 1978;
currently out of print in the U.S.

Berkley-Putnam, 1978;
currently out of print in the U.S.

Walk to the End of the World is a fine book, memorable from the first reading and deeper and more complex every time you come back to it. But what it's about, in the final analysis, is what we already know—and that is how bad things really are, and how bad things can get. *Motherlines*, on the other hand, is a book that breaks new ground from start to finish, without a breather for author or reader. "New stories must be told in new ways," indeed, and Suzy McKee Charnas knew that from the core of her being when she wrote that book. Perhaps there is no task harder for the writer steeped in the old story than telling the new one...letting us imagine that the new story can even begin to exist. (*Debbie Notkin*)

This unflinching look at an unbearable future requires of its readers a strong stomach and a clear head. In the Holdfast, men rule and women—"fems"—are worse than chattel. But the word "patriarchy" doesn't really apply, for these men have abolished fatherhood, believing that it caused the collapse of earlier male-dominated cultures. Generational conflict is institutionalized, with Juniors expected to support Seniors until age entitles them to Senior privileges. Charnas's courageous exploration of gender roles is nowhere more apparent than in her depiction of the fem leaders, for whom the survival of the fems—and hence of humanity itself—is the only imperative. Readers willing to follow her example will find themselves sympathizing with some unlikely characters and acknowledging that, yes, in certain circumstances, some appalling choices may be justified. (*Susanna J. Sturgis*)

In *Motherlines*, her sequel *Walk to the End of the World*, Charnas faces head-on the question ducked by most revolutionaries and social visionaries: what about the baggage that all of us raised in imperfect times will almost certainly carry into the halcyon future? The Riding Women of the *Motherlines* tribes are unscarred by oppression; the Free Fems are shaped by their horrific experiences as slaves. Alldera the runner is claimed by both groups and at home with neither. Those who criticized *Motherlines* for having no men in it were wrong: not only are men firmly embedded in the memories of the Free Fems, they enter the Riding Women's councils as the enemy beyond the horizon. Charnas broke new ground with this one. Sixteen years later, only a few have dared follow in her footsteps. (*Susanna J. Sturgis*)

Ursula K. Le Guin
The Left Hand of Darkness

Walker & Co., 1969; Ace 1969, 1983

The Left Hand of Darkness was for me, as I think it was for so many readers my age, my first time. In all the science fiction I had read before that, I had only found hints, tantalizing glimpses, of what I knew could be there. *The Left Hand of Darkness* threw open wide the doors that had been left alluringly ajar and said, "Come in. There's more room here than you ever imagined. Let me show you what some of it is like." (*Debbie Notkin*)

By itself, this classic's premise guarantees it a high place in gender-expanding literature. What if a people were all the same gender, and what if sex dominated them wholly for a few days each month and were a non-issue the rest of the time? Le Guin offers two distinct, complex societies based on this premise and hints at several more. But it's a mistake to forget that played out against this backdrop is a moving, unconventional love story in which sex plays almost no part. Mile by hard-won mile, two humans separated by language, customs, and physiology create a partnership as profound as any marriage. But neither love nor change comes cheap: there is indeed blood in the mortar that holds the keystone. (*Susanna Sturgis*)

Joanna Russ
"When It Changed"

in *Again, Dangerous Visions*, ed. Harlan Ellison, 1972;
also collected in *We Who Are About To...;*
currently available in *The Best of the Nebulas*, ed. Ben Bova, Tor, 1989

The Female Man

Bantam, 1975; Beacon Press, 1987

A male friend of mine described *The Female Man*, around the time of its publication as "articulate rage." The phrase has always stayed with me. We were all enraged, and few of us knew enough about it to give voice, let alone words, to our fury. Joanna Russ did that for us all. "When It Changed," on the other hand, will always be a joyful story for me. Though much of the meat of the story is not joyful at all, that first sentence, sending Katy driving like a maniac over the roads of Whileaway, transported me to a place I knew I was glad to be, even as a visitor. (*Debbie Notkin*)

"Anyone who lives in two worlds," says Vittoria, Janet's wife, "is bound to have a complicated life." Joanna Russ's quartet of Js live in four: Jeannine in a United States where World War II never happened, Joanna in a 1975 recognizable to any woman who lived through it, Jael in a near future where Manland and Womanland fight a desultory war, and Janet on Whileaway. Whileaway! A future world of self-sufficient women, where men are long forgotten. *The Female Man* is a dead-on hilarious *tour de force*; it doesn't just explore gender roles—it explodes them. And is it dated? Not on your life! (*Susanna J. Sturgis*)

Every time I reread "When It Changed," the story amazes me all over again. It's so short—just a few pages—and in those pages it takes a science fiction cliché and changes it forever. Since the days of the pulps, men have been rushing in (often with blasters) to rescue women. The assumption was, of course, that the women needed and wanted to be rescued. "When It Changed" shook that assumption—and many other assumptions—and left the science fiction field a more interesting place to live and write. (*Pat Murphy*)

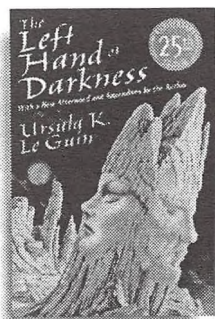
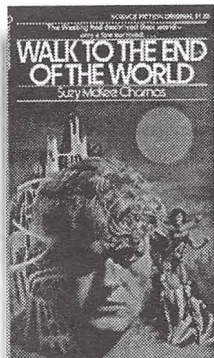
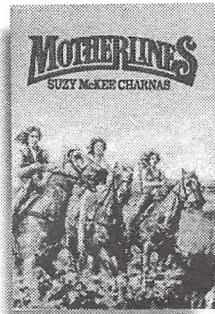
Retrospective Tiptree Short List

Margaret Atwood

The Handmaid's Tale

Houghton Mifflin 1986; Fawcett 1986

What can the relationship be, Atwood asks, between a woman with no status whatsoever, and a man with nothing but privilege—and none of what he wants in life? Sexuality is the forced relation between the two main characters: intellectual exploration and the life of the mind is the relation discouraged for both separately and completely forbidden to them together...and that is the secret life they seek out and cherish. (*Debbie Notkin*)



Iain Banks

The Wasp Factory

currently out of print in the U.S.

Reading *The Wasp Factory* is like being in a car and realizing you are going to hit another vehicle head on: numbing, inevitable, fascinating, and followed by a mind-shattering *bang* and the rearrangement of your universe. When I first read this book I was washing myself clean of all that “all women are wise-kind-seven-foot-tall-vegetarian-amazons, and all men are nasty-horrid-raping-animals” nonsense resulting from a few years of being a right-on lesbian separatist. *The Wasp Factory* did more than rinse off the last sticky residue, it bleached me to the bone. (*Nicola Griffith*)

Katherine Burdekin

Swastika Night

Feminist Press, 1985

Possibly the first and arguably the best in the science fiction subgenre of Nazi dystopias. Germany wins World War II and reduces women to the status of slaves—*kinder, kuche, kirchen* taken to its illogical extremes. (*Lucy Sussex*)

Octavia Butler

Wild Seed

Doubleday, 1980; Warner, 1988

Octavia Butler explores continuously not only the boundaries of gender, but of alienness wherever she may find it. In *Wild Seed*, which may still be her best book to date, she paints the joint canvasses of the horrors of antebellum slavery and the mysteries of immortality with the stories of Doro and Anyanwu—an immortal man and an immortal shapechanger with the heart and soul of a woman. Doro starts the book believing that he is a match for anything—but Anyanwu’s task is to show him that she is his equal and more. (*Debbie Notkin*)

Samuel R. Delany

Babel-17

Ace, 1966; currently out of print in the U.S.

In all the worlds of science fiction, no man has undertaken as rigorous and careful an alliance with feminism as Samuel R. Delany. In *Babel-17*, an early novel in his career, that alliance can be seen primarily in the full trust he places in his protagonist. The young Rydra Wong is as flawed as an interesting character must be—yet Delany has the courage to cut her problems, her limitations, and her inabilities, as well as her heroism, from the cloth of tales previously limited to men. Thus, he gives to a woman the fictional space that men usually fill, and the book is practically over before you realize why it was, in its time, such a daring departure. (*Debbie Notkin*)

Samuel R. Delany

Triton

Bantam, 1976; currently out of print in the U.S.

In *Triton*, Delany is consciously exploring the spaces that both men and women fill. *Triton* is still the only book I’ve ever read where a man nurses his infant child during a professional meeting, where a woman (named the Spike) takes up virtually all the adventure, heroism, and drama in the book while a man is left at home to whine and worry, fret, and feel left out. (*Debbie Notkin*)

The last section of *Triton*, which is a semi-Utopian novel about bohemian cool cats prowling around the arty parts

of variously colonized and terraformed parts of the solar system, is very interesting about sexual gender. This is when our hero Bron Helstrom decides to have himself turned into a woman. He does this quite literally and seriously because he feels that men, whose ability to act alone, to function “outside society” when necessary, is vital to humanity, need a particular kind of support that only a woman—a proper woman—can give. And the women he knows don’t seem adequate for this supportive role at all. (Leave aside for the moment the question of how he reconciles man’s essential quality of being able to act alone, with man’s absolute need for a supportive woman.) They just don’t know how to do it.

So Bron gets changed into a woman, and then, he is outraged to discover that he still doesn’t *feel* like a woman. “I mean all the time, every minute, a complete and whole woman. Of course when I think about it, or when some guy makes a pass at me, I remember. But most of the time I just feel like an ordinary, normal...”

As a detailed study of sexual gender—physiological, chemical, psychological, cosmetic—*Triton* has few equals in science fiction, a genre which has always been all too well-provided with male sexual-utopians who are sure they know it all. I don’t know if this would have been a Tiptree prizewinner in 1976, I think there was some stiff opposition, wasn’t there? But still: lest we forget. *Triton*. And Samuel Delany. Thank you. (*Gwyneth Jones*)

Carol Emshwiller

Carmen Dog

Mercury Press, 1990

The novel *Carmen Dog* goes well beyond the Tiptree Award prerequisite of “merely” exploring gender roles to tackle the blurring of interspecies boundaries. This *tour de force* combines the wisdom and charm of ancient fable and myth with the edge of contemporary satire and the heart of, well, its author, Carol Emshwiller. (*Michaela Roessner*)

Imagine a world where all the women are turning into animals and all the animals are turning into women. The heroine is Pooch, a former golden retriever who leaves home (taking the baby with her) when her master starts showing her unwelcome attentions. Her mistress (who is becoming a snapping turtle) presents a danger to the baby, so Pooch takes the child along. Pooch’s heart’s desire is to sing *Carmen*. Though I won’t tell you what happens I will say this: there’s a happy ending. When *Carmen Dog* came out, I couldn’t understand why people weren’t paying more attention to it. It was funny, ironic, painful, and wonderfully true in its consideration of women and other animals. (*Pat Murphy*)

Sonya Dorman Hess

“When I Was Miss Dow”

in *Women of Wonder*, Vintage, 1974

reprinted in *Women of Wonder: The Classic Years*, Harcourt Brace, 1995

A short story that packs a wallop, examining in just a few pages what it means to be a woman and what it means to be alien. (*Pat Murphy*)

Elizabeth A. Lynn

Watchtower

Berkley, 1979; currently out of print in the U.S.

Some books explore gender relations by studying what is special about the less familiar forms; others simply assume that love is love. *Watchtower* was one of the first



THE JAMES TIPTREE, JR AWARD

Retrospective Tiptree
Short List

books in this field to take homosexual love for granted. Never is the relationship between Sorren and Norres “called out” for its difference. They just love each other, and do what they have to do. Similarly, though Errel and Rike are not what we, with our limited definitions of the terms, would call lovers, the bond between them is taken completely at face value—and in the early 1970s, that was a breath of fresh air indeed. (*Debbie Notkin*)

Vonda McIntyre

Dreamsnake

Houghton Mifflin, 1978; Bantam, 1994

I feel strongly that this book, beloved as it is, hasn't been noticed for the gender-bender it is. Merideth is the first nongendered nonalien character I ever met in fiction (most people don't even notice that the character is nongendered, because they instantly decide he is he or she is she. A terrific example of the construction of gender!) And then the way conventional gender roles are changed, mostly by the capacity for voluntary birth control—subtle, profound, underappreciated. (*Ursula K. Le Guin*)

Dreamsnake is a quiet book...except when it roars. It is a subtle book...except when it reflects like sunlight off ice sheets. The exploration of gender begins quietly on page one and rises and falls throughout the novel, interwoven neatly with explorations of biology, geography, exile, and humanity. When you are finished with this book, all you want to do is pick it up and start again...and you're well-advised to do so. (*Debbie Notkin*)

Naomi Mitchison

Memoirs of a Spacewoman

currently out of print in the U.S.

Talk about underappreciated! This book predates the rest of us by years and goes very much farther than most of us ever went in gender-bending, invention of new roles, sex with aliens, etc.... (*Ursula K. Le Guin*)

I read this book long long ago when, as a shy adolescent, I was reading my way through the science fiction section of the public library. I was an omnivorous reader then—paying little attention to titles and none to authors. But one idea from this book stuck with me, over all these years—the link, among the Martians, between communication and sensitive body parts that we regard as sexual. I remembered the explorer who became pregnant when communicating with a Martian, even though I had forgotten the rest of the book. A fascinating view of sex and human relations. (*Pat Murphy*)

Marge Piercy

Woman on the Edge of Time

Fawcett, 1985

The utopian novel must be among the very hardest tasks a novelist can set for herself. In *Woman on the Edge of Time*, Marge Piercy not only creates a complex and intricate utopian vision, but tosses in a dystopia and an all too realistic real world as well. Connie Ramos is one of science fiction's most genuine heroines. She has to be dragged, kicking and screaming, into utopia. The rest of us, at the end of the book, have to be dragged out. This book is a heart-breaker. It makes you miss a world you've lost in the most complete possible way—by never having it to begin with. (*Karen Joy Fowler*)

Piercy simultaneously examines our own world and constructs a fascinating future culture in which gender roles have changed. Some changes are subtle. Connie, the con-

temporary viewpoint character, notices that the woman from the future “moved with that air of brisk, unself-conscious authority that Connie associated with men.” Other changes are more radical. Connie is appalled to discover that men in this future mother and breastfeed children, usurping women's role as nurturer. A thoughtful and moving story. Incidentally, Piercy foresaw a version of the Tiptree Award. Her future culture celebrates the beginning to the women's movement with an annual festival in which they eat little honey cakes with quotes from revolutionary women baked in them. Sound like a Tiptree bake sale to me. (*Pat Murphy*)

Joanna Russ

The Two of Them

Berkley-Putnam, 1978; Berkley, 1979; currently out of print in the U.S.

The Two of Them is typical Joanna Russ: the first two-thirds twist and turn, eeling around to bite its own assumptions in the small of back so often it made me want to throw the book at the wall. But it's a bit like a black hole: by the time you're beginning to wonder what's going on, you're in the gravity well and it's too late. And when Russ has you, she is merciless. This book taught me a *tremendous* amount about the way women and men relate to each other, and why, and how hard it is to avoid the trap. (*Nicola Griffith*)

Pamela Sargent, ed.

Women of Wonder

Vintage, 1974

More Women of Wonder

Vintage, 1976

The New Women of Wonder

Vintage

Back in the 1970s, when computers were made of wood, I began writing science fiction. Around that time, the *Women of Wonder* anthologies came out. The existence of these books and the stories that they contained were inspiring. I helped start the Tiptree Award partly because I have (somewhat reluctantly) realized how important fictional role models can be. But even more important than the fictional ones are the real ones—women who were out there writing the sort of stuff that I wanted to write. (*Pat Murphy*)

John Varley

“The Barbie Murders”

in *Asimov's*, February 1978

collected in *The Barbie Murders*, Berkley, 1980; currently out of print in the U.S.

“The Barbie Murders” is only one of Varley's many stories set in the Eight Worlds, where the exploration of gender and sexuality is rich indeed. This particular story concentrates on identity by focusing on a colony of people who have chosen to forsake the concept entirely—and, of course, to forsake identity one must forsake gender. A detective in search of a murderer is hampered indeed by a society based on the first principle that the action of one is the action of all. When can identity be erased, and when must it be preserved so that justice can be done? (*Debbie Notkin*)

Kate Wilhelm

The Clewiston Test

Farrar Straus Giroux, 1976 currently out of print in the U.S.

He's a nice guy. He makes sure that his wife, a brilliant biochemist now bedridden after a car accident, has everything she needs. And, after months of enforced celibacy, what could be of more benefit than a good



screw? If she doesn't agree that this is what she needs, then clearly she's as sick in the head as she is in the body.

In a lesser writer's hands, *The Clewiston Test* could easily have collapsed into another murky tale of an abused gothic-style heroine. But with exquisite clarity, Wilhelm shows that personal autonomy and sexual heroism are the same thing, and that a man's reputation for marital niceness is the measure of his privilege to be bad. This book is as threatening now as it was twenty years ago when it was first published. (*Sherry Coldsmith*)

This is one of the few science fiction novels about science and the context—political, economic, social, and personal—in which real science happens. A woman scientist discovers a truly effective treatment for pain, which may have horrifying side effects. The situation is complicated by the fact that she has been seriously injured in a car accident and is in pain herself. Will she or has she used the treatment? Has it or her accident driven her crazy? Are the men around her—her husband and fellow scientists—right in doubting her sanity? Does any of this sound familiar?

The novel is distinguished by Wilhelm's usual beautiful writing—she has to be in contention for the field's premier stylist, by her respectful and intelligent description of a woman who practices science, and by the fact the the woman's male doctor does not turn out to be a sexist creep. Talk about bending a gender stereotype! (*Eleanor Arnason*)

Monique Wittig
Les Guerilleres

Translated by David Le Vay; London Peter Owen, 1971;
The Women's Press, 1979; Beacon Press, 1985

Les Guerilleres is a fierce and witty dramatization of the relationship between women and language. Monique Wittig's future, separatist almost women-only world may be familiar to science fiction readers, but her use of it to turn upside down assumptions about nature and culture and bodies and language is original and exciting. (*Sarah Lefanu*)

Pamela Zoline
"The Heat Death of the Universe"

reprinted in *Women of Wonder: The Classic Years*,
Harcourt Brace, 1995

There's a joke I heard back in the 1970s, when jokes about lightbulbs were common. "Question: How many feminists does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Answer: That's not funny." You see, it's well known that feminists have no sense of humor. They are dour, sour, cranky people who just can't take a joke.

Right. "Heat Death of the Universe" is a story that made me laugh in the most painful way as it considers Frosted Flakes and entropy, motherhood and madness, ontology and feminine beauty. After reading it, I could never regard the role of the housewife in the same way, ever again. (*Pat Murphy*)

SINCE ITS INCEPTION, the **Tiptree Award** has been an award with an attitude. As a political statement, as a means of involving people at the grassroots level, as an excuse to eat cookies, and as an attempt to strike the proper ironic note, the award has been financed primarily through **bake sales**. Over the last five years, bake sales have been held at science fiction conventions across the United States, as well as in England and Australia.

Fund-raising efforts have also included the publication of **two cookbooks** featuring recipes and anecdotes by science fiction writers and fans. *The Bakery Men Don't See*, a collection of recipes for baked goods, and *Her Smoke Rose Up From Supper*, a collection of main dish recipes, are both available from SF³, P.O. Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624. The cookbooks are \$10 each (plus \$1 postage in North America; \$3 postage outside North America).

Other fund-raising efforts have included the sale of **t-shirts** created by science fiction collage artist and silk screener Freddie Baer, and the **Tiptree Quilt Project**, the collaborative creation of a king-sized quilt by 75 people of all genders, ages, and levels of sewing experience.

Please send **recommendations** to Karen Joy Fowler, 457 Russell Blvd., Davis, CA 95616 (e-mail: kjfowler@aol.com).

For more **information** on the Tiptree Award, contact Pat Murphy, 2238 23rd St., San Francisco, CA 94107 (e-mail address: jaxxx@exploratorium.edu).





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