


Slow Mimeo

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

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

Sunday 11am

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

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

Sunday 1pm
Lois McMaster Bujold
Suzy McKee Charnas
Candas Jane Dorsey
Kathleen Massie-Ferch
Trina Robbins
Pamela Sargent
Nancy Springer
Elisabeth Vonarburg

Sunday 2pm
Suzette Haden Elgin
Anne Harris
CJ Mills
David Prill
Sarah Zettel



Tiptree Benefit Auction Raises \$2,100 for Award By Bill Humphries and Jae Leslie Adams

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

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

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

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

ELLEN KLAGES TAKEN ILL

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

ALWAYS COMING HOME

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

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

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

— Don Helley



Wiscon 20, May 25th, later

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

SPONTANEOUS PROGRAMMING

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

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

Saturday, 6-7 PM

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

Sun, Noon - 1 PM

Babylon 5 Discussion Group in Conference 1.

Sun, 4-5 PM

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

Sun, 7-8 PM

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

Mon, 10-11 AM

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

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

CURIOUS EXPEDITIONARY ALLIANCES

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

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

Sign up panel and forms are outside Conference I.

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

Judith Merrill Workshop

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

DRUM JAM!

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

The Center-Pin of the Whirling Dynamo of Fandom

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

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

A Reminder

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

We Badly Need Material

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

#65, How to Be a Pagan Martha Stewart

#28, The Plague Panel

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

About the title:

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

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

— James Tiptree Jr, "Slow Music"

The Boycott By Kate Scheafer

There's nothing like indignation to get people moving.

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

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

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

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

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

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

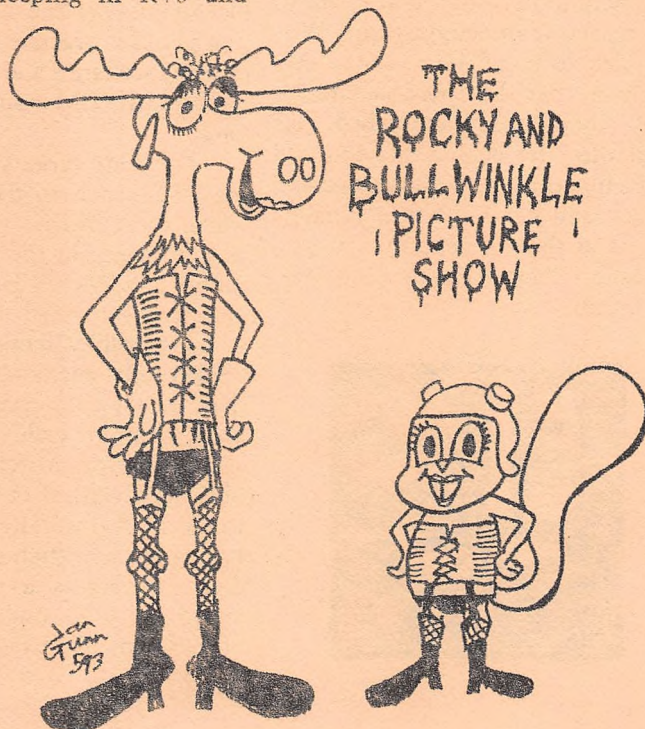
I was not privy to internal committee discussions at that point, but I imagine there was a fair bit of panic. What would they do? Ellison offered to procure an appropriate replacement; the concom thought if he withdrew they'd prefer to select their own next-choice honoree. Ellison called NOW and asked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

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

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

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

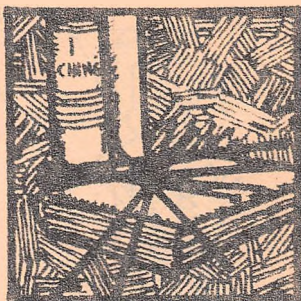
As we all know, Arizona ratified the ERA soon thereafter, followed by Illinois and the other holdouts. We now live in a world of complete gender equality. Wiscon continues to be the only feminist SF convention because feminism has become an antiquarian issue, of interest only to specialists.



Thoughts Following the
Susan Wood Panel
by David Emerson

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

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



I Dismember Gorthaur
By Richard S. Russell

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Back at the WisCon Again By Stu Shiffman

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

Tres cool.

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



Re: Posters in Hotel Hallways

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

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

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



Did you know?

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

WIS GONES BY by Terry Garey

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Various Faces of Identity
By Tom Becker

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

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Tape Cheese and Dead Fish to the back of the drawers

Farewell, My Chocolate
By Karen Babich

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From the Fannish Lexicon:

FEMFAN, FEMME FAN:

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

MIMEO:

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