

WE WHO STOLE THE 'ZINE

APPROVED
BY THE
AMAZON
ACTIVIST
ALLIANCE

OVERHEARD IN ELEVATORS:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Separatism is Utopia." — Gwyneth Jones

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

"A heroine is someone who copes."

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

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

A KEY TO DECIPHERING ISSUES 2 & 3

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

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

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

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

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

ELLEN KLAGES FOUND JAZZED ON MORPHINE

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

PARTY SCHEDULE MODEL 2.0

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

PHOTO OPPORTUNITY

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

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

WORLDCON SALES

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

WOMEN OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS:

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

PROGRAM CHANGES

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

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

**SHORT TAKES ON PROGRAMMING
BY BILL HUMPHRIES**

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

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

FIGHTING CENSORSHIP IS A FEMINIST ACTIVITY

After President "Bubba" Clinton signed the telecommunications regula-

ALL THESE ITEMS

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

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

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

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



**A THANK YOU FROM
MARTHA BARTTER**

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

**A NOTE FROM
VICKI ROSENZWEIG**

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

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

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

**THE LEGION OF
USELESS HEROES
BY ERIC BIEVER**

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

- Duet Tape Man—Has trouble moving because his cape sticks to everything.
- Dust Bunny Man—You'll find him hiding under the furniture.
- Egg Man—Faster than a speeding bullet. Has difficulty stopping.
- Hard-Boiled Egg Man—Egg Man's arch-enemy.
- Rotten Egg Man—You don't want to meet him.
- Scrambled Egg Man—Egg Man's schizophrenic counterpart.
- Decaffeinated Man—Too tired to offer much help.
- Middle Management Man—Would like to help, but he's just been downsized.

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

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

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

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

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

Reeyeling Man—Keeps coming back in different forms.

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

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

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

**LINES FROM HER
LADYSHIP
BY SUSAN WOOD**

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't know," said Boyd.

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

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

"Won't Gina mind?"

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

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

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

