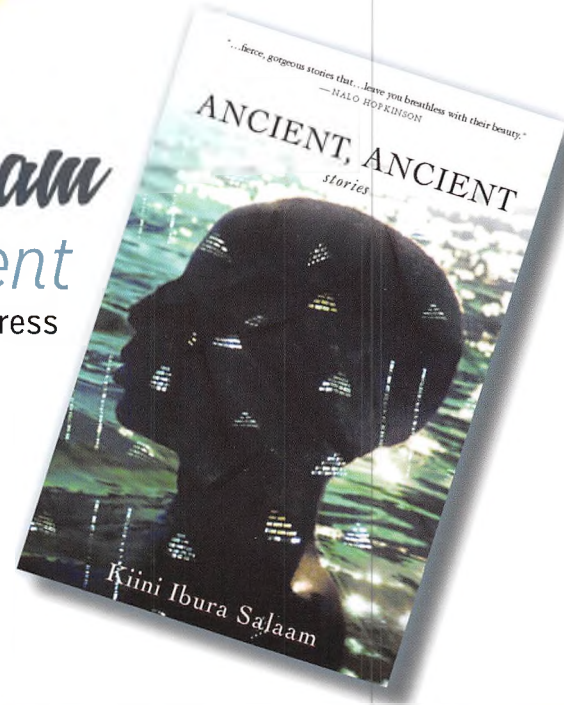


*WisCon*³⁷
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WisCon

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THE UNREAL
AND THE REAL
SELECTED
URSULA

THE UNREAL
AND THE REAL
SELECTED STORIES OF
URSULA K. LE GUIN

AT THE MOUTH
OF THE RIVER
OF BEES

CRY MURDER!
IN A SMALL VOICE

What
lands
V
After the A
Maureen F. Mo

Errantry
Elizabeth

TRAFALGAR
ANGELICA GORGISCHER

WORLD FANTASY AWARD WINNER
WHAT DIDN'T I SEE
AND OTHER STORIES
KAREN NOY POWELL

Small Beer Press is proud to celebrate Sofia Samatar's debut novel *A Stranger in Olondria*.

★ "Growing up in the primitive isolation of the Tea Islands, Jevick has longed to travel to the spice markets in Bain, where the family's pepper harvest is sold. He impatiently devours descriptions and stories when his imperious father returns every season, and the arrival of an Olondrian tutor only adds to the allure of the unknown land. When Jevick finally begins his own voyage, he discovers he is traveling down a perilous path of mystery, passion, and danger that no counsel could have foreseen. A chance meeting of a young woman traveling on a pilgrimage will change the course of Jevick's life forever. Jevick's journey is an enchanting tale of wonder and superstition, revealing the power of books and the secret traditions of ancient voices. Samatar's sensual descriptions create a rich, strange landscape, allowing a lavish adventure to unfold that is haunting and unforgettable."—*Library Journal* (starred review)

"Mesmerizing. Reminds both Samatar's characters and her readers of the way stories make us long for faraway, even imaginary, places and how they also bring us home again."—Karen Joy Fowler, *New York Times* best-selling author of *The Jane Austen Book Club*

SOFIA SAMATAR
A STRANGER
IN
OLONDRIA





photo: Michael C. Reilly

JOAN SLONCZEWSKI

by Julia Rios

For years before I met her, people recommended Joan Slonczewski's books to me. They said, "She does really interesting things with biology and with gender." They said, "I found *A Door Into Ocean*, and it changed my life. I realized there were possibilities I hadn't considered." They said, "She writes good science and good relationships."

I never managed to read them though—not until 2011, when I met Joan at Gaylaxicon. Like WisCon, Gaylaxicon is a con that appeals to a special segment of fandom; because of that, it feels more intimate than many other cons. You know from the moment you walk into the hotel that everyone present is there because they share an enthusiasm for something simultaneously considered as a small special interest niche, and as wide open as all of human gender and sexual expression can be. Joan takes that enthusiasm and expands it exponentially. She's interested in life, *all life*.

So it was that in 2011, I found myself with a group of other Gaylaxicon attendees, enraptured by Joan's tales of 20,000-gendered fungi, and moving on to discuss the scientific evidence for human gender being non-binary. I disappointed all my dinner companions by buying the only present copy of Joan's book, *Brain Plague* (everyone at

the table wanted it, but I was the one with exact change). I spent the next two years wondering why it had taken me so long to follow up on all those recommendations I'd received. Well, better late than never.

Since then I've had the pleasure of getting to know Joan little by little as we meet at various events, and I've also pieced together some of her backstory in the process of doing research for interviews. Each new tidbit I gather adds more depth and richness to the overall contributions Joan has made to society in general, and science fiction in particular.

Joan leads by example; she's been blazing her own trails since the beginning. In 1987, she was the first woman to win the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best Science Fiction Novel for *A Door Into Ocean*. In an awards field dominated by men, that was a major achievement. Over the course of the next 25 years, such esteemed female writers as Connie Willis, Nancy Kress, and Kathleen Ann Goonan have joined her on the winners list, and in case you need proof that Joan's first win wasn't a fluke, she won it again last year for *The Highest Frontier*. But what I love about Joan is not her ability to win awards; rather, the things that make her able to win awards: Curiosity, intelligence, compassion, open-mindedness, and optimism.

*Everywhere she goes, she asks questions,
and then she uses all the bits of newfound information
to posit wondrous futures.*

Curiosity and intelligence don't always come together, but it's my experience that in the best of people, they do. Joan applies both to her life's work, as a professor, researcher, and writer. Every time I see her, she has something new to impart about uses for bacteria, innovations in disease control, or the latest news from Mars. Everywhere she goes, she asks questions, and then she uses all the bits of newfound information to posit wondrous futures. *The Highest Frontier* is filled with amazing ideas like space elevators made from anthrax, but her stories are so much more than that.

Joan's been writing hard science fiction with diverse characters for over 30 years, and she recently told me that she never kills characters who aren't straight, cisgendered, white men because she's seen too many non-white, non-heteronormative characters die in other work. While I don't think that's the only way to go, I do think it's pretty great to be able to pick up one of Joan's books and rest comfortably, knowing that in her world, people like me aren't doomed. In her latest book, *The Highest Frontier*, the protagonist is a brilliant young scientist, who's also female, Latina, and non-heterosexual. It's wonderful to think people like me might pick up that book and see themselves reflected in fabulous ways. The world, no, the *universe* is open to us.

Joan's compassion and open-mindedness are also reflected in the way she interacts with her students. She cares about them, believes in their very real ability to effect

change, and listens to them as much as they listen to her. Dr. Slonczewski is no distant professor in an ivory tower, serving lectures from on high. She attends campus Unity meetings to support students who identify as part of the QUILTBAG, and takes them seriously on their own terms. She asks them what changes they would like to see in the world, and encourages them to thrive in whatever fields they choose.

This exuberance and optimism impresses me even more than the compassion, curiosity, and intelligence. In a time when many people are pessimistic about the state of the world, from political, social, economic, and environmental standpoints, Joan finds potential for good. Her science fiction futures involve characters making great strides in all those areas, and she's told me more than once that this is based on her direct experience with young people. Instead of seeing apathy, stupidity, sloth, and belligerence in the younger generation, Joan sees passion, competence, creativity, and kindness. Instead of seeing doomsday scenarios in every piece of news, Joan sees opportunities for positive change.

Whenever I pick up Joan's books, or listen to her lectures, or just have a casual chat with her, I get infected with a bit of her enthusiasm for life, and her optimistic search for a better world. If you interact with her this weekend, I hope the same thing happens to you. I hope you carry it forward and use the momentum to effect positive change in your world. Perhaps this is the greatest gift Joan gives to me: I hope. 🐼

JOAN SLONCZEWSKI

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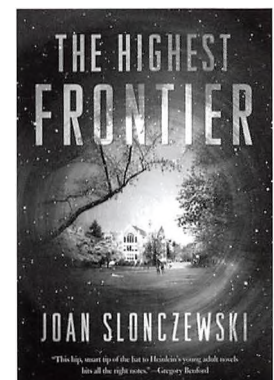
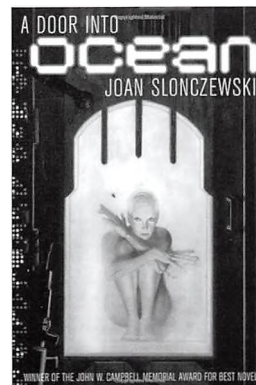
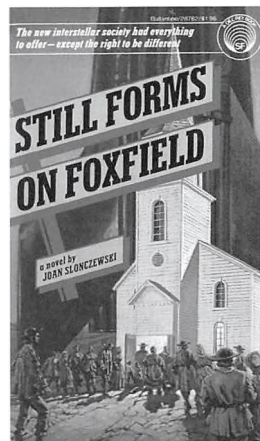
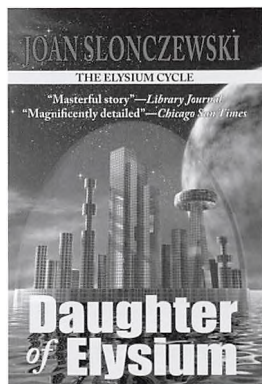
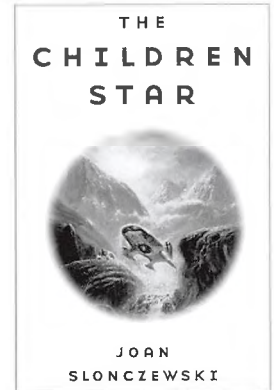
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Blog

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JO WALTON

by Patrick Nielsen Hayden



photo: Ada Palmer

When I first met Jo Walton, she was monospaced type on a terminal screen.

It was the mid-to-late 1990s, after the GENIE Science Fiction Round Table but before blogs—that period of a few years during which the Usenet REC.ARTS.SE.* hierarchy seemed like the online place to be. And one of the ornaments of those newsgroups was this person I didn't know, who seemed to be in every thread, making every conversation smarter. She knew contemporary SF and fantasy, she knew the field's history, she seemed to read roughly a book a day, and she talked about it all with energy and insight and joy.

In her .SIG file was a URL. I eventually got curious and pasted in into my Web browser. It went to a personal site. Oh dear, I said to myself, poetry. Then: Oh my goodness. Good poetry.

I did that thing fiction editors supposedly never do—I wrote to her, saying, “Do you write fiction? Do you have anything I can see?”

All of which ultimately led to the publication of Jo's first novel, *The King's Peace*, in 2000. Since then she's published a sequel (*The King's Name*, 2001), won the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, published a

novel distantly related to the first two (*The Prize in the Game*, 2002), published an “Anthony Trollope novel about dragons” (*Tooth and Claw*, 2003, which won the World Fantasy Award), moved from Wales to Montreal, written the brilliant “dark cozy” alternate-history *Farthing* (2006) in “six weeks of white-hot political rage,” followed it with two amazing sequels, *Ha'penny* (2007, and winner of the Prometheus Award) and *Half a Crown* (2008), published an experimental fantasy novel (*Lifelode*, 2009) as her Boskone book, and in 2011 published *Among Others*, a remarkable fantasy novel about, among other things, the ability of science fiction to rewire a young mind. The last of which won her the Hugo, Nebula, and British Fantasy Awards and a vastly expanded audience. And yet while doing all of this, Jo has continued to write online, these days mostly on her LiveJournal and at Tor.com, hosting an endless series of interesting conversations in both venues.

That talent for conversation isn't incidental to what Jo Walton is. She's a terrific writer, but she's also an even rarer thing, a truly gifted *salonnière*, someone who starts conversations that other people want to join, and makes it all seem as easy as breathing. In person or online, where there's Jo Walton, there's good talk, often between people who would never have otherwise known or appreciated one another. Jo is herself a great appreciator and a

EXPANDED AND UPDATED FROM A PIECE WRITTEN FOR BOSKONE IN 2009.

tabulator of who ought to get to know whom. In the best sense of the word, she is the most naturally *fannish* professional writer I have ever known.

If there's a single preoccupation that ties together Jo-Walton-the-storyteller and Jo-Walton-the-fan, it's *civilization*: how we build it, what it costs, what it takes to maintain it, how easily it's lost. That's what connects the author of *The King's Peace* to the woman who once, in conversation with me and Teresa, referred to the Romano-Britons as "we." (If I recall correctly, she was being outraged that a Welsh country church she wanted to show us was locked. "We didn't lock our churches when the *Vikings* came!" Point.) It's what connects that fantasist to the social satirist who wrote what was, at least until *Among Others*, perhaps Jo's most widely-read work, the Usenet song "The Lurkers Support Me in Email." And it's what connects all of these to the author of the brilliant social comedy of *Tooth and Claw* and to the incandescent political passion of *Farthing* and its sequels.

Many years ago, Jerry Pournelle said (in *West of Honor*) that "We say we love peace, but it doesn't excite us. Even pacifists talk more about the horrors of war than the glories of peace."

Jo responded on LiveJournal (in April 2003—a fraught historical moment; you can look it up):

"He's right too, because the glories of peace are so totally taken for granted and hard to see, until they're gone, and they're self-evident rather than exciting, not that way, often not in story ways.

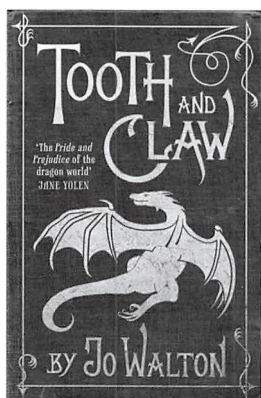
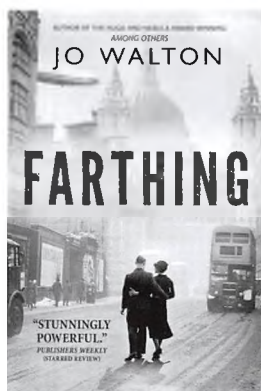
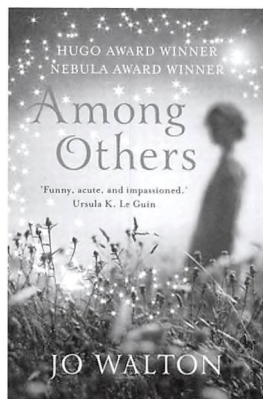
"So here's an impressionistic stream of consciousness list of some of the glories of peace as they occur to me this afternoon:

"Libraries, museums, travelling exhibits in museums that go to different countries. The post office, which delivers mail safely for anyone all over the world. Banking, especially international banking. Pacifists—people who can actually live their whole lives unwilling and unable to fight, and die natural deaths. Bonsai trees.

People who make a living by providing entertainment for other people. People who make a living doing pure scientific research. Streetlights. Paved streets. Railways. Bookstores with chairs and bathrooms and huge selections of books. Used bookstores with cats. Science fiction fandom. Sushi. 'Maneki Neko.' Communities on the internet—yes, it was military research. Military research that sprouts unexpected tendrils and blossoms into glorious unpredictable flowers for everyone to use. The space program. Voyager II. Galileo. Sojourner and Pathfinder. The model of Sojourner in the science museum. Marriage. Civil Union between people of any gender. Window boxes with flowers. Children playing safely in the neighbourhood. Schools. Universities. Liberal Arts degrees. Pure science degrees. Neato state of the art computers running silly games. Welltris. Weekends. Forty hour weeks. Holidays—the whole assumption that people have time when they are not working. Palm Pilots. Psions. Gameboys. Digital watches. Radio 4. Laws against fraud and corruption and theft that are enforced. Corporations that obey the law. Armies that obey the law. Buses that run on time. Metro / Underground / subways in cities. Public transport in the countryside. The Open Source movement. Being able to make plans for tomorrow, next week, next year. Being unafraid. Bored soldiers. Old soldiers. Fusion cuisines. Long complex meals with wine. Chocolate. Bananas. The confidence that chocolate and bananas and tangerines and cream and fresh meat will be there in continuing time. Bach. Falling in love. Seeing the full moon without fear. People going to the moon. A health service. A loyal opposition. Routine changes of government. Complaining about how dull politics is. Satire. Freedom. Hope. Chances for happiness to happen."

To which I would add another of the "glories of peace": Jo Walton. One of the ultimate benefits of settled civilization is the opportunity to enjoy people like her. Hooray, therefore, for civilization. 🍷

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THE LAND THAT OUR GRANDCHILDREN KNEW

A Book Report on Foolscape 2013/Potlatch 22

by *Andy Hooper*

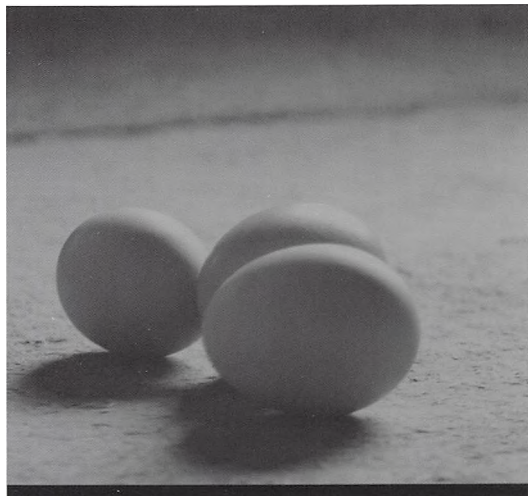


photo: Alison Anderson

I believe Foolscape 2013/Potlatch 22 was the first SF con other than Corflu that I've attended in four years. Potlatch 22 bolted its head, Ray Milland-like, onto the body of Foolscape 2013, and the two small reader-oriented conventions seemed to coexist perfectly. The two events draw on groups with multiple members in common, and even when combined, there can't have been more than 150 people actually there. But these included a bracing percentage of people I quite like to talk with, and I found myself enjoying the weekend in complete trufanish contentment, without a whisper of Insurgent skepticism or irony. By any standard, accommodations were comfortable: I tried to imagine myself as a teenage neofan in the 1970s, reacting to Foolscape's tradition of serving the convention *un fond du chocolat* on Friday night, and could only conclude that life has turned out pretty well.

The reason that I spent the weekend channeling my teen-aged self was that Potlatch chose to make Jo Walton's Hugo- and Nebula-winning novel *Among Others* the intellectual center of the weekend. This was just the second time that the convention had ever chosen a work by a living author as its "Book of Honor," and it provoked a youthful buzz among veteran committee members, who agreed to "one last ride" with this half-step Potlatch. Walton's novel is a suburban fantasy set in England and

Wales in 1979, and occasionally steps into the same path as many other Coming-of-Paranormal-Age sagas. But Walton's view of magic, and various fey and fairy folk who are associated with it, is subtle and profoundly satisfying; we might even call it "sober" or "mature" in comparison to the sparkly aerial wizardry that forms the industry standard. A panelist compared Walton's approach to John Crowley in *Little, Big*, and this elicited an appropriately tasteful murmur of assent from the audience.

Walton's protagonist, an admittedly ill-disguised version of her younger self, is a teen-aged girl with a gift for magic, forced by family tragedy to move to an unfamiliar home and school. Her ethical and physical struggle to stay in contact with magic in one of the least magical places imaginable (a toney, Tory English Girls' School) would make a good book by itself. But what makes *Among Others* speak so clearly to SF fans is that Mori Phelps-Markova chooses science fiction as her preferred vehicle to escape the manifold stresses of her life between two worlds. She is an impossibly prolific and voracious reader, in the way that only an adolescent in their personal golden age can approach. And her taste is strongly skewed toward American SF novels of the "New Wave" and the 1970s. Several of the book's most important intellectual themes are reflections of Mori's reading of works like

Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*, Le Guin's *The Dispossessed* and Delany's *Triton*. Her moral and emotional sensibilities are profoundly affected by her intense love of Tolkien, whose work offers a sort of classical mythology to her and her peers. It feels just deliciously *right* that even a person able to manipulate supernatural forces would long for the poetic clarity of *The Return of the King*.

Mori is not just a science fiction lover; she craves the company of other people with a similar sensibility. She borrows the Bokonian concept of the "karass" from *Cat's Cradle*, and uses it as a shorthand in searching for contact with fandom. She's unusually focused on this search for friends, peers, and a surrogate family to fill in the gaps in her own broken background. But it echoes things we have heard fans say a thousand times: "I was searching for something, but never knew just what it was until I discovered fandom." And there is an additional complication to her story, because it turns out that Mori has succumbed to temptation and asked supernatural forces to help her find this friendship; and when it comes, she is haunted by the fear that it has only happened because of her intervention, without which no one would ever like her.

It's a lovely interpretation of universal adolescent misanthropy, and Mori's doubts are so expertly rendered that many readers see it as indicative of a larger web of neuroses and delusion. For want of a better phrase, they think the magic is all in Mori's head. The author, for what it's worth, finds this comical. She acknowledges that many of the tragedies in Mori's life parallel events in her own, but also intends the meticulously rendered fairies, ghosts and terrible magic to be as objectively real as her physical handicaps. Mori narrates the story herself; the book is putatively a diary, protectively written in a mirror-script to

thwart an uninvited reader. Yet she writes directly to the reader when she invites us to consider her an unreliable narrator, and her diary "one of those memoirs that's later discredited to everyone's horror because the writer lied and is revealed to be a different colour, gender, class and creed from the way they'd made everybody think. I have the opposite problem. I have to keep fighting to stop making myself sound more normal. Fiction's nice. Fiction lets you select and simplify. This isn't a nice story, and this isn't an easy story. But it is a story about fairies, so feel free to think of it as a fairy story. It's not like you'd believe it anyway." (p. 16)

In contrast, Mori's contact with science fiction fandom grows more concrete throughout the novel. An encounter with a sympathetic librarian leads her to an active and enthusiastic book club. One member of this group is touched with a tiny spark of the same talents that Mori possesses, and of course he assumes the role of her first boyfriend. But his ability to see the fairies is not as important as the fact that he is a veteran of the 1979 Worldcon in Brighton, where he met writers including Robert Silverberg and Vonda McIntyre—the latter of whom was in the audience as we discussed the book on Saturday afternoon. The sense of familiarity grows as Mori discovers fanzines through the example of *ANSIBLE*, and counts herself among Langford's legion of admirers. My comment upon finishing the novel was that I was sorry it ended before I began publishing fanzines in the early 1980s, because I would surely have added Mori to my mailing list!

The Albacon Club

My approach to *Among Others* was unusual, because I had agreed to create some kind of dramatic adaptation to perform on Saturday night at Potlatch, before ever reading the book. It quickly became apparent that I had no hope

*It feels just deliciously right
that even a person able to manipulate supernatural forces
would long for the poetic clarity
of The Return of the King.*

of even summarizing the book's narrative in the hour-long space open to me, and began thinking of a kind of faux-documentary expose on fairies and sympathetic magic circa 1980, presented by David Frost. That went nowhere. Rather than reacting to the story, I found I wanted to extend it, and insert people and events that I knew were Mori's contemporaries. I was particularly tantalized by the suggestion that Mori and her boyfriend Wim planned to attend Albacon, the 1980 Eastercon, in Glasgow. I knew that fan writers had documented the convention in sufficient detail that I could present specific incidents from the real historical event to parallel a fictional account of Mori's part in it.

The script that resulted is titled "The Albacon Club." It is dominated by Mori's voice, as she is the narrator of the play just as she is of the novel. The text is ostensibly another series of journal entries leading up to Easter weekend of 1980, but it devolves into actual dialogue in all but one or two entries. Other characters from the novel included Keith, Mark, and Wim from the Book Club, several popular girls from the school, and possibly the specter of Mori's sorcerous mother, who may or may not be behind a series of night terrors. To these I added several of my own choice, including a wartime comrade of Mori's grandfather Sam, Prospero, the former Duke of Milan, and British SF fans Dave Langford, Roy Kettle and Jimmy Robertson. In Langford's case I was able to quote lines from his report on the convention in *ANSIBLE*, but I freely admit the other two are pale caricatures of their real counterparts. I portray Kettle as some sort of book-

hauling huckster, although the introduction to Indian food that he provides to Mori and Wim was based on a very real meal.

I tried to be as true to Mori's voice as possible, but of course, I drew on incidents I recall from my own life in that same era. Mori is perhaps a year and half younger than I; trying to conjure her image, I kept thinking of Lynne Morse, a younger classmate in high school who invited me to my first convention in 1977. It's in her honor that I included a significant musical interlude, as the assembled cast belted out "'39," a song from Queen's famous album *A Night At The Opera*. Written by guitarist/ astronomer Brian May, it clearly evokes the painful dilemma of relativistic travel. The narrator leaves Earth to explore a distant star, and returns only one year older, but is greeted by his descendants, to whom centuries have passed. Lynne brought a cassette copy over to my house in about 1979 and we played it on a cheap deck in my basement. She was partial to John Deacon's composition "You're My Best Friend," but "'39" followed it on the album, and that was the song that really caught my attention. It was science fiction, man. I bought my own copy—on vinyl—a week later.

In the performance, I played the song on CD, but had the entire cast bellow the lyrics at the top of their lungs, quite drowning out Freddie Mercury's sweet vocals. It must have made for a tense three minutes in the Foolscap evening program going on in the adjacent room, but we were good

neighbors otherwise. It was a big cast—a dozen characters plus sound cues, although Hal O'Brien doubled as Keith and Prospero, and one of the popular girls decided her part was too small and dropped out twenty minutes before rehearsal. Ulrika O'Brien stepped up to read both Jimmy Robertson and Candace Hendsleigh-Parkinson, which helped to save on chairs.

How was it received? I think the audience was very familiar with *Among Others*, and receptive to the idea of seeing Mori continue on to her first convention. But the inclusion of real British fans and convention activities from 1980 was

less familiar stuff, and I doubt if even the majority of the cast knew that we were talking about real people. Certainly Jerry Kaufman did, and the O'Briens, and I could hear Spike laughing heartily in the back of the room. Poor Carrie (my wife) knew it backwards and forwards after listening to me chew at the script for two weeks. I did find myself wishing that there might have been even one British fan in the room. On the other hand, I had a remarkable volunteer cast, highlighted by local SF writer Cat Rambo, who read the hundreds and hundreds of words in Mori's narration without a single hitch. She is well accustomed to reading her own work aloud, and she lives less than a mile from the hotel in Redmond. If you're looking for someone to give a professional reading on the strength of a single chaotic rehearsal, Cat is my only recommendation.

It was a convivial weekend—compliments to both committees. I also attended an enthusiastic panel on contemporary space opera, and chatted with visitors like Lise Eisenberg, Tom Becker, and David Levine. The experience was apparently good enough to convince us to buy attending memberships in Loncon 3, and that has me fantasizing about performing "The Albacon Club" again at the Worldcon. That may be, however, a rather high profile event at which to openly trumpet my plagiarism. But I'm confident there will be ample diversions on offer regardless. It may vex some fan philosophers to read it, but fandom shows no real sign of moving beyond science fiction as they suggest we should. Bunch of damn nerds. 🐼



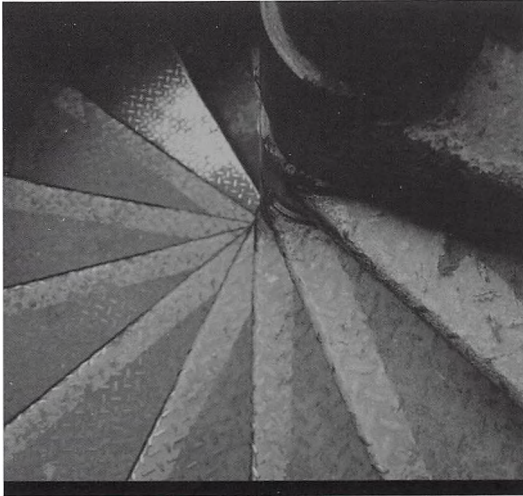


photo: Alison Anderson

WHAT IS WORKING CLASS STUDIES?

by Barbara Jensen

Once upon a WisCon, editor/author/artist Terri Windling read a terrific piece about living on borders. Like me, she was brought up in a class decidedly different from the one she achieved as an adult. She emphasized the liminal vantage point that living on borders can impart. While living on social borders does impart a special vantage point, it also brings a sense of anomie, or placelessness. As a community psychologist, I call these characteristics—along with survivor guilt, imposter syndrome and more—a class crossover constellation, in *Reading Classes*.¹

My own unlikely journey into the professional middle class was a product of the anti-war movement and the counterculture it spawned. A friend's older sister, a college student, befriended me and took us to the West Bank of the University of Minnesota in 1967, the summer of love. I went from juvenile delinquent to A student in just under two years. Not because I started to study or do homework, but because I started to care about the larger world around me. I got an A one quarter in English because I stood up for an hour and told the class about Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land*, a book that was being passed around on the West Bank. Speculative fiction—Heinlein, Tolkien, Huxley,

and LeGuin—were part and parcel of the counterculture. We were trying to replace what we saw then as rampant individualism with community. While (later) making my life as a professional far more alienating than it might have been, my working class childhood, with solidarity as a primary value, actually gave me an advantage in the tribal ethos of the 1960s and 70s counterculture.

But if capitalism was challenged in the counterculture—and it was all the time—classism, or prejudice against working class people, was still rampant. For all its eventual (and dogmatic) Marxism, the counterculture made some bad class mistakes. Prominent among them was mistaking working class folks for the enemy. This started early during the Vietnam war protests, after a counter-protest in NYC was organized by working class patriots wearing hard hats. This image stuck, not because it was actually representative of working class attitudes about the war (in general), but because of classism.²

From my border vantage point, with one foot in the working class of my family and one in the rebellious but middle class counterculture, I started to write and talk about working class culture and classism. I have never

stopped. In 1986, I wrote my graduate thesis on working class psychology. At the apex of multiculturalism in American education, I argued that class was invisible when it came to cultural studies. Using sociologist Basil Bernstein's work I defined differing cultural tendencies in working and middle class Americans. Bernstein found working class culture valued solidarity and mutual aid over individualism and competition; while his middle class subjects found individuality and competition to be "human nature." I named this cultural difference "belonging versus becoming." Class is real life punishment in the form of lower wages, lesser benefits, and less power and control on the job. *Classism* is found in the myths and beliefs that support that inequality.

In June of 1995 I attended a conference in Youngstown, Ohio, called "Working Class Lives/Working Class Studies." I wrote an article called *The Silent Psychology* that summarized my major points about working class culture and psychology. Two years later it was published in *Women's Studies Quarterly*.³ I have had people as far away as Australia tell me that that short paper changed their lives. I got calls from Canada, emails from Norway, and continued to attend conferences. Sherry Linkon and John Russo established the Youngstown Center for Working Class Studies in 1997.

Working class studies aims to develop awareness of working class life on college campuses: validating and supporting students from working class backgrounds, and also studying this significant portion of the American population. It includes such disparate disciplines as human geography, women's studies, labor history and studies, English and American literature, ethnic studies, sociology, psychology, economics, queer studies, and more. My project has always been to make visible the aspects

of working class life that middle class people do not, and often cannot, see. Dismissed by the middle class as uneducated, rough, and stupid, the working class actually does the work that creates and maintains all material goods, including food and other services for all of us.

By definition, the middle class defines and runs everything in our society that creates class images and policy. They have the jobs responsible for wide-spread image creation: in newspapers, television, movie-making, curriculum development, teaching. They create "normal," though they are only about 36% of our population. The working class, as defined by power, control, type of work, and wages (in about that order) is at least 63% of our population. That's a big hunk of us to be reduced to offensive stereotypes and regarded as less-than by the rest of society. Part of what keeps class in place is the fact that people from the middle class identify more with the upper class than the working class. They have been taught to "compare up" rather than to align themselves with those they tend to manage, teach, treat, and disdain.

In 2002, radical economist Michael Zweig⁴ and Michelle Fazio developed the Center To Study Working Class Life and a biannual conference at SUNY Stony Brook, giving working class studies yearly conferences. In 2006 a group of us developed the Working Class Studies Association (WCSA) bylaws that were ratified at the next conference in New York. Then I co-chaired the first WCSA conference at Macalester College in 2007. In 2013, the WCSA has teamed up with the Madison Working Class Student Union and will have its conference in Madison June 12-15.

Once again America has given birth to a youth movement, Occupy and the 99%, challenging the ethos of individualism, living and working collectively, organizing for social change, explicitly challenging economic

Working class studies aims to develop awareness of working class life on college campuses: validating and supporting students from working class backgrounds, and also studying this significant portion of the American population.

inequality and injustice. This movement galvanized in February of 2011 in Madison, when students and workers teamed up to create the biggest labor battle in half a century, after Governor Walker took away teacher's union benefits. But cultural class differences are still invisible.

In October of 2011, at Zuchotti Park in NYC, I saw a kind of "upper" and "lower" Occupy that seemed to fall roughly along class lines. At one end of the park there was the evening General Assembly, conducting its very serious direct democracy for hours and hours. At the other end of the park were the drummers and more bacchanalian festivities. As I listened to the deft young man from the general assembly negotiating with the drummers to observe the 10 pm curfew on noise, I recognized him as a fellow border-dweller. I am still hoping that the movement that has named itself in opposition to class inequality will not reproduce the classism that serves America's ultimate masters, the owning or capitalist class, so very well. 🍷

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4. Zweig, Michael, ed. *What's Class Got to Do With It? American Society in the Twenty First Century*. ILR Press, 2004.
Zweig, Michael. *The Working Class Majority: America's Best Kept Secret*. 2nd ed. ILR Press, 2011.

RESOURCES

- Barbara Jensen's website: <http://barbarajensen.net>
 Working Class Studies Association: <http://www.wcstudies.org>
 WCSA 2013 Conference, Madison, WI, June 12-15:
<http://www.wcstudies.org/conference/>
 UW Working Class Student Union: <http://uwwcsu.com/index.html>

A STORY OF BROAD UNIVERSE

by *Tricia Wooldridge*

The story of Broad Universe and how we were born at WisCon is easy to find on our website (www.broaduniverse.org) and in past WisCon brochures—written by me the past two years, and before that Phoebe Wray, one of the founding mothers. Like a good mother, WisCon has been wonderfully supportive and continues to invite us to write an essay for each brochure, gives us space on programming, and a place for members to meet up and sell their books.

With this essay, I'll tell a little different story. My story, but it's not just *my* story. Back around 2005 or 2006, I had started attending Dragon*Con down in Atlanta and was part of a writer's group, the DragonWriters, born from A.C. Crispin's Writer's Workshop. During one conversation, probably about strong female heroines or a woman getting her work out into the world, one writer

asked me if I'd heard about Broad Universe, a feminist organization that helped women authors. I was utterly intrigued, investigated online, and immediately joined.

Now, before I joined, I had the innocent notion that Dragon*Con was a unique event for geeks and writers like me. I was quickly educated otherwise when the Broad Universe mailing list informed me about a Rapid Fire Reading at Readercon in Burlington, MA, less than an hour from my house. Rapid Fire Reading? Further intrigued with this organization I'd joined on almost a whim, I asked the contact what exactly that was and found out that one of the benefits to being a member is that we sometimes get programming slots where we fit in as many readings as possible from members who can attend.

Short version of this piece of the story: I had my very first public

reading in my life of a poem I would, some years later, get the courage to self publish thanks to member support and information. On top of that, I sat at my very first book table and met amazing women; many have become wonderful friends.

Through other listings on our email list, I learned that science fiction and fantasy conventions were all over the place, throughout the year, and more varied and diverse than I could even begin to imagine.

And I could be part of them!

Of course, I still had yet to be published. But Broad Universe opened that first door for me, too.

Danielle Ackley-McPhail posted an open call for her anthology *Bad-Ass Faeries 2: Just Plain Bad*. I'd loved the first one and here was a chance to be part of the next! I sent her a proposal, which she declined but was kind enough to explain why and what else

Broad Universe

The voice for women writing science fiction, fantasy, and horror
www.broaduniverse.org

was wrong with my first attempt of a fiction proposal. The second proposal, written with a long-time friend of mine, was accepted.

Publication!

With that publication came my very first invitation—an invitation!—to be part of the programming at Balticon, the Baltimore SF convention. Not only would I read with the Broads, but now I could have coveted places on panels. Since my first Dragon*Con, I had announced to my husband, “Someday, I will be up there on panels!” And now I was, and more were to come.

With some convention connections made, I began working on getting more Rapid Fire Readings at more conventions, so as to give even more Broads the chance to be on panels, make connections, share their amazing work. Shortly after that, the Motherboard invited me to join them as the Readings Coordinator, which I

quickly grew to be the Readings and Events Coordinator—going beyond readings and seeing how else our organization could help members achieve their dreams through conventions, speaking engagements, parties, panels, book tables, online events, podcasts and whatever else we could come up with.

Broad Universe started showing up at more conventions, more venues than ever before. Besides WisCon, our home and stomping ground (and another awesome convention I would not have discovered without Broads), you could find Broads at World-Con, World Fantasy Convention, and conventions of all sizes across the U.S. and Canada! Broads were on panels with best-selling authors, delivering academic papers, giving workshops. As for me, I was invited by a few programming track heads at Dragon*Con to be on their panels. Just like I said I would.

Being active, even if it's behind the scenes, creates confidence; you get to see the people you help, and it inspires you to help yourself. When Phoebe was ready to step down as President, I took up the mantle.

While working with Broad Universe, I continued to submit my work, often driven by the Mailing Parties we occasionally host to push members to submit their work (because you can't sell what you don't submit). I sold several more short stories, a novella, and poetry. I worked on several novels, but the one I finally sold has a very special collection of Broad godmothers.

The Kelpie, which comes out this December from Spencer Hill Press (a Broad-owned company, I may add), was thoroughly critiqued by Traveling Java, a writing group created when another Broad from Massachusetts needed me to slip some cheese into my checked bag after a WisCon.

Upon meeting to return the cheese, we agreed to be crit partners...and then we grew to include two more women, an existing Broad and one who would become a Broad. The entire novel went through their tough love.

As I mentioned, Spencer Hill Press is a Broad-owned company. I met the owner, Kate Kaynak, first through a Broad book table at Readercon, and then we collaborated on an anthology, *UNCONVENTIONAL*, based on our time together at another Broad Universe table at Arisia. After sharing the anthology with Kate, she invited me

to join the company as one of her editors, where I've met and become friends with a number of amazing people. Many of them have joined Broad Universe and been part of our readings, parties, and supporting family. Another six months after that, upon submission of my first manuscript and its review by other editors, I received my first novel contract.

I've never liked making assumptions about causality, but I feel I wouldn't have made the strides in my career as an author or my life as a woman and feminist without having become part

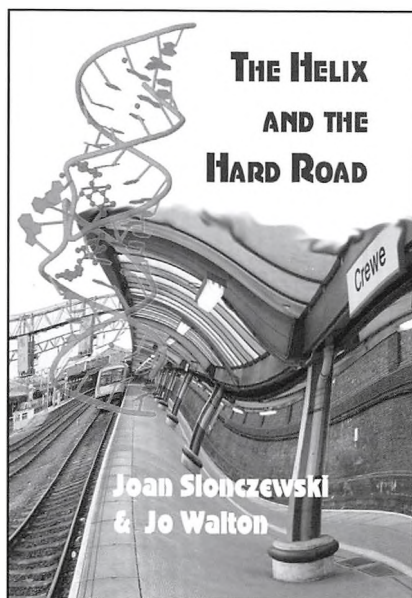
of Broad Universe. I likely wouldn't have had the privilege to meet so many powerful and amazing women. I'm also confident that I would not have been able to help as many other women get at least some of the attention and honor they deserve without the resources of Broad Universe.

That's my story as current president of an organization I love very much, and that, so far, is my contribution to other women's stories, and the overall story of women authors in SFF fiction. What is your story? What can you add to our story? What could we add to yours? 🐾

Aqueduct Celebrates

**Joan Slonczewski
&
Jo Walton**

WisCon 37
Guests of Honor



Technology

From girders of steel see the rocketship rise
On a pillar of flame that transfixes the skies
And watching in realtime, casually, we
Are browsing the website of NASA TV.
The gene folding project, already complete,
The memory card that's the size of a sweet,
The new-minted metals that alloy the knife:
The commonplace wonders of everyday life.
But whose words ring out to the glory of — what?
Our confidence falters, our arts start to rot,
If our words hold no patterns, our music is noise,
Our paintings mere scribbles, our tech simply toys?
It's hard to extol the wild wonder of people
Or fill a skyscraper with awe like a steeple.

— Jo Walton

THE CARL BRANDON SOCIETY

by *Candra K. Gill*

The Carl Brandon Society has a special relationship with WisCon. In many ways, WisCon is our home, as we got our start at WisCon 23 in 1999. We came together as a group of fans, inspired to do the work of saying, “here we are,” both in the spaces where we expressed ourselves as fans and in the worlds of the creative works we love. We were inspired by “Racism and Science Fiction,” an essay by Samuel R. Delany that named what many of us had experienced firsthand—that speculative fiction as a genre and as a community has some growing to do. Some of us had already been doing advocacy work at WisCon and elsewhere. Some of us were new to WisCon and wanted to get more involved. All of us wanted to continue promoting increased diversity and to address racism at WisCon and beyond. So we decided to organize.

From our start as a loosely-organized but enthusiastic group, to our current status as a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization, the Carl Brandon Society continues to advocate for a speculative fiction community as diverse as the world in which we live. Our vision statement reads, “We envision a world in which speculative fiction, about complex and diverse cultures from writers of all backgrounds, is used to understand the present and model possible futures; and where people of color are full citizens in the community of imagination and progress.” We work to make this vision a reality and to support others who share a similar vision. The core of our work is embodied in our two largest programs: the Carl Brandon Awards and the Octavia E. Butler Memorial Scholarship.

The Carl Brandon Parallax Award is given to an outstanding speculative fiction work by a self-identified writer of color. The Carl Brandon Kindred Award is given to an outstanding work of speculative fiction dealing with race and ethnicity. Each award includes a \$1000 cash prize. Anyone may nominate works for the awards, which are chosen by an independent jury whose decisions are final. In addition to the awards, juries may name works to an honors list.

Since the inception of the awards, eleven works have won (the full listing is available at the Carl Brandon Society website). Since WisCon 36, Karen Lord won the Carl Brandon Parallax Award for her novel *Redemption in Indigo*, and Nnedi Okorafor became the first person to win two Carl Brandon Awards when her novel *Who Fears Death* won the Carl Brandon Kindred Award. The jury also named an honors list: N.K.



“We envision a world in which speculative fiction, about complex and diverse cultures from writers of all backgrounds, is used to understand the present and model possible futures; and where people of color are full citizens in the community of imagination and progress.”

Jemisin’s *The Hundred Thousand Kingdoms*, Anil Menon’s *The Beast with Nine Billion Feet*, and Charles Yu’s “Standard Loneliness Package.”

The awards process is underway for works published in 2011 and 2012, and nominations for works published in 2013 are live at the Carl Brandon Society website. When considering works to nominate, keep in mind that by speculative fiction, we mean science fiction, fantasy, horror, magical realism, or any works that incorporate elements of these and related genres. Works do not have to be marketed as science fiction to be eligible for these awards, and we welcome graphic novels for consideration.

The Carl Brandon Society also administers the Octavia E. Butler Memorial Scholarship, which pays to send emerging speculative fiction writers of color to the Clarion and Clarion West writers’ workshops. Clarion was an important part of Butler’s life as a writer. She attended as a student in 1970. She

later became an instructor, teaching at both U.S.-based Clarions. The Butler Scholarship was established to both honor her and to emulate her model of supporting diverse voices in the genres we love. The first Butler scholarships were awarded in 2007, and 2013 marks the scholarship’s seventh year. The names of the 2013 Butler Scholars will be announced after this year’s Clarion workshops have concluded.

In celebration of the Butler Scholarship and the writers it has supported, the Carl Brandon Society published *Bloodchildren: Stories by the Octavia E. Butler Scholars* this year. Released as an ebook and edited by Nisi Shawl, this limited edition anthology features stories by eleven Butler Scholars: Christopher Caldwell and Shweta Narayan (2007); Caren Gussoff and Mary Burroughs (2008); Rochita Loenen-Ruiz (2009); Kai Ashante Wilson and Erik Owomoyela (2010); Jeremy Sim and Dennis Y. Ginoza (2011); and Indrapramit Das and Lisa Bolekaya

(2012). It also features an introduction by Nalo Hopkinson, a personal essay by Vonda M. McIntyre, Butler’s “Speech Sounds,” and a previously-unpublished interview. By purchasing *Bloodchildren*, you help fund the scholarship, and you get a taste of work by the writers the scholarship exists to support. You’ll have to act quickly to buy your copy, however, as it will only be available until June 22, which is Octavia E. Butler’s birthday.

In addition to running our core programs, we continue to act as fiscal sponsor to Con or Bust in support of its mission to fund attendance at conventions by fans of color.

The Carl Brandon Society depends on donations to do its work. Every donor, no matter the amount, helps fund the awards, the Octavia E. Butler Memorial Scholarship, and our operational costs. As we grow, we continue to need your help. Please visit us at carlbrandon.org to learn more. Thank you for your support over the years, and have a wonderful WisCon. 🐾

FRIENDS OF DENNIS

AND THE

LUPIN REVOLUTION

by Jess Adams and Chris Wrdnrd

It was February 2009, and only 48 hours until the close of panel submission for WisCon 33. And, frankly, Chris was pissed off. “All I know is this: Every time a class discussion starts to happen at WisCon, I feel like my head is going to a-splode.” One LiveJournal post (and 67 comments) later¹, the seeds for Friends of Dennis were planted.

Who in the world is Dennis? He’s the ranty peasant/member of the autonomous collective in “Monty Python and the Holy Grail” who harangues King Arthur on issues of class. We chose Dennis because this scene is one of the better-known and oft-quoted/repeated dialogues from Monty Python, and possibly the only immediately recognizable extended dialogue in all of SF (so far as we’ve been able to discover) on the subject of class.² And, indeed, we have found that once we start explaining Dennis or quoting that Holy Grail scene we do typically get nods of recognition from SF fandom.

What in the world is Friends of Dennis? It’s “a grassroots fan project dedicated to fostering discussions of class and classism from within a speculative literature framework.” Friends of Dennis is, currently, not an official organization. We’re not a non-profit that can accept your donations. We’re not giving out literary awards.

At least, not right now. We have ideas. We have goals. And seeds do have this way of growing.

Our first goal—back in 2009, before we had a name, before we knew if anyone else was interested in our ideas—was to offer a basic class panel to lay the groundwork for future discussions. It seemed to us as though WisCon class panels had largely been populated *not* by individuals from poor and working class backgrounds, which felt like an enormous point of failure for the panels we’d listened to. For that ground-laying panel at WisCon 33 we were able to bring together a panel that combined diverse class backgrounds with

varying expertise in class theories. “Marxism and Beyond: Assembling a Class Discussion Toolkit” was, based on the reactions we received both at-con and later in panel write-ups, an enormous success.

The next thing we did was to collect all those post-con panel responses and write-ups—not just for the “Marxism and Beyond” panel, but for *all* the panels at WisCon 33 that touched on class. And we’ve done the same ever since for all the class panels that have been held at subsequent WisCons. We’ve also collected panels from FogCon (the “literary-themed San Francisco Bay Area SF con”) and from No Show Conference (an annual game industry conference held in Boston). You can view our archives on our website: FriendsOfDennis.org

For WisCon 33 in 2009, we also put together an anthology zine of writings about various class topics, because we are keenly aware of the impossibility of getting everyone together in one room at one time to discuss class.

Not everyone can attend a panel, or even attend WisCon. Not everyone has equal access to the internet to engage in conversations on LiveJournal or blogs or Facebook. We wanted to spread the conversational net as far as we could, to include as many voices as possible. Information on ordering the zine (or obtaining a free PDF download) is also available at our website.

It's 2013 now, so how are our seeds doing? Still growing, slow and steady—bulbs planted in autumn to come up the next year. Like tulips, garlic. Or lupins (depending on your climate). We have developed several class panels at each WisCon since 2009, and we've seen non-Friends of Dennis class panels proliferate as well. We're working to develop

off-the-shelf panel ideas for other conventions, and to make ourselves available to programming committees for more in-depth panel creation. We're planning another anthology zine. We're thinking of how we can make our website an actual site of conversation about class/ism.

And we invite you to join the conversation with us! Please visit FriendsOfDennis.org to review the panel archive to see what we've done already. Look for our call for submissions for the next zine. Join in discussions on our website as our forums develop.

We want you to consider. To think. To discuss. We want you to really listen to the experiences of poor and working class individuals—because we're not just figments. We're right

here in the SF community. We attend conventions! We've sat in the audience for class panels! We don't want our lives to just be theories you discuss without us. We want to be part of the discussion. We want to be starting the conversations. Because we love you, WisCon, but we're tired of being the victims of class discussions that go wrong—we'd like to help you get them right. 🐾

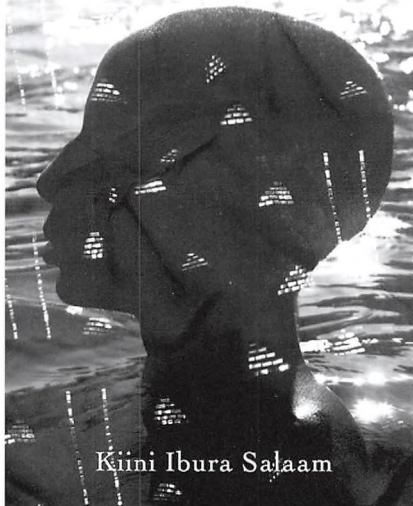
REFERENCES

1. Currently archived at <http://wrdrnd.dreamwidth.org/29439.html>
2. There's also a Python sketch from the TV series about a character called Dennis Moore, a highway bandit who starts by stealing lupins, moves on to stealing money and valuables, and eventually comes around to trying to redistribute wealth equally.

2012 🌀 James Tiptree, Jr. Award Co-Winner

"...den's, progress states that... love you breathe with their heavy"
— N. R. J. H. H. H. H. H.

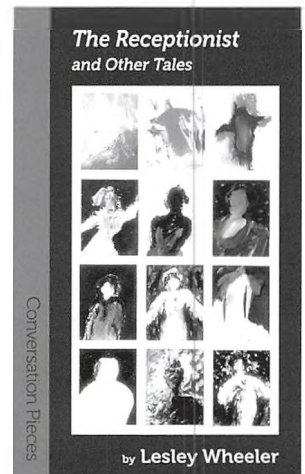
ANCIENT, ANCIENT
stories



Kiini Ibura Salaam

Ancient, Ancient
stories
by
Kiini Ibura Salaam

Honor List



The Receptionist
and other Tales
Lesley Wheeler

CELEBRATE



INTERSTITIAL ARTS FOUNDATION

by Felice Kuan

Nearly ten years ago, a fledgling group of frustrated artists held their first public panel at WisCon, where they aired their complaints about artistic boundaries to an audience that welcomed them, challenged them, and cheered them on. Since then, WisCon has continually nurtured this group—now the Interstitial Arts Foundation (IAF)—with panel space, publicity, and wonderful people. So when the editors of our newest online anthology, *Interfictions: A Journal of Interstitial Art*, discussed the first issue's debut, there was almost no question: we would launch at WisCon in 2013. And here we are. We are thrilled to be celebrating not only the new journal and the tremendous artists involved, but interstitial art in all its forms, with all its creative joys and logistical maelstroms. We'll be talking about the journal all weekend, and we hope you'll come join us at

one of our panels, our town meeting, or the *Interfictions* launch party to add your voice to the conversation.

For those who haven't yet met us, the Interstitial Arts Foundation is a non-profit organization dedicated to the study, support, and promotion of interstitial art: literature, music, visual and performance art found *in between* genres, that doesn't fit tidily under familiar marketable labels. We are devoted to fostering an artistic climate and marketplace in which such art can flourish. Through our blog and Facebook page, our online and print publications, our local salons, and a variety of live and virtual events, we work to break down the many barriers—commercial or creative—that force artists into categories and genre boxes.

One of the major ways we support interstitial art is through our series of anthologies. The original

Interfictions, edited by Delia Sherman and Theodora Goss, and *Interfictions 2*, edited by Delia Sherman and Christopher Barzak, were print anthologies of bold, genre-bending fiction at a time when uncategorizable literature had difficulty finding a market. These were followed by *Interfictions Zero*, an online anthology of literary criticism on interstitial texts, edited by Delia Sherman and Helen Pilinovsky and illustrated by Michael Kaluta. All three publications were accompanied by satellite projects of a boundary-crossing nature, such as an open Flickr cover art search, an online Annex of short stories, an auction of art pieces created from story prompts, readings set to live improvised music, a virtual reading on Second Life, a successful experiment in crowd-funded publicity, and an academic study guide. These projects sought not only to give exposure to the artists involved, but to provide innovative models of

*Interstitial art is made in the
interstices between genres and categories.*

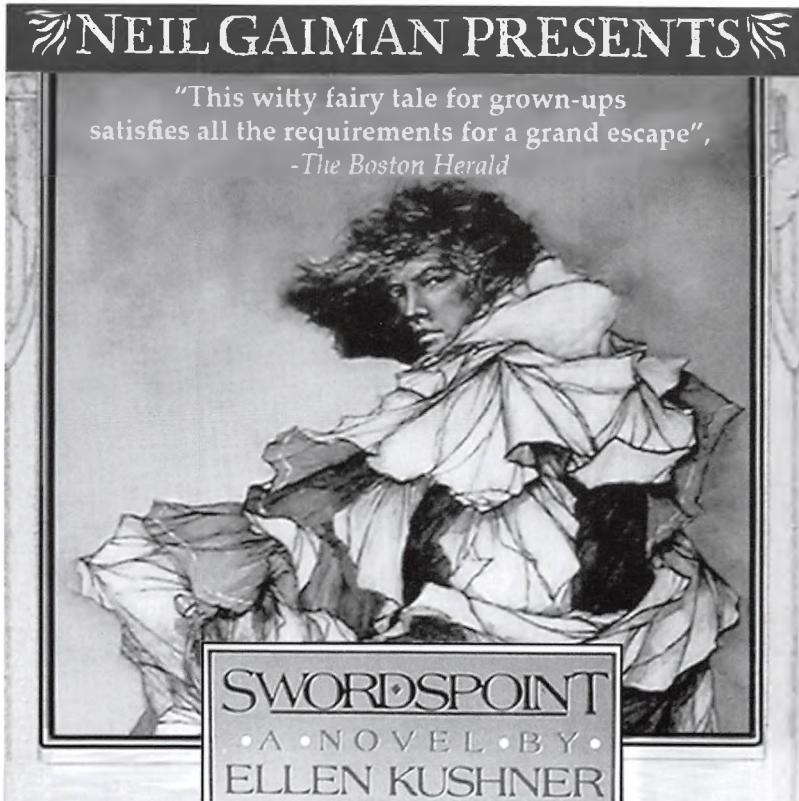
creation, publicity, and promotion for similar artists to use with their own uncategorizable work.

Thanks in part to these anthologies, only six years later, many forms of interstitial literature are now practically mainstream. This attests to the power of artists themselves to affect change in their fields, but also shows that an organization such as ours must constantly adjust in order to advocate for the current need. Therefore, in contrast to hard-category publications with a persistent

face and character, our publications shift with the artistic landscape and the people involved.

The biannual, multimedia *Interfictions: A Journal of Interstitial Art* was created to do exactly this. Our first issue embraces all literary forms, blurring the lines between genres, fiction and nonfiction, prose and poetry, literature and academic criticism. IAF Co-Founder Delia Sherman returns as Executive Editor, with Christopher Barzak and Meghan McCarron editing fiction and Sofia

Samatar editing nonfiction and poetry. *Interfictions* will eventually grow to include all kinds of art—visual, performing, interactive. Furthermore, beginning with the Fall issue, the journal will be crowd-funded, with Tara Lindsey leading our Kickstarter campaign. Throughout, our focus will be to create a market for exceptional art that, despite its quality, would have trouble being accepted elsewhere due to its undefinable nature. We hope you enjoy our Spring issue and will consider submitting work



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in the future. As we grow, we would benefit greatly from the perspective of the very artists we are trying to serve. If you are eager to shape this new journal, have skills that may be useful, or just want to be involved in some way, we urge you to get in touch with us.

What else have we been up to? This year, local branches of the IAF held a number of interstitial art salons throughout the country. These are a throwback to the literary salons of wealthy 17th century patrons, evolved and modernized into friendly gatherings of artists and art-lovers for conversation, portfolio-sharing, collaboration, and community warmth. We now have two cities hosting such salons on a monthly basis. Our pioneer host, Ellen Denham, founded and has held Interstitial Indy in Indianapolis since 2009. Now K. Tempest Bradford hosts a salon at the Vagabond Cafe in New York City, with monthly activities and prompts to start the cross-pollination. Check our webpage for information on upcoming salons (previous locations include Boston, New Brunswick, and Los Angeles). Because they are purposefully low-key and friendly, salons are easily held in cafes, bars, bookstores, or private

homes, so if you don't live near one of our current salons, you may wish to host one of your own—especially if you come from a town or city where interstitial artists may be feeling isolated or eager for community. Visit the “How To Host a Salon” section of our webpage and send us an e-mail so we can connect you with fellow interstitial artists near you.

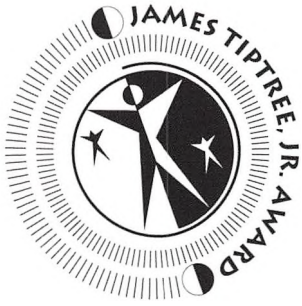
Our Executive Board underwent some changes this year. We said goodbye to Board Member Wendy Ellertson, who blessed us with her presence for six years. Wendy remains a vibrant core of the Boston IAF community and a staple of our visual arts branch. Meanwhile, Ellen Denham joined the Board as our newest member. Ellen is a singer, writer, voice teacher, doctoral candidate at the University of Illinois, and director of the 2013 Umbrella Project at the upcoming Indy Convergence, a collaborative arts residency. Her list of performances and creative works is about as interstitial as they come, from classical opera to experimental theatre, from a libretto for a fantasy ballet to a soundscape based on internet memes. We have been great admirers of Ellen ever since she met us and immediately



Contact E-mail for salons, Interfictions, other inquiries, or just to introduce yourself: info@interstitialarts.org

started the IAF's longest-running monthly salon; we could not be more pleased to have her with us.

The Interstitial Arts Foundation, unlike many other nonprofit organizations, is entirely run by volunteers. The Executive Board provides planning and leadership, and the Working Group provides ideas, talent, and the backbone of our volunteer force. Many thanks to WisCon for the space in this booklet and much encouragement throughout the years. We are deeply grateful to the Friends of the IAF for financial support and volunteered time, without which the IAF would not be possible. 🐾



THE TIPTREE AWARD

by Alexis Lothian*

Who is Tiptree, what is (s)he?

The James Tiptree, Jr. award honors works of science fiction and fantasy that expand or challenge our ideas about gender. It celebrates stories that have the power to change our worlds.

The award is named for someone whose life expanded and challenged the science fiction world's ideas of gender. James Tiptree, Jr. was a woman—but complicatedly so. “Tiptree” was born in 1915 as Alice Bradley, and took the married name Sheldon in 1945; but, under a male pseudonym in the 1960s and 1970s, he took shape as a science fiction writer with a mysterious government job and a dense, direct writing style that Robert Silverberg would call “ineluctably masculine.” His piercing stories had a lot to say about masculinity and femininity, and he took part in discussions that shaped what we would come to know as feminist science fiction.

Women have written under male pseudonyms for hundreds of years, and we usually assume they did so because a patriarchal world is likely to take more kindly to the words of a man than a woman. Yet Tiptree/Sheldon's life and work remind us that the lived experience of identity and gender can rarely be straightforwardly explained.

Alice Sheldon was a woman; but she was also that man. In the persona of Tiptree, Sheldon developed friendships in letters, becoming part of a science fiction fans' and writers' world that took shape through the mail. When Tiptree was outed as Sheldon, it was a shock for many and a cause of celebration for some; for Sheldon herself, Julie Phillips writes in her magnificent biography *James Tiptree, Jr.: The Double Life of Alice B Sheldon*, something had been lost.

As we read and think about Alice Sheldon now, we are likely to wonder whether, in a different time and place, she might have lived her gender differently in life as well as on the page. Contemplating her life and reading her fiction (if you haven't read it yet, slip over to the Dealers' Room and pick some up right now) we are likely to wonder what we are doing when we assign gender to bodies and minds. And it is this kind of wondering, this kind of speculation, that the Tiptree Award exists to honor.

Origin Stories

Like a lot of great ideas, the Tiptree Award started with a casual conversation that has metamorphosed into myth. The conversation was between two writers of fiction that often expands and explores our ideas of gender: Karen Joy Fowler and Pat Murphy. It was 1991, Pat was soon to be Guest of Honor at WisCon, and all the science fiction

*Partially adapted from writing by Debbie Norkin.

“Our view of men and women is infested with the vicious mental habit of seeing any pair of differing things as somehow symmetrical mirror images of each other. I, man, am hot; therefore, they, women, are cold. I am active; therefore, they are passive. I think; therefore, they emote. My id grunts, ‘Me good;’ therefore, they are bad. Perhaps more perniciously, my superego whispers, ‘I have selfish and destructive drives; therefore, they are altruistic, compassionate, and nurturant.’ (They better be.)”

—James Tiptree, Jr., in the *Khatru 3/4: ‘Women in Science’ Fiction symposium, 1975*

awards were named after men (or celestial bodies): Hugo (for Gernsback); Campbell (for John); Clarke (for Arthur C.); Nebula. What should a science fiction award named after a woman be like? And wouldn’t it mix up everyone’s assumptions if the woman so honored were Tiptree? The rest is history...

In the WisCon Guest of Honor Speech that year, the Tiptree Award was launched—not simply as a “women’s” award, but as an award that highlighted the ways science fiction and fantasy can show how impoverished our stereotypical categories of “man” and “woman” often are and how many other ways there are to think about gender. And as an award that reminded us also of the power and pleasure in the traditionally feminine—it would be funded through bake sales, and the prize would be not only cash but also chocolate. Because (as Pat Murphy said) if you can’t change the world with chocolate chip cookies, how can you change the world?

The community that gathers around WisCon leapt on the idea of the Tiptree Award with enthusiasm and made its reality possible, both financially and with the time, energy, and enthusiasm they put into it. One day after the speech, convention members began planning not only bake sales, but also publications; the raucous Saturday night Tiptree

auction, hosted by author and Motherboard member Ellen Klages, has been a WisCon highlight for well over a decade.

Without WisCon, without you, the Tiptree Award could not exist. And as our genres and our movements continue to expand and challenge gender in its intersections with other structures of identity, power, and privilege, the award will continue to change and grow. Nominations are always open for the next award; to make a suggestion, or to explore the list of all winners, honor list titles, long list titles, and retrospective nominees, please go to www.tiptree.org.

2012 Tiptree Award

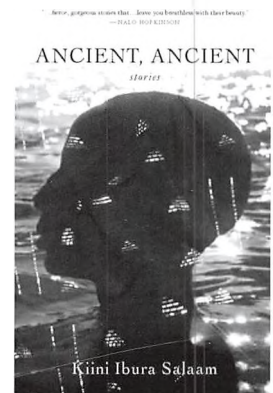
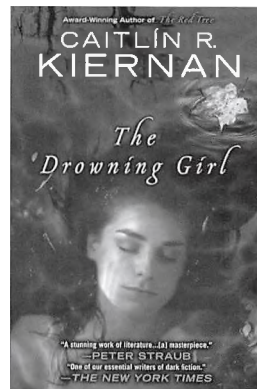
The Tiptree award’s focus on conceptions of gender, which are inflected by multiple realities of race, place, class, ability, and desire, has dovetailed well with the expanded definitions and debates over what WisCon’s status as a feminist convention should mean. Since the first awards in 1992, given to Eleanor Arnason for *A Woman of the Iron People* and to Gwyneth Jones for *The White Queen*, works recognized in the Tiptree Award and Honor List have expanded and challenged our understandings of identity, power, and genre along many different lines—though gender is always at their heart. The 2012 winners are no exception. From the jury’s press release:



Caitlin R. Kiernan's *The Drowning Girl* (Roc, 2012) probably couldn't have been written without its multifaceted consideration of gender roles and its extraordinary management of an unreliable narrator who doesn't even trust herself. For India Morgan Phelps (aka Imp), the act of telling the story parallels the act of choosing a path or an identity as she makes her way through a maze of false memories and blurred realities. Using myth, art, and mental illness, this beautifully written novel explores the boundaries between reality and fantasy, sanity and insanity, and art and dream. It's complex in its plot, metaphor, and style as well as in its thinking about one's role as a woman and a daughter. In its characters, lesbian, straight, and transgender, old and young, this novel recognizes the complexity of human beings as well.

In *Ancient, Ancient* (Aqueduct Press, 2012), Kiini Ibura Salaam's startling stories combine science fiction, fantasy, and mythology in a sensuous exploration of what it means to live while struggling to define self and other. Salaam's language is poetic and sensuous — a unique and original voice. The stories are ambitious and challenging, demonstrating excellent range in both storytelling style and imagery, from the mundane to the fully fantastical. Salaam is particularly interested in agency in oppressive social realities and explores how oppression works on our gendered bodies.

In addition to selecting the winner, the jury chooses a Tiptree Award Honor List. The Honor List is a strong part of the award's identity and is used by many readers as a recommended reading list for the rest of the year. 🐾



2012 Honor List

Elizabeth Bear, *Range of Ghosts*. Tor, 2012.

Roz Kaveney, *Rituals*. Plus One Press, 2012.

M.J. Locke, *Up Against It*. Tor, 2011.

Kim Stanley Robinson, *2312*. Orbit, 2012.

Karin Tidbeck, *Jagannath*. Cheeky Frawg Books, 2012.

Ankaret Wells, *Firebrand*. Epicon Press, 2012.

Lesley Wheeler, "The Receptionist." *The Receptionist and Other Tales*. Aqueduct Press, 2012.

PAST WINNERS OF THE TIPTREE AWARD

2011 Winner

Andrea Hairston
Redwood and Wildfire

2010 Winner

Dubravka Ugresic
Baba Yaga Laid an Egg

2009 Winners

Greer Gilman
Cloud & Ashes:
*Three Winter's Tales***Fumi Yoshinaga***Ōoku: The Inner Chambers,*
Volumes 1 & 2 (originally
published in Japanese)

Special Award:

L. Timmel Duchamp
The Marq'ssan Cycle

2008 Winners

Patrick Ness
*The Knife of Never Letting Go***Nisi Shawl***Filter House*

2007 Winner

Sarah Hall
The Carhullan Army (published
in the U.S. as *Daughters of the*
North)

2006 Winners

Shelley Jackson
*Half Life***Catherynne M. Valente***The Orphan's Tales:*
In the Night Garden

Special Award:

Julie Phillips
James Tiptree, Jr.: The Double Life
of Alice B. Sheldon (nonfiction)

2005 Winner

Geoff Ryman
Air: Or, Have, Not Have

2004 Winners

Joe Haldeman
*Camouflage***Joanna Sinisalo***Troll: A Love Story* (originally
published in Finnish; published in
U.K. as *Not Before Sundown*)

2003 Winner

Matt Ruff
Set This House in Order: A
Romance of Souls

2002 Winners

M. John Harrison
*Light***John Kessel**

"Stories for Men"

2001 Winner

Hiroshi Goto
The Kappa Child

2000 Winner

Molly Gloss
Wild Life

1999 Winner

Suzy McKee Charnas
The Conqueror's Child

1998 Winner

Raphael Carter
"Congenital Agenesis of Gender
Ideation"

1997 Winners

Candas Jane Dorsey
*Black Wine***Kelly Link**

"Travels with the Snow Queen"

1996 Winners

Ursula K. Le Guin
"Mountain Ways"**Mary Doria Russell***The Sparrow*

1995 Winners

Elizabeth Hand
*Waking the Moon***Theodore Roszak***The Memoirs of Elizabeth*
Frankenstein

1994 Winners

Ursula K. Le Guin
"The Matter of Seggri"**Nancy Springer***Larque on the Wing*

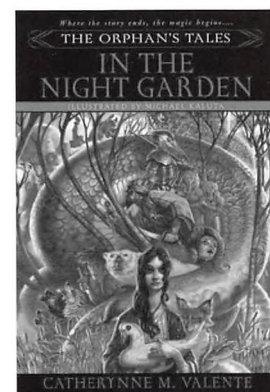
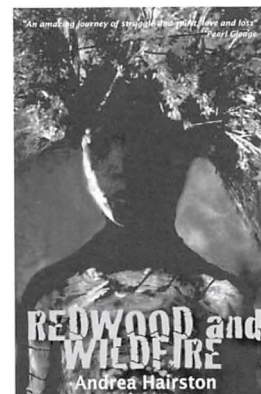
1993 Winner

Nicola Griffith
Ammonite

1992 Winner

Maureen McHugh
China Mountain Zhang

1991 Winners

Eleanor Arnason
*A Woman of the Iron People***Gwyneth Jones***The White Queen*

RETROSPECTIVE AWARDS

Suzy McKee Charnas*Walk to the End of the World* (1974), *Motherlines* (1978)
(two sequential novels treated as one work)**Ursula K. Le Guin***The Left Hand of Darkness* (1969)**Joanna Russ**"When It Changed" (1972), *The Female Man* (1975)
(two works in the same universe treated as one work)

LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

Angela Carter

Phoenix in 2014

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and brings you the annual LepreCon conventions.

Voting Before or At LoneStarCon 3

Phoenix in 2014 NASFiC Bid Pre-Support Levels

Cowboy/Cowgirl (Pre-Support): US\$20, credit towards Attending(*)
up to and including at-the-door membership;

Bandito/Bandita (Pre-Oppose): US\$40, credit towards Attending(*),
includes T-Shirt discount of 50%;

Amigo/Amiga (Friend): US\$60, includes credit towards Attending(*), includes T-Shirt;

Primo/Prima (Cousin): US\$80, includes credit towards Attending(*), includes T-Shirt,
includes Guest-of-Honor (GoH) Dinner discount of 50%;

Hermano/Hermana (Sibling): US\$100, includes credit towards Attending(*),
includes T-Shirt, includes GoH Dinner ticket.

* - Should Phoenix win the 2014 NASFiC Bid vote in 2013

**Visit our website at www.phoenixin2014.org
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Phoenix in 2014 Contact Information

Write: Phoenix in 2014, c/o Leprecon, Inc. • PO Box 26665, Tempe, AZ 85285

Phone: (480) 945-6890 • Email: info@phoenixin2014.org

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Artwork by Sarah Clemens -- magnusandloki.com

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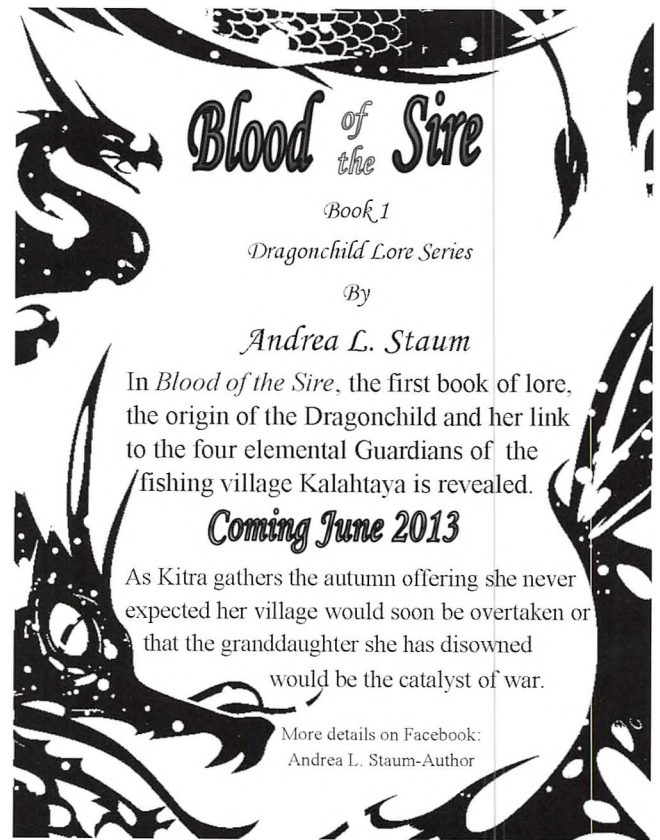
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Patricia A. McKillip
Guest of Honor

To Be Announced
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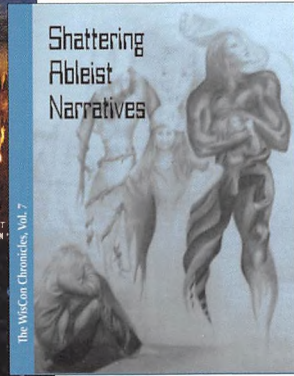
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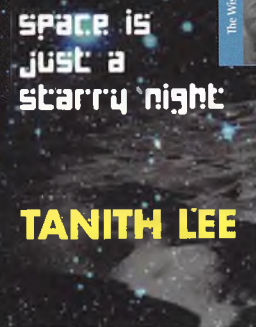
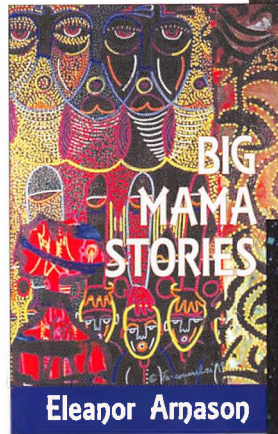
Necessary Ill
 by Deb Taber



The WisCon Chronicles, Vol 7
Shattering Ableist Narratives
 edited by JoSelle Vanderhoof

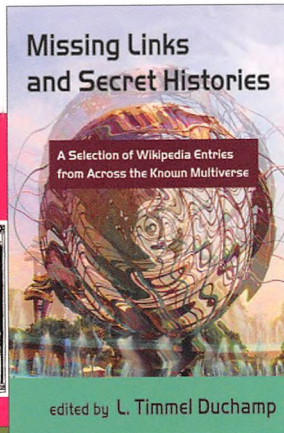
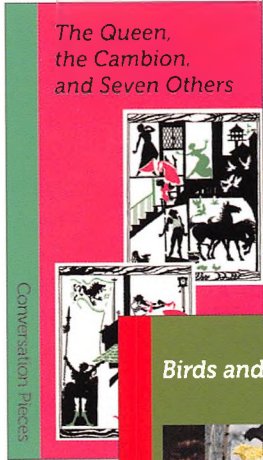


Big Mama Stories
 by Eleanor Arnason



Space is Just a Starry Night
 by Tanith Lee

The Queen, the Cambion, and Seven Others
 by Richard Bowes



Missing Links and Secret Histories
 edited by L Timmel Duchamp

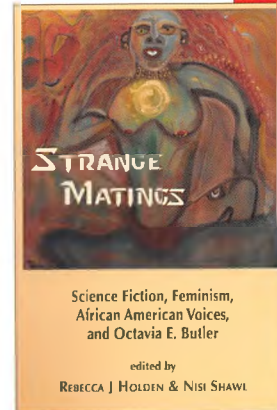
Squaring the Circle
 by Gheorghe Săsărman



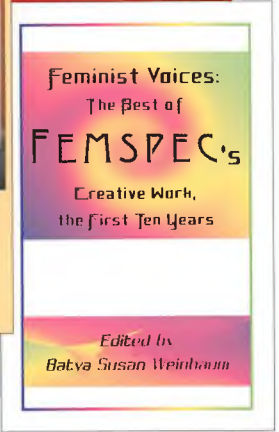
Birds and Birthdays



Birds and Birthdays
 by Christopher Barzak

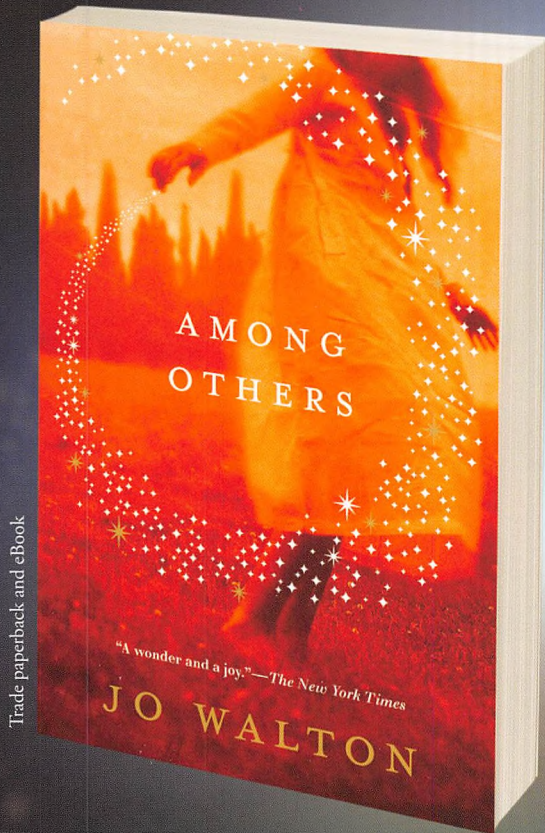


Strange Matings
 edited by Rebecca J. Holden & Nisi Shawl



Feminist Voices: The Best of Femspec
 edited by Batya Weinbaum

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JOAN SLONCZEWSKI



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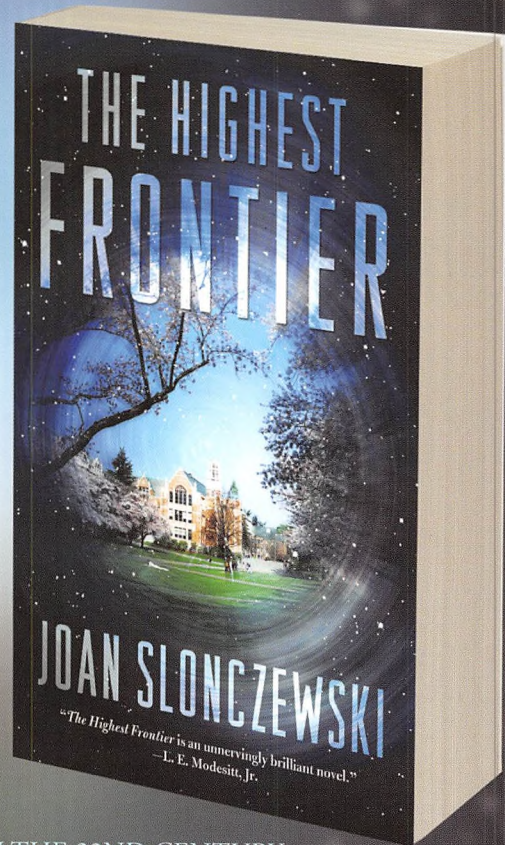
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