

*wabe 2*

*Cover goes here*

*Wabe #2* is a zine under the editorial triumvirate of Jae Leslie Adams, Tracy Benton, and Bill Bodden, and which doesn't demonstrate a strong enough sense of identity for some fans who shall remain Alison Scott. We wish to extend our deep and heartfelt gratitude to Maureen Kincaid Speller for her spectacular and sensitive performance as our U.K. mailing agent.

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Art credits: Brad Foster, cover; Mike Peterson, 3; Georgie Schnobrich, 12; Jeanne Gomoll, 13; Dover clip art throughout; Jae Leslie Adams, back cover. A comment from Mike Peterson to those who noted that *disappear* was misspelled in lastish's cartoon: "Dogs can't spell."

*Wabe* is available for the usual. Locs, submissions, and art may be sent to any of us; it gives us fodder for excited phone calls. If electronically inclined, you could even email all three of us at [jaeleslie@aol.com](mailto:jaeleslie@aol.com), [billzilla@mailbag.com](mailto:billzilla@mailbag.com), and [benton@uwalumni.com](mailto:benton@uwalumni.com). For trades, please add all three of us to your mailing list if possible, but one copy would be fine:

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# Fore WORDS

BY JAE LESLIE ADAMS

"This is all going to be about Wisconsin," Tracy sez. We thought it was going to be about something else, but it changed.

"Bill and I were both born here," she says. "But you weren't." She looks at me. "You could write about *living other places*."

"I've been a lot of places," I start to brag.

"But keep it short," she says.

Well, what can I say? What do you want to know about Living Other Places?

Most of you already do. Sometimes it seems like everyone in the U.S. is on the move, as part of the globalized mobilized labor market. I'm from Oklahoma, isn't everybody? But some people do stay put. My spouse, for instance, he grew up a mile and a half from where we live now.

My childhood of moving to a new house and new school every year seems to have been a great preparation for life here in the future. ("Deracinated" is the postmodern technical term for it.) By the time I was a student teacher in college some years ago, it had already given me a special appreciation for those much-to-be-pitied New Kids who have hardly gotten reacquainted with their own possessions since taking them out of the cardboard boxes from the move. I have always been one of them--even now that I'm not. The little old Hmong lady who lives up the block, far from the mountains of Laos in this strange cold country, who doesn't speak English, she lives in a stranger future than I can imagine overtaking me. But you never know.

Living other places: it's kind of different, and partly the same. That's the short version.

# Wisconsin Fans

BY BILL BODDEN

Californian Fans complain about how cold it is in Wisconsin; Wisconsin Fans say, "Cold enough for ya?"

Australian Fans say "Don't forget to wear a hat;" Wisconsin Fans say "Ya sure, youbetcha."

Minneapolis Fans turn meetings into parties; Wisconsin Fans turn parties into meetings.

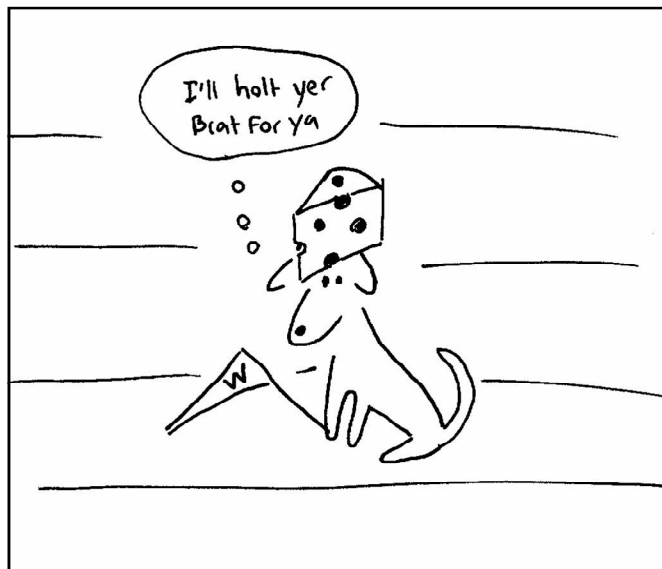
New York Fans talk real fast; Wisconsin Fans... uh....

British Fans drink Real Ale; Wisconsin Fans drink Ginger Ale.

Las Vegas Fans smoke...interesting things; Wisconsin Fans smoke cheese.

Texan Fans have never seen a live armadillo. Wisconsin Fans can't spell armadillo.

Seattle Fans say "It doesn't really rain that much here;" Wisconsin Fans say "There are more people than cows here. Really."



# Berlitz: Wisconsin

BY A LADY OF THE AREA



Perhaps you are planning to come to Wisconsin next year, or maybe you are thinking of a little vacation in our area. Whatever your goal, you may be worried, thinking to yourself, "How do I interact with the natives? How do I blend in and

avoid looking like a tourist?" If you are someone who likes to point out how quaint things are outside of New York or L. A., just stop reading now. I don't wish to waste your highly valuable time. But if you are interested in the habits and customs of the ethnographic area you plan to visit, here is a Wisconsin Visitor's Primer.

**Language.** It is always helpful to learn a few phrases before you travel in an area. For an initial greeting, you are safe with a "Good Morning," or simply "Hello." But the responses to these greetings need to be carefully approached. It is not acceptable to simply shrug off these polite overtures. Traditionally they are answered with a meteorological remark: "Hey, gonna be a scorcher/wet one/chilly one!" Just make sure to match your response to the general season. There is no need to actually have heard a weather forecast, as the other person will just assume he heard a different news broadcast than you did.

A few local terms and pronunciations:

- ◆ A drinking fountain is a bubbler, as in, "There a bubbler anywhere round here?"
- ◆ If in Milwaukee, "the lake" is Lake Michigan. If in Bayfield, it's Lake Superior. If in Madison, there's no way to tell and it doesn't matter unless you are asking for directions. (In which case, find someone who knows the actual street names instead.)
- ◆ A carbonated beverage is a soda. If you ask for a coke, you will get an actual Coke. If you ask for a pop, you will get a weird look.

◆ Note for U.K. visitors: beer is served cold and fizzy. Do not ask for Real Ale. This may be taken as an insult. Pretend you are in Germany and say, "Have anything local?" This is an instant generator of goodwill, bonhomie, and bowls of pretzels.

◆ Pronunciation: "Portage" and "Prairie du Chien" are not given French pronunciation. "Eau Claire" and "Lac du Flambeau" are. "Oconomowoc" has the accent on the second syllable, if you can find it, and "Baraboo" on the first. "Muscodá" is pronounced... no, you won't believe me. Janesville we will trust you with.

**Dinner Manners.** At lunch and breakfast, eating the occasional item of deep-fried food, cheese, or deep-fried cheese will keep others from looking at you askance. But attending dinner at the home of another may become tricky:

◆ At a dinner, never take the first piece of anything unless it is forced upon you by the hostess. Better that the food should get cold than you should act at all hungry! After the first serving has been extracted, you may act like the vulture your stomach says you are. Unfortunately, this applies to each course of a dinner as it comes to the table. This can result in a very long meal.

◆ Likewise, never take the last piece of anything unless everyone else has expressed their general fullness. You must explicitly inquire! If you are unlucky, you will encounter someone still hungry enough to say, "Well, I'll split it with you." There's no remedy to this, as sad as it may be in relation to something like pumpkin pie.

◆ Unless the dinner is a formal one, you must ask the hostess whether you might bring something. If she says, "No, I'm all set," you have just been assigned the wine. If she says, "No, and Jim is picking out the wine," you must find something else to take, for example: a book that you borrowed from her last month. On no account enter her premises empty handed! If you are lucky, you will have broken your leg and will at least be carrying crutches.

**Conversation: general.** To blend in while in Wisconsin, you need to cultivate a Midwestern reticence. Do not push yourself forward or consciously seek attention unless you are drunk. Then you may do anything you like except drive a motor vehicle. This is why Midwesterners drink: to escape

their own reticence. An air of vague politeness is to be cultivated. For example, direct contradiction of others is simply not done. If you disagree with someone, begin your refutation with, "Well, I don't know about that, but..." and you will be safe. Or you might consider using, "I suppose that's one way to do it, but I know a guy who..." If you think you are intoxicated enough, go directly to, "You're full of shit."

*Conversation: politics.* If you are in Madison, say whatever you please and prepare for battle. Otherwise it is a subject best avoided. If you must, you could attempt something light-hearted: "Gee, how about that Jesse Ventura?" Better to run with safe things like road construction. Unless you are near highway 12... well, perhaps you should just stick to the weather.

*Dress.* If you are in from either coast, you are in

## Middle WORDS

BY BILL BODDEN

It's interesting to note these days how many women declare, as a pre-emptive strike during debates of a political nature, that they are *not* feminists. Feminism has been so successfully stigmatized by the religious right and by conservatives that women are now afraid to label themselves as such. This is unfortunate, as the feminist movement has done a great deal to improve the social and economic conditions for women in this country. Even more unfortunate is the possibility that the upcoming presidential election could set said movement for equality back by more than fifty years.

One woman not afraid to stand up and be counted as a feminist is Jeanne Gomoll, whose Guest of Honor Speech from Wiscon 24 this past May is a prominent feature of this issue. I first met Jeanne something like 13 or 14 years ago, probably at one of the local fan group's parties. Jeanne is a force to be reckoned with, and her energy has fueled Wiscon's resurgence as a national event, drawing women AND men from across the country and around the world.

Interestingly enough, Wiscon has always had an active political perspective, particularly in regard to "women's issues". Wiscon quickly gained a reputation because of our willingness to deal with issues

luck! Everything that was high fashion one year ago is the latest thing in the Midwest. (Except, not quite so much.) Bring your old clothes. All visitors should come prepared for the weather, which might be any combination of sunny, cloudy, rainy, snowy, or just ungodly hot and humid. But don't worry. Most of those people you see outside in wildly inappropriate clothing live right here in Wisconsin. They've just given up.

*Things to do and see.* Anyone can answer this question, and in my natural Midwestern reticence, I don't feel quite right about putting myself forward to recommend one thing over another.

of interest to the feminist, gay and lesbian communities within the slate of programming and panel discussions, and was dubbed "Pervertcon" early on, by some intellectual giant who couldn't see past his Doctor Who scarf. One well-known West-Coast fan, at a convention room party many years ago, even went so far as to suggest that men attending Wiscon first needed to be emasculated before they could get in the door. Wiscon and Feminism are about choices; having them, first of all, and having the information to make good choices, rather than merely accepting what others tell us. I'm proud to be part of WisCon (even if only a very small part these days) and even more proud to know Jeanne Gomoll.

Jeanne's speech, the text of which follows, is a reminder of why feminism is every bit as relevant and important today as it was in the 1960's and 70's. It's also something of a recap of recent history for me, including parts of the story before I became involved with the Madison fan group. Wisconsin does have other fan groups, but for me, the Madison group is home, and Jeanne is a big part of that feeling. Our group has a running joke about parties turning into meetings, but we all (well, most of us at least) so enjoy what we do that it isn't a burden or a chore.

# Failing That, Invent

BY JEANNE GOMOLL

I've sat next to quite a few of our past guests of honor right here in this room while they waited to give their guest of honor speeches. Sometimes they've been nervous. And in my capacity as a one of Wis-Con's Founding Persons, I've often reassured them that there is nothing to worry about, that you are all extremely nice people, all eager to hear whatever they have had to say.

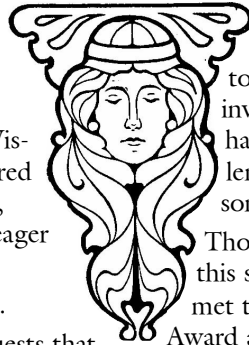
No one's thrown a tomato yet, I tell them.

Sometimes I've reassured these WisCon guests that the footnotes in the OTHER guest's speech do not mean that the audience will take offence at their anecdotes and comical recollections. Sometimes I've reassured a guest that the hysterical laughter punctuating the other guest's speech does not mean that their serious and inspiring call to action will be unwelcome by the audience. We all enjoy the unique visions our guests bring to Wis-Con, I say.

And no one's thrown a tomato yet, I remind them.

But now, in spite of all that reassuring I've done over the years, I find myself worrying if what I have to say will be appropriate or entertaining enough. My long experience as a member of the WisCon conglom provides me with a comforting bit of knowledge. I'm quite certain that Concourse dessert menus do not include tomatoes!

Not to complain, of course, but let me assure you that it is possible to get a lot more nervous about ones speech when you're not just comparing your performance with the eagerly awaited words of a famous professional fantasy writer co-guest-of-honor like Charles de Lint. I've got the standards of 23 years of WisCon guest-of-honor speeches to live up to—55 speeches in all. I counted them! It's



intimidating ... and pretty darn thrilling ... to think about the writers, artists, editors, critics and fans who have accepted our invitation to join us here at WisCon and who have stood up here and inspired us, challenged us, and made us laugh and have sometimes even changed our lives.

Those guests, this convention, this literature, this science fiction group, all the people I've met through *Janus* and *Aurora* and the Tiptree Award and WisCon, and the friends I've grown to know so well and worked with on all these projects—have certainly changed my life. I can't even imagine who I'd be or what I would be doing now without feminist SF, without fandom, or without WisCon in my life. And I can't tell you what a huge and amazing honor it is for me to be standing up here thanking you for recognizing my part in our mutual history....

It started out for me as a hobby, a way to feel good about the parts of my life outside of work. It was 1974 and I had recently graduated from the University of Wisconsin here in Madison and was earning my living as a Kelly temp-typist, looking for a real job, and auditing English classes in my spare time. Tragically, I suffered from a severe case of academic withdrawal. Several friends who were also having trouble kicking the student habit and I formed a support group ... er, I mean a reading group, that felt and acted very much like a University literature class except that we met regularly in each others' apartments instead of in classrooms. We put together a long reading list of feminist fiction and non-fiction, and discussed what we read with one another. Around this time, the new women SF writers and an exciting focus on social and political issues in SF intrigued me. Some of my

## THE 44 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW

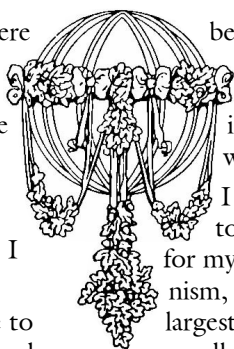
*CONNECTION 1* & 2 came to me by way of Jae, who was lucky enough to get them. When I saw them I wished to leap about in glee, because *Simon Ounsley is publishing again!* As a huge fan of *Lagoon* I could be no less than overjoyed. This perzine naturally envelops the reader in what's been happening to Simon these days, and the D. West covers are great. #1 concerns the curious tale of how desperate illness may lead to romance, true love, and marriage, while #2 introduces "the dead cat story" into the fannish lexicon alongside "the trip report." Available for the usual, but large-print fanzines and letters on audio tape much preferred, from Simon Ounsley, 47 Birkdale Drive, Leeds, LS17 7RU, UK (new address since 7/99).—TLB

contributions to our group's reading list were SF titles. We had some great discussions and I kept suggesting that we write down some of our ideas and consider doing some kind of publication. But that sounded too much like a term paper and my suggestion was nixed by my friends who apparently missed some things about college less than I did.

So I was *ready* when the opportunity arose to join a fledgling new SF group in town that advertised for volunteers to help publish a magazine. The Madison SF Group—or Madstf as the group called itself then—was founded by Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, Jan Bogstad, Phil Kaveny, and Tom Murn in 1974. I believe I showed up at the second meeting. Janice Bogstad announced the new publication and I think I said, "I'll help." It wasn't until a few months later that Hank told us that what we were publishing was called a *fanzine*. Who knew?

At first I drew illustrations, and typed for the new publication named *Janus*. Then I contributed a couple articles and reviews. By the fourth issue I was co-editing *Janus* with Jan. Things got intense. I kept color-coded graphs of our schedule, covered the floors of my apartment with tiny little scraps of paper each time I laid out an issue. This was of course in the olden days, before computers, even before Selectric typewriters. The week we went to press, it wasn't unusual for me to work 40 or 50 hours on the zine.

Five issues of *Janus* were typed with manual typewriters and printed on Hank's mimeograph before we finally upgraded to offset printing. Our zine made its entrance onto the fannish scene with a quarterly publication schedule and a provocative feminist perspective. The only feminist fanzine we knew about was Amanda Bankier's Canadian fanzine, *The Witch and the Chameleon* which stopped publishing very soon after we started. *Janus* was the group's "only child" in those days and it was lovingly and obsessively groomed. (Later, of course, we raised two children -- the fanzine and the convention.) Thomas Murn wrote long articles on popular culture, John Bartelt contributed short stories, Jan wrote very serious articles from a Marxist literary perspective, I began to experiment with a humorous style, and everyone wrote book reviews. Typing and proofreading chores were shared among all of us, though I was fired from that task abruptly when it was discovered that I could spell a word in five different ways on the same page, all wrong. Feminist SF was flourishing and we made our zine available for conversations



between its writers and readers. Letters of comment flowed in, surprising us because we hadn't understood that we were joining a vast letter-writing community when we began publishing our "magazine."

I came to depend upon *Janus* and WisCon to provide an outlet for my political ideas, for my own personal take on feminism. Feminism, for me, has always been about making the largest number of choices available to everyone, regardless of sex. For me, science fiction and feminism came together beautifully in those days. There is a line in Monique Wittig's classic SF novel *Les Guérillères* that still raises goose bumps on my skin. Wittig urges women who lack historical precedent or role models for their choices to use their imagination. Her phrase is, "...and failing that—invent!" To me that's always embodied the thrill and value of speculative fiction. I interpreted that to mean that writing and reading science fiction could have as profound an effect on people as actual experience — that we could try out a myriad of virtual futures, that we could choose and more importantly REHEARSE the ones that seemed most promising. It meant to me that this process could change our own lives and the world around us; and what better place to imagine different selves and worlds than with science fiction?

Coincidentally, we embraced feminism in our zine at the same time that the women's movement was getting re-energized in this country. We were engaged in a dynamic sea change in society and those changes were mirrored in fandom. Feminist fiction and ideas were being celebrated by a large number of readers and fans at the time. Within ten years of *Janus'* publication, Hugos were awarded to Ursula Le Guin, Chip Delany, James Tiptree, Jr., Susan Wood, Kate Wilhelm, Joan Vinge, Vonda McIntyre, C.J. Cherryh, John Varley, Joanna Russ, and Octavia Butler. *Janus* itself received three nominations for best fanzine during those years, and I was nominated a couple times in the category of fan artist.

But that wasn't enough for us. We decided to expand our franchise into convention running. We had plenty of free time!

Practically none of us had ever attended a convention before the 1976 Minicon, but it was our second con, the 1976 worldcon in Kansas City, on which we fannish newbies imprinted. At times you may have wondered why WisCon programming resembles a 3-ring ... or rather 6-ring circus. Well, we've always done it this way. Even the first WisCon in 1977, which after all, attracted barely two hundred attendees—boasted four tracks of pro-



gramming. The reason is because MidAmericon's programming had been scheduled in multiple tracks. OK, we said, that must be how conventions *worked*. But other parts of WisCon were invented almost from scratch. Several of us attended a serious, feminist panel at MidAmericon that Susan Wood had set up in spite of the concom's opposition. The concom didn't believe that a panel on women and science fiction would be of interest to anyone, but they eventually gave into Susan's demands and scheduled her into a rather small, out-of-the way room. Of course, a lot of us found it anyway and there was standing room only, and afterward the panel overflowed into an extended discussion, party, and consciousness-raising session, that lasted for hours after the panel's schedule. *A Women's Apa* got its start in that room and both Jan Bogstad and I joined. The day after that panel, we interviewed Suzy McKee Charnas and Amanda Bankier and printed the transcript in *Janus*. And we resolved to do LOTS of panels for WisCon like that great feminist panel we'd seen at MidAmericon.

We didn't realize at the time how few women attended SF conventions, much less that few women ran cons or dominated SF groups. But we improvised.

We had no models of feminist fanzines or feminist SF conventions, and so we took what we liked from the fanzines and cons we knew and we ... invented the rest. And some of us ended up inventing new lives for ourselves.

Finding my voice and my pen in the world of science fiction changed a lot of other things in my life besides gobbling up all my spare time. I learned a profession in fandom ... *two professions*, actually. The illustrating and layout work I did for *Janus* and other fanzines gave me experience as an artist and it gave me an interesting portfolio. Five years after I joined the Madison SF group, the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources hired me as a graphic artist, despite the fact that I had no formal training in art. I'm now a Senior Graphic Designer

for the DNR.

About 12 years ago, right after I returned from a trip to Great Britain as a Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) delegate, I set out to replenish the TAFF coffers by running a mail auction. (The postal kind.) I laid out the catalog with my new computer—a Macintosh SE—and then started doing other fannish graphics and layout on the Mac. After a year of learning how to do graphics electronically, I convinced my bosses at the DNR that we needed to get rid of the t-squares, technical pens, wax, rubylith, and the typesetting machine—and that we needed to convert to computer production. My second career was that of an electronic graphic artist. And once again, I have fandom to thank for it.

And I found religion and converted to Macintosh as a result of that experience, too, and now have a slight tendency to proselytize on the one, true computer.

And of course Spike Parsons introduced me to the love of my life, Scott Custis, at a science fiction convention. Talk about changing your life....

But the thing that kept me involved with WisCon was a sense that we were building something important, something unique, something that -- when I look back on my life -- I expect will be just as important as a satisfying, productive career; just as fulfilling as a good relationship. So, even though I no longer rely on my spare-time activities when people asked me the question, "What do you do?", I couldn't quite bring myself to step too far back from WisCon.

I almost did walk away from the convention towards the end of the 1980s. It seemed to me that our local SF group was running precariously low on the energy needed to publish a fanzine and run a convention. Many of us in the SF group were getting on with our lives: careers, lifetime commitments to partners, children, and mortgages. Few members were devoting themselves quite as obsessively to the group's activities as had been the case we were mostly students and temp workers. In addition, the rest of society seemed to be getting a little bored with the women's movement. In spite of all the high tech electronic publishing machines

### THE 22 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW

*Hairy Eyeball* #1 isn't Aileen Forman's first fanzine, but it should gain her some notoriety because of its interesting and well-written articles. Bracketing an article by Arnie Katz, Aileen's discussions of bidding on art during a cruise and an update on her life since her last zine are both intriguing and highly amusing, and Arnie's piece on how to steal an anecdote isn't bad, either. Cover by Brad Foster, and interior art by Rotsler and Bill Kunkel. Perchance still available from Aileen Forman, 7215 Nordic Lights Drive, Las Vegas NV 98119-0335 —BB

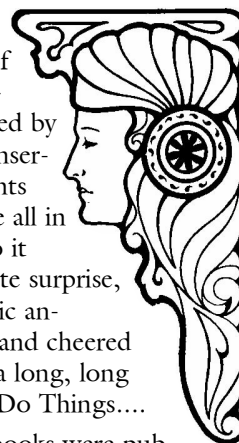


available to us, it was a struggle to publish the last two issues of *Aurora*. I wrote an article for the second-last issue—"An Open Letter to Joanna Russ"—about what I perceived to be a subtle form of suppression of women's writing. Feminist SF of the 1970s was being dismissed with sentiments like, "It was the Me Decade...they were selfish;" or, "Women SF writers wrote, but it turns out they were only a fad." In fact, the attacks were aimed at more than just feminist SF, but also at the women's movement in general. Susan Faludi named the phenomenon a "backlash." What was needed at that point, I thought, was a concerted effort to remind people that many of us had not been at all bored by the likes of Suzy McKee Charnas, Vonda McIntyre, Ursula Le Guin, Joan Vinge, Suzette Haden Elgin, and Lizzy Lynn. I plotted that we would find a way to support the work of writers whose work revolutionized the field and to point out that these authors and lots of new ones were still writing, still appreciated. I hoped to rally the troops to keep *Aurora* alive. Although that plan did not work out, I vowed to do my part. I wrote at the end of that article that I didn't want it to be necessary to do it all over again in another generation. Nevertheless, my ideas of what needed doing were a little nebulous. Write articles, I thought. Speak up at retrospective panels. Do *Something*. I really wanted to Do Something.

Well, in retrospect, I think that the most important thing to do at that moment in time was to keep WisCon going. It wasn't obvious to me then, but it's clear that there is no other place where large numbers of feminist SF writers and artists and readers can meet and talk face-to-face; where the idea of a small, secret cabal seems like such an understatement; feminist SF is on the top of the agenda. There is no other place where programming and invited guests provide so many possibilities for cross-pollination of ideas, mutual support and confidence building that happens when ALL OF YOU get together here. No one is doing this kind of convention anywhere in the world. We've got to keep it alive.

Where else could Pat Murphy have announced hers and Karen Fowler's idea for the Tiptree Award for gender-bending science fiction and fantasy? That's what happened at WisCon 15 in 1991. Pat says now that she was mostly joking, that she and Karen hoped that maybe a prize could be awarded as a sort of symbolic action, but that neither of them expected it to turn into a juggernaut of an institution. But remember: Pat was standing in front of a critical mass of people, all of whom cared deeply about the kind of science fiction that

speaks to feminist values, who questioned the validity of gender roles imposed by society, who were feeling frustrated by politics of the day and the conservative attacks on abortion rights and women. Frankly, we were all in a mood to Do Something. So it shouldn't have been a complete surprise, that after Pat made her historic announcement, the crowd rose and cheered and clapped and laughed for a long, long time. And that we started to Do Things....



Bake sales were staged, cookbooks were published, a panel of judges was rounded up and the next year Eleanor Arnason and Gwyneth Jones won the first Tiptree awards. And there was money left over. And more panels of judges were rounded up and publishers began submitting more gender bending fiction. And Freddie Baer started creating beautiful Tiptree T-Shirts and Ellen Klages started entertaining us at Tiptree auctions and inducting the most surprising people into the feminist cabal. And there was more money left over. And we made other awards -- a retrospective Tiptree and a Fairy Godmother Award. We even published an anthology of short fiction shortlisted by the Tiptree Award. That was *Flying Cups and Saucers*, of course, edited by Debbie Notkin and the feminist cabal. Next year, at WisCon 25, will be Tiptree's tenth year and we're still going strong.

And it's not just feminism, though that's obviously where my heart and passion go to. WisCon has provided a platform and a laboratory for other political ideas and groups. Ever since WisCon I we've scheduled discussions of gay, lesbian, and bisexual issues in SF, fandom, publishing, and society in general. This was such an outrageous idea at the beginning that the first WisCon was nicknamed "Pervertcon" by some fans I'll leave nameless. Ever since then, WisCon has encouraged programs on union organizing, alternate political and economic systems, gender issues, and most recently we've been pushing to make WisCon into more welcoming place for people of color, and for the SF community in general to become a more diverse place. I personally hope that WisCon programming follows the lead of the remarkable activism happening worldwide around WTO protests. Just as SF provides the perfect opportunity for us to imagine and rehearse a revolution in relationships among the sexes, SF is a great place to incubate ideas about how to build an economically just world.

I'm proud of the work we did that made it possible to ignite the Tiptree juggernaut at WisCon, and of

the work that keeps projects like these going. I'm proud to have been part of the creation of a convention like no other. Several WisCon guests of honor have told us that they were able to say things here, to us, that would have been impossible for them to have said in any other forum, and I'm proud to be part of the convention that made those speeches possible. But I wouldn't have been part of this incredible community if it were not for all of you being there in the first place. And so, I want to thank some people.... Janice Bogstad for her vision and work on our fanzine, *Janus*. And I'm eternally grateful to Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell who moved here in the early 70s so they could introduce us all to fandom in the first place. Diane Martin and Dick Russell joined the SF group just as we were embarking on a plan for a new convention. Dick made us a corporation and Diane wrestled a shoebox full of receipts into a professional budget and both of them donned many hats in the new convention. Without them, WisCon may never have happened. And there are dozens of other stalwarts of the WisCon conglom who have kept WisCon going all these years, and have kept our focus on feminist SF. Jim Hudson calmly reassures us that anything is possible and just as calmly shows us how. Ellen Franklin taught us how to build a professional relationship with the hotel. Tracy Benton's and Bill Bodden's opening ceremonies this year gives you a hint of the creativity that they bring to the group. Hope Kiefer who has done such an excellent job of running the consuite that we can't seem to find anyone willing follow her act. And now would be a good time to say "Thank you, Kim Nash," for chairing WisCon this year. I hear you gave good meetings, not that I would know because I was on vacation from WisCon meetings this year. Of course, we very much miss the energy that Spike Parsons, Andy Hooper, Carrie Root, Bill Humphries, and Steve Swartz infused into the group when they lived in Madison and were major WisCon planners. Thank goodness, their departure has been balanced by volunteers from outside Madison who recognize that

WisCon is as much a convention for the feminist SF community as it is a Madison convention. Debbie Notkin's and Jane Hawkins' work on programming, Amy Hanson's work on the writers workshops, and Victor Raymond's work on security, has been a huge boon to the convention. Well, I could go on for a long time with these thank-yous, but this isn't the Oscars. But needless to say there are dozens of other people in the local SF group and among the regular attendees of WisCon whose work and dreams make WisCon possible.

With the Internet, our community communicates more easily than it ever did before, but I think these face-to-face reunions are still important for the re-energizing of our passions and strength. It was renewed energy and optimism for the possibilities of WisCon and of feminist SF that prompted me to volunteer to chair WisCon 20, four years ago, and make me hope very much that we can continue getting together like this and inventing anew for many years to come. We will need help from all of you.

One of the fantasies I used to have was that an alien visitor gave me a machine -- a little box with a button—that could stop time for everyone else except me. Well of course the first thing I did with it was to stop time so I could get a little more sleep in the morning. Unfortunately, the button I pushed turned out to be the one on my alarm clock and I got to work very late that morning. Another fantasy I had when I was a really little kid was that the same alien gave me a machine that could do anything. An anything maker, I called it. Very handy, all purpose, unlimited-number-of-wishes magic lantern. Well, in a sense, that's a bit how I see science fiction—a machine that can make anything happen virtually, a machine that provides the first step to actuality. And maybe one of its buttons is WisCon.

Remember, if we can imagine it, we can do it.

Thank you very much.

#### **THE 66 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW**

*THIS HERE* #3 and #4, a very personalzine from Nic Farey, and now #5 follows in quick succession. He knows what he thinks and I like that: about music, professional wrestling, and the progress of his treatment in some county facility following a drunk driving conviction -- perhaps more of the public record than most of us would have the courage to mail to new acquaintances. A lively lettercolumn, dramatic anecdotes like the one about the Big Wapses, short takes and comments on fanzines received should continue (we hope!) to make this worth writing to Nic Farey (nfarey@comappspec.com), P.O. Box 178, St. Leonard, MD 20685. — JLA

# Wish you were here

BY JAE LESLIE ADAMS

I'm just back from an exhausting week in Sonoma. But hardly have I had time to oversleep in the morning, before my spouse has taken a day off from work for our previously scheduled family vacation, which has shrunk this year to a day trip. Maybe another later, if this goes well. But I have slept so late this is more of a scouting expedition. They are finally taking me to ride on the Ducks. Years now I've been whining, "I've never been to ride on the Ducks." Every summer the tourist industry advertises the fabulous Wisconsin Dells, just north of Madison, where you can see ancient Indian ceremonials, admire archeological wonders, see the Sea-Sky-Space-&-Stage shows at a wide choice of tourist attractions, buy junk on the midway, ride go-carts, plunge into waterparks, and all such midamerican family fun. And one of the older attractions is the amphibious vehicles left over from WW2, which some entrepreneur has recycled to tour the Wisconsin River bluffs and environs, combining several of these appeals. They are called the Ducks. I wanna ride on the Ducks. I have always wanted to ride on the Ducks, and I have lived in Wisconsin since 1966. Sad, isn't it? And hardly an hour's drive. At last I have shamed them into taking me.

It's a nice drive up to the Dells from Madison, on Highway 12. A couple of years ago I drove Maureen Kincaid Speller on her TAFF trip from Chicago up to Minneapolis mostly on Highway 14, another old highway that runs south of 12, through similar rolling farmland. If we'd had the time, we might have come this way instead. But there are a lot more distractions on 12. It goes through Baraboo, where the Circus World Museum preserves the largest collection of circus wagon rolling stock in existence, in the old Ringling Brothers winter quarters (with circus performances under the big top every day in the summer). A few miles west is the railroad museum at North Freedom; and not far east is the International Crane Foundation, which is attempting to restore whooping cranes to the wild with an experimental breeding program.

People have been driving up Highway 12 from Chicago into vacationland for a hundred years. As we get closer to the Dells the germanically neat farmsteads start to fall apart, separated by old mo-

tels, roadhouses, and boarded-up development schemes in visible decay. Valuable road frontage property, since Prohibition, often has absentee owners. Onwards through the trashy outskirts, we head directly to the loud heart of the Dells. We stop for lunch at an overpriced Mexican restaurant, with a great view of the river and of the ferris wheel and bungee-jump across the road. Today we are just going to do the Ducks.

And since this is the first time, we go on the Original Wisconsin Ducks, which are painted green, instead of the upstart Dells Ducks (red, white, and blue). The vehicle is driven by a young guide with a script full of bad jokes and broad appeal. The thing makes a horrendous noise, and I don't think my son has ever been in such an extreme standard shift vehicle. The same motor is driving both the wheels and the propeller. A canopy stocked with lifevests keeps the sun off, and we have a beautiful day for barreling through the forest, and splashing into the river. Water washes in the back.

Just a year ago we were in Queensland, and I could have sworn there was an amphibious vehicle segment to that tour. But I was sick that day, and my companions say it was a normal boat. The Wisconsin River here is not particularly wide, but seventy feet deep. For better or worse we are unlikely to encounter crocodiles. The sedimentary rock formations were carved out in the ice ages, just to amuse us now. The water is a bright tea-brown, and in an educational interlude the guide explains

## *THE 22 SECOND FANZINE REVIEW*

*Barmaid 9* held a strange attraction for me since I had very, very briefly met its author, Yvonne Rowse, at Corflu 2000 in Seattle, and heard several fans exclaiming things like, "See her? She pubs *Barmaid!*" Contains lots of this and that, mainly by the author, and mainly in that Comic Sans typeface that just makes me break out in hives. (Sorry.) Particularly intriguing article on "Books as Pals" and only known use of the phrase "I've taken up trampolining again" in a fanzine. Very enjoyable. Possibly available from Yvonne Rowse, Evergreen, Halls Farm Lane, Trimpey, Worcs, DY12 INP U.K. (Don't you love how the Brits can abbrev their addrs?) TLB

that the color is caused not by dirt but by tannin, from the tamaracks (larches) and oak trees upstream. Tannin, that's what they say about the brown water in the Scots Highlands too. Lord I've been on a lot of tours, I'm getting to be a pretty good guide myself. We boat up to the dam and look at the waterfall, fifteen feet, and then drive out on land and around to the lake to stare at a stately pioneer waterfront home. Deer graze along the forest trail. We pause to take a truckload of photos, and roar off again through the glens.

The amphibious vehicle will hold twenty, and I have vague thoughts about loading it full of fans, like the pictures I saw recently of a field trip in military surplus vehicle from a small British convention (Aliens Stole My Handbag). A couple of people in horned helmets is just what we need. This is definitely the sort of thing I would offer to my friends from out of town. There is also a quieter boat tour of the scenic wonders in the Dells, and a photography museum with old pictures of these sights.

On the way home back down Highway 12 I start making a short list of my favorite attractions in these parts. The Natural Bridge is not far off the

highway, and that has a nice hiking trail as well as the geological attraction... Today's weather is a gift, though, clear blue sky with a few high clouds and temperature just hitting the 80s. Coming over the deep green ridge of the Baraboo Range in the late afternoon, we have a great view of the old Badger Ammunition Plant spread out on the plain below, rows of small pale buildings in array with long shadows across the disused military industrial site. As you drive across that plain, across the road from the surplus tank display and abandoned buildings on the east, is a huge junkyard, Delaney's. Acres on the west side of the road are filled with junk... and beside that and in front of it along the road, a sculpture garden. Someone has been building with the junk, horned birds and steam-punk observatories and better mousetraps -- you gotta see it.

We buy a dozen ears of sweetcorn in Sauk Prairie, and clean it on the deck when we get home, and pour a brandy & soda, while the water comes to a boil. The cicadas are buzzing loud this year. Dusk is still late in August.

Wish you were here.



'Twas grillig

# IMPENETRABILITY!

Greetings from the WABE editorial tripod. We received so many great letters, we are forced to excerpt the best bits and sort them out by subject.

## Regarding Travel and Books

LUKE MCGUFF:

I can't think, right off the top, of a place I'd like to visit for having read about it. When *War for the Oaks* first came out, my buddy Joe and I spent a night on his motorcycle riding to the various important locations of the book. They were all smaller in reality, but they had their individual mysteries. The fog rolled in as we rode along the Mississippi from Minnehaha Falls to the tower between St. Paul and Mpls.

A few times I've had the experience of feeling like I was *in* an sf novel—a common experience to folks who have been reading sf as long as we have.

It's almost trite to say this, but Burning Man is an EXTREMELY sfnal environment. It's like being in a combination of *Dhalgren* and *The City, Not Long After*, only dryer and hotter. The first time I saw anyone wearing electroluminescent wire I thought I was seeing a Scorpion from *Dhalgren*. Another time I felt like I was *in* a science fiction novel was in October 94, when I first joined the Fremont Arts Council. In an abandoned boiler room, we were working on a life-sized crocodile luminary, made out of bamboo, duct tape, tissue paper, elmer's glue, and neon. It felt like a veil rending to realize that if Gibson had described where I was and what I was doing in one of his earlier short stories, I'd have ached for it.

So what's the word for the sudden feeling you're *in* an sf novel? What's the word for realizing that a crucial date in some sfnal universe—April 4, 1984; Hal's Birthday; Judgment Day (Terminator series)—has passed?

LLOYD PENNEY:

Murray Moore, in his latest FA-Pazine, *Green Stuff* 11, talked about Michael Palin based on his recent visit to Toronto, and about his Hemingway Adventure. The impression I got was that Hemingway's life was overly romanticized by the quality of his writing. I don't know if this latest of Palin's adventures will be shown in Canada, as were his previous two, *Around the World in 80 Days* and *Pole to Pole*, but if it is, I'll gladly watch it. Hemingway's Toronto connection is that he was a foreign correspondent for the *Toronto Star*. Tracy, I've been on the transcontinental train between Toronto and Vancouver several times. It's tremendous. The lakes and grasses of northwestern Ontario, the flatness of the Prairies, and going through the Rockies, especially through the tunnel that takes a 270-degree turn so that you can see up above the end of the train going into the opening...a great trip. I have never slept so well as on an upper bunk...the gentle swaying of the train put me to sleep quickly and deeply, and I was so well rested. I still take the train whenever I can, and taking the train to a con is great fun, whether it's VIA or Amtrak. For those longer trips... if only Scotty could get those Heisenberg compensators back on line....

HARRY WARNER:

Until I read this issue, it had never occurred to me to think about where in fictional settings I might



A LETTERCOL

like to live. I can't think of many stories I love whose settings would be compatible with me. Asheville, probably, as depicted in Thomas Wolfe's novels; maybe the Hannibal in which Mark Twain threw up [*sic; we think Harry meant "grew up"*], but certainly not Dickens' London or Middle Earth or Damon Runyon's New York City. Instead, I did some thinking a while back on what favorite characters in fiction I would like as next door neighbors. Here too the pickings were slim. Sherlock Holmes, for all his intellect, would be quite unbearable as a neighbor, I believe, polluting the air with that pipe and snooping into all my activities. Mr. Micawber's kids would be running wild over my property all the time and I would never be able to get through a day without hints that I should help relieve his temporary financial problems. I think I would get along well with Horatio Hornblower and Prospero.

### *Regarding the "laptop"*

**In WABE #1 we ran an oddball illo of a very old typewriter and just labeled it "Early Laptop: often caused femur fractures and tissue damage." A couple people had something to say about that.**

**BEN INDICK:**

Your "laptop" at least incurs no telephone or electricity bills!

**NED BROOKS:**

The old Remington typewriter pictured on p.5 not only weighed around 50 lbs, it is an "upstrike" design—you had to lift the platen to see what you had typed. Most amateur journalism at that time was letterpress! I have seen suggestions that the portables of the time could be used on the lap, and I suppose it was possible—the Blick weighed only 5 lbs—but I would certainly find it awkward. And while the Remington could have cut a stencil, the Blick, which had all the letters on a very light lacquer element about the size of a Selectric ball, could not.

### *Regarding the Magic Lemon*

**JOHN BERRY**

Re card in lemon—the only way this could be done is via pre-audience participation, i.e., "planted" member of audience, prior to show, signs card which is inserted into a split lemon. Card served to stooge, manipulation, tension heightened by apparent lack of success in finding card, resultant denouement therefore much more theatrical. I first performed this trick after reading instructions in the WHIZZBANG comic in 1939. The old ones

are still the best.

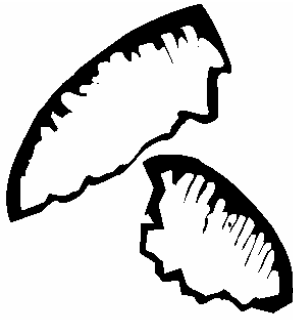
**LUKE MCGUFF**

If you want to see sleight-of-hand up close, prowling the street fairs. I saw a sleight-of-hand magician do two shows at the Fremont Street Fair a couple weeks ago. It was a five dollar bill, not a nine of diamonds. And I was standing a foot away. The second time I saw the show, I half-saw him get the lemon out, but neither time did I have any chance of seeing the five dollar bill go in. It's more like you have to watch where the hands *just were*, rather than where they *are*.

### *Regarding Fanzine Production*

**CALVIN POWERS**

Bill Bodden's "Middle Words" pondering why we even bother with this fanzine stuff also interested me. I cannot resolve the physical vs. Internet publishing debate. But I can add more confusion to the mix because I currently publish no less than 4 editions of *Stuck In Traffic*. First, I produce the physical paper version. It's usually 8 or 12 digest sized pages. The main reason I produce the paper version first is because the physical size sets the content size. It also sets some requirements on the artwork I must use. (I'm somewhat graphically challenged so I have to force myself to inject art and other visual elements.) I have a mailing list which I send the paper edition to. Mostly it's sent to friends, but I also send it to local newspapers, etc. in the hopes that they might be enticed to running one of my essays someday. I also print extra copies and distribute to coffee houses in Chapel Hill. I'm an expert at slipping my 'zines into the freebie racks at these establishments. Next, I take the content of the paper edition and build a web page for it and publish it to my site at [www.stuckintraffic.com](http://www.stuckintraffic.com). Then I take the content and create an e-mail edition of the zine. I use an e-groups mailing list to distribute it to subscribers of the e-mail edition. I also announce the availability of the web edition and e-mail edition on various newsgroups and mailing lists that might be interested. The fourth edition is the *Turbo Charged Party Animal APA* edition, which is usually a subset of the other editions. It's a lot of trouble to publish all 4 editions, but I think it's worthwhile. The physical editions of the 'zine give me the most satisfaction in feeling like I've actually created something and I would like to think that reviewers will take it more seriously than an electronic version. On the other hand, I enjoy the two electronic based editions because there's always the chance that someone I don't know will stumble across it someday and enjoy it. Every now and



*Regarding...*  
*miscellanea*

NED BROOKS

"Fan and Superfan is arcane nonsense...."

Thank you. —JLA

KIM HUETT

"G'day Bill,

"I probably should write you a letter of comment on *Wabe* to make up for not locating either *Raw Goof* #1 or #2. Trouble is nothing in *Wabe* sparks much of a response in me. Well that happens sometimes doesn't it? Nobody can be interested in and have an opinion on everything I guess...."

True enough. Thanks for your loc, which you'll see in RG#3.—  
WJB

RANDY SMITH VIA TRUFEN

"Tracy Benton may be one of fandom's most under-appreciated writers."

Wow, thanks! And the check hadn't even cleared yet!—TLB

then, I'll get a notice from e-groups that someone new has subscribed to *Stuck In Traffic* or I'll get an e-mail from someone out in cyberspace who visited the website and it thrills me.

**A WORD FROM JAE:** Calvin, Calvin... I must tell you that some of our gentle readers will be horrified at your brash conflation of fanwriting with, er, *Real Writing*. As I rejoice in the same confusion, I am happy to contribute to the general consternation by printing your remarks. It's your "slipping them into the freebie racks" that worries me. Hard copies are expensive to print, and outside of fandom which understands this social contract of communication the hope of response seems likely nil. Having met you, though, instead of just being appalled I think I understand the spirit of your great reaching-out; and your reasons for publishing are apparently not as dependent on response as those of some other fanwriters. But I rather doubt the newspapers will have any idea that such an unconventional format as a fanzine should be considered as a letter or manuscript submission. As regards that bit of your distribution program I must ask you to stop it right now. I will see what I can do to get lots of nice faneds and letterhacks to send you a better class of mail. The first thing for you to do (according to ancient custom) is to check our fanzine reviews and lettercolumn for likely addresses to add to your own mailing list.

MARTY CANTOR

Now, this loc will be short, but I want to say that I have a particular agreement with Bill's "Middle Words." There is just something about paper zines, as Bill writes, that e-zines just cannot attain. I may have a very fixed income in my retirement, but I will always find the money to continue paper fanac. I may not be able to pub as many zines as I want, but I will

not switch to the cheaper e-zine format because of my love for the paper zine. (And this has nothing to do with Tracy's mention of my reluctance to pub an e-zine because of a lack of how it will appear. I expect the control problem will eventually disappear, given advances in technology, and I may eventually get a zine on-line. I will still put out paper zines because I love paper zines.)

LLOYD PENNEY

Bill, you echo my feelings perfectly. For me, a fanzine is printed words on paper which comprises a labour of love, communications and participation in this old, old fannish pursuit. However, the costs of sending out this labour to an appreciate audience is spiraling out of sight. I receive notification of new on-line zines such as Cheryl Morgan's *Emerald City*, or Dave Langford's *Ansible*. I also receive .pdf zines, such as John Foyster's *eFNAC* and *BCSFAzine* from the British Columbia Science Fiction Association in Vancouver. As you do, I miss the fact that instead of the zine arriving at your doorstep as a crafted gift from its editor, you must go and get it if you want it, which seems to take away some of the value of the zine. Some of the personal feeling is lost. Most of us are staring at a computer screen all day, and have some kind of on-line fanac in the evenings; you've got to give your eyes a break with a hand-held fanzines; instant read-out, and it never crashes (unless you drop it). We're losing any social and personal contact the fanzines have provided; should fandom survive into the next few decades, shall our fanac be completely virtual, including fanzines and conventions? I hope not. There's too many opportunities for good conversations, hearty laughs and close contact gone already, do we really want to get rid of those opportunities completely?  
...I think that over the years,

we've had the fear of crudzines put in us, and we don't want to screw up, for fear we'll be the target of a KTF review. I've even thought that over those years, some people have been leery of putting out a fanzine, for fear of what they think will probably be a negative response.

#### ERIC LINDSAY

I thought you did a fine job at Corflu with *Roe vs. Wade*, and it was certainly entertaining to see the result there. I suspect not all Corflus will have the photocopying facilities so close to the hotel, but I hope this becomes a tradition (assuming more suckers, I mean, volunteers, can be found to produce the fanzines.)

#### TERRY JEEVES

Being a tripartite group reminds me of the old days of the 1950s when Eric Bentcliffe, Eric Jones and I produced *Triode*. On an earlier occasion we started at 10 p.m. and by 4 a.m. had produced *Con-Science*, a one shot on Conventions. Sadly, the two Erics are no longer with us having gone to that great Convention in the sky.

I suggest the best way to produce a Wilderness Con without lugging along PCs and a petrol-electric generator would be to revert to the old jelly-bed system.

...Meanwhile, happy gyre and gimbleing.

#### HARRY WARNER

This issue pleased me particularly for the legible typeface and the abstention you showed from the grosser forms of format and typography which computers sometimes induce fanzine editors to engage in.

This has relevance to your message in *After Words*. Self-published amateur journalism began in the 1870s, I believe, when printing presses small enough to fit into a house were first available. From then until the 1930s, the emphasis was on beauty of typography and makeup rather than the literary contents. Science fiction fanzines then arose with more proletarian methods of reproduction and all the emphasis was on the content, not on the beauty of the page's appearance. In the years that followed, similarly scruffy-looking amateur publishing was spreading to people with other interests and hobbies. After another 60-year period, computers and copiers had virtually conquered the amateur publishing fields and ever since, there has been a tendency for a new publication to look more and more like professional periodicals. I suspect that this is a bad thing because it must be related to the fact that very few teenagers begin to publish fanzines these days. They have access to computers but they know how to use

them to play games, send and receive eek-mail, and look at pornography, and normally it's the older person who has the know-how and time and money to produce really fancy fanzines with photo reproduction, three-color covers, and seventeen fonts on the average page. I long for the older era when the hekto or mimeo ruled.

#### RANDY BYERS VIA TRUFEN

I received my copy on Friday. Denys was quite concerned when I started jumping up and down and screaming, "It's here, it's here!"

"What is it?" he asked.

"A fanzine!"

Such is his gafiation that he replied, "How very '80s."

#### WAHFF

Harry Andrushak, Karen Babich, Sheryl Birkhead, Pamela Boal, Wm. Breiding, Paul Carpentier, Teddy Harvia, Gwyneth Jones, Hope Liebowitz, Catherine Mintz, Ron Salomon, Henry Welch

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*From Andy Hooper, for those who asked:*

“Here, a note for Pamela Boal and others about my diabetes—events seemed to be moving at a dramatic pace when I wrote that article two years ago, and I was still adapting to a new general diet and poking myself with lancets on a daily basis. After two years, my blood sugar has stabilized at a much lower level, and I no longer suffer serious symptoms related to its spikes and swings. It has ceased to be a crisis for me, more a chronic irritation when offered cookies, pie, slices of birthday cake, milkshakes, and General Tso's Chicken by well-meaning purveyors of The White Death. They make ice cream that has only about 8 grams of sugar per cup, and all sorts of devious bargains can be struck to allow the consumption of a generous 1/2 cup scoop from time to time...calculating the propriety of these things has become a commonplace for me, just another fact of life.

“The worst thing is not the prohibition against sugar itself, but the struggle to keep carbohydrates down. Sugar is pervasive, but carbohydrates are the essence of more than half of the food we typically eat—every now and then, the task of totally removing them from my diet just seems insurmountable. The art of diabetic eating is always to delay the process of every sugar molecule through your system as long as you can, eating rougher and less refined carbohydrates and sugars that digest more slowly. It's a long, long siege, not a sudden pitched battle as it seemed when I wrote that article two years ago.”

## After WORDS

Here we are at the end again. I have great hopes for *Wabe*; perhaps it will be the first fanzine of mine to reach five issues. I always start out with such good intentions, but... to see the number “9” on Yvonne Rowse's *Barmaid* fills me with envy (let alone the double digits I've seen on others' zines). Why does my publishing energy always run out so quickly?

Well, I suppose I know why. It has something to do with being a Madison fan. There are not so many of us, you know; maybe two dozen core fans, and a score more on the fringe. And we have a lot of fannish territory to cover—running Wiscon, writing for the local apa, seeing movies, arguing over books, posting to SF lists, making costumes, having parties, tending to the needs of the Tiptree award, attending far-flung cons, publishing fanzines... those who have tried to do it all at once have failed, and failed miserably. Oh, yes, several of us have done all of these; Jeanne Gomoll is a perfect example. But simultaneously? No. That way madness lies. But that's the problem with being a Madison fan: not enough cannon fodder. We don't feel like we're a real fan group unless we do everything the other fan groups do, so we spread ourselves too thin.

It doesn't help, either, that Madison fandom is Getting a Life. Some of us not only have jobs, but actual careers; some not only homes, but real houses; some not only cats, but kids. Suddenly the

fanac you did just to keep up with the Jophans becomes a chore, not a joy, and it seems like it sure would be easier to have a beer with Scott Custis than to write him a long comment in an apa. Or to have dinner with Diane Martin rather than to attend a Wiscon meeting. And not only easier, but more enjoyable!

There's another problem with being a Madison fan: high expectations. It's not good enough just to run a Wiscon, you want it to be as good as Wiscon 20. So it is with fanzines: can *Wabe* ever approach the snappiness of *Spent Brass*, the humor of *Whimsey*, or the significance of *Cube*? **Some** years of *Cube*, that is. Even our clubzine was always trying to live up to itself under various editors, and since they each had their own lofty goals, somebody was always sure to have all hopes dashed—and seldom could those differences be resolved.

Differences. A lot of people turn to fandom because they feel different from those around them; in fandom they fit in. So it was for me. But also, I live in Madison. Madison is different than the rest of Wisconsin, a liberal island in a conservative sea. And we're in the Midwest, remote from both the ultracoolness of the west coast and the sophistication of the east. These spiraling sets of divergences make Madison fandom unique. What we accomplish, we accomplish with our own style, to express ourselves. Does it matter that we aren't taking a position on TAFF, or throwing some fannish pariah to the lions? Perhaps we three of *Wabe* are not interested in KTF reviews or hundred-page issues. What interests us, we will publish. We hope you will like it. And we hope it will be—different.

TRACY BENTON

WABE #2

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