

# A Momentary Taste Of Wiscon

This is the first issue of the Wiscon20 Daily Newszine, produced in the Wiscon publications center, located in the "VIP Room" between Conference Rooms II & III. There should be four other issues between now and Monday afternoon unless we come to our senses. Editors: Andrew Hooper (specialty: composition) and Jae Leslie Adams (specialty: production). Art Director (He'll be here soon!): Stu Shiffman. Contributors: Tom Becker, Jeanne Gomoll, Ian K. Hagemann, Tom Havighurst, Ariel Hudson. with thanks to Spike for getting the phone turned on. Art by Georgie Schnobrich and Stu Shiffman. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #258 Back page layout by Jim Hudson. Champion Frog: Percival St. George SlugDeath. Hey everybody, Jon Singer says Hi!

## A MESSAGE FROM WisCon 20 CHAIR JEANNE GOMOLL

Welcome to WisCon, the convention that surprises me in more ways than I can list in this little box. It is surprising that there are so many of us—800+ warm bodies. It is surprising that so many of the attendees are professionals in the SF field—authors, editors, artists, and academics. It is surprising that so many of us are women—well over 60% of the attendance list. And it is amazing and wonderful that so many people emerged from gaffiation and out of the membership list to offer their help to work on WisCon 20. But most of all it is surprising—to some folks—that a convention focusing on feminist science fiction would not only survive for twenty years, but that it would experience a phase change with this 20th WisCon.

It all started in a party suite on the last night of WisCon 18... "Did you realize that WisCon 20 is coming up in only 2 years..." someone said. "Oh my gosh," I said. "We should do something big for number 20!" You'd think I would have learned after twenty years, not to leap up and volunteer for things, but there I was saying "We could invite all our past guests of honor... We could invite Ursula Le Guin to be our guest of honor..." and finally, after several glasses of wine, "Well, maybe I could chair WisCon 20 if all of you volunteered too." Hundreds of letters were written, programming developed the characteristics of a juggernaut and we started talking about the eventual need to set a registration cap. Thank you for coming to WisCon. I hope you have a *wonderful* time.

## Hello and Welcome to the Only Wiscon 20 in the World!

We know that you've already been snowed under a small mountain of paper—the Wiscon memory book, the program book, the pocket program, tickets, fliers, survey sheets—but here's one more you might like to pick up. The daily newszine is your guide to last-minute changes in the program schedule, party announcements, previews and reviews of great convention events, and of course, sleaze and scurrilous gossip.

While we have lined up some great new articles for you, about fandom, fiction, feminism and all the fun we've had at Wiscon over the past twenty years, we need your help to make this fanzine a success. We need your announcements, observations, impressions and ideas to help everyone get the most they can out of wiscon 20—and since people are already referring to the convention as a "Pocket WorldCon," that's a pretty tall order.

The copy deadline for Issue #2 will be 11 am Saturday morning. We can be reached in the "VIP room", down the corridor to the right of Registration, come visit us!

## SUNDRY ITEMS OF INTEREST

If you plan to attend program item # 166, Suzy McKee Charnas' "Beauty and the Opera", copies of the story are available in the green room, while supplies last.

In case you missed the reception and book-signing at A Room of One's One on Thursday, another reception and autograph session for the authors who contributed to the all-new *Women of Wonder* Anthologies will be held at 9:00 pm Friday in room 629. Champagne will be served! Come and meet Eleanor Arnason, Suzy Charnas, Karen Joy Fowler, Nancy Kress, Ursula LeGuin, Rosaleen Love, Katherine MacLean, Judith Merril, Judith Moffett, Pat Murphy, Pamela Sargeant, Joan D. Vinge, and (whew!) Chelsea Quinn Yarbro.

(More NEWS on page 3)

## Changes to the Pocket Program

These Panelists are no longer participating:

Cate McClenahan  
Terri Sutton

New Panelists:

Terry Fowler Patch 89, 199  
Rachel Holmen 30, 84, 100, 206  
Bill Shunn 127, 225

Dropped Panels:

56: Influence of Republican Politics  
on feminist science fiction  
240: Trance and visualization

## REVISED PARTY SCHEDULE

(Replacing the listing in the P.P.)

Friday evening

Room	Host/Theme	Time
619:	Turbo-Charged APA [Bill Hoffman]	9pm
623:	First Contact [Judy Hayes]	9pm
629:	Women of Wonder [Pamela Sargent & Luke McGuff]	9pm
634:	Antarctica in '99 [Laurel Winter]	9pm

Saturday evening

619:	Australia in '99 [Jean Weber & Joyce Scrivner]	TBA
623:	Diversicon [Eric Heideman]	TBA
629:	Tor Party [Jim Frenkel]	TBA
634:	Chicago in '00 [Dina Krause]	TBA

Sunday evening

607:	Minneapolis in '73 [Geri Sullivan & Jeff Schalles]	3pm
611:	Feminist-sf Party [Helen Merrick]	3pm
619:	Crank!/Century [Meg Hamel]	8pm
623:	Vampire Party [Toni Armstrong & Pam Keeseey]	8pm
629:	Boston in '01 [Sharon Shbarsky]	7pm
634:	Mad Media [Jae Adams & Dave Weston]	6pm



**Hangin' with the Women of Wonder**  
By Tom Havighurst

Directions were given, names and faces were noted, talk was exchanged. Thursday saw the unofficial opening of WisCon, with fans and pros alike milling in the Hotel lobby before hiking to the *Women of Wonder* book-signing at a Room of One's Own. It seemed as much a meeting of old and new friends, as it was a book signing. Fans who wanted books signed scrambled to buy out the store's small stock of certain rare editions.

First among the authors and editors in attendance was Pamela Sargent, lauded as editor of the *Women of Wonder* anthologies, and several of her authors, including Rosaleen Love, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Judith Moffett, Karen Joy Fowler, Joan Vinge, and WisCon 20's guest of honor, Ursula K. LeGuin, momentarily posing as Virginia Woolf during her introduction. Proud WisCon committee members, trembling with anticipation of the next four days, queued with regular store customers for autographs.

Definitely an event with a high artist to fan ratio, other names of note were the publisher and author Avedon Carol (When asked for a quote, Avedon muttered "I'd say something about the Tories but no one would understand."), Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Katherine MacLean, David Hartwell, and Kathryn Cramer.

Talk was of modes of transportation, O'Hare horror stories, and of taking the train and seeing the country. Rosleen Love was given plaudits for having come the farthest, from Australia. Many people played the "when was the last time I saw you?" game. It was also a chance to find out about A Room of One's Own, and the role it plays in the Madison feminist community. "I've never seen so many men in the store at one time" one bystander was heard to say.

Afterwards, all headed across the street to the Angelic brewpub for microbrew beer and Madison food, where conversation ranged from the Hindu water ballet channel to the magazine Hermetic Garage. A menu from the event, signed by all in attendance, will be offered for auction on Saturday night. The crowd trickled back to the Concourse in small, happy knots, amazed to realize that there were four more full days of this sort of thing in front of them.



**Welcome to the Future. It's just starting now**  
By Tom Becker

I'm flying in from Milwaukee on a small Beechcraft turboprop number. The crew left the door to the cockpit open, so I can look out the front. Cool. As we glide in past the Capitol, I can see a large new structure on the lake shore. They're building the convention center! When Frank Lloyd Wright designed it, it was too futuristic for the city fathers. Now the future has finally arrived in Madison. Of course, it's not as shocking as it used to be: by now, the pre-post-modern is charmingly retro. I just hope the roof doesn't leak.

**Discuss Feminism With 800 Of Your Closest Friends!**

I got stuck in the lobby of the Concourse. Here it is, the night before the con officially starts, and the authors and artists and fanish friends keep coming in the door faster than I can say hello to them. A lot of us like the small, personal conventions: it's so much easier to meet and talk with people when you're with a small group of like-minded friends. But what do you do when the lobby, on Thursday night before the con, could be a small friendly con on its own? The real convention is still revving up! I guess I'm just going to have to wallow in it.

**Only In Madison, Part 358**

We went to get a cup of coffee at Espresso Royale, right around the corner on State Street. The barista notices Spike's T-shirt and asks "Oh, who did win the Tiptree this year?" We explained about the two Elizabeths, and she related how she is an editor on *Feminist Voices*, and they did a feature on the Tiptree Award. As far as I'm concerned, this place is part of the con.

**VEGETARIAN RESTAURANTS (Within Walking Distance)**  
By Ian K. Hagemann

I ran into Jane Hawkins, Andy Hooper, and Steve Swartz shortly after spending money in the bookstores on Infomaniac's Row on Thursday afternoon. The two Madisonians (Steve and Andy) recommended Nepal (through the offices of the Himal Chuli restaurant) as a good place to go for lunch since I'm vegetarian, and the four of us went there. It was a tiny place and might not be big enough for groups over four, but I had the mamochas (dumplings stuffed with tomatoes and cilantro) on Andy's recommendation and they were great. As they munched their saag, Andy and Steve suggested that I do a newszine article on veggie food within walking distance and I agreed, so Steve drew me a map on a napkin and I went out to look at the menus while walking back down Infomaniac's Row on my way to spend money on vinyl.

If you've already spent too much money during your stay, you can go left from the hotel; Miller's Market will be on the corner when you get to State Street. Miller's Market had better prices on sandwiches than anybody else I noticed, and any store that smells like chocolate can't be that bad. One block further down State Street is Triangle Market, which I only know about from the State Street brochure I got from the Concourse lobby. One block even further down is the Stop & Shop Grocery, which had enough food that you could make your own sandwiches, cereal, and such from scratch. However, I suggest that you try Miller's Market and Triangle Market first, as the bookstores and record stores you'll pass on State Street are dangerous.

On the other hand, you may not want to go to State Street at all: turning right as you exit the hotel, turning right again on Pinckney Street, and turning left down North Hamilton Street as you reach the square, will eventually bring you to the Horn of Africa and China Moon/Golden Dragon gastrocomplex. Horn of Africa isn't the best Ethiopian food Steve's ever had, but he thought it would be a good place for vegetarians and it had a positive review in the window; I've personally never been disappointed with that cuisine, and \$8.50 for a mixed veggie dinner is about what I'd pay for Ethiopian in Seattle [Ed's note: Ah! the Kokeb! Delight of hungry Clarion West Students.]

I went into China Moon/Golden Dragon on my own because Chinese



restaurants usually have veggie options; this was no exception and had a lot of room for big parties and would set the vegetarians back between \$5 and \$6.

If you're in a hurry, you could also go left from the hotel and then turn right on Fairchild once you get to State Street. Good Life Café is one block away from State on Fairchild: I had one of their medium salads for dinner on Wednesday night and got a good amount of healthy food for the \$3 I spent. Best of all, they were almost entirely empty, as most of their customers are in the lunch rush, so they might be able to seat a large group. Those folks who wanna be almost like reg'lar folks every now and then can find \$4 veggie burgers and beer on tap in Dottie's Dumplings Dowry, Ltd. on the right side of Fairchild, but be warned, this is another place which also tends to become unglued when confronted with large groups.

Further down the far side of State street on the corner of State and Henry is Radical Rye, which had a bit more room than Dottie's and better prices on their veggie burgers but no fries. Their prices were quite reasonable, and some local fans have recommended it to me. Even further down was Ella's Deli, which should be able to seat groups of six or so (and more along the counter if it's open) and features good old American food with a fair amount of vegetarian entrees.



### Friday Night Notes

People come to us, they ask, "When is the Con Suite open?" We scratch our heads and rifle our registration packets — nope, it's not there. Ops sends us word that the con suite will be open from 5 PM this evening until well after midnight — but the staff have to sleep sometime, so don't plan on spending the night in there! By law, Con suites have to be closed for a brief period ever morning, to allow the dangerous accumulation of gases given off by broccoli stems on the veggie plates to be vented into special hazardous waste trucks.

### Con Suite Hours:

Friday: 5 PM to 3 am  
Saturday: 9 am to 3 am  
Sunday: 9 am to 3 am  
Monday: 9 am to 5 PM

### Safety monitor Spike says:

"Have you looked at the schedule? There are 240 programs and all programs

will run on time." Programs need to finish ten minutes before the hour to allow time for people to get to the next panel. If you would like to continue an especially interesting discussion, you are encouraged to go to the Con Suite (on the 6th floor), the hotel Bar or Bistro Lounge, or the Spontaneous Programming room (2nd floor, Conference Room 1) if it isn't already booked.

### Woman Writers You've Probably Never Heard Of:

This year we're going to try something new. Suggestions of great unrecognized woman SF&F writers are being collected ahead of time, so we can have a printed list available at the panel (# 226) on Monday. Bring those scraps of paper to the Green Room (623). Thanks!

### Come to Opening Ceremonies!

Opening Ceremonies isn't just about watching the local fans make fools of themselves on stage — well, not *just*. It's also your best opportunity to have all of the dozens of writers, artists and editors at this convention introduced to you by name — which makes it much easier to ask questions, get books signed, strike up a conversation, than if you to say, "Hey you, sign my book."

### Who ARE these people?

If you see fans roaming the convention sporting tiny pins reading "DON'T BLAME ME," you're looking at the convention chairpersons of WisCons past. Many of them will sport only one such badge of honor, but a few have multiple conventions to their credit. Georgie Schnobrich, when presented with her single pin, remarked, "Some of us learned from our experience... others did it again." Diane Martin, given two pins for WisCons 5 and 7, said, "See, I got two pins! Now I need some epaulets." If you see one of these hapless souls in the hallway... why not try to talk them into volunteering for something? After all, they've done it before and survived.

### Secret Blog Recipe Revealed

Recent research has discovered the once jealously-guarded key to Minneapolis fandom's hegemony over the number 1973. The proportions recommended in "The Cooper document" are as follows: 4 quarts of ginger-ale, one 12 ounce can of frozen orange juice, one 12 ounce can of frozen lemonade, one 12 ounce can of frozen limeade, 6-12 ounces of vodka and 6+ ounces of grenadine, plus ice. Should be made in a bucket, but waste baskets have been known to be pressed into service.

The question remains, however: is this the true and legitimate Minicon Blog

recipe? Can it be that the drink which supposedly consumed the entire reserve of limeade in the twin cities area every Easter weekend for 30 years used just one can of the precious green nectar? Blogologists suspect that this so-called recipe is nothing but a deliberate act of disinformation, and that the true Blog recipe remains under lock and key in a special bunker deep beneath the U.S. Army's Dugway proving grounds.

If you decide to try mixing up a batch at one of this weekend's parties, let us know what results you have. When you feel better, that is.

### From the Fannish Lexicon:

#### NEOFAN:

A new, inexperienced or unknowledgeable fan. Not necessarily a pejorative in fanzine fandom, although some people appear to think so or act as if they did. The neofan, however, is the only source of future potential BNFs. In Bjo Trimble's classic "The Littlest Neofan", the Littlest Neo cannot compete with the writing/drawing prowess of older, more experienced fanzine fans, nor can he equal their abilities in the mechanics of publishing, but the gift he brings to anything he does is ultimately shown to be one which fandom cannot long survive without—the sense of wonder. (by rich brown)

If this is your first convention or experience with fandom, relax! Have a good time! Everyone here is united by their affection for and fascination with the fantastic, in literature, movies, art, and probably a dozen other media. That's a great way to start a conversation, but don't think you have to stop there — one thing that unites all fans is that they're curious about everything, even — dare we admit it? — including things that have nothing to do with science fiction or fantasy. And remember, even those mysterious "BNFs" (Big Name Fans) were all neofans once!





## About the Title: by Andy Hooper

It's possible, if not likely, that many people in attendance at WisCon 20 have never heard of James Tiptree Jr., and many of those who have heard of her have never had the opportunity to read her work. Tiptree was a pseudonym chosen from the label of a jar of marmalade by Alice B. Sheldon (1915 - 1987), a straw man who delivered Sheldon's brilliant, muscular, terrifying fiction, one of the most important bodies of work in the history of science fiction, to the world. Sheldon's work quite overwhelms the expectations of the genre, in fact, and marks her as one of the best writers of the seventies in any field of literature.

For five years now, Alice Sheldon's famous alter-ego has lent his/her name to an annual award presented to the author of the best work of speculative fiction with a gender-related theme, a tradition which we're proud to uphold again at WisCon 20. In previous years, WisCon has presented a newsletter both during and in advertisement of the convention under the title "The Mad Moose Gazette," an affable comedy which allowed the perpetration of many moose-related cartoons and puns over the years. While the MMG was a lot of fun, it was decided that such a gala event as this year's convention deserved a name that had more to do with what the gathering is all about. On the other hand, Madison fandom is still unable to leave behind its sad affection for that lowliest form of humor, the pun. And so, you hold in your hand *A Momentary Taste of WisCon*, named in echo of Tiptree's powerful novella "A Momentary Taste of Being."

While researching Tiptree's stories to help me pick the titles for this fanzine, I was struck again by how powerfully they affect me, a decade or more after my first reading. Tiptree writes of great human and natural constants, sex and sexuality, dying and death, without pity or condescension. Hers is not the work of a young writer who might have seen the attractions and terrors of love, but not yet felt the inevitable approach of the end. Alice Sheldon wrote to us with the full voices of the classic triune femininity of myth, the energy and delight of wild youth in the glammers of the world, the satisfactions of motherhood and renewal, and the secret knowledge of the wise woman. At the time when she wrote her best stories, the world was trying to open its eyes to the words of many wild, renewed, and wise women who had not had a voice in our culture for some time: Alice Sheldon, far from being some half-theorized "sensitive" male with a particular gift for writing the feminine point of view, was our Science Fiction Gullah Grandmother, reminding us of what lay in our path as we took our first steps out of the nursery, gifting us with all the old names, charms, curses, cures and songs that help us make our way down the dark corridor into

which she must go before.

"A Momentary Taste of Being" is classic "hard" SF. It is concerned with a desperate attempt at space exploration in advance of colonization, a ship launched from a dying Earth. Mankind senses the approach of its end, and struggles to spread itself into space, surviving, seeding itself; but even the most dedicated and energetic of the explorers seem a little neurotic in the face of their dire future. At the moment the story begins, the explorers have been confronted with the discovery of a planet remarkable in its beauty and clemency of environment. The medical-officer protagonist waits for his sister (curiously, these are the only siblings mentioned among the crew), who has piloted a scout-ship back from a distant planet-fall by herself, to be released from quarantine. But uncomfortable questions must be asked: Why is she alone? What is the strange, sessile alien in the cargo-hold of the scout, and why have the doors to the hold been welded shut? Why have so many of the computer records created by the scout team been destroyed by a software error?

And these are not the only problems faced by the ship's doctor. A brain-injured crewman is seen floating through the ship, although security monitors indicate otherwise, and is once found near the open hatch of the scout holding the alien plant. Odd surges of emotion sweep through the crew, in anticipation of the successful exploration of the planet, and the sending of the "green" signal, which will signal to the Earth that colonization is possible. And then there is the matter of his own dreams, full of nearly comical excesses of sexual terror and guilt, an indication of an essentially maladroit nature that will ironically come to save his life. He feels the danger which the alien "plant" poses to humans much more deeply than the strange attraction it comes to exert on nearly everyone else.

Tiptree's characterizations are remarkably intricate and deep, aided by the heightened insight of her protagonist, who is trained to see the weaknesses and hidden venality of his colleagues. Elaborate protocols have been established to safeguard the mission and prevent premature activation of the green signal: these are trampled on with the flimsiest of political pretense, and the ship is committed to a course leading to orbit with the dream planet. With those issues suddenly resolved, there remains only the issue of the alien in the hold.

The climax of the story may strike many readers as almost surreal; after page after page of restraint and slow development, events descend suddenly into chaos as the crew make contact with the alien. Tiptree makes the point that the unstoppable need to procreate ourselves, which drove us into space in the first place, might have the effect of destroying our species as well or at least transforming it beyond recognition, should we be unlucky enough to encounter

other beings in our travels. Tiptree seems to take a kind of pop-eyed pleasure at the hoisting of mankind upon its own rampant genetic petard; far from being gloomy or parsimonious in her approach to wonder, as many casual critics have asserted, there is a gleeful excess of energy to most of what Tiptree wrote: while we are deeply disturbed, or may even despair in the face of the story's underlying themes, she still propels us forward with surprising inventions and contours of the plot.

This theme, the sexual snaring of humanity is one which Sheldon/Tiptree returned to several times at the height of her productivity. I'll consider a story with a similar premise, but radically different execution, in our next issue, along with some of the things we now know about her long and remarkable life.



Excerpt from Janus Vol. 4, No.1, which doubled as the Wiscon 2 Program book:  
**WILL THE REAL JAMES TIPTREE JR. PLEASE STAND UP?**

The event will actually be a re-run of a similar production done as a MadSTF group meeting last November. At that time, four pretenders to the name of James Tiptree Jr. (two women, one man and a cardboard cat) were grilled by a panel of five keen-eyed, critical cross-examiners. Each contestant was asked question after question testing his or her knowledge of the titles, story-lines, and chronology of Tiptree's (until recently) less public life.

The style of this discussion turned out to be a uniquely appropriate one for the discussion of (or introduction to) the writing of James Tiptree Jr., who was unveiled earlier this year as being not quite the person most people would have guessed. For so many years Tiptree has remained a mysterious figure, and now the works of this author are being re-examined from the point of view that the recent revelation has suggested. Following the presentation, you might wish to discuss the ideas and stories of this incredible author in more depth with others, for certainly the implications are exciting.

As for the person who will actually stand up when the final question is posed by the intrepid announcer, "Will the real James Tiptree Jr. Please stand up?", it might be interesting to keep your eyes on the audience rather than the fakers on stage, just in case. . . . However, if the miraculous does not occur, I'll put my bet on the contestant who wowed the questioners in November - the orange cat.



## Restaurant Retrospective By Jae Leslie Adams

Fire consumed the historic Hotel Washington in March, and so we can no longer recommend that you try the Café Palms, one of the half-dozen businesses that had been there. This reminds us of all the other downtown eateries we'd like to send you to but can't as they are no longer there. These absences are palpable to us locals, because the typical practice of Madisonians (as others have noted) is to locate all landmarks by referring to adjacent businesses and structures that no longer exist. Thus it seems important to us that if you decide on an upscale dinner at DEB & LOLA'S, you should know that the location previously harbored a cheap Tex-mex place, ZARITA'S, next to where the dirty bookstore used to be.

Before 1970 the only Mexican restaurant between Milwaukee and Minneapolis (and we don't know for a fact whether there were any in Minneapolis) was PACO'S, at the head of State Street. They served secret formula margaritas either straight up, or on the rocks, and if you insisted the bartender would put them in the blender: but under no circumstances would he serve anyone more than five.

The best Saturday morning breakfast would have been at SPUDNUT'S, way down State Street, now utterly changed to an excellent Middle Eastern restaurant, HUSNU'S. Old-fashioned breakfast and counter service was also not so far off at BROWN'S café on Gilman, just off State, but that's long since become a pizza joint—the first ROCKY ROCOCO'S. (It too is long gone) Lunch counter service was available right around the corner on the Capitol Square, for that matter, at locations that are now an historical museum and the empty Woolworth building.

THE PAD on Gilman was always best for submarine sandwiches, and big kosher dill pickles, all night into the small hours too. That place went back to like the fifties, man. The other cool thing to do really late (after bartime) was to go to the donut factory. This would involve a trip of a couple miles over to Regent Street. For a while there were two donut factories on the same block, and for a brief delirious time a third across the street. Fresh hot donuts at three a.m., chosen as they cooled from the racks, and a field trip thrown in to observe the bakers at work.

DOTTY DUMPLINGS used to be way over there on Regent too. Fortunately now it has moved to its present convenient spot just off State Street and still has the best burgers around. Its collection of weird stuff to look at is not quite so dusty as it was before the move either. Check out the Midget Wolgast-Battling Nelson prize fight poster, while you wait for your pricey but peerless sandwiches

to arrive. There aren't nearly as many Italian restaurants on State Street as there used to be, but GINO'S still serves a fine house salad. And ELLA'S DELI is still there in the middle of State Street too, especially good for late night grilled pound cake hot fudge sundaes, or in case of dill pickle emergencies. They also do the greasiest, most diner-like breakfast within easy walking distance of the Concourse, especially since THE FLAMINGO ROOM closed its doors forever.

(Still to come: RESTAURANTS NOT LONG AFTER: Places you'll be able to eat at Wiscon 40)

## An Out of Towner's Guide to Infomaniac's Row By Ian K. Hagemann

There are over a dozen book and record stores within easy walking distance of WisCon on State Street, which is about two blocks to the left as one exits the Concourse Hotel. Turning right on State Street and proceeding on the left (south) side of the street will take one to Johnson Street, site of Madison's local feminist bookstore (A Room of One's Own). I visited them in hopes of getting one of Avedon Carol's books but I didn't see it. Instead, I looked longingly at books by Angela Davis, Nikki Giovanni, bell hooks, and June Jordan (among others) but bought a refrigerator magnet instead. It just seems wrong to go to a feminist convention without supporting the local feminist bookstore, and I encourage everybody to drop by.

Returning to State and continuing west towards the University (and away from the Capitol), I ran across Vibes Music but they didn't have much vinyl and I still don't have a CD player. Next door is Pegasus Games, managed by Madison fan Bill Bodden who I know from the Men's Apa, edited by Luke McGuff for a couple years in the early '90s. Just past Pegasus and to the left down Gorham street is a bookstore seeling new titles (Canterbury Books), but I couldn't find their SF section in the short time I spent there and do not recommend it. [Ed's note - It does feature good coffee and sinful desserts) However, you could pass it by and turn right on Broom Street to cover a few info huts not right on State. On Broom, you will run into McDermott's Books, which had an adequate selection of SF hardcovers and paperbacks. Next to McDermott's was Crazy Jack's, which didn't have any vinyl except in dollar bins. However, Crazy Jack's did have a pretty good selection of imported live recordings which I hadn't ever heard of before. I don't think that Big Music Incorporated (or some other group with those initials) knows of these perhaps unauthorized recordings either....

The next block of State was the most

dangerous one for me, as it contained the two really good vinyl stores. Sugar Shack Record Racks was the first one, and it has a wide selection of vinyl cutouts and numerous used records (all of which appeared to be in very good shape). In fact, I put everything on hold before looking at Plush down the block

Fortunately (?) the used section at Plush was being rebuilt and I wasn't further tempted there and I returned to Sugar shack buy Sister Souljah's album and the soundtrack to *Bladerunner* and put everything else on hold pending my return to Seattle and confirmation that I would not be purchasing duplicates. However, it may not be worth the while of non-vinylphiles to go past Broom, as the only other info store that far south is Paul's Books, which had very few SF books. Then again, I didn't take good notes about how far west Discount Records or CD Exchange were, as neither had any vinyl (oops!). The Exclusive Company, on the block of State past Gilman St., had very good prices for new music and some new vinyl (but the discounts are less for credit card sales). Next door is Pic-a-Book, a magazine store with a pretty good comic store in the basement (The emblem on their bags was originally designed by WisCon chair Jeanne Gomoll, who let them have it for free, over ten years and millions of bags ago). My local comic store is going out of business, so I picked up *Love and Rockets* #50, *Cages* #9, *Lost Girls* #2, *A Distant Soil* #12, and *Naughty Bits* #19.

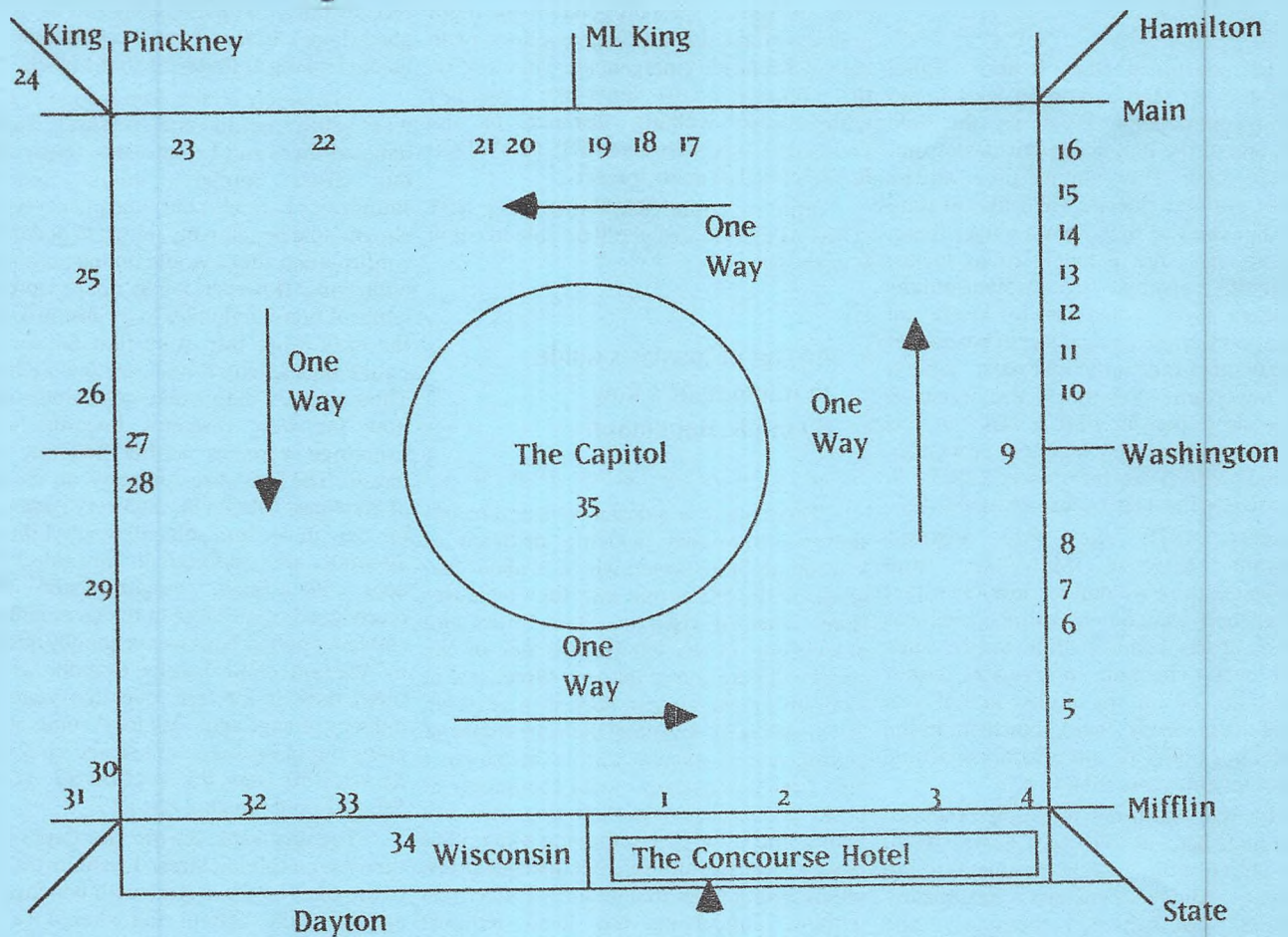
Turning back toward the Capitol, and then left on Gilman Street, I went up the stairs to the Cat's Meow, a store with bondage gear and a friendly, helpful staff where I was very pleased to get the book which reprinted the first three issues of Answer Me!, a Washington magazine which was recently suppressed as pornography. Just a few doors further along Gilman was Avol's books, which probably had the best selection of SF in town: I bought Ursula Le Guin's *Altered I*, Emily Devenport's *Eggheads*, and (a reader copy of) Vonda N. McIntyre's *Fireflood and Other Stories*. Back on the North side of State Street, B-Side records had no vinyl, but I soon came across More Books, a store affiliated with Avol where I bought Norman Spinrad's *Modern Science Fiction*.

Near the top of State St., I ran across Bookworks, which had a passable selection of hardcovers and a good number of paperbacks in the basement; I bought Karen Joy Fowler's *Artificial Things*, (a reader copy of) Norman Spinrad's *Bug Jack Baron*, and James Tiptree Jr.'s *Warm Worlds & Otherwise*, and would rate them the second-best SF store in town. At the top of State Street and around the corner to the left is Shakespeare's books, which claims to be the biggest bookstore in town; it also has a "working class history" section in the front, but it's SF section didn't seem any better than the other stores. Of course, your mileage may vary.

MORE MAD CITY ATTRACTIONS



# Olivia Picklejar's Guide to the Farmer's Market



1. Shittake mushrooms (but look for morels)
2. **Coffee toffee**
3. **Stella's bakery.** Try a spicy cheese empanada or a rhubarb turnover, or just talk like a duck.
4. The most political of the political corners
5. **Bleu Mont dairy,** our favorite cheeses
6. Mad Baking, the Madison Bagel bakery
7. Homemade doughnuts
8. Cheesecake. Bring some back to share
9. Our second favorite Honey (and a real beehive when it's warm enough).
10. Our favorite **smoked trout** vendor
11. Nature's Bakery Organic baked goods
12. **James J. chocolates**
13. Fantome goat cheeses and spreads
14. **Renaissance Farm pesto.** Little jars to travel well
15. Out of our gourd -- peppers and chili oil (and free samples). Hot!!!
16. Oak House bakery. There are crowds, but it's not our favorite. More sugar than taste.
17. Summer Kitchen jams& jellies. Alphabetical order.
18. **RP's Pasta.** There are lots of cool kinds.
19. Forgotten Valley. The second best cheese
20. **Maple Syrup.** Try the grade A dark, or grade B for real flavor
21. **Honey,** our favorite (Marsden's)
22. **Gryphon Gardens,** was Alyce's Herbs, good stuff
23. Bring a cactus home from Wisconsin?
24. **Ancora Coffee Roasters.** A few doors down the block, but the best coffee at the market
25. **Real Popcorn.** Try some of the black.
26. Venison. It's Bambi! (Thumper's at another stand)
27. Berries, berrie plants, and juices.
28. Longhorn sausage from Wisconsin? Honest...
29. The best pies are from the Amish
30. **Buffalo. Sausage, meats, jerky.** The best.
31. **L'Etoile's croissants.** Have these and you'll decide you **can** afford to go there for dinner. Our pick of the market for baked goods. Worth crossing the street.
32. Yarn. Fresh from Wisconsin.
33. **Harmony Valley Farm.** We get 37 boxes of vegetables from them a year. We like them.
34. **Breadsmith.** Fresh excellent breads.
35. If you can, walk through the Capitol. the dome is gorgeous.



Created by Ariel

