



Walking along, looking for signs of spring.
Photo by Scott Custis

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This is **Madison Foursquare #78**. *Madison Foursquare* was
created using a Mac Pro with
InDesign, Illustrator and Photoshop, all CC 2022,
and printed on a Ricoh Aficio CL7200 color printer.
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April 2023 for *Turbo-Charged Party Animal #442*.

Covers

[SC] As a long time Madison resident, I'd heard the Elvis story before from somewhere, but I did not know there was a plaque. I also did not realize this happened so shortly before he died. The story of iodized salt was interesting to any of us who spend time reading old "classic" novels and ever wondered whatever happened to goiter, which was once common. This is a long way of saying, nice covers **Luke**.

[JG] I was already living here in Madison when Elvis broke up the fight on East Washington. I am wondering now how I managed to miss hearing about it at the time.... I actually knew about goiter, iodized salt, and the UW connection. I think about that every time we pick up a container of salt at Woodmans and make sure that we get the iodized version. Cool covers. Your zines and covers might all be subtitled, "Hidden Bits of Madison."

Lisa Freitag

[SC] Cool news about your 45,000-word fanfic project. Where will you be sharing it? (Yes, I re-read everyone's colophons every month.)

I get the frustration you expressed in your "Economic Generation Gap" essay. The world today is very different from the one we inherited 50 years ago. Much of that change is for the worse and, I believe, the result of a long series of abysmal political choices we've made over time along with the raw fact that the "American capitalist equation" has always meant there must be winners and losers. The number of losers is growing. That is by design by a shrinking class of richer and richer winners. I don't feel like a winner. I feel like a person who made the best choices I could and, with a bit of luck, ended up just okay. Plenty of other people, as you pointed out, will not have the option to make some of the choices I had. I have long supported change. Every election I vote for change that would level the playing field for more people. Our leaders have often been weak and feckless and the voting public tend to be stupid, stubborn and distracted. We have been going down a bad road for a long while. I expect we will be on this road a long while yet.

As always, your comments were a pleasure to read. As I write this, I'm looking forward to seeing you and Greg soon at Minicon.

[JG] I agree, partially, with your essay on people's perception of wealth and poverty and how, for many if not most people, people don't feel assured that they earn or have saved enough money. The part of your essay that I disagree with is the idea that most people have deliberately abandoned the next generation. One of the big differences between expectations for parents while I was growing up, compared to parents nowadays, is that today there is much more pressure on parents to assume responsibility for their kids' post-high school educational expenses. Of course, college fees are far more expensive now than they used to be, so much so that it seems impossible for most kids, unassisted, to pay for their own degrees, as I did, with part-time jobs and a few loans. So, I am not surprised that more parents step up and try to help their kids. I am stunned sometimes, however, to hear people criticizing parents for not having saved enough, or not being willing to make big enough sacrifices to pay for their kids' college. The language of expectations seems on the same order as the basic one: that parents are responsible for feeding and sheltering their children. So, if anything, the opposite of abandonment has taken place: parents' responsibilities have been expanded as employers tend their profit, and government consolidates power.

As for the scarcity of good jobs with security, health insurance, and pensions ... I do not think this is so much evidence of abandonment of the younger generation as it is the abandonment of the entire working class, young and old...which (sometimes) justifiably feeds the insecurity felt by those who worry about whether they earn or have saved enough.

Greg Rihn

[SC] So sorry to read about **Georgie's** fall. Best wishes on her recovery.

Re your comment to me (#439), thank you for the clarification of "casino." This all makes sense, though I have not seen the word used in that way before. They're currently busily converting the old "Visions" building into a small neighborhood grocery store.

Re your comment to Jeanne (#439), we have often stopped in to visit Dr. Evermore's Sculpture Park on our way to or from Baraboo or Devils Lake State Park. We have occasionally shared it with out-of-town guests. It's an easy trip out there for us.

We have been watching *The Empress* which features interesting actors and lush production values. Makes an interesting companion series to *Marie Antoinette*.

We went to see the mildly entertaining, predictably fictionalized movie *The Lost King* about the successful effort to find the body of King Richard III. I think the thing that surprised me the most was how Shakespeare's view of Richard III as an utter villain has stubbornly held sway in academic circles right up to recent times, despite evidence that he wasn't necessarily that bad of a person or king. There are actually Richard III fan clubs around the world.

[JG] Interesting stuff about the Wikipedia- and Fancyclopedia-ization of WisCon history. One of the things about my memoir that gratifies me, is that my own opinions and story will eventually be entered into the historical record.

Elizabeth Matson

[SC] Your zine is sublime, as always.

I thought of you while reading an article about a new version of the musical *Camelot*. It's being written by Aaron Sorkin and he said something I wanted to share, "The greatest delivery system for an idea ever invented is a story."

Congratulations to Nick the Greyhound. I'm sure he took the accolade in regal stride, perhaps wondering if it came with something nice to eat (apparently not!)

I hope apa members are able to see the Joshua Tree hat photos you posted on FB. The details come through better in those photos than the ones in the apa. It's really an interesting design.

Congrats to you on joining a gym and doing some dance exercise. I'm as graceless and clumsy a dancer as you could image, so it's not a path I'd choose for myself. I'd always assumed you would be a devoted yoga practitioner. I'm still resisting returning to the gym. I'm leaning towards dropping it and coming up with a routine on my own.

I was disappointed that *Three Thousand Years of Longing* did not get nominated for any Oscars. I thought it would make a good candidate at least for Adapted Screenplay or Costume Design.

Lovely review of *Becoming Kin*, but now you and **Luke** have me tempted to read *Braiding Sweetgrass*.

Re your comment to me, I'm totally in sync with you about typing with my thumbs on my phone or iPad. I never do it. If I can't stab it out with an index finger, the message will never get written. I use my iPad for reading, not writing. Like you, I do my writing on my laptop and, in my case, nearly always at home. I don't much like writing in public places. It's too hard to concentrate and I'm too easily distracted.

[JG] Of course I also love the Sorkin quote Scott mentioned above, and am very eager to see Sorkin's version of *Camelot*. That musical launched my fascination with the genre when I was maybe nine years old, a couple years after the play opened in 1958. My family was vacationing Up North, staying in a lakeshore cabin, and the day was rainy and overcast. So, I listened to the radio for Something To Do. It must have been a public broadcasting station, because they played the entire Broadway recording of *Camelot*, with Richard Burton as Arthur, Julie Andrews as Guenevere, Robert Goulet as Lancelot, and Roddy McDowell as Mordred. I was entranced. The experience reminds me of my first hearing of *Hamilton*, in that both stories unfolded entirely in my imagination from the words in the songs. Partway through the show, my brother Rick walked into the room and was also caught by the music and the story. Both of us had recently read T.H. White's *The Once and Future King*. When we got home, we begged our parents to buy the LP of the Broadway recording and I listened to it hundreds of times. Since then, I saw the movie version over and over again, and I also became a huge fan of Aaron Sorkin's witty dialog and political insight. I can't wait to see that play and Sorkin's skills combined. It seems like it might be the perfect play (autocracy vs. democracy) for this time in history. I'd love to see the show in New York City.

Just so you know, my imagination rather took off imagining some fantastical national park hats. Possibly some of them would be more at home in Versailles, worn by Marie Antoinette and other ladies. And possibly they would be extremely difficult to construct with yarn.

Carrie Root

[SC] Congratulations on the new grandson!

Re Moms, my Mom passed away in 1983, when I was 26. I adored her, she was my best friend and I still miss her. Jeanne never got to meet her. I have three photos of her in front of me on my desk.

I never thought there would be any connection between Turkey, the country, and turkey, the bird. I always thought Turkey was probably an Anglicized spelling of a Turkish word that sounded like turkey (wasn't Pat saying something about learning something new in every apa?)

Nice photos. Very few flowers out here so far, he grumbled.

Re your comment to **Steven J.**, I know someone in Iowa who is doing Ketamine treatment and has had very good luck with it. He says the treatments knock him pretty far out there, but it's definitely helping. Kind of surprising that Iowa allows it, considering how tough of a stance they've taken against marijuana.

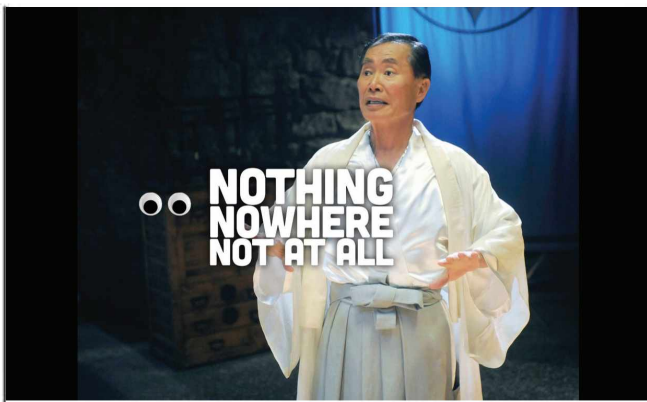
[JG] *The Language of Food* sounds like a fascinating book. I may have to look for that one. Thanks!

Wow, your community lap pool sounds very crowded. I guess I didn't realize how lucky I was. Well, even luckier in 2022 when I went back to swimming at the Y, when Covid continued to keep most people away and the pool was sparsely populated. But even now, the YMCA pool is divided into ten lanes, two of which are reserved for kids and adults doing exercises, not lap swimming. The other eight lanes are wide enough for two people to swim, but at least in the middle of the day when I swim, I rarely have to share a lane with anyone. When I do, one of us takes one side and the other takes the other side, no circle laps. Lanes number one and two are both designated as "solo lanes," and are of course most coveted. There are no lanes designated as fast or slow; though when it's crowded enough to require shared lanes, I always avoid the lanes with guys doing the breast stroke, as I will either get hit whenever we pass one another or they will feel obliged to change strokes.

I also loved Nicola Griffith's *Hild* and *Spear*. I'm eager to read *Hild*'s sequel, *Menewood*.

Andy Hooper

[SC] Re your comment to us on the Oscars, I don't get emotionally involved in the awards anymore. It's all entertainment to me. I liked that *Everything, Everywhere All at Once* won some awards, but I did not think it was the best of the year, or even the best of the best picture nominees. It's all good, though. I was not at all unhappy it won and I'm looking forward to streaming it again at home so I can better absorb all that it's throwing at me.



George Takei

I love my agent. He called to tell me I just landed an iconic supporting role in the planned sequel to *Everything Everywhere All At Once*! I've never gotten a chance to work with Michelle Yeoh, despite her extensive work in the *Star Trek* universe, so I am having a bit of a "nerdgasm" about it. The title and timing of the sequel isn't yet set, but I love the draft being kicked around: "Nothing, Nowhere, Not at All." Life continues to amaze me, even well into my eighties!

Timeline photos · Apr 1 · 🌟

George Takei posted this on April 1, 2023.

Although I am not a miniature wargamer, I like reading your articles about it because they are always chock full of interesting, and often rather obscure, historical details. I took all the world history classes my college offered, but you always write about stuff I never studied or barely touched on. Fascinating.

Don't you think it's about time we declared Jerry Kaufman an honorary *Turbo* member for so consistently submitting great LOCs to Captain Flashback? Maybe Lloyd Penney, too.

[JG] We actually did see *Triangle of Sadness* before the Academy Award show, but had little to say about it. I wasn't very impressed. But, you're right, we missed the *Top Gun* movie, on purpose actually since neither of us had bothered to see the prequel *Top Gun* movie. I was glad to see *Everything, Everywhere All at Once* win so many awards, but as always happens for me, I felt bad about the other excellent films that were skipped.

I am very attracted to your description of a summer *Turbo* party as a series of meals and games in various locations, plus a publishing project. Sounds really fun, actually.

Jeannie Bergmann

[SC] Scary story about the atrial fibrillation incident. I hope everything is going smoothly after making the necessary lifestyle adjustments.

I most enjoyed "The Ruined Sandcastle" and "Resistant to Treatment". Thanks.

[JG] I had been hoping you might have an interesting comment on how the horse-training character (OJ Haywood) leveraged his horse whispering skills to figure out how to avoid being killed by the alien. I suppose if you didn't notice the horse training aspect, it must not have been memorable or accurate.

I liked *all* of the very short stories in your zine. They read like a cross between short stories and poetry—so much world-building and characterization in a single paragraph! I assume that this is something you are particularly known for...or is this a commonly used format?

Jeanne Bowman

[SC] First you wanted me to do Art, now you want me to learn a foreign language. You're kind of demanding (yes, I took some French in high school, but that was 100 years ago and I can't be expected to remember it.) I saw that comment you wrote to me. With me, flattery will get you almost anywhere.

[JG] I remember wishing that I had someone to talk to about *Stranger in a Strange Land* when I read it in grade school. I envy you your sibling book club aboard the *Uluilakeba*! I imagine kids running across the deck shouting, "grok THIS!"

Walter Freitag

[JG] I also associate specific colors or color combinations with seasons. I love the very short period of time, just the first day or two after the leaves burst out in the spring for their exuberant luminous chartreuse-ness.

My opinions on Covid certainly place me squarely in group one. But I am quite open to the possibility that the origin of Covid may have been the result of error in the Wuhan labs if that's what the evidence shows. In fact, I have adjusted my understanding many times over the last couple years as the science around Covid has advanced. I think that is a big difference between the "sides" that you failed to mention. Most of the folks in group one, the science-positive team, know that we don't have all the answers yet. We understand that's how science works.

Jim Hudson & Diane Martin

[SC] Diane, sounds like you had a lovely trip to Chicagoland. I'm particularly envious of the shows you took in. You might be surprised to know that we

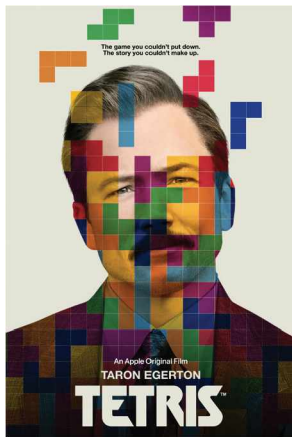
have yet to visit an IKEA. Someday. Best of luck to you on your health-care adventures this year.

On the book front, I strongly recommend *Lessons in Chemistry* by Bonnie Garmus. Very funny.

Stoughton Opera's option to live stream shows sounds like a game changer to me. Thanks for the information. One of my biggest issues with them is the risk of bad weather the night of a show. We may make use of this feature.

Lots of fine photos, but the one of Jim holding the antenna made me laugh. If he wasn't smiling, he'd look ready to zap the shit out of someone with that space gun.

[JG] Re your comment to **Jae**: Interesting info about winter battery loss. It has seemed to me that our hybrid Kia Niro got poorer mileage this winter, but now that it is warming up, the mileage has improved again. Now I wonder if seat warmers have a significant effect.



Mostly I simply observe rather than participate in conversations about computer programming like the one going on between you (**Jim**) and **Steve S** right now. But I'd like to interrupt momentarily to ask if either of you have seen the Apple+ movie, *Tetris*. It's a very entertaining movie that explores the true story behind the late

1980's legal battle that led to the classic video game, Tetris, becoming an international phenomenon. Henk Rogers makes multiple trips to the Soviet Union (where the game had been invented by Alexey Pajitnov), and overcomes financial, political, and business espionage obstacles, and even car chases and shoot-outs in Moscow—each time, “leveling up,” according to the movie's amusing format. Taron Egerton plays the role of Henk. You may remember him from his performance as Elton John in *Rocketman*. He's an impressive actor.

Re your comment to **Jeanne B**: Add kilt to the list of garments that are made of a single piece of fabric, pleated, folded, tucked, draped, and tied. I saw a YouTube demonstration of a guy preparing his kilt on a meadow and then lying on top of it and constructing it around his body. The person filming the demo was challenged by the fact that the Scot wore just a long shirt as he demonstrated the process, so the camera always had to avoid certain angles.

Steven Vincent Johnson

[SC] Thank you for sharing your experience so far with ChatGTP. I have been in deep denial that AI capability has really arrived and that I need to pay attention to it. I know that I won't be able to bury my head in the sand forever. I thought your article was clear and pretty calming.

[JG] You asked **Steve S** but maybe it was me that you remember telling you about a Michael session. While I was visiting friends in the Bay Area, Quinn invited me to one of them. I probably reported the session in my *Turbozine* way back whenever it was. I don't remember much, and as I think you know I wasn't won over. I was told that I was an old soul priest. One of my past lives was of a wealthy madam in Morocco. There was also something about the significance of Scott's and my relationship.

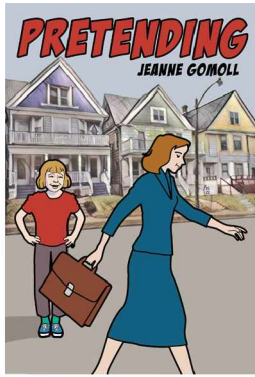
Luke McGuff

[SC] You have sure had a rough start to your new job. What a winter! I think we are all ready for spring, you more than anyone. Hang in there.

Congrats on the successful hand surgery.

I'm surprisingly stumped by your request for restaurant recommendations. Of course we have favorites, but lately we have not been eating out very much. We are still in Covid avoidance mode since we believe we caught Covid at dinner at Nick's on State St. We've mostly gone out to eat when we are meeting up with other people. When it's just the two of us, we've been getting takeout. Doing takeout has discouraged us from trying new places. We opt for takeout from places we already know just because takeout does not work well for all restaurant food (French fries, for instance, often turn mushy by the time you get them home.) Also, I find myself missing places that once were favorites that are gone now, like Paisan's, Eldorado and Lake Edge Seafood.

We often go to Takumi, near East Towne Mall, for sushi/Japanese. It's cozy, unpretentious and the food is good. If you want something swankier, try RED on West Washington. We have been going to Hong Kong Café on Mills and Regent for many years for Chinese. It's also a smallish place, and the food is familiar but good. I'd also recommend Lao Laan-Xang for Laotian, on Atwood Ave. next door to the Barrymore Theater.



Pretending Chapters

1. Memory and Invention
My memory is not a criminal enterprise. I don't keep two sets of books, one recording of what actually happened and another with the story I refashioned from the event. It's all jumbled together.
2. Adventures with Shelly
Two little girls traveled through space and time together and then went shopping.
3. Growing Up Catholic
I discovered loopholes in the Catholic scapular contract and was converted to atheism by my pastor.
4. The Striding Woman
I will never forget the day I saw the woman I wanted to be when I grew up.
5. My First Fannish Story
I wrote a letter and learned how to tell a story.
6. Music Challenged
I discovered stories inside the music.
7. Dad's Big Gamble
Dad quit one job and then took an enormous risk: he offered to do his dream job for free, in hopes that he'd be hired.
8. Mom, Me, and Discord
Sometimes a daughter's dreams conflict with a mother's expectations.
9. Barbie's Inferno
I melted Barbie (and almost burned down the house) in the Great Lincoln Log Conflagration.
10. Gifts of the Glacier
The glaciers littered the Midwest with a lot of heavy, inconvenient rocks.
11. Maze of Terror and Thrills
The habits worn by the nuns of St. Luke's didn't allow them to crawl through our corrugated cardboard maze at the Annual Spring Fair. Frank and I were counting on that.
12. Charmed Weeks
I played hooky from Charm School in favor of visiting a bookstore.
13. Nancy Drew Finds Out About Sex
My friend Leslie and I followed the clues to solve the biggest mystery of them all.
14. A Certain Very Attractive Tree
We don't understand some things about our bodies till years after we experience them.
15. Dream Job
The problem with my dream job was that I assumed everyone would want it. Did that mean it wasn't worth trying for it?

I wish you'd had better weather for Maple Syrup Fest. You and Julie rock for helping them out.

Re your comment to us, I've read Barb Jensen's *Reading Classes*. Good book.

Nice photos, you have a very busy refrigerator.

We also did a CSA box for a few years. It was incredibly convenient for us at the time. The distribution point was a neighbor's house just across the street and half a block away. We stopped when we got tired of not getting enough of what we wanted and too much stuff we didn't use. We eat vegetables regularly but we've gone back to buying all our veggies in the store or at a Farmer's Market.

[JG] I was delighted to learn that one of my favorite restaurants is opening up again after being closed for the Covid years—Umami Ramen & Dumpling Bar. I love their pork buns and the Ramen bowls are excellent.

Now that the weather has turned warm, at least temporarily, I am already missing Paisans, which used to be located in the building at 131 W. Wilson Street. I don't miss it so much for the food (I love their Garabaldi sandwiches, but I can still get those at Porta Bella), but for the marvelous terrace and patio that overlooked Lake Monona. It was heavenly to sit out there in the warm breezes with a glass of ice tea. *sigh* The building owners failed to keep up with repairs and the city finally condemned the place, forcing Paisans to close. Years ago, for a short time, the WisCon 20 committee meetings were held there, when it was called "The Library," and the walls were covered with bookshelves. That was before it became Paisans, probably sometime around 1996, because I remember looking at the TV over the bar and seeing the OJ Simpson Bronco being chased down the freeway.

Fancy, good restaurants: We both like Tornado Steak House; it's Scott's favorite steak restaurant, I think. Sardine is wonderful and we have not gone there for a long time. Maybe it's time. Heritage Tavern, yum. And Graze and L'Etoile, of course, which we tend to visit rarely and mostly for special occasions.

Beef Butter BBQ is one of our favorite BBQ places, and is a perfect choice for take-out, rather than dine-in eating. I like Sa-Bai Thong for Thai food. Tavernakaya is great for Japanese cuisine; during the pandemic they served Umami restaurant's menu (including the wonderful pork buns), since the two restaurants are owned by the same company.

I'm glad you read *The Overstory*. I thought you might like it.

I haven't read Barb's book, *Reading Classes*, though I really should. I love the way she thinks. She and I may have had conversations about what it is like for college-going kids from working class families.

I think that **Andy** has been a member of *Turbo* since it started, but I doubt that there is anyone who has had a zine in every distribution. I've joined in three separate incarnations (or zine titles) with varying hiatus lengths in between.

Now I'm wondering what happened with Jane's collection of vials containing kidney stones....

Re your comment to **Pat** on the topic of trivia contests. That's another topic I read about but rarely contribute stories because I am so bad at coming up with answers in a stressful situation. I usually blank out, but then later all

the answers I should have been able to shout out come back to me, too late. However, one time it was Different. The event will never happen again, but I will never forget. While I was visiting my brother Rick in the Bay Area, we visited my Aunt Donna and Uncle George and played a game of Trivial Pursuit with them. We played as teams: Rick and me vs. Donna and George. Rick and I played first, and because you get a free turn whenever you answer correctly, we kept playing...and playing...and playing...until we won. We lucked out on some really easy sports questions and were able to answer every question correctly. Donna and George never got to play. Aunt Donna frequently refers to the occasion, and she's still a little sore about it more than fifty years later.

Karl Hailman & Hope Kiefer

[SC] Climate change? I'm writing this comment on March 25, the day we got 10–12 inches of fresh snow in the early morning hours that was starting to disappear fast as the sun came out and the temperature shot up to 40 degrees by mid-afternoon. Weird weather. I think ice skating outside will be a hit or miss proposition most years going forward.

We missed seeing Dee Dee, we were at Minicon.

Re your comment to me on #437, and here I thought Griffin “welding” at Worldcon was a typo.

Re your comment to **Jim** and **Ruth** for #437, thanks for the tip on taking US 20 across Nebraska. I have done I-80 across enough times that I'm ready for something more “scenic.”

[JG] You mentioned that Alex is interested in conlang, constructed language. Would she be interested in Suzette Haden Elgin's Laadan? I can send you info about the dictionary that **Diane** and I edited a couple years ago.

Kim & Kathi Nash

[SC] Sorry to hear about the back problems, for both of you. Overdoing snow removal can really come back to haunt you later. Best wishes for a full recovery, Kathi.

Skipping WisCon seems like a sensible idea, but I expect that will leave them with no one selling used books.

[JG] If you would find it easier to read pdfs of our zine, it is available in this dropbox: <https://tinyurl.com/Turbozines>

This dropbox was actually created by **Jim H** soon after he took over OE duties in response to several people telling him that they'd like to read *Turbo* online. At present, Scott and I are the only ones who are posting zines there, but I encourage others to post their zines in this dropbox too, to help out Kim and other members who would like to read zines online. Each month I create a new folder for that month's *Turbo*.

Ruth & Jim Nichols

[SC] Ruth, I know you meant the improvement in the quality of the light we've been seeing lately. I agree, but since we've gone back on Daylight Savings Time, the change in the quantity of light has been dramatic, too. I know everyone always bitches about the time changes twice a year. I always looked forward to getting an extra hour of sleep in the fall, but

16. The Female Code and Fingernails
Potter's wheel work plays hell with well-tended fingernails.
17. Survival Skills
Dad's short-cuts saved lives.
18. Family Meeting!
Pregnant again. Mom?
19. Family Meetings, Dramatized
Script for a play presented in honor of Mom and Dad's anniversary
20. A Feisty Great-Grandmother
One hundred years ago she lied to her family in order to wrest a bit of freedom for herself.
21. JCT Ahead
I learned the crucial importance of paying attention to road signs, or else.
22. “X” Marks the Spot
I may be an atheist but I still hope for an afterlife which will reveal the thief who stole my notebooks!
23. Millennium Falcons, Ash Glaze & Dignity
It was a graduation ceremony to remember; all I wore was the gown and shoes, nothing more.
24. Pretending to Become
My life's philosophy was sparked to life by a frightened naked woman and a hornet.
25. Movie Heaven
In 1970 I was delighted to find out that Madison was movie heaven.
26. There's a Time for Us
A personal view of the 1970s anti-war movement in Madison
27. Expletives Deleted
Mom disapproved of profanities like “darn it.” But I finally learned how to swear sincerely.
28. Roommates
A roommate complained that my pencil made too much noise.
29. If It Can't Be Mapped, Geography Doesn't Study It
I had to choose between geography and literature.
30. Sin!
Her name was Cynthia, or Cyn for short, and she was my best friend.
31. Rape
It happened.
32. Numerophobia
My name is Jeanne Gomoll. I have a problem with numbers. It has been two weeks since the last time I really goofed up a number badly.
33. Teachers
At home, at school, in life, teachers point the way, and despite all that advise, I almost missed the embossed, formal invitation to my dream career.
34. Cancer Scare
Radiation kills. Well, we know that now.
35. FOMA
I borrowed Kurt Vonnegut's term for “harmless untruths” as the title of my first zine.

36. Finding Madstf
Finding the Madison SF group changed my life. We made fanzines, we were nominated for Hugo Awards. We started the world's first feminist SF convention. We made lifelong friendships.
37. Reading Women
It took me a while to kick the habit of attending classes. I eased into post-college years by starting a book discussion group.
38. My Brother Rick
He was a genius. Even though he was two years younger than me, he helped me with my math homework. We explored outer space from our basement starship consoles. He was my best friend.
39. Saved By the Time Machine
What would you do if a little green alien gave you a time machine that would temporarily freeze the rest of the world?
40. Getting Away from It All
Sometimes a dream world is preferable to real life.
41. Rick White
A passionate few weeks, followed by a summer of passionate correspondence, doesn't necessarily lead to a happy ending.
42. What Comes Next
I spend a lot of time thinking about endings, or rather, about how things should end.
43. WisCon 1
We invented the first feminist-focused SF convention in Madison, Wisconsin.
44. Westercon 30—Delectable Mountains
Sometimes networking means the process of creating a wide-spread, far-flung family.
45. Seeing America Through Bus Windows
We had no language in common, so we conversed on the pages of my sketchbook.
46. Banishing Men from A Women's Apa
Who would have guessed that the first women's apa would attract mansplainers and disapproving men?
47. Jan and Janus and Me
Jan and I created the first feminist SF fanzine, built a forum for women authors and fans, were nominated for Hugo Awards, but then divorced. It was exhilarating while it lasted!
48. Jane & Me & Ole
A feminist engineer, a feminist writer and artist, and an artist who loved feminists. It was a perfect, brief match.
49. The Invisible Frame
Who is the artist, the creator, the audience, the participant?
50. How I Became an East-Sider
There used to be a saying that the East Side of Madison was where the hippies went to die...or was it to grow up? Whichever, I found my hood.
51. Dogs and Cats
Cat-wrapping instructions
52. I Was a Sercon Spy for Madstf
A friendly rivalry between Minneapolis and Madison fandom inspired this imaginary story of revelation.

never much liked losing an hour in the spring. When I was working it seemed like the spring time change always happened on a cloudy, gray weekend and did not help much. The sun came back out after I went back to work. Now that I'm retired, I really notice the extra sunlight in the spring. It's great.

Time changes are less of a hassle for us these days. We have only four clocks that need to be changed, the stove, the microwave, the car and my watch (I still wear a watch.) I expect appliances will only get smarter and will change themselves eventually. The car should be smarter, it's got a computer onboard after all, and it reaches out to connect with our cell phones as soon as we start it up. My watch, well, I love my watch and I can live with it.

Congratulations to Nes. Nice photos of the party.

Jim, you had a rough time with the gastro-intestinal virus. Glad you got through that okay.

I think taking the train to Texas is a very civilized way to go. It's just an overnight, if I'm remembering correctly. AmTrak is moving to eliminate dining cars. I wonder if you will get to try out the "new" train food situation.

I thought of you guys when the Atwood Ave. construction got underway. You're right in the middle of it. Jeanne would normally drive through there most days to return from the pool. Now she has to detour. Construction is noisy, but it can be viewed as free entertainment. I love to watch other people work.

[JG] Congratulations to Nes. I love that he threw himself a freedom party.

What's New

Status of my books, *Pretending* and *Becoming*

[JG] I did a thorough proofreading of my memoir over the last couple months and got ready for the next step of my publishing plan: to submit the manuscripts to the Wisconsin State Historical Society Press. A friend who used to work there suggested they might be interested and indeed, their mission statement reads: "*The Wisconsin Historical Society connects people to the past by collecting, preserving, and sharing stories.*" My memoir certainly fits that description, since it is rooted in a life lived in Wisconsin, told in a series of stories, through more than 70 years. So, I downloaded the extensive and rather intimidating submission guidelines. It took me most of a weekend and fifteen pages to answer its many questions and write eight long essays. In the end, I was glad to have done the work. I think several parts of it will be useful to me in the future, especially the table of contents, for which I was instructed to include "a brief synopsis of each chapter." ("Shit," I said. Keep in mind that *Pretending* has 67 chapters; *Becoming* has 55 chapters.) I tried to make the synopsis short and catchy and, in the end, liked them well enough that I decided to include them in the book's manuscript. **(You can see the ToCs in the sidebars of these pages.)**

I breathed a sigh of relief and accomplishment. I showed my proposal to Scott who said it was actually entertaining to read, and was about to hit the "submit button" when I thought, "Hmmm. Maybe I should touch base one more

time with Timmi.” So, I sent an email to Aqueduct Press telling Timmi Duchamp that since I had not heard from her in a year, that I assumed that Aqueduct was not interested in publishing my books. I assured her that I completely understood, but that I wanted to let her know that I was about to submit the manuscript to another publishing house.

Timmi responded within the hour and asked me not to submit my memoir to WSH yet, that she was still interested but had not yet read my manuscript. She had a couple questions and so I sent her a copy of my WSH proposal, and suggested that reading my proposal might give her a better sense of whether or not my books would be a good fit for Aqueduct. That was April 3.

Moving the Garage

[JG] I think Scott already told you the beginning of this story, but to review: Last Fall we looked at the many huge patches of badly peeling paint on our garage, and decided that we needed to Do Something. Rather than re-paint, we decided to have our garage re-sided in vinyl, to match the siding on our house, which happily would never require re-painting. We called Joe, the siding guy, who came over and looked at our garage. “Sure, I can get to work on this in a couple weeks,” said Joe. We chatted a bit more and I pointed at the garage floor, which was crisscrossed with many cracks and a few enormous chasms. “And eventually, we’ll have a new concrete floor poured too.” Joe looked at me. Joe looked at Scott. Scott and I looked at Joe. What? Something was wrong.

“Um, I hate to tell you this,” said Joe. “But you need to deal with the floor first, before we re-side.” It turns out that the only way to pour a new slab in the garage would be to *lift up the whole garage*. The process of lifting the garage would inevitably adjust and straighten the sides of the garage, and that would be a Very Bad Thing for vinyl siding. So, with advice from Kurt, the engineer, and Dennis, the concrete guy, a new plan emerged. Step one: lift garage. Step two: bust up and remove old concrete floor. Step three: pour new concrete floor. Step four: set garage back down.

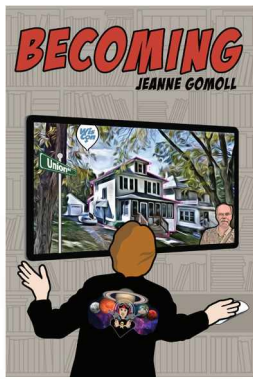
Then things got a little more complicated. We never repaired our asphalt driveway in all the years we’ve lived in our house, and as a result it looks like one would expect several years after the apocalypse. We had planned to eventually replace it with a concrete driveway. Since Dennis was going to pour a new slab for the garage, we decided to have him pour the whole driveway as well. It’s much cheaper to do it all at once. So, an additional step—step five: replace asphalt with concrete driveway.

Oh, and we decided to run an electrical line from the house to the garage. It’s never had electricity and we want lights, an electrical garage door opener, and a future option to plug in and recharge an electric car. That also required that we upgrade the electrical box in the basement. So, another additional step—step six: electrical hookups and upgrade.

Do you remember my woeful tales of Zeno’s bathroom, how everything took longer and cost more than expected? Well, Karma seems to be working in our favor this time. Everything on this garage job is going faster and costing less than expected! Prep work (bracing the garage walls) began on Monday, April 10, the day after Easter. The original plan had been to start work a week LATER on April 17. But our contractor got the dates mixed up and everyone decided to go with the earlier date. (In terms of weather, this week was more than fine,

53. Jokes and Poison Gas: Two Con Reports
Memories of particularly good conventions are sometimes laced with hallucinations.
54. Julie Leaves Home
My sister Julie’s motto was “Leap and a net will appear.” This is the story of her first leap.
55. DNR Job
I could hardly believe it. Someone wanted to pay me to do artwork. My big break.
56. Time Machine Paradox
What if you could punch in any four numbers to withdraw money from an ATM machine?
57. Getting Fixed
A tubal ligation is both a personal choice and a political act.
58. Early WisCons
Women SF authors flourished in the 70s and 80s, and we honored them at the world’s leading feminist SF convention. Some people called our convention “Pervertcon.”
59. Peter Theron
Lesson learned: Arch-conservatives aren’t a good match for me.
60. Getting in Shape
I became a jock. I took up biking, weight-lifting, and lap-swimming.
61. Rising Woman
Homophobia at the YWCA weightlifting gym.
62. Let’s Pretend We’re All Bureaucrats
Many bureaucrats don’t actually consider themselves to be bureaucrats.
63. Framed!
A shopping expedition detoured into the Twilight Zone.
64. Wheels of Doom
Everything that involved wheels went wrong. Cars, trucks, clocks, and bikes all conspired against me.
65. Tall Tales and Big George
The day I held a bag open for a rattlesnake turned out to be an altogether enjoyable day.
66. Why Does the Morning Have to Come So Early?
My sister Julie’s subconscious was alarmingly powerful.
67. On Risking Exposure
How much should I tell you?





Becoming Chapters

1. Less Pretending, More Becoming
I put my theory of pretending to become into practice.
2. Scott
I met the love of my life.
3. Back and Forth on the Road
Scott moved in with me...in stages. This comic interlude occurred during stage number one.
4. Be Careful! (You Could Die!)
Sign makers worry that their warnings may be inadequate.
5. Night of the Splattered Quiche
It was horrible: the liquid, greasy, splattering sound of a quiche being squashed and spread in oily tracks down Monroe Street. And then the overpowering odor of ham and cheese and custard and pastry...
6. Kerfluie Proof
Sometimes when enough things go wrong, fate relents and things go right for a while.
7. "I'm Over Heeeeer, Gerhardt!"
My beloved grandfather died, but left us laughing.
8. An Open Letter to Joanna Russ
Not so fast! I detected another attempt to suppress women's writing!
9. Moving Scott from Iowa
Scott moved in with me...in stages. This tragicomedy episode occurred during stage number three.
10. One Night at Nick's
For many years, the Madison SF group met at Nick's Restaurant on State Street. Legendary stories about those meetings were sometimes totally fictitious.
11. The Myth of the BNF
Big Name Fans theorized that they came by that reputation by publishing stories about one another.
12. Dick Stories
Every family tells funny stories about one another, though frequently one particular family member features in most of the stories. Dick was that person in the Madison SF group.
13. PONGO!
Both a brand name for modeling clay and an expletive. Pongo was ideally suited for the making of a Claymation movie.
14. Home Ownership
Scott and I bought a house and promised not to sue the bank in case of typos.

it was delightful, warm, dry, and perfect.) The guys lifted the garage the next day, Tuesday.

But rather than just *lift* the garage, the guys decided to lift and *move* the garage so that the concrete could be poured and some repairs could be made on the garage at the same time. Two bobcats lifted the garage, one from inside at the back of the garage, the other from the outside at the front of the garage. And then both bobcats moved forward and placed the garage gently down onto wood blocks in the back yard. There was *just* enough space for it. Dennis and his crew got to work on busting up concrete and asphalt and hauling it away. He installed wooden forms, leveled the ground, laid rebar, and poured concrete Wednesday-Friday. He's out there now on Saturday, as I type, grinding stress lines into the driveway and spraying sealant.

By the way, I posted a very short time-lapse video of the garage move on YouTube. It was the easiest way to share it with Scott's and my family. If you are interested, I think it's fun to see:

<https://tinyurl.com/MovingGarage>

So anyway, the day after tomorrow (as I type), April 17, is the date which was supposed to be the start date for the garage project, but we are already a week into it. A huge amount of work has been done. In addition, we've been told to expect savings on the original estimate because we donated wood to the project (stuff stored in the garage attic that we had no use for), and because moving the garage, rather than just lifting it, made some things much easier and faster to do. In summary, so far, this job is taking less time, and costing less money than we expected, which goes against all the rules of home ownership. That's fine with us.



Rubble from the deconstructed garage floor



Garage slab poured; rebar laid for driveway pour



Dennis grinding stress lines into new driveway



Streaming

[JG] In addition to the Apple+ movie, *Tetris*, which I mentioned above (and recommend), we've streamed several historical series, all set in Europe during the 18th and 19th centuries—*La Cocinera de Castamar* (*The Cook of Castamar*), *Marie Antoinette*, *The Empress*, and *The Law According to Lydia Poët*. All of them include at least tiny references, usually among minor characters, to the possibility of escape to America. But the most obvious commonality in all these stories is that all of them feature a remarkable women as their protagonist who battles against society's constrictions. Probably because we viewed all these shows, one after another, within a short span of time, I've noticed lots of other common references among them. The politics of Europe, post-French Revolution and pre-WWI, shadows the plots of all the stories. I kept a relevant map of Europe on my lap while we watched the shows. Marie Antoinette was the aunt of Emperor Franz Joseph—Elisabeth's husband, in *The Empress*. Anarchists are the name for angry, poverty-stricken, working-class people, whose threat is never taken seriously enough by the wealthy and/or royal characters in these shows, all of whom were oblivious as to how the concentration of wealth among a tiny segment of society was stirring revolution across Europe. Queen Marie Antoinette of France and Empress Elisabeth of Austria were both killed by revolutionaries. Another commonality: There was gorgeous costuming in all four shows. I was especially struck by Lydia Poët, who traveled light with just two suitcases, but still managed to change into several eye-popping costumes each day. (Keep an eye out for her gorgeous insect jewelry if you watch it.)

The Cook of Castamar (Netflix) is set in early-18th-century Madrid, the plot follows the love story between an agoraphobic cook and a widowed nobleman. It is a sort of Upstairs-Downstairs story in the world of the Inquisition (which is mostly invisible but obviously threatening, especially to two gay men, friends of the Duke of Castamar). I wish there had been more detail in the cooking scenes; instead, the cook seemed to delegate most of the actual cooking jobs, though she does publish her own cookbook. There were many complicated, gradually revealed, plots of revenge.

Marie Antoinette (PBS) begins when "Toinette," as her family calls her, was 14 years old and married to 15-year-old Louis-Auguste, who became Louis XVI four years later, upon the death of his father. This is only the first season and does not take us all the way to Marie Antoinette's execution on the guillotine. That will be for a future season. At the end of season one, Marie Antoinette and her husband have finally become lovers and sometimes friends, Dad has died, Louis has been crowned, and Marie Antoinette has begun to get the feel for court intrigue.

15. Toast Master
Considering the very real Gomoll toaster curse, I felt immense pride to be named Toastmaster, master of toast.
16. The Carpet Bidders
Home ownership taught us the lesson that things always take more time and more money than expected. Except when we went shopping for a rug at a professional auction and were forced to make a decision in one minute.
17. Alopecia Areata
No, I did not just have my hair cut, believe me. And would you mind taking the roast out of the oven, please? If I open the oven, my hair will melt.
18. Julie Leaps
My sister Julie's motto was "Leap and a net will appear." This is the story of her biggest leap.
19. MacDevil-Worship
If we bought a Mac we wouldn't have a backlog. I said frequently but finally to the right person. And I started a new career.
20. Somewhat Obsessive, Sort of Compulsive
I get into the correct lane at the earliest possible moment in any driving trip. The correct lane will allow me to make turns into other correct lanes, all the way to my destination. I know, I know, that's sort of compulsive.
21. A Close Encounter
Meeting a celebrity left us temporarily tongue-tied.
22. Getting Involved with Tiptree Award
Another life-changing moment was triggered when I said, "I'll help!"
23. There Ain't Nothin' Like a Con
A conversation between Scott and I morphed into a con report.
24. Squirrel!
There are so many stories, so many sinister, hilarious, and disturbing stories about squirrels.
25. Scott, Fan, Guilty As Charged
The convention audience listened to the case and shouted "Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!"
26. On Fannishness
Whether Elk called herself a fan or not, she was a beloved and important part of our community.
27. The Marriage Question
I swore I would never marry. And I meant it. But...
28. *Khatru*
Khatru: The Symposium on Women and SF (1975), was a ground-breaking conversation among a stellar roster of ground-breaking SF personalities, but it had gone out of print until the Madison SF group chose to re-publish it in 1993. Controversy ensued.
29. China Mountain Chow
The highlight of the feast was Smoked Tea Duck which filled our house with smoke. But it was worth it.
30. Temporarily Texan
I went to work for my sister Julie in Texas for a whole month during a hellish summer when anything lower than 100° was considered a cold wave. I survived.

The Empress (Netflix) is Empress Elisabeth of Austria, married to Emperor Franz Joseph, whose nephew, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, would later be assassinated by a Serbian revolutionary and spark WWI. But this show is not about that; it is set in the 1850s and is about the very unconventional woman who married Emperor Franz Joseph. In this story, Elisabeth was determined not to marry anyone. Franz Joseph fell in love with her because of her unconventional attributes, but fairly quickly grew impatient with her because of that same unconventional behavior.

The Law According to Lydia Poët (Netflix) takes place many decades later than the other shows—in the mid-1800s, in Turin, in the Kingdom of Piedmont-Sardinia (the northern part of what would eventually become Italy). It is based on the real-life story of Italy's first woman attorney. In the first episode, Lydia Poët has just earned a diploma that empowers her to work as an attorney, but she is almost immediately banned from practicing law because she is a woman. She manages to work through most of this first season as an assistant to her brother who is also an attorney, but she loses an appeal at the end of the season.

Poët's work resembles sleuthing more than what we'd normally think of as a lawyer's work. (I was reminded several times of *Miss Scarlett and the Duke*. Both protagonists rely on the credentials of a respected, professional man to stay active.) Poët will no doubt persevere in future seasons if Netflix renews the series.



Bedside lamp, Art Nouveau's relaxing glow

31. Rock Island

The peculiarly restful sound of the surf can be heard all over Rock Island, as it sucks and tumbles millions of rounded, limestone rocks, rattling the rocks against one another.

32. Travel

A few anecdotes from several trips-of-a-lifetime.

33. Weather Is Relative

Say, "it's cooler by the lake," in our house and you are guaranteed to hear whoops of laughter.

34. ABCs at DGEF

Another lesson learned: Just because one shares a passion about electronic design with a group of people, does not mean that one should make assumptions about common religious or political beliefs.

35. Life Detours

A friend quit their job to sign on as a sailing ship crew member and saw the world.

36. Jumping Off the Deep End

The rug got pulled out from under me. I was laid off from my job.

37. Union Street Design

I used to be a person who found it difficult to keep her checkbook balanced. In spite of that, I started my own business.

38. Roaring WisCon Twenties

WisCon 20-29 were transformative years for the convention and for the feminist SF community.

39. The Last Biking Season Before Hip Surgery Ouch.

40. My Unreliable Body

Ouch, again, though I really don't want to dwell on it.

41. A Very, Very, Very Fine House

My feelings about our house evolved from "starter house," to "dream house," and finally to "lifetime art project."

42. Scary Rides

OK, scratch one childhood ambition. A career as astronaut was never in the cards.

43. Sunflower Forest

One summer, my biking route to work took me through a deliriously beautiful sunflower forest. Van Gogh would have painted it.

44. MAFIA

All the villagers wake up and discover that the last Mafia has committed suicide.

45. 9/11, Patriotism, and Gratitude

During those distressing post-9/11 days, everything was political, even Jane Austen.

46. Beige Hides the Dust

Dad's words of wisdom led to several decades of boring beige cars.

47. The Insurgent WisCon Thirties

WisCon 30-39 was even more transformative than the twenties had been. Everyone got involved, everyone demanded changes. It was thrilling; it was distressing.

48. Food Stories

My family shared many food stories, including the one about Dad's margarine-smuggling career.

49. About Julie

Julie took the ultimate leap; she committed suicide in 2017. I spent a long while reading her journals and sharing one final conversation with her.

50. Kiss Me Kae

Is there any way to perform Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew in a way that disguises the central story of abuse and misogyny? Maybe not.

51. Goodbye Tiptree Award

Controversy erupted over the name of the Tiptree Award, and it became the Otherwise Award. I retired from the motherboard.

52. Time Travel Week

A totally fictional pandemic time travel story

53. Covid Journal

Life changed in a myriad of ways during the pandemic.

54. Making Books

Not a resume, just stories about designing books

55. Story

In the course of writing this book, I re-experienced my life—story by story. You could say that my life passed before my eyes, albeit very slowly.

Bibliography

List and images of my publications, WisCon convention list, etc.

About These Books

Acknowledgements