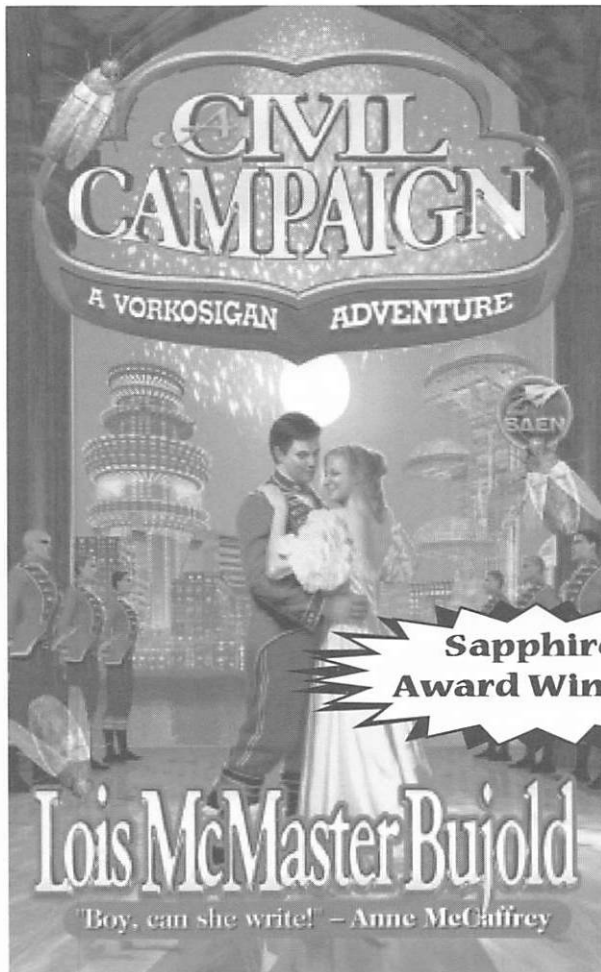


Arisia



2001



0-671-57885-5 • 544 Pages • \$7.99

**2000
HUGO AWARD
NOMINEE**

"It's another winner with all kinds of unexpected adventures... Georgette Heyer has met her match for intrigue and STYLE! A sprightly conducted romance with twists and turns that could only happen in a Vorkosigan-inspired novel... Boy, can she write!"

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It's spring in Vorbarr Sultana, and a young person's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love... money... bio-genetics... love... lack of money... incompatible planetary sexual mores... love... the Emperor's wedding... and, of course, love... Miles, Mark and Ivan are all suffering from unrequited love and each thinks he has a cunning plan. But if no battle plan survives first contact with the enemy, just imagine what all Miles' closest friends and relatives can do to his romantic strategy!

"Bujold successfully mixes quirky humor with just enough action, a dab of feminist social commentary and her usual superb character development in a sprightly SF romance... enormously satisfying." (Starred Review)

—Publishers Weekly

Arisia

2001

“Looking Back on the Future”

Writer Guest of Honor

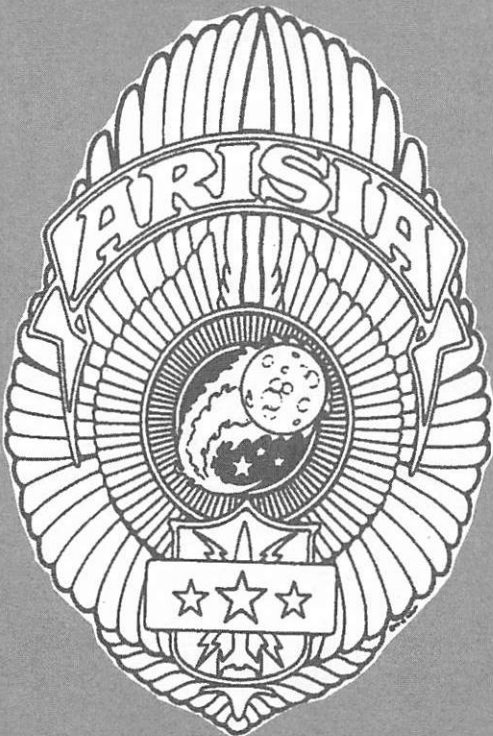
Lois McMaster Bujold

Artist Guest of Honor

Wojtek Suidmak

Fan Guest of Honor

Wombat



January 12 - 14, 2001
Boston Park Plaza
Boston, Massachusetts

THE MILLENNIUM PHILCON

THE 59TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

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Convert (from Supporting)	\$120. US	140. EU	£ 82.5	266.5 DM
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Convert (from voting)	\$105. US	120. EU	£ 72.5	233.5 DM

2001

Make checks payable to: The Millennium Philcon



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Rates effective September 30, 2000.
Artwork by Stephen Youll

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Arisia

Souvenir Book

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2001

Lunacon 2001

Guest of Honor

Charles Sheffield

Fan Guest of Honor

John hertz

Special Guest

Nancy kress

Further guests to be announced

At the Rye Town Hilton, Rye Brook, New York

Dates: March 23th - 25th, 2001

Special Pre-reg rate: \$33 Postmarked by may 31, 2000; higher after this date

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www.lunacon.org



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Arisia 2001 Convention Committee

Administration

Con Chair: Elka Tovah Menkes
Con Chair's Teddy Bear: Solomon Davidoff
Assistant Con Chair: Cris Shuldiner
Assistant Con Chair: Buzz Harris
Assistant Con Chair: Noel Rosenberg
Hotel Liaison: Skip Morris
Hotel Liaison Staff: Dennis McCunney, Craig McDonough, Sheila Oranch, Pat Vandenberg
GOH Liaison: Nicholas "Phi" Sheckman
Convention Treasurer: Woody Bernardi
Comptroller: Derek Lichter
Student Art Contest: Kimberly Bradshaw
Student Writing Contest: Michael Dutka
Assistant: Jennifer Grace

Publications

Division Head: Paul Selkirk
Souvenir Book: Dennis McCunney
Clear Ether: Ted Beatty, Barry Marin
Mass Mailing: Paul Selkirk
Progress Report / PreReg Packet: Paul Selkirk
Pocket Program: Adam Ek
Marketing / Flyers: Paul Selkirk
Restaurant Guide: Karyn Pichnarczyk
Commuting Fool: Barry Marin

Operations

Division Head: Brendan Quinn
Assistant Division Head: Kimberly Van Auken
Assistant Division Head: Glen Goodwin
Load-In: Kevin Fallon
Load-Out: Linda Nee
Ops Desk: Carsten Turner
Staff: Amy Chused, Jen Grace
Security: Noel Rosenberg
Gophers: Michael McAfee
Logistics: Kevin Fallon
Sign Shop: Douglas Murray
Operations/Logistics Staff: Richard Moore, Bird Moore, Steve Carpenter, Eliza Eggert, Joe Mogan Jr., Ken Elwell, Elizabeth Gallagher, Collette Fozard, Brandon Amancio

Member Services

Division Head: Tom Coveney
Assistant Division Head: Walter Kahn
Registration: Curt Kremer
Assistant: Tom Murphy
Fan Tables: Walter Kahn, Tom Coveney
Freebie Tables: Walter Kahn, Tom Coveney

Babysitting: Sheeri Kritzer
Convention Suite: Barbara Raguso
Parties: Walter Kahn
Staff Den: Joanne Handwerger
Assistant: Bridget Boyle
Green Room: Mike Tractenberg
Assistant: Stacey
Fanzine Lounge: Ailsa Ek

Programming

Division Heads: Rachel Silber, Traci Fogarty
Program Development:
Costuming: Donna Dube, Rae Bradbury
LARP: Simon Deveau
SF Film/TV: Dan Kimmel
Gaming: Maureen Redington-Wilde, Roxanne Redington-Wilde, Andy Kirschbaum
Art Panels: Lisa Hertel
Comics: John Bowker
General Consultants: Mark Wise, Nancy Hanger, Andrew Phillips
Outreach: Lisa Snook, Tom Chenelle
Pre-Con Program Ops: Mark Wise, Ariel Rhodes
At-Con Program Ops: Matt Ringel
Fast Track: Rachel Silber, Traci Fogarty
Assistant: Jeanne Colarusso

Events

Division Head: Rachel Silverman
Assistant Division Head: Pat McCormack
Assistant Division Head: Gale Langseth
Dealers Liaison: Ben Levy
Assistant: Lisa Hertel
Art Show: Cris Shuldiner
Staff: Ted Atwood, Bonnie Atwood, D. Cameron Calkins, Susan Calkins, Deanna Calkins, Crash, Gay Ellen Dennett, Allison Feldhusen, Michael Feldhusen, Hal Haag, Lisa Hertel, Mark Hertel, Liana Hertel, Karen Purcell, Harvey Rubinovitz, Andrea Senchy, Tracy Symolon, Jim Symolon, Amy West, Karl Wurst, Zanne, and the usual suspects from "The Incredible Floating East Coast Art Show Crew"
Video Theatre: Patty Silva
Anime: Dave Collins
Films: Scott Dorsey
Club-Style Dance: Krista Ernewein
Period Dance: Angi Bowen, Patri Pugliese
Filk Concerts: Adam Ek
Drum Sessions: Pam Koretsky
Masquerade: Donna Dube
Arisia-TV: Rich Macchi
Technical Director: Joel Herda
Assistant Technical Director: Aaron Block

Message from the President:

Brendan Quinn

Hi,

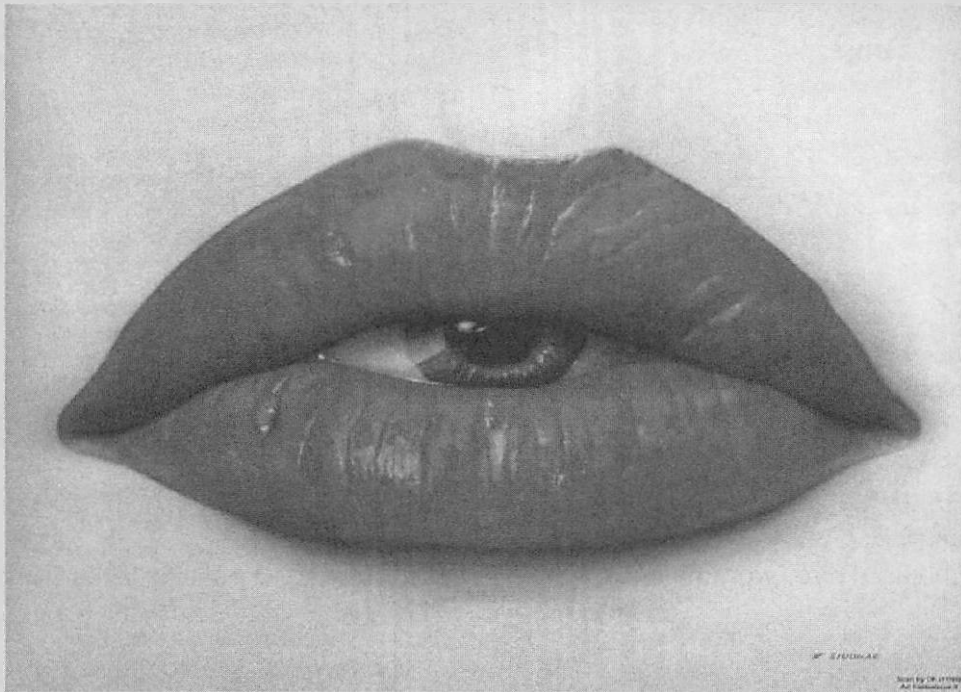
I'd like to welcome you all to Arisia 01, back again in this lovely old hotel. Some of you are here for the first time, and some of you have been at all 12 Arisias; either way I hope you have a great time this year. It's been a wierd year all the way around (do we have a President yet?) and that means we're all likely to have a lot to talk about. That's an important part of what cons are about, after all. Seeing friends you haven't seen in a while, meeting new friends, and talking about strange books, strange movies, strange lives...

Arisia is a very special convention to me. It's a place where worlds meet, barriers melt, philosophies collide, and radically different segments of fandom come together and mingle, if only for a little while. Somewhere in those shifting realities there is a spirit of friendliness which is the Arisia spirit. That spirit is what keeps me coming back, and what makes me want to donate my time to making Arisia happen.

Arisia doesn't happen by itself. We're an entirely volunteer run organization. None of us gets paid, we're all giving our time because we care about Arisia, because we care about this giant, wierd, slightly dysfunctional family that is Arisia fandom. If you've got an hour or two and are willing to pitch in, come down to gophers, there's never enough hands to do everything. If you're interested in what takes to keep Arisia going from year to year, please consider joining Arisia Inc. (a 501(c)3 non-profit educational organization which sponsors Arisia). A lot will be happening over the next few months, and it's an easy way to get to know the people and the issues that go into making this con happen.

Above all, have fun. Laugh, dance, talk, sing, eat, be merry. Let's fill the halls of the Park Plaza with the sounds of true revelry, so that Sunday we'll all say "good con".

-Brendan



Message from the Chair:

Elka Tovah Menkes

This is all Nomi's fault.

Nomi Pearlman (now married to award-winning writer Michael A. Burstein) and I have been friends for 20 years now. During our school years, we spent most every lunch break sitting together and reading science fiction. At the time I was aware that she and some of her family went to these things called "cons," but despite the occasional invitation, I wasn't really interested in checking one out.

During college she finally persuaded me to join her for a weekend, and see what she'd been talking about. So, in the winter of 1991, out we went to Waltham for something called "Arisia."

I surprised myself by enjoying it. These people all liked science fiction! They didn't think books should only be read for class assignments! They knew what the Internet was! For a few days, I was surrounded by people who shared my rather strange interests. I left thinking that maybe there was something to this "con" business, after all.

That one con led to others, and to my innocent question to an Arisian: "Do you guys need help?" I was enthusiastically welcomed, and given (at first) a few small projects. In time the projects grew, as these things will... though I would never have imagined that one day those projects would include writing a Message from the Chairman.

But, here I am, and I must tell you that the fascinating and exciting convention you are now enjoying wouldn't be possible without the hard work of all the volunteers who make Arisia happen. I would thank people by name, but then there wouldn't be room for anything else in the souvenir book! Suffice it to say that I am extremely grateful for all your efforts and enthusiasm. I hope that you will all get to enjoy the con as much as those who aren't yet working on it.

If you aren't part of our team, and would like to be involved - to learn how things happen behind the

scenes, to work on or add something that you find particularly interesting, and to know that you are truly making a difference - speak to anyone wearing a staff ribbon. I'm sure that we can find a home for you. Or stop in at the Gopher Hole to get a taste of volunteering on a short-term basis.

Between shifts, be sure to enjoy all that Arisia has to offer! Our theme this year is "Looking Back on the Future," and you will find it reflected in many aspects of the convention. We set out to offer something for everybody, and we think we've succeeded. From panels on a multitude of subjects, to films, videos, and anime, to dealers selling things you didn't realize you needed, to the beautiful works in the art show, to the masquerade, to the regency ball, to filking, gaming, and beyond... whatever your interests, you're sure to find something to attract your attention.

I am particularly excited to be able to welcome this year's Guests of Honor. Writer Lois McMaster Bujold has caused me to lose many hours of sleep absorbed in her books - and that's re-reading them, since I try not to start a new one unless I have a few free hours ahead. Artist Wojtek Siudmak never fails to take my breath away with the depth and drama of his artwork. And fan guest Wombat always has a new and interesting story to tell, be it about cons, publishing, or his adventures in Australia. Don't miss what they have to say!

In closing, I would like to thank my family and friends for their patience with my level of distraction these last few months. Many of them are here, and are at least able to enjoy the long-anticipated results. I would also like to thank my boyfriend for flying in from Ohio so I can ignore him (hopefully only part of the time). Your support and understanding means a lot to me.

That's all I have to say; thanks for listening. Enjoy the con!

-Elka

The Galactic Patrol Wants YOU!



(To come to Boston in 2004!)

Uncle Lensman and the Galactic Patrol bring you a coruscating bid for the 62nd World Science Fiction Convention September 2-6, 2004, Boston, Massachusetts

What We Offer

Boston is the perfect venue for an amazing Worldcon: our site is both large enough for the best of conventions and compact enough for your comfort. The Boston Sheraton, the Copley Marriott, and the Hynes Convention Center offer ½ million square feet of convention space, more than 2,000 hotel rooms and 130 suites, and fully connected facilities in air-conditioned comfort. (Our pre-negotiated contract rates are substantially lower than even their special weekend offers.) The city of Boston is beautiful, historic, vibrant, and filled with wonderful restaurants, shopping, and a variety of diversions and entertainment for every interest, age level, and budget.

About Our Facilities

John B. Hynes Veterans Memorial Convention Center

This modern convention center offers 360,000 square feet of convention space, 37 dedicated meeting rooms, several configurations of exhibit space (so we can put together the one that will work best for a Worldcon), an auditorium just right for our special events, and a location in the heart of Boston's Back Bay: in the busy center of an historic city. The Hynes was home to Noreascon 2 (1980) and Noreascon 3 (1989), so we know it's a Worldcon-ready facility.

Boston Sheraton Hotel

Directly connected to the Hynes Convention Center, the Sheraton is a beautiful business-class hotel with 1,214 guest rooms, 85 suites, and a \$73 million face lift. All of the rooms are comfortable, have wonderful luxury for a great value, and (if you decide to sleep for a few hours) they have the best hotel beds in town. The Sheraton also has 60,000 square feet of convention space and Apropos, its star restaurant featuring traditional New England favorites cooked in a display kitchen.

Boston Marriott Copley Place

If Boston turns hot over Labor Day weekend in 2004, don't worry about melting on the way to your hotel. The Boston Marriott Copley Place is connected to the Hynes and Sheraton by an air-conditioned walkway through the all-new Prudential Center shopping mall, so you never need to go outside (unless you want to). The Marriott includes 1,147 guest rooms, 47 suites, another 60,000 square feet of convention space, and one of the most evil chocolate shops in the city (right across from the Marriott entrance on the mall level). You've been warned!

Who We Are

Our committee, based in Boston and incorporated in Massachusetts, includes members from across the United States: north, south, east and west. We are fans, writers, costumers, filkers, technicians, gamers, and con-runners. Our members include five chairmen of previous Worldcons, and we have worked at every level of convention running, from gopher to chairman. We have one common goal: to bring fandom the very best 62nd World Science Fiction Convention – one that combines fannish tradition with 21st Century innovation.

- Claire Anderson
- Dave Anderson
- Bonnie Atwood
- Ted Atwood
- Judy Bemis
- Seth Breidbart
- Ann Broomhead
- Dave Cantor
- Elisabeth Carey
- Chris Carpenito
- Gay Ellen Dennett
- Ed Dooley
- Naomi Fisher
- George Flynn
- Pam Fremon
- Deb Geisler
- Janice Gelb
- Lisa Hertel
- Rick Katze
- Melanie Herz
- Chip Hitchcock
- Saul Jaffe
- Deborah A. King
- Alexis Layton
- Tony Lewis
- Suford Lewis
- Paula Lieberman
- Jim Mann
- Laurie Mann
- Pat Molloy
- Mark L. Olson
- Priscilla Olson
- Bruce Pelz
- Kelly Persons
- Tim Roberge
- Ruth Sachter
- Sharon Sbarsky
- Cris Shuldiner
- Joe Siclari
- Edie Stern
- Tim Szczesuil
- Leslie Turek
- Ben Yalow

What We Believe

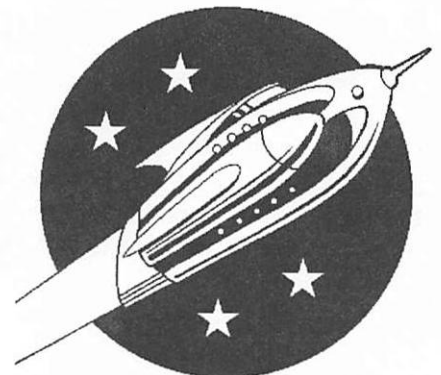
We believe that the Worldcon is held in trust for all of fandom. A committee that wins the right to run a Worldcon does not "own" the convention: the Worldcon belongs to every member of our community. We believe that tradition and understanding our shared history are important. But we also believe that science fiction fandom is about the future, and sharing and creating a view of the future through literature, films, television, song, and art. We believe that no single group can possibly run a Worldcon without the help of the entire fannish community. A Boston Worldcon won't be ours: it will be YOURS!

To find out more about us or to pre-support our bid, write:

Boston in 2004
P.O. Box 1010
Framingham, MA 01701
617.776.3243 (fax)

Pre-support: \$12
(includes spiffy pin)

Intergalactic Friend: \$75
(includes spiffy pin and tee shirt)



Or contact us in cyberspace at:

info@mcfi.org

www.boston2004.org

Arisia Policies

The following policies have been set by ARISIA, Inc. to ensure our members' happiness.

General Demeanor

Arisia expects its members to respect each other and behave in a generally civilized fashion. Please report to convention Security any incidents in which a member of the convention is abusive, insulting, intimidating or bothersome. Arisia reserves the right to revoke, without refund, the membership of anyone for just cause. Persons violating the law will be turned over to the Police or the hotel security force. Sleeping in public areas of the hotel or convention areas is forbidden by the hotel management; this is private property.

Parties in Guest Rooms

All parties must be registered with Operations Check at Registration or the information Desk for a party form. When you return your form, you will receive directions for putting up flyers and party "seed" All parties must be held on a designated floor, so be sure to specify your needs when checking into the hotel. Party hosts are responsible for adhering to convention policies, hotel rules, and local, state, and federal laws. Open parties may not serve alcohol in any form, nor allow smoking, although there are smoking floors. Laws governing illegal substances, obscenity, weapons, public behavior, and treatment of minors will be strictly observed

Smoking in Hotel and Convention Areas

By order of the Fire Marshal, smoking is allowed only in designated areas of the hotel. Arisia convention policies Prohibit smoking or the consumption of alcohol in all convention areas. Designated areas are available for the comfort Of those who wish to smoke and the hotel has designated smoking guestroom floors. Check with the hotel registration Clerk when you arrive to make sure your room is on a "smoking" floor if you need it.

Weapons policy

All weapons worn by members must be peace-bonded by security when you register! The Arisia Security Head will be The final arbiter of whether an item is a weapon. Any item in a holster (even pistol-gripped screw guns and squirt guns), "boffers," or things liable to trip others are considered weapons. The following weapons are illegal in Massachusetts: blackjacks, billy clubs, any sort of double-edged knife (symmetrical cross-section, even if one side is dull), nunchucks, and shuriken (throwing stars). Weapons worn solely for the Masquerade as part of an on-stage costume need not be peace-bonded, but must still be registered, and secured at other times.

Children as Fans and Companions

Arisia makes every effort to protect fans of all ages and provide a healthy environment with many opportunities for fun and learning. Children are a valued part of our membership, and we welcome their appropriate participation. Children under 12 years old must either be Kids-in-Tow (with an authorized adult at all times) or have a convention membership. All unattended children will be sold to the aliens. Baby-sitting by professional sitters is available for ages 18 months to 7 years with a babysitting membership, preregistered by November 15, 1998. Pagers (requiring a deposit) will be issued to parents (or you may bring one). All children under 12 must be with an adult or in babysitting programs while in con Areas. Program hours are limited to major programs and event times. Program participants and event coordinators are responsible for maintaining the comfort and safety of convention members in their areas. Disruptive behavior by children or adults is not acceptable, and any actions disturbing to attendee will result in a request to leave. Late-night panels dealing with adult topics may be closed to individuals under 18 years of age. Although children 12 to 18 years of age may register as "adults," membership in the convention in no way supersedes any local, state, or federal laws.

Press Policy

The following guidelines are in place to protect our members:

Ask permission before you photograph or audio/video-tape any person or group.

Check with the Operations Desk for guidelines if you wish to record any major event, such as the Masquerade.

We presume that you are acting in an amateur capacity unless otherwise stated

If you are acting on behalf of a publication, video production organization, or news medium (freelance or employed) of any kind, you must register for a press pass and sign an agreement to observe copyright laws and the ARISIA, Incorporated Press Policy. Individuals or

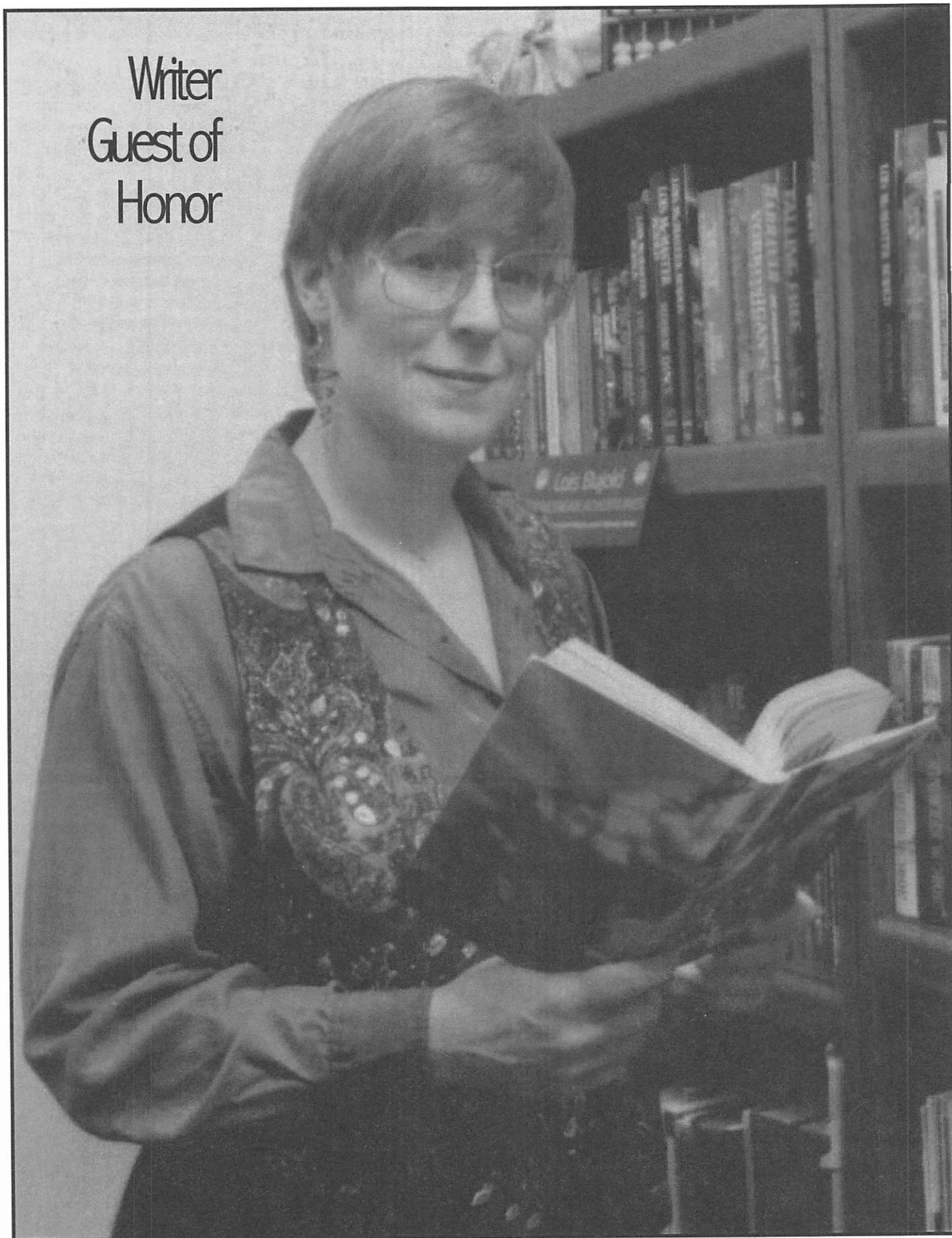
organizations violating these guidelines by selling reproducing broadcasting or publishing materials obtained at an Arisia convention without permission will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. If you have any questions as to what is appropriate, contact the press coordinator, the corporate president, or the current convention chairman for further information.

Press passes may be obtained by registering as a member of the press (commercial publication, media, fame), and by going to the Operations desk and speaking with the press coordinator. A limited number of passes are available. You will be introduced to the press liaison and receive your orientation and press kit. A press pass authorizes you to enter convention facilities areas (at the discretion of the area heads) and to film or record events (within the provided guidelines). Articles or media coverage released after the convention may earn you a membership to the next Arisia, or a refund for this year.



0029
01/99

Writer
Guest of
Honor



Lois McMaster Bujold

An Appreciation by Suford Lewis

There are other series writers with engaging characters, but I'm not counting the days for their next work to be available. There are other authors writing military SF, but I haven't read their novels three and four times.

And why is that?

Why indeed! Because Lois McMaster Bujold is damn good!

While I crave the next Bujold work with an addict's craving, I can't even wish that she would write faster as I fear it would erode her quality.

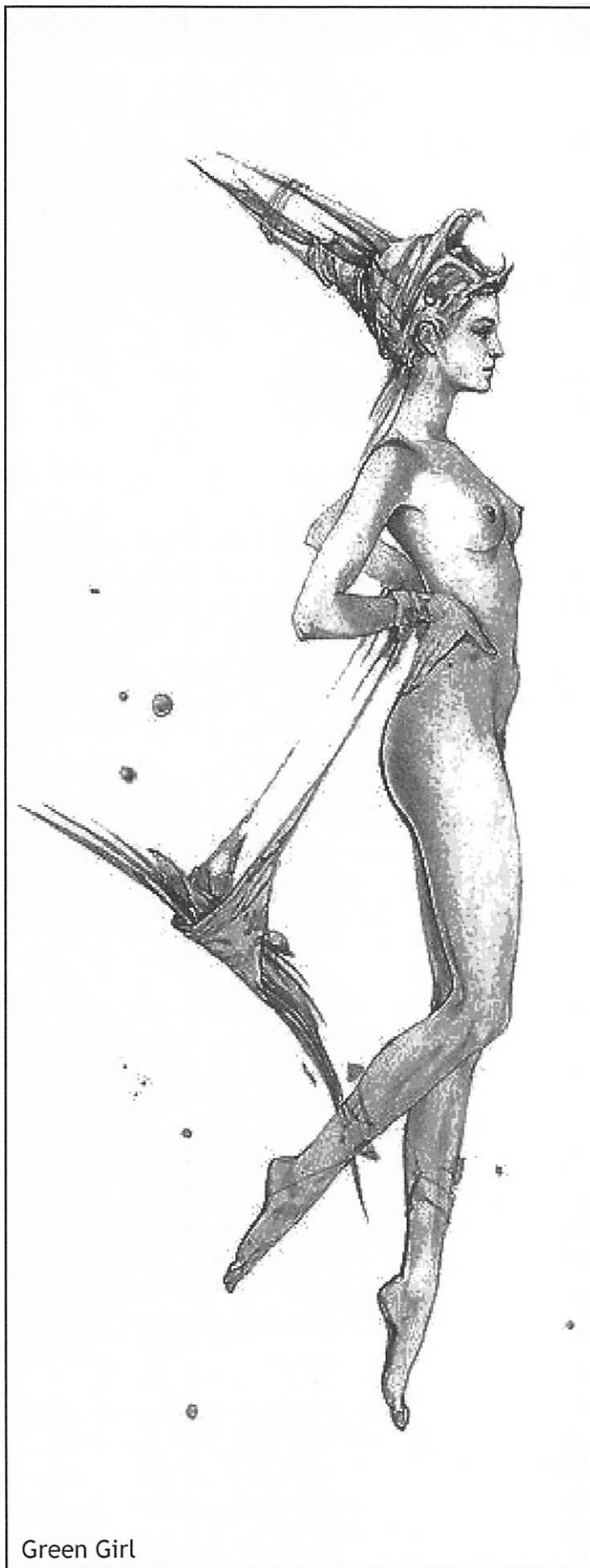
I have tried and tried to see how she does it. Her style is deceptively simple. Indeed, deceptive is exactly the correct term for it. I have never managed to read more than a paragraph or two before - Shloop! I'm sucked in! Three to ten pages later I'll remember that I was reading for style and still have to fight with myself over whether to examine the prose or plunge back into the story. She spins story like a siren song.

One part of her secret I did figure out once when I was marking all the "good parts," passages to return to that were particularly interesting or satisfying. It was all "good parts" she'd left all the dull bits out! Wow! Now, there's a technique! So how does she get in all the background and linking bits and setting? Hey, I don't know, she's so sneaky it's hard to catch her at it.

She's sneaky another way, too. You're reading along in standard adventure SF mode, enjoying the vicarious thrills and she gets in all this serious character development. Now it's taken Miles Memory and A Civil Campaign to grow up and stop dodging his responsibilities and he still has a little way to go, but this is serious stuff. However, Bujold is so subtle, she makes you not notice that you are getting a serious life lesson, you are so absorbed. You can't even stop reading when something terrible is happening, you can't detach from the event stream. Not even the third time through when you know exactly what is going to happen.

After all this study, it wasn't until I was producing a book of hers for NESFA Press that I realized another part of her secret. The spellchecker tipped me off. She uses exactly the right word. It isn't a surprising word or a strange word. She has used its verb form or attached a suffix or a prefix that is perfectly fine and understandable, except that the spellchecker doesn't have this form in its list. No human being would even notice. We read right along, unawares. But it is exactly the right word. Her art is so accomplished, it hides itself.

Where did all these characters come from? They wonderfully drawn. You could take any one of them and write another series of novels about them. All the conflicts and cross purposes, the feelings and ambitions, the joy and pain, they're so vivid, so textured, so ... real. Where did a



Green Girl

midwestern housewife quietly raising two children in Marion, Ohio get all this high drama?

Ah, now, that's the secret, isn't it? That's the "examined" life. Life as it is everywhere, made into art. It is not that she had a pony as a kid or that she trekked across part of East Africa collecting 800 photos of bugs, or has two older brothers, or her father was a professor of engineering with a specialty in welding technology and famous within his profession, or that she travelled through England with one brother, accidentally catching the Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon or, on the same trip, saw Italy and Germany with her parents, or... any of that. Sure you can see where she made use of this and that, but... where did Cavilo come from? or Bel Thorne? Or Ivan Vorpatril?

From herself, of course! When we meet her, she seems like this polite, good-natured, woman; slowly you realize that she has a positively wicked sense of humor, she knows a tremendous amount of history and biology and other wierd, interesting stuff. Beneath that pleasant exterior lies all the good and evil of all human beings (just like you and me), but she is aware of herself and dares to write it down!

I can't wait to read the next book; I know she'll say something she hasn't said before.

- *Suford Lewis*

An unexamined life is not worth living. - Socrates
It is art to conceal art - Ovid

Suford Lewis has been reading SF since she was ten. Those were the days when "children" could not take books out of the "adult" section of the library so she got her mother to procure the Heinlein, Asimov, and Del Rey, books that were there. She was among the very first members of the Science Fiction Book Club. She used to spend all her allowance (and her bus fare to get home from the orthodontist) on Ace doubles and SF magazines. She joined LASFS before she graduated from high school.

Of course she became a Trekkie as soon as she could and wrote articles for Spockanalia and picketed WBZ-TV to save it at the end of its second season. At one MidWestCon she bought a copy of Stardate from Lois McMaster. She now has the privilege to be the Bujold editor for NESFA Press.

She's married to Tony Lewis, has a daughter, Alice, four cats, lives in Natick and works in Cambridge as a Project Manager for Availant.

Lois McMaster Bujold:

A Brief Biography

I was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1949. I graduated from Upper Arlington High School in 1967, and attended the Ohio State University from 1968 to 1972. I have two children, Anne, born in 1979, and Paul, born in 1981. We resided in Marion, Ohio, from 1980 to 1995, and moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1995.

I've been a voracious reader all my life, beginning with a passion for horse stories in grade school. I began reading adult science fiction when I was nine, a taste picked up from my father. He was a professor of Welding Engineering at Ohio State and an old Cal Tech man (Ph.D.'s in physics and electrical engineering, magna cum laude, 1944), and used to buy the science fiction magazines and paperback books to read on the plane on consulting trips; these naturally fell to me. My reading tastes later expanded to include history, mysteries, romance, travel, war, poetry, etc.

My early writing efforts began in junior high school. By eighth grade I was putting out fragmentary imitations of my favorite writers _ on my own time, of course, not for any class. My best friend Lillian Stewart and I collaborated on extended story lines throughout high school; again only a fragment of the total was written out. The high point of my high school years was a summer in Europe at age 15, hitchhiking with my older brother.

I dabbled with English as a major in college, but quickly fell away from it _ my heart was in the creative, not the critical end of things. But an interest in wildlife and close-up photography led me on a six-week biology study tour of East Africa. Eight hundred slides of bugs; much later I also borrowed the landscape and ecology I had seen for background of my first novel. That's one of the nicest things about writing, all of a sudden nothing is wasted. Even one's failures are re-classified as raw material.

After college I worked as a pharmacy technician at the Ohio State University Hospitals, until I quit to start my family. This was a fallow time for writing, except for a Sherlock Holmes pastiche that ran about 60 pages. It was however a very fruitful time for reading, as my Staff card admitted me to OSU's 2 million volume main stacks, filled with wonders and obscurities.

Then my old friend Lillian, now Lillian Stewart Carl, began writing again, making her first sales. About this time it occurred to me that if she could do it, I could do it too. I was unemployed with two small children (note oxymoron) on a very straitened budget in Marion at this point, but the hobby required no initial monetary investment. I wrote a novelette for practice, then embarked on my first novel with help and encouragement from Lillian and Patricia C. Wrede, a fantasy writer from Minneapolis.

I quickly discovered that writing was far too demanding and draining to justify as a hobby, and that only serious professional recognition would satisfy me. Whatever had to be done, in terms of writing, re-writing, cutting, editorial analysis, and trying again, I was determined to learn to do. This was an immensely fruitful period in my growth as a writer, all of it invisible to the outside observer.

My first novel, Shards of Honor, was completed in 1983; the second, The Warrior's Apprentice, in 1984; and the third, Ethan of Athos, in 1985. As each one came off the boards it began the painfully slow process of submission to the New York publishers. I also wrote a few short stories which I began circulating to the magazine markets. In late 1984 the third of these sold to Twilight Zone Magazine, my first professional sale. This thin proof of my professional status had to stretch until October of 1985, when all three completed novels were bought by Baen Books. They were published as original paperbacks in June, August, and December of 1986, leading the uninitiated to imagine that I wrote a book every three months.

Analog Magazine serialized my fourth novel, Falling Free, in the winter of '87-'88; it went on to win my first Nebula. I was particularly pleased to be featured in Analog, my late father's favorite magazine _ I still have the check stub from the gift subscription my father bought me when I was 13 (a year for \$4.00). "The Mountains of Mourning," also appearing in Analog, went on to win both Hugo and Nebula Awards for best novella of 1989, and The Vor Game and Barrayar won Hugos for best novel back to back in 1991 and 1992. My titles have been translated into fourteen languages (so far).

I broke into hardcover at last with The Spirit Ring in 1992, a historical fantasy, and returned to the universe and times of Miles Vorkosigan with Mirror Dance, which won the Hugo and Locus awards in 1995. My next novel was a lighter series prequel with the working title of "Miles and Ivan go to the Cetagandan State Funeral"; under the final title of Cetaganda it was serialized in Analog starting with the September '95 issue, then released in hardcover in January '96 by Baen Books. I had my first experience as an editor, along with Roland Green, putting together the anthology Women at War, published by Tor Books in 1995. Miles's sequel to Mirror Dance, titled Memory; had hardcover publication in October 1996, and was a Hugo and a Nebula nominee. The latest Miles book, Komarr, was published in June 1998, and was the recipient of a Minnesota Book Award in the science fiction and fantasy category. A Civil Campaign, the direct sequel to Komarr, is coming up in September 1999.

The Reader's Chair, a small audio company out of Hollister, California, is now doing a superb job of publishing my entire series on audiocassette, unabridged.

Russian Impressions,

by Lois McMaster Bujold

The first thing I would note is that the Russian Federation, as currently constituted, is a nation eleven time zones wide. I saw one city: St. Petersburg. This is, I'm told, like paying a visit to San Francisco and thinking that one has seen America. I will therefore try to avoid too-broad generalities in what follows.

I was invited to be a guest speaker at the Congress of Russian Science Fiction Writers, which (like much in Russia these days) is a fairly new organization. Like many other enterprises in the former Soviet Union, it is getting its legs under it. This was the fifth of their annual conferences, an occasion for writers to meet and talk, and honor the excellence of the past year in Russian publishing. To that end the conference has created the Strannik Award, which they aspire to have be the Russian equivalent of the Nebulas. There is also, I was told, a new annual science fiction convention in Moscow, which is also in the process of developing a reader-voted award to be a Hugo-analog.

After much last-minute scrambling and many cranky and



hysterical e-mails to my host and guest liaison, the very patient Mr. Cyril Korolev, I finally had tickets, visa, and passport in hand. On Monday September 18 I took plane from Minneapolis to Chicago, there to catch an Aeroflot flight to Moscow and a plane change to St. Petersburg. Unfortunately, the plane was four hours late taking off, due to having to wait for the second flight crew to arrive, who had been delayed in transit. (International aviation safety regulations require any flight over a certain duration to carry a relief crew to take over once the primary crew has passed their maximum number of hours on duty.) I must say, when they finally did show up, they were a very nice looking bunch, the ladies trim in their red uniforms, the fellows the typical trio of distinguished-looking senior pilot and rather handsome ju-

niors, co-pilot and flight engineer. I like Russian faces, which fall into several recognizable types, and look, well, Russian.

We got away eventually. The plane was a Boeing, as are a number of Aeroflot's international fleet, and the food was the same Chicago airline food I'd had on my trip to Madrid, so I didn't win on either seating or food over American carriers (I'd been hoping). The in-flight movie was the first of several rather surreal moments: it was a Russian-made American Old-Western! It was comedy-drama. I can offer no better description of it than to quote verbatim the in-flight magazine.

"*A Man From Caputsins Boulevard*, 1987. At the dawn of cinematography someone named Mr. First -- a missionary of The Film -- arrived in a little cowboy town. He started showing first movies to the tough guys who turned to be very sensitive and touches. But not everyone in town likes that... Story: E. Apokov. Director: A. Surihova. Starring [and rather delightfully, I might add]: A. Mirnov, M. Boyarski, O. Tabakov." I would sum up my Aeroflot experience as, "No

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worse than Northwest Airlines". I would not hesitate to fly Aeroflot international again. Note to some potential customers: Aeroflot still allows smoking in a section of the plane on their flights, and tends to have seats available on short notice at quite competitive prices. I sat in the non-smoking section, and was not bothered by smoke even though I'm mildly allergic to it.

Due to my late departure from Chicago, I missed my connection in Moscow. But my hosts, three women from my Russian publisher AST in Moscow -- my Russian translator and two junior editors -- waited faithfully some six hours in Sheremetievo-2 Airport. They were still there with a sign in their hands with my name on it and a rather wilted rose (it,

and they, had been all fresh at noon), when I at last stumbled out of Customs and into the airport at 6 PM Moscow time. I had called my son from Chicago and had him e-mail Cyril in St. Petersburg when I knew I would be late, but it hadn't helped much; alas, the message had not caught up with these faithful ladies, so they'd ended up waiting the whole time. Jet-lagged, I ruthlessly threw the problem of my missed connection onto them, and we all piled into the car (with driver) waiting to take me to the domestic airport, Sheremetievo-1.

There, they miraculously got me a seat on a jam-packed evening flight north; we had a short time to sit and chat before the flight, and they bought me tea, bless them. The domestic airport has the atmosphere of a shabby bus station, with many frantic travelers trying to crowd through a physical and checkpoint system that's much too small for the load. While temporarily difficult, upon reflection I take it as a good sign -- it means that a lot more Russians can afford to fly now than the designers of that airport had ever imagined would. My editor also handed me color photocopies of the cover for the Russian edition of *A Civil Campaign*, just that weekend being released; I hope my website can get scans soon. The Russian artist chose Kareen and Martya's bug butter battle as the scene for the front, which amused me considerably. Miles's red lightflyer appears on the back.

Being in Russia, where I did not speak or read the language, was rather like being an adult illiterate who has had an aphasic stroke. Not being able to understand or communicate was strange and scary, and it gave me a much keener appreciation of the emotions of visitors and new immigrants struggling with English in this country.

After an uneventful one-hour flight, and god knows how many hours awake (I can't sleep on planes), I arrived at St. Petersburg's Pulkovo Airport, where Cyril and a colleague met me with roses and a car, and whisked me off to the hotel. The first building we passed out of the airport was the St. Petersburg Coca-Cola bottling plant... The hotel was the Sovetskaya, built in Soviet-era modern style. My room was small -- singles there actually have a single bed -- but very clean. I collapsed gratefully.

Next day, I crawled out of my room at about noon, and my hosts took me on a general tour of the city. St. Petersburg looks tremendously old-world, but actually is younger than New York or Boston. It was founded by Peter the Great in 1703, on rather soggy land recently won/won back from the Swedish, to be Russia's northern port, and very shortly, northern capital. We drove around a couple of great Russian Orthodox churches and several notable monuments, and then strolled around the Summer Gardens on the banks of the Neva, and visited Peter's first little Summer Palace -- more of a house, really. This was later replaced by edifices for which

"grandiose" is an insufficient term, but here was preserved a bed he slept in, some of his clocks including one with a frame that he helped carve, and other fascinating historical objects. We also visited the cruiser *Aurora*, now moored on the river, which when new had participated in the famous 1905 defeat in the war with Japan, and from which the first shot was fired that opened the Bolshevik Revolution.

After lunch in a delightfully collegiate café, we strolled around the island fortress of Saints Peter and Paul, and then squeezed in a visit to the apartments of the famous Russian poet Alexander Pushkin. (Early 19th Century -- think Lord Byron-era.) Like Byron, Pushkin also managed to get himself tragically killed at the early age of 36 or so, in his case fighting a duel. His office is preserved much as it was, and includes among other memorabilia a cane he had made with a button from one of the coats of Peter the Great set in the top. Also on display are some of his rough drafts, including doodles. I wondered if he was left-handed, for all the faces in the marginal art face left.

Then we were off to my first bookstore signing, at Nevsky 72. Quite a nice number of fans showed up, and I began to get my first glimpse of just what is happening with the Vorkosigan saga in Russia. The short version is, Miles is making a heck of a lot of friends in places I never dreamed of when he first swaggered onto my pages back in 1983. Interesting fans at this signing included a woman judge, and a shy young lady who pressed a ceramic dragon upon me and vanished before I could think to take her name. A reporter also did an interview during the signing, and of course asked me what I thought of Russia. Since my experience of Russia was mere hours old at this point, I'm afraid my answer was rather incoherent, but I hope she got enough good material. Then it was back to the Sovetskaya, dinner, and bed.

Next day Alan Dean Foster and Robert Jordan and his wife Harriet had arrived, and we were all taken off for an all-too-brief tour of the famous Hermitage, one of the world's greatest art museums. We saw an overwhelming fraction of its treasures. I'd seen the Prado in Madrid earlier in the summer, and the grandiose Bourbon Palace there; the Hermitage was like both rolled into one. I won't even attempt to describe it all; take yourselves off to the library and get out some giant art books with lots of glossy color photos on the subject. We were then taken for lunch to a chamber that looked like a ballroom out of a Georgette Heyer novel, mysteriously set with food waiting for many. After a period of confusion where we sat wondering what we were supposed to do, eat or wait, the rest of the mob from the conference showed up by a bus, a mode of transport we were to grow very familiar with as the weekend went on.

Alan Dean Foster, who had visited Russia 13 years ago, said one of the notable differences was the appearance of adver-

tising. All the familiar logos, from Lee Jeans to McDonald's (this, at least, in Cyrillic) were in evidence. While they gave an encouraging sense of a healthy economy, I couldn't help wondering how Americans would feel if their streets and shops were colonized by hundreds of ads in Cyrillic. My favorite billboard in St. Petersburg was the one for Kit-e-Kat cat food. It showed a tabby cat, made gigantic by its foregrounded perspective, in an Olympic stadium leaping its kibble dish on the track, paws and claws out -- the head of the cat was on a cut-out board a little in front of and above the rest of the board, striving for a 3-D effect. One felt mouse-sized, staring up at it. My provisional conclusion: Russia needs more exports to balance this influx, culturally as well as financially.

Then it was back to the hotel, then off to the opening ceremonies, held at yet another location (I spent five straight days lost, never quite certain where I was or where we were going next, or, sometimes, why.) This was either city offices or part of a university, I wasn't clear which, but it had an auditorium. I was whisked away to a classroom-looking room before the ceremony began for a television interview (!), and sat out another part in favor of some more interviews and conversations. All of this communication was courtesy of, and via, several volunteer translators, who worked very hard for us; shoving the complex ideas we all wanted to convey across the language barrier was a challenge and a strain. After that, we all were taken by the bus back to what we Americans finally decided was a restaurant, and another meal was served, this time a stand-up buffet with vodka and champagne. I kept thinking of that scene in the Horatio Hornblower novel, where he sails to St. Petersburg and has his first, confusing encounter with Russian dining -- I'm going to have to re-read that one soon.

Anyway, everyone got pretty convivial after a few toasts, and things started to loosen up. I prudently stuck to the champagne. I had a nice chat with some Russian fans, Ekaterina and Anna, who showered me with gifts including a hand-made bag in the Vorkosigan colors full of gold-foil covered chocolate coins -- with the heads of actual Russian emperors on them. They also gave me a spiffy ceramic bottle of vodka in the shape of a Cossack on a horse, with the note attached referencing the life-sized sculpture of a guerilla soldier done in maple sugar Gregor had as a wedding present from the people of the Vorkosigan's District in *A Civil Campaign*. (They've made a website in Russian devoted to the Vorkosigan saga. URL: <http://lavka.cityonline.ru/bujold.htm> Its home page has a mirror in English, that one may access by clicking on a link further down.) Live and recorded music led to dancing, and at last one brave Russian writer asked me to dance too, which started a trend -- for about fifteen minutes, till I ran out of breath, I got to be the belle of the ball. So what if I had to wait till age fifty... One of the fellows was a

ballroom dancer, and made me look great for a turn or two.

Next day was the main event of the conference, The Panel -- just one, on the topic of wars of the future. It was a bit chaotic, partly due to problems with translation format, but mostly because it tried to pack five hours worth of stuff into a two-hour time slot. All three of the American writers had been told they were to give a speech on the topic; we all three showed up with material that would fill a typical one-hour US convention slot. No one had quite realized that non-simultaneous translation was going to more than double the time for everything. By the time I was asked to cut my remarks down to seven minutes, we were already boarding the bus for the auditorium.

First up was a real Russian admiral, whose main concern seemed to be wars of the present; he spoke much on the subject of international terrorism. Since the translation was a fellow sitting next to me whispering, and we sat in the front row, I will not attempt to convey my fractured perceptions of what all the admiral said. Alan Dean Foster did his best with his remarks. A Russian academic also spoke. I'm pretty sure that what he said could not have been nearly as baffling as what I heard. (I still don't understand the part about the bees.)

What I had in hand would have taken me about seven minutes to read -- in English, with no interruptions. Instead, we all ran over time, and rather stepped on each other. There was a small riot in the audience when the poor harried moderator, desperately trying to get things under control, cut me off about three pages into my seven pages. Acceding to, er, popular acclaim, I instead handed it over to my translator to read most of the rest of what I'd written, something I should have done about two pages earlier. I felt a bit like that British correspondent who apologized for having written an eight-page letter, because he hadn't had time to write a four-page one. Robert, learning quickly from our mistakes, wisely handed his speech over to his translator right after the first paragraph, and got through pretty handily. The most frustrating part was the fact that the question and discussion part, often the heart of these sorts of things, had to be ruthlessly cut off. But, in a cloud of confusion, we all scrambled through to the end somehow, and went off -- in the bus -- to lunch back in the ballroom.

After dinner, Robert Jordan and I were taken off to a book signing at St. Petersburg's largest bookstore, "The Book House", opened in 1923. It is just around the corner from the monument to Nikolai Gogol, and across the street from the splendidly neo-Classical Kazan Cathedral. It has three sales floors, plus offices, and like all the bookstores I saw in Russia, it was jam-packed with customers buying books. We signed books like mad, answered questions from readers, had another television interview, and signed more books. After that,

we went off for tea in one of the back offices with the bookstore managers, and they took photographs of us on the balcony overlooking Nevsky Prospect, where, we were told, Russian poets used to read poetry to the crowds below. The crowds below today were more interested in getting home through rush hour, I thought.

Lots of traffic, lots of cars, by the way. The streets are bumpy, but it's not a question of the Russian economy -- it's the hard winters. Thus speaketh a resident of Minneapolis (me), where our two seasons are dubbed road removal and snow repair. It gets even colder in St. Petersburg than it does here, and the winters are at least a month longer, if not two. Maintenance in a climate that harsh is no trivial task. There were plenty of people out during the day, and lots of beautiful, well-dressed women. And a lot fewer street beggars and panhandlers than I see in the US, I might add. (The girardia outbreaks in the tap water, however, cannot be excused in a 21st Century city that aspires to world status.)

Then it was back to the hotel. After that, we were all taken off for another buffet and beer/vodka/wine party at a place called Elagin Island Pub, which featured among other things pool tables; the writers had a good time, and I believe Alan acquitted himself nobly on the, er, field of felt. I had another good taped interview/conversation with some writers/fans/journalists.

Next morning after breakfast, I squeezed in a taped interview with one Alexander Royfe, who is a critic and writer for a literary journal in Moscow called *The Book Review*. (I now regret not keeping more extensive notes of everything that went past me, especially people's names.) Then it was back aboard the bus to the Gogol Monument, just around the corner from the Book House on Malaya Koniushennaya Street. This street has been turned into a broad and pleasant promenade for pedestrians. There at Gogol's bronze feet we were treated to a street-theater production which, since it was all in Russian, I didn't exactly catch despite sporadic translation. The main speaker was dressed as the Strannik, the Stranger, a character I came to understand better later that evening, with a bodyguard of four folk characters in costumes that would have done credit to a Worldcon masquerade. Pantomime play with music and voice-over followed, witnessed by the motley mob of us writers, passing tourists and children, and one scruffy-looking fellow who came out on his balcony in his bathrobe and stared down at us in mild disbelief for a while, shook his head, and went back indoors, possibly to stick his head under his pillow and try to return to sleep.

The playlet included a performance of someone dressed as the Nose from Gogol's story of the same name (which I have not yet read, but gather from context to be a sort of early Russian magical realism/absurdist piece). The folk creatures

dressed the statue of the writer temporarily in a large blue cape. When the coat was taken down at the end, it was cut up on the pavement, and anyone who could come up and name one of Gogol's characters was offered a piece. I could not do so, alas, but since I was a guest I received one anyway.

Then it was off to a book fair for another signing. This turned out to be a large building -- somewhere in St. Petersburg -- that has a daily book market rather resembling a cross between a Worldcon dealer's room and a flea market. Many booths sold a vast assortment of books and other items. Customers filled it wall to wall. We pressed through the crowds to an area in the rear where a table had been set up, and had a brief Q&A session, and a very active signing session. Fortunately, the Russian editions of *A Civil Campaign* had at last arrived. My senior Russian editor from AST, Nickolay Naumenko, had also arrived, and assisted, looking pretty happy, I must say. (AST had contributed sponsorship money to the conference, as had other publishers and some governmental sponsors.)

Due to another slight gap in communications, I had not realized a meal was planned for after the signing; I had already promised a group of Russian fans (spearheaded by Anna and Ekaterina again) that they could take me out. I have no idea what all I missed, but I blew off the book fair people and went with the fans, feeling a trifle guilty. They did very well by me, taking me to what they called a Russian barbeque place just down the street from the hotel called "Ohotnichya Izba" -- it turned out to be shish-kabob. It looked like a hole-in-the-wall sort of place, but it turned out to be the best food I'd yet had in St. Petersburg. A glass booth at one end of the restaurant held a long metal trough with a charcoal fire, over which the chef cooked your order as you watched. We had an extremely good conversation, courtesy of our volunteer interpreter.

Then it was time to go back to the hotel and dress for the Strannik Award ceremony. This was held in another amazing St. Petersburg interior, an old composer's club. The chamber to which we were led had some of the most beautiful carved woodwork I'd ever seen, including a musicians gallery all around with a spiral staircase up to it in one corner. A marvelous portrait of Mussorgsky glowered down from one wall -- the man looked startlingly like the late British actor Oliver Reed, except very pale and rather hung-over. Speeches and presentations followed, broken up with classical music played on a harpsichord by a superb woman musician from Latvia named Aina Kalnziema. Since we'd been told to dress formally, I wore the same silver-on-black dress I'd worn to the Hugos last month in Chicago, and Alan managed a nice sweater; Robert shone us all down with a tuxedo and blinding waistcoat. Harriet was spiff in a flowing red silk coat.

The Stranniks are quite the best looking literary award I've ever seen. They are heavy cast bronzes of the Stranger, dressed in a hooded cloak with sword and staff and a raven on his shoulder, striding out. They'd be a substantial piece of desirable art even if they weren't a prize. They leave the World Fantasy Award's metal heads of H.P. Lovecraft (aka "the world's ugliest prize") in the dust. A number of categories for Strannik Awards included ones for art, translation, short story, and novel.

So there we American guests all were in the front row, enviously coveting our neighbor's goods, when the presenters called us each up and gave us our very own Stranniks. We all blurted out rather surprised thanks. The ceremonies concluded, and we all repaired upstairs to another large chamber for another abundant buffet with vodka and champagne, and lots of talk. (My Strannik now has a place on my mantle next to the Hugo I won for *The Vor Game*, and very classy it looks there; the art print of a St. Petersburg winter scene has found a spot on the wall in my front foyer. Amazingly, I managed to get all the gifts home unbroken, including the porcelain cup and saucer, the ceramic dragon, and the Cossack vodka bottle.)

Back at the hotel at last, I hung out in the lobby bar for a while. So there I was at midnight on Saturday, drinking fizzy mineral water and chatting with a full-blooded Tartar computer programmer from Something-kzstan... he spoke three languages, Russian, English, and two dialects of Arabic -- but not, he informed me rather regretfully, Tartar. We both, it turned out, had cut our SF teeth on the same Eric Frank Russell stories, and the Tartar reported himself very pleased that NESFA Press had brought these old favorites back into print.

Somewhere in here, I also did a digital video recorded interview for a Russian website-cum-magazine, caught on the fly in the hotel lobby. It's going to turn up in some sort of streaming video format, I expect, eventually. The young man had strange hair, but a very impressive portfolio of materials from his site.

In the morning another panel was scheduled, a formal Q&A with the three American writer guests, in a conference room on the top floor of the Sovetskaya. Picture windows in the elevator foyer gave a fine view of the city. Alas, we had a late start as the hotel had lost the key to the conference room, but eventually someone came and opened it. The panel went swimmingly once it finally got started, at last getting some conversation with the writers, and I regretted that we ended so soon.

However, it was time to dash off to the next treat: a tour of the Peterhof, the Russian Imperial summer palace on the shore of the Gulf of Finland, across the water from the city.

The grounds are Versailles-era lavish, with what is probably the most astonishing collection of garden fountains in the world. The place was badly damaged in WWII, but is now much restored. (Among the many things I regret not having time to cram in was a visit to the museum of the siege of Leningrad/St. Petersburg.) Again, I recommend a visit to your library's oversized book collection -- words can scarcely convey the fascinating, indeed, appalling, opulence of most of these Imperial venues. The gardens are now a favorite place for St. Petersburg residents to go for a stroll on Sundays; our guide, who was old enough to have gray in his hair, told us the tale of being taken there as a child, and having his boat go down the drain of the Pyramid Fountain. A family crisis was averted when his father ran around and rescued it at the outlet. Four hours barely sufficed to explore just the grounds; the interior of the palace had to be forgone.

Alan had to go off to his signing at the bookstore at Nevsky 72; I was captured and carried off by the fans again, in this case members of a military history club from Moscow. We repaired to someone's hotel room, and talked for an intense and interesting hour. (More information on this club seems to be available on Anna and Ekaterina's Russian website mentioned above.) Then Cyril came and collected me to sign books for the hard-working organizing committee members.

After that, we -- the American writers, the musician guest Aina and her husband, Cyril, and some of the committee -- were taken to an extraordinary dinner, courtesy, if I understand correctly, of one of the convention's sponsors. It was held in the former home of a Countess, and again I expected Georgette Heyer or at least Leo Tolstoy characters to walk through the door at any moment. The several-course meal was served by marvelously self-effacing and attentive waiters. Competitive toasting ensued. Carried away, I too rose to the occasion. Since Alan and Robert had already thanked the committee and praised the city, I offered a toast to the readers, without whom none of us would have our dream jobs. Robert was unfortunately seriously exhausted by this time, and had to leave early; Alan and I stayed on, to be treated to some wonderful music on a pianoforte until that moment merely decorating the far end of the chamber. The Latvian lady's rendition of Mozart's "Turkish March" had us clapping along and cheering. At last, things drew down; it was time to repair to the hotel and pack for my 5 AM departure. I'd traveled with one carry-on bag; by this time, with all the presents, the volume of my possessions had about doubled, and my suitcase zipper was parting company with itself.

The return flights on Aeroflot were without hitches or delays this time. My AST ladies again met me in Moscow, and saw me safely from the domestic to the international airport; we had time to converse a bit about the state of Russian publishing. AST as a company, after a shaky start, now seems to be doing

quite well, producing many more titles.

Looking back, I regret that I did not get in quite as much conversation, or rather, listening, with the Russian SF writers as I would have liked, although our time was about as packed as it could hold. Russian SF seems to have a strong native tradition, a voice of its own on which to build; it's not just imitation American/British SF. A number of writers there appear to be getting respectable print runs and good sales. Interestingly, there were very few women writers in the crowd. I eventually came to realize that in Russian SF, the seventies had never happened. In American SF, this was the period when women writers emerged in force, and as a force to be reckoned with. The Russians still have more than a tinge of that 50's-60's Boys' Own Club about them. The gender of my name is apparently even more ambiguous in Russian than in English; a number of my readers reported surprise when they learned I was a woman. AST is putting my picture on the back cover now, though, which should help -- or, possibly, hurt. We'll see.

Some of my interlocutors were surprised to hear that SFWA has about one-third female members. Both the junior editors and my translator were female, but their senior editor was male; the problem seems to be the usual dual-edged one of self-fulfilling prophecy. Women writers are assumed not to sell, therefore they are not bought, therefore no woman has a chance to prove that women writers can indeed sell books. In the US market, it was first Andre Norton and then especially Anne McCaffrey, the first woman SF writer to get a book on the New York Times bestseller list, who in my opinion broke that barrier for us. I do not know if, or how many, Russian women are trying to write in the genre. I'm put in mind of Octavia Butler's description of an encounter with a black reader, who said to her wonderingly of her work in SF, "I didn't know we *did* that." To try something, one must first envision it as possible for oneself. I'd like to hope that my success in Russia might start something for Russian women writers.

On this leg Aeroflot flew a route to Chicago that stopped, rather to my surprise, in Shannon, Ireland. I spent a couple hours staring out the window of the transient lounge at the soggy green Irish landscape, and then at last headed home, feeling that 27 hours was quite long enough for airplanes and airports. At last, after a quick triage of mail and e-mail, and an emergency call to Pat Wrede to drive me out to dinner, I fell into my own waterbed with my own cats, very glad to be home.

-Lois

Lois McMaster Bujold A Bibliography

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The Easton Press books are part of Easton Press' Signed First Editions in Science Fiction group.

They are sold by subscription only, and do not have ISBNs. They are supposedly first editions, so all the years of publication are the same as Baen first publication. They are leather bound, gold-edged, with a colour frontispiece, and autographed by the author.

They each have an introduction by James Gunn. They also have "Signed first edition" printed on the spine, though *Mirror Dance* appeared from Baen prior to Easton press. The Baen edition of *The Vor Game* credited Easton Press as first edition.

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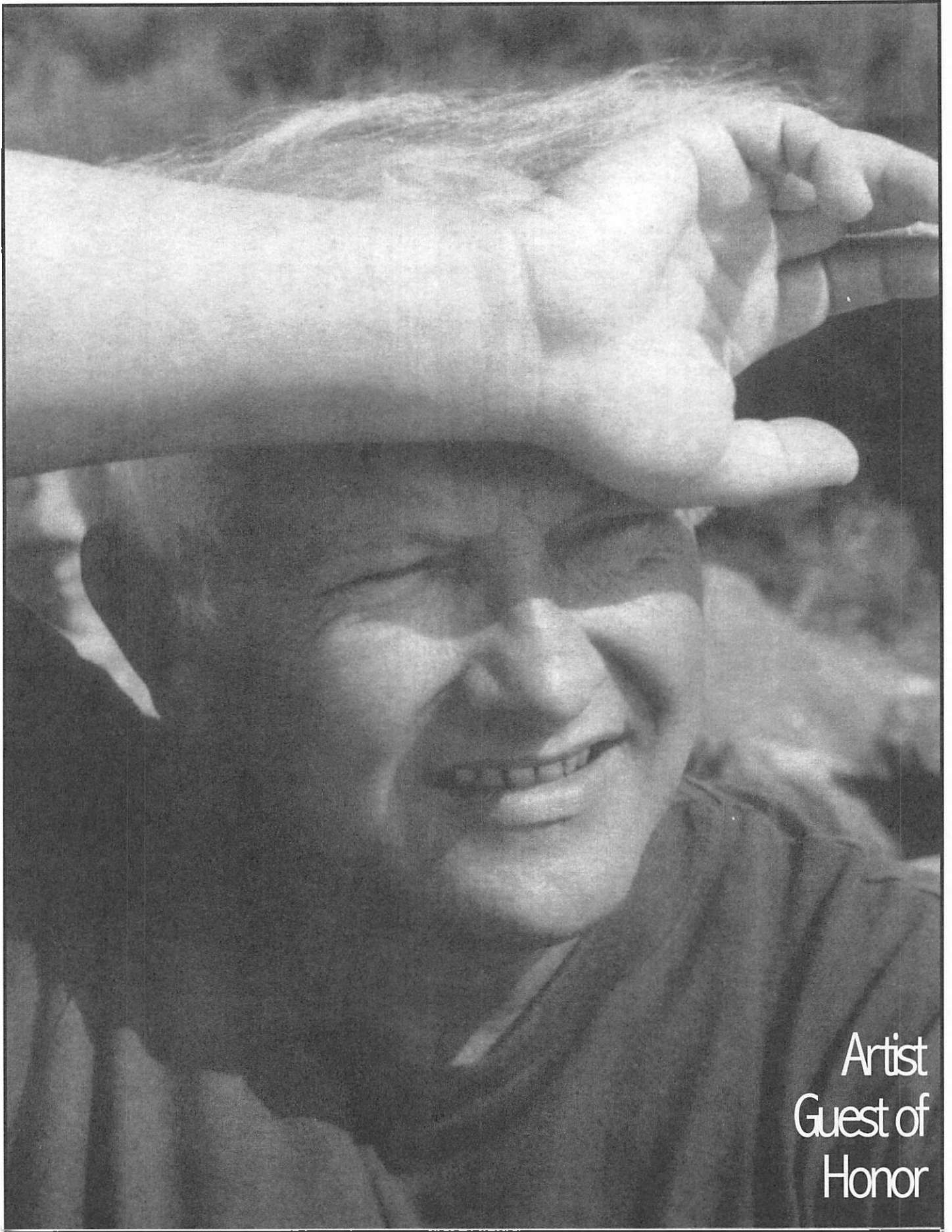
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Artist
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Honor

Permanent Metamorphosis:

Tomasz Cryglewicz

Science fiction, commonly abbreviated as s.f., is an autonomous literary genre, which gave rise to a film genre by the same name, emerged back in the 19th century, but is characteristic of the 20th century literature. Parallel to literature and film science fiction, fine arts came into being, which currently are not only a form of utilitarian graphic arts, but also, having freed themselves from direct illustratory functions, have become an art in its own right, Wojtek Siudmak, a Pole born in Wielun, living and working in France, is one of the most eminent science fiction painters and graphic artists.

In an attempt to create a climate of the futuristic reality conceived in the artist's imagination, still entirely different from the reality that surrounds us, but which at the same time is credible, tangible in a way, contemporary science fiction artists favour the stylistic convention that is generally known as fantastic realism. Fantastic realism originates in surrealism, which opened the artists of the century "the inner eye" to the world existing only in our psyche, in our dreams and in our visions. It is surrealism to which we owe astonishing and shocking pictures, unheard of in our daily experience, which surround us from everywhere :

billboards, TV commercials, book, magazine and record covers and TV videos.

Taking its origin in the so-called mimetic branch of surrealist painting, whose most renowned representatives were René Magritte, Paul Delvaux, and particularly Salvadore Dali (from whom Wojtek Siudmak draws), fantastic realism depicts an unreal world by means of illusion of the three-dimensional reality reflected on a two-dimensional painting. Such a technique has been used since Renaissance (convergent perspective, light-and-shade effects, meticulous observation of nature and an anatomical study of a model's body). Siudmak himself describes his painting as "fantastic hyperrealism", thus referring to the aesthetic trend that came into being in the world art in the late 60s, so it was at the time when he diverted from abstractionism. Although hyperrealists relied on photographic experience, and even went as far as to surpass it in its precision, they were not satisfied with plain realism as it faithfully copied nature, but did not endeavour to mislead the audience leaving the texture and the author's style untouched.

In Siudmak's works we encounter the desire to surpass the old realist painters in applying three-dimensional illusion. Space in his works is magic and suggestive, intriguing and mesmerizing the viewer's eye. The texture of his paintings is made smooth and this smoothness is stretched to the technical limits, as if nearly polished. Detail is painted with precision beyond the possibility of ordinary perception. The colours are bright and shining as if emitting some inner light. Achieving this was possible owing to the use of acrylic paints, virtually unknown in the 19th century and this is what distinguishes his paintings from the

Wojtek Siudmak

19th century formalism.

It is worth noticing that Siudmak does not try to conceal technical and aesthetical affinity to such formalists as Ingres and Bouguereau, the formalists who also aimed to achieve the maximum smoothness of texture, which resulted from the academic "fini" principle that advocated perfect completion and refinement of the whole as well as the detailed. In the works of formalists, the heirs to classicism, and in Siudmak's compositions we encounter the same idealization of reality that manifests itself, amongst others, in the recurring motif of an extremely beautiful woman. However, Siudmak's girl nudes represent the contemporary ideal of female beauty promoted in media and fashion. The tendency to use symbols and allegory, which often assumes a shape of a woman, is what Siudmak and the 19th century tradition have in common. On the other hand precise and styled drawing resembles fin de siècle.

Beside nude slender female figures splashed against boundless cosmic space or vast rocky or seaside desolate areas there appear athletic men, who owing to their supernatural features, belong to the pantheon of divine rather than human beings. Despite apparent motion manifesting itself in permanent metamorphosis, penetration and disappearance of their shapes, time in Siudmak's works seems to have stopped. Fantastic reality froze in crystalline contemplation and stillness.

In Siudmak's works there is very little of what we usually associate with science fiction poetics, i.e. high-tech, the fascination with futuristic technology. Hardly ever are there such objects as spaceship, robots, androids or mutants. Neither will we encounter the cult of ugliness, and hideous and terrifying scenes which are frequently associated with this literary genre. Siudmak creates friendly and fairylike atmosphere. It lures the viewer with the magic influence of colour and form. He arouses admiration in the audience with the technical mastery and abundance of imagination. Little wonder that his art, so good at attracting the viewers with its beauty, has been crowned with full success and has obtained a wide recognition.

Wojtek Siudmak was born in Wielun, Poland, on October 10th 1942. He studied at the Warsaw College of Plastic Arts from 1956 through 1961, and then at the Warsaw Academy of Fine Arts from 1961 to 1966. In 1967, he traveled to France, where he continued his studies at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris in 1967 and 1968. He is considered one of fantastic realism's main representatives.

Siudmak considers himself a "fantastic hyperrealist", blending the techniques of hyperrealism with visions of the fantastic. His work draws upon diverse influences, with Salvador Dali a principal source, along with Rene Magritte and Paul Delvaux, yet some of his work might have equally have been inspired by Frank Frazetta or Boris Vallejo. His painting blends technique from the baroque and renaissance periods with concepts rooted in abstract expressionism and a luminous color palette.

During his career, he has had many personal exhibitions in Europe, including exhibitions in Berlin in 1967, London in 1967 and 1970, Cannes in 1980, Paris in 1967, 1980, 1981, and 1993, Cracow in 1984, Wielun in 1986, and Chicoutimi in 1988. He has also exhibited in Paris, Grenoble, Bordeaux, Lyon, Angoulême, Albi, Avignon, Toulouse, Clermond-Ferrand, Nancy, Rouen, Belford, Warsaw, Moscow, New York, Colorado, Ireland, Finland, and Canada.

Retrospectives of his work have appeared in the Musée J. M. Rilke - Sierre - Switzerland in 1988, Tuttlingen, Germany in 1989, Palais de Tokyo, Paris, France in 1989, Ozoir-la-Ferrière, France in 1990, Leingarten, Germany in 1992, Château Queyras, France in 1992, Maison d'Ailleurs - Musée de la S. F. , Yverdon , Switzerland in 1993, Maison de la Mer, Cavalaire, France in 1994, Musée de Malestroit, Bry-sur-Marne, France in 1994, Château de la Messardière - Saint-Tropez , France in 1995, Musée de la Tour Carrée - Sainte-Maxime, France in 1996, Chasseneuil du Poitou 1996, Futuroscope - Poitiers, France in 1997. A hall room is consecrated to his work at Muzeum Ziemi Wielunskiej - Wielun, Poland and Musée de l'Imaginaire, Château de Ferrières, France.

"Only a dream can cross insurmountable barriers." That could be my motto, "dream" should be merged with "imagination", because it is imagination that gives us the mean to determine the fullness of our dream on the sand of time.

Imagination is a gift one cannot escape from, which transforms a dream into a project to achieve.

It is a burden which we carry in spite of its constant state of weightlessness. It floats up towards some indefinable

ceiling, where must merge art, mathematics, physics and philosophy together...

Imagination is like the starry canopy of the sky with no boundaries, and it is there that admiration mixes with fear of infinity.

I was once asked whether I could imagine a world in which the characters I had created would come alive.

In fact, I am always in this world. I create characters of all sorts in it, I shape its scenery and horizons.

Here, reality is like breathing in and imagination becomes breathing out. Both repeated endlessly like a kind of cadenced pulsation of the Universe.

How is this world inhabited by our dreams, our imagination and our realities? Perhaps, the span of this world is restricted by the span of human mind?

Through which subtle and strange sphere, does a passage to the other side of the mirror leads us? Where is the key to imagination? Can we learn how to imagine?

We feel as if we were suspended in the space of weightlessness at the edge of darkness and light swaying softly forwards and backwards, walking slowly along a winding serpentine path, above this border which symbolically separates Yin from Yang.

What is the soil that breeds this most wonderful feature of our mind, imagination?

What stimulates this bizarre creative anxiety? Many questions hustle, instead of answers, other questions elbow their way...

The work of a painter, a trace of the artist's soul, is the fruit by some alchemic reaction, of an abstract merger of imagination and reality.

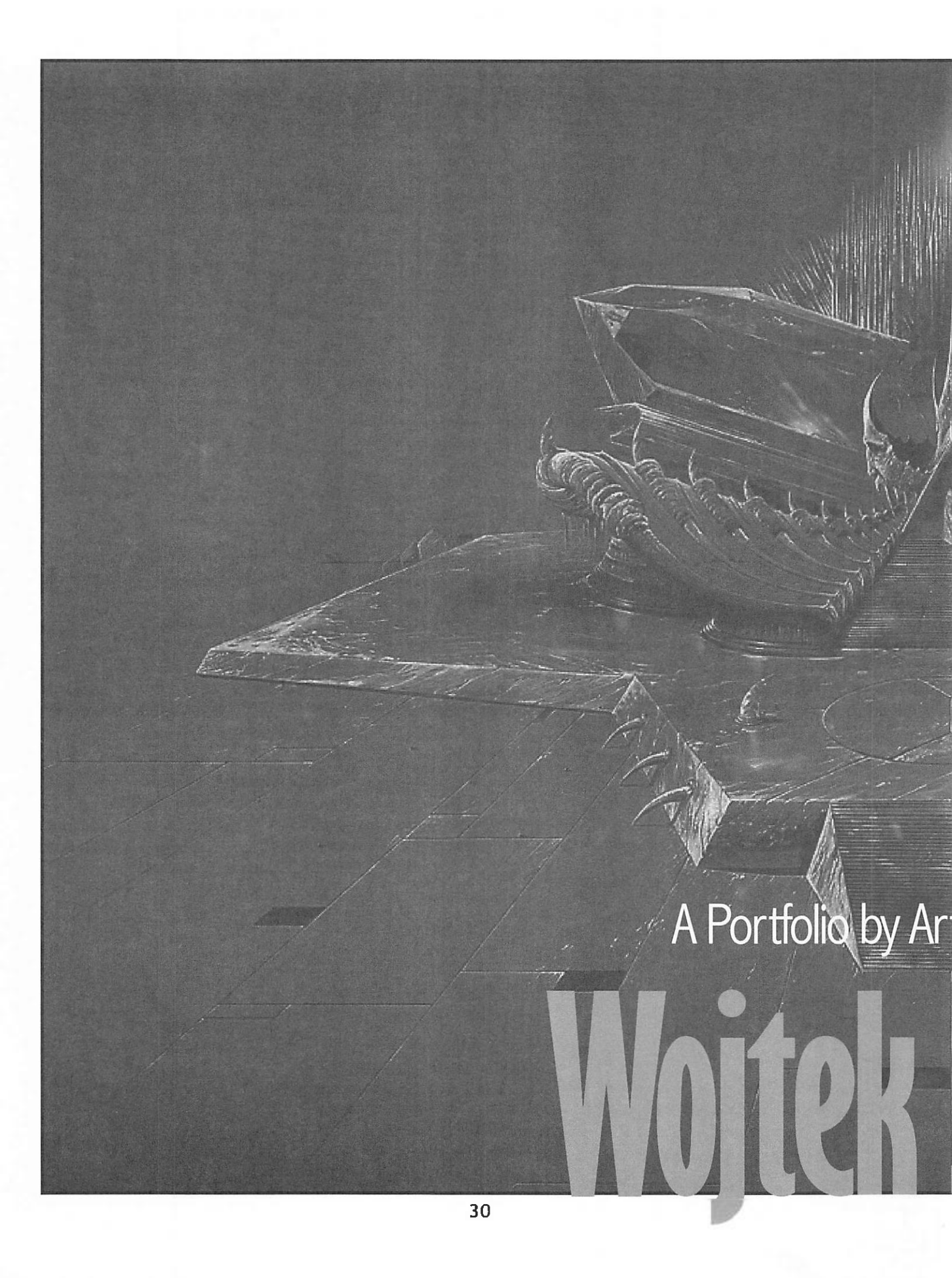
It is material evidence of an artistic creativity, symbol of an always present creation renewed endlessly.

Unreal characters, petrified in the gesture chosen by the artist, wait for a spectator in order to revive in his imagination all the tensions and intentions he will dream and interpret indefinitely...

The achieved work of a painter becomes independent, and breaks free from the fate of its creator. Paradoxically, unreal characters are eternal.

-Wojtek

Honour to Make- Believe Wojtek Siudmak



A Portfolio by Ar

Wojtek



st Guest of Honor

Siudmak

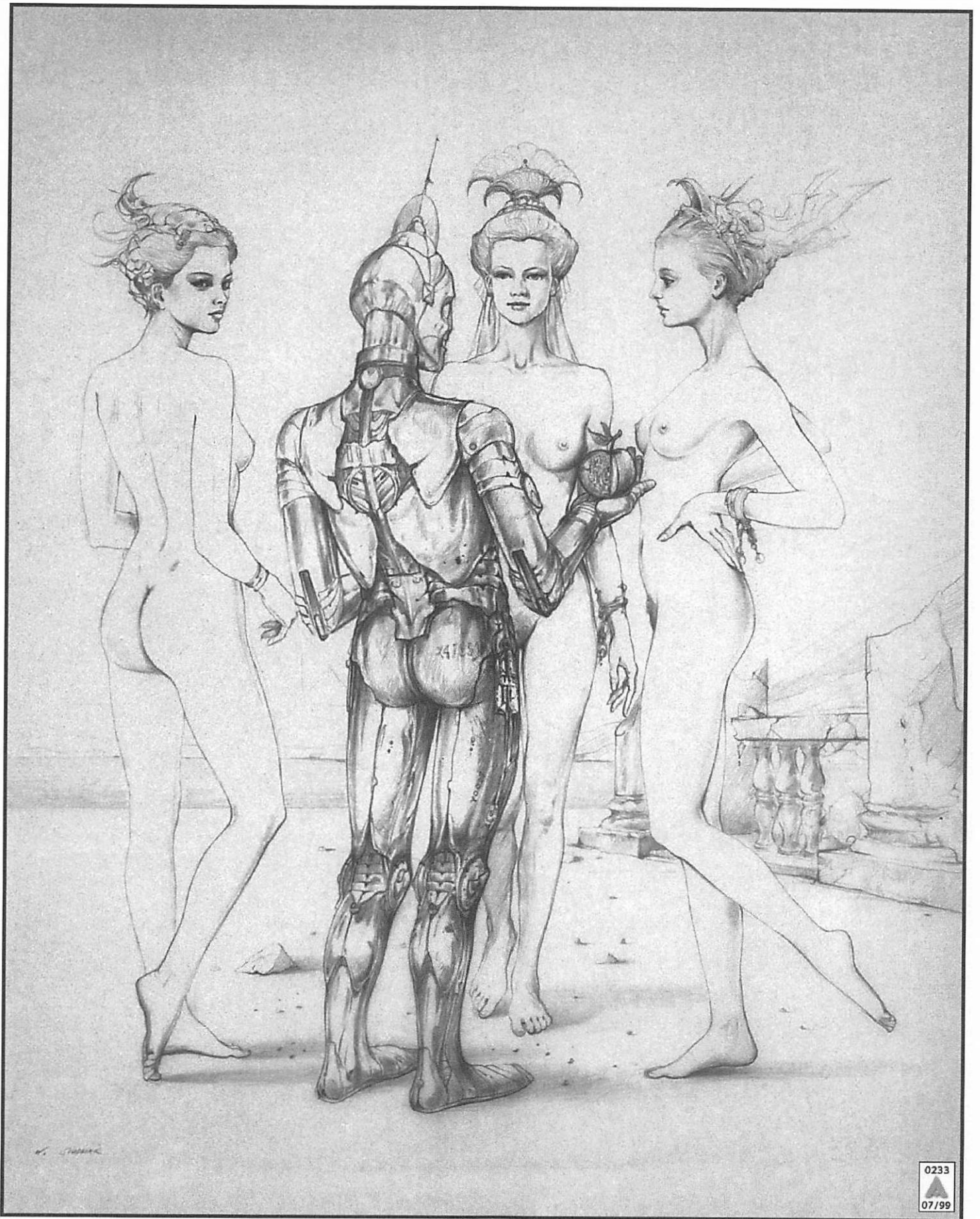
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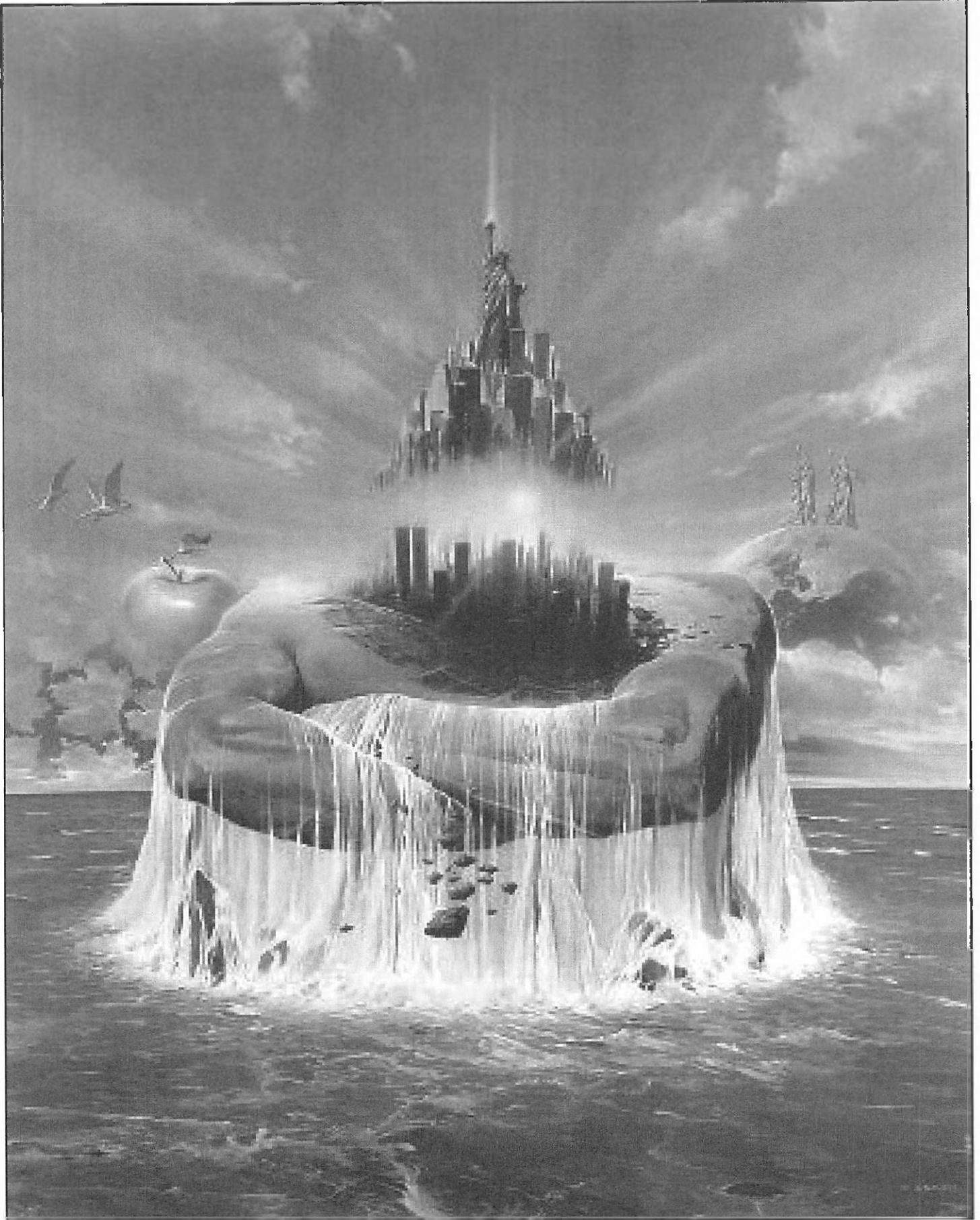
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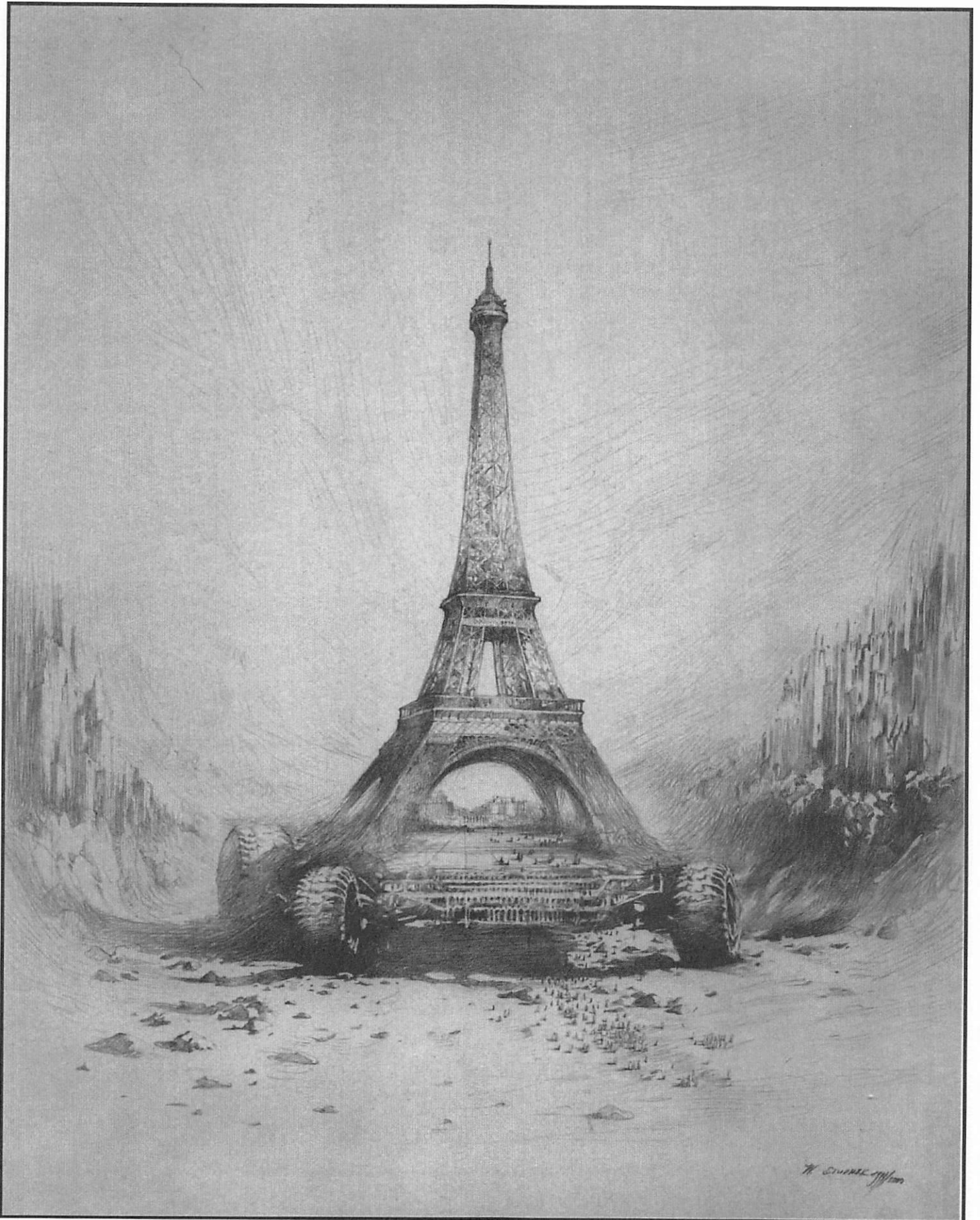


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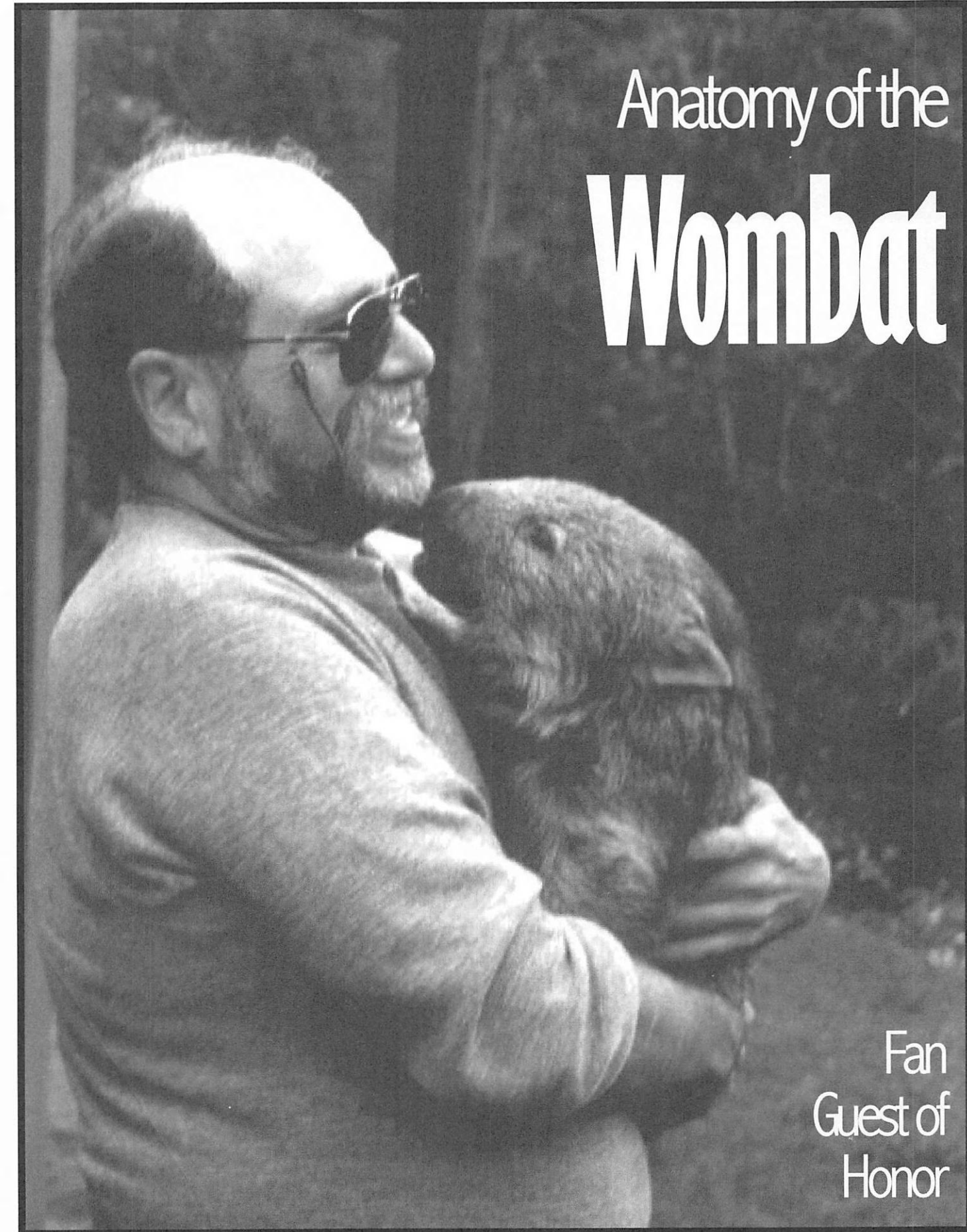
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Anatomy of the
Wombat

Fan
Guest of
Honor

An appreciation of jan howard finder

by Ben Bova

The wombat, according to Webster's Dictionary, is a sturdily built Australian marsupial (family name *Vombatidae*) which has a stocky body, short legs, a rudimentary tail, and in general resembles a small bear. A very small bear.

So what is a furry Australian creature doing at science fiction conventions? Ah, but the wombat we speak of is not merely a wombat, he is The Wombat: Jan Howard Finder, who -- among other things -- likes to spell his name in all small letters, thus: jan howard finder.

Perhaps the easiest explanation for The Wombat's strange territorial range and odd behavior is that he is a science fiction fan. He has been attending science fiction conventions for more than three decades. Though a self-proclaimed "British fan with a west Midlands accent," he managed to be named part of the Italian delegation to the 1975 Aussiecon 1 world convention. (Could it be that his strange association with Down Under marsupials began at that time?)

The Wombat has published fanzines and edited science fiction anthologies, but it was his activities at conventions that brought him the most attention. He has won awards for costuming. He has run auctions. He has been

a fan guest of honor at many conventions, including Confrancisco, the 1993 worldcon.

He authored the aphorism, "Reality is a crutch for those persons unable to handle science fiction." He coined the term "Bytelock" (which found its way into my novel, *RETURN TO MARS*).

Relatively few people, however, know that The Wombat is also an energetic and dedicated space activist. He has organized panels at science fiction conventions to push for a better and more useful space program. He is an indefatigable writer of letters, and still publishes the fanzine *Marsupial Mutterings* now and then.

More than all that, though, he is a friend and a treasure. He is the one and only The Wombat.

-- Ben Bova

Ben Bova began his professional career as a Technical Editor on Project Vanguard. He has had a long and varied career in SF as a writer, anthologist, and editor, serving as the replacement for the late John W. Campbell at *Analog Magazine*, and developing *Omni Magazine* for Penthouse Publications. These days, Ben is Publisher for a new SF oriented web site called *Galaxyonline.com*, continues to write SF, and recently completed the requirements for his Phd. He lives in Florida with his wife Barbara.

Panelist Biographies

Kim Airs is the proprietrix of Grand Openings!, Boston area's premier sexuality boutique. She thinks there's no difference between science fiction and fantasy. She loves her job. <http://www.grandopening.com>

Gunther Anderson is an aspiring folk singer/songwriter with a small but dedicated following in the Boston area. When not playing and singing for friends and at parties, he can occasionally be seen at open mike nights and at folk circles. By day he works for the legendary synthesizer maker Kurzweil Music Systems as a computer geek.

Catherine Asaro is known for her multiple-award winning Skolian Empire series that combines science fiction adventure with strong romance story lines. Her stand-alone novel, *The Quantum Rose*, is being called a "medieval romance in space". Praised for her ability to mix hard science fiction with character-driven stories, physicist Asaro has a Ph.D. in chemical physics and an A.M. in physics from Harvard. Her latest near future thriller, *The Phoenix Code*, is about an android who doesn't want the life planned out for him by the military and corporation- so he kidnaps his creators and takes off for Las Vegas. Catherine's web site is www.sfrf.net/people/asaro.

Lisa Ashton is a costumer and crafts person living in Maryland. Being able to costume keeps her going thorough long days and nights in the ER. She'd know at Arisia for last years "Ritual" and before that "Pin the Tentacle on the Alien". Look for her in hallways and lounges- beading- and stop to say hi. She also loves hunting, white water rafting and countryfairs.

Tommy Ashton is a 14-year-old freshman at Richard Montgomery High School. In his spare time, he plays Magic: the Gathering, navigates the Internet, and listens to music. He has been going to SF conventions since 1987, and participated in numerous masquerade performances.

John Bacon has been involved with LARPS and RPG's since the later 1970's. He is the lead designer for NERO. His tabletop RPG work was the world design for Orkworld by John Wick. Currently he is working on a number of projects for I20 and open gaming. He is married to Mary Bacon and has a son, Kyle.

Mary Bacon is a nurse practitioner and LARP gamer for ten years. She has been doing new player training for NERO for about five years.

Alec Baclawski is an avid role player, freelance artist and computer geek. He has twice been published in *Dragon*, and is best known and well loved by his players for his inventive and creative methods of killing their characters.

Bad Raqs San e Sahrah is a belly dancing troupe, part of the masquerade halftime show and includes Anne Livermore Rookey (director), Jared Buzby, Andi Dunphy, Colin Campbell, Susan Campbell, Lynne Chinigo, Tamara Duran, Karen Hoffman, Kathy Horn, Katerine Journeay, Carol King, Randi LaMadeleine, Amber McMillan, David Martin, Erica Palmer, Keri Reuss, Teresa Roberts, Kate Waterous, Jennifer Wise.

James Blanchette is a comic retailer, performance artist, game guru, historical re-enactor, reviewer, cheese lover, avid collector, little league treasurer, voracious reader, very bad autobiographer.

Sherry Briggs was born in 1945, and married David in 1976. He introduced her to science fiction. By 1982 she had joined a local writers group including Hal Clement and Mona Wheeler. She published short stories and nonfiction, and lives in Needham with David, their two children and two cats.

Charlene Brusso having worked as an astronomer, baker, museum customer assistant, janitor, physicist, scientific programmer, it became apparent that she was best equipped to be a science fiction writer. Her fiction has appeared in *Aboriginal SF*, *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy*, *May*, *Amazing Stories* and *Dark Regions*. Her stories have been recommended for the Nebula and she was a finalist for the Homer award in 2000. She also freelances book reviews, interviews and scientific articles.

Michael A. Burstein, previous winner of the Campbell Award, has published about two dozen stories, mostly in *Analog*. He maintains a WebPages at WWW. Mabfan.com. He lives in Brookline with his wife, Nomi.

Nomi Burstein is a technical writer and freelance editor. She is the wife of Michael A. Burstein. She lives in Brookline, MA and in cyberspace at world.strd.com/~gnomi.

Kristin Burger is still in Western MA, still reading everything she can and still living on the Internet. Now at least I get paid to be online! She's been married for three years now. She recently discovered purple looks

good in dark hair. She's a member of Northern Lights, Friends of Lulu, Bellatrix, Haven Weyr, Fort Weyr, TelgarTen, and MassFen.

Muriel W. Canter graduated from a classical high school, but her undergraduate and graduate education has been in chemistry. Her work experience has been in science and allied health education, and in clinical laboratories. She is also interested in the interface between science and religion.

Elizabeth Carey is a member of NESFA and MCFI and has been attending conventions since Boskone IX. She has been running programming for Boskone and Readercon, worked on Noreascon 3 and has been active in the Orlando in 2001 and Boston in 2004 world con bids. She edited Armor of Light by Melissa Scott & Lisa A. Barnett for NESFA Press.

Stephanie Carrigg is a master costumer with interests in Fantasy costuming, beadwork, and keeping her closet from overflowing with too many costumes.

Grant Carrington is associate editor for *Amazing/Fantastic* for 1972-1974, contributing editor for *Entirety* from 1978-1980, and wrote "His hour upon the Singe" which was on the final Nebula ballot in 1976, and Time's Fool, Doubleday 1981.

Mary Catelli is a short story writer of fantasy and science fiction whose work has appeared in Swords and Sorceress anthology and various magazines. She works as a computer programmer.

Jeanne Cavelos as a senior editor at Dell, she ran the SF/F program, launched the Abyss horror line and won that World Fantasy Award. She is the author of The Science of the X-files, The Science of Star Wars, and an upcoming Babylon 5 trilogy. She is director of Odyssey, a workshop for SF/H writers.

Amy Chused a former computer geek, current medical student, and long time SF lover with a passion for ethics discussions and intelligent conversations.

Patricia B. Cirone has published several short stories in magazines and in anthologies such as *Catfantastic II*, and *Swords and Sorceress*. She is currently working on a novel ... or two.

Stephanie Clarkson bought her cat a domain four years ago, and is all been down hill from there. She lives in Atlanta, is a web diva, and makes dates on Tuesdays to watch Buffy instead of going out.

Hal Clement is a hard SF specialist, is hooked on Terry Pratchett. His first sale was October 1941, last publication September 1999. He has be awarded 1 (retro) Hugo, 1 Nebula (Grand Monster). He holds degrees in

astronomy and chemistry, and a background of 40 years as a high school science teacher. He is a 25-gallon Red Cross Blood donor.

Bryon P. Connell is an SF and costuming fan. He's currently the president of the International Costuming Guild.

Susan Hanniford Crowley of SFWA has published short stories in Marion Zimmer Bradley's *Fantasy Magazine*, *Spell of Wonders*, and Sword and Sorceress XV and IX. Resonance Communications, Inc published her poetry book, *Lake with No Horizon*. Currently she is working on a novel.

Laurel Cunningham-Hill is a Master Costumer with credits in film and theatre. She specializes in theatre and special effects make up and working with unusual materials in costuming. Her most recognized costumes are the gargoyle and Nightmare. Her greatest fans are husband Richard and son Zachary who are also costumers.

Charlene Taylor D'Alessio has been painting and exhibiting in the Fantasy and Science Fiction field, and exhibiting at convention art shows for over 25 years. She also taught art in public school now teaches private art lessons in Fantasy and Science Fiction. She reads as much Fantasy and Science Fiction as she can and attends 6 conventions a year and work as a freelance professional illustrator.

Keith R.A. DeCandido writes books, ebooks, comics, and stories in the Star Trek, Buff, Farscape, Doctor Who, Marvel Comics, and Xena universes. He's also a musician, editor, book packager, and all around silly person.

Susan de Guardiola is a fan, a costumer, a historical dancer, a Shakespeare nut, a collector of bad vampire fiction and short on time. She also designs and makes chain mail and MCs masquerades. Her New Year's resolution is to sleep more.

Paul DiGennaro is a NYS law enforcement officer who just happens to co-own a production company- SEER Productions, specializing in *White Wolf's World of darkness-* with his slightly psychotic wife. He likes to escape reality as much as possible by RP'ing quite often.

Jennifer Dunne is the author of *RAVEN'S HEART*, a science fiction romance that won the EPIE Award for best science fiction ebook of the twentieth century and spent over a year on Barnes & Noble's Rocket eBook bestseller list, reaching #4 on the romance list, and #5 on the science fiction list. In November, 2000, it was released in trade paperback by Speculation Press. Jen-

nifer is also the author of the genetic vampire romance *DARK SALVATION* and upcoming romantic fantasy *SHADOW PRINCE*, in addition to a number of fantasy and science fiction short stories published in print and on the net. The president of Romance Writers of America's Fantasy, Futuristic and Paranormal chapter for two terms, she worked with Catherine Asaro to forge closer ties between that writers' group and SFWA. Her other credits of possible interest to convention goers include editing the Science Fiction Romance newsletter since 1994, and being a Tarot reader for nearly 20 years.

Donald Eastlake is a member of Motorola's technical staff in the areas of Internet Security and Electronic Commerce. He is a long time fan and has been most active on conventions and club fandom.

Jeanie Faries is a master costumer and lighting designer who holds a MFA in theatrical design. She lives in Raleigh, NC.

Colette Fozard went to her first con in 1989 and somehow landed on the fast track of con running and chaired Balticon in 1996. She has more experience than she cares to think about in fandom, please go up to her and tell her it is okay to say no to more volunteering.

Terry Franklin writes science fact and science fiction (of the "hard" variety). His story "The Well-Tempered Helix" is featured on Alexandria Digital Literature's web site, [Http://www.alexlit.com](http://www.alexlit.com). He is also a Libertarian political activist and sometime candidate.

Nancy C. Frey has been making costumes since her son was 3 (he's 28 now!). She started with Halloween, and went on to children's theater. She has also done a few adult theater productions. She enjoys acting, reading, costuming, and the ocean.

Ken Gale has credits that included Arren, Holt-Rinehart, DC, editor and co-publisher of *Dangerous Times* and *New Frontiers* for Evolution Comics, adding these titles to the never long enough list of comics for intelligent focus. He rejoined the mainstream writing *Good Guys*, and *Warriors of Plasma* for Defiant and wrote "Miranda Amuck" for Puritan Ken helped produce the 2001 Celtic calendar and currently hosts a talk show on WBAI-Fm in New York on comics-nuffsaid.et. Previous interviews include Harlan Ellison, Julie Schwartz and Snoopy.

Barry Gold was named to the Filk Hall of Fame in 1997. His filksinging includes the paleofilk of the 1950s and 1960s, his wife Lee's songs, and many current filksongs. He's also interested in roleplaying and sometimes has time to look at furry art. He's a unix kernel programmer.

Lee Gold was named to the Filk Hall of Fame in 1997. She edits *XENOFILKIA*. Her best-known filksong is "You Bash the Balrog." Her roleplaying games include *LAND OF THE RISING SUN*, *GURPS JAPAN*, and *VIKINGS* (Iron Crown). She edits *ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS*, which won an Origins Award in 2000. Her interests include science fiction, Kipling, Cabell, Arthuriana, Celtic, Norse and Japanese folklore and the Japanese language. She has an MA in English Lit.

Jeff Hecht is a free-lance science and technology writer and correspondent for *New Scientist* magazine and *Laser Focus World*. His short fiction has appeared in *Analog*, *Asimov's*, *Interzone*, *Odyssey*, *Twilight Zone* and the anthology *Great American Ghost Stories*. His recent books include *Understanding Fiber Optics* from Prentice Hall and the *City of Light: The Story of Fiber Optics*, from Oxford University Press. His web site is [Http://www.sff.net/people/jeff.hecht](http://www.sff.net/people/jeff.hecht).

Hippy Chicks is a belly dancing troupe, part of the masquerade halftime show and includes Karen Purcell, and Nancy King-Rogers.

Heidi Hooper is one of the few women in the world with a Master's degree in metal smithing. She has won costuming awards including a "Best Craftsman" at WorldCon, and runs the NERO Emporium, where she sells her leather armor. She is a founder of the New England Role-playing Organization and is vice-president of the NERO Alliance. She has too many cats.

Sam Jones has been attending Cons since her was a wee littleen. He knows way too much about X-men and Star Wars. He finds writing in the third person annoying.

Aline Boucber Kaplan, a high-tech "lifer," is currently Director of Corporate Communications for NetScout Systems. She has written four SF/fantasy novels, including: *Khyren* (1988), *World Spirits* (1992), *Master of the Wind* (unpublished), and *Crossing the Line* (final revision). Aline lives in Sudbury, Massachusetts, with her husband, Seth, and cat, Spooky.

David C. Kaplowitz is a long time computer geek who is into table top, LARP and SCA.

Tia Kaplowitz is a gamer, former Arisia programming maven and a general purpose Diva.

Alexx Kay is a second-generation fan, intranet game designers and an active SCA storyteller- not necessarily in that order.

Daniel M. Kimmel is a professional film critic who is also a fan. His look on the history of the Fox network should be out later this year.

Jennifer Koerber is a Children's Librarian with the Boston Public Library. A long time dreamer and world builder, she now gets to share her visions with children of all abilities.... "And they pay me for this?"

Diane Kovalcin is a Master Costumer in both Historical and science fiction masquerades. While she loves to costume, she is also a big Star Wars fan. Just ask her. Among her other hobbies are quilting, painting, and travel. She also has 2 great kids which are her best works-of-art to date.

Toni Lay is an avid costumer, reader and media fan. She is a member of the New Jersey- New York Costumers Guild (a chapter of the International Costumers Guild), and is a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism.

Fred Lerner is a bibliographer and a historian. He is the author of "Modern Science Fiction and the American Literary Community" and "The story of Libraries: From the invention of writing to the Computer Age." His story "Rosetta Stone" was included in David Hartwell's anthology Year's Best SF 5.

Paul Levinson's The Silk Code won the 2000 Locus Award for the Best First Novel. His eight nonfiction books, including The Soft Edge (1997) and Digital McLuhan (1999), have been the subject of major articles in *The New York Times*, *Newsweek*, and *WIRED*. He is a professor of Communication & Media Studies at Fordham University in New York City, Director of its Graduate Program in Communications, and President of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America.

Suford Lewis joined LASFS in 1960 and upon coming to Boston, Jo Trimble told her to be sure to join MITFS. This good advice caused her to meet her husband. She has costumes, created cat stencils (both mimeo and ditto), collected art and jewelry, performed in fannish operettas and plays. She brought Lois McMaster Bujold's fanzine from her at Midwestcon in 1968.

Shariann Lewitt's tenth novel, Rebel Sutra, was published by Tor in September 2000. She has very recently re-located to the metro Boston area and needs to find a Thai grocery and a good dry cleaner.

Mark Mandel calls himself a 50s, 60s, 70s, 80s, 90s, and 00s folkie, and has been a fan almost as long, but an active filker only since the early 90s. He has occasionally been guilty of smoffery: his rap sheet lists several years as Arisia filkczar and the program chairmanship of Concertino '99. He is known to consort regularly with the MASSFILC mob and is sometimes seen in the company of a small red-and-white dragon known as Loiosh. He is not considered armed and dangerous unless you count puns. In mundane life he is a linguist. Further

than this deponent sayeth not.

Peter Maranci is the author and publisher of Pete's RuneQuest Page! (WWW.maranci.net/rq.htm), a popular game site. Founder of the Interregnum RPG APA, & publisher and editor until burnout a couple of years ago. Sold a story seven years ago, still waiting hopefully by the mailbox for the check.

Stu Mendelson specializes in folktales of love, peace, justice and the environment. He uses his tale spinning talent to bring alive multi-cultural stories to the delight of children and adults. His stories always include hefty doses of adventure, magic, romance and barrels of laughter. <Stu.mendelson@mailexcite.com>

Kiraless McCauley is an editor, Interregnum A.P.A., co-designer Cosmic Synchronicity RPG, amateur belly dancer, co-host of the Western Avenue Irregulars, an RPG organization, staff member FantasyLibrary.com and aspiring author.

MOTley Border Morris is Eastern Massachusetts's finest (and only) Border Morris team, entertaining adults and scaring children with the disreputable but traditional English dance. We disguise ourselves before we brandish, clash, and occasionally throw our cudgels. For more information, contact vonnies@apocalypse.org.

Laura Packer is a storyteller, folklorist, dreamer, and coyote girl. Laura's stories for grown-ups are compelling, original, and unexpected. She can be reached at Laura.sereno@mindspring.com.

Patrika and Leodunya is a belly-dancing troupe, part of the masquerade halftime show and includes Janet Johnson and Pat Vandenburg.

Kimberly Pinto-DiGennaro is a very patient waiting to get published author who keeps the doldrums of Kingston, NY from driving her insane by running SEER Productions, a company that runs LARP Campaigns in the Hudson Valley area. WWW.angelfire.com/games/seerinc

Bill Pomeroy, an avid gamer and storyteller, has been writing for the past seven years. Over the past two he has run 15 Lilies, a non-profit gothic charity event to raise funds for the Columbine Memorial Fund. He currently resides in Somerville, Massachusetts.

Karen Purcell is a veterinarian who wandered into the art show one year in the early 90's, volunteering as a gopher as a favor to a friend who couldn't make it, x years later, I've been talked into a staff position, belly dance in public and own a corset. BTW, I also like ferrets.

Victor Raymond is currently working on a doctorate in sociology; Victor's been a con-runner, a long time

gamer, and an activist for people of color and GLBT people. He manages to make time for Scottish Country Dancing, playing Tekumel, his partner Lynn, and the obligatory two cats.

Eric Ren is a free lance illustrator whose work has appeared in several games including Legend of Five Rings, Deadlands Doomtowntown, and Moon Dragon. His work has also appeared in the magazine *Absolute Magnitude*. When he is not up late working on a painting, he enjoys miniatures warming.

Tom Restivo or "The Little Guy" as he is known- has been around in fandom since 1988. He has been active in the Star Trek Fan Association, STARFLEET. His parodies of the MST3K, Babylon 5 and Voyager have been published in the Fanzine *Power Star*. Tom also frequents various forums on the web. Tom works as a computer support contractor in Maryland, and met his wife, Maggie, in typical fannish fashion - at a con.

Nancy Rogers-King "I have been dabbling in belly dance for years, but have only launched into it seriously since June 2000. I have joined forces with a few members of SCA's Shire Quintavia, near Worcester, and together we have formed our own little group, The Hippy Chix. We're a small, fledgling troupe of belly dancers; but what we lack in experience, we make up for in enthusiasm! We love to learn, perform, and introduce others to the joys of The Dance. Our most important message: Belly Dance is for everyone, regardless of age, size, or any other factors you can think of. We hope people will join us in the joy of self-expression that accompanies this 5000-year-old dance form."

Maria Roberts invites her audiences to participate in tales with subtle morals, geography, and environmental awareness.... Other talks are just plain fun! Maria's stories come from Africa, Asia and the human heart. For adults she chooses slightly longer, thought provoking tales that also poke fun at the human condition.

Charles C. Ryan is the Editor of Aboriginal Science Fiction (1986- present) and Editor and Publisher of First Books. He and the magazine have been nominated for a Hugo three times. In the 1970s, he was the founding editor of Galileo magazine. As an editor in the science fiction field he has helped start the careers of a number of talented writers and artists including Connie Willis, John Kessel, Patricia Anthony, and Jonathan Lethem, to name a few. For 10 years he was a reporter at a daily newspaper and for 13 years he was the newspaper's managing editor. He has won a number of journalism awards and was nominated once for a Pulitzer Prize for his coverage of the Woburn childhood leukemia story. The same Woburn incident is the subject of the Disney film starring John Travolta - A Civil Action.

Carol Salemi has been involved in costuming for over 25 years. She competes at the Master level and has won awards in both the US and Canada. Carol has judged many costume events including Costume Cons and Worldcons and was Arisia's masquerade director for five years. She is a costumer, hair and make up artist for Fiddlehead Theatre of Norwood and makes elaborate headpieces for Yolanda's of Waltham. She also works on haunted house and is a massage therapist in her real life.

Cindy Shettle (aka Sky elf) is an active member of the Peter Wingfield Fan Club. She role plays with the Western Street Irregulars and is a technical advisor for Comic Synchronicity and the finical officer of www.fantasylibrary.com. She writes Highlander fanfiction and contributes articles to the Interregnum APA.

Sarah Smith is the author of the historical mystery trilogy, The Vanished Child, The Knowledge of Water (Both *New York Times* Notable Books) and A Citizen of the Country. She is the co-author of Future Boston (ed. D. Alexander Smith. Tor) and author of hypertextual novels Riders, Doll Street, and King of Space (Eastgate). Her Stories have appeared in *F&SF*, *ABORIGINAL*, and anthologies including Best of New Horror 5. She is a member of the Cambridge SF Workshop and lives in Brookline. In mundane life, she designs and implements multimedia documentation packages and is Webmaster of Mystery Writers of America. She is working on a new novel about Shakespeare.

Patricia Silva is a long time convention goer and Current head of Arisia Video theatre masquerader/costumer, a bibliophile, videophile and SF marathoner. She is an avid fan of SF TV, movies, Anime, Comicbooks art stuffed toys dragons, unicorn, and cats especially.

Jacob Sommer has been writing original music and filk for roughly twelve years but has only been filksinging actively for the last two years. He has been known to sing at the drop of a hat so please keep yours firmly attached. He is currently living in a secret laboratory run by four Feline Masters Of Reality.

Richard Staats is a five time Arisia panelist. Rich graduated from West Point (BS 1984) and MIT (Ph.D. 1994). He advises seniors in the government on gaming and information technology. Rich has numerous gaming, fiction, and technical publications. He is the father of three gaming children.

Lisa J. Steele is a criminal defense attorney and author based in Bolton, Massachusetts. She has represented client's accused of crimes ranging from minor traffic offences to capital murder. She is the author of several legal articles about criminal defense. She is also the author of two White Rose Publishing source books: Fief

and Medieval France. Her interests range from science fiction to economics to medieval history to firearms.

Cecila Tan writes, edits, and publishes both erotic and non-erotic science fiction and fantasy. Her short stories have appeared in *Asimov's*, *Absolute Magnitude*, *MS. Magazine* and *Penthouse*. Her book of short stories, *Black Feathers*, was published in 1998 by Harper Collins. Find out more at www.circlet.com.

Joseph Teller is a long time player, manager, and designer of role-playing Games. He operates the www.fantasylibrary.com, an online fantasy resource library and is the Executive Officer of The Western Ave Irregulars. He is assistant editor and art director of *Interregnum APA* in his spare time.

Joe Theroux has spent the past two years wowing children and grown-ups across Southern New England with his high-energy brand of story telling and daredevil physicality. He has been featured in the Rhode Island Libraries' Summer Reading Program, Worcester's "Festival of Trees", and the RI storytelling festival. Visit Joe at www.joetheroux.com.

Susan Toker is a renaissance person in training. In the SF world, she costumes, read books and draws. She is currently studying Northern Shaolin Kung FU, horseback riding, prop building, and anything else that sparks her interest. She loves moves, star wars, traveling, art, comics.. err you get the idea.

Shane Tourtellotte appears regularly in *Analog*, where he debuted in 1998. His short stories earned him a 2000 Campbell Award nomination. He also writes humor for the rather deranged *Grudge Match* site at thefun-nist.com.

Mark L. Van Name's short fiction has appeared in such places as *Asimov's*, the original anthology Armageddon, and The Year's Best Science Fiction, Ninth Annual Edition. He is also the author or co-author of over a thousand computers related articles

Mercy Van Vlack has published art in the 2001 Celtic Calendar, On Our Backs, Bunny Pages, and internationally syndicated cartoons in "Wit of the World" and "Wit of Women" for the Cartoonist and Writers' Syndicate. She's inked for DC and Malibu comics, and is creative director/ co-publisher of *Evolution Comics*, artist on *Green Ghost* and *Lotus*, former writer for *Richie Rich*, artist/writer of Miranda the Tease for *Leg Show Magazine* and most recently completed art for "Miranda Amuck" in *Puritan Magazine #64*, a homage to Chuck Jones, John Willie and Stark Trek.

Michael Ventrella is a founder of the New England Roleplaying Association (NERO) and currently runs the

NERO Alliance (www.nerohq.com). He is the founder of *Animato Magazine* and in his spare time is a lawyer and a college professor.

Kate Waterous has been Middle Eastern dancing for more then five years. She dances with and teaches many different dancing groups, and is happy to be dancing with them for the half time masquerade show for the fans.

Mark Waks (AKA Justin du Coeur) has been active in the SCA, fandom, LARPs, masonry and suchlike for 17 years. He has co-written several acclaimed LARPs, including *The Future of OZ* for Arisia, as well as several computer games. He is a hardcore comix and media SF addict

Ramona Louise Wheeler is a long-standing member of Hal Clement's "Hal's Pals" Ramona Louise Wheeler is the creator of the Ray and Rokey series, appearing in *Analog*. A ray and Rokey collection will be published in 2001. Wheeler is the author of the non-fiction work on ancient Egyptian mythology, *Walk Like an Egyptian*.

Robin Wood is a illustrator of games, books, magazines, and Tarot Decks. She is also an author and fan since 1972.

Jonathan Woodward is a freelance role-playing game writer. He is the author of *GURPS Ogre*, *GURPS Transhuman Space: In the Well*, and co-author of several books in the *Trinity Line*. He is also a ruthless comic-book annotator and noted Legophile. HIS WebPages is at [Http://www.io.com/~woodward/](http://www.io.com/~woodward/).

Deb Wunder is both a fan and a pro writer. She is also a crafter and small press editor, and will discuss any of the above at the slightest provocation.

Julian Yap is a published poet and graduate student of folklore, currently he resides in Philadelphia where he is brushing up his writing skills so he can get into the writing market where the real money is. Yes. Right.

William "Crash" Yeranzunis is a professional mad scientist, know for strange inventions and useful gadgets. He recently appeared on *Junkyard Wars*, (a cross between *Survivor*, *Iron Chef*, and *Mad Max*).

James Zavaglia has worked with the media, since the age of 15. He has doing freelance photography and video, and works at a local college in their media department. HE has been helping in Politics since the age of 9, doing everything from sign- holding to Media Planner, including running for office himself



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Fri 8-mid	Broadway on the Rocks, With a Twist	Miskatonic Class Reunion	The Unexpected Storm	The "Ultimate" Prize	Build Your Own Game Planning Session
Fri mid-2am	Smogging				House Meeting - 1 st run
Sat 9-noon	Broadway... (cont'd)	Appalachian Wedding	Collision Imminent!	ToyTanic	TBA
Sat 1-5pm	Svaha	City of Flashlights	Airplane 2	The Play's the Thing	City Zero
Sat 7-11pm	Svaha (cont'd)	The Man in Black	Night at the Four Aces	Crossroads II	Killian's Chalice
Sat 11-1am	The Famous Intercon Dance Party				House Meeting - 2 nd run
Sun 10-1pm	Build Your Own Game	House Meeting - 3 rd run	TBA	Smogging	

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**Artist Guest of Honor
Tristan
Alexander**

**Fan Guest of Honor
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**Info@arisia.org
www.arisia.org**

**Arisia, Inc.
Bldg 600, PMB 322
1 Kendall Square
Cambridge, MA 02139**

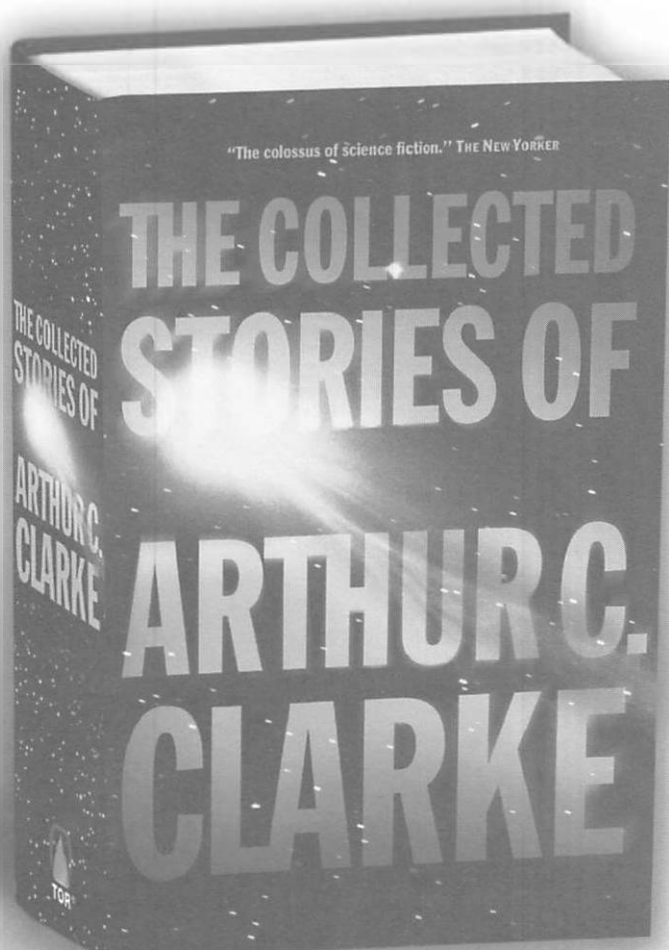
A Brief History of Arisia

Year	Writer GOH	Artist GOH	Fan GOH
1990	Richard Bowker	A.C. Farley	Spike McPhee
1991	Jack L. Chalker	Bob Walters	Richard Hill and Laurel Cunningham
1992	Craig Shaw Gardner	Robin Wood	(none)
1993	Ellen Kushner	Charles & Wendy Snow Lang	Monty Wells
1994	Spider & Jeanne Robinson	Michael Whelan	David Kyle
1995	C.J. Cherryh	Jael	Walter Kahn
1996	Emma Bull & Will Shetterly	Lissanne Lake	Rob Bazemore
1997	R.A. Salvatore	Bob Eggleton	The Gang of Five (Arisia's Founders)
1998	James P. Hogan	Cortney Skinner	Marty ^^ Gear
1999	Roger MacBride Allen	Gary A. Lippincott	Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden
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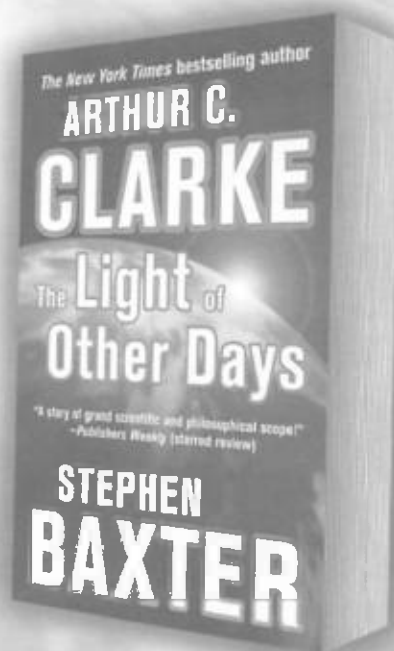
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