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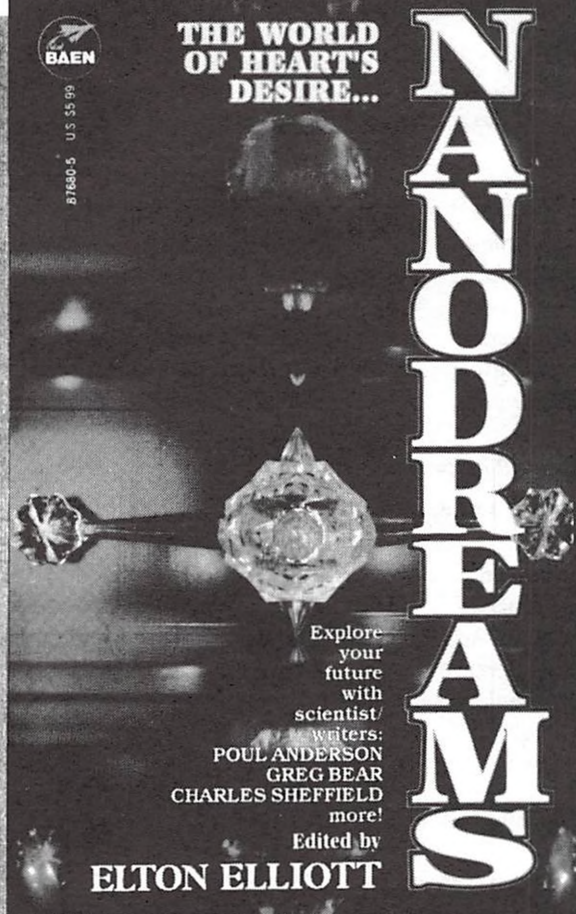
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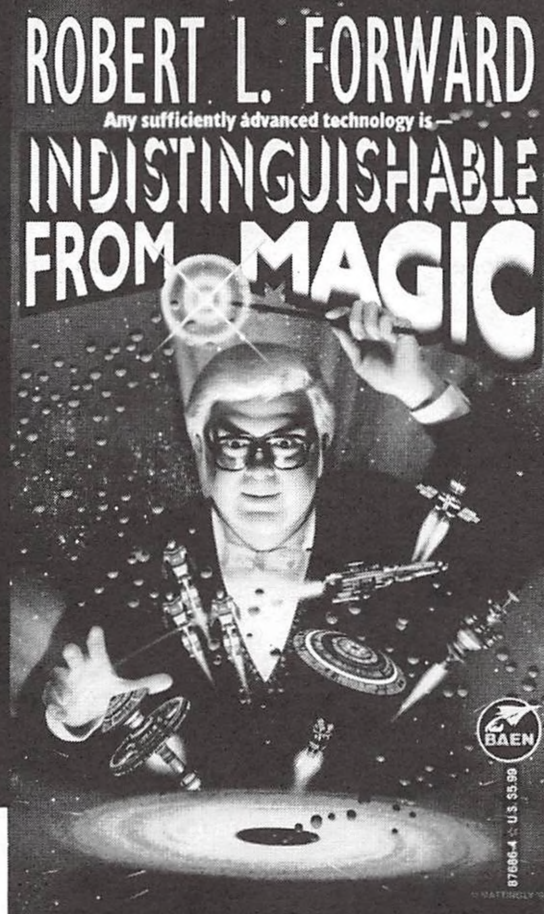
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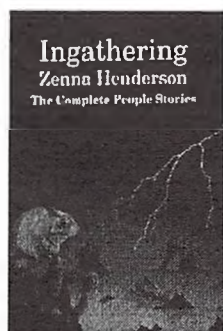
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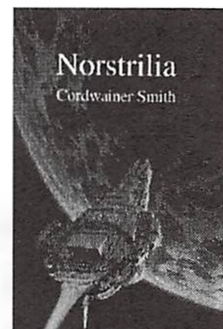
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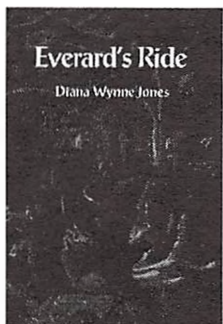
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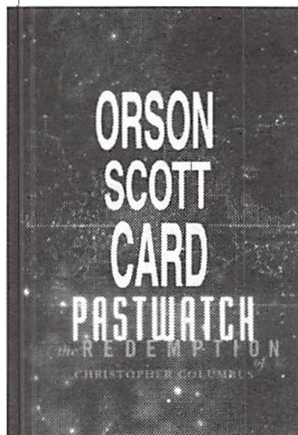
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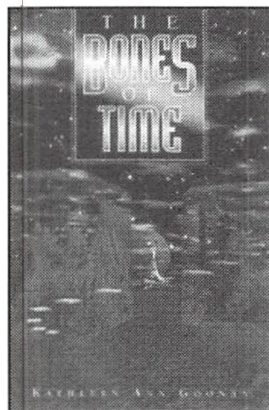
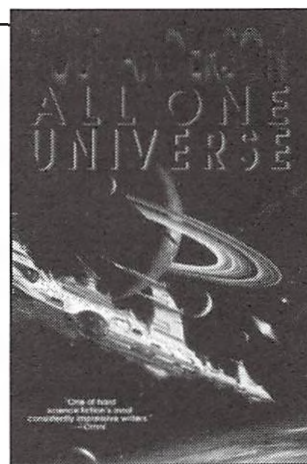
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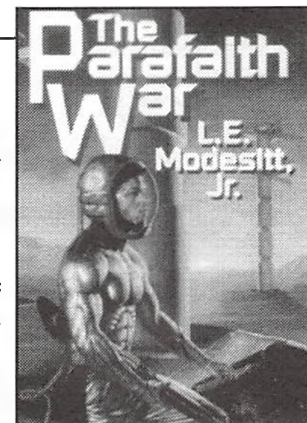
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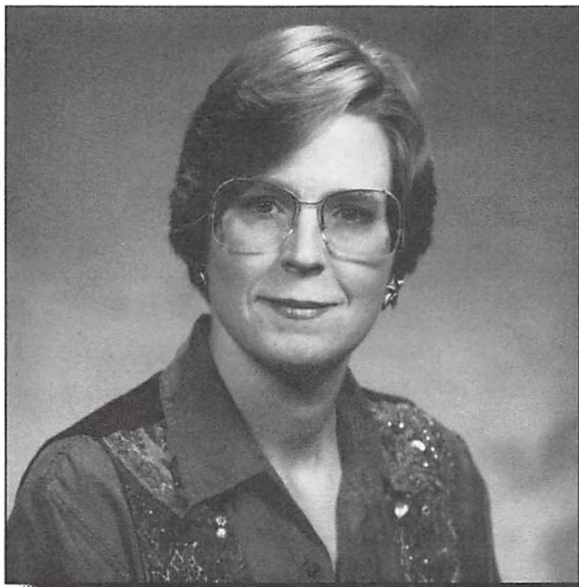
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The Legend of Lois

An Appreciation of Lois McMaster Bujold

by TONI WEISSKOPF



She arose from the (Mid-) West, out of the setting sun (of space opera) and proceeded to make that territory her own. She took the stuff of (ray-) guns and (interstellar) battles and transformed it into something uniquely Bujoldian (and very stefnal). With wit and charm, fiendish plotting and characters you can believe in, inventive societies and intriguing technologies, she woke up jaded readers (such as myself—wham, slap to the side of the head), and made them realize that perhaps real SF wasn't dying as quickly as everybody said it was (ha!).

And in the process she's earned (four) Hugo awards, three of them for novels, more than anyone else in that category (except Heinlein, of course), and more than anybody in any category for a series character (especially one as short and obnoxious, though, granted, charming, as Miles Naismith-Vorkosigan).

Who is this mysterious woman? How was she able to take the SF world by storm and win the hearts and minds of its readers?

Like all good heroes in Westerns, yea, even like a female Henry Fonda, she is tall, slim, quiet, and well-

mannered (and she carries a six-shooter. Okay, I made that last part up). Really, all she's missing is a drawl.

What Lois has instead is a background in pharmacology, and experience working in hospitals. She's read widely, been exposed since earliest childhood to world-class thinking about engineering (and written *Star Trek* fan fiction). But personally, I think the secret to her particular brand of success is that she's a mother (of two children). It's no accident that she shares with Heinlein the distinction of winning many novel Hugos. She writes excellent adventures, is apt to throw in the occasional horrible pun (blame Miles), and has as good a command of craft as anybody writing now. But what sets her apart is what set Heinlein apart: depth of thematic material. The notion of family is central to her work, and an exploration of what it is that makes good people good. And, as with reading Heinlein, my experience is that upon finishing a Bujold book, you feel like a better person yourself, and want to continue making that feeling happen.

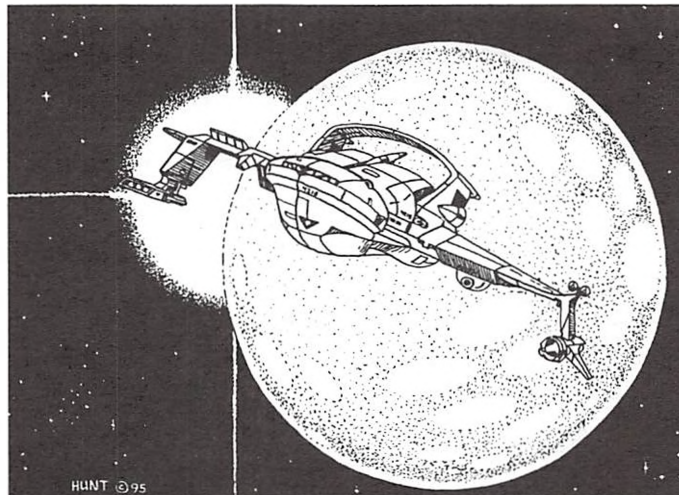
How she does that I'm not going to reveal, even if I could give you a simple recipe (well, okay: start by beating two eggs, add tabasco sauce and a pinch of Barryaran fertilizer, etc...). But I do know that Lois has a tremendous respect for her readers, and that respect is deserved and returned. Her readers appreciate her, and I am but one of them (although I do get to read her stuff earlier than just about everybody else—ha, ha! Actually, this is not always a plus. When one is reading a serial in a magazine, one can be reasonably certain that one's craving to know what happens next will be satisfied with the new issue. When an author is sending you a few chapters at a time, the awful possibility that the story will never be brought to completion looms large in the imagination).

Of course, I also collect Lois Bujold's works (in my own humble fashion). Her first professional stories were published in Tappan King's *Twilight Zone Magazine*. Since 1984 she's published ten books to date, all with Baen. But

Continued on next page 

her work has appeared in British editions, limited leather-bound editions, bookclub omnibus editions, and been translated into German, Japanese, Spanish, and who knows what all else. And I can tell you, her work has appreciated in its own right (who said she's got a lock on awful puns?). But what has got to be the rarest and hardest to find of all Bujoldiana are those early *Star Trek* zines. I'm still looking, myself (and I suspect she's cornered to market on those, for some reason known only to herself).

But for those of you who are looking to the future, rather than the past (like good science fiction fans), I will tell you the answer to the three questions asked me most



when people learn I work with Lois Bujold: 1) Her latest novel was out in January (*Cetaganda*, and Miles is younger in this one than he has been in a while). 2) Yes, she's working on another one (*Memory* is the tentative title, and in this one he's older than he's been before). 3) No, I can't make her write any faster (but gifts of chocolate to the editor couldn't hurt the

process-since it has nothing to do with the process in the first place). For you see, like Henry Fonda, James Stewart, John Wayne, and that other great Western hero, Frank Sinatra, Lois McMaster Bujold has to do things her way. And science fiction is the better for it. ■

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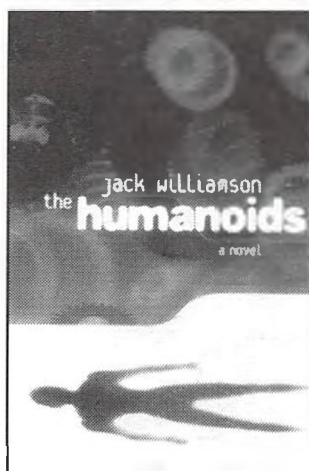
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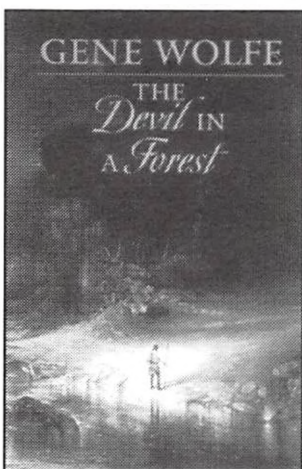
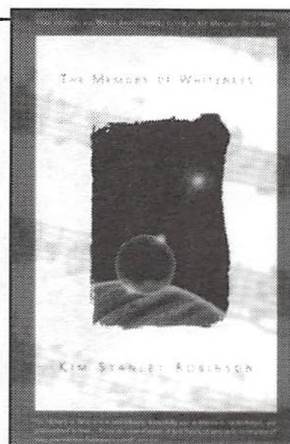
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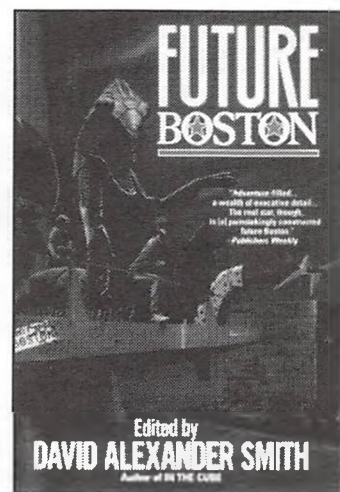
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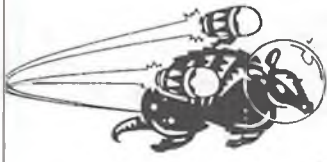
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An Appreciation of Lois McMaster Bujold

by SUFORD LEWIS

I am one of Lois McMaster Bujold's most rabid fans. I'm ecstatic she is our Guest of Honor, and I tore the throats out of all my rivals to edit her Boskone Book. (Actually, I had no rivals: no one wanted to test whether I would really tear their throats out or whether I was just going to growl like Toshiro Mifune in a Chambara movie and look like I might.)

It has been an adventure editing Lois's Boskone Book. I had hoped to achieve my long sought goal of reading her for style — I always get sucked into the action and forget to pay attention to the mechanics of the prose. I ended up reading for extra spaces with the m-dashes and ellipses (the — and the ...) and looking in various dictionaries to find out oddments of spelling my checker couldn't handle, such as whether it is "leveledness" or "levelledness." I couldn't find either, but I did find "levelled" but I am no longer sure I didn't manage to find "leveled," as well or which was the preferred American usage...


Then there was the charming discovery that "coffee" is a verb as well as a noun, two verbs, in fact: v.i. "to take coffee" and v.t. "to entertain to coffee," both with the past tense of "coffeed" and cited in the *O.E.D.* for 1851 though only cited in the supplemental portion of the 1971 edition.

This wonderful transparent style of Lois's is full of new words, new formations with re-, un-, -able, -ly, and -ness; verbized nouns; nounized adjectives; onomatopoeia, borrowings, resurrected obsolete words, all inconspicuously lurking for the proofreader to trip over, but with just the right shade of meaning for their context, subtle and unnoticeable as one reads (when is the last time you saw "swive" in a modern publication?). Well, maybe some of these words are not unnoticeable if you didn't know

what they meant, but even then the context gave you a pretty clear idea.

More than ever, I recognize this transparent style as the ultimate demonstration of the "art that conceals its art," the renaissance ideal of graceful accomplishment that can only be achieved by long, diligent practice: desinvoltura—apparent unstudied, artless, easy execution. Having assigned her this renaissance virtue (which I will fall into the renaissance mode and use as "strength" with its overtone of non-neutral, good strength), I am impelled to turn my attention to its valued sibling, sprezzatura. Only the definition of this quality as "liveliness, spiritedness" need be given to wholeheartedly assign her this virtue as well, for what do we enjoy most about her novels if it is not the zest for life and, I must say it, the virtue of her characters? The novels are brightly-colored mosaics with only enough dark pieces to give the bright pieces depth and reality, only enough chaos to keep the order from becoming suffocating and dull, and plenty of love, goodness, happiness, and fulfillment plus an extra generous amount of humor. And what is Art but Life represented so? (If all this has been hopelessly obscure, go out and find a good translation of *The Book of the Courtier* by Castiglione, which will explain about these values at length.

So I encounter what I already knew from another direction. Lois has spoken at some length on how she writes, and of course she works at it, and of course it requires carefully distilled genius and delicately extracted feelings. She has described character portrayal as "living autopsy." This is a recipe. The author does it on herself — all one's characters are built of one's own flesh and blood,

Continued on next page 

after all. As a “how to” it is a daunting method, but if one doesn’t wish to examine things so completely and so truly, why does one want to be a writer?

I have read everything she has written, several times. I have had the privilege and pleasure of several phone conversations. I have had every question I could think of answered, plus a bunch I got from my friends. (See the interview piece “Answers” in the *Boskone Book, Dreamweaver’s Dilemma*.) I feel I have some sense of who this lady who is our Guest of Honor here, is. At first glance, she appears to be harmless. She is bright, witty, attractive, and polite, and nicer than I am. I’m sure Mrs. Peel had this same specious semblance of harmlessness when she was not on assignment. Watch out for that glint in her eye — there be depths with ... sharks or something else amusing... She is wonderful but she is not safe — undoubtedly why I admire her so much. ■



The Skylark Award

The Edward E. Smith Memorial Award for Imaginative Fiction (the Skylark) is presented from time to time by NESFA to some person who, in the opinion of the Membership, has contributed significantly to science fiction, both through work in the field and by exemplifying the personal qualities which made the late “Doc” Smith well-loved by those who knew him.

This year’s Skylark will be presented as part of our post-Banquet program on Saturday evening.

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Nancy Kress
Kate Wilhelm
Timothy Zahn

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Lois McMaster Bujold - An American Bibliography

NOVELS

- Shards of Honor* Baen Books, June 1986. Original paperback.
- The Warrior's Apprentice* Baen Books, August 1986. Original paperback.
- Ethan of Athos* Baen Books, December 1986. Original paperback.
- Falling Free* Serialized *Analog*, Dec. & Mid-Dec. 1987, Jan. & Feb. 1988. Baen Books, April 1988. Original paperback.
- Brothers in Arms* Baen Books, January 1989. Original paperback.
- Borders of Infinity* Easton Press signed first edition, 1989. Baen Books, October 1989. Original paperback.
- The Vor Game* Easton Press signed first edition, 1990. Baen Books, September 1990. Original paperback.
- Barrayar* Serialized *Analog*, July, August, September, & October 1991. Easton Press signed first edition, 1991. Baen Books, October 1991. Original paperback.
- The Spirit Ring* Baen Books, November 1992. Hardcover edition. Baen Books, October 1993. Paperback edition.
- Mirror Dance* Easton Press signed first edition, 1994. Baen Books, March 1994. 1st hardcover printing. March 1994. 2nd hardcover printing. Baen Books, March 1995. Paperback edition.
- Cetaganda* Serialized *Analog*, October, November, December, and Mid-December 1995. Easton Press Signed First Edition scheduled January, 1996. Baen Books hard cover January 1996.
- Memory* Baen Books possibly scheduled December 1996.

NOVELLAS

- "The Borders of Infinity" *Alien Stars IV: Freelancers* : Baen Books: September 1987.
- "The Mountains of Mourning" *Analog*, May 1989.
- "Labyrinth" *Analog*, August 1989.
- "Weatherman" *Analog*, February 1990.
- The first three novellas were collected in *Borders of Infinity*, see above. "Weatherman" was incorporated into *The Vor Game*, see above.

SHORT STORIES

- "Barter" *Twilight Zone Magazine*, March/April 1985.
- "Aftermaths" *Far Frontiers*, Volume V, Spring 1986.

- "The Hole Truth" *Twilight Zone Magazine*, December 1986.
- "Garage Sale" *American Fantasy*, Spring 1987.
- "Aftermaths" was incorporated into *Shards of Honor*, see above.

NON-FICTION ARTICLES

- "Allegories of Change" *New Destinies*, Vol. VIII, Sept. 1989.
- "The Unsung Collaborator" *Lan's Lantern*, Issue # 31.
- "My First Novel" *The Bulletin of the Science Fiction Writers of America*, Vol. 24, No. 4, Winter 1990, Whole number 110.
- "Free Associating About *Falling Free*" *Nebula Awards* 24, HBJ, 1990.
- "Getting Started" *Writers of the Future*, Vol. VIII, 1992.
- "Genre Barriers" *Ohio Writer Magazine*, Vol. VI, Issue # 3, May/June 1992.

AWARDS

1987

- Shards of Honor* final nominee, Compton Crook Award for best first novel of 1986.
- 2nd place, *Locus* Poll for best first novel of 1986.
- The Warrior's Apprentice* 16th place, *Locus* Poll for best SF novel of 1986.
- Lois McMaster Bujold runner-up for the Campbell Award for best new writer, 1987 Worldcon in Brighton, England.

1988


- "The Borders of Infinity" 7th in *Locus* Poll for best novella of 1987 in its first appearance in *Alien Stars IV: Free Lancers*.

1989

- Falling Free* Nebula Award for best novel of 1988.
- Nominee, Hugo Award for best novel of 1988.
- 9th, *Locus* Poll for best SF novel of 1988.
- Nominee for Prometheus Award.
- Brothers in Arms* 15th, *Locus* Poll for best SF novel of 1988.

1990

- "The Mountains of Mourning" Nebula Award for best novella of 1989.
- Hugo Award for best novella of 1989.
- 3rd in Analytical Laboratory, *Analog's* reader's poll for best novella/novelette of 1989.

Continued on next page 

Bibliography, continued from previous page

4th, *Locus* Poll for best novella of 1989.

"Labyrinth" 1st, Analytical Laboratory for best novella/novelette of 1989.

3rd, *Locus* Poll for best novella of 1989.

Borders of Infinity 6th, *Locus* Poll for best collection of 1989.

1991

"Weatherman" Nominee, Nebula Award for best novella of 1990.

1st, Analytical Laboratory, best novella/novelette of 1990.

16th, *Locus* Poll for best novella of 1990.

Withdrawn as a final nominee for the Hugo in favor of its expansion, *The Vor Game*.

The Vor Game Hugo Award, best novel of 1990.

4th, *Locus* Poll for best SF novel of 1990.

1992

Barrayer Nominee, Nebula Award for best novel of 1991.

Hugo Award for best novel of 1991.

1st Place, *Locus* Poll for best SF novel of 1991.

Rickie Award for best SF novel, voted by viewers of the Toronto SFTV show Prisoners of Gravity.

1993

The Spirit Ring 2nd, *Locus* Poll for best fantasy novel of 1992.

1994

No new work published in 1993.

1995

Mirror Dance Hugo Award for best novel of 1994.

1st, *Locus* Poll for best novel of 1994.

1996

Watch This Space.

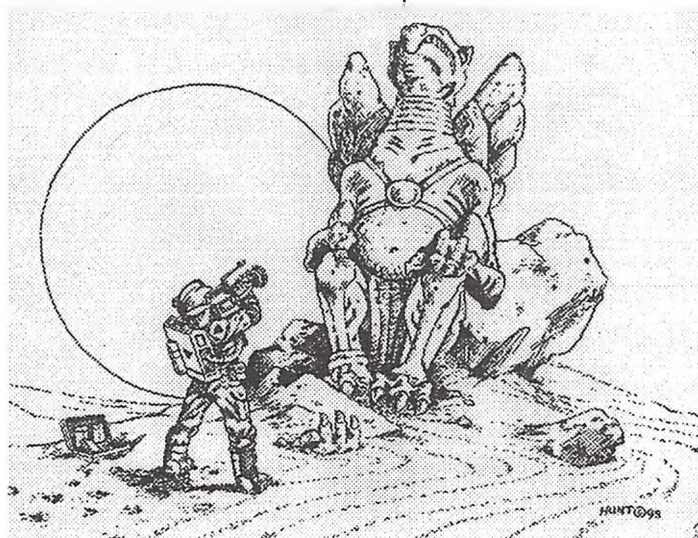
The Gaughan Award

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1990	Keith Parkinson
1991	Richard Hescox
1992	Jody A. Lee
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1994	Dorian Vallejo
1995	Bruce Jensen



Bob Madle: A Fan for the Ages

by RICHARD LYNCH



Recently, I read somewhere that an average American's life span is now over 72 years, up something like 100 percent over what the average life expectancy was for people who lived way back in the Middle Ages. Mankind doesn't have the longest life span in the animal kingdom, of course; great land tortoises are reported to live well over 100 years, for example. Even longer lived, one of the bristlecone pine trees out in the Sierras was calculated to have lived for about 2,000 years, but even this pales in comparison to the ancient creosote bushes of the Mojave Desert, some of which are reportedly over 20,000 years old!

And then there's Bob Madle...

Now, wait just a minute! Before you think I'm having a little cheap fun at your Special Guest's expense, I'll hasten to tell you that no insult is intended. In fact, I meant it as a compliment! You see, Bob Madle is a member of that fabled Dinosaurs of Fandom organization, First

Fandom, which he helped found back in the 1950s. To be a member of First Fandom, you had to be active as a fan no later than January 1, 1938, by taking part in such activities as writing letters, publishing a fanzine, or attending a fan gathering. Actually, Bob's involvement in fandom dates back even further than that; he discovered that there was a fandom way back in 1933, when he found that letters from other fans were being published by Hugo Gernsback in *Amazing Stories* (Bob's first published letter to *Amazing* appeared in the August 1935 issue). Once he discovered there were other fans, he was part of the vanguard to organize them: in 1935, Bob was one of the founders of the world's second oldest continuing science fiction organization, the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. And in 1936, Bob was one of the attendees of the very first science fiction convention ever held, when PSFS hosted a visit of fans from New York City.

Now, that alone is a pretty impressive resume, but it doesn't nearly end there. The first World Science Fiction Convention was held in New York City, in July of 1939. Bob was there. He was also at the second, in Chicago in 1940, and the third, in Denver in 1941. He even attended the very first Boskone, in 1941. After World War Two finished interrupting just about everyone's fan activities, Bob became involved with the running of Worldcons, as part of the committees for the Philadelphia Worldcons in 1947 and 1953. And there's more: he was one of the decision-makers of that 1953 Worldcon committee that came up with the idea for the Hugo Awards, which were presented for the very first time at that convention.

But there's still more! I can't end this appreciation without mentioning that Bob did much to organize fan groups in other places besides Philadelphia. In the early

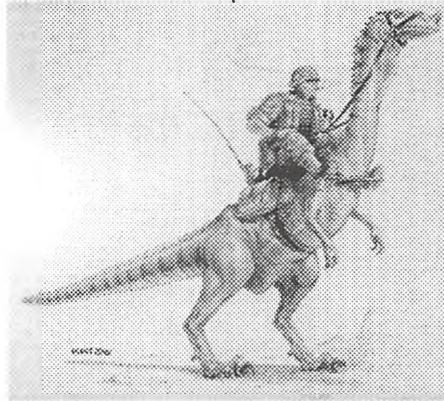
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1950s, for instance, he was a founder of a fan club in Charlotte, North Carolina, which led to some of the first science fiction conventions ever held in the southeastern United States. Much of today's very active fandom in that region can be traced back to these origins. And in 1957, Bob was elected North American delegate for the still-new Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, which had been conceived just a few years earlier. TAFF brought Bob to the very first non-North American Worldcon, which was in London that year. (This resulted in one of the best fan trip reports ever written, which he titled, for obscure reasons, "A Fakefan in London." But that's another story...)

Anyway, it's only because Bob has spent much of the past few decades as a dealer of rare and hard-to-find science fiction books and magazines that his fan activity has

finally slowed by just a bit. Not by so much that I can keep up with him, though! Even now, sixty years after that first science fiction convention, he still gets to more conventions each year than most other fans, myself included. So when you talk with him, ask him about some of these adventures. You'll find he's easy to chat with, and who knows? You might even find yourself buying a book from him that tells all about some of those yesteryear exploits of fandoms past.

I began this introduction of your Special Guest with a metaphor; I'll finish it with another. Even though the dawn of science fiction fandom happened way back in the 1930s, we should remember that fandom is really still quite young; the fact that many of its founders are still active is something we can treasure. Bob Madle is such a treasure; he's living history — a fan for the ages. ■

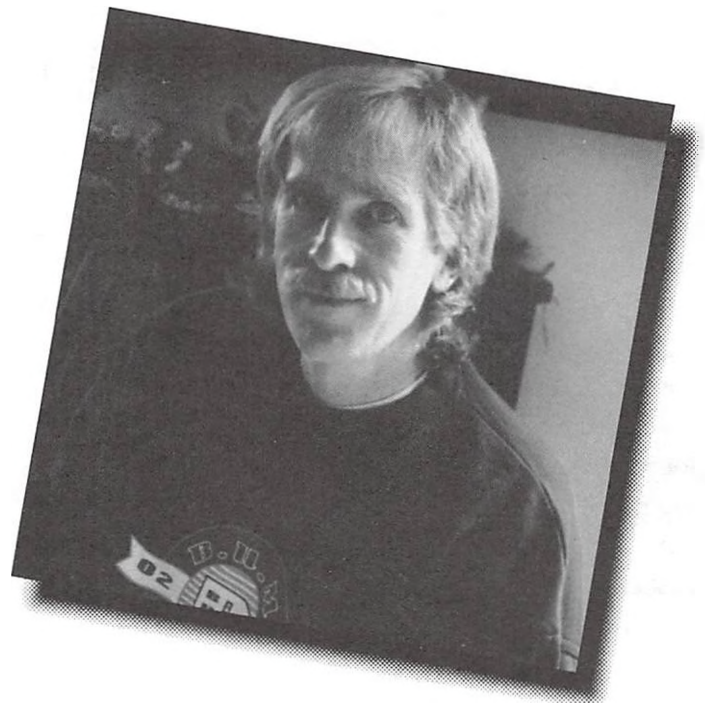


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—Gardner Dozois, *The Year's Best Science Fiction: Ninth Annual Collection*

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History of Boskone

by TONY LEWIS

BOSKONE — FIRST SERIES

These conferences (or fan gatherings) were initially sponsored by The Stranger Club,¹ the first stf organization in the greater Boston area. More details about them can be found in *All Our Yesterdays* by Harry Warner, Jr. (Advent: Publishers) and in the Noreascon 3 Souvenir Book. Canonicity for the Boskone numbers is found in Warner and in *Fantasy Fiction Field* for November 8, 1941, which specifically mentions Boskones I and II. Boskone II had the fannish skit "Legions of Legions." Reference for the fourth Boskone (with attendance) is from *Fanewscard #111* dated February 14, 1945.

CONFERENCE	DATE	ATTN.	LOCATION
Boskone I ²	late Feb 1941	25	R.D. Swisher home, Winchester, MA
Boskone II ³	22 Feb 1942	25	Ritz-Plaza, Boston, MA
Boskone III ⁴	28 Feb 1943	14	Ritz-Plaza, Boston, MA
Boskone IV ⁵	3-4 Feb 1945	55	R.D. Swisher home, Winchester, MA
Northeast SF Conference ⁶	2 Sep 1945	9	Hotel Hawthorne, Salem, MA


BOSKONE — SECOND SERIES

The current series of Boskones was started by the Boston Science Fiction Society (BoSFS) as part of its bidding strategy for "Boston in '67." BoSFS ran Boskones I, II, and IV. Boskone III was actually run by Erwin S[heehan] Strauss but, because of its venue, it was officially sponsored by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science Fiction Society (MITSFS). The New England Science Fiction Association (NESFA) has run all Boskones starting with Boskone V.

HELMUTH, SPEAKING FOR BOSKONE

Helmuth, Speaking for Boskone is the Boskone newsletter. Its purpose is to inform convention attenders of changes in the program, changes in rooms, new program items, participants being added or leaving items, and the like. It also reports registration, winners of awards, bidding party locations. Usually, it is mimeographed on a single sheet of 8-1/2"x11" paper, on either one or both sides, depending upon the amount of news.

This is the most ephemeral of the NESFA publications; it is doubtful if the information here is complete. Except for Strauss's Boskone III post-con report, I find no record of any newsletter prior to Boskone XII; before that convention, people were requested to read the official bulletin board for notices.

History, continued on page 34 

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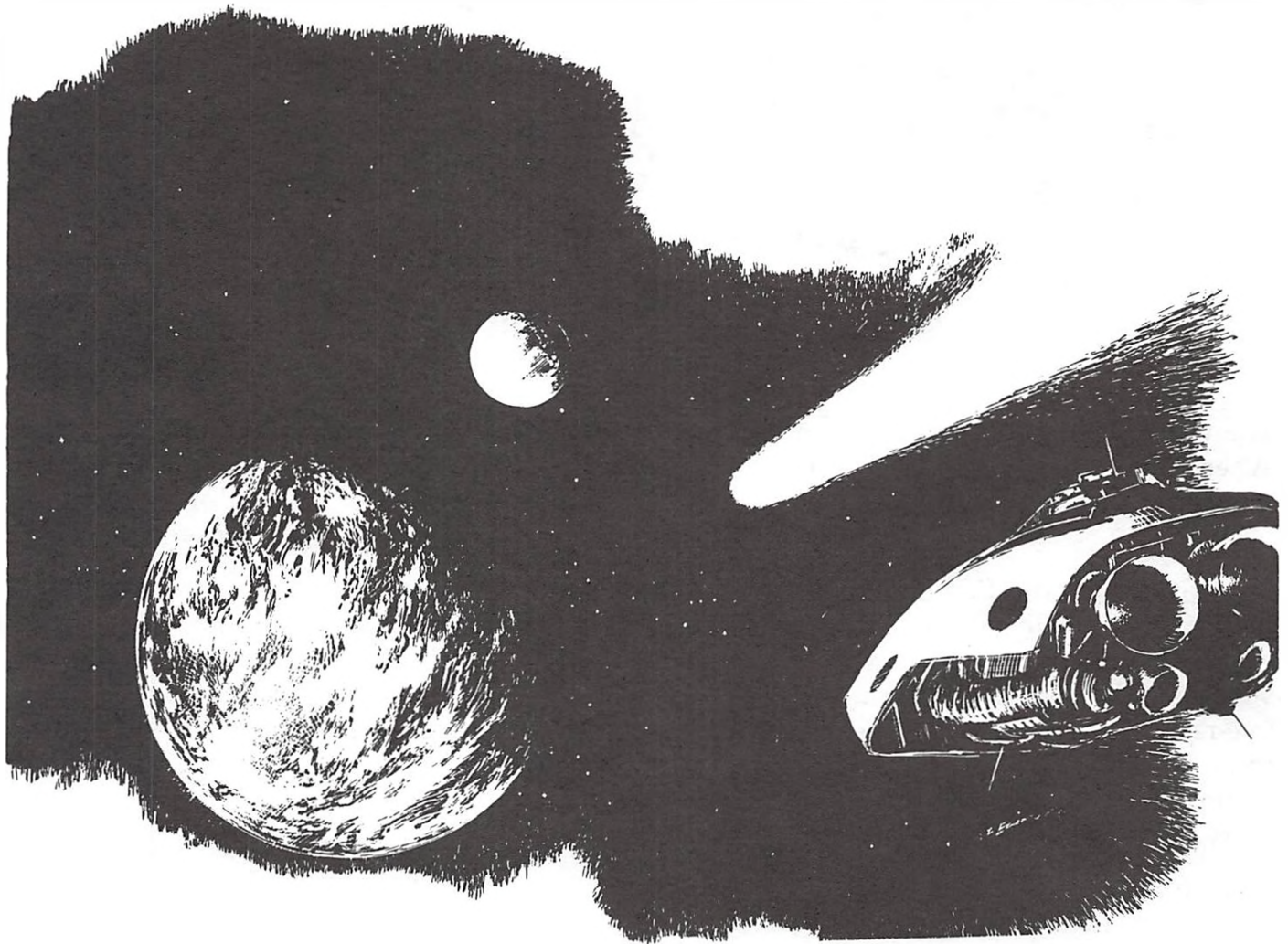
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An Interview with Lois

by BILL UNGER

I was born in Columbus in 1949. I grew up in Upper Arlington [an affluent Columbus suburb]. My father had Ph.D.s from CalTech in physics and electrical engineering. He went into metallurgy and became a world authority on nondestructive testing. He came to Columbus in 1946 to work for Battelle, and around 1956 moved to Ohio State as a professor of welding engineering.

I always thought that the right thing to do was be an engineer. But having gotten sort of askew academically in high school, I gave up on actually being a scientist. It's apparent to me now that what I really wanted to do was to write science fiction, but I didn't grasp back then that this was something that was going to be possible. But I've always been an admirer of science. It seems to me that the twentieth century is going to be remembered the way the sixteenth century is remembered for its art: all the best minds are at work in science these days. It's our contribution to human history.

I read voraciously and started writing bits and pieces in about the eighth grade — things like 40 pages of imitation Heinlein adventure. They were parts of novels even then, but they were all very fragmentary. My writing was very much influenced by my reading. I ran across Lord of the Rings at 15 and became a fan. Sherlock Holmes was an old love, along with science fiction, and C. S. Forester — all the Hornblower stories — and H. Rider Haggard. I used to read all these British boys' adventure stories, never realizing that they weren't addressed to me.

I read L. Sprague deCamp and Fletcher Pratt's *The Incomplete Enchanter* and then went on to read Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* twice in tenth grade, which impressed my English teacher to no end. So my science fiction fed back into my mundane reading very often through my looking up the source. I got a lot of education from science fiction, not so much from reading the stories but from going back and tracing the origin of some particular thing, like reading *The Faerie Queene* to see what they did with it and the changes they made. Having read Tolkien and *The Faerie Queene* both that year, I think I wrote about

30 or 40 pages of Tolkienesque saga, starting out in Spenserian verse, and then ran out of rhymes.

Besides my reading, probably the most important thing that happened to me in school was meeting Lillian Stewart — Lillian Stewart Carl now — in the 7th grade. Lillian and I saw *Lawrence of Arabia* seven times in Junior high school, and we ended up reading all about Lawrence. We were in 11th grade when *Star Trek* hit. About six of us would meet every Thursday night and watch it together. My dad called it the prayer meeting. We were quite bananas about it, and Lillian and I did a *Star Trek* fanzine.

But it's interesting that our writing styles are apparent in the stuff that we were doing at 18. Stylistically, what I wrote then and what I'm writing now are not that far apart, except now I finish things and they're more coherent in terms of their underlying structure. We watched *Star Trek*, and we did the thing where you make up stories and then you start changing the names to give yourself more elbow room. By the time we were done, we had sort of gone off into a universe of our own that might have had its roots in *Star Trek*, but it was so long ago that nobody remembered by the time we were 14 generations down the line and had 160 named characters and their family trees. Lillian and I got together at a science fiction convention in Minneapolis in 1987. Of our high school days, we could remember maybe four or five people, but we could remember far more of the characters that we made up then.

In the last two years of high school, I sort of turned off. I hated being there and I retreated inward, but eventually I got old enough to graduate, and they let me go. College went much better. It was more freedom. I started at Ohio State in January, 1968, and left finally in 1972.

I didn't finish college. I dropped in and out several times. My last round was with pharmacy. I was briefly an English major. I came in loving reading and hit somebody for whom every poem was about the writing of poetry. It became apparent to me that English wasn't writing, it was

Continued on next page 

about writing — one step removed from the real thing. But I was writing. I wrote a science fiction story for the creative writing course and got an A, but it didn't go anywhere.

I did hook up with Lloyd Kropp, who was teaching at OSU, through the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society, and from this a great deal of the rest of my life has flowed. Lloyd took a splinter group from COSFS, including Lillian and me, and we'd meet at his house for a kind of writer's workshop. He'd try out things on us he was going to try on his writing students. Lloyd had us writing things and would give us critiques. And that led on in another way because at Marcon in 1969 I met John, and we got married in 1971.

From 1972 to 78 I worked as a pharmacy technician at University Hospitals. In 1976, sort of out of nowhere, I wrote a 60-page Sherlock Holmes pastiche, which I finished. It had a beginning, middle, and end and finally got all typed up. That was my out-of-the-middle-of-nowhere effort to break into becoming a writer, which got stopped for various reasons. The writing impulse was there — not necessarily science fiction, just to write at that point.

While I was working at the hospital and gaining a lot of life experience that I would not otherwise have encountered, I got a staff card admitting me to the OSU stacks, with their two million volumes, and all of a sudden my reading started exploding in every direction. I read everything by Frances Hodgson Burnett — I loved it. I read romance novels that hadn't been checked out since 1936, and strange fact accounts. It was just rummaging. I'd walk through, and if it looked strange and the title was at eye level, it fell to my hand. All this sort of thing, for about ten years, I gobbled up. I was reading Dorothy Sayers, whose character is into theology as a hobby, so I read St. Augustine's *Confessions*, and that took me off on a whole other list of trailing things around and seeing where they led in my reading.

About this time *Battlestar: Galactica* came on, and the early episodes weren't so bad. Lillian, who was in Texas now, started doing fan stories and got a couple of them published. Finally she made her first short story sale, and she was off and running. I was stuck up here in Marion with my second kid just turning one year old. We were in the middle of the Reagan recession. I was unemployed

and John was going in and out of being employed, because the company he worked at had gone under. I started writing to save my sanity and because Lillian had done it and sold some books, and because any kind of job I could get in Marion wouldn't pay for the baby-sitting.

I did a novella, which I sent to Lillian, and which Lillian, out of the kindness of her heart, sent off to Patricia Wrede in Minneapolis for a critique. And Pat, bless her heart, sent back a 14-page single-spaced letter of critique of this novella, which is more attention than I'd gotten from one human being in years. When I started the novel that became *Shards of Honor*, the ritual was to complete a chapter and make copies for Pat and Lillian, which would in a few weeks elicit letters in my mailbox that would break into my isolation up here. So my interim reward in the absence of a sale and money and all those things was that it won me friends, it brought people to me. They critiqued, and they helped and they kept me going.

With Pat and Lillian holding my hands, I trudged forward in time: finished the first book and sent it off to an agent, who kept it six months, then sent it back. It then went to its first editor, who kept it six months and sent it back. Then I made my first short story sale, and that was the first fight at the end of the tunnel, after I'd been at this two and a half years with no indication that I was going to reach the status of professional writer. But selling "Barter" was immensely encouraging to me, and on the ego kick I got from that, I went ahead and wrote *Ethan of Athos*. So I had written three novels before I sold any of them.

Pat and Lillian had both suggested Betsy Mitchell at Baen because they said she'll give *Warrior's Apprentice* a good read even if she doesn't buy it, and give you good advice, and she's a neat person. So I sent it to Baen, and they bought it and all the others and brought them out as the kind of series they were meant to be. They all came out in 1986, which leads people to believe that I write a book every four months, which is not true.

The story that became *Shards of Honor* started out as a *Star Trek* related story. The initial Aral Vorkosigan was a Klingon. Since then, he'd accreted all sorts of other things into him as diverse as Ignatius Loyola and Winston Churchill, not to mention Athos the Musketeer. I had a scenario, just the story you make up to tell yourself while you're driving to work. You're bored, so you start running

the television set in the back of your head and putting in the script and characters and special effects. I had one that I'd worked on for some time involving two people from opposite sides who are down on a planet and have to cooperate to get from here to there. A romance. I mean, this is an old story that's been done who knows how many times. So I followed these two characters out and eventually got them together, and I knew that they had a son who was militarily inclined but also physically crippled.

OK. Insert a six-year hiatus, right? I sit down and I say to myself, Lillian's written a story. I want to write a story. What am I going to write? And this old thing pops into my mind. Since then, I've done more reading, I've acquired more experiences, the *Star Trek* roots are overlaid and buried in enough stuff so that nobody will ever spot them. So I started out with my characters, and I started making up more original versions of them. If we eliminate all these roots and make it more original, what do I come up with? What can I do to them that hasn't been done? How can I make them more my own? I did that number on them and started them off on their story. And that's where *Shards of Honor* came from.

I knew about Miles when I was writing *Shards of Honor*. He existed by then as a character. So his roots go back at least twelve years. Possibly I could get tired of Miles and his family eventually. I would like to do a lot of other things in addition to Miles. He's a very congenial character to work with—I like being inside his head. There's all kinds of things you can do with him because he's not narrow, he's not merely a military hero. I can tell all kinds of stories with him.

I had finished *Warrior's Apprentice* and was scratching around for an idea for a new book. I had sold "Barter" to *Twilight Zone Magazine*, and it was, yeah, I can be a writer,

I'll do another one of these. First of all, there was the uterine replicator—it had come up in *Shards of Honor* as a part of the background technology—which made an all-male planet possible. There were all those really bad Amazon planet stories that I read back in the fifties. There was an old Cordwainer Smith story, "The Crime and the Glory of Commander Suzdal," somewhere in the back of my mind. I knew the idea wasn't new, somebody had done it before, but I wanted to do something different with it.

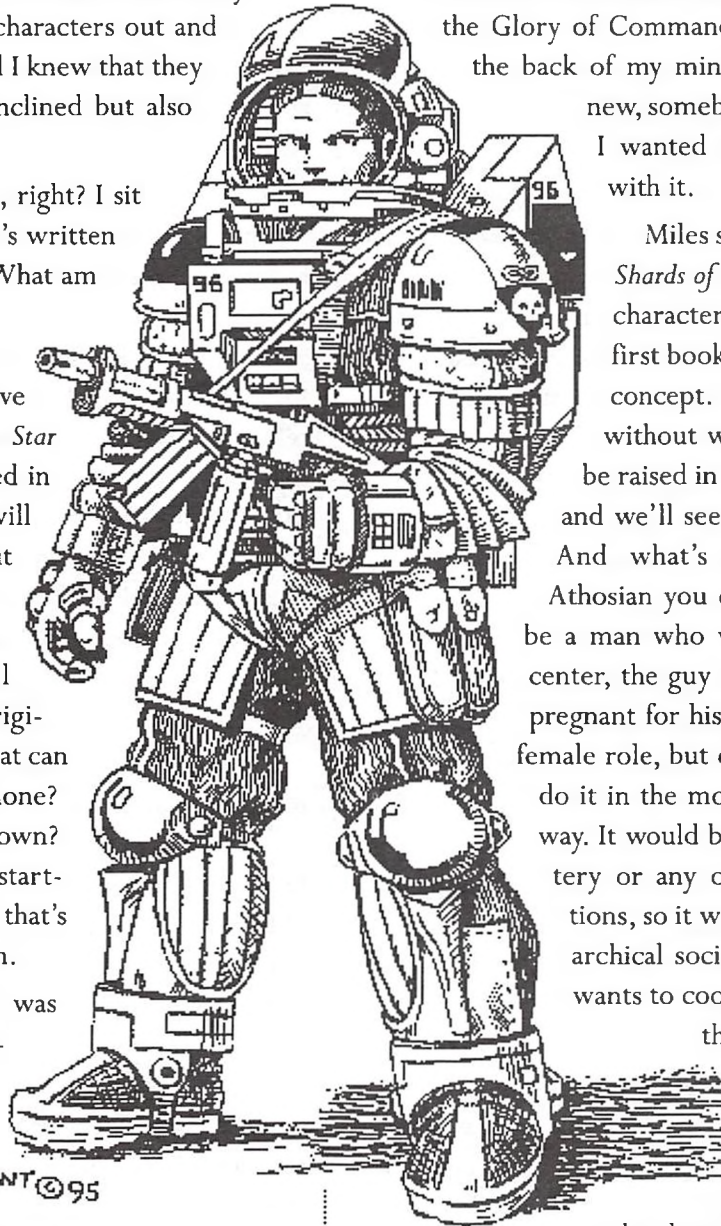
Miles started with a character and *Shards of Honor* started with the two characters, but *Ethan of Athos* is the first book I wrote that started with a concept. I had the idea of a planet without women, and everybody will be raised in vats, and it will be all boys, and we'll see how these guys get along. And what's the most quintessential Athosian you could have? Well, it would be a man who works in the reproduction center, the guy who's kind of symbolically pregnant for his planet. He's taking on the female role, but of course, being male, they do it in the most expensive technological way. It would be like an army or a monastery or any of these all-male organizations, so it would tend to be a very hierarchical society, I felt. Everybody who wants to cooperate with the central authorities is in the center, and

they have the monopoly on reproduction, so they're the future of the planet. And everybody

who doesn't want to cooperate with the central authorities goes to the outback, and they don't have any children, so it's a one-generation problem. The planet is inherited by the ones who are cooperating, because they are in control of the means of reproduction. Just like the proletariat, only different.

The main character should be an obstetrician, because that's the Athosian role that's really different from any-

Continued on next page



thing else. OK, what kind of problem could this planet have that would be most proper to its setup? Obviously it would be the reproduction problem. Something is screwed up in their reproduction, and from that the whole thing flowed.

For the first three chapters, I didn't know what had happened to the shipment of ovarian cultures. All I knew was that we had the setup and we had the initial problem, and the story was originally going to be a quest. Ethan was going to go out and get his consciousness raised by traveling to different places and seeing different things. Then I got to Kline Station and realized I could carry it off much more succinctly by having everybody come to him. I also wanted to do more with Elli Quinn. She's obviously Ethan's opposite number, because she's the woman who's taken on the male role of soldiering, quite competently. They were destined for each other.

The reader may expect that Ethan will get converted to heterosexuality, but it doesn't happen; there's no reason why he should. This is sort of the nature/nurture thing. No woman has ever given Ethan chocolate chip cookies in his early remembered childhood. He has no programming to respond to women back there. This story also grew out of my experiences of raising my children, watching how people are actually put together. I felt that Ethan would be intrigued by Elli as something alien, but he would have no underlying positive response to her because he's never been nurtured by a woman. He wouldn't necessarily fall in love with her, and she wouldn't necessarily fall in love with him either, because she has all these other choices before her. I knew pretty much from the beginning that they were not going to be getting together, and yet they did, in a fundamental way, end up cooperating, because she gave him her ovary, which he then carried off to Athos. So those two are the ones who are going to be having children together, not Miles and Elli.

I'd finished Ethan just weeks before Jim Baen bought the book, and had some telephone conversations with him that fall. "I'm between books, all ideas are equal, is there anything you particularly want?" And he did something unexpected. Everybody says that publishers want the same thing over and over. Well, he asked for something different and sort of destroyed my preconceptions of what publishers really want.

I had been toying with the idea of taking a character—the Arde Mayhew jump point from *Warrior's Apprentice*—and following out one of his stories, how he'd finally get his jump ship. I had the notion that he would go on a quest to find this equipment he needed to complete his existence, and that he would finally find an RG ship way out in the boonies somewhere where there was an asteroid belt and a bunch of people who were kind of like interstellar junk sellers who had been bioengineered to live and work in free fall, but like all the equipment they had become obsolete.

Jim Baen wasn't terribly interested in the jump pilot, but he seized on the idea of the people who lived out in the asteroid belt and thought that was rather intriguing, and could you do a story about their whole society, sort of like—and you could see the stars in his eyes even over the telephone—sort of like C. J. Cherryh? And I said, yes, that's an interesting idea. I wanted to do something that other people hadn't done. I didn't want to write the same science fiction novel over and over again. He said that the idea of the technologically obsolete, bioengineered people was new. So we can blame *Falling Free* initially on Jim Baen. I think he should get the credit for being the editor who asked his writer to do something different.

I decided that I would begin at the beginning, so instead of having this story set in Miles's time, I dropped back 150 years. Where did these people come from and how did they get there, and I reasoned back to my quad-dies. Also, I thought that science fiction had been overrun with military themes lately, and I wanted to get away from a book with a military hero. Whatever happened to science fiction with scientists in it? I decided that my hero would be a welding and nondestructive testing engineer because I had all this background to draw on. I could have my dad critique the engineering bits and find out if they were OK.

This was going to be extremely convenient. It would be much easier than trying to learn all about a new science that I didn't know anything about. And about five chapters into it, my dad died. He had a heart attack in 1986. He'd been gradually getting more ill, so it wasn't a complete surprise, but it was still quite a shock for everybody.

Then Betsy Mitchell asked me to write a story for *Free Lancers* about space mercenaries. This was within a month

of my dad's death, and it was very well timed, because it allowed me to get away from that book for a while and do something else. The *Free Lancers* story had been kicking around in my head for about a year, but it was only a third of a novel, and I didn't see how I was going to expand it into a whole book yet. Betsy's request allowed me to do it just the right length for the story. It was also the first thing that I sold before I wrote it, so I got to do two experiments at once.

Having completed "The Borders of Infinity," I felt braver, and then I put *Falling Free* under contract with Baen when it was

about a third complete. Baen does not include first serialization among the rights he buys in a contract. So I sent it to Stan Schmidt at *Analog* independently. This book has connections with *Analog* going way back. I started reading adult science fiction when I was nine because my dad

brought home the magazines after buying them to read on the plane. Being an engineer, he always bought *Analog* when he could. And my first subscription was to *Analog*. For a long time *Analog* was science fiction to me. One of several things I wanted to do with *Falling Free* was make it a kind of tribute to the science fiction I read back then — the good-old-fashioned-*Analog*-type-science-fiction-with-engineers-in-the-story. So selling it back to *Analog* completed the circle.

My writing schedule changed as the kids grew. When I began, I'd write during their naps and after they went to bed. Then they stopped taking naps and started staying up later, and that time got squeezed out. For a while I'd go to the library for two or three hours. I'd get a certain amount of stuff ready in my head to write, hire a baby-sitter, and do some writing in that way. Or John would be home in the morning and I'd stick him with the baby-sitting. When my son started kindergarten, I thought I could stay home to write, but it didn't work out quite as smoothly as I'd

hoped. I still work out when all my writing times will be. I just have to stay flexible. Fortunately, you can do that with writing.

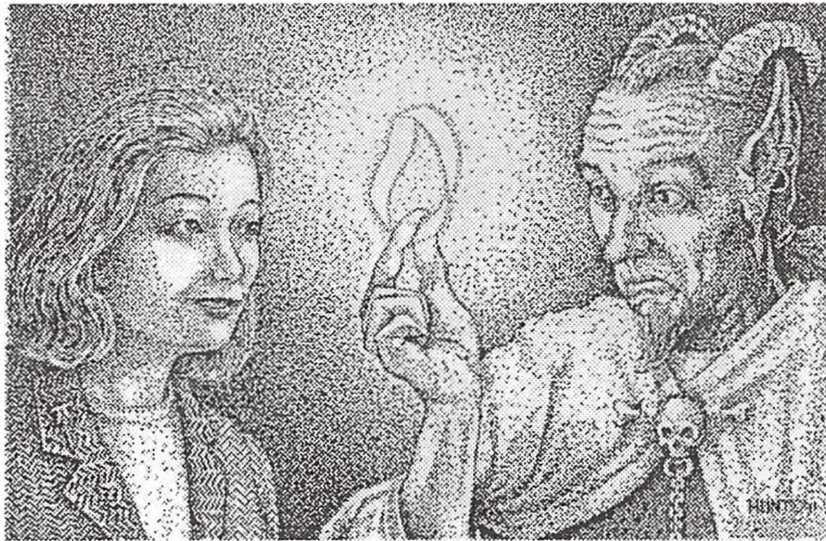
I started writing in longhand and transcribing and retranscribing on my old electric typewriter from college. I typed *Shards of Honor* about three times, the first time in my kitchen, in August, when it was 103, and the most I could do was recopy maybe 25 pages a day, and that was working 14 hours and ignoring everybody and creating all sorts of ill will. And then I had a scare about the top copy getting lost in the mail, so I got my dad to get me my first word processor.

I still write in longhand in my notebook. The electric typewriter, and even more the computer, is sitting there and using electricity, and this is costing pennies a minute while I'm trying to think of something to say. It's sort of daunting. The pencil will wait indefinitely while I figure out what

the next sentence is going to be. Then I scribble it down, and we have another long pause while I figure out what the next sentence is going to be. The typing doesn't take that long, and then I get to look at it again in a different format, and I see things I didn't notice before in terms of editing.

I don't make too many changes between drafts, but I make some. So I'll probably keep doing it that way. It's a habit. It's horribly inefficient, but it's the way I work. I used to say I almost wrote final drafts, but when I looked at what I was doing, that wasn't quite true. I will start with a real vague outline of the story. It's like when an artist puts in the color washes of the water paint, then puts in all the details over the top. I will have a vague idea, like for *The Warrior's Apprentice* it would have been boy goes out and gets in deepshit trouble with mercenaries, in the pattern of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, who creates more power than he's able to handle. Things go to a certain

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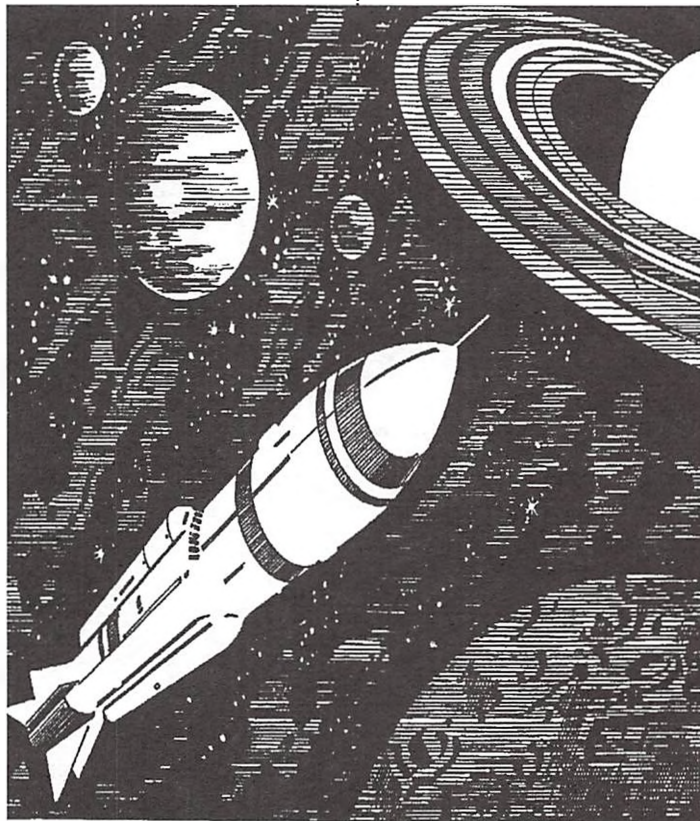


point and then crash, and then we have some sort of wrap.

Then I plunge into the book, and chapter by chapter I'll do more detailed outlines. I'll figure out by scenes and sort of fit them into place, like fitting in puzzle pieces. I'll have scene 1, scene 2, scene 3, and this will comprise my chapter, and the chapter will be the work unit, and then I'll do things like the script of the dialogue. If it's a scene with a lot of dialogue, I'll go through and jot M says thus and so, P says thus and so, and I'll have a kind of script in a personal shorthand so the scene doesn't wander off into channels that don't support the plot advancement, which, when you get two characters in the room talking to each other, liable to happen.

I'll have these pieces and then I'll sit down and write the clean copy once again in a personal shorthand with all the he saids and she saids and the little bits of description put in. That I'll transcribe onto the computer. So which is the first draft is hard to say. It's been outlined in detail before it goes into the notebook, and then from the notebook to the computer there isn't a whole lot of change after that unless I throw a scene out completely or do small editing changes.

I think I've concentrated on novels because my primary interest is in character. My idea of a work of literary genius is to create a character like Sherlock Holmes who is so alive that he transcends his original material and goes out in the real world and starts taking over other minds to make him live. There's a power in that creativity that transcends ordinary literature. If I create characters so real that you find yourself talking to them in the shower, I have done what I want to do as an artist. If somebody wants to write fan literature set in my universe, I'll be delighted to read it and enormously flattered and terribly interested to see what happens after it hits their minds, what cracks



they find to get into. At least that's the kind of thing I used to do. Once again, it completes the circle. But I don't see franchising my universe for money.

When people reread a book, it's not for the ideas, because once you've got the ideas in your head, they're there. You reread a book because you want to be in the company of your friends again, and there's no limit to

how many times you want to do that. This is why I read *Lord of the Rings* ten times. It's not because I wanted to know what happened, it's because I wanted to be with those people once more. And you do this more in novels than in short stories.

I'm not interested in serving some nebulous, abstract artistic ideal. I'm interested in reaching people individually, because that's the only way people are made—everything else is an optical illusion. I suppose I'm on the populist side of literature. Stories should serve people, should serve their needs and their wants and entertain them. I happen

to find moral dilemmas supremely entertaining, so when I speak of entertainment, I'm not just talking about sex and violence. I'm talking about the whole world of ideas.

I don't really see myself as part of any group or movement. I see myself as sort of a stray. Partly because of getting into the stacks at OSU, I more or less stopped reading science fiction in 1971. I feel like I was on a guided tour and wandered away from the bus at some point. I'm constantly being asked if I'm influenced by this SF writer or that SF writer or is such and such important to me, and I'll say, well, gee, I haven't read any of his stuff. I haven't read David Drake or Jerry Pournelle. As a matter of fact, *Warrior's Apprentice* started out almost to be a satire of that sort of fiction, except that I was a little too subtle.

One of the frustrations of my present lifestyle is that so little time is left for reading. I admire the people who

do seem able to keep up. What I mostly read are books that friends have written—because I know I’m going to meet them again and they’ll ask how I liked their books—and oddball things that come in, so my reading doesn’t follow any particular pattern at the moment, except that there’s not enough of it. For feeding my head to pick up story ideas, I really prefer non-fiction. I like history and military history and anecdotes about people in bizarre situations. First of all, it’s all public domain, because it’s history, and anything you pull out and play rubber reality with and use isn’t something you’ve taken from another writer, so you don’t have this feeling that, Oh, God, I’m plagiarizing.

I’m far, far more conscious of structure now than I used to be when I was just a reader and read everybody uncritically. Now I notice things like paragraphing and scene structure, and it’s had a horrible effect on my ability to read. One reason I’m reading less now is that I don’t read anymore, I proofread, and it’s not as much fun. It’s things like being conscious of when the scene shifts and when the point of view changes. Oh, look, the point of view just changed! Well, then I’ve dropped the story and gotten away from reading it and am back to writing the story.

I take my humor very seriously. Humor is an important part of the real world, of what makes us human—a way of coping with pain. That’s my fundamental definition of humor, which is of course not real funny when you think about it. My humor is almost never slapstick. It’s always humor of situation, humor because it’s the only way to deal with these grotesqueries that are being dumped on you as a character. Very often nobody in the scene is laughing but the reader, and that’s not because of anything that is going on, it’s because of the underlying patter of Miles looking at the situation and seeing the absurdities of it, which are often his.

I have mixed feelings about space opera as a tag. Yeah, the Miles stories are space opera, they are not cosmological studies of the human condition or any of these other things that science fiction can be. *Falling Free* was a bit of a reaction to that. I wanted to prove with *Falling Free* that, yes, I can write hard science fiction, I’m not writing space opera because it’s an inferior form and that’s all I can do. I’m writing it because that’s what I like, and this proves it for all comers. I don’t object to the space opera label. I

think it’s fair. It all depends on the tone of voice in which it’s said.

Were there world enough and time, I would try everything. There happens to be this guy in New York who’s willing to buy all the science fiction I can produce right now, and that’s a real strong incentive to keep on that track. But much as I love science fiction, and much as I’m willing to defend it against all comers, yeah, I could see myself writing children’s fiction, or an historical novel, or certainly a mystery or some other kind of writing. I don’t feel that I’m devoted to science fiction. I’m choosing it at the moment because it’s fun and it’s working.

I’ve got maybe ten novels in my head right now if I had the time to sit down and write them, and more will come before I get those written. I’m not short of ideas, but I don’t know how good they are. You know, when you launch into a novel, it’s sort of a risk that this feels like a novel idea, but what if I get halfway out and it’s not there? What am I going to do? So I write all my novels in a state of panic, chapter to chapter, wondering if I’m going to be able to finish and come up with the idea that will make the next chapter go. I don’t have my ideas for a novel all at once. I’ll have the vague idea for the novel, and then each chapter highlight will come one at a time, and the idea that’s going to make chapter five a great chapter I won’t have thought of when I’m still working on chapter two. They accrete over the course of a year.

So far, if you can write two books a year, you can make a living as a midlist writer, barely. I can’t write two books a year. I’ve got to figure out a way to get the price up on the one book a year I do write so that it constitutes a living. The amount of time you have to spend priming the pump to get up to the point where there’s money coming in is huge. The initial investment is at least equal to spending four years in college in terms of the time that goes into it and the money that you’re not making because you’re not working at some other job. Turning yourself into a writer is like taking a four-year baccalaureate degree. The money is good for a few people, and my next job is to figure out how to be one of them. ■

(Originally Appeared in *Lan’s Lantern* - 11/8/88)

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The Facts About NESFA

The New England Science Fiction Association, Inc., is a science fiction fan organization that mixes work on projects with socializing; the amounts of each are an individual choice. Projects include running SF conventions, publishing books, indexes to short science fiction, a fanzine, and continuing to work on our clubhouse.

We run a major regional SF convention, Boskone, which is usually held in February of each year, but we also run two small "relaxacons" (basically weekend-long social events): Lexicon is usually held in midsummer and Codclave in mid- or late winter (or vice versa).

NESFA Press publishes many critically praised books in and out of the genre. The NESFA's Choice series of books bring back outstanding works of SF that have been out of print and unavailable to most fans. The series began with *The Best of James H. Schmitz*, but really took off with *The Rediscovery of Man: The Complete Short Science Fiction of Cordwainer Smith*, which is now in its third printing! Other books that have been completed are *Norstrilia* by Cordwainer Smith; *Ingathering: The Complete People Stories of Zenna Henderson*; and sometime this year *His Share of Glory: The Complete Short Science Fiction of Cyril M. Kornbluth*. Recently *Let's Hear It for the Deaf Man* by Dave Langford and *Making Book* by Teresa Nielsen Hayden were nominated for Hugo awards.

We have also published trade paperbacks such as *The Passage of the Light: The Recursive Science Fiction of Barry N. Malzberg*; and an *Andre Norton Bibliography*.

Each year, for Boskone, we publish a limited-edition hardcover book of material by our Guest of Honor. For Boskone 33, we have published *Dreamweaver's Dilemma* by Lois McMaster Bujold.


Some of our other diverse publishing projects include our on-going index to short science fiction (although we're a few years behind at this point), several filksong books, and other assorted items such as a *Concordance to the SF Works of Cordwainer Smith* and an *Annotated Bibliography of Recursive Science Fiction*.

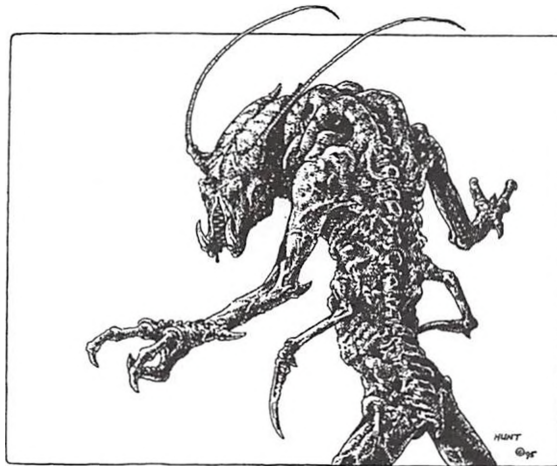
In 1985, NESFA purchased 504 Medford Street in Somerville for use as a clubhouse. The building underwent extensive renovations and repairs (with much of the work done by many of our mem-

bers). The building is now the home of our library, and is the site of our Business Meetings, Boskone planning meetings, and other work sessions.

We hold two kinds of meetings (along with the various other kinds of gathering). The Business Meetings are where we conduct our business in somewhat formal style. Our Other Meetings are mainly social gatherings, with a few committee meetings thrown in.

NESFA membership comes in several flavors. Subscribing memberships are open to anyone for dues of \$16.00 per year. For this you get *Instant Message*, *Proper Boskonian*, and a discount on some NESFA publications. People who regularly attend meetings usually become eligible for General Membership. Regular Membership is based upon recognized significant commitment to NESFA

Continued on next page 



by contribution to the club and its projects, and gives the right to vote, and the responsibility to help the club run well.

Information about what happened and what is going to happen appears in the club newsletter, *Instant Message*, which is published twice a month. All members receive copies, and sample copies are sent to people who express their interest and give us an address.

Proper Boskonian is the club fanzine, which publishes articles, reviews, etc., and is published on the "real soon now" schedule.

Apa: NESFA, a collection of personal fanzines, published monthly, is collated at our Other Meetings, and is

mainly distributed to contributors and those who help collate.

NESFA, Boskone, and NESFA Press each have their own active topics on GENIE. The NESFA topic can be found on SFRT 3, Category 18, Topic 22; Boskone is on SFRT 3, Category 22, Topic 15; and NESFA Press is on SFRT 4, Category 11, Topic 23. Stop by and say "Hi!"

For any information on NESFA and its activities, you can write to us at Post Office Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0203. Our clubhouse phone number is 1-617-625-2311. ■

History, Continued From Page 22

PROGRESS REPORTS

Progress Reports seem to have begun with Boskone XIV and been a regular feature since then. They have sometimes been called *Helmuth* but not always. They now include the "quickie" registration sheet that allows faster check-in at the convention for people who are pre-registered.

BOSKONE APAS

There was an attempt at a few Boskones to collate a convention apa. This was not uniformly successful, probably due to the large number of other activities occurring at the same time.

- 1 The Stranger Club was the Fan Guest of Honor at Noreascon 3, the 47th World Science Fiction Convention, in 1989.
- 2 Art Widner "in charge"
- 3 Art Widner "in charge"
- 4 "Suddsy" Schwartz "in charge." Members included Claude Degler.
- 5 Milt Rothman, Jack Riggs, Art Widner, N. F. Stanley, Bob Swisher
- 6 Doris Currier, MC

The New England Science Fiction Association invites you to join us for

Boskone 34

Guest of Honor: John M. Ford • Official Artist: Ron Walotsky

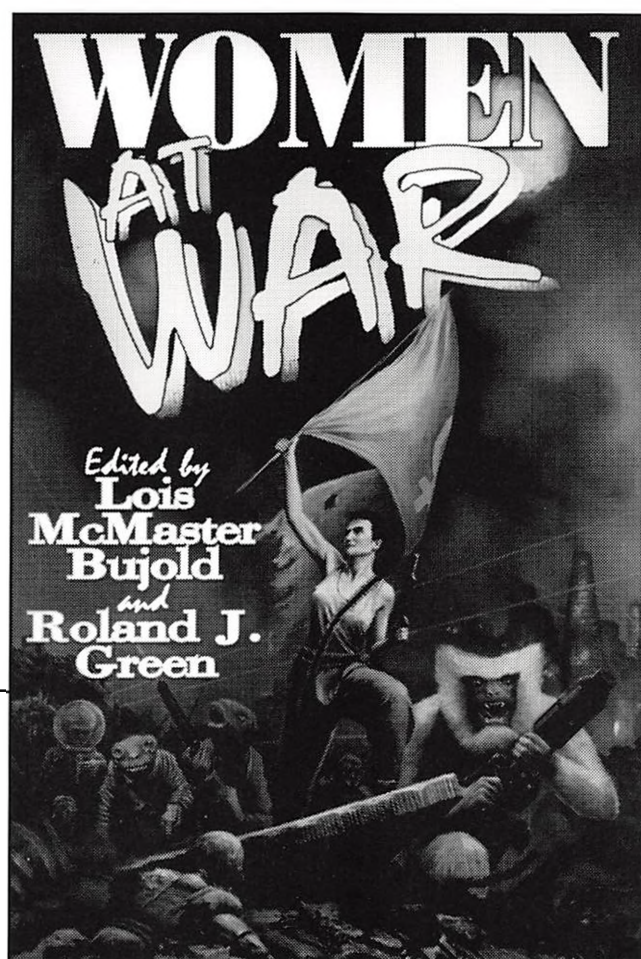
February 21-23, 1997
Sheraton Tara, Framingham

Special membership rates at Boskone 33 available at the NESFA Sales Table in the Huckster's Room. Flyers and the latest information available at Information.

Tor Congratulates Boskone 33 Guest of Honor

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Musical Chairs – An Appreciation

by SPENCER LOVE



MUSICAL CHAIRS:

(From left to right) Lucinda Brown, Jean Stevenson and Linda Melnick

Boskone in 1986 as filk guests. That group also contained T. J. Burnside Clapp and Sheila Willis. The difficulties in their name were at least partly inspired by the trials of getting together to rehearse; these are described in which appeared on their tapes, *Please Stand By*, and *Station Break*. They started as friends in the Washington, D.C., area, but T. J. moved to Boston, which gave them a bit of a local presence. Later, Sheila moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and T. J. got married and moved to Edwards Air Force Base in California.

Jean Stevenson also goes a long way back; she wrote some of the songs that Technical Difficulties performed, and appeared as a stand-in for Sheila at Noreascon III at Boston in 1989, where they appeared as More Difficulties.

Lucinda met Linda at a meeting of the Chesapeake Helpers' Society, a fan group of the *Beauty and the Beast* television show, where

they sang together. In less than two months, Linda had forced Lucinda to learn to play guitar, even mastering a double thumb pick technique so they could play Stan Roger's "Lies", which they performed at gathering at Central Park in New York City. Linda couldn't play the guitar part herself since her signature part is to interpret the song in American Sign Language.

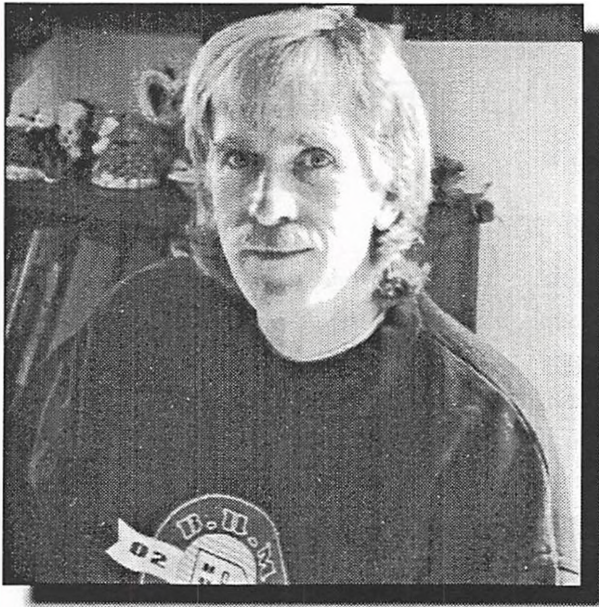
The group chose the name Musical Chairs in part because they kept switching seats on stage so that the person playing the guitar on any given song (and rarely the same one twice) could sit in the middle. There was another reason, too; Lucinda's voice couldn't reach T. J.'s low tenor parts, so they had to rearrange the older repertoire to match the available voices. Linda tells us they are still trading parts regularly.

They last appeared in Massachusetts at ConCertino, a filk convention held last June in Westboro. Their first tape, *Sing Language*, was released on the Dodeka label later in 1995, and can most likely be found in the huckster room, or you can write Dodeka Records, 848 Dodge Avenue, Suite 220, Evanston, IL 60202.

Lucinda had surgery in December, and developed complications. This means she will be unable to attend this year's Boskone so Mary Ellen Wessels will be sitting in for her at the convention.

Mary Ellen, known to her friends as MEW, has been singing backup on filk albums for many years, as well as conducting performance workshops at a number of filk cons. Her first solo tape, *Current Obsessions*, will be released in April.

If you have never heard Musical Chairs, you will be in for a treat. Enjoy! ■



Gary Ruddell

A Recent Bibliography

1996

Cetaganda, by Lois McMaster Bujold (Baen) hardcover

Endymion, by Dan Simmons (Bantam Spectra) hardcover

Paths to Otherwhere, by James P. Hogan (Baen) hardcover

1995

Design for Great-Day, by Alan Dean Foster & Eric Frank Russell (Tor) hardcover reprinted 1996 (Tor) paperback

Honor Harrington: Flag in Exile, by David Weber (Baen) paperback

1945, by Newt Gingrich & William R. Forstchen (Baen) hardcover reprinted 1995 (Science Fiction Book Club) hardcover

Project FarCry, by Pauline Ashwell (Tor) hardcover

Proteus in the Underground, by Charles Sheffield (Baen) hardcover reprinted 1995 (Science Fiction Book Club) hardcover

Remake, by Connie Willis (Bantam Spectra) trade paperback

Silverhand: The Arcana Bk. 1, by Morgan Llywelyn & Michael Scott (Baen) hardcover

Star Ascendant, by Louise Cooper (Tor) hardcover

The Sword of Knowledge, by C. J. Cherryh, Mercedes Lackey, Nancy Asire & Leslie Fish (Baen) trade paperback

Tales of the Knights Templar, ed. by Katherine Kurtz (Warner Aspect) paperback

Time Scout, by Robert Asprin & Linda Evans (Baen) paperback

Voima, by C. Dale Brittain (Baen) paperback

Warp Angel, by Stuart Hopen (Tor) hardcover

1994

Aisling, by Louise Cooper (Tor) paperback

Brotherhood of the Stars, by Kirby Greene (Bantam Spectra) paperback

The Hands of Lyr, by Andre Norton (AvoNova) hardcover reprinted 1995 (AvoNova) paperback

Honor Harrington: Field of Dishonor, by David Weber (Baen) paperback

Mirror Dance, by Lois McMaster Bujold (Baen) hardcover reprinted 1994 (Science Fiction Book Club) hardcover reprinted 1995 (Baen) paperback

The Spawn of Loki, by Jason Henderson (Baen) paperback

Sporting Chance, by Elizabeth Moon (Baen) paperback

Uncharted Territory, by Connie Willis (Bantam Spectra) paperback

WarWorld: Invasion, ed. by Jerry Pournelle (Baen) paperback

1993

Galatea in 2-D, by Aaron Alston (Baen) paperback

Glory Season, by David Brin (Bantam Spectra) hardcover reprinted 1993 (Science Fiction Book Club) hardcover reprinted 1994 (Bantam Spectra) paperback

The Kruton Interface, by John DeChancie (Ace) paperback

Mall Purchase Night, by Rick Cook (Baen) paperback

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