# TABLE OF CONTENTS

FROM THE EDITOR .................................................. 3  
WHAT IS NESFA? .................................................. 3  
BOSKONE HISTORY ................................................. 4  
BOSKONE HISTORY, CONT .......................................... 5  
ME AND ISAAC ASIMOV BY LESTER DEL RAY ................. 11  
DAVID HARTWELL BY JOHN R. DOUGLAS ......................... 12  
BOB EGGLETON BY HAL CLEMENT ................................ 13  
ELLEN ASHER BY MOSHE FEDER .................................. 14  
RUTH SANDESON BY JANE YOLEN ................................ 17  
MEET WALTER JON WILLIAMS BY JANE LINDSKOLD ............. 18  
GEORGE R.R. MARTIN BY WALTER JON WILLIAMS .............. 22  
NEIL GAIMAN: AMAZING MASTER CONJURER BY TERRY PRATCHETT 24  
RICHARD HESCOX BY BOB EGGLETON ......................... 26  
ABOUT DAVID GERROLD BY HARRY TURTLEDOVE ................ 28  
BROTHER GUY CONSOLMAGNO BY BILL HIGGINS ............... 30  
BRUCE COVILLE: ODDER THAN EVER BY JANE YOLEN ............ 32  
JO WALTON BY PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN .................... 34  
MARY CROWELL BY BRENDA SUTTON ................................ 36  
TEAM CHARLAINEI BY TONI L.P. KELNER ...................... 38  
GINJER BUCHANAN BY JOHN DOUGLAS .......................... 40  
CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN ............................................. 43  
DAVID ANTHONY DURHAM ........................................ 44  
NEIL CLARKE .......................................................... 45  
CERECE RENNIE MURPHY ......................................... 46  
ERRICK A. NUNNALLY ............................................. 47  
FLOURISH KLINK ..................................................... 49  
KEN LIU ................................................................. 51  
WESLEY CHU ........................................................... 52

COVER ART COURTESY OF BOB EGGLETON  
PHOTOMONTAGE ON PAGE 3 BY MMXX  
INFOGRAPHIC ON PAGE 4 BY NASA & WMAP SCIENCE TEAM  
EDITORIAL TEAM: ERIN UNDERWOOD, GUEST EDITOR  
ERRICK A. NUNNALLY, LAYOUT DESIGN  
JAMES BACON, EDITOR: CHRIS GARCIA, EDITOR  

HISTORICAL B&W IMAGES COURTESY OF NESFA (NEW ENGLAND SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION)  
HISTORICAL BOSKONE PROGRAM COVERS & CONTENT COURTESY OF BOSKONE & NESFA  
SPECIAL THANKS TO TONY LEWIS FOR THE USE OF HIS RARE COLLECTION OF BOSKONE SOUVENIR BOOKS. WITHOUT TONY’S ASSISTANCE JOURNEY PLANET: BOSKONE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE.
FROM THE EDITOR

When NESFA asked me to be the chairperson for Boskone 54, which takes place in Boston, MA from February 17–19, 2017, I wanted to do “something” that would honor the history and tradition of Boston fandom as well as Boskone itself. Boskone is, after all, the longest running science fiction and fantasy convention in New England, and many of the most notable and significant figures in science fiction have been guests, program participants, volunteers, or members of Boskone. So, how could we capture this history and tradition?

We do what any sound thinking fan does…we create a fanzine!

Enter Journey Planet, the Hugo Award-winning fanzine that is published electronically and distributed for free to fans worldwide. Thinking like a fan, I contacted the editors James Bacon and Chris Garcia to share my idea of creating a fanzine that captures the essence of Boskone from a historical perspective that honors the past conventions while also providing fans a taste of what Boskone has to offer by reprinting selections from Boskone’s past Souvenir Books. They loved the idea and offered to let me guest edit this “Boskone” edition of Journey Planet. (Thanks, guys!!!)

With Journey Planet: Boskone, we are creating the equivalent of a “convention in a book” by reprinting past guest introductions and other fun tidbits that serve as snapshots in time and are not meant to be “current” representations of where these authors, editors, publishers, artists, etc. are in their lives and careers today. I hope fans will enjoy Journey Planet: Boskone, especially those who are unable to travel to Boston.

~ Erin Underwood
Boskone 54, Chair

WHAT IS NESFA?

(from the NESFA website: www.nesfa.org)

NESFA, the New England Science Fiction Association, was founded in 1967 by fans who wanted to do things in addition to socializing. What we do has changed over time, most notably with the growth of NESFA Press, but the club is still organized on that principle. NESFA has nearly 400 members, mostly Subscribing members from all over the world. Anyone who’s interested can join as a Subscribing member; members who work are often invited to other classes of membership.

In most months, NESFA holds two formal meetings on Sunday afternoons, one mostly for conducting business and the other mostly for socializing; many of the 30 or so active members also gather at our clubhouse nearly every Wednesday evening for work and socializing.

NESFA is one of the oldest SF clubs in the northeastern U.S., and has been a registered non-profit literary organization (under IRS section 501(c)3) since shortly after its founding. Boskone® is brought to you by NESFA®, the New England Science Fiction Association.
Why Boskone? Some years ago Edward Elmer Smith set forth, in the famous Lensmen series, the details of a neatly evil culture, the Boskone. The Boskone’s real life counterpart in neat evil springs from a pun on BOSton CONference.

As a fan event Boskones first began in 1941. There were four Boskones held in those epochal times (the Februaries of 1941, 1942, 1943, and 1945). Harry Warner, Jr. lightly details the proceedings of those events in his fine Fan History All Our Yesterdays. Hardly a Fan is yet active who can recall those Boskones lost past; however, with luck, you might mousetrap Harry Stubbs into reminiscing about those old times for you.

(from the Boskone 9 Program Book, 1972)
The current series of Boskones began in 1965 as a Demonstration of Eminent Visibility by a resurgent Boston Fandom. In the established traditions, and the yet-to-be-established traditions, of all True Fanac, the evolution of Boskone to its present form, will make a fine piece of Fan History. So, as a service to all would-be Fan Historians, we append the following research clues:

(taken from an article in Boskone 8 Program Book by Bill Desmond)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAIRMAN</th>
<th>DATE</th>
<th>GUEST OF HONOR</th>
<th>ATTENDANCE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I Dave Vanderwerf</td>
<td>10–12 Sep 65</td>
<td>Hal Clement</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II Dave Vanderwerf</td>
<td>11–13 Mar 66</td>
<td>Frederik Pohl</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III Erwin Strauss</td>
<td>1–3 Oct 66</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV Paul Galvin</td>
<td>1–2 Apr 67</td>
<td>Damon Knight</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V Paul Galvin</td>
<td>23–24 Mar 68</td>
<td>Larry Niven</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI Leslie Turek</td>
<td>22–23 Mar 69</td>
<td>Jack Gaughan</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII Tony Lewis</td>
<td>27–29 Mar 70</td>
<td>Gordon Dickson</td>
<td>383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII Bill Desmond</td>
<td>12–14 Mar 71</td>
<td>Larry Niven</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX Fred Isaacs</td>
<td>14–16 Apr 72</td>
<td>L. Sprague De Camp</td>
<td>???</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Historical Note: An up-to-date list can be found at http://www.nesfa.org/boskone-history/boskone-history.html

BOSKONE III WAS HELD AT M.I.T. IN CAMBRIDGE. AND BOSKONE VIII AT THE SHERATON ROLLING GREEN IN ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS. ALL OTHER BOSKONES HAVE BEEN HELD AT THE STATLER-HILTON IN BOSTON.

Historical Note: Boskone is currently held every February at the Westin Waterfront Hotel in Boston, MA. For more information, please visit www.boskone.org.
BOSKONE '65

"THE SCIENCE IN SCIENCE FICTION"
BOSKONE III
THE THIRD SEMI-ANNUAL
BOSTON REGIONAL
Science Fiction
Convention
HELD AT
MIT
OCT. 1, 2, & 3
1966
GREETINGS TO Baskone VI FROM ALL US CRAZY MINNESOTA FANS!
THE GREAT DEBATE

RESOLVED:

ISAAC ASIMOV SHOULD WRITE SCIENCE FICTION

Pro
Fred Lerner
Ben Bova

Con
Elliot Kay Shorter
Isaac Asimov

Moderator: Stew Brownstein

Section I: Formal Debate - standard rules interpreted by moderator

First Affirmative Fred Lerner 5 minutes
First Negative Elliot Shorter 5 minutes
Second Affirmative Ben Bova 7½ minutes
Second Negative Isaac Asimov 7½ minutes

Section II: Discussion - 15 to 25 minutes

Isaac Asimov and Ben Bova

Section III: Summation - 5 to 10 minutes each

Negative Elliot Shorter
Affirmative Ben Bova

Sole authority on rules and regulations shall be the moderator
MEMBERSHIP (as of Jan. 2, 1974)

1. Isaac Asimov
2. Dr. Janet Jeppson
3. Eddie Jones
4. Marsha Jones
5. Rebecca Lesses
6. Steve Raskind
7. Larry Niven
8. Puzzy Pink Niven
9. Ben Bova
10. Barbara Rose
11. Hal Clement
12. Gordon R. Dickson
13. Jill Eastlake
14. Don Eastlake
15. Spike Mac Phee
17. Krispy Benders
18. Marvin Minsky
19. Paula Lieberman
20. John Costello
21. Terry McCutchen
22. Ann McCutchen
23. Paul Tremblay
24. Leelie Jean Turek
25. Shirley Maiowski
26. Kris Hall
27. Karen Blank
28. Donald A. Wollheim
29. Elsie Wollheim
30. Jim Hudson
31. Guy Consolmagno
32. Miriam Buck
33. George Wells
34. George Flynn
35. Michael Donaghey
36. Joseph Farara
37. Allan Kent
38. Linda Kent
39. Jim Saskad
40. Louis Blair
41. Jan Wyman
42. Richard Brandshaft
43. Kenneth Scher
44. Charles J. Hitchcock
45. Morris Keoghan
46. Joe Ross
47. Mark Swanson
48. Elizabeth R. Wollheim
49. Marjorie Meadow
50. George Mitchell
51. Andrea Mitchell
52. Elizabeth Pearse
53. Raymond Bowlie, Jr.
54. Louise Sachter
55. Alan J. Zimmerman
56. Patricia A. Lynch
57. Paul Galvin
58. Roby Purber
59. Michael Fasman
60. Glenn Blacow
61. Bob Colby
62. Michael T. Timmreck
63. Jack H. Stevens
64. John Millard
65. David D. McGirr
67. Doug Hoyman
68. John Pettengill
69. Elliot Ray Shorter
70. Roy Krupp
71. Judy Krupp
72. Katherine A. Horne
73. William C. Carton
74. Rick Sternbach
75. Muriel W. Kanter
76. Thom Anderson
77. Dana L.F. Anderson
78. Ben Sano
79. Richard L. Kirk
80. David H. Allen
84. Fred P. Isaacs
666. Mike DiGenio
1313. Lisa Kaufman
1729. Seth Braidbart
1952. David Shank
2020. Lucille DiPietro
9999. David Stever
me and ISAAC ASIMOV

by Lester del Rey

Let me begin by quoting a well-known writer of science fiction and science popularizations: "Isaac Asimov is a national resource. He is also witty, urbane, striking (for one of his height), generous and extremely modest. I'm proud of my influence on him."

(You see, we SF writers never let contradictory facts ruin a good story. Anyhow, Isaac lives just around the corner from me and is much heavier and somewhat younger than I am. Besides, he has a charming and strangely devoted wife whom I'd hate to disappoint.)

Most readers consider Isaac one of the real old-time writers of sf, his first story having appeared in January, 1939 (not quite a year later than my first). After some early efforts, he discovered his famous three laws of positronic servility and established himself as a writer about robots. (Modesty forbids mentioning who has written more robot stories.) As an acknowledged writer, he realized that writers—encyclopedia writers—should take over the galaxy, and he invented psychohistory. His resulting Foundation stories made him famous, despite the fact that he stopped out in the middle of the series when he couldn't locate the secret of the Second Foundation. (For 20 years, my reticence helped me from telling him where it was.)

Meanwhile, to justify his self-appellation of "the good doctor," he obtained a Ph.D. in biochemistry, since it was felt that his work on the endochronic properties of resublimated thiotimoline adequately compensated for his other research.

Upon obtaining his degree, he moved to Boston, away from those who had known his humble beginnings. But he continued to write. His first science fiction book was published in 1950 (more than a year later than my first). Thereafter, he became a compulsive—some say compulsive—writer, and has since produced some 150 books, many of which are not autobiographical at all. He has been recognized by a Nebula Award and three Hugos. (The last, which I placed in his hand in Toronto, was won without the need of public pleading or tears, which I feel does him particular credit.)

He has developed a singular reputation as a public speaker and TV personality (it is with humility I admit to having encouraged that by choosing to make him toastmaster at a 1950 regional con as his first public appearance. But how could I have known?) He has also become a prolific writer of introductions to almost anything. (In fact, it was he who taught me all I know about writing introductions such as this.)

But Isaac has never forgotten his beginnings as a science fiction writer or his achievement as a letterhack under the name of Asenion. Any admirer can feel free to address him informally as Dr. Asimov, and he is still willing to share his time with the eager fans—especially with femfans.

I can think of no one more worthy to be chosen as a guest of honor. (Well—almost no one.) I'm delighted to pay suitable tribute to him.
I first met David Hartwell many years ago when he was attending a small convention as a representative for his then current employer (N.A.L.). Since he arrived with a large supply of free books, he seemed like a wonderfully useful person to know and I’ve since discovered that he has other charming attributes.

When I later moved to New York City I had the opportunity to discover the true extent of David’s madness. The word workaholic was probably invented to cover his case, but I chose to think of him as a nee-Renaissance man. At the time, he was still working for N.A.L. as a contract science fiction consultant. Shortly thereafter he moved to Berkley Books. He was also finishing up a doctorate in comparative mediaeval literature, teaching English for engineers at Stevens Institute, managing Bard Hall, the medical students’ residence at Columbia Presbyterian Medical School (where he first met his wife), was a partner in an expanding mail-order book business, was involved in a small press publishing several sf-oriented pamphlets, was consulting editor with Gregg Press for their series of scholarly library reprints of sf classics, was editing a literary quarterly, The Little Magazine, which he had co-founded during his early days in graduate school, and wasting the rest of his limited free time going to sf conventions. The fact that he managed to maintain full employment for a small town out of one briefcase was enough to tire me out but he always had energy for the commute to his next job or for another round of the endless discussion of sf, publishing, books, and literature with the constant stream of visitors who flowed through his tiny apartment. It was a known fact that he occasionally found a vacant apartment in Bard Hall where he could chain up a writer who was suffering a block or overdue on a manuscript deadline. The combination of light feeding and heavy encouragement usually produced the required number of double-spaced pages.

He drinks dark rum, wears outrageous ties, has modest ambitions (“all I really want to do is publish the best science fiction line ever”), has a seemingly infinite knowledge of sf, English literature, fifties rock and roll, and building management and works harder than anybody else I know. Since he left Pocket Books he’s had time to reactivate most of the pursuits mentioned above. He has sold two books and may sell another, has a consulting job with Waldenbooks, another with Tor, and is clearly showing signs of feeling underemployed. He considers pepper an exotic spice but then he is a native New Englander so that shouldn't be a surprise. He prefers David to Dave. Say hello but be prepared for anything after that.
by Hal Clement
Boskone 23, 1986

I’d seen a good deal of Bob at conventions, but hadn’t settled down to ask any personal questions until the matter of writing this career summary, or curriculum vitae, or whatever it should be called, came up. Like anyone who has seen his work, I know he’s a competent science fiction artist, and like most such people I had made my guesses about his sources of inspiration and fields of interest; but at last I had a good excuse actually to ask him.

I had wondered whether the interest in painting and art, or in science fiction, came first. Apparently he’s been painting, or at least drawing, ever since there was anything available for him to mark on; he remembers doing Gemini launch impressions on the school blackboards. As with some of the rest of us, it’s a little hard for him to say whether science or SF came first; there was the space program—yeah, he’s a young fellow of twenty-five, so that’s background rather than recent trimming to him—and there was Star Trek, and he liked his high school science, and read up on astronomy. Rhode Island College provided more formal art training, and he now makes a living doing commercial art work—not, he admits with some apparent regret, all or even mostly science fiction. He does have an increasing number of SF commissions, and is happy about it. Me, too.

He has favorite artists, but makes a careful distinction between those who have influenced and those who have inspired him. In the first set are Ron Cobb, Bonestell, Mobius, and McCall; the principal member of the second is Kelly Freas (these notes are extremely terse; I hope I didn’t get those sets reversed; I’m not too sure I see what the difference is, anyway; but Bob will probably tell you if you corner him). I asked whether his imagination ever ran ahead of his tools, as it does with writers, so that he sometimes finds himself rather impatient to get on with the next project while still laboring to finish the current one.

The answer was an emphatic affirmative; the technical details can indeed be frustrating, and the temptation to drop something and start another sometimes gets very strong indeed. Of course, impatience is a normal human trait; both of us are waiting, as this is being written, for Voyager to make its Uranus flyby, though we’ll no doubt do quite different things with the resulting information.

He was greatly impressed with the recent Sky & Telescope article on the true colors of the planets, but we managed to avoid getting too deeply sunk into the philosophical implications of “true” in that connection. Maybe it will do for a panel at some future con. His current project is a series of pictures of Jupiter as seen from the various satellites—something a number of us have tried from time to time, either in paint or in words, but which is constantly having to be updated. I gather this is to be seen at Boskone; I hope it will stay valid long enough for me to use in next year’s classes. Project Galilee will probably shoot both of us down.

As one may gather from all this, he’s a “hard science” artist of the Bonestell variety, though he says he doesn’t go to the Bonestell lengths of calculating visual angles and such matters. He does worry about what the hills on Amalthea (if that isn’t merely a flying hill) would look like, and whether Saturn’s clouds would appear more like cirrus, stratus, or cumulus seen close to. A kindred spirit in fact. Scientific accuracy is his challenge, as it is for some of the rest of us, with the same understanding that what we would see is affected not only by what is there but by what we understand of what is there (I know that’s a paraphrase, Bob, but is it too far off the track?). That’s what signs the artistic license!
1988 marks the 35th year of the SF Book Club's existence and the 15th year of Ellen Asher's editorship. Surely no one else with comparable influence and longevity in the genre has maintained such a modestly low profile. This is perfectly in character, but it's a shame, because all who do know her agree that she is one of the nicest people in SF publishing—as attendees at this year's Boskone are going to discover.

Ellen's unique charm, that of a thorough professional with a personality that can only be described as naturally fannish, can't easily be captured on paper, at least by me. Instead, I'd like to offer an outline of her background, and since she's one of the least known major figures in the field, and has never before been honored by a convention, I thought I'd start at the beginning.

Born in New York City in 1941, the youngest of three sisters, she grew up in a Central Park West apartment building just down the street from the Dakota. She has fond memories of Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade.

Long before SF came into her life, her earliest strong interest was in horses. She started riding at age 7 and rides at least twice a week to this day. Her first ambition, she says, was to be a horse...perhaps an early sign of a sympathy for sentient non-humans. Her first SF was Slan, read at summer camp at age 12, the start of a period of heavy reading in the field (typical of those who become lifelong aficionados) that continued right through high school, and only tapered off in college.

She was an English Major at Swarthmore. After graduating, with high honors, she wasn't sure what she wanted to do with her life. Casting about for a direction, a mixture of idealism, interest in travel in general, and in Asia in particular brought her to the Peace Corps. Ellen spent 20 months in Thailand from 1962 to 1964, living in a Thai-style house in which the ubiquitous lizards helped to control the insect population. She taught English at a teacher's college in a provincial capital 14 hours by train from Bangkok. She learned Thai (since forgotten) and that she really couldn't abide teaching.

When she got out of the Peace Corps, she still didn't know what she wanted to do, so she went to grad school at Stanford. She quickly earned her master's in Tudor-Stuart history, and then spent two years with riding lessons, cycling, Georgette Heyer novels, learning Latin, and "feeling guilty" rather than progressing to her doctorate.

In 1967, still not knowing what to do with her life, but feeling she couldn't dilly-dally indefinitely, she chose publishing by default and got an entry-level job at Fawcett. From there she moved to NAL, where she edited the Mentor and Signet Classic lines. After about two years, NAL's SF editor, Jim Trupin, left, and she spoke up when the classic "Does anyone here know and like SF" question was asked. She added the SF line to her responsibilities, and attended her first SF convention. Two years...
later, laid off in a general staff reduction, she turned to freelance work. After about six months, an unsuccessful application for a reader job at the Literary Guild (Doubleday’s largest book club) turned into a call-back two weeks later when Olga Vezeris left the SFBC editorship. She took the post on February 8th, 1973, and she’s been there ever since. The would-be horse had found her true calling at last.

Although she jokes that she settled on an editing career because “editing beats honest work,” the truth is that she’s one of the hardest-working people you’re ever likely to meet. Ellen’s often at the office for hours after everyone else has gone, and the weight of the fully stuffed pack she carries home each night attests to the long hours she, like most editors, puts in at home evenings and weekends. It’s all worth it because SF as a genre has never grown boring for her (although I have heard her express impatience with certain individual examples of it), and the club gives her a special kind of influence in the field. She takes pride in the fact that the club can give wider distribution to many worthy books (e.g., *Mythago Wood*, *This is the Way the World Ends*, and *The Wandering Unicorn*, among others) than they might otherwise get. This shapes the field in a subtle but significant way and is particularly helpful to new and lesser-known authors. Also important to her is the club’s ability to keep books in print longer than almost anyone else (particularly in hardcover) in an active backlist of 450 to 500 titles. These books are always available while they remain in print, even when not featured in Things to Come, the club’s bulletin.

Another aspect of the book club that makes its editorship rewarding is the direct relationship with the readers. There are no middlemen—no salesmen or storeowners—that Ellen has to sell a book to first, before the readers can get a crack at it. It’s the resultant freedom in packaging, for example, that’s allowed the club to make regular use of Richard Powers cover art, even though his non-realistic style is out of fashion at the moment in the mass market.

Given Ellen’s deep-seated dedication to the club—she even notes typos in the publishers’ editions when we have them to read, so that SFBC editions (and subsequent publishers’ printings!) can be more accurate—it’s no accident, and not just an effect of the general growth of the field, that the club has grown more than 150% under her stewardship. Beyond SFBC, as Senior Editor for Specialty Clubs, she offers guidance to the editors of Doubleday’s four other special interest book clubs, including the Military Book Club and the Mystery Guild.

In or out of the office, Ellen is the sort of unpretentious, casual, and down-to-Earth person who will walk unconcernedly in the rain wearing sandals and tell you matter-of-factly that her feet will dry a lot more quickly than closed shoes would. She’s amused that she (and most of her assistants over the years) is regarded around the office as somewhat eccentric and does nothing to discourage it. Indeed, she’s been known to wear Deeley-Bopper antennae to editorial meetings—where everyone comments on how natural they look on her, creating a pixie-ish effect—and not long ago encouraged the author of this piece to wear an animal-nose mask at the meeting to continue the tradition. Clearly, she has that quirky, youthful sense of humor characteristic of SF editors, perhaps because they spend so many hours with their minds in other realities.

Ellen is famous around Doubleday for her monumentally cluttered desk and office and there was considerable joking speculation about what Doubleday’s new German owners would say when they saw it. The sight of bare

---

Doubleday's four other special interest book clubs, including the Military Book Club and the Mystery Guild.

In or out of the office, Ellen is the sort of unpretentious, casual, and down-to-Earth person who will walk unconcernedly in the rain wearing sandals and tell you matter-of-factly that her feet will dry a lot more quickly than closed shoes would. She’s amused that she (and most of her assistants over the years) is regarded around the office as somewhat eccentric and does nothing to discourage it. Indeed, she’s been known to wear Deeley-Bopper antennae to editorial meetings—where everyone comments on how natural they look on her, creating a pixie-ish effect—and not long ago encouraged the author of this piece to wear an animal-nose mask at the meeting to continue the tradition. Clearly, she has that quirky, youthful sense of humor characteristic of SF editors, perhaps because they spend so many hours with their minds in other realities.

Ellen is famous around Doubleday for her monumentally cluttered desk and office and there was considerable joking speculation about what Doubleday’s new German owners would say when they saw it. The sight of bare
floor in her office after she’d diligently shoveled it out so the room could be repainted had visitors doing double-takes for a couple of weeks. This unique workspace is decorated with toy dinosaurs, plastic monsters, photos of ballet dancers, a stuffed Snoopy and a forest of plants. Although she has annually vacationed in the less than balmy British Isles for many years, she loves heat with a lizard-like passion and has blocked the air-conditioning outlets so her office never gets too cold. Last year, when more vacation time became available to her, she spent it in Death Valley.

But I don’t want to give you the impression that Ellen’s is the one-dimensional life of a workaholic that can be summed up in her office or by her job, however much it means to her. A confirmed balletomane, she’s a subscriber to all the major companies and takes classes herself; she loves the theatre, in both New York and London; is a dedicated New York Times reader; and takes dressage lessons twice a week to keep her riding skills sharp. She loves English beer, dim sum and all animals great and small (she’s a member of the New York Zoological Society). She dislikes most vegetables—and somehow manages to remain strikingly healthy despite this gap in her diet- and adores chocolate. Those of you wanting to make a good first impression on her cannot go wrong offering her quality chocolate during this or other conventions. This shared addiction and the fact that I could readily decipher her handwriting were what convinced me early on that I was fated to work for her; it’s one of the pleasantest assistant positions in publishing, as my predecessors and successors can attest.

Although she started her adult life uncertain of what she wanted to do with it, Ellen found her niche and has made the most of it. Her friends assume she’ll continue at the helm of the Science Fiction Book Club well into the 21st century. That’s a science fiction future we can all look forward to enjoying.
RUTH SANDERSON

by Jane Yolen
Boskone 32, 1995

Ruth Sanderson lives in a house that looks like something out of a Ruth Sanderson painting: a teal-colored Victorian monster with sixteen rooms, gingerbread porches, and a barn full of oddities. Not having enough space(!), she and her husband Ken Robinson recently added two more rooms. Well, I suppose they needed it, what with two daughters—Morgan and Whitney—a Rottweiler named Heidi, three cats, and two horses. And the art. Ruth’s art. There’s a lot of that around the house. Big paintings that look like Renaissance masterpieces. She has been called a Modern Old Master, though she calls herself a “romantic realist.”

Ruth’s studio is on the second floor of the house, up a wonderful staircase with a polished wood banister. The landing is graced with a large flower-patterned stained glass window. The studio, on the east side of the house, has a large bank of southern windows mounted with even more stained glass. A problem for an artist on sunny days. Ruth is forced to tape over portions of the windows in order to paint without sun in her eyes.

When she paints, the studio is filled with music, mostly classical: lots of Stravinsky, Ravel, Vivaldi. And there are bright posters on the walls: pre-Raphaelite prints, Byzantine icons, a wonderfully odd mix, but very cozy.

Ruth always has stacks of reference books piled up for whatever project she is working on. She has just finished The Tempest, Bruce Coville’s picture book retelling of Shakespeare. Now she is at work on a retelling of an Italian fairy tale, Papa Gato. Next up is Snow White and Rose Red. Her reference materials also include photographs of costumed models. (She has a costumer who works with her). And she casts friends, relatives—even strangers—in her books. Favorites are used again and again. My husband has been the King in two of her books—Sleeping Beauty and The Twelve Dancing Princesses. Bruce Coville got to play Prospero in The Tempest, I was the old cook in Sleeping Beauty, the old woman in Twelve Dancing Princesses. And both Mrs. Medlock—the villainess—and Mrs. Sowerby-Dickon’s mumin Ruth’s version of The Secret Garden.

Ruth does her underdrawings in pencil on canvas she has stretched herself, painting “two times up,” that is, twice the size the picture will be when it is reproduced in the book. She works in oils. Known as a fast worker (which is great for doing book jackets), she can paint a large painting in as short a time as 3 days. But she admits she is getting slower and slower on purpose.

Her influences, as she recounts them, have been the Hudson River landscape painters like Church and Bierstadt, the pre-Raphaelites (especially Waterhouse), and Pyle and Wyeth. In the years to come, her own name will be added as an influence for the many young illustrators who have grown up with her work, and for those she has mentored, both as a teacher and as a member of the Western New England Illustrator’s Guild.
He has a taste for the quirky. Lucite cubes that shout obscenities when you pick them up. Tibetan prayer wheels. Plastic oblongs that ooze colored goo from side to side, sort of like Cthulhu’s egg-timer. Magic tricks. An Elvis clock where the King’s hips sway to the beat of the passing seconds. Well ... just about anything Elvis.

Walter (that’s what you call him, not “Walter Jon” and never “Walt”) also has a taste for the dangerous. Scuba diving. Martial arts. (He has a third degree black-belt in kenpo). Mowing his lawn. (Really! Ask him about the adventures of Tractor Beam on the prairies of Belen, New Mexico, where the goat heads grow thorns two inches long.)

One of Walter’s interests even combines the dangerous and the quirky. He loves those supernaturally flavored Hong Kong martial arts films, the kind where Taoist monks soar through the air to battle the spirits of evil trees—films that make the situations that Jackie Chan gets into seem tame and ordinary. You can see the influence of these films, and Walter’s larger interest in Chinese mythology, in the fine novella “Broadway Johnny” (in the anthology *Warriors of Blood* and *Dream*) as well as in the geomantic magic used in his novels *Metropolitan* and *City on Fire*.

However, lest Walter Jon Williams seem too fearsome a being to approach, let me hasten to add that he moderates his passions with a fine rationality. For example, he chose to pursue scuba diving rather than sky-diving upon reflecting that in a scuba emergency he could always get to the surface—whereas in sky-diving one didn’t always reach the surface intact. Anyway ... the obituary columns in the scuba magazines were shorter than those in magazines devoted to skydiving.

This then is the author of such fine novels as *Days of Atonement*, *Hardwired*, *Aristoi*, the Nebula Award-nominated *Metropolitan*, and the recently released sequel to *Metropolitan*, *City on Fire*.

Walter’s award nominations, especially for his short fiction, have been numerous. They include Hugo, Nebula, and World Fantasy Award nominations for “Wall, Stone, Craft”; Hugo and Nebula nominations for “Surfacing”; and many others. In fact, Walter is the current “Bull-Goose Loser”—a term coined by editor Gardner Dozois for the person who accumulates the most major award nominations without garnering a single win. As of the 1997 Nebula awards banquet, where Walter lost the Nebula for *Metropolitan*, Walter tied actress Susan Lucci for the dubious honor of being a persistent “also ran.”

Walter’s early life didn’t reveal the master of the strange and wonderful that he would become, although the elements were certainly in the genes. (His grandmother was a practicing witch; two other grandparents belonged to a cult that masqueraded under the respectable name of “The Old Apostolic Lutheran Church”.)

Born in Duluth, Minnesota, the only son of Finnish-American parents, Walter Jon Williams moved to New
Mexico at the age of thirteen. Perhaps the transition from Minnesota’s frigid winters to New Mexico’s torrid summers worked the charm. Perhaps it was something in the air (or the water) of those days in the late 1960’s and early 1970’s, but by high school Walter was already showing a talent for writing exceptional stories. His instructor, Mr. Mensch, singled out one piece for mention to the students in another class—a story about a toy tank that took over the room of the boy who owned it.

Following high school, Walter entered the University of New Mexico where he double-majored in English and History. Emerging from this he went to grad school at UNM, working on a master’s in English for a year. Then, while developing his writing, he worked at a variety of “disgusting” part-time jobs. Finally, he sold his first novels, a series of stirring sea sagas.

Yes, unknown to many of his fans, Walter has a double identity. Under the name “Jon Williams,” he published five novels of the sea, including *The Privatier* and *Cat Island*. In these novels, Walter honed the acute attention to detail and the sense of sweeping action that would later give his science fiction and fantasy stories a firm grounding in reality. Steeped in the intricacies of the Age of Sail, Walter then wrote and designed the well-received roleplaying game *Privateers and Gentlemen*, which was published by Fantasy Games Unlimited.

My friendship with Walter didn’t stay restricted to the gaming group for long. Soon after we became acquainted, he invited me to join the Very Small Array, an active and productive writing group based in Albuquerque. VSA currently includes Pati Nagle (whose first novel Glorieta has been purchased by Tor) and Sage Walker (whose first novel Whiteout was the winner of the Locus Award). Past members of VSA include science fiction writers Laura Mixon, Martha Soukup, and Terry Boren. I wasn’t able to join, but VSA remains an active part of its members’ writing lives. For their current activities, you can check out their Website at http://mandala.net/vsa. Walter also maintains his own Website at http://www.thuntek.net/~walter.

Another hobby Walter and I share is Old English Country Dancing (also called Regency Dancing). Here Walter’s loves for history and physical activity both get full play. At six feet two inches, he towers over the assembly. As Cladl captain, he sweeps the ladies through the complex figures. Despite the formal nature of his attire, he has been known to occasionally skip through his part. Dancing introduced Walter to his wife, Kathy Hedges, and continues to be one of their favorite recreations. In addition to Regency Dancing, they participate in Contra Dancing, a related, though livelier, American form.
The line dances and elaborate costumes from this hobby regularly appear in Walter’s fiction. Their influence is readily apparent both in the world of Metropolitan and the three “Divirtimenti” (The Crown Jewels, House of Shards, and Rock of Ages). Indeed, one wonders what Drake Maijstral would do without a line dance to conceal his passing along information or some pilfered item.

As of this writing, Walter lives happily in Belen, New Mexico, an area south of Albuquerque that, beneath its veneer of suburbia, is still rural enough that Walter regularly has to chase cows out of his rose bushes, hogs from his car port, and bad-tempered stallions from his front step. He lives there in a comfortable ranch house with his wife and their three cats. (At least I’m told there are three cats I’ve never seen Garbo, who just “wants to be alone.”)

Surrounded by books, interesting oddities, and martial arts paraphernalia, he is hard at work on his latest work—The Rift, a sweeping disaster novel set along the Mississippi River. Forthcoming works include several short stories, the sequel to City on Fire, and . . .

Well, isn’t that quite enough?

So, now that you know about Walter Jon Williams, wander on over and say hello. You’ll find him friendly, amusing, and, often, quite surprising.
Puzzling Connie Willis
by James Patrick Kelly

I don't know how I let myself get talked into this again. This is the fourth time I've written a GoH piece for Connie. Four times! I don't know what to say anymore. I've told the world that I think that Connie is one of the best writers of my generation, that I learn something new about the craft of writing every time I read her. Of course, she doesn't need encomiums from me; she's got enough silver rocket ships to start her own Space Patrol.

So I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to tell the chocolate story again or what really happened that night with Jerry Pournelle. You want highlights of her operation video? Too bad! I'm turning the tables on you—and her. This time around you folks are going to have to do some of the work.

The puzzle before you is the result of years of personal research. Some clues are easy, others only a few of us know. So that means you're going to have to do some research. But, see, that's a good thing. Now you've got a perfectly good reason to walk up to Connie and ask her about her secret relationship with Harrison Ford.

As an incentive for working the puzzle, I'm offering a prize to the first ten people to present me with a complete solution. Over the years I've been able to take a number of compromising pictures of Connie. You want one? Start digging!

Across
1  When is the next book coming?
6  Let's say nothing of it.
7  How many children? How many husbands?
8  Relationship of Daisy to sun.
9  Even she is a Cyclist.
12 One of her other names.
13 Her least healthy book.

Down
2  She got one for killing all those dogs.
3  Look in the mirror.
4  What they gave to the Clearys.
5  Bartholomew watched for it.
6  Lincoln had a few.
10 Exactly how many times she has kissed Harrison Ford.
11 Bellwether obsession.
by Walter Jon Williams
Boskone 38, 2001

We are not talking moderation here. Not at all. The cliché expression would be, “George R.R. Martin does not know the meaning of the word,” but that wouldn’t be true. He knows the meaning; he can give you fifteen different definitions; he can eloquently discuss the abstract concept of moderation in a highly entertaining way, with jokes and illustrations and clever asides.

What George can’t do is practice moderation. He doesn’t have a moderate bone in his body.

Which is why he doesn’t have very many taste buds left. But more about that in a while. For right now, let’s discuss the Pile of Books in George’s garage.

When Windhaven, the book that George wrote with Lisa Tuttle, went out of print, he bought the remaindered hardbacks that hadn’t sold. It isn’t unusual for authors to buy their own remaindered books, but it is a little odd to buy the entire print run. Thousands of books. Which George intended to sell himself, and make a huge profit.

So for years there has been this Pile of Books about the size of a Chevy van that sits in George’s garage. It’s been there for a loooong time.1 George has sold a bunch of them to specialty bookstores, and he sells others by running little ads in the backs of science fiction magazines, and now he sells them on eBay, and on his web site, and so on.

He’ll start turning a profit around 2024. But when he does, the profit will be colossally immoderate.

That’s the plan, anyway. And when it happens, George won’t have a taste bud left.

But I’ll save the taste bud thing for later. Let’s get on to Superworld.

Superworld is a role-playing game that George was given as a present in the early 1980s. In this game, you could create (and play) superheroes and supervillains, manipulated through a very complex set of rules. Just

---

1 Windhaven was a 1981 book. You do the math.
creating a single character could take hours, and involve the acquisition of several math degrees. George fell in love with the game, and whole years of his life were swallowed up by this obsession. He forgot about mundane things like writing and earning a living. Parris, George’s companion, swears that whole days would go by when all she heard from George’s office were the sounds of dice rolling and George chortling.

What was his bank account’s loss was his friends’ gain, of course. We all had a wonderful, unforgettable time playing in George’s world, but eventually the condition of his bank account penetrated even George’s obsession. Which didn’t change the obsession one whit, mind, it just transformed the obsession into another form, the Wild Cards series of shared-world books, written by George and his friends, many of whom were the hard core of New Mexico garners who had been swallowed by George’s obsession along with him. The profits from Wild Cards weren’t exactly immoderate, but they were nice while they lasted.

And speaking of swallowing, there’s that taste bud thing, but first let’s talk about George’s work.

Given George’s inherent immoderation, I wasn’t too terribly surprised that, when George decided to write his Song of Ice and Fire fantasy trilogy, the trilogy turned out to be six books, each of them fifteen skadzillion words long, with a couple hundred hundred important characters complete with their genealogies, and maps, plus illustrations of the coats-of-arms of the major families. That was to be expected.

But George developed a few new obsessions along the way. Writing in a medieval setting helped to fuel his desire to collect toy knights, of which by now he has many hundreds, all of which he has painted in incredible detail, including the devices on their shields and the glint of battle in their eyes. He haunts toy fairs in hopes of finding new and rare issues, and has spent far too many hours at online auctions, hoping to purchase, for instance, a rare 1962 Polish figure of King Przemysl II sculpted by the immortal Lech Wilkomierz, who perished tragically as a result of inhaling polystyrene fumes at the Marbork toy factory in 1967.

Knights, of course, need a home, and George’s have had several. He commissioned a modeler to create a Great Hall for his knights to roister in, but soon the knights were overflowing the hall, and needed a new residence.

George has recently provided one. He’s bought an entirely new house, across the street from his residence, where he now has his office and his knight collection. I estimate that at the present rate of growth of the knightly army, it should take at least eight or ten months before George will need a third house in which to store the overflow.

George’s exaggerated sense of immoderation will make him an immoderately good guest. He’s immoderately funny, immoderately well-informed, and immoderately companionable. He’s a man who travels immoderately well. You will have an immoderately good time just hanging around him.

And while you’ve got him, you should take particularly good care of the few taste buds he’s got left.

George has a theory that people lose their taste buds as they grow older, just as they lose brain cells, and therefore require more and more highly spiced food as they age in order for the food to retain the same degree of savor. I have asked other people who have undergone the aging process about this, and none of them credit this theory. I have consulted my own taste buds, and they seem to be processing flavor in much the same style they always did.

No. What’s happened is that George is losing taste buds because he’s progressively burning them out! He is seriously, obsessively, immoderately into searing foods. The foods that George eats are not merely hot. I’m a New Mexican, okay?, and I’m into hot foods, but George’s tastes transcend hot the way Marilyn Monroe transcended Jayne Mansfield. What George likes are foods so scalding, so charring, withering, and scorching that they’ll blister the paint off a Lear Jet.

So if you happen be in position to give George a meal, be sure to pile on the anchos. And the pequins, the cayenne, the jalapenos, the hot curry paste, the serranos, the hot chile oil, the cascabels, the chipotles, the habaneros. Pile them on till there’s more spice than there is actual food.

He’ll thank you. Honest. Trust me on this one.
by Terry Pratchett
Boskone 39, 2002

What can I say about Neil Gaiman that has not already been said in The Morbid Imagination: Five Case Studies?

Well, he’s no genius. He’s better than that.

He’s not a wizard, in other words, but a conjurer.

Wizards don’t have to work. They wave their hands, and the magic happens. But conjurers, now... conjurers work very hard. They spend a lot of time in their youth watching, very carefully, the best conjurers of their day. They seek out old books of trickery and, being natural conjurers, read everything else as well, because history itself is just a magic show. They observe the way people think, and the many ways in which they don’t. They learn the subtle use of springs, and how to open mighty temple doors at a touch, and how to make the trumpets sound.

And they take centre stage and amaze you with flags of all nations and smoke and mirrors, and you cry: “Amazing! How does he do it? What happened to the elephant? Where’s the rabbit? Did he really smash my watch?”

And in the back row we, the other conjurers, say quietly, “Well done. Isn’t that a variant of the Prague Levitating Sock? Wasn’t that Pasqual’s Spirit Mirror, where the girl isn’t really there? But where the hell did that flaming sword come from?”

And we wonder if there may be such a thing as wizardry, after all... I met Neil in 1985, when The Colour of Magic had just come out. It was my first ever interview as an author. Neil was making a living as a freelance journalist and had the pale features of someone who had sat through the review showings of altogether too many bad movies in order to live off the freebie cold chicken legs they served at the receptions afterwards (and to build up his contacts book, which is now the size of the Bible and contains rather more interesting people). He was doing journalism in order to eat, which is a very good way of learning journalism. Probably the only real way, come to think of it.

He also had a very bad hat. It was a grey homburg. He was not a hat person. There was no natural unity between hat and man. That was the first and last time I saw the hat. As if subconsciously aware of the bad hatitude, he used to forget it and leave it behind in restaurants. One day, he never went back for it. I put this in for the serious fans out there: if you search really, really hard, you may find a small restaurant somewhere in London with a dusty grey homburg at the back of a shelf. Who knows what will happen if you try it on?
Anyway, we got on fine. Hard to say why, but at bottom was a shared delight and amazement at the sheer strangeness of the universe, in stories, in obscure details, in strange old books in unregarded bookshops. We stayed in contact.

[SFX: pages being ripped off a calendar. You know, you just don’t get that in movies any more…]

And one thing led to another, and he became big in graphic novels, and Discworld took off, and one day he sent me about six pages of a short story and said he didn’t know how it continued, and I didn’t either, and about a year later I took it out of the drawer and did see what happened next, even if I couldn’t see how it all ended yet, and we wrote it together and that was Good Omens. It was done by two guys who didn’t have anything to lose by having fun. We didn’t do it for the money. But, as it turned out, we got a lot of money.

Hey, let me tell you about the weirdness, like when he was staying with us for the editing and we heard a noise and went into his room and two of our white doves had got in and couldn’t get out; they were panicking around the room and Neil was waking up in a storm of snowy white feathers saying, “Wstfgl?”, which is his normal ante-meridian vocabulary. Or the time when we were in a bar and he met the Spider Women. Or the time on tour when we checked into our hotel and in the morning it turned out that his TV had been showing him strange late-night semi-naked bondage bi-sexual chat shows, and mine had picked up nothing but reruns of Mr. Ed. And the moment, live on air, when we realised that an under-informed New York radio interviewer with ten minutes of chat still to go thought Good Omens was not a work of fiction…

[cut to a train, pounding along the tracks. That’s another scene they never show in movies these days…]

And there we were, ten years on, travelling across Sweden and talking about the plot of American Gods (him) and The Amazing Maurice (me). Probably both of us at the same time. It was just like the old days. One of us says, “I don’t know how to deal with this tricky bit of plot;” the other one listens and says, “The solution, Grasshopper, is in the way you state the problem. Fancy a coffee?”

A lot had happened in those ten years. He’d left the comics world shaken and it’ll never be quite the same. The effect was akin to that of Tolkien on the fantasy novel—everything afterwards is in some way influenced. I remember on one U.S. Good Omens tour walking round a comics shop. We’d been signing for a lot of comics fans, some of whom were clearly puzzled at the concept of “dis story wid no pitchers in it”, and I wandered around the shelves looking at the opposition. That’s when I realised he was good. There’s a delicacy of touch, a subtle scalpel, which is the hallmark of his work.

And when I heard the premise of American Gods I wanted to write it so much I could taste it…

When I read Coraline, I saw it as an exquisitely drawn animation; if I close my eyes I can see how the house looks, or the special dolls’ picnic. No wonder he writes scripts now; soon, I hope someone will be intelligent enough to let him direct. When I read the book I remembered that children’s stories are, indeed, where true horror lives. My childhood nightmares would have been quite featureless without the imaginings of Walt Disney, and there’s a few little details concerning black button eyes in that book makes a small part of the adult brain want to go and hide behind the sofa. But the purpose of the book is not the horror, it is horror’s defeat.

It might come as a surprise to many to learn that Neil is either a very nice, approachable guy or an incredible actor. He sometimes takes those shades off. The leather jacket I’m not sure about; I think I once saw him in a tux, or it may have been someone else.

He takes the view that mornings happen to other people. I think I once saw him at breakfast, although possibly it was just someone who looked a bit like him who was lying with their head in the plate of baked beans. He likes good sushi and quite likes people, too, although not raw; he is kind to fans who are not total jerks, and enjoys talking to people who know how to talk. He doesn't look as though he's forty; that may have happened to someone else, too. Or perhaps there's a special picture locked in his attic.

Have fun. You’re in the hands of a master conjurer. Or, quite possibly, a wizard.

PS: He really, really likes it if you ask him to sign your battered, treasured copy of Good Omens that has been dropped in the tub at least once and is now held together with very old, yellowing transparent tape. You know the one.
by Bob Eggleton
Boskone 41, 2004

I’ve only gotten to know Richard Hescox, The Man, over the last ten years or so. But his art I’ve known since at least the 70’s, and, I am sure, so have you.

We have to go back to the days of the mid-1970s, bell-bottoms, ABBA, Burnt Orange, Skylab, $5 memberships at Worldcon, Nixon, Watergate ... okay, you get the picture perfectly clearly ... but those were the days of the yellow-spined DAW Books. Don Wollheim used (and discovered) some of the most important people in the field of SF art Kelly Freas, Jack Gaughan, Tim Kirk, Eddie Jones, and people “new” to the field such as then
youngsters Michael Whelan, Boris Vallejo…and this guy…Richard Hescox. Well, he’d already been doing a lot of covers to Marvel Magazine’s horror comics such as Tales of The Zombie and Haunt of Horror… but his exotic and stunning covers caught my eye on DAW’s old Lin Carter series books and many more.

I had wondered who this guy was. I’d never met him at cons on the East Coast (probably because he lives on the West Coast, duh!) but I longed to see his work “in the flesh” as it were. His work was at once painterly and lush with brushstrokes. It recalled the Golden Age of Illustration with an early influence of Frazetta and perhaps Howard Pyle with a touch of Wyeth. One wonderful thing about ‘70s cover art is that it wasn’t so slick and “finished” as the stuff being done in the ‘80s and beyond seemed to be. You could see brushstrokes, and texture. And this is what Richard’s work exuded. In spades.

Richard’s penchant seemed to be for strange, weird aliens. Aliens that not only seemed like they were real but also had a great “anthropomorphized” feel to them—a sense of humor. But he didn’t stop there. He did spaceships and fantastic Robert E. Howard warriors with equal deftness and personality. In the ‘80s he used more airbrush in his work to keep up with the “slicker” times we all had to keep up with. But still, his inescapable sense of composition and action was there. So few artists can capture action and most avoid it in favor of more “statuesque” looks. But Richard puts you right there in the action. A true career high point was the assignment from Del Rey books to do the covers to Edgar Rice Burroughs’ Carson of Venus series. Just terrific stuff…they recalled for me the great Roy Krenke, but with that trademarked burst of Hescoxian color and imagination. Gosh wow.

Richard seemed more connected with the comics world—the San Diego Comic Con-in the sense that he didn’t do many straight-out SF cons. In fact he shared a Studio some time ago with William Stout and Dave Stevens. Stout is a legend in comics and a terrific dinosaur artist and painter. Dave Stevens created The Rocketeer and is likewise a legend in the comics and graphic novel field.

At the Studio they had in Pasadena, all of them worked on a lot of movie projects. Richard did a lot of movie posters (back when posters were painted) such as ones for Swamp Thing and House, and in fact he worked as a concept artist on the latter film and the film itself featured his paintings on the sets. He’s done more posters than I can think of and even sketches for posters that are as intricate as the finished pieces.

Well, I finally got to meet The Man himself in the ‘90s. I found him to be one of the most humble and unassuming people I had ever had the pleasure of meeting. (I think he looks a bit like Python member and comic Michael Palin…but he’s dismissive of that comparison!) It’s tough to get him to talk about his own work, which is the mark of a true genius. Instead he’ll tell you about this great long-dead master or that one who painted incredible fantasy art when he wasn’t painting the “vogue” thing of nudes. He’ll show you a jaw-dropping slideshow of his collection of images of great fantasy, romantic, and heroic art of long dead and almost-forgotten masters. And Richard knows everything about the painting, who painted it, the size, and when it was painted. In fact, it’s overload!

When I was an Artist Guest at Norwescon, in 2001, Richard took it upon himself to call me out of the blue at the hotel and invite me and my wife to dinner at his home with his family. His wife Alice is a lot like him, a terrific person who also has many tales to tell, and she has a terrific sense of humor. Richard took me into his lair, the Studio, and started showing me books, prints, magazines…that all featured amazing and fantastic illustration work. It was just sheer overload. He’d say “Take a look at this…and this…and when you are done with that, we have all this to go through… “ By the time I was done, my mind was blown flat…all I knew was I had handled an original J. C. Leyendecker painting and seen a original letter he’d found, off-chance—”A serendipitous happening”—written by N.C. Wyeth. Wow. There comes a feeling when you have seen so much you can’t take it all in.

The nice part about Richard is that he’s a Real Person and very approachable. Got a question about vintage illustration or illustrator? He probably knows the answer. He admits he’s always learning, he’s no Legend In His Own Mind, but just a down to earth family man who enjoys creating a Sense of Wonder for others. And that’s a Great Thing for all of us!
Well, when did I find out about what David could do? (I must have sooner or later, or nobody would have wanted me to write this appreciation, right?) Some time in the early 1970s, when I bought my copy of The Flying Sorcerers, by David Gerrold and Larry Niven.

Now, even way back then I knew who Larry Niven was: Heap Big Science Fiction Writer, a distinction—if that’s the word I want—he has kept ever since. I had already read, and liked, a lot of his stuff. The first thing I should have noticed even then was that David got first billing on the writing duo. Did I? Nahh. By now you’re thinking, Boy, this Turtledove guy’s not too bright. And your point is . . . ?

So anyway, I read The Flying Sorcerers, and I laughed my asteroids off. And I was not too dumb to realize that this had to be David Gerrold’s fault. Larry Niven’s solo work is not without a sense of humor, but it’s also not full of the wild puns and general craziness that fill the novel. And thus I figured out—being maybe not too bright but not altogether stupid, anyhow—that Gerrold had a lot to do with the funny stuff. And I went looking for his other stuff, and I discovered that, well, sure enough, he can be antic enough for a room full of shaved white mice sprayed with Tabasco sauce.

But I also discovered he could do a lot more than that. His War Against the Chtorr series is, I think, the best Heinlein never wrote (yes, that includes that other fellow who writes ersatz RAH). It uses a gimmick I don’t think anybody else ever came up with. I know David’s interest in Heinlein and his works is longstanding. His “Quotebook of Solomon Short” takes off where Heinlein’s “Notebooks of Lazarus Long” leaves off. He is also the perpetuator of Gerrold’s Laws of Infernal Dynamics, which were distinguished enough to enter Paul Dickinson’s The Official Rules. Jealousy becomes me, because I look good in green.

All this makes me feel especially honored to have become a colleague of his. What’s even stranger is that we’ve become neighbors in the beautiful (sometimes, especially just after a rain, not that it rains very often), romantic (every once in a while… I suppose) San Fernando Valley. We were both much too close to the 1994 Northridge earthquake. His place was even closer to
the apartment house that fell down, which is not one of your basic good feelings. His son is about the same age as my eldest daughter, and is engaged (not to my eldest daughter, or any of the others). Thinking of David as a grandfather before too long is a scary thought—almost as scary as thinking of myself as a grandfather before too long. But this is what happens if you live and you make good: you give the younger generation a chance to look up at you and sneer at you as that generation starts looking younger and younger still. David’s made mighty good, and you’ll all find out how and why this weekend. Have fun!
“One thousand aliens sat in little plastic bags in a dusty room at the Vatican. They’d come to Earth to talk to me. But when they spoke, it was not to preach answers, but to raise questions.”

—Brother Astronomer: Adventures Of A Vatican Scientist, p.27

The first thing you should know about Guy Consolmagno, S.J., is something my sister Moira pointed out. Despite the exotic places he’s been, the books he’s written, and all the things he’s done, he’s still a Red Sox fan.

She’d heard tales of this scientist-author-monk from me and my friends, and seen the attention audiences give him when he gives a lecture. I think she expected to find him intimidating. When she got to talk to him away from the crowds, she was pleased to find that he’s really a regular person: “He used to sneak into Fenway Park!” she says. Guy is a humble, friendly character who can talk to anybody about anything.

I suspect, however, that he has some lingering affection for the Tigers. After all, he grew up in Detroit.

As an all-American boy working for the Vatican Observatory, he was a bit startled to be invited to join an international committee of astronomers. “We need a member from Europe,” he was cheerfully told.

He has given up explaining his Michigandan origins to those who, meeting a Vatican Jesuit named Consolmagno for the first time, compliment him on his flawless accent. Now he just smiles: “Thank you. I studied in America.”
“Okay, NOW which way is the river?”
–Guy Consolmagno, playing tour guide in the tunnels under MIT

I saw Guy only three times during the Eighties. We met in Boston, during Worldcon. Some years later, a bunch of us drove across northern Illinois to see him in Mount Carroll, where the Peace Corps was training him for work in Kenya. Still later, in Houston, I looked him up at a conference of solar-system scientists. No question, this was a fellow who got around.

And that was before he became a Jesuit. These days, he spends summers at Castel Gandolfo, headquarters for the Vatican Observatory and the summer palace of the Pope, not far from Rome. He spends winters at the University of Arizona, where the skies are much clearer (no dummies, those Jesuits) and the big Vatican telescope atop Mount Graham is not far away. In between, he might be anywhere, giving a talk, collaborating on a book, teaching a class, appearing on a talk show, dropping in on fannish friends. Once he even spent six weeks on the Blue Ice in Antarctica, riding a snowmobile and searching for little black dots that might be meteorites.

This particular year, he is at Fordham University in the Bronx, teaching astronomy.

I am lucky he spent a couple of years here in Chicago, where he studied theology and physics after finishing his novitiate. We got to build on an already-warm friendship, and get to know each other much better.

Guy was always a science-fiction person.

As a post-Sputnik kid, toy rockets led him to an interest in science.

At MIT, science fiction is like water to fishes—it’s part of the surroundings. Guy joined the MIT Science Fiction Society (pronounced “misfits,” of course) and its legendary library was his hangout. He plowed through its superb collection of SF books and magazines, reading the good ones and the bad ones. He edited an issue of the MITSFS fanzine Twilight Zine and Anthony Lewis speculates that he may be the only fanzine editor to become a Jesuit.

He wound up working at that most science-fictional of pursuits, the peculiar combination of astronomy and geology known as “planetary science” (for some reason, “planetology” didn’t catch on). He made a name for himself with work on icy moons and on the origins of meteorites.

He’s co-authored Turn Left at Orion with Dan M. Davis, an excellent guide to the sky for small telescopes, and Worlds Apart with Martha Schaefer, a college textbook on the planers. His other books include Brother Astronomer: Adventures of a Vatican Scientist and The Way to the Dwelling of Light. And he’s currently working on a book about the spiritual experiences of scientists and engineers.

He kept in touch with friends by apazine during his travels in Africa, his years teaching in Pennsylvania, and his journey through the Jesuit order. These days he still corresponds with fellow fen by e-mail. Guy’s a storyteller, but he’s also the kind of techie whose idea of fun is posting a good physics derivation.
I have written enough about Bruce over our combined lifetimes to satisfy even the most avid fans. And the words I have used before still fit: outrageous, sassy, unpredictable, juvenile, deep, ornery, cranky, silly, passionate, thoughtful, serious, charming, funny, and caring. His books can be funny and still be deadly serious at the core. His short stories (which he keeps saying he doesn’t write…but does) are often tender and sometimes daring and usually anarchic. I could give you an anecdote or twenty about Coville the man, the monster (yes, he plays his evil twin brother upon occasion), the maniac, and the mensch, but here are just a few of my favorites.

Picture this: We were working on the final rush to completion of our YA novel, Armageddon Summer, a book we wrote together. Bruce had come to my house in Massachusetts for five days. We began each day at (to him) an ungodly hour and finished up in the evening at (to me) another ungodly hour. We were writing together 14 hours at a time, with breaks for food. Barely. I suggested we needed a walk by the Connecticut River just to give our tired brains a rest. So off we trotted. (Bruce does not stroll.) And on the return home, passed by a local de-sanctified church, now someone’s house. Now, I’d never been brave enough to just go up and knock on the door and ask to see the place, but the owner was applying a coat of white de-sanctified paint on the outside of the house and, at Bruce’s urging, we walked over to speak to the man. He invited us in and told us of what happened when he first bought the place and went inside. “I don’t believe in ghosts, you know,” he said, “but there were these gobs of green stuff swirling around and my dog’s neck hair stood straight up and he began to howl.” Bruce and I glanced at one another. The man went on to relate how he’d brought in a priest from Greenfield. “I’m not Catholic, you know, but something had to be done. I couldn’t move the family in with that stuff flying through the air.” The priest did an exorcism, the dog’s neck hair went down, the howling stopped, the green globs disappeared. He told us this in a flat-affect voice, while showing us around. After, when Bruce and I continued our walk. I looked at him. “My town, my story,” I said. “If you don’t use it in six months, it’s mine,” he answered. At the end of the five days, when Bruce went home, I wrote the story. He may be a kidder on some things, but he was deadly serious about that.

Picture this: I am staying at Bruce’s apartment in New York, starting to fall asleep. He is in his writing room and I am awakened out of those first few minutes of a doze. Bruce is laughing. He is laughing uproariously. I get up, pad down the hall, go into the writing room, and listen. He is reading what he is writing, and enjoying it. Enormously. I nod, do not disturb him. I’ll read it in the morning. I know I will enjoy it as much.
Picture this: Bruce and I are tag-team teaching at Centrum Writers’ Conference in Port Townsend, Washington. I reach the Master Children’s Book class, he teaches the Beginners.

But in the afternoon, we have all our students over to my cottage and together answer questions about the world of children’s book publishing. One day someone brings in the book *Author’s Day* by Daniel Manus Pinkwater, about a school visit gone horribly wrong and he and I start to read it aloud to the group. Bruce’s reading is so over the top, we let him read the rest of it by himself. The assembled students and I nearly pass out in paroxysms of laughter.

Picture this: Bruce giving a lecture at a Texas conference, and after a few minutes, takes off his jacket, rolls up his sleeves, though he never stops talking. Suddenly, he steps on a chair and leaps onto the table. There’s an audible gasp from the audience. He NEVER stops talking. He gives half of his lecture from the table, then jumps to the floor. Still talking. Finishes with a flourish and receives—deservedly—a standing O. I have seen him do the same shtick five times now, and it only gets better. Oh—the talk? It’s a brilliant stand-up-and-cheer, seemingly off-the-cuff rant about reaching children from a man who was an elementary teacher for a number of years before making his way as one of the most popular writers in the field. One of . . . but not THE most popular of course. Ask him what he thinks of J. K. Rowling, and he says, “This is what all children’s book writers think.” Then he looks up at the ceiling, raises a fist, and wails loudly, “WHY NOT ME, OH GOD, WHY NOT ME?”

Bruce is a husband, father of three, great friend, mentor to many, author of about 100 published books, maybe that many short stories, several musicals. His writing “company” is called Oddly Enough though—oddly enough—it’s not actually a company. Just Bruce. And now he’s the founder of Full Cast Audio, which produces (he is the director as well) unabridged, full cast recordings of great books for young readers. Full Cast Audio has taken over most of Bruce’s time lately. Which makes those of us waiting for the next Unicorn book decidedly cranky. But he promises it’s just about to come out. July 2008 is the date for *Dark Whispers*, so he and Scholastic Books say. And even better news? It’s not the final book in the series. There will be another after this, *The Last Hunt*. (She looks at the ceiling, raises a fist, and whines “WHY NOT ME, OH GOD, WHY NOT ME?”)
by Patrick Nielsen Hayden
Boskone 46, 2009

When I first met Jo Walton, she was monospaced type on a terminal screen.

It was the mid-to-late 1990s, after the GEnie SFRT but before blogs—that period of a few years during which the Usenet rec.arts.sf.* hierarchy seemed like the place to be. And one of the ornaments of those newsgroups was this person I didn’t know, who seemed to be in every thread, making every conversation smarter. She knew contemporary SF and fantasy, she knew the field’s history, she seemed to read roughly a book a day, and she talked about it all with energy and insight and joy.

In her .sig file was a URL. I eventually got curious and pasted in into my Web browser. It went to a personal site. Oh dear, I said to myself, poetry. Then: Oh my goodness. Good poetry.

I did that thing fiction editors supposedly never do—I wrote to her, saying, “Do you write fiction? Do you have anything I can see?”

All of which ultimately led to the publication of Jo’s first novel, The King’s Peace, in 2000. Since then she’s published a sequel (The King’s Name, 2001), won the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, published a novel distantly related to the first two (The Prize in the Game, 2002), published an “Anthony Trollope novel about dragons” (Tooth and Claw, 2003, which won the World Fantasy Award), moved from Wales to Montreal, written the brilliant “dark cozy” alternate-history Farthing (2006) in
six weeks of white-hot political rage,” and followed it with two amazing sequels, *Ha’penny* (2007, and winner of the Prometheus Award) and *Half a Crown* (2008). All while continuing to write online, these days mostly on her LiveJournal and at Tor.com, hosting an endless series of interesting conversations in both venues.

That talent for conversation isn’t incidental to what Jo Walton is. She’s a terrific writer, but she’s also an even rarer thing, a truly gifted salonnière, someone who starts conversations that other people want to join, and makes it all seem as easy as breathing. In person or online, where there’s Jo Walton, there’s good talk, often between people who would never have otherwise known or appreciated one another. Jo is herself a great appreciator and a tabulator of who ought to get to know whom. In the best sense of the word, she is the most naturally fannish professional writer I have ever known.

If there’s a single preoccupation that ties together Jo-Walton-the-storyteller and Jo-Walton-the-fan, it’s civilization: how we build it, what it costs, what it takes to maintain it, how easily it’s lost. That’s what connects the author of *The King’s Peace* to the woman who once, in conversation with me and Teresa, referred to the Romano-Britons as “we.” (If I recall correctly, she was being outraged that a Welsh country church she wanted to show us was locked. “We didn’t lock our churches when the Vikings came!” Point.) It’s what connects that fantasist to the social satirist who wrote what is perhaps Jo’s most widely-read work, the Usenet song “The Lurkers Support Me in Email.” And it’s what connects all of these to the author of the brilliant social comedy of *Tooth and Claw* and to the incandescent passion of *Farthing* and its sequels.

Many years ago, Jerry Pournelle said (in *West of Honor*) that “We say we love peace, but it doesn’t excite us. Even pacifists talk more about the horrors of war than the glories of peace.”

Jo responded on LiveJournal (in April 2003—a fraught historical moment; you can look it up): “He’s right too, because the glories of peace are so totally taken for granted and hard to see, until they’re gone, and they’re self-evident rather than exciting, nor that way, often not in story ways.


To which I would add another of the “glories of peace”: Jo Walton. One of the ultimate benefits of settled civilization is the opportunity to enjoy people like her. Hooray, therefore, for civilization.
Most of us filkers struggle along with our instruments, hacking and faking our way through three-chord songs. Not so Mary Crowell. She’s actually Dr. Mary Crowell, a former college professor of music (Mary has resumed teaching college. She currently teaches freshman music theory at Calhoun Community College.) and adept piano teacher. Mary knows music the way a sommelier knows wine, and she uses her knowledge to the benefit of the rest of us, underpinning our three-chord songs with arpeggios full of sevenths flatted, diminished, and mobiused—and she makes us all sound so much better.

I first met Mary in 2001 when some good gaming buddies of hers dragged her off to GAFilk. She’d been making up a few songs about their D&D characters’ antics, and they knew that the folks at GAFilk were going to love Mary’s music. We watched this beautiful young woman lug her keyboard (not the most portable of filk instruments, mind you) into the filk room with a slight amount of dread and a large measure of anticipation. And then she played her opening measures—all Gershwiny, bluesy, and fine—we all relaxed. This was going to be an expertly arranged piece of music. And then she sang. Oh my stars and little purple comers, she sang!—with a sultry, Southern voice that made most of the men in the room melt into puddles on the ballroom floor. And what she sang—challenging lyrics with internal structure, plot, and daring wit. Mary’s first foray into filk was an unmitigated success. We fell in love with her and her charming Dungeon Master/pediatrician/master-chef husband, Dr. Wesley Crowell. (We met their precocious, creative son, Simon, later in the year, and fell in love with him, too. Simon has been the inspiration for many of Mary’s songs, and shares a co-writing credit for Get Down Mama.)

The next year, we asked Mary to entertain at GAFilk’s banquet. The setting was just too perfect to waste—grand piano, lovely lady in a slinky dress, brandy snifter tip jar. Everyone loved it, so we hammed it up even bigger the next year with a lounge-act-glitter-and-feather-boa glossy poster. Each following year something new was added to the act—a bass player, a drummer, a guitarist or two, a sax or three, a trumpet, more singers—et voila! GAFilk soon had one of the most amazing house bands ever, Play It with Moxie.

A few years later, when Gwen Knighton married a crazy Irishman and moved to England, Three Weird Sisters found ourselves one Sister short. Teresa Powell and I loved the TWS music and didn’t want it to end, so I suggested that Mary might fill our gaping hole in the band. I mean, come on—pretty, talented, charming, fun-loving, keyboard singer/songwriter living not too far away in Alabamaland—Mary was the perfect choice. “Would you like to be our sister?” we asked. She squeed a little, accepted, and we were oh so grateful to have her.

Becoming a Sister wasn’t easy, and Mary worried that she wouldn’t be able to match Gwen’s sound. At that first rehearsal, T and I were amazed at Mary’s ability to not
only nearly recreate the harp on her keyboard, but the exact vocal harmonies as well. Eventually we all relaxed into the music and the arrangements moved into new and different and Mary-influenced sounds. We found that we enjoyed this new sound just as much as the old sound. Alabamaland turned out to be farther away than any of us thought, so we rotated practices and shared the driving. Music weekends at Mary’s house are always made even better by the magnificent cooking of Wesley Crowell, who delights in filling our tummies with delicious food. Then we really lucked out when Mary’s songwriting kicked into overdrive. Other than the handful of D&D-inspired songs, she’d never let herself explore the wide possibilities filk offers. Music with crows and goddesses, myths and heroes, sex and puzzles started pouring out of Mary’s mind and hands. Her music students were treated to very unusual songs, by collegiate music class standards, and we even played a concert at the college where many of them sang along.

Mary has this magical power, you see, but she only uses it for good. Don’t let that pretty, flirty exterior fool you. Mary is a very strong, complex, passionate, and compassionate person who owns a creative mind and an overwhelming ability to improve everything she touches. Before you know it, you’ll find yourself on the floor in Downward Facing Dog position. I consider myself fortunate in the extreme that Mary touched my life. Now she gets to touch yours. Mwaaahahahahahahaheeheeeheee. Squee.
By Toni L.P. Kelner
Boskone 48, 2011

When I was asked to write an appreciation of Boskone Special Guest Charlaine Harris, I happily accepted because she’s one of my best friends ever, she’s one of my favorite writers, she inspired one of my favorite TV shows, and working with her on our anthologies is one of my favorite things to do. Shoot, I could appreciate her for days. But I figure there are four things that most people want to know about Charlaine.

1) What’s she like?
2) How did she become so successful?
3) What’s it like to be famous?
4) How is she going to end the Sookie Stackhouse series?

Fortunately, I have answers for all four of these questions.

**What’s Charlaine like?**

As a fellow Southerner, I can award Charlaine the highest of accolades: she doesn’t put on airs. Moreover, she’s warm and gracious, sharp as a tack, and as funny as all get out.

Charlaine reads voraciously, and has said the best thing about selling so many books is being able to afford to buy as many books as she wants. She loves to talk books, both as a writer and as a reader.

Despite living in a small town where it can be a hassle to get to a theater, she is a big movie fan, and she sees all kinds of movies, from action/adventure to comedy to period dramas. (If you want to make her happy, tell her how much you liked Daniel Day Lewis in *The Last of the Mohicans.* As for the small screen, she adores *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and is always happy to discuss the goings on at *Project Runway.* And unsurprisingly, she enjoys *True Blood* quite a bit.

So if you meet Charlaine in the halls, you’ll know what to talk about.

**How did Charlaine become so successful?**

I’ve known Charlaine a long time, which means I’ve watched her go from mid-list mystery writer to publishing phenomenon. Now when I first met her, she was writing mysteries that frankly weren’t making a big splash. And her books were good—she’s always been a terrific writer and the Aurora Teagarden and Lily Bard books showed extraordinary range and power. Mystery readers knew her and loved her, but she wasn’t hitting the bestseller lists. So what happened?

Here’s the secret—you may want to rate notes: Charlaine is brave.

She could have stuck with the kinds of books she’d been writing, but she decided to write something completely different. You may have heard that she purposely wanted a book with cross-over appeal, and that is true, but the greater truth is that she wrote the book she’d always wanted to write, and that was *Dead Until Dark.*

Charlaine knew she was risking losing her fans by going in such a radically different direction, and that her agent wasn’t crazy about the idea. She didn’t know if it would ever sell, and in fact it took two years before she found a home at Ace. Even then she had to accept a lower advance than she was accustomed to and publish in
paperback original instead of in hardback. She did it anyway because she’s a brave writer.

She’d shown that before when she killed off a major character in an Aurora Teagarden mystery, and when she switched from the cozier Teagarden novels to the much darker Lily Bard books. Even after the Sookie series took off, she started the Harper Connolly series and got into editing anthologies. And if I know Charlaine, she’ll continue to take chances in her work.

That’s why she’s succeeded.

**What’s it like to be famous?**

The answer to this one shouldn’t have surprised me, but it did.

Being famous is hard work.

Sure, there’s a lot of fun involved when Charlaine gets 700 fans at a signing and when writers she admires are thrilled about meeting her and when the stars of *True Blood* asked for her autograph. But boy howdy does she work for those moments!

First off, there’s the writing itself. She still has deadlines to meet, and the pressure is a lot greater than it ever was before. She’s also much more in demand, with people asking for short stories and novellas and more books.

Then there’s the incredible work of being famous. She’s got a fan club—the Charlatans—and an active message board and a blog. She goes on long book tours both in the U.S. and overseas. She’s been interviewed countless times, often with photo shoots involved. She goes to *True Blood* related events. She makes appearances at conventions like ComicCon, DragonCon, and Boskone.

Fortunately, she’s got an amazing assistant to help, but most of it is on her, and she never shirks. Charlaine works a regular workweek, plus time in the evenings and on weekends. Just hearing about her usual schedule is enough to wear out lesser beings.

Being famous isn’t for sissies.

**How is Charlaine going to end the Sookie Stackhouse series?**

You’ve been waiting for the answer for this one, haven’t you? Some of you probably skipped ahead to get to the answer.

Here it is:

She’s going to end it well.

Honestly, I don’t know who Sookie is going to end up with. I have a guess, but I’ve never asked Charlaine and I don’t intend to. I know that whatever she has in mind will be right, and I’m going to enjoy reading it just as I have the rest of the series.

I was recently at a store that carries *True Blood* merchandise and got into a conversation about the Sookie series with the cashier. She asked me if I was Team Bill or Team Eric, and I don’t remember what I told her, but I know what I should have said: I’m Team Charlaine.

And after you get a chance to meet her, find out answers to the questions I haven’t tackled here, I bet you will be, too.
by John Douglas
Boskone 51, 2014

I think a lot of people appreciate Ginjer Buchanan and for a great many different reasons. I’d argue that there are quite a few people who appreciate her without even knowing it but I’ll explain that later. I’ll concentrate largely here on her SF-related activities.

She’s very independent-minded. If you invent a name for yourself, you can spell it any way you damn well please and that’s Ginjer with a “j” for those of you who haven’t been paying close enough attention—and she lives up to her chosen name. I’m going to have to reveal a couple of her secrets here. Her Real Name is Mary Esther (pronounced together as if about 2.33 syllables long) Buchanan. Her true hair color: red highlights on a brown base, although now (I suspect but can’t say for sure) more white than gray after thirty years of horrid experiences in publishing on top of fifteen years in social work. It didn’t happen overnight and it didn’t happen in what I would call plain view so I can only speculate.

There’s an odd (and quite wonderful) aspect of fandom and con-going in that the creators (known in fandom, usually affectionately, as ‘filthy pros’) tend to mingle quite freely with the readers. Although she has her fannish side—she’s written for fanzines, served on Worldcon and Fantasycon committees and co-founded PghLange, the Pittsburgh regional convention of the 1970s-1980s—Ginjer regarded her early days in fandom as an opportunity to become what she sometimes refers to as an intellectual groupie. At her first convention, she met Bob Silverberg, Lester Del Rey and Charlie Brown. Soon thereafter, she met Gardner Dozois, George Alec Effinger, Jack M. Dann, Joe Haldeman, George R. R. Martin—the young turks of the time—and she found out that hanging out with the pros was a lot of fun. She joined SFWA as an associate member (which didn’t require publication credits). When I first met her, she was welcome at all the SFWA events and parries. Turns out that pros appreciate having an involved, responsive and lively audience for their mysterious hijinks carried on behind those invitation-only barriers.

Ginjer started going to conventions in 1968 and her first Worldcon was BayCon. She had a very ‘interesting’ time there and ended up doing one of those ultimately fannish things—she wrote a con report. But it wasn’t quite your typical con report. It was called “I Have Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle” and it was an affectionate parody/adaptation of one of the big stories of that time by Harlan Ellison. Most con reports get published in a fanzine and end up in a couple of dozen or maybe a hundred file cabinets. Ginjer’s con report has been reissued more than a handful of times and keeps being re-discovered by new generations of fans who appreciate style, wit, parody and fannishness. When Charlie Brown re-located from the Bronx to San Francisco for his mundane career as a nuclear engineer, he kept up his fannish activity—publishing Locus—but felt that the move could distance him from the nerve-center of SF publishing, New York City. He made the key decision to appoint a New York news editor to maintain the contact.
he needed and made the genius choice of Ginjer for the job.

Soon, nuclear engineering found it didn’t need him anymore and he turned his hobbies (primarily collecting SF and secondarily publishing a newsletter about it) into a full-time activity and the rest is history.

One of Ginjer’s early acquaintances in New York SF publishing was Ellen Asher, who edited the SF Book Club for more than thirty years. At some point, she asked Ginjer to do some of her reader reports on the flood of published SF and Fantasy being submitted and Ginjer got paid to do that (for a pretty paltry per-title rate, mind you) for a fair number of years. Not only did she get a look at a lot of what was being published, she got a chance to help a few authors get starred as SFBC choices. I bet they would have appreciated that if they knew.

Just short of her fortieth birthday and fifteen years into a career as a social worker, including 13 years at Catholic Home Bureau that had her positioned as the Associate Director of their foster care division, Ginjer got a call from Susan Allison, at the suggestion of Beth Meacham, offering her an opportunity to take an editorial job in publishing at Ace Books, starting as a full editor. It meant a big pay cut but she barely hesitated and she has never looked back. Her thirtieth anniversary at Ace/Roc/Putnam/Penguin Random House will be in March of this year, still working for many of the same bosses she started with back in 1984. Despite multiple amalgamations and various owners (MCA/Universal, Seagram’s, Matsushita, Penguin/Pearson PLC, Random House/Berrelsmann) she’s still doing a somewhat more exalted version of the same gig she started out with, through title changes from Editor to Senior Editor to Executive Editor to Senior Executive Editor to, finally, simultaneously, Editor-in-Chief of Ace (Berkley) and Roc (NAL).

Among the people who appreciate her stability in the highly changeable world of publishing we should count Steve Perry, William C. Dietz, Jack McDevitt, Allen Steele and Sharon Shinn, some of whom number among her first acquisitions and all of whom appreciate that they’ve never had an orphan project due to an editorial shift. They are only a few of the authors she has edited over decades and more. More recently she has worked with Charlie Stross, Alastair Reynolds and Stephen Baxter, helping Ace and Roc keep a strong foothold in the hard SF end of things. Another recent find is Mark Lawrence who is in the process of becoming a major name in GrimDark fantasy.

Ginjer can partly claim responsibility for the rise of the subgenre known as urban fantasy. She bought the first Anita Blake novel by Laurell K. Hamilton as a midlist ride. It was hard to categorize but had a distinctive voice and style. It quickly found an audience and she remained Anita’s editor through the first nine volumes of the series. Then her assistant at the time, John Morgan, acquired mystery writer Charlaine Harris’s first Sookie Stackhouse book, the beginning of a paranormal noir fantasy/horror/mystery series set in small-town Louisiana. When Morgan left the company a couple of years later, Ginjer took over the work on the series herself and helped preside over the bestseller explosion that ensued—and then rode the subsequent super-bestseller explosion that followed the HBO debut of True Blood, a series based on the books. Ginjer’s bosses all appreciated this unexpected and lucrative success and imagine all the readers that have come to appreciate a subgenre that was not previously identified.

A whole lot of people appreciate Ginjer for her sense of humor, which is pretty broad and yet still has a marvelously sharp edge to it. She has one of the all-time great laughs, which I first realized when I heard it ringing out loudly as a solo note in a crowded and otherwise quiet theater where the rest of the audience wasn’t getting that particular joke. It could have been a Woody Allen movie showing his particular New York-ish sensibility in a theater in Pittsburgh, her native city before she moved to New York and promptly became a New Yorker rather than an ex-Pittsburgher. I mention this because a strong sense of humor is a necessary element in the character of anyone who hopes to survive in publishing since so many things can go wrong in so many ways that being able to appreciate the ironic weirdness of the way the business works (and often doesn’t) is an essential survival tool.

There’s a select but no longer small crowd of people who appreciate Ginjer’s eye for publishing talent, her skill at training assistants and mentoring colleagues. In fact, she’s pretty much surrounded by graduates of the Ginjer school of practical publishing. Not all of her protégés are still at Ace and Roc, but a good many of them are. Nor all of the following names will ring a bell with everybody (and I’m pretty certain I may have missed a name or two) but among those graduates, and continuing students, are Jessica Faust (now an agent), John Morgan (back from his
stint at DC Comics and once again in the hierarchy of Penguin editorial), Anne Sowards (Susan Allison’s assistant, now Executive Editor at Ace), Sandy Harding (Executive Editor of the NAL mystery imprint), Jessica Wade (Executive Editor at Roc), and her current assistant, Rebecca Brewer.

Ginjer herself has always been the ultimate professional. She’s calm under stress, has seen everything and remembers it all and, most of the time she’s the wisest head at the table when there’s a problem to be solved or a crisis to be handled. She’s also a world-class diplomat and very adept at properly feeding the sometimes tortured egos of the vast herds of writers who have given their books into her care. She has occasionally joked that she traded sets of clients but transferred all her skills in working with needy parents and children with handling writers—not that I’m implying anything about writers in general…

There have been a goodly number of Hugo Award nominators who have appreciated Ginjer’s award-worthiness as evidenced by her regular nomination for the Best Editor, Long Form Hugo Award. Last year, the SFWA gave her a special award (the Solstice) for significant long-term contributions to genre publishing and an august organization called NESFA gave her the Skylark Award. She and Susan Allison were once jointly nominated for a World Fantasy Award for editing.

I haven’t run out of things to say but I’ll stop now. There’s a lot to appreciate and I can’t even claim to have hit all the high spots—nothing on her writing career, hostess skills, Thanksgiving dinners, obsessive media omniscience, multi-tasking abilities, knowledge of history and historical fiction…
Mini Interview
Boskone 52 — January 28, 2015

Christopher Golden is the New York Times bestselling, Bram Stoker Award-winning author of such novels as Of Saints and Shadows, Strangewood and Snowblind. His novel with Mike Mignola, Baltimore, or, The Steadfast Tin Soldier and the Vampire, was the launching pad for the Eisner Award-nominated comic book series, Baltimore. As an editor, he has worked on the short story anthologies The New Dead and Dark Duets, among others, and has also written and co-written comic books, video games, screenplays, and a network television pilot. Golden was born and raised in Massachusetts, where he still lives with his family.

How would you describe your work to people who might be unfamiliar with you?

I write what inspires me, from horror (Snowblind) to SF thriller (June 2015’s Tin Men) to comics (Baltimore) and graphic novels (Cemetery Girl with Charlaine Harris). I’m incredibly fortunate to be able to work across genres and mediums, and I never forget how fortunate.

If you could recommend a book to your teenage self, what book would you recommend? Why did you pick that book?

I’m giddy with anticipation for Benedict Cumberbatch in Doctor Strange. If I could go back in time and tell my twelve-year-old self that one day these movies would be made and they would be amazing…twelve year old me would never believe it. Book-wise, I’m lucky to have read and blurbed several amazing 2015 releases that I’m thrilled for other people to read, including Tim Lebbon’s The Silence, Pierce Brown’s Golden Son, and Naomi Novik’s Uprooted.

What is it that you enjoy most about Boskone?

Boskone has so much to recommend it that I can’t name just one thing. I love the dealer’s room and the art show, love the kaffeeklatsches that I’ve taken part in and just wandering, bumping into people. But overall, Boskone’s panels are its best feature. They are routinely the most interesting and in-depth panels at any convention I attend.
Mini Interview
Boskone 53 — December 15, 2014

David Anthony Durham is the author of the *Acacia Trilogy* of fantasy novels, as well as the historical novels *Pride of Carthage, Walk Through Darkness* and *Gabriel’s Story*. His novels have been published in the UK and in nine foreign languages. Four of them have been optioned for development as feature films.

**What is it that you enjoy most about Boskone?**

Hanging out with old friends and making new ones. It’s funny, but that really is the first thing that comes to mind. The panels are wonderful — either to be on or to sit and listen to. The organization is top-notch, with so much to choose from. I’m never bored. Indeed, I usually feel spoiled for choice. And I don’t mind admitting it’s lovely to hear from people who’ve been kind enough to read my work. That happens every now and then.

But what I really think of first about Boskone is socializing. Relaxing on the couches in the lobby. Strolling with someone through the art show. Lively debate and discussion at the bar. Talking late into the night at some function or another. That’s a surprisingly big part of it. The people.

**What are you working on now? What excites or challenges you about this project?**

Two things. The most SFF-related is that I’m currently working on another series of stories for the next *Wild Cards* collaborative novel, edited by George RR Martin and Melinda Snodgrass. It’s called *High Stakes*. It’s the third consecutive one I’ve been in, and I’m very pleased with that. What excites me is the same as what challenges me about the project — weaving together my character’s stories with the other authors’ stories, each of us adding our own piece into something that, with sharp editing from George and Melinda, becomes more than the sum of its pieces. Of course, it isn’t always easy. There can be a lot of rewriting. George in particular isn’t shy about speaking his mind when he doesn’t like something!

I’ve also just finished a long-delayed historical novel about the Spartacus rebellion in ancient Rome. It’s still in the editing process, so I’ll be living with it for a while still. I knew I was drawn to the story for my own reasons, but I knew it would be a challenge to pull away from existing takes on Spartacus and craft something new. I wanted to write it in a way nobody had done before, and it took me longer than I expected to find my approach. I’m very pleased with how it turned out, though.

**From a fan perspective, what new book, film, TV show, or comic are you most looking forward to seeing/reading?**

I’m a big *The Walking Dead* fan. But I live up in the hills in Western Massachusetts. No cable. No high speed Internet. I can only watch the series once it’s out on DVD, which means I’m way-hungry for Season Five. If I see you at the con, don’t tell me what happened! Now, I know that the show has its wonky moments, but in general I find each and every episode engaging, surprising, and skillfully written. I love the casting and complexity of the character relationships. And, for me, it’s no small thing that the show has come to have such an ethnically diverse cast, or that it’s filled with strongly drawn female characters. I’ll be a very happy chap when I can get my hands on the next season.
Mini Interview
Boskone 52 — February 7, 2015

Neil Clarke is the Editor-in-Chief and Publisher of Clarkesworld Magazine. His work at Clarkesworld has resulted in countless hours of enjoyment, three Hugo Awards for Best Semiprozine and four World Fantasy Award nominations. He’s also a three-time Hugo Nominee for Best Editor (Short Form). In 2012, Neil suffered a near-fatal “widow-maker” heart attack, which led to the installation of a defibrillator and a new life as a cyborg. Inspired by these events, he took on his first non-Clarkesworld editing project, Upgraded, an all-original anthology of cyborg stories published earlier this year. He currently lives in NJ with his wife and two sons.

What are you looking forward to at Boskone?

It takes something special to get me to head north in the winter. I enjoy the panels, but for me Boskone is more about the people than anything else.

What event or experience stands out as one of those ‘defining moments’ that shaped who you are today?

The most recent thing would have to be my heart attack at Readercon two and a half years ago. There’s nothing like a brush with death to remind you what’s important in life. It shapes everything I’ve done since.

What are you working on now? What excites or challenges you about this project?

I’m still working on Clarkesworld Magazine. Our hundredth issue was published in January and I’m looking forward to what adventures the next hundred will bring. It never gets boring. For example, we’ve recently partnered with Storycom in China to start regularly publishing Chinese translations in each issue. It took us months to work out the logistics, but I’m really excited to have the opportunity to introduce English-speaking audiences to these works. The response from our readers has been amazing and now we have plans to expand those efforts to other languages as well.
Cerece Rennie Murphy first fell in love with science fiction watching *The Empire Strikes Back* at the Uptown Theater in Washington, DC with her sister and mother. She was only 7 years old, but it's a love affair that has grown ever since. Mrs. Murphy’s love of the written word has grown throughout the years, evolving from reader to author of the best-selling *Order of the Seers* science fiction trilogy and the early reader children’s book, titled *Ellis and The Magic Mirror*. In addition to working on the 2nd book in the Ellis and The Magic Mirror children’s book series with her son, Mrs. Murphy is currently developing a historical adventure and a 2-part science fiction thriller set in outer space. Mrs. Murphy lives and writes in her hometown of Washington, D.C. with her husband, two children and the family dog, Yoda.

**What are you looking forward to at Boskone?**

I love sci-fi conventions. For me, it’s a chance to connect with people who are just like me – weirdos, geeks and nerds who are inspired by fairies, aliens and super powers. It’s such a wonderful community, so I’m just looking forward to meeting new people and fully geeking-out without having to be concerned with whether or not anyone else thinks it’s strange.

**From a fan perspective, what new book, film, TV show, or comic are you most looking forward to seeing/reading?**

This year is an incredible fan year for me. We’ve got the new *Star Wars* movie coming out AND the new *X-Files* season on the horizon, so it pretty much doesn’t get any better for me. *Star Wars* got me into science fiction and the *X-Files* inspired my first piece of fan fiction, which got me on the road to writing my own science fiction.

**How would you describe your work to people who might be unfamiliar with you?**

Well, I’d have to say that as a science fiction writer, I enjoy exploring themes of community, individuality and spirituality within stories that have a lot of action and suspense. I like some romantic love in there, too, but just a bit. I’m also likely to write in any genre that suits me at the time. I just finished a children’s book with my son and I’m writing a time-bending love story now. After that, I’ll be writing a 2-part space opera and the 2nd book in my children’s book series.

**What is your favorite Star Wars memory, scene, or line? What is it that memory, scene or line that continues to stick with you today?**

My favorite scenes from *Star Wars* are all the scenes between Luke Skywalker and Yoda from *The Empire Strikes Back*. I remember watching theses scenes in the theatre when I was 7 years old. They literally changed my perception of God, my place in the world and my potential. I realized then, as I still believe now, that we’re all Jedi, we just don’t know it. Watching Luke’s fear and doubt keep him from fully accessing his own potential was powerful for me, even then. I don’t think you can sum up the human condition any better than that.

“Luminous beings are we…not this crude matter,” I really believe that the healing of our entire world could begin with this statement.
Born and raised in Boston, Massachusetts, Errick A. Nunnally served one tour in the Marine Corps before deciding art school would be a safer—and more natural—pursuit. He strives to develop his strengths in storytelling and remains permanently distracted by art, comics, science fiction, history, and horror. Trained as a graphic designer, he has earned a black belt in Krav Maga with Muay Thai kickboxing after dark. Errick’s successes include: the novel, Blood For The Sun; a comic strip collection, Lost in Transition; and first prize in one hamburger contest. He has short stories in the following anthologies: Wicked Seasons, Inner Demons Out, Doorways to Extra Time, A Dark World of Spirits and The Fey, After The Fall, Winter Animals: stories to benefit PROTECT.ORG, Heros: PROTECTORS 2, stories to benefit PROTECT.ORG and Distant Dying Ember. He also has two lovely children, a beautiful wife and Red Robot, a tee design site.

What are you looking forward to at Boskone?

No idea! Well, finding out what it’s all about, I’ve never been. Ironically, I have picked up a friend from the airport and driven him to Boskone without any clue as to what was going on there. He’d done some work with Ian Tregellis, developing the author’s web site. When I dropped him off, I spotted a Toyota hybrid with the custom plate “MONTAG” and knew I was missing something.

What event or experience stands out as one of those “defining moments” that shaped who you are today?

Not too long after buying a home in Boston (Dorchester), the company that I’d been happily working for (a graphic design firm) closed its doors. I decided to work for myself for a while and I set five goals for myself during that time. One of them was to finally write the book that I’d been putting off since my final years in college. Blood for the Sun came to fruition and it took some time, but I refined it enough to sell to a publisher. I suppose the defining moment came when I finally realized, after over a decade, that I should do more to follow my heart’s desire rather than half-step through the world, coloring within the lines. Nothing lasts forever, of course, and I headed back into the workforce a couple of years after completing the book. Since then, it’s been one epic battle after another to redefine my life so that it satisfies my soul rather than someone else’s bottom line.

If you could recommend a book to your teenage self, what book would you recommend? Why did you pick that book?

I tend to write somewhere around the thriller genre with elements of science fiction and horror. When I was much younger, I spent a great deal of my time reading sci-fi and other forms of speculative fiction. To be as involved as I am with monsters and the noir-ish side of the supernatural, I wish I’d read some more of what’s considered the horror classics. Most of my early horror influences came from movies rather than the books those movies were adapted from. It’s actually something I regret. With that in mind, instead of recommending a particular book (or books), I’d recommend a few authors...
to dig into. The obvious one is Stephen King. I’ve enjoyed his short fiction up to novellas, but his longer stuff has always left me cold. Still, I wish I’d read *Salem’s Lot*, *Cujo*, and *Carrie* a lot earlier in my life. The works of Rick Hautula, John Skipp, Craig Spector, Chet Williamson, Jack Ketchum, and later: Ray Garton and Joe Landsdale would have been fine, earlier additions to my reading repertoire.

**What is your favorite Star Wars memory, scene, or line? Why does it continue to stick with you today?**

I was all of nine years-old when *Star Wars* premiered in 1977. My mind was blown when I first saw that movie—like so many others my age. I remember begging everyone and anyone to take me with them when they went to see it and it resulted in my going to the theater eleven times. Each time, the crowds were more and more dense until I recall stumbling out of the place shoulder to shoulder with scores of excited people.

In the intervening years, I became a *Star Wars* “truther.” Han Solo shot first and Lucas’ tinkering with the character’s continuity and other aspects of *Star Wars* was an atrocity!

(Also: those other three films were planned, but never happened; only one actor portrayed Khan Noonien Singh and embodied the character so well that no other actor dared take the role. And Michael Jackson died shortly after recording *Off The Wall*, his last and greatest album.)

**How would you describe your work to people who might be unfamiliar with you?**

My work is a mishmash of my genre favorites, sculpted into something I wanted to see out in the wild. In my case, noir-ish crime thrillers with hefty doses of supernatural horror and science fiction influenced by my background in the military, close-combat training, and growing up in Boston’s inner-city. Two of my favorite comments about my first novel: “A love letter to fandom” and “Everything a gritty urban fantasy thriller should be.” I write what I love and I want to share that with fans of the same.
Mini Interview
Boskone 53 — December 9, 2015

My name is Flourish Klink. I’m a writer, producer and fangirl. I’ve been blogging in various places since 1999, most recently at Tank Lady. I grew up in the X-Files and Harry Potter fandoms. I’m currently into Outlander, Sleepy Hollow, and Elementary. I’m interested in the way that people use stories to figure out their own lives. I’m vegan. I’m Christian. I hold two black belts. I attended Reed College and MIT. I’m married to poet-programmer Nick Montfort. Some people call me Flor, Fleur, or Maddy (don’t try it). I was a partner in The Alchemists Transmedia Storytelling Co., and today I’m a partner in Chaotic Good LLC, a franchise development and production company. You might know me from Lincoln, NE; Sacramento, CA; Portland, OR; Cambridge, MA; or NYC.

What are you looking forward to at Boskone?

I’m looking forward to my first time at Boskone, so it’s hard to say exactly! Boskone has been an important convention for many of my friends for many years, but I’ve never made it, so I’m really excited to get to come for the first time. Lately I’ve gone to a lot of conventions that are more commercialized. Also, so I’m looking forward to getting a chance to get back to my fandom roots and spend time in a space that’s really by the community and for the community.

What event or experience stands out as one of those ‘defining moments’ that shaped who you are today?

When I was about five or six years old, I was very ill for a whole year, and my father brought home books that people at Tower Books in Sacramento, CA had recommended to him for me. One of them was The Lives of Christopher Chant by Diana Wynne Jones. I think that might have been the most defining moment of my life, because up till then I’d enjoyed fantastical stories but I’d probably been more engaged by books like Charlotte’s Web and A Little House on the Prairie.

I don’t remember if I read it right away (it would have been definitely old for me if I had). It was the book that got me into SF&F because at the local library Diana Wynne Jones was filed with the adult SF&F rather than in the Children’s section. So through seeking more DWJ, I experienced the grown-up books for the first time, and from there…that was pretty much all she wrote for my tastes thereafter.

What are you working on now? What excites or challenges you about this project?

I’m working on a lot of things! One that I’m most excited about is an ongoing project, my podcast with Elizabeth Minkel, Fansplaining. A lot of my job, working in the entertainment industry, is explaining fan culture to people who don’t have a lot of familiarity with it—and helping people make good decisions about what to do or what not to do with beloved shows and movies. But that means I spend a lot of time talking about the surface stuff: “No, not all people who consider themselves ‘fans’ think alike,” “Just because one’s a fan of something doesn’t mean they don’t have any critiques of it,” and so forth.

Fansplaining is a chance to talk about fandom in both a deeper and broader way. It comes out every two weeks (a transcript too) and we have guests from different parts of fandom—and guests who are fans but not “part of fandom,” like sports fans and music fans who don’t
necessarily see themselves as having much in common with SF&F fandom, or even media fandom more generally. I think it’s a really important thing because the internet simultaneously makes it easy to find your tribe and also makes it easy to forget that there’s anyone out there who’s not part of your tribe. So, when people talk about “fans,” they usually just mean “their friends group.” Yet there’s some issues that all fans should be concerned about: copyright and trademark issues, the way we’re portrayed in media, which particular fandoms are considered “cool” and which ones are considered creepy and what that means, and so on. Fansplaining is intended to bridge those gaps. Or that’s the hope.

I’m also working on a variety of fanfic projects, but curiously enough, my most recent fandom is One Direction—not likely to be a big hit at Boskone! (Although I’m sure there’s some secret Directioners out there...come out of the woodwork, y’all!)

What is your favorite Star Wars memory, scene, or line? What is it that that memory, scene or line that continues to stick with you today?

I wrote a book report on *The Courtship of Princess Leia* when I was in fifth or sixth grade (does that novel even count as being part of Star Wars any more now that the Extended Universe has been decanonized?). I remember very distinctly trying to express to everyone why it was the very coolest thing. Nobody else understood why I was so obsessed. I remember my teacher trying to convince me that perhaps I should read something else, something that was a little more literary, something that would actually challenge my reading skills. But never mind what she said; that was the first time I’d really geeked out on something, and even if nobody else understood why I was so interested in it, I wasn’t going to be dissuaded! (Although looking back on it, man, that book wasn’t great; my teacher was right, I could’ve found something better...oh well.)
Ken Liu is an author and translator of speculative fiction, as well as a lawyer and programmer. A winner of the Nebula, Hugo, and World Fantasy Awards, he has been published in *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, Asimov’s, Analog, Clarkesworld, Lightspeed, and Strange Horizons*, among other places. He also translated the Hugo-winning novel, *The Three-Body Problem*, by Liu Cixin, which is the first translated novel to win that award. Ken’s debut novel, *The Grace of Kings*, the first in a silkpunk epic fantasy series, was published by Saga Press in April 2015. Saga will also publish a collection of his short stories, *The Paper Menagerie and Other Stories*, in March 2016. He lives with his family near Boston, Massachusetts.

**What is it that you enjoy most about Boskone?**

The best part of Boskone for me has always been the random conversations that happen in the hallways and outside the programming rooms, stimulated by the panels and presentations. It’s a great way to catch up with old friends and make new ones.

**What are you working on now? What excites or challenges you about this project?**

I’m putting the final touches on the English translation for *Death’s End*, the last volume of Liu Cixin’s Three-Body trilogy, and I’m also finalizing edits for “The Grace of Kings II” (not the official title). It’s pretty intense to be working on two books at the same time while getting ready to launch my collection, *The Paper Menagerie and Other Stories*.

**If you could recommend a book to your teenage-self, what book would you recommend? Why did you pick that book?**

Paul Cohen’s *Set Theory and the Continuum Hypothesis*. I think if I got to read this book as a teenager, I might have stuck with my plan to become a mathematician.

**What is your favorite Star Wars memory, scene, or line? What is it that memory, scene or line that continues to stick with you today?**

During college, the final exams one year coincided with the release of the last book in a well-regarded trilogy in the *Star Wars* universe. I bought the trilogy as a “reward” for myself after finishing the finals, but ended up not being able to resist the temptation to “read just one chapter.” The next thing I knew, the sun was rising, and I had squander my last chance to cram for the exams overnight. I did, however, finish all three books in 6 hours. I still do not regret that decision.
Mini Interview
Boskone 53 — December 9, 2015

Wesley Chu is the bestselling author of the Tao series from Angry Robot Books. He won the 2015 John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer. His debut, The Lives of Tao, won the Young Adult Library Services Association’s Alex Award and was a finalist for the Goodreads Choice Awards for Best Science Fiction. His newest book, Time Salvager, published by Tor books, was released on July 7th, 2015.

What are you looking forward to at Boskone?

I love literary conventions. It’s a blast to talk to readers and meet (and drink) with other authors. I usually have a standard rotation of conventions I attend every year, so it’s exciting to explore new conventions. Each one always has its own unique flavor.

This year, I’m super excited to meet Richard Anderson, the Official Artist. I had the privilege of having Richard create the covers for two of my books, Time Salvager and Time Siege (they’re freaking fantastic) so I’m pumped to finally get the chance to meet him.

What are you working on now? What excites or challenges you about this project?

I’m currently working on the first book in a new trilogy based in the Tao universe called The Rise of Io for Angry Robot Books.

I’m excited about this project because in my Tao books, we had Roen, the lovable loser, and Tao, the experienced and competent alien. In the Io, I flip the narrative. The readers are introduced to Ella, a scrappy street smart con woman, who is inhabited by Io, a Quasing of breathtaking incompetence and questionable morals. The two of them have to forge an uneasy alliance in order to survive the war between the Prophus and the Genjix.

From a fan perspective, what new book, film, TV show, or comic are you most looking forward to seeing/reading?

What upcoming movie/show/book am I most looking forward to? Okay, Star Wars: The Force Awakens is a no-brainer so I’ll give another answer. Before I say another word, no judging, okay? Bygones be bygones and all jazz, but I’m really, really excited to see Zoolander 2.

What is your favorite Star Wars memory, scene, or line? What is it that that memory, scene or line that continues to stick with you today?

My favorite line from the Star Wars movie is from Han Solo.

Han: How we doing?
Luke: Same as always.
Han: That bad, huh?
ART CREDITS

COVER .................................................. BOB EGGLETON
PHOTOMONTAGE ON PAGE 3 .......................... MMX
INFOGRAPHIC ON PAGE 4 .............................. NASA & WMAP SCIENCE TEAM
COMIC ON PAGE 3 ....................................... TEDDY HARVIA
BOSKONE 1 PROGRAM BOOK COVER ART ........ ARTHUR THOMPSON
MINICON 2 ........................................... KEN FLETCHER AND JIM YOUNG
BOSKONE 25 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... DAVID MATTINGLY
THE NEW VISIONS BOOK COVER .................... THE SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB
BOSKONE 32 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... RUTH SANDERSON
BOSKOE 33 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART ........... GARY RUDELL
BOSKONE 36 PROGRAM BOOK AND SCHEDULE ....... STEPHEN YOULL
ART ON PAGE 26 ....................................... RICHARD HESCOX
BOSKONE 43 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... DONATO GIANCOLA
BOSKONE 38 PROGRAM BOOK AND SCHEDULE ....... CHARLES VESS
BOSKONE 39 PROGRAM BOOK & SCHEDULE ......... STEVE HICKMAN
BOSKONE 44 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... GARY A. LIPPINCOTT
BOSKONE 45 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... DEAN MORRISSEY
BOSKONE 47 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... JOHN PICACIO
BOSKONE 48 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... GREGORY MANCHESS
BOSKONE 49 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... DANIEL DOS SANTOS
BOSKONE 50 SOUVENIR BOOK COVER ART .......... LISA SNELLINGS