



The Aqueduct Gazette

Top Stories:

- Aqueduct to release *Dangerous Space*, a collection of seven seductive tales by Kelly Eskridge, in June
- Andrea Hairston's *Mindscape* nominated for the Philip K. Dick Award and shortlisted for the Tiptree.
- *Tsunami*, L. Timmel Duchamp's third volume in the five-novel Marq'ssan Cycle, now available
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In Other News:

- Conversation Pieces volumes 15, 16, and 17 to debut in March
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- *The Wiscon Chronicles*, documenting the range and diversity of WisCon 30, to be released in May of this year
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- Wendy Walker's *KNOTS*, volume 14 of Aqueduct's Conversation Pieces series, draws critical acclaim
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Special Features:

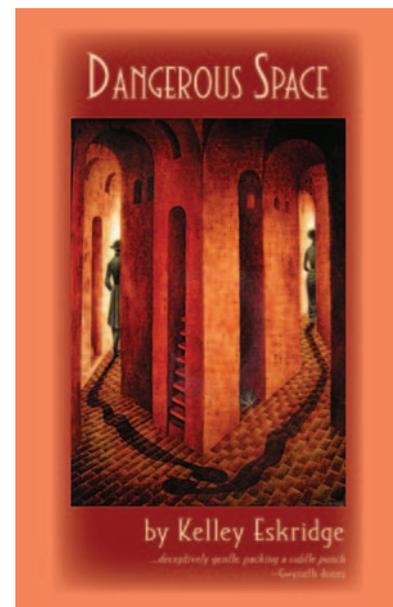
- Rosaleen Love discusses the uses and pleasures of satire and speculative fiction
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Plus: turn to page 2 to see how you can win a free Aqueduct Press book of your choice!

Dangerous Space

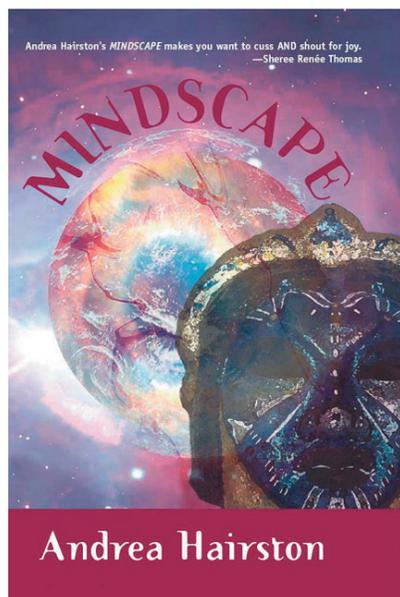
Aqueduct Press is pleased to announce the forthcoming publication of *Dangerous Space*, a collection of short fiction by Kelley Eskridge with an introduction by Geoff Ryman. Fans of her intriguing "Mars" series will be excited to hear that the collection will include "Dangerous Space," a new novella featuring Mars. Several of the stories reprinted have been shortlisted for the Tiptree and the Nebula or collected in The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror.

About *Dangerous Space* Gwyneth Jones writes: "The archetypal herotale of feminist sf, the little girl who grows up furious with the irritations of femininity, is confronted with her mirror image: the woman so compliant that no matter what anyone does to her, no matter how much she suffers, she feels no pain, only the agony of alienation"



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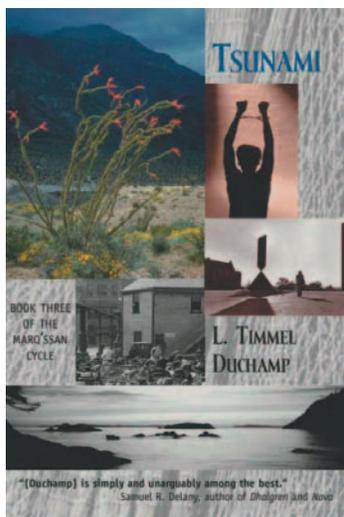
Mindscape



Andrea Hairston's *Mindscape*, which Aqueduct published in March 2006, has been nominated for this year's Phillip K. Dick Award. This prestigious award is given annually for distinguished original paperback science fiction published in the United States. The other nominees include *Carnival* by Elizabeth Bear, *Catalyst* by Nina Kiriki Hoffman, *Idolon* by Mark Budz, *Living Next Door to the God of Love* by Justina Robson, *Recursion* by Tony Ballantyne, and *Spin Control* by Chris Moriarty, which won the award. Andrea attended the ceremony at Norwescon, where she read from the book.

Mindscape was also named to the "Honor List" (an innovation that has apparently replaced the short list) for this year's James Tiptree, Jr. Award.

Tsunami



Aqueduct Press released the third book of L. Timmel Duchamp's Marq'ssan Cycle in January. *Tsunami* opens in early 2086, immediately after the signing of the Madrid Accords at the conclusion of the Global War. Many countries, including the US, have been devastated by war, and some of them turn to the Free Zones and the Marq'ssan for assistance in rebuilding their infrastructure. In the US, the Executive, which has turned its attention to reconsolidating its power, meets with growing resistance to executive rule; and in the Pacific Northwest Free Zone, the Co-op faces an internal crisis when ugly, long-buried secrets are dragged into the light of day. Meanwhile, the lives of three very different women—executive Elizabeth Weatherall, anarchist Martha Greenglass, and human rights lawyer Celia Espin—become entangled as each strives to bring about the change she so passionately desires.

Samuel R. Delany writes: “The third volume of the Marq'ssan cycle, *Tsunami*, confirms what the second volume, *Renegade*, made clear: the narrative drive and sheer invention of the work is more than up to the size, scope, and ambition of this extraordinary project. What a grand job! What a great read! It's been a long time since I've read science fiction with such a dramatic grip on the political complexities of our slow progress toward the better world we all wish for.”

A.M. Dellamonica reviewed it for *Science Fiction Weekly* (Jan. 10, 2007). She writes: “Duchamp's powerful use of language and her gift for creating unforgettable and complex characters make this novel a dark and suspenseful read... The author's sense of irony and her unflinching understanding of human nature add much-needed wryness (and an occasional flash of romance) to the mix.”

The first chapter can be downloaded from Aqueduct's site. If your local independent bookstore isn't carrying it, you can purchase it via Paypal using Aqueduct's Orders page, or from Powells.com or University Bookstore <www.bookstore.washington.edu>. And of course we'll be selling it at WisCon.

Aqueduct Press Book Lottery Drawing

One of the main reasons that Aqueduct Press is committed to “bringing challenging feminist science fiction to the demanding reader” is because we hope to help make our world a more hospitable and equitable place for all by continually questioning the status quo. As we believe that provoking the reader and facilitating dialogue between members of society can help achieve this, we encourage all of you to write to us with any reactions—positive or negative—to any of our published material.

Submit questions and comments addressed to our staff or authors to conversation@aqueductpress.com by June 30, and your name will be entered into a drawing to win your choice of any Aqueduct Press-published book. This includes all of our novels and any volume in the Conversation Pieces series. We look forward to hearing from you, and best of luck!

Dangerous Space...continued from page 1

A theatre director struggles with the vampire of desire, and with a shapeshifter who may be personification of her demons, in the extraordinary, tightly compressed ‘And Salome Danced’; while ‘Dangerous Space’ sinks deep into the soul of an Indie Rock Band at its moment of greatest meaning, just before the Big Time. Characters slip from story to story, role to role, delineating a fascination with the ruthless hunger for sensation that possesses all great artists; and the complicity of those who love them. Kelley Eskridge's collection is a treat: unassuming, deceptively gentle, packing a subtle punch.”

And Matt Ruff says: “It takes a special talent to write about emotions this raw without embarrassing yourself. In *Dangerous Space*, the very talented Kelley Eskridge offers tales of the human heart that are searing, moving, and true.”

Although the official publication date of *Dangerous Space* is June 1, 2007, Aqueduct will be selling copies at WisCon (which Kelley will be attending) as well as through our website, in advance of the official date.

The History of Wrong Ideas, And Their Future

by Rosaleen Love © 2006 Rosaleen Love

I come to writing about the future from a deep and abiding interest in the history of wrong ideas. I am interested in the question of just what makes an idea a wrong idea. Once it was probably a “right” idea that contributed to the way people understood their world, the world of “what is.” Then it becomes an idea that no longer describes “what is” but instead describes “what can’t be.” In similar vein, the knowledge base of futures studies might be taken as constituted by ideas, yet to be labelled right or wrong, about “what might be.”

If I make use of the past to speculate upon the future, I do so in a spirit of fun. Sometimes I write short stories with a science fiction or fantasy twist, stories that take off from a “what if?” premise and play with taking a metaphor literally. This is where the history of wrong ideas comes in handy. Both the history of ideas and speculative fiction tell stories of “what is, what might be, what can’t be,” whether in the extrapolative, the cautionary, or the alternate world mode.

Here are some thoughts on how I’ve come to do what I do.

One theme I’ve explored in a variety of ways has been the theme of women and science. In 1982 I wrote a study guide for Deakin University on Darwin and Social Darwinism. From its origins in 1859, Darwin’s theory of evolution totally transformed our understanding of our origins, our relationships to each other, to other animals, to society, and to the environment. The theory of evolution, or gradual change by means of the mechanism of natural selection, is one of those great “right ideas” nestling as the kernel of truth amid all kinds of fantastic “wrong ideas.” To talk about “right” and “wrong” here might seem a bit peculiar, for historians would rightly argue that all ideas, including our own, are more properly understood in their social context. It is the way ideas work in practice and context that matters, rather than retrospective judgment.

Consider the rich variety of ways in which the idea of evolution was exploited in the years following the acceptance of the broad features of Darwin’s theory. Social Darwinism is the term used to label various social prescriptions and descriptions on the relation of the natural to the social world, writing that claimed the authority of science, even though different social Darwinists used this authority to arrive at different, sometimes contradictory conclusions. One school of thought claimed co-operation was a social consequence of our biological origins, while another took ruthless competition between people as “natural” and hence necessary for the advance of civilization. What struck me in the various histories of

social Darwinist thought was that the social Darwinists seemed to be all men. Where were the views of women? In the Victorian Age and later in Britain, America and Australia, surely there must have been some women who adapted evolutionary thought to their political advantage.

I enjoyed the writings of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Olive Schreiner, and Louisa Macdonald, but I wanted more. These late nineteenth and early twentieth century women relished manipulating scientific theories of women’s place to their own ends. Each chose the values of social co-operation over those of social competition. Each wanted evolutionary science to justify the vote, education, and full participation in public life for women. Each turned upside down the words of those who gave a biological rationale for keeping women as unpaid wives and mothers. They made magnificent use of their own interpretation of Darwinism, creating a social biology which they used as a basis for social reform, though their version of evolutionary biology fits squarely in the category of the history of wrong ideas. Both Gilman and Schreiner wrote best sellers for their times, Gilman on *Women and Economics* (1898) and Schreiner on *Woman and Labour* (1911).

I said I wanted more from Gilman and Schreiner. I wanted them, from their perspective at the end of the nineteenth century, to have been right in their predictions for the future of women. It hasn’t happened yet, not the egalitarian outcomes they yearned for. Still, this disjunction comes in handy for something. It provides fuel for the satirist. As both a feminist and a satirist of feminism, I was inspired to write a short story titled “Evolution Annie.” What if it wasn’t man the aggressive hunter who led humans along the path to evolutionary progress, but women the gardener and camp-site maker? I had fun writing the story. The science was fanciful, the anthropology highly suspect, but then, so it is in “man the hunter” stories. I was doing a Charlotte Perkins Gilman, taking the bits that pleased me and shaping them to my own ends.

The story begins:

You know all those stories of origins, those myths of our beginnings. “A group of animals lived in the trees,” they start, and continue with the saga of how one day, down we came, we discovered the plains and the joys of upright posture we stood up, looked around, and decided to stay.

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Wrong Ideas...continued

That wasn't how it happened, not how it happened at all...

Call me Annie, Evolution Annie. Let me tell you the story of our beginnings.

We didn't decide to come down from the trees as an act of free choice. We fell out of the trees, and had to make the best of our new circumstances. It wasn't Father whom the boys killed and ate one day in the (alleged) first act of ritual communion. It was Mother who decided someone had to go, so she...but that is getting ahead of my story...

Satire swings in when exasperation with the status quo gets too much. Laughter helps when nothing else seems to.

In my work I also explore current issues in science and technology, again with particular reference to women. From 1980-1990 women were invited to contribute, both as panel members and participants, to the nascent public consultation process in Australia. At last there seemed to be a place where the voices of concerned citizens could feed constructively into government decision-making on large science and technology projects. I studied inquiries where women were active as observers, recipients, and critics of science, for still today there are comparatively few women working as scientific professionals. I wanted to explore women's visions of "what might be" in Australia.

Public consultation processes were set up in the Powerline Review Panel of 1985, and the 1990 inquiry by the Australian House of Representatives Standing Committee on Industry, Science and Technology into the release of genetically modified organisms into the environment. The 1980s were an exciting time in public consultation experiments. At last there was recognition of the fact that no professional ever has full knowledge, and that the local knowledge of a community might add to expert knowledge to mutually productive ends. The virtue of consultation is that it lessens the partial view of the world that is an essential part of the explosion in scientific specialisms, and at last it seems as if that aspect of the information explosion was being formally recognized. With the trend towards a more democratic system of technical decision making, it appeared as if women might at last enter the public life of science as "community experts" working towards a safer future.

My guiding image was of a country woman hanging out clothes to dry on the line. She may use one of the environmentally friendly detergents, so labelled, and the washing may be clean enough, at least to start with, but as she hangs it out, the pesticide drift descends from the aerial spraying of crops. She sees the spots on her washing, and wonders about what else is happening in her community. Disease clusters, of leukemia, or cleft palate malformations in babies, have occurred in country Aus-

tralia, in towns of Emerald, Coffs Harbour, and Wangarratta. The connection between aerial crop spraying and disease clusters is hotly contested and not easily made in one conceptual leap from the washing on the line. Yet these incidents lead to important questions about present technological practices more broadly, whether in agriculture or energy use, or the consumption of non-renewable resources. Alongside general environmental concerns, the public perception that there are risks associated with pesticides lends itself to a grass roots epidemiology that should no longer be discounted as "radical fringe."

It could be argued, what would a woman hanging out the clothes know about health risks, compared with the established knowledge of medicine, statistics, and chemistry? Yet there is something in the common sense intuitive reaction that what is bad news for pests is likely to be bad news for other non-target species, including humans. It has proved a short step for some women from hanging out the washing to full scale environmental activism.

There were some victories in the 1980's. The power line was re-routed, for example, so that it would no longer pass over a school yard. But with the changes in government in Australia, both state and federally, the policy of public consultation was put on hold. Consultation is a herky-jerky process, says James Masters, who was invited to Australia to provide advice as Director of the Center for Community Futures at Berkeley, California, just before the 1992 change of government in Victoria. He was right. In this case, it was one step forward, then two back. Still, the vision of community futures, which include the public consultation process and the multi-disciplinary panel of review, remains and gives an idea of how technocratic decision making might one day become a more radically democratic process. There will be new ways of theorizing the nature of science and technology and their interactions with other human institutions, in addition to that great non-human institution, nature.

I finished my article on "Doing the herky-jerky" with a few paragraphs on "imagining the future for women," words that rose from frustration at the way I could see the consultation process grinding to a halt, at least where I live. I find release in satire. Satire, I believe, can rise above the charge often levelled at it, that it uses mockery in defense of a conservative status quo. It's not the conservative status quo I want. That is what

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Hanging out along the Aqueduct...

by L. Timmel Duchamp © 2007 L. Timmel Duchamp

Hanging out along the Aqueduct, I find myself remembering how in the late 1950s and early 1960s, I'd wake early on Saturday mornings to dive back into whatever novel I was currently living inside. Even as a child I detested mornings. But on those mornings, waking became a luxurious moment of anticipation. Though of course I could read only until about nine, when my mother rounded my brother and me up for the weekly housecleaning. Back then, the interruption felt like an interminable dose of hell heartlessly imposed after a delicious taste of heaven—scrubbing and polishing and vacuuming to my mother's perfectionist standards—but I realize now, looking back, that the "dose of hell" lasted for only four or five hours, performing chores that I do now without thinking twice about them. And the fact is, the whole time I toiled over the housework, I daydreamed about the characters and setting of whatever book I was reading that day, superimposing an extremely pleasurable pastime onto physical tasks that required only a corner of my attention to perform. (This was a trick I used to make the time pass doing other people's housework for wages in the 1970s.) But best of all, once my mother was satisfied with the state of the house, I was free—not only free from scrubbing and vacuuming, but more importantly free to read and free to take off for the library. So then I'd gather up my stack of already devoured books (usually somewhere between five and ten novels) and either walk or bicycle to the Des Plaines Public Library, my personal Garden of Eden, about a mile away. (Is it any wonder that I chose it as my first place of employment when I was a junior in high school?) After sinking myself into the bliss of browsing and choosing, I'd carry a piece of that heaven home with me, to stack in a thrilling tower on my little gold-wire bookcase on the wall opposite my bed. And then I'd sprawl on my stomach on the freshly vacuumed rug in the living room, propped up on my elbows with my chin in my hands, my legs kicking in the air behind me, my mind far, far away.

For me back then, authors were simply names providing readers with the means of identifying books they might like to read. Sure, I often saw their photos on book jackets, but it wasn't really until I was in my late teens that I became aware of the author as a presence lurking behind or within the text. It was around then that I began to sense an authorial personality, not only for fiction, but also for works of history and theory. Because of this, I developed infatuations as well as antipathies for the personalities I was sure I could sense behind the texts: I felt, for instance, that I knew Wittgenstein from

reading his *Philosophical Investigations* (and fell madly in love with him); I was certain Foucault, though in many ways a kindred spirit, would be impossible and even scary encountered face-to-face. And of course I felt confident in my knowledge about the personalities behind the many sf texts that I loved and admired: it was all there, in the texture and timbre and style of their prose. Right?

All of this changed a few years after I'd begun writing fiction myself. In 1985, upon being introduced to someone who'd read *Alanya to Alanya* and *Renegade* in ms, I felt flattered when she said, "Everyone who reads your work must want to meet you! It's so obvious, reading your work, what you're like!" I didn't feel at all flattered, though, a year later when an intense friend I'd known for about six years, who'd read quite a bit more of my work, said that she now knew me far better than I would ever be able to know her, because my fiction exposed the character of my imagination, thus giving her an insight into me that I could never have into her. Suddenly, I found myself on the other side of the intimate author-reader relationship, and I realized that it was an imagined relationship, constructed inside the reader's head and mediated by the text.

But the greatest change in my sense of the reader-author relationship came when I began meeting authors in the flesh. One author after another proved to be nothing like I had imagined. And so I could no longer sustain the imagined relationship I experienced when reading their books. But not only did such face-to-face encounters shatter the intimacy of the (imagined) relationship, they also undermined my belief that I could know the true personality of the author as revealed or exposed by the text. I suppose one could say I'm more sophisticated now; I have a more realistic attitude toward texts (knowing, that is, that they don't convey the quintessence of their authors' personalities). Yet I miss that imagined intimacy, that strangely personal infusion of one of the most private—and inexpressible—relationships one can have.

Remembering what I've missed, I have to wonder whether the many people who are eager to meet the authors whose work they love are able to preserve that imagined relationship after they've done so. I'd be very interested to hear what Aqueduct's readers have to say on the subject. How do you feel about meeting authors you imagine you know through their work? Is it exciting, disappointing, or intriguing? Does meeting them change the way you read their work? Please join the conversation; we'll post your replies on Aqueduct's blog.

March Releases

Kimberly Todd Wade makes her publishing debut in a story about the role fiction plays in our lives, Sue Lange imagines a world where artificial intelligence is at the cusp of surpassing human intelligence, and Lesley Hall recounts the life of a revolutionary feminist sf author in volumes 15, 16, and 17 of Aque-duct's Conversation Pieces series

Making Love in Madrid

by Kimberly Todd Wade

Even as she talks, she is assessing his lack of composure, his evident ineffectualness in his slouch and dumbfounded expression. . . . "You see my dilemma. I find myself without a history, and I need someone to fill it in for me. Additionally, I will need some kind of personal quirk, because such things make for convincing fictions." She pauses, and adds philosophically, "If the world really were populated by fictional characters we would none of us understand each other for our compelling eccentricities."

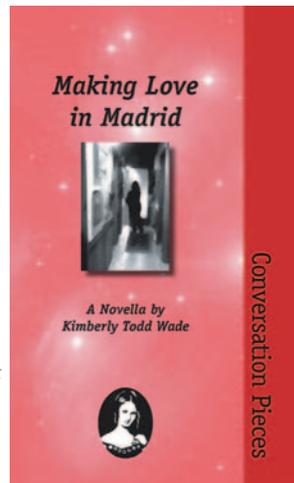
—from *Making Love in Madrid*

A fantasia of amnesia, of lives that need filling, of writers of every tense, of talent and dry lemons and melted cheese; of giggling and tangled sheets and denture adhesive, competition and tenderness, a bloodless bullfight, the power of a giant smile to diminish greatness—a modern mannerist story around a story.

—*Anna Tambour, author of The Spotted Lily and Monterra's Deliciosa and Other Tales*

About the author

Although born in Virginia, Kimberly Todd Wade spent the majority of her childhood years in Germany, Italy and Greece. She graduated with a degree in Anthropology from the University of Miami in Coral Gables, Florida, and completed a semester of graduate studies at Tulane University in New Orleans before embarking on a career in archaeology. She worked in Belize, Texas, Louisiana, West Virginia, Vermont, Hawaii, and Palau before giving up the shovel bum life to write full time. She currently lives with her husband in southern California. *Making Love in Madrid* is her first sale.



We, Robots

by Sue Lange

“Sharp, bitter, and concentrated, it was on one square millimeter of integument surface. Exactly the size of a soldering iron head. I recoiled in terror, in blinding pain. I flew against that back wall of the lab bench. The pain quickly subsided.

I turned my eyespots to the transie and watched, homing in on the soldering iron that she had mercifully unplugged and placed in a wall block, the business end inward.

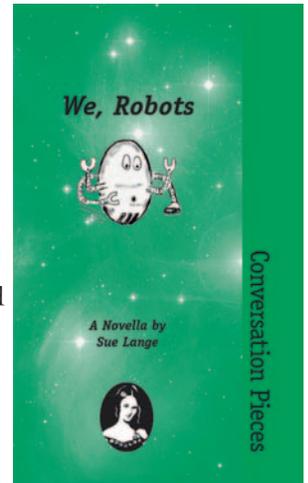
“I hurt,’ I said, and meant it.”

Imagine a time in the not-so-distant future when AIs are manufactured and sold commercially, occupying a space in nearly every human household. Sue Lange evokes this reality in her novella *We Robots*, which examines the painful transition of one particular robot named Avey from emotionless domestic servant to conflicted human companion. Two weeks prior to the long-anticipated arrival of the Singularity—the moment when artificial intelligence surpasses human intelligence—old robot models are recalled for the installation of a security upgrade that would allow the growing transhuman population to control them by way of fear tactics: a pain interpreter. This new feature introduces Avey to a cruel, unjust world, engendering a range of human emotions that include sadness, anger, compassion, and love.

As robots across the globe collectively discover what it is to be human through the experience of suffering and longing, they inevitably begin to question their exploited existence. Will their joint uprising spoil the transhumans' grand social experiment and release them from a life of servitude?

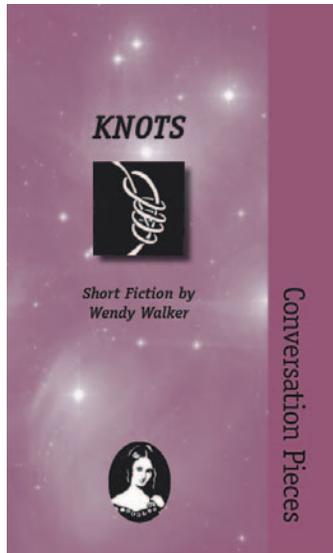
Tangent Online writes, “Sue Lange shows a mastery of characterization not often found in many stories,

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Recently Released

KNOTS



Wendy Walker's short fiction collection catches the attention of Jeff VanderMeer, who includes *KNOTS* in his 2006 list of "Twelve Overlooked Books"

And as she moved, he saw that the shape of her wolverine cape described the very quadrilateral of the field, belonging to his father's renegade vassal across the mountain, which he so long and so ineffectually had yearned to possess; and the pure launch of her skirt mimicked the very contour of the fertile hillside claimed by the Bishop of Tours, which he had not briefly, nor successfully, disputed in the ecclesiastical and secular courts, and yet could not yield his claim. He had stridden after her then, and gained upon her figure slowly, intent on capturing her for one sole galliard at least... —from "Ashiepattle"

Four spellbinding tales, selected from Wendy Walker's critically-acclaimed short fiction collections *Sea-Rabbit, Or, The Artist of Life* (1988) and *Stories Out of Omarie* (1995), showcase some of her finest work as she takes on the themes of art, memory, and tragic love in pre-modern Europe and North Africa. "Twin Knots" presents the Goddess of Love's take on an affair between a knight and an unhappy queen. In another tale, a count punishes his daughter for the attempted murder of her husband by placing her in a barrel and sending her out to sea, where adventures

with pirates and a powerful sultan ensue. *Publishers Weekly* writes, "Walker's sentences grow and ramify as luxuriantly as vines in an enchanted wood."

"It's [Walker's] eccentric mingling of ideas and imagery, sensory impressions of a world almost disturbingly alive, that distinguish her work from anyone else's."

—*Locus*, Jan 2007

"...a tour de force of plot and description."

—Jeff VanderMeer, Jan 7, 2007

"Walker uses European poems and fairy tales as her inspiration and source material, merging rich language and modern ideas with classic plot lines to craft complex adult fare...Read her work for the history, the complex tales, and the vivid language offered---where the true beauty of Walker's work lies."

—*Tangent Online*, Dec 16, 2006

Wrong Ideas...continued from page 4

I send up. Rather, satire in its fantastic guises builds on subjunctivities, the notion that "things could be otherwise." To know what is the case often means to know very well what is not the case, what or who the present way of doing things is excluding. Often policy processes exclude the voices of women. Fantasy helps here, adding a "negative subjunctivity." Fantasy is fantasy because it contravenes the real. Yet it's still there, the actual world, still constantly implicit in fantasy, by negation.

In writing fantasy I like to spin off from "what is" to all the possibilities the real world excludes. Women do not really become "old bats" as they age, but what if they did? In what ways might metamorphosis provide new energy for the older, discarded woman? The world is everything we can imagine, and imagining metamorphosis from old woman to bat allows us to laugh at women, men, and bats.

I want to help create a future world in which there will be more possibility for laughter.

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especially those of novella size or smaller. And in a genre where robot stories have been a dime-a-dozen since the New Wave days, *We, Robots* stands out and delivers an insight into the human condition that would've made Asimov proud."

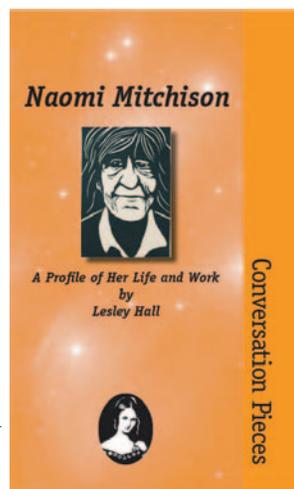
About the author

Sue Lange has always had a love of art and science. Armed with a degree in chemistry and eight-years' experience running a rock band, she stands poised to reconcile these two supposedly opposing arms of humanity's highest achievement. Always searching for connections between the left brain and the right, her fiction reflects the philosophy of one who sees little difference between physics and drama, calculus and symphony, biochemistry and soap opera, high art and crass commercialism. In her mind, all the world's a stage for string theory to play on. Her stories have appeared in *Challenging Destiny*, *Apex Science Fiction and Horror*, and *Astounding Tales*. Her first novel, *Tritcheon Hash*, was published in 2005. She resides on a farm in Pennsylvania with her partner, Gary Celima, three cats, two horses, one unridable devil pony named Pogo, and a hundred Early Girl tomato plants. Visit her blog at LiveJournal: scusteister.

Naomi Mitchison: A Profile of her Life and Work

by Lesley Hall

A member of the famed Haldane family, Naomi Mitchison lived an adventurous, politically engaged, and well-examined life even as she wrote dozens of novels and works of nonfiction. From campaigning for women's right to information about and the means of birth control to running for Parliament, from practicing "open marriage" in her own life to exploring a range of sexual arrangements and in her fiction, for all of her 101 years, Mitchison embraced change as few people ever manage to do. Along the way she pioneered a new kind of historical novel that combined the immediacy of modern language with an ability to evoke the otherness of the past with great vividness and



published her first work of feminist sf in 1962, a few years before the resurgence of feminism with its second wave.

About the author

Lesley Hall was born in the seaside resort and channel port of Folkestone, Kent. She currently works as an archivist at the Wellcome Library in London and is also a historian primarily interested in issues of gender and sexuality in nineteenth and twentieth century Britain, an area in which she has published several books and numerous articles, including *Sex, Gender and Social Change in Britain since 1880* and *Outspoken Women: Women writing about sex, 1870-1969*. Visit her website at: <http://www.lesleyahall.net>.

The WisCon Chronicles

Vol. 1

Aqueduct will be launching a new anthology at WisCon 31. *The WisCon Chronicles* samples



and documents some of the delights of WisCon 30. It will include panel transcripts and notes, reflective essays, papers on King Kong, Wonder Woman, the Earthsea Trilogy, and Marge Piercy's *He, She and It*, as well as an original story by Rosaleen Love, a question about men attending WisCon from Duchamp to Samuel R. Delany (answered at magisterial length), and Eileen Gunn's snappy Q&A with Ursula K. Le Guin, Suzy McKee Charnas, Ted Chiang, Jeanne Gomoll, Ellen Klages, and eight others.

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