

A READER'S COMPANION TO

*A CIVIL CAMPAIGN*

BY

**LOIS McMASTER BUJOLD**

COMPILED AND PRESENTED TO HER

BY MEMBERS OF THE OFFICIAL LMB MAILING-LIST

TO CELEBRATE THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF

*SHARDS OF HONOR*

1986–2011



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*Hassadar*

*For Lois, long may she rule.*



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## Editors' Introduction

In March 2010, Official LMB List member Tora K. Smulders-Srinivasan, anticipating the release of *Cryoburn* later that year, did some sums and pointed out that if we all re-read the Vorkosigan Saga as we ought, in preparation, allocating two weeks to each novel and one to each novella, we'd finish bang on publication date. So off we went on what became in effect a rolling Vorkosiverse seminar, averaging 35+ digests a week, with the role of questioner switching two or three times a month while a Good Time was Had By All.

With a head of steam well-raised by the time we hit *A Civil Campaign* in September, this *Companion* was born of a suggestion by Nikohl K.. Much intertextuality had been uncovered in discussions that people wanted to be able to access again in coherent form, and the happy notion took root that a volume such as this should be created as a present to Lois and the Dendarii Nexus website to celebrate a quarter-century of Vorkosiganity in 2011.

As the contents-page shows, the editors have been concerned to be as thorough as possible, providing mini-essays on the major intertexts and subtitle, and chapter-by-chapter annotation of particular allusions (including those to other books in the series) and generic tropes. That said, this *Companion* is principally concerned with LMB's sources and intertexts, and does not attempt to provide a full critical commentary either on the exquisite internal construction of *A Civil Campaign* or on the many story-arcs that (to date) terminate in it.

The *Companion* is not intended for first-time readers of *A Civil Campaign*, for whom it would be crammed with spoilers, but for those who, having enjoyed the novel, wish to understand its subtleties of art and craft more fully. All readers are also warned that there are within the annotations some spoilers for all Vorkosiverse volumes, including *that* crucial datum from *Cryoburn*.

Many List members have contributed and are named at the back ; Nancy Barber heroically undertook coding for the website ; and Lois herself has been kind enough to look it over, making corrections and offering additional comments. The editors warmly thank them all.

NK, JL

## References and Abbreviations

Bracketed page-references to *A Civil Campaign*, of the form ‘(n, n<sup>1</sup>, n<sup>2</sup>)’, are to the Baen first-edition hardback (1999), mass-market paperback (2000), and omnibus *Miles in Love* (2008), in that order. ‘ACC’ is used in annotation where no page-reference is appropriate ; references to any other book include a short or abbreviated title, the abbreviations used being:

### Works by LMB

ACC	<i>A Civil Campaign</i>
B	<i>Barrayar</i>
BA	<i>Brothers in Arms</i>
BI	‘The Borders of Infinity’
Bln	<i>Borders of Infinity</i>
C	<i>Cetaganda</i>
Cb	<i>Cryoburn</i>
CC	<i>The Curse of Chalion</i>
DI	<i>Diplomatic Immunity</i>
DD	<i>Dreamweaver’s Dilemma</i>
EA	<i>Ethan of Athos</i>
FF	<i>Falling Free</i>
HH	<i>The Hallowed Hunt</i>
K	<i>Komarr</i>
L	‘Labyrinth’
M	<i>Memory</i>
MD	<i>Mirror Dance</i>
MM	‘The Mountains of Mourning’
PS	<i>Paladin of Souls</i>
SH	<i>Shards of Honor</i>
SR	<i>The Spirit Ring</i>
TSK	<i>The Sharing Knife</i>
VG	<i>The Vor Game</i>
WA	<i>The Warrior’s Apprentice</i>
WG	‘Winterfair Gifts’

When a Vorkosiverse anthology is cited the title is given in full.

Other works

<i>BH</i>	Dorothy L. Sayers, <i>Busman's Honeymoon</i>
<i>GN</i>	Dorothy L. Sayers, <i>Gaudy Night</i>
<i>JE</i>	Charlotte Brontë, <i>Jane Eyre</i>
<i>OED</i>	<i>Oxford English Dictionary</i> , 2/e
<i>PP</i>	Jane Austen, <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>
<i>VC</i>	L. S. Carl & J. Helfers, eds, <i>The Vorkosigan Companion</i>
<i>WW</i>	LMB & Roland J. Green, eds, <i>Women at War</i>
<i>IH4</i>	<i>The First part of Henry IV</i>
<i>IH6</i>	<i>The First Part of Henry VI</i>
<i>2H4</i>	<i>The Second Part of Henry IV</i>
<i>ADO</i>	<i>Much Ado about Nothing</i>
<i>AWW</i>	<i>All's Well that Ends Well</i>
<i>AYL</i>	<i>As You Like It</i>
<i>CYM</i>	<i>Cymbeline</i>
<i>ERR</i>	<i>The Comedy of Errors</i>
<i>H5</i>	<i>Henry V</i>
<i>HAM</i>	<i>Hamlet</i>
<i>JC</i>	<i>Julius Caesar</i>
<i>KL</i>	<i>King Lear</i>
<i>LLL</i>	<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>
<i>MM</i>	<i>Measure, for Measure</i>
<i>MND</i>	<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>
<i>MV</i>	<i>The Merchant of Venice</i>
<i>MWW</i>	<i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i>
<i>R3</i>	<i>Richard III</i>
<i>ROM</i>	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>
<i>TN</i>	<i>Twelfth Night</i>
<i>TEM</i>	<i>The Tempest</i>
<i>TGV</i>	<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i>
<i>WT</i>	<i>The Winter's Tale</i>

's.v(v).', from Latin *sub verbum*, means 'under the word(s)'—in practice often 'under the sub-heading' ; 'p-o-v' is 'point-of-view'. Comments by "LMB on Baen's Bar" were made in her 'Miles to Go' forum. All posts quoted have been silently edited for typographical style (the List is plaintext) and typos ; other changes are [crotcheted].

## Part I : The Major Intertexts

*For Jane, Charlotte, Georgette, and Dorothy—  
long may they rule.*

Alone among LMB's work, *A Civil Campaign* is dedicated not to a personal acquaintance but to four late queens of romance—Jane Austen (1775–1817), Charlotte Brontë (1816–55), Georgette Heyer (1902–74), and Dorothy L. Sayers (1893–1957). As LMB explains matters in the 'Afterword' to *Miles in Love*:

I'd been itching to write a Barrayaran Regency romance ever since I'd realised I'd given Barrayar a regency period. I dedicated it to four inspiring female writers. I'd read Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* fairly early on, but I only came to Georgette Heyer and Dorothy L. Sayers in my twenties, when my reading branched out, and I've only picked up Jane Austen fairly recently. Heyer remains my favorite comfort reading—*A Civil Campaign* is very much a tribute to her—though there was a period when her inherent class-ism got up my nose. Sayers's work, even more than that of C. S. Forester and Arthur Conan Doyle, is a model for the kind of wonderful character development that can only be done over a long series. [...]

The tale offered many delicious levels of play, not least that of dissecting a lot of romance tropes under a true SF knife. What happens to the old dance between men, women, and DNA when new technologies explode old definitions of, well, everything? What happens to a tradition-bound society whose channels of property and power assume gender divisions and functions that new science throws into a cocked hat? Just what rude things do those butter bugs symbolize? What happens to two supposedly immiscible genres when you put them both in a bottle and give it a good shake? What can each say about the other? Chamomile tea and blasters: give me both!

[*Miles in Love*, 'Afterword' ; 'Putting It Together', in *VC*]



Yet fascinating as this is it barely begins the story, for in the case of each dedicatee a particular novel seems to be intertextually summoned : Austen’s *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), Brontë’s *Jane Eyre* (1847), and Sayers’s *Gaudy Night* (1935) by plot, and Heyer’s *A Civil Contract* (1961) by title (with much other Heyer in tow). There has always been romance in the Vorkosiverse, from Aral and Cordelia in *Shards of Honor* to Simon Illyan and Lady Alys in *Memory*, but here romance, in both the narrower generic and wider literary senses, forcibly takes centre stage, dominating the speculative-fiction and crime-writing elements—so much so that Mary Jo Putney, in *The Vorkosigan Companion*, memorably calls the novel a “Saturnalia of romance”, highlighting both the dense intermingling of tropes and the transformative, generative pressures to which LMB so productively subjects them.

That said, there is also a question about how conscious (or intentional) some of this apparently specific intertextuality was. LMB tends, very reasonably, to be wary of academic source-hunting, and to deprecate critical assumptions about her writing—also with fair reason. The dedication was, for example, a very late addition to the text:

the dedication was somewhat slapped on at the end, during final production, when my editor Toni Weisskopf e-mailed—or possibly called, I don’t remember—and asked, did I want a dedication on the dedication page? Last chance if so. And I came up with [the published dedication], after a short mull. And she grinned, “Sweet!”

[LMB, e-mail to the editors, 17 Feb. 2011]

Caution is therefore proper—but neither LMB’s ‘mulling’ nor her choices of dedicatees were in any way idle:

The four writers were chosen as the grandmothers (Austen and Brontë) and mothers (Heyer and Sayers) of the whole world of books generally dismissed as “chick lit”—romances, light or cozy mystery (not that Sayers is that) and, in general, books about personal and domestic concerns that are usually rejected as unimportant by what I see as the bio-social-status hyper-

conscious male reading contingent of F&SF, who only want war stories, the bigger the stakes the better.

Bigger, yes, bigger than that! seems to be a guy thing mostly. (With notable exceptions.)

(And which domestic concerns, in real life, hold up the world.)

It was sort of an oblique statement of, “This is my chick book, dammit. Like it or lump it.” [...]

Austen I see as the ancestor of romantic comedy, Brontë of romantic drama and melodrama.

[LMB, e-mail to the editors, 17 Feb. 2011]

Thus the writers named in the dedication were actually chosen after the text was complete, yet represent concerns that animate the whole and in any allusive light resonate with particular features of plot and narrative. Some of the apparent conflict may be resolved by remembering that great writers always say *more* than they know, and further recalling LMB’s comments about her own writing process, that the “books are written by the part of me I conceptualize as my Inner 13-Year-Old” (see annotation for **the process of composition** in Part III)—so one might believe that that ‘inner 13-Year-Old’, aware of the outer, adult writer’s intentions, figured within the text more allusions and intertextual commentary than she chose to advertise to her outer adult.

In any case, giving details of these major intertexts with their structures, tropes, and topoi piecemeal, as allusions occur, would make for much repetition in the annotations, so each is discussed individually here in Part I ; annotations to particular allusions may refer readers back to these entries. Following those for the four women there is also an entry for Shakespeare, one of LMB’s favourite authors and a frequent intertext in the Vorkosiverse : despite the explicit discussion of *Hamlet* in *A Civil Campaign* and a direct quotation from *Much Ado about Nothing*, no one Shakespearean play is dominant, but the novel does vitally invoke the cross-dressed journey of many comedic heroines, the peculiar situation of Prince Hal in the *Henry IV* plays, and the multi-wedding endings Shakespeare favoured, while the fact that Miles knows *Richard III* by heart should always be remembered.

## Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*

Despite Austen's invited dedication of *Emma* (1816) to the Prince Regent, and her in-crowd fashionability and notable admirers during the Regency, she has not always been as popular a novelist as she is now. Before her nephew, J. E. Austen-Leigh, published a memoir of his aunt in 1869, her sales did not by orders of magnitude begin to compare with those of, say, Sir Walter Scott or Charles Dickens. But once her popularity began to quicken in the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries it never again flagged, and readily acquired quite a cultish feel—as in 'The Janeites' (in *Debits and Credits*, 1926), a wonderful short story by Rudyard Kipling (whom LMB reads) that has given its name to Austen's devotees. Her popularity was spectacularly boosted again late in the twentieth century by a rush of film and TV versions, many of them very good—not least the superlative 1995 BBC adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice* by Andrew Davies, with Jennifer Ehle as Elizabeth Bennet and Colin Firth as Mr Darcy, which electrified Austen's modern fandom and which LMB saw.

This degree of popularity, combined with Austen's superior grammar, wit, and irony, has made her a very frequent intertext in romance, so it is not only for chronological reasons that Jane is the first of LMB's dedicatees, and of all her works *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), published early in the Regency (1811–20), has always been the runaway favourite. At a basic level the romance structure of *A Civil Campaign* is exactly that of *Pride and Prejudice*—an unexpected and condescending proposal that is proudly spurned ; a contrite letter from the man ; a long period of soul-searching readjustment mediated by the man's assistance to the woman during a family crisis ; and a second proposal, blissfully accepted to the consternation of the bride's family. Or as List member Mike Garrison put it, exploring the comparison on first finishing the novel:

The man makes a botched marriage proposal to the woman, which ends up with the woman being extremely angry with him. The crucial turning point in the romance is a letter he writes to her, apologizing for his botchery, but not apologizing for who he is and how he feels about her.

Then the actions of others bring them back together. A final key element is when an opponent attempts to get a public statement from the woman repudiating the man, but instead she refuses, which directly leads to their engagement. The book ends with them happily engaged but does not include their marriage. [Mike to the List, 6 Dec. 1999]

Both parties also exhibit prides and prejudices that they must overcome, and promptly do as soon as reality smacks them in the face—a surprisingly rare quality ; but then both are also, first and last, superior in character, guts, sense, and morals to those who beset them, so that our exasperation as readers with their follies is from the outset tempered not simply by admiration for their minds but also liking for their hearts and warm appreciation of their wits—a reaction characteristically induced by Austen.

There are also lesser correlations to be made. The unctuous self-righteousness of Mr Collins, deafening him to criticism and blinding him to his own absurdity, finds an echo both in Alexi Vormoncrief and in the equally pompous interventions of Vassily Vorsoisson and Hugo Vorvayne that Alexi instigates ; while the self-important intervention of Lady Catherine de Burgh in Elizabeth Bennet's affairs is (as Mike noted) structurally repeated in Richars Vorrutyer's verbal assault on Ekaterin during the Council of Counts' session. The disparities in wealth between Miss Elizabeth Bennet & Mr Darcy, and between Miss Bennet & Mr Bingley, are also consistent with that between Miles & Ekaterin (though the asymmetry of Harriet Vane & Lord Peter Wimsey is perhaps closer to the mark). And the particular theme of a wooer's kindness to his beloved's dependents, expressed in *Pride and Prejudice* through Elizabeth's courtesy and kindness to Darcy's shy and inexperienced sister Georgiana and his exertions on behalf of her sister Lydia (and in *Gaudy Night* through Harriet's care for Peter's nephew St. George), is matched in *A Civil Campaign* both by Miles's inspired and extremely responsible treatment of Nikki and Ekaterin's critical assistance to Mark and Karen.

All of which said, LMB was clearly as concerned to rewrite as to echo *Pride and Prejudice*:

Miles's letter came straight from [PP]. Or, not quite straight ; I

was driving back from dinner with Pat Wrede, rounding the corner of Valley View and 60th St., kicking around the problem of ‘How shall Miles make his next move?’ when she said, “How about a letter?”, and I said, “It’s been done. Darcy”, (or else I said, “I thought of a letter, but it’s been done, Darcy”, I don’t remember which) and she smirked and said, “So ... ?”

She has a very particular smirk, for these occasions.

And I grinned, and by the next day or so, the letter had appeared. [LMB, email to the editors, 21 Feb. 2011]

Darcy’s and Miles’s letters of apology come in exactly the same places and perform the same emotional and plot functions, but their contents are not closely comparable : where Darcy is concerned at great length to correct Elizabeth’s misapprehension of his character, Miles is doing ‘abject’ and bleakly neither asks forgiveness nor offers self-justification ; while even at his most formal Miles remains possessed of incomparably more modern prose and sentiments. Lydia Bennet’s elopement with Wickham is equally distinct from Karen Koudelka’s sexual involvement with Mark, though both events convulse a household of daughters. And more importantly, where Austen has both proposals made by Darcy to Elizabeth in private conversation, LMB makes both of her proposals wildly public events, and creates a feminist symmetry and redeeming balance by giving the first to Miles and the second, delightfully and decisively, to Ekaterin.

This *matters*. LMB has in interview and in various speeches and essays offered a personal definition of genre as a group of books in conversation with one another:

Every writer of note, when I’ve scratched the surface, turns out to come from a lively context of other writers, correspondents, editors, critics, and literate and argumentative friends and colleagues. This observation has given me my personal definition of a genre—“Any group of works in close conversation with each other.” As readers, we tend to encounter only the polished result of that uproar, as the book alone appears in our hand and the context drops away. I’m not sure this is a bad thing—like law and sausages, it may

sometimes be better not to watch how novels are made. But the reading context matters, as the ground changes the figure.

[LMB, 'How I Met the Inklings']

In linking a group of works to a group of writers in mutual contact this rightly stresses the constant evolution of genres in the creative present, and Austen (like Brontë, Heyer, and Sayers) was primarily engaging with works by her own contemporaries and immediate predecessors. But at the same time, when a canonical book is a part of the mental world of a group of writers it too is drawn in, with its author, and the exchange becomes as diachronic as it is synchronic.

In that sense *all* the intertextual relations in *A Civil Campaign* should be understood as dialogues, not simply acts of quotation or writerly homage. As an historically very well-informed reader LMB demonstrably understands not only the warmth of Austen's fictional world and the reasons for its abiding popularity, but also the very real restrictions that constrained women of Austen's social standing and times, and are implicit in her novels ; restrictions that of course remain real on Barrayar, in spades. LMB's revisions of Austen are not a rebuke but a cunning, joyous liberation, culminating in the spectacular consequences of Nikki's access to Gregor and Ekaterin's splendid proposal on which the inheritance of three Districts turns ; and the combination of glaring publicity and female agency (capped by Miles's sudden suspicion of Helen Vorthis's and Cordelia's private female agency) serves less to emend Austen than to write large what she could only write small. Austen famously observed in a letter to her great-niece Anna Austen in September 1814 that "3 or 4 families in a country village is the very thing to work on" (in Deirdre Le Faye, ed., *Jane Austen's Letters*), and in a manner alien to any other Vorkosiverse novel *A Civil Campaign* comes close to that ideal—albeit as '3 or 4 somewhat deranged Vor families in an imperial capital ...'. Put another way, if Austen could witness the events in Vorhartung Castle, she'd be cheering Ekaterin on ; though she might also share a quirked eyebrow with Lady Alys at the inevitable breaches of social decorum, and another with Cordelia at the antics of Barrayarans.

Quite distinctly, there is also the matter of gardens. In *Pride and Prejudice* the grounds of Mr Darcy's family home, Pemberley, play

an important part in persuading Elizabeth to revise her views of him. With other gardens they also provide settings at once real and symbolic for various scenes, whether (as at Pemberley) reflecting harmonious order or (as with the “prettyish kind of a little wilderness” where Lady Catherine confronts Elizabeth in *PP*, vol. III, ch. 14) an unmannerly disorder. Elsewhere in Austen there are also symbolic plants, like the barren fruit-tree in Mrs Norris’s garden in *Mansfield Park* remarked by Nabokov in his *Lectures on Literature*, and throughout her fiction (and Heyer’s romances) the attitudes of the landed to the care of their acres and tenants act as a moral barometer—as do Miles’s abuse of his garden-commission but quiet care for the District and liege-people he will inherit in *A Civil Campaign*, also filled with garden-scenes.

The issue starts almost as soon as Ekaterin enters the series in *Komarr*, and during the process of writing *A Civil Campaign* LMB remarked the contrast of Ekaterin’s “garden under Tien dwindling to a few potted plants versus Miles’s grandiose vision for it” (LMB to the List, 27 Feb. 1998). Matters come to a critical head in the great attic conversation in *A Civil Campaign*, chapter 17, where Ekaterin’s soul urgently and unexpectedly responds to Miles’s belief in restoring and using rather than museum-mothballing his grandmother’s saddle:

The weary straitened housewife in her—Tien’s pinchmark spouse—was horrified. The secret soul of her rang like a bell in resonance to Miles’s words. Yes. That was how it should be. This saddle belonged under a fine lady, not under a glass cover. Gardens were meant to be seen, smelled, walked through, grubbed in. A hundred objective measurements didn’t sum the worth of a garden ; only the delight of its users did that. Only the use made it *mean* something. How had Miles learned that?  
*For this alone I could love you ...* [322, 423, 701]

At the largest level this passage speaks resonantly to Ekaterin’s and Nikki’s stiflings by Tien, with his endless deferrals of responsibility and action and the contrast with Miles’s liberating hyperactivity and impatience for action ; and it could not do so unless LMB had also chosen from the outset in *Komarr* to stress and utilise Ekaterin’s calling as a gardener.

That calling has been splendidly analysed by List member and master gardener Erica H. Smith in a strongly recommended essay, 'Runaway Roses and Defiant Skellytums : Thoughts on Plants, Gardens, Horticulture and Botany in the Vorkosiverse' (posted at <http://hedda62.livejournal.com/214169.html>). She draws attention to the prevalence throughout *Komarr* and *A Civil Campaign* of horticultural metaphors and symbols, and particularly remarks the adventures of the bonsai'd skellytum that Ekaterin inherited from her great-aunt Vorwayne, including its death by gravity at Tien's angry hands in *Komarr* and its full-sized resurrection by Ekaterin in Miles's Barrayaran garden. Quoting the conversation in ch. 1 of *Komarr* that ends with Ekaterin insisting that the skellytum is "the complete tree, fully functional" to which Miles retorts "And—ha!—short", Smith comments:

The last lines explicitly associate the skellytum with Miles, an association reinforced by its later fall off the balcony, disintegration and regrowing (parallel to Miles's death and resurrection in *Mirror Dance*? The comparison to a needle grenade to the chest is made in the text), and eventual replanting on Barrayar to grow to its full height in its natural (well, fairly natural) environment. But it is also associated with Ekaterin, her heritage as a tough survivor, her own regrowth and gaining of assurance. Later, it takes on a symbolic association with their relationship : its planting just before the horrible dinner party in *A Civil Campaign*, its near death from first underwatering and then overwatering as Miles tries to take care of it alone, its survival to be a gift to the people of Barrayar and a belonging of Vorkosigan House. In some sense it is also a symbol of the entire Barrayaran Vor heritage as expressed in this couple : rather an excessive burden for one plant, and an interesting one for this particular plant, considering that it is a native and not an import, and was only saved from being terraformed out of existence because Ekaterin's great aunt liked it. They are Barrayar in one sense ; it is Barrayar in another, but the two are inextricably linked.

[ 'Runaway Roses and Defiant Skellytums' ]



The details, like all things Barrayaran, inevitably go far beyond Austen's (or anyone else's) fictional repertoire, and as LMB wryly remarks, "my adopted home of Minneapolis is full of slightly mad, winter-frustrated gardeners, full of talk of Zones to equal those of Vernor Vinge" (LMB, email to the editors, 23 Feb. 2011). The strong horticultural and botanical motifs of *A Civil Campaign*, and the emotional importance and symbolism of Ekaterin's gardening (interlocking with the thematic 'comedy of biology and manners'), are nevertheless, just as much as the double-proposal-and-letter structure, a part of LMB's tribute to and conversation with Jane.

### **Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre***

In some ways *Jane Eyre* is the least pressing of the intertexts, and despite several explicit allusions to madwomen in attics seems to have been the one least consciously present in LMB's mind during composition. Asked during the book discussion about her relations with Brontë's novel, she replied:

I first read it, I think, back in high school, and pretty much took it in wholesale as a romance, set in the alien, but not then quite so distant, world of nineteenth-century Britain. I vaguely think I read it twice, still in that same period of my life. I've not re-read it since, though I've read a bit of modern commentary about it. I imagine my re-reading would be hugely changed. I may work around to it someday, tho' not just now.

[LMB to the List, 17 March 2010]

Brontë nevertheless very reasonably stands in LMB's mind as the grandmother "of romantic drama and melodrama" (see p. 10 above), and *Jane Eyre's* combination in its heroine of Christian self-abnegation and absolute love for a dark, dangerous, and latterly handicapped man continues to exercise a compelling appeal for very many readers.

Rochester's overreaching error is a personal dishonesty born of male arrogance whereby the common rules 'don't apply to *me*', and in this he chimes not only with Fitzwilliam Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice* and with Peter Wimsey where Harriet Vane is concerned,

but with Miles at large and especially with his mistakes in *A Civil Campaign*. The necessary narrative complement is a female understanding that, while offended and schooling the man into repentance and amendment, sees through the arrogance to the more admirable qualities beneath, as Jane loves Rochester despite both his early faults and later injuries, and Ekaterin (to the bemusement of most of her relatives) sees through, or past, Miles's physical and moral shortcomings to his wit, generosity, and political work. Probably coincidentally, given that Ekaterin's wardrobe is dictated by her widowhood, her sombre clothing also echoes a prominent motif in *Jane Eyre*, whose heroine abhors fashionable colours and styles, but the other connections spring from the heart of Jane's drama and melodrama. Discovering the existence of Rochester's mentally disturbed Creole wife Bertha on the eve of her own wedding to him, Jane flees into the night, much as Ekaterin does from Miles's fumbling proposal at his disastrous dinner-party—a necessary but not altogether rational response to the revelation of profound deception in romance. And Bertha's secret confinement within the upper reaches of Rochester's house, a most potent literary example of a hidden and dishonourable secret, creates a marvellously subtle intertext (whether intended or an accidental benefit of art) for the tremendous conversation about old and new dis/honours, conducted in the astonishing attics of Vorkosigan House, that finally aligns Miles and Ekaterin as allies and turns *A Civil Campaign* into its home straight.

It is also worth noting that for various reasons *Jane Eyre* has become a key text in feminist literary studies, and as such surfaced as a topos of conversation during LMB's written exchange in 1996–7 with the Australian critic and novelist Sylvia Kelso (subsequently the dedicatee of *Paladin of Souls*). In many ways, despite the evident friendship and some strong areas of agreement, the exchange reveals gulfs between the thinking of the participants, particularly where Kelso's criticism is most strongly framed or informed by feminist literary theory—as with the matter of Miles's 'repossession' of Naismith in *Memory*, of which Kelso received a text before its publication:

**SK:** [...] it looks like Naismith didn't so much get killed as subsumed—I mean, Ivan sees him come out at the start of the

Auditorship. I am not sure if these are confused or complex signals, since Miles pretty definitely refers to Naismith later as being ‘dead’; OTOH that-idiot-Ivan has a habit of occasionally hitting the bullseye dead-on. I would PREFER to see Naismith as not so much subsumed as integrated; kind of like Mark’s black gang. This is an interesting move when Miles is read as codedly feminine and Naismith as Vorkosigan’s double, because, as I can’t remember if I have remarked to you before, while women don’t kill their male characters’ doubles, they DO kill female ones—viz. Brontë with Bertha in *Jane Eyre* for the most famous case. For the academic reading, therefore, there is a nice balance of ‘does Miles kill Naismith, in which case we have *Jane Eyre* in undress greens, or does Miles integrate Naismith, in which case postmodernists have a problem with regression to the old humanist-masculinist dream of a single, unfractured identity’? [...]

**LMB:** No ‘*Jane Eyre* in undress greens’ (great line); Miles has not killed Naismith, exactly ... I guess I’d say that Miles *repossessed* Naismith. Integrated is not so nicely accurate a term. Repossessed is perfect. Miles as psychological repo-man. Guess the little admiral didn’t keep up the payments ...

[Sylvia Kelso & LMB, ‘Letterspace’, in Merrick & Williams, eds, *Women of Other Worlds* (1999), pp. 402, 406]

LMB’s choice of ‘repossessed’ properly reflects her own priorities of understanding but does not fit Kelso’s psychologised theoretical concern with a particular kind of feminist reading—and as LMB tartly observed elsewhere in the exchange, “*I* am the data ; *you* are the theorist. It’s your job to explain things. It’s my job to be myself, at the top of my form.” (‘Letterspace’, p. 396).

Kelso’s superb phrase ‘*Jane Eyre* in undress greens’ nevertheless rewards thought, for in positing a militarised romance of self-denial and repentance it speaks to one major quality, or set of qualities, that Miles and Ekaterin share as committed Vor. The matter surfaces explicitly towards the end of *Komarr*:

“I have to leave you for a time and check on my prisoners. The stationers will take care of you.”

Her brow wrinkled. “Prisoners? Oh. Yes. How *did* you get rid of the Komarrans?”

Miles smiled grimly. “Persuasion.”

She stared down at him, one side of her lovely mouth curving up. Her lower lip was split; he wanted to kiss it and make it well. *Not yet. Timing, boy. And one other thing.*

“You must be very persuasive.”

“I hope so.” He took a deep breath. “I bluffed them into believing that I wouldn’t let them go no matter what they did to you and the Professora. Except that I wasn’t bluffing. We could not have let them go.” There. Betrayal confessed. His empty hands clenched.

She stared at him in disbelief; his heart shrank. “Well, of *course* not!”

“Eh . . . what?”

“Don’t you know what they wanted to do to Barrayar?” she demanded. “It was a horror show. Utterly vile, and they couldn’t even see it. They actually tried to tell me that collapsing the wormhole wouldn’t hurt anyone! Monstrous fools.”

“That’s what I thought, actually.”

“So, wouldn’t you put *your* life on the line to stop them?”

“Yes, but I wasn’t putting my life—I was putting yours.”

“But I’m Vor,” she said simply.

His smile and his heart revived, dizzy with delight. “True Vor, milady,” he breathed. [*K*, ch. 20]

The shared ethos of responsibility and sacrifice-if-necessary distinguishes Miles and Ekaterin from many Vor, and throughout *A Civil Campaign* the manner in which both conduct themselves politically—aware, even beyond their concerns for Nikki and as others are not, of the security implications of those ‘slit-your-throat-before-reading’ events on Komarr—stands in sharp contrast to the wholly self-aggrandising and seemingly quite unprincipled (and so un-Vorish) behaviour of the Vormoncriefs and others. Neither has the Christian framework of humility and self-denial that was for Brontë (and by extension Jane Eyre and eventually Edward Rochester) a central and critical necessity of living well, but their shared

understanding of what it means to be Vor acts in a not dissimilar way—so that if *Memory* really should not be thought of as ‘*Jane Eyre* in undress greens’, there is nevertheless (and despite Miles’s military retirement before ever meeting Ekaterin) a sense in which the phrase evokes an important element of *A Civil Campaign*.

### Georgette Heyer, *A Civil Contract*

Despite the congruity of LMB’s and Heyer’s titles, *A Civil Contract* is not individually an intertext of the same kind as *Pride and Prejudice*, *Jane Eyre*, and *Gaudy Night*. When her title was under discussion on the List, LMB posted this explanation (which also appears in substance in the ‘Afterword’ to *Miles in Love*):

**Philomytha:** *A Civil Campaign* doesn’t really resemble its Heyerian namesake (which is one of my favourite Heyers) ; in fact I don’t see any particular Heyer book in *ACC* beyond the general Regency-romance feel, which I think LMB gets just right. (I do see a strong Heyer influence in other places—compare the ending of *Venetia* with the end of *Shards*, for instance.)

**James Burbidge:** It is worth noting that the novel was originally going to be called [*Rules*] of *Engagement* and had the title changed, after it was written, when it was ‘bumped’ by an Elizabeth Moon novel with the same title appearing on the Baen list. So it’s not a surprise that there’s no particular resonance between *A Civil Contract* and *A Civil Campaign*.

**LMB:** To clarify and augment this tale : *ACC* went through its entire composition with the working title ‘ImpWed’ ; as we approached publication, the pressure was on for a real title. My friend the late Mike Ford, in a moment of spontaneous inspiration, came up with *Rules of Engagement*, which seemed perfect. It was only when I presented the title to Baen that I discovered that Elizabeth Moon had a book with the same title *already in the pipeline*. In a conversation I was not in on, Jim Baen did sound her out to see if she’d be willing to yield her prior claim ; unsurprisingly, she was not, so I was thrown back

on my own resources.

I came up with *A Civil Campaign* on my own, I think—at any rate, if it was anyone else’s suggestion, they are unfairly forgotten. I liked the Heyer resonance, of course, although the book doesn’t have much to do with *A Civil Contract* in any other way. After a bit of mental adjustment, I actually came to like *ACC* better than *Rules of Engagement*, it being more unique, so I’m grateful to Elizabeth for standing her ground.

Titles can’t be copyrighted, but still. There was a movie [William Friedkin’s *Rules of Engagement*, 2000] and another book [Christina Dodd’s *Rules of Engagement*, 2000] out at about the same time with similar-enough titles to generate some confusion, but at least they weren’t in the same medium or genre. Or by the same publisher in the same season, yeesh.

[LMB to the List, 15 Sept. 2010]

It is clear, therefore, that Heyer’s *A Civil Contract* was not a conscious intertext during composition, as the novels by the other dedicatees plainly were.

There is nevertheless (while regretting the loss of ‘ImpWed’) a case to be made that LMB’s eventual choice of title was inspired. In changing Heyer’s civilian ‘contract’ to the military and political ‘campaign’, *A Civil Campaign* becomes slightly paradoxical, reflecting Miles’s shift from military to civil security following *Memory*, his continuing tendency to behave in love (as Aral has it) like “General Romeo Vorkosigan, the one-man strike force” (198, 261, 560), and the importance of civility (in every sense) to Ekaterin, which he must learn the hard way. *A Civil Contract* is also unusual among Heyer’s Regency romances in exploring a cross-class marriage of convenience, between the impoverished Adam Deveril, Viscount Lynton, and Miss Jenny Chawleigh, the daughter of a mercantile tycoon : neither the money nor the convenience relate to LMB’s novel (though one might argue that ‘the aristocrat and the commoner heiress’ lightly reflects Gregor and Laisa) ; but the cross-class issue certainly does matter, and as Ekaterin comes to terms with Miles’s family and social status Heyerian echoes combine with those of Lord Peter Wimsey’s and Miss Harriet Vane’s socially asymmetrical courtship.

There is one particularly happy echo, for *A Civil Contract* is set in a sharply realised 1813–15, and among the new Lady Lynton's reading is the newly published *Pride and Prejudice*. More generally and importantly, Heyer is one of LMB's favourite authors:

My favorite Heyers, hm. Depends a little on my mood, but they certainly include *Cotillion*, *The Unknown Ajax*, *Devil's Cub*, *The Foundling*, *Sprig Muslin*, *Sylvester*, *False Colours*, *Black Sheep*, *Friday's Child*, *Venetia*, *A Civil Contract*, oh hell, throw in *The Convenient Marriage*, *The Nonesuch*, *Frederica*, *The Toll Gate*, *The Corinthian*, and all the rest of the Regencies while we're about it. [LMB to the List, 1 April 1999]

Given this depth of knowledge of Heyer—and LMB remarked in her 2008 Denvention speech that “My trip to BayCon in 1968 includes memories of my first encounter with Regency dances and costuming, inspired by [Heyer's] meticulously-researched books”—it becomes clear that her influence as a writer of historically detailed and accurate romance is reflected in *A Civil Campaign* in at least two important respects.

The first is the high esteem in which Barrayarans (and not only the Vor) hold military service—a strong feature of Heyer's romances that is quite unlike, say, the dizzy admiration for a uniform that Lydia Bennet shows in *Pride and Prejudice*, and is unusual in romance at large. Heyer's researches had led her greatly to value the officers of Wellington's Peninsular Army, about whom she wrote directly in *An Infamous Army* (1937) and *The Spanish Bride* (1940), and that esteem recurs elsewhere—including *A Civil Contract*, where the hero's inherited familial debts force him, very much against his will, to resign his commission. There is a parallel of sorts to be drawn between Miles and those Heyerian heroes who must abandon their military calling for aristocratic duties, though Miles's reasons for doing so are of course his own (and Simon Illyan's).

The second is the extreme importance in almost all Heyer's novels of honour and reputation, the real dangers and powers of gossip and innuendo—an issue she shares with Austen and other romance writers but gives a particular variety and subtlety. In *Pride and Prejudice* Lydia Bennet's elopement and unwed cohabitation with

Wickham is an overt social disaster, virgin turned Jezebel, and as the religiose Mary Bennet sententiously observes, in that world “Loss of virtue in a female is irretrievable [... and] involves her in endless ruin” (*PP*, vol. III, ch. 5)—but in Heyer (as on Barrayar) names and honours may be more invidiously and maliciously blackened ; or, more often, feared to be so. As LMB notes, slander has “been a running theme of mine from the beginning, almost as pervasive and persistent as my theme of identity formation—starting with Aral’s unjust sobriquet ‘the Butcher of Komarr’” (LMB, email to the editors, 23 Feb. 2011). This theme Miles and Ekaterin re/discover in *A Civil Campaign*, unhappily for themselves and agonisingly for Nikki, and in literary terms echoes of Heyer again combine with echoes of Sayers, for the mystery plot of *Gaudy Night* turns on the identity and motives of a poison-pen.

Finally, there is for all its internal gravity, strong emotions, and *realpolitik*, a lightness to *A Civil Campaign*, a felicity of events and conversations that means an eventually happy outcome is never to be doubted, and that is strongly reminiscent of Heyer. Historical accuracy of detail and a remarkable gift for dialogue raise Heyer far above the run of romance writers, but she is beloved partly for the reliability of her wit and the certitude of final benison. As a writer of serially expanding and continuing plots, LMB’s characterisation is very much richer and deeper than Heyer’s, and the Vorkosiverse contains moral depths and agonies alien to romance, as Aral, Cordelia, Miles and others have been finding out for the last twenty-five years. But in *this* novel, with even Gregor’s remarkable romantic problem and acute personal loneliness succumbing to happy marriage, and amid the often slapstick comedy of Mark’s and Enrique’s butterbug machinations, the presence of such agonies is for once overborne, giving *A Civil Campaign* an upbeat, Heyerian quality approached elsewhere in LMB’s work to date only in ‘Winterfair Gifts’ and perhaps at points in the four volumes of *The Sharing Knife*.

It isn’t *quite* accurate to say that *A Civil Campaign* is the only one of LMB’s novels in which no-one dies—the principal ‘deaths’ in *Memory* (of Naismith and Simon) are only partial—but it is an accurate reflection of its upbeat Heyerian quality that the worst injury suffered is by one of the nameless thugs who attack Lord Dono, at



Olivia Koudelka's hands (or possibly feet), and to his fate readers are properly indifferent. As List member Micki Haller Yamada remarked:

At the end of the book, I feel all warm and fuzzy. There are no serious loose threads, it's a warm summer evening, we've successfully done everything we set out to accomplish, and the butterbugs are twinkling on the hairdos of the beautiful people. It's wonderful. And I'm ready to go back to *Memory* or *Komarr*, and start the whole thing over again. (-:

[Micki to the List, 26 Sept. 2010]

### **Dorothy L. Sayers, *Gaudy Night***

The importance to *A Civil Campaign* of the courtship between Lord Peter Wimsey and Miss Harriet Vane cannot be overstated, but there are considerable complexities.

Lord Peter was, like Lord Miles, an established series protagonist before Harriet entered his life in *Strong Poison* (1930), in which he saves her from the gallows on a charge of murdering a former lover from whom she had parted in despairing high dudgeon, proposes marriage on the strength of this, and is summarily rejected. Harriet does not appear in *Five Red Herrings* (1931), the short stories collected in *Hangman's Holiday* (1933), or *The Nine Tailors* (1934), and makes only an unnamed appearance offstage as a dinner companion in *Murder Must Advertise* (1933) ; but she is a very active protagonist both in *Have His Carcase* (1932), Peter proposing to her with some regularity while they detect together, and the central character of *Gaudy Night* (1935), at the end of which she finally accepts his proposal. Their *Busman's Honeymoon* (1937), interrupted by discovery of a corpse, is a close sequel to *Gaudy Night*, and the mutual journey Peter and Harriet take into the intimate trust of matrimony is not ended either by the wedding-bells or their wedding-night and swift establishment of physical felicity, but continues throughout both novels.

A structural similarity is immediately apparent, for Miles and Ekaterin also take more than one novel to proceed from first

encounter to formal engagement, and enjoy a busman's honeymoon in a third. The moral and spiritual problems that lie between them, moreover, are closely related to those besetting Peter and Harriet, particularly where arrogant male aristocracy and the sins of Tien Vorsoisson and Harriet's former lover are concerned. John Lennard, in his essay about the Vorkosiverse, remarks that:

Consideration of Miles Vorkosigan in relation to Peter Wimsey is intriguing, for at first one could indignantly insist they are nothing alike—decades, genres, and (literally) light-years apart—and yet, for all that, both are aristocratic chatterboxes, nervous, witty, and war-wounded imperial soldier-diplomats and investigators born of tradition to face a damaging modernity, who in the end find happiness in marriage to injured, inhibited, and sharply intelligent women whom they nurture. Consideration of Ekaterin Vorsoisson in relation to Harriet Vane is also productive, for while their details are different, both are good bourgeois daughters who have internalised respectability but are scarred by a past sexual relationship wherein honour was undone by veniality and lack of care, and both have as their central problem a premature offer of marriage from a powerful, kind, high-born, arrogant, suffering, mannered, and seemingly insouciant man with an overwhelming family, about whom they are deeply conflicted and to whom they are obligated in gratitude. Neither woman is amorously interested in any third party, though self-appointed candidates for their hands may comedically (if not always comically) come-and-go ; their choice is not between possible mates, but (as for Shakespeare's Beatrice [in *Much Ado about Nothing*]) between painful social growth in partnership and anaesthetic retreat into scarred isolation. Ekaterin has one wholly distinct weight in her scale, young Nikki, whom Miles must equally court to become a stepfather ; and where Harriet has an established career as a novelist but lacks children, Ekaterin's growth into acceptance of Miles is partly a choice to add a professional career as a landscape designer to her achieved and future motherhood. Amid all the refracted similarities and differences, at the heart of things, it is clearly

Harriet and Peter who supply the major topoi of moral substance within Miles's and Ekaterin's courtship.

[‘Of Marriage and Mutations’, § 2]

In addition to the specific relations of *A Civil Campaign* with *Gaudy Night* there is thus also a wider series interface to consider, between the run of LMB's Vorkosiverse novels from *Memory* to *Diplomatic Immunity* and the sequence of Sayers's novels narrating Peter's and Harriet's meeting, courtship, and marriage.

The particular relations of *A Civil Campaign* with *Gaudy Night* are nevertheless in sharp focus. Each book is the one in its series that finally brings its protagonist and his beloved into affianced harmony, overcoming the problems caused by a wildly premature and summarily rejected proposal, and each adopts with its governing genre of romance the form of a novel of manners, heavy on dialogue and light on action. Sayers is widely credited with transforming and modernising the Golden-Age novel of detection—the stuff of her own earlier work and of all Agatha Christies—not least by shifting the narrative focus from detective mechanics to the interior life of the investigator, raising the importance of discursive conversation ; and one could well argue that LMB has done as much for military space opera. Certainly *A Civil Campaign* is a novel of quite another order than *The Warrior's Apprentice* or *The Vor Game*.

The plots also resonate thematically to some degree. *Gaudy Night* centrally concerns a poison-pen whose missives and escalating threats are disturbing Harriet's *alma mater*, Shrewsbury College. After returning for a gaudy—an Oxford class reunion—she is prevailed upon by the college authorities to investigate, which she does, later accepting Peter's help. High-table conversation ferrets out a motive for resentment towards one of the dons, who once exposed a deliberate falsehood in the work of a junior academic, subsequently a suicide despite having young dependents, and the poison-pen mystery is eventually solved. In parallel Harriet must learn to live with straight-laced reactions to her notoriety in having been tried for the murder of her lover while she and Peter agonise their way through courtship ; she also receives and deflects an absurd, self-deluding declaration of love from an undergraduate, which plays its part in keeping her and Peter apart, and then in bringing them together. This

element of *Gaudy Night* resonates with the role played by Alexi Vormoncrief in *A Civil Campaign* as a self-important younger suitor for Ekaterin's hand, and dynamics of personal honour and collegiate reputation that swirl about Harriet's investigation equally inform the slander that Boriz Vormoncrief and his cronies think a useful way of embarrassing a certain short Lord Auditor. Innocent young victims of the poison-penmanship—Ekaterin's Nikki and a Shrewsbury undergraduate—are also important in both plots, as in minor but critical ways are the manservants Bunter and Pym.

More centrally, it is the nature of the emotional barriers inhibiting the romance protagonists that really intertwine, and make of the intertextuality something far more than a game. At the heart of things is the simple but paradoxical question of how two loving people may with integrity form a union, and Sayers had her own debt to Austen's analysis of how Elizabeth Bennet and Fitzwilliam Darcy overcame their mutual prides and prejudices—but also inflected the problem. Both Peter and Harriet have areas of personal experience they cannot properly discuss together, notably her previous sexual relationship with the scars it has left and his ongoing high-level work for the Foreign Office—just as Miles and Ekaterin cannot speak of her bedroom-life with Tien (about which readers know from *Komarr*) or of his ImpSec career and secret imperial knowledge. LMB of course further varies and inflects things through the highly classified knowledge of the Komarran wormhole-plot that Miles and Ekaterin share while necessarily excluding Nikki, but the cat's cradle of similarities with Sayers includes several further considerations, including the difficulties occasioned Ekaterin and Harriet in love by their consciousness of gratitude to their would-be lovers, and by the overwhelming social status and reality of those lovers' large aristocratic families. Sexual inhibition (but not inexperience), a wounded determination to be done with men, repressed desire, confusion about indebtedness, familial consciousness of class-inferiority, and a self-awareness of professional potential (emergent in Ekaterin's case) all play their parts in both women's rollercoaster rides to matrimony ; while on the other side of the equation moneyed and aristocratic arrogance, battlefield traumata, frustrated sexual and emotional desire, and titanic egos nevertheless blended with a profound and unwavering consciousness of their beloveds spell out

identical difficulties for Peter and Miles. Shakespeare assured us long ago that the “course of true love never did run smooth” (*MND* 1.1.134), but obstacle-courses take many forms and those that Peter & Harriet and Miles & Ekaterin follow are very closely related.

Innermost of all, yet pervasive, is the question of honour, always difficult to discuss, varying greatly in conception between different cultures and periods, and especially tricky in SF&F with multiple sources and future unknowns involved—in the case of the Vor, Meiji Japan, Prussian Junkers, and a peculiar history involving the Time of Isolation, Cetagandan Occupation, and repeated civil wars. Fortunately, LMB has Aral provide a working definition with a “useful distinction” and an observation to guide understanding—“Reputation is what other people know about you. Honor is what you know about yourself. [...] The friction tends to arise when the two are not the same.” (293, 386, 668–9).

Both Miles and Ekaterin are subjected to an acute form of that friction through the scandal-mongering about his (or their) supposed responsibility for Tien’s death, but both have pre-existing problems of honour, as their critical conversation in the attic of Vorkosigan House spells out. For Miles it is his imperial oathbreach in falsifying a report to Simon Illyan, an act of desperation intended to safeguard Admiral Naismith that instead killed him ; while for Ekaterin it is her decision, on the day before the night he died, to leave Tien, for which she had considerable justification but that nevertheless represented to her an abandonment of marriage-vows taken too young but grimly held to in honour despite the costs to herself and to Nikki—“Towards the end, my oath was the only piece of me left that hadn’t been ground down” (325, 427, 704). And whereas Miles has already, with Harra Csurik’s help, in some ways moved on, repenting, atoning, and taking oath again as a Lord Auditor, Ekaterin (despite being widowed before she could carry out her decision) seems still to think of herself as one dishonoured, unfitted to make vows, a conviction informing her determination that she will “never remarry” (9, 12, 343).

This aspect of Ekaterin is closely matched in Harriet Vane, for whom the sharper issue is less her public notoriety as a ‘fallen woman’ who once stood trial for murder than a private consciousness of having been fooled by her dead lover into abandoning her own

principles. Harriet too considers herself to have lost honour, as she angrily informs Peter early in *Gaudy Night*:

“You’d have been perfectly justified in telling me that I was making things more difficult for you by hanging around.”

“Should I? Did you expect me to tell you that you were compromising my reputation, when I had none to compromise? To point out that you’d saved me from the gallows, thank you very much, but left me in the pillory? To say, my name’s mud, but kindly treat it as lilies?” [*GN*, ch. 4]

Harriet’s “reputation” here re-compounds Aral’s honour and reputation, but when she and Peter finally return to the core problem she says directly that “It was myself I was sick of”, adding that she had felt unable to give Peter “base coin for a marriage-portion” (*GN* ch. 23). And as with Ekaterin’s prejudice about remarriage, that sense informs the alternative to marriage that Harriet considers throughout *Gaudy Night*, a withdrawal into cloistered academia.

Miles’s case and Peter’s are in one way distinct, for Peter has no equivalent of Miles’s earlier oathbreach to Illyan (and Gregor), but in the matter of premature and imprudent proposals they are very close, as Peter’s excoriating confession suggests:

“I had found you,” he went on, a little more quietly, “beyond all hope or expectation, at a time when I thought no woman could ever mean anything to me beyond a little easy sale and exchange of pleasure. And I was so terrified of losing you before I could grasp you that I babbled out all my greed and fear as though, God help me, you had nothing to think of but me and my windy self-importance. As though the very word of love had not been the most crashing insolence a man could offer you.” [*GN*, ch. 23]

The idiom is partly alien to Miles, but the self-loathing and selfish misstep that induces it are his to a T, reflected in the wording of the letter he sends Ekaterin : “*But I became terrified you’d choose another first. [...] So I used the garden as a ploy to get near to you. I deliberately and consciously shaped your heart’s desire into a trap. For this I am more than sorry. I am ashamed.*” (213, 281, 577).

As Miles half-understands, the matter is also entangled with the problem of Ekaterin's gratitude for his care of her and Nikki as the Komarr case unfolded, compounded by her initial delight in his garden commission—a nicely judged project that is “exactly the sort of thing” she wants to train to do (7, 9, 340). Her nascent fascination by Miles and the attractions hinted at in her attitude to his physical abnormalities and scarring, already inhibited by her consciousness of unpayable debt, are blighted by successive misapprehension and appalled, furious understanding of Miles's motives in gratifying her with the commission. The equivalent plot-strand in *Gaudy Night* allows Peter finally to overcome Harriet's gratitude for saving her life by allowing her, without protest, to risk it during their investigation, and there is a similar arc between Miles's self-defeating and private attempt to give Ekaterin a victory and her eventual grasp of such a victory for herself in so publicly defeating Richards Vorrutyer, on Miles's behalf as much as on her own.

The solution to the tangle of honours and inhibitions, gratuities and resentments, largely turns in both cases on the woman's development of a sense of mental and spiritual equality with the man that renders unimportant their differences of class and wealth and overcomes the uncertainties of honour. From her opening position in the dock in *Strong Poison* Harriet is morally as well as socially disadvantaged, and continues to feel so throughout *Have His Carcase*, but by the end of *Gaudy Night* she is able to remember that she as much as Peter has a first-class Oxford degree, while he has stopped trying to overwhelm and protect her, substituting genuine respect for paternalistic condescension. Similarly, one of the delights of *A Civil Campaign* is Ekaterin's growth into self-confidence, initially marked by that “first moment of spontaneous sensuality she'd felt since Tien's death” (16, 21, 351), developing with her displayed skills in garden and butterbug design, and her meetings with Simon and Gregor, and culminating in her triumph over Richards Vorrutyer at Vorhartung Castle.

Wimsey is one of the unhappily rare male protagonists in literature who genuinely wants a woman who is his equal, and finds her, and Miles, for all his romantic failings and horrible missteps, becomes in *A Civil Campaign* another—a grace for which he owes much to

Cordelia and Aral, and most to Ekaterin herself, but also more than a little (via LMB, of course) to Dorothy Sayers.

## William Shakespeare

Shakespeare is mutilated in North American high schools. Fortunately, I was immunized by seeing the Royal Shakespeare Company when I was 15, before the HS English system could do him in ; forever after, I *knew* better. One of the joys of my adult life was taking my kids to see *Twelfth Night* by the RSC at the Barbican in London before their high schools could get to them. Worked, heh. [LMB on Baen's Bar, 23 Feb. 1999]

LMB's knowledge of Shakespeare shows variously throughout her canon—discreetly in the twins theme embodied in Miles and Mark, for example, which echoes *The Comedy of Errors* and *Twelfth Night* ; more overtly in her perceptive remark in the roundtable 'Between Planets' that "Shakespeare has romances in all his plays! Some of them come to really bad ends, but they're always in there" (see <http://www.citypages.com/2004-05-26/arts/between-planets/4/>). And in *A Civil Campaign* his presence is particularly notable, not least as a structural influence. The most obvious instance is Lady Donna's transformation into Lord and eventually Count Dono, summoning the cross-dressed journey of many Shakespearean comedic heroines, but there are also (at minimum) the resonance between the situation Miles faces as a victim of slander and that of Prince Hal in the *Henry IV* plays ; the matter of *Hamlet*, which arises directly in conversation with Nikki in chapter 13 ; the connection with *Much Ado about Nothing* ; and the proliferation of terminal marriages.

Shakespeare first used the trope of the heroine who cross-dresses to undertake a journey in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Julia), and it is associated with his most radical comedic innovation, the journey into the 'green world' of meadow and wood. Both tropes recur (with variations and ironisations) in *Henry VI, Part One* (Joan of Arc), *The Merchant of Venice* (Portia, Nerissa), *As You Like It* (Rosalind), *Twelfth Night* (Viola), *All's Well that Ends Well* (Helena), and *Cymbeline* (Innogen) ; there are also male versions in *Love's*



*Labour's Lost* (the masked ball), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Bottom), *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Falstaff), *Measure, for Measure* (the Duke), and *King Lear* (Edgar). The cross-dressing by 'women' was primarily a response by Shakespeare to the Jacobethan prohibition of professional female actors and concomitant requirement for all female roles to be played by prepubescent boys, and as a device it dramaturgically turned a theatrical weakness into a performative strength and occasion for virtuoso performance—which is pretty much what Lady Donna/Lord Dono does in Barrayaran political terms. But the pairing of the cross-dressing with a journey during which the heroine is protected and enabled on her travels by her male guise, and the repeated construction of that journey as from the restrictions of a city or court to the relative freedoms of country life, gave Shakespeare the means to make cross-dressing also an exploration of gender roles and freedoms—and LMB has a great deal of updated fun with that aspect of the trope. The most telling moment is perhaps Dono's initial statement to Gregor about the way the world has changed in his new male experience, ever more so the closer he got to Barrayar (156, 204, 512), but in his interactions with almost everyone he meets there is gendered, broadly feminist comedy—not to mention Mark's priceless "Mother, surely" to Kou in the epilogue (397, 524, 787).

The biotechnological, surgical, and genetic basis of Donna's transformation into Dono is of course alien to Shakespeare, whose cross-dressers eventually unmask and marry as women—but that comedic romance trope of marriage goes a long way to explain Dono's terminal engagement to Olivia Koudelka. The fact that, when Richars's hired thugs attack Dono, Olivia in her dress is a far more deadly combatant than any of the uniformed men present, including Dono, also engages humorously with the kinds of female competence that Shakespeare gives to Joan, Portia, and Helena, and the kinds of incompetence-at-arms with which he gently mocks cross-dressed Julia, Rosalind, and Viola.

Miles's resonance with Prince Hal is less obvious, but both are slandered heirs whose own behaviour has to some degree invited the slander and who are for political reasons unable publicly to clear their names. Much of Shakespeare's finest writing about honour and reputation comes in the *Henry IV* plays, including speeches by Hal,

Falstaff, Hotspur, and Lady Percy (Hotspur's widow)—not least because all of these people are in some sense dissemblers, showing distinct public and private personae ; as Miles equally is, and does, for reasons both fair and foul. The disjunctions between their honours and reputations, what they know of themselves and what others know of them, are therefore acute, and the results (as Aral points out) tend powerfully to friction.

Additionally, the kind of Barrayanan political and constitutional thinking that allows such useful legal fictions as Gregor's capacity to appear and sometimes act as Count-Vorbarra-not-for-now-Emperor-Gregor are closely related to several historical theories of kingship, including the concept that Ernst Kantorowicz called the 'King's Two Bodies'—that is, the 'Body Natural' (the mortal, physical body) and the 'Body Politic' (an immortal, immaterial body identical and coextensive with the kingdom). Miles and Ekaterin discuss some relevant aspects of Barrayanan political theory in chapter 1 of *Komarr*, while others flicker throughout the discussions of Gregor's marriage in *A Civil Campaign* ; and the most concentrated literary study of the 'King's Two Bodies' on record is Shakespeare's 'major' or 'second tetralogy'—*Richard II*, *1 and 2 Henry IV*, and *Henry V*. Put another way, much of the political and constitutional thinking in *A Civil Campaign*, and much of the agonising about honour and reputation, make easier and deeper sense if you are familiar with the world of Shakespeare's English history plays—a notion deepened by the consideration that in the 1990s LMB belonged to a play-reading group in Minneapolis, and that in the winter of 1996–7, while *Komarr* was in progress, the group “worked through Shakespeare's history plays” (LMB, ‘Women Who Rock the World’, at <http://www.agirlsworld.com/amy/pajama/wmhistory/careers/lois/favorites.html>). One might even suppose Mark's remarkable corpulence and sometimes Jacksonian values to owe something to Falstaff!

Subjected to fast-penta by Ser Galen, Miles half-involuntarily revealed in chapter 9 of *Brothers in Arms* that he knows by heart *Richard III*, a play about a hunchback of astonishing wit, self-confidence, and determined will who quite ruthlessly seizes power. In context the resonances are profound and uncomfortable, for Richard Crookback claws his way up not least by killing his brother, but the general and more comedic similarities with Miles, especially when he

is being Admiral Naismith, need no elaboration. In *A Civil Campaign* there is also more than a touch of Richard's lust for power (if little of his brains) in the utterly self-serving ambitions of Richards Vorrutyer, and in the council-chamber climax the reversals implicit in Richards's contempt for Miles's 'mutancy' are intriguing. Yet at a critical moment in *Komarr* Miles renounces his Ricardian streak by again quoting Richard but this time with an addendum of his own : "Was ever woman in this humor wooed? Was ever woman in this humor won? I think not." (K, ch. 14, quoting R3 1.2.227–8). He has however another Shakespearean hero already lined up, and a little later in the plot, extracting Nikki from the Serifosa bathroom, thinks another line verbatim, "A hit, a very palpable hit." (K, ch. 16, quoting HAM 5.2.232)—and *Hamlet* duly rematerialises in full-blown form, and again principally with Nikki, in *A Civil Campaign*. (It is also quoted twice in *Cryoburn*, "A hit ..." again in ch. 13, and "Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest", 5.2.313, in ch. 1).

The cue is Nikki's uncertainty in chapter 13 about his duties of revenge, and while he thinks naturally of Captain Lord Vortalon it isn't hard to see why Miles's mind moves promptly to the Prince of Denmark—who was already in his thoughts, having been quoted on conscience and cowardice in chapter 10 (195, 257, 557, quoting HAM 3.1.84). Both the summary of the play that LMB gives to Miles and the scornful responses to it she gives to Nikki are very funny (259, 342, 629–30), but might also prompt readers to consider some wider resonances. *Hamlet* is, after all, in the first place a play about acting, in the fullest, paradoxical double-sense of 'doing rather than talking' yet also 'only pretending to do', and in the second place a wilfully complicated revenge tragedy set on by a ghost ; while Hamlet himself is another slandered heir, a bookish man called to unfamiliar action. Miles's problem is in most ways the opposite, his natural urge to immediate action having to be tempered in love and firmly controlled in politics : but the slanders to which he and Ekaterin are so vilely subject and the occasion that may call on Nikki for vengeance are purported outrage on behalf of Tien's ancestral ghost ; while the double-sense of 'act', 'acting' speaks to many aspects of LMB's plot, including Richards and his villainy, Donna–Dono's transformation, and Gregor's public and private roles in the dénouement.

More comically, there is also Kou's sudden turn as a Barrayaran *paterfamilias*, which shades perilously close to an identity as Pantalone, the pantaloon-father in Venetian *commedia dell'arte*—the stock-role on which Polonius is based. Such fathers are identifiable by their obsessions with their daughters' chastity and marriages, and the cost of their dowries—among Polonius's earliest lines are the saw “Neither a borrower nor a lender be” and the demand that Ophelia “Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence” (*HAM* 1.4.75, 121)—so the anxieties that beset Kou concerning Olivia and Mark fit right into the Polonian–Pantalonian mode.

The connection with *Much Ado about Nothing* is in one way overt, in another subtle and strongly integrated with the romance-work of the dedicatees. The overt element is that Miles directly quotes from the play once, in chapter 12, when he sensibly abandons his attempts to woo Ekaterin poetically because he “was not born under a rhyming planet” (*ADO*, 5.2.40, and see the annotation for 230, 305, 596). The subtler point lies in his connection with Benedick, who speaks that line, and in Ekaterin's with Beatrice, the play's heroine.

Most of Shakespeare's heroines, comic or tragic, are (like Juliet) no older than early or mid-teens—they were played by boys of 9 or 10 to 15 or at most 16—but there are exceptions, of which Beatrice in *Much Ado* is the most notable and beloved. Proud and resilient, but wounded and wearied by experience, she is perhaps Shakespeare's most outspoken and quick-witted heroine—which is saying something—and her relationship with Benedick (also wearied by experience) is *intellectually* one of equality and maturity from start to finish, in verbal combat as in the progress of self-knowledge and the readying of the independent self for passionate union rather than passionate dispute. In consequence Beatrice & Benedick stand behind the similarly grown-up yet still growing couples of three dedicatees' novels—Elizabeth Bennet & Fitzwilliam Darcy, Jane Eyre & Edward Rochester, and Harriet Vane & Peter Wimsey—so despite there being only one overt reference to *Much Ado*, the strong sense of its presence is not surprising.

It should also be noted that *Much Ado*, like *Gaudy Night*, is centred on vengeful slanders and turns twice on matters of personal honour in relation to death, when Count Claudio spurns Beatrice's cousin Hero at the altar (beginning her mock-death), and when

Beatrice demands of Benedick that he “Kill Claudio” (*ADO* 4.1.289)—a line that should be spoken very much as Ekaterin says to Simon Illyan “*Hang Vormoncrief*” (254, 335, 624). Shakespeare makes good on his title (as LMB on her subtitle), and all comes to naught, but both in this darker plot-strand and in the light-hearted conspiracy to fool Beatrice and Benedick into facing and confessing their mutual love the issues of honour and reputation swirl thickly—not only what you know, and what others know, about yourself, but also what others know about you that you don’t know, or don’t, won’t, admit that you know. The balance Shakespeare found in this comedy between light and dark is unusually deep, and that is also a reason for sensing its presence behind *A Civil Campaign*.

Finally, there are the many marriages and engagements that constellate the ending of *A Civil Campaign*—not only Gregor & Laisa, Miles & Ekaterin, and Mark & Kareen Koudelka, with the established betrothal of Delia Koudelka to Duv Galeni and pairing of Lady Alys with Simon Illyan, but also the engagement of Olivia Koudelka to Count Dono, and (icing on a cake already rivalling one of Ma Kosti’s) Mark’s hot speculation about Martya Koudelka and Enrique Borgos ; to which may be added—“honey a sauce to sugar”, as Touchstone has it (*AYL*, 3.3.26–7)—the minor orchestration of Lady Cassia Vorgorov & Lord William Vortashpula, the less minor ones of the Vorbretens and Vormuirs, and the major exemplars of successful and enduring reproductive marriage, the Vorthyses and the series-spanning Kou & Drou and Aral & Cordelia. Faced with only four pairs of lovers, the melancholy Jaques says towards the end of *As You Like It* that “There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark” (*AYL* 5.4.35–6), and even Shakespeare never attempted the *sixfold* deluge of major pairings that LMB cheerfully juggles into her conclusion ; let alone, counting all orchestrations, thirteen (he could barely have got them all on stage). The intensity of that cheer also provides an interesting formal and generic point, for Shakespeare often used the contrast of multiple marriages to complicate rather than intensify genre : in *Measure, for Measure*, for example, only one of the three definite and one possible marriages commands general assent, and even in *As You Like It*, an extremely sunny play, there are among the happy couples Touchstone and Audrey, whose “loving voyage”, if Jaques is to be believed, “is

but for three months victualled” (AYL 5.4.186–7). In *A Civil Campaign*, however, LMB seems wholly to endorse each of the achieved, promised, putative, and renewed unions, and despite the undeniably murky depths of all Barrayaran goings-on, the enormous emotional stresses of Miles’s great romantic error, the vile tactics of slander, and the queasy politics of the inheritance cases, the sense of pure comedic happiness that pervades the epilogue is unrivalled in her canon.

## Part II : ‘A comedy of biology and manners’

*A Civil Campaign* is unique among LMB’s work not only in its multiple literary dedication but also in having a subtitle. As the Vorkosiverse grew and prospered the commercial tag ‘A (New) (Miles) Vorkosigan Adventure’ was added to cover-designs, and there are of course the individual volume-titles of *The Sharing Knife*, a distinct case, but only *A Civil Campaign* has an intrinsic, specific addition : ‘A comedy of biology and manners’.

Generically speaking, a ‘comedy of manners’ is a known quantity, implying not simply a high comedy of wit and irony (as distinct from the low comedies of physical clowning and broad satire, such as slapstick and burlesque), but also a setting in fashionable and/or intellectual society and a preponderance of witty talk over muscular action. The parallel term ‘novel of manners’ has very similar implications : the label is often applied to works by Henry James and Edith Wharton, but also to Dorothy Sayers’s later Wimsey books, very much including *Gaudy Night* and *Busman’s Honeymoon* (which also has a provocative, generically directive subtitle, ‘A Love Story with Detective Interruptions’). But ‘a comedy of *biology and manners*’ both invokes and disturbs the tradition with which LMB engages, and brings readers face-to-face with a notable aspect of her popularity and genius as a novelist : that she is (as much as her father in his branches of the trade) a superlative generic engineer.

To the great complication and occasional croglement of List discussion, this necessarily involves the question of how readers understand genre. For many, thanks to schooling and reviewers, genres are like pigeon-holes, mutually exclusive categories into which all works are to be neatly sorted—but our own experience of almost all narrative, honestly considered, shows that it just ain’t so. As thousands of films, books, plays, and advertisements constantly demonstrate, multiple genres may and do co-exist within one work : a western can be at once exactly that but also a thriller, a screwball comedy, science-fiction, crime, and a tale of revenge with touches of steampunk, and all those genres are then in play as the narrative is consumed (ask *Wild, Wild West*). But not all genres co-exist equally

profitably—detective fiction and the ghost story, for example, are at fundamental odds—and it has been a profound part of LMB’s generic mastery to have pioneered new fusions and (to steal Adrienne Rich’s word, as LMB sometimes does) ‘revised’ old ones.

For practical literary purposes a genre needs to be understood not as a closed category, but as a name for a variable set of expectations. That means that it involves what is *excluded* as much as what is *included*: knowing that a film you’re watching is a western generates the expectation that at some point a man may ride into town, dismount, hitch his horse to railings, enter the saloon through swing-doors, walk to the bar, and order a drink—but if, when it happens, it’s a woman or an Amerindian doing those things; or the bar is closed; or the man doesn’t walk, but waltzes to the bar, and orders two cups of lemon tea and a dry martini, then expectations are disturbed, perhaps comically, perhaps quite otherwise. The whole process is dynamic, and the great game of genre for writers is to juggle the fulfilment of our expectations with the familiar and their denial in a new event, a ‘plot-twist’ that defeats or exceeds expectation to succeed (or fail) in its own terms. Thus genres evolve, in part through the emergence of subgenres as refinements of our expectations—not simply ‘comedy’ (in any case, like ‘tragedy’, a bloated ‘supergenre’ blunted by time and accumulation) but satyr-play, farce, burlesque, pastiche, parody, satire, and more recently silent comedy, black comedy, comedy of manners, sitcom, romcom, bedroom farce, sketch, stand-up, and many more; now including, thanks to LMB, the possibility of ‘biocom’. Moreover, the process of generating generic expectations begins with the names of the author, work, and in drama the venue, so that readers who come to *A Civil Campaign* knowing nothing of LMB or the Vorkosiverse, those who come to it as a sequel to *Komarr*, and those who come to it as (at present) the principal culmination of all the novels since *Shards of Honor*, are positioned to understand it very differently.

There are also the perennial issue of ironised inversions of generic conventions and the floating question of postmodern self-consciousness about genre—both of which are native to the Vorkosiverse and fundamental to Miles:

Over the course of my first three novels (still unsold, at that



point) both Miles's universe and my writing skills began to develop and grow. I do indeed use a somewhat generic 'space opera' galactic background, with an entirely bogus means for getting characters around the galaxy via 'wormhole jumps'. Since this violates both physics and economics, no one, least of all me, can consider my space-faring story-background to be serious futurism. It is instead a literary or psychological landscape, of high seriousness in quite another mode, a matter of metaphor. However, the actual sciences in the foreground of my science fiction are usually biology, medicine, genetics, and genetic engineering, and the focus is the stresses on people of technological change driving social change. Which is science fiction proper by any definition. The end result is a reasonably subtle blend of fantasy and futurism.

But Miles, as he developed, is in some ways very much a space opera counter-hero, or critique of the original genre, and indeed, of the whole male-adventure genre including James Bond and the like. (The term 'anti-hero' has another meaning, which does not apply to Miles.) Pick a heroic attribute, and Miles will be the opposite—tall, lantern-jawed, strong, handsome? Nope. Try short, fragile-boned, and odd-looking. A grandly tragic orphan, a loner, free of the cloying obligations of family? Nope—Miles has a plethora of living relatives to show up and annoy him. Goes through women like tissue paper? Nope—Miles's old girlfriends tend to hang around, still alive, stubbornly being themselves. Unselfconsciously heroic? Not Miles. He's a post-modern hero, and can't help being conscious of just about everything.

[ 'Miles, Space Opera, and Me' ]

On top of that, capping all, dealing with SF&F inevitably means that extra complexities abound in plausibility, extrapolation or projection, and historical reference, so that expectations of SF&F can and do vary more than is usual with realistic genres.

Yet intolerance of genre-engineering among SF&F readers can be surprisingly high:

[ *A Civil Campaign* ] most certainly is SF, but it's a question of

miscegenation—there are those who might feel that the *presence* of a romance element denies it its place rather than the *absence* of SFnal elements. I believe this to be a form of literary allergic reaction, and not susceptible to rational argument. [LMB to the List, 10 Dec. 1999]

The seeming paradox of such conservative SF&F readers is partly explained by the fact that such literary allergies are (*inter alia*) a symptom of the pigeon-holing, essentialist approach to genre—so that a novel must supposedly be of genre A or of genre B, and cannot be both. (For discussion see the unsigned article ‘Does [LMB] count as a hard science fiction writer?’, at <http://io9.com/5686125/does-lois-mcmaster-bujold-count-as-a-hard-science-fiction-writer>). Also central to the debate are a chronic uncertainty and misunderstanding induced by the many meanings of ‘romance’—all deriving ultimately from the sense ‘written in a romance language, not in Latin’, applied in the later middle ages to vernacular tales of chivalry and adventure. From that beginning the senses of the word have simultaneously broadened and subdivided ever since : both in French and German *roman* means simply ‘a novel’, but in English ‘romance’ has become popularly associated with an often derided mass-market subgenre typified by the Harlequin or Mills & Boon imprints, while in literary use it still has a dominant older sense and is used in opposition to ‘the novel’. How much difficulty misunderstandings of the sense intended may cause is suggested by one of the more erudite exchanges sparked by *A Civil Campaign*, between List members Debra Stansbury and James Burbidge (18–19 March 1999) ; James’s long post is available as a short essay, ‘The Novel, Romance, and the Recent Works of Lois McMaster Bujold’, with a rebuttal, ‘Satire or Romance’ by Sergei Alderman, both at <http://www.dendarii.com/reviews.html>, s. vv. ‘*A Civil Campaign*’. What the whole debate makes clearest is that readers who cling to narrow, fixed definitions of genres in general or romance in particular are pretty much doomed to misunderstand or severely reduce almost all LMB’s work, and especially the novels from *Mirror Dance* onwards, where for those with eyes to see literary genre-engineering of Cetagandan power and elegance is everywhere apparent.

The most recent edition of *The Oxford Companion to English*

*Literature* (2009) notes in a new entry on LMB that “she playfully combines generic modes from romantic comedy to dark psychological thriller”—a range one might flesh out with, at minimum, Golden-Age and military science fiction, space opera, and fantasy ; screwball comedy, farce, and comic horror ; crime and mystery ; the bildungsroman and doppelganger story ; allegory, and fairy-tale ; the gothic ; epic and tragedy ; satire ; general and specifically Regency romance ; and travelogue. *Shards of Honor* gave fair warning of the genre-engineering to come, for it is in many ways a troublingly dark novel, plunging readers into the vile realities of poor Dubauer’s fate, Ges Vorrutyer and Prince Serg, Bothari, and Ezar’s appalling, filicidal plot, with Aral’s besmirched and compelled place in it ; but it also has roots in kinder places:

Six years before I started writing [*Shards of Honor*], to entertain myself driving to work, I had worked out a vaguely *ST*-universe two enemies-lost-on-planetside scenario. You have only my word for this, by the way, as I am reporting on my private thoughts here. Nothing was ever written. When I did sit down in 1982 to write my original novel, I used some elements from this scenario in the opening chapters, while also drawing on not less than my whole life and everything I’d learned in it. [LMB to the List, 16 Oct. 1997]

That “whole life” and ‘everything learned’ helps to explain why *Shards of Honor* isn’t only a sometimes-dark novel that begins with “two enemies-lost-on-planetside”, but also a space-operatic epic, thriller, romance, and formally speaking comedy, driving to Cordelia’s legal and spiritual union with Aral ; a “gothic romance in SF drag”, as LMB calls it in ‘Putting It Together’ (in *VC*), that along the way serves up many other varieties of the comedic (structured as a comedy) and comic (funny), as well as tragic and tragicomic. And as if the bitter humour of the Barrayarans bemused by the uterine replicators the Escobarans return, the astonishing public farce Cordelia makes of Steady Freddie’s re-election plans, and the space-age Greek tragedy of Ezar’s filicide weren’t enough, LMB also serves up the appalling, unforgettable, and quite unclassifiable scene with tortured, torturous Bothari rampant, crouched over Cordelia in a

grotesque re-enactment of the Marquis de Sade that breathtakingly gives way to grace. And even that astonishing moment must be contrasted with two related scenes that bracket it like the distance-points of a perspectival picture—the brain-damaged Ensign Dubauer being waterboarded almost by reflex in a handy river by Barrayaran soldiers, and Dr Mehta being waterboarded almost insanely in a handy aquarium by Cordelia.

Nor did anything get simpler as the Vorkosiverse canon expanded, for as LMB has variously remarked:

The books are neither simple nor uniform, and I take some pride in never having written the same book twice. As the series grew, I also discovered the power of series books to comment on or critique each other, to re-examine questions previously dealt with, to explore the unintended long-range consequences of my characters' prior acts ; to explore a man's life through time. ['Miles, Space Opera, and Me']

I don't stick to one mode, which confuses people who think series books should be cut to standard shapes like cookies. Genre conventions—which I see as another term for reader expectations—are fun. There're so many things you can do with them—twist them, invert or subvert them, bounce things off them, ignore them, or even play them straight. Like the form of a sonnet, genre forms don't really constrain content, emotion, or meaning—you can write a sonnet about anything from love and death to HO-gauge model railroading, although I'm not sure anyone has done the latter, yet. Surprise, for example, is a literary effect that almost depends on the readers having expectations shaped by prior reads.

[‘A Conversation with [LMB]’, in VC]

Later books can actually critique earlier ones. And the second pass is often stronger. Such thematic pairs include *Shards of Honor* and *Barrayar*, *The Warrior's Apprentice* and *The Vor Game*, *Brothers in Arms* and *Mirror Dance*, *Komarr* and *A Civil Campaign* ... *Memory* and everything that went before it.

[Interview with Jo Walton, April 2009]

This running exchange between the books is as much an element of their genre-engineering as part of their overt plotting. *Brothers in Arms*, for example, is in places openly farcical, a screwball comedy as well as a full-blown twins-comedy of misrecognition, but oh, the *pain* involved, the fratricide averted and the patricide not ; and in being so it not only reilluminates Miles's relations with Aral and Piotr, and the great themes of parenthood and responsibility that run through *Shards of Honor* and *Barrayar*, but also interrogates the places of screwball comedy in *The Warrior's Apprentice* and *The Vor Game* as well as in *Mirror Dance*. Equally, LMB's homage to Golden-Age SF in *Falling Free* is matched by those to Golden-Age crime writing in *A Civil Campaign*, and to the great doppelgänger tradition stretching from Stevenson's *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886) to Le Guin's *A Wizard of Earthsea* (1968) in *Mirror Dance*—and all these salutes to received genres comment on and interrogate one another. Amid the echoing interrelations of all fifteen novels and four novellas, however, it is clear that with Miles's comprehensive, terminal-for-Naismith mistake in *Memory*, and the introduction of Ekaterin Vorvayne Vorsoisson in *Komarr*, a major shift takes place in the generic constellations.

One way of describing that shift would be to say that because Miles as a Lord Auditor is investigating cases rather than having Dendarii adventures—"on the damned defense, not the offense", as he ruefully notes (*K*, ch. 13)—an underlying model close to crime writing becomes dominant : in essence, one case, one book. LMB had used that model before, notably in 'The Mountains of Mourning' and *Cetaganda*, but in the sequence of *Memory*, *Komarr*, *A Civil Campaign*, *Diplomatic Immunity*, and *Cryoburn* it is a constant—and the shift is also, like the great transformation effected by Sayers in the crime series-novel during the 1930s, intimately connected with the protagonist's marriage, and hence to the overt introduction of romance with its close scrutiny of private feelings and natural terminus in union. Marriage is also the formal ending of a large swathe of narratives from classical Athenian 'New Comedy' on, and dominates the romance novel-of-manners subgenre to which all the primary intertexts belong—so that, confronted on one of LMB's title-pages with a "comedy of biology and manners" there are many reasons to stop and think rather carefully.

To begin with, *A Civil Campaign* is linked to *Komarr* more directly than any other two Vorkosiverse novels are linked, even *Shards of Honor* and *Barrayar*, for those were written some years apart (as LMB explains in the ‘Author’s Afterword’ in *Cordelia’s Honor*) but these in close sequence:

Martin Bonham asked [...] how far in advance do I plan the Miles books?

Usually, one book at a time. In other words, I know about as much about what is going to happen next in Miles’s life as he does, and have nearly as much chance of guessing wrong. The series mutates as it is written, its future changing with the accidents and new possibilities raised by each succeeding book. New ideas or characters or settings appear, old ones are abandoned or expanded or twisted. Ideally, each book stands alone and so potentially, each book could be the last.

The *Komarr/Civil Campaign* duo form an exception ; for once, I got onto a theme and series of events I could *not* handle in one volume. I might have left the story arc at the end of *Komarr*, done something else in between, and got back to it, but from my point of view at the end of *Komarr*, the story I wanted to tell was not finished. *A Civil Campaign* insisted upon itself. It does make me feel as though I’ve been writing the same damned book for the last three years, though.

(Head ’em off at the pass note : the thriller/science plot of *Komarr* was finished at the end of the volume. The emotional story arc is the one that gets continued. There [is] new action (if you can call [it] that), well, intrigue plots in [*A Civil Campaign*]*—two out of three of the plotlines are unrelated to Komarr, the third is a continuation. The body count is appropriate for a comedy of manners. [...]*)

[LMB to the List, 21 Dec. 1998]

The pairing of the novels also served other purposes:

I really, really wanted to write a lighter book after *Memory*. I didn’t think I could, or should, attempt two thematically ‘big’, emotionally draining books in a row. It’s like spacing

pregnancies too close together ; it leeches the minerals out of one's bones. But *Komarr* lay across my path to everything else; it had to be done first.

*Komarr* is the romantic drama, *A Civil Campaign* the romantic comedy. After all, Miles had two births, and will have two deaths, why shouldn't he have two romances? On a practical level, the split of the emotional plot of story into two halves was to solve a problem of tone. I could not have combined the material I dealt with in *Komarr* with a comedy of the goofiness I desired in the same book. It would have been too schizophrenic even for me.

[*Miles in Love*, 'Afterword' ; 'Putting It Together', in *VC*]

The unusual degree of linkage creating an inset diptych underlies some of the potent sense in which (allowing for 'Winterfair Gifts' and *Diplomatic Immunity* as codas) *A Civil Campaign* brings the whole series home—not quite with that 'click of a closing box' that Yeats heard in rightful artistic closure, but nevertheless with audible resolution, as a fugue into its tonic key.

Properly, [the saga] should have ended at the end of *A Civil Campaign*—all comedies are supposed to end in weddings, Shakespeareanly, and the stories are ultimately comedies in the broadest sense, life-affirming. But I was weak, alas, and three times have been suckered into going on. Codicils, all codicils now. Unless they suddenly turn into crocodiles, not ruled out.

[Interview with Jo Walton, April 2009]

Those "stories" are the Vorkosiverse novels *tout court*, and Miles's triumphant engagement to Ekaterin in *A Civil Campaign*, conjoined with Gregor's equally triumphant and politically far more important marriage to Laisa, spirals around to overfly the union of Cordelia and Aral ending *Shards of Honor*, where everything began. There is also an intriguing echo of C. S. Forester, often credited by LMB as a series model, whose first three Hornblower novels were immediately issued as a trilogy, *Captain Hornblower, R. N.* (1939)—a trilogy that is framed as romance, ending in his triumphant engagement for a second marriage, and was the first Hornblower LMB encountered, in

the early 1960s—borrowed through her friend Lillian Stewart (Carl) from Professor Stewart, like LMB's father an engineer (but agricultural) at Ohio State University (LMB on Baen's Bar, 17 Sept. 2009).

This sense of marital completion draws attention to the truth LMB expressed to Jo Walton, that her master genre has always been comedy, if only in that Miles *survives* ; she has constantly done her worst to him, including killing the poor man by blowing him to pieces, yet he survives to love and laugh, and laughs because he is alive to do so. In one sense Miles's whole life, from womb and replicator to post-cryorevival marriage is a 'comedy of biology and manners', and having been denied for years a girlfriend who could deal both with him and with Barrayar, he at last finds the loving match his and Cordelia's long comedy of survival demands. In mid-series romance usually fails, as in *The Vor Game* or *Cetaganda*, and tragedy may supervene, as in 'The Borders of Infinity' when Sgt Beatrice falls to her death—but even that trauma is hauled back into the light and despatched in *Komarr*, chapter 5, and the subtitle of *A Civil Campaign* is part assurance, part bold declaration, that All is Coming Right at Last.

There is, however, a potent irony at work within this resolution, for in so far as *A Civil Campaign* is self-consciously a Regency romance the expected triumph is properly Ekaterin's rather than Miles's—and whether one considers the come-uppance she deals to Richars, her assistance in the marketing of butter bugs and their butter, or her central battle-of-the-sexes romance with Miles, it is no more than justice to say that she does indeed triumph. LMB has explored this point in abstract terms at least twice : the first comment was posted during a List discussion of 'guy books' and 'gal books' anticipating the publication of *A Civil Campaign*:

**Louann Miller:** [Girl books] are the ones where... nothing happens. [The heroines win] a comfortable lifestyle and a good sex life ... but nothing they do makes a difference outside their social circle.

**LMB:** I think this is a correct perception of the book types in question, but whenever I contemplate this I think of the irony, I'm sure deliberate, in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, where Prince



[Bolkonsky] goes off to the War of 1812, *survives* his adventures, and returns home to find Princess [Bolkonsky] dead in childbirth. In all times prior to our own, women *had* their own war, a war for life, with a body count to match or exceed anything the guys racked up on the field. They didn't require another arena for heroism.

**Louann:** What I can't understand is why Mrs. Average who answers the phone in the tire plant office (and raises three kids in her spare time) reads Girl Books. Doesn't she get enough limitation in real life ... ?

**LMB:** I can answer that in two words : Servant Envy. The one thing that all those romantic heroines *escape* is domestic drudgery. I mean, really, all those scenes of the Ancestral Home, with the servants lined up bowing and scraping to inspect the new bride—to the apartment dwelling or mortgage-burdened woman, up to her ears in sludge, drudge, screaming and vomit from several species, bills, and unhappy sex or lack of same, the idea of being a pampered beauty having nothing to worry about, really, but what lovely clothes to wear to impress the sugar daddy is pretty damned seductive.

Also, in those romances, *the woman wins*. It's her needs, her agenda, that get met in the end ; however (apparently) domineering the Dark Hero, he is her willing slave when the dust settles.

Rest. And being valued. Whee! No wonder women gobble these down like popcorn.

The unfortunately pernicious part about these tales is that the methods demonstrated don't work for real women in real life to achieve the ends desired. You can't force anyone to value you. And if you really want servants—or rest—you're better off turning your attention to making a pile o' money of your own.

[Louann and LMB to the List, 1 April 1999]

The second comment was posted when the same topic recurred during discussions of *The Sharing Knife: Legacy*:

My own take on the two genres is that in romance, characters get to *say* things readers would never get to say in real life but

wish they could, to vicariously triumph over those who oppress them, and in guy-books, characters get to *shoot* folks readers would never get to shoot over in real life but wish they could, to vicariously triumph over those who oppress them.

[LMB to the List, 2 Feb. 2008]

This later post is provocatively reductive and funny, but the last sentences of the wider-ranging 1999 post summon the difficulties faced (and surmounted) in *A Civil Campaign* by Kareen (and Martya) Koudelka, and the intricate counterpointing of *that* happy ending (with the means whereby they come to it) with the more complex resolution to which Miles and Ekaterin win through is one sign of how subtle, multilayered, and hence emotionally polyvalent LMB's applied genre-engineering is. There are also the darker-toned orchestrations, not only in the reputedly marriage-killing Richards Vorrutyer and his fate, but the other troubled and traumatised couples—the Vormuirs, Vorbrettens, and even Koudelkas.

The potent presence of comedy and romance of manners thus does *not* for one moment mean that slates are wholly wiped clean, nor that pain and scarring cease to exist—as Kate Nepveu noted in an excellent review the “form does not make the pains suffered along the way any less real” (<http://www.steelypips.org/reviews/acc.html>). Cordelia's management of the elder Koudelkas, for example, *depends* on old pain, whatever joy it germinates—but form, genre, and generic engineering do account for the ineluctably mounting joy of *A Civil Campaign* as events Work Themselves Out and resolution is achieved. Formal comedy triumphs, as is proper given LMB's dedication, and for all the vagaries of Barrayar as a society that ‘eats its own young’ and the accumulated pain of reaching this generically valorised apogee does so primarily through the nuanced manners of conversation, as is equally proper. Miles has, after all, always insisted on disorienting vertigo at such moments, and there is no reason to suppose romantic victory exempt from the problem.

One should also note that in narrative terms *A Civil Campaign* is by some way the most complex of LMB's novels, using no less than five points-of-view : Miles, Ekaterin, Mark, Kareen, and Ivan. No other Vorkosiverse novel except *Falling Free* uses more than two, and as LMB is very careful in constructing each point-of-view—so

that, for example, choice of adjectives and metaphors is consistent with the character's experiences and outlook—there is a great deal of comedic potential as well as psychological insight in the contrasts of perception. LMB has remarked:

I also explored the multitude of options of technology-meets-romance, what-happens-next? news-at-11 through the three—or rather, two-and-a-half—parallel couples who had the viewpoints, with sidelights from others. Properly speaking, the book ought to have had six viewpoints, but Donna/Dono's was missing ; I think my back-brain did that on purpose.

[*Miles in Love*, 'Afterword']

Quite what that back-brain purpose was is left for readers to conjure, but the subtle asymmetry involved, and the complexities of triangulating viewpoints that may complement or clash with one another, certainly informs the generic complexities of *A Civil Campaign*.

At the same time, LMB's careful structuring of the viewpoints within their chapters silently contributes potent senses of balance and solidity:

- 1 - Miles - Ekaterin - Ivan
- 2 - Kareen - Kareen - Miles
- 3 - Miles - Ekaterin - Mark
- 4 - Ivan - Kareen
- 5 - Ekaterin - Mark
- 6 - Kareen - Miles
- 7 - Mark - Ivan
- 8 - Ekaterin - Ivan
- 9 - Miles
- 10 - Mark - Ekaterin - Miles
- 11 - Kareen - Ekaterin
- 12 - Ivan - Mark - Miles
- 13 - Ekaterin
- 14 - Miles - Mark - Ivan
- 15 - Ekaterin - Miles
- 16 - Ekaterin - Kareen

17 - Ekaterin - Ivan

18 - Miles - Ekaterin - Miles - Kareen

19 - Ekaterin - Ivan - Kareen - Miles - Mark

Epilogue - Miles - Miles - Kareen - Mark - Ivan - Ekaterin

Most obviously, the central and pivotal chapter 9 is the first to have an undivided point-of-view and is of double the usual length, while the two undivided chapters, 9 and 13, centrally pair Miles and Ekaterin, but gender and other balances extend. The all-male chapters 7 (Mark–Ivan), 12 (Ivan–Mark–Miles), and 14 (Miles–Mark–Ivan) are matched by the all female chapters 11 (Kareen–Ekaterin) and 16 (Ekaterin–Kareen) ; while Ekaterin’s solo in chapter 13 is bracketed in chapters 12 and 14 by the mirror symmetry of Ivan–Mark–Miles–Miles–Mark–Ivan. The climax of the action is also clearly marked, as chapter 18 rises for the first time to four viewpoints (repeating Miles but omitting only Mark and Ivan, whose longest and most meritorious section ends chapter 17), while both chapter 19 and the epilogue rotate in turn through all five, weaving everyone in to the final feast. Overall, Miles gets fourteen sections, Ekaterin thirteen, Mark eight, and Kareen and Ivan nine each, while Miles begins six chapters, Ekaterin seven, Kareen three, and Mark and Ivan two each—a cultivated equality of principals, and of secondary characters, framed, inevitably by Miles with the first section, and very rightly by Ekaterin with the last.

And *then*, not after all but beneath and intertwining with the whole structure from the very beginning, there is at the heart of the genre-engineering this matter of biology, a part of the larger intellectual and imaginative challenge that LMB lays down to her readers. She was predominantly a biology major in college with “briefer tours through aborted majors in English, Education, and Pharmacy”, and has worked “in a pharmaceutical plant as both a line packager and a laboratory technician, as a clerk in a drug information office [...], and as a hospital drug administration technician” (LMB, email to the editors, 24 Feb. 2011)—so it is not surprising that the riffs she runs on biotechnology have been and are wonders to behold.

Biology and biotechnology have always been central features of the Vorkosiverse. One of LMB’s earliest non-fiction essays was ‘Allegories of Change: The “New” Biotech in the Eye of Science

Fiction' (1989), collected in *Dreamweaver's Dilemma*, and an article by List member and professional biologist Tora K. Smulders-Srinivasan in *The Vorkosigan Companion* discusses uterine replicators, cloning, genetic engineering, and cryonics—but biotech is quite proper to SF at large and certainly does not intrinsically disturb the genre, as it tends to disturb romance. One interesting clue about how that disturbance is managed here is that LMB informed the List, during the discussion of *A Civil Campaign*, that the “butter bugs, and the bug butter, are also a fertility symbol” (see the annotation for **You have to come see my butter bugs**, 80, 104, 423). The critical biological issues involved are all (as befits a comedy) reproductive, either directly so—Dono Vorrutyer's fertility as a man, René Vorbretten's great-grand-paternal gene-complement, Cordelia's and Aral's hunger for grandchildren, and the whole saga of Enrique Borgos and his escaped, liveried, and redesigned butterbugs ; or indirectly so—Gregor's marriage to a non-Vor, and its corollary, the unresisted paternal gene-complement inherited by Richards Vorrutyer that aligns him with the evils of Yuri and Serg. There is also, very much in the foreground, the pairing of Miles and Mark, object lessons in the distinctions of mutagenic, teratogenic, and wilfully created deformation, and more generally in what one might call the true and false limits of biology—which has, as long-term readers may recall, been Cordelia's touchstone from the beginning. And there are even the many determined kittens-with-attitude of the schizophrenic Zap, playing their own feline parts with Ma Kosti's food, butter bugs, and the tanglefields guarding Vorkosigan House. Comedy is at heart a literature of romance, of sex and reproduction, because it is the literature of survival and gain, as tragedy is the literature of bereavement and loss, so if biology *doesn't* fit right in there, it *ought* to, as a natural modern extension and reanalysis of what has always properly been in central comedic focus.

It is telling that one principal biological plot-strand, Enrique and the butter bugs, twice has the effect of pulling the high comedy of manners down into much lower and broader physical comedy. His sadly misconceived presentation of the liveried butter bugs at the dinner-party, closely followed by the kittens' chase-revelation of their escape, leads to Miles strangling Enrique until interrupted by Ekaterin and to the roaring farce of the evening mock-epically

“*sinking. All souls feared lost*” (180, 237, 540). And the arrival of Parole Officer Gustioz to arrest Enrique precipitates the great bug-butter-fight in chapter 19, a tribute to what is reputedly the largest pie-fight in cinematic history, ending Blake Edwards’s film *The Great Race* (1965).

Equally, in parallel, the politicised biologies of the Vorbretten and Vorrutyer inheritance cases also lower the tone and coarsen the grain of events, descending respectively into the spiteful slander of Miles that devastates Nikki and the crude cruelty of Richars’s attack on Dono—Richars being associated with cruelty to children (and animals), and Dono’s threatened genitals being as yet immature, if not exactly pre-pubescent. In one sense the body has always been associated with low comedy, as the mind with high, but LMB greatly develops that basic truth and (true to Cordelia’s Betan technocracy) fuses into the pattern intellectual understanding and visceral rejection of higher genetic and medical science—a paradigm stretching back to Cordelia’s confrontation with Aral over the uterine replicators returned by the Escobarans in *Shards of Honor*, chapter 11.

By and large, therefore, the intellectual understanding and right application of higher biology is life-giving and life-preserving, and so properly associated not only with comedy but also in its intellectuality with manners. And yet, at the same time, there are things to make us genuinely uneasy in these new dispensations of biology. Ekaterin’s redesign of butterbugs as glorious bugs is a triumph ; but how close is Enrique’s careless, hasty design to the treatment of the Quaddies in *Falling Free* ? or to Count Vormuir’s ghastly plan for *his* ‘girls’ ? And one need look no further than Earth today for people whose reaction to a Dono is at least as violent and vile as that of Lord Richars ; whose quite widely known and acknowledged vileness is on Barrayar no impediment to his right to inherit and rule a District, and whose descent to street-thuggery could have wounded comedy as mortally as it almost did Dono, had Olivia and Ivan not been on hand to rescue both. When almost all is said and done in *A Civil Campaign* there is the compacted comic delight of Kou muttering that Dono is old enough to be Olivia’s father and Mark replying “Mother, surely” (397, 524, 787)—a two word remark drawing *very* densely on comedic tradition ; after which we are abruptly reminded, via the haut Pel Navarr and Ghem-General Benin,

of the Cetagandans, with all that *they* might mean by ‘biology’—a threat made good in *Diplomatic Immunity*.

Thus it is that the more informed readers are in confronting *A Civil Campaign*, the more they may find they have advanced to what Miles so memorably calls “new and surprising levels of bafflement” (*K*, ch. 16). And if a reader proceeds to ‘Winterfair Gifts’ and *Diplomatic Immunity* there are the bioengineered neurotoxin sent to Ekaterin as a wedding-gift and the renegade foetus-napping Ba to factor in. How dark exactly things are for Barrayar, or may be beneath the deep glitter of romance (not to mention neo-feudalism), is a subject that the List endlessly debates ; what no-one can sensibly dispute is that as LMB’s career has progressed, from *Shards of Honor* to *Diplomatic Immunity* and into the worlds of *The Curse of Chalion* and *The Sharing Knife*, her subtlety and complexity—and deeply satisfying reward—as a novelist have progressed in tandem. Without ever ceasing to grip and amuse as page-turners, or losing the gift for those one-liners her fans sensibly adore, her novels have also become ... bigger, weightier, not as doorstops but in reaching out in more and other directions, engaging wider readerships while holding fast to old ones. That could not be so without her uttermost grasp of genre, of what we as readers expect, deserve, and must be content with, sometimes as rude slaps in the face, but also, here at least, as iron-souled, meatfast, very funny and enduring comfort—a “comedy of biology and manners” triumphantly worthy of LMB’s house.

## Part III : Annotations

### the process of composition

I don't write every day. I wish I could. My baseline is if I produce two chapters a month I'm doing enough. [...]□

I will spend four or five days when I'm closing in on a chapter, mentally working out the sequencing of scenes, the plot, characters and dialogue. I script dialogue often before I write it and come up with the ideas the night before and then put it together on the computer the next day.□

And then I'll have three or four days, which is quite sufficient, to sit down with the computer and do significant chapter work. Usually it takes about four sessions on the computer to get a chapter. I'll get four or five pages each time I sit down. And then put it all together, print it out and run it through the review process. So, it's a two week cycle for a chapter. □

You know, the rest of my day is an ordinary woman's day. I get up and my kids pretty much get themselves off to school now because they're older. [...] It gives me a block of working time if I don't fiddle it away. And after the kids come home from school, I do the groceries, I do the laundry, I do all the usual life-support running around that women do. □□

Sometimes I go out to lunch with friends. It's very nice, this life as a writer, because it's so unscheduled. But that's also dangerous because there's nobody to make you work. You have to have discipline or passion ... getting the thing written has to be more important than any other thing in your life. And, I think the people who become writers are the ones who have that kind of drive. It's like it has to be finished. This is more important than the laundry or the dishes or many, many other things.

[LMB in interview, 'Women Who Rock the World', 1997  
<http://www.agirlsworld.com/amy/pajama/wmhistory/careers/lois/myday.html>]



I am pleased to say that, after losing most of December to various distractions, I *have* been writing all week. To what effect, I cannot yet tell : at present the New Thing rather resembles a 500 piece jigsaw puzzle with 550 pieces. But there's a novel in here somewhere, I know.

[LMB to the List, 1 Jan. 1998, in 'New Year Message']

My Inner Adult works like a donkey, and without her I wouldn't survive—but she doesn't write books. (Though she does copy-edit them, and drive manuscripts to the post office, and boring stuff like that.)

The books are written by the part of me I conceptualize as my Inner 13-Year-Old. (And you may presume that any Inner 13-Year-Old who survives to age 50 is one tough chick.) She's the erratic genius, in the old Roman sense, who sends up the inner visions whose outward drive powers the whole process. Fiendishly self-centered, she's interested in only one thing—*her* ideas. Send down any other demand, and she responds by going on strike, and the book grinds to a halt, sometimes for terrifying weeks at a time. Worse, sometimes she doesn't send up any visions, she just makes me *guess*. (My Inner 13-Year-Old reminds me a lot of the insane nephew in [Joseph Kesselring's] play *Arsenic and Old Lace* [1939] who thought he was Teddy Roosevelt, of whom his well-meaning aunt remarked, "Once, we tried to get him to be Abraham Lincoln, but he just stayed under the bed and wouldn't be anybody.")

My Inner 13-Year-Old is the fulcrum upon which the entire economic superstructure of my adult life rests. But if she could be bribed, I might have been writing *Star Wars* novels for the last five years, any one of which would have out-sold my entire 17-year career output piled together. I'm sorry to say, she's even immune to the far more beguiling Publisher whimpering and writhing in pain.

She can't spell, and her idea of grammar resembles a train wreck. But she's where Miles comes from, and all the rest of the gaudy crew too (she is large ; she contains multitudes). And she does Theme, sometimes, but only if I close my eyes and

promise not to peek. And she does all the Structure. And when, sometimes, the whole wild snake-tangle of plot and character and theme all comes together at the end into one neat, stunningly braided design, she's *insufferably* smug. (And when it doesn't, she always claims it's somebody else's fault.) In a lot of ways, she's not a Nice person. But then, Nice isn't her job ...

Just a little peek into the process from this side.

[LMB on Baen's Bar, 21 March 1999]

## the process of editing

[**John Helfers:**] *Please describe the typical editorial process with one of Lois's books.*

[**Toni Weiskopf:**] She writes, I read. It seems to me Lois really doesn't require a lot of editorial input. There have been occasions, as with any writer, that a particular point will need talking out, and I'm happy to be able to provide an interested ear for that process. Sometimes a stray comment, like mentioning I thought *A Civil Campaign* needed more of a science fictional feel, will be answered in odd ways, like, say, butter bugs. [‘A Conversation with Toni Weiskopf’, in VC]

## the MS

The book is done, or rather, the first Baen submission draft is completed and turned in. Jim Baen is reading it this weekend, I understand. Presumably, there will be some editorial suggestions to consider and one last run-through before it goes off to become galleys, but *not this week*. *Not*. I'm still fighting the virus from hell, and after that, Christmas.

A few statistics—you don't, after all, want spoilers ... Final manuscript was a bit over 171,000 words, which makes it literally a double length book (my contracts always call for a minimum wordage of 80,000). Double-spaced final manuscript, cheating and using a type size one smaller than standard, ran to 640 pages. I believe it's the longest thing I've ever done ; readerly complaints about all those authors who, in their late careers, turn in bricks because no one will edit them

anymore ring dauntingly in my memory, but jeeze, the thing has five viewpoints and three major plots, after all.

This is also the first time I've turned in a manuscript over the internet. It worked fine. [LMB to the List, 20 Dec. 1998]

And, in response to suggested division for publication:

Naw. It doesn't split sensibly ; effectively, it's more like three fat novellas intertwined, really, because of the three main plots—except that they cross each other causally. It will just be one damn-all huge \$25+ hardcover, I suppose. Start saving your lunch money now, sigh. [LMB to the List, 21 Dec. 1998]

**dust-jacket / cover illustration** Patrick Turner's illustration for the dust-jacket of the Baen hardback first edition and the cover of the mass-market paperback, showing an improbably blonde and slim Laisa dancing with Gregor in parade red-and-blues while six similarly clad and pout-chested guards look on, is by and large hooted at on the List, and various stories of friends put off by it from reading *ACC* at all have been reported.

To be fair to Mr Turner, however, the dancing motif is a staple of romance, especially Regency romance, as is the attraction of uniform, and the uniform he gave Gregor has interesting features (differing from those of the guards) that recall male period costume in Heyer—a cut-away top coat and piped breeches worn with top-boots (more clearly visible in the art-only version included on the *Cryoburn* CD). If framing the dance against a backdrop of futuristic skyscrapers and obscured, rather pastel fireworks seems awkward, and isn't helped by the superimposed butterbugs crawling about, that only testifies to how astonishingly LMB manages to integrate and manage the very different elements of her intertextual SF romance of biology and manners. When Turner's illustration was first posted by Baen LMB commented:

I regard that cover with a peculiar combination of postmodern(\*) delight and economic terror. My personal view is that the long-standing antipathy—sometimes quite violent—between romance and SF is moronic, on both sides, and it is

past time someone knocked it upside the head. Both/and, not



either/or. But book-buying persons often have personal and traumatic histories for these respective allergies, and fighting a lifetime and a whole culture's worth of social conditioning is

no mean feat.

I too was one of those people who wouldn't touch romance or other 'girly' books with a barge pole for many years. It would, I fancied, have got me down-checked in some mysterious way ; if not made me stupid, certainly made me treated as if I were. (This latter was of course a correct perception.) In my more feminist old age, I am beginning to look at the roots of this phenomenon, and say, "Wait a minute ... who the hell set up these rules, and how are they getting away with it ... ? And whose agenda is it really advancing?"

(\* ) Postmodern is my New Word for the week. I *knew* I knew exactly what I was doing, and I knew it wasn't nostalgia, either, but I never had a word for it. Now I do. Postmodern space opera, heh. [LMB to the List, 16 March 1999]

When the design was finalised by Baen, she added:

The cityscape behind the dancers is silvered, which, while it doesn't exactly enhance the artwork, is one of those "this book is important" markers so important for swaying distributors (who don't read books, only glance at the covers, when deciding how many copies to order—and therefore, in the aggregate, how many copies the publisher will print. Print runs are not set until *after* initial orders are taken). There are also a couple of butter bugs crawling on the spine, *snicker*. The back has some very pretty artwork indeed next to the usual review quote list, a sword entwined with Barrayaran roses. Some extremely fine detail work there.

The Laisa figure on the front doesn't look any plumper to me, oh well. Her dress is very pretty, albeit not at all like the garments I describe in the text ... the "Princess Di" dress style is doubtless the cultural visual shorthand for "royal bride" for this generation, I suppose. I'm told the artist imagined the two rows of uniformed fellows as the *exceptionally* humorless ImpSec guards Gregor chose to guard his get-away. I do like the interpretation of the parade red-and-blues, nicely Ruritanian. In all, I'm pleased with it. It's both romantic and,

thanks in part to the butter bugs, slightly twisted, a not-misleading representation of the tone of the book inside.

[LMB to the List, 12 May 1999]

In commercial practice, however, problems soon became apparent:

I'd stopped into my nearest Barnes & Noble yesterday to check on *ACC*—it had finally arrived! A respectable, if not impressive, seven copies. The desk clerk said it was still in the back room, but sent me down there to find someone who would get it out for me to sign in the secret stock room labeled 'Employees Only'. [...]

After a side trip to a utility closet also marked "Employees Only" (I thought of Tav Calhoun [in *WA*]), I found the B&N stock room. It was a tiny room for such a large store, stacked halfway to the ceiling with books in incredible disarray [...]. Three desperate-looking women peopled the chaos; I buttonholed the one who appeared to be in charge, and after some hunting, we found my seven copies [...].

[...] I carried them out onto the deceptively serene floor myself, feeling guilty about interrupting the poor woman, and signed and shelved them. For an experiment, I carried two copies over to the Romance hardcover section and put them up, just to see what they'd look like there, and check the imputed potential cross-selling properties of my cover. (I have lately learned that romance authors Mary Jo Putney and Jo Beverley are also Bujold readers, as well as Jean Auel.)

Sigh.

The hardcover romance novels of the 90's, it appears, have dust jacket art that is elegant, beautiful, dramatic, and sophisticated. Sitting next to them, *ACC* just looked ... goofy.

Grant you, it *is* a comedy. In fact, if you are called upon to try and describe the book to as wide a potential readership sweep as possible, I suggest you simply tell people that it's a comedy; that was the word that brought the most look of enlightenment to my B&N book slave's face when I was trying to explain the book to her in a way that wouldn't automatically make her run screaming.

But that cover is not a romance cover. It is nothing *like* a real romance cover.

On the bright side, Larry Smith, Bookseller, an old convention friend of mine from Columbus, Ohio, reports that he sold 87 copies at the NASFiC in Anaheim [...]. It was their top-selling title. Sally Kobe, his wife and partner, did note in passing that the cover is surprisingly hard to see against a backdrop of other books; people would come up to the table asking for it, and she'd have to reply, "It's under your hand."

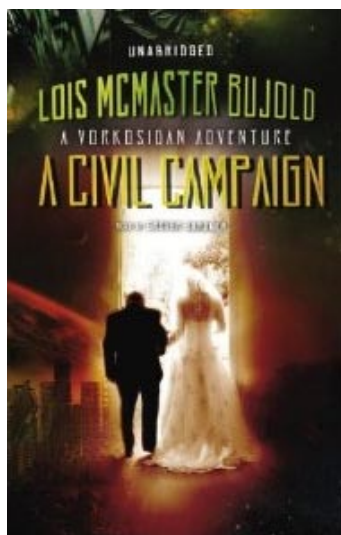
[LMB to the List, 4 Sept. 1999]

But with time the cover proved itself, despite the problems it posed for some:

The *ACC* cover could have been much worse, the Internet promotion certainly made up for some of its reader-repelling qualities, and most importantly, it repelled a *different* slice of the readership than prior covers, with luck widening my nets. Once I've got 'em past the covers, it doesn't matter what's on the outside of the book, as long as it has my name spelled right.

[LMB to the List, 10 Dec. 1999]

Turner's work is also validated by comparison with the much darker illustration for the cover of the Blackstone Audiobooks edition:



Politer list comments include Katherine Collett's question "Why is a Sontaran standing next to Laisa?" and Megaera's "that picture makes Miles look like Quasimodo" (Katherine and Megaera to the List, 14 Nov. 2010). Then there is Fred Gambino's *Earthlight* (UK mmpb) cover ([http://www.dendarii.co.uk/Covers/British/acc\\_uk.jpg](http://www.dendarii.co.uk/Covers/British/acc_uk.jpg)), which also did not illustrate anything found in *ACC* ; replying to List member Martin Bonham, LMB remarked:

As an image, the *Earthlight ACC* cover is a nice piece of artwork. Well composed, well painted. Your cognitive dissonance and distress, Martin, is merely because you've read the book, and are wondering what the hell this picture has to do with *ACC*. Granted, anyone who buys the book on the basis of this cover art may be in for a very surprising read. (I haven't seen the cover copy, so I don't know whether it, too, is so misleading, or whether it acts as an expectation corrective.) On the other hand, no one will be embarrassed to be seen reading this unexceptionable-looking cover on a train (although seat mates may wonder why they're giggling ...)

My best guess is that the cover's main marketing function is to mask what the publishers imagine to be the sales-killing taint of romance and femininity. Since *ACC* is simultaneously a romantic comedy, and an examination under an SF knife of the assumptions and tropes of both real-life romance and the



romance genre, this distancing stance is a little hard to bring off. The syllogism goes, ‘Men are the main SF buyers, men won’t touch romance, therefore, if this looks like a romance, sales will plummet.’

For all I know, this may still be true in the British market. My own subliminal impression last time I visited was that the evolution of gender relations there was about 10–20 years behind (parts of) the US, but this may be an artefact of talking mostly to guys my own age or older when I was there.

To his credit, Jim [Baen] was willing to put his money on the line to test this assumption last September ... whereat my hardcover sales rose by perhaps 50%. There were many, many factors at work in ACC’s hardcover success here, so it’s hard to tease out which ones were significant. It’s not like we can run the experiment over and over again controlling assorted variables to find out. How much of the sales turbo-boost was gained by outcrossing from strict SF readerships? We can’t tell. Still.

So who’s the guy in the painting? Who knows? He’s dressed in black, but though rather round-faced he’s not fat enough to be Mark (and no one, on either side of the Pond, would dare put a fat/short/deformed hero on a book cover anyhow), and besides both Mark and Miles have dark hair. Height is of course disguised by the pose and absence of other figures. The only blonds in the book are the Koudelka women. I suppose we can all think of the fellow as Martya Koudelka after some (future) gender reassignment therapy ...

[LMB on Baen’s Bar, reposted to the List 28 Feb. 2000]

A decade on, however, LMB is still shaking her head slightly, most recently regarding the cover of Martin Greenberg’s and Kerrie Hughes’s SF–romance crossover anthology *Love and Rockets* (2010—tag-line : ‘In space no one can hear you sigh in unrequited love ...’), to which she contributed an introduction:

I don’t know what it is about any hint of romance that seems to throw SF art departments for such a loop. (See the cover of [ACC] for another example of such discombobulation, source

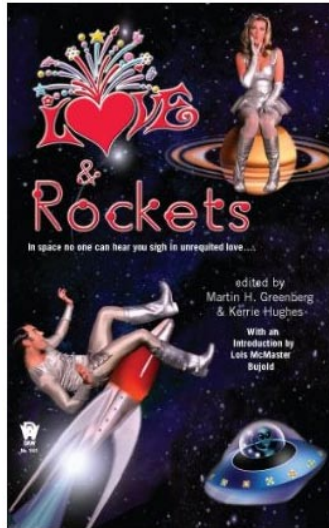
of much risible commentary among my readers.) It does suggest that said art departments are run mainly by guys, for this is most certainly a guy's-eye view of romance—all about hitting the target.

Now, if it were a *gal's-eye* view of romance, it would be all about securing support. There would be a picture of the male supplicant bringing offerings to his proposed goddess, food and flowers and gold and jewels (and large, er ... houses). And dessert, definitely dessert.

Guys just don't *get* romance, I swear.

[LMB's My Space blog, 19 Sept. 2010]

On the covers of earlier novels and for commentary on their production see LMB's essay 'Cover Stories (the inside story)' (a



composite of posts to the List in 1997–8). A list of cover artists for all of LMB's work in all languages, in many cases with links to jpegs, can be found at <http://www.dendarii.com/artists.html>.

**marketing** LMB's professional experience of what publishers do (and don't do), particularly since becoming an Eos as well as a Baen author, has led to a number of very informative posts over the years, including this one:

The sales of a book fall into two halves. The first, key part, is one that readers never see, and takes place three to four months before the first copy goes into a bookstore. A publisher's customers, and what they're usually talking about when they tell the writer "we have a big ad budget for your book", are not the actual readers. They are the middlemen—bookstores, chains, and important book distributors like Baker & Taylor or Ingram. The publisher's sales force normally collects the orders from these 'accounts', as they are called, and totals them all up before they decide how many books are to be printed. The publisher usually prints to order, plus a slight overage.

This process ultimately sets how many books will appear, in stacks how high and how visible, come the real release. A low order and print run pretty much assure that the book will remain invisible. A high order offers the chance, but not the certainty, that the book will break out of the pack. (It also sets up expensive failures, sometimes.) [...] Many books are offered in 'dumps' by their publishers to stores, but few are chosen ; the B&N buyer has to be careful about how he apportions his precious and limited floor space. [...]

The next key phase will be the first week or two when the book actually hits the stores. The other thing looked for is what I've heard called 'sales velocity'—how fast are the books moving? One of the reason street dates are important, when gaming this peculiar system, is that they concentrate sales and boost a book onto various best-seller lists, where it becomes even more visible, in a feedback loop. [...]

For the vast majority of books, the first month of publication is pretty much it for the excitement ; after that, the trucks will be rolling up to the stores with cartons full of next month's hopes. [One] floor display will be removed, and another will take its place. For a very few, the book hits that magic feedback growth curve, and re-orders pour in in sufficient numbers to trigger a re-print and another round. Small numbers of re-orders often go unfilled, because the cost of re-printing is so high that the tiny number of new sales can't cover it. Re-orders have to cross some triggering threshold for a second printing to occur.

You can see why writers don't need to buy lottery tickets or go to casinos for the thrill and terror of gambling. It's built right into our business. Eep! [LMB to the List, 1 May 2001]

*ACC* was in several ways a test volume for Baen, both generically and in the electronic marketing and publicity strategies used to promote it. It was the first Baen book to be snippeted on Baen's Bar (see Pamela LiCalzi O'Connell, 'Publisher's Web Books Spur Hardcover Sales' in the *New York Times*, 19 Mar. 2001, <http://www.nytimes.com/2001/03/19/business/media-publisher-s-web-books-spur-hardcover-sales.html?pagewanted=3>), and the first of LMB's novel's to make the *New York Times* extended list, confirming its higher hardback sales:

I do fancy, rightly or wrongly I don't know, that Baen's interest in cultivating its website and, later, e-books, was given a turbo-boost by the great success we had doling out free samples of *A Civil Campaign*, back in the late '90s. So I have slightly godmotherish feelings toward Baen.com, even though it was others who did all the work of actually making it happen. [LMB, Interview with Jim Minz, August 2007]

See also LMB's brief essay 'Jim Baen remembered'. As with *BI*, *VG*, *B*, *MD*, *C*, and *K*, there was also a limited edition by Easton Press, published simultaneously with the Baen hardback but available by subscription only ; LMB commented:

Easton Press did a signed limited edition of *ACC*—very nice. The gold-filled leather stamping even Has Bugs On, heh. Acid free paper and all the trimmings. Dark brown leather—if the stamping had been in silver rather than gold, it would replicate the Vorkosigan House colors. I suppose silver would tarnish and turn black, though. [LMB to the List, 3 July 2000]

**awards** Turner's cover with its implicit cross-marketing may also have played a part in another success pointing LMB's unusual range and genre-engineering skills:

Congratulations—*A Civil Campaign* won first place in the

Sapphire Awards for the year's best blend of science fiction and romance, sponsored by the *Science Fiction Romance Newsletter*. *SFR* would like to send two first-place certificates—one to you and one to the book's editor—as well as your prize, a heart-shaped sapphire. ...

(To which the author says, “Cool!”)

Thank you for your time, and for writing such a wonderful book! (The words “bug butter” still send me into convulsions of laughter.)

Jennifer Dunne

Editor, *SF Romance* [LMB to the List, 11 Jan. 2000]

*ACC* also won the PEARL award, 1999, in the SF category, and on behalf of the whole Vorkosigan saga the Russian Strannik award, 2000, in the category ‘The Guest from Afar’. It did not, however, win any of the major SF awards, despite having been shortlisted for a Hugo (as were *FF*, *VG\**, *MM\**, *B\**, *MD\**, *M*, *WG*, *CC*, and *PS\**, those starred having won), a Nebula (as were *FF\**, *MM\**, *B*, *M*, *DI*, and *PS\**), and a Minnesota Book Award (as was *K\**) ; nor did it win a Locus Award (won by *B*, *MD*, and *PS*) or any other genre prize (such as the Mythopoeic Fantasy Award, won by *CC*). See also the annotation for **Hugo Vorvayne** (144, 189, 499). LMB did, however, win a 2009 *Romantic Times Book Reviews* Career Achievement Award and the NESFA Skylark Award for 2011. Her attitude to awards is very pragmatic:

**LMB:** [...] due to the inherently subjective nature of reading, awards are not won by the writer, as in a race—they are given, as gifts, by other people to the writer. To attempt to control something one cannot, in fact, ever control—the actions of others—is a short route to madness. Writers can control what they write. Full stop. Everything that happens after is some class of unintended consequence or chaotic emergent property.

That said, the validation of winning awards is enormously gratifying. Winning one's first major award does a lot to make a new writer more visible (wasted if one does not then produce a follow-up book in short order), and winning the second helps

prove that the first wasn't a fluke. After that it becomes a matter of diminishing returns, in terms of the practical consequences or, as it were, economic utility of the things. These are not as magnificent as the average fan imagines ; an award is good for generating a few thousand more domestic paperback sales and for garnering foreign sales if one isn't getting such already ; but the foreign SF markets are tiny. (Which they make up partly in numbers, if you can collect the whole set.) Over time, awards help but do not guarantee works to stay in print or get reprinted.

I discovered when I won my first Nebula back in the late Eighties that while I might put blank pages under that classy paperweight at night, there would be no words magically appearing on them in the morning. Writing the next book is the same slog, only now with heightened expectations. "Each one better than all the others" seems to be the demand.

**LSC:** Was there any one award which meant more to you than any other?

**LMB:** Probably the most important was the first, the Nebula for *Falling Free*, which made folks sit up and take notice. I was very pleased when *Barrayar* won its Hugo, because I didn't think it could win back-to-back with *The Vor Game* like that, and it was the book closer to my heart. The Hugo for *Paladin of Souls* was great, first, because I am hugely fond of its heroine Ista, and second because it finally stopped people driving me crazy by saying brightly, "Just one more and you'll match Heinlein!" It's not a race, drat it.

[ 'A Conversation with [LMB]', in VC ]

My first career award came last month from the Ohioana Library Association. Literary awards generally, by nature intrinsically subjective, are mysterious gifts bestowed upon writers ; it is something done to us, not something—like finishing a novel—that we do. Career awards seem to be awards for winning awards, a suspicious circularity. (That said, this year's Ohioana memento takes the prize for being the prettiest ever, a gorgeous piece of art glass looking like a transparent blue jellyfish. Lead glass apparently looks

extremely strange on airport X-ray machines, however. Someone could write a whole essay on the sometimes-deadly designs of the various awards and the challenges of getting them home.)

Next year, as I write this (though it will be a done deal by the time this book is published) I have been invited to be Writer Guest of Honor at the 2008 World Science Fiction Convention in Denver, Colorado, which is very much a career award in its own right. I put pencil to paper for my first science fiction novel in 1982 ; from there to this in a mere twenty-six years. Seems . . . fast.

[‘Gosh, is it midnight already?’, in VC]

**references by other writers** ACC is mentioned in (i) Catharine Asaro’s *The Phoenix Code* (Bantam, 2000), ch. 7 : “In her quarters, she changed into a nightshirt, then clicked a disk of Bujold’s *A Civil Campaign* into her electronic reader and settled into bed.” ; (ii) Dana Stabenow’s *A Grave Denied* (Minotaur, 2003), ch. 6 : “Kate saw a bargain pack of batteries for the [CD] player and for his book light, which had been folded into the paperback copy of *A Civil Campaign* that sat on his sleeping bag.” ; and (iii) John Ringo’s *Princess of Wands* (Baen, 2006), ch. 8 : “‘I’ve got a signed copy of *A Civil Campaign*,” the dealer said, pulling a book out. “It’s SF, but it’s really a Regency romance novel. Lois is an excellent writer.” All the references seem to be incidental tributes, without particular thematic significance, though Asaro’s novel consciously trades on both romance and SF paradigms.

**inside jacket / back-cover copy** Apart from the heading (“One cunning plan too many ...?”) this blurb is by LMB (LMB to the List, 25 Feb. 1999).

**title and sub-title** See Part 1, s. vv. ‘Georgette Heyer’ and Part 2. In Spanish (*Una Campaña Civil*), Russian (*Гражданская Кампания*), Croatian (*Gradjanska Duznost*), and Bulgarian (*Civilna Kampanija*) translation the title is literally rendered, but in Italian it becomes *Guerra di Strategie*, ‘War of Strategy’, in French *Ekaterin*, and in German, weirdly, *Der Botschafter des Imperiums*, ‘The

Imperial Ambassador’.

**dedication** See Part 1.



## Chapter One

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**The big groundcar ...** (1, 1, 333) Throughout Heyer's Regency romances personal transport is fetishised, with the wherewithal to own and ability to control high-stepping horses two- or four-in-hand ; conversely, lumbering elderly vehicles, hired post-chaises, and the public stage are derogated. (For a detailed, illustrated account see Jennifer Kloester, *Georgette Heyer's Regency World*, pp. 165–85). The old, heavily armoured Vorkosigan groundcar (like its Vorrutyer equivalent later used by Lord Dono) is the equivalent of a town coach, favoured by dowagers and anxious aristocratic parents but never by heroes and heroines ; see also the annotations for **It's a barge** (8, 11, 341), **a red enameled lightflyer ...** (15, 19, 349), and **Miles's lightflyer ...** (119, 155, 469).

**Armsman Pym** (1, 1, 333) Though very much his own man elsewhere, in ACC Pym summons Peter Wimsey's 'gentleman's gentleman', Bunter. During the book discussion LMB commented:

There was an early scene from Pym's viewpoint, and another from Gregor's, which I cut early. Each of them started to generate plots that wrapped around the concerns of those characters, Pym's suggesting something to do with the social lives of all the Count's Armsmen in the capital, Gregor's having to do with disinterring old political secrets, neither of which sat comfortably—in retrospect, I realized, because they did not support the book's growing theme.

[LMB to the List, 25 Sept. 2010]

(And yes, the List asked, compulsively, but the deleted scenes were three or four computers ago, and no longer exist. *Eheu fugaces!*)

**Miles** (1, 1, 333) “Miles's first name was stolen from the character of Miles Hendron in Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper*. I was at the time innocent of the fact that ‘miles’ means ‘soldier’ in Latin, but I'll bet Twain wasn't.” (*Young Miles*, ‘Author's Afterword’). As with LMB's “innocent” choice of ‘Vor’, unaware that it means ‘thief’ in Russian, the literal meaning of Miles's name is resonant—nowhere more so than his ACC-incarnation as “General Romeo Vorkosigan”

(198, 261, 560). In Shakespearean terms Miles's military identity has also from the first played a kind of ironic tag with the stock-role of the *miles gloriosus* or 'braggart soldier', like Miles a comedic big talker and easy promiser who is somewhat hollow inside, but unlike him a coward who is always climactically caught out and exposed. On the other, civilian hand, the surname 'Vorkosigan' was partly derived from that of the Soviet diplomat Andrei Kosygin ([http://www.dendarii.com/bujold\\_faq.html#tuckerized](http://www.dendarii.com/bujold_faq.html#tuckerized)), a reminder that the Vorkosiverse is of late-Cold-War origin ; so Miles's exit from soldiering these post-Cold-War days is also appropriate. LMB further comments:

Miles came as real people do—from his parents. I have a catch-phrase to describe my plot-generation technique—"What's the worst possible thing I can do to these people?" Miles was already a gleam in my eye even when I was still writing *Shards of Honor*. For Aral and Cordelia, living in a militaristic, patriarchal culture that prizes physical perfection and has an historically-driven horror of mutation, having a handicapped son and heir was a major life challenge, a Great Test.

Miles has a number of real-life roots—models from history such as T. E. Lawrence and young Winston Churchill, a physical template in a handicapped hospital pharmacist I'd worked with (the fellow had the height, leg braces, chin tic, and IQ), and most of all his bad case of 'great man's son syndrome', which owes much to my relationship with my father. But with his first book, *The Warrior's Apprentice*, he quickly took on a life of his own ; his charisma and drive, his virtues and his failings—and he has both—are now all his.

[ 'Putting It Together', in VC ]

**He'd served the Vorkosigans ... since Miles had been an Academy cadet** (1, 1, 333) Pym is said to be a "new man" in MM, set just after Miles's graduation ; he replaced Sergeant Bothari (killed in WA, three years earlier) in the Vorkosigan's score.

**Time of Isolation** (1, 2, 334) As LMB interestingly glosses it:

Barrayar, settled early by humanity, had been cut off from the rest of the worlds by an astrographic accident, and regressed culturally and technologically in what they call their “Time of Isolation,” until rediscovered in Aral’s father’s time. It has been scrambling to catch up ever since, an effort sabotaged by both external invasion and internal civil conflict. And so I can have my swords ’n’ spaceships in a way that makes both historical and economic sense. [‘Putting It Together’, in *VC*]

Although otherwise wholly distinct, this points the influence of Anne McCaffrey, whose ‘Dragonriders of Pern’ series also turns fundamentally on a colony planet that has become isolated and regressed into quasi-feudal self-sufficiency. That series began with the Hugo and Nebula Award winning *Dragonflight* (1968), and is referenced in various essays by LMB ; while McCaffrey is a fan of the Vorkosiverse who has contributed several endorsements.

**the flower arrangement between his feet** (2, 2, 334) While the giving of flowers is an old habit (think of Ophelia in *HAM* and Perdita in *WT*) the common association with courtship seems to be only of nineteenth-century origin and to have developed in tandem with a flower industry ; it is not usual in Austen or in the historically accurate Heyer, but Shaw’s *Pygmalion* (1912, referenced at 139, 181, 491 and 178, 234, 536) presumes flower-selling as a street-trade. That Miles has an ‘arrangement’ rather than just a ‘bunch’ or even a ‘bouquet’ is his signature excess.

**Miss Captain Quinn ... Miss Admiral Quinn** (2, 2, 334) Miles first met Elli Quinn in *WA* and broke up with her at the end of *M*. The proper absurdity of the titles ‘Miss Captain’ and ‘Miss Admiral’ points LMB’s combination of quasi-military SF and romance.

**Georg Vorthys** (2, 3, 334) The academic engineer Vorthys reflects LMB’s father, Robert Charles McMaster (1913–86), Regents’ Professor of Welding Engineering and Electrical Engineering at Ohio State University and editor of the monumental *Nondestructive Testing Handbook* (2 vols, 1959; 2/e, 10 vols, 1986). Leo Graf in *FF* is also indebted to Professor McMaster, as are Miles’s adventures as a weatherman in *VG* : for details see (i) the foreword to the 2004 NESFA edition of *FF* by James A. McMaster, LMB’s brother, reprinted in *VC* ; (ii) LMB’s ‘Preface’ to *Miles, Mutants and*

*Microbes* ; (iii) ‘Putting It Together’, in *VC* ; and (iv) Robert I. Jaffee, ‘A Tribute to Robert Charles McMaster, 1913–1986’, in the NESFA edition of *FF* and at <http://www.dendarii.com/tribute.html>.

**Ekaterin Nile Vorvayne Vorsoisson** (3, 3, 335) Ekaterin/a (also transliterated as Yekaterin/a) is the usual Russian form of ‘Catherine’, most famously borne by the Empress Catherine I (1684–1727), second wife and brief successor of Peter the Great. In the ‘Author’s Afterword’ to *Young Miles* LMB says “Elena Bothari was originally named Nile, after the character of Nile Etland in a couple of James H. Schmitz stories I’d read back in *Analog* magazine in the ‘60s” ; she has also remarked that:

In the very first draft of *The Warrior’s Apprentice*, way back in late 1983, Miles had a then-15-y-o lively younger sister named Nile. She was written out in favor of Elena before I hit Chapter 5, IIRC.

The last chapters of *SoH* (then *Mirrors*) had been cut off at that point, only years later to become the opening chapters 2–9 or so of the future *Barrayar*. [LMB to the List, 11 Jan. 2011]

The stories were ‘Trouble Tide’ (May 1965) and ‘The Tuvela’ (Sept. 1968), both collected (with ‘The Tuvela’ retitled ‘The Demon Breed’) in *The Hub: Dangerous Territory* (Baen, 2001), and the importance of the name is implicit in it having been reserved for Miles’s eventual wife. Vorvayne, Ekaterin’s maiden name, invokes Harriet Vane in *GN*, and in so doing reminds one that Miles *would* but for circumstances have been called Piotr, or Peter (as in Wimsey). Vorsoisson, her euphonious French-sounding married name, echoes both *sois*, the first-person present subjunctive and past imperfect form of *être*, ‘to be’, and the pronunciation of *soixante*, ‘sixty’, as famously in *soixante-neuf*. See the annotation for “**Where have you been hiding this Kat...**”/ “**Ekaterin.**” (27, 36, 363).

**his dwarfish stature ... aspects of his appearance he could control** (3, 3, 335) Of the series-theme of disability, LMB remarked:

One of the things about being disabled is that you are disabled every damned day, and have to deal with it. Again.  
[...]

I've sometimes wondered if this theme is a personal metaphor. I grew up in a family with a remarkable father, strong older brothers, a close grandfather who'd been widowed in 1916 and never remarried, no sisters, and a mother whose attempts to feminize me I fought from age two onward. I had no extended family nearby to provide alternate models for women's lives, nor did the culture of the Fifties and Sixties offer much relief. In the lexicon of (some) feminist critique, disabled Miles becomes "codedly feminine": he's smaller than those around him, can't win a physical fight, is in a "wrong"-shaped body—has lots of medical problems—and has to beat the bastards using only brains, wit, and charm. The sense of being "wrong" is deeply inculcated in females in our society; I recall a pretty woman of my early acquaintance who wouldn't go out without her makeup on. "I have to put on my face," she explained. Sad, and scary. But regardless of gender, almost everybody harbors some cripplement, emotional if not physical. You can't judge anybody—you never know what backbreaking secret burdens they may be carrying. There is scarcely a more universal appeal to the reader.

The most important feedback I've received from handicapped (and non-handicapped!) readers is the sense that my fiction is energizing for them. Somehow, watching Miles operate gives them the emotional edge they need to tackle, as I described it above, just one more damned day. I think it's a variant of the Dumbo-and-the-magic-feather effect. When I reflect how much Miles's world is stacked in his favor, and how much their world is not stacked in theirs, the idea of anyone trying to use Miles's life as a blueprint gives me cold chills. Yet it seems to work. Miles models success.

[‘Putting It Together’, in VC]

This sharply illuminates the gender complexities of ACC, with Miles going a-woooing.

**his polished half-boots** (3, 3, 335) Answering a question from List member Greg Slade, LMB remarked:

*I picture them as resembling those men's boot shoes, ankle-*

high, polished, faintly formal, that had a vogue a few years back. No laces, the leather somehow came over and got fastened on the outboard side ... know what I mean? There may be another definition of ‘half-boots’—in fact, I’m pretty sure there is—and you are free to picture what pleases you, but that’s what I picture. [LMB to the List, 8 July 1999]

That other definition is simply a “boot reaching half-way to the knee, or considerably above the ankle” (*OED*, s.v. ‘half-boot’). Half-boots are also mentioned at 28, 37, 364 ; 38, 50, 375 ; 88, 115, 432 ; and 292, 385, 668 ; see also the annotation for **as shiny as a palace guardsman’s boots** (225, 297, 590). They also appear in several pre-Regency romances, including Maria Edgeworth’s once-scandalous *Belinda* (1801), a probable influence on Austen’s spirited heroines, and Austen’s own unfinished *The Watsons* (c.1803), where the trenchant observation that “Nothing sets off a neat ankle more than a half-boot” suggests that the *OED* misses a trick that LMB’s mental picture doesn’t.

**He essayed a smile ... in odd directions, anyhow.** (3, 4, 335) Miles’s pained self-examination in the reflective canopy, with the description of Ekaterin on the next page, echo a moment early in *GN* when Harriet, dressing for the gaudy, studies herself in a mirror:

The glass showed her her own face, rather pale, with black brows fronting squarely either side of a strong nose, a little too broad for beauty. Her own eyes looked back at her—rather tired, rather defiant—eyes that had looked upon fear and were still wary. The mouth was the mouth of one who has been generous and repented of generosity ; its wide corners were tucked back to give nothing away. With the thick, waving hair folded beneath the black cloth [of her academic hood], the face seemed somehow stripped for action. [*GN*, ch. 1]

**“Professora.” Miles ducked a nod to her.** (3, 4, 336) LMB has commented on her care in using and avoiding verbs of utterance:

The usual division that I’ve encountered is “speech tags” for the he-saids and their variants—she shouted/hissed/whispered, etc. And “stage business” for bits of description that indicate

the speaker but are not speech tags. They get different sorts of punctuation, sometimes, depending on where they fall in a sentence.

“Yes,” Miles said, “but you’re not looking at the big picture.”

“Yes.” Miles scratched his nose. “But you’re not looking at the big picture.”

“Yes”—Miles scratched his chin, frowning—“but you’re not looking at the big picture.”

Each choice, though equally correct, gives a different word-rhythm and sense of the delivery. Remaining arguable are bits of stage business used as speech tags that don’t actually describe the speech—such as one of my favorite Heyer-isms, “Yes,” he bowed.

Rule-addicted pedants tend to want to exclude such usages into the outer darkness, replacing them with wordier versions that say the same thing (“Yes,” he said, bowing.), but I find them very succinct and self-apparent. The pedants also tend to go for such things as complaining when one uses as tag like “he hissed” for a sentence with no S sounds, leaving the writer with no way to convey an urgent or angry whisper without using several extra words. They also dislike less usual descriptive tags such as “he husked”, “she grated”. Spinach, mostly. But they tend to be noisy, assertive, and self-important, so I tend to comply with their goofier rules just to avoid argument. Though I suspect a too-close attempt to comply with every imaginable rule would tend to result in a bland, wordy style.

My internal aesthetic rule is that there should always be enough speech tags or stage business that the reader never has to stop, go back, and count down the lines of dialogue to figure out who just said what. Not every line of dialogue needs such, especially if there are only two speakers, the voices are very distinct, and/or one wants to convey the sense of a quick exchange. [LMB to the List, 12 Jan. 2011]

**She wore a calf-length dress ... around its edge.** (4, 5, 337) The grey and black of Ekaterin’s mourning garb, which she wears throughout *ACC*, echo the limited palette of Jane Eyre’s wardrobe.

Both Jane and Rochester dress with the same simplicity and fastidious care, although their respective physiques and features differ markedly. Jane characterizes her attire and appearance in several passages ; the most extended treatment comes just after her arrival at Thornfield Hall:

I dressed myself with care : obliged to be plain—for I had no article of attire that was not made with extreme simplicity—I was still by nature solicitous to be neat. It was not my habit to be disregarding of appearance or careless of the impression I made: on the contrary, I ever wished to look as well as I could, and to please as much as my want of beauty would permit. I sometimes regretted that I was not handsomer ; I sometimes wished to have rosy cheeks, a straight nose, and small cherry mouth ; I desired to be tall, stately, and finely developed in figure ; I felt it a misfortune that I was so little, so pale, and had features so irregular and so marked. And why had I these aspirations and these regrets? It would be difficult to say : I could not then distinctly say it to myself ; yet I had a reason, and a logical, natural reason too. However, when I had brushed my hair very smooth, and put on my black frock—which, Quakerlike as it was, at least had the merit of fitting to a nicety—and adjusted my clean white tucker, I thought I should do respectably enough to appear before Mrs. Fairfax, and that my new pupil would not at least recoil from me with antipathy.

[*JE*, ch. 11]

The issue of dress also becomes a matter of conflict after Jane's first betrothal to Rochester (before her flight), when he wishes to buy her richer clothing but she insists his choices of "a rich silk of the most brilliant amethyst dye, and a superb pink satin" are unacceptable and "persuaded him to make an exchange in favour of a sober black satin and pearl-gray silk" (*JE*, ch. 24). In the same passage she threatens to "wear nothing but my old Lowood frocks to the end of the chapter" and to marry him "in this lilac gingham". These austere habits of dress are also mentioned, memorably and amusingly, in the wonderfully rambling diary of the Dowager Duchess of Denver, Peter Wimsey's mother, shortly before Peter's and Harriet's



marriage:

*5 October.*—Worth has made magnificent effort and delivered dress. Few select friends invited to see trousseau—including Miss Climpson, miraculously reduced to speechlessness by Peter’s gift of a mink cloak—950 guineas admittedly perhaps a trifle extravagant, but his sole contribution, and he looked as scared and guilty when he presented it as he did when he was a small boy and his father caught him with his pocket full of rabbits after a night out with that rascally old poacher Merryweather he took such a fancy to—and how that man’s cottage did smell! But it is a lovely cloak, and H[arriet] hadn’t the heart to say more than, “Oh, Mr. Rochester!”—in fun, and meaning Jane Eyre, who I always think behaved so ungraciously to that poor man—so gloomy to have your bride, however bigamous, insisting on grey alpaca or merino or whatever it was, and damping to a lover’s feelings . . . .

[BH, ‘Prothalamion’]

The primary allusion by Harriet is to Rochester’s desire to dress Jane in rich clothing, as Peter is dressing Harriet, but the Duchess’s splendid if slightly scatterbrained divagation may be what lodged the matter in LMB’s mind. Jane’s eventual wedding attire is not recorded, but must have been everyday clothing as the housekeeper who saw her leave with Rochester for the church had no notion they were to marry that day (*JE*, ch. 38).

**under the real sky ... sealed in a Komarran dome** (4–5, 6, 337)  
One of the first things Miles and readers learn about Ekaterin is that she grew up in “South Continent. Vandeville”, “loved the open spaces”, and under Komarran domes misses “that wide sky, horizon to horizon” (*K*, ch. 1). The restatement of the theme here (and its reiteration at 124, 157, 475) suggests its fundamental importance, beyond personal preferences, as a measure and symbol of Ekaterin’s restoration from the stifling damage done her by Tien and her need for room to grow—which Miles can and does provide. This theme is also fundamental to *TSK*, as the title of vol. 4, *Horizon*, suggests, and all LMB’s work is marked by structural (and emotional) awareness of claustrophobic and agoraphobic locations ; in earlier Vorkosiverse

novels the pattern is typically mapped through the differing restrictions of Miles's planetside and shipboard lives.

**Aunt Vorpatril—she's in charge of all of the Emperor's wedding arrangements** (5, 6–7, 338) Lady Alys Vorpatril's role as social arbiter and hostess corresponds to the romance type of Society Matron, perhaps best exemplified during the Regency by the seven Lady Patronesses of Almack's, a highly exclusive social club—which appears, with some of the patronesses, in many of Heyer's Regency romances ; see the annotation for **Armsman Esterhazy** (196, 259, 558). The patronesses are also an implicit point of reference for the “steely-eyed middle-aged Vor ladies” comprising Lady Alys's wedding preparation committee (150, 197, 506) and the “empress-to-be's aunt” (330, 433, 709).

**I'm planning my course-work ...** (5, 7, 338) Ekaterin's intent to resume study and residence with the Vorthyses echo Harriet Vane's residence at Shrewsbury College for much of *GN* and possible return to a cloistered college-life in preference to marriage.

**your old bonsai'd skellytum** (6, 7, 338) This plant features in *K*, chs 1, 9, and 14 ; its apparent botany and symbolism are discussed in Erica Smith's essay—see Part I, s. vv. 'Jane Austen'.

**You have a ... green thumb** (6, 7, 339) Along with sartorial similarities, Ekaterin shares with Jane Austen and Jane Eyre a great appreciation for and attention to plant life.

**during the Regency** (6, 8, 339) The sixteen-year period between the death of Emperor Ezar Vorbarra and the assumption of the throne by his grandson Emperor Gregor Vorbarra on reaching his majority. On the connection between this regency and that of Britain's George IV-to-be (1811–20), LMB has remarked:

I'd been longing to write a Barrayaran Regency romance ever since I realized Barrayar had undergone a regency period all its own. True, the regency was over and done with by the time the tale arrived, but the principle of the thing remained.

[LMB, Interview with Jo Walton, April 2009]

The principal attraction was plainly the literary sub-genre, particularly as constructed by Heyer, but the underlying reasons for the fetishisation of the Regency period are worth pondering. Its

literature (including Austen) was exceptional, while its public events included Napoleon's invasion of Russia and Waterloo, but the real attraction was and is the extraordinary fashions in clothing, lifestyle, and architecture that developed around the corpulent and spirited self-regard of the Prince Regent himself, the legacies of which include Beau Brummell (responsible for the standard modern male business attire of suit and tie) and the entirely peculiar Brighton Pavilion (still a major tourist attraction). Aral Vorkosigan as Lord Regent of the Barrayaran Imperium is in every way unlike 'Prinny', a greater and more upright figure who more closely resembles Wellington, but his regency too sees the effective end of a long-standing war and, given its general peace and rising prosperity, presumably an efflorescence of Barrayaran art.

**a splendid thing to install a Barrayaran garden** (7, 8, 339) The proposed garden to delight and educate Vorbarr Sultana's population echoes the special value Elizabeth Bennet attaches to the gardens at Pemberley in *PP*. The idea of such value was also endorsed by Sayers, "For a garden, as Bacon observes, is the purest of human pleasures and the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man" (*GN*, ch. 20, quoting 'Of Gardens', in Bacon's *Essayes or Counsels Civill and Morall*, 1625). See also Part I, s. vv. 'Jane Austen' and the annotation for **You have a ... green thumb** (6, 7, 339).

**It was too soon, wildly too soon, to suggest courtship to her crippled heart** (7, 9, 340) The idea of a premature proposal, which Miles will of course make anyway, echoes the mistake made by Peter Wimsey in *Strong Poison*, proposing to Miss Vane while she is still in prison awaiting trial for murder.

**much as he liked ... an active nine-year-old in this delicate dance** (8, 10, 341) Little does Miles know how critical Nikki will prove—and this thought comes close to a fatal error in wooing Ekaterin; but Miles does very rapidly correct himself—"It would not do to leave Nikolai Vorsoisson out of his calculations"—and in practice, as throughout *K*, he treats Nikki with a respect adults rarely grant children. At a deeper level this reflects Miles's respect, as Cordelia's son, for Ekaterin as a mother—a theme central to much of LMB's fiction and (perhaps especially in respect of single motherhood) close to her heart. During a sharp List exchange between Pouncer and Marna Nightingale, Marna made some points about 'Stay At Home

Moms' (SAHMs), including these:

4) [...] SAHMs are frequently socially isolated, especially if they are on a limited budget, there is little or no social support for them, and their depression rates, especially when they have very small children, are truly frightening, and this is **ONLY** worth doing if you, yourself, really really want to, [and]

5) I will **NEVER** be a stay-at-home-mom, because the difference between that, the most socially approved role for a mother, and **Lazy Child-Support-and-Alimony-Collecting Bitch who Sits On Her Butt** (if she is lucky, and can last out a long round of a fun little legal game called 'starve-the-wife-until-she-will-sign-anything-just-to-get-a-cheque') and **Trashy Welfare Scum** (if she isn't lucky), the two most **VILIFIED** roles, can be **ONE STUPID FIGHT WITH YOUR HUSBAND**. As is the difference between "honey, I just want you to concentrate on the kids, because I **KNOW** it's a full-time job, and I'll support us" and "Why should I pay for her to sit on her ass ; why can't she get a job?"

Full-time parenting apparently stops being work when you do it alone on 60% of your former budget ; I must find out how that works, someday. [Marna to the List, 14 April, 2000]

LMB commented:

Thank you, Marna— [...] I have walked the walk described in your items 4 and 5 [...] with the addendum that there was never any illusion that I could ever get child support or alimony, which left 'Welfare Scum' as my default option.

Motherhood is the only profession I know where the effort and the rewards are so totally divorced from one another. A woman who is the wife of a financially successful man will enjoy a good life even if her homemaking/caregiver skills are sub-par ; a woman doing the *exact same job*, or maybe even better, married to a non-successful man, or worse, going it alone, gets jack-shit out of the deal. No matter how hard she works or how much she tries. (And don't complain, "But you're just talking about material rewards!" The emotional

rewards get pretty damned thin on the ground, and the stressors go up enormously, when one is plunged into poverty with children. You can no more raise a family without money, in a money economy, than you can grow a garden without light.)

Our society's attitude toward motherhood is absolutely schizophrenic. Or rather, sneakily pernicious—when society wants you to give your labor for free, motherhood is constructed as 'the finest social good' ; when you ask for help, suddenly motherhood is a luxurious dubious personal indulgence on the order of a skiing vacation.

Feh. [LMB to the List, 15 April 2000]

**It's a barge.** (8, 11, 341) Nikki's enthusiasm for the mechanical and cheerful lack of concern for Miles's aristocratic dignity echo the behaviour of Felix Merrville towards the Marquis of Alverstoke in Heyer's *Frederica* (1965) ; his attitude to the groundcar also reflects its Heyerian equivalence with a town coach and echoes Miles's own characterisation in *M*, ch. 4 : "A barge of an armored groundcar, polished and luxurious but elderly". See also the annotations for **The big groundcar ...** (1, 1, 333), **a red enameled lightflyer ...** (15, 19, 349), and **Miles's lightflyer ...** (119, 155, 469).

**If I may presume ...** (10, 13, 343–4) Pym's tone and use of 'we' closely echo the style of Bunter ; see, for example, the letter from Bunter to his mother in the 'Prothalamion' of *BH*.

**reduced to some animal or vegetative existence** (11, 14, 344) As poor Ensign Dubauer was in *SH*, and Kou might have been, but for Cordelia and Aral ; see also the epilogue to *Cb*.

**I was a senior sergeant ...** (11, 14, 344) As Bunter was when he served under Major Wimsey during WW1.

**Captain Illyan** (11, 14, 345) Illyan's surname is derived from Illya Kuryakin in *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, a show LMB watched as a teenager ; see Lillian Stewart Carl, "Through Darkest Adolescence with [LMB]", in *DD*, p. x. The oddities of Barrayaran rank in general, and of Illyan's captaincy in particular, often confuse readers:

[...] it has an inner logic, but it's Barrayaran style logic. When Barrayar went to a combined service, they combined, but they

did not *delete*. Everything just got jammed in together. What rank one is called depends on, first, one's seniority, and second, one's duties or the branch to which one is assigned. It is perfectly possible in the Barrayaran service for a man to be called captain (navy) on one day and colonel the next, if his duties change.

Only Barrayarans who grew up with this are fluent in knowing who gets called what when ; *they're* not confused. It drives galactics a little nuts, though.

You may be sure, however, that somewhere there is a very rational, complete, precise, and numerically based pay scale that goes with all of the above (and possibly with those color-coded collar tabs.)

Illyan kept the rank of captain as a purely political statement, declining to be promoted beyond the rank claimed by his old mentor Negri, who had his own reasons for settling on that rank. Both of them were on the pay scale at something corresponding to flag rank, though.

[LMB on Baen's Bar, 26 March 1999]

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**The somber stone of the mansion ...** (13, 17, 347) Ekaterin's first arrival at Vorkosigan House and reactions to its grandeur embody a topos present in all the dedicatees ; cf. Elizabeth Bennet's first experience of Pemberley in *PP*, Jane Eyre's arrival at Thornfield Hall in *JE*, the newly married Jenny Lynton's transition to Fontley in *A Civil Contract*, ch. 9, and Harriet Wimsey's first experience of Lord Peter's family seat in part 2 of the 'Epithalamion' of *BH*.

**some goggling backcountry tourist** (14, 19, 348) Ekaterin's anxiety recalls Elizabeth Bennet's first visit to Pemberley as precisely this sort of tourist (*PP*, vol. III, ch. 1).

**a wonderful library** (14, 19, 348) Harriet Vane also admires Peter Wimsey's family library (*BH*, 'Epithalamion', part 2).

**a red enameled lightflyer tucked into a corner.** (15, 19, 349) As the groundcar equates to a Heyerian town coach, so the lightflyer equates to a high-perch phaeton such as the one purchased and driven by Sophy Stanton-Lacy in *The Grand Sophy* (1950). This particular red lightflyer also has a symbolic history in that Miles was coveting

one like it as a graduation present in *MM* and as part of his judgement of Mara Mattulich sacrificed the money to buy a com unit for Silvy Vale, but had acquired one by *M*, ch. 4. Ivan also has “a sporty model featuring lots of red enamel”—if, perhaps tellingly, a groundcar, not a flyer (*MD*, ch. 13). But Miles has to abandon flying with passengers, and then altogether, because of his seizures—a point made in *M* and repeated here, at 10–11, 13–14, 344. His acquired preference for the ‘barge’ of a groundcar, while enforced, represents a form of Heyerian maturity. See also the annotations for **The big groundcar ...** (1, 1, 333), **It’s a barge** (8, 11, 341), and **Miles’s lightflyer ...** (119, 155, 469).

**Oh. Yes. His seizures.** (15, 19, 349) “The epilepsy is surely a metaphor for something in Miles’s life; that his handicap has mutated from something external to something internal as he matures surely has significance, and if I ever figure out what it is, I’ll let you know.” (‘Putting It Together’, in *VC*.)

**the first moment of spontaneous sensuality ...** (16, 21, 351) Ekaterin’s slightly displaced physical response to Miles begins a series of such moments that echo Harriet Vane’s responses to Peter Wimsey in *GN*. See the annotations for **That fascinatingly scarred short body ...** (146, 191, 500) and **He was close enough ...** (327, 430, 706–07).

**Admiral Naismith** (17, 22, 351) LMB’s bluntest gloss of Miles’s division of self and *alter ego* has an interesting parenthetical addendum:

Back in *The Warrior’s Apprentice*, Miles was forced to split himself into two personas, the constrained Lord Vorkosigan and the active Admiral Naismith. (I leave it as an exercise for the reader to figure out how this relates to Mrs. Lois Bujold, housewife, and Lois McMaster Bujold, successful science fiction writer.) [‘Putting It Together’, in *VC*]

**Naismith’s days were numbered anyway.** (17, 23, 352) In more ways than one : responding in 1996–7 to Sylvia Kelso (later the dedicatee of *PS*), who had asked whether Miles ‘killed’ or ‘integrated’ Naismith, LMB said:

Miles has not killed Naismith, exactly ... I guess I'd say that Miles *repossessed* Naismith. Integrated is not quite so nicely accurate a term. Repossessed is perfect. Miles as psychological repo-man. Guess the little admiral didn't keep up the payments ...

[LMB & Sylvia Kelso, 'Letterspace', p. 406,  
in Merrick & Williams, eds, *Women of Other Worlds*]

Miles's inability to button the jacket is also symbolic, as Ekaterin realises and makes Miles realise by asking him if he'd go back : as NESFA reviewer Elisabeth Carey pointed out, Miles "can't even run away to be Admiral Naismith [...]. Aside from the fact that Admiral Naismith is dead [...] his uniform doesn't even fit anymore." (<http://www.nesfa.org/reviews/Carey/civil.htm>).

**His voice made light ... run away screaming.** (18, 24, 352–3)  
When chapter one of *ACC* was first posted by Baen, List member James Burbidge, quoting this passage, commented:

With, what, one-and-a-half weeks' acquaintance, [Ekaterin] has a clearer insight into Miles than most of his intimates, with the possible exception of Cordelia and Aral (possible : by the end of *Memory* I wonder whether Cordelia's Betanness and Miles's Barrayaranity and growing complexity aren't leading her astray. After all, she expected Miles to choose Naismith ; I don't think she really grasps Miles's ties of Vor duty. But Ekaterin *is* Vor). [James to the List, 19 Mar., 1999]

**It's a great house ... the way it used to be in my father's heyday** (19, 25, 353) Miles's broad hint about the loneliness of empty mansions recalls a similar remark made by the housekeeper of Thornfield Hall, which was frequently almost vacant at the time of Jane's arrival:

I am so glad you are come; it will be quite pleasant living here now with a companion. To be sure it is pleasant at any time; for Thornfield is a fine old hall, rather neglected of late years perhaps, but still it is a respectable place ; yet you know in winter-time one feels dreary quite alone in the best quarters.

[*JE*, ch. 11]



**Cordelia Vorkosigan** (20, 26, 355) Shakespeare is usually credited with inventing the name ‘Cordelia’ in *King Lear* ; the probable source is Latin *cor*, ‘heart’, as in ‘cordial’.

**a determined-looking half-grown black-and-white kitten** (20, 27, 355) Presumably one of Zap’s litter discovered in Miles’s closet in *M*, ch. 28. Of Zap herself LMB comments:

Long haired, solid black. Zap is the evil twin of the late lamented Fuzzy Mae, the sweetest cat I ever owned, who got run over in front of our house just after she got fixed, sometime during the night of my daughter’s second birthday.

[[http://www.dendarii.com/bujold\\_faq.html#zap](http://www.dendarii.com/bujold_faq.html#zap) ]

**a tall and startlingly handsome captain in undress greens** (21, 28, 356) Ivan’s role here (though not later) as a competitive relation of Miles recalls the role of Peter Wimsey’s nephew, Viscount St George, in *GN*. More generally, spiffy uniforms take on something of the function of fashionable male dress in Heyer ; see also the annotation for **as shiny as a palace guardsman’s boots** (225, 297, 590). Barrayaran “undress greens”, however, suggest a Russian legacy of the Vorkosiverse’s Cold-War origins, perhaps via Kipling (whom LMB reads) : Peter the Great introduced the dark green uniform in 1700 and it remained distinctive, as in ‘The Man Who Was’ (collected in *Life’s Handicap*, 1891), where the Cossack Dirkovitch enjoys an Anglo-Indian regimental dinner:

The servants in spotless white muslin and crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars, and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch’s dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it.

LMB is notably popular in Russia ; there is a Russian review of *ACC*, ‘War or Peace?’ by Anna Hodosh, posted at the Bujold Nexus ([http://www.dendarii.com/reviews/russ\\_acc.html](http://www.dendarii.com/reviews/russ_acc.html)), and see LMB’s essay ‘Russian Impressions’ and Interview with *Mir Fantastiki*. Undress greens are also found in an imaginary country known to have figured in LMB’s reading, the Ruritania of Anthony Hope’s

*The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894) and *Rupert of Hentzau* (1898). (*The Prisoner of Zenda* is one of the vids that Silver obtains and smuggles in for her fellow quaddies in *FF*, ch. 2.) There are also the imaginary Syldavia and Borduria of Hergé's *King Ottokar's Sceptre* (1947), where green and other, gaudier uniforms are entrancingly drawn.

Apropos of uniforms generally LMB has made some unexpected remarks, arising from her experiences while working “through most of the 1970s—my feckless 20s—as a drug administration technician on various nursing units at the Ohio State University Hospitals”:

So I just added it up ... a nursing unit had maybe 30 patients, with assorted turnovers ranging from one day to a couple of years. So let's say, I encountered perhaps 30 different individual patients a week, on average. Briefly, mostly, but we sometimes chatted. Times fifty weeks a year (plus a lot of overtime and double shifts), times eight years—that adds up to my subconscious observation of perhaps 12,000 different people, plus their families, plus all my ever-changing co-workers. [...]

This accumulation of experiences gave me, so to speak, odd views about social class. Not to mention the function of uniforms.

Because when ten people, some of whom may never have met each other before in their lives, all arrive simultaneously in a patient room as a result of a Code Blue call, it's the uniforms that tell everyone who may be relied upon to do what tasks. As the Pharm Tech in my gold coat, I would be tagged to have the keys to the drug cart and the narcotics drawer, but no one would expect me to be able to install an IV (should the coding patient be so unfortunate as to not already have one—*that* was good for five minutes of delay right there) ; that would be the purview of the nurses, doctors, or med students. Other people would be immediately known to be qualified to handle the defibrillator, the heart massage, the ambu bag, and so on.

Uniforms. They're not just about social swagger.

And the patients, too, are put into uniforms. Those dreadful backless gowns do have a number of practical functions, not least that they can be gotten on and off around IVs, assorted

drains, and other connections. (See: Code Blue, above.)

The other thing patient gowns do, interestingly, is strip away all outer signs of class or rank or wealth. Very levelling ; all patients are the same class, here. All that's left as markers are inner qualities such as personality, education, or speech—none of which survive the installation of a ventilator, I must point out.

The two things that are left, when everything else is taken away, are underlying biology, and family/friends.

Thus, my views of social class. Which were not formed by my reading. [LMB to the List, 18 Feb. 2011]

**My strength is great because my cause is just** (22, 29, 357) An adapted quotation from Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad' (wr. 1834), ll. 3–4 : "My strength is as the strength of ten / Because my heart is pure". The irony seems more probably LMB's than Ivan's.

**"You have my number?" / "Yes, you gave me several of them back on Komarr. ..."** (22–3, 29–30, 358) Five, to be precise, which also gave Helen Vorthys Miles's number:

"So here are all my addresses." He spoke again to Ekaterin, and handed her a plastic flimsy. "The numbers for the Vorkosigan residences in Vorbarr Sultana, Hassadar, and Vorkosigan Surleau, for Master Tsipis in Hassadar—my man of business, I believe I mentioned him to you—he usually knows where to get hold of me in a pinch, when I'm out in the District—and a drop-number through the Imperial Residence, which will *always* know how to reach me. Any time, day or night."

Aunt Vorthys leaned back, with her finger on her lips, and regarded him with growing bemusement. "Do you think those will be enough, Miles? Perhaps you can think of three or four more, just to be sure?" [K, ch. 21]

**the tiny model Barrayar** (23, 30, 358) Miles purchases this pendant in *K*, ch. 5, and gives it to Ekaterin as the "Lord Auditor Vorkosigan Award for Making His Job Easier" in ch. 21 ; see the annotation for **the pendant model Barrayar** (162, 214, 519).

*Section p-o-v—Ivan*

**Ivan set ...** (23, 30, 358) LMB remarks:

More people ask about whether Ivan is going to get married than how human evolution is going to go ten thousand years down the timeline (although, when you think about it, the two questions are profoundly related). We see Ivan a lot through Miles's eyes, and Miles is . . . opinionated, let's say, but beneath Ivan Vorpatril's lazy façade is a real lazy man. When we finally saw Ivan through his own mind, as a viewpoint character in *A Civil Campaign*, some people were disappointed because there wasn't more there. They had constructed Ivan as this man of mystery.

But the Ivan that you see is pretty much the Ivan that you get. He could be challenged, and he would rise to the occasion. Without the challenge, he would just lie there. Nothing is more life-disrupting for a hapless character than to accidentally stumble into one of my books. When I was writing *A Civil Campaign* and it was time for one of Ivan's scenes, I always had the feeling that he was hiding out from me much the way he hid out from his mother when she had unpleasant chores for him. He whined pitifully whenever I dragged him back onstage. Clearly, I'll have to think about something special for Ivan. He'll hate it, but he doesn't get a vote.

[‘Putting It Together’, in VC]

As LMB's work-in-progress has the working title ‘Ivan—His Book’ it appears “something special” has now been thought about:

Last winter I got on a strange, abrupt roll and started a book for Ivan [...], probably as the result of the accumulated power of fannish suggestion. It went well for a couple of months, but derailed when I went out of town and then plunged into some long-overdue and disruptive house maintenance projects in the Spring. These dragged on [...] There are, so to speak, special challenges in making a dedicated slacker the hero of one's supposed action-adventure novel. I'm feeling more and more

on Ivan's side about that, personally.

[Interview with Jeremy L. C. Jones, at  
[http://clarkesworldmagazine.com/bujold\\_interview/](http://clarkesworldmagazine.com/bujold_interview/)]

**to test the pup's devotion ...** (23, 31, 359) Ivan's erstwhile date's behaviour recalls that of Miss Flaxman towards Mr Farrington and Mr Pomfret in *GN*, chs 7–8.

**they're cooking up their kid in a uterine replicators** (24, 32, 360) Discussing the origins of *EA* in the 'Afterword' to *Miles, Mystery & Mayhem*, LMB remarked:

in the course of my first novel, *Shards of Honor*, I had tossed off as a mere sidebar the idea of the uterine replicator. Upon consideration, this appeared to me more and more a piece of technology that really did have the potential to change the world, and I wanted to explore some of those possible changes. Extra-uterine gestation is not a new idea in SF. Aldous Huxley first used it way back in the early thirties in *Brave New World*, but being who and where he was, used it mainly as part of a metaphoric exploration of specifically British class issues. I was a child of another country and time, with a very different worldview, and other issues interested me a lot more. Primary among my beliefs was that, given humanity as I knew it, there wasn't going to be just one way any new tech would be applied—and that the results were going to be even more chaotic than the causes.

One obvious consequence of the uterine replicator was the possibility of a society where women's historical monopoly on reproduction would be broken. All-male societies exist in our world—armies, prisons, and monasteries to name three—but all must re-supply their populations from the larger communities in which they are embedded. This technology could break that dependence. I discarded armies and prisons as containing skewed, abnormally violent populations, and instead considered monasteries as a possible model for an all-male society both benign and, provably, viable over generations.

About this time—the winter of 1984–85—I went to a New

Year's Eve party given by a nurse friend, and fell into a conversation about some of these nascent ideas with two men. One was an unmarried and notably macho surgeon, the other a hospital administrator with two children of his own. The two men took, interestingly, opposite sides of the argument of whether such an all-male colony could ever be workable. The macho surgeon rejected the notion out of hand ; the man who'd actually had something to do with raising his own children was intrigued, and not so inclined to sell his gender short. (The surgeon, note, did not perceive that he was slandering his gender ; in bragging about what he could not possibly do in the way of menial women's work, he was positioning himself and his fellows as ineluctably on the high-status end of human endeavor.) It was clear, in any case, that the topic was a hot one, of enormous intrinsic interest to a wide range of people.

[*Miles, Mystery & Mayhem*, 'Afterword' ; 'Putting It Together', in VC]

One further aspect of LMB's passion in this respect was bluntly stated in a 2008 blog Q-and-A, when LMB remarked that she was "Speaking as someone who grew up short one grandmother because she died in childbirth in 1916 of causes that would be handled with trivial ease today. There is nothing so un-liberating as dying." (<http://josephmallozzi.wordpress.com/2008/08/14/august-14-2008-author-lois-mcmaster-bujold-answers-your-questions/>)

**Gregor's Second** (25, 32, 360) Miles has the role of a key witness at his foster-brother's wedding ceremony, similar to that of a best man. The designation of 'second' is suggestive, given that the more typical context for a second is duelling, a practice Barrayar managed to rid itself of only in recent decades. While the duel is a classic Regency romance trope, the co-opting of the term 'second' for a far more celebratory activity reflects ACC's tendency to recycle dark motifs into far lighter contexts, befitting its status as comedy.

**your mother may be the most important person in Vorbarr Sultana** (25, 33, 361) See the annotation for **Aunt Vorpatril—she's in charge ...** (5, 6–7, 338).

**I have no brave bachelor speeches ... Or live down ...** (26, 34-5, 362) Ivan is in some ways analogous to the Regency romance type

known as the rakehell (or rake), typically associated with womanizing, drinking, and gambling ; the reformation of a rake by a heroine is a prominent generic trope, for instance in Heyer's Georgian romance *These Old Shades* (1926). On the fact that ACC does not put an end to Ivan's longstanding bachelor status, LMB comments:

I did, early on, hope to find a romance for Ivan to match Miles's and Mark's, but my back-brain had other plans. Hence the 'missing' sixth viewpoint ... I think there must be some sort of 'from each according to their ability, to each according to their need' thing going on with the plots characters attract to themselves. [LMB to the List, 23 May, 2000]

**“Where have you been hiding this Kat...”/ “Ekaterin.”** (27, 36, 363) Miles insists on Ekaterin's full given name, perceiving the short form as pejorative in light of how Tien Vorsoisson used it in *K* :

*Ekaterin*. He tasted the syllables of her name in his mind. It had been so easy, speaking with her uncle, to slip into the familiar form. But she had not yet invited him to use her first name. Her late husband had called her *Kat*. A pet name. A little name. As if he hadn't had time to pronounce the whole thing, or wished to be bothered. It was true her full array, *Ekaterin Nile Vorvayne Vorsoisson*, made an impractical mouthful. But *Ekaterin* was light on the teeth and the tip of the tongue, yet elegant and dignified and entirely worth an extra second of, of anyone's time. [*K*, ch. 12]

Ekaterin's older brother Hugo and his wife Rosalie, both of whom tend to adopt a patronizing attitude toward her, also habitually call her Kat. See the annotation for **Ekaterin Nile Vorvayne Vorsoisson** (3, 3, 335).

**one way to solve the widow shortage** (27, 36, 363) The extent to which Ivan's conversation with Miles (up to and including this unhappy remark) adumbrates the plot as a whole is striking, and points the extent to which Miles is until ch. 10 in denial about the ethics and practicability of his cunning plan, and about how he is failing to respect Ekaterin. Harriet Vane is similarly in denial of what

she knows well for much of *GN*. The idea of a ‘widow shortage’ is at once disreputably Ivanish and at odds with the context of regency romance (where widows abound and often incur or represent trouble as well as sexual opportunity). More subtly, allowing for Ivan’s privileged high-Vor perspective, it is a true measure of Barrayaran medical and civil progress that widows no longer abound ; in Piotr’s or Aral’s generations a shortage of widows would have been an impossibility, and both were widowers by violence long before the series began.

**a study of his half-boots** (28, 37, 364) See the annotation for **his polished half-boots** (3, 3, 335).



## Chapter Two

### *Section p-o-v—Kareen*

**Kareen Koudelka** (31, 41, 367) It is worth remembering that Kareen is named for Gregor’s mother, Princess Kareen—to whom Drou Koudelka was once a bodyguard, and who died during Cordelia’s shopping-expedition in *B*, ch. 18. In contrast to Princess Kareen’s subdued demeanour and tragic end, Kareen, whose point of view is presented for the first time in *ACC*, is bubbly and full of good humour. The recycling of the name signals major shifts in Barrayaran society over the course of a single generation, from civil war to a prosperous peace in which romance can flourish.

**Thing was not accepted psychoscientific terminology ...** (31, 42, 367) Cf. **Kareen’s Betan psychology terminology ...** (327, 429, 706).

**Could they picture ... potential husband?** (34, 46, 371) Kareen’s question sets up a major theme of her plot thread, that of resistance to marriage as the teleological endpoint of a romantic relationship. On an extradiegetic (Doylist) level, it is also a critique and expansion of the framework of the romance novel, defined by romance scholar Pamela Regis as “the story of the courtship and betrothal of one or more heroines” (*A Natural History of the Romance Novel*, p. 23). *ACC* provides a pushback against the marital imperative, eventually subverting it even as it manages to supply a comparable happy ending for Kareen and Mark. The premise of unwedded bonding is played out in *Cb*, which finds Kareen and Mark still romantically involved but unmarried seven or eight years later:

The couple’s informal partnership, which would have been unremarkable on Beta Colony, had been a difficult pill for Kareen’s very Barrayaran parents to swallow, but after several years the senior Koudelkas seemed pretty reconciled. And Kareen had three older married sisters, all of whom had sprung at least one sprog, so there wasn’t the family pressure on her that there had been on, say, Miles. [*Cb*, ch. 20]

**At least the Old Vor can’t shuffle her off to be a brood mare ...** (36, 48, 373) Another subtle tweaking of romance generic

expectations, as Laisa will remain unburdened by pregnancy.

**She'll hand them back their heads on a plate** (36, 48, 373) Kou's assessment of Cordelia's reaction recalls the beheading of John the Baptist at the behest of Salome (Matthew 14:6–11, Mark 6:22–8). Within the Vorkosiverse, it also alludes to Cordelia's rescue mission in *B*, which likewise paired a uterine replicator (Miles's) with a beheading (Vordarian's).

**every eye in the Imperium** (37, 49, 374) Delia's usage is exact:

When Barrayarans are being technical and precise in their language, “the Empire” refers to the physical geography of the three planets, but “the Imperium” refers to the *people* living there, in their web of neo-feudal relationships. Rather the way the medieval church used to be conceptualized as “the Body of Christ”, every person in the Imperium is seen as being part of the Imperium. If all three planets blew up, Ghu forbid, the collected survivors would still be “the Imperium”.

[LMB to the List, 6 Nov. 2010]

### *Section p-o-v—Kareen*

**removing his half-boots** (38, 50, 375) See the annotation for **his polished half-boots** (3, 3, 335).

**Campaigning?** (38, 51, 375) The first overt echo of the title within the body of the novel. ‘Campaign’ in its various forms also appears at 97, 128, 444 ; 161, 212, 518 ; 166, 219, 524 ; 190, 251, 551 ; twice at 219, 290, 583/4 ; 222, 293, 586 ; 328, 432, 708 ; and 331, 436, 711.

**in the days of dowries** (39, 52, 377) Elizabeth Bennet, who comes from a daughter-heavy family in similarly straitened circumstances, has a dowry of £1,000, a pittance compared to Mr Darcy's annual income of £10,000. The dowry is a recurring motif in *ACC*, appearing in the context of Vormuir's 118 daughters (93, 122, 439) and Cordelia's management of Kou and Drou (314, 413, 692), as well as in Miles's characterization of Ekaterin's garden as “a dowry of talent, skill, and vision” (214, 282, 578).

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**the Green Room in the Imperial Residence** (39, 53, 377) This venue is mentioned twice in *SH*, by Aral in ch. 9 and by Cordelia in

ch. 10:

The really unforgivable acts are committed by calm men in beautiful green silk rooms, who deal death wholesale, by the shipload, without lust, or anger, or desire, or any redeeming emotion to excuse them but cold fear of some pretended future.

[*SH*, ch. 9]

Somewhere in a quiet, green silk room, where a great choreographer designed a dance of death, and the honor of a man of honor was broken on the wheel of his service.

[*SH*, ch. 10]

One part of the spiralling comedic closures LMB achieves in *ACC* is that the room is now being put to matrimonial, planetary-integrating rather than murderous, planetary-invasive use.

**Assuming, of course, that they *were* keeping ...** (40, 53, 378) Setting aside his compelled seduction by Cavilo in *VG*, the nature and degree of Gregor's sexual experience is unknown. During a cheerfully prurient discussion on the List concerning whether and if so how Cordelia might have managed this aspect of an imperial education LMB remarked:

Heh. There's a job for Fanficwoman. The behind-closed-doors knockout fight between Cordelia and Illyan over whether or not to import an L.P.S.T. from Beta Colony—one of the best, with a PhD, no doubt—on a short-term tutor's contract for Gregor, sometime between puberty and age 20. (Probably closer to the former than the latter, if Cordelia had her way. Betan norms being nothing if not practical.)

No, I don't know offhand who would have won that one.

[LMB to the List, 12 Nov. 2010]

**it would give Sergeant Bothari a chance to attend** (40, 54, 378) Bothari appears in *SH* and *B*, and is Miles's childhood bodyguard until his death in *WA* ; an illegitimate child without family other than his daughter Elena, he is, like Count Piotr, buried in the Vorkosigan family cemetery at Vorkosigan Surleau. List member Diane Echelbarger once asked about Bothari's age : "for reasons about

which I am not articulate, at least at this hour, I have the conviction that he was 57 when he died. The rest of the ages can be calculated back from that, I think.” (LMB to the List, 3 Feb. 2001).

**He wasn't at all sure he could bring Ekaterin up to the matrimonial fence before fall ... as agonizing as what was being done to Gregor ...** (41, 54, 378) Besides the implications of frustrated sexual desire and the temptation prophetically to read ‘before a fall’, it is clear that Miles really does at some level think of Ekaterin as a horse—and of course, as LMB comments, “he loves horses ...! Heh” (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011). See the annotation for **Are you choosing a wife or buying a horse?** (97, 127, 443).

**Vorbretten case?** (44, 58, 382) There are no direct sources in any of the dedicatees’ work for either of the biologically inflected inheritance cases in *ACC* (Vorbretten, Vorrutyer) that enrich its subtitle. A similar kind of case is reported of Uberto Ferrante, who “bribed the Papal Curia to overturn the other cousin’s claim”, in *SR*, ch. 3. LMB was a biology major, subscribes to *Scientific American*, and is the author of ‘Allegories of Change: The “New” Biotech in the Eye of Science Fiction’, so no fictional sources are needed, but it should also be noted that in *GN* there is considerable if scattered discussion of biology and genetics in relation both to contemporary political issues (eugenics, inherited criminality, &c.) and to marriage.

**René Vorbretten?** (44, 58, 382) The name ‘René’, French for ‘reborn’, hints obliquely at the character’s overnight metamorphosis into a putative Cetagandan as well as the reproductive element embedded in his plot thread.

**Depends on which line it came through** (44, 59, 383) The point is that if René’s ghem-gene-complement came through the male line, Miles would know when this must have happened, as the paternity of René’s grandfather, on record as the seventh Count Vorbretten, would be implicated ; but if it came through the female line, implicating the grandmother of René’s mother, there would be no reason for Miles to be able to date the event.

**to attach everything** (46, 61, 384) Modern legal usage of ‘attach’ applied to property echoes an older usage applied to persons, as in Shakespeare ; cf. Westmorland’s statement, “And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray, / Of capital treason I attach

you both” (2H4 4.1.334–5)

**she suggested Gregor and Laisa ought to elope** (47, 62, 385)  
 Elopement is a common topos in Regency romance, typically to Gretna Green—the first village past the Scottish border on the London–Edinburgh coaching route ; ‘irregular’ marriage, without an ordained celebrant or any ‘reading of the banns’, was lawful in Scotland, where parental consent was not required for boys over 14 and girls over 12, whereas in England and Wales, under Lord Hardwicke’s Marriage Act of 1753, an ordained (or otherwise duly authorised) celebrant was required, and anyone under 21 required parental consent.

When my brother and I (21 and 15, respectively) were [in the UK in 1965 and] hitch-hiking up one of the main northern freeways, we got picked up by a bloke in a panel truck transporting a calf who enquired if we were eloping to Gretna Green, and who then had to explain what Gretna Green was, this being the first either of us had heard of it. We rejected the notion with suitable loathing.

The American version involves crossing select state lines, so the underlying concept was not alien.

[LMB, email to the editors, 9 April 2011]

Elopements to Gretna Green genuinely happened, sometimes notoriously (as with the ‘Shrigley Abduction’ in 1827), but in fiction, while often mentioned and plotted by young protagonists, are rarely carried out and when they do happen are severely condemned. Lydia Bennet’s elopement with Wickham in *PP* is doubly grim because while she supposes they are “going to Gretna Green” (vol. III, ch. 5), Wickham only takes her to London and debauches her. However, an elopement (if not to Gretna Green) does resolve Heyer’s *Black Sheep* (1966).

## Chapter Three

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**the gaudy tile front of the house** (49, 65, 389) There is no direct connection but for readers of Sayers LMB's choice of the word 'gaudy' inevitably summons *GN* ; LMB was however "thinking of Silk Road and Iberian tile-work. And maybe Holland." (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011).

**you call before you visit** (49, 66, 389) Miles's old-fashioned courtesy in such minor matters echoes the behaviour of Peter Wimsey in *GN*—for whom it was a rather new courtesy, dependent on the telephone and so impossible in *PP* or in Heyer's Regency romances (though warning notes might be sent).

**Byerly Vorrutyer** (50, 66, 390) Though named for Byerly's, a chain of grocery stores in Minnesota, "being similarly decadent" (LMB to the List, 1 April 2004), LMB also credits Francis Cheviot (who also combines dandyism and secret-agency) in Heyer's *The Reluctant Widow* (1946) as one source of inspiration for By's character, while acknowledging him to be a type : "That said, it's hard to know how much is type, and how much is playing to type, with By. Always a problem, with these post-modern heroes. Miles suffers such recursiveness as well." (LMB to the List, 14 Oct. 2010). In the List FAQ LMB comments that:

[By] has quite a bit of spy training, little 'vacations' where he disappears for a few weeks at a time, generally leaving the impression he's rusticated somewhere due to lack of funds—but no military training *per se*. Note he does turn in competent written, verbal, and other reports. Usually, his job is to observe, not to act. Not even to pass judgment on the gossip he passes on—that's the ImpSec analysts' job—but after several years, he is doubtless developing considerable discernment in his own right. Street smarts, for a narrow value of 'street'.

By does have his speciality, low dives and high Vor, which is somewhat geographically constrained. But if one of his targets went off-planet, so might he.

[[http://www.dendarii.com/bujold\\_faq.html#by-training](http://www.dendarii.com/bujold_faq.html#by-training)]

This last eventuality occurs in LMB's current work-in-progress, with the working title *Ivan—His Book*. See also the annotation for **Impoverished, imprudent, and impervious to put-downs ...** (364, 479, 748–9).

**a town clown** (50, 66, 390) ‘Town’ meaning London is common in both Heyer and Sayers ; Oxford also has a traditional rivalry of ‘Town vs Gown’, visible in the background of *GN*. Peter Wimsey is described, by a third party early in *GN*, as looking “Fair and Mayfair” and having been seen “giving a perfect imitation of the silly-ass-about-town” (*GN*, ch. 2)—so this description of Byerly might both ring bells and post a warning that he is more than he seems.

**But she died young, alas** (51, 68, 391) The death of Aral's first wife (probably a sister of the unlamented Ges Vorrutyer—see [http://dendarii.com/bujold\\_faq.html#aral-firstwife](http://dendarii.com/bujold_faq.html#aral-firstwife)) is detailed in *SH*, ch. 3. During Miles's conversation with his da in ch. 15, Aral speculates that it might have been murder by or on the orders of Count Piotr, rather than suicide (295, 390, 671), but also seems to believe that the episode is only remembered dimly by the old ; By's rapid reference to it here suggests otherwise. Readers are also subtly reminded that the two Lady (or Countess) Vorkosigans before Cordelia died violently, and that she only narrowly survived the soltoxin attack and Miles's transfer to a replicator in *B*, chs 8–9.

**After six weeks of sifting through the data ...** (51, 68, 392) Readers of *K* will know the full story Miles is not telling, and the smoothness of his official lying is worth considering from Ekaterin's perspective, as is the blandness of the cover-story that has been promulgated on Barrayar. The dons of Shrewsbury College in *GN* are also deeply concerned throughout with keeping official dirty linen out of the public eye—an aim that Harriet and Peter share.

**the fall of Count Vortrifrani** (52, 69, 392) The isolationist Vortrifrani's fall in the aftermath of the *Yarrow* plot is detailed by Duv Galeni in *M*, ch. 7, Miles having previously noted “the suave way [the Count] mops the foam from his lips” (*VG*, ch. 11). For whatever it may be worth, *trifrani* means ‘three landslides’ in Italian.

**A daughter of the Vor ...** (52, 70, 393) Alexi's rote, xenophobic patriotism contrasts sharply with Gregor's genetically rational determination to marry anyone but a Vor (*M*, ch. 9). The Vormoncriefs don't have the congenital insanity that afflicts some

with Vorrutyer genes (including Emperor Yuri and Crown Prince Serg), but the behaviour of Boriz and Alexi suggests they haven't benefitted from the family sticking to a restricted breeding-pool.

**At it again, are you?** (54, 72, 395) The reference is to Ekaterin catching Miles eavesdropping on her and Venier in *K*, ch. 16.

**modified the backcountry design to give ... the stream more prominence, winding in an S-curve** (55, 74, 396) Subtly evoking the Serpentine, the artificial lake in London's Hyde Park, so named for its prominent S-shape. The Serpentine, which dates back to the 1730s and was among the earliest man-made lakes designed to look natural, features regularly as a site for outings and romantic interludes in Regency romances, including allusions in Heyer's *The Grand Sophy* (1950) and *The Nonesuch* (1962).

**Ten percent ... The other ninety ...** (57, 75, 398) Miles's remark recalls the artist James McNeill Whistler: 'An artist is not paid for his labour but for his vision'; and, in a case against Ruskin, replying to the question 'For two days' labour, you ask two hundred guineas?', 'No, I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime'.

**A family with five women in it? All at once?** (57, 76, 398) In *PP* the Bennets run to six women.

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**the small South Continent town ...** (58, 78, 400) Of South Continent LMB remarks that "both South Continent and Sergyar are 'crown lands', belonging to the Emperor (or the Imperium), not to the Counts Vorbarra" (LMB to the List, 6 Nov. 2010).

**"That would be illegal," she murmured. "Outré, even."** (59, 79, 401) Ekaterin's quip, echoing a similar one from Byerly at 52, 69, 393, evokes the spectre of bigamy, which lies at the heart of Jane Eyre's and Rochester's aborted marriage; here, however, the gender dynamics are inverted with the notion of Ekaterin wedding multiple suitors, and the eventuality is recast as humorously implausible.

**Every night now, lying down alone without Tien ...** (60, 80, 402) Ekaterin's nocturnal relief in widowhood is given real weight by the account of her joyless conjugal relations with Tien in *K*, ch. 5.

**I thought—back on Komarr—he seemed a bit interested in you himself.** (60, 80, 402) Helen refers to the wonderful, uneasy conversation between Ekaterin and Miles ending *K*, ch. 21, that



inadvertently demonstrated Miles's capacity to help (or force) his various girlfriends to grow. This motif interlocks with Ekaterin's relief at returning from Komarran domes to Barrayaran skies ; see the annotations for **under the real sky ...** (4–5, 6, 337), **Now that's a proper sky. ...** (124, 162, 475), and **He comes with a house ...** (304, 400, 681).

*Section p-o-v—Mark*

**Lord Vorkosigan ... Lord Mark** (61, 82, 403) This aspect of Vor protocol derives from British usage, bourgeois as well as aristocratic : in *PP*, for example, Jane as the eldest daughter is 'Miss Bennet', while Elizabeth is 'Miss Elizabeth Bennet' and the younger sisters are similarly 'Miss Mary Bennet' &c.. Elizabeth would, however, be 'Miss Bennet' if she were the only sister present ; aristocratic practice is tighter—Miles is alerted to his grandfather's death by being addressed as 'Lord Vorkosigan' (*WA*, ch. 3), and to Aral's death by being addressed as 'Count Vorkosigan' (*Cb*, ch. 20), so Mark's concern with the protocol is not idle. See also the annotation for **"Lord Richars Vorrutyer ..."** / **"That's Lord Vorrutyer"** (231, 306, 597).

**Lilly Durona** (62, 82, 404) Lilly and other Duronas feature in *MD*.

**Dr. Enrique Borgos** (62, 83, 404) There are reasons to suppose Enrique's surname deliberately echoes the city of Burgos, the capital of Castile ; see the annotation for **Parole Officer Oscar Gustioz ...** (354, 466, 738). Though his sources, if any, remain unknown, Enrique does have analogues:

In my library DVD browsing this week, I ran across a half-hour nature TV series out of Montreal, 12 episodes, titled *Insectia*. It's hosted by a French-Canadien fellow by the name of Georges Brossard, who is a loon for bugs and co-founder, apparently, of an insect zoo in Montreal. Anyone else seen this delightful series? Brossard could be a grown-up ... scratch that, grown-older Enrique to the life, which seems to be imitating art again. I'm now having this vision of the later Enrique being a sort of Barrayaran Mr. Wizard on the equivalent of Vorbarr Sultana kids' educational TV...

[LMB to the List, 20 Sept. 2005]

**This ... is a butter bug.** (65, 87, 408) The species is of course literally invented (and in Linnaean terms nondescript), but LMB is not without entomological experience : in a discussion of milkweed bugs or beetles (*Tetraopes tetrophthalmus* Forster 1971), creatures which feature significantly in *TSK: Beguilement*, ch. 6, she mentioned that she had “kept some for a while during my college biology days” (LMB’s My Space blog, 12 April 2008), and the story was expanded in the ‘Afterword’ to *Miles in Love*:

The butterbugs [...] have several sources. First, I was a biology major back in my college days, and my faculty advisor was an insect toxicologist. He raised various strains of cockroaches in his lab to test poisons and resistances. (For some reason, the animal rights people never hassled him ...) His most interesting strain was one which, when he sprinkled roach powder in their plastic boxes, would stand up on their hind two legs with their front four legs on the sides, a behavioural adaptation. I also did a great deal of insect photography during that period.

Second were some wonderful old Robert Sheckley tales read in my youth about a pair of down-on-their-luck spacers and their misadventures with live cargo. [The ‘AAA Ace Interplanetary Decontamination Service’ series, collected in *The Masque of Mañana*.] Thirdly was [John Payson’s] movie *Joe’s Apartment* [1996—tag-line : ‘Sex Bugs Rock ’n’ Roll’], and fourthly, at about the same time, was a trip to the Minnesota State Fair where I saw, among other things, a large apiary exhibit. I was scratching around for an idea for a short story when the notion of Mark’s adventure in bioengineering with Dr. Borgos and his yogurt-barfing bugs first began to take shape. It quickly became apparent both that the idea could not be crammed into the length, and that it was much too good to waste on a mere short story, and so the Vorkosigan House butterbug scheme was born. Or hatched.

[*Miles in Love*, ‘Afterword’ ; ‘Putting It Together’, in VC]

See also the annotation for **a full-color three-dimensional representation ...** (224, 297, 590).

## Chapter Four

### *Section p-o-v—Ivan*

**cousin Richars** (72, 95, 414) Richars Vorrutyer’s given name, his scheming tendencies, and his willingness to harm family members in order to assure his own political ascendancy all recall England’s Richard III, particularly as portrayed by Shakespeare. Elsewhere Miles has demonstrated self-identification with this figure, due to their shared wit, physique, and family position relative to the throne (see part I *s.vv.* ‘William Shakespeare’). Under fast penta interrogation, Miles once regurgitated the entirety of *R3*:

“At this rate we’ll be here till next winter,” said one of the guards in disgust.

Miles’s bleeding lips peeled back in a maniacal grin. “‘Now is the winter of our discontent,’” he cried, “‘made glorious summer by this sun of York—’”

It had been years since he’d memorized the ancient play, but the vivid iambic pentameter carried him along relentlessly. Short of beating him into unconsciousness, there seemed nothing Galen could do to turn him off. Miles was not even to the end of Act I when the two guards dragged him back down the lift tube and threw him roughly back into his prison room.

Once there, his rapid-firing neurons drove him from wall to wall, pacing and reciting, jumping up and down off the bench at appropriate moments, doing all the women’s parts in a high falsetto. He got all the way through to the last *Amen!* before he collapsed on the floor and lay gasping.

Captain Galeni, who had been scrunched into the corner on his bench with his arms wrapped protectively around his ears for the last hour, lifted his head cautiously from their circle. “Are you quite finished?” he said mildly.

Miles rolled over on his back and stared blankly up at the light. “Three cheers for literacy . . . I feel sick.” [*BA*, ch. 9]

Miles’s intimate knowledge of the play reveals an implicit insecurity—reinforced, in all likelihood, by Barrayaran folktales casting mutants in the role of the villain—as to his ‘hero status’ and

capacity for evil : “I speculate he also acted the part in a school play, sometime in his early-mid-teens—an insult turned around when he did a bang-up job, and made all the other louting young players do so, too” (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011). The displacement in *ACC* of Richard’s name and nefarious traits onto Richards (in the end a somewhat comical character) relieves Miles of the burden of being the novel’s true villain and frees him up to play its hero (albeit, with a few false starts).

**Lady Donna** (73, 94, 415) *Donna* is Italian for ‘lady,’ making the character’s name both effectively redundant and doubly charged with expectations of femininity. LMB subverts the semantically over-determined name through Donna’s sex change ; during the *Dono* transition, the gender-label is among the baggage s/he “jettisoned ... on Beta” (134, 175, 486). See the annotation for **Lord Dono Vorrutyer** (130, 170, 482).

**He’d been a callow new officer ... Cetaganda** (73, 96, 416) This dates Ivan’s affair with Lady Donna to somewhere between *WA* and *MM*, or 11–14 years before the present.

**I have met *the* woman** (74, 97, 416) There is an echo of Conan Doyle : ‘A Scandal in Bohemia’ (1891), the first story narrated by John Watson to be published in *Strand* magazine, begins, “To Sherlock Holmes she was always *the* woman”. Events prove Alexi Vormoncrief quite as misogynistic as Holmes and a would-be investigator but wholly without his redeeming brains. LMB included in *DD* a Sherlock Holmes story with curious *Vorkosiverse* connections, ‘The Adventure of the Lady on the Embankment’ : the heroine is one Miss Cordelia Naismith, her friend a Lieutenant Calvin Oser.

**Alexi ... leaks.** (75, 98, 418) “A side note on Byerly Vorrutyer ... I would draw your attention to his comment to Ivan in the bar: ‘Alexi ... leaks.’ In my mind, By (counter-intelligence, remember) was following *Alexi*. I feel that Alexi, while loyal, has had some problems in the discretion department ...” (LMB to the List, 15 Dec. 1999).

**a first reconnaissance** (75, 99, 418) Byerly’s wording is suitable in the context of courting as a game of tactics or military campaign, but again alludes obliquely to his job as a deep-cover informer for *ImpSec*.

**the Kshatryan Foreign Legion** (76, 99, 419) The French Foreign

Legion is notoriously willing to enrol soldiers without proof of identity ; *kshatriya* is the Hindu warrior-caste. “Kshatriyan Imperial mercenaries” are mentioned in *WA*, ch. 15.

**one meeting he wouldn't miss for worlds** (76, 100, 419) Ivan later has precisely the same attitude toward attending the Council of Counts ; see the annotation for **he wouldn't miss this denouement for worlds** (369, 486, 754).

*Section p-o-v—Kareen*

**That's the trouble ... Barrayar** (78, 102, 421) The problem Kareen encounters seems to have been very clearly established in LMB's mind before or very early in composition:

free sex'll never happen in any pre-technological society (such as Barrayar) where significant amounts of property and power are inherited through the male line. Monogamy will be enforced, especially on women of the propertied classes, at gunpoint if need be. As it has often been, throughout history. Remember, all those women you meet who for some strange, alien reason don't seem to want to roll on the floor and howl with you are all descendants of the *survivors* ... (I won't even go into all the grotesque biological ways Sex Will Kill You if you're female in a pre-modern-medicine world (and in fact still sometimes does.) But I can, at length, if you have a strong stomach ...)

If you want orgies, go to Beta Colony. Their methods of transferring property and power between the generations are quite different from Barrayar's, and they've had high-tech medicine for a very long time, culturally speaking.

[LMB to the List, 21 Oct. 1997]

See also Cordelia's remarks about Barrayaran and Betan control of reproduction at 312–13, 411, 691. In the event, however, LMB also attached a rather lighter note to these trials and tribulations:

I have been referring to Mark and Kareen in *A Civil Campaign* as playing Pappageno and Pappagena ...

(I'd better explain this joke. They are characters from

Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. I think of them in this context principally because they are a secondary romantic couple whose trials and tribulations thematically mirror, on a more physical level, those of the primary romantic couple, not because Mark is ever likely to suddenly sprout any musical talent whatsoever.) [LMB to the List, 25 Dec. 1998]

**that Barrayaran folktale where the girl's lover ended up with his head in a pot of basil** (78, 102–03, 421) Barrayaran folktales have some odd sources—in this case Boccaccio's *Decameron* (1349–51; fourth day, fifth novel), which is echoed in Keats's poem 'Isabella ; or, The Pot of Basil' (1818—another Regency work). The tale is mentioned in *BH*, ch. 4. Isabella loves and is loved by Lorenzo, who works for her rich brothers and is beneath her socially. The brothers murder Lorenzo and bury him in a forest, but the pining Isabella is led to the grave by Lorenzo's spectre and recovers his head, which she then keeps in a pot with basil growing in it, watered by her tears. The brothers steal the pot, discover the head, and flee, and Isabella dies mourning her lost pot of basil.

**You have to come see my butter bugs.** (80, 104, 423) During the book discussion LMB commented:

The butter bugs, and the bug butter, are also a fertility symbol, I might point out. In Kareen's first encounter with them, I was thinking of the psychological interpretation of the fairy tale about the princess who loses her golden ball down a well, and who, having given her word, has to put up thereafter with the frog who rescues it. (Talk about heteronormative, heh.)

[LMB to the List, 25 Sept. 2010]

A short (but illustrated) version of 'The Frog Prince' can be found at: <http://www.yesicankids.gov/bedtime/princess.html>. The fairy tale is also mentioned in *Cb*, ch. 13.

**Open your mouth and close your eyes, and you will get a big surprise ...** (80–1, 106, 424) The sexual associations of butter bugs are reinforced by this rhyme, in which the "surprise" is for children generally something unpleasant, and from adolescence on may be the speaker's tongue or penis inserted into one's mouth. A rather brutal

variant on this formulation (not known to LMB) appears in the title-story of William Burroughs's collection *Interzone* (1989), a novella that was originally part of *Naked Lunch* (1959) and is reprinted in *Word Virus: The William Burroughs Reader* (1998 ; see p. 137). See next two annotations.

***Does he really want me to touch that thing? Well, she'd got through Betan sex education, after all.*** (81, 106, 424) The sexual associations of butter bugs are reinforced again. See next annotation.

***A little chittering burp made her look down.*** (83, 110, 427) During the book discussion Kareen's manual encounter with bug butter produced a memorable story from LMB:

I had one early reviewer, brain marinated in feminist ideologies, who had a whole shtick in which she interpreted the butter bugs as a symbol of the female abject, tidily tucking them into her Theory That Was Hers. I had to point out to her that an ugly alien creature that, when petted, barfs a dubious thick white liquid into one's hand, but at the same time, if one can get past the biological squick factor, promises a greatly enhanced future life, is not a symbol of *female* anything. Everyone reads through their own filters, it seems.

[LMB to the List, 25 Sept. 2010]

Much hilarity and snorfling ensued. The identity of this reviewer is diplomatically unknown, but a feminist take on the butter bugs as standing "not only [...] for biology in general, but for 'woman' in particular" can be found in L. Timmel Duchamp's long online review, 'Pleasure and Frustration : One Feminist's Reading of [ACC]' (<http://ltimmel.home.mindspring.com/campaign.html>), first posted in 2000. An illustration (by Bob Stevlic) of a butter bug in someone's cupped hands, that was approved as 'on spec' by LMB, can be found in Genevieve Cogman's *Sourcebook and Roleplaying Game*, p. 80 (GURPS).

## Chapter Five

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**Vorkosigan’s Armsmen seemed impressively enthusiastic ... cordial to visitors.** (85, 111, 429) Elizabeth Bennet likewise observes Mrs Reynolds, Pemberley’s housekeeper, to be “much less fine, and more civil, than she had any notion of finding her” (*PP*, vol. III, ch. 1) ; Jane Eyre also finds Mrs Fairfax at Thornfield “less stately and milder looking” than she had imagined, but had mistakenly thought her the mistress of the house (*JE*, ch. 11).

**those wonderful old hand-painted herbals from the Time of Isolation** (85, 111–12, 429) There are many mediaeval and Early-Modern examples of such herbals ; some sample pages can be seen at <http://www.bl.uk/catalogues/illuminatedmanuscripts/GlossH.asp>, s.v. ‘Herbals’.

**At my height, Lord Vorkosigan had complained, the effect is damn startling.** (85, 112, 430) Miles’s remark is at 20, 26, 355, and Ekaterin’s reaction offers the fullest and most striking description of Mark since *MD*, outlining from a fresh perspective how he does and does not now resemble Miles.

**why did she instantly think of it as a barrier of flesh?** (85, 112, 430) An interesting example both of Ekaterin’s acute perceptions and of her lack of self-confidence in recognising their acuity.

**the scars on his chest ... a corpse reanimated and dressed for a party** (87–8, 114–15, 432) The reference is to (i) Miles’s death, cryofreezing, and revival in *MD*, and (ii) Ekaterin’s first sight of Miles topless, in *K*, ch. 5. In conjunction with Miles’s surgical scars, there is a hint of Frankenstein’s monster in the “corpse reanimated and dressed for a party”—Mary Shelley’s *Frankenstein ; or, The Modern Prometheus* (1818) being another Regency text, mentioned by Heyer in *The Foundling* (1948).

**polished half-boots** (88, 115, 432) See the annotation for **his polished half-boots** (3, 3, 335).

**escaped through the sewers after collecting the Pretender’s head** (89, 116, 433) The reference is to Cordelia’s infamous ‘shopping expedition’ in *B*, chs 18–19.

**that loon Vorfolse down on the south coast** (90, 117, 434)



Vorfolse's name is a Tuckerization of LMB fan Stephanie Folse ; see [http://dendarii.com/bujold\\_faq.html#tuckerized](http://dendarii.com/bujold_faq.html#tuckerized).

**Count Vormuir came up with this wonderful idea ...** (89, 117, 434) Vormuir's name is also a Tuckerization, of LMB fan and List member Doug Muir (see previous annotation), who also wrote the foreword to the 2002 NESFA edition of *WA*, reprinted in *VC*. Vormuir's not-so-comic element of the 'comedy of biology and manners' is perhaps underexplored in *ACC*, featuring only in this conversation and briefly in ch. 19, but anticipates the foetus-napping plot of the renegade Ba in *DI*. See also the annotation for **Dowries! Dowries!** ... (381, 502, 768)

**his frugal plans for having the older ones care for the younger ones** (93, 121, 438) The Count's cunningly frugal plan has a nasty echo of GalacTech's strategy for keeping down the costs of their Quaddie project in *FF*.

**Imperial and count-palatine female bastards ...** (93, 122, 439) Applied to a high noble, the adjective 'palatine' (literally, 'of the palace') means that within a given territory s/he has privileges and authority that would usually be prerogatives of the monarch ; all Barrayaran counts are probably still *de jure* counts palatine, and there is a strong case that Lords Auditor are lords palatine. Shakespeare uses 'county palentine' twice (*MV*, 1.2.45, 60), and John Donne's 'An Epithalamion on the Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine' is quoted as an epigraph to ch. 3 of *BH* ; LMB would also know the term from her reading in European mediaeval history, evident in *CC*, *PS*, and *HH*, and discussed in the Interview with John Joseph Adams.

**Vorkosigan did not strike her ... but how much choice did he have?** (94, 124, 440) Ekaterin's concern over a marital mismatch echoes Jane Eyre's dismay that Rochester would consider wedding beautiful Blanche Ingram, whom she considers "inferior" to him (*JE*, ch. 23) ; and in a general way, Elizabeth Bennet's dismay at her friend Charlotte Lucas's decision to settle 'prudently' for marriage to Mr Collins (whom Elizabeth rejected out of hand, and who quite lacks Charlotte's brains, besides much else).

**And it was absurd ... Completely absurd.** (94-5, 124, 440) Ekaterin's possessive fantasy and stern dismissal of it are classic romance signs of unacknowledged love ; in *GN* Harriet, despite often cursing the man herself, is similarly outraged on Peter's behalf

whenever she hears him slighted by a third party.

*Section p-o-v—Mark*

*They'd never even find the body.* (96, 126, 442) Given Mark's latent obsession with the pot-of-basil tale (see the annotation for **the Barrayaran folktale**, 78, 102–3, 421) there is a subtle reference to the brothers' unsuccessful concealment of Lorenzo's corpse ; and Miles says almost exactly the same thing to his father in ch. 15—"If I were going to murder someone ... No one would even guess a murder had occurred, ha!" (295, 389, 670–1).

**Are you choosing a wife or buying a horse?** (97, 127, 443) Miles's imagery is consistent enough to suggest the answer is indeed 'a horse'—see the annotation for **He wasn't at all sure ...** (41, 54, 378)—and Mark eerily anticipates Cordelia's assessment of Miles's Cunning Plan ; see 199, 262, 561–2. The purchase of horses (with or without good judgement and/or advice about their qualities) is a recurrent topos in Heyer's Regency romances, possession of well-paired, 'high-stepping', and attractively coloured ones being a very good sign in a putative husband.

**Penetrate the perimeter ...** (97, 128, 443) Warfare not being much improvement on horse-trading as a marital metaphor, this speech alone justifies Aral's description of "General Romeo Vorkosigan the one-man strike-force" (198, 261, 560) ; see also the annotation for **Miles** (1, 1, 1).

## Chapter Six

### *Section p-o-v—Kareen*

**Some Vor could get quite huffy ... accomplishment in life so far.** (100, 131, 446) Kareen's Vor dig was expressed most famously by Figaro in Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais's comedy *Le Mariage de Figaro* (1784), in which the wronged protagonist rails against an aristocracy built on birth rather than merit : "Noblesse, fortune, un rang, des places ; tout cela rend si fier! Qu'avez-vous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître, et rien de plus ; du reste, homme assez ordinaire!" ('Nobility, riches, a title, high positions, that all makes a man so proud! What have you done for such fortune? You went to the trouble of being born, and nothing else. Otherwise, a rather ordinary man!' ; *The Marriage of Figaro* 5.3).

**strangle-vines, South Continent** (101, 131, 447) This Barrayaran weed is presumably (sub-)tropical (South Continent, though little reported, seems to be more equatorial, and in general hotter), and so quite strongly recalls Terran 'strangler figs', parasitic epiphytes of the genus *Ficus* that envelop and eventually kill their host trees.

**Good heavens. ... the finest compost ...** (101, 132, 447) Another moment of reversal, anticipating the glorious bugs : after Miles's and Kareen's appalled encounters with the butter bugs' 'vomit', Ekaterin falls upon their posterior excretions with glad gardening cries.

**a war over horse manure** (101, 132, 448) Besides being an excellent Vor story allied to that of Lord Midnight, comparable to such historical events as the Anglo-Spanish 'War of Jenkins' Ear' (1739–43), the Franco-Mexican 'Pastry War' (1838), the Balkan 'Pig War' (1906–09), the Salvadorean-Honduran 'Soccer War' (1969), and the three Anglo-Icelandic 'Cod Wars' (1958, 1972, 1975–6), readers of Sayers may be reminded of what happened when Peter Wimsey, wanting romantic music, tried BBC radio:

"[...] What the devil did I come over here for?"

"Soft music."

"So it was. Now, my little minstrels of Portland Place ! Strike, you myrtle-crownéd boys, ivied maidens, strike

together !”

“Arrch !” said the loud speaker, “ ... and the beds should be carefully made up beforehand with good, well-rotted horse-manure or ...”

“Help !”

“That,” said Peter, switching off, “is quite enough of that.”

“The man has a dirty mind.”

“Disgusting. I shall write a stiff letter to Sir John Reith. [...]

[*BH*, ch. 16]

**a District agronomy officer ... Tsipis could guide you** (102, 133, 448–9) The administration of districts has never been explicitly discussed at any length in the published novels, but LMB has remarked:

Tsipis [...] is only the man-of-business for the family’s *personal* properties and financial affairs. The District has a proper bureaucracy, headquartered in Hassadar (and with branches elsewhere as needed), with all the appurtenances one would expect to find in a State, Provincial, or Prefecture government. Public health, public safety, roads and bridges, technical and traditional infrastructure, agriculture and terraforming, business courts, domestic courts ... the list goes on. These run along pretty much without the day-to-day supervision of the Count, which is the whole purpose of a well-oiled bureaucracy, but the Count does set the *tone* of affairs. Much as the CEO sets the tone in a large corporation, and influences corporate culture—what stories people tell each other about the enterprise, what behaviors get valued, etc.

While we’re on the subject, there is a lot of bottom-up control of affairs on the very local levels—township, village, city—that we might recognize as quasi-democratic. It is not uniform, either within a District or between Districts, but one may be certain that no Count is overseeing every detail. It’s only the *problems* that get passed up, and there are a number of layers of filtering to make sure most of the minor ones get passed right back down again, to be solved more locally.

[LMB to the List, 6 Nov. 2010]

**And she wouldn't end up alone with Mark ...** (104, 136, 451) Kareen is *de facto* making of Ekaterin a chaperone—a very Heyerian role for an older woman, though the twist of Kareen's agency in procuring her own chaperone is very LMB-ish.

**a little product development** (105, 137, 451) During the book discussion LMB drew the List's attention to a review of *ACC* by Rob Slade that remarked the verisimilitude of the process whereby the bug butter is finally brought to market:

This plotline [...] outlines the necessary considerations for product development : functional development, interface design, market research and marketing, financial and organizational evolution of a company, and project management. There is the great idea. There is the fact that the great idea has to be 'productized'. There is the really disgusting interface. There is the initial product. There is the really, really bad marketing idea. (Anybody who has worked in high tech will recognize this one.) There is the discovery that the interface really has nothing to do with the function, and that it can be changed almost arbitrarily. There is the marketing presentation (done rather well). There is the attempted hostile takeover (almost literally, in this case). And finally, there is the 'killer app.'. (This is the technology industry's version of 'happily ever after', with about the same level of reality.)

[Rob Slade, at *The Virtual Bookcase*]

Whether and, if so, how exactly this may interact with the bug butter as a 'fertility symbol' remains moot! The review can be found at : <http://victoria.tc.ca/int-grps/books/techrev/bkcvlcmp.rvw>

**“He's in love.”/ “With his gardener?”** (106, 138, 453) Kareen's healthy scepticism aside, the premise of an aristocrat or wealthy land-owner falling in love with an employee such as a lady's companion, governess, or maid is extremely common in romance, with the most notable example being Rochester's burgeoning love for Jane, who has been hired as his ward's governess in *JE*. Like Jane, Ekaterin terminates the professional relationship to smooth out the power

imbalance, coming back to Miles from a position of independence. Another more tenuous parallel is Heyer's *These Old Shades*, in which the Duke of Avon falls in love with and weds Léonie after encountering her disguised as a boy and making her his page.

**She frowned in outrage at the scent of this romantically doleful scenario.** (106, 138, 453) Very much as Ekaterin herself does in the previous chapter (see 94–5, 124, 440)—and as both Austen's and Heyer's heroines are prone to do, though for varying reasons.

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**And if Sigur Vorbretten wins ...** (108, 141, 455) In context this second mention of Sigur (following 45, 60, 384) activates the meaning of his name—a version of Sigurd, the hero of the *Völsunga Saga* (and as Siegfried of the *Nibelungenlied*), ultimately from the element 'sig', 'victory'. If recognised this can make it seem more likely that Sigur will indeed win.

**the Star Bridge towards the castle** (108, 141, 455) *Star Bridge* (1955) is a classic SF novel by Jack Williamson & James E. Gunn, but in context the more relevant echo is probably of the English 'Star Chamber', a special court for dealing with accusations against those of such rank or wealth as to be protected from the ordinary course of law—which (as Barrayaran Counts are subject to arrest only by their peers) is more or less true of the Council of Counts meeting at Vorhartung Castle.

**"Biology isn't destiny?" / "Not anymore, it's not."** (113, 148, 461) The phrase 'biology is destiny' is often attributed to Freud, who actually wrote that 'anatomy is destiny'. Besides the distasteful associations with sexism and the constraint of female roles (as the Nazis had it) to 'Kinder, Küche, Kirche, and Kleider' (children, church, kitchen, and clothing), the phrase has rich application in SF, where alien biology is all too likely to predestine hostile relations with humanity. The quite different application preferred by LMB, silently triangulating with genetic technology to subvert a (supposed) animal truth, is broadly associated with feminist SF (see, for example, Donna Haraway's *Cyborg Manifesto*), but LMB is unusual in deploying the trope without generally fetishising the machine (though uterine replicators are certainly valorised). L. Timmel

Duchamp, in 'Pleasure and Frustration', regards this conversation as wholly ironic on LMB's part, citing Lord Dono's story and remarks at 156, 204, 512 as proof that on Barrayar biology is still destiny.

**Armsman Kelso** (114, 149, 462) A Tuckerization of *PS* dedicatee Sylvia Kelso, who has published on LMB's work.

**This marital enthusiasm was a damned contagious disease.** (116, 151, 464) As Shakespearean comedic characters tend to find out, pleasurably or otherwise, though LMB outdoes even Shakespeare here ; see part I, s.vv. 'William Shakespeare'.

## Chapter Seven

### *Section p-o-v—Mark*

**Hassadar glittering on the horizon** (119, 155, 469) The geography of the northern continent on Barrayar has never been authorially mapped in any detail, but LMB has commented that:

The Dendarii District, Vorbarr Sultana, etc., are all on the east side of their continent.

The river running through Hassadar is not the same one as the river running through Vorbarr Sultana, though they both empty out the eastern seaboard, a couple hundred miles apart.

Regarding the danger of geographical contradictions, the authorial solution for *that* is simple—just set the next story someplace else. ;-) [LMB to the List, 30 March 2001]

A provisional map of Barrayar by List member Bo Johansson can be seen at <http://hem.bredband.net/b104699/books/barrayar.htm>.

**Miles's lightflyer ...** (119, 155, 469) Mark's enthusiasm reflects the lightflyer's status as, in Heyerian terms, a high-perch phaeton, a supreme form of personal transport, but in reflecting on Miles's permanent loss by epilepsy of driving privileges he also summons the vehicle's symbolic history. See also the annotations for **The big groundcar ...** (1, 1, 333), **It's a barge** (8, 11, 341), and **a red enameled lightflyer ...** (15, 19, 349).

**I feel sorry for those Counts who ended up having to pick their House colors last ...** (120, 156, 470) In the matter of House colours List member Elizabeth Holden asked:

This puzzles me. There are only 60 Vor houses, 60 Counts. There are a lot of colours which can be used in combination. Seems to me it adds up to far, far more than 60 combinations, even if you just stick to colours that look really good together. Besides, blue with silver trim is different from silver with blue trim. So the reps of some houses simply had no taste?

And who adjudicated this, anyway? If there are restrictions, surely it didn't just grow. So some Emperor said, "Thou shalt



not repeat any colour combination, even in different shades?"

[Elizabeth to the List, 20 January 2011]

Well, two things to consider. First, the purpose of uniforms to be unmistakably different at a distance, so's you don't shoot the wrong people. (Also to advertise rank, status, and function at a glance, but that's another aspect of the language of dress.) Turquoise vs. teal isn't going to cut it.

And, second, it was *guys*. Confront most guys with a color choice among, say, beige, ecru, tan, dark ivory, coffee, and half-a-dozen of the others in that color family, and they will be at sea. Or the dozens of blues, or greens, or and so on.

And, yes, taste, or lack of same. Also—this is important—what dyes were available during the ToI. (From the native plant species, could be quite interesting. It's also harder to control variation in batches of natural dyes.) Original House colors may not be the same as the current ones, when infinite numbers of artificial dyes came in after the ToI.

[LMB to the List, 20 January 2011]

**like poor Vorharopulos** (120, 156, 470) Vorharopulos's name is a Tuckerization of LMB fan and List member Alexandra Haropulos ; see [http://dendarii.com/bujold\\_faq.html#tuckerized](http://dendarii.com/bujold_faq.html#tuckerized).

**Vorkosigan Vashnoi** (120, 156, 470) 'Vashnoi' transliterates a Russian adjective meaning 'large', 'bulky', 'important'. The radioactively "blighted lands" were left by Count Piotr specifically to Miles, not to Aral, which is why he was able to mortgage them in WA.

**faced with polished Dendarii mountain stone** (120, 157, 471) The importance and attractiveness of stone (as opposed to brick) construction is often mentioned by both Austen and Heyer, particularly in relation to 'Bath stone', a honey-coloured Oolitic limestone much used in southern England for public buildings and stately homes.

**Actually, it's still hilarious. But it's also ... hm.** (122, 159, 472) In many ways this describes ACC as a whole, and the ironised sense of events at once 'hilarious' and 'heartstopping', with the distinction turning on exterior views and interior understanding of a protagonist,

is a technique common to Austen, Heyer, and Sayers.

***Basil alert, basil alert!*** (123, 161, 474) A further reference to the “Barrayaran folktale” actually from Boccaccio and/or Keats ; see the annotations for **that Barrayaran folktale ...** (78, 102–03, 421) and ***They’d never even find the body.*** (96, 126, 442).

***You must learn to give, from sufficiency ... neediness.*** (123, 161, 474) This very Betan-sounding mantra echoes a dictum made famous by Karl Marx in *Critique of the Gotha Programme* (1875) : ‘From each according to his ability, to each according to his need’. See also the annotation for ***I have no brave bachelor speeches ...*** (26, 34-5, 362).

***Now that’s a proper sky. That’s the way it should be.*** (124, 162, 475) The link between Ekaterin’s happiness and the wide skies of the Dendarii is a significant and symbolic step ; see the annotations for **under the real sky ...** (4–5, 6, 337) and ***He comes with a house ...*** (304, 400, 681).

***My terrorist creators ...*** (125, 163, 476) Mark presumably refers primarily to Ser Galen and his minions, as detailed in *BA*, but may mentally include the Jacksonians who initially cloned and raised him, and whose crèche-children he is so concerned to liberate in *MD*.

**metastatic** (125, 163, 476) That is, ‘has metastasised’, as cancers do when they spread from one organ to another—another subtly biological metaphor.

**“How can you be in love ...”** [/] **“Oh, that’s a Vor thing.”** (126, 164, 477) The practice of referring to the beloved by his/her honorific and last name is a staple of LMB’s romance sources, particularly Austen, whose protagonists may never address each other by their first names ; in *PP* Mr and Mrs Bennet still address one another as such, despite having been married for more than twenty years and having five children. See also the annotation for **“Lord Vorkosigan!” ...** (375, 495, 762).

***glyoxylate ... Isocitrate ... Threonine, serine ...*** (128, 167, 479–80) The chemicals named are all appropriate to Enrique’s work : glyoxylate is an acid salt found in some micro-organisms and isocitrate an acid salt formed during the citric-acid cycle, while threonine and serine are hydrophilic amino acids present in many proteins.

**a more striking effect by casting the abstract in sonnet form** (128,

167, 480) The idea recalls Vikram Seth's bestselling verse-novel *The Golden Gate* (1986), written in Onegin stanzas (a close relative of the sonnet), which are also used for the acknowledgements, dedication, and contents-page. Given the sonnet's history, Enrique may not only be seeking "a more striking effect" ; see the annotation for **Sonnets, damn. ...** (164, 215, 521). On poetry in general it is worth recalling that LMB had (very) early ambitions in that line : "My Tolkienesque epic, embarked upon at age fifteen and never finished, at least has the dubious distinction of having been written in Spenserian verse, the result of having read *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Faerie Queene* twice that year." ('A Conversation with [LMB]', in *VC*).

**Mucopolysaccharide ... rhythm ...** (129, 168, 480) This one, however, may be a different kind of joke : there *is* a mucopolysaccharide metabolism in humans, dealing with certain sugars, but in the mid-twentieth century the word was most widely known through 'mucopolysaccharidosis', a collective term for metabolic disorders often characterised by mental handicap and skeletal abnormalities that LMB would probably have encountered either in biology studies or in her early work as a health professional. The rhythm Enrique likes is also a joke of sorts, trochaic sesquimeter (or catalectic trochaic tetrameter) not being by any standards an easy metre to maintain, and running against the grain of almost all ordinary spoken English.

### *Section p-o-v—Ivan*

**not so grand and gaudy** (129, 168, 480) Another incidental reminder of *GN*.

**Lord Dono Vorrutyer** (130, 170, 482) As always, LMB is economic with names, and the sharing of names is significant. Dono Csurik in *MM* is that one of Lem's younger brothers who in an attempt to protect his sibling tries to set fire to Miles's tent—technically a treasonable assault on a Count's Heir ; and this new-minted Dono is also a younger sibling seeking to protect family and liege-folk who (metaphorically) sets a fire (and is assaulted in an attempt to disqualify him as a Count's Heir). Then again, this Lord Dono's great-uncle was another namesake, Emperor Yuri's pet architect who was responsible for the notoriously ugly (and paranoid)

ImpSec HQ ('Cockroach Central') and equally ugly Vorbarr Sultana Municipal Stadium. According to Pym, "He managed to get up five major structures before Yuri was killed, and they stopped him" (*MD*, ch. 18) ; "Lord Dono the Architect has, I feel, some literary cousinship with Bergholt Stuttley Johnson from Discworld" (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011). See also the annotation for **Lady Donna** (73, 94, 415).

**Donna, you *didn't*.** (131, 170, 482) During the book discussion, LMB commented:

The Donna/Dono plot did not arrive for me, by the way, till the book was well underway. I was very puzzled what to do with Ivan, and evolved plot after plot for him, none of which felt right (including one in which he and By inadvertently combined to murder one of the opposition and bury the body in the garden under the upcoming pavement, eventually rejected for comic-tone violations). But I had leafed through a book at my friend Elise's of remarkable photos of f-to-m transsexuals, with their stories, and it somehow supplied the trigger. Dono himself did the rest, as soon as he arrived so blazingly onstage.

[LMB to the List, 25 Sept. 2010]

The book was Loren Cameron's *Body Alchemy : Transsexual Portraits* (1996). There also seems to have been a self-denying ordinance of sorts that affected Dono:

Y'know, not *one* person has said "thank you" for the absence of "he carolled" or a "wolfish grin" in *ACC* ... And I so wanted Dono to. It would have been so *right* for him ...

[LMB to the List, 7 Sept. 1999]

**Betans who switch sexes back and forth** (134, 175, 486) There is no necessary reference, but one of Ursula K. Le Guin's early novels, *The Left Hand of Darkness* (1969), which won both the Hugo and Nebula Awards for Best Novel, posits a race who gender-switch constantly. Repeated sex-changes are also reported in John Varley's 'Eight Worlds' trilogy and some of Iain M. Banks's 'Culture' novels. **which was where the Pierre of Mark's middle name had come down from** (136, 177, 488) Mark's full name, Mark Pierre

Vorkosigan, derives from the middle names of his maternal and paternal grandfathers, Miles Mark Naismith and Piotr Pierre Vorkosigan. Miles effectively christened his brother upon their first meeting, explaining the Barrayaran naming convention:

“Did you realize that you have a name?” Miles demanded suddenly. “That’s another thing you don’t get to choose on Barrayar. Second son—that’s you, my twin-six-years-delayed—gets the second names of his maternal and paternal grandfathers, just as the first son gets stuck with their first names. That makes you Mark Pierre. Sorry about the Pierre. Grandfather always hated it.” [BA, ch. 10]

**“Tailor,” Szabo corrected.** (137, 179, 490) A subtle joke, as the Magyar (Hungarian) name Szabo means ‘tailor’. LMB has also remarked that:

Another bit of backstory that I don’t think made it into the text is that Szabo’s son was piloting the aircar with Pierre’s fiancée the night it went down in the electrical storm. So Szabo has both natural suspicions, and a hurt desire to uphold the reputation of his dead son. And therefore to support Donna’s gambit, with all his heart and rage.

[LMB to the List, 12 Jan. 2011]

See also the annotation for **If he really had practice on Pierre’s fiancée, he’s damned sly.** (367, 484, 752–3).

**Armsman Pygmalion over there** (139, 181, 491) Given Ivan’s mention of ‘coaching’ the primary reference is to George Bernard Shaw’s play *Pygmalion: A Romance in Five Acts* (1912), the basis of the musical *My Fair Lady*, in which Professor Henry Higgins makes a bet that he can coach a Cockney flower-seller, Eliza Dolittle, to pass as a duchess as at a garden-party ; the implication being that Szabo is similarly coaching Dono to pass as a man. In Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, however, Pygmalion was a sculptor who carved a life-size ivory female nude with which he fell in love, and which Venus empowered Cupid to bring to life, loving her creator ; this version of the story is invoked in Shakespeare’s *The Winter’s Tale*, act 5. See also the annotation for **Pygmalion in reverse ...** (178, 234,

536).

**Miles ... forgiveness than permission** (139, 182, 492) If Miles does often quote this—and it certainly suits him!—the fact has not previously been reported, though he does later allude to the tag in *Cb*, ch. 16. The quotation is usually attributed to Rear Admiral Grace Hopper, USN (1906–92), a critical figure in the development of the programming language COBOL.

**He is merely rather quiet.** (140, 185, 493) Cf. Miles's remarks in *M* during the interrogation of Haroche—which Ivan witnessed:

Miles had seen Gregor quietly socially charming, quietly bravura-fey, quietly desperate, quietly determined. He'd never seen him before quietly angry. It was impressive, a weight all around like deep seawater. You could drown in it, still trying to strike upward to the air. [*M*, ch. 27]

## Chapter Eight

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**scrubwire ... chuffgrass ... Ah—zipweed!** (143, 187, 497) LMB primarily “wanted an accumulating impression of a noxious biota without having to make it all up in detail” (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011), but there are some unintended low jokes in these newly named Barrayaran plants. Scrub-wire is a household cleaning tool ; ‘chuffgrass’ looks innocent but seems less so when considering ‘zipweed’ with its “faint sweet fragrance”, as a ‘zip of weed’ is an American locution for a standard quantity of marijuana, filling one Ziploc bag (there is also a town in California called Weed, whose zip-code is the subject of jokes). The ‘Ah—’ locution can also seem mildly parodic, especially for British readers familiar with the long-running advertising slogan ‘Ah, Bisto’ and jokes based on it. The contrast with previously named Barrayaran vegetation—damnweed, goatsbane, strangle-vine, bloody puffwad, Love-Lies-Itching, and skellytums—is sufficiently great to suggest ACC’s distinctive trope of recycling dark motifs into far lighter contexts. See also the annotation for **a certain spare rootling ... skellytum** (144, 188, 498).

**Blanketed with snow ... soothe the mind and heart.** (144, 188, 498) Ekaterin’s imagination anticipates the scene of her eventual midwinter wedding, in WG.

**a certain spare rootling ... skellytum** (144, 188, 498) The symbolism of the skellytum throughout *K* and *ACC* is discussed in Erica Smith’s essay ; see Part I , s. vv. ‘Jane Austen’, and the annotations to **your old bonsai’d skellytum** (6, 7, 338), **a splendid thing ...** (7, 8, 339), **He tried to imagine the plant ...** (200, 263, 562), **You haven’t been pouring ...** (255, 336, 624), and the next annotation.

**It would be fifteen years ... or a real family...** (144, 188, 498) Ekaterin and Miles each use the skellytum’s fifteen-year growth to maturity as a yardstick by which to gauge the potential for family growth—Ekaterin feeling regret for opportunities lost, Miles mustering resolve in the face of long odds. See the annotation for **He tried to imagine the plant ...** (200, 263, 562).

**Hugo Vorvayne** (144, 189, 499) “I actually wanted to name him

Hugh, but there was some conflict ... it being the name of the older brother of someone I knew, I didn't want anyone to think the real person had been intended. Hugo was the next step over. [/] The charming Heyer character [Major Darracott in *The Unknown Ajax*, 1959] was no impediment." (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011). The name also invokes the Hugo Awards, named for *Amazing Stories* magazine founder Hugo Gernsback, which are among the most prestigious literary distinctions for works of science fiction and fantasy ; to date, LMB has won four Hugo Awards for best novel (for *B*, *VG*, *MD*, and *PS*), a tally equalled only by Robert Heinlein, and one for best novella (for *MM*). See also the annotation for *Uncle Hugo!* (347, 456, 730).

**That fascinatingly scarred short body ...** (146, 191, 500) Ekaterin's displaced physical response to Miles is again very powerful ; see the annotations for **the first moment ...** (16, 21, 351) and **He was close enough ...** (327, 430, 706–07). There is also a striking contrast with her meditations about it while Tien was still alive:

it was doubly disturbing to find herself so very aware of the little man. And probably very rude, as well, given the oddness of his body. Vorkosigan's face, once she'd penetrated his first wary opacity, was . . . well, charming, full of dry wit only waiting to break into open humor. It was disorienting to find that face coupled with a body bearing a record of appalling pain. Was it some kind of perverse voyeurism, that her second reaction after shock had been a suppressed desire to persuade him to tell her all the stories about his war wounds? *Not from around here*, those hieroglyphs carved in his flesh had whispered, exotic with promise. And, *I have survived. Want to know how?* [K, ch. 7]

**"Lieutenant Vormoncrief. Alexi."** [/] **"That block?"** (147, 192–3, 502) Alexi's pompousness, arrogance, and insensitivity, culminating in this spurned proposal, equate him in character and deed with Mr Collins in *PP*, but the absence of any self-sacrificing match for Alexi (equating with Charlotte Lucas's acceptance of Mr Collins) is one of the many ways in which LMB expresses a broadly



feminist revision of Austen.

**a marriage of convenience** (147–8, 193, 502) Technology subtly alters the potential parameters of marriage ; Rosalie’s suggestion inverts the gender dynamics of the marriage of convenience as exemplified in Heyer’s *A Civil Contract*.

**those odd old women ... relatives’ attics** (148, 194, 503) One of a string of references throughout *ACC* to women living or being kept in attics, a reference to Bertha Mason in *JE*, the wife of Rochester who was locked in Thornfield Hall for years. In point of fact, Bertha was sequestered not in the attic (which Jane explored following her arrival at Thornfield), but rather in a concealed apartment on the third floor. However, cinematic adaptations, including the 1944 version starring Orson Welles and the 1983 BBC miniseries, have situated the chamber in towers and attic-like spaces, making the attic a metonym for Bertha’s imprisonment and Rochester’s concealment. That the allusions in *ACC* are usually with regard to either Ekaterin or Kareen inverts the paradigm of the “madwoman in the attic” who is generally denied interiority or narrative sympathy, particularly in *JE*. (The driving force of Jean Rhys’s post-colonial ‘prequel’ to *JE*, *Wide Sargasso Sea* (1966), is its adoption of Bertha’s point-of-view.) A study of Charlotte Brontë and other post-Romantic female authors by Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar, *The Madwoman in the Attic: The Woman Writer and the Nineteenth-Century Literary Imagination* (1979) has been extremely influential on feminist criticism. See the annotations for **like a madwoman ...** (203, 267, 565) and **I told you the attics were something to see.** (320, 420, 8).

**Her physical attraction for Miles ... his differences fascinated her in their own right** (149, 195, 504) Ekaterin’s attraction to Miles, built on the conjunction of his distinctive personality and physique, parallels Jane’s assessment of Rochester’s physical traits and character:

[...] he rose from his chair, and stood, leaning his arm on the marble mantelpiece : in that attitude his shape was seen plainly as well as his face ; his unusual breadth of chest, disproportionate almost to his length of limb. I am sure most people would have thought him an ugly man ; yet there was so much unconscious pride in his port ; so much ease in his

demeanour ; such a look of complete indifference to his own external appearance ; so haughty a reliance on the power of other qualities, intrinsic or adventitious, to atone for the lack of mere personal attractiveness, that, in looking at him, one inevitably shared the indifference, and, even in a blind, imperfect sense, put faith in the confidence. [*JE*, ch. 14]

Miles's anatomical disproportion likewise comes under discussion, during Hugo's first visit with Ekaterin, at 302–03, 398, 639.

**a slow, sucking, suffocating bog closing over her head ...** (150, 196, 505) Ekaterin's image recalls Miles's adventure with just such a bog on Kyril Island in *VG*, ch.2. The association here of the image with Alexi Vormoncrief's unwelcome proposal anticipates his eventual posting to Kyril Island (402, 530, 792).

#### *Section p-o-v—Ivan*

**steely-eyed middle-aged Vor ladies** (150, 197, 506) These dragons of social etiquette and propriety are equivalents of the patronesses of Almack's in Heyer ; see the annotations for **Aunt Vorpatril ...** (5, 6–7, 338), **Armsman Esterhazy** (196, 259, 558), and **the empress-to-be's aunt ...** (330, 433, 709).

**This was Gregor in his classic give-them-enough-rope-to-hang-themselves mode, Ivan recognised.** (153, 200, 508) Ivan's take on Gregor's 'Let's-see-what-happens' mode is peculiar to him, a point picked up when the phrase itself makes Ivan's "skin crawl" (156, 205, 512)—which as Kate Nepveu pointed out in her review of *ACC* is utterly unlike Miles's usual reaction to the phrase (and to the particular decision about letting Dono's case go forward), an ironic "Heh" (165, 218, 523). Ivan's give-them-enough-rope gloss also applies strongly to Aral, who in ch. 19 signals the Lord Speaker to "*let [Richars] hang himself*" (375, 494, 761).

**Vorlopulous's Law** (153, 200, 508) Though he was never formally charged in the matter, this is the same law that Miles technically breached in creating the Dendarii Free Mercenary Fleet, leading to the confrontation between Counts Vorkosigan and Vorhalas in *WA*, ch. 21.

**I needed my attorney ... She and all her records** (153, 201, 509) On the gendered apportionment of the various spheres of legal

practice on Barrayar, LMB writes:

Somewhere in my unwritten back-story is the notion that property/civil law is the provenance of woman legal functionaries, descended from the [Time of Isolation] need of the Babas to negotiate property settlements, wills, etc., as part of their marriage-brokerage jobs. Criminal law being handled by male legal functionaries. [LMB to the List, 30 Sept. 2000]

**even if I were a horse** (154, 202, 510) An implicit reference to Lord Midnight, who is otherwise usually brought up in relation to the other District inheritance fight, that of René Vorbretten.

**Otherwise, only the world has changed.** (156, 204, 512) Dono's acute observations about the Barrayaran liberations of being perceived as male echo the discoveries of Shakespearean heroines in disguise, especially Portia in *MV*, Rosalind in *AYL*, and Innogen in *CYM*. See Part I, *s. vv.* 'William Shakespeare'.

**made Ivan's skin crawl** (156, 205, 512) See annotation for **This was Gregor ...** (153, 200, 508).

**Let's see what happens.** (156, 205, 512) In the Vorkosiverse this is very much Gregor's catchphrase, resounding both with his reformism and his imperial self-restraint in exercising his nominally absolute powers—though see the annotation for *Yes. Let's.* (351, 462, 735); but elsewhere it is given to Master Beneforte, in *SR*, ch. 1.

**with all the Koudelka girls coming?** (157, 206, 513) Dono does not in fact know that all of the Koudelka women will be attending; Ivan has thus far only listed Kareen and mentions the rest of the family later in the conversation—but throughout *ACC* one Koudelka usually has at least one other in tow.

**what Vorbretten found dangling in his family tree?** (158, 207, 514) Given what René Vorbretten *did* find, there may be for Ivan an unpleasant echo of the very squicky kitten-tree he encountered in *C*, ch. 10.

## Chapter Nine

The first undivided chapter, central, pivotal, double-length, narrated entirely from Miles's point-of-view, and symmetrically pairing with ch. 13, narrated entirely from Ekaterin's.

*Among other things.* (161, 211, 517) Such as killing Ser Galen, Duv's father, in *BA*, ch. 14.

**the pendant model Barrayar** (162, 214, 519) Miles has particular reason to take Ekaterin's decision to wear the pendant openly as a good sign ; as he says in *K*, ch. 21, she is "the first girlfr—female friend I've had I've ever succeeded in giving Barrayar to".

**It, um, scanned quite perfectly.** (164, 215, 520) The planted joke about trochaic sesquitrimeter goes off ; see the annotation for **Mucopolysaccharide ...** (129, 168, 480).

**Sonnets, damn. All he'd ever come up with ... were limericks.** (164, 215, 521) The poetic forms are in pointed contrast, sonnets being famously poems of courtship (as for Romeo and Juliet at *ROM* 1.4.206–19) and in stately duple metre, while limericks are notoriously often obscene and in tripping triple metre. Miles composed at least three limericks during the funeral ceremonies for Empress Lisbet in *C*, ch. 8, two of which LMB supplied:

*A Degtiar empress named Lisbet  
Trapped a satrap lord neatly in his net.  
Enticed into treason  
For all the wrong reasons,  
He'll soon have a crash with his kismet.*

*A beautiful lady named Rian  
Hypnotized a Vor scion.  
The little defective  
Thinks he's a detective,  
But instead will be fed to the lion. [C, ch. 8]*

It is perhaps fortunate that Miles knows his limitations in this vein ; see also the annotations for *the horrible version in rhyme* (212, 281, 576) and *I was not born under a rhyming planet.* (230, 305, 596).

**demurely disinterested dismissal** (165, 217, 522) The triple alliteration (with Donna/Dono chiming underneath) seems pointed as well as funny, but no specific allusion is known ; alliteration being related to rhyme, perhaps it is a contagious effect of Enrique’s presence, though LMB also admits to an “affection for old Anglo-Saxon modes” (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011).

**Heh.** (165, 218, 523) Perhaps the most important and certainly the commonest of LMB’s idiosyncratic non-words, which she uses herself in posts to convey a remarkable range of shades of amusement ; it has also entered the vocabularies of many List members. While defying exact definition there is a contrast with the more traditional ‘Ha/h’ (as between ‘eek’ and ‘eep’) which might be expressed by saying that ‘Ha/h’ conveys surprised amusement and ‘Heh’ ironic amusement, often precisely without surprise—but while that covers four of the uses in *ACC* (the others are at 276, 364, 648 ; 281, 370, 653 ; and 293, 387, 669), it does not really cover the fifth, which is separately annotated—see **Yes, ah, heh ...** (178, 234, 537). ‘Heh’ first appears in *WA*, ch. 17, in the context of Miles meeting Aral, and like ‘belike’ is usually restricted to their voices. See also the annotations for *Eep.* (213, 281, 577) and **“Eeuw,” she said appreciatively.** (321, 421, 699).

**a great deal of courage ... And anger.** (166, 218, 523) The strongly comedic nature of *ACC* requires Donna–Dono’s transformation to be presented as a painless stratagem, and this is one of the relatively few remarks that points firmly to the other side of the coin. The motivation is political rather than psychological, and one may safely assume Beta to have surgical and other techniques far advanced from current medical practice, but the unreality of Donna–Dono’s experience of transgending has been pointed out both at the LMB forum on LiveJournal and on the List. LMB comments:

Compared to real people’s experiences in the twentieth and early twenty-first centuries, I have no argument. But as has been pointed out elsewhere, the Betans are a people in control of their hormones—not vice versa.

Dono is not transgendered in anything like the twentieth-century sense, and Betan hermaphrodites are not intersexed.

(LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011)

**Conversations, though not the ones Miles had anticipated ...**

(168, 221, 525) The chaos of the dinner-party contrasts sharply with the crucial high-table dinner in *GN*, ch. 17, during and after which conversation is very carefully steered by Peter and Harriet.

**poached chilled Vorkosigan District lake salmon** (171, 224, 528) Perhaps (given Ma Kosti's access to far better food-freezing technology than ours) from the four enormous fish probably remaining from Miles's and Simon Illyan's fish-bombing expedition in *M*, ch. 20.

**Does your family support your career choice?** (171, 225, 529) Ekaterin's polite question is a *faux pas* because Galeni's father, Ser Galen, was the Komarran liberation terrorist who caused Mark to be cloned and raised him as an expendable assassin, as related in *BA*.

**The Orb of Unearthly Delights ... pleasure domes ... galactic reputation.** (171, 225, 529) 'Orb' (from Latin, *orbis*, 'a circle', whence also 'orbit') has appropriate associations with both heavenly bodies and the regalia of power ('orb and sceptre' are mentioned in *BH*, ch. 14). The term 'pleasure dome' comes from the opening lines of Coleridge's rather Betan-sounding poem 'Kubla Khan' (published in 1816—another Regency work) : "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan [/] A stately pleasure-dome decree [/] Where Alph the sacred river ran [/] Through caverns measureless to man [/] Down to a sunless sea."

**The atomised spray ...** (172, 226, 530) Not for the last time in *ACC*, events, cued by Enrique and his butter bugs, begin to descend into slapstick and farce. Kou's great splutter realises Miles's earlier wish to surprise Ivan "at some appropriate moment, preferably when Ivan's mouth was full" (160, 211, 516), but is also a classic stage-gag—not unlike the great bug-butter fight into which the butter-bug saga eventually descends. Some of *ACC*'s generic complexity stems from the way these eruptions of low comedy, linked via the butter bugs to biology, kick against and qualify the high "comedy of ... manners" promised by the subtitle ; see also Part II and the annotations for **and led a picked strike-force ...** (210, 276, 573), **Parole Officer Oscar Gustioz ...** (354, 466, 738), and **Fire!** (369, 486, 754).

**You took my daughter to the Orb?** (172, 226, 530) There is no verbal echo, but her parents' reactions to Karen's Betan behaviour with Mark effectively cast her as the sexually feckless Lydia Bennet

in *PP*, decamping from Brighton with Wickham and without any chaperone.

**There was an ImpSec trick ...** (174, 229, 532) It seems unhappily possible that Aral used the same trick on the Political Officer who ordered the Solstice Massacre (though he also broke his neck, as revealed in *SH*, ch. 2).

**Lord Vorkosigan!** (174, 229, 533) Ekaterin's presence in the lab provides her with a splendid authority entrance (not to mention the sight of Miles strangling a house-guest), but it seems unlikely she would follow uninvited ; presumably Kareen brings her from the dining-table, anticipating the appeal to Ekaterin in ch. 11 and offering an interesting early instance of Ekaterin being used to control Miles.

**a wedding gift ... a life-sized sculpture ... in maple sugar.** (177, 233, 536) This incidental detail had happy consequences during LMB's trip to Russia in 2000:

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

**Yes, ah, heh, quite, well, so, that reminds me, Madame Vorsoisson, I'd been meaning to ask you—will you marry me?** (178, 234, 537) Has there ever been such a ham-fisted mess of a

proposal? or one further from the romance ideal? Given his stature Miles might be excused going to one knee, but the string of six temporising ejaculations is parodic—*Miles* at a loss for words?—and the two phrases that follow still worse, devaluing the proposal as something that might slip one’s mind. Additionally, the ‘heh’ is an unusual use of Miles’s trademark noise, which typically conveys ironic amusement—see the annotation for **Heh.** (165, 218, 523)—but here represents an awareness of calamity. LMB calls it a “deer in the headlights heh” (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011) ; cf. Helen Vorthys’s remark that “He knew it was a mistake the moment the words were out of his mouth, I daresay, at least judging from that ghastly expression on his face. You could see everything just drain right out of it. Extraordinary.” (192–3, 254, 554). The botched proposal is a minor topos in Regency romance, typically associated with a rival suitor who is dismissed, but there is a clear comparison with Darcy’s first proposal to Elizabeth in *PP*, vol. II, ch. 11, which (though private and eloquent enough) is equally born of an arrogant mentality that fails to consider the feelings of the woman it claims to value. Miles’s utter mess here also helps to set up Ekaterin’s later triumph—see the annotation for **Good. Will you marry me?** (375, 495, 762).

**Pygmalion in reverse ; I turn breathing women to white stone.** (178, 234, 536) This second reference to Pygmalion summons Ovid’s rather than Shaw’s version, and recalls Miles’s private observation in *K* regarding Ekaterin’s learned coping strategies:

So at the dawn of puberty, she’d learned no one would defend her, she could not defend herself, and the only way to survive was to pretend to be dead. Great. And if there were a more fatally wrong move some awkward fellow could possibly make at this moment than to take her in his arms and try to comfort her, it escaped his wildest imaginings. If she needed to be stone right now because it was the only way she knew how to survive, let her be marble, let her be granite. [*K*, ch. 12]

See also the annotation for **Armsman Pygmalion over there** (139, 181, 491).

**You can’t give me my own soul.** (179, 236, 538) There is a strong



echo of Miles to Gregor late in *M* : “The one thing you can’t trade for your heart’s desire is your heart” (*M*, ch. 27).

**Ekaterin stormed blindly through ...** (180, 236, 539) Ekaterin’s flight from Vorkosigan House in the wake of Miles’s catastrophic proposal strongly evokes Jane Eyre’s escape from Thornfield Hall. Both are precipitous nighttime departures (Jane’s occurring just before dawn) in the wake of a shocking revelation—for Ekaterin, that Miles has been courting her in secret, and for Jane, that Rochester is already possessed of a legal wife. Both also take place in response to an unwelcome proposal : Miles seeking a wife and Rochester a mistress. In contrast to Jane’s clandestine, aimless flight, however, which is prompted not only by outrage but by fears that are neither unreasonable nor ill-founded, Ekaterin’s departure is public, with a stated destination (her Aunt and Uncle Vorthys’s home), and she flees an embarrassment without physical threat—a further example of ACC recycling dark tropes into much lighter ones. See also the annotation for **I don’t suppose Tien would have gone charging out in that stupid way ...** (325, 427, 704).

**a startled, stocky, white-haired man wearing a colourful shirt and a pair of disreputable, worn black trousers. ... A tall, tired-looking woman ...** (180, 236–7, 539) The unexpected arrival home of one’s parents (or any authority figure) to confront unintended party-mayhem is a very old comedic trope, and most recently a staple of teen screen-comedy. Given the planetary stature of *these* parents the trope is maximised, but at the same time the arrival of Aral and Cordelia marks, as much as the nadir of the dinner-party, an upward turn in many plot-strands, pointing the extent to which Miles and even Ekaterin, however much maturer than they were, still have some growing-up to do. Additionally, given Aral’s “disreputable, worn” trousers, there is a school of thought which holds that his “colorful shirt” may be the “very civilian shirt, a loud and unexpected floral print” that he was wearing when Cordelia first met him, profoundly drunk, on Barrayar in *SH*, ch. 14 ; see also the annotation for **Not nearly enough yet.** (182, 239, 541).

**Countess Cordelia Vorkosigan, Vicereine of Sergyar—Mother** (180, 237, 539) Miles’s enumeration of titles has an underlying rationale. The obvious historical source of Cordelia’s viceregal title are the vicereines of India under the British crown (most famously

the last vicereine, Countess Edwina Mountbatten), but their titles were courtesies deriving from marriage to the appointed viceroy ; Gregor did things differently in this case :

Something I've never found a place to mention in text yet is that when Gregor sent Miles's parents off to Sergyar as Viceroy and Vicereine [sometime after *MD*, ch. 32], it was a *dual joint co-equal* appointment ; Cordelia is Vicereine in her own right, not through Aral. Each has equal authority to do whatever the job requires ; and I'm sure there's plenty of work for both of 'em. I may have a chance to have some fun with this in a later book, sometime. Not soon.

[LMB to the List, 6 Nov. 1998]

The matter has since been mentioned in text (as in *Cb*, ch. 20), but the fun has never yet materialised, alas.

**And sinking. All souls feared lost.** (180, 237, 540) Though a cliché of nautical telegram-speak, the conjunction of metaphor and dinner-party summons the story of the band on *RMS Titanic* in 1912—more so as James Cameron's film *Titanic* was released in 1997, while LMB was writing *ACC* (though she believes she “may be the only person on the planet who has not seen it”—LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011). There is also a touch of mock-epic in making such a disaster of a meal ; see the annotation for **and led a picked strike-force ...** (210, 276, 573), and cf. “A *Civil Campaign* (in which, I was pleased to note, I extracted more emotion from a dinner party than some writers have with the deaths of trillions, and no, I didn't plan that, exactly, it just came up)” (LMB's My Space blog, 12 Dec. 2009).

**Not nearly enough yet.** (182, 239, 541) Miles's abdication of responsibility in favour of the bottle's oblivion echoes Aral's behaviour after Escobar, in *SH*, ch. 14—which adds to the likelihood of Aral's shirt as a further echo of that scene : see the annotation for **a startled, stocky, white-haired man ...** (180, 236–7, 539).

## Chapter Ten

### *Section p-o-v—Mark*

**It was a bad sign when Killer became nameless.** (184, 242, 544)

A warning that informs a later tremble in the narrative, when Mark's most dangerous sub-personality almost gets loose : see the annotation for **Killer whined and scratched ... the *Other* ...** (383, 505, 771).

**He felt spent now ...** (184, 242, 544) Thinking of Mark's 'Black Gang', there is an ironic echo of Milton's famous closing lines in *Samson Agonistes* (c.1650):

His servants he with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,  
And calm of mind all passion spent. [ll. 1755–8]

**It's not just the culture clash ...** (186, 245, 546) Throughout this conversation with Cordelia Mark nails dead centre an analysis of everything that was wrong with Miles's cunning plan, oddly as Ivan did in ch. 1 ; see the annotation for **one way to solve the widow shortage** (27, 36, 363). Here the importance of Miles and Mark as a study in contrasts is emphasised, for Mark's far more acute sense of how to respect a putative partner has not helped him to any smoother matrimony than Miles ; and in context the sharp, fraternal contrast feels quite Shakespearean, part of a compositional technique of doubling, echo, reflection, and refraction.

**I haven't forgotten Jackson's Whole.** (186, 245, 547) The turn in Mark's conversation is reminiscent of that in his conversation with Gregor in *MD*, ch. 13, when he persuades his new emperor that his raid on Jackson's Whole was part of a strategy, not a quixotic gesture.

**She's very conscientious about obligations.** (187, 246, 548) As are Elizabeth Bennet, Jane Eyre, many Heyerian heroines, and Harriet Vane—not to mention Ekaterin. In a large sense the irony is part of the Vorkosiverse theme whereby (using Cordelia's language in *SH*, ch. 15) great gifts become great tests (and vice-versa), or strengths become handicaps (and vice-versa) ; as Mark's wealth becomes an obstacle and Miles's great-man's-son syndrome is at

once priceless blessing and an impossible millstone. More intimately, while Cordelia seems never to have been greatly troubled by Aral's relative wealth *per se*, the problem of male wealth in conjunction with female obligation as an impediment to romance and sexuality is a strong element in *PP*, *JE*, and *GN*, as it is for Ekaterin throughout *K* and (almost) *ACC* ; while Heyer's *A Civil Contract* reverses and inverts the trope. See also the annotation for **What I want ...** (315, 415, 694).

**It's the one deal I know ... vastly enriched.** (187, 247, 548) Cf.:

“[...] But listen, dear—for God's sake let's take that word 'possess' and put a brick round its neck and drown it. I will not use or hear it used—not even in the crudest physical sense. It's meaningless. We can't possess one another. We can only give and hazard all we have—Shakespeare, as Kirk would say .... [...]” [*BH*, ch. 18]

The allusion is to *MV*, where the leaden casket (the 'right' choice, leading to marriage with Portia) bears the legend “Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.” (*MV*, 2.7.16). There is also LMB's remark in 'SFR—Not Just Science Fiction Research Anymore' (her introduction to *Love and Rockets*):

A lot of people have the notion that all contests must be zero-sum games ; if one wins, the other must lose. A satisfactory romance is the very opposite of a zero-sum game ; unless both win, both lose. I sometimes wonder if the root of the more vociferous discomfort and negative response to romance by these readers is in the mistaken notion that if the woman has won, the man must have lost.

See also the annotations for **I have to choose between my family and my lover** (203, 268, 566) and **She desperately wanted a third place to stand right now.** (216, 285, 580).

**to achieve salvation alone** (188, 247, 548) In theology the more usual phrase would be 'salvation by faith alone' or 'by works alone', doctrinally a matter of serious Christian dispute ; see next annotation. **Write when you find good works.** (188, 247, 548) Oddly linking to the previous theme of money, this parodies a line of Mama Joad's in

John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), "Write when you find work". There are also an echo (if only through Steinbeck) of Lena Grove in William Faulkner's *Light in August* (1932) ; connections with LMB's use of Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* in BI ; and some curious implications for Cordelia's theologies of salvation by grace and by works, historically a central issue in the Catholic-Protestant schism that turns on whether accumulating merit through good works is a way of earning admission to heaven or a (supposed) means of forcing God to bestow a redemption that remains fundamentally undeserved, so slighting His gift of grace.

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**Pot-valiant, were you?** (188, 248, 549) The word ought to be Shakespearean, but isn't ; however, it certainly describes the typical behaviour of *Il Capitano*, literally 'the Captain', the *miles gloriosus* or 'braggart soldier' mask in *commedia dell'arte*—the stock-role on which, in the *Henry IV* plays, both Falstaff and Ancient Pistol are based.

**He promised he'd never lie to me.** (191, 252, 552) In *K*, ch. 11 ; the lie that prompts Ekaterin's request and Miles's promise is his proffered comfort that Tien's death was "quick [...] At least that."

**He knew it was a mistake ... Extraordinary.** (192–3, 254, 554) See the annotation for **Yes, ah, heh ...** (178, 234, 537).

**And she hadn't even noticed she hadn't answered.** (193, 254, 554) Nor do most readers—but as both Helen Vorthys and Ekaterin know, any notion that actions speak louder than words cannot in this context obviate the need for an answer, and the proposal remains an open question, as Ekaterin demonstrates in the message she asks Mark to convey to Miles at 229, 303, 595. In effect her final answer is her own proposal to him : see the annotation for **Good. Will you marry me?** (375, 495, 762).

**Her arguments with her late husband ...** (193, 254, 554) Of which there are distasteful glimpses in *K* ; cf. a thought of Harriet Vane's on one of the first occasions *after* her marriage to Peter when she finds herself mildly at odds with him : 'If both of them had been ten years younger, the situation would have resolved itself in a row, tears, and reconciling embraces ; but for them, that path was plainly marked, NO EXIT" (*BH*, ch. 10).

*Section p-o-v—Miles*

**Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all** (195, 257, 557) *Hamlet* makes a first explicit appearance : the line is from the famous soliloquy beginning “To be or not to be” (*HAM* 3.1.84), and in context both repeats and reverses Hamlet’s meaning, which is that fear of the post-mortem unknown prevents suicide.

**just how bad was Madame Vorsoisson’s prior marriage?** (195, 257, 557) The nature of the Vorsoissons’ marriage is a recurrent topic on the List. One aspect of the problems LMB intended to invoke and illuminate is expressed in her response (before *K* was published but after chs 1–5 were posted by Baen) to List member Corey Estoll’s defence of familial patriarchy in the ‘Promise Keepers’ movement:

Two problems with this argument, one mathematical, one moral.

The mathematical: Making the husband automatically in charge will result, approximately fifty percent of the time, in the less competent member of the pair calling the shots. The real-life results of such a situation can be truly dire.

The moral: Some of the very most important decisions between two married people who disagree cannot be made by fiat any better than they can be made by vote. We’re not talking who does the dishes and who takes out the trash ; we’re talking literally life and death here. Take, for example, the decision to have a child (or an abortion). It is equally reprehensible for either the husband to impose a pregnancy on the wife, or the wife to trick the husband by, for example, playing games with the contraceptives and imposing her choice on the pair. Whether to move to pursue a job, or to pull the plug on a family member in ghastly medical straits, would be two other examples of real-life decisions which cannot be made into no-brainers. Decisions on such issues *cannot* be reached by any set-up of pre-determined ‘rules’, *especially* in cases of profound disagreement.

I sympathize with Promise-Keeperish and other attempts to make life seem simpler and less overwhelming. I merely point

out that it can't be done.

A certain pop philosopher once said a charming thing, which I paraphrase : “There are two great decisions to be made in your life: where you are going, and who is going with you. God help you if you get those two decisions out of order.”

(ObBujold, heh, which should be a clue why Miles could not successfully form a permanent relationship with a woman before he'd put the two halves of himself back together in *Memory*. It's also, comparison-and-contrast, a clue to Ekaterin.) [LMB to the List, 27 Feb. 1998]

See also the next annotation and that for **She thought back over her old, bitter domestic arguments with Tien. ...** (215, 284, 579).

**Tien Vorsoisson was one of those subtle feral parasites** (195, 257, 557) Recent List exchanges have tended to think of Tien as having Borderline Personality Disorder, a diagnosis LMB has agreed with. During the book discussion List member Natalie Getzoff quoted the relevant symptoms from the *Diagnostic and Statistic Manual of Mental Disorders* ('DSM-IV'):

A pervasive pattern of instability of interpersonal relationships, self-image, and affects, and marked impulsivity beginning by early adulthood and present in a variety of contexts, as indicated by five (or more) of the following:

1. Frantic efforts to avoid real or imagined abandonment. Note: Do not include suicidal or self-mutilating behavior covered in Criterion 5.

2. A pattern of unstable and intense interpersonal relationships characterized by alternating between extremes of idealization and devaluation.

3. Identity disturbance: markedly and persistently unstable self-image or sense of self.

4. Impulsivity in at least two areas that are potentially self-damaging (e.g., spending, sex, substance abuse, reckless driving, binge eating). Note: Do not include suicidal or self-mutilating behavior covered in Criterion 5.

5. Recurrent suicidal behavior, gestures, or threats, or self-mutilating behavior.

6. Affective instability due to a marked reactivity of mood (e.g., intense episodic dysphoria, irritability, or anxiety usually lasting a few hours and only rarely more than a few days).

7. chronic feelings of emptiness

8. inappropriate, intense anger or difficulty controlling anger (e.g., frequent displays of temper, constant anger, recurrent physical fights).

9. transient, stress-related paranoid ideation or severe dissociative symptoms

In my experience, which is admittedly limited, as I am neither a psychiatrist nor a psychologist, the most disabling criteria above are the dissociative, impulsive, and self-destructive behaviors (#s 4, 5, and 9). However, the symptoms of BPD that are most common and therefore destructive to the patient and those around him (or her) are the emotional lability, extremes in interpersonal relationships and difficulty controlling anger. The description of BPD by Jerold Kriesman and Hal Straus in their book *I Hate You, Don't Leave Me* [1989] is brilliant : “emotional hemophilia ; [a BPD patient] lacks the clotting mechanism needed to moderate his spurts of feeling. Stimulate a passion, and the borderline emotionally bleeds to death.”

One thing y'all should also remember is that personality disorders are derived from real personality traits, sort of magnified to the point of pathology. We all know people who have traits that resonate with the criteria outlined above—perhaps just not as bad or not as many. In order to be considered a personality disorder, a person must also fulfil general personality disorder criteria as well as those related to a specific disorder—the problems have to be pervasive, long-standing, significant, outside the patient's cultural norms, and not due to other identifiable causes (from DSM-IV).

As for making the diagnosis in Tien [...] I think he has #s 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9. It was his impulsivity, lack of ability to hold onto a job, excessive anger, and obvious splitting that made me think of BPD. [Natalie to the List, 31 Aug. 2010]

See also the previous annotation and that for **She thought back over**



**her old, bitter domestic arguments ...** (215, 284, 579).

**It was friendly fire ...** (195, 257, 557) Though in older army use during WW2 and Vietnam, this oxymoronic euphemism became a common phrase in the early 1990s, following incidents during the First Gulf War.

**Armsman Esterhazy** (196, 259, 558) Given the presence in *ACC* of Armsman Szabo, it is interesting that ‘Esterhazy’ (first mentioned in *B*, ch. 11) is also a Magyar name, suggesting a Hungarian minority among Russophone Barrayarans, and perhaps Armsmen in particular. He may make an appearance here because Countess Esterházy, wife of the Austrian ambassador Prince Paul Anton Esterházy, was one of Almack’s seven patronesses during the Regency of the future George IV ; she is mentioned by Heyer in *The Grand Sophy* (1950). See the annotation for **Aunt Vorpatril—she’s in charge ...** (5, 6–7, 338), **steely-eyed middle-aged Vor ladies** (150, 197, 506), and **the empress-to-be’s aunt ...** (330, 433, 709).

**General Romeo Vorkosigan, the one-man strike-force.** (198, 261, 560) Cf. Miles’s speech to Mark at 97, 128, 443, and see the annotation for **Miles** (1, 1, 1). Another Shakespearean play makes an implicit, incidental appearance—unsurprisingly, at this juncture, a romance tragedy—the “lovers” being altogether “star-crossed” (*ROM*, *Pro.* 6). One might add that the observation is a tad rich coming from Aral, whose own campaign of courtship in *SH* was not always so civil, and notable for Cordelia’s behaviour as a ‘one-woman strike-force’ against mutineers both naval (in *SH*) and latterly political (in *B*) ; that LMB has in interview described *SH* as her “Middle-Aged-Romeo-and-Juliet-in-space plot” (‘Sagas and Anti-Epics’, <http://www.sffchronicles.co.uk/forum/41673-chronicles-interview-with-lois-mcmaster-bujold.html>) ; and that *ROM* is also mentioned in *DI* in regard to Aljean’s freefall ballet *The Crossing*:

It occurred to Miles that certain aspects of his youth might have been rendered much easier if Barrayar had possessed a repertoire of romantic tales starring short, crippled heroes, instead of mutie villains. If this was a fair sample, it was clear that Garnet Five was culturally primed to play Juliet to her Barrayaran Romeo. *But let’s not enact a tragedy this time, eh?*

[*DI*, ch. 6]

**to make love and war** (198, 261, 560) The phrase echoes a famous slogan of the later 1960s, ‘Make Love not War’, particularly associated with John Lennon and Yoko Ono.

**several thousand innocent people ... a frightening experience** (199, 262, 561) The references are to events in the final chapters of *K*, when the space-station was threatened by blowback from the ‘wormhole collapser’ and Ekaterin and Helen Vorthys are held hostage.

**Mark had said practically the same thing** (199, 262, 561–2) In ch. 5, at 97, 127, 443.

**In its pot, the skellytum rootling ... Was it wilting?** (199–200, 263, 562) The failing skellytum and the disappointed hopes it represents recall another plant anchored to the fate of a couple : the horse-chestnut tree in Thornfield’s orchard, struck by lightning on the night of Jane and Mr Rochester’s first engagement to herald the eventual doom of their relationship (*JE*, ch. 23). The tree is subsequently described in detail by Jane:

Descending the laurel walk, I faced the wreck of the chestnut-tree; it stood up black and riven : the trunk, split down the centre, gasped ghastly. The cloven halves were not broken from each other, for the firm base and strong roots kept them unsundered below ; though community of vitality was destroyed—the sap could flow no more : their great boughs on each side were dead, and next winter’s tempests would be sure to fell one or both to earth : as yet, however, they might be said to form one tree—a ruin, but an entire ruin.

‘You did right to hold fast to each other,’ I said : as if the monster-splinters were living things, and could hear me. ‘I think, scathed as you look, and charred and scorched, there must be a little sense of life in you yet, rising out of that adhesion at the faithful, honest roots : you will never have green leaves more—never more see birds making nests and singing idylls in your boughs ; the time of pleasure and love is over with you : but you are not desolate : each of you has a comrade to sympathise with him in his decay.’ [*JE*, ch. 25]

See also the annotation for **your old bonsai’d skellytum** (6, 7, 338).

**He tried to imagine the plant ... progeny in tow?** (200, 263, 562) Echoing Ekaterin's daydreaming about growing gardens and families on Vorkosigan lands. See the annotation for **It would be fifteen years ...** (144, 188, 498).

## Chapter Eleven

### *Section p-o-v—Karen*

**like a madwoman being locked in an attic** (203, 267, 565) A further reference to the events of *JE* with a more explicit invocation of Gilbert's & Gubar's *The Madwoman in the Attic*. Given that Rochester's 'mad' wife Bertha is also a West Indian Creole, prejudicially constructed in terms of both race and gender as disposable—as witness *Wide Sargasso Sea* (1966), Jean Rhys's post-colonial, revisionist prequel to *JE*—the echo could be very bleak, but like other grave material is recast in much lighter terms. See the annotations for **those odd old women ...** (148, 194, 503) and **I told you the attics were something to see.** (320, 420, 8).

**Adulthood isn't an award ... and walk away. But that's hard.** (203, 268, 565) Ekaterin's advice to Karen about seizing adulthood in spite of those unwilling to acknowledge it becomes a prominent theme throughout *TSK*, particularly in Volume I: *Beguilement*.

**I have to choose between my family and my lover** (203, 268, 566) As Juliet was forced to choose between Romeo and the Capulets. There is also a possible echo of Elizabeth Bennet's belief (in *PP*, Vol. III, ch. 4), upon informing Mr Darcy of the scandal surrounding her sister Lydia's elopement, that she has lost any chance of securing his love. Karen's complaint, in the same vein as her later critique of the lack of **a folk tale where the Princess's mother gets to do anything but die young** (315, 414, 693), again challenges traditional romance paradigms : that adversarial dynamics are normal ; that love necessitates a sacrifice on the order of family, country, or personal identity ; and that a heroine's happiness must come at the price of an equivalent grief. See also the annotations for **It's the one deal I know ... vastly enriched.** (187, 247, 548) and **She desperately wanted a third place to stand right now.** (216, 285, 580).

**Chance Brothers ... Slim and Fat** (204, 269–70, 567) This comedy duo is LMB's invention but draws on the long tradition of odd-couple comedians pairing tall/short or slim/fat—most obviously Laurel & Hardy. Such odd couples feature in Shakespeare, as with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew in *TN*, and it is likely Rosencrantz and

Guilkenstern in *HAM* were first played in that way. Mark himself notes the same phenomenon with regard to himself and Enrique, at 223, 295, 588 : “Tall, thin, and twitchy, the ectomorphic Escobaran made Mark feel more like a squat toad than ever. He should have given more thought to the ludicrous picture they presented when together.”

**could you design alterations to the bugs ...** (206, 272, 569) Structurally, within the action of *ACC*, Kareen’s bug-commission for Ekaterin replaces Miles’s garden-commission, and as a genuine appeal in need to expertise (unlike Miles’s honey-trap) has an effect on Ekaterin comparable to the effect on Harriet Vane in *GN* of Shrewsbury College’s request that she investigate their troubles.

**being of previous rich military experience with drains** (210, 276, 573) As *VG*, chs 3–4 show ; cf. Peter Wimsey’s impassioned observation that:

If you’d spent your childhood in a house with a hundred and fifty bedrooms and perpetual house-parties, where every drop had to be pumped up by hand and the hot water carried because there were only two bathrooms and all the rest hip baths, and had the boiler burst while when you were entertaining the Prince of Wales, what you didn’t know about insanitary plumbing wouldn’t be worth knowing. [*BH*, ch. 4]

The whole improbable conversation might also be taken to illustrate Sayers’s remark that “there is no chance assembly of people who cannot make lively conversation about drains” (*GN*, ch. 2).

**and led a picked strike-force ... knee-deeper ...** (210, 276, 573) Pym’s tale is explicitly cast as mock-epic, inflated diction comically mismatched with a mundane subject, so that the topos of Enrique and the butter bugs again produces a broader form of comedy. See the annotations for **The atomised spray ...** (172, 226, 530) & **Parole Officer Oscar Gustioz ...** (354, 466, 738), and Part II.

**I’m being held prisoner by insane parents!** (211, 278, 574) Cf. one of Mr Bennet’s more ironic moments in *PP*:

‘I am not going to run away, Papa,’ said Kitty, fretfully ; ‘if I should ever go to Brighton, I would behave better than Lydia.’

‘You go to Brighton! I would not trust you so near it as East Bourne, for fifty pounds! No, Kitty, I have at last learnt to be cautious, and you will feel the effects of it. No officer is ever to enter my house again, nor even to pass through the village. Balls will be absolutely prohibited, unless you stand up with one of your sisters. And you are never to stir out of doors, till you can prove, that you have spent ten minutes of every day in a rational manner.’

Kitty, who took all these threats in a serious light, began to cry.

‘Well, well,’ said he, ‘do not make yourself unhappy. If you are a good girl for the next ten years, I will take you to a review at the end of them.’ [*PP*, vol. III, ch. 6]

**No wonder all Miles’s household watched his courtship with bated breath.** (212, 280, 576) As did (and do) LMB’s (new) readers, especially those who first read the series in chronological (as distinct from publication) order : the whole business of marrying off a long-standing and beloved series protagonist is fraught with perilous pitfalls for author and fans alike, and consequently rare, Sayers’s shaping of the Wimsey–Vane marriage being by far the most significant historical example. (LMB has however said that “the most frequently asked (and asked, and asked) fannish question of the [1990s was], ‘When is Miles going to get married?’”—Interview with Jo Walton, April 2009.) Erica Smith’s ‘Of Runaway Roses and Defiant Skellytums’ begins by considering an Amazon review by ‘jludwig’ that was intensely hostile to Ekaterin:

### **Suitable Mate for Miles????? Ha!!**

I must be one of the readers who doesn't get the ‘subtler’ aspects of Ms. Bujold’s latest novel. And I don’t care too. I’ve enjoyed all of Miles’s books because of his strength, humor, tenacity, intelligence and ability to overcome overwhelming odds.

Now that he growing up, he’s shrinking. He’s not as sure of himself. He’s not as intelligence. And his love interest are going downhill in a big way.

A GARDENER!!! Not just a gardener, but a gardener who

didn't have the strength to leave a bad marriage and get her son well. This is the woman for MILES!!!! Oh my god. I can't imagine a more weak character. I can't imagine someone less likely to be a love interest for Miles.

I can forgive her her hobbies (gardening). But to not have the strength to go against her husband to get her only son cured is a weakness that a Mile's love interest would NEVER have.

[[http://www.amazon.com/gp/cdp/member-reviews/AGH2HBQFKSPVN/ref=cm\\_cr\\_pr\\_auth\\_rev?ie=UTF8&sort\\_by=MostRecentReview](http://www.amazon.com/gp/cdp/member-reviews/AGH2HBQFKSPVN/ref=cm_cr_pr_auth_rev?ie=UTF8&sort_by=MostRecentReview) ]

Proper retorts and very necessary corrections to more than spelling are dealt with by Erica Smith, but Sayers encountered the same problems, as she reported in a letter to Professor Donald Tovey in January 1934, answering a letter from him concerning *Have His Carcase*:

You are one of the very few people with intelligent sympathy for Lord Peter and his Harriet. Most of them beg me not to let him marry 'that horrid girl'. They don't understand the violent conflict underlying her obstinacy—I am glad you do. There's stuff in Harriet, but it isn't the conventional heroine stuff, you see. My only reason for holding her up is that the situation between her and Lord P. is psychologically so difficult that it really needs a whole book to examine and resolve. [...] But I will tackle the problem one of these days, and in the howl of execration that will go up when I marry Lord Peter off, I shall hope to hear your voice uplifted in defence of his happiness and of Harriet!

[Barbara Reynolds, ed., *The Letters of Dorothy L. Sayers: 1899–1936: The Making of a Detective Novelist*, pp. 340–1]

And again, after finishing *Gaudy Night*, to her friend Muriel St Clare Byrne in September 1935:

I think it quite certain that people will say again, as they have said before, that they can't see what Peter sees in Harriet. (This is frequently said about people in real life, if it comes to that.) But to save argument, Peter has obliged, this time, by

telling the world what he sees. At least, he has told her, which comes to the same thing. [*Ibid.*, p. 353.]

In point of interest, what Peter in fact tells Harriet is that he loves her for her “devastating talent for keeping to the point and speaking the truth”, while Harriet thinks that “a more unattractive pair of qualities could seldom have been put forward as an excuse for devotion” (*GN*, ch. 17).

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

*Dear Madame Vorsoisson ... Yours to command* (212–14, 280–2, 576–8) Miles’s letter of apology to Ekaterin structurally echoes the letter Mr Darcy hands to Elizabeth in the park at Rosings the day after her rejection of his first proposal, in *PP*, vol. II, ch. 12. The styles and overt contents of the two letters are quite different, but the processes of reception by Elizabeth and Ekaterin are very similar (though Austen, having devoted vol. II, ch. 12 to Darcy’s letter itself, deals with Elizabeth’s reading distinctly in ch. 13, while *LMB* partly interweaves reaction with the actual transcript of Miles’s letter) ; and both women fetishise their letters, though greater reconciliation with the senders remains distant. Miles repeats his closing formula, “Yours to command”, in response to Ekaterin’s apostrophe in the Council session in ch. 19 (375, 495, 762). See also the annotation for **Six or twelve times a day ...** (302, 397, 678), and Part I, s. vv. ‘Jane Austen’. Additionally, a letter from Harriet to Peter that she has considerable difficulty writing, destroying multiple drafts, figures in *GN*, ch. 9, and while the contents are not echoed at all both the problems of writing it and the effects of receiving it on Peter are strongly consonant with their equivalents in *ACC*. Most generally, the ability to express oneself well in letters is an important trope in older romance novels, including Austen, and remains strong in Sayers, though it has been much attenuated since by the same conditions of techno-modernity that have in daily life degraded letter-writing as a desirable skill.

*the horrible version in rhyme* (212, 281, 576) Besides the running joke with Miles desiring to rival Enrique in versification, the collocation of poetry and renewed courtship recalls a sonnet composed in *GN* : Harriet writes an octave in her investigation-



notebook (ch. 11), and later finds that Peter, while reading the investigation-notes, has completed it with a sestet (ch. 18). See also the annotation for *I was not born under a rhyming planet.* (230, 305, 596).

**Pym, probably, and likely not.** (213, 281, 576) But Miles nevertheless “prudently” removes and burns all his drafts, including the poetic one (230, 305, 596).

*You once asked me never to lie to you.* (213, 281, 577) In *K.*, ch. 11, as Ekaterin recalled at 191, 252, 552.

**people running into the night** (213, 281, 577) See the annotation for **Ekaterin stormed blindly through ...** (180, 236, 539).

*Eep.* (213, 281, 577) An idiosyncratic version of the traditional ‘eek’ that LMB uses herself in posts, typically (like Ekaterin here) in the context of alarmed rejection of an idea, and that occasionally draws comment : see Pouncer and Cat Meier to the List, 7 Feb. 2001. (“Yeep” also turns up sometimes, as in the Interview with Simeon Tsanev, February 2009, and the Eos blog posts for *Passage*, #2.) “Eep” recurs, again in Ekaterin’s mental voice but with a differing shade of dismay, at 254, 335, 623 ; and in ‘Publishing, Writing, and Authoring’, in *VC*. See also the annotations for **Heh.** (165, 218, 523) and **“Eeuw,” she said appreciatively.** (321, 421, 699).

**the very most conservative and traditional color, red-brown** (214, 283, 578) Not coincidentally, dried blood is also the typical colour of Barrayaran vegetation, recalling Erica Smith’s observations about the symbolism of the skellytum ; see Part I, s. vv. ‘Jane Austen’.

**She bet he even owned one of those daggers ...** (214, 283, 578–9) Miles does, of course, inherited from his grandfather ; it first makes an appearance in *WA*, ch. 8, and is used by Miles (if not quite as Ekaterin imagines) at 237, 314, 604. The seal-dagger, with “doodles of mercenary hand weapons” (345, 454, 728), presumably inspired Patrick Turner’s drawing of a sword with twined Barrayaran roses for the rear panel of the hardback first edition’s dust-jacket.

**And when and how had he ever hijacked a ship?** (215, 283, 579) Again, most obviously in *WA*, chs. 9–10, followed by hijacking a fleet. The trope recurs in *VG*.

**Pride, or despair? ... two sins for the price of one!** (215, 284, 579) Considering that Cordelia is the only theist among the principals, explicit mention of sin is commoner in the Vorkosiverse than one

might suppose, and strongly attached in *SH* and *WA* to Bothari. Here Ekaterin's musing recalls Bunyan's presence in *BI*, and as she next proceeds, in recalling Tien, to summon *K*, her reactions to Miles's letter effectively evoke his backstory in order—*WA*, *VG*, *BI*, and *K*—subtly complementing Miles's own need to connect what he achieved as Naismith with the nature of his failure to respect Ekaterin, which he finally achieves in ch. 17 at 326, 428–9, 705.

**She thought back over her old, bitter domestic arguments with Tien. ...** (215, 284, 579) The late stages of the marital breakdown are visible in *K*, and it is clear that Tien's personality prevented any genuine process either of argument or resolution—as Alexi Vormoncrief's personality does, and to a lesser extent Vassily Vorsoisson's. See also the annotations for **just how bad was Madame Vorsoisson's prior marriage?** (195, 257, 557) and **Tien Vorsoisson was one of those subtle feral parasites** (195, 257, 557). **She desperately wanted a third place to stand right now.** (216, 285, 580) Cf. comments by LMB about the imposed choices between gender roles and the clash of romance and military or adventurous SF:

This whole dialectic presents particular problems for women, and especially for women SF writers. Women in our culture are given the duty and responsibility (though not the power, of course) of “molding” our kids; we're drafted willy-nilly into the Cultural Gestapo, and woe betide us if our kids “don't turn out right.” How can we become mothers, yet not become our mothers? We are SF writers in the first place only because, like our brothers, we resisted being assigned many of the chores of womanhood, handed out from our culture via, usually, our moms. Instead we went off and read disapproved books. And then, by damn, we even started writing them. (I can still hear my mother's voice, echoing from my own adolescence—”If you don't stop reading those silly science fiction books and get out of bed, you'll never get anywhere!” Now I sit in bed writing silly science fiction books, and my career has given me the world. Ha!) So, which side shall I be on? Must I choose, and lose half my possibilities thereby whichever choice I make? [‘A Conversation with [LMB]’, in *VC*]

See also the annotations for **It's the one deal I know ... vastly enriched.** (187, 247, 548) and **I have to choose between my family and my lover** (203, 268, 566).

## Chapter Twelve

The p-o-v sequence in this chapter, Ivan–Mark–Miles, is reversed in ch. 14.

### *Section p-o-v—Ivan*

**Ivan was briefly sorry the door was edged with rounded rubber ...** (217, 287, 581) The intensity of Ivan’s desire not to deal with By has provoked some List discussion:

I found myself wondering why Ivan is so determined not to let Byerly come in. It’s not that he’ll let him in, then quickly make him leave—he’s working hard at shutting the door in his face. Byerly is stubborn because this is his best bet at getting information to Miles. So why was Ivan so determined to keep By out? It sounded like protesting too much—he isn’t indifferent, he’s determined. He may simply not want to be bored by Byerly, but it comes across (at least in audiobook) an overreaction. [Elizabeth Holden to the List, 11 Jan. 2011]

Suggestions included (i) By’s capacity to leech and disrupt (“once you let him in, you can’t get rid of him—worse yet, he may ask to crash and you’ll get back from work with your bathroom flooded, the refrigerator standing open and your entire liquor collection gone” : Jeff Shultz to the List, 11 Jan. 2011) ; (ii) his involvement with and Ivan’s aversion to Dono ; (iii) his known propensity to gossip, concealing his ImpSec role (“the longer he was in your presence, the more information about you he would carry away” : Judy R. Johnson to the List, 11 Jan. 2011) ; and (iv) a more prosaic view (“Ivan was just leaving for work. He didn’t want to spend time verbally fencing” : William A. Wenrich to the List, 13 Jan. 2011). The issue has never been wholly resolved. See also the next annotation.

**By was looking a bit seedy ...** (217, 287, 581) As he often may—but his state here, at the inception of the slander campaign against Miles, anticipates its eventual effect on him : see the annotation for **a desperately strung-out looking Byerly Vorrutyer ...** (363, 479, 748). Given the List discussion of Ivan’s motives for trying to refuse By entrance (see the previous annotation) and Ivan’s role in By’s eventual discomfiture, one might also note that *By* should have been

warier of *Ivan* ; see also the annotation for **Ivan stood and watched ...** (398, 525, 788).

**ceremonial dress sword ... an umbrella canister made from an old-fashioned artillery shell** (217, 288, 581) Such military impedimenta-cum-souvenirs (in smaller sizes often serving as ashtrays or general receptacles) became commonplace after World War 1, which saw massive artillery bombardments. In context it becomes (with the ceremonial sword) another example of the recycling of dark motifs into lighter contexts and meanings that characterises *ACC*.

**hold his head under water this time ... an amusing metaphor** (218, 289, 583) Ivan did hold Miles's head under water the last time he "crashed and burned", in *M*, ch. 7. For those with long memories there is also an echo of two events in *SH*, the waterboarding of Ensign Dubauer by Barrayaran soldiers and of Dr Mehta by Cordelia.

**Lady Donna used to go target-shooting with his Countess** (219, 290, 584) A datum that helps to explain Dono's success, through Helga Vormuir, in nobbling Count Vormuir's council vote : see the annotation for **a reconciliation with his Countess** (379, 500, 766).

**Alexi piping about the damned mutant daring to court the Vor lady.** (221, 292, 586) There is an echo of yet another Barrayaran folktale about mutants, that Ekaterin recalls as a hostage in *M*:

There was a tale in Barrayaran folklore about a mutant who could not be killed, because he hid his heart in a box on a secret island far from his fortress. Naturally, the young Vor hero talked the secret out of the mutant's captive maiden, stole the heart, and the poor mutant came to the usual bad end.

[*M*, ch. 19]

There are various real-world Russian and Scandinavian analogues.

### *Section p-o-v—Mark*

**I'm the duenna** (223, 296, 588) Martya's wry comment indicates that she realizes she is *de trop*, all the more so given that Karen has been subtly engaging chaperones on her own behalf ; see the annotation for **And she wouldn't end up alone with Mark ...** (104,

136, 451).

**a *Betan Survey captain?*** (223, 296, 589) Cordelia's rank at the beginning of *SH*. Cf. Miles's thoughts early in *VG*, while 'in limbo' following his Kyril-Island disgrace:

*So why do I never think of my ambition as ship command like my mother before me?* Captain Cordelia Naismith, Betan Astronomical Survey, had been in the risky business of expanding the wormhole nexus jump by blind jump, for humanity, for pure knowledge, for Beta Colony's economic advancement, for—what *had* driven her? She'd commanded a sixty-person survey vessel, far from home and help—there were certain enviable aspects to her former career, to be sure. Chain-of-command, for example, would have been a legal fiction out in the farbeyond, the wishes of Betan HQ a matter for speculation and side bets.

She moved now so wavelessly through Barrayaran society, only her most intimate observers realized how detached she was from it, fearing no one, not even the dread Illyan, controlled by no one, not even the Admiral himself. It was the casual fearlessness, Miles decided, that made his mother so unsettling. The Admiral's Captain. Following in her footsteps would be like firewalking. [*VG*, ch. 6]

**after the incident with the drains in the nighttime** (224, 296, 589) A second overt allusion to Conan Doyle (following 74, 97, 416), this time echoing a famous line in 'Silver Blaze' :

'Is there any other point to which you would wish to draw my attention?'

'To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time.'

'The dog did nothing in the night-time.'

'That was the curious incident,' remarked Sherlock Holmes.

[*'Silver Blaze'*, in *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*]

**I composed a sestina in her honor in my head** (224, 296, 589) The sestina is a very Enriquean form—39 lines (in English usually iambic tetrameters or pentameters) in six sestets and a tercet, with the end-words of each line in the first sestet repeated in a cycling order as

the end-words of every line in the second to sixth sestets ; in the tercet all six must be used, three medially and three terminally, so composing one mentally is formidable, even if not catching bugs at the time. (The best-known modern example may be Elizabeth Bishop's 'Sestina', beginning "September rain falls on the house".)

**It's ... not what Tante Cordelia is most famous for, on Barrayar.** (224, 297, 589) Which is, presumably, still the decapitation of Vordarian, in *B*.

**a full-color three-dimensional representation of a butter bug ... a quarter of a meter long** (224, 297, 590) It should be recalled that as a (mostly) biology major in college LMB "did a great deal of insect photography" (*Miles in Love*, 'Afterword'). She expanded on this in a 2006 Interview, 'Women Who Rock the World: [LMB]', which included one of her insect slides:

So, [in Spring 1971] I got on a six weeks Biology study tour of Kenya, Tanzania, and we went to Mt Kilimanjaro. We went to all the great parks, [including] Tsavo Park and I did my photography. I was very interested in close up and insect photography and the bugs in East Africa are just amazing.

I have eight hundred slides of these great bugs, you know. Technicolored grasshoppers, astonishing things.



[LMB in interview, 'Women Who Rock the World', 1997  
<http://www.agirlsworld.com/amy/pajama/wmhistory/careers/lois/mylife.html>]

See also the annotation for **This ... is a butter bug**. (65, 87, 408). **as shiny as a palace guardsman's boots** (225, 297, 590) Cf. Miles's comment to Ekaterin in *K* about the recruitment of Duv Galeni:

“Delia Koudelka's a childhood friend of mine. She's marrying Commodore Duv Galeni, who is the new Chief of Komarran Affairs for Imperial Security. You may not have heard of him yet, but you will. He's Komarran-born.”

“Of Barrayaran parents?”

“No, of Komarran resistance fighters. We seduced him to the service of the Imperium. We've agreed it was the shiny boots that turned the trick.”

He was so utterly deadpan, he had to be joking. Hadn't he?

[*K*, ch. 5]

Miles is in fact, as often, both joking *and* accurate, referencing a conversation with Galeni in *BA* while both are captives of Ser Galen:

“Personal history, mostly, this time.” Galeni contemplated his socks, which were getting stiff with grime; but Miles was not sure Galeni was seeing what he was looking at. “He seems to have this strange difficulty grasping that I actually mean what I say. He had apparently genuinely convinced himself that he had only to reveal himself, to whistle, to bring me to his heel as I had run when I was fourteen. As if the weight of my entire adult life counted for nothing. As if I'd put on this uniform for a joke, or out of despair or confusion—anything but a reasoned and principled decision.”

No need to ask who “he” was. Miles grinned sourly. “What, it wasn't for the spiffy boots?”

“I'm just dazzled by the glittering tinsel of neo-fascism,” Galeni informed him blandly. [*BA*, ch. 9]

The word ‘boots’ appears surprisingly often in LMB's work, partly in consequence of uniform generally and Vor cavalry in particular, but also symbolically and thematically, as here with the butter bugs' newfound attractiveness in shiny official boots. With “shiny” there is also a strong echo of Heyer's heroes' usual concern with the polished



perfection of their boots (top-boots with breeches, gleaming Hessians with skintight pantaloons—*never* the other way round) and their various valets' special recipes for superior blacking (based on Beau Brummell's recommendation of a mix including champagne). See also the annotations for **dust-jacket / cover illustration** and **his polished half-boots** (3, 3, 335).

**like a jewel cast from a crown** (225, 298, 591) LMB inverts an old phrase that became famous as a description of India, the 'jewel in the crown' of the British Empire. The 1984 Granada TV adaptation of Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet* was given the umbrella-title *The Jewel in the Crown*, and was broadcast in the US several times in the 1980s and 1990s.

**But I can't answer his question.** (229, 303, 595) That is, "will you marry me?" (178, 234, 537). See the annotation for **And she hadn't even noticed she hadn't answered.** (193, 254, 554).

#### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**He lived, therefore he learned.** (230, 305, 596) Miles conflates the cliché 'live and learn' with the famous formula from Descartes's *Discours de la Méthode* (1637): 'Je pense, donc je suis' ('I think, therefore I am'). The adapted expression implies Miles considers personal growth to be a logical necessity. It also recalls Cordelia's tart reply in *B*, ch. 19, to Aral's bemused realization that change on Barrayar was possible: "Change is inevitable."

***I was not born under a rhyming planet.*** (230, 305, 596) Miles quotes directly from *ADO*—a much more hopeful source than *HAM* or *ROM* (both invoked in ch. 10). In the play, Benedick, older than many romance lovers, likewise despairs of courting Beatrice through the traditional profusions of verse:

*The god of love,  
That sits above,  
And knows me, and knows me,  
How pitiful I deserve—*

I mean in singing ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly

in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried : I can find out no rhyme to ‘lady’ but ‘baby’, an innocent rhyme ; for ‘scorn’, ‘horn’, a hard rhyme ; for, ‘school’, ‘fool’, a babbling rhyme ; very ominous endings : no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. [ADO, 5.2.26–41]

Leander nightly swam the Hellespont to reach Hero, but eventually drowned ; and Troilus loved and lost Cressida (whose uncle was Pandarus, for whom all pandars are named) ; yet Benedick ends his play happily as “the married man” (ADO 1.1.257, 5.4.98–9). There is further extensive discussion of bad rhyming in AYL 3.2, probably written the year after ADO, as was H5—King Henry being another (slightly) older lover who expresses much the same view as Benedict of his own capacities as a wooer:

Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me. For the one I have neither words nor measure, and for the other I have no strength in measure—yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation—only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging.

[H5, 5.2.132–45]

See also Part I, s. vv. ‘William Shakespeare’.

***You’re not the poet I married!*** (230, 305, 597) Besides the comic variation of ‘if ... then you’re not the wo/man I married’ there is an echo of the absurd situation in Edmond Rostand’s play *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1897), in which a warrior-poet secretly woos on behalf of an inarticulate friend. Readers of Sayers may also recall the tart opinions of Mirabelle Severn and Thames, opening *BH*:

But is this girl [Harriet Vane] flesh and blood ? You say she is passionately devoted to him [Peter], and I know, of course, that she once had a half-baked affair with a poet—but, Heaven deliver us, what's a poet? Something that can't go to bed without making a song about it. [*BH*, 'Prothalamion']

**“Lord Richars Vorrutyer ...” / “That’s Lord Vorrutyer”** (231, 306, 597) The latter style is reserved for the Count’s heir, whereas the former is used for family members further down the line of succession or not in it at all ; Pym’s use of ‘Lord Richars’ is thus a studied slight to Richars’s presumption. See the annotation for **Lord Vorkosigan ... Lord Mark** (61, 82, 403).

**That sort of surgery is neither trivial nor painless.** (234, 310, 601) Another of the few but pointed remarks underlining, beneath the gender comedy, the realities of surgical transgending ; see the annotation for **a great deal of courage ...** (166, 218, 523).

**The woman should be clapped in an attic ...** (235, 311, 601) Another reference to Bertha Mason’s imprisonment at Thornfield Hall in *JE* ; see the annotations for **those odd old women ... relatives’ attics** (148, 194, 503), **like a madwoman being locked in an attic** (203, 267, 565), and **I told you the attics were something to see.** (320, 420, 8).

**I was investigated and cleared ...** (235, 312, 602) In List discussion there was considerable debate about the likelihood of Richars’s guilt in the death of Pierre’s fiancée, one camp holding that ImpSec’s use of fast-penta in questioning him made his innocence somewhere from very probable to certain, the other believing that it would have been possible for him to commission the murder and beat the interrogation. See also the annotation for **If he really had practice on Pierre’s fiancée ...** (367, 484, 752–3)

**and settled for whipping his grandfather’s seal dagger from its sheath ...** (237, 314, 604) Miles’s alternative uses for his inherited seal dagger exceed Ekaterin’s imagination ; see the annotation for **She bet he even owned one of those daggers ...** (214, 283, 578–9).

**squash Richars like the roach he is** (238, 314, 605) Given the recent butter bug debacle, this insect epithet is unsurprising, but Miles previously used a variant to describe ImpSec’s interim chief, Lucas Haroche, in pleading with Duv Galeni not to “let a cockroach

like Haroche waste [Galeni's] sacrifices" (*M*, ch. 26).

**a murder trial for the death of her late husband** (239, 317, 607) Which is (substituting lover for husband) Harriet Vane's situation when she first meets Peter Wimsey in *Strong Poison*—with Harriet in the dock.

**He'd wanted to give her the world ...** (241, 319, 609) Cf. Peter Wimsey to Harriet Vane:

What could I ever have gained by letting you imagine a lie? I set out in a lordly manner to offer you heaven and earth. I find that all I have to give you is Oxford—which was yours already. [*GN*, ch. 23]

**How had so much good intention turned into this ... tangle?** (241, 319, 609) There is an echo of a famous couplet by Sir Walter Scott:

Oh! what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive! [*Marmion*, Canto VI.17]

Published in 1808, *Marmion* was a Regency favourite, and includes the ballad of young Lochinvar, who rescues the fair Ellen from an unwanted marriage by carrying her off, on horseback, in the middle of the bridal feast. Scott (an admirer of Austen often mentioned by Heyer, who marvellously sent up *Marmion* in *Cotillion*, 1953) was also responsible, two years later, for *The Lady of the Lake*, not unrelated to the Barrayaran tale of the 'Maiden of the Lake' (*K*, ch. 19).

**I've been your donkey since forever** (242, 321, 610) Ivan has named himself as Miles's donkey before:

Ivan rolled his eyes. "He wanted a donkey to carry his luggage, and the first ass he thought of was me. So flattering. Thanks, Lord Auditor Coz. I'm sure this is going to be just a joy."

Miles said quietly, "Ivan, we're going in to audit ImpSec's handling of Illyan's breakdown. I don't know what kind of load I'll be asking you to carry, but there's at least a chance it'll be high explosives. I need a donkey I can rely on absolutely." [*M*, ch. 16]

## Chapter Thirteen

The second undivided chapter, narrated entirely from Ekaterin's point-of-view, and symmetrically pairing with ch. 9, narrated entirely from Miles's.

**a dragon's tooth in the grass** (245, 324, 613) The sowing of dragon's teeth occurs in the Greek myths of Cadmus and of Jason ; in both cases the teeth immediately grow into fully armed warriors—hence the usual sense of 'sowing dragon's teeth' as doing something that foments disputes.

**three impossible tasks** (247, 325, 615) A motif of classical Greek myth, as of folktales the world around ; tv.tropes prefaces its splendid article on 'impossible task' with a stanza from 'Scarborough Fair':

*Ask him to find me an acre of land  
Between the salt water and the sea-strand,  
Plough it with a lamb's horn,  
Sow it all over with one peppercorn,  
Reap it with a sickle of leather,  
And gather it up with a rope made of heather,  
Then he'll be the true love of mine.*

[\[http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/ImpossibleTask\]](http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/ImpossibleTask)

**he changed worlds ... a figure of speech** (247, 326, 615) Even setting aside Barrayar itself (and Komarr), the worlds Miles has changed include Tau Verde (*WA*), Pol, Aslund, and Vervain (*VG*), Athos (*EA*), Eta Ceta (*C*), Jackson's Whole (*L, MD*), and Marilac (*BI*) ; to which he will go on to add Graf Station (*DI*) and Kibou-Daini (*Cb*).

**her Uncle Vorthys's evaluation ... a genius ...** (247, 326, 616) The conversation Ekaterin recalls occurs when she is first trying to research Miles in *K*:

“I taught engineering for thirty years. It had its drudgeries. But each year, I had the pleasure of finding in my classes a few of the best and brightest, who made it all worthwhile.” He sipped spiced tea and spoke more slowly. “But much less often—every five or ten years at most—a true genius would turn up

among my students, and the pleasure became a privilege, to be treasured for life.”

“You think he’s a genius?” she said, raising her eyebrows.  
*The high Vor twit?*

“I don’t know him quite well enough, yet. But I suspect so, a part of the time.”

“Can you be a genius part of the time?”

“All the geniuses I ever met were so just part of the time. To qualify, you only have to be great once, you know. Once when it matters. [...]” [K, ch. 3]

**promoted to chief of ImpSec in the middle of a war ...** (248, 327, 616) The War of Vordarian’s Pretendership, in *B*, ch. 14.

**the principal difference between heaven and hell is the company you keep there** (248, 327, 616) Illyan unwittingly echoes a famous line from Jean-Paul Sartre’s play *Huis-clos* (*No Exit*, 1944): “*l’enfer, c’est les autres*”—‘hell is other people’. Much more proximately, LMB relates the idea to:

Jane Yolen’s folk-story, so memorably delivered at her convention story-telling sessions.

Short version goes: on a tour of heaven and hell, we find the denizens of hell at a banquet table, starving and frustrated, because all their elbows are constrained in manacles that do not allow them to bend their arms and bring their food to their mouths.

Heaven, exact same set-up—except that the feast is going gangbusters, as each diner turns with his straight-splinted arms to place food in the mouth of his neighbour ...

[LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011]

**the fireplace poker** (250, 330, 619) The possible use of pokers as murder-weapons is mentioned in *BH*, chs 7 & 17, and in Heyer’s *The Convenient Marriage* (1934), ch. 14. There is also, of course, Marlowe’s *Edward II*, but that is another story.

**“Ow!” he cried ...** (250, 330, 619) This moment of womanly violence begins a rapid sequence of gender reversals, Ekaterin taking the male part and Miles repeatedly taking a feminine one. See the

annotations for **You haven't been pouring water ...** (255, 336, 624), **You let him watch all that violence** (258, 341, 629), and **"Punch 'em in the nose?" ...** (260–1, 344, 631). Additionally there are the mockery of warrior-action clichés (“that knee-to-the-groin thing ... that blow-to-the-nose one”), and an echo of Heyer, for whose sporting heroes the business of pugilistically ‘drawing someone’s cork’ by making their nose bleed is often right and proper. *Eep* (254, 335, 623) See the annotation for *Eep*. (213, 281, 577).

**Hang Vormoncrief.** (254, 335, 624) Ekaterin echoes Beatrice in Shakespeare’s *Much Ado about Nothing*, when she commands Benedick to “Kill Claudio” (*ADO* 4.1.289).

**You haven't been pouring water over the barrel, have you?** (255, 336, 624) Besides the continuing symbolic adventures of the skellytum—on which see the annotation for **a certain spare rootling ...** (144, 188, 498)—the business of incorrect watering recalls *BH*, where a vicar’s observation of mildew caused by deliberate overwatering of a cactus is critical in unmasking the murderer. For Ekaterin, storming back to Vorkosigan House to discover Miles gardening (however ineptly) is another in the local string of gender reversals ; see also the annotations for **"Ow!" he cried ...** (250, 330, 619), **You let him watch all that violence** (258, 341, 629), and **"Punch 'em in the nose?" ...** (260–1, 344, 631).

**It's called, damned if you do, damned if you don't.** (256, 338, 626) Structure and detail necessarily differ, but there is in Miles’s and Ekaterin’s dilemma an echo of a problem Harriet Vane and Peter Wimsey face in *GN*, ch. 16, concerning whether to camouflage his presence as a detective by pretending to the romantic relationship Peter desires but Harriet has not yet accepted.

**a weird inner vision of a knight drawing down his visor** (257, 339, 627) Or not so weird : Cordelia insists that Miles “thinks he’s a knight errant” (*MD*, ch. 12), and LMB endorsed her diagnosis with the punning anthology title *Miles Errant*.

**You let him watch all that violence ... supposed to be educational ...** (258, 341, 629) Another of the running gender-reversals, Miles complaining about screen violence and Ekaterin pleading educational value ; see the annotations for **"Ow!" he cried ...** (250, 330, 619), **You haven't been pouring water ...** (255, 336, 624), and **"Punch 'em in the nose?" ...** (260–1, 344, 631).

**Lord Vorthalia the Bold, Legendary Hero of the Time of Isolation** (259, 341, 629) The formulation mocks the conventions of romance heroes (and advertising) but is not invented for the nonce ; the 17-year-old Miles of *WA* refers repeatedly to Vorthalia, including the tales of “Vorthalia the Bold and the Thicket of Thorns” (ch. 5) and “Vorthalia the Bold and the search for Emperor Xian Vorbarra’s lost scepter”, which he “never actually found” (ch. 19). The importance of such figures as embodiments of truth and right behaviour is exemplified in Miles, facing a putative treason charge though Vordrozda’s manipulations, asking Gregor “when did I ever demand any part except that of Vorthalia the Loyal?” (ch. 21).

**Hamlet** (259, 341, 629) Miles’s quotation from the play in ch. 10 (195, 257, 557) makes its explicit appearance here less surprising, and it is in many ways a good match for Nikki’s situation—Hamlet having some reason to believe his mother’s new husband responsible for the murder of her old one, but needing verification, and the new husband being legally untouchable. The summary of the play that follows, however, is far more comic than serious, invoking revenge imperatives only to debunk them with considerations of personal age and the modernity of fast-penta ; and given his knowledge by heart of *R3*, it is predictable that Miles would have little sympathy for Hamlet’s ‘dithering’. See also Part I, *s. vv.* ‘William Shakespeare’.

**Nobody expects you to carry out a really good revenge till you’re at least old enough to shave.** (259, 342, 629) Miles’s observation is eminently reasonable, but interacts ironically with consideration of Hamlet, who at 30 is notably older than many Shakespearean heroes. Additionally, cf. Gregor’s observation that “Our Vor duties come upon us at a too-early age, sometimes” (287, 378, 661), and the early history of Aral, “who did not go to war but to whom war nonetheless came at age 11” (LMB, email to the editors, 25 Feb. 2011). There is also this quotation from the French Renaissance grammarian Pierre Erondell, which appears in *GN* as the epigraph to ch. 9:

Come hether friend, I am ashamed to hear that what I hear of you. ... You have almost attayned to the age of nyne years, at least to eight and a halfe, and seeing that you knowe your dutie, if you neglect it you deserve greater punishment than he which through ignorance doth it not. Think not that the



nobilitie of your Ancestors doth free you to doe all that you list, contrarywise, it bindeth you more to follow vertue.

*Mirabile* (260, 343, 630) Latin, ‘amazingly, wonderfully’, as in the tag *mirabile dictu*, ‘wonderfully to relate’.

**“Punch ’em in the nose?”** [/] **Ekaterin winced ... intoned piously ...** (260–1, 344, 631) Another of the gender-reversals, temporarily completing a sequence that began with Ekaterin punching Vormoncrief in the nose (and returns strongly in Ekaterin’s seizure of agency in ch. 19). For Miles to “hope for a more mature and reasoned response” is of course an outrageous irony, but his parental—maternal?—care for Nikki’s situation is nevertheless impressive. See also the annotations for **“Ow!” he cried ...** (250, 330, 619, **You haven’t been pouring water ...** (255, 336, 624), and **You let him watch all that violence** (258, 341, 629).

*United against a common enemy.* (261, 344, 631) The phrase overtly describes Miles and Nikki, but equally applies to Miles and Ekaterin, and will in ch. 18 explicitly apply to Ekaterin and Nikki ; see the annotation for **she and Nikki were suddenly allies ...** (349, 459, 732).

**Who is this man you think Nikki should see?** (261, 345, 632) Miles made this suggestion before, shortly after Tien’s death, and the answer to Ekaterin’s question isn’t quite as singular as she might suppose:

“[...] The problem of the whole truth is as much a question of when as what. But after we both get back to Vorbarr Sultana, I would like, with your permission, to take you to talk with Gr—with a close friend of mine. He’s Vor, too. He had the experience of being in something like Nikki’s position. His father died under, ah, grievous circumstances, when he was much too young to be told the details. When he stumbled across some of the uglier facts, in his early twenties, it was pretty traumatic. I’ll bet he’ll have a better feel than either of us for what to tell Nikki and when. He has a fine judgment.”

[Ekaterin] gave him a provisional nod. “That sounds right. I would like that very much. Thank you.”

He returned her a half-bow, from his perch. “Glad to be of

service, Madame.” He’d wanted to introduce her to Gregor the man, his foster-brother, not Emperor Gregor the Imperial Icon, anyway. This might serve more than one purpose. [K, ch. 14]

**he could not share ... stories were supposed to Come Out Right** (263, 347, 633) A rare moment in *ACC* of awareness explicitly bordering on the metatextual, as Ekaterin conceives of herself as an actor in a story—one with a prescribed ending, in keeping presumably with *ACC*’s status as a comedy and Regency romance. *ACC* thus acquires on a grand scale some of the postmodern recursion LMB identifies in Byerly and Miles : see the annotations for **Byerly Vorrutyer** (50, 66, 390) and **he wouldn’t miss this denouement for worlds.** (369, 486, 754).

## Chapter Fourteen

The p-o-v sequence in this chapter, Miles–Mark–Ivan, reverses that of ch. 12.

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**I have enough unquiet ghosts of my own.** (268, 354, 639) The phrase ‘unquiet ghosts’ is common (and ‘unquiet’ is used in the *Book of Common Prayer*, Psalms 99:1), but in context there is a faint echo of the last lines of Emily Brontë’s *Wuthering Heights* (1847), where Lockwood, considering the graves of Edgar, Heathcliff, and Cathy, wonders “how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth”. Conversely, in *SR* spirit rings are made by harnessing unshriven ghosts.

**After the ... ambiguous favour he did me ... on Earth** (268–9, 354, 639) That is, killing Ser Galen (Duv’s father) and sparing Galeni and Miles, in *BA*, ch. 14.

**lots of people have embarrassing in-laws ; it’s one of life’s lotteries** (269, 354, 640) LMB distils in eleven words a central theme and achieved wisdom of *PP*, where Mr Darcy’s initial scorn of Elizabeth’s family is later matched by embarrassment at his own and the highly distasteful necessity of accepting Wickham as a brother-in-law.

### *Section p-o-v—Mark*

**a much more interesting romance if he had assassinated the lout** (271, 357, 642) There are various tales of that kind, the original and most influential (in Western terms) being the story of King David, Bathsheba, and Uriah the Hittite in 2 Samuel, 11–12. There is also the Arthurian tale of Uther Pendragon’s adulterous love for Ygraine of Cornwall and the death of her husband Gorlois on the night Arthur was conceived, greatly popularised by Mary Stewart in the historical fantasies *The Crystal Cave* (1970) and *The Hollow Hills* (1973).

**We three.** (272, 359, 644) There is an ironic echo of Feste in *Twelfth Night* : “Did you never see the picture of ‘we three’?” (*TN* 2.3.15–16)—an old visual gag in which someone shown a picture of two fools (or two asses) is implicitly made a third. As Feste is addressing the odd couple of fat Sir Toby Belch and tall, skinny Sir

Andrew Aguecheek, there may also be a glance at Miles's & Ekaterin's (and Mark's & Kareen's) putative status as an odd couple. ***Accidentally burn down Vorkosigan House?*** (273, 359, 644) Mr Rochester's mad wife, Bertha Mason, catastrophically sets fire to Thornfield Hall before leaping from the battlements to her death. According to the witness who provides Jane with the tale, "afterwards the house was burnt to the ground" (*JE*, ch. 36). The event is presaged by Bertha's earlier attempt to immolate Mr Rochester in his bedchamber, which Jane thwarts (ch. 15).

**the most high-powered potential Baba on the planet** (273, 360, 644) While picking up and reversing Alexi Vormoncrief's presumptuous earlier despatch of a Baba to Ekaterin, this also reminds readers that Cordelia did once memorably play Baba for Kou and Drou (*B*, ch. 17), and that Miles did as much for Elena Bothari and Baz Jesek (*WA*, ch. 19). See also the annotation for **Both of them stared ...** (311, 409, 689).

**oh yes, right here in this library** (274, 360, 645) Cordelia is recalling events related to her by Drou in *B*, ch. 10 ; see the annotation for **Both of them stared ...** (311, 409, 689).

### *Section p-o-v—Ivan*

***Dear Miles ... find him useful.*** (275–7, 363–4 647–8) Lady Alys's letter is a critical turning-point in the Vorrutyer–Vorbretten subplots, as Miles's letter was in the main romance plot. There are possible echoes in *PP* (notably the letter from Aunt Gardiner to Elizabeth explaining the machinations that brought about Lydia's marriage to Wickham, in vol. III, ch. 10) and in Heyer, but none are compelling. The letter is, however, as Miles appreciates, an object lesson in the kind of power a senior society hostess can wield—the power of the hostesses of Almack's : see the annotation for **Aunt Vorpatriil ...** (5, 6–7, 338). The postscript is also striking, less for the funny maternal slap at Ivan (a minor instance of LMB's famous 'what's the worst thing I can do to this character?' rule of compositional thumb) than for the glimpse of naked steel in Lady Alys's demand that the inheritance cases not trouble the imperial wedding-planners any further ; one might note that Miles delivers, if not wholly as he planned.

**hopeless floater ... geezer-class Vorpatriils ...** (279, 368, 651–2)

Though the locutions are Ivan's own (especially the navally inflected and very funny "geezer-class"), there is a rare echo of Heyer's always striking and sometimes dense use of period slang. On the use of idiolect see LMB's essay 'Dialect and Dialogue ...', on the CD supplied with the hardback *Cb*.

**It's not a dirty trick if it's untraceable.** (281, 371, 654) See the annotation for **You play games like that ...** (400, 527–8, 789).

## Chapter Fifteen

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**a few technical matters** (283, 373, 657) These presumably concern the continuing secret-scientific fallout of Radovas's intended wormhole-collapser in *K* and its possible peaceful uses

**when the gallant Crown Prince Serg had been blown to bits in Escobar orbit ...** (283, 373, 657) As Emperor Ezar intended, of course—a very successfully concealed murder, with renewed irony in this context ; see *SH*, ch. 9, and the annotations for **the cover story ...** (288, 380, 663) and **That Escobaran ship's lucky shot ...** (292, 385, 668).

**Her everyday black-and-gray outfit** (284, 374, 658) See the annotation for **She wore a calf-length dress ... around its edge.** (4, 5, 337).

**The Residence was ... a somewhat irregular hollow square.** (284, 374–5, 658) The description of somewhat hodgepodge assembly over centuries in variant styles of architecture matches many Oxford 'quadrangles' (and Cambridge 'courts'), several of which are described and used as settings in *GN*. There are also such houses in Heyer's romances, notably Stanyon Castle in *The Quiet Gentleman* (1951), which is very amusingly described in its first paragraph.

**tense and nervous and miserable** (285, 376, 660) There is (at least for British and Irish readers) a bathetic echo of the tag-line of a very long-running ad-campaign for the analgesic 'Anadin'—"Tense nervous headache?"

**Does a fish think about water?** (286, 377, 661) LMB sometimes uses this metaphor in posts and essays, typically in the context of her own realisation of something fundamental about genres or other aspects of writing and marketing that she had never focused on ; see for example her Eos blog post on *Passage*, #3.

**But ... I want to be a jump-pilot.** (286, 377, 661) Though never mentioned here, there is an additional and rather bleak underlying irony, as Nikki apparently has yet to realise—or be informed—that his Vorzohn's Dystrophy, though successfully treated, debars him from Barrayaran military jump-pilot training, as Miles realises in *K*, ch. 6.

**Our Vor duties come upon us at a too-early age, sometimes.**

(287, 378, 661) As they came upon Gregor before he was five ; see the annotation for **Nobody expects you ...** (259, 342, 629).

**the cover story, and not the real one ... a quizzical look ... a tiny ironic nod.** (288, 380, 663) The ironies here are profound and layered. Everyone present except Nikki knows the truth about what happened on Komarr ; but no-one except Gregor and Miles knows the truth about the ostensible premise of the meeting, Gregor's loss of his father and very bad reaction (in *VG*) to discovering at 20 what kind of a man Serg had been ; and only two, perhaps three, living people (and alert readers of the whole series) know that while Gregor and Miles believe themselves to know the truth of Serg, both have been sold a cover-story, and are ignorant of the fact that Ezar forced Aral into complicity with the assassination of Serg and the murder-sacrifice of thousands of Barrayaran soldiers as cover. See also the annotation for **when the gallant Crown Prince Serg ...** (283, 373, 657) and **That Escobaran ship's lucky shot ...** (292, 385, 668).

**All the thieves** (288, 380, 663) That is, Madame Radovas, Soudha, Lena Foscol, and Capell, with assorted unnamed accomplices, who collectively surrendered themselves in *K*, ch. 20.

**"Miles" Gregor's raised hand interrupted him.** (290, 383, 666) Gregor's rebuke to Miles about Aral exactly parallels Miles's rebuke to Mark about Cordelia at 273, 360, 644.

**a personal account of honor with the Imperium of great depth, which you may draw on at need and at will.** (291, 383, 666) In most Regency romances the languages of honour and banking would be seriously incompatible ; that they are not in any way so in Gregor's fusion is testimony to the accountants from whom Barrayaran counts derive, and to the profound consistency of LMB's world building. Gregor's usage of 'Imperium' is also exact, as one would expect from him—it is upon people that Ekaterin can draw : see also the annotations for **every eye in the Imperium** (37, 49, 374) and **What I want ...** (315, 415, 694).

**He told me the truth ...** (291, 384, 667) Though not the whole truth—but, as with Miles's letter confessing his lies to Ekaterin, Nikki's conversation with Gregor re-establishes an equilibrium.

**the toes of his half-boots** (292, 385, 668) See the annotation for **his polished half-boots** (3, 3, 335).

*Section p-o-v—Miles*

**That Escobaran ship's lucky shot ...** (292, 385, 668) Aral again sells Miles the cover-story about Escobar, and in context the smoothness of his lie (recalling the smoothness of Miles's quite closely equivalent promulgation of the cover-story about Komarr at 51, 68, 392) is an implacable irony ; see the annotations for **when the gallant Crown Prince Serg ...** (283, 373, 657) and **the cover story ...** (288, 380, 663).

**Reputation ... Honor ... friction ...** (293, 386, 668–9) This excellent and useful formulation is very Shakespearean, summoning exactly the situations of Prince Hal in the *Henry IV* plays, Hero in *ADO*, and Hamlet. It also applies in varying ways to critical situations that arise in *PP*, *JE*, *A Civil Contract*, and *GN* ; see Part I, s. vv. 'Dorothy L. Sayers' and 'William Shakespeare'. And Aral has more reason to know whereof he speaks than most:

can you imagine the pornographic political propaganda that has been made up over the years about Aral and Cordelia by their assorted enemies? The worst would be the slanders mixed with just enough bits of truth so that people could point to corroborative details, and cry, "See?!"

[LMB to the List, 26 Oct. 1997]

**If I were going to murder someone ... had occurred, ha!** (295, 389, 670–1) Miles echoes Mark's (or rather, Killer's) comment in ch. 5 ; see the annotation for *They'd never even find the body* (96, 126, 442).

**Guard your honor. Let your reputation fall where it will. And outlive the bastards.** (295, 389, 671) There is a hymn, 'School Thy Feelings' (1861) by Charles W. Penrose, written after he had been falsely accused of stealing church property, that expresses a Christian version of Aral's advice. It reads in part:

Should affliction's acrid vial  
Burst o'er thine unshelter'd head,  
School thy feelings to the trial  
Half its bitterness hath fled.



Art thou falsely, basely slandered?  
 Does the world begin to frown?  
 Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's standard:  
 Keep thy rising anger down.

Rest thyself on this assurance:  
 Time's a friend to innocence,  
 And a patient, calm endurance  
 Wins respect and aids defense.

**the dim memory of that episode** (295, 389, 671) Memories of the death of Aral's first wife may not be as dim as he believes—Byerly Vorrutyer, for example, mentions it to Miles in ch. 3, as soon as they meet (51, 68, 391). The episode is detailed in *SH*, ch. 3.

**Picture a suicidal loon ... staggering around in a drunken, hostile haze.** (296, 390, 672) This may have been when Aral acquired his facial scar: LMB has remarked:

in canon, there are I believe two references to the facial scar, one during Ges Vorrutyer's brief conversation with Cordelia in *Shards of Honor*, and another than I can't locate where some young officer asks if it was a duelling scar, and Aral replies dryly, "Not unless a broken wine bottle is to be reclassified as an honor of the Vor." [LMB to the List, 8 Jan. 2011]

The first reference is in *SH*, ch. 7 ("One must be careful, of course, not to goad [Aral] quite into violence—he becomes so tediously unmanageable—' [Ges] ran one finger in an L-shaped motion across the left side of his chin in the exact position of Vorkosigan's scar."), but the other proved unfindable and LMB added:

Upon further reflection ...

I know darned well I penned this line, long ago and far away, but if it isn't in the published books anywhere, most likely it was in some of the 60 pages I trimmed from the first draft of *Shards of Honor*. My best guess, and at this point it's only a guess, is that it was from a dinner scene with Cordelia and Aral and his officers aboard the *General Vorkraft*, which would have fallen between her first tour and her unwanted

rescue. It sticks in my mind that the question came from Koudelka, which was why it was quashed relatively gently. And it actually read “Not unless a broken wine bottle is to be reclassified as an honor of the Vor, Ensign.”

Manuscript, notes, and all are all long gone, so it's only a dim guess of a memory at this point. Sorry to mislead ...

[LMB to the List, 12 Jan. 2011]

**belike** (296, 391, 672) On the use of dialect see LMB's essay 'Dialect and Dialogue ...', on the CD supplied with the hardback *Cb*. 'Belike' is not LMB's invention : the *OED* has it as both an adverb ('probably, perhaps') of the mid-sixteenth century, noting its use as 'frequently ironic', and an adjective ('like, likely [to do something]') that remained in use until the mid-nineteenth century. It occurs 43 times in Shakespeare ("Belike your lordship takes us then for fools", *IH6*, 3.2.61), and appears as a terminal word at least once in Heyer, in *Devil's Cub* (1932), ch. 3 ("When did I say I'd pay? / 'Judgment Day, belike'").

**Clearly, she could outrun you. ... blandishment ... direct pursuit** (297, 391, 673) There is a strong echo of Miles's advice to Dr Dea:

Dr. Dea was getting rather better at falling off ; he'd landed more-or-less on his feet this time. He made a lunge at the dangling reins, but his sorrel mare shied away from his grab. Dea jumped back as she swung on her haunches and then, realizing her freedom, bounced back down the trail, tail bannering, horse body-language for *Nyah, nyah, ya can't catch me!* Dr. Dea, red and furious, ran swearing in pursuit. She broke into a canter.

"No, no, don't run after her!" called Miles.

"How the hell am I supposed to catch her if I don't run after her?" snarled Dea. The space surgeon was not a happy man. "My medkit's on that bloody beast!"

"How do you think you can catch her if you do?" asked Miles. "She can run faster than you can." At the end of the little column, Pym turned his horse sideways, blocking the trail. "Just wait, Harra," Miles advised the anxious hill woman in passing. "Hold your horse still. Nothing starts a horse

running faster than another running horse.”

The other two riders were doing rather better. The woman Harra Csurik sat her horse wearily, allowing it to plod along without interference, but at least riding on balance instead of trying to use the reins as a handle like the unfortunate Dea. Pym, bringing up the rear, was competent if not comfortable.

Miles slowed Fat Ninny to a walk, reins loose, and wandered after the mare, radiating an air of calm relaxation. *Who, me? I don't want to catch you. We're just enjoying the scenery, right. That's it, stop for a bite.* The sorrel mare paused to nibble at a weed, but kept a wary eye on Miles's approach.

At a distance just short of starting the mare bolting off again, Miles stopped Fat Ninny and slid off. He made no move toward the mare, but instead stood still and made a great show of fishing in his pockets. Fat Ninny butted his head against Miles eagerly, and Miles cooed and fed him a bit of sugar. The mare cocked her ears with interest. Fat Ninny smacked his lips and nudged for more. The mare snuffled up for her share. She lipped a cube from Miles's palm as he slid his other arm quietly through the loop of her reins.

“Here you go, Dr. Dea. One horse. No running.”

“No fair,” wheezed Dea, trudging up. “You had sugar in your pockets.”

“Of course I had sugar in my pockets. It's called foresight and planning. The trick of handling horses isn't to be faster than the horse, or stronger than the horse. That pits your weakness against his strengths. The trick is to be smarter than the horse. That pits your strength against his weakness, eh?”

[MM]

There is a similar but much briefer scene in *SR*, ch. 6. LMB did not herself have these problems with the pony she owned between second and seventh grade:

The pony's name was Sunny and he was silver white, very beautiful and very splendid. He used to come when I called. I'd yell across the pasture, “Sunny” and he'd get up and come running. Of course I always had some apples, carrots, or oats.

It worked very well as a feedback system. We were very pleased with each other.

[LMB in interview, 'Women Who Rock the World', 1997  
<http://www.agirlsworld.com/amy/pajama/wmhistory/careers/lois/mylife.html>]

**I've mentioned all the important ones to Ekaterin already** (297, 392, 673) And marvellously so, in *K*, ch. 21—the “important ones” being thus defined as Elena Bothari, Elli Quinn, Taura, Rowan Durona, and the haut Rian Degtjar.

**Were you confessing, or bragging?** (297, 392, 673) Aral's question is exactly echoed by Ekaterin herself, in *WG* : see the annotation for **It occurred to her that a certain disparity in height ...** (304, 400, 681).

## Chapter Sixteen

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**the Ten-Years' War** (300, 395, 677) There is an historical Ten Years' War, the first of three Wars of liberation fought between Cuba and Spain, in 1868–78. It was largely a guerrilla conflict, but in its earliest stages included the capture, siege, and recapture of the city of Bayamo.

**Six or twelve times a day ...** (302, 397, 678) Ekaterin's fetishisation of Miles's letter recalls Elizabeth Bennet:

Mr Darcy's letter, she was in a fair way of soon knowing by heart. She studied every sentence : and her feelings towards its writer were at times widely different. When she remembered the style of his address, she was still full of indignation ; but when she considered how unjustly she had condemned and upbraided him, her anger was turned against herself ; and his disappointed feelings became the object of compassion. His attachment excited gratitude, his general character respect ; but she could not approve him ; nor could she for a moment repent her refusal, or feel the slightest inclination ever to see him again. In her own past behaviour, there was a constant source of vexation and regret ; and in the unhappy defects of her family, a subject of yet heavier chagrin. They were hopeless of remedy. [*PP*, vol. II, ch. 14]

See also the annotation for *Dear Madame Vorsoisson ... Yours to command* (212–14, 280–2, 576–8).

**It's ... difficult to explain.** (302, 397, 678) It is, especially given the looming security issues that cannot even be mentioned without provoking unwanted curiosity—but that said, one of the few respects in which Ekaterin may perhaps justly be criticised is that she does not deal very sensibly with Hugo and Vassily during this encounter. There are several things she does say (the remarks about Lord Dono and Simon Illyan, the analysis of Alexi Vormoncrief, and the orgy joke) that in their eyes probably harm her case, and quite a few things she could say but doesn't (including making explicit the issues of Nikki's schooling and social welfare, which she only thinks about).

**the elusive smile, the bright, particular eyes, the wit and the words and the passion ...** (302, 398, 679) Ekaterin echoes Helen in Shakespeare's *AWW*:

I think not on my father,  
 And these great tears grace his remembrance more  
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
 I have forgot him. My imagination  
 Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.  
 I am undone. There is no living, none,  
 If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one  
 That I should love a bright particular star  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me.  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. (*AWW*, 1.1.81–91)

Only 'bright particular' is directly echoed, but much of Helen's speech resonates with either Ekaterin's position or Hugo's assumptions.

**They've permitted you to go where you will ...** (303, 399, 680) The idea that Ekaterin, a widow of 30 with a 9-year-old son, requires chaperonage and permission is a salutary reminder of just how Old-Barrayaran modern Barrayar still often is. Neither in Austen nor Heyer would a widow be so restricted—and Chaucer testifies with the Wife of Bath (from *The Canterbury Tales*, referenced in *CC* and *PS*) that fourteenth-century English widows were also (finances permitting) far freer. In most cultures and historical periods, even a spinster would at Ekaterin's age be past the point of such supervision—as various of Heyer's heroines have to insist.

***He comes with a house where I don't hit the walls each time I stretch ...*** (304, 400, 681) A further iteration of the theme of Ekaterin's need for space and wide skies, marking a long step towards her acceptance of him ; see also the annotations for **under the real sky ...** (4–5, 6, 337) and **Now *that's* a proper sky. ...** (124, 162, 475).

**It occurred to her that a certain disparity in height ...** (304, 400, 681) This point is also later made to Roic, when he is crogged to discover that Miles and Taura were once lovers :

Roic felt suddenly very ... rural. Backcountry. Not up to speed on the sophisticated, galactic-tinged Vor life of the capital. “Er ... he *told* you? And ... and you’re all right with that?” He wondered if meeting Sergeant Taura had rattled her more than she’d let on.

“It was before my time, Roic.” Her smile crimped a little. “I actually wasn’t sure if he was confessing or bragging, but now that I’ve seen her, I rather think he was bragging.”

“But ... but how would ... I mean, she’s so tall, and he’s, um ...”

Now her eyes narrowed with laughter at him, although her lips remained demure. “He didn’t supply me with *that* much detail, Roic. It wouldn’t have been gentlemanly.”

“To you? No, I guess not.”

“To her.”

“Oh. Oh. Um, yeah.”

“For what it’s worth, I have heard him remark that a height differential matters much less when two people are lying down. I find I must agree.” With a smile he *really* didn’t dare try to interpret, she moved off in search of Nikki. [WG]

Miles tells Ekaterin about Taura in *K*, ch. 21. The attribution to her in WG of Aral’s thought in *ACC* (at 297, 392, 673) can be read as a sign of Ekaterin’s growing confidence and social and diplomatic capacities, pointing towards her critical exercise of diplomacy in *DI*. **Vassily’s outrage was dutiful clan loyalty** (307, 403, 684) It is hard not to suspect that Vassily has as much as Nikki been overimbibing the adventures of Lord Vortalon, and with far less excuse.

### *Section p-o-v—Kareen*

**Both of them stared with inexplicable dismay at the harmless piece of old furniture. ... Ooh. Ooh. Oooh!** (311, 409, 689) As well they might, it being the sofa on which Kou and Drou once got carried away themselves only to be caught by events *in flagrante delicto*—as Cordelia discovered because Drou feared herself to be pregnant:

“It was the night of the soltoxin attack,” [Drou] sniffled. “I

couldn't sleep. I went down to the refectory kitchen to get something to eat. On the way back upstairs I noticed a light on in the library. Lieutenant Koudelka was in there. He couldn't sleep either."

*Kou, eh? Oh, good, good.* This might be all right after all. Cordelia smiled in genuine encouragement. "Yes?"

"We . . . I . . . he . . . kissed me."

"I trust you kissed him back?"

"You sound like you *approve*."

"I do. You are two of my favorite people, you and Kou. If only you'd get your heads straight . . . but go on, there has to be more." Unless Drou was more ignorant than Cordelia believed possible.

"We . . . we . . . we . . ."

"Screwed?" Cordelia suggested hopefully.

"Yes, Milady." Drou turned scarlet, and swallowed. "Kou seemed so happy . . . for a few minutes. I was so happy for him, so excited, I didn't care how much it hurt."

Ah, yes, the barbaric Barrayaran custom of introducing their women to sex with the pain of unanesthetized defloration. Though considering how much pain their reproductive methods later entailed, perhaps it constituted fair warning. But Kou, in the glimpses she'd had of him, hadn't seemed as happy as a new lover ought to be either. What were these two doing to each other? [B, ch. 10]

Besides the general argument from parental hypocrisy, Cordelia's subsequent references to Kareen having obtained a "contraceptive implant before [she] began physical experimentation" (312, 410, 690), and not describing her "first steps into claiming [her] adult sexuality as a mad secret scramble in the dark, full of confusion, fear and pain" (312, 410, 690), are pin-point strikes to Kou's and Drou's memories. The rest of the story should also be recalled, first, as regards Kou's mistaken and oddly self-regarding beliefs about what had happened:

[Aral] raised his voice. "Go ahead, Lieutenant. This won't be any easier for being dragged out."



“Drou—Miss Droushnakovi—I came to turn myself in. And to apologize. No, that sounds trivial, and believe me, I don’t think it trivial. You deserve more than apology, I owe you expiation. Whatever you want. But I’m sorry, so *sorry* I raped you.”

Droushnakovi’s mouth fell open for a full three seconds, then shut so hard Cordelia could hear her teeth snap. “*What?!*”

Koudelka flinched, but never looked up. “Sorry . . . sorry,” he mumbled.

“You. Think. You. What?!” gasped Droushnakovi, horrified and outraged. “You think you could—oh!” She stood rigid now, hands clenched, breathing fast. “Kou, you oaf! You idiot! You moron! You-you-you—” Her words sputtered off. Her whole body was shaking. Cordelia watched in utter fascination. Aral rubbed his lips thoughtfully.

Droushnakovi stalked over to Koudelka and kicked his swordstick out of his hand. He almost fell, with a startled “Huh?”, clutching at it and missing as it clattered across the floor.

Drou slammed him expertly into the wall, and paralyzed him with a nerve thrust, her fingers jammed up into his solar plexus. His breath stopped.

“You *goon*. Do you think you could lay a hand on me without my permission? Oh! To be so, to be so, so, so—” Her baffled words dissolved into a scream of outrage, right next to his ear. He spasmed.

“Please don’t break my secretary, Drou, the repairs are expensive,” said Aral mildly.

“Oh!” She whirled away, releasing Koudelka. He staggered and fell to his knees. Hands over her face, biting her fingers, she stomped out the door, slamming it behind her. Only then did she sob, sharp breaths retreating up the hallway. Another door slammed. Silence.

“I’m sorry, Kou,” said Aral into the long lull. “But it doesn’t look as though your self-accusation stands up in court.”

[B, ch. 10]

and second, what Cordelia reveals when she eventually plays Baba:

[Cordelia] turned to Drou. “I know he’s been a lout, but I promise you, he’s a trainable lout.”

“I *said* I was sorry,” said Kou, sounding stung.

Drou stiffened. “Yes. Repeatedly,” she said coldly.

“And *there* we come to the heart of the matter,” Cordelia said slowly, seriously. “What Kou actually means, Drou, is that he isn’t a bit sorry. The moment was wonderful, you were wonderful, and he wants to do it again. And again and again, with nobody but you, forever, socially approved and uninterrupted. Is that right, Kou?”

Kou looked stunned. “Well—yes!”

Drou blinked. “But . . . that’s what I wanted you to say!”

“It was?” He peered over Cordelia’s head.

*This go-between system may have some real merits.*

[*B*, ch. 17]

See also the annotation for **the most high-powered potential Baba on the planet** (273, 360, 644).

**Her parents sank as though folded.** (311, 409, 689) Given the furniture involved, cf. Austen’s fine sentence in her juvenile work *Love and Freindship* (1790) : “It was too pathetic for the feelings of Sophia and myself—we fainted Alternately on a sofa.”

**So did Mark’s.** (312, 410, 690) The details of Mark’s grossly warped training are uncertain but Cordelia is aware that sodomy was “prominent, in Galen’s conditioning” of Mark, and rape certainly featured in the tortures to which Ryoval later subjected him ; see *MD*, chs 16 & 28.

**Licensed Practical Sexuality Therapist** (312, 411, 690) The most substantial discussion of L.P.S.T.s occurs in *B* between Cordelia and Bothari when they are in hiding at the brothel in the caravanserai—interestingly, with Drou and Kou nearby but not present:

“Do they have whores on Beta Colony?” Bothari asked suddenly.

Cordelia fought mental whiplash. His voice was so tired the question sounded almost casual, except that Bothari never made casual conversation. How much had tonight’s violent events disturbed his precarious balance, stressed his peculiar

fault lines? “Well . . . we have the L.P.S.T.s,” she answered cautiously. “I guess they fill some of the same social functions.”

“Ellpee Estees?”

“Licensed Practical Sexuality Therapists. You have to pass the government boards, and get a license. You’re required to have at least an associate degree in psychotherapy. Except that all three sexes take up the profession. The hermaphrodites make the most money, they’re very popular with the tourists. It’s not . . . not a high social status job, but neither are they dregs. I don’t think we have dregs on Beta Colony, we sort of stop at the lower middle class. It’s like . . .” she paused, struggling for a cultural translation, “sort of like being a hairdresser, on Barrayar. Delivering a personal service to professional standards, with a bit of art and craft.”

She’d actually managed to boggle Bothari, surely a first. His brow wrinkled. “Only Betans would think you needed a bleeding university degree . . . . Do *women* hire them?”

“Sure. Couples, too. The . . . the teaching element is rather more emphasized, there.” [B, ch. 17]

**It’s not entirely that simple. . .** (312, 411, 691) See the annotation for **That’s the trouble . . . Barrayar** (78, 102, 421).

**Safe? Well? That’s what I wanted for my boys too. Didn’t always get it . . .** (313, 412, 691) Cf. “When her daughter was in her teens Jane confides she dreamed of protecting her in a glass case with piped-in rock music till a handsome prince with the right degree came along. But her daughter grew up to become a private detective, proving once again that in parenting, example is more important than precept.” (LMB introducing Jane Yolen in *WW*, p. 88)

**a folk tale where the Princess’s mother gets to do anything but die young** (315, 414, 693) There is an underlying allusion, unintended and probably unperceived by Kareen but not by Drou or Cordelia, to Princess Kareen Vorbarra, Prince Serg’s wife and Gregor’s mother, for whom Kareen Koudelka is named, and who was killed in front of Cordelia and Drou during the War of Vordarian’s Pretendership, in *B*, ch. 18.

**What I want . . . what I want—is an option on Mark.** (315, 415,

694) That the substitution of an arrangement openly derived from business practice is a romantic exaltation rather than sordid commercialisation of love is a profound irony, interacting with the conventional values and proprieties of romance as a genre, with the financial asymmetry that animates and disturbs the courtships in *PP*, *JE*, and *GN*, and with the accountant in *Vor Counts*. It also echoes and inverts Mark's initial (and very proper) caution about wanting "a lover. Not a debtor" (187, 246, 548)—but as Elizabeth Bennet tartly observes, "what is the difference in matrimonial affairs, between the mercenary and the prudent motive? Where does discretion end, and avarice begin?" (*PP*, vol. II, ch. 4). See also the annotation for a **personal account of honor ...** (291, 383, 666).

**trust beyond reason ... results beyond hope. As you may recall.** (316, 416, 695) The reference (as Drou confirms less than a page later) is to Cordelia's 'shopping expedition' in *B*, chs 15–18, when Kou tries to prevent Cordelia, Drou, and Bothari from so absurdly attempting to rescue Miles, is kidnapped by them, subsequently goes with the flow, and sees the expedition result in the rescue not only of Miles but also of Lady Alys and baby Ivan, and further in the decapitation of Vordarian (as well as the death of Princess Kareen).

**You, too?!** (317, 417, 696) The sense is exactly that of Julius Caesar's *Et tu, Brute?* (*JC*, 3.1.77)—but while Miles, Aral, or Cordelia might make the quotation, it would be out of character for Kou.

**her bolero pocket ... her Betan earrings ...** (317, 418, 696) The earrings have been in Kareen's bolero pocket since she removed them from her ears on the shuttle just before landing, at 32, 42, 368—so the first of the subplots of *ACC* is resolved, and the Shakespearean procession of terminal couples begins to form up (see Part I, s. vv. 'William Shakespeare').

**I am who I am.** (317, 418, 696) Besides the unavoidable parallel with Exodus 3:14 ("And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM"), Kareen echoes the resolution to which Miles came in *M*, wrestling with Haroche's temptation: "*Who are you, boy? [I] Who are you who asks? [...] I am who I choose to be. I have always been what I chose ... though not always what I pleased. [...] I elect to be ... myself.*" [*M*, ch. 25].

## Chapter Seventeen

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**That Yes, milady!... had been a revealing slip** (319, 419, 697) The incident Ekaterin remembers is at 180, 236, 539 ; and one might ask ‘revealing of what?’—Miles’s cunning plan, already blown wide open? or Ekaterin’s capacity for aristocratic rank and command? The moment recalls Harriet Vane’s inner surprise when after her marriage she is first addressed as ‘my lady’ by Bunter (*BH*, ch. 1).

**Part of it was normal attic detritus ... From there it grew more remarkable** (319–20, 420, 698) Lists have been a feature of literature since at least the epic catalogues in Homer’s *Iliad* ; LMB’s is both very good and Vorkosiganically logical in its great-house furniture and discarded uniforms and arms. It may unconsciously owe something to T. H. White’s catalogue-description of Merlyn’s cottage in *The Sword in the Stone* (1939, rev. 1958), perhaps also echoed in the catalogue-description of Abbot Monreale’s chamber in *SR*, ch. 8. LMB “read *The Once and Future King*, back in high school [but] my memories of it now are dim” (LMB to the List, 10 Feb. 2011). There is also a striking catalogue that LMB recalls reading in Harlan Ellison’s 1977 story ‘Shoppe Keeper’, collected in *Shatterday* (1980). See also the annotations for **a miscellaneous cache ...** (320, 420, 698) and **What kind of stuffed ...** (320, 421, 698).

**a miscellaneous cache of obsolete energy weapons** (320, 420, 698) The contents of Merlyn’s cottage in T. H. White’s list includes “a guncase with all sorts of weapons which would not be invented for half a thousand years” ; see also the previous annotation.

**I told you the attics were something to see.** (320, 420, 8) LMB’s choice of the attic for this critical scene is primarily an allusion to *JE*, in which Rochester keeps his deranged first wife, Bertha, locked in a third-floor room, often portrayed in film adaptations as an attic. Both Vorkosigan House’s attic and Thornfield’s attic-like space witness a paramount confession : Rochester demonstrates the existence of a mad wife, and Miles admits the extent of his identity crisis. Unlike in *JE*, however, Vorkosigan House’s attic contains no truly damning secret on a par with a mad wife, though Ekaterin’s attraction to Miles seems ‘mad’ to her relatives. There is also an interestingly full attic in

Heyer's *The Reluctant Widow* (1946), ch. 12. See also the annotations for **those odd old women ... relatives' attics** (148, 194, 503) and **like a madwoman being locked in an attic** (203, 267, 565).

**What kind of stuffed bird was that ...** (320, 421, 698) LMB prosaically asserts that "The bird in the attic [...] was just décor, although that does beg the question of whether it was a Barrayaran-naturalized bird or imported recently from Earth ..." [LMB to the List, 10 Feb. 2011] Given the Vorkosigans' record, however, it might be almost *anything*, and candidates do suggest themselves. One plausible answer would be 'an albatross', about to drop off from both Miles's and Ekaterin's necks, as in Coleridge's 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' when that sinner finally prays for forgiveness ; another would be a Milesishly diminutive roc (as bonsai'd as Ekaterin's inherited skellytum), whose fabulous eggs are said to be "cheap today" by Peter Wimsey in *GN*, ch. 19. Alternatively, T. H. White may again be relevant, as the contents of Merlyn's cottage in his list includes "a real corkindrill hanging from the rafters, very lifelike and horrible with glass eyes and scaly tail stretched out behind it. When its master came into the room it winked one eye in salutation, although it was stuffed." 'Corkindrill' is a mediaeval form of 'crocodile', perhaps via Dickens's *David Copperfield* (1849), where Peggotty wants to "hear some more about the Crockindrills" (ch. 2), and with an analogue in *ROM*, where Romeo says that in the apothecary's shop "a tortoise hung, / An alligator stuffed, and other skins / of ill-shaped fishes" (5.1.42–4). When the issue of crocodiles came up on-list LMB also referred to "all those old woodcuts of the alchemist or apothecary's cluttered shoppes, with crocodiles etc. hanging from the rafters", adding that "Not all of my sources are written ; many are visual" (LMB to the List, 10 Feb. 2011). See also the annotation for **Part of it ...** (319–20, 420, 698).

**When had his voice become a caress upon her ears?** (320, 421, 699) In *GN* Harriet Vane also becomes acutely conscious of Peter Wimsey's voice : "At length he spoke, and she wondered how she could ever have mistaken another man's voice for his." (*GN*, ch. 15). See also the annotation for **He was close enough ...** (327, 430, 706–07).

**I believe this is a sack of Cetagandan scalps.** (321, 421, 699) The

scalps inevitably recall both historical and Hollywood constructions of North American Indians—not a usual source of Vorkosiverse material but quite strongly present in later *Star Trek* : *The Next Generation* treatment of Klingons and (with Tolkien's Númenórean Rangers) a significant source for the Lakewalkers in *TSK* ; it does, however, follow on from the display at Vorhartung Castle of “the tanned and cured scalp of Mad Emperor Yuri, on loan from some Vor clan's private collection” (*MD*, ch. 13)—and interestingly, given Aral's enforced personal participation in Yuri's dismemberment, the Vor clan in question is almost certainly not the Vorkosigans. The subtle Americanisation of Barrayar implicit in the scalps is counter to the tenor of earlier books in the series, where Barrayar is strongly European and Russian, and Beta (in its Californian technocracy and wealth) or Cetaganda (as users of the atomic bomb) have stronger associations with the US.

**“Eeuw,” she said appreciatively.** (321, 421, 699) ”Eeuw” is another of LMB's idiosyncratic noises, marking a moment of perfect generic reversal : showing the girl your grandfather's collection of scalps as a prelude to inviting her to go riding is *not* recommended as a dating technique, in Regency romances or elsewhere ; and that Ekaterin is in the event Vorishly appreciative is perfect, her good-humoured unflappability recalling Sophie Stanton-Lacy in Heyer's *The Grand Sophy* (1950)—though also surprisingly like a girl who regards a drive-in horror-movie as a date with hot prospects. See also the annotations for **Heh.** (165, 218, 523) and **Eep.** (213, 281, 577).

**My mother could never be persuaded to take up riding—I never was able to figure out why not ...** (321, 422, 700) Cordelia was forced to ride a horse, for the first time and under the lash of Count Piotr's tongue, when escaping with him, Gregor, and Bothari from Vorkosigan Surleau during the War of Vordarian's Pretendership, in *B*, ch. 11 ; at the time of the flight, she was still recovering from a placental-transfer haemorrhage and soltoxin pneumonia. It isn't surprising that she had no wish ever to repeat the experience, and Miles's puzzlement is an indication of his imaginative limitations.

**The weary straitened housewife in her—Tien's pinchmark spouse—was horrified. The secret soul of her rang like a bell ...** (322, 423, 701) Cf. Harriet Vane's rediscovery in returning to Oxford of a lost joy:

In that melodious silence, something came back to her that had lain dumb and dead ever since the old, innocent undergraduate days. The singing voice, stifled long ago by the pressure of the struggle for existence, and throttled into dumbness by that queer, unhappy contact with physical passion, began to stammer a few uncertain notes. Great golden phrases, rising from nothing and leading to nothing, swam up out of her dreaming mind like the huge, sluggish carp in the cool waters of Mercury. [GN, ch. 11]

This passage is linked to a paean spoken by Peter Wimsey extolling scholarly truth over worldly muddle and pelf, that similarly parallels Miles's sentiments about the craftsmanship of the saddle and the vulgarity of monetising its value:

“[...] Here's [Oxford] where the real things are done, Harriet—if only those bunglers out there will keep quiet and let it go on. God ! how I loathe haste and violence and all that ghastly, slippery cleverness. Unsound, unscholarly, insincere—nothing but propaganda and special pleading and ‘what do we get out of this ?’ No time, no peace, no silence ; nothing but conferences and newspapers and public speeches till one can't hear oneself think . . . . If only one could root one's self in here among the grass and stones and do something worth doing, even if it were only restoring a lost breathing for the love of the job and nothing else.”

She was astonished to hear him speak with so much passion.

“But Peter, you're saying exactly what I've been feeling all this time. [...]” [GN, ch. 14]

This seems to have been straight from Sayers's heart also : she was herself, as she made Harriet, an early female graduate of Oxford, and in a letter to Gerard Hopkins (nephew of the poet) in November 1935, she wrote that:

Oxford did mean something beautiful and valuable to me, beyond the ‘dreaming spires’ kind of beauty, and it offends me to the soul when disgruntled young men and women write about it as though it was nothing but a futile kind of opium



vision on the one hand or a nest of perversions and repressions on the other. [*Letters of Dorothy L. Sayers*, p. 360, n. 2]

LMB's passage also goes straight to the heart, as List member Paige Kalika reports:

my future husband got himself a date with me when he mentioned that LMB was one of his favorite authors (started reading her in Russian and eventually made the jump to English), and got himself a girlfriend when he started talking about the saddle-in-the-attic scene in *ACC* on our first date. Our wedding bands are inscribed with "Mine, mine, all mine!" (I was holding out for some variation on 'My home is a person', or however that quote goes, but it didn't fit, and it wasn't quite as exuberant as we felt, anyway.)

I can't say that Herself is *responsible* for my marriage, but she certainly made it easy for me to identify the right one once I stumbled across him. [Paige to the List, 3 Nov. 2010]

**My grandfather had an old cavalry saying: 'You should get over heavy ground as lightly as you can.'** (324, 426, 703) This saying is usually attributed to Arthur Wellesley, 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Wellington (1769–1852), who was probably referring to artillery rather than cavalry ; the proximate source is Heyer, who had various heroes utter it. In *The Reluctant Widow* (1946), for example, Lord Carlyon says : "I cannot agree to it [...] I make it a rule always to get over heavy ground as light as I can, and you will scarcely deny that we have met with very heavy ground from start to finish of this business" (ch. 20). **I don't suppose Tien would have gone charging out in that stupid way ...** (325, 427, 704) In *K*, ch. 9 ; the wording draws a parallel with Ekaterin's own flight from the dinner-party, and so with Jane Eyre's flight when she discovers Bertha's existence ; see the annotation for **Ekaterin stormed blindly through ...** (180, 236, 539). The observation is ultimately part of a complex, continuing narrative leitmotif coextensive with Miles's hyperactivity, that begins with the Epilogue to *B* and reaches its primary crisis in *M*, ch. 25, with the "blessed silence" that is not "freefall" but "stillness :

balanced, solid, weirdly serene”, that Miles finds in passing beyond the temptations both of Haroche and the Dendarii Free Mercenaries.

**The sensation was like opening the door ... closet ... another country, rolling out before her widening eyes. *Oh.*** (325, 427, 704) Besides the subtle joke about being in or out ‘of the closet’ and the invocation of the children’s adventure in C. S. Lewis’s *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* (1950), there is perhaps an echo of Tolkien’s description of Frodo’s experience passing into the West, on the last page of *The Lord of the Rings*:

And the ship went out into the High Sea and passed on into the West, until at last on a night of rain Frodo smelled a sweet fragrance on the air and heard the sound of singing that came over the water. And then it seemed to him that as in his dream in the house of Bombadil, the grey rain-curtain turned all to silver glass and was rolled back, and he beheld white shores and beyond them a far green country under a swift sunrise.

[J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Lord of the Rings*, ch. VI.9]

The genres of *ACC* prevent any substantial engagement with Tolkien, but he was among LMB’s formative reading, and *The Lord of the Rings*—“the work to which I’ve returned most persistently, since I first read it in 1965” (LMB, Interview with Bonnie Norman, Nov. 2008)—is perhaps the primary intertext of *TSK*—as *The Pilgrim’s Progress*, also concerned with new worlds opening before one’s eyes, is of *BI*. (When LMB read Erica Smith’s essay on Ekaterin as a gardener she commented that “It occurs to me that another famous gardener hero in fiction was Samwise Gamgee. But it wasn’t his gardening that won reader respect, either. (But it did from his author, one suspects.)”—LMB’s My Space blog, 12 May 2007).

**oaths of the form, *death before dishonor*** (325, 427–8, 704) The slogan goes back to ancient Rome, and has been used by many military units. Miles’s pragmatic conclusion stands comparison with that of Falstaff at the Battle of Shrewsbury:

**FALSTAFF** I would ’twere bedtime, Hal, and all well.

**PRINCE HENRY** Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

**FALSTAFF** 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'Tis insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism. [*IH4*, 5.2.125–40]

**no one can complain I got them out of order** (325, 428, 705) Because Miles died in *MD* before dishonouring himself in *M*.

**Illyan fired me.** (326, 428, 705) In *M*, ch. 6.

**Their density gradually thins ...** (326, 428, 705) Which is exactly what happens to sundered ghosts in *CC*, *PS*, and *HH*, as well as (if they are not ensorcelled or potential demons) *SR*.

**I disappointed him to death ...** (326, 429, 705) In *WA*, chs 1–2 ; Miles's covert pride in self-indictment is marvellously caught in the faintly humorous alliteration and pulse of the iambic tetrameter ('*I dis | ap-poin | ted him | to death*'), seemingly supporting but (because iambic tetrameter is, like Miles, nominally the stuff of mock-epic, not the real thing) also subtly undermining his supposedly ironic confession.

**are you trying to one-up my dead?** (326, 429, 706) Ekaterin's question is pin-point accurate, recalling Aral's ability to "*strike to the center in one cut*" (293, 386, 669) and finally lancing the last of Miles's vanities, that underlying impulse that could be translated as 'my gran'da took more scalps than your gran'da—and I killed him'. And just as subtle poetics undermined Miles's claim (see previous annotation), so Ekaterin's use of "one-up", derived from Stephen Potter's bestselling account of giving a lecture-tour in the US, *One-Upmanship* (1952), keeps her scalpel kindly. Cf. LMB's observation that "lives do not add as integers, but as infinities" (LMB introducing Margaret Ball in *WW*, p. 235).

**How can you stand me? I can't even stand me.** (326, 429, 706)

Some degree of self-loathing at one's slips into habitual and unloved behaviour is common, but there are in Miles's case layers best approached by asking who exactly cannot even stand whom? One-upping anyone's dead is Naismithian behaviour—think of the little admiral persuading Tris and Oliver to go on fighting Cetaganda despite their experiences at Fallow Core:

“The odds were worse for Barrayar, in its day, and they ran the Cetagandans right off. It took twenty years, and more blood than either of you have seen in your lives combined, but they did it,” asserted Miles. [BI]

Here, results are all that counts, and five million Barrayaran dead whom Miles never knew in the least can be recruited at will. But that is not and must not be true of Lord Vorkosigan, as his rejection of Haroche's bribe in *M* taught him. LMB describes the process as Miles's 'repossession' of Naismith—see the annotation for **Naismith's days were numbered anyway**. (17, 23, 352)—and Miles himself describes Naismith as a “weasel”, just like Haroche (*M*, ch. 25) : so the process of repossessing the weasel, of taking back into oneself dishonourable elements that have been objectified and distanced as an *alter ego*, is going to be acutely psychologically distasteful as well as painful. But while Elli, Taura, Rowan Durna, and perhaps even the haut Rian Degtiar fell in love with (or were simply fascinated by) the little admiral, Ekaterin met and fell in love with Lord Auditor Vorkosigan, never supposing him perfect, and in that clear-eyed love is enabled to do ...

**Sh. Sh.** (327, 429, 706) ... what even Aral and Cordelia have never been reported as doing for Miles—simply shushing him as a child, offering reassurance, forgiveness, comfort, and the safety of limits backed by reproof in one maternal and uxorious package. Moreover, Ekaterin's comforting recalls Cordelia's gesture toward Aral, also in a wifely capacity, in the wake of the soltoxin attack in *B*:

He shook his head. “Don't talk. Makes scar tissue on the vocal cords.”

She gave vent to a joyless “Ha!” and laid a finger across his lips as he started to speak again. He nodded, resigned, and they remained looking at each other for a time. He pushed her tangled hair back gently from her face, and she captured the broad hand to hold against her cheek for comfort ... [B, ch. 8]

*Isn't starving yourself a betrayal too, self against self?* (327, 429, 706) Ekaterin's internal war over her desires recalls Jane Eyre's self-abnegating cousin, St. John Rivers, who denies himself the pleasure of marrying Rosamond Oliver in favour of putting his exalted principles into practice as a missionary. Responding to a long exchange about sexual mores between List members Marna Nightingale and Peter Newman, LMB remarked : “Some kinds of pain *aren't* heroic, after all. I'm actually coming to kind of despise Noble, Austere, Stoic Intellectualism (not the same thing, note, as applied intelligence) in my old age.” (LMB to the List, 28 Feb. 2001).

**She couldn't help it ; her black laughter peeled out ... loosened at that laugh.** (327, 429, 706) The healing of laughter is a marked feature in *The Lord of the Rings*, and has attracted LMB's admiring attention:

Is [*The Lord of the Rings*] a perfect book? No, doubtless not. No human thing is. Is it a great book? It is in my heart ; it binds time for me, and binds the wounds of time.

“And he sang to them . . . until their hearts, wounded with sweet words, overflowed, and their joy was like swords, and they passed in thought out to regions where pain and delight flow together and tears are the very wine of blessedness” [*The Return of the King*, V.4] is no bad epitaph for a writer. I could crawl on my knees through broken glass for the gift of words that pierce like those.

[‘A Conversation with [LMB]’, in VC]

And cf.:

[Peter] made the mental gesture of waving away an intrusive moth, and tightened his bodily hold on his wife as though to

remind himself of the palpable presence of the flesh. [Harriet] responded with a small contented sound like a snort—an absurd sound that seemed to lift the sealing stone and release some well-spring of laughter deep down within him. It came bubbling and leaping up in the most tremendous hurry to reach the sunlight, so that all his blood danced with it and his lungs were stifled with the rush and surge of this extraordinary fountain of delight. He felt himself at once ridiculous and omnipotent. He was exultant. He wanted to shout. [*BH*, ch. 14]

**Kareen’s Betan psychology terminology ... this Thing about oaths** (327, 429, 706) Cf. “*Thing* was not accepted psychoscientific terminology, [Kareen had] been informed by [Mark’s] twinkling therapist” (31, 42, 367)—suggestive evidence of how much *unreported* communication has gone on between women throughout *ACC*. See also the annotations for **some secret sisterhood revealed ...** (377, 498, 764) and “**Oh, that wasn’t my idea ...**” (394, 521, 783).

**A very wise woman once told me ...** (327, 430, 706) Harra Csurik, in *M*, ch. 11.

**He was close enough ... as though she’d been running.** (327, 430, 706–07) Ekaterin’s physical consciousness of Miles builds throughout *ACC* but its sudden and acute form here echoes Harriet Vane’s experience when, out punting with Peter Wimsey, she waits for him to read her dossier of the Shrewsbury poison-pen problem:

Accepting rebuke, [Peter] relapsed into silence, while she studied his half-averted face. Considered generally, as a façade, it was by this time tolerably familiar to her, but now she saw details, magnified as it were by some glass in her own mind. The flat setting and fine scroll-work of the ear, and the height of the skull above it. The glitter of close-cropped hair where the neck-muscles lifted to meet the head. A minute sickle-shaped scar on the left temple. The faint laughter-lines at the corner of the eye and the droop of the lid at its outer end. The gleam of golden down on the cheekbone. The wide spring of the nostril. An almost imperceptible beading of sweat on the upper lip and a tiny muscle that twitched the sensitive corner of

the mouth. The slight sun-reddening of the fair skin and its sudden whiteness below the base of the throat. The little hollow above the points of the collar-bone.

He looked up ; and she was instantly scarlet, as though she had been dipped in boiling water. Through the confusion of her darkened eyes and drumming ears some enormous bulk seemed to stoop over her. Then the mist cleared. His eyes were riveted upon the manuscript again, but he breathed as though he had been running.

So, thought Harriet, it has happened. But it happened long ago. The only new thing that has happened is that now I have got to admit it to myself. [...]

She stared out resolutely across the dimpling water. But she was conscious of his every movement, of every page he turned, of every breath he drew. She seemed to be separately conscious of every bone in his body. At length he spoke, and she wondered how she could ever have mistaken another man's voice for his. [GN, ch. 15]

**a verdict of Not Proven** (328, 431, 708) Such a verdict does exist in Scottish law—not the usual source of Barrayaran legal custom, but clearly useful enough here to be incorporated.

**Endurance used to be my speciality in the old days. ... some new days.** (328, 431, 708) Cf. Peter Wimsey and Harriet Vane during their corpse-troubled busman's honeymoon:

"[...] We've begun well, haven't we, with this awful bloody mess ? When once we get clear of it, I'd give anything. But there you are, you see, it's the same thing over again."

"But that's what I'm trying to tell you. It ought to be, but it isn't. Things have come straight. I always knew they would if one hung on long enough, waiting for a miracle."

"Honestly, Harriet ?"

"Well, it seems like a miracle to be able to look forward—to—to see all the minutes in front of one come hopping along with something marvellous in them, instead of just saying, Well, that one didn't actually hurt and the next may be quite bearable if only something beastly doesn't come pouncing

out——”

“As bad as that ?”

“No, not really, because one got used to it—to being everlastingly tightened up to face things, you see. But when one doesn’t have to any more, it’s different—I can’t tell you what a difference it makes. You—you—you——Oh, damn and blast you, Peter, you *know* you’re making me feel exactly like Heaven, so what’s the sense of trying to spare your feelings ?”

“I don’t know it and I can’t believe it, but come here and I’ll try. That’s better. His chin was pressed upon her head when the sword came back from sea. [...]” [BH, ch. 14]

Peter’s last sentence quotes—reversing the pronouns, remarkably appositely for Ekaterin and Miles—the final two lines of William Morris’s poem ‘The Sailing of the Sword’ (1858).

### *Section p-o-v—Ivan*

**vital to Komarr’s ongoing terraforming** (330, 433, 709)

Anyone who wants more information on terraforming, including solettas, insolation mirrors, and the math of boiling the seas cup by cup, is directed to *Terraforming* by Martin J. Fogg, published by of all people SAE, the Society for Automotive Engineers (they get into airplanes and aerospace, too, it seems). They have an internet address at [<http://books.sae.org/>]. I read it before I began *Komarr*, when I knew I wanted something in the plot to do with terraforming, but didn’t know what yet. [LMB to the List, 20 Dec. 1998]

**the empress-to-be’s aunt ...** (330, 433, 709) This stalwart lady is a Komarran equivalent of Lady Alys’s circle of matrons, and so of the hostesses of Almack’s in Heyer ; see the annotations for **Aunt Vorpatrill ...** (5, 6–7, 338), **steely-eyed middle-aged Vor ladies ...** (150, 197, 506), and **Armsman Esterhazy** (196, 259, 558). From Ivan’s point-of-view there is also a sense of the formidable (not to say terrifying) aunts who populate the Jeeves & Wooster novels by P. G. Wodehouse.

**Lady Cassia Vorgorov** (330, 434, 710) Lady Cassia is mentioned



in *MD*, ch. 16, where Ivan rudely observes her then modest bustline. She and Lord Vortashpula are a minor orchestration in the crescendo of marriages and engagements : see Part 1, s. vv. ‘William Shakespeare’, and the annotation for **Olivia ... has just announced her engagement** (395, 522, 785).

**the painful Vorhalas family history that went with it** (332, 436, 712) The soltoxin grenade was fired by Evon Vorhalas, this Count Vorhalas’s elder son, who sought revenge on Aral for the execution for murder-by-duelling of his brother Carl ; see *B*, chs 7–8.

**I suppose we’ll never really know. ... irritable reply.** (332, 437, 712) Cf. Venier’s similar comment about the Solstice Massacre and Miles’s tart reply:

“We’ll never know the whole truth, I suppose,” said Venier.

Was that supposed to be a concession? “You can be told the whole truth all day long, but if you won’t believe it, then no, I don’t suppose you ever will know it.” [K, ch. 4]

There may also be an underlying connection with US reactions to certain events during the Vietnam War : in a roundtable discussion published by the Minnesota *City Pages* LMB remarked that “the My Lai massacre is at the root of several incidents in my books” (<http://www.citypages.com/2004-05-26/arts/between-planets/5/>) ; and cf. “And as far as the Solstice Massacre goes, Mei Lai was more on my mind than more distant history. That permanent blot on the honor that can never be expunged, only endured ....” (LMB to the List, 10 April 1998).

**Delia ... Martya ... maybe he’d stopped working his way down the Koudelka family tree a tad too soon.** (333, 438, 713) Ivan proposed both to Delia and to Martya “on the same day” (*M*, ch. 28)—at the time simply an Ivanish thing to have done, but recalled in this context of *ACC* there is a subtle echo of *PP*, where Mr Collins proposes on successive days to Elizabeth, who flatly rejects him, and Charlotte Lucas, who accepts him (*PP*, vol. I, chs 19–22).

**The die is pretty much cast.** (335, 440, 715) That is, *Iacta alea est*, a remark by Julius Caesar at the crossing of the Rubicon, reported in Suetonius, *Lives of the Caesars*, ‘Divus Julius’, §32.

**A plague on both your parties.** (337, 442, 717) Vorfolve tweaks

Mercutio's dying curse on the feuding Montagues and Capulets: "A plague a' both your houses" (*ROM*, 3.1.91). In *ACC*, of course, the Vorrutyer feud is intra-family. Still, Vorfolse's bystander's fear of getting drawn into the mêlée, not wholly unlike Mercutio's, is more or less borne out by the attack upon Dono on his property. The phrase is also alluded to in Sayers's *Five Red Herrings*, ch. 1. See the next annotation.

**"Stunner tag!" Ivan bellowed...** (338, 444, 718) The term 'stunner tag' is used twice in *BA*, ch. 15, once in Miles's voice, and once in narrative from his point-of-view. Following speculation on the List that it might be a normative 'kid's game' on (benighted) Barrayar, LMB commented:

Goodness, it's always a revelation to a writer how readers construct their turns of phrase ...

"Stunner tag", as used by Miles, was a snarky description of a police-style shoot-out using said weapons. It is not (normally) a child's game on any planet in the Nexus, or at any rate, not once the grown-ups catch up with the little monsters ... Although the speculation on the subject quite fits with my own belief that any technology that can be used, will be abused. [LMB to the List, 19 April 2001]

In response to fan rumours that Ivan was to have been killed off during the attack on Dono but was saved by the editors at Baen, LMB replied:

Such a turn of events would have destroyed the tone of the novel. And the theme, and the structure, and several other fundamental aspects. Some People have no sense of Art, that's what. Selection. Restraint. Knowing what to leave out, fer gosh sakes.

I'm on record elsewhere as saying that the main difference between comedy and tragedy is that when Sir Toby Belch [in *TN*] says, "Put up, put up, gentlemen, for God's sake!" they do, but when Mercutio [in *ROM*] says the same thing, they don't. Tone balances on a knife edge.

[LMB to the List, 23 May 2000]

The contrast is acute, not least in that *TN* is a revenge comedy, and *ROM* peculiarly constructed as three acts of wrong-side-of-the-tracks comedy followed by two of remorselessly sliding tragedy. See also the annotation for **Killer whined and scratched ...** (383, 505, 771).

## Chapter Eighteen

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**the bright dapple of colored light ... stained glass windows ...** (343, 451, 725) Details that make the Council Chamber sound oddly like a church—an appropriate setting for what is to come.

**Democracy, faugh.** (343, 452, 725) One of the hotter running disputes in List discussion is the viability, and in particular respects desirability, of democratising Barrayar and the reprehensibility or otherwise of Aral's, Miles's, and Gregor's attitudes to autocracy and the imperatives of security and stability ; for an exemplary flame-skirmish see the digests for January 2011.

**You should choose your enemies more wisely** (345, 454, 728) There is an Arab proverb to this effect, but the idea is also now associated with Oscar Wilde's aphorism "A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies", in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891), ch. 1.

**doodles of mercenary hand weapons** (345, 454, 728) This line may have helped to inspire Patrick Turner's drawing of a sword with twined Barrayaran roses for the rear panel of the hardback first edition's dust-jacket ; see also the annotations for **dust-jacket / cover illustration** ; **She bet he even owned ...** (214, 283, 578–9) ; and **he had taken to jotting ...** (376, 496, 763).

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**Uncle Hugo!** (347, 456, 730) Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Bookstore, which sells both new and used books, is located in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and is a frequent venue for LMB readings and signings ; see also the annotation for **Hugo Vorvayne** (144, 189, 499).

**it had been a long time ... stability of the Imperium ...** (348, 458, 731) Not so very long : the War of Vordarian's Pretendership ended a little more than thirty years previously (*B*), and if the Vordrozda 'plot' (*WA*) is counted as threatening instability, only about thirteen years have passed without serious alarm.

**What was it Miles had said about being ambushed by your habits?** (349, 459, 732) Ekaterin is probably recalling "Even love

is not so strong as habit, eh?" (326, 428, 705) ; the phrase echoes a line from 'When I Was a Young Man' (a.k.a. Prince Lír's song) in *The Last Unicorn* (1968) by Peter S. Beagle : "Ah love may be strong, but a habit is stronger, / And I know when I loved by the way I behaved". There is also an echo of Cordelia's warning to Aral to "Beware your own conditioning" (*MD*, ch. 12).

**she and Nikki were suddenly allies, beleaguered equals** (349, 459, 732) Miles & Nikki, and Miles & Ekaterin, having been forced into alliance against the Conservatives' slander-campaign, this alliance between Ekaterin & Nikki completes the theme of unity in opposition (which also extends to the Conservative slanderers themselves, and to the Vorbretens and Lord Dono) ; see the annotation for *United against a common enemy*. (261, 344, 631).

**kidnapping me for 'moral purposes'!** (350, 460, 733) However unwittingly, having presumably misheard the phrase, Nikki makes a superb pun on the phrase 'for immoral purposes', widely used in US state and federal law concerning offences against children, following the Mann Act (or White-Slave Traffic Act) of 1910.

**You'll be sorry you made my mama unhappy!** (350, 461, 733) As Hamlet might say, and as Miles has already learned : Nikki's phrase is at once an inversion from the playground, child avenging parental distress, and proper to revenge drama, a fulfilment of the Vortalonish revenge he does not take on Miles.

**I only know one man who was ever able to talk Nikki out of a locked room** (350, 461, 734) Miles, of course, who persuaded Nikki out of a bathroom in Serifosa, in *K*, ch. 16. Ekaterin later observed, pointedly in the present context, that:

The man could charm snakes from their holes, nine-year-olds from locked bathrooms, and Komarran terrorists from their bunkers. Why weren't females following him around in herds? Could no Barrayaran woman see past his surface, or their own cocked-up noses? [*K*, ch. 21]

**Yes. Let's.** (351, 462, 735) Ekaterin's access to the confidence and relaxation embodied in Gregor's phrase reflect her trust in him but also mark a deeper growth of self-confidence, especially given how agitated she was by earlier threats to her custody of Nikki. It is

unclear how Ekaterin came to associate this phrase with Gregor, however, as no textual evidence indicates that he pronounced it in her hearing. See also the annotation for **Let's see what happens**. (156, 205, 512).

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**to call a halt to the filibuster** (351, 462–3, 735) Filibusters happen in many systems, but those of the US Senate are notorious and two of the most famous occurred during LMB's childhood, both by Southern senators seeking to prevent the passage of Civil Rights legislation : in 1957 Senator Strom Thurmond (D–SC) spoke for 24 hours and 18 minutes, delaying the Civil Rights Act 1957 ; and in 1964 a group of Democrats spoke for 75 hours—including Senator Robert Byrd (D–WV) for 14 hours and 13 minutes—against the Civil Rights Act 1964. Gregor's imperial ability to stop a filibuster (as opposed to the painful processes of 'cloture' by a three-fifths majority needed in the Senate) may therefore be a form of wish-fulfilment.

### *Section p-o-v—Kareen*

**things like Vomit Vanilla and Cockroach Crunch** (353, 465, 737) LMB has been known to make references to *Monty Python's Flying Circus*—see the annotation for **A little chittering burp made her look down**. (83, 110, 427)—and this is another, to the 'Crunchy Frog' sketch, in which a Mr Milton is prosecuted for selling a chocolate assortment that includes not only 'Crunchy Frog' but 'Ram's Bladder Cup' ("garnished with lark's vomit") and 'Cockroach Cluster'. Given Miles's predilection for referring to ImpSec HQ as 'Cockroach Central' there ought to be another in-joke as well, but none is obvious. LMB referred to the sketch in her My Space blog, 25 September 2007, and in the interview 'Sagas and Anti-Epics' (October 2007).

**Mark had gone off to his tasks whistling this morning** (353, 465, 737) Despite his complete lack of musical talent Mark's satisfied musicality echoes that of Peter Wimsey, who repeatedly sings French songs in the early chapters of *BH*, covering the wedding night and the next morning. (Dag in TSK is also given to tuneless whistling, though not always for the same reason.)

**Parole Officer Oscar Gustioz ... Sergeant Muno** (354, 466, 738) Muño Gustioz is a knight raised in the household of El Cid in the mediaeval Spanish epic *Cantar de Mio Cid* ; and the historical Cid, Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, was born in Vivar, a town about six miles north of Burgos—so the Escobaran/Spanish names make a mythic constellation. In conjunction with the low comedy of the bug-butter fight that develops, this might also be taken as a touch of mock-epic ; see the annotation for **and led a picked strike-force ...**(210, 276, 573).

**Cortes Planetaris de Escobar** (354, 466, 738) Spanish, ‘Escobaran Planetary Court’.

**Ready ... Aim**— (358, 471, 742) See the annotation for **Fire!** (369, 486, 754).

## Chapter Nineteen

### *Section p-o-v—Ekaterin*

**Captain, ah, Sphaleros** (359, 473, 743) The name transliterates a Greek word, used by Herodotus and Galen, meaning literally ‘likely to make one stumble or fall’, and metaphorically ‘slippery, perilous’. It was suggested by List member B. J. van Look (without translation and among many suggestions) on 30 Nov. 1998 in rapid response to a request by LMB (just finishing *ACC* after a severe strep throat and with an imminent eye-infection) for “short, ethnically Greek names”.

**OrbTrafCon, Fort Kithera River** (359, 474, 744) Presumably Orbital Traffic Control ; the Greek island of Kithera has two famous ruined sixteenth-century Venetian forts, one with a ghost-town.

**Shoes! Nikki, where are your shoes?** (360, 475, 744) There is a poignant allusion to the shoe five-year-old Gregor lost when Negri got him away from Vordarian’s men, and the one he kept on, in *B*, chs 10 & 18—another spiral *ACC* completes, partly overwriting previous horror and tragedy in comedic mode ; cf. the annotation for **the Green Room in the Imperial Residence** (39, 53, 377). The spiral also passes through *K*, ch. 16, where it is shoes “with their implicit commitment to going out” that lead Nikki to lock himself in the bathroom, and that he personally retrieves and dons after Miles talks him into carrying on.

**if she’d sprouted a second head** (363, 479, 748) There may be an allusion to Zaphod Beeblebrox in Douglas Adams’s *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy*—though “the turn of phrase is older than Adams (if not older than Adam)”, and there are “real-life birth defects in humans and animals” (LMB, email to the editors, 27 Feb. 2011).

**a desperately strung-out looking Byerly Vorrutyer ... unshaven ... rumped and stained.** (363, 479, 748) The worst sin a dandy can commit is to be seen with pose askew ; Byerly’s Heyerian godfather, Francis Cheviot in *The Reluctant Widow*, also becomes a trifle disarranged in the climax. This come-uppance is anticipated by By’s condition when he first reported the slander campaign to Ivan : see the annotation for **By was looking a bit seedy ...** (217, 287, 581).

**Impoverished, imprudent, and impervious to put-downs ...** (364,



479, 748–9) When Ekaterin’s description of Byerly was under discussion LMB commented:

You can add ‘ImpSec’ to that. We may readily believe that he was at Ekaterin’s house, and feet, as an observer. Not necessarily of her alone ; he might have been following up other players. And not only for Miles’s sake or her Uncle’s—after Komarr, she’s won security interest, or at least a weather-eye, in her own right.

Not that By would necessarily have been told *why* she was on his watch-list.

The Byerly scene I would have liked to be a fly on the wall for was merely implied [...], as Ekaterin and Nikki are being escorted out of their memorable meeting with Gregor, Byerly is being brought in, and not, one senses, voluntarily. For, one may be sure, the most harrowing, if compressed, debriefing with his overboss that [he] had ever hoped to avoid in his young life.

The implication being that while his close observation of Richars was within his mandate, derailing him and supporting Dono was a personal addendum, which he had previously somehow forgot to mention to his ImpSec handlers.

Miles had, I believe the term is ‘made him’ accurately well before Ivan did. As we learn in the final scene at the wedding with Ivan and By. One could write a whole novella about ACC from By’s point of view, but I had to tuck it between the lines.

[LMB to the List, 19 Sept. 2010]

(The List collectively forbore to point out that LMB, alone, could be that fly, on that or any wall.) See also the annotation for **Byerly Vorrutyer** (50, 66, 390).

**The gallery overlooking the Council chamber ...** (364, 480, 749) The gallery is where Cordelia first embarrassingly and ominously met Carl and Evon Vorhalas, in *B*, ch. 3—making this yet another “upgrade to comedy” (LMB, email to the editors, 27 Feb. 2011).

**a blue-and-gray Vorrutyer House cadet’s uniform, near-twin ... a Count’s heir** (365, 482, 750) The remarks two paragraphs earlier about how much Richars is arrogantly assuming make the point clear,

but LMB has further glossed it in the course of responding to a question about voting deputies:

A cadet member is a Count's heir who has been pre-approved in the Count's lifetime as his successor ; in other words, when Aral dies, Miles will not have to go through a process like Dono's, because it's already a done deal. Miles will succeed Aral automatically and instantaneously. Counts, with their excessive and dispersed duties in modern times, have various ways of delegating authority when they can't be on the spot [...]. A cadet member is normally a voting deputy for his father/whoever, apprenticing his way into the job.

So all cadet members are Count's heirs (and authorized voting deputies), but not all Count's heirs are yet, necessarily, cadet members. [LMB to the List, 13 Jan. 2006]

### *Section p-o-v—Ivan*

**Ivan took a moment ... his own game.** (366, 482, 751) A moment of pure role-reversal, Ivan clued-in and Miles clueless, that complements the gender-reversals achieved by Ekaterin ; see the annotation for **Good. Will you marry me?** (375, 495, 762). Ivan intermittently arouses quite passionate discussions on the List, and sometimes a strong case for being undervalued—as in this paean with comments by List members Gwynne Powell and Paula Lieberman:

I love those moments when we see Ivan acting calmly and competently, and showing glimpses of the feelings he keeps hidden most of the time. It's those moments when I think we're seeing the true Ivan that he usually keeps hidden.

When Donna turns up as Dono, Ivan is quick to point out that they can't blindside Gregor, and he organises a meeting with Gregor to sort things out. He over-rides Gregor's suspicions of his motives to get things done because he knows this has to be done. Despite his apparent uselessness, he has a very good political sense of what's important.

During the attack on Dono, Ivan does everything right. He takes charge of them all afterwards, and knows just how to play it for maximum impact. And he shepherds four senior Vor

lords into the right frame of mind and delivers them to the Council ready to vote the way his family wants them to. Again, he's got a strong political sense.

That lovely scene with Byerly at the wedding. Marvellous! I feel that this is one of the few times he really drops the mask. He's worked out that something about the whole 'slice Dono' plot was fishy, and he doesn't hesitate to chase down Byerly and get some answers. Ivan is calm, incisive, slightly threatening and very quick to figure things out.

When he's been kidnapped in [BA], left in a dark tunnel to die horribly, rescued by Miles and then asked to get BACK into that pipe again—he does it. He's seriously traumatised by it, he has claustrophobia for years afterwards because of it, but he gets back in there. It's a hugely brave thing to do.

In [MD], when they all think Miles is dead and lost forever, that scene at the Ball where Mark finds him sitting alone in the gardens, trying to get as drunk as possible and crying silently for Miles. It's heartbreaking. And it's not the act of someone with no deep feelings.

He's the only male in the family who doesn't get suicidal in bad moments.

He's the only one who successfully swims against the family tide. That takes a lot of strength.

Cordelia, the one with the best insight of people, sees Ivan as very smart and with hidden strengths. And he's the only one she can't psych out—he's very good at sliding on by.

He's quietly resisted Alys's plots and schemes to run his life—and Alys can even boss the emperor around. He's got a huge, hidden strength there, and a really strong will.

He's perfected the dumb routine to deflect would-be political plotters. He's survived in Vorbarr Sultana, the heart of it all, without any political problems centred on him despite his closeness to the throne. Just imagine how many people would want to use him to get to Gregor, he has access to the very top. But there's no hint of any political problems around him—that's a huge achievement in that situation. (And it reminds me of [Robert Graves's] *I, Claudius*—the idiot routine kept Claudius alive and safe despite his nearness to the throne.)

I've been smiling blissfully ever since I found out there was a whole IVAN BOOK coming!

[Gwynne to the List, 5 Nov. 2010]

The Ivan of the second half of *ACC* is a an older, wiser, more considerate, less self-centred sort. That Ivan reminds me of the cousin of the lead in a Georgette Heyer novel [*The Foundling*, 1948], where at the start of the book, the lead character [Gilly], brought up by his uncle as a Duke from [...] birth, finds himself about to be betrothed to someone he's known most of his life. The lead character is somewhat like Miles as regards having been cosseted growing up and regarded as rather fragile, especially compared with his cousin [Gideon], a big healthy military officer bachelor who has his own quarters and doesn't have multiple estates each populated with an army of cossetting servants. Ivan reminds me of a more clueless version of the cousin. [Paula to the List, 6 Nov. 2010]

**There is an unwritten rule among us...** (367, 483, 752) See the annotation for **You play games like that ...** (400, 527–8, 789).

**If he really had practice on Pierre's fiancée, he's damned sly.** (367, 484, 752–3) There was extensive discussion on the List of how reasonable belief in Richards's guilt should be considered, and an old post of LMB's was quoted:

**Erica** [Smith] wrote: "... but if you can't have a stupid villain in a comedy, where can you have one?"

**Kirsten** [Edwards] replied, "So a Really Nasty Villain would have been overkill?"

**Lois** remarks: Precisely. Making Richards into a Ges [Vorrutyer, in *SH*] would have been a violation of the comic tone. Also, does anyone remember old Piotr's lament about the new degeneration—"even their sins are watered down..." [WA, ch. 2]

Apropos some earlier discussion of Richards: No, I *don't* think he had Piotr's fiancée murdered—and then beat an ImpSec investigation. This posits more smarts than he elsewhere displays. I think he was genuinely innocent, albeit

also genuinely obnoxious. He *was* responsible for thwarting Count Vorrutyer's two prior attempts at marriage, which was enough to make his not-too-well-balanced cousin paranoid enough about him to glom on to the accusation and not let go.

[LMB to the List, 23 March, 2000]

For some this was definitive, and List member Tel, tartly invoking the rumour-plot, observed that "Our Heroes (and certain of their fans), like Miles's adversaries, are perfectly happy to spread slander on the topic of convenient deaths of inconvenient significant others when it suits them to do so" (Tel to the List, 19 Sept. 2010) ; for others LMB's careful statement and habitual attitude to the uncertainties and elisions of her own fictions—"I think he was genuinely innocent" rather than 'He didn't do it'—leaves the matter still as a reader's call. It might also be noted, first, that LMB has said fast penta "clears as well as convicts" (LMB to the List, 26 Oct. 1997) ; and second, that the whole Vorkosiverse series, from the beliefs of Dr Mehta in *SH* to the framing of Barrayar for the Ba's crimes in *DI*, is deeply and repeatedly concerned with the ways in which "Appearances can be so damning" (as Miles pointedly remarks to Simon Illyan in *BIn*, 'One')—a concern also central to *PP*, where misinterpreting appearances both wrongly condemns and wrongly exonerates from blame. See also the annotation for "**Tailor,**" **Szabo corrected.** (137, 179, 490).

**Richars's stirrup-man?** (367, 484, 753) In historical British usage, a stirrup-man was an informal term for a Yeoman or Groom of the Stirrup, officers of the Royal Household under the Master of Horse, so the term is properly Vorish—but there is also a dreadful pun on 'stir-up', very much as in *agent provocateur*, a term Byerly uses of himself at 399, 527, 789. The designation is also anticipated by Ivan's speculation at 242, 320, 610 as to Byerly's motivation in passing along the slander about Miles : "He adores gossip like this. Just too excited to keep it to himself, I guess, unless he's stirring things up for his own amusement. I can't even begin to guess which side he's on." The term recurs and is discussed in *Cb*:

"[Miles] once called himself the Emperor's stirrup-man," Raven-sensei confided. "I wasn't sure if that meant a

guardsman who rides at his leader's side, or a man who holds the stirrup while he mounts. Very Barrayaran turn of phrase, though, I thought."

"*Rides at his side* is more correct," said Vorlynkín. "Although the other isn't out of line." [Cb, ch. 20]

**Stones, Richards, darling?** (368, 485, 754) Given the nature of the mutilation attempted on Dono there is a bleak, underlying pun on 'stones' as 'testicles' and, metonymically, 'courage'.

**he wouldn't miss this denouement for worlds.** (369, 486, 754) Characterizing the Council of Counts as a 'denouement', a term typically associated with theatrical and narrative resolution, enables a moment of meta-narrative awareness, in which characters of ACC (in this case, Ivan) perceive themselves to be participants in a story. See also the annotation for **one meeting he wouldn't miss for worlds** (76, 100, 419) for similar wording in the context of Ivan's upcoming meeting with Lady Donna. The staginess here accompanies the self-conscious drama of building resolution.

### *Section p-o-v—Kareen*

**Fire!** (369, 486, 754) During the book discussion LMB commented that the bug-butter fight was inspired by and pays tribute to the great pie-fight ending Blake Edwards's movie *The Great Race* (1965), supposedly the largest ever staged by Hollywood. The pie-fight in the very genre-jokey *Star Trek* novel *How Much for Just the Planet?* (1987) by John M. Ford was also mentioned as an influence and referent. Once again the butter bugs and Enrique generate a low-comedy turn in the plot, this time in counterpoint to the climactic high comedy of manners being enacted at Vorhartung Castle; see the annotations for **The atomised spray ...** (172, 226, 530), **and led a picked strike-force ...** (210, 276, 573), & **Parole Officer Oscar Gustioz ...** (354, 466, 738), and Part II. However, LMB also connected this to the bug butter as a fertility symbol:

The butter bugs, and the bug butter, are also a fertility symbol, I might point out. In Kareen's first encounter with them, I was thinking of the psychological interpretation of the fairy tale about the princess who loses her golden ball down a well, and

who, having given her word, has to put up thereafter with the frog who rescues it. [...] *And therefore the bug butter battle at the end isn't only a salute* to the glorious movie pie fights of yore (such as the one at the end of [...] *The Great Race* [...]) It's pretty much left to work for the reader unconsciously, for good reasons. [LMB to the List, 25 Sept. 2010; italics added]

The implication is that the bug-butter mess is also an extension of the fertility symbolism—considering the annotation for **A little chittering burp ...** (83, 110, 427), a sort of sperm-analogue and food bath that celebrates the mass outbreak of engagement and marriage that is about to occur—“hitting both the male and the female primary fertility concerns simultaneously, I might point out. Smugly.” (LMB, email to the editors, 27 Feb, 2011). Then again, it may just be that physical release is needed, and the idea had certainly been in LMB's mind for a long time:

Gregor stared at the pastry tray, and sighed. “I suppose it would disturb the guards if I tried to shove a cream torte up your nose.”

“Deeply. You should have done it when we were eight and twelve; you could have gotten away with it then. The cream pie of justice flies one way,” Miles snickered.

Several unnatural and sophomoric things to do with a tray full of pastry were then suggested by both principals, which left them laughing. Gregor needed a good cream pie fight, Miles judged, even if only verbal and imaginary.” [VG, ch. 17]

It is also work noting that the notion of ‘fire!’ rears its head at approximately the same point in *JE*, although with a radically different context and tone.

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**one of Count Vorhalas's sons had been executed for duelling** (372, 491, 758) Carl Vorhalas, in *B*, chs. 7–8.

**attempting to throttle him on the spot** (374, 493, 760) As Aral did the Political Officer who ordered the Solstice Massacre, a matter reported in *SH*, ch. 2.

**tapped his index finger suggestively against the side of his nose** (375, 494, 761) A classic gesture, typically meaning that something is being done secretly or privily of which the speaker has inside knowledge, that Aral adapts to circumstance.

**No ; let him hang himself.** (375, 494, 761) Aral's mute instruction echoes Ivan's description of Gregor's 'Let's-see-what-happens' mode ; see the annotation for **This was Gregor ...** (153, 200, 508).

**a man tormenting a leopardess** (375, 495, 762) There is a curious anticipation of the late Prince Boleso's behaviour with a leopard and Lady Ijada, as reported in *HH*, ch. 1.

**"Lord Vorkosigan!" / "Madame? [...] Yours to command ..."** (375, 495, 762) Though wholly appropriate for the highly public setting, the mutual formality of address is striking in the context of a proposal, and sharply recalls the original social conventions informing Regency romance ; see the annotation for **"How can you be in love ..."** (126, 164, 477). Miles repeats the closing formula of his letter of abjectness, as Ekaterin certainly recognises ; see also the next annotation and that for *Dear Madame Vorsoisson ... Yours to command* (212–14, 280–2, 576–8).

**Good. Will you marry me?** (375, 495, 762) Readers of *K* know, like Miles, that Ekaterin is given to direct action when sufficiently roused. The sheer surprise and intelligent opportunism of her proposal, which could hardly be more public and slashes two Gordian knots while tying another kind, marvellously caps the romance plot and the generic games LMB plays with it—not least in making the vital romance topos also the crunch-moment of the political plot, and so redeeming anew Miles's words about gifts and victories in his letter of apology. That the witnesses include not only Hugo and Vassily, who sought to forbid her contact with Miles, but also Cordelia and Aral, whose permission to address Miles Ekaterin should conventionally have sought, is icing on the cake ; as is the fact that Ekaterin is still in mourning dress. Her proposal is also, of course, more straightforwardly an assertion of female agency, reversing the romance (and often real-world) conventions whereby it is the gentleman's business to propose, the lady's to answer, marvellously contrasting with Miles's horribly botched proposal in ch. 9, and specifically countering the diminution and denial of agency to which Miles subjected Ekaterin through his 'cunning plan'. See also the



annotations for **Yes, ah, heh ...** (178, 234, 537), **“Ow!” he cried ...** (250, 330, 619), **You haven’t been pouring water ...** (255, 336, 624), **You let him watch all that violence** (258, 341, 629), and **“Punch ’em in the nose?” ...** (260–1, 344, 631).

There are also sharp contrasts with all the major intertexts. The second proposal in *PP* is semi-public, in that, walking in company, Elizabeth and Darcy seize the chance to go on alone together:

“If you *will* thank me,” [Darcy] replied, “let it be for yourself alone. That the wish of giving happiness to you, might add force to the other inducements which led me on, I shall not attempt to deny. But your *family* owe me nothing. Much as I respect them, I believe, I thought *only* of you.”

Elizabeth was too much embarrassed to say a word. After a short pause, her companion added, “You are too generous to trifle with me. If your feelings are still what they were last April, tell me so at once. *My* affections and wishes are unchanged, but one word from you will silence me on the subject for ever.”

Elizabeth, feeling all the more than common awkwardness and anxiety of his situation, now forced herself to speak ; and immediately, though not very fluently, gave him to understand, that her sentiments had undergone so material a change, since the period to which he alluded, as to make her receive with gratitude and pleasure, his present assurances.

[*PP*, vol. III, ch. 16]

The proposal ending *GN* is also made in a public place, though again not in acknowledged company:

They passed beneath the arch of the bridge and out into the pale light once more.

“Peter !”

She stood still ; and he stopped perforce and turned towards her. She laid both hands upon the fronts of his gown, looking into his face while she searched for the word that should carry her over the last difficult breach.

It was he who found it for her. With a gesture of submission

he bared his head and stood gravely, the square cap dangling in his hand.

“*Placetne, magistra?*”

“*Placet.*”

The Proctor, stumping past grimly with averted eyes, reflected that Oxford was losing all sense of dignity. But what could he do ? If Senior Members of the University chose to stand—in their gowns, too !—closely and passionately embracing in New College Lane right under the Warden’s windows, he was powerless to prevent it. He primly settled his white bands and went upon his walk unheeded ; and no hand plucked his velvet sleeve. [GN, ch. 23]

The Latin phrases (‘Does it please you, mistress?’ / ‘It pleases me.’) are part of the protocol when the Oxford Congregation grants degrees, and “*Placet*” represents an absolute and unchangeable agreement ; objection to the granting of a degree could also be indicated by plucking at the Proctor’s sleeve, and the absence of objection in *GN* to the public proposal is matched in *ACC*. Consider too that while Sayers did continue her story directly in *BH*, in Austen and Heyer (as in much less distinguished romance) the man’s proposal and its blissful female acceptance often concludes a book : LMB has noted that in her romance reading of the 1960s and ’70s “all the books I encountered ended with the proposal, or at most a fade to black” (‘Writing Sex’), and her structural management of the rest of this chapter and of the lengthy epilogue, extending past what would conventionally be the moment of closure, are a further means of generic amplification, complication, and control, as *BH* was for Sayers.

Among LMB’s romance sources, the second proposal in *JE* is perhaps the closest parallel to what Ekaterin accomplishes, as Jane adroitly incites Mr Rochester, who is no longer certain of his appeal as a husband, to propose:

‘Ah! Jane. But I want a wife.’

‘Do you, sir?’

‘Yes : is it news to you?’

‘Of course : you said nothing about it before.’

‘Is it unwelcome news?’

‘That depends on circumstances, sir—on your choice.’

‘Which you will make for me, Jane. I will abide by your decision.’

‘Choose then, sir—*her who loves you best.*’

‘I will at least choose—*her I love best.* Jane, will you marry me?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘A poor blind man, whom you will have to lead about by the hand?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘A crippled man, twenty years older than you, whom you will have to wait on?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Truly, Jane?’

‘Most truly, sir.’ [JE, ch. 37]

**A kind of roaring, like the sea ...** (376, 495, 762) The sea is an unusual metaphor in the Vorkosiverse (if not in *TSK*)—but in Shakespeare it is a frequent and critical symbol of mutability, appearing at moments when the world and wheel of fortune turn.

**Seize the moment! Seize the woman!** (376, 495, 762) The first version is a common colloquial translation of Horace’s famous *carpe diem*, from *Odes* 1.11.7 (*Dum loquimur, fugerit invida / Aetas : carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero*—While we talk, envious time is fleeing : seize the day, put no trust in the future) ; the second version embodies the typical poetic use of the tag, whence ‘*carpe diem* poems’ as arguments of seduction. One might also note that Miles remains in imagination an inveterate hijacker.

**Why, yes, madame. Certainly. Now?** (376, 495, 762) Setting aside the delicious comedy, it is probable, given the lack of religious celebrants on Barrayar and the quality of the witnesses, that were Miles and Ekaterin to speak the required vows it would be a legal marriage—a very public equivalent of what Shakespeare would have called a marriage *de presentii*—as it is a legally binding betrothal, a marriage *de futuro*. Miles also marvellously if unwittingly echoes his mother, at a slightly more advanced point in her marriage:

“My sweet scientist. Hm. You certainly call things by their correct names. We’ve never tried ... would you like to violate Rule Eleven with me, dear Captain?”

“Let me, see, which one—oh, yes! Certainly. Now? And while we’re about it, let’s knock off Thirteen. My hormones are up.” [B, ch. 4]

**he had taken to jotting ...** (376, 496, 763) Another flourish of gender reversal, beautifully framed against the voting on not-Donna-but-Dono’s case:

Ekaterin proposes ; Miles sits down afterwards and starts writing their names (“Lady Ekaterin Nile Vorkosigan intertwined with Lord Miles Naismith Vorkosigan in his fanciest handwriting”) like a girl in middle school.

[Erica H. Smith to the List, 30 Aug. 1999]

“This was objected to, by the way, in a fan letter from a male reader as being unlike any male behaviour he had ever witnessed ; and therefore, in his eyes, a failure of characterization by a female writer attempting to write a male viewpoint. I pled personal human variation.” (LMB, email to the editors, 27 Feb. 2011)

**who had the chamber’s sergeants-at-arms swiftly escort Richars out the doors to his waiting fate ...** (377, 497, 763) A sergeant-at-arms has overseen physical security at the British House of Commons since 1415, and has the right under authority of the Speaker to eject unruly members ; a number of Commonwealth legislatures and the US Congress have adopted the same Westminster system. The swift and seamless elimination of Richars from the action is a strong feature, if not quite a convention, of romance, to leave the stage and the atmosphere clear for the last hurrah.

***Cross me will you, Richars? You’re done.*** (377, 497, 763) There is a proper Vorkosiganity in Miles’s glee, though he rather misappropriates credit for Richars’s fall from Ivan and Olivia as well as from Ekaterin. That Richars’s very public defeat also represents a severe setback for biological conservatism as a Barrayaran political platform is interestingly glossed by a recent remark of LMB’s:

I made the decision very early on that there would be no

intelligent aliens in Miles's universe. Rather, his future would go with bioengineering of different human species, so that ten thousand years down the timeline, the aliens would be us. In Miles's time we have already seen the first few entries in this contest—the quaddies, the Betan hermaphrodites, the Cetagandan haut, Taura and Guppy as one-offs, and so on. My most direct inspiration for this scheme comes from the wonderful classic SF stories of Cordwainer Smith. I'd like Miles to be Lord Jestocost when he grows up (a key character from the Smith story 'The Ballad of Lost C'Mell', who has a passion for social justice). [Interview with *Mir Fantastiki*]

'The Ballad of Lost C'Mell' appeared in *Galaxy Magazine* (Oct. 1962), and is collected in *We The Underpeople* (Baen 2006).

**the moment when his mother finally leaned forward ...** (377, 497, 764) There is a subtle echo of Cordelia's first intervention, seated in the gallery, in a conversation between people in the row in front—in *B*, ch. 3, when she gives Carl and Evon Vorhalas a Betan earful after hearing them casually insult Kou as a cripple, and therefore useless. Yet another topos is recycled into comedic levity.

**some secret sisterhood revealed ... cheerful maternal conspiracy ... Had intelligence been flowing in a hidden channel ...** (377, 498, 764) For all the consistent concern of *ACC* with unwanted publicity and disinformation, there is equally a constant counterpoint with privy channels of communication ; cf. Ivan's and Nikki's uses of their privileged access to Gregor, and the annotations for **Kareen's Betan psychology terminology ...** (327, 429, 706) and **"Oh, that wasn't my idea ..."** (394, 521, 783). There are also echoes of *GN*, especially of the roles played by certain of the Shrewsbury dons in bringing Peter Wimsey and Harriet Vane together at last.

**"Mine to me. Yes," she whispered fiercely in his ear.** (379, 500, 766) That it is Ekaterin who (counter to generic conventions) expresses possessive triumph continues and confirms the trope of her agency, specifically in proposing and more generally throughout the second half of *ACC*, with regard to butter bugs.

**a reconciliation with his Countess** (379, 500, 766) The Vormuiris are hardly a new couple but in the timing of their surprise reconciliation they join the flood of terminal pairings ; see the

annotation for **Olivia ... has just announced her engagement** (395, 522, 785). Dono's ability so effectively to "sidetrack" Vormuir is anticipated and partly explained by his old friendship (initially as Lady Donna) with Helga Vormuir, which involved target-shooting together (379, 290, 766–7), and by Helga's own accuracy, at least where her husband is concerned, as reported at 91, 119, 436.

**a nice little Betan aphrodisiac ... No nasty side-effects, either.** (379, 500, 766) Given the date of *ACC*, there is an implicit reference to Viagra (Sildenafil citrate), used to treat erectile dysfunction, which first became available in 1998 and was very heavily advertised ; its side-effects can include headache, flushing, dyspepsia, and a variety of visual impairments. Generically speaking, such aids should not of course be needed in romance.

**Dowries! Dowries! A hundred and eighteen dowries ...** (381, 502, 768) This finely comic *and* comedic exit-line serves many purposes. As the dowries plan was Ekaterin's idea, it further extends her triumphal agency ; it retrospectively tags Vormuir the would-be controlling patriarch as another Pantalone figure, properly defeated and left to mourn his imperial marks in the comedic resolution ; and in doing so it provides fellow Pantalone Kou with a redeeming contrast.

### *Section p-o-v—Mark*

**the legend of Achilles ... both heels.** (381, 503, 768) Besides the flattering implications for Roic's physique as 'noble, nude, and antique', the reference to Achilles invokes the version familiar from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Bk XII, where Achilles's mother Thetis, learning of a prophecy that he would die in battle from a foot-wound, dipped him in the River Styx to make him invulnerable—but forgot that where her hand grasped his heel it prevented the waters' magic from reaching his skin and so left him with a vulnerability that later proved fatal. Common use of the phrase 'an Achilles heel' seems to date only to the mid-nineteenth century.

**"The Vicereine is a very famous lady," said Gustioz warily ...** (382, 504, 770) Cordelia's fame must have particular resonance on Escobar, given her prominent role in defending the planet during the Barrayaran invasion attempt in *SH*, and the publicity the Betans gave it. Gustioz is also of an age to have seen her kicking then Betan

President Steady Freddy somewhere she shouldn't on the evening news, so his caution is understandable.

**The argument continued, at rising volume, through several antechambers.** (383, 505, 770) The 'pie-fight' may be over but the farce evidently isn't.

**Killer whined and scratched ... the *Other* ...** (383, 505, 771) As Mark points out, it is "a bad sign when Killer [becomes] nameless" (184, 242, 544), and although the comic tone makes light of the moment the narrative trembles at this moment on the brink of a violence at least equivalent to that attempted by Richards, and that if unleashed would be just as fatal to the comic tone and comedic structure as Dono's emasculation. See also the annotation for "**Stunner tag!**" Ivan bellowed... (338, 444, 718).

**Framed in the doorway, a large party of persons paused in astonishment.** (383, 506, 771) There does not seem to be any single source for this magnificent mock-cliché, but the whole sentence pastiches a style often found in older (Regency) romance. In the book discussion the final scene of Peter Bogdanovich's screwball comedy *What's Up, Doc?* (1972) was suggested as an underlying inspiration or reference, but LMB has not seen it, while the ironised pastiche and use of 'persons' are characteristic of Stella Gibbons's *Cold Comfort Farm* (1932)—a favourite of LMB's that she describes as "a hilarious parody of over-wrought books [...] I highly, highly recommend it to all who've ever overdosed on Thomas Hardy and his ilk" (LMB to the List, 1 April 1999). Gibbons helpfully marked especially purple passages with one, two, or three stars, and this would be a three-star passage. In Shakespearean terms, however, it is the equivalent *both* of a ducal authority entrance, arresting the action to dole out summary justice, *and* of the revelation scene in cross-dressing comedies, with Miles revealed in his Auditorial power to correct Vassily's and Hugo's lazy and in part maliciously induced suppositions of him as a suitor. (It is a characteristic LMB-twist that the demonstration comes *after* he has accepted Ekaterin's proposal.)

**the multitracking inputs of a combat command helmet** (384, 507, 772) A reference that takes readers all the way back to *WA*, ch. 11, where Miles first discovers combat telemetry and control, and echoes Mark's difficulties in impersonating Miles in combat-mode in *MD* as well as the way Tris was able to recognise Miles as a commander, not

the clerk he was claiming to be, in BI.

**eyed the pair with growing surmise** (384, 507, 772) There is an echo of the closing lines of Keats's sonnet 'On First Looking into Chapman's Homer' (1816—another Regency work):

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

That so many of the principals of *ACC* remain briefly ignorant of Miles's and Ekaterin's spectacularly public betrothal both invokes and subverts the topos of announcing and communicating engagement, and echoes the situation of Elizabeth and Darcy in *PP*, vol. III, ch. 17.

**The entire audience ... watched him in utter silence, as if enspelled.** (385, 507, 773) The line recalls the ending of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, where Prospero uses his art to hold his enemies in stasis: "There stand / For you are spell-stopped" (*TEM*, 5.1.60–1).

**No. Your application is denied.** (386, 509, 774) Miles's 'solution' has stimulated some criticisms and justifications, as in this exchange between List members Leanne Martin, Tony Zbaraschuk, Jeff Shultz, Walter Bushell, and Gwynne Powell:

**Leanne:** Whilst reading [*ACC*] again I was caused to ponder the Vorkosigan honour ethic after Miles dismissed the extradition of the Escobarans and ordered them out of Vorkosigan House.

I must say that it spoiled my internal image of Miles's mantra of ["Reputation is what other people know about you. Honor is what you know about yourself.", 293, 386, 668]. I guess I really expected him to broker a more equitable solution; after all the Escobaran financiers were in no way criminal in their funding. [...] Miles, in perusing the legal paperwork, only seemed to weigh it against how his life might be affected if he acquiesced either way.

**Tony:** If I recall correctly, Mark offered to repay the funds



invested once the profits came through (and it's probably something he'll do, if only so he can set foot on Escobar again if he goes galaxy-hopping), but the Escobarans wanted Enrique for punishment on fraud charges (and Mark too, but he has diplomatic immunity). Miles probably considered repayment of the money adequate.

I'm not entirely sure that Miles wasn't bluffing when he said the Escobarans needed yet another bit of paperwork to remove Enrique from Vorkosigan House, either, mind you.

[Leanne and Tony to the List, 31 Oct. 2010]

**Jeff:** I think when it really comes down to it ... it's family first. And I'm sure that Miles, remembering back to Admiral Naismith and his undoubted dealings with various governments and red tape, enjoyed the opportunity to effortlessly tweak a pair of bureaucratic twits from Escobar.

**Walter:** And his brother by delaying announcing the decision. We have to assume his final decision was correct, because otherwise, shortly thereafter Enrique would have been repossessed. [Jeff and Walter to the List, 1 Nov. 2010]

**Gwynne:** Mark didn't intend to defraud the investors—he genuinely believed that he'd paid for Borgos (Jacksonian, remember [...]). ...] He just couldn't see the point of putting a perfectly good scientist in prison instead of making money out of him.

And I don't know how sure the Escobarans were of their right to take Enrique—they were careful to turn up when the Count and Countess were out, and refused to stay to discuss it with them. They were trying hard to get Enrique out of there before anyone in authority turned up.

[Gwynne to the List, 3 Nov. 2010]

**the tug-of-Enrique** (387, 511, 776) As has been pointed out from time to time by the low-minded, this would be a tug-of-non-Vor.

## Epilogue

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

*I am Aral Vorkosigan's son, after all.* (390, 514, 778) And Cordelia Naismith Vorkosigan's son as well ; compare Miles's treatment of Vormurtos with Cordelia's of Vordarian early in *B* :

[Cordelia] leaned forward, and lowered her voice. "Do you know why Vorrutyer died?"

[Vordarian] couldn't help it ; he tilted toward her, drawn in. "No ..."

"He tried to hurt Aral through me. I found that ... annoying. I wish you would cease trying to annoy me, Count Vordarian. I'm afraid you might succeed." Her voice fell further, almost to a whisper. "You should fear it, too."

His initial patronizing tone had certainly given way to wariness. He made a smooth, openhanded gesture that seemed to symbolize a bow of farewell, and backed away. "Milady." The glance over his shoulder as he moved off was thoroughly spooked. [*B*, ch. 5]

**Belike** (390, 515, 778) On the use of dialect see LMB's essay 'Dialect and Dialogue ...', on the CD supplied with the hardback *Cb*.

### *Section p-o-v—Miles*

**The Emperor's wedding ...** (390, 515, 778) To end a romance with the principal couple betrothed but not yet married is entirely conventional, and frequent in Heyer ; to end it with the betrothed couple at someone else's wedding is outrageous but in the Vorkosiverse superbly right—and LMB's manoeuvres to make it so reach back through *K* to *M* and *MD*. Nikki's absence, however, has sometimes bothered readers who find it "a little surprising that a child Gregor gave his ultraprivate code card isn't invited to the most important ceremony of the year" (Denis Trenque to the List, 2 Jan. 2001) : the general but not universal conclusion is that private and public access to Gregor need to be distinguished, that Nikki being unmentioned does not necessarily mean he was not present, that he might well be off with other invited children, and that the lack of

even a passing mention of him at the wedding is nevertheless to be regretted.

**Then we drown our pursuers ... and escape.** (390, 515, 779) The need, departing for one's honeymoon, to escape both relatives and journalists is a major topos of the 'Prothalamion' to *BH*. For European readers Gregor's "lake of wine" echoes the EU problem of the 'wine lake', subsidised overproduction of wine, much in the news in the later 1990s.

**The bride's dress, he noted in the certainty that there would be a quiz later ...** (391, 516, 780) Besides the general joke about gender priorities and stereotypes this caps the sequence of allusions to *JE* concerning richness and austerities of female dress ; see the annotation for **She wore a calf-length dress ...** (4, 5, 337).

**Miles suspected equine tranquilizers** (391, 516, 780) If Laisa's "notably placid mare" is the same beast Gregor procured for her to ride in *M*, ch. 9, the poor animal must be getting used to being tranquilized for Komarrans.

### *Section p-o-v—Kareen*

**the astronomical cost of his wedding reception** (392, 518, 781) Not, of course, a matter about which Romance couples (or emperors) are supposed to worry—but a major concern in reality, and money is always quite close to Vor hearts. The line also sets up Kou's worries about his daughters' matrimonial "shot[s] at [his] poor budget" (396, 523, 785).

**The effect was a little like a District Fair ...** (392, 518, 781) But perhaps not *that* like—the last time a District Fair was mentioned was when Miles considered his epilepsy to have provided the "best show since the bicycle-riding bear had come to the Hassadar Fair and spooked the horses" (*M*, ch. 19).

**Lord Mark Vorkosigan and MPVK Enterprises** (393, 518, 781) Mark's full name is Mark Pierre Vorkosigan ; see the annotation for **which was where the Pierre ...** (136, 177, 488).

**"Oh, that wasn't my idea ..."** (394, 521, 783) Like Miles's speculation about contacts between Cordelia and Helen Vorthys, and Ekaterin's use of Kareen's 'Betan terminology', the revelation of Miles's behind-the-scenes concern to make the butter-bug project workable as a benefit both to his liege-folk and his clone-brother is a

reminder of how much LMB has left unreported. See also the annotations for **Kareen's Betan psychology terminology ...** (327, 429, 706) and **some secret sisterhood revealed ...** (377, 498, 764)

*Section p-o-v—Mark*

**Madame Koudelka in something green and flowing like the Queen of Summer** (395, 522, 784) An anticipation of the Mother of Summer in *CC*, *PS*, and *HH*. Given the green dress and nuptial context there may also be an allusion to Titania, the Queen of the Fairies in *MND*, often dressed thus on stage, who is associated with summer foison and ends the play by invoking a blessing on marriage beds:

*Now until the break of day,  
Through this house each Fairy stray.  
To the best Bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be :  
And the issue there create,  
Ever shall be fortunate :  
So shall all the couples three,  
Ever true in loving be :  
And the blots of Nature's hand,  
Shall not in their issue stand.  
Never mole, harelip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in Nativity,  
Shall upon their children be. [MND 5.1.401–14]*

The 'harelip' is the 'cat's mouth' for which Raina Csurik was so "Despised in Nativity" as to be murdered by her grandmother, in *MM*.

**Olivia ... has just announced her engagement** (395, 522, 785) The Shakespearean impulse to mass nuptials by way of a finale gains some real traction ; see Part I, s. vv. 'William Shakespeare'. It is worth considering also just how many couples LMB manages to have in attendance at the finale, and the way they accumulate to thicken the great turn in the series action that is most clearly marked by Miles's change of job in *M* and the greater admixture of crime and /or

romance plotting thereafter. *M* generates, principally, Gregor & Laisa, and orchestrates them with Duv & Delia, and Simon & Alys ; *K*, in its thrillerish nature is less nuptial, but offers instead a most intimate portrait of incipient divorce aborted only by widowhood, and of childhood threatened by mismarriage ; and *ACC* keeps the three from *M* going while adding, principally, Miles & Ekaterin, and further orchestrating with Mark & Kareen, Dono & Olivia, Enrique & Martya, and even the newly betrothed Lady Cassia Vorgorov & Lord William Vortashpula (330, 434, 710), as well as (in counterpoint) René & Tatyá Vorbretten, to whom one might add Count & Countess Vormuir (see the annotation for **a reconciliation with his Countess**, 379, 500, 766)—no less than ten couples, all told. Then, as background for the whole parade, there are the long-lasting marriages of Georg & Helen Vorthys, Kou & Drou, and above all Aral & Cordelia, the latter two of which begin in the diptych of *SH* and *B* ; and in further counterpoint, the disastrous royal couple of Crown Prince Serg and Princess Kareen, dead but never forgotten ; while more counter-comically there is Ivan's continuing bachelorhood. Regency and other romances are often saturated with ideas and discussion of marriage, but to have more than four couples reaching the altar is very rare, and this is, by any standards, a remarkable concatenation, very substantially but not wholly positive ; the lushness of *LMB*'s orchestration both promotes the emotional relief and closure of Gregor's marriage and Miles's engagement, and in its tonal range helps to explain how an ending as frankly indulgent and (in fanfic-speak) distinctly fuzzy if not downright fluffy as that of *ACC* can at the same time feel so possessed of gravitas. Cf. the oddly invented epigraph to *BH*, ch. 1—"I agree with Dryden that 'Marriage is a noble daring'"—falsely attributed by Sayers to "SAMUEL JOHNSON : *Table Talk*" (as Stephan P. Clarke confirms in *The Lord Peter Wimsey Companion*), but itself a noble opinion speaking directly to the optimism with which almost all weddings are in their right nature replete, howsoever the guests may be sanguine.

**"She wants a big wedding" / "... first shot at my poor budget."** (396, 523, 785) Tandem engagements (and nuptials) are found not only in Shakespeare but in a number of Regency romances. Perhaps the most notable is the rapid-fire betrothal and joint wedding of *PP*'s sisters Jane and Elizabeth : "Happy for all her maternal feelings was

the day on which Mrs. Bennet got rid of her two most deserving daughters” (*PP*, vol. III, ch. 19). Kou’s financial concerns remain those of a Pantalone, and are given some pathos by the context of Gregor’s sumptuous wedding reception : see also the annotation for **the astronomical cost of his wedding reception** (392, 518, 781).

**Mark, I, ah ... feel I owe you an apology.** (396, 523, 785) Most Pantalone-types owe their children apologies, but very rarely make them.

**she and René have started their little boy** (397, 524, 786) And another pregnancy is added to the mix—but not merely for the fun of it. The replicator pregnancy both ends the Vorbretens’ immediate story, which began with René having a gene scan in preparation for paternity, and is another series-spiral, picking up the saga of Elena Bothari’s and Miles’s replicators from *SH* and *B*, and anticipating the replicator sagas of *DI*. The feminine interest shown by Count Dono adds another kind of twist.

**“Mother, surely,” murmured Mark.** (397, 524, 787) Kou’s line about Dono being old enough to be Olivia’s father invokes the old cliché of May and December, a staple of romance comedy (especially *commedia dell’arte*) pitting an unwanted, older, parentally-favoured suitor against a beloved swain, and more recently updated in the notion of wealthy older men with ‘trophy wives’. But Mark’s deadpan, wickedly dry retort of Donna–Dono’s transgendering stands much on its head. Cf. what is probably Ursula Le Guin’s single most famous sentence, in *The Left Hand of Darkness*, ch. 8—“The king was pregnant.”

**my brother-in-law, Dr. Enrique Borgos ...** (398, 525, 787) Mark’s speculation fits the mood wonderfully—see the annotation for **Olivia ... has just announced her engagement** (395, 522, 785)—but its accuracy is moot. *Cb* confirms that Martya has married and borne at least one child, but does not confirm Enrique as her husband, and further confirms that while Mark and Kareen remain tightly partnered they have not married : see the annotation for **Could they picture ... potential husband?** (34, 46, 371).

### *Section p-o-v—Ivan*

**Ivan stood and watched ...** (398, 525, 788) Ivan’s continuing status as a bachelor and his note of disgruntlement throughout his

conversation with By give him here (and here alone) a resonance with those Shakespearean characters who absent themselves from the final celebrations of their comedies—most famously, Jaques in *AYL* and Malvolio in *TN*, to whom may be added Isabella in *MM*, mute for the last 84 lines of the play and (in Shakespeare’s text, at least) utterly unresponsive to Duke Vincentio’s repeated proposal of marriage. At the same time this scene, with Ivan seeking out By, may be read against his inability to exclude By when he came calling with news of the slander campaign : see the annotations for **Ivan was briefly sorry ...** (217, 287, 581), **By was looking a bit seedy ...** (217, 287, 581), and **a desperately strung-out looking Byerly Vorrutyer ...** (363, 479, 748).

**You play games like that ... Rule One. ... Rule Two.** (400, 527–8, 789) Besides echoing both Miles’s agreement with Ivan’s observation in ch. 14 that “It’s not a dirty trick if it’s untraceable” (281, 371, 654), and Count Vorpatril’s statement in ch. 18 that “There is an unwritten rule among us, Richars ; if you attempt any ploy on the far side of ethical, you’d damned well better be good enough at your game not to get caught” (367, 483, 752), this recalls a much younger Miles’s remark to Colonel Voreedi:

Voreedi blinked, slowly, like a lizard. “No rules at all?”

“Well, one rule, maybe. Deliver success or pay with your ass.” [C, ch.11]

Comparing all three statements makes it clear, however, that two rules, or aspects of the rule, are involved—one a straightforward version of what is often called the ‘eleventh commandment’, ‘Thou shalt not get caught’, and the other the more severely inflected ‘succeed or die’. For all the murderous toughness of Barrayar, Miles’s galactic adventuring was in some ways a still harder school (if vastly more congenial to Naismith). The trope of success justifying outrage and rule-breach is common, but in LMB’s known reading particularly echoes the Great-Game shenanigans of Kipling’s *Kim* (1901) and the exploits of Forester’s Hornblower from *The Happy Return* (1937) onwards ; Ian Fleming’s James Bond also comes to mind.

**One of Illyan’s dirty angels** (400, 528, 790) The phrase summons

Michael Curtiz's gangster-film *Angels with Dirty Faces* (1938), but LMB has not seen it and there is no substantive connection.

**Section p-o-v—Ekaterin**

**the ninth circle of hell** (402, 530, 792) This refers to Dante's *Inferno* in his *Divine Comedy* (1308–21), in which Hell has nine circles, the ninth and last being devoted to traitors who have betrayed kindred, polities, guests, and liege-lords ; at the very centre Satan chews on Brutus, Cassius, and Judas Iscariot. Whether Alexi Vormoncrief can really be held to have been treacherous (as opposed to vain, malicious, and stupid) is moot, but his posting to the freezing Barrayaran arctic is the appropriate punishment, Dante's ninth circle being not fiery (as are circles one to eight) but an icy wilderness in which the sinners are glacially buried up to their necks or beyond—hence Miles's reply to Ekaterin, “Just as good. Almost the same thing, actually” (which incidentally reveals that he is familiar with Dante's *Inferno*—perhaps in the poetic Penguin Classics translation by Sayers!). Within the series there is also an echo of the opening sentences of BI (which acquires considerable religious reference through its intertextual engagement with Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*):

*How could I have died and gone to hell without noticing the transition?*

The opalescent force dome capped a surreal and alien landscape, frozen for a moment by Miles's disorientation and dismay. The dome defined a perfect circle, half a kilometre in diameter. [...] It was like being trapped inside an eggshell. An unbreakable eggshell.

Within was a scene from an ancient limbo. [BI]

**I spent an eternity there ...** (402, 530, 792) In VG, chs 1–5 ; Miles's language continues the Dantean allusions.

**the Cetagandan diplomatic delegation ...** (403, 532, 793) There is a slight oddity here, in that the “regular ambassador and his tall and glamorous wife” sound very much like a ghem and his haut trophy wife, especially if one factors in how senior an appointment, politically speaking, the ambassadorship of the Celestial Garden to



the Court of H.I.M. Gregor Vorbarra must be ; such wives in *C* do not, despite some loss of haut privilege, cease to be haut, yet Pel's presence is notable because "haut ladies were said never to travel".

**Ghem-general Benin ... haut Pel ...** (403, 532, 793) Dag Benin and the haut Pel Navarr both feature in *C*, and subsequently in *DI*, ch. 18.

**Admiral Naismith and his various clones, real and imagined ...** (404, 533, 794) The reference is to events in *BA*, when the Cetagandans were pursuing Naismith after the Dagoola IV prison-break (BI), and he sought as Lord Vorkosigan to confuse them by pretending Naismith was an unlicensed clone—when enter stage left Mark, then as physically indistinguishable from Miles as design and ingenuity could make him ...

**And what if ... No. We were two other people then.** (404, 534, 795) Ekaterin's fantasy of meeting Miles during early adulthood, as well as her acknowledgment that the two would not yet have been ready for their eventual relationship, echoes the premise of Austen's *Persuasion* (1818), in which protagonists Anne Elliot and Frederick Wentworth fail in their courtship as young adults (partly through well-meaning interference) but enjoy far greater romantic success upon reuniting seven years later. Variations on the trope occur in Heyer's *Friday's Child* (1944) and *Charity Girl* (1970).

**Roots grow deep in the dark.** (404, 534, 795) The collocations of 'roots', 'deep', and 'dark' are natural and the metaphor derives primarily from Ekaterin's gardening, but 'roots' is a frequent word in *The Lord of the Rings*, applied both to twisting tree-roots and the roots of mountains where darkness and other things dwell (including Gollum). There may be two echoes in particular, of Bilbo's verse-line "*Deep roots are not reached by the frost*" (*The Fellowship of the Ring*, chs I.11, II.2), and of Merry's observation that "you must start somewhere and have some roots, and the soil of the Shire is deep" (*The Return of the King*, ch. V.8). See also the annotation for **The sensation was like opening the door ...** (325, 427, 704).

**She acknowledged her years lost ... regret** (404–05, 534, 795) A final echo of *GN* and *BH*, where Harriet, though regretting the years in which she denied Peter, cannot regret her previous, unhappy relationship (though wishing it had not ended in death) as it has helped to make her what she is, a woman who can be happy with

him. WG and *DI* extend the intertextual relations with *BH*.

**... for dinner. Shall we go in, milady?** (405, 534, 795) The imminence of a rather more successful dinner finally balances the disaster of ch. 9, while Miles's last reference to Ekaterin as 'milady' anticipates the marriage ceremony in WG that will formally make her so.

## Afterword

### LMB's continuing romance with romance

The unfinished nuptial business of *A Civil Campaign* is concluded in 'Winterfair Gifts', which first appeared in an anthology devoted to 'Science Fiction romance' and uses the courtship of Roic and Taura as a recapitulative coda—in effect, a further miniature version of *Pride and Prejudice*. The novella also has a crime plot, and it is that generic trope of mystery and investigation that dominates the two later Vorkosiverse novels, *Diplomatic Immunity* and *Cryoburn*—but LMB's principal work since *A Civil Campaign*, the fantasy novels of the 'Chalionverse' and 'Wide Green World', have enormously extended and deepened her treatment of romance.

At the obvious levels of plot each of the fantasy novels centrally features movement towards a concluding union. Iselle and Bergon, Caz and Betriz, Ista and Illvin, Ingrey and Ijada, Dag and Fawn, Whit and Berry, Sumac and Arkady—each couple in turn not only take centre stage but resonate with larger interrogations and dissections of romance tropes and topoi both ancient and modern. The episodic travelogues and pilgrimages woven into all the Chalionverse novels and *The Sharing Knife* invite readings that relate them to mediaeval romances (notably Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*), but the latter also embodies in successive volumes romances of the American West, including the female encounters with bandits and Indians as well as the 'romance of the river' made famous by Mark Twain.

The kinds of subtleties involved and LMB's awareness of them are demonstrated in one of her posts during a List discussion of the ending of *The Sharing Knife: Legacy*, and particularly Dag's pre-emption of the Council's decision about the validity of his and Fawn's marriage by announcing his voluntary departure:

Which is, by the way what makes this (also) the climax of a romance novel. In such, the end of the negotiation-of-the-relationship comes when each partner demonstrates that they are willing to give up all prior entanglements for the other, or,

in more thoughtful works, for the good of the other. Fawn had her preliminary moment at her wedding, back in what used to be the middle of the book. Dag does not have another woman to give up; he's one of those men married to his job, and his job is Fawn's real rival.

This is what makes the Council scheme the emotional climax of the (big, original) book—not some physical or political conflict, though both provide necessary framework.

(There is an amusing Susan Elizabeth Phillips contemporary romance novel with this plot, *Match Me If You Can*, in which the alpha-male hero is a high-powered sports agent; the climax occurs when he finally unglues his cell phone from his ear and pays total emotional attention to the heroine.)

Dag's choices embed more serious moral dilemmas than one man's career, though, and are consequently rather more complex. [LMB to the List, 30 April 2011]

All else aside, this provides a sharp insight into the evolution of the 'Wide Green World' duology or diptych into *The Sharing Knife* quartet, and so highlights the ways in which the pairings of *Beguilement–Legacy* and *Passage–Horizon* constitute successive romances, of personal commitment and of travelling adventure. Two of LMB's most substantial recent essays have also been centrally concerned with the interface of SF and romance—her Guest of Honor speech at Denvention 3 in August 2008 and her 2010 introduction to the anthology *Love and Rockets*. As both pieces insist, that interface is complex and often confusing, with some genuine tensions, but also has historical roots reaching far beyond the modern mass-market genre, and has, at least since Tolkien, been increasingly dynamic.

Where LMB's work as a novelist—not only a writer—will go next is for her to know and us to await, but there seems little reason to doubt that romance in one and another form, traditional and emergent, will continue to play a central part.

## **Index of authors, works, and other sources cited**

There are two alphabetical lists. The first is of authors and other sources quoted or cited, including (for example) Robert Heinlein, *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, and Viagra. The second is of specific works quoted or cited by title, principally books but including films, operas &c.. Authors of posts to the List that are quoted appear in the first list, but are not represented in the second. Abbreviations used in annotations are parenthetically noted for use as alternative search-terms.

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