

Chapter 1 : The Practice Effect by David Brin - BookBub

The concept of the practice effect itself makes this novel one that you should take a look at in addition to Brin's other more well known works. To me it was as if the world was a character all unto itself.

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Chapter 2 : The Practice Effect by David Brin (, Paperback) | eBay

The Practice Effect has 3, ratings and reviews. Terry said: I have read this book every year since it first came out in paperback. Many of those r.

Create New "There was that word again Dennis was getting sick of it. He got a gnawing sensation whenever he heard it, as if his subconscious were trying to tell him something it had already figured out. Something another part of him was just as frantically rejecting. The Practice Effect is a novel by David Brin. The Zeivatron - a device that allows travel between parallel universes - is broken. The robots being sent to the other side are not returning. Dennis Nuel is chosen to go through and repair it from the other side. Finding the Zeivatron sabotaged beyond repair he finds himself stranded on Tatir, a world not unlike like our own but with one major difference - with use any object becomes better, instead of wearing out. A flint knife gradually becomes a razor sharp knife, but if left alone reverts back to its original state. Tropes used in this book: Dennis is surprised to find humans instead of the aliens he speculated about being there as he explored. Aliens are eventually brought up in the never-followed-up-on Sequel Hook , though. Dennis initially assumes the people of Tatir went through some kind of global high-tech war that wiped out the advanced civilization and resulted in a Scavenger World , where old stuff is high-tech, and new stuff is crappy. Dennis is sent to the AI project, which had already been proven a "dead end" by Then the robot is shown to become better at following and interpreting instructions as it is practiced up on the planet. The Practice Effect is actually very high tech. Dennis arrives just as war begins. It turns out Tatir is actually a colony of Earth, far in the future. All weapons are this trope in this book, because the more they are used, the better they become. The trope is also played with - when a weapon is not used, is reverts back to its original form. At the end of the book, the reason for the practice effect existing and the history the planet is revealed in this way. What would the world be like if instead of objects breaking down and wearing out through use, use made things better? What if practice really did make perfect? Hot on His Own Trail: At one point he finds a campsite and explores it in growing excitement. Shoes with tread patterns! Patterns just like falls down looking at his own soles This was how gliders were developed in the world. Because of The Practice Effect, the development of new technology has been very slow. The princess warns Dennis about this, but he says he has no children back on earth. The robot repeatedly informs Dennis that it is ready to make a full report on the culture of Tatir. Dennis is reassigned to a dead-end AI project. The laws of thermodynamics have been altered by the bioengineered Krenegee Beasts to cause the Practice Effect. It is revealed near the end of the book that Tatir was infected by a bioplague placed there by an alien species, the "Blecker". No more sequels were written, though. It is noted in the book how physics was found to be a dead end by the year and AI was found to be a dead end by Dennis notes several metal veins ripe for the taking that are unused, foreshadowing the fact that few people actually manufacture things there.

Chapter 3 : The Practice Effect - Wikipedia

In THE PRACTICE EFFECT physicist Dennis Nuel is the first human to probe the strange realms called anomaly worlds – alternate universes where the laws of science are unpredictably changed. But the world Dennis discovers seems almost like our own – with one perplexing difference.

This talent shows strongly in *Kiln People*, a novel which is deep and insightful and often hilarious, all at the same time. He excels at the essential craft of the page-turner, which is to devise an elegantly knotted plot that yields a richly variegated succession of high-impact adventures undergone by an array of believably heroic characters. At the front of the dimly lit conference room, the portly, gray-haired director of the Sahara Institute of Technology paced back and forth – staring at the ceiling with his hands clasped behind his back – while he pontificated ponderously on a subject he clearly barely understood. Once upon a time, Marcel Flaster might have been one of the shining lights of physics. But that had been long ago, before any of the younger scientists present had ever considered careers in reality physics. Dennis wondered what could have ever have converted a once-talented mind into a boring, tendentious administrator. He swore he would jump off of Mt. Feynman before it ever happened to him. The sonorous voice droned on. He began to slump in his seat. Now he recalled what power on Earth had dragged him here. Gabbie had kicked open the door to his room and hauled him by his ear into the shower, ignoring his howling protests and his modesty. She had kept her formidable grip on his arm until they were both planted here in the Sahara Tech conference room. Dennis rubbed his arm just above the elbow. She nudged him again. You have the attention span of a cranky otter! Do you want to find yourself exiled even farther from the zievatronics experiment? He shook his head silently and made an effort to be attentive. Flaster finished drawing a vague figure in the holo tank at the front of the seminar room. The psychophysicist put his light-pen down on the podium and unconsciously wiped his hands on his pants, though the last piece of blackboard chalk had been outlawed more than thirty years before. Dennis looked at the light-drawing unbelievably. Her fingernails lanced into his thigh. Dennis winced, but managed an expression of lamblike innocence when Flaster looked up myopically. After a moment the director cleared his throat. The centroid of an object is the balance point, where all net forces can be said to come to play She sank into her seat, obviously wishing she were elsewhere. The Chief Scientist smiled vaguely. The tall, beagle-eyed young man had once been his chief rival until managing to have Dennis completely removed from the activity in the main zievatronics laboratory. Brady gave Dennis a smile of pure spite. After what had happened in the past few months, he felt he had little left to lose. I used to be assistant director of Lab One, you might recall. As a matter of fact, your name has crossed my desk very recently. Clearly, nothing would please Brady more than if Dennis were sent on a far-away sample-collecting mission Why, so it is! Dennis had removed his cummerbund, folded it into a sling, and flung a shot glass to bring down the batlike creature before it could hurt someone seriously with its razor-sharp beak. The improvisation had made him an instant hero among the postdocs and techs and got Gabbie started on her present campaign to "save his career. The brief glimpse he caught had set his mind spinning with possibilities. Most of those present at the dance had assumed that it was an escaped experiment from the Gene-craft Center, at the opposite end of the Institute. But Dennis had other ideas. One look had told him that the thing had clearly not come from Earth! Taciturn men from Security had quickly arrived and crated the stunned animal away. Still, Dennis was certain it had come from Lab One Can you tell us what it was, at last? It was an unconventional thing to do, challenging the Chief Scientist in front of everybody. What more could Flaster do to him? Flaster regarded Dennis expressionlessly. I promise I will answer all of your questions then. Did the fellow really mean it? Indicating he would be there, and Flaster turned back to his holosketch. His hair was slightly too long for the current style – more out of a vague obstinacy than out of any real conviction. In reality he was just a little too lazy to qualify for the former, and just a bit too goodhearted for the latter. He had curly brown hair and brown eyes that were right now just a little reddened from a poker game that had gone on too late the night before. After the lecture, as the crowd of sleepy junior scientists dispersed to find secret corners in which to nap, Dennis paused by the department bulletin board, hoping to see an advertisement for another research center working in zievatronics. Sahara

Tech was the only place doing really advanced work with the ziev effect. He had been responsible for many of those advances. Until six months ago. Brady looked pumped up, as if he had just conquered Mt. Clearly he was crazy in love. Dennis wished the fellow luck. Gabbie was a competent scientist in her own right, of course. But she was just a bit too tenacious for Dennis to relax with. He looked at his watch. It was time to go see what Flaster wanted. Dennis brought his shoulders back. Flaster was going to answer some questions, or Dennis was going to quit! He still had no idea why Flaster had asked him here. Rich Schwall and I think He had long ago concluded that the Chief Scientist had shoved him into a corner of Sahara Tech in order to put his own cronies into the zievatronics lab. Guinasso, Dennis had been at the very center of the exciting field of reality analysis. Thinking about it still made Dennis bitter. He had felt sure they were just about to make tremendous discoveries when he was exiled from the work he loved. You do show remarkable insight. Flaster got up and went to an intricate espresso urn on a sideboard. He poured two demitasses of thick Atlas Mountains coffee and offered one to Dennis. Dennis took the small cup numbly. He barely tasted the heavy, sweet brew. Flaster returned to his desk and sipped delicately from his demitasse. I was planning to move you back into Lab One in a matter of weeks, anyway. And now that the subministry position has opened up So when he called me just the other day to ask for help He had been certain the older man disliked him. What in the world would motivate him to turn to Dennis when it came to choosing a replacement? Dennis wondered if his dislike for Flaster had blinded him to some nobler side of the man. Just the sort of thing that would show the lab your leadership ability and guarantee your universal acceptance by all. Flaster reached under the desk and pulled out a glass box. Within it was a furry-winged, razor-toothed monstrosity, rigid and lifeless. I handed it over to our taxidermist Right now they seemed filled less with malevolence than with deep mystery. As you guessed, our little friend here is not from the genetics labs, nor from anywhere in the solar system, for that matter. You latched onto something better than vacuum, or purple mist! Dennis shook his head. He sat down heavily. And turned up the most amazingly Earthlike world. The biologists are ecstatic, to say the least. The zievatron was the key to the stars! The Director rose and returned to the coffee urn for a refill. Dennis looked up, his thoughts still spinning.

Chapter 4 : The Practice Effect (Audiobook) by David Brin | www.nxgvision.com

David Brin is a scientist and the bestselling author of Sundiver, The Uplift War, Startide Rising, The Practice Effect, The Postman, Heart of the Comet (with Gregory Benford), Earth, Glory Season, Brightness Reef, and Infinity's Shore, as well as the short-story collections The River of Time and Otherness.

At the front of the dimly lit conference room, the portly, gray-haired director of the Sahara Institute of Technology paced back and forth “staring at the ceiling with his hands clasped behind his back” while he pontificated ponderously on a subject he clearly barely understood. Once upon a time, Marcel Flaster might have been one of the shining lights of physics. But that had been long ago, before any of the younger scientists present had ever considered careers in reality physics. Dennis wondered what could have ever converted a once-talented mind into a boring, tendentious administrator. He swore he would jump off of Mt. Feynman before it ever happened to him. The sonorous voice droned on. He began to slump in his seat. Now he recalled what power on Earth had dragged him here. Gabbie had kicked open the door to his room and hauled him by his ear into the shower, ignoring his howling protests and his modesty. She had kept her formidable grip on his arm until they were both planted here in the Sahara Tech conference room. Dennis rubbed his arm just above the elbow. She nudged him again. You have the attention span of a cranky otter! Do you want to find yourself exiled even farther from the zievtronics experiment? He shook his head silently and made an effort to be attentive. Flaster finished drawing a vague figure in the holo tank at the front of the seminar room. The psychophysicist put his light-pen down on the podium and unconsciously wiped his hands on his pants, though the last piece of blackboard chalk had been outlawed more than thirty years before. Dennis looked at the light-drawing unbelievably. Her fingernails lanced into his thigh. Dennis winced, but managed an expression of lamblike innocence when Flaster looked up myopically. After a moment the director cleared his throat. The centroid of an object is the balance point, where all net forces can be said to come to play She sank into her seat, obviously wishing she were elsewhere. The Chief Scientist smiled vaguely. The tall, beagle-eyed young man had once been his chief rival until managing to have Dennis completely removed from the activity in the main zievtronics laboratory. Brady gave Dennis a smile of pure spite. After what had happened in the past few months, he felt he had little left to lose. I used to be assistant director of Lab One, you might recall. As a matter of fact, your name has crossed my desk very recently. Clearly, nothing would please Brady more than if Dennis were sent on a far-away sample-collecting mission Why, so it is! Dennis had removed his cummerbund, folded it into a sling, and flung a shot glass to bring down the batlike creature before it could hurt someone seriously with its razor-sharp beak. The improvisation had made him an instant hero among the postdocs and techs and got Gabbie started on her present campaign to "save his career. The brief glimpse he caught had set his mind spinning with possibilities. Most of those present at the dance had assumed that it was an escaped experiment from the Gene-craft Center, at the opposite end of the Institute. But Dennis had other ideas. One look had told him that the thing had clearly not come from Earth! Taciturn men from Security had quickly arrived and crated the stunned animal away. Still, Dennis was certain it had come from Lab One Can you tell us what it was, at last? It was an unconventional thing to do, challenging the Chief Scientist in front of everybody. What more could Flaster do to him? Flaster regarded Dennis expressionlessly. I promise I will answer all of your questions then. Did the fellow really mean it? Indicating he would be there, and Flaster turned back to his holosketch. His hair was slightly too long for the current style “more out of a vague obstinacy than out of any real conviction. In reality he was just a little too lazy to qualify for the former, and just a bit too goodhearted for the latter. He had curly brown hair and brown eyes that were right now just a little reddened from a poker game that had gone on too late the night before. After the lecture, as the crowd of sleepy junior scientists dispersed to find secret corners in which to nap, Dennis paused by the department bulletin board, hoping to see an advertisement for another research center working in zievtronics. Sahara Tech was the only place doing really advanced work with the ziev effect. He had been responsible for many of those advances. Until six months ago. Brady looked pumped up, as if he had just conquered Mt. Clearly he was crazy in love. Dennis wished the fellow luck. Gabbie was a competent scientist in her own right, of

course. But she was just a bit too tenacious for Dennis to relax with. He looked at his watch. It was time to go see what Flaster wanted. Dennis brought his shoulders back. Flaster was going to answer some questions, or Dennis was going to quit! He still had no idea why Flaster had asked him here. Rich Schwall and I think He had long ago concluded that the Chief Scientist had shoved him into a corner of Sahara Tech in order to put his own cronies into the zievatronics lab. Guinasso, Dennis had been at the very center of the exciting field of reality analysis. Thinking about it still made Dennis bitter. He had felt sure they were just about to make tremendous discoveries when he was exiled from the work he loved. You do show remarkable insight. Flaster got up and went to an intricate espresso urn on a sideboard. He poured two demitasses of thick Atlas Mountains coffee and offered one to Dennis. Dennis took the small cup numbly. He barely tasted the heavy, sweet brew. Flaster returned to his desk and sipped delicately from his demitasse. I was planning to move you back into Lab One in a matter of weeks, anyway. And now that the subministry position has opened up So when he called me just the other day to ask for help He had been certain the older man disliked him. What in the world would motivate him to turn to Dennis when it came to choosing a replacement? Dennis wondered if his dislike for Flaster had blinded him to some nobler side of the man. Just the sort of thing that would show the lab your leadership ability and guarantee your universal acceptance by all. Flaster reached under the desk and pulled out a glass box. Within it was a furry-winged, razor-toothed monstrosity, rigid and lifeless. I handed it over to our taxidermist Right now they seemed filled less with malevolence than with deep mystery. As you guessed, our little friend here is not from the genetics labs, nor from anywhere in the solar system, for that matter. You latched onto something better than vacuum, or purple mist! Dennis shook his head. He sat down heavily. And turned up the most amazingly Earthlike world. The biologists are ecstatic, to say the least. The zievatron was the key to the stars! The Director rose and returned to the coffee urn for a refill. Dennis looked lip, his thoughts still spinning. The zievatron was busted. After most of a day spent poking through the guts of the machine, Dennis was still getting used to the changes that had been made in Laboratory One since his banishment. The main generators were the same, as were the old reality probes he and Dr. Guinasso had laboriously handtuned back in the early days.

Chapter 5 : The Practice Effect by David Brin

The Practice Effect is a novel by David Brin, written in Plot summary. A scientist by the name of Dennis Nuel is working at, and attending, an institute of.

The Practice Effect is a pseudo-sci-fi, maybe a bit more of a fantasy book, about a scientist who travels to a foreign land where the laws of physics are ever so slightly different than they are on earth. We follow Dennis, our scientist, as he tries to make his way in this new and crazy world, often landing in a lot of trouble. You may have noticed even my very first sentence felt a bit confused. Not that I mind, I love fantasy too - I just felt a little In a sci-fi way? A scientist enters an alternate dimension, very like Earth except that objects can be made better by practice. Is that a spoiler? Consequently people never improved at making things, because they can improve things by using them. The hero uses his knowledge of making things to overcome difficulties. He wins the war and gets the girl. The writing is average and the characters two-dimensional. He got better with practice. It just came to me this morning why I am underwhelmed by this book. The main conflict in this book is a local war. In the "outsider brings new technology" sub-genre, the real conflicts should be the economic and social effects. For instance, take Lord Kelvin of Otherwhen which is a military story almost from start to finish. In addition there is a small subplot among the advisers to the king supporting Calvin. This novel was written in and does not have any of those elements. There is one intriguing plot twist and I will reveal it right here: What happens if we reverse the Second Law of Thermodynamics? This book is a lame attempt at trying to explain what would take place if nothing falls apart but actually improves over time except people. This is obviously the work of a young David Brin. The dialogue is contrived. No one talks this way. The two primary characters fall in love but there is no explanation of why. The girl is good looking and this is the extent of the attraction between them. Yet, they are willing to be in a relationship with an alien based on a few passing glances and an improbable ride on a glider turned single-engine aircraft. The battles have no drama in them. The main character knows all about all of science and almost never follows a wrong hunch. The primary foil character is almost as likeable as the main guy and the evil villain gets thwarted way too easily. There is no quest, no self-discovery and very little suspense to hold the story together. To top all of that off, the ending makes no sense at all. Even if it did make sense, it has no point to it. The only point I could conjure was wondering if the hero becomes his own ancestor. There is so much Deus Ex Machina that I wonder if Brin himself believed his book would improve over time. All this book proves is that the second Law of Thermodynamics applies to this novel. It looks very weak, even after all these years. I was a little shocked to find that the book had been signed by the author. Anyway, I needed a fairly quick read to pass the time and I decided that it was time to give this one a shot. It turned out to be nothing like what I was expecting. With Brin, you expect to find yourself immersed into a fairly hard SF story. And this book begins that way, but then you are thrust into a primitive world where the concept of entropy is seemingly reversed. It was a fun read and I enjoyed it. It seemed a little bit too contrived and convoluted for them to have guessed such a possibility. One of the more enjoyable moments from my point of view was seeing the service-probe robot and how it is affected by the odd qualities of the world and becomes a mechanical sidekick to rival R2D2. Other interesting winks at sci fi and fantasy pulp tropes abound in this fun excursion by a master of the craft. Review will shown on site after approval.

Chapter 6 : The Practice Effect (Literature) - TV Tropes

The Practice Effect was my first David Brin book. And I now have many more. That is how much I liked this book. I was feeling a bit starved for humour the other day.

, , , , , " , , , " , , - , , !! This book is standalone and not part of any series. I own an old paperback copy of this book. It was something that I kept hoping would be made into audio. And yet I was also afraid that it would be, but would be done badly. Dennis is a perfect example of this. When I read this book for the first time, I thought I might end up being a bit disappointed and maybe even offended as a female reader. The only woman mentioned at Sahara Tech is pushy and obnoxious, and then part way through we are introduced to a "beautiful princess" from a mystic tribe. Thankfully it turned out to be a bit deeper than that. The world felt complete and complex. I would like to see both get an upgrade. Our Hero Dennis Nuel: A reality physicist with a sharp wit. In reality he was just a little too lazy to qualify for the former, and just a bit too goodhearted for the latter. Not just here to adore the hero. Her opinion about him see saws quite a bit, and she is clearly able to think for herself. She is weak enough to faint when confronted by something overwhelming, and strong enough to walk for a full day on blistered feet and a twisted ankle; foolish enough to go off without a guard, and wise enough to realize her beliefs might need re-examining. This is NOT a romance, but does include one. There is no InstaLove, but neither is there a lot of time spent on developing the relationship. I will say that I especially enjoyed the description of the city that included not just what it looked like, but how it sounded and smelled as well. A favorite bit of Earth tech is the exploratory robot. At the front of the dimly lit conference room, the portly, gray-haired director of the Sahara Institute of Technology paced back and forth - staring at the ceiling with his hands clasped behind his back - while he pontificated ponderously on a subject he clearly barely understood. In a science-fiction story he had read as a boy, another Earthling had, just like himself, been transported to another world where the physical laws were also different. I listen on 1.

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The Practice Effect by David Brin on BookBub. From one of the most critically acclaimed and well-loved authors of contemporary science fiction, a highly imaginative and exciting story as only David Brin can write.

Chapter 8 : David Brin - Wikipedia

*Real Rating = * SciFi Novel that achieves the author's objective of "mixing rapid fire fun with challenging ideas" BOOK DETAILS: The Practice Effect by David Brin, read by Andy Caploe, published by Audible Studios () / Length: 12 hrs 16 min SERIES INFO: This book is standalone and not part of any series.*

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