AUGUST 2007

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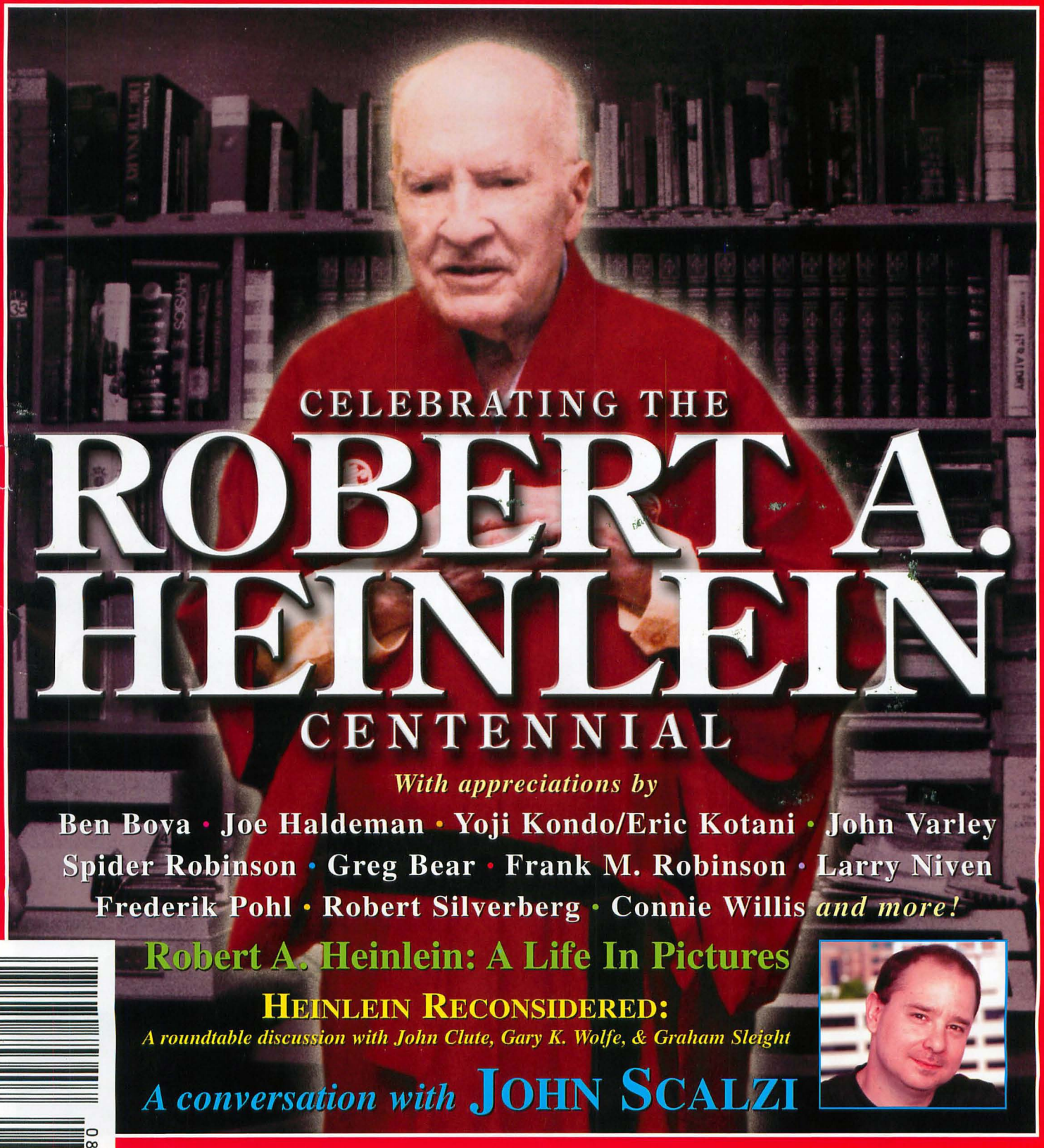

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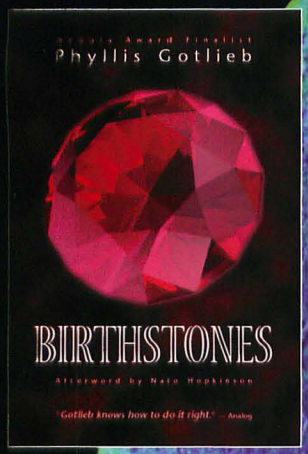

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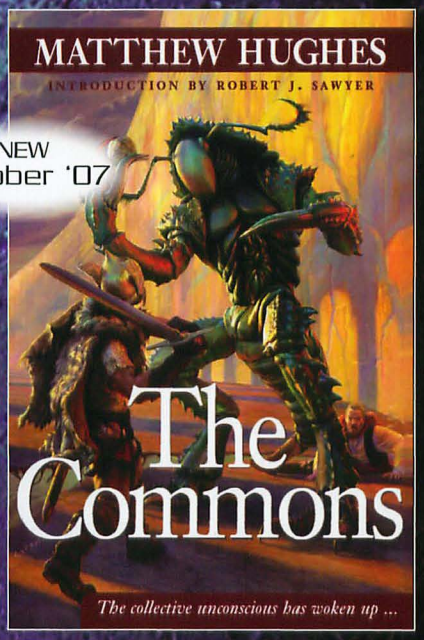

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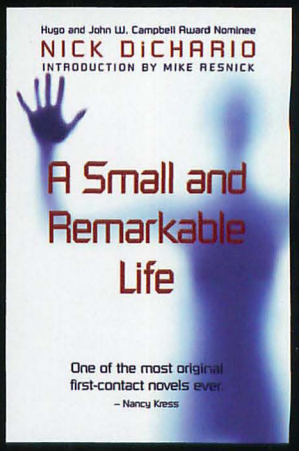

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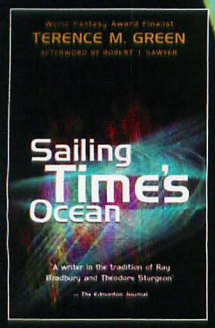

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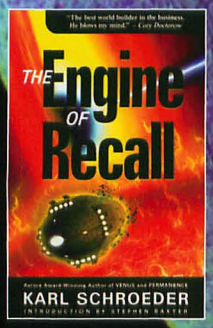

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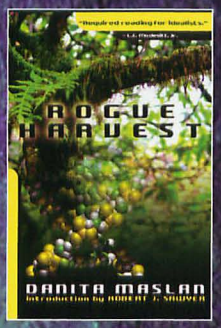

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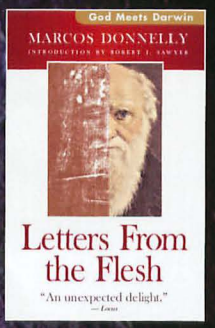

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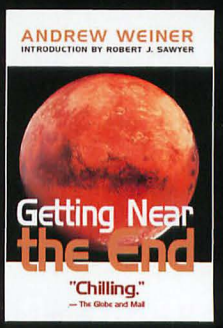

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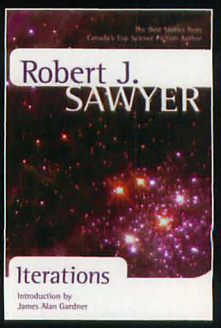

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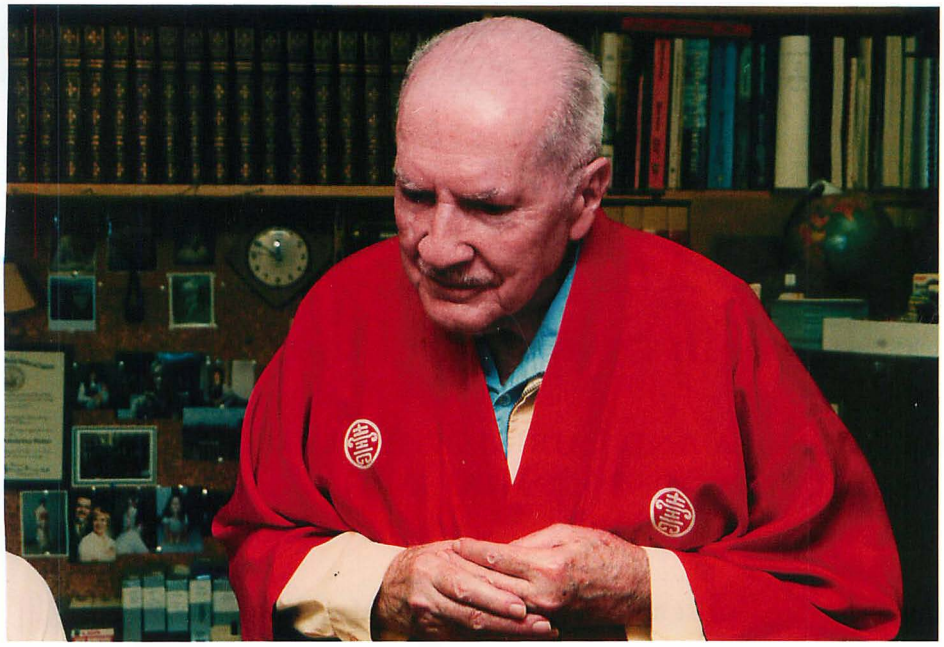

Robert A. Heinlein, 1987

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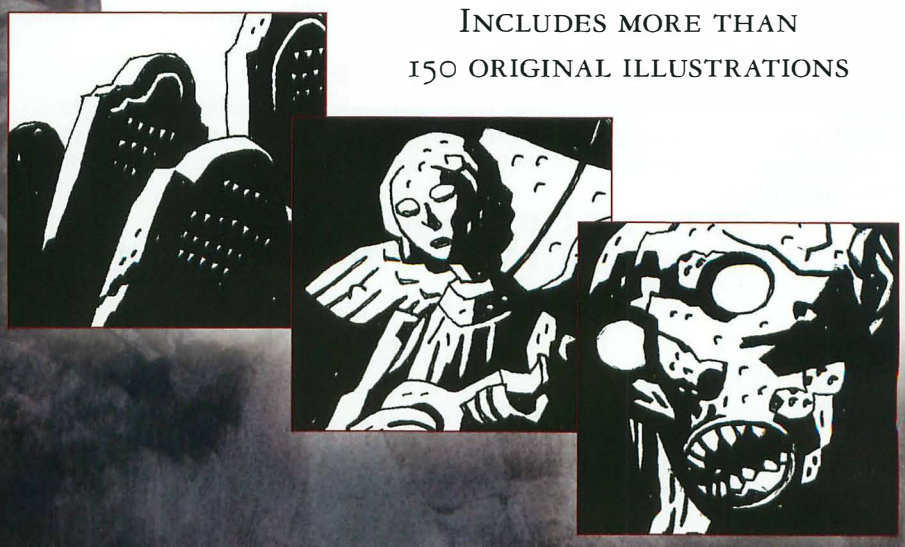

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LOCUS LOOKS AT BOOKS

CORRECTIONS

In last issue's Table of Contents, Nathalie Mallet's new book was incorrectly listed as ***The Princess of the Golden Cage***. The correct title is **The Princes of the Golden Cage**.

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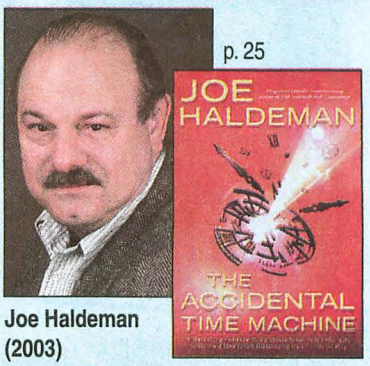

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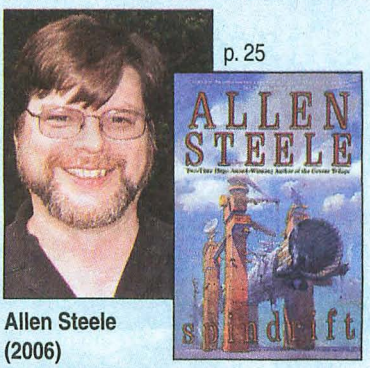

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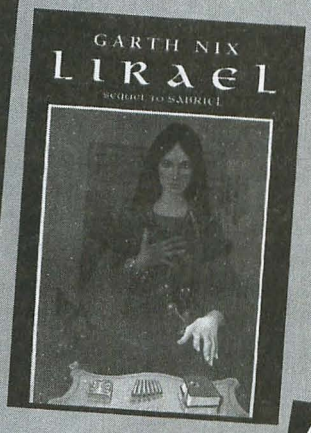

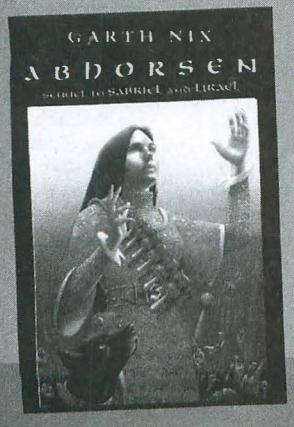

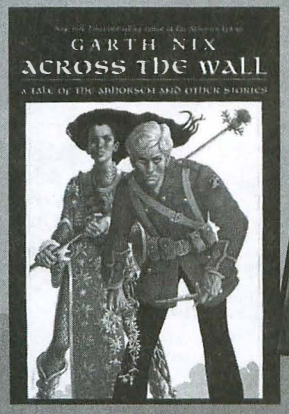

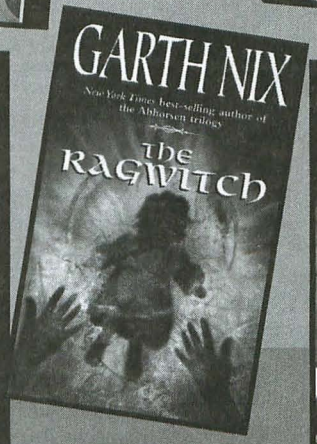

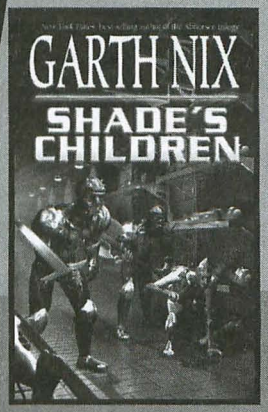

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Appreciations and Letters to Robert A. Heinlein

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN
by Connie Willis

You see, he had this spacesuit. And these rockets and stargates and planets and star beasts and cats and Martians and second-rate actors and ten-year-old girl geniuses and identical twins and tough old spacehands and naïve teenagers. And rebellions and kidnappings and epidemics and trips to Pluto and the moons of Jupiter and Proxima Centauri. Heinlein had everything, including at least three Marses and two Venuses, and some of the cutest, smartest, teenage guys I'd ever seen. It was no wonder I fell for him, and fell hard.


Connie Willis (2006)

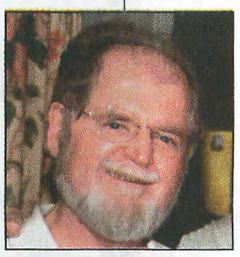
Just like everybody else my age. To say Robert A. Heinlein's books – **Rocket Ship Galileo**, **Time for the Stars**, **Citizen of the Galaxy**, **Tunnel in the Sky** – were the most important influence on my entire generation of science fiction writers is putting it mildly. Heinlein **was** science fiction for all of us, and it shows in everything we've ever written. The only bones of contention are which of his books had the greatest influence on each of us and which book is the best. The answer to both questions is usually the first one we read, and the arguments for **Citizen of the Galaxy** versus **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress** can get heated. (I was once on a Heinlein panel so passionate I thought it was going to end in outright violence.)

In my opinion, **Have Space Suit, Will Travel** (the first Heinlein, and the first science fiction, I read) is the best, with **The Door into Summer** a close second, followed by **Double Star**, **Time for the Stars**, and **Tunnel in the Sky.** I was very lucky to have stumbled on **Have Space Suit** first. It has everything I love about science fiction in it: humor, adventure, science (I can still name the distances of the planets from the sun in astronomical units, thanks to Kip's mnemonic), literary allusions (who else would put **The Tempest** and **Three Men in a Boat** in the same book?), great characters, and a dazzling sense of wonder. A few years ago, when I visited Australia, I went dumbstruck at the sight of Aldebaran and the Southern Cross, two things I first encountered in Heinlein novels, just like Kip had when he saw our galaxy from the Lesser Magellanic Cloud.

The futures Heinlein wrote about were wonderful, full of technological marvels like credit cards and cell phones and interplanetary liners, but they also had a banged-up, real-life feel to them that made even the most amazing story and bizarre aliens believable. Kip finds out about winning a trip to the moon from an old *National Geographic* in the dentist's office; Peewee jimmies the airlock with a used piece of chewing gum; they both recount how they singlehandedly saved the earth, while eating cereal at a kitchen table. Heinlein's worlds are at once fantastic and everyday, exotic and down-to-earth (literally), and they were utterly different from what had come before. You actually *lived* in those futures – you had homework and broke your leg skiing and fought with your parents and got in trouble with the local authorities and had to deal with jerks and teachers and other menaces. Heinlein made the future *real*.

That was probably his greatest gift to SF, and one that everyone, from Joe Haldeman to George Lucas, has incorporated into their work. But I also think Heinlein's characters were revolutionary. He rarely gets credit for them. People complain about Podkayne and his later portrayals of women (as well they should) and talk about Stage One Heinlein heroes as if they were all alike, but he created some truly memorable characters. Lazarus Long, of course, but also Johnnie Stuart, the hero of **Star Beast**, who's not only dumber than his pet but also everyone else in the book; his girlfriend, who's divorced her parents and is clearly capable of anything; the competitive twins in **Time for the Stars**; the self-invented hero of "All You Zombies...", the washed-up ham in **Double Star** who considers himself "a great actor" and proves that he is in every sense of the word; and the ten-year-old genius Peewee, who solves quadratic equations in her head, clings to a rag doll, and plans to be "quite a dish" in a few years. Even Podkayne has her moments. There are also dozens of terrific supporting characters: the fairies in **Podkayne of Mars**, Lummox, the Mother Thing, the computer in **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress**, the horrible roommate at the Space Academy, and Petronius the Arbiter and all Heinlein's other wonderful cats.

Everyone's been influenced by Heinlein, from John Varley to Lois McMaster Bujold to James Patrick Kelly to ***Firefly***. ***Star Trek***'s multiethnic crew is pure Heinlein, and so is Luke Skywalker (a Stage One Heinlein hero if there ever was one) with his banged-up speeder. I was beyond influenced. When I was 15, it was my ambition to write a sequel to **Have Space Suit**, in which Peewee and Kip would team up again eight years later (when Peewee had become that dish she talked about) and save the world. I didn't exactly do that, but it's very obvious to me that Heinlein's influence is everywhere in **To Say Nothing of the Dog**, right down to the title, which is taken straight from **Three Men in a Boat**, and in everything else I've ever written.


Larry Niven (2004)

But none of us has been able to do him justice, no matter how hard we try. He was one of a kind. And if you've never read his books, you owe it to yourself to go find **Citizen of the Galaxy** immediately. And **Time for the Stars** and "By His Bootstraps" and **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress** and "The Menace from Earth" and **Farmer in the Sky** and **Red Planet** and "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag" and **Orphans of the Sky** and **The Puppet Masters** and "The Green Hills of Earth" and **The Door into Summer.**

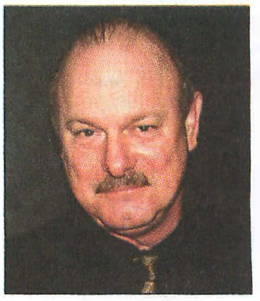
And **Have Space Suit, Will Travel**, which is still my favorite science fiction novel ever. And always will be.

–Connie Willis ■

Robert,

Back in 1955 I learned how to type by copying stories from **The Green Hills of Earth**, of course making a few mistakes, but also what *my* 12-year-old self thought were improvements. Some critics claim I've been doing that ever since.

Twenty years later I got the thrill of a lifetime when, at the Nebula Banquet in New York City, we first met. You were there to receive the first Grand Master Award. I was trying to get up the courage to go introduce myself when you crossed the room yourself and shook my hand, telling me how much you liked **The Forever War**. I managed to get to a phone and call Gay and tell her, but otherwise I don't think my feet touched the ground all night.


Joe Haldeman (2004)

With greatest respect,

–Joe Haldeman ■

Dear Robert,

Happy 100th birthday. When I was a kid, your generation had me persuaded that we'd all get there alive and hale. We might be in retirement on the Moon; we might have lost our flying car licenses, but if we'd been born to the right families, we'd get there. Sorry about that.

My first Heinlein story was **Rocket Ship Galileo** – Nazis on the Moon, yes, but also lectures on mathematics. I should reread that one. **Red Planet** I read at 12 and 60. They read like two very different books. So does **Farmer in the Sky**. Funny what sticks in your head.

At my house in Tarzana, you participated in the Citizens Advisory Council for a National Space Policy: one of several SF writers who served as translators and recorders and off-center viewpoints for the varied disciplines represented. Without us it would have been Babel. Together we 50 or so gave Ronald Reagan the weapon that drove the Soviet Union bankrupt.

When Marilyn was recovering from back surgery, Ginny came to stay with us, to help. Marilyn recovered very nicely, thank God, and Ginny quickly decided she wasn't needed, but we owe her much thanks.

You and Ginny stayed with us while Jet Propulsion Laboratories watched *Voyager* passing through Jupiter system. I remember you telling me how to redesign my guest shower. I was lazier than you thought.

Regarding your influence on the science fiction field, I'm on record. You have been the most thoroughly imitated man. Ideas you threw away in a paragraph or two sparked whole novels in other writers. Without you the field would have been very different.

⏭ *p. 55*

John Scalzi: Col

John [Michael] Scalzi was born May 10, 1969, and grew up in Southern California, going to school in Claremont. He graduated from the Webb School in 1987 and attended the University of Chicago, where he became editor-in-chief of the Chicago Maroon *and graduated with a philosophy degree in 1991. He moved back to California, where he was the film critic and later a columnist for the* Fresno Bee. *In 1996 he relocated to Washington DC to work for AOL as an in-house editor. In 1998 he became a full-time freelance writer, doing work for a variety of corporate clients in addition to reviewing and fiction writing. Scalzi is also a prominent blogger, with a popular personal site, "The Whatever", and professional blogs for AOL.*

Scalzi took an unusual path to fiction publication. He put up first SF novel ***Agent to the Stars*** *on his website as "shareware" in 1999 and made around $4,000 in donations from 1999 to 2004, when he told people to stop sending money. (****Agent to the Stars*** *was published by Subterranean Press in 2005.) He posted second novel* ***Old Man's War*** *on his website in 2002, where Tor editor Patrick Nielsen Hayden read it and offered to publish it in more traditional form. The novel appeared in 2005 and subsequently became a Hugo finalist. Two more novels set in the world of* ***Old Man's War*** *followed:* ***The Ghost Brigades*** *(2006) and* ***The Lost Colony*** *(2007), along with standalone* ***The Android's Dream*** *(2006).* ***The High Castle*** *is forthcoming.*

Though not a prolific story writer, Scalzi has published a few short pieces, beginning with "Alien Animal Encounters" in Strange Horizons *(2001) and including several pieces for Subterranean Press, notably standalone novelette* ***The Sagan Diary*** *(2007), set in his* ***Old Man's War*** *universe. He guest edited an issue of* Subterranean *magazine devoted to "science fiction clichés" in 2006.*

Scalzi is also a non-fiction author, writing ***The Rough Guide to Money Online*** *(2000),* ***The Rough Guide to the Universe*** *(2003), and* ***The Rough Guide to Sci-Fi Movies*** *(2005). He also wrote the humorous "Book of the Dumb" series, which began in 2003. Some of his blog entries on writing were compiled as* ***You're Not Fooling Anyone When You Take Your Laptop to a Coffee Shop: Scalzi on Writing*** *(2007). Another collection of blog entries,* ***Your Hate Mail Will Be Graded: Selected Writing, 1998 - 2008,*** *is forthcoming.*

Scalzi won the Campbell Award for Best New Writer in 2006 and is currently a Hugo finalist in the Best Fan Writer category. He lives in Bradford OH with his wife, Kristine Blauser Scalzi (married 1995), and their daughter, Athena.

or in the World

"**Old Man's War** was meant to be Heinleinesque both because structurally that was the right thing to do and because I figured it would sell. I went into a bookstore and looked to see which science fiction was selling, and there was a hell of a lot of military science fiction out there. When I thought about what military SF I liked, a lot of it came back to Heinlein. So I very consciously set out to write that sort of thing. It's cynical in the sense that I figured if I could replicate enough of Heinlein's form, then it would have a great shot at actually being sold.

"Having said that, I did try to include my own voice as much as possible. Everybody's done Heinlein. Much military science is just endless photocopies of **Starship Troopers**. So even if you do pastiche or *hommage*, you have to try to shoehorn some of your own voice in, because otherwise what's the point? It was nice for me that **Old Man's War** did so well, because I think **The Ghost Brigades** has rather more of my voice, as does **The Last Colony**. **Old Man's War** got my foot in the door and introduced my voice to some extent, but that voice will progress further as I go along.

"It's a given that a creative person will have an ego. The question is: 'You have an ego, but are you going to be a jerk about it?' Ego is a tool, something that motivates you. When I was younger, I tried keeping a written journal but couldn't do it because I didn't have an audience. By contrast, I've been writing my blog, The Whatever, since 1998, pretty much every single day. When it started, my audience was 10 or 15 people, and now it's about 25,000 people a day. Having that audience makes a difference in my desire to express myself.

"**Old Man's War** appeared first as a serial on the Internet. I think I was the first SF writer to put a novel online and then have an offer made by a major publisher. My path to publication was basically a function of my own laziness. I wrote the book to be sold, but then I didn't want to bother with the hassle of trying to find an agent or sending the thing through the slush pile if I couldn't find an agent (and then waiting for nine months to a year, only to get told they don't want it). At the time, I'd been supporting myself as a freelance writer for a number of years. I'd been a professional writer since I got out of college, and I'd written a couple of non-fiction books, so the absolute need to establish myself as a writer was not there.

"But at the time my website was getting about 2,000 readers a day, and I figured that was about as many copies as I would sell, so I just put the book online. I did the same thing with my first novel, **Agent to the Stars**, putting it up as a shareware novel and telling people, 'If you like it, send me a buck.' So I put **Old Man's War** up and serialized it, figuring I'd get some readers that way. Since it's clear that Heinlein was an influence, I also wrote an essay, 'Lessons From Heinlein', about what you can learn from him. Heinlein is good for a lot of novice writers to follow because he has simple structures and a cogent theory about characters.

"Prior to that, Patrick Nielsen Hayden had been writing about Heinlein on his own website, so I sent him an e-mail saying he might be interested in the essay, and at the bottom I said, 'Just so you'll know, the references here are to a book I posted online. Don't think this is a back-door way of getting you to look at the book, because if I were going to send it to you, I'd send it the way it's supposed to be sent.' I didn't know Patrick at the time, so I didn't know this was like putting a plate of cookies in front of him and saying, 'Don't eat them.' So he went to look at the essay, and then he read the book, and then he said, 'I know you're committed to this whole online thing, but we'd like to buy the novel from you.' That solved *my* problem!

"He didn't want **Agent to the Stars**, but when **Old Man's War** came out I sold **Agent** the same way: somebody went to the website, saw the book, and said, 'We'll buy it from you.' I feel like a total fraud telling people they shouldn't expect this to happen to them, but at the same time they should *not*. Over the five years since my first sale, you can still count the number of speculative-fiction novels sold off websites on two hands, while over a thousand books have gone to publishers the old-fashioned way.

"I'm very fond of **Old Man's War**, but it benefited strongly from the fact that in a number of critical ways it's old-school science fiction. It was built to be that way because, among other things, that's what I like to read, and I wanted to write something that I would want to read. A lot of the critical reaction to the book was not necessarily about the book itself; it was about the *kind* of book it was. It has been very successful, and it's put me on the map, but in some sense it could become the albatross around my neck. Though I won the 2006 Campbell Award, I was happy I didn't win the Hugo I was also nominated for, not only because it would be a little freaky to come up to the plate the first time and just knock it out of the park, but also because the book you win a Hugo for is often the book you're defined by in the science fiction community. I've written other things that are better since then, and I don't want to be compared to **Old Man's War** over and over again.

"Reviewing movies was instrumental in helping me to write books, because I spent so much time looking at structure: why things work, why things don't work. One of the things my agent asked about my books was, 'Did you write them as screenplays first?' *No*.... I'd rather put my hand in a garbage disposal than write a screenplay. But my books are heavy in dialogue. They've got lots of cinematic action, and so on, and that comes from 15 years of watching movies. And all my books have pretty much a three-act structure, which is also a movie thing.

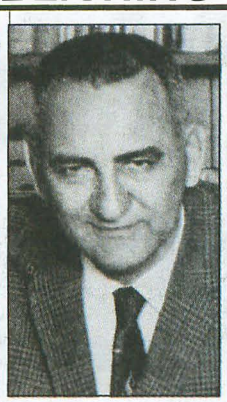
"With **Old Man's War** (and to some extent **The Ghost Brigades**), people read them and say, 'This is a pro-war book,' or 'This is an anti-war book.' I have my own opinions, but I'm interested to see how readers defend their positions that the books are pro- or anti-war. Military science fiction is popular in America for the same reason that action films are popular here and less so in other places: Americans like explosions; Americans like people with guns. It really is encoded in our national psyche: it's in the Second Amendment of the Constitution. We're all *supposed* to have guns.

"But although we have such an interest in military science fiction, or even just military fiction (Tom Clancy and the rest), in real life when we get involved militarily our patience is very short. The Iraq war is extremely unpopular, whether or not it was the right thing to do. The fact is that Americans enjoy the fiction of war, but (just like anybody else) when we deal with the reality of war we're not necessarily big fans. Americans like big victories, blowouts like the Spanish-American War, where we just totally owned the Spaniards — we crushed them in Cuba, we crushed them in the Philippines.

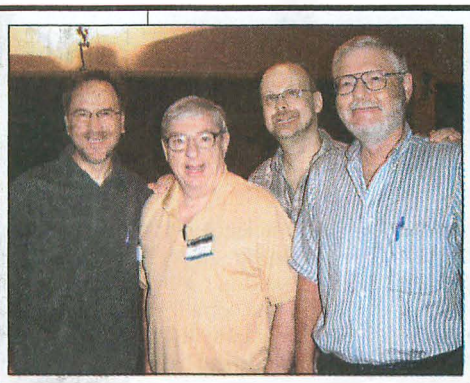
Continued on page 84

"There are lots of places where you can leave the world uncolored and give people a box of crayons and say, 'Color in the world.' If you believe a book is a dialogue between the author and the readers, you want them to participate in building up that universe; you want to give them *permission* to do it. One of the reasons books are so damned thick these days is that everything has to be explained. But it's more fun to speculate, to engage your brain."

Gardner Dozois (2005)



Daniel F. Galouye (1960s)



Andre Bormanis, Jack McDevitt, Robert J. Sawyer, Gregory Benford

Gary Gibson (2005)

Milestones

GARDNER DOZOIS had quintuple bypass surgery July 6, 2007. A week later, after suffering severe complications – his heart stopped, and he claims he died, but was resuscitated – he had a second operation to implant a defibrillator. He is recovering well, and is expected to go home in late July. Cards and e-mails may be sent to Gardner Dozois (Personal), c/o Asimov's, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016, and to <asimovs@dellmagazines.com>. They will be forwarded on to Gardner.

JACOB WEISMAN & **RINA ELSON** of Tachyon Publications were married June 30, 2007 at the San Mateo Historical Museum, with Richard A. Lupoff performing the ceremony. Other SFnal guests included Michael Swanwick, Eileen Gunn & John Berry, Susan Palwick, Marina Fitch & Mark Budz, Howard Hendrix, Amelia Beamer, Beth Gwinn, Alan Beatts & Jude Feldman, Sheila Finch, Dave Smeds, Bernie Goodman, Frank Wu, and Grania Davis.

Jacob Weisman & Rina Elson

CORY DOCTOROW's **Down and Out in the Magic Kingdom** has been chosen as the reading selection for the McMaster University Daily News Summer Book Club.

GREGORY BENFORD, **ANDRE BORMANIS**, **JACK McDEVITT**, and **ROBERT J. SAWYER** took part in a workshop, "The Future of Intelligence in the Cosmos", co-sponsored by the NASA Ames Research Center and the SETI Institute, June 30 - July 31. Other participants included Marvin Minsky, Alvin Toffler, James Benford, Paul Davies, Frank Drake, Seth Shostak, and Jill Tarter.

STEPHAN MARTINIERE has been named a judge for the Illustrators of the Future Contest.

Awards

DANIEL F. GALOUYE (1920-1976) received the 2007 Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award, announced at Readercon in Burlington MA, July 2007. Judges were Martin H. Greenberg, Barry Malzberg, Mike Resnick, and Gordon Van Gelder.

Books Sold

JOHN SCALZI sold a sequel to **The Android's Dream** to Patrick Nielsen Hayden at Tor via Ethan Ellenberg.

HARRY TURTLEDOVE's alternate history **The Man with the Iron Heart** went to Fleetwood Robbins at Del Rey via Russell Galen.

SHARON SHINN sold books five and six in her Twelve Houses series, as well as a collection, to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace via Ethan Ellenberg.

JOE ABERCROMBIE sold **Best Served Cold** and a second book to Gillian Redfearn at Gollancz.

GARY GIBSON sold **Stealing Light**, **Stealing Fire**, and **Stealing Time** to Peter Lavery at Pan Macmillan.

BRIAN FRANCIS SLATTERY's **Liberation** – "pitched as **The Road**, but happier" – went to Liz Gorinsky at Tor via Cameron McClure of the Donald Maass Literary Agency.

Award-winning mainstream author **JUSTIN CRONIN**, writing as **JORDAN AINSLEY**, sold a postapocalyptic vampire trilogy to Mark Tavani at Ballantine for a reported $3.75 million via Ellen Levine of Trident Media Group.

GAIL MARTIN sold **The Blood King**, sequel to **The Summoner**, to George Mann at Solaris via Ethan Ellenberg.

JILL MYLES sold humorous fantasies **Sex Starved** and **Sex Drive** to Micki Nuding at Pocket via Carolyn Grayson of the Ashley Grayson Literary Agency.

BARBARA HAMBLY, writing as **ELIZABETH EVANS**, sold three Abigail Adams mysteries to Ginjer Buchanan at Berkley via Fran Collin.

JULIE KENNER sold **Tainted** and two sequels to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace via Kim Whalen of Trident Media Group.

CHRIS MARIE GREEN sold three Vampire Babylon novels to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace.

AMANDA ASHBY's YA fantasy **The Zombie Queen of Newbury High** and a second book went to Karen Chaplin at Puffin via Jenny Brent at Trident Media Group.

JEFF MARIOTTE sold **River Runs Red** and another horror novel to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace via Howard Morhaim.

STEPHEN HAWKING & his daughter, novelist **LUCY HAWKING**, will write children's SF book **George's Secret Key to the Universe** for Simon & Schuster Children's via Tif Loehnis and Eric Simonoff of Janklow & Nesbit.

JULIANNE LEE sold **Knight's Lady** and a Mary Stuart novel to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace via Ginger Clark of Curtis Brown.

Debut writer **JES BATTIS** sold **Night Child** and a sequel to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace via Lauren Abramo of the Jane Dystel Agency.

New writer **JASPER KENT** sold world rights to epic historical fantasy **Twelve** to Simon Taylor at Transworld for "a good five-figure sum" via John Jarrold.

JONATHAN STRAHAN will edit two more volumes of **The Best Science Fiction *and* Fantasy of the Year** for Jason Williams at Night Shade Books via Howard Morhaim.

ZORAN ŽIVKOVIC sold world English rights to novel **The Last Book** to Peter Crowther at PS Publishing via John Jarrold.

JOHN LANGAN sold collection **Mr. Gaunt and Other Uneasy Encounters** to Sean Wallace at Prime via Ginger Clark of Curtis Brown.

EILEEN KERNAGHAN's historical fantasy **Wild Talent** went to Thistledown Press.

MARK CHARAN sold first fantasy novel **The Reef** to Chris Teague at Pendragon Press via John Jarrold.

BETH BERNOBICH's novella **Ars Memoriae** went to PS Publishing.

CATHERYNNE M. VALENTE's folklore poetry collection, **A Guide to Folktales in Fragile Dialects**, sold to Vera Nazarian at Norilana Books.

MIKE ALLEN will edit a new annual anthology series, **Clockwork Phoenix**, for Vera Nazarian at Norilana Books.

Books Resold

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN's **Between Planets** resold to Toni Weisskopf at Baen via Eleanor Wood.

ALASTAIR REYNOLDS resold **The Prefect** and two more SF novels to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace via Gollancz.

MICHAEL CHABON sold UK/Australia/New Zealand rights to **Gentlemen of the Road** to Hodder & Stoughton via Del Rey.

STEPHEN R. DONALDSON resold his five Gap novels to Jo Fletcher at Gollanz via Abner & Stein and Howard Morhaim.

KAREN MILLER's **Innocent Mage**, sequel **The Awakened Mage**, went to Orbit via Ethan Ellenberg. HarperCollins published in Australia.

CARRIE VAUGHN resold **Kitty and the Midnight Hour**, **Kitty Goes to Washington**, **Kitty Takes a Holiday**, and **Kitty and the Silver Bullet** to Jo Fletcher for Gollanz Romance via Grand Central Publishing.

WILLIAM SANDERS resold SF novel **J.** to Vera Nazarian at Norilana Books.

E.C. TUBB sold his thirty-third Dumarest novel, **Figures of Earth**, and resold the first six Dumarest books to Charles Pelto of Homeworld Press via Phil Harbottle.

Books Delivered

ALLEN STEELE delivered **Galaxy Blues** to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace.

TERRY BROOKS turned in **The Elves of Cintra**, sequel to Armageddon's Children, to Betsy Mitchell at Del Rey.

KAREN TRAVISS handed in **Judge** to Diana Gill at Eos.

KAY KENYON delivered **A World Too Near**, second in her The Entire and the Rose quartet, to Lou Anders at Pyr.

JOHN G. HEMRY, writing as **JACK CAMPBELL**, handed in **The Lost Fleet: Valiant** to Anne Sowards at Ace.

SARAH HOYT, writing as **SARAH D'ALMEIDA**, delivered **The Musketeer's Inheritance** to Ginjer Buchanan for Berkley Prime Crime.

KAREN CHANCE turned in **Embrace the Night** to Anne Sowards for Roc.

JONATHAN BARNES turned in **The Domino Men**, sequel to **The Somnambulist**, to Simon Spanton at Gollancz.

ELIZABETH VAUGHAN delivered **Dagger-Star** to Anne Sowards for Berkley Sensation.

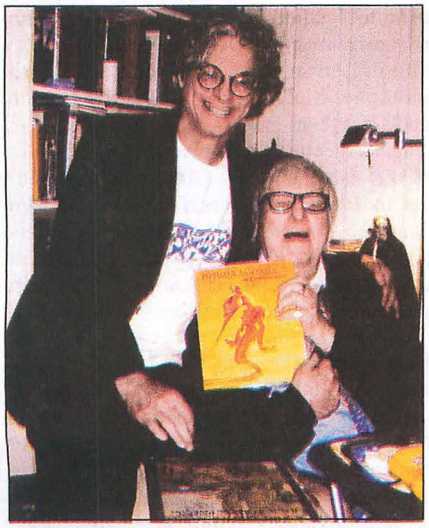
JOHN CURLOVICH, writing as **J.M.C. BLAIR**, turned in an Arthurian mystery to Ginjer Buchanan at Berkley Prime Crime.

TALIA GRYPHON handed in the third Gillian Key novel to Ginjer Buchanan at Ace.

KRISTIN LANDON turned in **The Cold Minds** to Anne Sowards at Ace.

VICTORIA THOMPSON delivered **Murder on Bank Street** to Ginjer Buchanan at Berkley.

AL SARRANTONIO handed in collection **Halloween and Other Seasons** to Richard Chizmar at Cemetery Dance.



Craig Graham of Vagabond Books welcomed Ray Bradbury to a signing during the Los Angeles Times Festival of Books, April 28-29, 2007.

Publishing

GILLIAN REDFEARN has been promoted to editor at Gollancz.

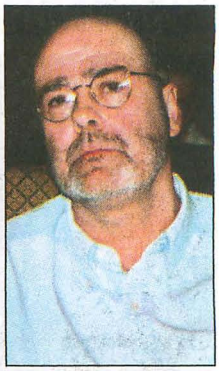
AMELIA BEAMER has been promoted to editor at *Locus*.

JESSICA WADE is now associate editor for Roc, taking over "the vast majority" of Liz Scheier's old list. She will also continue to acquire for Ace.

IAN DRURY was made redundant at Weidenfeld & Nicholson when their non-fiction section, where he was publishing director, was downsized.

Gillian Redfearn (2007)

Jessica Wade (2007)



James Sallis (2001)

STACY HAGUE-HILL has been hired as assistant editor at Tor.

BRIAN MURRAY, HarperCollins group president, has been promoted to the president of HarperCollins Worldwide.

SUSAN REICH is the new president of Publishers Group West. She was previously v-p of marketing at PGW before becoming president and COO of the Avalon Publishing Group.

MARY SUE RUCCI has been promoted to v-p and executive editor at the adult trade division of Simon & Schuster.

ALAN RUBSAM is James Frenkel's new assistant, working in Madison WI.

MARK SEHESTEDT has resigned as editor at Wizards of the Coast to become a freelancer, moving from Washington State to Maine.

Media

ANGIE SAGE sold film rights to her seven-book Septimus Heap series to Warner Bros. Karen Rosenfelt is producing, with Sage as executive producer, and Courtenay Valenti overseeing for Warner Bros. The studio hopes to make it a film franchise like the Harry Potter movies.

Film rights to **JAMES SALLIS**'s Lew Griffin novels went to J.P. Williams in a six-figure deal via Steven Fisher of the APA on behalf of Vicky Bijur.

Film rights to **JONATHAN LETHEM**'s **You Don't Love Me Yet** went to Greg Malicks in a free deal, with an agreement to release any film and all ancillary rights into the public domain after a set number of years.

Film rights to **SIMON GREEN**'s Nightside series went to Celtic Rose Entertainment via Joshua Bilmes.

V.C. ANDREWS's The Landry novels will be adapted as a television miniseries for the Lifetime network by The Hatchery and Jaffe/Braunstein. Ghostwriter **ANDREW NEIDERMAN** is a consultant on the project.

ALAN DEAN FOSTER resold **Transformers** and **Transformers: Ghosts of Yesterday** to Titan Books in the UK via Del Rey.

STEVEN SAVILE sold **Televisionaries, A History of Cult TV from *The Twilight Zone* to *Torchwood*** to Sandra Wake at Plexus, and Warhammer novel **Curse of the Necrarch** to Lindsey Priestly at Games Workshop/Black Library, both via John Jarrold. ■

John Kessel taught a writing workshop in Prague in June 2007, and took a moment to visit his friend Franz Kafka. An episode of TV show Masters of Science Fiction based on Kessel's story "A Clean Escape" will air on ABC August 4, 2007.

McCaffrey and Moon Win Heinlein Awards

Anne McCaffrey (2004)

Elizabeth Moon (2003)

Anne McCaffrey and Elizabeth Moon are the recipients of the annual Robert A. Heinlein Award, sponsored by the Heinlein Society and given "for outstanding published work in hard science fiction or technical writings inspiring the human exploration of space." Yoji Kondo presented Moon's award July 7, 2007 during the Heinlein Centennial convention in Kansas City MO, and Eleanor Wood accepted on Moon's behalf. McCaffrey's award will be presented to her in person in August 2007 during the Writers of the Future event in Los Angeles. A report on the Heinlein Centennial, with photos will appear next issue. ■

Campbell, Sturgeon, and Pilgrim Awards

Robert Charles Wilson with his Theodore Sturgeon Award, Ben Bova and his John W. Campbell Memorial Award

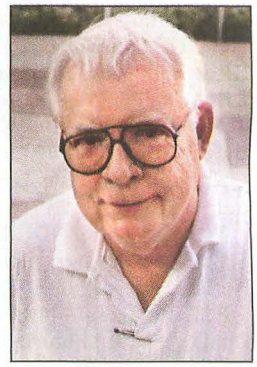
Ben Bova's **Titan** (Tor) won the 2007 John W. Campbell Memorial Award, and Robert Charles Wilson's "The Cartesian Theater" (**Futureshocks**) won the 2007 Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award. The awards were presented by James Gunn, and both authors were present to accept their awards.

Algis Budrys won the Pilgrim award for his lifetime contributions to SF and fantasy, given by the Science Fiction Research Association. Adam Frisch presented the award and read a speech on Budrys's behalf. (For other SFRA award winners, see the Data File.)

The awards were presented at a ceremony July 7, 2007, in Kansas City MO. The annual Campbell Conference and the Science Fiction Research Association conference were both held in conjunction with the Heinlein Centennial convention.

Runners-up for the Campbell Award were: Second Place: **The Last Witchfinder**, James Morrow (Morrow). Third Place (tie): **Farthing**, Jo Walton (Tor); **Blindsight**, Peter Watts (Tor).

Sturgeon Award runners-up were: Second Place: "A Billion Eves", Robert Reed (*Asimov's* 10-11/06). Third Place: "Lord Weary's Empire", Michael Swanwick (*Asimov's* 12-06).



Algis Budrys (1990s)

Luminaries attending the combined Campbell/Sturgeon and SFRA awards ceremony included James Gunn, Chris McKitterick, Frederik Pohl, Elizabeth Anne Hull, and Michael Levy.

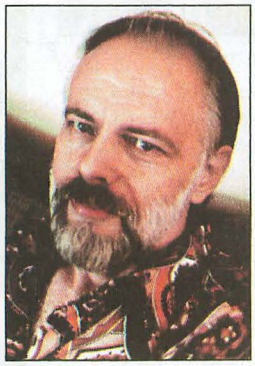
The Campbell Award was founded in 1973 to honor the best SF novel of the year. Award nominees are submitted by publishers, with winners selected by a seven-member committee chaired by James E. Gunn. This current committee includes Gregory Benford, Paul A. Carter, Elizabeth Anne Hull, Christopher McKitterick, Farah Mendlesohn, Pamela Sargent, and T.A. Shippey.

The Sturgeon award is given for short fiction, and was established by Gunn and Sturgeon's heirs in 1987. Nominees are submitted by a committee of reviewers and editors in the field, chaired by Chris McKitterick and with the assistance of Noel Sturgeon, Theodore Sturgeon's daughter, with the winner chosen by judges James E. Gunn, Frederik Pohl, Kij Johnson, and George Zebrowski.

For more information about the Campbell conference and the awards, visit <www.ku.edu/~sfcenter/> or write to James Gunn, Department of English, University of Kansas, 3114 Wescoe Hall, Lawrence KS 66045-2115, or e-mail <jgunn@ku.edu>. ■

Philip K. Dick Ascendant

The opinions and passions of literary critics and the Hollywood establishment rarely sync up, but both groups appear to have a new favorite: Philip K. Dick. Twenty-five years after his death in March 1982, Dick is finally getting the wider respect he always craved, and a flurry of articles and essays about his legacy have appeared around the anniversary of his death.



Philip K. Dick (1980s)

In the past several years Dick has become something of a cottage industry within the movie business, with several films based on his work produced, and more in the pipeline. At the same time – perhaps because of the publicity brought on by all the movies – literary critics are beginning to examine Dick's work more seriously. The high point came when the Library of America published an omnibus of Dick's work, **Four Novels of the 1960s**, edited by Dick devotee Jonathan Lethem (a current mainstream literary darling in his own right). With that publication, Dick is pretty much assured a spot in the canon of American literature. While the novels collected aren't necessarily his best books – **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sleep?**, **The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch**, **Ubik**, and **The Man in the High Castle** – they do display Dick's range and his signature obsessions with the nature of reality, the difficulty of telling the artificial from the genuine, and the question of what it means to be human.

In May *The New York Times Book Review* ran a long article on Dick's work and his influence, making much of his drug use (which tends to be exaggerated) and possible mental illness, as well as the way he alternately embodies and transcends his pulpish roots. It's the kind of attention Dick would have loved to receive before he died, since by many accounts he desperately wanted mainstream recognition. Publishers are rushing to bring his older books into print, including previously unpublished mainstream works like **Voices from the Street**.

Respectability is nice, but you can't eat literary acclaim. Dick, who lived in poverty for much of his life, would have doubtless appreciated the heaps of money Hollywood has been throwing at his estate in recent years, though he might have been troubled by some of the cinematic results. Films based (however loosely) on his work began with ***Blade Runner*** (1982), though Dick didn't live to see the finished film, dying during production. Other movies based on his stories and novels include ***Total Recall*** (1990), ***Screamers*** (1995), ***Impostor***

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THE DATA FILE

Riverdeep Buys Harcourt • Riverdeep, parent company of Houghton Mifflin, has agreed to buy Harcourt from parent company Reed Elsevier for $4 billion ($3.7 billion in cash and $300 million in stock), with Reed Elsevier retaining a stake of about 12% in the new company. Riverdeep, a Dublin-based educational software company, purchased Houghton Mifflin last year for $1.75 billion. Though it's clear Riverdeep's goal is to become an educational publishing powerhouse, combining Houghton Mifflin's textbook business with the profitable Harcourt Education division, the deal also includes Harcourt Trade, publisher of new and backlist fiction by Umberto Eco, Edward Gorey, William Goldman, Günter Grass, Audrey Niffenegger, and many others. The deal is expected to be finalized in late 2007 or early 2008, pending regulatory reviews. The combined company will be led by Toni Lucki, chairman and CEO of Houghton Mifflin and formerly CEO of Harcourt Education. No one seems sure yet whether Houghton Mifflin and Harcourt's trade divisions will be merged or remain separate, or whether various editorial and management positions will be eliminated or combined. Harcourt brings in about $1.11 billion annually. The combined trade divisions are expected to make about $200 million per year.

Orion Reorganizes Trade Division • The Orion Group announced a new hardcover Trade Division designed to "streamline" their operations. The new division, which includes Gollancz, will be headed by Managing Director Lisa Milton, who will report directly to Deputy CEO and Group Publisher Malcolm Edwards, who will continue to direct publishing and acquisition strategy. Jon Wood will be in charge of both Gollancz and Orion fiction as the new publishing director of the new division, which also includes Orion non-fiction, Orion Children's Books, and Weidenfeld fiction, non-fiction, and illustrated books. The hardcover division will operate alongside the existing Paperback Division headed by Susan Lamb.

Pottermania: Peaks and Leaks – Harry Beats Beatles! • **Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows** was officially launched Saturday, July 21, 2007, going on sale around much of the world at one minute past midnight, Greenwich Mean Time, with North American launches following at 12:01 a.m. local time. Libraries and bookstores around the world planned special events. Huge discounts meant that many chains and online sellers would see little profit from sales, while many independent booksellers felt unable to compete, but the celebrations continued regardless.

Barnes & Noble had over 1.2 million pre-orders for **Deathly Hallows** as of July 12, a new record. Over 700 stores hosted Midnight Magic Costume Parties on Friday, July 20; festivities at their store at Union Square in New York City were webcast live on Barnes&Noble.com.

Amazon reported over 1.4 million pre-orders in the US (as of July 19), and almost 2 million worldwide, surpassing the record of 1.5 million set by the previous book in the series; with their price discount at 49%, Amazon estimates they have saved customers $23 million. In the

⏭ *p. 76*

Taos Toolbox

The Taos Toolbox master class in writing was held at the Snow Bear Lodge in Taos Ski Valley NM, July 8-21. Instructors were Walter Jon Williams, Connie Willis, and George R.R. Martin. ■

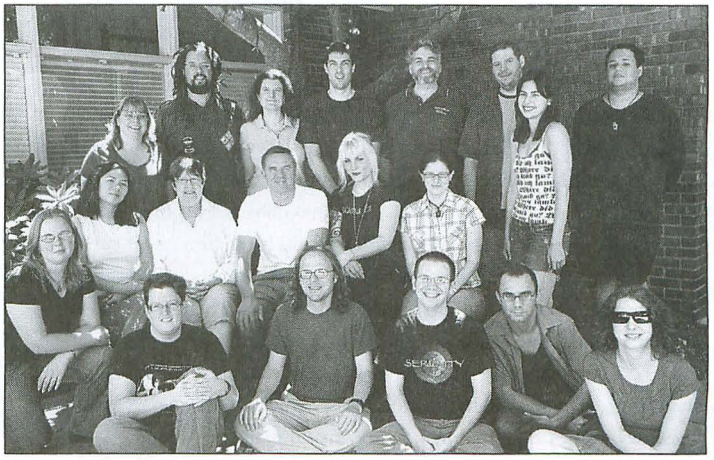
Back (l to r): Kelly Robson, Walter Jon Williams, Kyle Kinder, Cat Rambo, Christopher Cevasco, Scott Andrews, Bjorn Harald Nordtveit. Standing: Rebecca Steffof, Tracy Taylor, Bonnie Freeman, Connie Willis, Oz Drummond. Seated: Geoffrey Jacoby, Kim Jollow Zimring, George RR Martin, Dorothy Windsor. Kneeling: Traci Castleberry, Saladin Ahmed, Boris Layupan

Clarion and Clarion West

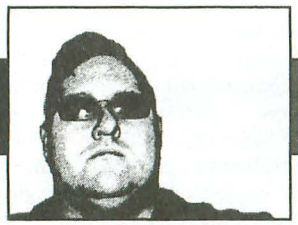
The 2007 Clarion workshop, the first held since the program's relocation to San Diego CA, took place June 25 - August 3, 2007 at the University of California, San Diego. This year's instructors were Gregory Frost, Jeff VanderMeer, Karen Joy Fowler, Cory Doctorow, Ellen Kushner, and Delia Sherman. ■

Front row (l to r): Peter Atwood, Cory Doctorow (instructor), Keyan Bowes; second row: Ramsey Shehadeh, J.E. (Betsy) Hasman, Julie Andrews, Kari O'Connor, Dr. Sneag (fuzzy purple mascot), Katheryn (Katie) McLaughlin, Caleb Wilson; third row: Matthew Cody, January Sears, Shweta Narayan, Desirina Boskovich, Catherine (Kater) Cheek, Jerome Stueart, David Wesley; back row: Andrew Emmott, Nicholas (Nick) Wolven, Justin Whitney, Andrew (Drew) Steiger White

The 2007 Clarion West workshop was held June 17 - July 27, 2007 in Seattle WA. This year's instructors were Nancy Kress, Larissa Lai, Graham Joyce, Kelley Eskridge, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, and Samuel R. Delany. ■



Front row (l to r): Melinda Thielbar, Carrie J. Devall, Benjamin Crowell, Michael Underwood, David J. Williams, Roz Clarke; middle row: seated: Amy Lau, Sharon K. Richards, Graham Joyce (instructor) Lilah Wild, Stacy Sinclair; back row: Jocelyn Paige Kelly, Gary Dauphin, Erin Cashier, Derek Zumsteg, David Zasloff, Jon Christian Allison, Dominica Phetteplace, Christopher Caldwell



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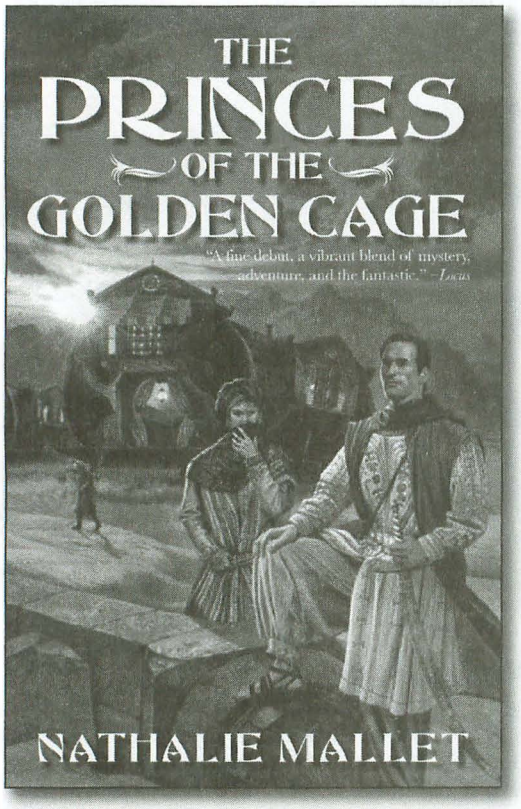

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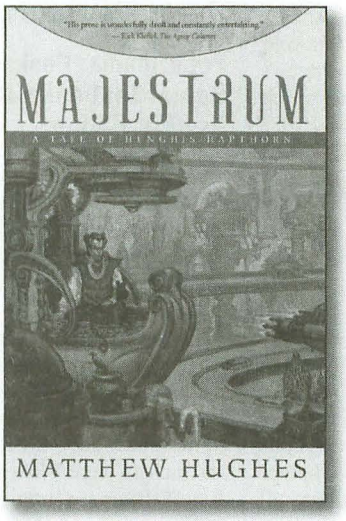
His monastic existence is also turned upside-down when he falls passionately in love with the beautiful Princess Eva, an exotic visitor from a far-off kingdom. Alas, the princess is destined to marry the next Sultan–and Amir has dozens of more ambitious brothers vying for the throne . . . assuming they survive the unnatural menace preying on their royal blood.

To clear his name, Amir must track down the true source of the darkness stalking the palace. But even if he can somehow save his rival brothers, must he then watch one of them wed the woman he loves? Or he will die without ever setting foot outside his opulent cage?



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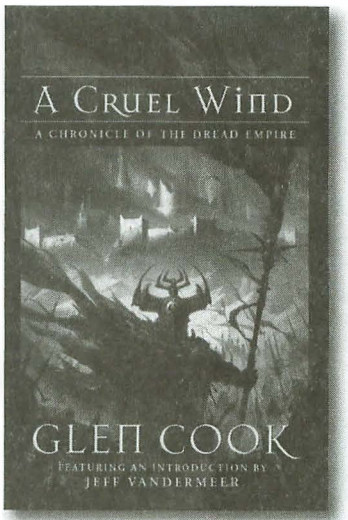

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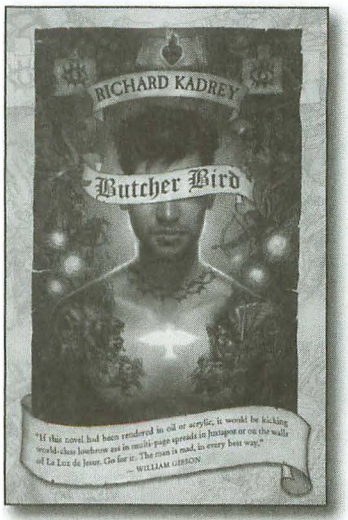
BEFORE THERE WAS BLACK COMPANY, THERE WAS THE DREAD EMPIRE.

A Cruel Wind is an omnibus collection the first three Dread Empire novels: *A Shadow of All Night's Falling*, *October's Baby* and *All Darkness Met*. It features an introduction by Jeff VanderMeer.

"The thing about Glen Cook is that... he single-handedly changed the field of fantasy – something a lot of people didn't notice, and maybe still don't. He brought the story down to a human level... Reading his stuff was like reading Vietnam War fiction on Peyote." – Steven Erikson, author of *Gardens of the Moon*, and *Deadhouse Gates*



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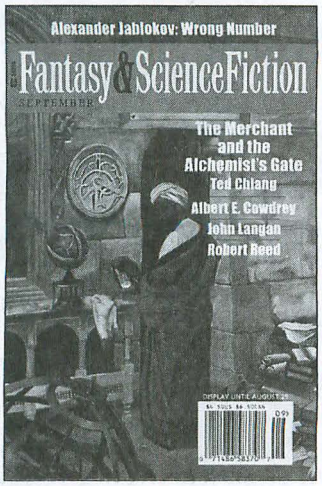
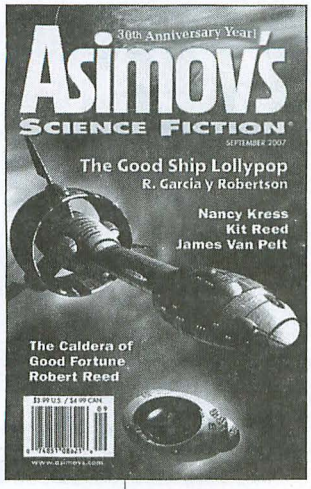
SPYDER LEE IS A HAPPY MAN. He lives in San Francisco and owns a tattoo shop. He has his favorite drinking buddy, Lulu Garou, and friends all over town. One night a pissed-off demon tries to bite his head off and he's saved by a stranger—a small, blind woman with a sword as wicked as her smile.

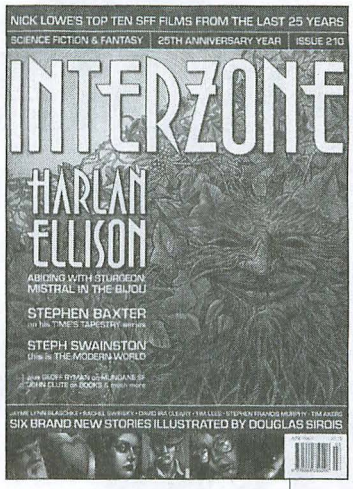
Suddenly, Spyder's life is turned upside down. The demon infected Spyder with something awful—the truth. He can suddenly see the world as it really is: full of angels and demons and monsters and monster-hunters; a world full of black magic and mysteries.

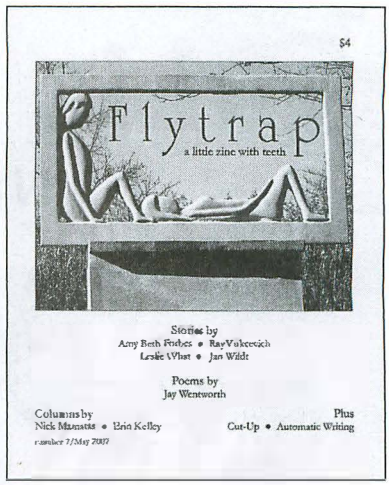
Dropped into the middle of a conflict between forces he doesn't fully understand, Spyder searches for a magic book with the blind swordswoman who saved him. Their journey will take them from deserts to lush palaces, to underground caverns, to the heart of Hell itself.

LOCUS LOOKS AT SHORT FICTION: NICK GEVERS









F&SF 9/07
Asimov's 9/07
Interzone 6/07
Realms of Fantasy 8/07

Visual Journeys: A Tribute to Space Artists, Eric T. Reynolds, ed. (Hadley Rille Books) June 2007.

Flytrap 5/07

There are plenty of good new stories this month; best is undoubtedly **Ted Chiang**'s first piece of fiction in a while: "**The Merchant and the Alchemist's Gate**", a novelette published in the September *F&SF*. Chiang is a master of the outré scientific angle on human existence, his logic always impeccable but at the same time existentially subversive; here, he employs the traditional form of the Arabian Nights tale to underline some paradoxical verities of time, history, and memory. In a nod to Fritz Leiber's "Bazaar of the Bizarre", Chiang's protagonist, a merchant in medieval Baghdad, enters an unusual shop where peculiarly sophisticated mechanisms are everywhere on display, the chief attraction being a gate in time leading 20 years into the past and 20 years into the future. The artificer is perfectly forthcoming and lets anyone through. But first he tells three embedded stories, illustrating the wonders and pitfalls of travel via his invention, stories embroidered into and across one another like so many of the narratives related by Scheherazade; ultimately, the merchant is himself drawn into this tapestry and repeats its melancholy wonders to the Caliph and his court. Perfectly capturing the period tone and its necessary mixture of pure wonder, erotic titillation, and moral instruction, Chiang conveys concepts from higher physics with arabesque elegance and a timeless aplomb. "Gate" is one of the major stories of the year.

Another highlight of this adventurous issue of *F&SF* is **John Langan**'s "**Episode Seven: Last Stand Against the Pack in the Kingdom of the Purple Flowers**", an experimental take on the clichés of survivalist fiction. As in countless such stories, the world has come suddenly to an end, almost everyone has died of a ghastly plague, and a couple of plucky humans trek across desolated America pursued by postholocaust monstrosities. What Langan does is add a large amount of introspection and analepsis to the recipe, contained in long sentences and huge block paragraphs, so that a barebones minimalist narrative in bold font is incessantly qualified and enriched by the material interrupting it, the phrases of a monosyllabic subgenre taken to task, deconstructed in the spirit of hypertext. The result is both technically intriguing and very gripping, and not only because the teratoids of the Pack aren't the customary zombies. A confection of witty power.

Alexander Jablokov writes a knotty, complex novelette in "**Wrong Number**", about a single woman who is suddenly overcome by obsessive recollections of the night she evaded a date with an unpleasant man by giving him an incorrect phone number. He has cursed her and, being a nasty variety of magician, entrapped someone else in her place. The intrigue culminates in a vaguely supernatural automobile repair shop, where the chief mechanic and his eerie assistants throw a spanner in the works of malign destiny, giving a generally happy outcome. **Robert Reed**, meanwhile, in "**If We Can Save Just One Child...**", employs a number of perspectives to pillory society's tendency to succumb to moral hysteria. In the near future, it occasionally happens that children's DNA is stolen in order to clone sex slaves for pedophiles, but the emphasis is on *occasionally*, and the real danger to human rights lies in extreme measures taken against the perceived threat. A (putatively) innocent man suffers persecution. In contrast to this gloomy reasoning, **Albert E. Cowdrey** has great fun lampooning cynical diplomatic *Realpolitik* in his short story "**Envoy Extraordinary**", in which an ambassador is dispatched to a dingy totalitarian planet to dissuade its ruler from taking up piracy and ends up fulfilling this mission by unexpectedly radical means. Given that Cowdrey used to be quite high in the US military, one wonders behind the voluble humor how accurate this portrait just might be.

Asimov's for September is also a strong issue, featuring some cogently downbeat stories. **Nancy Kress** is one of relatively few SF writers to have tackled climate change with ruthless, ominous candor, and her latest story, "**By Fools Like Me**", depicts with some cruelty a devastated post-Warming Earth where small villages battle to survive heat and poison, and the lost Age of Plenty is reviled for its selfish wastefulness. When an old woman and her granddaughter get hold of a cache of printed books, they feel far more guilt than wonderment, for sacred things, *trees*, were destroyed for this luxury. The prevailing hatred for the ever-less familiar past is irreversible. A fine essay in cautionary venom, menacing and thought-provoking. Expressing a mood only somewhat less grave, **James Van Pelt** addresses the demands of artistic creativity in the striking "**How Music Begins**": a touring school orchestra has been abducted, en masse, by (one assumes) aliens curious to hear Earthly compositions; the standard set is apparently very high, because in a few years of performing nightly in their inscrutable prison, the children have only twice received any evidence of approbation from an unseen audience. One of the girls is a musical genius, and possibly her efforts can end her classmates' torment, but a price will surely be exacted. A further, perhaps deeper, adolescent dilemma is delineated by **Kit Reed** in her excellent tale "**What Wolves Know**", which concerns a child raised by wolves finally being returned to civilization; his human family is dysfunctional, greedy for the proceeds of publicity, and the boy, culturally lupine, must interpret their behavior in accordance with a primeval, but subtle, code. Kipling, Burroughs, and many others have explored such scenarios, but never with this keen, highly contemporary, intelligence.

Robert Reed is easily capable of the sort of dark earnestness visible in those three stories, but his novelette "**The Caldera of Good Fortune**" is, for all its often brooding tone, wry enough in the end. In Reed's continuing venue of the Great Ship, a planet-sized vessel touring the Galaxy, one of the resident alien cultures, a hive mind of sorts known as the "Luckies," inhabits a volcanic cone that periodically erupts or threatens to erupt; the Luckies perceive the world outside in unusual detail and project a false reality upon their "sky," which is more faithful than any other virtual creation. Questions of authenticity naturally arise in this

⏭ *p. 67*

M is for MAGIC

NEIL GAIMAN

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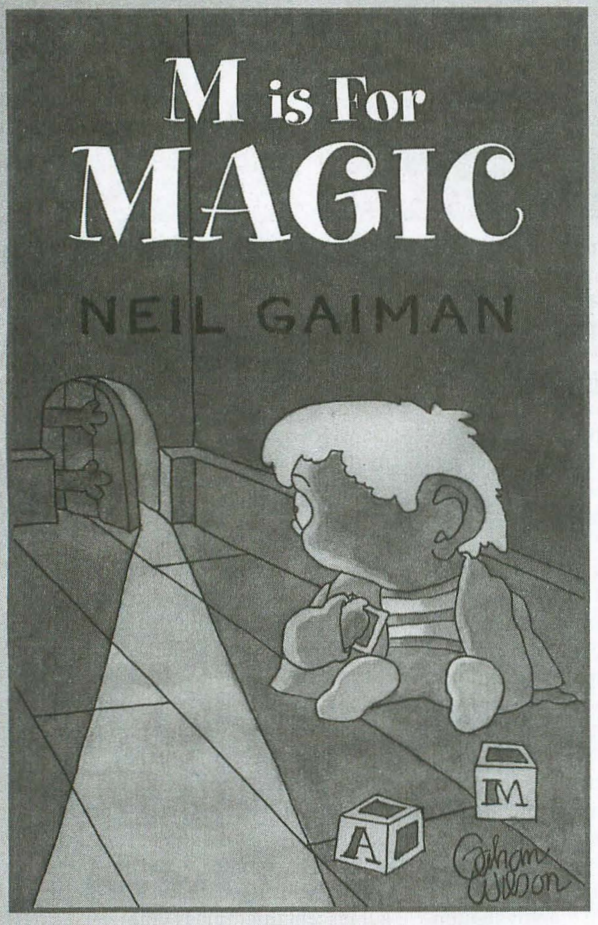

Best-selling writer Neil Gaiman's *M is for Magic* is his first collection for readers of all ages, in the tradition of such Ray Bradbury classics as *R is for Rocket* and *S is for Space.*

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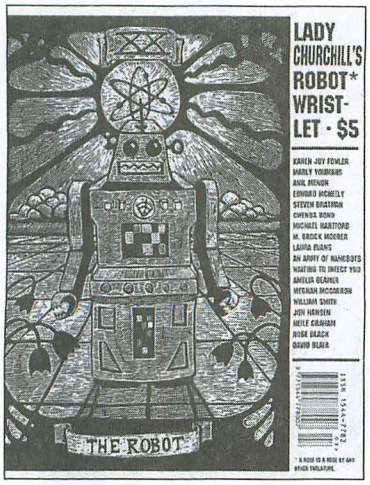
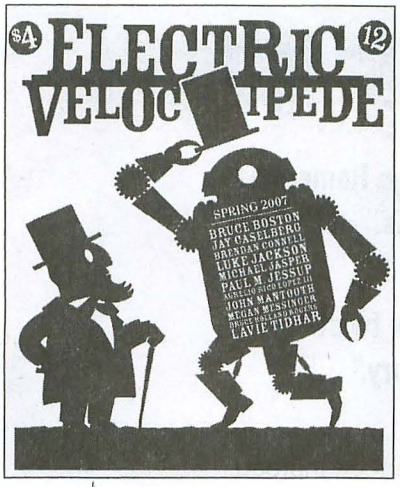
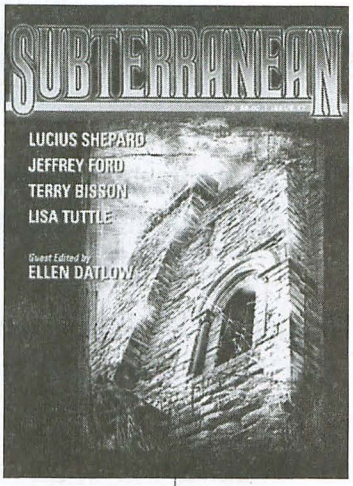
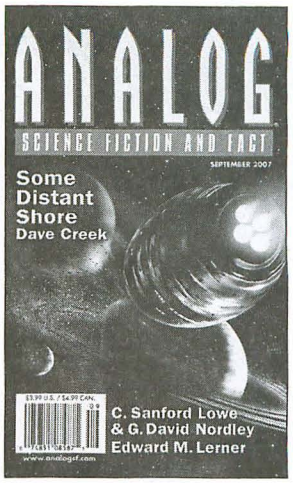
LOCUS LOOKS AT SHORT FICTION: RICH HORTON









Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet 6/07
Electric Velocipede Spring '07
Flytrap 5/07
Zahir Summer '07
All Hallows 10/06
Subterranean Spring '07
Ideomancer 6/07
Lone Star Stories 6/07
Interzone 6/07
Asimov's 9/07
Realms of Fantasy 8/07
Analog 9/07

12 Collections and the Teashop, Zoran Živkovic (PS Publishing) 2007.

It seems to be small-press month in the SF field – the other day I came home to find my mailbox full of new small 'zines, most of them of the now traditional saddle-stitched cardboard covers variety. I'm not complaining, mind you – the small-press 'zines increasingly feature some of the most exciting fiction around.

The most influential and longest lived of these – the model for new millennium SF 'zines in many ways – is *Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet*. The current issue is #20, a nice milestone in itself, and it is one more excellent outing. The best stories are the opening and closing pieces. **Marly Youmans**'s "**Prologomenon to the Adventures of Childe Phoenix**" is an absorbing story of a curious child in a curious house, with a sometimes hard to find mother, a father ever mired in his somewhat alchemical laboratory, a storytelling grandmother, and another resident of sorts: a girl preserved in a glass case. The title seems to promise further adventures, but the story is effective on its own. **Karen Joy Fowler**'s "**The Last Worders**" is brilliant work from one of my favorite writers. Twin women are on vacation in Europe, in an odd place called San Margais, built on a deep, empty chasm. The story concerns the women's search for the Last Word Café ("Poetry Slam. To the Death"), but they are also working out an apparent lifelong sibling rivalry, tracking down a boy they both had a crush on at school, a boy who may be about to perform at the Café. Arch, mysterious – dealing with poetry and sisterhood and politics in a subtle ways.

Electric Velocipede's Spring issue seems a bit less science fiction oriented than usual. I liked **Lavie Tidhar**'s very brief tale "**The Prisoner in the Forest**", about children on a kibbutz capturing a prisoner, with identity issues resulting, and **Jay Caselberg**'s "**The Garden of Earthly Delights**", which is almost an inversion of Tiptree's classic "And I Awoke and Found Me Here on the Cold Hill's Side" where an alien ambassador, dubbed Bosch by humans, becomes obsessed with sexual contact with people. I especially liked **Brendan Connell**'s witty "**Dr. Black and the Village of Stones**", in which the title character and a student investigate mysterious items falling from the sky in an isolated village – a village distinguished by the curious practice of some elderly women of selling the rights to parts of their daughters to the men of the village: thus, a man asking for a girl's hand is doing so rather more literally than usual.

Flytrap #7 includes, stealthily, a shocking and effective story by **Nick Mamatas**, "**Solidarity Forever**", about a vain couple who decide that the best expression of their progressive pieties is to have sex with (i.e., rape) the most oppressed person they can find: a prisoner in Africa dying of AIDS. Also, **Amy Beth Forbes**'s "**The Gardener of Hell**" is a worthwhile if perhaps a touch too earnest fable about a lawyer in Hell who finds her destiny – to free people who have been sent there unjustly.

Zahir has carved a nice niche publishing highly literary and usually somewhat lyrical stories at the fantastical end of the slipstream spectrum. More than most magazines the contents remind me of Borges – who of course published a story called "The Zahir". At any rate, the best story from Summer is **William Alexander**'s "**Buttons**", a very short story in which a man's daughter decides that buttons turn off more things than just the device they are attached to. Exceptional use of just a few hundred words.

Not quite a middle of 2007 issue, but another small-press magazine I have only just recently seen is *All Hallows*. The latest issue, appearing after something of a delay, is dated October 2006, though it didn't appear until well into 2007. *All Hallows* is a publication of the Ghost Story Society, and the fiction is exclusively fairly traditional ghost stories – and very well-done ones, for the most part. The best was "**The Moonshot Goodnight**" by **Ian Harding**. A bar manager tells the story – as a regular customer, a man in a terrible marriage, brings in a box for safekeeping. The denouement is on the one hand entirely expected – as the man's marriage comes to a terrible crisis – but on the other hand surprisingly affecting. In all ways this is a traditional ghost story – and thus it does not ever quite surprise, but it does work, and very well.

I finally caught up with *Subterranean's* Spring issue. I really enjoyed **John Scalzi**'s "**Pluto Tells All**", about the former planet's reaction to its demotion. **Bruce Sterling**'s "**A Plain Tale from Our Hills**" is a subtle sketch of a postcatastrophe future, told in Kiplingesque fashion about a wife's brave effort to keep her husband in the face of an exotic woman's affair with him. It is of course the stark details of this deprived future, quietly slipped in, that make the story powerful.

The June *Ideomancer* features a couple of nice SF stories – **Ruth Nestvold**'s "**Far Side of the Moon**" is a dark piece about women sold into prostitution on space stations, and **Yoon Ha Lee**'s "**Screamers**" is evocative work about the strange and dangerous jobs needed to navigate space – almost Cordwainer Smithian in affect.

And *Lone Star Stories* for June also has some good straight SF, particularly **Jay Lake**'s "**Eating Their Sins and Ours**", a fine variation on the idea of a war with aliens that is basically a mistake, and the stumbling intercultural ef-

⏭ *p. 68*

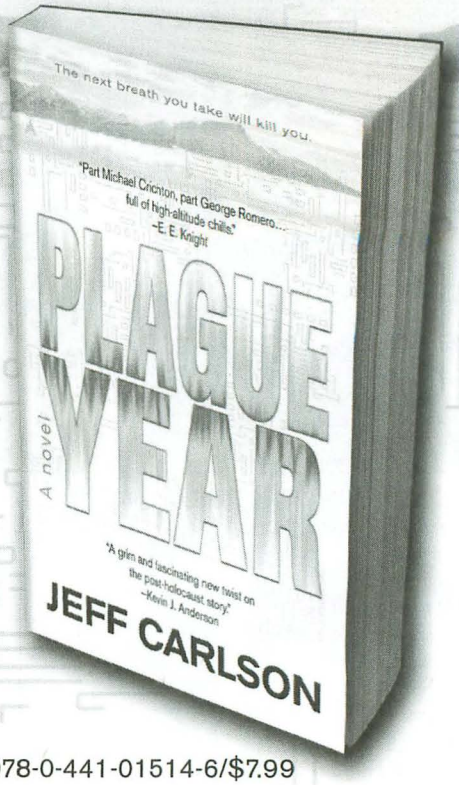
THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

August 5, 2019, Sasquatch road kill. A 7-foot, 310-pound, hairy female hominid corpse is found on I-5 near Yreka CA, an apparent hit-and-run victim. Remains are held in the Klamath County morgue pending settlement of conflicting claims by the Yreka Chamber of Commerce, the Smithsonian, and the Native American Ancestry Council.

The next breath you take will kill you.

"Part Michael Crichton, part George Romero... full of high-altitude chills."
—E. E. Knight

"A grim and fascinating new twist on the post-holocaust story."
—Kevin J. Anderson



The nanotechnology was designed to fight cancer. Instead, it evolved into the Machine Plague, killing nearly five billion people and changing life on Earth forever.

Humanity's last hope lies with a top nanotech researcher aboard the International Space Station—and with a small group of survivors in California who risk a daring journey below the death line...

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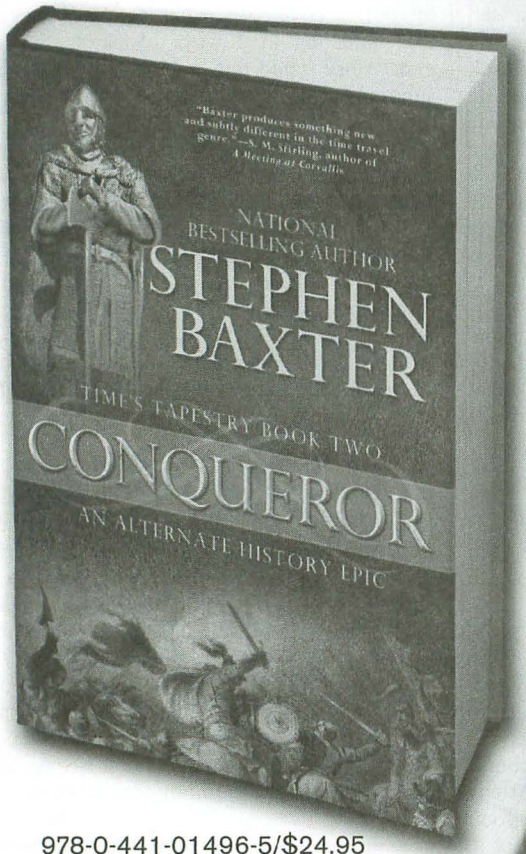

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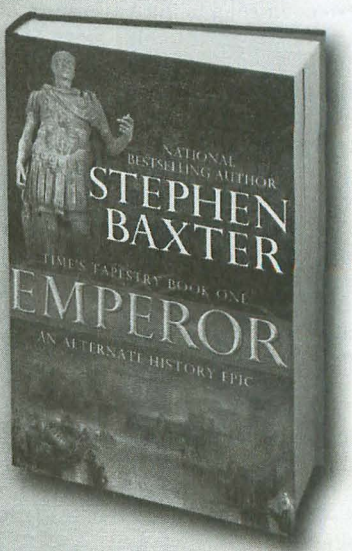
New from the national bestselling author of *Emperor*

"Baxter produces something new and subtly different in the time travel genre."
—S. M. Stirling, author of *A Meeting at Corvallis*

Three centuries have passed since Rome fell, leaving Britain to the native tribes. Now the Norman leaders, led by the warrior-king William, threaten the land. And the ancient scroll known as The Prophecy holds the key to his fate—but if he fails, the world of the future will be changed forever....



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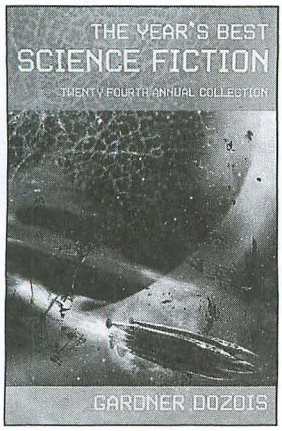
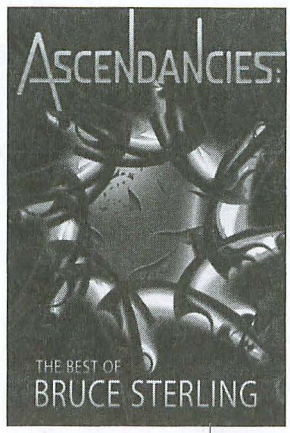
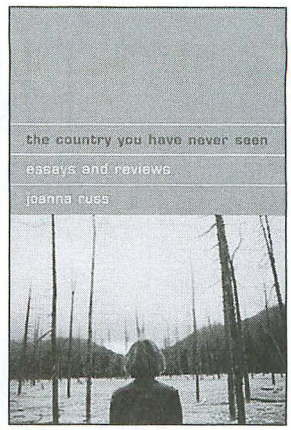
LOCUS LOOKS AT BOOKS: GARY K. WOLFE







The Year's Best Science Fiction: Twenty-Fourth Annual Collection, Gardner Dozois, ed. (St. Martin's Griffin 978-0-312-36334-5, $35.00, 662pp, hc; -36335-2, $21.95, tp) July 2007. Cover by Stephan Martiniere.

The Winds of Marble Arch and Other Stories, Connie Willis (Subterranean 978-1-59606-110-1, $40.00, 702pp, hc) September 2007. [Order from Subterranean Press, PO Box 190106, Burton MI 48519; <www.subterraneanpress.com>.]

Ascendancies: The Best of Bruce Sterling, Bruce Sterling (Subterranean 978-1-59606-113-2, $38.00, 510pp, hc) August 2007.

The Country You Have Never Seen: Essays and Reviews, Joanna Russ (Liverpool University Press 978-0-85323-859-1, £50.00/$85.00, 298pp, hc; -869-0, £20.00/$35.00, tp) June 2007.

One of the interesting things about Gardner Dozois's 24th annual outing – he's by now the Cal Ripken, Jr. of year's best editors, with a consecutive string that's likely to remain unmatched – is the proportion of authors who are primarily known for their short fiction rather than for novels. Of the 30 authors represented (in 28 stories; two are collaborations), I count 11 who fall clearly into this category, with another three or four with only a couple of novels to their credit. Some of this is due to Dozois's useful habit of spotlighting newer writers, but there are plenty of experienced short fiction writers, from Ted Chiang to Kelly Link to Eileen Gunn, who aren't represented here at all. Does this suggest, as a few of us have speculated in the last couple of *Locus* year-in-review columns, that we've entered a kind of golden age of short fiction? It wasn't that long ago that a writer principally known for short forms – Ellison was the universally cited example – was regarded as something of an oddity, like a composer who kept on doing *lieder* while everyone else was off writing symphonies. But moving back still further, it wasn't that long *before* Ellison that short fiction was the dominant force in the field; as late as 1970, Robert Silverberg's **Science Fiction Hall of Fame**, with its cutoff date of 1964, could fairly well represent the shape of SF without recourse to the clunky novel excerpts that became the bane of many later anthologists.

Of course, available venues have a good deal to do with this – if magazines are nearly your only markets, as they were until the 1950s, you learn to write short – and I suspect available venues have something to do with what's happening these days as well. Another interesting aspect of this Dozois annual is that more selections are taken from online sources, small presses, and original anthologies than from all the SF print magazines *combined*, which represent only nine of the 28 selections – and six of those are *Asimov's*. (By contrast, Dozois's fourth annual 20 years ago drew 22 of its 27 stories from print SF magazines.) A quarter of the stories are from online sources alone – and online venues, like the old pulp magazines, are much friendlier to short forms than to novels, just as small presses are friendlier to collections and chapbooks than are major publishers. Unlike the pulps, however, this array of modern venues is much more amenable to diversity of story types, and this is reflected in this year's selection as well, though there are some discernible trends. There's a fair amount of apocalyptic thinking out there, for example, evident in stories like Robert Charles Wilson's "Julian: A Christmas Story", set in a 22nd-century scavenger society, which would easily be the book's strongest novella if it didn't read so thoroughly like the beginning of a novel. In contrast to Wilson's elegiac tone is Ken MacLeod's "The Highway Men", set in an equally ruined postnuclear Scotland, but with something of the insouciance of an outlaw romance. The ruined world of Greg Van Eekhout's "Far as You Can Go" is a bit more bizarre and treacherous than either of these, but mostly serves as backdrop for what amounts to a boy-and-his-faithful-robot story, just as the visit to a time-preserved Seattle from the "blasted lands" of Jack Skillingstead's "Life on the Preservation" turns into a romance of valuing what you have. Some of the apocalypses aren't even set on Earth, or at least not a recognizable one: A.M. Dellamonica's "The Town on Blighted Sea" takes place on a planet where an alien species has created a refuge for survivors of a catastrophic nanotech war on Earth, and Robert Reed's "Good Mountain" – one of his strongest novellas and another good candidate for outstanding novella in the book – is set in a far-distant world of floating islands and continents of rotting vegetation, threatened by both fire and poisonous gases. Much closer to home is Paolo Bacigalupi's "The Yellow Card Man", one of the best stories here (as it was in Jonathan Strahan's annual earlier this year), set among despised refugees in a harrowing future Bangkok, part of Bacigalupi's post-energy spring-loaded world, which gains much of its power from the suspicion that the apocalypse it describes may be already under way.

In a way, Cory Doctorow's "I, Row-Boat" might belong in that group of stories – it's set in a posthuman world among robots, but the humans are gone more because of geek rapture than from catastrophe – but its more important function, and I suspect the reason it was given the position of lead story, is that it pointedly alludes to earlier traditions of SF (in this case the Asimov robot stories) while at the same time demonstrating a breezy postcyberpunk sensibility. And this may be another trend, of sorts – returning to classic SF story forms, but with updated sensibilities. There seem to be more planetary and outer-space adventures here than in recent Dozois anthologies, and some of them, like Michael Swanwick's terrifically efficient "Tin Marsh", about a deadly pursuit on the surface of Venus; or Paul J. McAuley's "Dead Men Walking", concerning a showdown between assassins on a Uranian moon; or Alastair Reynolds's "Nightingale", about a kind of SWAT team trying to catch a war criminal on a long-abandoned hospital ship, achieve something of the feel of the best pulp fiction combined with a darker *noir* attitude. Even the more traditional coming-of-age stories, like Kage Baker's "Where the Golden Apples Grow" (two boys in a colonized Mars envy each others' very different lives) or Walter Jon Williams's "Incarnation Day" (a rebellious teen in a space colony in which kids are raised in virtuality until the day of the title) or John Barnes's "Every Hole Is Outlined" (a child joins a starship crew as a slave and earns her identity and freedom) are acutely aware of their settings

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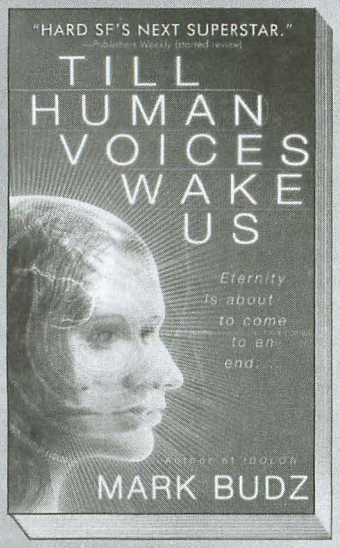
THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

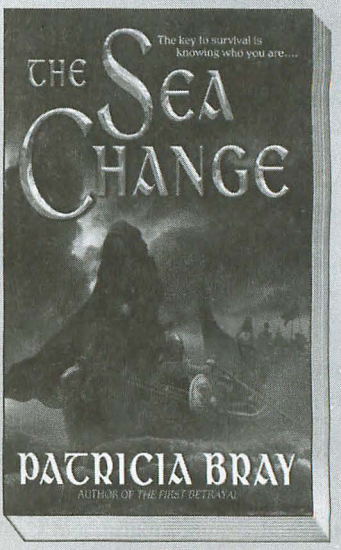
August 23, 2033. SF museum opens. Science fiction goes casual as tens turn out in jeans and tees for the humdrum opening of Seattle's new MUNDANE SF MUSEUM. "Munds" (as they call themselves) nod in approval as the main exhibit is unveiled – the actual dial telephone seen in several classic SF films.

THE IMAGINATION IS **LIMITLESS.**



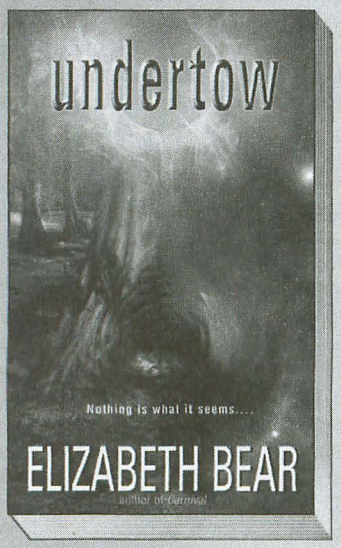
The author of *Idolon* returns to the field with an ambitious novel of love, memory, and rebirth.

Three people living in three different times are drawn together in this powerful exploration of identity and reality.



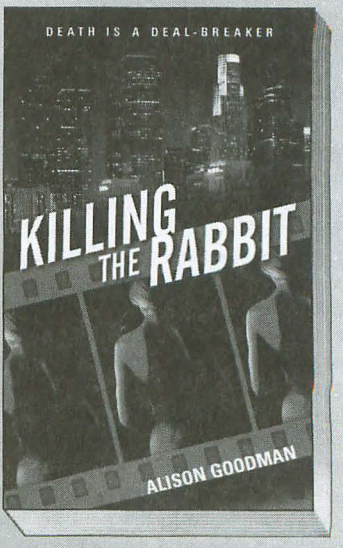
The author of the Devlin books takes a giant leap forward with her second book in the series that began with *The First Betrayal*.

With his soul trapped in the body of a condemned Prince and vying for control, humble monk Josan must clear himself of the murder of the royal family before he can save his homeland.



An edgy new novel from the acclaimed author of the "fascinating" (*Publishers Weekly*) *Carnival*.

A hired assassin has found a teacher to forgive him of his sins and instruct him in the art of conjuring—but he's about to discover that the next hit on his list could destroy all that he has sought.



"Every fascinating, unique character leaps off the page and lingers long after it's turned."
—Kelley Armstrong, author of *No Humans Involved*

When a woman is discovered with a rogue gene enabling her to control her own fertility, she and the documentary filmmaker covering her story find themselves in the cross-hairs of a hired killer.

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and are fully worked out in hard-SF terms (long gone are the days when we could give Bradbury or Brackett a pass on the details simply because they wrote well).

Other familiar icons of the genre abound, often treated in familiar ways. Aliens are still all-powerful conquerors, as in Carolyn Ives Gilman's "Okanoggan Falls" (where one of them is nearly talked down by a Wisconsin housewife), or ruthless assassins, as in Bruce McAllister's "Kin" (where one befriends and later defends a young boy), but in both cases communication trumps fear. In some cases, reflecting the old pantropy or "desertion" theme, we can nearly become them, as in Jay Lake and Ruth Nestvold's finely strange "The Big Ice" or Justin Stanchfield's "In the River" or even a bit of "Incarnation Day". Or they can be little more than an inference from an astronomical anomaly, as in Gregory Benford's "Bow Shock", which, in its portrait of a contemporary young astronomer struggling for tenure, reminds us that Benford can write about working scientists as effectively as anyone. Alternate time streams (appropriate for this 50th anniversary year of Hugh Everett's famous paper on the many-worlds interpretation of quantum physics) show up in Alastair Reynolds's moving "Signal to Noise", in which an experiment enables a husband to spend a few days in an alternate reality where his wife has not just been tragically killed, and, more conventionally, in Stephen Baxter's "The Pacific Mystery", set in a world in which the Nazis have won (*again?*) but in which the Pacific Ocean is mysteriously impassable. The irresolute Baxter story is a bit of a disappointment, but it's not the only one coming from established names. Greg Egan's "Riding the Crocodile", in which a near-immortal couple married for ten thousand years decide to cap their careers by investigating a mysteriously reclusive alien race that has isolated itself from the universe, is terrific in its conception but almost desultory in execution, and Elizabeth Bear and Sarah Monette, in "The Ile of Dogges", seem more interested reconstructing the world of Ben Jonson and scoring points about censorship than in plotting their tale, which ends with a lamely predictable time travel twist. David D. Levine's "I Hold My Father's Paws" tries to reconcile a troubled father-son relationship by turning the father into a pooch. Troubled family relationships are also at the center of Mary Rosenblum's "Home Movies", whose protagonist rents herself out as a "chameleon," experiencing events – in this case a family wedding – and later downloading the experience for the client. It's a perfectly competent story, but uses its intriguing premise mostly to set up a romance.

The three remaining stories, though, are terrific in ways that aren't much like anything else in the book. Benjamin Rosenbaum's "The House Beyond Your Sky" is clearly one of the year's best stories, grounding its radically alienated far uture end-of-time setting with a subordinate tale of a little girl in a dysfunctional family, living in the "library" of universes manipulated by these godlike beings. (Except for the Walter Jon Williams story, it's the only story to show up in both the Horton and Strahan annuals as well as here.) Ian McDonald's "The Djinn's Wife" is another romance of sorts, this time between a young girl in Delhi and an artificial intelligence, but in returning us to the richly textured future India of his **River of Gods**, it contextualizes its narrative in an acutely sensory world. And Daryl Gregory's "Damascus", while not quite as strong as his last year's "Second Person, Present Tense", suggests that that story wasn't a fluke in its insightful exploration of how we inhabit our bodies. In this case, it's a recent divorcee suffering seizures, whose medical treatments are utterly convincing – more so than the viral religion conspiracy that passes as the story's big idea. Gregory is one of those new short story writers I mentioned way back at the beginning and one of the most promising. His story is one of four here that also show up in the Hartwell/Cramer annual, but all told there are only 11 of Dozois's 28 selections that overlap with other annuals. So would it kill you to buy more than one?

Connie Willis is, of course, the premier humorist working in SF today, possibly the premier humorist the field has ever produced. She can write snappy dialogue that Preston Sturges would have been proud to direct, concoct screwball romantic comedies with a deftness that seems effortless (though it isn't), effectively and hilariously skewer everything from political correctness and educational consultants to family Christmas letters and Hollywood egos, and even figure out how to rewrite H.G. Wells from the point of view of Emily Dickinson or to recreate the world of Jerome K. Jerome with a pitch-perfect imitation of English twit humor. She knows her way around Wodehouse and Shakespeare as well as around Heinlein, and she has enough Hugos to use them for bowling pins or cluster bombs. She is the most popular con master of ceremonies since Robert Bloch filled a similar role a half-century ago (but without his Catskills shtick), and what she does onstage is as tonally precise and cleverly calculated as her neatly plotted fiction. Everyone knows this. Everyone knows that Connie Willis is delightful, romantic, enjoyable, highly readable, and fully accessible even to non-SF readers. She sings in the church choir! She even writes *Christmas* stories! You can take her home to Mom!

And her favorite subject is death.

See, there's this other Connie Willis as well, the Connie Willis who can write what may be the most mournful time-travel epic ever in **Doomsday Book** or what amounts to an 800-page death scene in **Passage,** who can explore the poignant dynamics of a family facing certain doom as the sun goes nova in "Daisy, in the Sun" or of another family in a postnuclear wasteland receiving a long-delayed letter from old friends almost certainly long dead in "A Letter from the Clearys", who can even find *memento mori* in the wind from a London underground train in the title story of her retrospective collection **The Winds of Marble Arch and Other Stories**. But, as the collection makes clear, the two Willises aren't really that far apart; as with Sturges's movies, even the screwiest tales are tinged with an awareness of mortality, and even the more somber may be leavened with comic touches; "The Winds of Marble Arch" may be literally awash in the smell of death, but is structured like a comedy of navigating the London tube and trying to get theater tickets for a finicky group of friends. It's one of three stories included here – the others are the now-classic time-travel tale "Fire Watch" and the Bram Stoker-influenced mystery "Jack" – that touch upon the London Blitz, which seems to be an iconic event for Willis, a kind of emblem of human resilience in the face of repeated devastation and an infinitely storyable one at that.

The Winds of Marble Arch and Other Stories is a huge career retrospective, which means that it's neither a collected stories (which would easily require another volume or two of this size, depending on how many novellas you wanted to include) nor a "best of" selection. Retrospectives are generally characterized by a bit of stock-taking, a bit of portraiture, and a fair number of costume changes, and all are clearly in evidence here. Of the 23 stories, seven appeared in her 1985 collection **Fire Watch**, seven in the 1994 **Impossible Things**, and three in the 2000 **Miracle and Other Christmas Stories.** Six are previously uncollected, including the Hugo-winning title story and "The Soul Selects Her Own Society", another Hugo winner cast as a parody of a clueless academic paper on Emily Dickinson, written for Kevin Anderson's 1996 anthology revisiting Wells's **The War of the Worlds** from various celebrity perspectives. While there are some notable omissions, such as "Schwarzchild Radius", the Hugo-winning "Death on the Nile," and the two recent novellas "Inside Job" and "D.A." (which, interestingly, are both currently in print as collectors' editions from this same publisher), the collection provides a reasonably balanced overview of Willis's work; only about a third of the stories are mainly comedic, some seriously explore religious themes from a Christian perspective ("Inn", "Samaritan", "Epiphany"), and some are surprisingly bleak ("Chance", "A Letter from the Clearys", "The Last of the Winnebagos"). Relatively few, interestingly enough, are deeply science fictional in any conceptual sense; Willis tends to grab what she needs from the cupboard (a nuclear cataclysm in "A Letter from the Clearys", a time machine in "Fire Watch", an unstable sun in "Daisy, in the Sun", a procedure to eliminate menstruation in "Even the Queen") and use it as backdrop for what are essentially family and relationship dramas.

In some cases, the SF element is little more than a comic premise. "Blued Moon" begins with the notion of a scheme to blast waste materials into the upper atmosphere (described in a parody of incomprehensible corporate press releases), but when this results in refraction causing the moon to appear blue, it's quickly apparent that it's merely a premise for a rash of unlikely "once-in-a-blue-moon" coincidences that pushes Willis's skill for screwball comedy all the way into slapstick. Similarly, "Even the Queen", despite its Hugo and Nebula wins, still reads largely like a tale written on a bet that no one could do a comic take on menstruation. In the case of "At the Rialto", still one of the funniest stories written about scientists, the notion of quantum indeterminacy simply serves

⏭ *p. 68*

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A suspenseful thriller of betrayal and Machiavellian politics. Otah returns from his exile to clear his name as the primary suspect in his brother's assassination, and to claim the title of Khai, the ruler of Machi.

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—Jacqueline Carey, bestselling author of *Kushiel's Dart*

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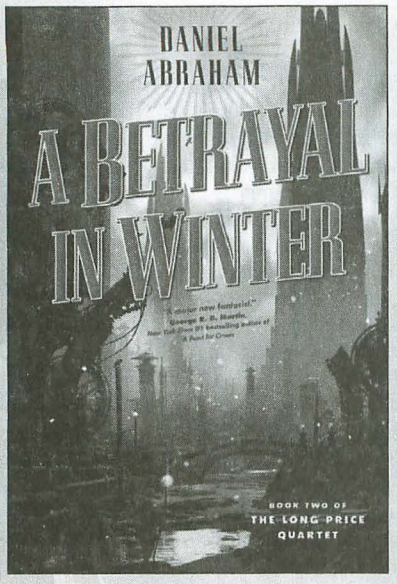

The city-state of Saraykeht is a bastion of progress, but the far-away armies of Galt are plotting its destruction. Only four people stand a chance to counter the threat—and even they might not be able to prevent Saraykeht's fall.

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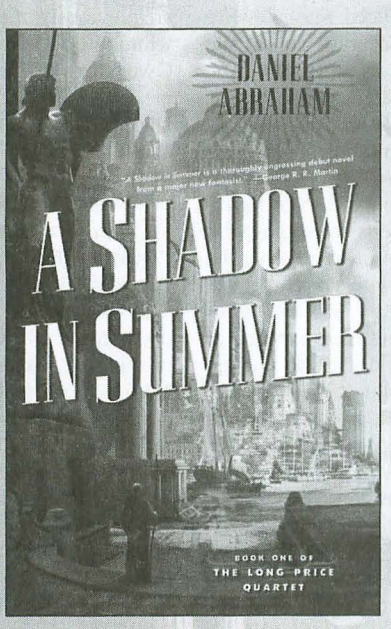

In the continuing adventures of the Wolfblade family, Marla Wolfblade's power and fortune are great, but possibly not enough, with the High Arrion of the Sorceror's Collective plotting to destroy her and her only ally toying with the idea of betrayal

"Fallon structures her novels to capture the reader from the opening paragraph and you can only break from her grasp when you reach the final page."

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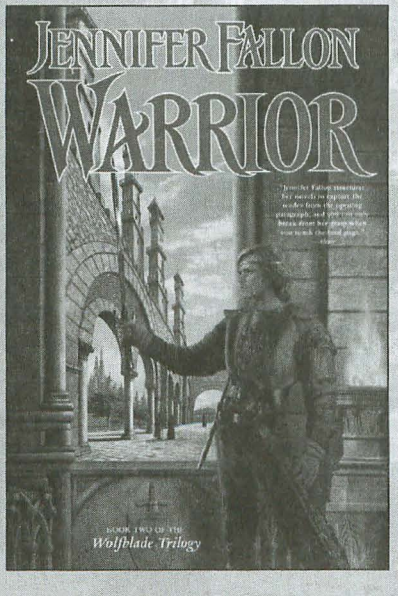

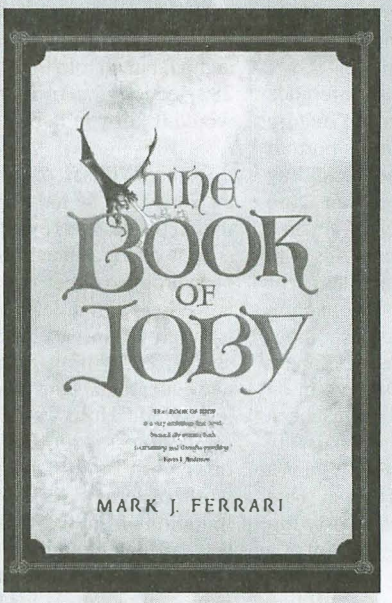

Lucifer and God have entered into a wager they've made before, and this time the existence of creation is balanced *in the* outcome. With his love of life almost lost, Joby must overcome crippling self-doubt and prove that love is stronger than rage.

"Beautifully written, both entertaining and thought-provoking."

—Kevin J. Anderson, co-author of *Hunters of Dune*

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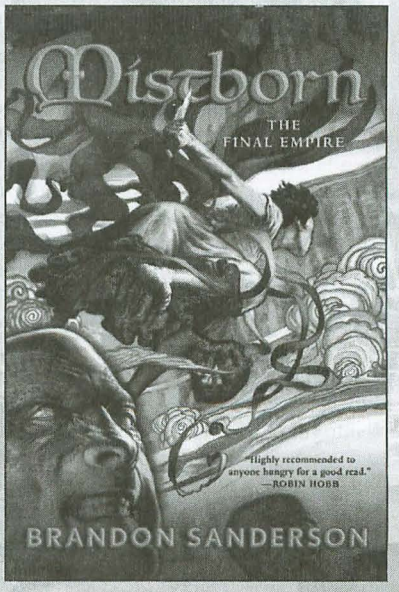

When hope doesn't even exist as a memory, a heart-broken half-Skaa named Kelsier rediscovers it in the depths of the Lord Ruler's most hellish prison. Kel focuses his talents as a brilliant thief and natural leader, with the Lord Ruler as the mark.

"This mystico-metallurgical fantasy combines Vin's coming-of-age-in-magic and its well-worn theme of revolt against oppression with copious mutilations, a large-scale cast of thieves, cutthroats, conniving nobles and exotic mutants."

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LOCUS LOOKS AT BOOKS: FAREN MILLER

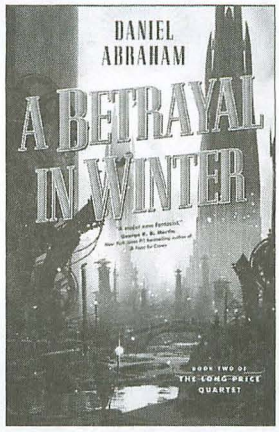
A Betrayal in Winter, Daniel Abraham (Tor 978-0-765-31341-6, $24.95, 317pp, hc) August 2007. Cover by Stephan Martiniere.

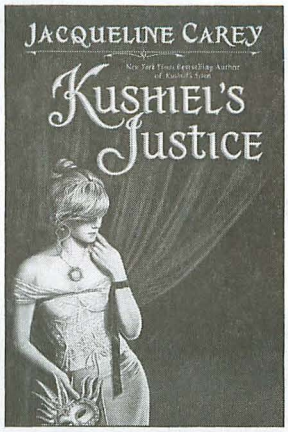
Kushiel's Justice, Jacqueline Carey (Warner 978-0-446-5003-6, $26.99, 704pp, hc) June 2007. Cover by Griesbach/Martucci.

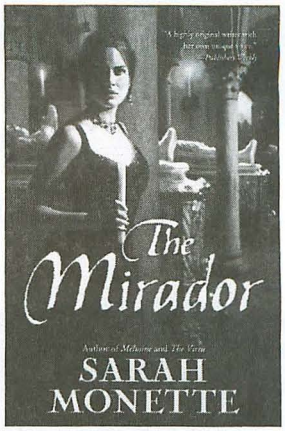
The Mirador, Sarah Monette (Ace 978-0-441-01500-9, $24.95, 426pp, hc) August 2007. Cover by Judy York.

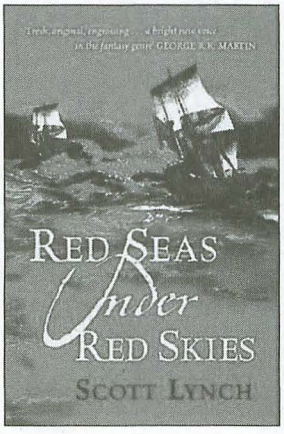
Red Seas Under Red Skies, Scott Lynch (Gollancz 978-0-575-07695-2, £18.99, 608pp, hc; 978-0-575-07925-0, £12.99, tp) June 2007. (Bantam Spectra 978-0-553-80468-3, $23.00, 576pp, hc) August 2007.

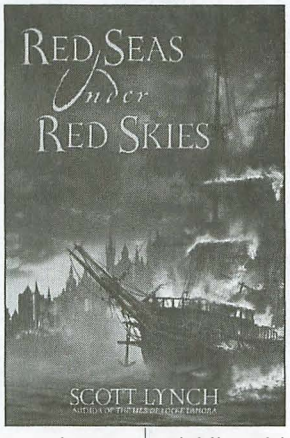
The Well of Ascension, Brandon Sanderson (Tor 978-0-7653-1688-2, $27.95, 590pp, hc) August 2007. Cover by Jon Foster.

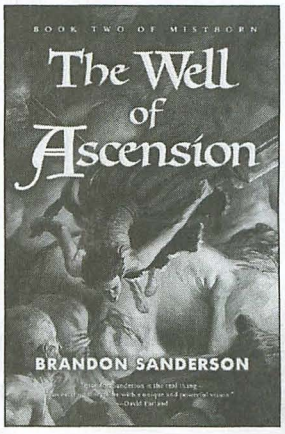












Most of the books I discussed last month could be described as *mind*-bending summer reads; this time most are *wrist*-benders, only one of them under 400 pages long, for a whopping total of just over 2,600 pages (and a word-count I don't even want to contemplate). Each belongs to some ongoing fantasy serial, trilogy, or sequence, many feature nicely-drawn maps at the front, and one includes a Dramatis Personae for a host of characters, both current and deceased. Lest that description send you into full "pseudo-Tolkienesque BS!" aversion mode, I'll add that they're all sequels to books I genuinely liked, from authors relatively new to the field.

Rather than drawing inspiration from the epics of Tolkien and his increasingly pallid heirs, these writers follow George R.R. Martin's "Song of Ice and Fire" – plus some of the best historical fiction – into complicated realms where large social/spiritual/philosophical questions mingle with intimate psychological drama, and standard archetypes are in short supply. Martin is an old hand at challenging both intellect and emotion over the course of a multi-volume work, but the question is: can newbies pull it off?

In the case of Daniel Abraham, the answer is a resounding Yes! If anything, **A Betrayal in Winter**, second in the Long Price Quartet, is even better than **A Shadow in Summer** (reviewed in #542), an impressive debut. **Summer** subverted the young-hero-gets-magical-training cliché by having the protagonist (a secondary princeling shoved off into something like a monastery for magic-users) reject his training and disappear from the action for a long stretch, replaced by a middle-aged poet with an inhuman sidekick and a lot of self-doubt. That risky plot twist ultimately worked, but **Winter** takes a tighter focus on young prince Otah's conflict with family, tradition and his own emotions, while larger political and magical consequences loom in the background.

As the slimmest of the five works I'll be discussing, at times it has the feel of drama – a Greek or Shakespearean tragedy where the bonds of love and family can only lead to disaster – and Abraham has the literary chops to pull this off without seeming pretentious, thanks to a gift for the telling phrase. A Prolog dealing with the murder of an elder prince, which will set off a flurry of assassinations (in a court whose modes of gaining power seem like a cross between the Medici and Tartars) and pull Otah into the whole mess, takes the viewpoint of the widow, fated to return to her family after long decades at court:

> She set her teeth against her tears and tried to love the world. In the morning, she would take a flatboat down the Tidat, slaves and servants to carry her things, and leave behind forever the bed of Second Palace where people did everything but die gently and old in their sleep.

The first book had a detective-story thread, and elements of dark mystery are even more prevalent this time. Some of the royals are getting truly devious, sophisticated and conflicted, so neither the deaths nor other betrayals may be the work of the most obvious suspects, and the villains may not be stone-cold killers. Maati the poet reappears on a mission to their city, ostensibly to find an old book in its library but actually to find out why Otah (the prime suspect, according to the head of his own priestly order) would target his older brother. And just who is scheming for a secret political alliance with those foreigners the Galts? Who wants to rediscover a dangerous form of lost magic?

That last business of deadly magic and unearthly forces which, if unleashed, could bring on utter catastrophe is nearly as much a staple in fantasy as it is in horror, while SF translates it into planet-killing asteroids, ruthless aliens wielding ultimate weapons, etc. The poet's old boss calls it by its rightful name (chaos) and asks Maati what he thinks the priests mean by saying that something touched by it "is never made whole," before butting in to answer the question himself:

> It means that something unthinkable can only happen once. Because after that, it's not unthinkable any longer. We've *seen* what happens when a city is touched by chaos. And now it's in the back of every head in every court in all the cities of the Khaiem.

He's referring to an embodied word of binding whose escape or nullification brought on utter disaster. For our own past century, the equivalent would be the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; now it's New York on 9/11. Though the parallels may seem obvious (and earlier writers had their own wars and holocausts in mind), a lot of the fictional baggage of Dark Lords and Ancient Evil get set aside here in favor of what really counts: the appalling made suddenly "thinkable." That's the idea that cuts to the bone.

On a more intimate scale, prince Otah and Maati both brood about the woman they loved and lost (the same woman, as it happens), while a princess's drastic actions derive from a rage no feminist could deny even if the results seem close to madness. Family political infighting also delves into the individual psyche when it addresses a question that's increasingly common in fantasy and crucial to several of the books here: Who is fit to rule? The original princely murder victim wasn't, because "he loved the

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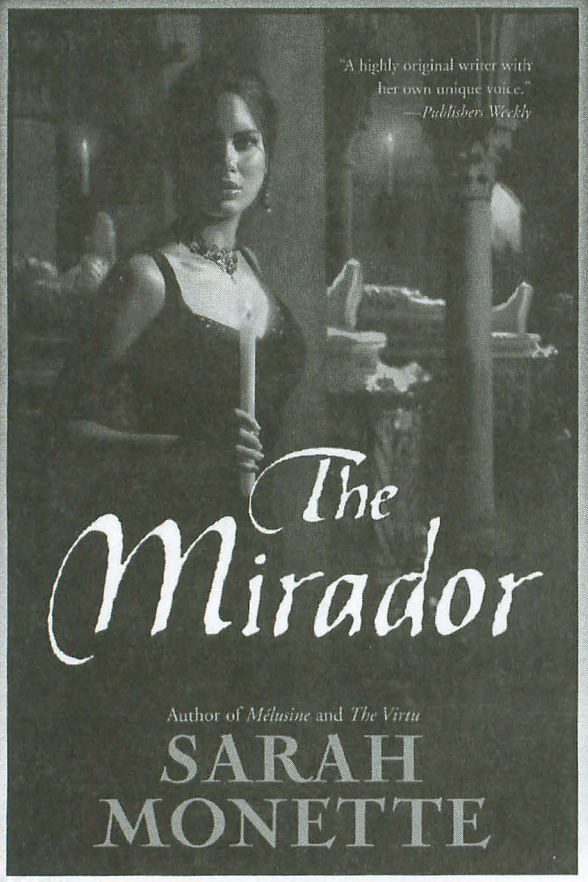

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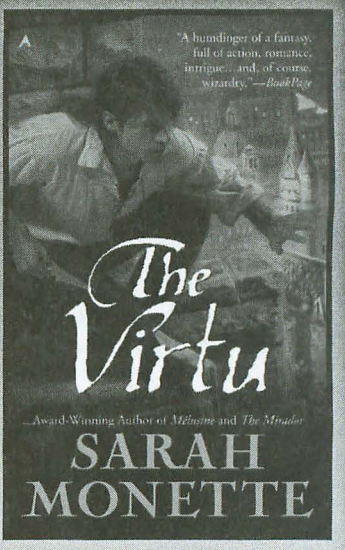

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world too much." But in the course of this tale some characters will come to doubt the truth of the corollary, "[I]n order to become one of the Khaeim, you have to stop being able to love."

While harsh experience has taught us that love is certainly *not* "all you need" to save the world, maybe the alternative can be something other than destroying one's own heart. In **A Betrayal in Winter**, Abraham puts his characters through the wringer as they desperately search for some way to reconcile the ways of power with the human soul.

Kushiel's Scion (reviewed in #545) began Jacqueline Carey's second Kushiel trilogy, moving forward a generation to feature the adoptive son of previous heroine Phèdre when he's still a relatively downy youth. Over the long course of sequel **Kushiel's Justice**, we see Imriel grow up through a combination of illicit passion, dutiful marriage, adaptation to a new life in a new land, self-questioning, coping with difficult knowledge, and a harrowing quest for "justice" even further from his old home in the D'Angeline Court.

While the world of these books is exotic, with its freewheeling combination of the sacred and sexuality in the Terre D'Ange (where gorgeous people like Imriel and his adoptive mother are the norm) as well as its gods and touches of magic, Carey emphasizes her characters' humanity. Even the episodes of X-rated romance that mark all the Kushiel books are far more complicated than one-night stands, and that's particularly true of this volume. When he met her in **Scion**, Imriel thought his cousin Sidonie was arrogant, cold, and condescending – qualities not surprising in the heir to the throne, but not conducive to friendship, let alone grand passion. Their clandestine affair doesn't ignite until he discovers the *real* Sidonie, a woman who is more than the sum of her sexual appetites.

At court, Imriel is regarded as a handy political pawn but not a proper suitor for the queen-to-be, both because of old slanders by his enemies and the uncomfortable fact that his mother was a traitress renowned for her villainy. So he's packed off from his home in the equivalent of central France to the more primitive environs of Alba (a still-barbarian England) to marry a woman he's never met. This is where the relatively slow pace and psychological naturalism of Carey's writing prove crucial to the tale, for if the episode in Alba had been just a sketchy account of an unhappy marriage, there would be no emotional force to its eventual breakup. As told here, it becomes devastating: the spur for Imriel's long quest through distant lands for a kind of closure he needs but isn't sure he wants.

When the affair with Sidonie reignites, he's already a new man, with more changes to come. The world is also changing around him, in Alba as the last remaining Old Ones are threatened by modern ways imported from the Continent, and in Vralia (the equivalent of Russia) as it's wracked by a schism between rulers as well as forced conversions to a monotheist religion that mingles elements of Judaism and Christianity. It's enough to bring anyone with a glimmer of intelligence or empathy out of the woeful self-absorption common to young frustrated lovers, and Imriel does recognize what's happening out there; he just doesn't have any idea how it can all work out, short of disaster.

That uncertainty adds to the fascination of a book that manages to absorb the reader without the standard plot drivers of archvillainy, threats of large-scale doom (beyond those occasioned by politics and other social forces), or a heavy reliance on magic. For all the glamor of the D'Angelines, this is ultimately a very human story – and that's just as it should be.

Last year my discussion of **Scion** followed a review featuring Sarah Monette's **The Virtu**, her second tale of Felix the gay gentleman wizard and his half-brother Mildmay, the straight (and foulmouthed) thief. **Virtu** pitted the intriguingly odd couple against a magical threat of chaos for a combination of adventure with private grief and self-doubts, a page turner with both attitude and heart. While the publicity material for **The Mirador**, next in the series, suggests that it will deal with another threat to their city – this time to its political/magical heart, the Mirador – that aspect of the book is slow to develop.

True, it's not long before Mildmay gets into a slangy discussion of politics with Mehitabel Parr (an actress and unwilling spy who serves as the third viewpoint character), but their mix of gossip, put downs, and speculation doesn't uncover any real threats, and Mehitabel's handlers don't tell her much about their plans. The book's structure, with long sequences of interior monologue, casts more light on private dilemmas, and everyone is haunted by some association from the past – love, hate, or a mixture of the two. In a scene where Mehitabel dances with Felix, her last line conveys the general spirit: "We finished the waltz in silence, each alone with our own dragons."

While **The Mirador** is about the same length as **The Virtu**, it moves more slowly because of this determined emphasis on interior lives and personal demons, with the larger scenario only coming into focus very late in the game. That turn to the big picture *does* make for a thrilling, sometimes heart-wrenching series of crises, leading to a conclusion that opens the door to something new. Nonetheless it left me feeling that in their third adventure, Felix and Mildmay didn't learn Imriel's lesson – they spend a little too much time navel-gazing before the real action can begin.

There's no lack of action scenes in **Red Seas Under Red Skies**, direct sequel to Scott Lynch's first novel **The Lies of Locke Lamora** (reviewed in #548). Locke is a thief, like a Mildmay with more leadership skills, who will feature in a seven-book sequence named for the Gentleman Bastards – a group of specialists in crime assembled in the first volume.

When **Red Seas** begins, the gang has been reduced to just Locke and his sidekick, Jean, but they're still busy with intricate schemes that require pseudonyms, study, and a lot of prep work for a presumably immense payoff. Money isn't everything, though. Locke tells his more bookish and dubious buddy, "Gods, we need a target, Jean. We need a *game*. We need someone to go to work on, as a team.... I want it to be us against the world and dangerous, just like it used to be."

As they make their way up the levels of an immense casino (something like the growing challenges in a complex videogame), the story starts to resemble a truncated version of the plotters and plot in ***Oceans 13***, displaced to an antique Otherworld without losing its sense of fun. But here as in the first book, Lynch seems dead set against telling a story straight; this one jumps between times, places, and subgenres until finally doubling back to the scene of its odd prologue, where the two partners seem poised to attack each other in a duel to the death.

The plot shift following the casino episodes is substantial, as the duo gets blackmailed into an entirely different scheme that forces them to take on the ill-fitting roles of a rogue gentleman pirate and his lowly mate – thus the book's title, cover, and a substantial portion of the page count. Unlike the campy, monster-ridden ***Pirates of the Caribbean*** franchise, this will be closer to gritty swashbucklers with historical roots.

Locke and Jean don't belong here, as they're well aware. Their highly placed handlers allow them to make off with a select band of convicts (***Prison Break*** meets ***The Dirty Dozen***) and just enough guidance to supposedly prepare them to take over a genuine pirate ship for their own undercover assignment. They know it's a mad scheme, and it *is*, falling apart all too soon; but the survivors – real and fake pirates alike – are rescued by what may be the greatest of all ships of thieves, run by a woman who sails in search of maritime prey with her own small kids aboard.

This long interruption to the initial plot offers some of the same gradual, ultimately effective development of character and setting as Imriel's time in Alba, going beneath the slick surface of a swashbuckler to see what the chief protagonist is really made of. The process is less evident, for "slow" is a relative term in a page turner where there's never a dull moment and always some new peril on the horizon. Still, Locke does undergo his own version of clumsy adjustment, assimilation, and genuine personal change in the face of danger, until it seems he might have some chance of advancing beyond the world of crime.

A return to the casino scheme, its denouement, and the full version of the scene first encountered in the prologue will put this in doubt, and the book ends with a substantial cliffhanger. All we can do is take a deep breath and wait for the next installment.

What happens *after* you bring down the Dark Lord of the Evil Empire? That's the question Brandon Sanderson tackles in **The Well of Ascension**, sequel to **Mistborn** (reviewed in #547) and middle book in what will be the Mistborn trilogy. The opening volume linked the more familiar epic theme of defeating the magic-wielding tyrant to the Eliza Doolittle transformation of an urchin/street thief into a

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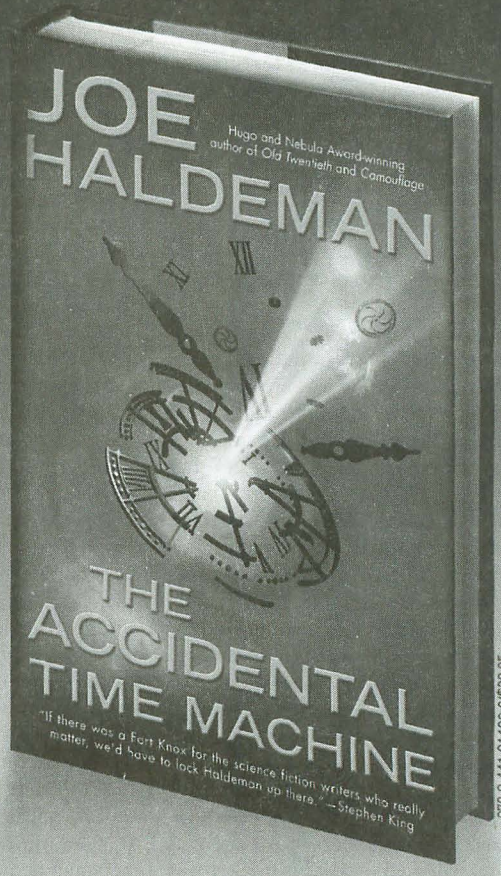

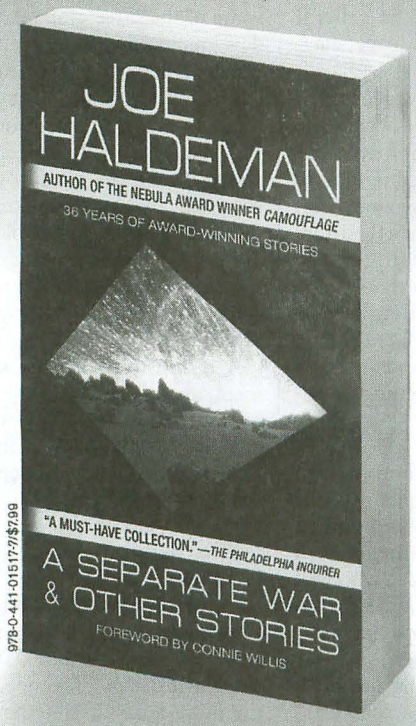

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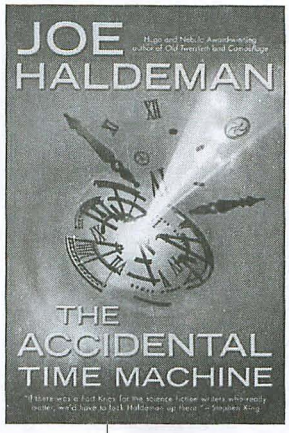
The Accidental Time Machine, Joe Haldeman (Ace 978-0-441-01499-6, $23.95, 278 pp, hc) August 2007. Cover by Craig White.

Spindrift, Allen Steele (Ace 978-0-441-01471-2, $24.95, 354 pp, hc) April 2007. Cover by Jon Harris.



Elsewhere in this issue we celebrate Robert A. Heinlein's centennial, so it seems especially appropriate to review new books by two writers who have been strongly influenced by the Old Man. Joe Haldeman, like other Sons and Daughters of Heinlein, has had a complicated, not to say strained, relationship to his virtual mentor. Starting with **The Forever War**, he has displayed a Heinleinesque grasp of the craft while diverging from many of the social and political attitudes of many hard-core Heinleinists (if not always Heinlein himself). The decoupling of conventional military social protocols from military fighting skills depicted in that book's opening pages ("Fuck you, sir!") couldn't be a more emphatic declaration of independence. But I would say that Heinlein's influence on SF in general has been as much a matter of his command of the art and craft of *writing* SF as of his political or even his science fictional Ideas – and that even in a relatively light piece such as **The Accidental Time Machine**, Joe Haldeman is revealed as someone who has absorbed those art and craft lessons thoroughly.

The time machine of the title is accidental because Matt Fuller, MIT grad student and lab-tech, is building something else altogether for his professor/boss when the piece of gear vanishes and reappears a second later. The next few times he pushes the reset button, it does the same thing, though each disappearance lasts about 12 times as long as the previous one. Matt figures that it must be a time machine, and further tests seem to confirm that hypothesis. When he finally gets around to using himself as a test subject, he winds up in jail charged with murder (it involves a fat drug dealer, a wetsuit, and a vintage 1956 Thunderbird, among other things – it is, as he tells the cops, "a long story"). And since there's no reverse gear on the gadget, his only chance to get home is to keep going forward until he finds a period that has figured out how to return him to the past. Matt is sure this must happen eventually, because a mysterious stranger who must have come from the future bails him out of jail and tells him to skedaddle, which he does, several times.

Even an innumerate book reviewer can figure that it won't take many 12-times-longer trips to get a time traveler to a very far-out world indeed, but in only a couple of hops, Matt finds a more than moderately strange society: a tight-sphincter theocracy that features an incongruous mix of robots, lasers, priests, peasants, and personal appearances by Jesus. MIT has taken on a distinctly medieval feel (and a new meaning for the "T-word"), with a mixture of tech and divinity courses, and Matt winds up with a teaching appointment, quarters, and a personal assistant named Martha who is enough of an "independent thinker" to listen to Matt's now-borderline-dangerous ideas without melting down. When yet another crisis develops, Matt and Martha both take a big, two-millennia jump to a time that's just as strange but along a different vector (I think of it as eBay-land, with posthuman décor and amenities and a character called La who definitely isn't from Opar), and then to some quite distant times and scenery and a resolution that echoes both Wells and Heinlein.

If I were to keep hammering at the Heinlein connection, I would certainly point to parallels with the Old Man's uses of the Matter of Time Travel, particularly the nightmarish closed-loop traps and labyrinths of **The Hemingway Hoax** (reviewed, lordy! in May 1990), with its echoes of "'All You Zombies – .'" But what seems to haunt Haldeman even more than the prospect of bumping into himself coming around a corner becoming his own grandpa is an exaggerated version of the kind of time travel we all engage in when we live into a future that leaves us puzzled and isolated. This has been a feature of his work since the time-dilated grunts of **The Forever War** struggled to make sense of a home front that was more culturally distant every time they returned to it. Here is Matt's take on the world only a few years from his home time in the 2050s:

> Movies were either dumb static domestic comedies (during which the audience laughed insanely at things that didn't seem to be funny) or brutal bloodbaths from Japan and India. Popular music set his teeth on edge, harmonic discord and machine-gun percussion or syrupy inane love ballads. Popular books seemed to be written for either slow children or English Ph.D.s.

Why do I keep picturing the writer in slippers, cardigan sweater, and reading glasses, yelling at the damn kids to stay off his lawn? But Haldeman writes with the same vigor and humor that produced "Fuck you, sir!" half a lifetime ago, as in Matt's construction of a possible cosmological model for his situation, based on contemplation of a jar of pickled eggs at the Brain Drain tavern:

> Each egg was a closed three-dimensional solid touching other closed three-dimensional solids, unaware that it was floating in a larger universe of vinegar. Unaware of the bartender with his fork, ready to change any egg's destiny.

When the cosmic bartender finally does fish Matt and Martha out of the vinegar, their reward (and ours) is a surprising safe harbor and a bittersweet finish quite consonant, for all the book's picaresque comedy, with the humane and human vision of officially more serious books such as **Guardian** or **The Coming**. It's more evidence that Joe Haldeman has become a better writer, line by line and scene by scene, than his very able ancestor.

Allen Steele may be even more Heinlein-inspired than Haldeman is, especially in the Near Space stories that tackle the motifs and tropes of early-to-middle Heinlein: the passionate advocacy of space exploration, industrialization, and colonization; the vision of the solar system as a working and living environment; and the depiction of the divide between Those Who Can and Those Who Just Fiddle the Accounts. The Coyote cycle (**Coyote**, **Coyote Rising**, and **Coyote Frontier**, reviewed December 2002, January 2005, and February 2006, respectively) has been Steele's most extended treatment of the space-frontier and liberation-struggle aspects of that motif family, and now in **Spindrift** he takes us to places and events just off the main sequence of the earlier books, to focus not on planetary pioneering or revolution but on a deep-space exploration that will climax in First Contact. We know this because the main line of the story is framed by its own outcome: a Coyote Federation starship comes to Earth carrying the survivors of an expedition that vanished about 50 years earlier. The *Galileo* had been sent to investigate a possibly artificial object that was passing relatively near the solar system. We know that Something Interesting must have happened because the *Lee* has brought back not only *Galileo*'s three surviving crew members (dressed in strange alien robes) but also its short-range shuttle, now retrofitted with engines that are not the product of any human technology – *and* the news that an alien ambassador is now in residence on Coyote. What the very old, very annoyed European Space Agency Director General wants to know is what happened to the mission he sent out so long ago, and the answers are not going to please him.

"Spindrift" is the name given to a mysterious object spotted by long-range lunar telescopes, traveling fast, set to pass a little over two light-years out, with a tiny satellite of its own. The clincher is that it answered a ping from the SETI

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THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

August 3, 2088. "Dorothy" spins down. The mile-wide stationary artificial tornado, Kansas's most popular (and only) tourist attraction since it was powered up in 2072 to attract and neutralize deadly dry-line storm fronts, dissipates into scattered breezes after a suspicious torque-field collapse. Enviro-terror group Wild Skies claims responsibility.

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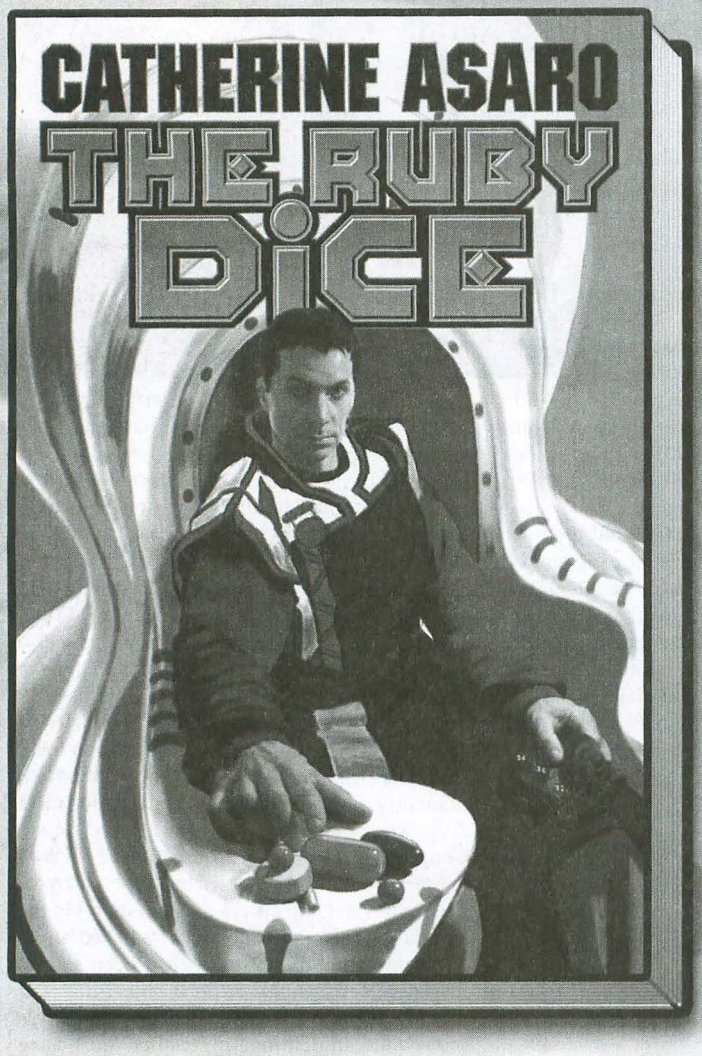

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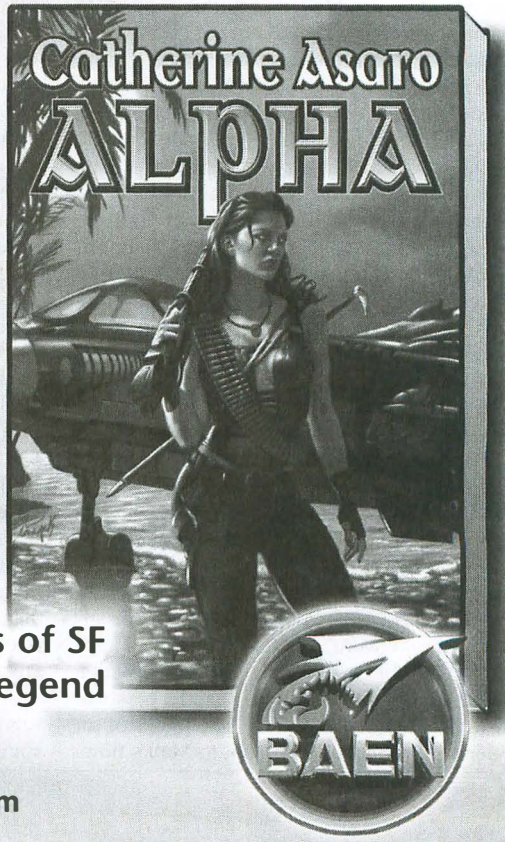

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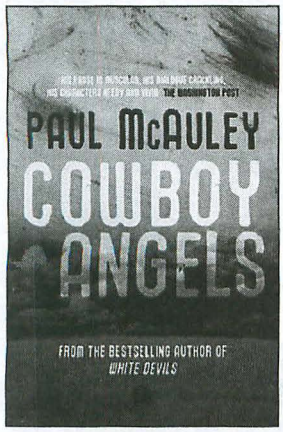

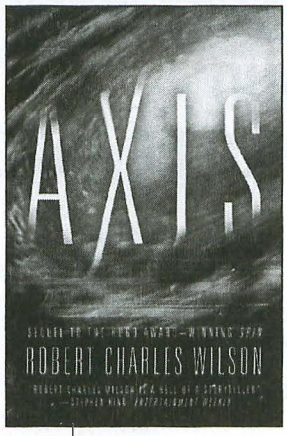

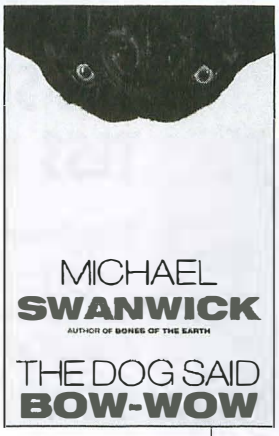

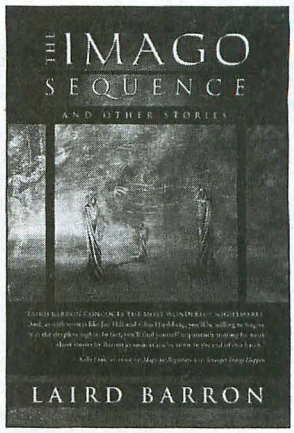

Cowboy Angels, Paul McAuley (Gollancz 978-0-575-07934-2, £18.99, 320pp, hc; 978-0-575-07935-9, £12.99, tp) September 2007.

Axis, Robert Charles Wilson (Tor 978-0-765-30939-6, $25.95, 304pp, hc) September 2007.

The Dog Said Bow-Wow, Michael Swanwick (Tachyon Publications 978-1-892-39152-0, $14.95, 295pp, tp) September 2007. [Order from Tachyon Publications, 1459 18th Street #139, San Francisco CA 94107; <www.tachyonpublications.com>.]

The Imago Sequence and Other Stories, Laird Barron (Night Shade Books 978-1-597-80088-4, $24.95, 239pp, hc) July 2007. Cover by Eleni Tsami. [Order from Night Shade Books, 1423 33rd Ave., San Francisco CA 94122; <www.nightshadebooks.com>.]

Since Paul McAuley published the last volume of his far-future Confluence trilogy in 1999, all his novels, despite continuing to contain important science fictional elements, have adopted the vocabulary and mannerisms of the thriller genre, an experiment guaranteeing narrative tension but also entailing a certain formulaic superficiality. **Cowboy Angels**, a magisterial alternate worlds tale, takes the means and modes of the thriller and meshes them so perfectly with ambitious political allegory that for the first time a McAuley SF/thriller succeeds on every level, every technique complementing every other, hardboiled characters and dialogue ably supporting momentous themes and supplying a well-measured turn of humor. The result is one of the best SF novels of the year.

It may or may not be the case that McAuley sets out in **Cowboy Angels** to one-up the cringingly bad TV series ***Stargate***, but his premise is not dissimilar: the US military and intelligence establishment possesses portals, known as Turing Gates, that allow access to other worlds and sends agents, diplomats, and armed soldiers through these on a regular basis. The difference is that the worlds visited are not implausible cardboard colony planets but rather well-drawn alternate Americas, timelines where history has taken different, often morally awkward, courses; and also that the USA performing the interdimensional missions is not our own, but an ironic counterfactual version, where physics made a breakthrough in the '60s unknown to us (thus the Gates), and Jimmy Carter became president in 1981, not 1977. The novel begins in 1981, at a time when this other America, which confidently regards itself as "The Real," has spent 15 years waging surrogate wars in various "sheaves," hoping thereby to spread democratic values and the American way but in practice finding that even North America, in altered circumstances, does not necessarily support such a regime. In one sheaf, the Amerikan Bund, German-American Nazis, have been toppled from power; in another, an authoritarian federal government is assisted in recovery from a Cuban Missiles Crisis gone nuclear; in a third, a nuclear conflict in 1968 has left little worth saving. As Carter takes office, he reprehends these brute-force failures, purges the intelligence ranks, and insists on a new, humane policy, based on human rights advocacy, cultural exchange, and peaceful intervention. In consequence, the latest planned adventure, an incursion into a Communist America by gung-ho right-wing exiles, has its official backing withdrawn and, like a greater Bay of Pigs, goes terribly awry. The black-ops types within the Company (as their equivalent of the CIA is inevitably known), keenly wedded to the aggressive program, predictably feel affronted and estranged, and their grizzled leader, the wickedly named and now dismissed Dick Knightly, concocts a grandiose plot to undo the actions of the lily-livered new administration.

A lot of postwar American history can be read into this, from the Cold War and Vietnam to the rule of the actual Jimmy Carter to Iran-Contra to the War on Terror and its campaigns in Afghanistan and Iraq; some parallels are explicit, others subtler (an allusion to Philip K. Dick signals some of these). Whatever the larger dimension, McAuley's plot allows a systematic, cliffhanger-intensive, and periodically very funny exploration of various of the affected timelines, as a pair of veteran field agents, usually at personal and philosophical loggerheads, strives to thwart Knightly's Operation Gypsy. Gypsy, it is obvious enough, involves many renegade Company members, but its disguise is excellent and its intended method of upsetting Carter's initiatives highly opaque. Adam Stone, retired and on the whole sympathetic to the policies commenced by Carter, is pulled out of his idyllic retreat in a sheaf where humankind never evolved (ah, the frontier life!) to help investigate a string of assassinations carried out by his old friend and partner, the more conservative and risk-prone Tom Waverley, who remained active after Knightly's departure. For some reason, Waverley has been murdering the cognates or "doppels" of a scientist named Eileen Barrie in a succession of sheaves; he hasn't yet attacked her in the Real, but that central version must potentially be in the firing line. Waverley is trapped in the 1962-nuclear sheaf and before dying there passes vital hints and clues about Gypsy to Stone and Waverley's daughter; they then escape to further Americas, pursued, betrayed, and flummoxed at every turn, yet gradually getting closer to the truth. Appropriately, much of the action occurs in our universe, the so-called Nixon sheaf, one of the many jokes associated with this being the revelation that the Company planned to spark revolution and political collapse in our 1970s but gave that up when a scheme to kill Allen Ginsberg collapsed.

The odyssey of Stone through incarnations of New York sometimes down at heels and sometimes cosmopolitanly vibrant, his arguments and double bluffs with the ebullient and dangerous Waverley, his Hitchcockian struggles with members of Gypsy, his narrow escapes from conspiring gangsters, rampaging hominids (a link to McAuley's earlier novel **White Devils** there), and sputtering nuclear reactors, his fraught conversations and fascinating historical speculations: these are endlessly exciting and provocative and never let up. McAuley's writing has characteristically been very *full*, packed with invention, thought, and incident, its idea quotient at a level with Greg Egan and Michael Swanwick, and this has never been truer than with **Cowboy Angels**. Forget the cynicism, the sardonic invocations of thriller convention, the (again) spiraling body count: these by now are

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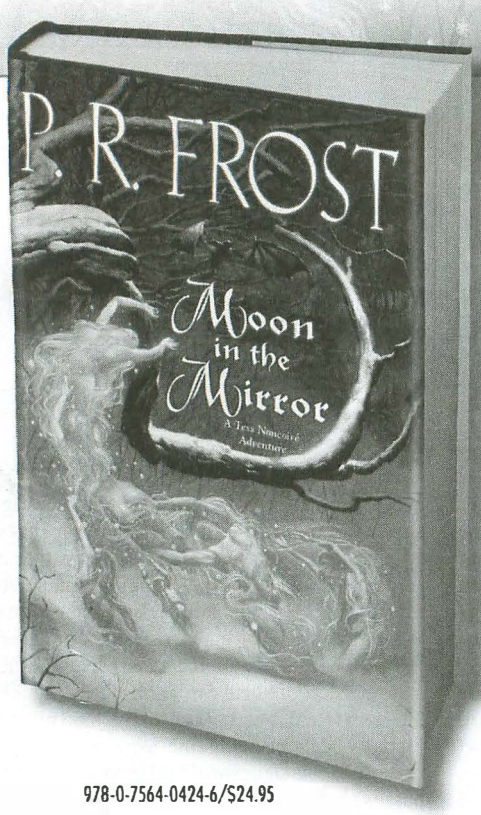
THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

August 9-11, 2254. Asteroid-killer launch scrubbed. Gloom settles over a doomed Earth as the Chinese-American nuclear missile AK-50, aimed at the approaching "Nancy Eleven" asteroid, misses its three-day launch window, delayed by a temporary injunction from the Islamo-Christian End Times Association. World Court issues regrets but defends the rule of law.



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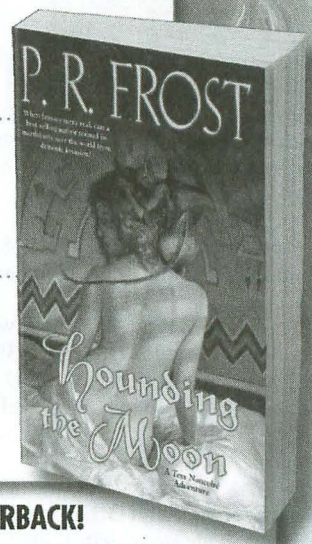

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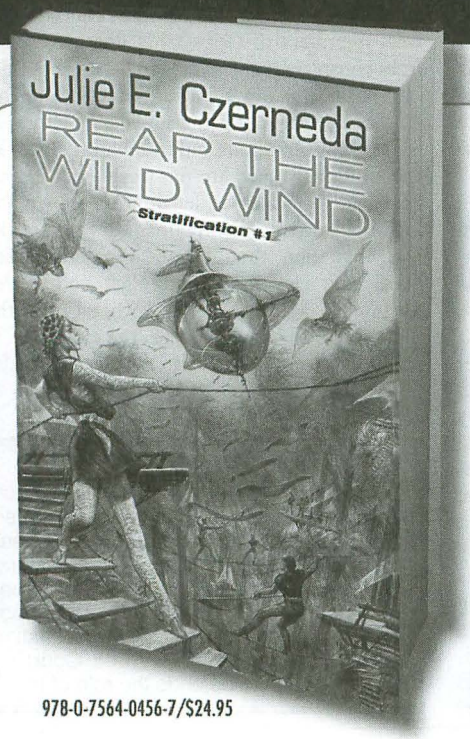

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The first novel in the *Stratification* trilogy explores the origins of the Clan on Cersi, a world far-distant from the Trade Pact planets. It opens at a pivotal moment in their history when beings from the Trade Pact have just come to Cersi, upsetting the delicate balance between the world's three sentient races. It is a time too, when Aryl Sarc of Yena Clan is on the verge of mastering the forbidden secret of the M'hir....

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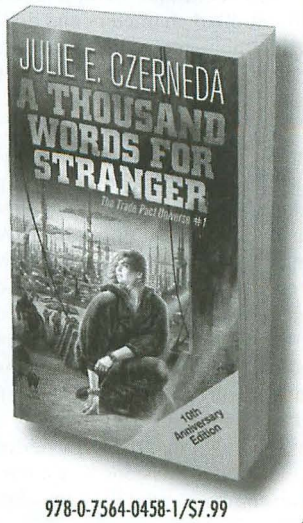

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subordinate, well-disciplined literary cadres, and the old, triumphantly adventurous McAuley has returned. The final scene of the book is masterfully contrived, the uncertainties of our world (and others?) about the future beautifully captured in an instant of violent quantum doubt; that moment could define the radical openness that SF does *not* share with the tatty, defensive, formula-bound orthodox thriller.

CIA men in suits are also an element of Robert Charles Wilson's new novel **Axis**, although this time they officially represent the Bureau of Genomic Security. Their work is to hunt down people who have incorporated into their personal biologies Martian technology that brings them notionally closer to the vastly powerful aliens dubbed the Hypotheticals; the Hypotheticals being indeed an unknown quantity, perhaps the BGS has good reason. But as **Axis** proceeds, the matter is taken out of BGS's hands, and that distinctive Wilsonian narrative climax, the surge into transcendence, occurs, with forceful, ominous beauty, humankind drawing toward ultimate revelation and (one hopes) adventure. Yet not quite, for **Axis** is the middle volume of a trilogy, and only so much can be disclosed at this stage.

Axis is a sequel to the Hugo Award-winning **Spin** and links that book to the forthcoming **Vortex**. Because of this, the current volume is transitional, pendant at one end and unsupported at the other, and has an unsatisfactory texture, a sense of postponement, that could be bothersome to readers. Certainly the main players in **Axis** are a lot less richly drawn than their well-characterized predecessors in **Spin**, for the implicit reason that they are simply a means to get from A to C; and the aforementioned final apocalyptic chapters, however impressive their noise and withering glow, carry no decisive burden of understanding. Still, this is a familiar problem in SF and fantasy, those unrepentant citadels of trilogism; Wilson is a resourceful, deeply professional writer, and he makes more of his inherently unsatisfactory project than most authors could. So what, then, are the compensating diversions of **Axis**?

It will be remembered that in **Spin**, the Hypotheticals spun the Earth up, so to speak, meaning that while mere decades passed here, the rest of the universe progressed billions of years into senescence. When our Sun grew bloated and red, a protective barrier maintained the normal terrestrial climate, and even though political turmoil and religious fundamentalism scarred the landscape, humankind survived more or less intact, even taking the opportunity to colonize Mars, soon (in Earth years) home to a wise and advanced civilization. From the Martians came forms of nanotech permitting extended life and the potential for direct contact with the invisible, inscrutable Hypotheticals; employed by such visionaries as Jason Lawton, this material proved problematic, sometimes fatal, yet still warranted the hostile attention of the BGS. No cognitive breakthrough really occurred, but one unambiguous, unhypothetical message was received: an Arch linking our planet to another habitable world (soon named Equatoria), a formidable gift indeed. But for what purpose? **Axis** begins to provide an answer, to a riddle truly worth unraveling, if only partially for now.

Do the Hypotheticals possess any conscious, linear intelligence, or do they simply enact imperatives thrown up programmatically by their nature as great complexifying networks of nanomachines in the cold depths of space? By extension, is our form of sentience inferior, or irrelevant, or fatally short-lived? Wilson gets to grips with these grave matters through Isaac, a boy seeded before birth with Jason Lawton's nanomaterial and raised by a secretive group of Fourths – that is, adults infected much later in life – in a remote desert region of Equatoria. There is a haunting quality to Isaac's upbringing in such strange monastic surroundings, his companions elderly yet seemingly ageless sages, thoughtful people, slow to anger yet firm, even fanatical, in their desire to converse with the Hypotheticals. Isaac is their guinea pig and their messiah, their intended conduit to the aliens. While he leads the last months of his peculiar childhood (one with so many precedents in the literature of SF, knowingly echoed by Wilson), other people are pressured by circumstance to come west and join Isaac in the arid wastes – Sulean Moi, a wise Martian who has kept careful watch on the Fourths of Earth and Equatoria for many years; Lise Adams and Turk Findley, a couple on the run from the Provisional Government of Equatoria and the BGS, conflicted in their regard for each other but hoping to find Lise's missing father, an academic well acquainted with Fourths; Diane Lawton, the last lingering cast member from **Spin**, old but a dedicated healer; and Brian Gately, the ex-husband of Lise Adams and local BGS official, whose pursuit of the others is fortunately half-hearted, given that sinister federal agents have conscripted him as pawn and guide. There is a great deal of (admittedly conventional) suspense as the latecomers migrate desertward, and when they get there near the close, Wilson's language becomes intense, dreamlike, rhapsodic, as he unfolds authentic wonders, a sortie into eschatology. There are devastating storms, flowers with eyes, blooms of memory hurling themselves into a great alien maw, voices from beyond the grave, temptations and refusals at the point of Death; noble sacrifice, intimations of immortality. Even though he can't actually say terribly much, Wilson keeps his counsel with style.

So there are real reasons to read **Axis**. And **Vortex** may make them retrospectively stronger. Yet this is a flawed book, and demanding readers may find themselves just passing through.

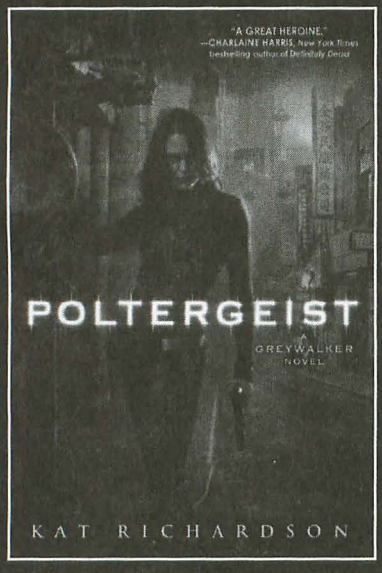
Michael Swanwick is one of the finest short fiction writers of the last quarter century, and his long-awaited new collection, **The Dog Said Bow-Wow**, is surpassingly brilliant. It's remarkable how effortlessly Swanwick glides over the panorama of genre, pointing out and sizing up the highlights before rearranging them into a topography of sardonic wonder. He is a demiurge with a wicked faculty for sarcasm. As his best book of stories yet, **Dog** features worlds appropriately bizarre, baroque, satiric, and parodic.

The reprinted stories assembled represent a number of Swanwick's moods and career phases. There's his dinosaur stage (best exemplified by the 2002 novel **Bones of the Earth**), playfully captured in "A Great Day for Brontosaurs", a mordant extrapolation from the logic of **Jurassic Park**, and more thoughtfully sampled in "Triceratops Summer", a touching reflection on the fugacity of existence centering on the image of "trikes" grazing at the edge of a suburban garden: impossible, a fleeting dream. There's a recurring preoccupation with the mercurial, deceitful lands of Faerie, coming to a climax in the upcoming novel **The Dragons of Babel**, foretastes of which are vouchsafed by "An Episode of Stardust" (how conmen must flourish in Elfland!) and "A Small Room in Koboldtown", where distinctions between tribes of supernatural beings take on proportions of Tammany Hall district politicking. "The Bordello in Faerie" is self-explanatory. There's Swanwick's Hard SF thread, seen in "Slow Life", a masterful novelette about a female astronaut on Titan making contact with intelligent life there, a shattering of illusions on both sides; a short piece, "'Hello,' Said the Stick", like "Slow Life" first published in *Analog*, plays ingeniously with Hard SF as a subgenre, lending it a cunning medieval tinge. A recent tale, "Tin Marsh", turns gritty details about freelance prospecting on Venus into an incisive commentary on cabin fever, really a staple of Hard SF when one thinks of all those solitary scientists and explorers. There's Swanwick as serious social commentator, looking at how occupational realities never change in the quiet, reflective "The Last Geek", and at the dire hypocrisy of overseas conflict in the surreal gem "Dirty Little War", a glinting microcosm of anger over Vietnam. And there's the ebullient posthistoric Swanwick, who relishes the depiction of an arcadian far-future Earth full of novel play and archaic danger: the wily confidence tricksters Darger and Surplus pursue passion and profit in the London of a monstrous Gloriana ("The Dog Said Bow-Wow"), a Paris of inhuman courtesans and Proustian obsessions ("The Little Cat Laughed to See Such Sport"), and a Greece of genetically engineered satyrs and nymphs ("Girls and Boys, Come Out and Play"). There's also Swanwick the gleeful parodist, celebrating and excoriating A.E. van Vogt in "Legions in Time", a grand farrago of chrononautical wars and liberated superwomen. All 14 of these confections are excellent, written with poetic flair and perfectly calibrated economy; they penetrate to the stuttering heart of SF and fantasy and imbue it with effervescent new life.

But it's the two new novelettes in **Dog** that truly make the book the leading contender for best collection of 2007. "The Skysailor's Tale" begins with a partial amnesiac recalling what details he can of life in Philadelphia in the years following the Napoleonic Wars; decades on, he is hoping to transfer some wisdom to a son about to go to make his fortune in the wider world. The shifting byways of memory have a magnificently rendered hallucinatory flavor, making even perfectly mundane fragments of

⏭ *p. 71*

Meet three amazing women this August.



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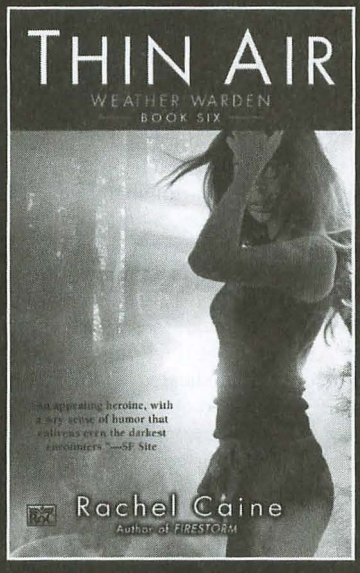

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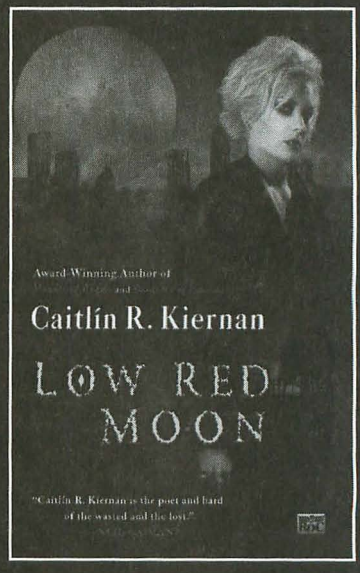

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In an effort to put the horrors of the past behind, Chance and Deacon are now married, and expecting a child—but just when they think the worst has passed, it returns in the form of a woman on a quest for blood and violence.

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SHORT REVIEWS BY CAROLYN CUSHMAN

Mike Carey, **The Devil You Know** (Orbit 1-84149-413-5, £6.99, 470pp, pb) April 2006. Cover by Alec Williamson; (Warner 978-0-446-58030-4, $24.99, 406pp, hc) July 2007.

A comics creator noted for his work on series such as *Lucifer* and *Hellblazer*, Carey now presents his first novel, a thrilling mystery featuring freelance exorcist Felix Castor in an alternate contemporary England. In this world, ghosts and zombies became an acknowledged part of life some ten years before. Felix, always able to see ghosts, now has the ability to eradicate unwanted ghosts and works as a sort of supernatural detective. Unfortunately, a case involving a friend went horribly wrong, and Felix hasn't worked since, and he's broke and desperate enough to be working as a clown at a children's party when he novel opens. When that goes terribly wrong, he then takes the first job that offers: a case involving a museum ghost turned violent that leads to some very dangerous criminals. Felix is a first-person narrator in traditional hard-boiled style, the smar -mouthed sort who can't keep quiet in a bad situation, but he's nicely self-aware, providing a wry edge of humor even when things get darkest, making him a welcome addition to the growing ranks of supernatural detectives.

MaryJanice Davidson, **Undead and Uneasy** (Berkley Sensation 978-0-425-21376-6, $23.95, 272pp, hc) June 2007. Cover by Chris Long.

Betsy the Vampire Queen is finally ready to wed in this sixth volume in this humorous chick-lit vampire series. However, she's been verging on turning into Bridezilla so long it doesn't seem too surprising that the people around her have been staying out of her way – but two weeks before the wedding everyone disappears – even the groom. And then the Wyndham Werewolves turn up. It's a goofy outing, but fun to watch as Betsy manages, as usual, to stumble on the answer and save the day, just in time for the wedding that's been so long in the planning – and now passes in a few banter-filled paragraphs.

Tate Hallaway, **Dead Sexy** (Berkley 978-0-425-21508-1, $14.00, 294pp, tp) May 2007. Cover by Margarete Gockel.

Murder comes back to haunt Garnet Lacey in this sequel to **Tall, Dark & Dead**. Garnet first went on the run after Vatican witch hunters killed her coven and the goddess Lilith possessed her and killed the Vatican agents. Now the bodies have been uncovered, and the FBI is on Garnet's trail, so she's forced to turn to her vampire ex-boyfriend for help, while trying to keep her current boyfriend, the vampire alchemist Sebastian, from finding out, not to mention trying to keep Lilith from reappearing and wreaking havoc. And then there are all those zombies turning up around town.... Garnet's an engaging narrator, and while the plot occasionally seems a bit over the top, it's also a consistently fun, fast-paced romp.

Charlaine Harris & Toni L.P. Kelner, eds., **Many Bloody Returns** (Ace 978-0-441-01522-1, $24.95, 355pp, hc) September 2007. Cover by Lisa Desimini.

What do bir hdays mean to vampires? Thirteen authors come up with as many answers in this amusing original anthology, which tends to the lighter side of vampire fiction, with the birthdays frequently tangential to the stories at best. Several stories are part of popular series; among the best are Jim Butcher's Dresden Files story, "It's My Birthday, Too", in which Harry Dresden tries to get a birthday present to his vampire half-brother, only to run into some live-action roleplayers facing real vampires in an after-hours shopping mall; P.N. Elrod's lively Vampire Files story, "Grave-Robbed", finds PI vampire Jack Fleming taking on a phony medium; in Tanya Huff's Smoke series, "Blood Wrapped" sets Tony and Henry searching for a kidnapped child and for an appropriate gift for Vicki Nelson's 40th birthday; and Tate Hallaway's "Fire and Ice and Linguini for Two" finds wiccan Garnet Lacey (of **Tall, Dark & Dead** and **Dead Sexy**) trying to convince her vampire boyfriend that his birthday isn't cursed, despite some chilling encounters. Charlaine Harris's own entry, "Dracula Night", is amusing but slight, a Sookie Stackhouse story that finds the human telepath fortunately on hand when things go wrong during the vampires' celebration of Dracula's birthday. Co-editor Toni L.P. Kelner, a mystery writer, presents a punchy, but touching, tale of a vampire who catches a serial killer while on a nostalgia trip to her own home town in "How Stella Got Her Grave Back". The remaining stories are a mixed bunch, mostly standalones, and some less than satisfying – possibly because they don't have well-developed series backgrounds to draw on. For fans of the series represented here, however, this is an entertaining birthday party well worth checking out.

Kat Richardson, **Poltergeist** (Roc 978-0-451-46150-6, $14.00, 341pp, tp) August 2007. Cover by Chris McGrath.

Seattle PI Harper Blaine is back in her second novel. In **Greywalker**, Harper discovered her ability to see and enter the grey, a paranormal realm that parallels ours. She's still trying to learn to control her abilities when she gets a new case involving a university research project into the paranormal. The project is attempting to recreate an experiment in creating a "ghost" by holding séances in controlled circumstances, – but the project has been too successful, and the professor in charge is certain someone is rigging the results. Harper, though, knows something supernatural is happening, something big. Then one of the participants is killed, and Harper has a murder investigation on her hands. Harper's charmingly stubborn, the liminal world of the grey is fascinating, and some of the peripheral characters are intriguing in their own right, adding up to make this one of the most interesting in the latest crop of supernatural mystery series.

Michelle Sagara, **Cast in Secret** (Lujna 978-0-373-80280-7, $14.95, 521pp, tp) August 2007.

Kaylin Neya returns in her third fantasy novel, still a law enforcement officer in the Hawks and still not dealing with her developing magic abilities, despite a very determined dragon tutor. This time, when everyone else in the city is gearing up for Festival, Kaylin gets handed a case that involves a stolen magic box, a missing child, and the possible destruction of the world. Kaylin is not only forced to learn more about her own magic, but also to work with one of the city's least popular species: the telepathic Tha'alani. Kaylin, like many others, is repulsed by the idea of having her mind read, but forces herself to learn about the reclusive Tha'alani. As in previous books, the cultural information adds fascinating new detail to Kaylin's complex world, while the tense investigation and powerful magics provide plenty of thrills.

Sherwood Smith, **The Fox** (DAW 978-0-7564-0421-5, $25.95, 691pp, hc) August 2007. Cover by Matt Stawicki.

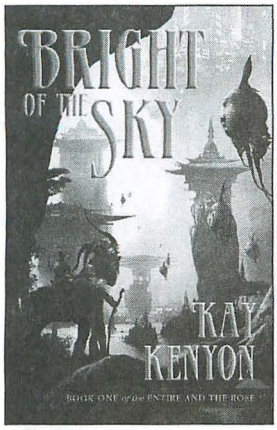
Pirates and plotters fill this swashbuckling sequel to **Inda**. Forced into exile by scandal, young Marlovan prince Indevan-Dal Algara-Vayir went to sea and became Inda Elgar, AKA Elgar the Fox, leader of his own small mercenary fleet, only to be captured by pirates at the end of the first book. Drafted into the pirate crew, under a vicious captain, Inda finds some unexpected allies and opportunities – and a new determination to wipe out the pirates and stop the Venn, a northern empire that is using the pirates to aid its attacks on Inda's homeland. Meanwhile, the Marlovans, without a navy, are having trouble fighting the coastal raids, while the schemes of the king's brother and the royal heir threaten to rip the kingdom apart. The Marlovans' military culture remains intriguing, but now the perspective opens up as Inda and others experience other lands and customs, many in strong contrast to their own. This is a middle novel in this series, still setting the stage for bigger confrontations yet to come, but it's full of action, adventure, and delightful, larger-than-life characters, and manages a sneakily sudden, uplifting twist at the end that provides a satisfying conclusion despite looming disasters.

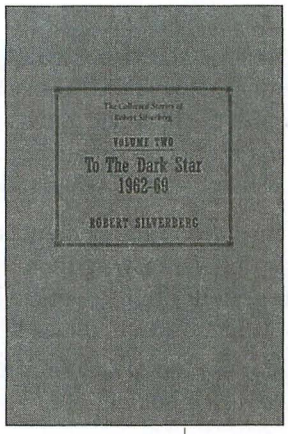
Gilliam Summers, **The Tree Shepherd's Daughter** (Flux 978-0-7387-1081-5, $9.95, 331pp, tp) September 2007.

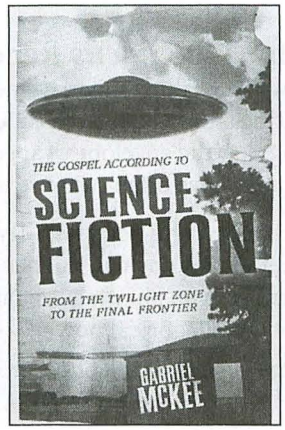
A teen moves in with the father she hardly knows and discovers some magical family secrets in this young-adult fantasy, the first volume of the Faire Folk trilogy. Keelie Heartwood was living in California when her mother died suddenly, forcing Keelie to live with her father, a Renaissance Faire craftsman. Keelie's not happy being thrust back into the middle ages, but she soon realizes that things are stranger than she expected. In fact, this faire has some real elves – and she's one of them, with no idea how their world works. In the recent flood of YA novels featuring rebellious teens who discover the supernatural world, this one stands out thanks primarily to the quirky ren-faire setting, some interesting wood magic, and a cat with serious attitude.

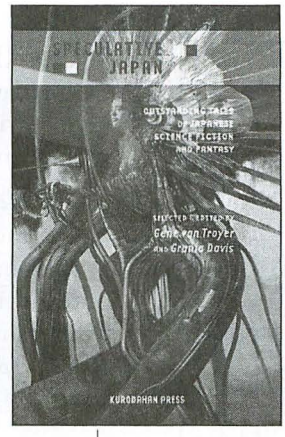
–Carolyn Cushman ■

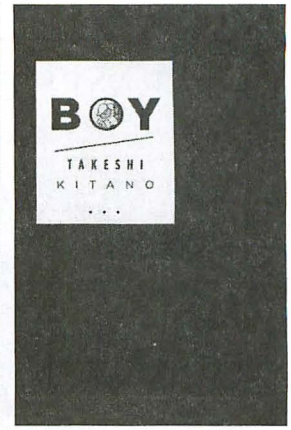
LOCUS LOOKS AT BOOKS: DIVERS HANDS











RICH HORTON

Bright of the Sky, by Kay Kenyon (Pyr 978-1-59102-541-2, $25, 461pp, hc) April 2007. Cover by Stephan Martiniere.

Kay Kenyon begins a new series, collective title The Entire and the Rose, with **Bright of the Sky**. The series is SF with elements that have a fantasy feel. I was reminded of various previous works – not so much because the book is particularly derivative, I think, but rather because I have read so much that little seems truly new to me any more. Suffice it to say that I detected echoes or chance resemblances to works as diverse as Paul McAuley's somewhat unfairly neglected **Confluence** trilogy and Steph Swainston's novels.

Bright of the Sky is mostly set in another universe, called The Entire by its inhabitants. The inhabitants of The Entire know of our universe, which they call The Rose. An ambiguous time before the action of this novel (time runs at unpredictably different rates in the two universes) a starship pilot named Titus Quinn, along with his wife and daughter, ended up in The Entire after a disastrous wormhole transition. Some time later, he returned to our world alone, on a distant planet. His story of years in a strange world is dismissed as the ravings of a grief-stricken man. But when a research outpost of his company, Minerva, bumps up against evidence of another universe and a way to get there, Quinn is suddenly important again. So he returns to The Entire, personally hoping to find his wife and daughter, while Minerva has its own aims.

Back in The Entire, Titus realizes that he was a critical figure there in his previous visit. The rulers of this world, and perhaps its creators, are insectoid aliens called the Tarig. They insist on obedience from the various races of The Entire, particularly the Chalin, who seem to be basically human, apparently because the Tarig copied them from Earth humans, specifically Chinese. Titus learns that his daughter, Sydney, has been blinded and sent to the telepathic horse-like Inyx as a Rider. He manages to convince his new owner, an influential Chalin, to send him on a mission to the Inyx, a mission that will inevitably bring him, and his new companion, the young Chalin woman Anzi, to the Ascendancy, the capital of the Tarig. But of course this mission leads to many complications and an ending that only sets up future books.

I have really only scratched the surface of what's going on. In addition to the segments following Titus, there are a few back in our universe, mostly focused on the evil Helice Maki, an ambitious young Minerva employee, who wishes to use the discovery of The Entire to enhance her own power. Other segments follow Sydney's life among the Inyx, as she foments something of a rebellion among their Riders and the more adventurous Inyx hosts. And we are left with questions about the real nature, perhaps quite artificial, of The Entire; and about Titus's past among the Tarig, which may have included a love affair with one of their high ladies; and even about the fate of Titus's wife, who most think certainly dead – as she may well be, but she still discovered a secret impacting the survival of our universe.

So – this is a rather busy book! And much of it is fascinating. But at the same time it seemed a bit too long for what really happens – probably because much is deferred to future volumes. Some segments – particularly those concerning the rather cartoonishly villainous Helice Maki – seem unnecessary. Certain plot developments are just plain implausible – almost pulpish. And on the whole, for all I thought much of the book neat, I didn't find much of it terribly *new*. There remains potential for an interesting novel series here – but so far it has not really been realized.

–Rich Horton

AMELIA BEAMER

The Collected Stories of Robert Silverberg: Volume Two: To the Dark Star: 1962-69, Robert Silverberg (Subterranean Press 978-1-59606-089-0, $35.00, 392pp, tp) June 2007. [Order from Subterranean Press, PO Box 190106, Burton MI 48519; <www.subterraneanpress.com>.]

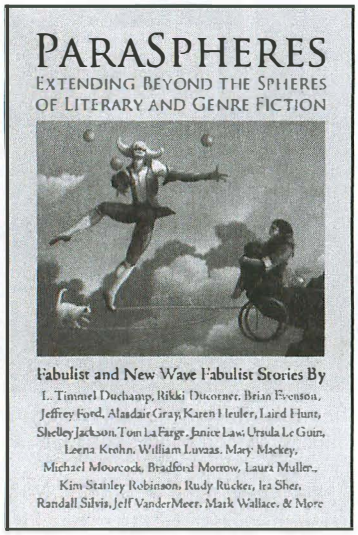
Robert Silverberg is getting good. That is, this newest book in the multivolume reprint series from Subterranean, covering 1962-69, is full of quality stories. Previous volumes in the series covered pulpier works originally published during the tail end of the Golden Age, when the markets were plentiful, the aliens were slimy, and the women wore armored bras. After the collapse of the market in the mid-late 1950s, Silverberg turned his prodigious output to other genres, only writing a handful of science fiction stories. This volume marks the real turning point, after which Silverberg wrote for love rather than money (after a handful of years where he didn't write much SF at all). As in the other volumes, Silverberg includes autobiographical introductions to each story, discussing his deal with Frederik Pohl in which he would only send Pohl his most stellar best, and Pohl would not reject it. The brief sketches discuss Silverberg's life: his house fire, repairs, and his eventual move to San Francisco, and they also give an insider's perspective of the SF market.

The stories are varied and interesting: A man collaborates with future and past versions of himself in "Now + *n*, Now - *n*"; a superintelligent dolphin falls in love with a human scientist in "Ishmael in Love"; and San Francisco tap water is doused with an amnesifacient drug, giving people a second chance and inadvertently creating a new religion in "How It Was When the Past Went Away". The stories have broader and deeper characterization than previous Silverberg work, as well as more ambiguous outcomes. We don't really know whether the alien beings referred to as trees in "Fangs of the TREES" are intelligent creatures, but the main character Zen has a relationship with them and feels guilt and sorrow when he is forced to kill them; the same theme occurs in "Sundance". "Hawksbill Station" illustrates the psychological consequences of lifelong imprisonment, with the jail located in the deep past. And a strange utopia is portrayed in "A Happy Day in 2381", where hundreds of thousands of people live in huge skyscrapers, with a culture based on a duty to procreate, neighborly sex, a total lack of privacy, and immediate death to anyone who assaults a pregnant woman: the Christian Right and the counterculture of the 1960s, together at last. This Silverberg volume has a real range of stories, with great prose and ideas. If you haven't picked up earlier volumes, **To the Dark Star** might be a good place to start.

The Gospel According to Science Fiction: From the *Twilight Zone* to the Final Frontier, Gabriel McKee (Westminster John Knox Press 978-0-664-22901-6, $14.95, 291pp, tp.) January 2007.

We all know that science fiction has much to say about religion, philosophy, and human nature. **The Gospel According to Science Fiction: From the Twilight Zone to the Final Frontier**

⏭ *p. 71*



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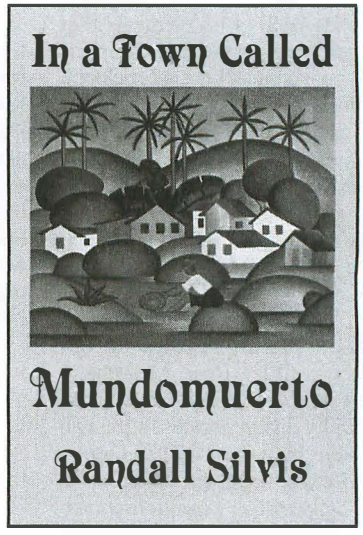

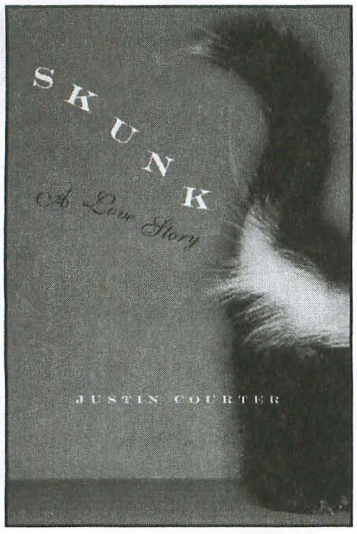

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Yesterday's Tomorrows
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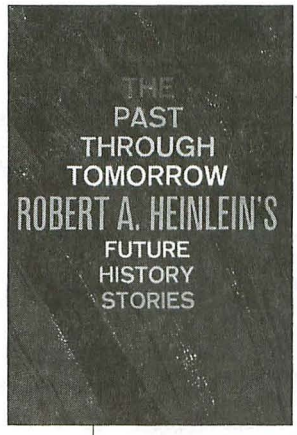
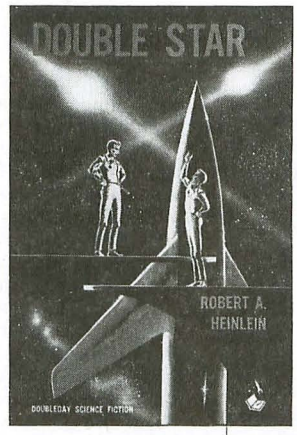
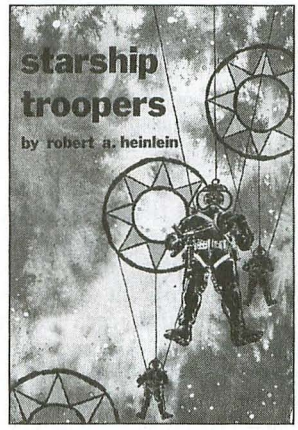
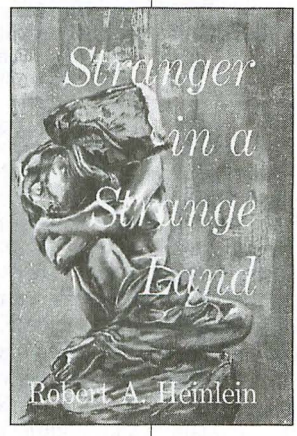
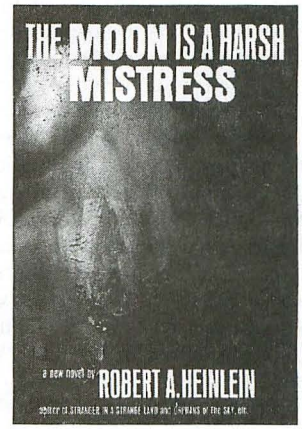
Robert A. Heinlein (1940s)











The Past Through Tomorrow, Robert A. Heinlein (Putnam, 668pp, hc) 1967. Cover by Ben Feder. (Ace 0-441-65304-9, $4.95, 830pp, pb) 1987.

Double Star, Robert A. Heinlein (Doubleday, 186pp, hc) 1956. Cover by Mel Hunter. (Del Rey 978-0-345-33013-0, $6.99, 256pp, pb) 1986.

The Door into Summer, Robert A. Heinlein (Doubleday, 188pp, hc) 1957. Cover by Mel Hunter. (Gollancz 978-0-575-07054-7, £9.95, 192pp, pb) 2000.

Starship Troopers, Robert A. Heinlein (Putnam, 309pp, hc) 1959. Cover by Jerry Robinson. (Ace 978-0-441-78358-8, $6.99, 264pp, pb) 1987. (Hodder & Stoughton, £7.99, 224pp, pb) 2005.

Stranger in a Strange Land, Robert A. Heinlein (Putnam, 408pp, hc) 1961. Cover by Ben Feder. (Ace 0-441-79034-8, $6.99, 438pp) 1987.

The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress, Robert A. Heinlein (Putnam, 384pp, hc) 1966. (Ace 0-441-53699-9, $6.99, 302pp, pb) 1987. (Hodder & Stoughton 978-0-340-83794-8, £6.99) 2005.

A few pages into his story "The Roads Must Roll" (1940), Robert Heinlein shows us his protagonist Larry Gaines shouting "Halt!" to a group of commuters on the eponymous rolling roadways. They stop:

> There is something about a command issued by one who is used to being obeyed which enforces compliance. It may be intonation, or possibly a more esoteric power, such as animal tamers are reputed to be able to exercise in controlling ferocious beasts. But it does exist, and can be used to compel even those not habituated to experience.

It's not difficult to imagine that as a piece of self-description. Rereading Heinlein's stories now in conjunction with those of his contemporaries in *Astounding* – "Doc" Smith, say – is to be struck by how much he was *in command*, right from the start. He somehow found, or brought into being, a language for describing the future so much more sophisticated than anything else that had been seen. How could you not pledge allegiance to it? Watching his emergence in those first few stories must have been like seeing an adult walking into a room full of children.

There are a couple of aspects to his distinctiveness. The first is the worldly wise sophistication he brought to SF. (It's worth remembering that when he began writing he was already in his 30s, with careers in business, political activism, and the Navy behind him.) He had an instinctive sense that a science-fictional gizmo would not exist in isolation. It would be brought into being by people with needs – economic, social, whatever – and would be used, at least in part, to satisfy those needs. He's very savvy about the world of commerce, in a way that ushers the reader into the circle of knowledge too. So, for instance, he devotes a significant part of "The Roads Must Roll" to describing the economic effects that moving walkways between major American cities would have and the kind of business infrastructure that would surround them. Secondly, he's always thinking about the emergent properties of an invention and its second- and third-order consequences. "The Roads Must Roll" has not only the moving walkways between cities but also Jake's Steak House, the restaurant that exists only on the roads, and the use of semaphore between employees on the roads. Thirdly, he has a keen sense of narrative drive, of how a story needs to be constructed to keep people reading. A lot of his stories start with a contextless line of dialogue, often a question or a command. Without knowing to whom it's directed, readers almost think it might be addressed out of the book at them. Lastly, there's a strain in Heinlein that has its roots in the American tall tale (especially, one suspects, in Twain): wanting to talk about the can-you-believe-it feats of exceptional men. This carries with it the tendency for stories to boil down to aphorisms, maxims for survival on the frontier, but we'll get to that later.

Most of Heinlein's central early stories are collected in **The Past Through Tomorrow** (1967), which provides the core narrative of his history of the future. In it, humanity masters atomic power, expands to colonise the Moon, and ultimately looks further afield. Heinlein may not have been the first author to construct such a large-scale plot out of multiple stories, but he was surely the most skillful. Reviewing Stephen Baxter and Alastair Reynolds in January's *Locus*, Gary Wolfe said that "here are the two most important things to keep in mind about future histories: they aren't histories, and they aren't about the future." That may be true now, late in the game, when future histories are, as Gary Wolfe says, "wonderfully architectonic Christmas trees on which to hang a variety of tales." But I think Heinlein intended his in an entirely different way, as something to be believed in, as an argument for a world *that could be made to come true.* In particular, it was directed at science fiction fans and argued that

⏭

they were the ones with the vision to bring about such changes if only they listened to Heinlein. So the continuing narrative across stories repaid readers' attention, in the same way that arc plots in ***Buffy*** or ***Doctor Who*** do. If, in a later future history story, you recognise a character mentioned in passing who cropped up earlier, you feel a little warm glow of inclusion. The author is gesturing you into the inner sanctum of those who have followed loyally.

As an example of this, consider two stories in **The Past Through Tomorrow** concerning D.D. Harriman, the entrepreneur whose brilliance bootstraps mankind to the Moon. They are "The Man Who Sold the Moon" (1950) and "Requiem" (1940). The first starts with another exclamation/command: "You've got to be a believer!" Harriman is the speaker, persuading his partner, George Stone, not merely that they can build rockets to take people to the Moon, but that they can make money doing so. It's axiomatic for Heinlein that government would never have the chutzpah to take this step and that private enterprise will have the resources and will to take up the slack. The energy of the story is unmistakable, with Harriman jetting from London to New Delhi to Colorado in one paragraph like some burning man from Bester. Heinlein's slyness about the world also extends to providing extracts from the newspaper stories and adverts promoting space flight– not appended to the story as in Kipling's "With the Night Mail" (1905), but integrated into the narrative. By the end of the story, it's clear that lunar travel will become a fact of human life. But Heinlein gives Harriman a typical last line, after he's just watched a rocket launch: " 'You guys still here?' he said. 'Come on – there's work to be done.'" Between this story and "Requiem" in the book are a couple of more minor tales showing how space travel has indeed become established. "Requiem" follows Harriman at the end of his life. He has been banned by his partners from using the rockets he created. But he's now old and clearly ill, and desperate to visit the Moon. So he bribes a crew of astronauts to smuggle him to the Moon aboard their spacecraft and dies as they touch down. His grave marker bears the same epitaph as Robert Louis Stevenson's in Samoa: "Home is the sailor, home from the sea/And the hunter home from the hill." The point being, of course, that for both men "home" is somewhere very far from where they were born: rather, it's somewhere new that their drive to explore has made them call home.

It's a commonplace to say that Heinlein's work became more didactic as he became older, but I'd suggest that trait was there from the start. There's almost always someone in his stories with thoughts – with a language – absolutely sufficient to the problems of the story. Heinlein had a sweet tooth for knowingness, for demonstrating smartness, especially when it upsets conventional wisdom. It's apparent even in his first published story (and the first in the book), "Life-Line" (1939). The first scene depicts a man called Pinero presenting his new discovery to a gathering of scientists. They're hostile to his notion, that he can divine a person's "life-line" in the fourth dimension of time – that is, he can work out how long they're going to live. The device itself is relatively unmemorable – Pinero just asks the subject to put an electrode in their mouth. But Heinlein is superb at finding a way to verbalise how it would work:

> [Pinero] stepped up to one of the reporters. "Suppose we take you as an example. Your name is Rogers, is it not? Very well, Rogers, you are a space-time event having duration four ways. You are not quite six feet tall, you are about twenty inches wide and perhaps ten inches thick. In time, there stretches behind you more of this space-time event reaching to perhaps nineteen-sixteen, of which we see a cross-section here at right angles to the time axis, and as thick as the present. At the far end is a baby, smelling of sour milk and drooling its breakfast on its bib. At the other end lies, perhaps, an old man in the nineteen-eighties. Imagine this space-time event which we call Rogers as a long pink worm, continuous through the years, one end at his mother's womb, the other at the grave. It stretches past us here and the cross-section we see appears as a single discrete body. But that is illusion. There is physical continuity to the pink worm, enduring through the years."

Here in a few sentences is Heinlein's ability to grab the reader by specifying and personalising: suppose we take *you* as an example. Pinero's central proposition is set out in his third sentence, and the rest of the speech is spent unpacking that and working back to it. Notice also how conversational and light is the tone of most of the exposition. Making the milk sour adds nothing to the explanation except making it easier to imagine. Pinero doesn't want to displace the picture of a human as a three-dimensional entity, but he does want to add to it another complementary one. Heinlein was never particularly interested in strangeness (or cognitive estrangement, if you prefer); he wanted to integrate the new into the given. He wanted to show not only the future, but also how to get there from here.

(This is probably the best place to mention **For Us, the Living**, the 1939 novel only published posthumously in 2004. I tend to use these columns to dwell on the canonical works of a given author, and I don't think there's any sense that **For Us, the Living** has yet entered the SF canon. But it has provided an enhanced picture, I think, of the continuity between the early and the late Heinlein and of how much John W. Campbell must have influenced Heinlein's early stories. Its prescription for the good society may now seem cranky and irrelevant, but it is the first of many Heinlein stories in which telling you about the future comes to seem secondary to instructing you – yes, you personally, sitting right there – what you can do about it.)

Much of the latter part of **The Past Through Tomorrow** is taken up with two short novels. The first, "If This Goes On–" (1940, revised and expanded 1953), recounts a revolution against a religion-dominated future US government. The second, "Methuselah's Children" (1941, revised and expanded 1958), describes the adventures of the long-lived Howard family, and especially one Lazarus Long, who also features in much later Heinlein. Both of them demonstrate that Heinlein, even this early in his career, was able to sustain a narrative across 160 pages as well as 60, and that there were a couple of subjects that held his interest even this early. In "If This Goes On–", the subject is the military structure, the guts of how his rebellion would work and order itself. Heinlein was never happier than when describing how an underdog might kick back against overcontrolling masters. In "Methuselah's Children", it's the desire to explore. There are so many emblematic passages of Heinlein dialogue in the story, almost all given to Lazarus Long, that it's hard to know where to start with a quotation. Perhaps the best choice is the concluding section. Lazarus has centuries left to live. He could sit around on a newly discovered world and be a "lotus eater," but he chooses not to:

> Libby chuckled again. "Looks like you're growing up."
>
> [Lazarus replies,] "Some would say it was about time. Seriously, Andy, I think that's just what I have been doing. The last two and a half centuries have been my adolescence, so to speak. Long as I've hung around, I don't know any more about the final answers, the important answers, than Peggy Weatheral does. Men – our kind of men – Earth men – never have had enough time to tackle the important questions. Lots of capacity and not enough time to use it properly. When it came to the important questions we might as well still have been monkeys."

This seems to me an absolutely central passage, not just for Heinlein, but for SF in general. It presumes that there are findable answers to "the important questions." For a moment, consider this passage in the context not of Heinlein and SF but of art in general in the 1940s. We're toward the end of the Modernist revolution in art, in music, in writing. To take some obvious landmarks, Schoenberg's 12-tone system has been around since around 1910; Eliot's **The Waste Land** (1922) and paintings like Picasso's "Les Desmoiselles D'Avignon" (1907) have also been around for nearly a century. All of them, in one way or another, were enormously influential in culture (or, at least elite culture), and all of them assert variously that there is no one way of seeing things, no one tonality or point of view that will capture everything that needs to be captured. Heinlein's creed here is, at its root, a positivist one: I take positivism to mean that there is one set of "answers" and that they can be sought through scientific and physical exploration. Lazarus does allow, on the next page, that there might not be any such answers, that "maybe it's one colossal big joke." But that seems an idea that the story dismisses, as does Lazarus. The whole premise of modern SF after Heinlein is that, with sufficient intelligence and application, *the world can be made sense of.* To my mind, the biggest divide in SF writing at the moment is between those who still adhere to some version of this credo and those who don't. In many ways, the fury aimed at the various new waves of the 1960s and at the cyberpunks in the 1980s was because of their divergence from it. In Gibson's **Neuromancer** (1984), for instance,

⏭ p. 49

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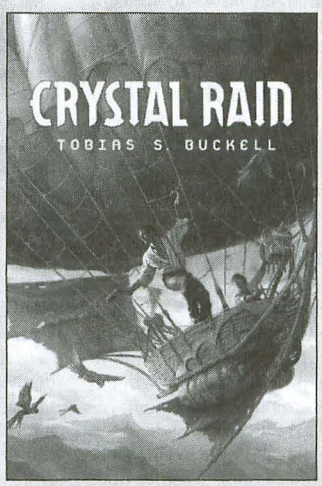

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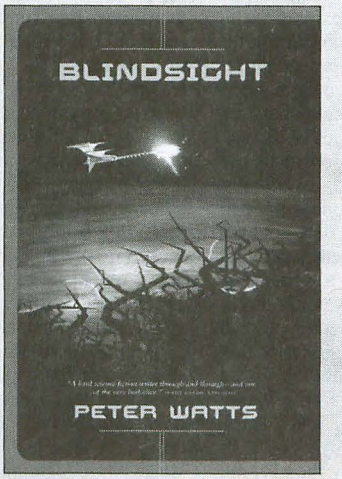

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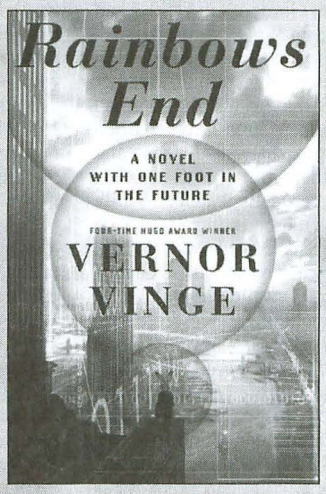

ISBN 10: 0-8125-3636-3
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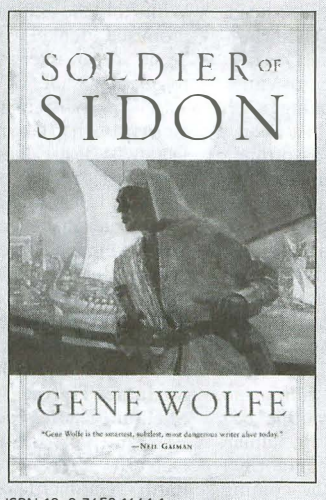
Best Fantasy Novel



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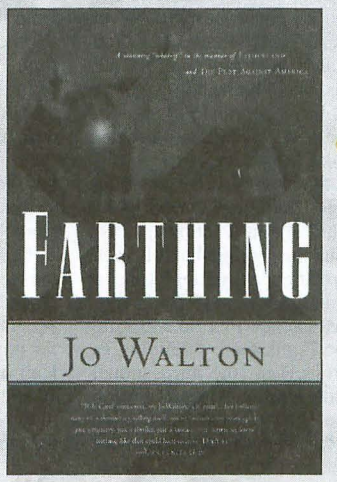
—Harry Turtledove



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ISBN 13: 978-0-7653-1421-5
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2007 Locus Awards and Hall of Fame Induction

Accompanied by classic Seattle weather – alternately stunning and drizzly – this year's Locus Awards ceremony took place June 16 at the Seattle Courtyard Marriott, only hours before the SF Hall of Fame inducted its new members at the nearby Science Fiction Museum. Connie Willis again served as toastmaster, aided by *Locus* Assistant Editor Amelia Beamer, as Willis once again explained the importance to the awards of the Hawaiian shirt motif, humiliated those who had neglected proper attire, conducted a Hawaiian shirt giveaway quiz, presided over the annual Hawaiian shirt contest, celebrated the 70th birthday of *Locus* publisher Charles N. Brown (who kept unsuccessfully trying to return to the podium to tell his talking dog joke), and – eventually – presented the awards themselves. No one seemed to feel the two-and-a-half hour luncheon banquet ever lost its brisk pace, however, and the event was again sold out. Among the attendees were a number of incoming Clarion West students, who were promptly informed by Willis that this very luncheon would be the high point of their careers. And finally, as Willis looked on with the expression of a mother whose least favorite child has just sat down at the piano, Charles did get to tell his talking dog joke. Three different versions.

The weekend actually got underway the evening before, with a 70th birthday party for Charles Brown, partly for the benefit of those who would be unable to attend the *actual* 70th birthday party set a week later in Oakland. Among those present were Connie & Courtney Willis, Eileen Gunn & John Berry, Neal Stephenson, Greg & Astrid Bear, Jack Skillingstead, Jim Frenkel, Mark Kelly, John Picacio, David Hartwell, Gardner Dozois, Leslie Howle, Rome Quezada of the SF Book Club, Nancy Kress, and Vernor Vinge. Sporting his new gift of a bedraggled-looking beach bum straw hat, Brown was presented with a cake, a number of informal testimonials, and an assortment of other, um, colorful birthday presents, including a coconut bra, Hawaiian shirt-shaped Christmas lights, and an air freshener shaped like a Hula Girl.

Saturday morning saw two panel discussions, "Thinking about Humanity", moderated by Eileen Gunn with Connie Willis, Gardner Dozois, and a late-arriving Nancy Kress (delayed by traffic), and "Thinking about the World", moderated by Charles Brown with Neal Stephenson, Greg Bear, and Vernor Vinge. The idea was to explore – without falling into a simple humanists-vs.-geeks dichotomy – the idea of a possible transformative singularity in human affairs, and whether humanity might or might not remain fundamentally the same over the coming centuries. Not too surprisingly given the intellectual stature of the discussants, the question proved not quite as polarizing as it might at first have seemed, although early on Gardner Dozois argued that even if such a transformation occurred, it would be far from universal, and poverty and homelessness would persist even into the future. Connie Willis challenged the members of the second panel to present evidence that such a singularity was even likely given human nature, but those panelists barely took the bait – Vinge carefully reminded the audience of the original terms of his famed "singularity," while noting that many science fiction readers seem to have long held the belief that humanity is somehow improvable, and Bear argued that singularities in one form or another have been around at least since Arthur C. Clarke's **Childhood's End**. Both discussions eventually migrated to questions of technique – what, if anything, does all this mean to the practicing SF writer? – and both, interestingly, touched upon the notion that encounters with radically different alien societies aren't all that new in human experience: Bear cited Mel Gibson's ***Apocalypto*** as among the most effective portrayals of an alien culture in film, and Charles Brown noted that his various trips to China sometimes seemed like visits to an alien world.

Following the panel discussions came the awards ceremony itself. After explaining the Hawaiian shirt business, Willis praised *Locus* for its coverage of the SF field and its lack of coverage of Paris Hilton, but in the quiz which followed – ostensibly designed to permit the sartorially challenged *haole* to redeem themselves by winning one of a number of Hawaiian shirts which Willis had picked up at resale shops in Colorado – the questions about TV shows like ***Hawaii 5-0*** or Elvis movies like ***Blue Hawaii*** turned out to be peppered by zingers about the Hilton incarceration. Nevertheless, winners emerged, though they were automatically disqualified from entering the shirt contest in their newfound garb. The shirt contest itself got underway as Willis peremptorily disqualified some candidates for wearing their shirts tucked in, or – in David Hartwell's case – for simply being too tasteful. After introducing the surviving contestants, Willis asked Beamer to hold her hand above each participant's head, with the resulting applause determining the winner. Jay Lake came in second with his "space babes" shirt, but the winner, sporting a bold pattern of semi-nude hunks which was later described as "the gayest shirt ever" was book designer Kelly Buehler. Third place went to Elizabeth Hartwell, redeeming the family honor in light of her dad's earlier disqualification.

The awards presentation made several attempts at a dance-off. After David Hartwell accepted the Best Publisher award for Tor, Jim Frenkel came up to accept the Best Magazine award for *F&SF* – and Willis told the audience that Gordon Van Gelder had promised Frenkel would do an "interpretive dance." Some sort of interpretive dance threatened to erupt for the remainder of the ceremony, but only Beamer – assisting Willis in handing out the awards – seemed game enough to take it on. Eileen Gunn accepted Ellen Datlow's Best Editor award, and John Picacio and Gardner Dozois accepted their own awards for Best Artist and Best Anthology, respectively. Gene Wolfe – who later that evening would be inducted into the Science Fiction Hall of Fame – accepted twice for Neil Gaiman, for Best Short Story ("How to Talk to Girls at Parties") and Best Collection (**Fragile Things**). Wolfe read Gaiman's speeches, including stage directions for a *pas de deux* with Charles Brown. L. Timmel Duchamp accepted Julie Phillips's nonfiction award for **James Tiptree, Jr.: The Double Life of Alice B. Sheldon**, Charles Brown for Arnie & Cathy Fenner's Best Art Book **Spectrum 13**, Eileen Gunn for Cory Doctorow's novelette "When Sysadmins Ruled the Earth", Gardner Dozois for Charles Stross's novella "Missile Gap", and Amelia Beamer for both Naomi Novik's **Temeraire** trilogy (Best First Novel) and Terry Pratchett's **Wintersmith** (Best Young Adult Novel). Caroline Stevermer accepted Ellen Kushner's Best Fantasy Novel award for **The Privilege of the Sword**, and Vernor Vinge accepted Best SF Novel award for **Rainbows End.** As is customary with – and unique to – the Locus Awards, honorary scrolls were also presented to the publishers of the winning works. In what was his first public appearance at any SF event, Rome Quezada, the newly appointed director of the Science Fiction Book Club, accepted the scrolls for the Stross novella and the Novik trilogy, assuring the audience that the SFBC remained proud of its original omnibus and anthology publications.

The awards ceremony and the signing that followed in the hotel bar barely gave attendees enough time to change out of their Hawaiian shirts and catch dinner before heading to the Science Fiction Museum (which occupies the same Frank Gehry building as the Experience Music Project) for the third annual Hall of Fame Awards, with a seated dessert buffet. Museum curator Therese Littleton, who had also served as liaison for the Locus Awards, was absent due to illness, leaving Jacob McMurray in charge behind the scenes.

Neal Stephenson did a witty and efficient job as emcee, beginning his introduction with what at first seemed to be a tossed-word salad involving "museum," "ceremony," "award," etc., until he explained that Therese had asked him to do some variation of "Welcome to the Science Fiction Museum's Hall of Fame Award Ceremony" and he'd done exactly that – writing a brief randomizing program using those words. He kept the program effortlessly on schedule, with each award being preceded by a presenter's remarks and a brief video tribute.

Artist John Picacio introduced the first award, to the late legendary SF artist and experimental filmmaker Ed Emshwiller, though the brief film clip hardly did justice to Emshwiller's film work. Eileen Gunn accepted on behalf of Emshwiller's widow Carol and the rest of his family. Actor Wil Wheaton, best known to SF audiences as Wesley Crusher on ***Star Trek: The Next Generation***, presented the next award to Eugene Roddenberry, Jr., who accepted on behalf of his father, ***Star Trek*** creator Gene Roddenberry. Wheaton also recalled how Roddenberry had given the young actor his own Navy ensign bars years earlier, and now took the occasion to return the bars to the family. Seattle-area film critic and festival curator Warren Etheridge accepted the third award on behalf of Ridley Scott (who was out of the country), acknowledging that Scott had won his place in the Hall of Fame almost entirely on the basis of two films, ***Alien*** and ***Bladerunner*** (though some in the audience might have counted ***Legend*** as well). Finally, the only award to a fiction writer, and the only one to an inductee actually in attendance, was presented by David Hartwell to Gene Wolfe, who – alluding to the parade of stand-ins who had preceded him – began by claiming that he was far from the best-qualified person to accept the award on behalf of Gene Wolfe, but who quickly revealed that he was "shaken to the core" by the honor, and thus cut his remarks gracefully short.

Following the ceremony, attendees adjourned to tour the Hall of Fame exhibit in the museum, kept open late for the occasion. The new inductees already had their Lucite plaques installed in the exhibit, and Wolfe was joined by his wife Rosemary and daughter Teri Goulding for a photo session, providing a rare center of real literary gravity amid the glitz and pop of the museum displays. Those of us visiting the museum for the first time were a little surprised and pleased to find that it wasn't all pop culture, that SF literature and art held its own among the media displays and movie memorabilia, and that some of it was surprisingly current: a towering stack of handwritten pages that is the manuscript of Neal Stephenson's **Baroque Cycle**, for example. Gene Wolfe was represented in the museum not only by his books, but by a 1970 letter to him from Damon Knight, and several original Emshwiller paintings adorned the substantial but eclectic art collection. John Picacio spent some time examining them and trying to puzzle out the essential characteristics of the Emshwiller style. Roddenberry and the ***Star Trek*** franchise were of course well represented throughout the displays, as was Scott's ***Alien*** and its sequels; ***Bladerunner*** showed up mostly as part of a CGI video diorama on future cities, along with images from ***Metropolis***, ***The Jetsons***, and ***The Matrix***.

Thanks to Liza Trombi, Therese Littleton, and the Science Fiction Museum for help with Locus Awards arrangements, Leslie Howle and Northwest Media Arts for co-sponsoring, and to 123 Awards for donating the Locus Award plaques. Next year's Hall of Fame Awards are tentatively scheduled for June 21, 2008 in Seattle; next year's Locus Awards may be the same weekend. Watch Editorial Matters for more information.

–Gary K. Wolfe (with Amelia Beamer) ■

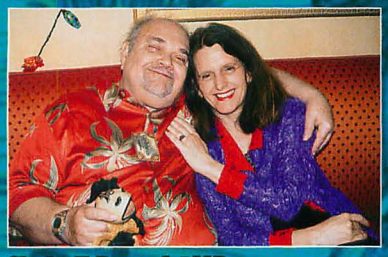
Hawaiian Shirt Contest

Hawaiian Shirt Contest Finalists

Amelia Beamer, Gary K. Wolfe, Charles N. Brown, Seattle

Vernor Vinge, Daniel Spector, Rome Quezada

Seattle Troll eats Eileen Gunn and Amelia Beamer

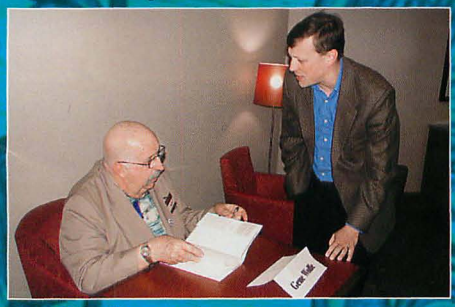


Charles N. Brown, Astrid Bear

Mark R. Kelly & Yeong Wang

Vernor Vinge

Amelia brings in the cake



Gene Wolfe gives an autograph

Adrian Wood, Amelia Beamer, Kuo-Yu Liang, Mia Jade Wood-Liang

Charles N. Brown, Leslie Howle

Gardner Dozois, Jay Lake

Nancy Kress, Gary K. Wolfe, Neal Stephenson, Jack Skillingstead

Gardner Dozois, Connie Willis, Eileen Gunn, Nancy Kress

Charles N. Brown, Vernor Vinge, Greg Bear, Neal Stephenson

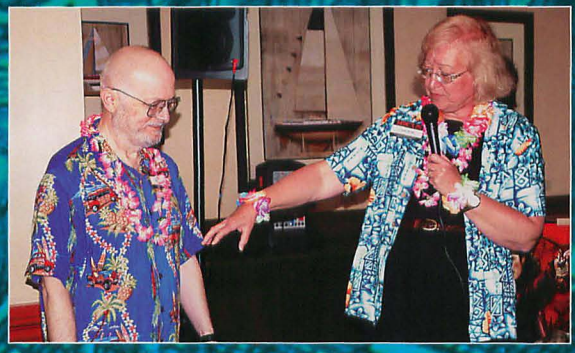
Amelia Beamer

Connie Willis, Charles N. Brown

Charles N. Brown tries on Connie's gift

Connie Willis, Charles Brown with the Talking Dog Joke Version 2

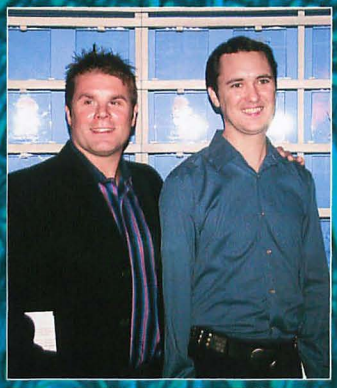
Eileen Gunn, John Picacio



Vernor Vinge is inspected by Connie Willis

Duane Wilkins, Amelia Beamer, Art Boulton

Wolfes: Gene and Gary K.



Eugene Roddenberry, Jr., Wil Wheaton

Charles de Lauzirika, Warren Etheridge

Neal Stephenson, Robin Wayne Bailey

Gene Wolfe accepts the Hall of Fame Award

David G. Hartwell, Gene & Rosemary Wolfe, Teri Goulding, Gary K. Wolfe

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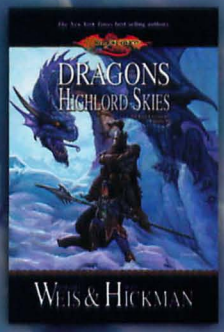

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The Lost Chronicles, Volume II

DragonLance

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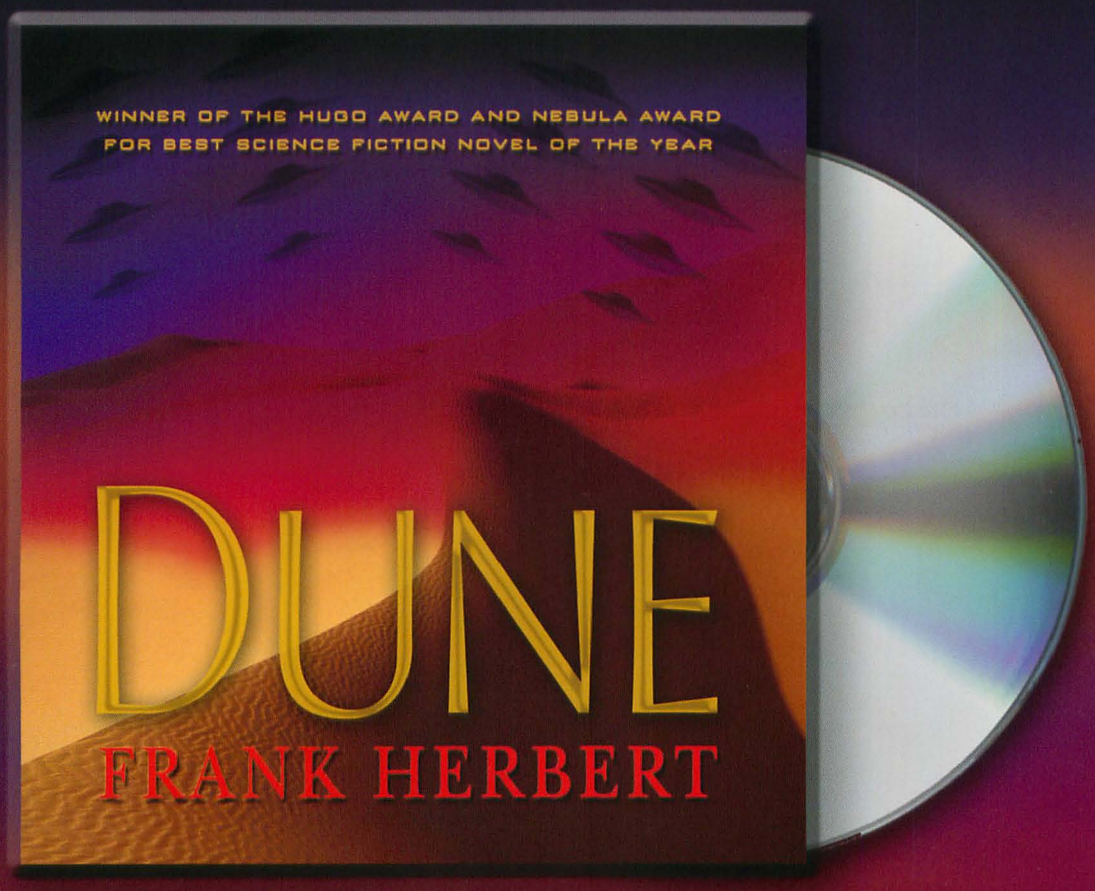

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—*The Washington Post* on *Dune*

"One of the monuments of modern science fiction."

—*The Washington Post* on *Dune*

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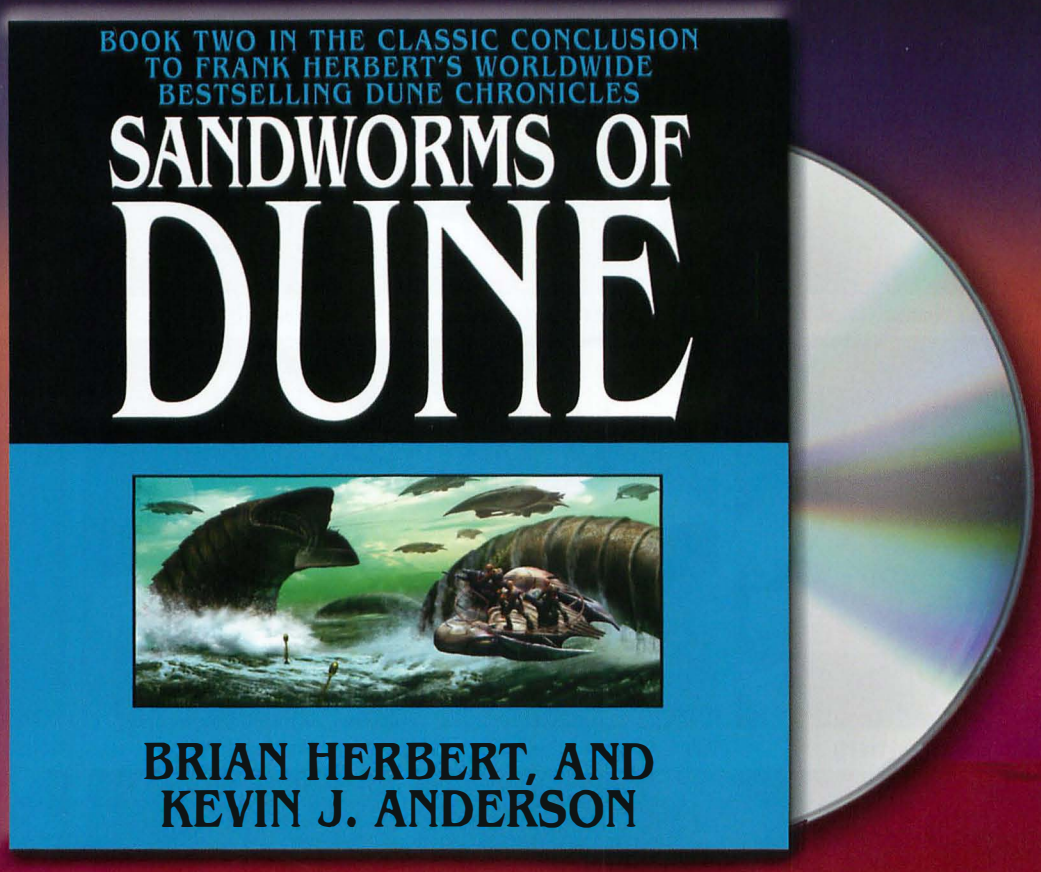

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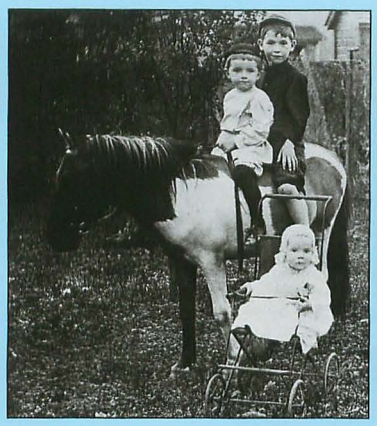
Robert A. Heinlein:

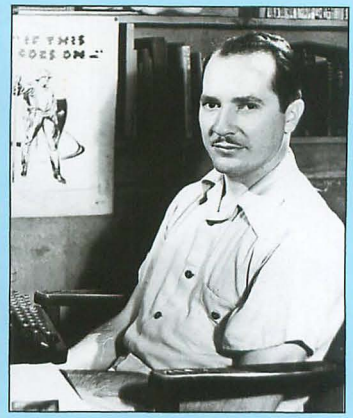
As a boy (1900s)



With his brothers (1910s)

Cadet (1929)

Midshipman (1930)



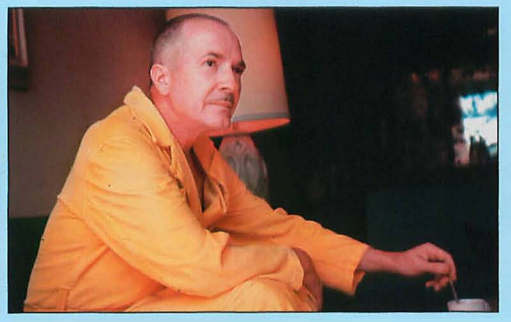
Author (1940s)

With L. Sprague de Camp and Isaac Asimov (1943)

With L. Sprague & Catherine de Camp and Isaac Asimov (1975)

Worldcon Masquerade (1961)

Author/Engineer (1950s)



Worldcon Guest of Honor (1961)

Guest of Honor speech (1961)

Building his house (1966)

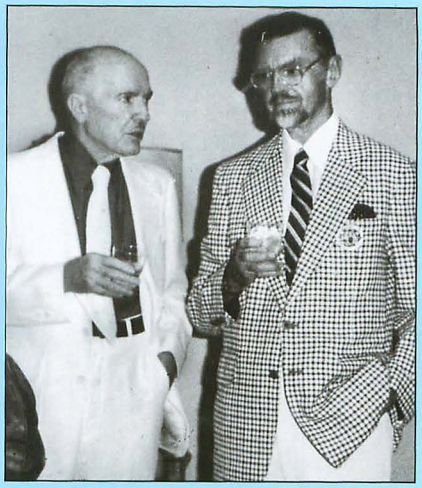
The 100th meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Bottom row: Elizabeth (last name unknown), Patti Gray, ?, Eleanor O'Brien, Virginia Laney, Sophia Van Doorne, Myrtle R. Douglas, Leslyn Heinlein. Middle row: William Crawford, Ray Harryhausen, George R. Hahn, Russell J. Hodkins, Arthur K. Barnes, Robert A. Heinlein, Walter J. Daugherty, E.E. "Doc" Smith, Jack Williamson, Ray Bradbury, Perry Lewis, Harold Clark, Alex Endemano, Alvin W. Mussen. Top row: Grady Murphy, ?, Forrest J Ackerman, Edmond Hamilton, Charles Hornig, Victor Clark, T. Bruce Yerke, Roy Squires (1939)

On the ice (1952)

A Life in Pictures

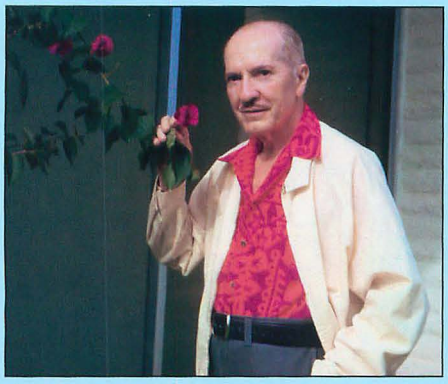
The Heinleins and the Bonestells (1970s)

Accepting the Nebula for Arthur C. Clarke (1974)



With L. Sprague de Camp (1977)

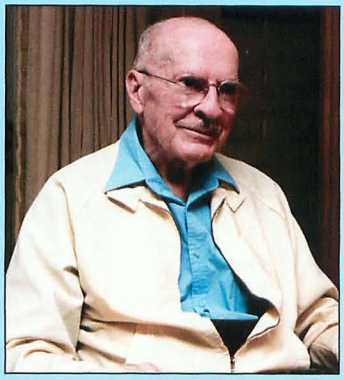
Grandmaster (1975)



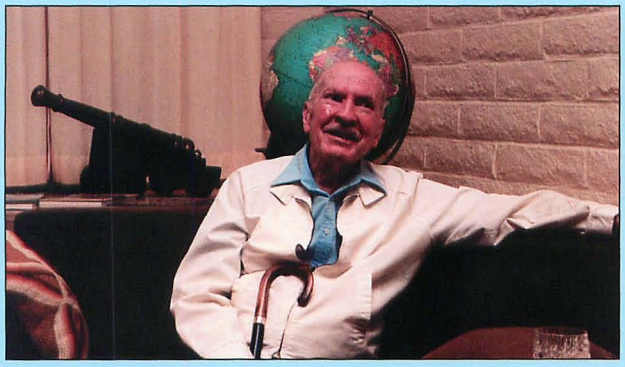
1974

Guest of Honor (1976)

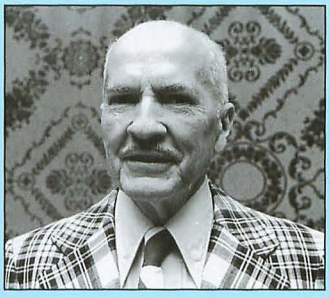
With Delta Vee Award (1982)



1987



With his cannon (1987)



1977

With David G. Hartwell (1982)

With Virginia (1987)

With Shelly Clift (1987)

With Virginia and Arthur C. Clarke and in Ceylon (1980)

there may be "ultimate answers" about how the world works and why, but they're not accessible to any of the street-level characters Gibson is clearly interested in depicting. Survival, or survival with grace, is the best they can hope for. So where did this credo come from?

Heinlein was a profoundly American author, as the repeated references to frontier imagery in his work make clear. (This also perhaps accounts for why only a handful of his works are in print in the UK, as opposed to all the major – and many of the minor – works of Asimov, by any standard a far weaker writer.) The US is a country that, at least in theory, always has the right to remake itself. As Paul Monette pointed out, is there another country whose National Anthem is composed of so many questions? Heinlein's stories are arguments about what shape the new Americas might take and about the kinds of virtues that the men creating those new Americas should have: independence, determination, scientific knowledge, distrust of dogma. And just as American exceptionalism argues that the USA has a special place in the community of nations because of its people's relationship to history, so you can see Heinlein arguing in this quotation for a kind of human exceptionalism. Unlike some of the alien species encountered in "Methuselah's Children", we humans shall not cease from exploration. We'll want, like Stevenson, to be buried under alien skies.

It's fair to say that the stories in **The Past Through Tomorrow** showcase Heinlein's strengths and weaknesses in ways that were not to change much throughout his career. He was always a dialogue-driven writer, for instance, and one can see that influencing a contemporary writer like Connie Willis. He was not much given to depicting reflection divorced from action or action not resulting in progress. So he doesn't show much of characters' inner lives. (He would have said, I guess, that nothing matters about a character except what they say and do.) You feel that his stories are always on the side of the future, that whoever lives or dies in them, the future he wants to talk about will win. So he can feel like a bully if you don't accept the terms of the debate he knows he's going to win. And – the flip side of bullying – he can also be sentimental, as for instance he is in "Requiem". He tells you that you're supposed to feel sad on being told about certain events; and if you don't, you've failed to read the story properly. But that trait and others are far less pronounced here than they would be later. I don't think there's any book more central to the creation of genre SF than **The Past Through Tomorrow**, and I'm simply astonished that it now seems to be out of print in the U K and the US.

After Heinlein's initial appearance with the Future History stories and after the hiatus of World War II, a couple of things happened to his career. He broke into the slicks like *The Saturday Evening Post*; and he began selling young-adult SF novels like **Red Planet** (1949) and **Farmer in the Sky** (1950) to the ostensibly "respectable" house Scribner's. My own feeling is that these books recapitulate the strengths and weaknesses of the Future History stories, and so I want now to jump about a decade to two of his books that have always seemed particularly congenial to me: **Double Star** (1956) and **The Door into Summer** (1957).

Double Star takes Heinlein's tall-tale instincts several steps further, not least because it's told in the first person. The narrator is Lawrence Smith, AKA "The Great Lorenzo," who convinces himself that his career as an actor is not, in fact, a failure. He is inveigled into impersonating the interplanetary politician John Joseph Bonforte, who has incurred a disability that must be kept from the public. When Bonforte subsequently dies, Lorenzo continues the impersonation for many years. It is clear that he does good. So the book is about the redemptive power of chutzpah. Smith begins as a narcissist who bolsters his ego by comparing himself to the greats of his profession: "If the immortal Caruso had been charged with singing off-key, he could not have been more affronted than I. But I trust I justified my claim to the mantle of Burbage and Booth at that moment; I went on buffing my nails and ignored it." But he finds that Bonforte is someone worth believing in, and so evidently do his subjects. The bragging clatter of his narration is nicely offset by a brief epilogue set 25 years after the main events of the novel. Here, Smith is reflective, terse, modest, old. Unsentimentally, he reviews his performance and the good it did. **Double Star** manages to be both blustering and wise.

The Door into Summer also has a first-person narrator, albeit one you spend less time wanting to punch. Dan Davis is an inventor in 1970s Connecticut, where he lives alone with his cat, Petronius the Arbiter. (Someday, there's a doctoral thesis to be written on the universal prevalence of cats in science fiction. I can't think of many other things linking Robert A. Heinlein, Charles Stross, Cordwainer Smith, and M. John Harrison.) After a series of reverses in his life, he decides to take a 30-year sleep in suspended animation. On awaking, he finds that his inventions (domestic cleaning robots) have been purloined by his partner, and he is left almost penniless. The body of the book is the story of him getting even.

There's a problem here, of course, both with this book and with Heinlein's future history in general. When readers now run into a date like 1970 or 2000 in a book, they have to do far more suspension of disbelief than they would have in 1957. We know now that these events did not come true: there weren't household robots in 1970 or 2001. And nor, as in **The Past Through Tomorrow**, has private enterprise established permanent colonies on the Moon. Admittedly, some of Heinlein's wishes for space travel have come true. But given the end of lunar landings in the 1970s and the stop-start progress of the Shuttle program, it's hard not to read his descriptions of – his advocacy for – the future and feel how terribly disappointed he would have been by 2007. Many of his books are, in a literal sense, dated.

Anyhow, **The Door into Summer** is one of those books that tells you what the author wants you to think of it, but where you somehow don't mind that. It manages to be so joyful, so fleet of foot, so kinetic as it carries you along that you forgive its debate being so rigged in favour of Davis. To make an odd distinction, Heinlein doesn't have much of a sense of good and evil, but he has an enormously powerful sense of right and wrong. Davis knows that he's been wronged, but that's by reference to his own moral compass, not by appeal to any higher power. He has to fix the situation itself, because no one else (not God, or "Fate," or the author) will do it for him. Siding with him is a primitive thrill, but an enormously enjoyable one anyhow.

There's an elephant in the room, a huge and obvious topic that I've not yet discussed, and that's Heinlein's politics. Through the posthumous publication of **For Us, the Living**, we know now more clearly what was partially documented during his lifetime: that the young Heinlein was an Upton Sinclair-model socialist whose convictions took him as far as running for the California State Assembly. The conventional perception of him as a right-wing writer is far too simplistic. He certainly wasn't a big-government right-winger in the mode of, say, George W. Bush. But nor does a label like libertarian fit that well either; he was a libertarian who believed passionately in collective endeavour and well-regulated communities.

Here, as in other places, Heinlein often outfoxes you when you try to pin him down. Having said, for instance, that he's very US-centric in his worldview, I have also to admit that he's extremely internationalist in his outlook, in terms of both his settings and his characters. Or take, for instance, gender politics. In discussing **The Past Through Tomorrow**, I've spoken of "man" reaching the stars – as Heinlein does. In the first few stories, women have only the most peripheral of roles, usually as unseen wives of the male protagonists. You can excuse this as him merely channelling the sexism of his age, or you can feel that an author with his eyes to the future ought to have been looking beyond the gender roles his society was saddled with. (I do.) But then he throws in "Delilah and the Space-Rigger" (1949), which argues that an all-male outer-space environment would be far better if women were admitted there on equal terms. It looks, at least at a first glance, as if it's an ahead-of-its-time feminist story, and indeed some have read it that way. But then you look closer and see how much the women are denied agency, how their introduction is only justified as something that'll make the men's lives easier.

Heinlein is easier to pin down on the personal characteristics he values, as I've suggested already. The flip side of these values is the degree of contempt he holds for those, such as the union in "The Roads Must Roll", who stand in the way of his version of progress. In several places in this essay, I've taken it as read that opinions put into the mouth of one of his character are close to the author's own views. Normally, this is a dangerous practice, but with Heinlein it seems to me justified for several reasons. Firstly, because the views of, say, Harriman and Lazarus Long line up with each other and, as it were, with Heinlein's whole aesthetic about what sort of future we should seek. Secondly, because we also have a fair amount of non-fiction from Heinlein expressing very similar views about contemporary politics – for instance, in **Expanded Universe** (1980). One of the great ironies of his career is that someone who so avidly argued against many kinds of dogma should have set down his credos in ways that invited their becoming dogmas so easily.

You can't really avoid the topic of politics when discussing **Starship Troopers** (1959), whose current Ace edition carries the cover line "The controversial classic of military adventure!" "Controversial" on a book jacket normally means that the publisher knows some people hate it but they can make money on it anyhow. It's certainly true that **Starship Troopers** has inspired a lot of criticism, though it was also the second of Heinlein's four novels to win the Best Novel Hugo. (The others were **Double Star**, **Stranger in a Strange Land**, and **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress**.) One chapter takes an epigraph from Kipling, which is another pointer to the kind of writer Heinlein wanted to be – the man of the people, the man of affairs, able to speak to kings and commoners alike. The story of **Starship Troopers** is simple enough, following the military training of Juan "Johnny" Rico, the narrator, to fight in a future war against arachnid creatures bent on destroying humanity. It's not a new story, and is one treated with distinction elsewhere in SF, most famously in

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⏮ Graham Sleight

Joe Haldeman's **The Forever War** (1974).

The arguments against the worldview presented in **Starship Troopers** are so extensive, and the debate has been had so many times, that it's hard to know where to start. It's fascist, some say, it's militaristic, it's poorly characterised, it's nothing but a vehicle for Heinlein to tell us his views of how society should react to certain pressures. The last seems to me the criticism most sustained by the text. **Starship Troopers** describes a world in which military worth is the only kind of worth that one should care about. The voices against this worldview – for instance, Johnny's father's patronising attempts to persuade him out of signing up – are so obviously weak that it's hard to imagine anyone taking them seriously. Johnny finds in his training an answer to all the questions he has about the world and his place in it, laid down with a dogmatic ferocity that's breathtaking at times. This is a former teacher of Johnny's, an ex-Marine:

> "I do not understand objections to 'cruel and unusual' punishment. While a judge should be benevolent in purpose, his awards should cause the criminal to suffer, else there is no punishment – and pain is the basic mechanism built into us by millions of years of evolution which safeguards us by warning when something threatens our survival. Why should society refuse to use such a highly perfected survival mechanism? However, that period [when cruel and unusual punishment was banned] was loaded with pre-scientific pseudo-psychological nonsense.
>
> "As for 'unusual,' punishment must be unusual or it serves no purpose."

Note, for a start, the implacable certainty again: the idea that because one knows things about science (in this case evolution), those ideas are automatically transferable to an entirely different sphere of human life, crime and punishment. Note also the assumption that the only reason criminals might be put in jail is to punish them. Completely gone are ideas about prison familiar to anyone who's thought about it for a second: that it might also be there to protect society and indeed to provide an environment where those who can be rehabilitated are allowed to become useful citizens again. And look at the contempt for "pseudo-psychological nonsense" which might stop the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment. You could open **Starship Troopers** at almost any page and find a passage with similar views, or indeed stronger ones. I'm don't think I can justify the charge of fascism against the book, but it certainly feels *totalitarian* in many ways: either you're with me, or you're a traitor. And the vehemence of the responses to it demonstrates again an old lesson: escalatory language breeds escalatory language.

It's not surprising that **Stranger in a Strange Land** (1961) has been so much more popular, for its pleasures are so much more uncomplicated. (Put very crudely, it's a book advocating greater sexual freedom – not the most difficult sell for most people.) And one can see very easily how it would have been taken up by the Sixties counterculture as a manual on how to live. It's unusual for Heinlein, I think, because the story itself is subservient to the tone. It's very simple to offer a plot summary, that the "Martian man," Valentine Michael Smith, comes to Earth and spreads his arguments about how humans should interact. What matters is the background, the hugely amplified version of the present day that Smith wanders through, Candide-like. For once, it's a Heinlein book where I'd suggest he owes debts to other authors: to Pohl and Kornbluth for the density and sparkiness of the future, and to Theodore Sturgeon, for the intensity with which he puts forward Smith's views on sex and love. Indeed, there are very obvious comparisons to be drawn between **Stranger** and Sturgeon's posthumously published **Godbody** (1986), not least because of the way in which they appropriate religious imagery and try to use it to their own ends. Heinlein's not without some self-awareness here, as one of his characters explains about the quasi-religion gathered around Smith:

> Let's say it's not a religion. It *is* a church, in every legal and moral sense. But we're not trying to bring people to God; that's a contradiction, you can't say it in Martian. We're not trying to save souls, souls can't be lost. We're not trying to get people to have faith, what we offer is not faith but truth – truth they can check. Truth for here-and-now, truth as matter of fact as an ironing board and as useful as bread... so practical that it can make war and hunger and violence as unnecessary as... well, as clothes in the Nest.

The sort of truths, in other words, that Lazarus Long went looking for many years back. (And what is science composed of if not truths you can check?) **Stranger** ends up as a summation of the benign side of Heinlein's worldview; it's one of those books so various that everyone can take what they want from it.

It's also by a long chalk the most consolatory of Heinlein's books. That's not just because it delivers a message of liberation from restraint that chimed with its times. But it also offers the consolation one most often associates with fantasy, that death might not be the end. When Smith is killed by a mob, his last words to a grasshopper are "Thou art God." He then "discorporates" and heads off to what can only be described as a kind of heaven. He's referred to as "the archangel Michael," and it's made clear that he may have to undertake similar work in the future. So he does his job (the book) at the beck and call of a God (or author), whose will trumps the laws of physics. It's a harbinger of the sour solipsisms of Heinlein's later career.

After the intensity of **Stranger**, **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress** (1966) might seem like a relaxation, a return to Heinlein doing what he knows best. There are a lunar setting, a politically motivated rebellion against overweening authority, thrills and spills. It's certainly more fun to read than almost any Heinlein for a decade or so. And it shares with **Stranger** an interest in language, in the ways that new phenomena will generate new terms around them. But the political side is far more foregrounded than in, say, "If This Goes On–", with Heinlein's thought experiments about the nature of a libertarian utopia getting obtrusively in the way of the story. In a sense, this is a comedown for him; as I've suggested earlier, in his prime, one of his great skills was being able to integrate information and debate about a future into his narratives. This is also the point at which, for me, he starts skewing his speculations overtly to meet his ideological needs. He describes, for instance, a lunar society where men heavily outnumber women, and where this breeds exaggerated respect, almost veneration, for the female population. But wouldn't it be more likely that men (or, at least, enough of them to make a difference) would start exploiting women and coercing them to do their will? But to put forward that kind of picture would make Heinlein's rebels seem far less idealistic than he wishes.

Another trait of Heinlein's that has been present throughout but that reaches, for me, a limiting point here is his tendency to put aphorisms into his characters' mouths. Some samples: "Never tease an old dog: he might still have one bite," "You don't get milk by shooting a cow" – and, most famously, "There ain't no such thing as a free lunch," often abbreviated to "tanstaafl." These are, in a sense, an outgrowth of Heinlein's tendency to conduct the argument of his books through dialogue. (For a writer so interested in exploration, he's a remarkably unvisual writer.) But they wind up all too often being a substitute for argument. If you can couch something in a "common sense" way like this, you'll almost always win the debate in Heinlein. Another persistent theme this ties in with is Heinlein's suspicion of "book learning," as opposed to experience gained doing work in the world. Words like "fancy" or "clever" often become pejoratives in his work, used to describe the men who sit behind desks and try to govern those doing the real work. ("Govern," in Heinlein, is almost always a synonym for "steal from.")

The book also returns to a theme present right at the start of Heinlein's career, his fascination with frontier societies. It's very easy to imagine the Moon here as an analogue of the 19th-century American West and, as I said earlier, to see the revolution as a model for making or remaking America. But by this time, it must have been clear to Heinlein that, if there were frontiers left, they were not in the US. There was the brief flurry of the moon landings, of course, but whatever else they led to, it was not the creation of new societies along the lines described in this book. In the 30-odd years since humans last stepped onto the Moon, we've surely become far more concerned as a species about the problems we have on this planet than on venturing farther afield. Meanwhile, the space program has taken humans no further than Earth orbit. Of course, there are still space-travel advocates, many of them inspired by Heinlein's fiction: perhaps this is his greatest achievement. But the disjunction between the rhetoric of space advocacy and what has actually been achieved in the last few decades is pretty wide. It's no wonder, then, that **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress** represents a last high-water mark in Heinlein's fiction. The savage solipsisms of his later work reek of *disappointment* that we had failed to make his SFnal dreams come true.

I'm more than prepared to believe that Heinlein established, pretty much singlehandedly, the language in which modern science fiction is told. The tragedy of his later career is, visibly, that of seeing the gap between what he had believed in and what the world actually did. In many senses – and here we get back to the issue of belief – he wasn't a writer but a prophet. Some of his words have come true, but most haven't. So his language turned in on itself, books like **The Number of the Beast** (1980) or **The Cat Who Walked Through Walls** (1985) addressing precisely *believers*, telling them about what they had always believed in, which in the end was no more than Robert A. Heinlein. For many people these days, Heinlein is ruled out of court simply because of his politics – which, as I hope I've made clear, I find pretty unpleasant in places. Your mileage may vary. But to write modern science fiction at all is to use tools he created. I don't know if his work will endure, but I'm sure that his influence will.

–Graham Sleight ■

Heinlein at 100

This discussion took place during Readercon 2007 on July 6 and 7, among John Clute, Gary K. Wolfe, Charles N. Brown, and Graham Sleight, with help from Locus *editor Amelia Beamer. Following on the success of the discussion on horror in our May issue, we've combined a public discussion (part of the Readercon programming) with a private discussion, making one continuous narrative. Our critics hardly need introductions: John Clute is a science fiction critic and encyclopedist; Gary K. Wolfe is a professor, critic, and* Locus *reviewer, Charles N. Brown is the publisher of* Locus, *and Graham Sleight is a critic,* Locus *reviewer, and the incoming editor of* Foundation. *The discussion takes off from Graham Sleight's "Yesterday's Tomorrows" column on Heinlein,* *on page 37.*

John Clute, Gary K. Wolfe, Graham Sleight, Charles N. Brown

CNB: I want to open with a conclusion we all seem to share: all modern science fiction is based on Heinlein. He's the elephant in the room. It doesn't matter if anyone's reading him now; he set the course of modern science fiction.

GKW: I don't think he's the elephant in the room so much as the room around the elephant. He's the person who invented the language of modern SF. Look at SF and fantasy – in terms of genre history – as a housing development: Some people build frames and platforms, and other people build on those platforms. You can go back to earlier platforms such as the Gernsbackian technology tale, or even the utopian tale, which I see as kind of a gray facade without many features. But the platform modern science fiction is built on is essentially what Heinlein gave us in the early '40s, so he's the room we're in.

JC: I agree. We don't even know we're reading Heinlein because traditional and contemporary science fiction is so imbued with Heinlein he's invisible. His influence was pervasive and authoritative, and so unanswerable that it became the way we talked. Then there's the drama of his career and writing and life, far more telling than, say, Jack Williamson, whose life in a biological sense encompasses the entire field and whose death marked a symbolic terminus. Heinlein's creation of modern science fiction was a venture into the various ways it could be told, various markets it could be told in, and then we had to witness his gradual disillusionment and departure from a field that he'd created for advocacy and that could no longer advocate what he wished because the world didn't go that way.

GS: Writing my piece for this issue of *Locus* was odd and very difficult. The responses to Heinlein are so polarized. Either he's a fascist, and we hate him for that reason, or he's the founder of many of the virtues we adhere to, and anyone who says otherwise just doesn't get him. There's also the sense of personalization of response. Many people who've read Heinlein and like him couch themselves as – one of the subtitles of the Heinlein Centennial that's going on this weekend – Heinlein's Children. People who read Heinlein and get him have such a personal response.

AB: In terms of the elephant in the room, and the room around the elephant: it's not only that, it's the operating system by which science fiction is read and written.

GKW: I think you're using "operating system" in two senses. First, Heinlein's efforts to create an operating system. Heinlein's construction of the future, the engineering notion of the future, became a kind of generative grammar, a set of rules for imagining the future. The fictional operating system – the technical rules for writing SF – isn't just an operating system; it's a fourth-generation COBOL system, patched and updated by subsequent generations, but probably never entirely retired. It's like Windows – based on MS-DOS, with a friendly user front end. But most people coming into the field after 1970 see Windows and don't know that MS-DOS is underlying it. That's where I think Heinlein's influence is now submerged.

CNB: But I think MS-DOS is still there. Like Vernor Vinge says, every one of these operating systems is built on others.

AB: Graham used the word "language" in the beginning of his essay to talk about the authoritative tone, the structure of the actual content. By the end, he was talking about language in terms of syntax or grammar. That's the operating system.

JC: You can describe any story as working in terms of an operating system. You've got syntax; you've got ways of argument. As far as SF can go, Heinlein stories' operating systems are isomorphic with the operating systems that enable the human world.

GKW: That's why I was using a generative grammar model, the Chomskian model, where you set up a series of rules, techniques, or technical principles by which science fiction stories can be generated by authors other than Heinlein. Later writers and readers have internalized that grammar, that set of rules that generates a particular kind of science fiction story, which is still probably the central kind of science fiction story.

CNB: That is the structure of not explaining everything, the most revolutionary thing he ever did.

JC: I'd like to utter the phrase "Heinlein contract." In 1940, Heinlein was in a position of making a decision: He'd recently written **For Us the Living**, which is a utopia and contains almost all of the ideas that surfaced late in his career, in embryo. It is a bad novel, although in many ways very well written for a bad novel, which is the highest praise you can give a utopian novel. It is a novel explicit about a number of sexual and cultural transformations that he clearly advocated as a young man. In political terms, it's far to the left of his later works. But it was unpublishable.

He made a contract he may not have been particularly conscious of: "I'm going to enter this particular, narrow world of magazine science fiction, which would not allow me to talk about a range of topics that I clearly want to talk about, but given that, I'm entering a contract to help this particular tool enable a vision of the world that I can agree with and that I think can be made true."

GKW: For Us the Living probably shouldn't have been published, but it's interesting that a lot of the heavy-handed didacticism of the later novels was already in place that early.

JC: I've never seen a more fascinating previously unpublished novel, because it contains the whole of his career.

GS: He gets away with the didacticism in the '40s and '50s; what distinguishes that from the works of the '70s and '80s?

GKW: Heinlein sold the reader on a very convincing future: it was lived-in; it was achievable; you could understand how it worked. In order to be in this cool future he invented, we had to listen to him talk to us. Eventually the talking overcame the future; there's nothing very interesting about the future in his later novels. There was no framework on which to hang the ideas; the ideas just hung.

JC: He thought by 1959 his influence was starting to wane for all sorts of reasons; one of them being that the course of history was not the course of enablement that he'd thought was appropriate. I think he thought that the contract he'd enforced upon himself had been broken by the field itself. The last novels, certainly from 1970 on, are novels that are repudiations of the whole world that he'd created over the years of his commercial success. History broke its contract with Heinlein, so he had nothing to talk about but exfoliations of Heinlein in those later stories. It wasn't solipsism; it was filling up the void history had left. His eventual departure from the field came through these interminable iterations of departure, disillusionment, and of real hatred; a kind of death long before he actually died. It's an astonishing representation of part of our model of SF itself.

GKW: In his 1957 University of Chicago lecture he said, as the writer, you have a contract with the reader to place the reader in this universe, but if you have to stop the narrative in order to explain what the universe is, you've violated that contract.

From a writing point of view, that's Heinlein as a set of techniques, what Amelia told us is called "Heinleining" in SF writers' workshops. That is something you need to do in an SF story, something you usually don't need in a non-science fiction story, and something you might do historical fiction. Bruce Sterling was one of those writers who internalized Heinlein at a very early age. You look

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at a Sterling story, say "The Blemmye's Stratagem" (set in North Africa in the 12th century), and it's technically developed like a Heinlein story. He puts you into this universe, but he doesn't explain anything about it. Also Gene Wolfe's Soldier of Sidon books: Gene Wolfe has internalized Heinlein to the extent that when he sets out to write a historical fantasy, he introduces the setting in the way Heinlein would have. What Gene did, particularly in **Shadow of the Torturer**, was to take the Jack Vance future and "Heinlein" it – in effect, providing the archaeology that enables you to see how this radically alienated future came about. Which makes Gene Wolfe the bastard son of Heinlein and Jack Vance. And Damon Knight was the midwife.

Heinlein effectively abandoned the visionary novel of the future which had been common in earlier SF. That is, rather than saying, "this is a vision of the future," he said, "this is a future that has been constructed through the following principles," and then made us understand the principles. What you see in any of the classic stories is a future whose archaeology is embedded in the narrative. You not only have to deduce the narrative itself, but you have to deduce the history and archaeology of it.

This is why he loved the phrase Speculative Fiction; he argued for that in 1947. He thought the act of speculation *was* the act of writing fiction. Speculation is different from Gernsback, different from Poe, Verne, the utopian writers. Part of what happened in the later years was he reverted to writing prescriptive futures. And it falls apart. Essentially Heinlein became a bad utopian writer. Utopianism is by definition the antithesis of speculation.

JC: Part of the definition of SF I would use is an argument of continuity between some point in world history and the story being told. It's an easy way to distinguish SF from fantasy. It allows in a lot of alternate world SF, since an argued continuity doesn't have to be from the present point of world history; it can be something that greatly altered the universe back then, which simplifies the methodological swamp a lot.

CNB: The *Locus* obituary in 1988 ended with a quote from Frank Robinson that we're all Heinlein's children in that he's the one who shaped a lot of our lives. Not only through the books, but through his advocacy of space travel, intelligent characters, etc. Damon Knight's article on Heinlein, called "One Sane Man", said he was pretty much the only adult writing science fiction in the '40s. He was older; he'd been in the navy, in politics.

He was a personal father figure to me. I knew him for over 30 years, and he actually did take the place of my dad for part of that. Even though I was a left wing liberal and he was right wing libertarian, it didn't matter – we just didn't discuss our differences at all. His best friend was Sprague de Camp, and every time he started to discuss politics with Sprague, Sprague would say, "I can't help it, Bob. I'm a yellow-dog democrat and always will be," and that was the end of the conversation. But I think we all consider ourselves Heinlein's children in some way.

GS: What do we mean when we say "*we*"? As I was doing this piece, I talked to some friends of mine in Britain, both people younger than me and older than me. Very few of them had the formative SF experience with Heinlein that people in the US did. People in the UK had Asimov or Bradbury, or if they were younger, Banks or Gibson. I think there are only three or four Heinlein works currently in print in the UK, as opposed to the complete major Asimov. Perhaps Heinlein's characteristics are peculiarly American characteristics.

JC: Spider Robinson once said in a review it would be unpatriotic of Americans to let other people read Heinlein, because his message was so American and so much to the advantage of the justly exceptional race of Americans.

CNB: Do I think that Heinlein is a particularly American author? Yes. On the other hand, all of Heinlein's books were really popular in England too, through the '60s and '70s. The sea change wasn't until the '70s and '80s. Brian Aldiss always said that his basis was Heinlein.

GKW: But what does "basis" mean? One of the things that comes up repeatedly with **Starship Troopers** is that a lot of people, as Graham says, find the book almost untenable, but you could build a library with the responses. Chip Delany, Joe Haldeman, Brian Aldiss, Gordon R. Dickson, Harry Harrison – you can put together a whole panoply of anti-**Starship Troopers** novels that then subsequently have their own influences over the decades. There's the direct Heinlein influence, and the influences of the Heinlein response, to some extent moving into England.

GS: I don't want to suggest that England is the norm and the US is the outlier, but you can't argue the opposite either.

CNB: Haldeman, Dickson, and even Delany aren't exactly anti-**Starship Troopers**. They're arguing with the assumptions and conclusions, not throwing them out. Heinlein loved their responses, but not the Harrison, which he considered frivolous.

JC: It might be the case that an English writer like Brian Aldiss had a healthier anxiety of influence *vis a vis* Heinlein, than perhaps David Brin had. That he was able to make use of Heinlein and to create from that model a corpus of works that is radically different, showing the lines of dissent and divergence. The problem with many American writers was that Heinlein was so pervasive and, we haven't said it yet, so *slippery* as a thinker that it's difficult for an American writer to actually work out an influence to be anxious about. So we have positivists like David Brin, continuing to sound like Heinlein in a world that does not correspond to that kind of advocacy, that kind of assumption that you can derive moral certainties from scientific data.

GS: Can I perhaps unpack that a bit? The distinguishing thing about Heinlein is this axiom that the universe can be made sense of, that there is one set of answers to the questions we have, and someone who's smart enough and works hard enough can get somewhere by using those answers. Ultimately, this is philosophically a positivist point of view, as opposed to, say, modernism or postmodernism, in which there are no answers or multiple answers. You can see the latter point of view in someone like Gibson, with the idea that there may well be answers on how to manipulate the world of cyberspace, accessible to people with power and money, but we're not concerned with them. And certainly, in the world of slipstream, say, there are no answers at all; there's no way out of the maze. One of the clearest divides to me in modern science fiction is between people who adhere to some form of that positivist doctrine, that you can find answers, and those who don't.

GKW: You're describing an engineer's view of the world, essentially. Heinlein was a pioneer of engineering fiction. There's remarkably little science in his writing at all – there are a lot of clever devices and stalwart engineers solving problems in society, building the future he wanted to build, but they're not speculatively adventurous. One example of how these don't work in the modern world is the various efforts within the last 20 years to resurrect the Heinlein juveniles. Heinlein juveniles worked amazingly well for their period, but you look at the attempt of reviving these on the part of Jerry Pournelle and Charles Sheffield, and they're basically awful. They don't address reality as perceived by young people today.

JC: In 1939 or 1940, it must have been an experience akin to the sense of wonder for readers to find that it was actually possible to domesticate these ideas, to make them integrated. Most of the science fiction before Heinlein did not really constitute a competent advocacy of anything or present an assumption that we move from here to here to here. A great deal of the science was terribly bad: inventions galore, constant transformations, but no consequences. Unlike a large proportion of his predecessors, Heinlein gave a vivid sense that he actually liked the idea of the future, liked the idea of working out the engineering, enabling ways of understanding how we would get there.

GS: And moreover the sense that you as the reader could then go and build the future, and it would be fun for you.

GKW: In "The Roads Must Roll", there's the engineering of the moving roadways, but what defines it as a Heinlein story is the restaurant on the road: this is a technology that has this economic effect, which leads to.... The story itself is largely about labor relations. No one remembers that. Heinlein's big ideas didn't survive as well as his lived-in future.

JC: There's a presumption or dream that the future is determined by what science fiction is or was about. The severe gap thus opened between dream and reality burdens science fiction with a persistent adolescence, but also exposes the way that science fiction is about desire. Heinlein's later life demonstrated a failure to grasp that this gap was inherent, and that its widening was not a loss of the stories he was telling.

GS: Without wanting to play the youth card too heavily, I don't remember any moon landings. My formative 13-year-old space travel experience was seeing *Challenger* explode. The space exploration that made the most impact was the *Voyager* missions. But the prospect of getting humans to the planets, the stars, or even to the moon in any settled way seems more and more distant. On Charles Stross's blog, he recently posted a calm, reasoned, 4,000-word piece on why both intersolar and interplanetary travel is implausible, that it would require so much energy per pound of person or cargo that it's simply not believable to assert that humans can do it. There ensued a huge comment thread. Hardly anyone materially challenged his conclusions about energy and cost, but a lot of them said that as a science fiction writer it's a kind of treason not to follow Heinlein's example. Many explicitly evoked him and said, "It is your job to find solutions." Some at the more extreme end said, "Well, if you think the physical laws of the universe prevent us *from* doing this, you should damn well make up some technology to subvert those laws."

GKW: That's the Heinlein model that hasn't been challenged and probably should be challenged. What Wollheim called the consensus future history emerged mostly from Heinlein and Asimov – the assumption that this is a linear upward curve. The only writer I know who suggested we might abandon space is Fredric Brown in **The Lights in the Sky Are Stars**, and even that ends with us returning to space. There might have been a dialogue starting in the '30s and '40s about the likelihood and desirability of constant engineering and expansion, but that dialogue was shut down.

JC: But you said two different things, the likelihood and desirability. The gap between the likelihood of this future history and desirability is, though variable, very extreme. The stress lines started to show irrevocably and deeply by the time Heinlein started to feel he'd lost the world, and the

world had lost him.

GKW: Heinlein's futures became alternate history. By modern standards, you could say they were asking the wrong questions.

JC: It is so patently a series of profoundly wrong guesses that led to an off-the-wall scientific and technological brutalism. What happened to the world instead was the beginning of the information revolution, which science fiction writers ignored for extremely good reasons (because information is invisible and hard to put in story form). I don't think Heinlein spent much time on what was actually happening. It's not storyable.

GS: The future of the world is going to be more complicated than any story you can tell.

JC: There was a rhetoric in 1940 that this was not the case, that there was an enabling, domesticating agenda that translated the huge, radical leaps in scientific knowledge into the way we lived, and that would be a way of isomorphically describing how the future was going to go. It sounds as though it was believed in the Campbell editorials of the early '50s. They feel as if it's 200 years ago; the language did not have any doubt in everything it said.

GS: We'd been using the term advocacy, and I might even go further and say it felt like he was giving orders.

JC: Rhetorically, the stories are structured as orders or begin with a literal order. We can turn this around and valorize the astonishing amount of presentness and currency that Heinlein wrote with despite the fact that he was writing in a field that by 1945 was already a retrofit of earlier cultures, already deeply conservative in terms of literary experimentation, social understanding, and the readership's understanding of the future.

GS: I'm sure it's something that'll get me called away by the Pretension Police, but this is why I talk about modernist literature. Heinlein's first stories are contemporaneous with **Finnegan's Wake**.

JC: And Aldous Huxley had already written **Brave New World** (1932), which is a radically more modern understanding of the complexity of sociopolitical meritocracy than anything we ever got in genre science fiction. He didn't even know the word "science fiction" because it hadn't yet gotten over the Atlantic.

GS: The point is the difference between these two traditions: David G. Hartwell says science fiction is the antimodernist literature.

GKW: I think you can make an argument that Heinlein was doing a pulp version of modernism by introducing language that was not delineated in the way that Gernsbackian language was, or Wells. In a way, it's revolutionary.

JC: An image that has haunted me for years is the thought of Heinlein terrifying everyone else in the room by being socially competent, and literate, and having had experiences, and as we now know, having been a nudist and a polygamist and a socialist or sorts, he did all sorts of things in the 1930s. You could tell they could feel it; you could tell in the attitude of Isaac Asimov, who owes Heinlein his entire career. Asimov was the younger brother who didn't quite understand how Heinlein did it – "How did you get the girl?" "How did you get the story?" "How did you get the *Saturday Evening Post*?"

GKW: But he'd also read things that nobody else in the field had read; he'd read James Branch Cabell, Jerome K. Jerome; he brought a new sensibility into the field.

CNB: Anther thing Heinlein brought to science fiction was dialogue. If you look at the earlier stories, they were mostly description. Heinlein used dialogue in all those early stories, and he used it very well because his background was in radio and movies in the '30s, and he got the feel of American speech better than anyone else at the time. All of Heinlein's characters and dialogue up to the '80s is from the '30s.

GKW: Oddly, though, the dialogue in these stories from 1939-1942, which I think was the period of his greatest influence, seems less dated than **Stranger in a Strange Land**.

CNB: Anything written about the current world is always dated. I find **Starship Troopers** very dated, but I don't find **A Door into Summer** that dated. Heinlein gets attacked by feminists, but his women were very progressive for '30s women. The girl in **The Star Beast** who divorces her parents and bosses everyone around. Connie Willis thinks that the female character that affected her most was Peewee in **Have Spacesuit Will Travel**, who runs things. He shocked Walter Cronkite and Arthur C. Clarke when, during the moon landing in 1969, he argued that women would be space pilots in the future.

GS: But it's an argument couched almost entirely in terms of what would benefit men, rather than what agency the women might want. Stories are run and operated by men, and the women are in the background, often the wife the protagonist goes home to. There are exceptions, in "Delilah and the Space-Rigger", where there is an argument put into why women should be brought into the previously all-male setting of the space station.

> "The distinguishing thing about Heinlein is this axiom that the universe can be made sense of, that there is one set of answers to the questions we have, and someone who's smart enough and works hard enough can get somewhere by using those answers. Ultimately, this is philosophically a positivist point of view, as opposed to, say, modernism or postmodernism, in which there are no answers or multiple answers."
>
> *–Graham Sleight*

GKW: I don't think he has any sense of women's agency; these women seem to be strong, but we're going back to the '30s dialogue. They're sassy, and smart, and quick, but they really are incapacitated. They don't do anything.

JC: Take Katherine Hepburn, whom we naively take as an independent woman of the sort you describe. The stories all ultimately marry her off. It might be possible to read some of those movies as having subversive subtext, but I'm not sure you can get that subtext out of Heinlein safely.

CNB: Heinlein was subversive. He talked about how he wrote **Starship Troopers** and **Stranger in a Strange Land** at the same time and kept moving scenes from one to the other, where they would fit better. The two books are interchangeable, two sides of the argument about freedom. When Heinlein had to go into the hospital for surgery, his wife, Virginia, had **I Will Fear No Evil** published even though Heinlein wanted to cut it more. It's the only Heinlein book he ever talked about. He told me, "If I hadn't gotten sick, I'd have rewritten the book, and what makes you think the protagonist survived the first operation?" His argument was that it wasn't a science fiction book; it was "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" by Ambrose Bierce (1890). The lead character dies in the first scene, and none of the brain transplants ever happen.

GS: The author is absolutely the last person to believe. The word I tend to use for what people like Heinlein do is deniability. You get extreme material presented, but in a way where the author has enough elbow room to say, "Actually, I don't believe it, and you were a fool for thinking I might." At the same time, it certainly looks like this is very close to the voice of the author. With Heinlein there's a sufficient amount of biographical and political stuff outside of the novels that one can start to triangulate him, and the fiction, and the political views expressed outside the fiction.

JC: Maybe the most negative thing that I'd say about Heinlein is that after being bullied by bent syllogisms that demonstrate things I don't believe, the author says, "You mean you believed that? You went through all this ugliness believing that I meant it?" Well, he did mean it; he wrote it! I don't think anyone will ever convince me that you can read a Heinlein novel without having at one point been, as it were, stunned into a belief that you did not wish to hold, and you felt you'd been euchred by it. Someone like David Brin does it all the time. If he asks you a question, you know your answer will be to a punishing conclusion about your lack of understanding. That is pure Heinlein.

GS: He'll be one of those authors remembered in bits and pieces. Heinlein said that the three core books are **Moon**, **Stranger**, and **Starship Troopers**, and a fit reader would see that they represent one consistent worldview; all of them about freedom and responsibility. To which there are several responses, the first being, as I said, that taking an author's estimation of his own work is the last thing any reader should do.

GKW: When Heinlein talked about his work, he never talked about the shape or the grace; it's as a vehicle for his philosophy. Heinlein the novelist is a kind of contradiction in terms. He thought of himself as a polemicist.

JC: It was only when he had to write for Scribners, for the *Saturday Evening Post*, that the astonishing fecundity of his narrative ideas got out. Fortunately, this lasted for 20 years, and most of what he wrote was constrained by some ideological, commercial, or social constraints. This is pure Stravinsky: the only way you can be free is to really restrict yourself.

I believe it's in **Moon** that he espouses the notion of the line marriage, which he cleverly places on the moon, where the order of society has not yet been concreted into buildings which permit nothing but what they're designed to permit. Line marriages can't exist on our home planet because trillions of dollars of idiot domestic architecture don't allow for a clan of people to live together. It strikes me rhetorically as one of his most attractive ideas, and one which all you had to do here was rebuild the entire planet's domestic architecture and it would work very well. He had this acute sense that a proper sexual cultural support and relationship should be imbedded in a linear relationship. Probably it's not within our human capacity to construct these things, but it struck me that this man's imagination is actually deeply fertile. He thinks right through to things, in ways we haven't thought before.

GS: The flipside to that kind of fertility is how quickly things harden into dogma; what's abstract in **Stranger** is specified in **Moon**.

CNB: Alexei Panshin describes **Starship Troopers** as the period of alienation. This is a little different from what John is talking about. The period

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of alienation runs through the '70s, and the '80s were about disappointment.

JC: There is an argument I've read that **Starship Troopers** can be seen as a parody of a government propaganda piece. Whether or not Heinlein wanted that to be picked up, another way to keep the reader utterly insecure as to where he was, I don't know.

CNB: **Starship Troopers** is a book that caused arguments across fandom and science fiction. It's a very powerful book. Heinlein was very proud of it.

GS: Is **Stranger in a Strange Land** a science fiction novel or a fantasy novel?

CNB: Neither. It's a satire. Does he believe in the heaven he's pushing? No. Is it real in the book? I don't know. It's listed as a science fiction novel, and under the premises he uses, it is. The stuff does exist, though it's an imagined world.

GKW: **Stranger in a Strange Land** seems more adolescent than his earlier works, more so in some ways than the juveniles.

CNB: Half of it was written in the '50s, and the rest in the '60s. I like the first half better, which is all the political manipulation up to the point where Mike is accepted. I think the first half is closer to top-notch Heinlein writing. The second half is a different book, very much affected by James Branch Cabell.

GS: I feel strongly how much **Stranger in a Strange Land** is close to what Sturgeon was doing in the '50s. It's relatively pale in comparison to the great Sturgeon stories about how you can be human and how that entails having to be close to other humans, and models for doing that, which are different from society's. I get so much more of an emotional connection to Sturgeon that Heinlein.

CNB: It's the first Heinlein book that's entirely about relationships, not an engineering book at all. I think he was very affected by Sturgeon, who was a friend of his.

GKW: None of the sex in Heinlein struck me as being sensual. There's a clinical attitude; it's presented in engineering terms, like assembly instructions.

JC: That had a power in the '30s, because when a woman says that sort of thing, it confirms the protagonist's assumptions that she's talking obscenely, because she's talking about her body as something she owns and can operate. His characters are making this strenuous utterance that they own their bodies. All of this is arousingly frank.

CNB: In **Time Enough for Love**, there's a section where Lazarus Long, at 230 or so, marries a 20-year-old, and they live out her entire life. And she claims, "Your 200 years doesn't make a difference, because all that matters is our life together." I really liked that. It was the same thing Jack Williamson said to me: "We're contemporaries, because we've known one another for 40 years."

JC: In any kind of semiotic field of discourse where you're talking about how heterosexual men appreciate naked women and value them at the same time, there's a lot of carnage. Heinlein's either vulnerable or oblivious to it, but it's conspicuously the case that he writes in a fashion that's arousing to heterosexual men. And that's dangerous territory to some men, some women, depending on what decade you're in during this 50-year war. He's right in the center of it, because his women are always extremely attractive, and they're described by men. Certainly as a teenager, I went along with it.

GKW: I don't think you're going to get very far rehabilitating any writer of the '30s or '40s, in terms of portraits of women. But the titillation was there in **For Us the Living** and was prototypical of all the things that survived into the later Heinlein.

JC: In 1939 it was still difficult for him. He would mention the word "breast," but not "breasts," "naked body" but not particulars, male or female. It was explicitly prurient in that sense, where the later Heinlein at least attempted to redeem his heterosexual gaze by describing things as honestly as he could, whether or not that redemption actually works as a manipulation or as a genuine attempt to see figures of desire as autonomous figures at the same time – which is terribly hard for human beings!

If there's one terrible legacy of Heinlein, which you see in hard SF all the time now, it's that irrefutable moral consequences can be derived from physical law, that you can set up a syllogism that generates an argument about how we should live, how our politics should be shaped, how we should treat other humans – usually cruelly. Engineering syllogisms generate a profound cruelty in the minds that suck Heinlein up. Listen to David Brin or Gregory Benford and analyze the syllogisms that punish everyone who doesn't obey the story.

> "There's a presumption or dream that the future is determined by what science fiction is or was about. The severe gap thus opened between dream and reality burdens science fiction with a persistent adolescence, but also exposes the way that science fiction is about desire. Heinlein's later life demonstrated a failure to grasp that this gap was inherent, and that its widening was not a loss of the stories he was telling." *–John Clute*

GKW: Heinlein would imagine something like a novum and instinctively explore the consequence of the consequence, creating a realized world in a way other writers weren't. In the later novels, he seldom took the time to do that. He was so preoccupied with his ideas that the narratives become less interesting, and dogma sets in. Instead of exploring the idea, picking it up and seeing what's under it, he hammers you over the head with it.

CNB: I was thinking of **Steel Beach**, by John Varley, which has Heinlein fingerprints all over it. The Heinleiners in that book are not the characters you want to emulate.

GS: One of the unhelpful things he gifted science fiction is the archetype of the character who says things just to be provocative, which I think is immensely damaging to the adultness of the field. You can see all sorts of successors.

JC: Someone said that nobody in the Heinlein novels who is wrong is allowed to make a decent joke; that's part of the way the whole thing is skewed. People who are wrong, they're wrong: turtles all the way down. That setting up of the skewed deck ties into the syllogisms, because a provocative utterance often turns out to be a loose syllogism.

GKW: Graham, you made a point about his sense of right and wrong versus his weak sense of good and evil. His characters are never mistaken, only wrong. You cannot correct yourself or change your mind. You are doomed. It's an interesting religious point, very dogmatic and pretty infantile when it comes to the reality of human relationships.

JC: The other infantilism is Heinlein's disdain for any form of government. He had it, for an exceedingly intelligent man; he had it like a virus. It undercut the any capacity for plausibility, continuity, wit, in any story he wrote.

GS: The irony of his career *is* that he wound up in a circle of one, when he started off creating the future history of the world. That retreat is why I feel very uneasy about rereading the later novels, because of the awfulness of the retreat from what he was.

JC: The only way to tolerate them is to see them as a radical, violent response of the failure of our story during the last century. It's not just the science fiction story; it's the failure of the Western world. Heinlein had motivations – affronted hubris – to repudiate the field that he thought had devoured itself. Heinlein was doing these things as a catastrophically exaggerated response to the failure of our world.

CNB: I was privileged to see most of Heinlein's correspondence. All of the correspondence about the later novels was from people who appreciated him as a Midwestern philosopher. There were people who hadn't read the earlier works, which stunned me completely. I thought the readers of the later books were the same as the earlier books, and they weren't.

JC: The early photographs of him showed a slippery man, a leader, and someone who charmed the room. Through whom the other people understood where they were and what they were doing.

If I come to any temporizing conclusion about Heinlein from rereading him, it's that this is the most complicated figure other than maybe Alice Sheldon that I've encountered in science fiction, a writer whose life and work interact constantly and intimately. What I end up with is a sense that one is never going to end reading him, and that we can get a lot further when we can understand some of that interaction, because everything he did was intended, but we don't know the intentions fully.

CNB: You also have to look at the Heinlein books when they were written, because they were written for a specific audience. Heinlein criticism changes over the years as we change.

GS: What we're all saying as critics is at least as revelatory of all of us as it is of Heinlein – of our political views, our social views. He's reading us rather than us reading him.

CNB: Heinlein was one of the best didactic writers, but he was didactic in that in the '40s he said, "Here's what I've learned." In the '80s, he was saying, "I know everything; you should learn from me." And this is the difference between a didactic writer when he's young and when he's old. One of Heinlein's idols was James Branch Cabell, who said most writers say everything they're going to say by the time they're 50. After that, they're just repeating themselves and lecturing. Cabell continued to write hectoring novels.

JC: One doesn't really want to go into hero theories of literary history, but this is about as close as one could comfortably get. If Heinlein had not come into the field when he had, John Campbell's Golden Age would not have existed, and science fiction would have become very quickly, almost certainly, a genre that was indistinguishable in intellectual aspirations from the Western.

–Amelia Beamer; Charles N. Brown, John Clute, Graham Sleight, Gary K. Wolfe ■

Letters to Heinlein

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Thus, I was very glad to show you an intermediate draft of "The Return of William Proxmire". It said much of what I wanted to tell you about the way I saw you. Thank you for your help in finishing it: I needed specs for the ship you left when you were invalided out of the Navy.

And thank you for what you did for us, for me and Jerry Pournelle, when we most needed it and most were able to use it. You recommended major changes in **A Mote in God's Eye**. When we implemented your suggested changes – which I gather was a rare thing in your life – you did a full proofreading job on the manuscript. You made us promise not to tell anyone about that until your death.

There's no way to repay such a debt, of course. Your advice was to "pay it forward," and of course we've done what we could in that direction.

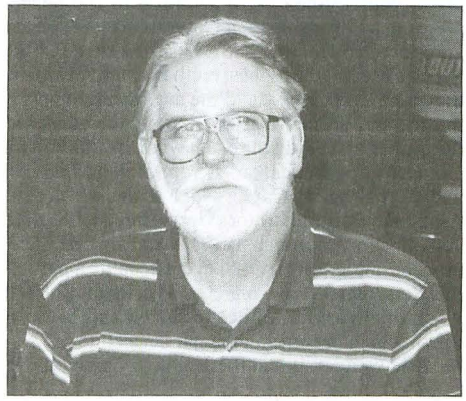
I've come to understand why the air isn't full of flying cars. There are neighbors I don't want overhead. Less understandable is the lack of bases on the Moon and Mars. That's going to cost us, I think. Biological research is going to be happening on Earth, where it can turn dangerous. But happy hundredth, and at this point I guess it's up to us.

–Larry Niven ■

Dear Mr. Heinlein,

I'd like to call you Robert, or even Bob, but we were never properly introduced. The closest I ever came was some years ago when I finagled MGM into optioning your brilliant book ***Have Spacesuit, Will Travel***. (The script I wrote is now sitting on a shelf in the same warehouse where they store the haunted house fake cobwebs.) After the agents and lawyers had all done their thing and the deal was inked, as we say in Hollywood, my phone rang one morning. My ex-wife answered it, and it was you on the line. You asked to speak to me, and she said I was still sleeping, but she would go and get me. You, being your usual polite self, asked her not to bother me... *and she didn't!*

Many hours later, after a long session with a rubber hose, waterboarding, the electric generator from a field telephone, and other things that I'm sure are prohibited by the Geneva Conventions (and might even be too much for Dick Cheney), I had the whole story out of her and was able to reconstruct most of the five-minute conversation she had with you. You said you liked my stories (you had actually taken the time to read them!), and you wished me well on the film project. That was basically it. For weeks I alternated between the depths of despair at having missed the most important call of my life and rapture that, to quote Sally Field, *"You like me! You really like me!"*



John Varley (2004)

It was many years later that the thought first occurred to me: I could have called you back. Surely I knew somebody who had your number. Yeah, right. Call you back. Like that old gospel song: "Operator? Information? Give me Jesus on the line!" Sorry, by the time I'd drunk enough courage to do that, I'd be passed out. So I missed my opportunity, and before long it was too late.

Maybe it's just as well. I don't suppose you really needed a lot of ego boosting by that point in your life. That's what I would have done, stuttered about how much I loved your books, stammered about how they literally changed my life when my junior high school librarian, Mr. Green, handed me a copy of **Red Planet** and said I might like it... and I returned 24 hours later, hollow-eyed as any heroin addict, asking him if there was any more of this stuff on the bookshelves. *There was!* And the best of it was by you. And I'd have mentioned that when there weren't enough stories by you and others, I started writing my own pitiful little stories, two or three pages long, awful little things, but they got better. And how my fascination became my career. All because of you.

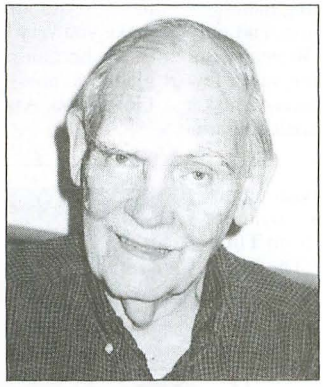
No, that's not true. I'd have been too shy to say much about any of that. I was too shy to call, right? But if my ex-wife had awakened me and handed me the phone, I'd have mumbled something about how much I respected you and your work, and that I'd do my best to turn your book into a movie worthy of the source. And I did that, and nothing came of it, I'm sorry to say.

All I can say at this point is thank you. Thank you for so many hours of exploring your worlds with you, and for diverting my life from a career in science, which is where I was heading, and which would have been boring compared to what I have done.

–John Varley ■

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN
by Frederik Pohl

The time of my first encounter with Robert A. Heinlein was identical with that of the rest of the science fiction community. It came when I picked up the latest *Astounding* and discovered on the contents page the name of a new writer. A little later he showed up there again, and before long it became obvious that he was not only good but a lot better at writing SF than almost anyone else around.



Frederik Pohl (2004)

Then things changed – somewhat. At the age of 19, principally because of dumb luck, I found myself the editor of two professional science fiction magazines, *Astonishing Stories* and *Super-Science Stories*, and one of my contributors was that same Robert Heinlein.

That statement conveys an implication that is unjustified. In such a relationship it is supposed to be the editor who makes the buy-or-bounce decisions, and therefore it is the editor who dominates it.

In this case that was incorrect. It happens there is a member of my immediate family who exemplifies the Pohl-Heinlein relationship of that period more accurately. Her name is Millie. She is a five-year-old Jack Russell, and at every meal she sits at my feet, waiting for me to finish so she can lick the crumbs off my plate. This well describes how things were between Robert and me around 1940. Everything he wrote went at once to John Campbell. The few that John rejected went to me – to be run only under a pseudonym, to be sure, because that was how John had decreed it.

Still, it wasn't too bad for either Millie or me. Millie makes a fair living out of my dinner plates, and I got some really nice stories that John had been too opinionated to publish.

Of course, later on things improved for me. By the time I was editing *Galaxy* and *If* in the 1960s John and Bob had suffered some sort of cooling off, and so I had become the editor who got first look for serial rights of everything Bob wrote. I didn't buy everything, but I did buy quite a lot.

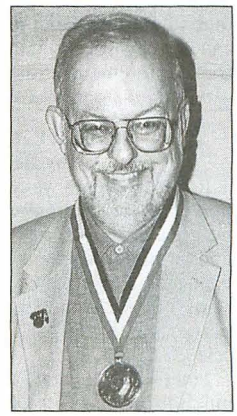
I was, I admit, a little rueful because Robert had by then apparently begun to run out of steam. Novels like **Podkayne of Mars** were reasonably cute, but a long way below the products of his glory years. Then, without warning, along came **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress**, not only right up there with his best but maybe his very best novel ever. I began running it at once.

Naturally it won that year's Hugo (so did the magazine I ran it in, largely because I had been lucky enough to get such good serials), and I couldn't have been more pleased.

–Frederik Pohl ■

Dear Mr. Heinlein,

A century is nothing. You're still a youngster, and the older I get, the younger you seem to me. Your stories and ideas resonate and enlighten and infuriate in new ways every decade. Your experience in politics and insight into mass human behavior – filtered through a strong lode of rugged individualism – make you a kind of American Kipling. And I envy you the period in which you wrote – despite the extreme turmoil and cruelty, it seemed far more friendly to science and notions of continuing human progress. It really is all about culture and personality, and you were very lucky to have written for the best and the brightest of the 20th century. I sincerely hope our kids in the 21st century can match their greatest achievements and exceed them – not just repeat them!



Greg Bear with Heinlein Medal (2006)

I expect your stories and novels will be inspiring and upsetting for more centuries to come. Good job, sir.

You are one of the great admirals of the ocean-sea of imagination.

–Greg Bear ■

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⏮ Letters to Heinlein

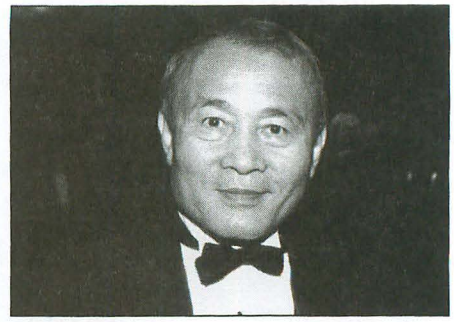
Dear Robert,

Congratulations on your 100th birthday!

You have gotten me into science fiction, so you might be happy to know that I am still at it. As I recall, I first established contact with you through your brother, General Heinlein, whom my astronaut friend, Karl Henize, met on his speaking arrangement in Kansas City. (Karl had two dreams in life: fly in space and climb Mt. Everest. After fulfilling his first dream, he joined the team that climbed Mt. Everest without any oxygen tank, despite the admonition from his buddy Storey Musgrave. Karl died while climbing the highest peak in the world and is buried on Mt. Everest. One might say that Karl was a character straight out of Heinlein stories.) Sometime later, you phoned and invited me to a dinner when you testified at the hearing of the Congressional Joint Committee. I had the pleasure of meeting Ginny and your agent, Eleanor Wood, at dinner. You kept my wallet hostage so I could not pay for the whiskey bottle after the dinner. When you invited me to your alumnus party in Annapolis later that year. I met Jim Baen, one of your publishers. After the party, Jim took me to a Georgetown bar and talked to me about writing SF. A few days later, you phoned me to say that you were happy to hear that I was writing for Jim since we two met at your party. I had not said "Yes" to Jim, but your phone call made up my mind. Little did I know that I was getting a contract for four novels! Eleanor was my agent.

When you passed away in 1988, I was unable to believe the news, and I phoned Ginny in California from Spain, forgetting about the time difference. She graciously confirmed the sad news. I realized that the space program had not formally recognized your immense contribution to the space program by inspiring many of us to explore space. I proposed you for the NASA Distinguished Public Service Medal, the highest civilian award given by the space agency; we held the award ceremony at the Air and Space Museum. Among the guests at the dinner preceding the event were, in addition to Ginny, in alphabetical order, Tom Clancy, Sprague and Catherine de Camp, Noel Hinners (NASA Associate Administrator), Jerry Pournelle, and Tetsu Yano (your translator) – and myself. The proceedings of this special event became a part of the **Requiem: New Collected Works of Robert A. Heinlein and Tributes to the Grand Master** (Tor), which became a national bestseller.

Little wonder, it had the Heinlein name on the cover!

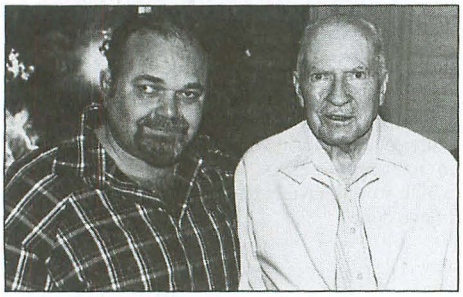


Yoji Kondo (2000)

I proposed to the International Astronomical Union to name a Martian crater after you. A Martian crater, 80-plus kilometers across, was named the Heinlein Crater in 1994. Its photograph, enhanced by Jim Cunningham, was published in the pocket book edition of **Requiem**. With the blessing of Ginny, we established the annual Robert A. Heinlein Award in 2003.

Godspeed, Robert!

–Yoji Kondo/Eric Kotani ■



Charles N. Brown, Robert A. Heinlein (1987)

Dear Bob,

Yes, I know everyone else calls you Robert, but you were always Bob to me. I had trouble making the switch in the 1970s, the way you had trouble switching from Charlie to Charles for me. I worshipped you since I first started reading your fiction in the '40s, and was almost inarticulate (but not quite) when I met you in 1958. I was 20, and in the military, and you were 50 and very friendly. I remember the wonderful times we had in Seattle in 1961, and other convention meetings. I remember vividly all the meetings once I moved to California in the early '70s, at your home in Bonny Doon – and your two visits to my house. I love the gift you gave me for my 50th birthday, when you were 80. Now I'm 70, and you're 100. All these round numbers!

It's been almost 20 years since we last talked, and some interesting things have happened. Your prediction about most of your books going out of print after your death was completely wrong. Ginny made sure they stayed in print. I'm not quite as happy with the way Ginny imposed the earlier texts on the world. I still think the finals were sharper. But she did worship every word you wrote. We kept visiting Ginny every month or so until she moved to Florida. She insisted I be a director of the Heinlein society, just to keep them in their place, and I'm still doing that.

You hated to talk about your fiction, and only talked about it once or twice over 30 years. But now that you can't complain, let me say a few things. As you know, Bob, you get taken to task a lot for **Starship Troopers**, but I think it contains some of the most fascinating arguments you've ever done. **Starship Troopers** is mandatory military reading, and I can see why. It isn't because it's pro-war (I know it isn't), it isn't because it's fascist (certainly isn't), it's because it's about patriotism and civic duty, and one proposal for how it might work. I know about your hatred of prisons, and that you wish all prisons would be shut down. You said that in your story "Coventry". You believed in the military view of discipline – swift, appropriate, and then over. You felt that punishment should be instantaneous, and the offender should be returned to society, not to a prison society, since you didn't believe that a prison society rehabilitated people to be part of our society. I also agree with your point in the book, that people who vote should give something to society, and earn that privilege in return. The book is still creating all the arguments it did almost 50 years ago, which should make you very happy.

You became my father figure very early, and I'm glad I was able to tell you that. And to tell you that I loved you. And still do.

–Charles N. Brown ■

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN
by Ben Bova

Robert Heinlein was the writer that my generation of science fiction writers wanted to be when we grew up. His stories were bright, full of ideas, and written in a crisp naturalistic style. His style changed as the years wore on, but to this day I think of **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress** as the best example of what I mean when I say "hard science fiction."

I met Robert (I don't think *anybody* ever called him Bob) and his wife Ginny in 1972, on the cruise liner *Staatendam*, where we and a dozen or so other writers had been invited to witness the *Apollo 17* launch – the last Apollo mission to the Moon. The nighttime launch was spectacular, but for me the best part of the cruise was meeting and becoming friendly with my childhood idol.

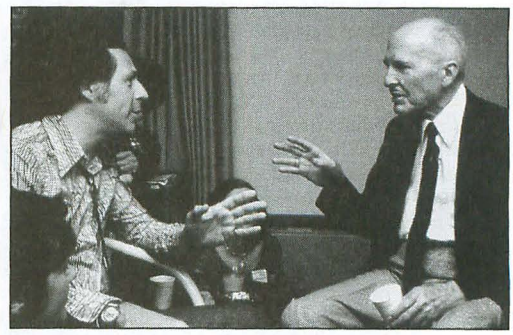
I had just been named editor of *Analog*, succeeding John W. Campbell Jr. I dearly wanted Heinlein back in the magazine. He didn't write short fiction anymore, but he adapted a commencement speech he gave at his alma mater, the US Naval Academy, into a guest editorial, "Channel Markers". It's a fine speech; it contains lots of powerful points for naval officers – and science fiction writers.

Later I was able to take a snippet from **Time Enough for Love** and publish it as "The Notebooks of Lazarus Long".

Once I moved to *Omni* and had a bigger budget to work with, I was able to do a sizable excerpt from **The Number of the Beast.** But when we ran a less-than-praising review of his latest nonfiction book, our relationship cooled to a cryogenic temperature, even though we ran a more complementary review of the same book later.

Robert was a digital personality: he was either for you or against you, with no in-between. I think, though, that I got a rare insight into his true feelings one afternoon when we had a long, long conversation about his years in the Navy. He was an officer on the USS *Lexington* before the Navy forced him to retire because of health problems. The carrier's skipper at that time was Admiral Ernest J. King, who went on to command the entire Navy all through World War II.

The *Lex* was sunk early in the war, in the Battle of the Coral Sea. I got the distinct impression, more than three decades later, that despite all his success and fame, despite all his popularity and wealth, Robert would have preferred to be fighting our nation's enemies on the *Lexington* – even if he had to go down with the ship.



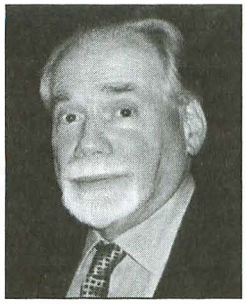
Ben Bova, Robert A. Heinlein (1977)

That was Robert A. Heinlein.

–Ben Bova ■

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN
by Robert Silverberg

I'm not sure he was a forgiving man – he wrote a book called **Grumbles from the Grave**, after all – but he forgave me on at least two occasions. The first was when I bought a big house in New York in 1961. He wrote to me and said, "Of course you're going to put a bomb shelter in it." (That was a big thing of his at the time, bomb shelters for the home.) No, I told him, I wasn't interested in surviving an atomic war and scrabbling around in the radioactive ruins of New York, so it was my hope that when Armageddon came, the Russians would drop their bomb right on top of my unsheltered house and finish me off quickly. That angered him: here I was, one of the brightest new kids in the SF world, telling him that I wasn't interested in survival! How dare I! But he forgave me after a while.



Robert Silverberg (2004)

Then, 12 or 13 years later – I had moved to California by then, and was living in another house without a bomb shelter in it – I reprinted a story of his called "The Year of the Jackpot". At least, I reprinted *most* of it. One day I picked up the phone, and there was Bob Heinlein, asking me if I had looked closely at that recent anthology of mine, and at his story in particular. I hadn't. But I took a close look then, you betcha, and observed that the story had been reprinted minus its last line. He didn't sound really furious, just surprised. I mollified him a little by telling him that I hadn't read the galleys myself, but had farmed the job out to my wife – not Karen, back then, but Barbara. He was very good natured about it, under the circumstances. He had a high opinion of Barbara's intelligence, as was quite appropriate, and was certain that she must have had some good reason for failing to notice that the story ended in midair. I arranged for the paperback edition of the anthology to run the proper text, and I never heard any more about it from him.

Note that I called him "Bob" Heinlein in the previous paragraph. All his friends – and I was a friend of his from about 1960 onward – knew him as "Bob" until, suddenly, somewhere around 1974, word went forth that he was to be called "Robert" and only "Robert." We all attempted to make the transition. (A lot of people had called Isaac Asimov "Ike" until about 1965, when he let it be known that he hated the name, and we stopped doing it forthwith, so we had had practice at such transitions.) The problem for Heinlein and me is that we had the same first name, and I am a Robert who wants his friends to call him "Bob." The next time we spoke, he slipped up and called me "Robert," and I slipped up and called him "Bob," and then we reminded each other that *he* was supposed to be Robert and *I* was Bob, and we kept it straight from there to the end of his days.

Oh, and also he was one hell of a science fiction writer. He turned our little field upside down between 1940 and 1942, and it was never the same again, because he had showed us the right way to write the stuff. Everybody who was anybody in science fiction after 1942 wrote SF in the Heinleinian way, because it was plainly the best way to do it, and we all still do.

–Robert Silverberg ■

MEMORIES OF ROBERT
by Spider Robinson

In Ed Regis's **The Great Mambo Chicken and the Transhuman Condition**, there is an entire chapter on the repeated efforts of Keith Henson and the Alcor Foundation to get Robert Heinlein to agree to be cryogenically frozen after his death. I was aware of this effort while it was going on; Henson wrote to me, entreating me to help him persuade Robert. I politely declined to argue with Robert on so personal a matter, but I certainly wished Henson luck. And I could not help but wonder why Robert had turned Alcor down. They were willing to waive all fees. Sure, it was a long shot – but consider the prize! And what did he have to lose?

The night Robert died, I was on the phone with Jim Baen for over an hour, sharing the grief. At some point I brought up cryonics and said I wished now I'd had the guts to at least ask Robert why he'd said no.

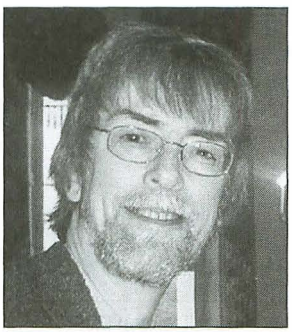
"I asked him once," Jim admitted.

So when I finally met Keith Henson later that year, I was able to tell him the answer to the mystery that had driven him crazy for so long. And then when I'd told him, he stared off into the far distance with a baffled look and was silent for a long time.

"How do I know it wouldn't interfere with rebirth?" Robert told Jim.

He once called long distance to say happy birthday to my seven-year-old daughter, whom he never met.

We were in New York; Jeanne had been invited to perform with Beverly Brown Dancensemble at the Riverside Dance Festival. I wrote to Robert with a technical question about pressure suits and mentioned that we were all enjoying New York, except our daughter, Luanna, was a little scalded at being screwed out of a birthday party since she didn't know another kid in town.



Spider Robinson (2006)

On Luanna's birthday (*how did he know the date?*) he phoned (*how did he get the New York number?*) and said, "You and I can talk another time; put Luanna on." And he spoke with her for over ten minutes.

She seemed puzzled at first, to be speaking to some old man she'd never met, but soon she was giggling, and she hung up with a broad smile. "He said dates aren't such a big deal. He said your birthday isn't really over until you've shared it with everyone you love. He said to tell you that I could have *two* birthday parties – one when the calendar says, with you and Mom, and one when I'm back home with my friends."

Of course I asked what *else* he'd talked about. "He says I can say, 'None of your business!'" She added only that he was a very silly man, but very, very nice.

Years ago, I visited my cousin Clare Costello at her office in New York. As I chatted, I found that for some reason, my eyes kept involuntarily, and inexplicably, sliding sideways to a bookshelf in the corner. She caught me at it finally, and sighed, and said, "Go ahead: look." So I did.

Of course! Clare was then the children's books editor at Scribner's, successor to (and antithesis of!) Robert's infamous cross-to-bear Alice Dalgleish. There on her wall were all the Heinlein Juveniles, original hardcover editions in alphabetical order, just the way they were in the library when I was six years old and my mind came awake for the first time: a powerful subconscious gestalt.

"That happens with about half the visitors I get," Clare said.

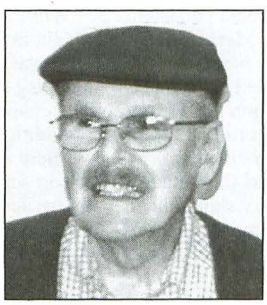
That's how beloved he was, and is.

I will not be remotely surprised if Robert and Ginny show up at his 100th birthday party in Kansas City. It would be absolutely typical behavior for both of them. And if they don't make it... hey, how do I know they haven't been reborn?

–Spider Robinson ■

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN
by Frank Robinson

I only met Bob Heinlein once – when I spent three days as his guest at Bonny Doon (his home in California) when I interviewed him for *Playboy*. But I had heard him speak at conventions, and I had been a fan of his since 1939 when I first started reading *Astounding*.



Frank M. Robinson (2006)

I had three science fiction heroes back then – Heinlein, A.E. van Vogt, and Ted Sturgeon. (I almost hate to admit it, but L. Ron Hubbard was my favorite author in *Unknown*.) I liked almost any science fiction writer back then, but Heinlein was the first who made the future seem real. His characters may have been limited in scope, but at least they were recognizable human beings. And his sociological and technological backgrounds always struck me as based in reality – the true basis for extrapolation.

When I first started to learn how to write, I once sat down and copied out a few pages of a Heinlein story to see what it looked like in manuscript form, where the magic lay. I did the same with Elmore Leonard and discovered in both cases that the story was the thing, that you couldn't analyze an author's way with story and words from a few isolated paragraphs.

I loved everything Heinlein wrote, from his novels in *Astounding* to his juveniles in *F&SF* (juvenile only because of the age of the protagonists). He had a background in science, and his extrapolations for the most part were a short leap from reality. At heart, Heinlein considered himself an educator, and his juveniles were his attempt to interest younger readers in the field of science. Heinlein's chief asset as a writer was his ability to make you feel the future – "This is the future – and you are there!"

A few other writers have held the same fascination for me – Stephen Saylor for his books about ancient Rome where Rome comes alive for me, and in a different genre, J.K. Rowling in her first several Harry Potter books. ("Look, Ma, no dragons!")

Toward the end of his writing career, Heinlein abandoned the magazines for a spot on the best-seller lists, but his novels never held the same appeal for me after that. One of the last of the "old" Heinlein – **The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress** – I regard as a masterpiece. Sadly, his attempt to return to "old Heinlein" with **Friday** I considered

⏭

a failure. The sense of reality was there, but I regarded the main character of **Friday** as a fantasy figure, an author's wet dream.

But his earlier works have never been equaled. All were fresh, all were an extension of reality, all had the feel of a tangible future, and all of them were "idea" stories. It was Heinlein, along with Wells, who invented many of the basics for a science fiction story. I even borrowed one, I'm not ashamed to admit, for probably my best science fiction effort – **The Dark Beyond the Stars**, a generation ship story. I got myself off the creative hook by pointing out that the originator of the concept was not Heinlein, but Don Wilcox in *Amazing Stories*. But with all due respect, it certainly wasn't Wilcox who was my inspiration not only for **The Dark** but two shorter novels as well.

The high point of my infatuation with Heinlein were the three days spent at Bonny Doon interviewing him, primarily about the moon landing. He was an early proponent of going to the moon, and when we finally did, he admitted that he broke down and cried. It was vindication for years of having people point their finger at him as a fantasist, one who wrote those crazy stories about the future and playing golf on the moon.

The interview sadly never appeared in *Playboy*. A reporter for a local San Francisco paper had interviewed Charles Manson at the time of the Manson murders and said that Manson claimed he'd modeled his life after that of Valentine Michael Smith, the protagonist of Heinlein's most famous novel, **Stranger in a Strange Land**. Hugh Hefner wanted Heinlein's comments on this, and Bob refused – it wasn't part of the deal, he had made a lifelong decision never to discuss his own work. I could have finessed it in the introduction to the interview, but Hefner wanted it from the horse's mouth.

Bob refused and returned the check that *Playboy* had given him for the interview. (*Playboy* seldom paid for interviews; Heinlein was one of the few exceptions.) Heinlein had, in turn, given the money to the fund for the three astronauts who had been fried in their capsule. A.C. Spectorsky, editorial director at the time, refused to accept the check and sent it back. The interview, though announced as forthcoming in *Playboy*, was killed by Hefner but appeared, in much truncated form, in *Oui*, a later companion to *Playboy* (several thousand words were killed to make room for a full-page cartoon). Bob was disappointed and angry. I was, to be frank, devastated. The interview was as close as I ever came to personal homage.

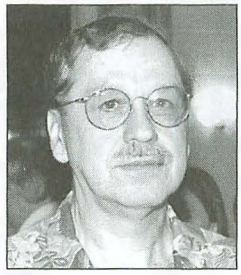
Later, Heinlein hired a private investigator to check out the story. It turned out that Manson was a near illiterate, that he had probably never read a book in his life.

In writing this, I realize I may have said too much about myself. Please forgive me– there was no other writer in the science fiction field who had as much influence on my writing as Bob Heinlein. When he died, the field lost a giant, and I lost a beloved mentor.

–Frank M. Robinson ■

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN
by Russell Letson

I think this story must be repeated so often by writers and fans that it ought to just get a number, like the jokes at the comedians' convention. The first science fiction novel I ever read, at age ten, was a library copy of **Rocket Ship Galileo**. I followed up over the years with the rest of the library's juveniles and then store-bought Signet paperbacks (often with wonderful Stanley Meltzoff covers) of the crucial novels and stories from the '40s and '50s: **Beyond This Horizon**, **The Puppet Masters**, **Revolt in 2100**, **The Day After Tomorrow**, **The Man Who Sold the Moon**, and **Methuselah's Children**. I was particularly taken by the notion of a Future History, and I spent a lot of time poring over the chart, seeking out and checking off stories, and figuring which ones I might live long enough to experience. I had acquired a taste for internally consistent fictional universes in a third-grade encounter with the Arthurian cycle and Edith Hamilton's synoptic account of Greek mythology; Heinlein's Future History, along with Kenneth Roberts's Arundel cycle of historical novels (which are interestingly similar to Heinlein in a number of other ways), provided me with modern versions. (I've never lost the taste for such universes, either: Tolkien, Philip José Farmer, C.J. Cherryh, Larry Niven, George MacDonald Fraser, Patrick O'Brian, Neal Stephenson.)



Russell Letson (2005)

By the time I started writing criticism and reviews in grad school, Heinlein seemed to me to be the unavoidable man of American SF, the guy who established so much of the technique of writing a not-here-and-now story that everyone else had learned from him, either directly or at one or two removes, by following his followers. When Harlan Ellison pointed out the economy and elegance of a line like "the door dilated" (from **Beyond This Horizon**) as a way of signaling the futurity of a world, I smacked my forehead and said, "Of course!" But it wasn't just that Heinlein could deliver the sense of an entire environment with minimal chalk-talks: he also pursued the implications of technological and social change in matters large and small, and this follow-through extended beyond science/engineering extrapolations or even the scope of what we came to call future studies.

Once I set out to really study Heinlein's work, what struck me were his general intellectual seriousness, his philosophical bent, his willingness to (like Wells and Stapledon before him) take on the big questions of human existence and stick with them. So when, 30-plus years ago, I was offered a slot in a volume of essays on Heinlein, I pitched an extended reading of **Time Enough for Love**, which still seems to me the book that best sums up his art and his thinking. By Labor Day of 1976, I had a 10,000-word piece that I thought made sense of Heinlein's vision. At Worldcon in Kansas City, I delivered a copy of the essay to his hotel, and a few weeks later I received a polite note from Mrs. Heinlein to the effect that while she had read it, her husband would not, and that in any case "it is not our policy to discuss his books with anyone." At least, she continued, I hadn't engaged in "armchair psychoanalysis."

But, of course, that was pretty much what I had done, since in the course of examining Lazarus Long's decision to go on living even after he had been everywhere and done everything, I thought (and still think) that I had gained some insight into Heinlein's own view of life. This was inevitable, given how important Heinlein's fiction had been to me: I had always wondered about the man behind the stories, and the fact that he was famously private just made me sharpen my literary-analytical tools. Who was he, really?

I never doubted that the fiction was a mirror (though certainly not optically flat) of the man. In the stories I saw a concern for protocols and procedures – all those scenes of meetings and negotiations built on establishing or following procedures and rule-sets, recognizing precedent and tradition, setting up frameworks within which people can operate. One of my earliest persistent memories of a Heinlein scene is in **Methuselah's Children**, when Lazarus establishes himself as the eldest Howard Family member present at the meeting and takes the chair. And **The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress** is full of such scenes – appropriate for a story about the displacing of one social/authority structure by another. Then there was the range of social codes depicted, from military punctilio to the breezy informality of prewar popular literature and film (much of the dialogue sounds like above-average movie talk).

This was clearly a man for whom order and consistency and boundaries were important. Combine this with the urge to follow implications to their logical conclusions and to uncover or recognize roots and first principles, and you have a big chunk of the Heinlein motif-set. Military life, clearly, had been a good fit for him, and he took much of its emotional framework (not to say baggage) with him when he had to leave it behind. The tension between the military/legal/protocol follower and the nearly anarchic individualist is interesting but not necessarily paradoxical: protocols and codes (particularly those that are rooted in a solid model of human nature) are a primal defense against folly, slovenliness, disorder, and selfishness, all of which Heinlein clearly detested.

And SF also turned out to be a good fit for him – imagine trying to exercise that interest in first principles and alternate social arrangements in mainstream literature. He probably could have made it as a writer of, say, historical fiction, especially set in the Revolutionary War period (Kenneth Roberts provides a convenient template career), but SF seems an optimal choice: plenty of room for social speculation and consideration of the basics of human nature, for his Shavian habit of turning conventions on their heads, as well as a place to apply his considerable understanding of engineering and the sciences.

Heinlein was capable of following some of the philosophical implications of his thinking far enough to at least toy with solipsism – this shows up as early as the 1940s ("By His Bootstraps", "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathon Hoag", and "They"), but it is best illustrated in the emotionally devastating isolation of "'All You Zombies – '". In fact, for all of Heinlein's focus on science, engineering, and sociopolitical modeling, I don't think you can really understand his work – or the man – without accounting for these four paranoid/solipsist fantasies.

While I am reasonably satisfied with my grasp of the literary side of the work – I think I understand what the Old Man wrote – I do not think I have anything like an equal insight into the human being. The connection between the art and the life is full of oddities and incongruities, and I am hoping that William Patterson's full-scale biography will help to sort some of them out. Meanwhile I puzzle over the writer Joe Haldeman called "this strange and important man." In an online memoir ("Oh Them Crazy Monkeys!"), Alexei Panshin writes, "I still haven't finished the job of trying to get my head around Robert Heinlein." Me too.

–Russell Letson ■

HEINLEIN'S HOUSE
by Gary K. Wolfe

One way of looking at science fiction's growth – and here I'm talking genre history, not deep literary history – is as a kind of housing development, a series of platforms or scaffoldings or frames on which later writers could build. The marvelous journey (which Verne used repeatedly) was one such platform, the scientific romance another, the Gernsbackian brushed-aluminum technology-tale yet another, the pulp space opera still another. In the same neighborhood, we can look over and see other platforms and scaffoldings, some still under construction, some long abandoned – the rather bland façade of the utopian tale, that weird little structure built by the reclusive guy from Providence (how did *he* get a zoning permit?), the old Munsey adventureland fort, the marvelously detailed palace of Tolkien (with all those more recent outbuildings that aren't quite as pretty), that crazy Frank Gehry-like thing that's supposed to be postmodernism but that still looks like an exploded Campbell's soup can and that seems to confuse interiors with exteriors. There are writers even today who are still setting up shop on nearly all these platforms (well, maybe not so much Munsey), adding details, drywalling, reshaping cornices, hanging new curtains.

But for most modern SF, the platform is the one that Heinlein built. The extent to which he did it entirely on his own is still open to debate, of course – the release a few years ago of his unpublished first novel **For Us the Living** suggested that he might have been content to settle onto the utopian platform, before Campbell and the need for actually making money got hold of him – but even in his earliest *Astounding* stories he had begun to perfect the technique of plopping his readers into an unmediated future, presented in the unadorned style of naturalistic fiction (he once professed admiration for writers like Herman Wouk and MacKinlay Kantor). In a lecture at the University of Chicago in 1957, Heinlein identified this as the central technical problem of writing a science fiction story: "The science fiction writer must build up a scene strange to the reader, perhaps a wholly new culture, and he must make it convincing, else he will not simply lose empathy with his reader, he will never gain it in the first place." Furthermore, "the scene and all necessary postulates of the story must be made convincing without cluttering up the story." This is hardly news today, after decades in which SF has been anatomized by generations of workshop leaders, teachers, and academics, but it was a significant insight in 1957, and was nearly revolutionary in 1940.

The most famous example, of course, and easily Heinlein's most famous sentence – thanks to those workshop leaders and teachers – came from the 1942 serial **Beyond This Horizon**: "He punched the door with a code combination and awaited face check. It came promptly; the door dilated, and a voice within said, 'Come in, Felix.'" Heinlein knew he was onto something with that "dilated" business, and he continued to flog it for years in his later fiction. ("The door dilated and a bellman came in," from the 1949 "Gulf", for example.) Some other writers later complained about it – Asimov supposedly said it would be an inefficient use of space and a problem for wheeled vehicles or robots – and I myself remember, as a kid, worrying irrationally about what would happen if you got your foot caught in it when it *un*dilated, but reactions like these are missing the point. The point was to signal an estranged but immediately unpackable future setting with a maximum of economy, and over the next few

Gary K. Wolfe (2002)

decades it became a mantra for SF scene-setting and, to some extent, as a way of separating *real* SF readers from literal-minded amateurs. Patrick O'Leary captured this distinction well in his 2002 novel **The Impossible Bird,** in which an eight-year-old is trying to explain it to his older, somewhat thicker brother:

> "Heinlein makes sense."
>
> "Oh, shut up about your damn books..."
>
> "I was just saying: his stories – you believe them." Mike was silent, chewing. Danny continued, "Like he writes: 'The door dilated.'"
>
> "What's dilated?"
>
> "Like an eye. You know, when the iris closes 'cause it gets too much light."
>
> Mike had studied that. "So?"
>
> "So it's not just tricks. It's the future. It's on a spaceship and a round door makes a better airlock."
>
> "Airlock?"
>
> "In case there's an accident. Like a hull breach."
>
> "What the hell's a hull breach?"

And so on. It's clear that Danny is the SF reader in this family, but every step he takes toward exploring the implications of the word "dilated" leaves his brother Mike further behind in the dust.

This has led some people, notably Samuel R. Delany, to suggest that SF has to be read with different "protocols" from realistic fiction. More than anyone, I suspect Delany – in a 1968 address to the Modern Language Association – is responsible for enshrining Heinlein's door as a kind of litmus test of SF language, but he was actually quoting a 1967 essay by Harlan Ellison:

> Heinlein has always managed to indicate the greater strangeness of a culture with the most casually dropped-in reference: the first time in a novel, I believe it was **Beyond This Horizon**, that a character came through a door that – dilated. And no discussion. Just: "The door dilated." I read across it, and was two lines down before I realized what the image had been, what the words had called forth. A *dilating* door. It didn't open, it *irised*! Dear God, now I knew I was in a future world.

After that, the deluge. *Everyone* was talking about how Heinlein had invented SF language, and everyone was paying homage, to the extent that a normal, hinged door seemed like a deliberate perversion. He'd given SF a bone it would not release. Here are some random examples:

J.F. Bone: "The door dilated, and Alexander ushered Kennon into the room."

Mike Resnick: "He heard the water stop flowing as the door dilated and he stepped through to the corridor."

Peter Hamilton: "Wai stuck her fingers in the dimple, and the door dilated."

S.M. Stirling: "When the door dilated and he walked through into his sanctum the present returned on padding feet."

Lois McMaster Bujold: "He ducked into the personnel pod, a tiny four-man shuttle, as soon as the hatch seal sensors blinked green and the door dilated."

David Brin: "With a faintly squishy sound, the door dilated."

L.E. Modesitt: "The door dilated, and three figures stepped out."

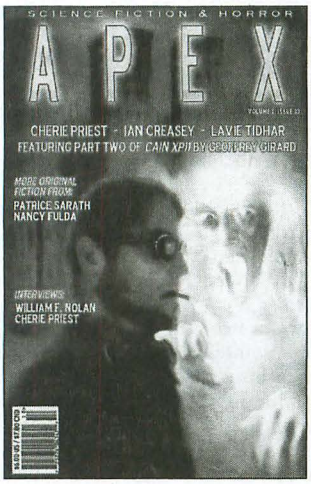
And this doesn't even count variations such as Delany's own "the door deliquesced" or Ellison's "the door irised."

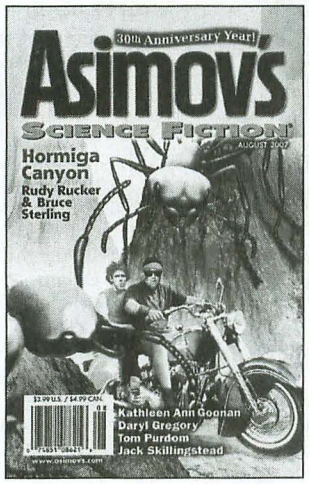
There's a certain irony in all this, of course, since in general Heinlein's use of language was never regarded as his most distinctive talent, and since Heinlein himself never quite gave up on the background-lecture infodump that had been so widely characteristic of SF before him (even later in **Beyond This Horizon**, as Gary Westfahl points out, one character asks another if he knows about the Genetic Wars, then goes on to say, "It won't do any harm to recapitulate," followed by a plot-stopping lecture). In fact – and not just in his bloated later fiction – Heinlein was often fairly messy in mortaring his ideas into the narrative, and the ideas themselves could be pretty messy. It seems increasingly unlikely that he'll be remembered as the social philosopher he sometimes fancied himself to be. In one sense, the things he wrote best about were the things that mattered least to him: he *knew* how to make a future entirely out of synecdoche, with its dilating doors and rolling roadways and waldoes and smartass computers – that was all technique and panache – but he wanted us to listen to him tell us about how these futures could be constructed or avoided, whether it be through libertarian economic schemes or military discipline or weird sex.

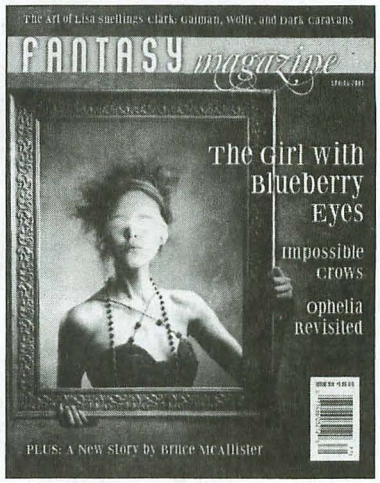
But it hasn't entirely worked out that way: today almost no one remembers the scientific utopia he designed in **Beyond This Horizon**, but *everyone* knows about that damned dilating door; everyone remembers the title image of "The Roads Must Roll", but not the ideas of labor economics that provided the story's central argument. Even the religious and sexual satire of **Stranger in a Strange Land** falls into period pieces, but water sharing and grokking still seem kind of cool. His platform may be the sturdiest one that anyone built in the whole of 20th-century SF, but its legacy lies more in the boards and the joints than in the grand architectural vision. No one would argue seriously that Heinlein invented science fiction, and it's not even certain that he invented or significantly improved on the value of SF as a vehicle for social and philosophical ideas, but he may well get the lion's share of credit for having invented the *craft* of what we think of as modern SF, for having transformed speculation into representation. There have been endless modifications, and more than a few improvements, but his house is the one we live in when we read SF.

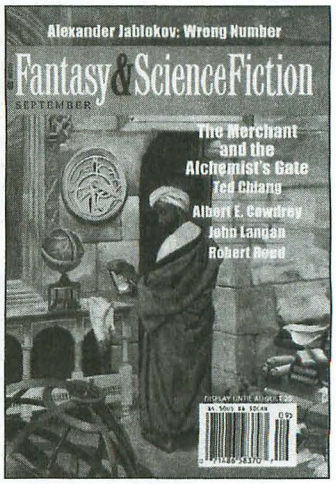
–Gary K. Wolfe ■

Magazines Received - June









Analog Science Fiction and Fact–Stanley Schmidt, ed. Vol. 127 No. 9, September 2007, $3.99, 10 times per year, 144pp, 13 x 21 cm. Novellas by Dave Creek and C. Stanford Lowe & G. David Nordley, novelettes by E. Mark Mitchell and Uncle River, short stories by Richard A. Lovett and Howard V. Hendrix, and reviews. Cover by David A. Hardy.

Apex Science Fiction and Horror–Jason B. Sizemore, ed. Vol. 1 No. 10, 2007, $6.00, quarterly, 96pp, 14 x 21½ cm. Small-press science fiction and horror magazine with fiction by Cherie Priest, Lavie Tidhar, Ian Creasey, and others; interviews with Cherie Priest and William F. Nolan; and non-fiction essays. Cover by Walter Simon. Subscription: $20.00 US/$34.00 Int'l for four issues, to Jason Sizemore, *Apex Science Fiction & Horror Digest*, PO Box 2233, Lexington KY 40588-2223; email: <Jason@apexdigest.com>; website: <www.apexdigest.com>.

Asimov's Science Fiction–Sheila Williams, ed. Vol. 31 No. 8, Whole Number 379, August 2007, $3.99, 10 times per year, 144pp, 13 x 21 cm. Novelettes by Rudy Rucker & Bruce Sterling, Kathleen Ann Goonan, and Tom Purdom; short stories by Daryl Gregory, Tim McDaniel, Justin Stanchfield, and Jack Skillingstead; poetry; reviews; etc. Cover by Jim Burns.

Dreams and Nightmares–David C. Kopaska-Merkel, ed. No. 77, $4.00, irregular, 20pp, 14 x 21 cm. Magazine of fantastic and speculative poetry, with work by Darrell Schweitzer, Bruce Boston, and others. Cover by Megan Stringfellow. Subscription: $18 for six issues, to David C. Kopaska-Merkel, 1300 Kicker Rd., Tuscaloosa AL 35404. Make checks out to David C. Kopaska-Merkel. E-mail: <dckmdnmag@gmail.com>.

Fantasy Magazine–Paul G. Tremblay & Sean Wallace, eds. No. 6, Spring 2007, $5.95 plus $1.00 s&h, quarterly, 80pp, 21 x 27½ cm. Small-press magazine devoted to fantasy with stories by Bruce McAllister, Beth Adele Long, and others; interviews with Lisa Snellings-Clark and Andrea Kail; and book reviews. Cover by Erica Leighton. Subscription: $20.00 US/USD$25.00 Canada/USD$30.00 elsewhere for four issues, to Fantasy Magazine, 9710 Traville Gateway Dr., #234, Rockville MD 20850-7408; email: <wildside@sff.net>; website: <www.wildsidepress.com>.

The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction–Gordon Van Gelder, ed. Vol. 113 No. 3, Whole No. 665, September 2007, $4.50, 11 times per year, 164pp, 13 x 19½ cm. Novelettes by Alexander Jablokov, John Langan, and Ted Chiang; short stories by Albert E. Cowdrey, Heather Lindsley, Kevin N. Haw, and Robert Reed; and reviews. Cover by Bryn Barnard.

Mythic Delirium–Mike Allen, ed. Issue #16, Winter/Spring 2007, $5.00, biannual, 28pp, 13½ x 21½ cm. SF-related poetry semiprozine. Contributors are Darrell Schweitzer, Sonya Taaffe, Yoon Ha Lee, and others. Cover by Tim Mullins. Subscription: $9.00 for two issues, checks to Mike Allen, 3514 Signal Hill Ave. NW, Roanoke VA 24017-5148.

The New York Review of Science Fiction–David Hartwell *et al.*, eds. Vol. 19 No. 10, Whole No. 226, June 2007, $4.00, monthly, 24pp, 21½ x 28 cm. Review and criticism magazine, with essay-length and short reviews, etc. This issue includes essays by Geoff Ryman on the philosophy of a group of SF writers called the Mundanes; by Rob Latham on the boom-bust cycle of SF, the coming and going of various SF movements and how Cyberpunk and the New Wave fit into this cycle; and by Jason Sanford on the literary establishment's relationship with SF. Subscription: $38.00 per year, to Dragon Press, PO Box 78, Pleasantville NY 10570; email: <nyrsf@comcast.net>; website: <www.nyrsf.com>.

Science Fiction Studies–Arthur B. Evans *et al.*, eds. Vol. 34 No. 2 (Whole #102), July 2007, $15.00, three times per year, 212pp, 15 x 23 cm. Academic journal. This issue focuses on Afrofuturism with articles on the work of Ishmael Reed, Samual R. Delany, Nalo Hopkinson, and others; and book reviews. Subscription: $26.00 per year US individual (write for other rates) or free with a membership in the Science Fiction Research Association, to SF-TH Inc., c/o Arthur B. Evans, EC L-06, De Pauw University, Greencastle IN 46135-0037; website: <www.depauw.edu/sfs/>.

Tales of the Talisman—David Lee Summers, ed. Vol 3, Issue 1, June 2007, $8.00, quarterly, 90pp, 21 x 26½ cm. Formerly *Hadrosaur Tales*. Fantasy and speculative fiction magazine with short fiction and poetry. Cover by Laura Givens. Subscription: $24.00 US per year to Hadrosaur Productions, PO Box 2194, Mesilla Park NM 88047-2194; website: <www.talesofthetalisman.com>.

Yog's Notebook–Audrey Eschright & Lucas Grzybowski, ed. Issue #2, Summer 2007, $5.00 print, $2.00 pdf, quarterly, 40pp, 17½ x 21½ cm. SF and horror 'zine with short fiction, features, reviews, and columns. Subscription: Not currently available. For more information contact: *Yog's Notebook*, PO Box 40626, Portland OR 97240; website: <yogsnotebook.com>.

The Outer Limits

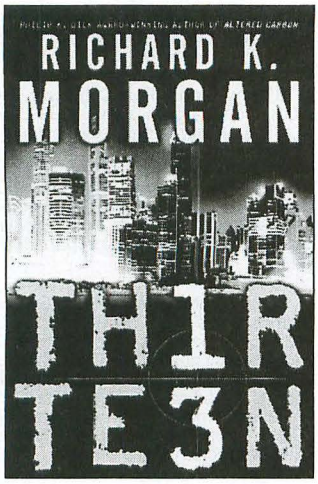
BBC News (6/27/07) ran a story on the Muslim response to Salman Rushdie's award of knighthood.

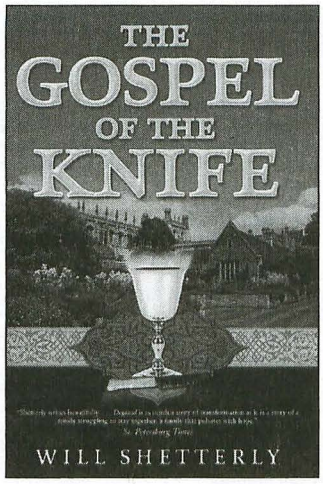
OpenDemocracy <www.opendemocracy.net>, (6/27/07) discusses the official condemnation of the UK's award of knighthood to Salman Rushdie, the lack of public outcry it engendered, and possible reasons behind the Muslim reaction to **The Satanic Verses**.

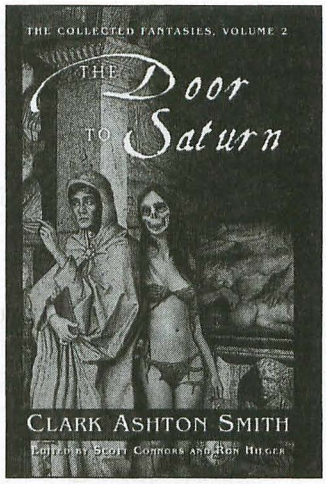
Reason (8-9/07) includes an article on the Heinlein Centennial which examines how Heinlein presaged social change in the US.

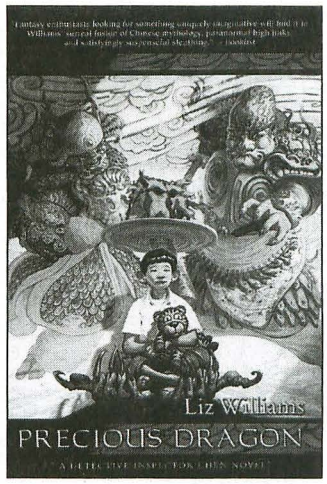
Wired (7/07) has "Dispatches From the Hyperlocal Future" a short story by Bruce Sterling. ■

Books Received - June









Compiled by Charles N. Brown & Carolyn Cushman. Please send all corrections to Carolyn Cushman c/o *Locus*. We will run all verified corrections.

KEY: * = first edition + = first American edition.

* Aguirre, Forrest **Swans Over the Moon** (Wheatland Press 978-0-9794054-0-2, $14.95, 112pp, tp) Fantasy novella. The ruling Judicar of Procellarium, madman or genius, faces his biggest challenge: his daughters. This is a print-on-demand book, available online at <www.wheatlandpress.com>, or from Wheatland Press, PO Box 1818, Wilsonville OR 97070.

* Anderson, John Aubrey **Abiding Darkness** (Warner 978-0-446-17803-7, $6.99, 420pp, pb) Horror novel. White and black children unite to fight in a war between good and evil in Mississippi in 1945. Book one in the Black or White Chronicles.

* Anolik, Ruth Bienstock, ed. **Horrifying Sex: Essays on Sexual Difference in Gothic Literature** (McFarland 978-0-7864-3014-7, $39.95, 268pp, tp) Non-fiction, a selection of 16 essays about sex in Gothic literature from Edgar Allan Poe and Ann Radcliffe to Clive Barker. Each essay has notes and bibliography; a general index is also provided. Available from McFarland & Company, Box 611, Jefferson NC 28640; orders 800-253-2187; <www.mcfarlandpub.com>.

* Anonymous, ed. **Hell on Heels** (Berkley Sensation 978-0-425-21527-2, $14.00, 314pp, tp, cover by Danny O'Leary) Anthology of three paranormal romance stories about three daughters of Satan. Authors are Julie Kenner, Kathleen O'Reilly, and Dee Davis.

* Anonymous, ed. **Star Trek: Corps of Engineers: Grand Designs** (Pocket 978-1-4165-4489-0, $16.00, 634pp, tp) Anthology of six Star Trek stories, all originally published online. Copyrighted by CBS Studios.

* Archer, Alex **Rogue Angel: God of Thunder** (Worldwide Library Gold Eagle 978-0-373-62125-5, $6.50, 348pp, pb) Thriller with supernatural elements, seventh in the series about TV host/archaeologist/adventurer Annja Creed. The author is probably Mel Odom.

* Asaro, Catherine **The Fire Opal** (Harlequin/Luna 978-0-373-80277-7, $14.95, 313pp, tp) Fantasy romance novel. Priestess Ginger-Sun uses her magic to heal a stranger and becomes a target for violence.

* Athans, Philip **Forgotten Realms: Scream of Stone** (Wizards of the Coast 978-0-7869-4271-8, $6.99, 311pp, pb, cover by Carl Critchlow) Novelization based on the world of the roleplaying game, the third book in the Watercourse trilogy. Copyrighted by Wizards of the Coast.

* Axler, James **Deathlands: Sky Raider** (Worldwide Library Gold Eagle 978-0-373-62588-8, $6.50, 347pp, pb) Postholocaust SF adventure novel, 78th in the overall series. Copyrighted by Worldwide Library.

* Bachman, Richard **Blaze** (Scribner 978-1-4165-6585-4, $25.00, 285pp, hc) Horror novel about a dimwitted crook who hears his dead partner's voice in his head, directing a kidnapping. This is a trunk novel by Stephen King, who provides the foreword and a short story, "Memory".

* Baker, Kage **The Sons of Heaven** (Tor 978-0-7653-1746-9, $25.95, 431pp, hc, cover by Paul Youll) SF novel, the final volume of the Company.

Banks, L.A. **The Forsaken** (St. Martin's 978-0-312-94860-3, $7.99, 500pp, pb, cover by Vince Natale) Reprint (St. Martin's Griffin 2006) vampire novel, the seventh in the Vampire Huntress Legends series. This adds an original storie in the series, "That First Kiss". The author also writes as Leslie E. Banks, both pen names for Leslie Esdale Banks.

* Bennett, Christopher L. **Star Trek: The Next Generation: The Buried Age** (Pocket 978-1-4165-3739-7, $7.99, 438pp, pb, cover by Stephan Martiniere) Star Trek novelization in the Lost Era series. Copyrighted by CBS Studios.

* Bilsborough, David **The Wanderer's Tale** (Tor 978-0-7653-1867-1, $24.95, 443pp, hc, cover by Fred Gambino) Epic fantasy novel, the first book in the Annals of Lindormyn. Bolldhe the Wanderer is one of a motley group of seven men recruited to stop the return of supernatural overlords out of legend. A first novel.

Bishop, Anne **Daughter of the Blood** (Penguin/Roc 978-0-451-46148-3, $14.00, 373pp, tp, cover by Larry Rostant) Reprint (Roc 1998) fantasy novel, book one of the Black Jewels trilogy.

* Block, Francesca Lia & Carmen Staton **Ruby** (Harper 978-0-06-084058-7, $13.95, 209pp, tp) Reprint (HarperCollins 2006) fantasy novel.

Bradley, Marion Zimmer **The Forest House** (Penguin/Roc 978-0-451-46153-7, $7.99, 462pp, pb, cover by John Jude Palencar) Reprint (Michael Joseph 1993) historical fantasy novel of early Roman Britain.

* Bradley, Marion Zimmer & Deborah J. Ross **The Alton Gift** (DAW 978-0-7564-0019-4, $25.95, 466pp, hc, cover by Romas Kukalis) SF novel set on Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover, written by Ross. This is a sequel to **Traitor's Sun** by Bradley & Adrienne Martine-Barnes, and book one of the Children of Kings trilogy.

* Brook, Meljean **Demon Moon** (Berkley Sensation 978-0-425-21576-0, $7.99, 470pp, pb) Paranormal romance, set in the same world as **Demon Angel**.

Brooks, Terry **A Knight of the Word** (Ballantine Del Rey 978-0-345-42464-8, $7.99, 386pp, pb, cover by Heather Kern) Reissue (Del Rey 1998) fantasy novel, second in the Word & the Void series featuring John Ross, Knight of the Word.

Brooks, Terry **Running with the Demon** (Ballantine Del Rey 978-0-345-42258-3, $7.99, 434pp, pb, cover by Heather Kern) Reissue (Del Rey 1997) fantasy novel, the first in the Word & the Void series featuring John Ross, Knight of the Word.

* Brusen, Claus & Ole Lindboe **The Fantastic World of Clause Brusen** (Edition Brusen 87-990636-1-1, EURO40.00, 119pp, hc, cover by Claus Brusen) Artbook featuring Claus Brusen's paintings of his fairytale world of Nactalius, with text by Ole Lindboe. Introduction by Patrick Woodroffe. This is dated 2006, but not seen until now. Claus Brusen, Solsbaekvey 229, DK - 9300 Saeby, Denmark; <www.clausbrusen.com>.

* Brusen, Claus & Marcel Salome, eds. **Dreamscape: The Best of Imaginary Realism: 1: 2006** (SalBru Publish 978-87-990636-5-9, $39.95, 125pp, hc, cover by Michael Parkes) Artbook, the first in a planned series focusing on the "fine art of the imaginary" with works by 37 artists including Kinuko Y. Craft, Daniel Merriam, Patrick Woodroffe, and featured artist Michael Parkes, who provides the foreword. This is a limited edition of 2,500; it is dated 2006, but not seen until now. Available from <www.salbru.com>.

* Bujold, Lois McMaster **The Sharing Knife, Volume Two: Legacy** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-06-11390556, $25.95, 377pp, hc, cover by Julie Bell) Fantasy novel, the second of two volumes in a single novel about a romance between a two people of very different cultures.

* Bull, Emma **Territory** (Tor 978-0-312-85735-6, $24.95, 318pp, hc, cover by John Jude Palencar) Fantasy novel retelling the story of the shootout at the O.K. Corral.

+ Byers, Richard Lee **Warhammer: The Enemy Within** (BL Publishing/Black Library US 978-1-84416-444-8, $7.99, 253pp, pb) Novelization based on the roleplaying game universe. Copyrighted by Games Workshop. This first US edition has the same ISBN as the Black Library UK (6/07) edition but gives only US and Canadian prices.

Cabot, Meg **Avalon High** (HarperTeen 978-0-06-076588-1, $8.99, 288pp, tp) Reprint (HarperCollins 2006) young-adult contemporary Arthurian fantasy.

Cabot, Meg **Avalon High** (HarperCollins 978-0-06-075586-7, $16.99, 288pp, hc) Reissue (HarperCollins 2006) young-adult contemporary Arthurian fantasy. Ninth printing.

* Cabot, Meg & Jinky Coronado **Avalon High: Coronation Volume 1: The Merlin Prophecy** (HarperCollins/Tokyopop 978-0-06-117707-1, $7.99, 109pp, tp) Young-adult graphic novel, the first in a series sequel to Cabot's contemporary Arthurian fantasy **Avalon High**. Written by Cabot and illustrated by Jinky Coronado. Copublished by HarperCollins and Tokyopop.

+ Carey, Mike **The Devil You Know** (Warner 978-0-446-58030-4, $24.99, 400pp, hc) Supernatural thriller, the first in a series about hard-boiled freelance exorcist Felix Castor. A first novel. First US edition (Orbit 4/06).

* Cast, P.C. **Goddess of Love** (Berkley Sensation 978-0-425-21528-9, $14.00, 292pp, tp, cover by Matt Mahurin) Fantasy romance novel in the Goddess Summoning series.

* Cherryh, C.J. **Chanur's Endgame** (DAW 978-0-7564-0444-4, $7.99, 729pp, pb, cover by Michael Whelan) Omnibus of two SF novels in the Chanur series: **Chanur's Homecoming** (1987) and **Chanur's Legacy** (1992).

* Child, Maureen **More than Fiends** (Penguin/Signet Eclipse 978-0-451-22127-8, $14.00, 269pp, tp) Humorous contemporary paranormal novel. Cassidy Burke learns she is the next in a long line of demon-dusters, who spot and kill demons with their housecleaning abilities.

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⏮ Books Received

Clarke, Will **The Worthy** (Simon & Schuster 978-0-7432-7316-9, $14.00, 240pp, tp) Reprint (Simon & Schuster 2006, not seen) humorous ghost story about the angry ghost of a privileged frat boy who plots revenge for his hazing death.

* CLE, Troy **Marvelous World: The Marvelous Effect** (Simon & Schuster 978-1-4169-3958-0, $14.99, 369pp, hc, cover by Daryl Mandryk) Young-adult contemporary fantasy. An inner-city teen becomes a Celestial-Like Entity – a CLE – and will need his superpowers to stop the CEs coming to destroy Earth. A first novel; CLE is a pen name for Troy Tompkins. This is copyrighted 2005, 2007, but no previous edition is known.

Collins, Suzanne **Gregor and the Marks of Secret** (Scholastic/Apple 978-0-439-79146-5, $5.99, 343pp, tp, cover by August Hall) Reprint (Scholastic 2006) young-adult fantasy novel, fourth in the Underland Chronicles.

* Cook, Glen **A Fortress in Shadow** (Night Shade Books 978-1-59780-080-8, $35.00, 369 + ix, hc, cover by Raymond Swanland) Omnibus of two novels in a duology, part of the Dread Empire series: **The Fire in His Hands** (1984) and **With Mercy Toward None** (1985). Introduction by Stephen Erikson. A signed, leatherbound limited edition (-081-5, $60.00) is also available. Night Shade Books, 1423 33rd Avenue, San Francisco CA 94122; 415-759-8901; <night@nightshadebooks.com>; <www.nightshadebooks.com>.

Dalkey, Kara **Euryale** (Wildside Press/Juno Books 978-0-8095-5783-7, $12.95, 249pp, tp, cover by Timothy Lantz) Reprint (Ace 1988) paranormal romance. <www.juno-books.com>.

Dart-Thornton, Cecilia **Weatherwitch** (Tor 978-0-7653-5056-5, $7.99, 376pp, pb, cover by Julek Heller) Reprint (Tor Australia 2006) fantasy novel, third in the Crowthistle Chronicles trilogy.

David, Peter **Battlestar Galactica: Sagittarius Is Bleeding** (Tor 978-0-7653-5518-8, $6.99, 327pp, pb) Reprint (Tor 2006) novelization, the third based on the new version of the SF TV show. Copyrighted by Universal Studios Licensing.

David, Peter **Fall of Knight** (Ace 978-0-441-01506-1, $7.99, 347pp, pb, cover by Tristan Elwell) Reprint (Ace 2006) contemporary Arthurian fantasy novel, third in the series begun in **Knight Life**.

* David, Peter **Fantastic Four: What Lies Between** (Pocket Star 978-1-4165-1070-3, $7.99, 361pp, pb, cover by Glen Orbik) Novelization based on the Marvel Comics characters. Copyrighted by Marvel Characters.

* Davidson, MaryJanice **Undead and Uneasy** (Berkley Sensation 978-0-425-21376-6, $23.95, 272pp, hc, cover by Chris Long) Humorous vampire novel, sixth in the series featuring Betsy the Vampire Queen. Betsy's friends and fiancé all go missing two weeks before the wedding.

* DeWolf, Parker **Eberron: The Left Hand of Death** (Wizards of the Coast 978-0-7869-4713-3, $6.99, 277pp, pb, cover by Cyril Van Der Haegen) Novelization based on the roleplaying game, first in the Lanternlight Files series. Copyrighted by Wizards of the Coast.

* Dimes, John **The Rites of Pretending Tribe** (Zumaya Publications 978-1-934135-29-7, $14.99, 214pp, tp, cover by Erin Wells) Surreal fantasy novel. A team of magicians seeks the cause of a sleeping sickness attacking a town's children. This is a print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.zumayapublications.com>; Zumaya Publications, 3209 S. IH35 #1086, Austin TX 78741-6905.

* Dolley, Chris **Shift** (Baen 978-1-4165-2140-2, $24.00, 322pp, hc, cover by Kurt Miller) SF novel. An astronaut's pioneering voyage into higher dimensional space somehow sets loose a serial killer unbound by space and time.

* Drake, David **The Mirror of Worlds** (Tor 978-0-7653-1260-0, $25.95, 333pp, hc, cover by Donato Giancola) Fantasy novel, eighth in the overall Lord of the Isles series, and the second in the concluding trilogy The Crown of the Isles.

* Duchamp, L. Timmel, ed. **The WisCon Chronicles, Volume 1** (Aqueduct Press 978-1-933500-14-0, $17.50, 195pp, tp) Non-fiction anthology documenting the 30th anniversary of WisCon, with 32 pieces (two reprints) including essays, panel transcripts, and one story, plus Q&A sessions conducted by Eileen Gunn with authors including Carol Emshwiller, Ted Chiang, and Ursula K. Le Guin. Aqueduct Press, PO Box 95787, Seattle WA 98145-2787; <www.aqueductpress.com>; <info@aqueductpress.com>.

* Durst, Sarah Beth **Into the Wild** (Penguin/Razorbill 978-1-59514-156-9, $15.99, 261pp, hc) Young-adult fantasy novel. Julie's mother, Rapunzel, is dragged back to The Wild, the fairy-tale world she once escaped.

* Duval, Alex **Vampire Beach: Legacy** (Simon Pulse 978-1-4169-1169-2, $5.99, 223pp, pb, cover by Gene Mollica) Young-adult vampire novel, the fourth in a series. Duval is a pen name; the authors are probably Laura Burns & Melinda Metz. Packaged and copyrighted by Working Partners Limited.

Earley, Pete **The Apocalypse Stone** (Tor 978-0-7653-4900-2, $7.99, 374pp, pb) Reprint (Forge 2006) supernatural thriller.

* Ellis, Warren **Crooked Little Vein** (HarperCollins/Morrow 978-0-06-072393-4, $21.95, 280pp, hc) Secret history/detective novel with SF and surreal elements. Burned-out PI Michael McGill is hired to find the secret Real Constitution of the United States. A first novel by a noted graphic novelist.

Feist, Raymond E. & William R. Forstchen **Honored Enemy** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-06-079283-1, $13.95, 323pp, tp, cover by Geoff Taylor) Reissue (Voyager 2001) fantasy novel. The first book of the Legends of the Riftwar series.

Fisher, Catherine **Day of the Scarab** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-057165-8, $7.99, 392pp, pb, cover by Nenad Jaksevic) Reprint (Hodder Children's Books 2005 as **The Scarab**) young-adult fantasy novel, the third in the Oracle Prophecies series.

+ Flanagan, John **The Ranger's Apprentice, Book Three: The Icebound Land** (Penguin/Philomel 978-0-399-24456-8, $16.99, 266pp, hc, cover by John Blackford) Young-adult fantasy, third in the Ranger's Apprentice series. First US edition (Random House Australia 2006).

Fleischman, Sid **The 13th Floor** (HarperCollins/Greenwillow 978-0-06-134503-6, $5.99, 228pp, tp, cover by Tim Jessell) Reprint (Greenwillow 1995) young-adult ghost story/time-travel adventure. Illustrated by Peter Sis.

Fleischman, Sid **The Ghost in the Noonday Sun** (HarperCollins/Greenwillow 978-0-06-134502-9, $5.99, 245pp, tp, cover by Tim Jessell) Reprint (Morrow 1986) young-adult pirate ghost novel.

Flint, Eric & David Drake **The Dance of Time** (Baen 978-1-4165-2137-2, $7.99, 655pp, pb, cover by Alan Pollack) Reprint (Baen 2006) SF alternate history novel, sixth and apparently final in the Belisarius series.

* Frost, Polly **Deep Inside** (Tor 978-0-7653-1587-8, $12.95, 270pp, tp, cover by Ebby May) Original collection of ten erotic stories, several with SF or fantasy elements.

* Gaiman, Neil **M Is for Magic** (HarperCollins 978-0-06-118642-4, $16.99, 260 + xii, hc, cover by Teddy Kristiansen) Young-adult collection of ten stories and one poem. Illustrated by Teddy Kristiansen.

Gaiman, Neil **Stardust** (HarperEntertainment 0-06-124048-6, $6.99, 336pp, tp) Reprint (DC/Vertigo 1998) fantasy novel. This is a movie tie-in edition, with eight unpaginated pages of color stills. The text is the slightly rewritten and expanded version of the Spike 1999 edition.

Gaiman, Neil **Stardust** (Harper Perennial 978-0-06-114202-4, $13.95, 250pp, tp) Reissue (DC/Vertigo 1998) fantasy novel. This is a "Soon to Be a Major Motion Picture" edition; it has the slightly rewritten and expanded text of the Spike 1999 edition and has a P.S. section with added material. Fourth printing.

* Galenorn, Yasmine **Changeling** (Berkley 978-0-425-21629-3, $6.99, 278pp, pb, cover by Tony Mauro) Paranormal romance, the second in the Sisters of the Moon trilogy about three half-human/half-faerie sisters, this time following tabby shapeshifter Delilah.

Garcia y Robertson, R. **Firebird** (Tor 978-0-7653-5213-2, $7.99, 376pp, pb, cover by Kinuko Y. Craft) Reprint (Tor 2006) fantasy novel.

+ Gascoigne, Marc & Nick Kyme, eds. **The Art of Warhammer** (BL Publishing/Black Library US 978-1-84416-413-4, $50.00, 224pp, hc, cover by Adrian Smith) Art book of illustrations based on the fantasy roleplaying game. Introduction by Rick Priestley. Artists include Les Edwards, Ian Miller, and Paul Dainton. This first US edition appears to be identical to the Black Library UK (4/07) edition.

* Gates, R. Patrick **'Vaders** (Kensington/Pinnacle 978-0-7860-1825-3, $6.99, 494pp, pb) Horror novel. Spores turn people into monsters.

+ Gentle, Mary **Ilario: The Lion's Eye** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-06-082183-8, $14.95, 303pp, tp, cover by Cliff Nielsen) Medieval fantasy/alternate history novel, book one of A Story of the First History. This is the first US edition, the first of two parts originally published in the UK as a single volume by the same title (Gollancz 11/06).

* Gernsback, Hugo **Hugo Gernsback: A Man Well Ahead of His Time** (Poptronix 978-1-4196-5858-0, $29.99, tp) Non-fiction, an autobiography (in biography form) by Gernsback written in the 1950s, found and edited by Larry Steckler after he closed down Gernsback Publications in 2002. This mostly covers Gernsback's inventions, electronics magazines, etc., with not much SF. Black-and-white illustrations include magazine covers, photos, and numerous patents filed by Gernsback. An appendix includes 20 April Fool's articles by Gernsback, published as by Mohammed Ulysses Fips, about nonexistent inventions. This is a print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.booksurge.com>.

* Gilman, Laura Anne **Burning Bridges** (Harlequin/Luna 978-0-373-80274-6, $14.95, 410pp, tp) Contemporary urban fantasy/mystery novel, fourth in the Retrievers series. Wren has to take a visible role in the magical community as attacks against magic users and nonhuman Fatae escalate.

* Glasby, John **The Crimson Peril** (Gryphon Publications 1-58250-085-1, $16.00, 118pp, tp, cover by Ron Turner) SF novella continuing John Russell Fearn's Golden Amazon series; this is #29 in the series. Introduction by Philip Harbottle. Available from Gryphon Publications, PO Box 209, Brooklyn NY 11228-0209; <www.gryphonbooks.com>.

* Glasby, John **Seetee Sun** (Gryphon Publications 1-58250-084-3, $16.00, 123pp, tp, cover by Ron Turner) SF novella continuing John Russell Fearn's Golden Amazon series; this is #28 in the series. Introduction by Philip Harbottle. Available from Gryphon Publications, PO Box 209, Brooklyn NY 11228-0209; <www.gryphonbooks.com>.

* Gleason, Colleen **Rises the Night** (Penguin/Signet Eclipse 978-0-451-22146-9, $6.99, 334pp, pb) Paranormal romance, the second in the Gardella Vampire Chronicles.

* Golden, Bruce **Better than Chocolate** (Zumaya Publications 978-1-934135-46-4, $14.99, 292pp, tp, cover by Dan Skinner & Martine Jardin) SF mystery novel. San Francisco Police Inspector Noah Dane's murder investigation leads to a new virtual reality experience. This is a print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.zumayapublications.com>; Zumaya Publications, 3209 S. IH35 #1086, Austin TX 78741-6905.

Gran, Sara **Come Closer** (Berkley 978-0-425-21647-7, $6.99, 194pp, tp) Reprint (Soho 2003) horror novel. Strange happenings make Amanda think she might be possessed.

+ Green, Jonathan **Pax Britannia: Unnatural History** (Abaddon Books US 978-1-905437-10-8, $7.99, 304pp, pb, cover by Mark Harrison) Steampunk SF novel, set in a shared world where Queen Victoria is celebrating the 160th year of her reign. Copyrighted by Rebellion. This first US edition is the Abaddon UK 2/07 edition.

+ Green, Simon R. **The Man with the Golden Torc** (Penguin/Roc 978-0-451-46145-2, $23.95, 393pp, hc, cover by Paul Young) Fantasy novel, the first in a new series featuring Eddie Drood (code name Shaman Bond) is on the run from his own family, the secret defenders of humanity against the supernatural. First US edition (Gollancz 5/07).

* Greenberg, Martin H. & Brittiany A. Koren, eds. **Places to Be, People to Kill** (DAW 978-0-7564-0417-8, $7.99, 309pp, pb) Original anthology of 12 fantasy stories about assassins. Authors include Tanya Huff, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, and Ed Gorman. Introduction by Koren.

* Gryphon, Talia **Key to Conflict** (Ace 978-0-441-01503-0, $7.99, 325pp, pb, cover by Judy York) Supernatural mystery/romance, the first in the series about Gillian Key, paramortal psychologist and Marine Special Forces operative. A first novel.

* Guran, Paula, ed. **Best New Romantic Fantasy 2** (Wildside Press/Juno Books 978-0-8095-5784-4, $13.95, 301pp, tp, cover by Timothy Lantz) Best-of-the-year anthology of 15 stories from 2006, the second in a series after **Best New Paranormal Romance**. Authors include Esther Friesner, Sarah Monette, and Delia Sherman.

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Stellar Science Fiction

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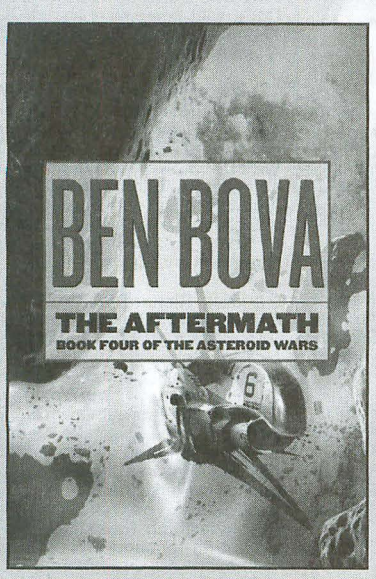

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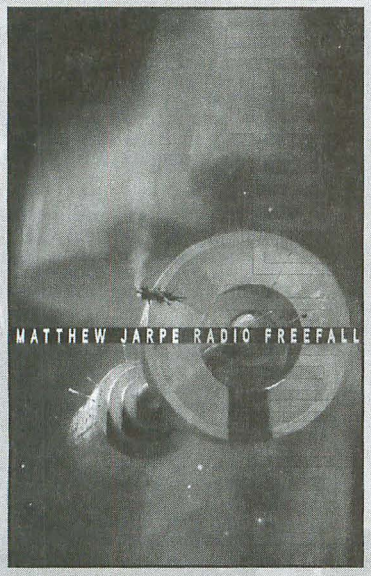

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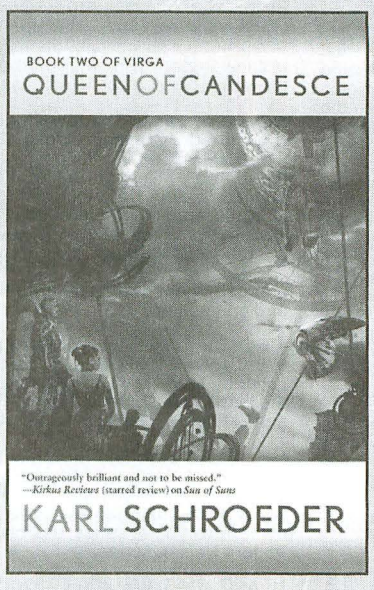

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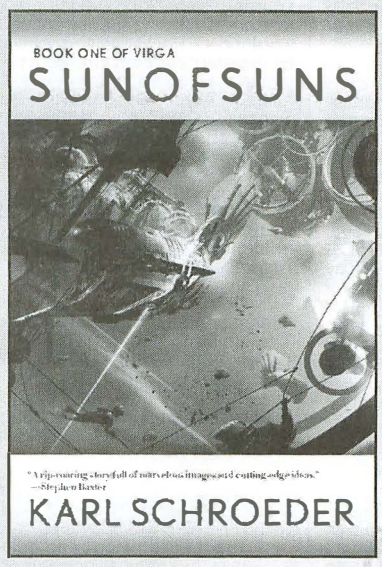

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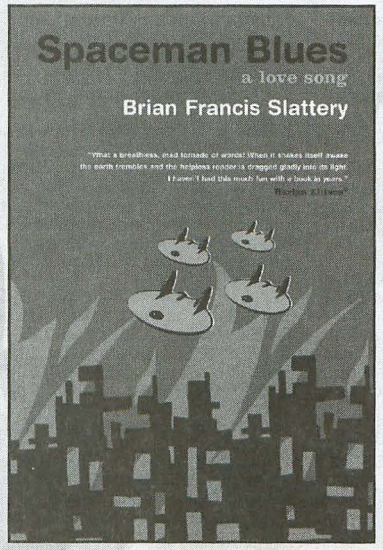

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Books Received

+ Haig, Matt **Samuel Blink and the Forbidden Forest** (Penguin/Putnam 978-0-399-24739-2, $16.99, 316pp, hc, cover by Peter Ferguson) Young-adult fantasy novel. Orphans Samuel and Martha move in with their Norwegian aunt, who forbids them to explore the mysterious forest nearby. First US edition (Bodley Head 5/07 as **Shadow Forest**).

* Hamilton, Laurell K. **The Harlequin** (Berkley 978-0-425-21724-5, $25.95, 422pp, hc, cover by Craig White) Dark fantasy novel in the Anita Blake, Vampire Hunter series.

Hamilton, Laurell K. **Strange Candy** (Berkley 978-0-425-21521-0, $14.00, 287 + xiv, tp, cover by Craig White) Reprint (Berkley 2006) collection of 14 stories.

* Hammond, Warren **KOP** (Tor 978-0-7653-1272-3, $24.95, 331pp, hc, cover by Chris McGrath) SF noir detective novel. Juno, a crooked cop on the colony planet Lagarto, gets a beautiful rookie partner and an ugly murder case. A first novel.

* Harris, Ted David **Unleashing Janus** (PublishAmerica 1-4241-6696-9, $19.95, 200pp, tp) Young-adult SF novel. Two young people are caught in a battle over the development of an artificial intelligence. A first novel. This is a print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.publishamerica.com>.

Hartwell, David G. & Kathryn Cramer, eds. **The Space Opera Renaissance** (Tor/Orb 978-0-7653-0618-0, $24.95, 941pp, tp) Reprint (Tor 2006) SF anthology of 32 stories exploring the evolution of space opera.

* Haydon, Elizabeth **The Thief Queen's Daughter** (Tor/Starscape 978-0-7653-0868-9, $17.95, 319pp, hc, cover by Jason Chan) Younng-adult fantasy novel, the second in the series The Lost Journals of Ven Polypheme. Ven's first job as Royal Reporter of Serendair takes him to the dangerous Gated City ruled by the Queen of Thieves. Illustrated by Jason Chan. This includes a reader's guide by Haydon.

Herbert, Brian & Kevin J. Anderson **Hunters of Dune** (Tor 978-0-7653-5148-7, $7.99, 563pp, pb, cover by Stephen Youll) Reprint (Tor 2006) SF novel, the first of two volumes in the seventh and final novel in Frank Herbert's original Dune Chronicles, based on an outline by Frank Herbert. Copyrighted by Herbert Properties. This includes a Dune story, "Treasure in the Sand".

* Hill, A.W. **The Last Days of Madame Rey** (Carroll & Graf 978-0-78671-881-8, $24.95, 328pp, hc, cover by Whitney Cookman) Dark fantasy mystery, the second in the Stephan Raszer Investigations series about a psychic detective. A neo-Nazi cult may be triggering earthquakes.

* Hill, Joey W. **The Vampire Queen's Servant** (Berkley Heat 978-0-425-21590-6, $14.00, 373pp, tp) Erotic vampire novel.

+ Hoban, Russell **Linger Awhile** (Godine, David R. 978-1-56792-326-1, $15.95, 134pp, tp) Contemporary fantasy novel. An old man falls in love with a long-dead actress and finds a way to bring her to life – as a b&w vampire cowgirl. First US edition (Bloomsbury 1/06).

* Holder, Nancy **Rose Bride** (Simon Pulse 978-1-4169-3535-3, $5.99, 248pp, pb, cover by Kinuko Y. Craft) Young-adult fantasy novel based loosely on "The White Bride and the Black Bride", part of the Once Upon a Time series of fairytale retellings.

Horton, Rich, ed. **Fantasy: The Best of the Year: 2007 Edition** (Dorchester/Cosmos Books 978-0-8439-5906-2, $7.99, 460pp, pb, cover by John Everett Millais) Reprint (Prime 2007) best-of-the-year anthology of 16 stories.

Howard, Robert E. **Shadow Kingdoms** (Dorchester/Cosmos Books 978-0-8439-5905-5, $6.99, 365pp, pb, cover by Ken Kelly) Reprint (Wildside Press 2004) collection of 11 stories and 12 poems, most originally published in *Weird Tales*; volume one of the Weird Works of Robert E. Howard. This drops the introduction by Mark Finn, four stories, and one poem and adds three stories and one poem.

* Huff, Tanya **The Heart of Valor** (DAW 978-0-7564-0435-2, $24.95, 357pp, hc, cover by Paul Youll) Military SF novel, the third in the Confederation (or Valor) series featuring Sergeant Torin Kerr.

Huff, Tanya **Smoke and Ashes** (DAW 978-0-7564-0415-4, $7.99, 407pp, pb, cover by John Jude Palencar) Reprint (DAW 2006) dark fantasy novel, third in the Tony Foster series, related to the Victory Nelson series.

Hunter, Erin **Warriors: The New Prophecy: Twilight** (HarperCollins 978-0-06-082767-0, $6.99, 319pp, tp, cover by Wayne McLoughlin) Reprint (HarperCollins 2006) young-adult fantasy novel, fifth in a spin-off series about warrior cats. Packaged and copyrighted by Working Partners Limited.

* James, Allyson **Dragon Heat** (Berkley Sensation 978-0-425-21589-0, $6.99, 293pp, pb, cover by Franco Accornero) Paranormal romance.

* Jenkins, A.M. **Repossessed** (HarperTeen 978-0-06-083568-2, $15.99, 218pp, hc, cover by Will Staehle) Young-adult dark fantasy novel/satire. A demon takes a vacation in the body of 17-year-old Shaun.

* Johnson, Jaleigh **Forgotten Realms: The Howling Delve** (Wizards of the Coast 978-0-7869-4278-7, $6.99, 311pp, pb, cover by Erik Gist) Novelization based on the world of the roleplaying game, part of the Dungeons subseries. Copyrighted by Wizards of the Coast.

+ Jones, Stephen, ed. **The Mammoth Book of Monsters** (Carroll & Graf 978-0-78671-976-1, $13.95, 498pp, tp, cover by Edward Miller) Horror anthology of 22 stories, five original, one revised. Authors with original stories include Tanith Lee, Jay Lake, and Sydney J. Bounds. First US edition (Robinson 7/07).

* Jordan, Sherryl **Time of the Eagle** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-06-059554-8, $16.99, 464pp, hc, cover by Douglas Mullen) Young-adult fantasy novel, sequel to **Secret Sacrament**.

Kaaberbol, Lene **The Shamer's Signet** (Holt 978-0-8050-8217-3, $8.95, 314pp, tp, cover by Tristan Elwell) Reprint (Hodder Children's Books 2003) young-adult fantasy novel, the second book in the Shamer Chronicles. Translated by the author from the Danish **Skammertegnet** (Forlaget 2001).

Karpyshyn, Drew **Star Wars: Darth Bane: Path of Destruction** (Ballantine Del Rey LucasBooks 978-0-345-47737-8, $7.99, 389pp, pb, cover by John Jude Palencar) Reprint (Del Rey 2006) Star Wars novelization based on the universe of the movies, in the Old Republic series. Copyrighted by Lucasfilm.

* Kemp, Debra A. **The House of Pendragon, Book II: The Recruit** (Amber Quill Press 978-1-59279-699-1, $17.00, 266pp, tp) Arthurian fantasy novel, second in a series about Arthur's estranged daughter, Lin. This is a print-on-demand edition available online at <www.amberquill.com>.

Ketchum, Jack **Offspring** (Leisure 978-0-8439-586456, $7.99, 293pp, pb) Reprint (Berkley 1991) associational horror novel about cannibals, sequel to **Off Season**. This appears to be the text from the 2006 Overlook Connection definitive edition, but drops the author's afterword.

King, Stephen **Lisey's Story** (Pocket 978-1-4165-2335-2, $9.99, 656pp, pb, cover by Mark Stutzman) Reprint (Scribner 2006) horror novel. This is a tall rack-size edition.

* Knight, Angela **Master of Dragons** (Berkley Sensation 978-0-425-21424-4, $7.99, 293pp, pb) Paranormal romance set in the Mageverse.

* Kushner, Ellen **The Golden Dreydl** (Charlesbridge 978-1-58089-135-6, $15.95, 123pp, hc, cover by Ilene Winn-Lederer) Children's fantasy novella inspired by Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* and Jewish folklore and originally produced for radio. Illustrated by Ilene Winn-Lederer.

Kushner, Ellen **The Privilege of the Sword** (Bantam Spectra 978-0-553-58696-1, $6.99, 462pp, pb, cover by Marc Peltzer & Stephen Youll) Reprint (Bantam Spectra 2006) fantasy novel set in the Riverside world of **Swordspoint**. Winner of the Locus Award for Fantasy Novel.

* Lamy, Michel **The Secret Message of Jules Verne: Decoding His Masonic, Rosicrucian, and Occult Writings** (Inner Traditions/Destiny Books 978-1-59477-161-3, $19.95, 312pp, tp) Nonfiction, a guide to symbols and secrets encrypted in Verne's works. Translated from the French **Jules Verne, Initié et initiater** (Editions Payot 1984).

+ Langford, David **The Wyrdest Link: Terry Pratchett's Discworld Quizbook** (Trafalgar Square/Gollancz 0-575-07704-2, $11.95, 289pp, pb, cover by David Wyatt) Humorous non-fiction. This first US edition (Gollancz 2002) is the 2006 Gollancz edition with stickers, distributed in the US by Trafalgar Square, PO Box 257, Howe Hill Road, North Pomfret VT 05053; 800-423-4525; <www.trafalgarsquarebooks.com>.

* Latner, Alexis Glynn **Hurricane Moon** (Prometheus/Pyr 978-1-59102-545-0, $15.00, 397pp, tp, cover by Brian W. Dow) SF novel of planetary colonization.

Lawhead, Stephen **Hood** (Thomas Nelson 978-1-59554-088-1, $15.99, 479pp, tp) Reprint (Atom 2006) historical fantasy novel, the first volume in the King Raven trilogy retelling the story of Robin Hood with a Welsh setting.

* Lee, Tosca **Demon: A Memoir** (NavPress 978-1-60006-123-3, $12.99, 324pp, tp) Christian dark fantasy novel. Fallen angel Lucian tells his story to an editor who finds no meaning in life. A first novel. NavPress, PO Box 35001, Colorado Springs CO 80935; <www.navpress.com>.

+ Levene, Rebecca **The Afterblight Chronicles: Kill or Cure** (Abaddon Books US 978-1-905437-32-3, $7.99, 272pp, pb, cover by Mark Harrison) Postholocaust SF novel, the second in a shared-world series about a world devastated by plague. This first US edition is the Abaddon UK (4/07) edition. Copyrighted by Rebellion.

* Liu, Marjorie M. **Soul Song** (Leisure 978-0-8439-5766-2, $6.99, 331pp, pb) Dark fantasy romance/mystery in the Dirk & Steele series about the operatives of a global paranormal detective agency. Kitala Bell is drawn to a man from the sea with a magical song.

Llywelyn, Morgan **The Greener Shore** (Ballantine Del Rey 978-0-345-47767-5, $14.95, 301pp, tp, cover by John Jude Palencar) Reprint (Del Rey 2006) Celtic historical fantasy novel, sequel to **Druids**.

* Long, Dustin **Icelander** (Grove/McSweeney's 978-0-8021-4320-4, $13.00, 249pp, hc, cover by Josh Cochran) Reprint (McSweeney's Books 2006, not seen) fantasy mystery/satire novel set in an alternate world. Bean Day celebrations in New Cruiskeen are disrupted by a crime wave. Literary works satirized include James Joyce's **Ulysses**, Vladimir Nabokov's **Pale Fire**, and Dan Brown's **The Da Vinci Code**, with elements of Agatha Christie, Thomas Pynchon, Arthur Conan Doyle. A first novel.

* Lukyanenko, Sergei **Twilight Watch** (Hyperion/Miramax 978-1-4013-6021-4, $14.95, 405pp, tp) Dark fantasy novel, third in a trilogy begun in **Night Watch** about a Moscow inhabited by the supernatural Others, where the creatures of the Dark are policed by beings of Light on the Night Watch. Translated by Adam Bromfield from the Russian **Sumerechnyy Dozor** (2003).

* Lupoff, Richard A. **The Compleat Ova Hamlet** (Ramble House 978-0-9774527-7-4, $18.00, 250pp, tp, cover by Trina Robbins) Collection of 14 stories, one original, supposedly written by Ova Hamlet, each story a parody of the work of a different author, including J.G. Ballard, Harlan Ellison, H.P. Lovecraft, and Stephen King. Illustrated by Trina Robbins. Seven stories and the introduction by Philip Klass were previously published as **The Ova Hamlet Papers** (Pennyfarthing Press 1979). This is a print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.ramblehouse.com>, or from Ramble House, 443 Gladstone Blvd., Shreveport LA 71104.

Lynch, Scott **The Lies of Locke Lamora** (Bantam Spectra 978-0-553-58894-1, $6.99, 722pp, pb, cover by Steve Stone) Reprint (Gollancz 2006) fantasy novel.

* Maberry, Jonathan **Dead Man's Song** (Kensington/Pinnacle 978-0-7860-1816-1, $6.99, 501pp, pb) Horror novel, the second in a trilogy. Pine Deep, a small town famous for a serial killer's rampage 30 years before, faces a new evil.

* Mackay, Scott **Phytosphere** (Penguin/Roc 978-0-451-46158-2, $6.99, 376pp, pb) SF novel. The Earth is trapped in a mysterious green sphere that blocks all sunlight from the planet.

* Marr, Melissa **Wicked Lovely** (HarperTeen 978-0-06-121465-3, $16.99, 328pp, hc) Young-adult contemporary fantasy novel. A teen with the Sight attracts the dangerous attention of the faeries. A first novel.

* Massey, Brandon, ed. **Whispers in the Night** (Kensington/Dafina 978-0-7582-1741-7, $14.00, 313pp, tp) Original anthology of 19 stories of horror and suspense by black authors, several with supernatural or SF elements. Only the editor's introduction indicated this is the third volume in the DarkDreams series. Authors include Tananarive Due, Wrath James White, and L.R. Giles.

* Maxey, James **Bitterwood** (BL Publishing/Solaris US 978-1-84416-487-5, $7.99, 491pp, pb, cover by Michael Komarck) Fantasy novel. The last dragon hunter, Bitterwood, plans to end dragon oppression of humans. This has the same ISBN as the simultaneous Solaris UK edition but gives only US and Canadian prices.

McCaffrey, Anne & Elizabeth Ann Scarborough **Acorna's Children: Second Wave** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-06-052542-2, $7.99, 315pp, pb) Reprint (Eos 2006) SF novel based on a comic-book idea by McCaffrey, second in a series following the Acorna the Unicorn Girl series.

* McDavid, Cathy **Night Hunter** (Dorchester/Love Spell 978-0-505-52722-6, $6.99, 326pp, pb) Paranormal romance. A monster hunter gets unwanted interference from a gorgeous psychology professor.

McDowell, Michael & Tabitha King **Candles Burning** (Berkley 978-0-425-21570-8, $7.99, 424pp, pb, cover by Gene Mollica) Reprint (Berkley 2006) Southern gothic/horror novel, begun by McDowell and finished by King.

* McMullen, Sean **Before the Storm** (Hybrid Publishers/Ford Street Publishing 978-1-876482-50-5, A$19.95, 262pp, tp) Young-adult SF novel. Two cadets from the Imperial Army of the distant future travel back to 1901 to stop the bombing of Australia's first parliament. Ford Street Publishing, PO Box 52, Ormond VIC 3204 Australia; <www.hybridpublishers.com.au/fordst.html>.

* Milán, Victor **MechWarrior: Dark Age: A Rending of Falcons** (Penguin/Roc 0-451-46159-2, $6.99, 313pp, pb) Novelization, the 26th based on the computer game based on the Battletech roleplaying game. Copyrighted by WizKids.

* Moesta, Rebecca & Kevin J. Anderson **Crystal Doors, Book II: Ocean Realm** (Little Brown 978-0-316-0156-6, $16.99, 290pp, hc, cover by Alex Ferrari) Young-adult fantasy novel, second in the series.

* Morgan, Alexis **In Darkness Reborn** (Pocket Star 978-1-4165-4658-0, $6.99, 356pp, pb, cover by Craig White) Dark fantasy romance, the third in a series.

+ Morgan, Richard K. **Thirteen** (Ballantine Del Rey 978-0-345-48525-0, $24.95, 544pp, hc, cover by David Stevenson) SF novel. A Thirteen, a genetically-enhanced supersoldier from a scrapped program, escapes forced exile on Mars and becomes a bounty hunter. First US edition (Gollancz 5/07 as **Black Man**).

Moriarty, Chris **Spin Control** (Bantam Spectra 978-0-553-58625-1, $6.99, 596pp, pb, cover by Stephen Youll) Reprint (Bantam Spectra 2006) SF novel, sequel to **Spin State**.

* Nelson, Blake **They Came from Below** (Tor Teen 978-0-7653-1423-9, $17.95, 299pp, hc, cover by Yuko Shimizu) Young-adult SF novel. Two teen girls on Cape Cod for the summer meet boys who turn out to be aliens.

* Odom, Mel **Hellgate: London: Exodus** (Pocket Star 978-1-4165-2579-0, $7.99, 466pp, pb) Novelization based on the dark fantasy computer game. Copyrighted by Flagship Studios.

* Perumov, Nick **Godsdoom** (Zumaya Publications 978-1-934135-38-9, $22.99, 539pp, tp) Sword-and-sorcer fantasy novel. Hedin, Sage of Darkness returns after a thousand years of exile. This is a print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.zumayapublications.com>; Zumaya Publications, 3209 S. IH35 #1086, Austin TX 78741-6905.

Phillips, Julie **James Tiptree, Jr.: The Double Life of Alice B. Sheldon** (St. Martin's/Picador 978-0-312-42694-1, $18.00, 545pp, tp) Reprint (St. Martin's 2006) biography. Locus Award winner and Hugo nominee.

* Piccirilli, Tom **The Midnight Road** (Bantam 978-0-553-38408-6, $6.99, 317pp, pb) Thriller with possible supernatural elements. A Child Protective Services investigation turns unexpectedly deadly.

* Pierson, Chris **DragonLance: Shadow of the Flame** (Wizards of the Coast 978-0-7869-4254-1, $6.99, 408pp, pb, cover by Matt Stawicki) Novelization based on the roleplaying game, the third volume in the Taladas trilogy. Copyrighted by Wizards of the Coast.

* Pomplun, Tom, ed. **Graphic Classics, Volume Fourteen: Gothic Classics** (Eureka Productions 978-0-9787919-0-2, $11.95, 144pp, tp, cover by Lisa K. Weber) Illustrated anthology/graphic novel, with six pieces including adaptations of Ann Radcliffe's **The Mysteries of Udolpho** by Antonella Caputo & Carlo Vergara; Sheridan Le Fanu's "Carmilla" by Rod Lott & Lisa K. Weber; and Jane Austen's **Northanger Abbey** by Trina Robbins & Anne Timmons. Eureka Productions, 8778 Oak Grove Road, Mount Horeb WI 53572; <www.graphicclassics.com>.

Preston, Douglas & Lincoln Child **Book of the Dead** (Warner Vision 978-0-446-61850-2, $7.99, 604pp, pb, cover by Stanislaw Fernandez) Reprint (Warner 2006) thriller with dark fantasy elements featuring FBI agent Aloysius Pendergast, sequel to **Dance of Death**.

* Reginald, Robert **The Phantom Detective: The Phantom's Phantom** (Wildside Press 978-0-8095-6217-6, $15.00, 123pp, tp) Associational pulp-style detective novel featuring the Phantom Detective Agency. A friend's murder brings the Phantom Detective out of retirement, only to find himself stalked by a killer. This is dated 2006, but not seen until now. A print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.wildsidepress.com> or from Wildside Press, 9710 Traville Gateway Dr. #234, Rockville MD 20850.

* Reginald, Robert & Mary A. Burgess **BP 300: An Annotated Bibliography of the First 300 Publications of the Borgo Press, 1975-1998** (Wildside Press/Borgo Press 978-0-8095-1206-5, $19.95, 250pp, tp) Non-fiction, reference, a second-edition expansion of **BP 250** (1996) with listings of the first 300 publications from Borgo and affiliated imprints, plus lists of titles acquired from other firms. Includes an updated introduction by the authors, and indexes by series, title, and author. This is a print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.wildsidepress.com> or from Wildside Press, 9710 Traville Gateway Dr. #234, Rockville MD 20850.

+ Reynolds, Alastair **Galactic North** (Ace 978-0-441-01513-9, $24.95, 343pp, hc, cover by Chris Moore) Collection of eight SF stories, three original, set in the Revelation Space universe. First US edition (Gollancz 10/06).

Reynolds, Alastair **Pushing Ice** (Ace 978-0-441-01502-3, $7.99, 581pp, pb, cover by Chris Moore) Reprint (Gollancz 2005) SF novel.

Rich, Frank **Jake Strait: Day of Judgment** (Worldwide Library Gold Eagle 978-0-373-63263-3, $6.50, 349pp, pb, cover by Tim Bradstreet) Reissue (Worldwide Library Gold Eagle 1994) near-future SF novel featuring enforcer Jake Strait.

* Rockwell, Marsheila **Eberron: Legacy of Wolves** (Wizards of the Coast 978-0-7869-4293-0, $6.99, 311pp, pb, cover by Michael Komarck) Novelization based on the roleplaying game, the third volume in the Inquisitives series. Copyrighted by Wizards of the Coast.

* Rollins, James **The Judas Strain** (HarperCollins/Morrow 978-0-06-076389-3, $24.95, hc) Paranormal thriller, third in the SIGMA Force series. A terrible plague rises from the depths of the Indian Ocean. Copyrighted by Jim Czajkowski; Rollins also writes as James Clemens.

* Rowe, Stephanie **He Loves Me, He Loves Me Hot** (Warner Forever 978-0-446-61901-1, $6.99, 332pp, pb) Humorous paranormal-romance adventure, third in the series begun in **Date Me, Baby, One More Time**.

* Rowen, Michelle **Fanged & Fabulous** (Warner Forever 978-0-446-61862-5, $6.99, 331pp, pb) Humorous vampire romance novel, sequel to **Bitten & Smitten**. Nearly new vampire Sarah Dearly discovers she's developed an unwanted reputation as a slayer of vampire slayers.

* Ruby, Laura **The Chaos King** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-06-075258-3, $16.99, 325pp, hc, cover by Brandon Dorman) Young-adult fantasy, sequel to **The Wall and the Wing**.

Ruby, Laura **The Wall and the Wing** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-06-076257-6, $6.99, 327pp, tp, cover by Brandon Dorman) Reprint (Eos 2006) young-adult fantasy.

Said, S.F. **The Outlaw Varjak Paw** (Random House/Yearling 978-0-440-42172-6, $6.50, 264pp, tp, cover by Dave McKean) Reprint (Fickling UK 2005) young-adult talking animal fantasy, sequel to **Varjak Paw**. Illustrated by Dave McKean.

Salvatore, R.A. **Forgotten Realms: Road of the Patriarch** (Wizards of the Coast 978-0-7869-4277-0, $7.99, 375pp, pb, cover by Todd Lockwood) Reprint (Wizards of the Coast 2006) novelization based on the fantasy roleplaying game, Book III of The Sellswords. Copyrighted by Wizards of the Coast.

Salvatore, R.A. **Forgotten Realms: The Silent Blade** (Wizards of the Coast 978-0-7869-4336-4, $25.95, 336pp, hc, cover by Todd Lockwood) Reprint (TSR 1998) novelization based on the fantasy roleplaying game, book 11 in The Legend of Drizzt. This has a new introduction by Philip Athans. Copyrighted TSR 1998, Wizards of the Coast 2007.

* Sandell, Lisa Ann **Song of the Sparrow** (Scholastic Press 978-0-439-41848-0, $16.99, 394pp, hc) Young-adult historical Arthurian novel in blank verse about Elaine, the Lady of Shalott.

* Sarris, A.A. **The Sunburst Crown** (Lulu.com 978-1-4116-6965-9, $22.75, 387pp, tp) Far-future SF novel. A woman falls for one of the imperial invaders with psionic powers attacking her planet. A first novel. This is dated 2006 but not seen until now. A POD edition available online at <www.lulu.com>.

Saul, John **In the Dark of the Night** (Ballantine 978-0-345-48702-5, $7.99, 390pp, pb) Reprint (Ballantine 2006) horror novel.

* Schoen, Lawrence M. & Michael Livingston **Prime Codex** (Paper Golem 978-0-9795349-0-4, $13.95, 205pp, tp, cover by David Ho) Anthology of 15 stories from "the hungry edge of speculative fiction." Authors include Ruth Nestvold, Tobias S. Buckell, Jim C. Hines, and James Maxey. Paper Golem, 115 E. Roumfort Road #1, Philadelphia PA 19119.

Schreiber, Ellen **Kissing Coffins** (HarperTeen 978-0-06-077624-4, $5.99, 224pp, pb, cover by Kamil Vojnar) Reprint (HarperCollins 2005) young-adult vampire romance novel, sequel to **Vampire Kisses**.

* Shearin, Lisa **Magic Lost, Trouble Found** (Ace 978-0-441-01505-4, $7.99, 345pp, pb, cover by Aleta Rafton) Fantasy novel, the first in the Raine Benares series. Seeker/sorceress Raine gets involved with a necromancer's stolen amulet.

* Sherman, David & Dan Cragg **Starfist: Firestorm** (Ballantine Del Rey 0-345-46056-1, $21.95, 297pp, hc) Military SF novel, 14th overall in the Starfist series.

* Shetterly, Will **The Gospel of the Knife** (Tor 978-0-312-86631-0, $25.95, 319pp, hc) Fantasy novel, sequel to **Dogland**. Ten years after the destruction of Dogland, a mysterious benefactor offers to send 14-year-old Chris Nix to an exclusive school.

* Showalter, Gena **Red Handed** (Pocket/MTV Books 978-1-4165-3224-8, $13.00, 262pp, tp) Young-adult SF romance novel, the first in a series. Phoenix Germaine gets in trouble when she tries a drug originally invented to stop aliens invading Earth and ends up recruited by the Alien Investigation and Removal Agency.

Sizemore, Susan **Laws of the Blood: Partners** (Ace 978-0-441-00783-7, $6.99, 279pp, pb, cover by Cliff Nielsen) Reissue (Ace 2000) vampire novel, second in a series about vampire Enforcers. Fifth printing.

* Smith, Clark Ashton **The Collected Fantasies of Clark Ashton Smith, Volume 2: The Door to Saturn** (Night Shade Books 978-1-59780-029-7, $39.95, 298pp, hc, cover by Jason Van Hollander) Collection of 20 stories from 1932, presented in chronological order. The text follows existing manuscripts where possible, with notes on each story by editors Scott Connors & Ron Hilger. Introduction by Tim Powers. Night Shade Books, 1423 33rd Avenue, San Francisco CA 94122; 415-759-8901; <night@nightshadebooks.com>; <www.nightshadebooks.com>.

* Smith, Dean Wesley, ed. **Star Trek: Strange New Worlds 10** (Pocket 978-1-4165-4438-8, $15.00, 354 + ix, tp) Original Star Trek anthology of 19 stories written by fans as part of a contest (rules included), the tenth in a series. Introduction by Smith. Copyrighted by CBS Studios.

* Snell, D.L. **Roses of Blood on Barbwire Vines** (Permuted Press 978-0-9789707-1-0, $12.95, 243pp, tp, cover by Stephen Blundell) Horror novel. Vampires protect their human livestock from zombies. This is a print-on-demand edition, available online at <www.permutedpress.com>.

* Snyder, Lucy A. **Sparks and Shadows** (HW Press 978-0-9792346-1-3, $18.95, 352pp, tp, cover by Deena Warner) Collection of 17 stories (four original), four humor essays (one original), and seven poems (four original). Introduction by Nalo Hopkinson. This is a limited edition of 300 signed by both Snyder and Hopkinson. HW Press, Fair Lawn NJ 07410; <www.horrorworld.org>.

* Stackpole, Michael A. **The New World** (Bantam Spectra 978-0-553-38239-6, $15.00, 399pp, tp, cover by Stephen Youll) Fantasy novel, third in the Age of Discovery trilogy.

* Sullivan, Stephen D. & Jean Rabe, eds. **Pirates of the Blue Kingdoms** (Popcorn Press 978-1-4276-1088-1, $18.95, 263pp, tp) Original shared-world anthology of 14 stories and three poems set in Sullivan & Rabe's water world. Authors include Robert E. Vardeman, J. Robert King, and James M. Ward. Popcorn Press, PO Box 12, ⏭

⏮ Books Received

Elkhorn WI 53121; <www.popcornpress.com>.

+ Swainston, Steph **Dangerous Offspring** (HarperCollins/Eos 978-0-06-075389-4, $13.95, 325pp, tp, cover by Christophe Sivet) Fantasy novel, third in the Castle series begun in **No Present Like Time**. This is the first US edition (Gollancz 4/07 as **The Modern World**).

Taylor, G.P. **Tersias the Oracle** (Penguin/Firebird 978-0-14-240846-9, $8.99, 262pp, tp, cover by Cliff Nielsen) Reprint (Faber and Faber 2005 as **Tersias**) young-adult dark fantasy.

* Taylor, Laini **Faeries of Dreamdark: Blackbringer** (Penguin/Putnam 978-0-399-24630-2, $17.99, 437pp, hc, cover by Jim Di Bartolo) Young-adult fantasy novel. The faerie Magpie devotes her life to capturing devils, but the ancient Blackbringer may be more than she can handle. A first novel.

* Taylor, Richard **The Haunting of Cambria** (Tor 978-0-7653-1705-6, $24.95, 303pp, hc) Horror novel. A widower buys a bed-and-breakfast that appears to be haunted. A first novel.

* Tessier, Thomas **Wicked Things**

Interviews! *Locus* Back Issues! Interviews!

All issues available on a first-come, first-serve basis. Please list alternates. Prices: 300-335: $2.50; 336-380: $3.50; 381-415: $3.95; 416-443 : $4.50; 444-499: $4.95; 500-539: $5.95; 540-551: $6.50; 552-date: $6.95. US Postage: $3.00 postage for the first copy, plus $1.00 for each additional copy up to $10.00; any additional shipping over that amount is free. International orders, please contact us for shipping rates. Order from: Locus, PO Box 13305, Oakland CA 94661; fax: (510) 339-8144. (Please note: We accept Visa and MasterCard for orders of $10.00 or more.) Please include street address for UPS delivery. (*Issue sold out; photocopied interviews available for $2.00.)

⏮ Books Received

(Leisure 978-0-8439-5560-6, $6.99, 338pp, pb) Horror novel. Strange things happen in a small town.

Turner, Megan Whalen **The King of Attolia** (HarperCollins/Eos/Greenwillow 978-0-06-083579-8, $7.99, 387pp, tp, cover by Vince Natale) Reprint (Greenwillow 2006) young-adult fantasy novel, third in the series begun in **The Thief**. This includes a separately paginated new short story, "Eddis".

Turtledove, Harry **Bridge of the Separator** (Baen 978-1-4165-2139-6, $7.99, 565pp, pb, cover by Tom Kidd) Reprint (Baen 2005) fantasy novel in the Videssos series.

Turtledove, Harry **The Disunited States of America** (Tor 978-0-7653-5378-8, $6.99, 288pp, pb) Reprint (Tor 2006) SF novel, the fourth book in the Crosstime Traffic series about traders doing business in alternate dimensions.

Turtledove, Harry **Settling Accounts: The Grapple** (Ballantine Del Rey 978-0-345-46407-1, $15.95, 616pp, tp) Reprint (Del Rey 2006) alternate-history novel, third in a series sequel to the Great War and American Empire series.

* Twelve Hawks, John **The Dark River** (Doubleday 978-0-385-51429-3, $24.95, 368pp, hc) Dystopian fantasy thriller, second in the Fourth Realm trilogy.

* Ursu, Anne **The Siren Song** (Simon & Schuster/Atheneum 978-1-4169-0589-9, $16.99, 435pp, hc, cover by Eric Fortune) Young-adult fantasy novel, book two in the Cronus Chronicles trilogy. Deranged demigod Philonecron is out for revenge and gets his grandfather Poseidon to help him.

* Van Helsing, Cornelius & Gustav de Wolff **Vampyre: The Terrifying Lost Journal of Dr. Cornelius Van Helsing** (HarperCollins 978-0-06-124780-4, $19.99, unpaginated, hc) Young-adult vampire-hunter's journal with foldouts, pull tabs, etc. The text is copyrighted by Mary-Jane Knight.

van Vogt, A.E. **Slan** (Tor/Orb 978-0-312-85236-8, $13.95, 255pp, tp, cover by Hubert Rogers) Reissue (Arkham House 1946) classic SF novel. This follows the revised text of the 1951 Simon & Schuster edition and uses the original October 1940 *Astounding* cover. There is a new introduction by Kevin J. Anderson.

* van Vogt, A.E. & Kevin J. Anderson **Slan Hunter** (Tor 978-0-7653-1675-2, $24.95, 270pp, hc, cover by Bruce Jensen) SF novel, a sequel to van Vogt's **Slan** begun by van Vogt in 1984 and finished by Anderson.

Vande Velde, Vivian **The Book of Mordred** (Houghton Mifflin/Graphia 978-0-618-80916-5, $8.99, 344pp, tp, cover by Justin Gerard) Reprint (Houghton Mifflin 200) young-adult Arthurian fantasy novel.

VanderMeer, Jeff **Shriek: An Afterword** (Tor 978-0-7653-1466-6, $14.95, 348pp, tp, cover by Jonathan Edwards) Reprint (Macmillan UK 2006) fantasy novel set in the world of Ambergris.

* Wandtke, Terrence R., ed. **The Amazing Transforming Superhero! Essays on the Revision of Characters in Comic Books, Film and Television** (McFarland 978-0-7864-3189-2, $35.00, 244pp, tp) Non-fiction, a gathering of 11 essays exploring how superheroes in comics and film tend to change to reflect changes in the real world. Essays include notes and bibliography; a general index is included. McFarland, Box 611, Jefferson NC 28640; 800-253-2187; <www.mcfarlandpub.com>.

* Webber, Minda **The Reinvented Miss Bluebeard** (Dorcheseter/Love Spell 978-0-505-52706-8, $6.99, 310pp, pb) Humorous paranormal romance novel. A 19th-century young lady with an infamous father becomes a psychiatrist for potty paranormals.

* Wein, Elizabeth E. **The Lion Hunter** (Penguin/Viking 978-0-670-06163-1, $16.99, 227pp, hc, cover by Cliff Nielsen) Associational YA Arthurian novel, the first in the Mark of Solomon series, fourth in an overall series begun in **The Winter Prince**. Copyrighted by Elizabeth Gatland.

Weis, Margaret **Master of Dragons** (Tor 978-0-7653-4392-5, $7.99, 370pp, pb, cover by Stephen Youll) Reprint (Tor 2005) fantasy novel, the third book of the Dragonvald trilogy.

* Weis, Margaret & Tracy Hickman **DragonLance: Dragons of the Highlord Skies** (Wizards of the Coast 978-0-7869-4333-3, $25.95, 456pp, hc, cover by Matt Stawicki) Novelization based on the roleplaying game, the second volume in The Lost Chronicles. Copyrighted by Wizards of the Coast.

* Weldon, Phaedra **Wraith** (Ace 978-0-441-01497-2, $14.00, 378pp, tp, cover by Christian McGrath) Fantasy novel, the first in the Zoe Martinique series. A first novel.

Whyte, Jack **The Knights of the Black and White** (Jove 978-0-515-14333-1, $9.99, 749pp, pb) Reprint (Putnam 2006) associational historical novel, the first in a trilogy about the Knights Templar.

* Williams, Liz **Precious Dragon** (Night Shade Books 978-1-59780-082-2, $24.95, 242pp, hc, cover by Jon Foster) Dark fantasy mystery, the third featuring Detective Inspector Chen. Chen is assigned to escort an emissary from Heaven on a mission to Hell. A limited edition (-083-9, $49.00) is also available.

Wright, John C. **Fugitives of Chaos** (Tor 978-0-7653-5387-0, $7.99, 353pp, pb, cover by Scott M. Fischer) Reprint (Tor 2006) fantasy novel, sequel to **Orphans of Chaos**.

Yolen, Jane & Adam Stemple **Troll Bridge: A Rock 'n' Roll Fairy Tale** (Tor/Starscape 978-0-7653-5284-2, $5.99, 240pp, tp, cover by August Hall) Reprint (Starscape 2006) young-adult contemporary fantasy novel drawing on Scandinavian fairy tales. ■

June 2007		Year to Date	
SF Novels	16	SF Novels	99
Fantasy Novels	22	Fantasy Novels	131
Horror Novels	13	Horror Novels	89
Paranormal Romance	17	Paranormal Romance	98
Anthologies	9	Anthologies	55
Collections	6	Collections	61
Reference	2	Reference	16
History/Criticism	4	History/Criticism	16
Media Related	11	Media Related	70
Young Adult	21	Young Adult	122
SF	2	SF	22
Fantasy	15	Fantasy	78
Horror	2	Horror	16
Paranormal Romance	1	Paranormal Romance	1
Other	1	Other	5
Omnibus	2	Omnibus	27
Art/Humor	6	Art/Humor	30
Miscellaneous	6	Miscellaneous	38
Total New:	135	Total New:	852
Reprints & Reissues:	64	Reprints & Reissues:	538
Total:	199	Total:	1,390

Short Fiction: Nick Gevers

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regard, and when a human tour guide is hired to conduct a deceptively shaped alien to the caldera rim and then has to protect the being from disguised assassins, ontological doubts can only grow. Reed recounts this adventure with some ironic relish and sends his protagonist on to experience other, perhaps less radically illusory, habitats aboard Ship.

Ted Kosmatka treads interesting speculative paths in his alternate history "**The Prophet of Flores**", asking what if anti-Darwinian advocates of creationism or "intelligent design" had managed to hoodwink the entire world, rather than just their own religious constituency, into rejecting evolutionary theory right down to the present? And what if fresh paleontological discoveries in that timeline, like Flores Man, began to seed fundamental doubts, resulting in prosecution of scientific "heretics" by bigoted authorities? As an intensification of actual early 21st-century debates, these questions undoubtedly provoke. But the few remaining *Asimov's* stories do not. **R. Garcia y Robertson**'s "**The Good Ship Lollypop**" is a fairly mindless old-fashioned space opera about bad kids and worse adults; **Kim Zimring**'s "**My Heart as Dryas Dust**" rather unconvincingly probes medical ethics in extreme situations (the sums, unfortunately, just don't add up); and **Pati Nagle**'s "**Draw**" is an ordinary account of rescue in an undersea farming complex, touching but no more. Still, for the quality of its major stories, this issue is thoroughly worthwhile.

Interzone's June edition is notable for its lead story, "**The Final Voyage of La Riaza**" by **Jayme Lynn Blaschke**. This is an exemplary otherworldly adventure tale, whose setting – the moons of a gas giant, between which balloon airships flit on missions commercial and military – is an absorbing portrait in itself. Against that background, a merchant ship finds its passage interrupted by ambush, and in the ensuing battle, the first mate, noted for his tactical intelligence but also for excessive disciplinary harshness, contrives an unlikely victory. Blaschke ingeniously traces the steps by which the mate, his captain dead, matures as a leader and, more, as a dangerous avenger.

Another highlight is "**Dr Abernathy's Dream Theatre**", the latest in **David Ira Cleary**'s moody entertainments located in a steampunk world somewhat parallel to our own. The savants of this milieu seem an eccentric lot, with one, addicted to a concentration-enhancing drug called kuuf, wandering erratically into the orbit of another, who (under an alias) is striving to perfect a means by which to read and adumbrate dreams. The first scientist, also the narrator, delivers rancidly sardonic judgment on the second's proceedings (he attends them in pursuit of a beautiful woman rather than out of genuine curiosity) and is left at the end with an absurd yet meaningful methodological dilemma – no doubt to be resolved to his personal advantage.

Other pleasing stories in this issue are "**Heartstrung**" by **Rachel Swirsky**, a well-conceived allegory of the emotional dulling, or detachment, often entailed by simple growing up; **Steven Francis Murphy**'s "**Tearing Down Tuesday**", concerning an orphaned boy's genuine affection for a robot and the local church minister's false affection for the boy; "**Preachers**" by **Tim Lees**, an agonizing vision of a human future melting back into preindustrial irrationality and ignorance; and "**Toke**" by **Tim Akers**, which implies in fiercely literal form the alienation of self awaiting careless dope smokers. This is an impressively consistent issue overall.

August's *Realms of Fantasy* is dominated by a quirky and historically impertinent counterfactual by **Alan Smale**: "**A Trade in Serpents**". Smale draws on certain rhetorical rumblings that preceded the American Revolutionary War – Benjamin Franklin's famous sentiment that if Britain wanted to export convicts to the Colonies, it should import rattlesnakes in return, and responses thereto – to work mischief with the past. In the timeline concerned, Franklin seems to be a wizard of some kind, and soon dreadfully big and purposeful rattlers are infesting the streets of London, targeting the politically powerful aristocrats most of all. Franklin is brought in for questioning (all the way across the Atlantic), but his replies fluster Britain's foremost spy, a man named Finny, and thus Prime Minister Pelham too. Amidst an intricate clash of personalities, both inside and outside Finny's family, the inevitability of America's separation from the Empire is clear; Smale does a fine job of picking out that broad current amidst the surface details of 18th-century life and thought, and his psychoanalysis of Franklin is intelligent and amusing.

Elsewhere, **Tim Pratt** anatomizes the awkwardness of hereditary destinies cleverly in "**Restless in My Hand**", describing an ordinary suburbanite's reactions, short and long term, to being presented with a mythical weapon eager to be employed against ancient enemies. He is by no means charmed. **Christopher Barzak**'s "**Little Miss Apocalypse**", a little unconvincingly, narrates a traditional enough ghost story, that of a young woman so afflicted by her ability to foresee the deaths of others that she commits suicide; unfortunately, her existence does not end there, and her bereaved boyfriend must reap the emotional consequences. Other tales are quite light: **Cherith Baldry**'s "**Waiting at the Door**", in which a lord of Faerie for some reason regrets the eternal unkindness of his sort toward mortals; "**Metaphysics**" by **Elizabeth M. Glover**, a sort of manual for the bafflement of demons and messengers of Death; and **Way Jeng**'s "**Time Tells All**", a love triangle made up of Fate, Happiness, and a socially isolated Everyman.

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⏮ Nick Gevers

Visual Journeys, the second SF anthology edited by Eric T. Reynolds for Hadley Rille Books, does homage to space artists, from pulp era illustrators through Chesley Bonestell to contemporary figures like Frank Wu. Each reproduced painting is accompanied by an original story it has helped to inspire, and, given the vertiginous power of the artwork, many of the stories are highly readable, if at times too literal in their tributes. The best tale overall is "**After Bonestell**" by **Jay Lake**, a spectacular vignette of a man awakening on a sentient Earth dragged across space for half of eternity by aliens. Also well worth reading are "**Io, Robot**" by **Tobias S. Buckell**, about how the blurring of human/machine boundaries could become categorically hazardous, and "**Indifference**" by **Paul E. Martens**, an exploration of civil resistance strategies that require absolutely no effort, and "**Monuments of Flesh and Stone**", **Mike Resnick**'s wry misprision of heroic statuary (could that planet be... a basketball?), and "**Hell Orbit**" by **G. David Nordley**, concerning a perilously juvenile love affair on a conservative colony moon where the only orgiastic release is skateboarding through space above a huge planet with unpleasant weather patterns. **James Van Pelt**'s "**Of Late I Dreamt of Venus**" is quite impressive in its portrait of a woman's obsession, spanning a thousand years, with a massive terraforming project, a case of misapplied emotion; and **Richard Chwedyk**'s "**Where We Go**" considers, in realistic vein, the commercial and aesthetic pressures behind early space art, a compelling, heartfelt summary of the anthology's guiding theme.

A final note: the latest issue of the small press zine *Flytrap*, Number 7, is literate, off beat, inspired. Particularly good is **Leslie What**'s "**Frankenfetish**", an exercise in the domestic grotesque which satirizes cultural obsessions with immortalizing the Dead; tumors must ever afterwards seem additionally unsavory. "**My Shoes**" by **Ray Vukcevich** is a tellingly oblique and surreal glimpse of the forces behind human social opacity; and "**The Gardener of Hell**" by **Amy Beth Forbes** extends civil rights considerations into the afterlife, where they seem especially applicable.

Recommended Stories:
"The Final Voyage of La Riaza", Jayme Lynn Blaschke (*Interzone* 6/07)
"The Merchant and the Alchemist's Gate", Ted Chiang (*F&SF* 9/07)
"By Fools Like Me", Nancy Kress (*Asimov's* 9/07)
"After Bonestell", Jay Lake (**Visual Journeys**)
"Episode Seven: Last Stand Against the Pack In the Kingdom of the Purple Flowers", John Langan (*F&SF* 9/07)
"What Wolves Know", Kit Reed (*Asimov's* 9/07)
"The Caldera of Good Fortune", Robert Reed (*Asimov's* 9/07)
"A Trade in Serpents", Alan Smale (*Realms of Fantasy* 8/07)
"The Skysailor's Tale", Michael Swanwick (**The Dog Said Bow-Wow** – see my Books column this issue)
"Urdumheim", Michael Swanwick (**The Dog Said Bow-Wow**; *F&SF* 10-11/07)
"How Music Begins", James Van Pelt (*Asimov's* 9/07)

–Nick Gevers

Semiprofessional magazines, fiction fanzines, original collections, original anthologies, plus new stories in outside sources should be sent to Nick Gevers, 37 Liesbeek Road, Rosebank, Cape Town, 7700, South Africa, <vermoulian@yahoo.com>, for review. Because of location, Nick will accept material in electronic form. ■

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forts of our heroine to open communications with the "enemy."

The June *Interzone* features an original feminist parable from **Rachel Swirsky**, "**Heartstrung**". The arresting central idea has girls removing their hearts and sewing them to their sleeves as they pass to adulthood and in the process (differently than the figure of speech "heart on one's sleeve" implies) become distanced from their emotions.

Jayme Lynn Blaschke's "**The Final Voyage of La Riaza**" is an enjoyable adventure story set on a dirigible that can travel between worlds in a system of moons orbiting a giant planet. A variety of standard tropes are shuffled – pirates, a wise old captain and a brash young first mate, storms, revenge, redshirts dying – to pleasant if hardly groundbreaking effect. **Steven Francis Murphy** makes a strong debut with "**Tearing Down Tuesday**", about an orphaned boy whose chief companion is a robot named Tuesday. The robot is acting erratically and may be sold. The boy wants to buy him – but the only way he can earn the money is terribly distasteful. I also liked **David Ira Cleary**'s "**Dr. Abernathy's Dream Theater**", another of his amusing tales of the self-involved disgraced former Professor Stavan, here participating in a curious show in which actors reenact dreams as they are dreamed.

The September *Asimov's* is one of those issues that seems strong throughout but never quite scintillates. Notable is an uncompromisingly dark story from new writer **Kim Zimring**, "**My Heart as Dry as Dust**", about a Ghanan woman who is being sentenced to death, but who thinks she can survive the execution. The story turns on why she has been sentenced – an AIDS cure of intellectually and emotionally ambiguous effectiveness – and what will result from her execution and "resurrection." Another new writer, **Ted Kosmatka**, also impresses with a dark story, "**The Prophet of Flores**", set in an alternate universe where Earth has been proven to be only 5800 years old, and where evolutionists are crackpots. A scientist is recruited to study the dwarf people of the Indonesian island Flores, but these discoveries are political and religious bombshells. Even in a world where Creationism is considered true, the forces of orthodoxy are unwilling to accept the implications of scientific investigation. Effective stuff. There is also a fine Ship story from **Robert Reed**, "**The Caldera of Good Fortune**", about a habitat on board the enormous vessel that replicates an alien star system nearly perfectly – to the extent that the simulation of the sky also simulates the inhabitants of the planets in the sky in enough detail to represent something like real life. A local tour guide is approached by an alien, who turns out to be fleeing murderers: could he be fleeing them to a virtual existence? Reed is once again exploring somewhat familiar SFnal territory from an intriguing and thought-provoking angle.

The best stories in the August *Realms of Fantasy* were, quite simply, fun. **Elizabeth M. Glover**'s "**MetaPhysics**" has a demon thwarted by a young physicist's belief – faith? – in science. **Way Jeng**'s "**Time Tells All**" is a sweet story about Happiness, Fate, and Steve, and the unexpected way things work out for them when Happiness and Fate – manifesting as women – move in across from Steve. The rest of the issue is strong too, particularly **Tim Pratt**'s "**Restless in My Hand**", which believably portrays the way an inherited magic axe affects the family life of a fairly ordinary man.

The September *Analog* has the concluding Black Hole Project story from **C. Sanford Lowe** and **G. David Nordley**, "**Vertex**". This is not quite believable, particularly with its collection of over the top villains, but I did enjoy it. The various good guys valiantly outwit two or three flavors of evil bad guy, each trying to either thwart the creation of the black hole or to steal it once created.

Zoran Živkovic has a new collection from PS Publishing, **12 Collections and the Teashop**. The first part of the book is 12 fairly short linked stories. Each story is about a collector of unlikely things – fingernail clippings, stories, etc. These stories are at times whimsical, somewhat philosophical, wry, and a bit scary, and are cutely linked by such devices as the recurrence of people whose names begin with P, or the color purple. Collectively they suggest something small – the occasional silliness of collectors, and something larger – attempts to find meaning in the face of death. The pendant story, "**The Teashop**", is thematically resonant with the rest, and it's a lovely piece of work. A woman stops at a teashop while waiting for a train, and among the shop's huge collection of teas she chooses tea made of stories – and that indeed is what she gets, and we get. An intricate, indeed Ouroborean, lacing of stories told by people in the shop.

Recommended Stories:
"Buttons", William Alexander (*Zahir* Summer '07)
"The Last Worders", Karen Joy Fowler (*Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet* 6/07)
"The Moonshot Goodnight", Ian Harding (*All Hallows* 10/06)
"The Prophet of Flores", Ted Kosmatka (*Asimov's* 9/07)
"Pluto Tells All", John Scalzi (*Subterranean* Spring '07)
"Heartstrung", Rachel Swirsky (*Interzone* 6/07)
"Prologomenon to the Adventures of Childe Phoenix", Marly Youmans (*Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet* 6/07)
"The Teashop", Zoran Živkovic (**12 Collections and the Teashop**)

–Rich Horton

Semiprofessional magazines, fiction fanzines, original collections, original anthologies, plus new stories in outside sources should be sent to Rich Horton, 653 Yeddo Ave., Webster Groves MO 63119, <Richard.Horton@sff.net>, for review. ■

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as a metaphor for the account of a group of physicists trying to stage a conference in the chaotically indeterminate world of Hollywood. Apart from "The Last of the Winnebagos", set in a diminished world in which a plague has rendered dogs extinct, the stories that make fullest use of their science fictional settings are two previously uncollected ones: "The Curse of Kings", narrated by a cynical tabloid journalist covering a "cursed" archeological expedition on a remote planet, and "Cash Crop", about homesteaders barely subsisting on a cruelly exploited colony planet. The only other story that takes place off Earth is the rather dark "All My Darling Daughters", set on a rundown space station serving as a private school for privileged or troubled kids. None of these are among the strongest stories in the book, but "All My Darling Daughters" is distinguished by what is perhaps the most callous and unsympathetic narrator – a rebellious and nihilistic brat – in all of Willis's fiction; it may be the story that most surprises fans of Willis's apparently sunny disposition.

The classic stories here are pretty much the ones you'd expect. "Fire Watch" remains an exquisite example of how time travel can provide a unique perspective on what is essentially historical drama (though the consistency of this fully realized portrait of London under the Blitz gets a bit wobbly in the related story

"Jack", where characters who apparently wandered in from another fictional work are introduced), and both "A Letter from the Clearys" and "The Last of the Winnebagos" achieve the genuinely elegiac feel of the entropic romance. "Chance" is simply a solid and very moving near-mainstream tale of a troubled academic marriage – at times it reads almost like Ann Beatty – and is perhaps the most strongly feminist tale from an author not often regarded as closely related to doctrinal feminism. And though some readers might regard them as satirical japes, anyone who has suffered any significant portion of an academic career will treasure "Ado" and "In the Late Cretaceous", the former dealing with a mania for political correctness almost derailing a high school production of *Hamlet* and the latter with a college paleontology department facing cutbacks, illiterate educational consultants, and the campus parking authority. Willis has a true genius for channeling airheads ("Newsletter", largely a parody of family Christmas letters, is another example, as is the Emily Dickinson Martian invasion tale-cum-scholarly article "The Soul Selects Her Own Society"), but she also has a capacity for deep and genuine affection. Her fondness for Shakespeare and Dickinson is apparent in those tales, and elsewhere we can pick up respectful echoes of writers from Twain to Heinlein, but the one true tribute story in the collection is "Nonstop to Portales", a timeslip fantasy of what Jack Williamson's reputation *ought* someday to be. Written for a Williamson tribute anthology edited by Roger Zelazny more than a decade ago, it takes on an added poignance now, but it also tells us a good deal about Willis, and what it tells us is this: she knows where she came from, and she knows what to care about.

Bruce Sterling's **Ascendancies**, which does identify itself as a "best of" collection, seems a little more carefully edited than the Willis volume; whereas the latter sometimes gives us story groupings that seem arbitrary (both "Even the Queen" and the Joseph-and-Mary fantasy "Inn" are lumped under "Royalty"), the Sterling – edited by Jonathan Strahan – is organized by chronology and by story series, beginning with the five Shaper/Mechanist stories and ending with "Later Science Fiction and Fantasy". This not only gives us the opportunity to witness Sterling's stylistic and thematic development as a writer, but also reveals his shifting relationship to the genre as a whole – and that turns out not to be entirely what we might expect. Given Sterling's high profile during the 1980s as the Trotsky of cyberpunk, it's a little surprising to discover that the cyberpunk heritage is not at all what stands out in this collection. Instead, the very early Shaper/Mechanist stories (1982-1984, followed by **Schismatrix** in 1985) now appear to be among the most influential of his works, anticipating many of the elements of New Space Opera and prefiguring the work of Alastair Reynolds and others. While the stories show some evidence of having originally been conceived as a young writer's series gimmick – the Shaper/Mechanist debate is little more than background in the first two, "Swarm" and "Spider Rose" – the universe grows noticeably more textured and complex by the time we get to "Cicada Queen" and "Sunken Gardens", complete with political conspiracies and alliances and, particularly in the former story, discussions of posthumanism as essentially a philosophy. "Twenty Evocations", the final story in this sequence, is a fragmentary tale cast in the mode of early New Wave narratives and, as its title suggests, it evokes a number of unexplored aspects of Sterling's universe, almost as though inviting other writers to make something more of it.

Interestingly, while these stories are set all over the solar system, the rest of the collection virtually abandons outer-space fiction in favor of historical, near-future, or contemporary Earthbound settings. Part II, "Early Science Fiction and Fantasy", which covers 1985-1989, seems to reveal a writer in flux, exploring a wide variety of settings and story types. "The Little Magic Shop" is a deliberate throwback to John Collier-flavored "magic shop" tales, here involving eternal youth, while "Dinner in Audoghast", one of the first of his historical fables, is set in a doomed 11th-century African city; it reads like Shelley's "Ozymandias" storified by Somerset Maugham. Both stories deal with the relentlessness of time, and for this reason "Flowers of Edo" may be the characteristic story of this period of Sterling's career: it explores how artists learn to cope with technological and social change – in this case, two real artists from 19th-century Tokyo, the ghost story writer Encho Sanyutei and the printmaker Yoshitoshi, as they confront the transformation of their city (still called Edo here). In both this story and "Dinner in Audoghast", Sterling can't resist driving the point home with a prophetic figure – a prophet whose gloomy scenarios are despised by the princes of Audoghast, a "demon" of electricity who promises Yoshitoshi that by accepting its power Japan can eventually prevail over the foreigners.

But here again, Sterling seems to be anticipating the SF of 2007 in ways that now seem more prescient than all the cyberpunk manifestoes. "Green Days in Brunei", set in an energy-poor near-future Borneo in which a Canadian computer technician is trying to resurrect an obsolete robot assembly line, seems to anticipate the diminished futures of writers like Paolo Bacigalupi, while his choice of then-exotic settings like Borneo (or Africa in "Dinner in Audoghast", Japan in "Flowers of Edo", Azerbaijan and central Asia in the Starlitz stories) seems to prefigure the efforts of writers like Ian McDonald, Geoff Ryman, and others to liberate SF from its Euro-American focus. Both "We See Things Differently" and "The Compassionate, the Digital" offer postmodernist perspectives on Islam long before it became a worldwide obsession, though the former (and far stronger) story may seem to some to reinforce an unfortunate stereotype in its ending. "The Compassionate, the Digital", cast in the form of a computer printout account of a leadership meeting, also represents one of a number of experiments in form in this section. Another, the better known but slight "Our Neural Chernobyl", takes the form of an imaginary book review, while "Dori Bangs" is essentially a mainstream story whose narrow alternate-history premise is that the rock critic Lester Bangs might have met and married comix artist Dori Seda, saving each from an early death. It's perhaps the clearest expression in the book of the romantic side of Sterling, though there are elements of romance in other stories as well (notably "Green Days in Brunei" and the more recent story "In Paradise", which weaves a romance out of translator cell phones). When cyberpunk elements do show up in these 15 or 20-year-old stories, the then cutting edge tech somehow seems more quaintly antiquated than that in Heinlein tales from 60 years ago. "These are home computers with modem phonelinks," a hot young thing explains in "Are You for 86?"and goes on to boast about underground bulletin boards and voice generators. The hip references to camera phones, Hayes modems, PDAs, and abortion pills ("Are You for 86?" is a Gernsbackian pun on RU-486) give an oddly archeological tone to the mirrorshade cool that these tales were once meant to convey, and this is most notable in the three Leggy Starlitz tales. Starlitz, a vague descendant of Moorcock's Jerry Cornelius with a name almost borrowed from David Bowie, so cool that he can't even be videotaped, now seems part of an old tradition of raffish crooks dating back to Patricia Highsmith and even Damon Runyon and hence is at his best in complex comic conspiracy tales like "The Littlest Jackal", which involves Finnish nationalists, Russian gangsters, and – in what is perhaps the characteristic Sterling turn – copyright infringement. Perhaps because they're more clearly science fictional, it seems to me the Chattanooga stories hold up a bit better. Eddie Dertouzas, the globe-hopping agent of a Chattanooga area software users group in "Deep Eddy", and his sometime partner Lyle Schweik, the title character in "Bicycle Repairman", come across as far more fully developed characters, and the tech in these stories (such as computer-assisted glasses called "spex") is more intriguing. The best of this group, however, "Taklamakan", is only marginally connected to the first two and involves a high-tech spy mission in the central Asian desert of the title, leading to the discovery of three buried fake starships, whose residents may believe they are actually in outer space.

By the later stories in his career, Sterling seems to be consolidating the strengths he'd been developing over the years, not least of which is comedy. "Maneki Neko" is the funniest story in the book, combining several elements we've seen so far – cutting edge tech (the main character is a video format upgrader), a Japanese setting, a bit of romance, and a fair amount of market-economy satire. "The Blemmye's Stratagem" combines Sterling's interest in historical settings and figures with a genuine SF premise; set in the Holy Land during the Crusades, it speculates that the Blemmye of the title – one of those acephalous beings with their faces in their chests from the legends of Prester John – might actually have been an alien visitor. "The Sword of Damocles" returns to his occasional concern with story form; something of a jape, it's basically about someone trying to tell the story of Damocles to modern listeners. The most recent story, "Kiosk", may well be the closest thing in the book to classic cyberpunk: a shrewd Eastern European street vendor surviving in a post-Soviet, post-fossil fuel, post-plague world, is persuaded to buy an improved nanotech "fabricator," which can make durable copies of almost anything, and inadvertently sets off another vast cultural transformation.

Karen Joy Fowler's brief introduction is thoughtful and appreciative, but does little to contextualize the stories, so that we're left to our own devices to figure out what the Leggy Starlitz stories or the Chattanooga stories are; SF readers who've followed Sterling's career (and who are aware that there are novels associated with the Shaper/Mechanist and Starlitz stories) will know immediately, but those reading the stories here for the first time might at first feel a bit disoriented. There are no story notes and no commentary by Sterling at all – a strategy that some will find preferable to authors who second-guess themselves throughout their collections – and the result, probably deliberate, is that throughout the book we have to figure out what Sterling is up to next. It's a good question, and even those of us who've been reading Sterling for years will come away from this excellent collection asking it all over again.

When Joanna Russ received the Pilgrim Award from the Science Fiction Research Association in 1988, it was largely in recognition of a handful of essays she'd published in academic journals during the 1970s, including a couple, "*Amor Vincit Foeminam*: On the Battle of the Sexes in Science Fiction" and "Speculations: The Subjunctivity of Science Fiction", that are now as much classics of the critical literature as her best novels are classics of the genre. In both fiction and criticism, of course, she's viewed as something of the godmother of feminist SF, but she's more than that: even before those essays and novels began appearing she had already joined the ranks of the great "in-house" writer/critics of the genre – Damon Knight, James Blish, Algis Budrys – through the reviews she published mostly in *F&SF* between 1966 and 1980. If there was a single overriding message that these critics – including Russ – had in common, it was simply "get your act together" – they believed in the potential of the genre and were clearly frustrated when they saw it spending its time with the model trains in the basement. Written for an audience of SF writers and readers – and thus liberated from any notion of defending or explaining the genre – these reviews and occasional essays could be hectoring, impatient, sometimes scathingly funny, and collectively they remain among the most important bodies of critical literature we have concerning the genre as it evolved from the 1950s through the 1970s. That Russ was among the best of them is evidenced by **The Country You Have Never Seen: Essays and Reviews**, a substantial volume from Liverpool University Press, of which nearly two-thirds is taken up by her reviews, which have mostly so far gone unreprinted.

I should make clear up front that the reviews are the main attraction here; although the volume is rounded ⏭

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out by an interesting selection of published letters and six essays, none of these essays overlap with those collected back in 1995 in **To Write Like a Woman.** This means that the two classic essays mentioned above are not here, nor are her important essays on Willa Cather, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Mary Shelley, or the modern women's gothic. There are still some substantial pieces: an early (1970) piece on "The Image of Women in Science Fiction", an essay on "The Wearing Out of Genre Materials" (which may even be more relevant today than it was in 1971), "Daydream Literature and Science Fiction" (1969), and "Alien Monsters" (another important feminist statement from 1977). These are rounded out by a reference book entry on H.P. Lovecraft – Russ has confessed to being a closet horror freak – and an invited piece on her own writing from 1989. Several of the reviews and letters deal with feminist or gay subjects rather than SF proper and originally appeared in venues as varied as *College English, The Village Voice,* and the *Washington Post.* All are insightful and written with Russ's usual sharp elegance, but the book is in no sense a definitive collection of her critical writings.

The SF reviews, however, are very nearly a revelation and sometimes are astonishingly prescient. In the very first line of the very first review here, she identifies the damage then being wreaked on the anthology market by opportunists: Roger Elwood and Sam Moskowitz's **Strange Signposts** is a "bottom-of-the-barrel anthology" that is "one of that damned flood of anthologies that do nothing but cheapen the market, exasperate reviewers, and disappoint all but the most unsophisticated readers." Commenting on Gene Wolfe's first novel, she writes that **Operation Ares** "is going to do the author's reputation a disservice someday," while recognizing that "by the time you read this review, Mr. Wolfe will be as far above **Operation Ares** as **Ares** is above the worst science fiction hack-work." Similarly, M. John Harrison's first novel, **The Committed Men**, is "good writing thrown away"; again, she recognizes Harrison's incipient talent. In 1975, she was among the first to recognize Carol Emshwiller's odd brilliance – "It is a terrifying, inexplicable, totally authentic world in which even the commas are eloquent." At the same time, she's a bit equivocal about books now viewed as classics: Silverberg's **Dying Inside** is "as close to mainstream realism as science fiction can get without moving out of s.f. altogether," but was "interesting but not moving." A generally enthusiastic review of Le Guin's **The Dispossessed** notes that the book presents a "radicalism without teeth" and makes "uncomfortable forays into Big, Public Subjects when the author's real talent lies elsewhere."

While this sort of nugget gathering is inevitably fun, what really makes any collection of old reviews worth reading are the critical sensibility and the writing itself. And Russ writes about the field with the sort of fierce, uncompromising energy that we would not see again until John Clute hit stride. A simplistic teacher's guide to SF is "infinitely sophisticatable"; a Ben Bova novel is "an O.K., intelligent workout for an idle hour or for people who are terrified of live books." Trashing a bad Cliff's Notes guide to SF, she notes, "It's important to kill mosquitoes, especially malaria-carrying ones." Insightfully identifying the thematic core of a James Gunn novel, she says, "This is the subject. This is the soul of the book. The rest is flubdub." Of M. John Harrison and Bruce McAllister, she hopes they "both learn to cut the cackle and get to the 'osses. They are both good writers." She develops conceits that should have entered the critical vocabulary decades ago; noting that "science fiction, like all literature, is overrun by artificial rabbits," she says of one such novel that "my copy tried to eat real grass in the back yard and died" and on another that it's a "wind-up rabbit that doesn't even go." Sadly, the artificial rabbits are still profligate, the anthology market is still recovering from its kudzu phase, and there's still a fair amount of both critical and fictive flubdub. This is why we need reviews like Russ's and why it's good to have them back.

– Gary K. Wolfe ■

Faren Miller

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pseudo-aristocrat. (Whatever elements of traditional genre fiction they've discarded or perverted, 21st-century fantasy writers still love their thieves!) It took a ragged coalition of formerly segregated groups – lowlives, seditionists, and malcontent aristocrats – to bring down the monster, but they're much less suited to forming their own government once he's gone.

Vin the ex-thief is being turned into a major figure in a new religion, centered on the martyrdom of a man she was once close to, and she lacks the natural grace and maturity to deal with it well (Phèdre managed to cope much better with a similar situation in the religion-mad Vralia of **Kushiel's Justice**). Elend the idealistic young nobleman is no more ready to be king than Prince Otah in Abraham's novel, even if his new position will allow him to try out some of his pet theories. And everyone outside the imperial city of Lutadel sees the current situation as a power vacuum, the perfect time to send in their armies and grab as much as they can.

It certainly doesn't help that even the magic-wielders among the hastily assembled new government still don't entirely know how the strange power of the Mists really works. Vin still prefers her old thievish ways, ninja/superhero feats of action powered by the form of magic known as allomancy, while practitioners of the alternate version (ferruchemy) are more like a combination of a hidebound priesthood and computer nerds before the advent of the Internet.

Like high-minded revolutionaries or college dormmates, *everyone* – gifted, aristocratic, or otherwise – spends much of their time in fierce debate over such topics as reason vs. religion, the responsibilities that come with power, the true meaning of the fabled past, etc. Meanwhile, several enemy armies form and draw near, but even with invaders at the gates the principals are still arguing. One says in frustration, "Why do anything, if it was just going to end like this?" Another takes the idealist's position that someone *had* to bring an end to centuries of deadly stasis if progress was ever to take its natural course, and then there are the bellicose types who would defend their new freedom to the death if need be. (Any parallels to American debates about post-Saddam Iraq seem indirect at best, though.) And then, at last, talk gives way to all the explosive action any adventure fan could want.

The Well of Ascension is full of plot twists and surprises, leading (of course) to a cliffhanger ending. Despite the new roles forced upon its major players and the hurried courses of instruction meant to prepare them for the challenges ahead, Sanderson's characters seem to change and learn without quite managing to mature – so far, at least. He leaves them staring into the face of yet another form of Chaos that's partly of their own making but that (to my taste) remains a little too traditional for the genuinely innovative kind of fantasy that Sanderson made his name for in his debut **Elantris**, with a clear aim of extending it to epic length in the new trilogy. Still, middle books often have a certain awkwardness, and this *could* turn out to be the setup for a grand finale where ideas, adventure, and character all get their full due.

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system that found it, which prompts the ESA to send its shiny new starship *Galileo* out to take a look. The mission roster includes three pairs of more or less secret lovers, a senior scientist who is more of a politician, and a stuffed shirt of a captain who landed the job thanks to his social standing rather than his command capabilities. The planners also add two wild cards to the crew: the disgraced SETI specialist Jared Ramirez, sprung from a lunar prison (a little matter of choosing the wrong side in the cyborg Savants' attempted genocide/revolution); and, from the despotic Western Hemisphere Union, political officer Donald Sinclair. Ramirez has been chosen for his unique scientific expertise, but the function of Sinclair is murkier, a combination of keeper for Ramirez and agent for his Union masters. The result of this mix is a mess of ideological, social, and interpersonal frictions, with additional strains added by whatever secret agenda(s) must lurk among the factions and forces represented.

I have written that the Coyote series shows off the vigor and virtues of the Standard Model of SF, and this first-cousin entry reinforces that position: for much of its length, **Spindrift** is what might be called procedural science fiction, in which the effects arise as much from the operational details of, say, a deep-space expedition as from any of the gaudier marvels that may be encountered. It's a form that Steele has always worked well, as in the careful attention to descriptions of *how things work* in the Near Space series and the sense that being a habitat engineer or spaceship pilot or even a project bureaucrat is a real job with particular skills and limitations. (This, rather than any political or philosophical positioning – other than a belief in the importance of space exploration – is what makes Steele a Son of Heinlein.) So the interpersonal dramas and the political intrigue take place against a backdrop of standard duties and operational routines, followed by the very physical details of exploring a Big Dumb Object whose nature and behavior start out unknown and graduate to enigmatic.

It's not all access panels and checklists and duty rosters, though – Steele adds some nice decorative touches. *Galileo*'s library, for example, replicates an English original, complete with "brass-caged bookshelves containing dozens of leather-bound volumes," vaulted ceiling, Persian carpet, comfy leather armchairs, a cozy fire in the fireplace, and a window view of "a small English town, the gothic spire of an old church rising among the rooftops" – and even a visiting pigeon. The surprise is that the armchairs, woodwork, and carpet are all real, though the fire, window view, and pigeon are holographic, and the books are display devices linked to the ship's data system. It's not just a nifty detail but perhaps a clue as to the real powers behind the expedition.

The story's central, mysterious procedure, though, is what brought Ramirez and two crewmates back to Earth after having vanished more than a half century earlier, and it involves both the aforementioned secret agenda(s) and conditions Out There that no one could have imagined, let alone anticipated at the mission's beginning. The revelation of the nature of those conditions provides a series of trapdoors through which the characters fall, and if some are fairly predictable (what the politicians and their creatures are up to, for example), others are not, and that is where the procedural framework does its job of holding the story together while providing clues and hints and feints. In the last section of the book (interestingly titled "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil") those trapdoors give access to ever wider and stranger spaces, and the Coyote milieu itself opens out beyond the scope of liberation struggle or even planetary exploration and colonization. I'm sure that the Old Man would approve of both the craft and the content of the story – and the ingenuity with which his student has expanded this particular future history to accommodate new cycles of adventures in an expanded universe.

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the past doubtful, treacherous. How much more difficult it is, then, to recapture adventures the narrator seems to have had aboard an airborne battleship from an alternate world, sailing to a mighty Aztec Empire and destruction. A small masterpiece, elegiac yet sly. And "Urdumheim" (also appearing in the October/November issue of *F&SF*) is a bravura rewriting of biblical and Mesopotamian mythology, revising the stories of the Flood and the Tower of Babel: King Nimrod, an ambiguous figure in the Old Testament, is here a mighty hero, the leader of gods and men out of primeval chaos and stupidity, and what Jews and Christians now regard as harsh but just punishments from God are in truth assaults by forces of mindless tyrannical Unreason. Gilgamesh seems to be the narrator; his maudlin love affair, involuntary treachery, and concluding redemption make up an impressive and illuminating foreground to ferocious warfare at the beginning of time. This is storytelling of the highest order.

From an established champion to a very promising one: Laird Barron's **The Imago Sequence and Other Stories** is the portfolio of an emerging master of contemporary Lovecraftian horror, whose vivid impressionistic style unfolds gaping doom upon a cross-section of American Northwesterners: wealthy playboys, washed-up actors, avant-garde artists, frustrated musclemen, and (going back in time) a Pinkerton gunslinger visiting the region. In time, Barron may make Olympia, Washington as sustainedly ghoulish a precinct as Lovecraft's Arkham; he certainly has the imagination and rigor with the supernatural to do so. This first Barron collection commences that process, with a memorable sally across to Hong Kong to vary the landscape surveyed.

Most of the major stories in **Imago** – "Bulldozer", "Proboscis", "Hallucigenia", "Parallax", and "The Imago Sequence" itself – are interlinked, partly by their Olympian setting, partly by a number of throwaway cross-references, but mainly by a sense that the terrifying force haunting them is the same: a chthonic entity associated with a ravenous mouth and the name Belphegor. This antediluvian and subterranean being seems, in its preconscious yet calculating intellect, to regard homo sapiens as an unsatisfactory species altogether, best replaced with far more cooperative, and better adapted, varieties of social invertebrate. Bugs shall inherit the Earth, perhaps. But Belphegor is not above in the meantime employing human agents to do its will – one family of such could be labeled rednecks of Einsteinian genius – and playing dire games with other people who have crossed it in some way. In "Bulldozer", a serial killer flees to the Old West, where he proves to an astonished detective just how hungry Belphegor is for human gore; in "Proboscis", a trio of bounty hunters find their prey to be no ordinary criminals (horrific hints abound); in "Hallucigenia", a visit to an abandoned barn puts a wealthy couple on the critical list, with awful gaps opening in their minds, bodies, and surroundings; in "Parallax", with its superb surprise ending, the ultimate in self-sacrifice is demanded; and in "The Imago Sequence", the full character of Belphegor shines out, in a series of photographs diabolically prefiguring the extinction of the protagonist. These tales, relentless in their nightmarish subjectivity, at the same time imply an objectively hostile surrounding that is the essence of cosmic horror. Lovecraft is often emulated, but rarely with this conviction and psychological acuity.

The long original story in **Imago**, "Procession of the Black Sloth", has similar qualities, but takes place in Hong Kong and assembles its gruesome clues and shambling portents – shapes seen out of the corner of the eye, inexplicable images on TV screens, mysterious rites performed by old expatriate ladies – into a distinct suggestion that the protagonist is dead and in some sort of Hell. Which is probably where he belongs. Other pieces, "Old Virginia", "Shiva, Open Your Eye", and "The Royal Zoo Is Closed", are shorter and less striking, but do illustrate in miniature Barron's compulsive command of mood and the particulars of inner disintegration; "Hour of the Cyclops", included only in the limited edition, is also minor, though its central Lovecraftian joke is amusing. With four bloodcurdling sketches and six harrowing novelettes, **The Imago Sequence**, then, is an authorial manifesto of quality and significance, though hopefully not straight from Belphegor.

–Nick Gevers ■

Divers Hands

⏮ p. 35

is religious scholar Gabriel McKee's thoughtful analysis of religion as occurring in science fiction, taking SF as a middle ground between religion and science. The subtitle's reference to television shows betrays the media's dominance over literature in our culture, but McKee draws from a balanced range of sources, including Arthur C. Clarke's "The Nine Billion Names of God", Olaf Stapledon's **Starmaker**, works by Ted Chiang, Robert Silverberg, and others, as well as ***Star Trek***, the ***Matrix*** trilogy, and more. Each chapter is arranged thematically, examining concepts including free will, sin, the Messiah, and the soul. McKee is the author of **Pink Beams of Light from the God in the Gutter: The Science-Fictional Religion of Philip K. Dick** (2004), as well as articles on religion in pop culture, and the writing here is impressively readable for a scholarly work. Companion titles in the series from Westminster John Knox Press (an imprint of the denominational publisher for the Presbyterian church) include works on religious themes in ***Star Wars*** and Tolkien.

Science fiction readers already know that part of what makes us human is our drive to question ourselves and our role in the universe: as McKee says, "The purpose of human life is thus revealed [in SF] not as a clearly defined concrete end, but rather as the search for meaning itself." Humanity's fallen, post-Garden of Eden state is not a function of our inherent laziness and self-interest, but a result of unclear parameters, conflicting desires, and our own mortality. As McKee says, "Free will does not merely mean the choice between good and evil actions. It means the ability to determine one's attitudes and character – in short, the freedom to choose an identity." Good and evil are not self-evident; religion and science fiction can each help distinguish one from the other.

Readers know that humanity is also an expression of our capacity for empathy. McKee writes, "No individual can see inside another's mind and experience self-awareness," but he suggests that the act of reading is the closest we can come; indeed, the Bible itself is a collection of parables and stories meant to explain that which is not directly explainable. McKee manages to be insightful about both science fiction and religion, without coming across as preachy. Science fiction in this light isn't just about religion: it's an expression of faith in humanity.

Speculative Japan: Outstanding Tales of Japanese Science Fiction and Fantasy, Gene van Troyer & Grania Davis, eds. (Kurodahan Press 4-902075-26-1, $20.00 tp, 304 pp) September 2007. Cover by Naoyuki Katoh.

When I think of Japanese SF, I think of "The Savage Mouth". Years ago, I read it in the John L. Apostolu & Martin H. Greenberg anthology **The Best Japanese Science Fiction Stories** (1989), and it's reprinted in **Savage Japan**, a book of Japanese SF stories. "The Savage Mouth" concerns a man in the process of eating his body, replacing each limb and organ with a robotic counterpart. The writing isn't particularly artistic – it's pulpy – but the story is emblematic of Japanese SF to me for two reasons: the thematic content feels particularly Japanese (and represents cultural assimilation), and it's what's available (aside from novels and collections). After the Apostolu & Greenberg volume, there was a second Japanese SF anthology, published as an issue of *The Review of Contemporary Fiction* in 2002. The present volume, **Speculative Japan**, is the third such anthology of Japanese SF stories reprinted in English.

It's not that the Japanese haven't been writing SF. The US imports lots of manga, comics, movies, and other SF-related Japanese culture, but only a few anthologies of short stories have been translated into English. **Speculative Japan** reprints stories originally published in the '60s, '70s, and '80s (with one story from 2002), and about half of the stories have their

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first translation into English here. The editors are trying to follow through with Judith Merril's intent of translating Japanese SF into English and fostering cultural exchange between the US and Japan through SF. To this end, the anthology also contains essays, introductions, and afterwords describing SF in Japan and Merril's efforts toward publishing it in English.

The stories are actually quite readable, despite some pulp in the writing. "The Legend of the Paper Spaceship" by Tetsu Yano is about the village idiot and her bastard son, slowly and delicately revealed to be aliens. "Another Prince of Wales" by Aritsuné Toyota has a war between England and Japan with spectators sitting on blankets to watch the battle; war has become a kind of sport, and countries must follow specific rules limiting technology and the number of combatants. My favorite, Koichi Yamano's "Where Do the Birds Fly Now?" is a dreamy, episodic story in which birds can fly across dimensions. Many of the works are *idea* stories, focusing on the speculative element more so than character, plot, or theme, but there are still a unique Japanese sensibility and tone throughout. With the Science Fiction Worldcon in Japan this year, Japanese SF is getting more attention. **Speculative Japan** is overdue.

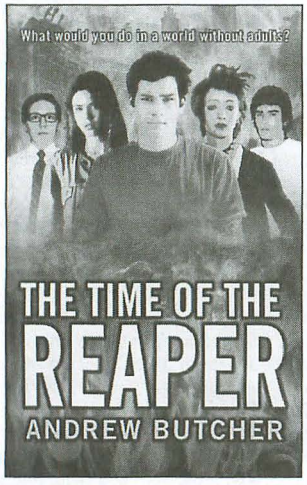
Boy, Takeshi Kitano (Vertical 978-1-932234-35-0/1-932334-35-7, $17.95 tp, 128 pp, $22.00 hc.) July 2007.

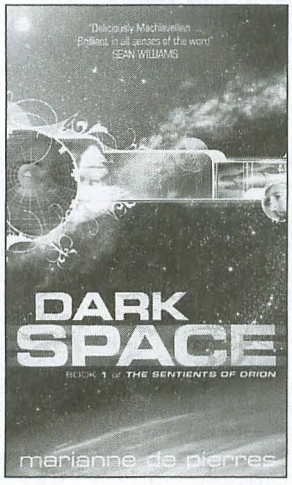
Japanese filmmaker Beat Takeshi may be best known for his bleak *yakuza* gangster movies, but he has a soft spot. In the 80 pages of **Boy**, he has written three sentimental and evocative stories of early, middle, and late boyhood, which together provide a structure for growing up. The first piece, "The Champion in a Padded Kimono", has a frame story of two adult brothers talking in a bar, but the true narrative involves the brothers as children on Sports Day. Similarly, the other two stories are told from the perspectives of boys – the frame in the first story may be a subtle counterpoint to the end of the third story, which is an adolescent's reflection: "'So people like this,' he thought to himself, 'are adults.'"

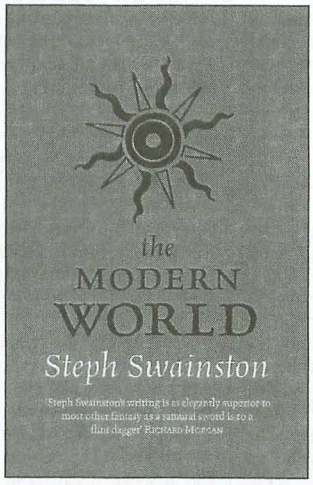
Like Takeshi's movie ***Kikujiro***, about a young boy in search of his mother who ends up paired with the bad-mannered ex-*yakuza* (played by Takeshi, who also directed), these stories have a sense of immediacy and also the wistful fuzziness of memory. Tone, theme, and feeling dominate, and the stories have the verisimilitude of real life – they aren't carried by plot so much as the tragedies and discoveries of childhood. The narratives are delivered as a series of static scenes, with much attention to worldbuilding; while not exactly speculative fiction, the writing has the feeling of SF. And there's a great deal of *sensawonda* in the second story, "The Nest of Stars", about two boys stargazing as a way to deal with their father's death (in which it literally feels as if the world is ending). Despite a few British idiosyncrasies in translation ("bloomers;" "skive off") the essential nature is Japanese, and Kitano gives the reader a feeling of what it is like to *be* these young boys.

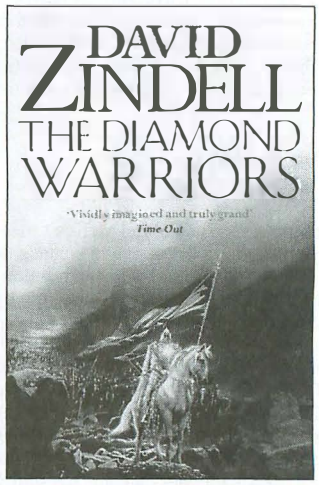
–Amelia Beamer ■

British Books - May









Note: This information, unlike the *Locus* main list, is put together by Ian Covell; send corrections to him at 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Pallister Park, Middlesbrough TS3 7BP, United Kingdom. First world editions marked with an asterisk. Comments by Ian Covell.

Abnett, Dan **Warhammer 40,000: Gaunt's Ghosts: The Founding** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-369-5, £9.99, 767pp, tp) Reprint (Black Library 2003) omnibus of three novelizations in the Gaunt's Ghosts series set in the universe of the SF roleplaying game: **First & Only** (1999), **Ghostmaker** (2000), and **Necropolis** (2000). This also includes one story.

* Abnett, Dan **Warhammer 40,000: His Last Command** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-239-7, £6.99, 413pp, pb, cover by Alex Boto) Novelization based on the SF roleplaying game universe, book two of the Lost subseries in the Gaunt's Ghosts series.

* Armstrong, Kelley **No Humans Involved** (Little Brown UK/Orbit 978-1-84149-395-4, £12.99, 342pp, hc, cover by Dominic Harman) Dark fantasy/paranormal romance novel featuring medium Jaime Vegas. Book seven in the Women of the Otherworld series. Simultaneous with the US (Bantam Spectra) edition.

Bakker, R. Scott **The Thousandfold Thought** (Little Brown UK/Orbit 978-1-84149-412-8, £7.99, 625pp, pb, cover by Larry Rostant) Reprint (Penguin Canada 2006) fantasy novel, book three in the Prince of Nothing trilogy.

* Butcher, Andrew **The Time of the Reaper** (Little Brown UK/Atom 978-1-904233-95-4, £5.99, tp) SF novel, the first in the Reapers series. A plague wipes out the entire adult population.

* Counter, Ben **Warhammer 40,000: Soul Drinkers** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-416-0, £8.99, 750pp, tp, cover by Clint Langley) Omnibus of three novelizations based on the SF roleplaying game in the Soul Drinkers subseries: **Soul Drinker** (2002), **Bleeding Chalice** (2003), and **Crimson Tears** (2005). This is dated 2006 but not seen until now.

* Crowther, Peter, ed. **Postscripts Number 10** (PS Publishing No ISBN, £25.00, 352pp, hc, cover by John Picacio) Original anthology/magazine with 29 stories, a novel excerpt, an article, and an editorial by Stephen Jones. This is the tenth issue, dated Spring 2007; a special double-sized issue, this has a special section with eight pieces by Michael Marshall Smith. Other authors include Lucius Shepard, Ramsey Campbell, and Stephen King. The previous perfect-bound magazine version (£12.00) is now a paper-over-boards hardcover. This is a limited edition of 300 signed by the authors; a slipcased edition of 200 signed by all contributors is also available. PS Publishing, Grosvenor House, 1 New Road, Hornsea, East Yorkshire HU18 1PG England; <www.pspublishing.co.uk>.

* de Pierres, Marianne **Dark Space** (Little Brown UK/Orbit 978-1-84149-428-9, £6.99, 416pp, pb) SF novel, book one of the Sentients of Orion series.

* Dogar, Sharon **Waves** (Chicken House, The 978-1-9052-9424-4, £9.99, 345pp, hc, cover by Georgina Hounsome) Young-adult fantasy novel.

* Dunmore, Helen **The Deep** (HarperCollins Children's Books UK 978-0-00-720491-5, £12.99, 329pp, hc) Young-adult fantasy novel, the third in the Ingo series.

* Earl, Robert **Warhammer: The Corrupted** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-397-0, £6.99, 252pp, pb, cover by Ralph Horsley) Novelization set in the roleplaying game universe. This is dated 2006 but not seen until now.

Eddings, David **Enchanter's End Game** (Transworld/Corgi 978-0-552-55480-0, £6.99, 445pp, tp, cover by Paul Young) Reprint (Del Rey 1984) fantasy novel, book five in the Belgariad series.

* Erikson, Steven **Reaper's Gale** (Transworld/Bantam UK 978-0-593-04632-6, £12.99, 910pp, tp, cover by Steve Stone) Fantasy novel, the seventh volume in the Malazan Book of the Fallen series. A limited edition hardback edition (-46321-5, £20.00) was announced but not seen.

* Gascoigne, Marc & Christian Dunn, eds. **Warhammer 40,000: Let the Galaxy Burn** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-288-5, £8.99, 753pp, pb, cover by Jim Burns) Anthology of 38 stories, three original, set in the SF roleplaying game universe. Reprint stories were selected from the previous Warhammer 40,000 anthologies **Into the Maelstrom** (1999), **Dark Imperium** (2000), and **Words of Blood** (2002). This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

* Gascoigne, Marc & Christian Dunn, eds. **Warhammer 40,000: Tales from the Dark Millennium** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-418-7, £6.99, 255pp, pb, cover by Michael K. Mark) Original anthology of eight stories based on the world of the SF roleplaying game. This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

Gilkerson, William **The Brotherhood of Pirates** (Transworld/Corgi 978-1-8623-0440-6, £5.99, 362pp, tp) Reprint (Trumpeter Books 2006 as **Pirate's Passage**) young-adult fantasy novel of a sea captain in the 1950s who appears to know a bit too much about the time of pirates.

* Goto, C.S. **Warhammer 40,000: Dawn of War: Tempest** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-399-7, £6.99, 412pp, pb) Novelization based on the world of the SF roleplaying game, the third book in the Dawn of War subseries. This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

* Gunn, David **Death's Head** (Transworld/Bantam UK 978-0-593-05832-9, £12.99, 368pp, hc, cover by Claire Ward) SF novel about galactic super-soldier Sven Tveskoeg; book one of the Aux series. This is either a first novel or a pseudonym. Simultaneous with the US (Del Rey) edition.

* Haig, Matt **Shadow Forest** (Bodley Head, The 978-0-370-32936-9, £9.99, vii+393pp, hc, cover by Sandy Nightingale) Young-adult fantasy novel.

Hill, Stuart **Blade of Fire** (The Chicken House 978-1-905294-29-9, £6.99, 640pp, tp, cover by Mark Edwards & Carol Law-

son) Reprint (The Chicken House 2006) young-adult fantasy novel. Second in The Icemark Chronicles after **The Cry of the Icemark**.

* Keefe, Matt **Necromunda: Outlander** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-411-X, £6.99, 254pp, pb, cover by Clint Langley) Novelization based on the roleplaying game universe. This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

Kenyon, Sherrilyn **Dark Side of the Moon** (Piatkus 0-7499-3687-8, £6.99, 322pp, pb) Reprint (Piatkus 2006) supernatural romance novel, ninth in the Dark-Hunter series. This was published in 2006 but not seen until now.

Kilworth, Garry **Attica** (Little Brown UK/Atom 978-1-904233-56-5, £5.99, 334pp, tp, cover by David Franklin) Reprint (Atom 2006) young-adult fantasy novel.

* Kilworth, Garry **Jigsaw** (Little Brown UK/Atom 978-1-904233-76-3, £12.99, 276pp, hc) Young-adult fantasy novel.

King, William **Warhammer: Gotrek & Felix: The First Omnibus** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-374-1, £9.99, 763pp, tp, cover by Geoff Taylor) Reprint (Black Library 2003) omnibus of three novelizations based on the fantasy roleplaying game, the first three books in the Gotrek & Felix subseries: **Trollslayer** (1999), **Skavenslayer** (1999), and **Daemonslayer** (1999). Published in 2006 but not seen till now.

* King, William **Warhammer: Gotrek & Felix: The Second Omnibus** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-8441-6417-9, £8.99, 766pp, tp, cover by Greg Staples) Omnibus of three novelizations based on the roleplaying game universe, books four through six in the Gotrek & Felix subseries: **Dragonslayer** (2000), **Beastslayer** (2001), and **Vampireslayer** (2001). Published in 2006 but not seen till now.

Kirkpatrick, Russell **The Right Hand of God** (Little Brown UK/Orbit 978-1-84149-465-4, £7.99, 623pp, tp, cover by Steve Stone) Reprint (HarperCollins Australia 2005) fantasy novel, book three in the Fire of Heaven series.

* Kyme, Nick **Necromunda: Back from the Dead** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-376-8, £6.99, 251pp, pb, cover by Clint Langley) Novelization based on the roleplaying game universe. This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

Lee, Tanith **Wolf Wing** (Hodder Children's Books 978-0-340-91815-9, £5.99, 194pp, tp) Reissue (Hodder Silver 2002) young-adult fantasy novel. This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

* McDermott, Will **Necromunda: Cardinal Crimson** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-372-5, £6.99, 254pp, pb, cover by Clint Langley) Fantasy novelization based on the roleplaying game. This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

* Patterson, James **Maximum Ride: Saving the World and Other Extreme Sports** (Hodder Headline 978-0-7553-2200-8, £12.99, 403pp, hc) Young-adult SF novel. Third in a series after **Maximum Ride: The Angel Experiment** and **Maximum Ride: School's Out Forever**. Six young people with the power to fly are pursued by killers. Simultaneous with the US (Little, Brown) edition.

Patterson, James **Maximum Ride: School's Out Forever** (Hodder Headline 978-0-7553-3509-1, £6.99, 457pp, tp) Reprint (Little, Brown 2006) young-adult SF novel. Second in a series after **Maximum Ride: The Angel Experiment**.

Reiche, Dietlof **Ghost Ship** (Chicken House, The 978-1-9044-4284-4, £5.99, 315pp, tp, cover by Radio) Reprint (Scholastic 2006) young-adult fantasy novel. Translated by John Brownjohn from **Geisterschiff** (Carl Hanser 2002).

* Reynolds, Alastair **The Prefect** (Gollancz 978-0-575-07716-4, £17.99, 410pp, hc, cover by Chris Moore) SF novel set in the universe of **Revelation Space**. A trade paperback (airport only) edition (-07818-5, £11.99) was announced but not seen.

* Roberts, Nora **Morrigan's Cross** (Piatkus 0-7499-3667-3, £6.99, 326pp, pb) Fantasy romance novel, book one of the Circle trilogy. This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

* Scott, Michael **The Alchemyst: The Secrets of the Immortal Nicholas Flamel** (Transworld/Doubleday UK 978-0-385-61293-7, £12.99, 375pp, hc, cover by Michael Wagner) Young-adult fantasy novel, the first in a series. Simultaneous with the US (Delacorte) edition.

* Swainston, Steph **The Modern World** (Orion/Gollancz 978-0-575-07007-3, £9.99, hc) Fantasy novel, the third in the series begun in **The Year of Our War**. A trade paperback (airport only) edition (-07768-3, £10.99) was announced but not seen.

* Thorpe, David **Hybrids** (HarperCollins Children's Books UK 978-0-00-724784-4, £5.99, 304pp, tp, cover by Benedict Campbell) Young-adult SF novel. A virus causes sufferers to merge with their machines. Winner of the HarperCollins/SAGA Magazine competition.

Walker, Victoria **The House Called Hadlows** (Fidra Books 978-1-906-12302-4, £12.00, 205pp, tp) Reprint (Deutsch 1972) young-adult fantasy novel, second in a series after **The Winter of Enchantment**. This includes a 2007 preface by the author. There is no price on the cover. Available from Fidra Books Ltd, 60 Craigcrook Road, Edinburgh UK EH4 3PJ; <www. fidrabooks. com>.

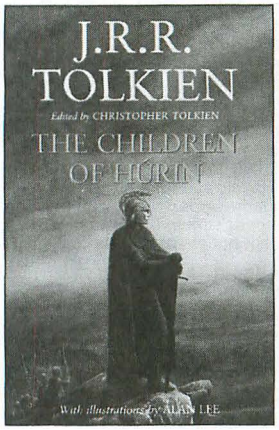
Webb, Beth **Star Dancer: The Book of Air** (Macmillan Children's Books UK 978-0-330-44570-2, £5.99, 343pp, tp, cover by Paul Young) Reprint (Macmillan Children's Books UK 2006) young-adult fantasy novel. First in a quartet.

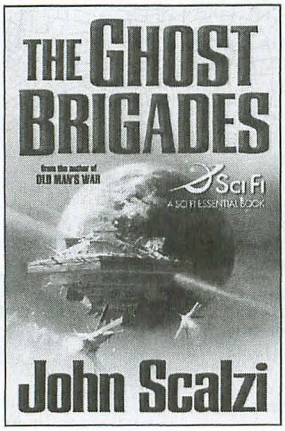
* Werner, C.L. **Warhammer: Witch Killer** (BL Publishing/Black Library 1-84416-395-4, £6.99, 251pp, pb, cover by Darius Hinks) Novelization based on the roleplaying game universe. Book three of the Witch Hunter series. This was published in 2006 but not seen till now.

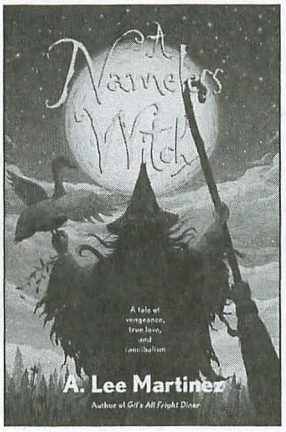
•Zindell, David **The Diamond Warriors** (HarperVoyager 978-0-00-224762-7, £14.99, 472pp, tp, cover by Geoff Taylor) Fantasy novel, the fourth and final in the Ea cycle. A hardcover edition (-224761-0, £20.00) was announced but not seen. ■

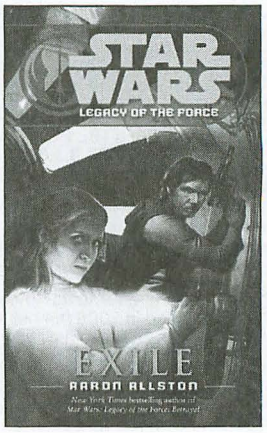
May 2007		Year to Date	
SF Novels	4	SF Novels	16
Fantasy Novels	4	Fantasy Novels	31
Horror Novels	0	Horror Novels	14
Paranormal Romance	2	Paranormal Romance	11
Anthologies	3	Anthologies	8
Collections	0	Collections	8
Reference	0	Reference	0
History/Criticism	0	History/Criticism	5
Media Related	7	Media Related	13
Young Adult	9	Young Adult	45
SF	2	SF	4
Fantasy	7	Fantasy	38
Horror	0	Horror	2
Paranormal Romance	0	Paranormal Romance	1
Other	0	Other	0
Omnibus	2	Omnibus	9
Art/Humor	0	Art/Humor	1
Miscellaneous	0	Miscellaneous	13
Total New:	31	Total New:	174
Reprints & Reissues:	11	Reprints & Reissues:	120
Total:	42	Total:	294

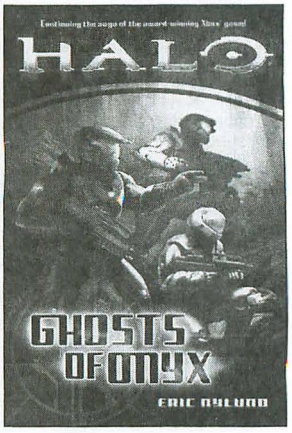
Locus Bestsellers











HARDCOVERS	Months on list	Last month
1) **The Children of Húrin**, J.R.R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin)	2	1
2) **1634: The Baltic War**, Eric Flint & David Weber (Baen)	2	8
3) **No Humans Involved**, Kelley Armstrong (Bantam Spectra)	1	-
4) **White Night**, Jim Butcher (Roc)	2	2
5) **All Together Dead**, Charlaine Harris (Ace)	1	-
6) **The Last Colony**, John Scalzi (Tor)	2	7
7) **Rollback**, Robert J. Sawyer (Tor)	2	5
8) **The Name of the Wind**, Patrick Rothfuss (DAW)	2	4
9) **Ysabel**, Guy Gavriel Kay (Roc)	4	-
10) **The Yiddish Policemen's Union**, Michael Chabon (HarperCollins)	1	-
PAPERBACKS		
1) **The Ghost Brigades**, John Scalzi (Tor)	1	-
2) **The Sharing Knife, Volume 1: Beguilement**, Lois McMaster Bujold (Eos)	2	9
3) **Kushiel's Scion**, Jacqueline Carey (Warner)	1	-
4) **When Darkness Falls**, Mercedes Lackey & James Mallory (Tor)	1	-
5) **Old Man's War**, John Scalzi (Tor)	5	7
6) **Red Lightning**, John Varley (Ace)	1	-
7) **Rainbows End**, Vernor Vinge (Tor)	2	3
8) **Storm Front**, Jim Butcher (Roc)	4	4
9) **Light**, M. John Harrison (Bantam Spectra)	1	-
10) **Phantom**, Terry Goodkind (Tor)	1	-

TRADE PAPERBACKS	Months on list	Last month
1) **A Nameless Witch**, Lee A. Martinez (Tor)	1	-
2) **Wicked**, Gregory Maguire (Regan Books)	17	-
3) **Reaper's Gale**, Steven Erikson (Bantam)	1	-
4) **Dead Sexy**, Tate Hallaway (Berkley)	1	-
*) **Overclocked**, Cory Doctorow (Thunder's Mouth)	2	-
MEDIA-RELATED		
1) **Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Betrayal**, Aaron Allston (Del Rey)	4	-
2) **Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Sacrifice**, Karen Traviss (Del Rey)	1	-
3) **Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Bloodlines**, Karen Traviss (LucasBooks)	8	3
4) **Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Exile**, Aaron Allston (Del Rey)	4	1
5) **The Making of Star Wars** (Del Rey)	1	-
GAMING-RELATED		
1) **Halo: Ghosts of Onyx**, Eric Nylund (Tor)	7	1
2) **DragonLance: Dragons of the Dwarven Depths**, Margaret Weis & Tracy Hickman (Wizards of the Coast)	2	2
3) **Mass Effect: Revelation**, Drew Karpyshyn (Del Rey)	1	-
4) **Forgotten Realms: The Gossamer Plain**, Thomas M. Reid (Wizards of the Coast)	1	-
*) **Warhammer 40,000: Chapter War**, Ben Counter (Black Library)	1	-

J.R.R. Tolkien's **The Children of Húrin** stayed at the top of the hardcover bestsellers, with **1634: The Baltic War** by Eric Flint & David Weber in a distant second place. **Wizards** by Jack Dann & Gardner Dozois, eds. (Ace) was runner-up. Nominations were 52, up from 48 last month.

The Ghost Brigades by John Scalzi championed paperback lead, ahead of Lois McMaster Bujold's **The Sharing Knife: Beguilement**. Runner-up was **Undead and Unpopular** by MaryJanice Davidson (Berkley Sensation). 60 titles were nominated, down from 67.

A Nameless Witch by Lee A. Martinez, came in first for trade paperbacks; runner-up was last month's lead, C.E. Murphy's **Coyote Dreams** (Luna). There were 59 nominations, up from 51.

Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Betrayal by Aaron Allston topped media-related titles. **The Official Firefly Companion** by Joss Whedon (Titan) was runner-up. Titles nominated were 18, same as last month.

Halo: Ghosts of Onyx by Eric Nylund held first in gaming-related titles for the fifth consecutive month. The runner-up was **Forgotten Realms: The Crystal Shard**, by R.A. Salvatore (Wizards of the Coast). There were 23 nominations, down from 25.

Compiled with data from: Barnes and Noble (USA), Bakka-Phoenix (Canada), Borderlands (CA), Borders (USA), McNally Robinson (2 in Canada), Mysterious Galaxy (CA), Pages for All Ages (IL), St. Mark's (NY), Toadstool (2 in NH), Uncle Hugo's (MN), University Bookstore (WA), White Dwarf (Canada). Data period: May 2007.

General Bestsellers

	NY Times Bk Review				Publishers Weekly				Washington Post*			
HARDCOVERS	5/6	13	20	27	5/3	14	21	28	5/6	13	20	27
The Children of Húrin, J.R.R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin)	1	2	3	4	2	3	6	6	2	3	4	6
White Night, Jim Butcher (Roc)	11	16	24	-	11	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
For a Few Demons More, Kim Harrison (Eos)	28	34	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Into a Dark Realm, Raymond E. Feist (Eos)	31	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Heart-Shaped Box, Joe Hill (Morrow)	32	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
1634: The Baltic War, Eric Flint & David Weber (Baen)	-	32	19	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
The Yiddish Policemen's Union, Michael Chabon (HarperCollins)	-	-	2	3	-	2	3	5	-	2	3	3
No Humans Involved, Kelley Armstrong (Bantam Spectra)	-	-	14	24	-	14	-	-	-	-	-	-
All Together Dead, Charlaine Harris (Ace)	-	-	6	13	-	6	12	-	-	-	-	-
Rant, Chuck Palahniuk (Doubleday)	-	-	-	7	-	-	7	7	-	-	-	-
Pearl Harbor, Newt Gingrich & William R. Forstchen (Thomas Dunne)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9	-	-	-	9
After Dark, Haruki Murakami (Knopf)	-	-	-	22	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
PAPERBACKS												
The Road, Cormac McCarthy (Vintage International)•	1	1	1	3	1	1	2	2	1	1	1	1
Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut (Delta)•	17	35	29	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Wicked, Gregory Maguire (ReganBooks)•	27	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Everything's Eventual, Stephen King (Pocket)•	-	-	33	-	-	-	11	-	-	-	-	-

Ironside by Holly Black, **Warriors: Power of Three: The Sight** by Erin Hunter, and **Specials** by Scott Westerfeld made the hardcover YA list. **Eldest** and **Eragon** by Christopher Paolini and **Maximum Ride: School's Out Forever** by James Patterson made the YA paperback list.

See Locus Online for weekly charts of genre books on these and eight other general bestseller lists!

* lists top 10 only • trade paperback

New & Notable

Kage Baker, **The Sons of Heaven** (Tor 7/07) For years, Baker has been tantalizing readers of her Company series with the question of what doom strikes that sinister time-traveling organization on July 9, 2355; now all is revealed in this final novel. "Is the ending as witty and frenetic as what came before?... Baker has erected an extraordinary monument to the power of SF as an humane, complex, reflective and ever surprising variety of literature. As the apex of the pyramis, **Sons** is a fine book indeed." [Nick Gevers]

Claus Brusen & Marcel Salome, eds. **Dreamscape: The Best of Imaginary Realism: 1: 2006** (Salbru Publish Denmark 2006) The first in a projected series focusing on the "fine art of the imaginary," this opulent art book features full-color works of fantasy and surrealism by 37 artists including Michael Parkes, Kinuko Y. Craft, and Patrick Woodroffe.

Lois McMaster Bujold, **The Sharing Knife, Volume Two: Legacy** (Eos 7/07) The second half of Bujold's romantic fantasy **The Sharing Knife** finds farmer girl Fawn facing monumental disapproval from her new husband's nomadic people – until a new Blight Bogle attack forces some to reconsider. Culture clashes and adventure keep things interesting even for those not particularly interested in romance.

Emma Bull, **Territory** (Tor 7/07) Occult forces lurk behind the events of the Shootout at the O.K. Corral in this historical fantasy that "...evokes the substance a spirit of old Arizona... it transforms the tropes of the Western to a degree that goes beyond the category of 'genre hybrid' to achieve a power very much its own." [Faren Miller]

Peter Crowther, ed., **Postscripts Number 10** (PS Publishing 5/07) This special more-than-double issue of the noted magazine/anthology honors World Horror Convention guest-of-honor Michael Marshall Smith, who provides seven pieces, along with 23 additional stories by a stellar roster of writers including Lucius Shepard, Graham Joyce, Ramsey Campbell, and Stephen King.

Neil Gaiman, **M Is for Magic** (HarperCollins 7/07) **R Is for Rocket**, **S Is for Space**, and now **M Is for Magic** in this collection of 10 stories and one poem selected for young readers, including two stories not previously collected elsewhere, one the "delicately nuanced" [Gary K. Wolfe] story "The Witch's Headstone", a foretaste of Gaiman's forthcoming YA novel, **The Graveyard Book**.

Hugo Gernsback, **Hugo Gernsback: A Man Well Ahead of His Time** (Poptronix 6/07) Gernback tells his own story in this "biography" edited by Larry Steckler, who found the unsigned manuscript when he closed down Gernsback Publications in 2002. This focuses primarily on electronics and Gernsback's own inventions (and his ability to foresee future inventions), but still paints an intriguing picture of the early days of SF, as seen by one of its founders.

Sergei Lukyanenko, **Twilight Watch** (Miramax 6/07) The third volume in the acclaimed Night Watch series about a Moscow inhabited by supernatural Others. Anton, the popular protagonist of **Night Watch**, returns as a renegade threatens to destroy the balance between Light and Dark.

Melissa Marr, **Wicked Lovely** (HarperTeen 6/07) Aislinn has all the problems of normal teens, but has also inherited her grandmother's Sight and tried to hide it all her life; now a faerie king is stalking her, and nothing is safe. A "sexy, charming, sometimes harrowing YA contemporary fantasy... an assured debut." [Tim Pratt]

Richard K. Morgan, **Thirteen** (Del Rey 7/07) SF novel. A black, genetically engineered super-soldier – a thirteen – from a terminated program escapes exile on Mars and becomes a bounty hunter. A fast-paced thriller exploring issues of identity and intolerance, originally published in the UK by Gollance (5/07) as **Black Man**.

Alastair Reynolds, **Galactic North** (Ace 6/07) Reynolds's first collection revisits his Revolution Space universe in this collection of eight SF stories, three original. First published in the UK by Gollancz (2006). "Reynolds is one of the giants of the New Space Opera, and of more down-to-Earth SF as well; he has the gift of expressing sweeping visions in compact form as well as in 500-page epics." [Nick Gevers]

Will Shetterly, **The Gospel of the Knife** (Tor 7/07) The sequel to the critically acclaimed **Dogland**, this fantasy/magical realist novel finds Chris Nix a 14-year-old in the turbulent late 1960s, the strange events that destroyed the family tourist attraction all but forgotten until a mysterious benefactor offered to send Chris to an exclusive school.

Clark Ashton Smith, **The Collected Fantasies of Clark Ashton Smith, Volume 2: The Door to Saturn** (Night Shade 6/07) Night Shade's ambitious series celebrating one of the masters of the weird returns with this collection of 20 stories from 1932, with corrected text following existing manuscripts wherever possible.

Steph Swainston, **Dangerous Offspring** (Eos 7/07) Winged messenger Jant seeks a way to end the war with the alien Insects once and for all in this third book in the critically acclaimed New Weird fantasy series begun in **No Present Like Time**. First published in the UK by Gollancz (4/07 as **The Modern World**).

Liz Williams, **Precious Dragon** (Night Shade 2007) Detective Inspector Chen and his demon partner Zhu Irzh return for a third outing in this entertaining dark fantasy/mystery series mixing a futuristic Singapore with Chinese mythology. This time, Chen is assigned to escort a Heavenly diplomatic mission to Hell. A "...wild, bumpy ride... *fun*." [Faren Miller] ■

B&N/B. Dalton

HARDCOVERS
1) **The Harlequin**, Laurell K. Hamilton (Berkley)
2) **The Children of Húrin**, J.R.R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin)
3) **Kushiel's Justice**, Jacqueline Carey (Warner)
4) **Quantico**, Greg Bear (Vanguard)
5) **All Together Dead**, Charlaine Harris (Ace)
6) **White Night**, Jim Butcher (Roc)
7) **The Sharing Knife: Legacy**, Lois McMaster Bujold (Eos)
8) **The Man with the Golden Torc**, Simon R. Green (Roc)
9) **The Book of Angels**, Ruth Thompson, L.A. Williams, & Renae Taylor (Sterling)
10) **For a Few Demons More**, Kim Harrison (Eos)

PAPERBACKS
1) **Fahrenheit 451**, Ray Bradbury (Del Rey)
2) **Phantom**, Terry Goodkind (Tor)
3) **Ender's Game**, Orson Scott Card (Tor)
4) **The Golden Compass**, Philip Pullman (Del Rey)
5) **Hunters of Dune**, Brian Herbert & Kevin J. Anderson (Tor)
6) **The Hobbit**, J.R.R. Tolkien (Del Rey)
7) **Storm Front**, Jim Butcher (Roc)
8) **The Once and Future King**, T.H. White (Ace)
9) **Pushing Ice**, Alastair Reynolds (Ace)
10) **Honored Enemy**, Raymond E. Feist & William R. Forstchen (Eos)

TRADE PAPERBACKS
1) **Stardust**, Neil Gaiman (HarperPerennial)
2) **Hood**, Stephen R. Lawhead (Thomas Nelson)
3) **The Princess Bride**, William Goldman (Ballantine)
4) **Alas Babylon**, Pat Frank (HarperPerennial)
5) **The Golden Compass**, Philip Pullman (Del Rey)

MEDIA-RELATED
1) **Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Sacrifice**, Aaron Allston (Del Rey)
2) **Transformers**, Alan Dean Foster (Del Rey)
3) **Star Wars: Darth Bane: The Path of Destruction**, Drew Karpyshyn (Del Rey)
4) **Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Betrayal**, Aaron Allston (Del Rey)
5) **Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Exile**, Aaron Allston (Del Rey)

GAMING-RELATED
1) **Halo: Ghosts of Onyx**, Eric Nylund (Tor)
2) **Dragonlance: Dragons of the Dwarven Depths**, Margaret Weis & Tracy Hickman (Wizards of the Coast)
3) **Mass Effect: Revelation**, Drew Karpyshyn (Del Rey)
4) **Halo: The Fall of Reach**, Eric Nylund (Del Rey)
5) **Halo: The Flood**, William C. Dietz (Del Rey)

Borders/Walden

HARDCOVERS
1) **The Children of Húrin**, J.R.R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin)
2) **Kushiel's Justice**, Jacqueline Carey (Warner)
3) **Soon I Will Be Invincible**, Austin Grossman (Pantheon)
4) **All Together Dead**, Charlaine Harris (Ace)
5) **White Night**, Jim Butcher (Roc)
6) **No Humans Involved**, Kelley Armstrong (Bantam Spectra)
7) **Into a Dark Realm**, Raymond E. Feist (Eos)
8) **The Name of the Wind**, Patrick Rothfuss (DAW)
9) **The Ultimate Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy**, Douglas Adams (Random House)
10) **The Sharing Knife: Legacy**, Lois McMaster Bujold (Eos)

PAPERBACKS
1) **Phantom**, Terry Goodkind (Tor)
2) **Fahrenheit 451**, Ray Bradbury (Del Rey)
3) **Ender's Game**, Orson Scott Card (Tor)
4) **Pushing Ice**, Alastair Reynolds (Ace)
5) **Storm Front**, Jim Butcher (Roc)
6) **Fool Moon**, Jim Butcher (Roc)
7) **Knife of Dreams**, Robert Jordan (Tor)
8) **The Hobbit**, J.R.R. Tolkien (Del Rey)
9) **Kushiel's Scion**, Jacqueline Carey (Warner)
10) **When Darkness Falls**, Mercedes Lackey & James Mallory (Tor)

TRADE PAPERBACKS
1) **Wicked**, Gregory Maguire (ReganBooks)
2) **Son of a Witch**, Gregory Maguire (ReganBooks)
3) **Confessions of an Ugly Stepsister**, Gregory Maguire (ReganBooks)
4) **Hood**, Stephen R. Lawhead (Thomas Nelson)
5) **Twilight Watch**, Sergei Lukyanenko (Miramax)

MEDIA-RELATED
1) **Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Sacrifice**, Aaron Allston (Del Rey)
2) **Star Wars: The Complete Visual Dictionary**, Anonymous (DK Publishing)
3) **The Making of Star Wars: The Definitive Story Behind the Original Film**, J.W. Rinzler (Del Rey)
4) **Transformers**, Alan Dean Foster (Del Rey)
5) **Star Wars: Complete Cross-Sections**, David Reynolds & Curtis Saxton (DK Publishing)

GAMING-RELATED
1) **Halo: Ghosts of Onyx**, Eric Nylund (Tor)
2) **Dragonlance: Dragons of the Dwarven Depths**, Margaret Weis & Tracy Hickman (Wizards of the Coast)
3) **Halo 1-3**, Eric Nylund, William C. Dietz (Del Rey)
4) **Forgotten Realms: Hunters Blades Trilogy**, R.A. Salvatore (WotC)
5) **Mass Effect: Revelation**, Drew Karpyshyn (Del Rey)

Philip K. Dick Ascendant

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(2002), ***Minority Report*** (2002), ***Paycheck*** (2003), ***A Scanner Darkly*** (2006), and ***Next*** (2007). There are countless other movies that seem to take their inspiration from Dick's paranoid, obsessed-with-artifice worldview, like ***The Truman Show*** and ***The Matrix*** trilogy. It's more than a little ironic that a writer fascinated by the tenuous and conditional nature of external reality should become the darling of Hollywood, an industry based on creating artificial realities. It's also worth noting that most of the movies don't hew too closely to the source material, cherry-picking images and plot points from the original works but too often using them to construct, of all things, special-effects laden action movies. (***A Scanner Darkly*** is a great exception, being, if anything, *too* faithful to the original work.)

Dick has attained a level of fame in Hollywood sufficient to make him the basis for a new biopic, set to star Paul Giamatti, and produced by Anonymous Content, the same company that made ***Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind***, a strikingly phildickian movie about memory erasure. Dick's life – which encompassed five marriages, drug use, mystical experiences, and paranoia – certainly seems rich enough to make into a film. One wonders how the man himself would have felt about seeing his life recreated artificially on screen, with a simulacrum – who doesn't even really resemble him – pretending to *be* him.

Roboticists and AI researchers love Dick, too. Why wouldn't they, when his books are populated by androids who think they're human and realistic imitation animals? In 2005 an android version of Philip K. Dick was presented to the public at a series of events. The realistic robot was designed by Hanson Robotics, and was even capable of interacting with people. It had cutting-edge speech recognition software and an "artificial-intelligence-driven personality" that enabled it to hold conversations and answer questions, with a vocabulary mostly based on lines from Dick's books, essays, and interviews. Cameras and biometric sensors in the robot's eyes are able to track faces, recognize specific individuals, and even understand facial expressions. Unfortunately, the robot wasn't long for this world – the head disappeared in January 2006 while being shipped to California on a commercial airliner. The owners were conscious of the irony – a runaway replicant version of PKD is like something from a PKD novel, after all. They thought the android might have been stolen for ransom or sale, but the runaway robot never came home again. In death, Philip K. Dick's life has begun ever more to resemble something from a Philip K. Dick story. ■

The Data File

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week before the launch, Amazon announced the "Harry-est Towns" in the US and Canada, chosen for having the highest pre-orders per capita (for towns with populations over 5,000): Falls Church, Virginia in the US and Banff, Alberta, Canada; winning towns get $5,000 Amazon gift certificates for their public libraries.

J.K. Rowling was "staggered" when reviews of **Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows** appeared – with spoilers – before the book's July 21st release date, in "complete disregard of the wishes of literally millions of readers" according to BBC News. The *New York Times* got their copy at a store on the 18th; the *Baltimore Sun* got hold of a copy mailed early by online retailer DeepDiscount.com. UK publisher Bloomsbury called spoilers "unauthenticated." In the US, Scholastic promptly sued both DeepDiscount.com and their distributor, Levy Home Entertainment, for sending copies out early. Pre-release copies were also offered on eBay.

Another major leak was reported July 17, when at least three different versions of the book, or parts of the book, appeared on peer-to-peer file sharing sites. The most complete version supposedly showed photos of every page of the finished book, with the book lying on a rug with a hand holding it open; the resulting images are reportedly readable with difficulty. Neither Bloomsbury in the UK nor Scholastic in the US would comment on whether the photos were the real thing. *PC World* called the photos "convincing" and also noted "it appears that the person who took the pictures of the book left his camera meta info attached to the image files... and with that information and time authorities could track down who took the pictures."

The British Royal Mail released Harry Potter stamps on July 17; the first-class stamps feature the covers of all seven books. Another set of five stamps feature the house and school crests. Special first day postmarks include appropriate images such as owls and Harry on a broomstick. Pre-orders broke records, at 340,000 beating the record of 300,000 set by a January series of Beatle stamps.

Israel's Trade and Industry Minister Eli Yishai threatened legal action against stores staying open on the Jewish Sabbath to sell **Deathly Hallows**. Stores had announced plans to participate in the worldwide release the book July 21, 12:01 Greenwich Mean Time (the US release is later), or 2 a.m. Saturday in Israel (the Jewish Sabbath runs from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday). Yishai, a member of the ultra-Orthodox Shas party, said he would have inspectors report stores. "We will certainly issue fines and prosecution orders, but I hope it won't come to that," he told Israel Radio, according to Reuters. It is illegal for businesses to force employees to work on the Sabbath, but at least one bookstore chain, Tsomet Sfarim, avoided the issue by scheduling only non-Jewish employees to work the launch.

Asda, the UK arm of Wal-Mart and the second-largest supermarket chain in Britain, issued a press release July 15, 2007, accusing Bloomsbury of "holding children to ransom" and "blatant profiteering" in its pricing of **Deathly Hallows** at £17.99 ($37.00). In response, Bloomsbury called the statement libelous and announced on July 17 that Asda's 500,000-copy order for book would be cancelled, due to outstanding debts. Asda paid up and apologized "unreservedly" to Bloomsbury later the same day, and announced the book would be in their stores by the launch date, to be sold at £5.00 a copy (a maximum of two per customer). Supermarket chain Morrisons responded by slashing their price £4.99; Tesco offered the book for £5.00 to customers spending at least £50.00.

British bookstore chain Waterstone's launched "The International Campaign to Save Harry" with an online petition asking J.K. Rowling to keep the series going, or at least not rule out another installment. The goal is to get one million names by July 21.

Nigel Farndale in the *Telegraph* summed up Harry Potter by suggesting it was a phenomenon of Tony Blair's time in office as Prime Minister – ten years just ended, just like the books – with Voldemort and his Death Eaters standing in for Osama bin Laden and his death cult, al-Qaeda.

Farrar Moves • Farrar, Straus and Giroux will move from their 46-year home in NYC's Union Square to a new location at 18 West 18th Street, closer to but still separate from their fellow Holtzbrinck-owned publishers in the Flatiron Building. They expect to complete the move by the end of the year.

Perseus Pays Up • Perseus Book Group, the new distributor for many former clients of the bankrupt American Marketing Services and their subsidiary Publishers Group West, sent out the first post-settlement checks to clients in early July.

Many publishers have been struggling due to disrupted cash flow. When AMS went bankrupt, publishers went months without being paid, effectively losing all income for the last quarter of 2006. For the first two months of 2007, they had to subsist on weekly checks from PGW. As part of the bankruptcy settlement, Perseus agreed to pay publishers 70 cents for every dollar they were owed. About 124 of PGW's clients signed up, and Perseus made them a lump sum payment in March 2007 totaling around $13 million. For the next few months, though, no more checks were forthcoming. On July 9, Perseus began sending out checks for March billing, and should be making payments on a normal monthly schedule from now on.

For some companies, the money is too little, too late. Many publishers had to let go of personnel and delay or even cancel titles. McSweeney's lost about $130,000 when they accepted the 70-cents-on-the-dollar deal, and started a deep discount sale on their website to generate some cash. Soft Skull Press was unable to continue operating after taking the financial hit, and was sold to Counterpoint LLC, where it will continue as an imprint headed by former owner Richard Nash.

Most companies distributed by Perseus received checks in July, except for a few who had negative balances due to returns. Perseus CEO Richard Steinberger says they will continue to distribute those companies until they climb out of the red.

Awards News • The Science Fiction Research Association Awards were presented during the SFRA annual conference, July 6-8, 2007, held this year in Kansas City MO in conjunction with the Heinlein Centennial convention. Graduate Student Paper Award: "Magic, Art, Religion, Science: Blurring the Boundaries of Science and Science Fiction in Marge Piercy's **Cyborgian Narrative**" by Linda Wight. Mary Kay Bray Award: Ed Carmien, for his review of **The Space Opera Renaissance** (*SFRAReview*). Thomas D. Clareson Award for Distinguished Service: Michael Levy. Pioneer Award: Amy J. Ransom for "Oppositional Postcolonialism in Québécois Science Fiction" (*Science Fiction Studies*). Pilgrim Award: Algis Budrys.

The Science Fiction Poetry Association presented the Rhysling Awards for poems published in 2006 at Readercon, July 7, 2007, in Burlington MA. Short Poem: Winner – "The Graven Idol's Godheart" by Rich Ristow; Second Place – "god is dead short live god" by Joe Haldeman; Third Place – "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Black Hole" by Lawrence Schimel. Long Poem: Winner – "The Journey to Kailash" by Mike Allen; Second Place – "The Eight Legs of Grandmother Spider" by Catherynne M. Valente; Third Place – "Sleepers" by Samantha Henderson. The winners and nominees appear in **The 2007 Rhysling Anthology**, available for $12.95 + $2.00 shipping and handling from Helena Bell, SFPA Treasurer, 1225 West Freeman St, Apt 12, Carbondale IL 62901. Make checks payable to SFPA, or order online at <www.sfpoetry.com>.

Philip Pullman's **Northern Lights** (AKA **The Golden Compass** in the US) placed first in an online poll that asked readers to choose their favorite book from the past 70 years of Carnegie Medal winners. Pullman won with 40% of the total vote, and received the greatest number of votes from non-British readers, a total of 36%. This "Carnegie of Carnegies" poll was organized to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the prestigious children's book award. Pullman declared himself "humbled and honored," and said it was "without any question the most important honor I have ever received, and the one I treasure the most." The other finalists were **Skellig** by David Almond; **Junk** by Melvin Burgess; **Storm** by Kevin Crossley-Holland; **A Gathering Light** by Jennifer Donnelly; **The Owl Service** by Alan Garner; **The Family from One End Street** by Eve Gamett; **The Borrowers** by Mary Norton; **Tom's Midnight Garden** by Philippa Pearce; and **The Machine Gunners**, Robert Westall.

The Helsinki SF Society has inaugurated a new annual award, The Tähtifantasia (Star Fantasy) Award for the best translated SF book published in Finland each year. This year's nominees are **White Apples**, Jonathan Carroll; **New Weird**, Jukka Halme, ed.; **A Storm of Swords, Part Two**, George R.R. Martin; **Ombria in Shadow**, Patricia A. McKillip; **City of Saints and Madmen**, Jeff VanderMeer. The award winner will be chosen by a jury of experts, and announced in August.

Announcements • Author and former editor Laura Anne Gilman will teach a three-hour seminar, "How to Sell Your Genre Novel," August 29, 2007, 6:30-9:30 p.m., 494 Broadway (Spring & Broome), New York NY 10012. The price is $65. For more information, visit <www.mediabistro.com>.

The Speculative Literature Foundation has announced the 2007 Gulliver Travel Research Grant, which provides $600 to help an author pay for travel expenses while researching a work of speculative fiction, poetry, drama, or creative non-fiction. For more information, visit <www.speculativeliterature.org> or write to <travel@ speculativeliterature.org>.

International Rights • French rights to Terry Brooks's **Magic Kingdom for Sale**, **Black Unicorn**, **Wizard at Large**, **Tangle Box**, and **Witches Brew** sold to Editions Bragelonne; Russian rights to **The Wishsong of Shannara** went to Eksmo; Czech rights to **Morgawr** sold to Classic; Italian rights to **The Elves of Cintra**, **The Sword of Shannara**, **The Wishsong of Shannara**, and **The Elfstones of Shannara** went to Mondadori; Spanish rights to **Armageddon's Children**, **The Elves of Cintra**, and the as-yet-untitled sequel went to Ediciones El Anden, all via Del Rey.

German rights to **Empire of Ivory** and books five and six in the Temeraire series by Naomi Novik sold to Random House Germany via Del Rey.

French rights to **Carnival** by Elizabeth Bear sold to Bragelonne via Vincent Vichit-Vadakan in association with Jennifer Jackson of the Donald Maass Agency.

Portugese rights to Anne Bishop's **Dreams Made Flesh** sold to Saida de Emergencia via Isabel Monteagudo in association with Jennifer Jackson of the Donald Maass Agency, and German rights to **Belladonna** went to Heyne via Thomas Schlueck in association with Jennifer Jackson.

Russian rights to **Shadowbridge** by Gregory Frost went to AST via Del Rey.

John Scalzi's **Old Man's War** sold to Science Fiction World in China, Libraire D'Atalante in France, EKSMO in Russia, Minotauro in Spain, Bard in Bulgaria, Random House Germany, Yanshuf in Israel, and Hayakawa in Japan, all via Ethan Ellenberg.

Finnish rights to **Pawn of Prophecy** by David Eddings sold to Karisto Oy via Del Rey.

German rights to **The Summoner** and **The Blood King** by Gail Martin went to Lubbe via Ethan Ellenberg.

Russian rights to Patricia Bray's **The First Betrayal** went to AST via Alexander Korzhenevski in association with Jennifer Jackson of the Donald Maass Agency.

German rights to the first three books in Jim Butcher's Codex Alera series sold to Blanvalet via Bastian Schlueck in association with Jennifer Jackson of the Donald Maass Agency.

German rights to Mel Odom's four-book Rover series went to Random House Germany via Ethan Ellenberg.

Spanish rights to Sharon Shinn's **The Truth-Teller's Tale** went to El Anden, and Japanese rights to **Summers at Castle Auburn** went to Shogakukan, via Ethan Ellenberg.

Russian rights to **Tales Before Tolkien**, edited by Douglas A. Anderson, went to Family Leisure Club via Del Rey.

French rights to **Tower of Shadows** by Drew Bowling went to City Editions via Del Rey.

German rights to Command & Conquer books one and two by Keith R.A. DeCandido went to Panini via Del Rey.

Hungarian rights to **Transformers** and **Transformers: Ghosts of Yesterday** by Alan Dean Foster sold to Gold Book, and via Del Rey.

German rights to **Mass Effect: Revelation** and a sequel by Drew Karpyshyn went to Panini via Del Rey.

Other Rights • Limited edition rights to **His Majesty's Dragon**, **Black Powder War**, **Throne of Jade**, and **Empire of Ivory** by Naomi Novik sold to Subterranean Press via Del Rey.

Limited edition rights to **Halting State** by Charles Stross went to Easton Press, and the SFBC bought book club rights, via Ace.

Allen Steele's **Spindrift** went to the SFBC as a featured alternate via Ace.

Wizards edited by Jack Dann and Gardner Dozois sold to the SFBC as a featured alternate.

The Sunrise Lands by S.M. Stirling went to the SFBC as a main selection.

Star Wars: Legacy of the Force: Inferno by Troy Denning went to the SFBC as a featured alternate via Del Rey.

P.C. Hodgell sold electronic rights to the God Stalker Chronicles to Toni Weisskopf at Baen via Jennifer Jackson of the Donald Maass Agency.

Electronic rights to several of A. Bertram Chandler's John Grimes books went to Toni Weisskopf at Baen via Joshua Bilmes.

Financial News • The US Census Bureau reported May bookstore sales of $1.10 billion, a drop of 4.3% over the previous year, and the fifth straight month of decline. Sales for the year were $6.20 billion, also down 4.3%. Retail sales overall were up 5.6% in May and up 4.1% year to date.

The Book Industry Study Group reports that children's book sales rose a disappointing 2.5% in 2006; a 5-6% increase is more typical. Hardcover unit sales were flat, although that was due largely to a surge in sales in 2005 caused by **Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince**. One researcher at the Institute for Publishing Research noted that children's books sales are volatile, driven by blockbuster hits; 2007 looks to be strong thanks to **Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows**, but no clear successor is waiting in the wings.

UK bookstore chain Waterstone's continues to struggle. Their full-year sales of £537.5 million were up 28%, but that includes revenue from the recently acquired Ottakar's chain. Same store sales were down 4.1%. Operating profits of £16 million were down 24% from the year before. The company blamed increasing competition from supermarket and online sales, and announced plans to increase the children's category, which has seen fewer sales moving to the Internet. The continuing consolidation of Waterstone's and Ottakar's will see about 10% of the current stores closing over the next few years. A new consolidation centre is planned to centralize and streamline their ordering process, but publishers expressed mixed feeling about the concept – and Waterstone's requests for greater discounts.

Publishers may pay a steep price to get optimum display space for their books this Christmas. Waterstone's fees were revealed in a *Times* of London report on "The Hidden Price of a Christmas Bestseller"; packages cost as much as £45,000 per title – their premium option, available for only six titles, with window and front-of-store displays and inclusion in national advertising. Prominent display space at the front of stores and at the cash registers is available for £25,000, with room for about 45 new titles. It costs £7,000 to get a book included on the Paperbacks of the Year list, while inclusion in Waterstone's Gift Guide (with a review) is available for a mere £500. Such fees have become standard at chains. A spokeswoman at WH Smith noted that their premium spaces are "oversubscribed, which suggests that publishers feel they are getting value for money." However, Anthony Cheetham, chairman of small publisher Quercus Books, commented, "It's not a system you can opt out of. If Smith's offer you one of these slots and you say no, their order doesn't go down from 1,000 copies to 500 copies. It goes down to 20 copies." Books selected for year's best lists won't appear on those lists unless they pay. The Borders book of the month is voted on by store employees, but a chosen book won't receive the accolade unless its publisher pays a fee.

Scholastic reported net income of $40.4 million for their fiscal fourth quarter ending May 31, 2007, up 5% over the previous year. Revenue for the quarter was $611.7 million, up 2%. For the year, they had revenues of $2.18 billion, a drop of 4.5%, with net income of $60.9 million, down 11%. The Children's Book Publishing division had sales for the year of $1.16 billion, down from $1.30 billion from the previous year, which included the publication of **Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince**. **Deathly Hallows** promises to have a similar influence in the new fiscal year, and Scholastic hopes to "ensure that Harry Potter remains a best-seller to generations of readers." One outside analyst estimated that Scholastic will continue to see sales of between $10 million to $15 million a year just from the backlist for Harry Potter.

Book Notes • Stephen King's 2002 collection **Everything's Eventual** returned to the bestseller lists in June thanks to the movie ***1408***, released June 22, based on the eponymous King story. There were already some 945,000 hardcover and 1.8 million mass-market copies in print; movie tie-in trade paperback and mass market editions added another 615,000 copies.

Irish author Michael Scott made the *Publishers Weekly* and *New York Times*' YA bestseller lists with **The Alchemyst**, a contemporary fantasy about the immortal Nicholas Flamel, and the first book in a series. The US edition had a 250,000 copy first printing. Foreign rights have been sold in 30 countries; New Line Pictures acquired rights to the series, with Mark Burnett slated as producer for the first film.

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⏮ The Data File

Publications Received • *The ASFA Quarterly*, Vol. 22 No. 1 (Spring 2007), journal of the Association of Science Fiction & Fantasy Artists, with news, articles, and reviews. US membership is $40 per year, $45 elsewhere. Information: Memberships, ASFA, PO Box 65011, Phoenix AZ 85082-5011; website: <www.asfa-art-org>.

Burroughs Bulletin, #70 (Spring 2007), quarterly publication of the Burroughs Bibliophiles, with articles on Edgar Rice Burroughs's life and works, plus letters and reviews. Information: George T. McWhorter, c/o The Burroughs Memorial Collection, University of Louisville Library, Louisville KY 40292; phone: (502) 852-8729; e-mail: <george.mcwhorter@louisville.edu>.

The Heinlein Society Newsletter, June 2007, with information on the Heinlein Society. Membership is $35 per year. Information: The Heinlein Society, PO Box 1254, Venice CA 90294-1254; e-mail: <membership@heinleinsociety.org>; website: <www.heinleinsociety.org>.

Mythprint, Vol. 44, Nos. 6-7 (June/July 2007), monthly bulletin of the Mythopoeic Society, with news, reviews, etc. Information: Edith Crowe, Corresponding Secretary, PO Box 6707, Altadena CA 91001; e-mail: <correspondence@mythsoc.org>; website: <www.mythsoc.org>.

SFRA Review, #280 (April/May/June 2007), newsletter of the Science Fiction Research Association, with SFRA news, reviews, etc. Information: SFRA Treasurer Donald M. Hassler, Dept. of English, PO Box 5190, Kent State University, Kent OH 44242-0001; e-mail: <extrap@kent.edu>; website: <www.sfra.org>.

The SFWA Bulletin, #173 (Spring 2007), quarterly journal of the SF & Fantasy Writers of America with articles, news, market reports, etc. Free to members; for others, $4.99 per issue, $18.00 per year. Write SFWA Bulletin, PO Box 10126, Rochester NY 14610; e-mail: <bulletin@sfwa.org>; website: <www.sfwa.org>.

*Star*Line*, 30/3 (May/June 2007), bimonthly journal of the Science Fiction Poetry Association, with poetry, news, reviews, market information, etc. Membership: $21 per year US, Mexico, and Canada, $25 elsewhere. Contact Helena Bell, SFPA Secretary/Treasurer, 1225 West Freeman St., Apt. 12, Carbondale IL 62901; e-mail: <sfpatreasurer@gmail.com>; website: <www.sfpoetry.com>. ■

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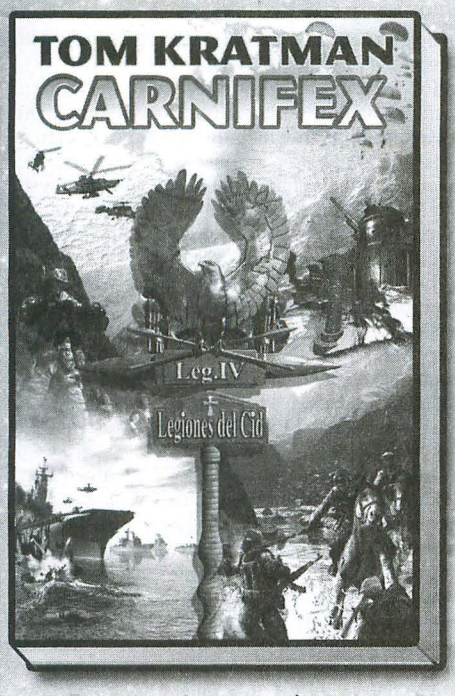

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Carerra. They thought him a weak infidel who would crumble when they slaughtered his family before his eyes. They were wrong. Now a jihad-crazed madman has gotten his hands on a nuke and plans to bring on a planetary Armageddon. Unfortunately for him, he is not the most ruthless monster on Terra Nova. That honor belongs to another – a leader with a will of cold steel and a heart of unyielding stone. Carerra.

The thrilling follow-up to *A Desert Called Peace*.

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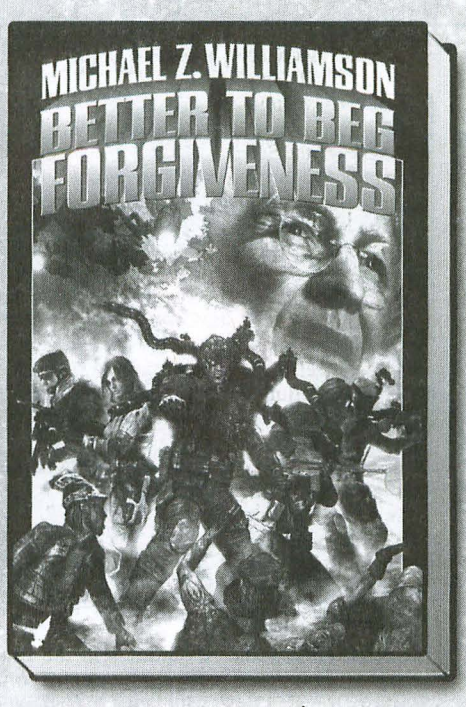

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The latest entry in the "Freehold" saga by Michael Z. Williamson.

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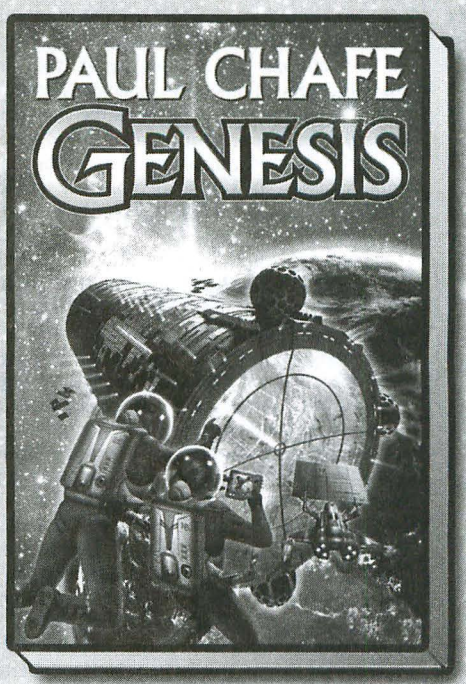

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It's desperate, dying humanity's only hope: a self-contained colony ship one hundred years in the making, launched on a ten thousand year voyage to carry civilization to the stars. But plans change. Mutiny happens. Can individual courage and loyalty hold together a ship full of contentious humans struggling for ultimate dominance and power?

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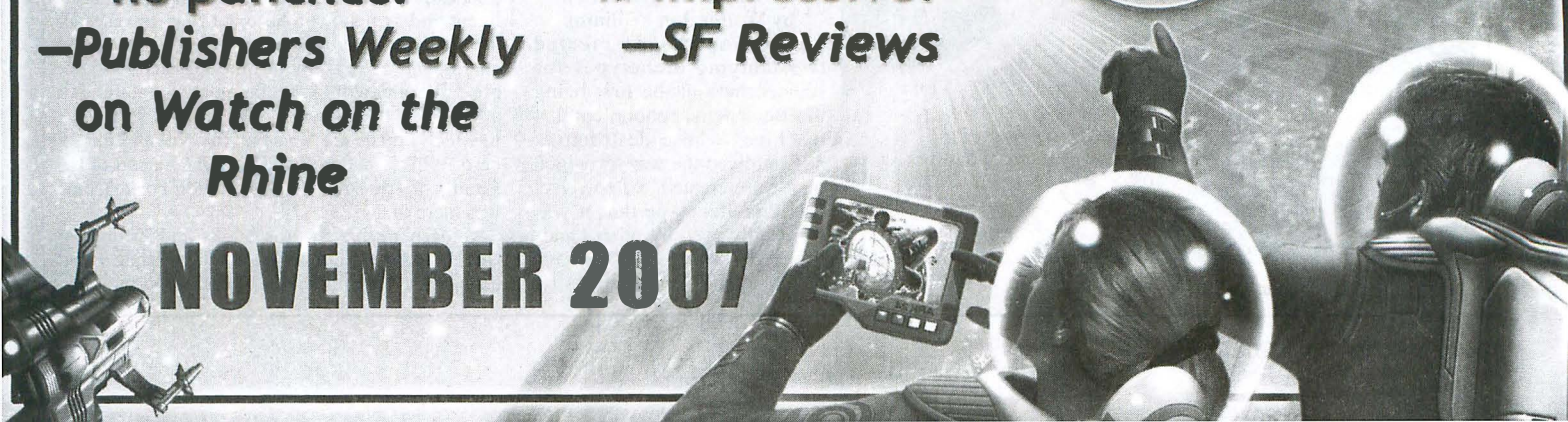


NOVEMBER 2007

Obituaries

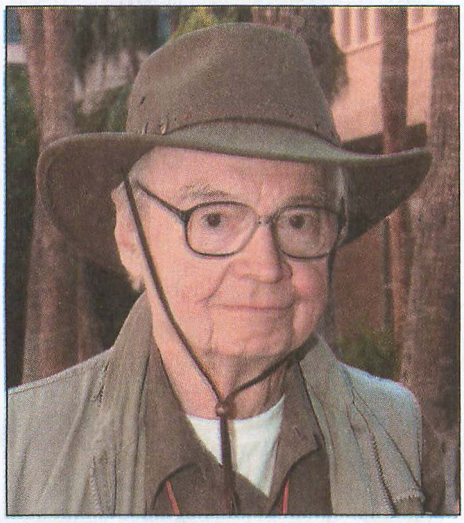
SF writer **FRED SABERHAGEN**, 77, died June 29, 2007 at home in Albuquerque NM following a long struggle with cancer. Saberhagen is best known for his Berserker SF series, about the war between humankind and spacefaring machines programmed to destroy all life. He also wrote various fantasy and vampire series, as well as a number of standalone books, totaling around 60 novels, seven collections, and about 60 short stories.

Saberhagen's first SF publication was "Volume PAA-PYX" in *Galaxy* (1961), and he published regularly from that point on. Important early stories include Nebula finalist "Masque of the Red Shift" (1965) and Hugo nominee "Mr. Jester" (1966). First novel **The Golden People** appeared in 1964, but Saberhagen first came to wide attention with the Berserker sequence, beginning with collection **Berserker** (1967), followed by **Brother Assassin** (1969; as **Brother Berserker** in the UK), **Berserker's Planet** (1975), **Berserker Man** (1979), collection **The Ultimate Enemy** (1979, including some stories from **Berserker**), **The Berserker Throne** (1985), **Berserker: Blue Death** (1985), collection **Berserker Lies** (1991), **Berserker Kill** (1993), **Berserker Fury** (1997), **Shiva in Steel** (1998), **Berserker's Star** (2003), **Berserker Prime** (2003), and **Rogue Berserker** (2005). Saberhagen also edited and contributed to shared-world anthology **Berserker Base** (1985). His SF duology about time traveler Pilgraim includes **Pyramids** (1987) and **After the Fact** (1988).

Saberhagen's best-known fantasies are set in a postholocaust world where magic has returned, beginning with the Empire of the East series: **The Broken Lands** (1968), **The Black Mountains** (1971), **Changeling Earth** (1973; as **Ardneh's World** 1988), and **Ardneh's Sword** (2006). His Swords trilogy is set in the same world and includes **The First Book of Swords** (1983), **The Second Book of Swords** (1983), and **The Third Book of Swords** (1984). He also wrote eight books in the related Lost Swords series from 1986 to 1995.

In 1998 he began a new fantasy series, The Book of the Gods, starting with **The Face of Apollo** (1998), with five more books through 2002.

Saberhagen's Dracula sequence began with **The Dracula Tape** (1975), a retelling of Bram Stoker's **Dracula** from the (now sympathetic) vampire's point of view. The series continues as Dracula survives and interacts with various literary and mythical figures, from Sherlock Holmes to Merlin. Other volumes are **The Holmes-Dracula File** (1978), **An Old Friend of the Family** (1979), **Thorn** (1980), **Dominion** (1982), **A Matter of Taste** (1990), **Séance for a Vampire** (1994), **A Sharpness on the Neck** (1996), and **A Coldness in the Blood** (2002). He also wrote the novelization of film ***Bram Stoker's Dracula*** (1992, with James V. Hart), and a novelization of Gene Roddenberry's series ***Earth: Final Conflict*** (2000).



Fred Saberhagen (2004)

Standalone novels include **The Water of Thought** (1965), **The Veils of Azlaroc** (1978), **Love Conquers All** (1979), **The Mask of the Sun** (1981), **Specimens** (1981), **Octagon** (1981), **A Century of Progress** (1983), **The Frankenstein Papers** (1986), **The White Bull** (1988), **A Question of Time** (1992), **Dancing Bears** (1995), and **Merlin's Bones** (1995). He collaborated with Roger Zelazny on **Coils** (1981) and **The Black Throne** (1990).

Saberhagen's story collections include **Earth Descended** (1981) and **Saberhagen: My Best** (1987). He edited anthologies **A Spadeful of Spacetime** (1981), **Pawn to Infinity** (1982, with wife Joan Saberhagen), and **Machines That Kill** (1984).

Frederick Thomas Saberhagen was born May 18, 1930 in Chicago. He joined the Air Force and served from 1951-55, then attended Wright Junior College in Chicago from 1956-57. He married Joan Dorothy Spicci in 1968. Saberhagen worked as an electronics technician for Motorola from 1956-62. He freelanced until 1967, then became assistant editor at the **Encyclopaedia Brittanica** until 1973, where he wrote the entry on SF, among many other articles. From then on he was a full-time writer. Beginning in the 1980s he worked on adapting his own works as computer games. He is survived by his wife, Joan; three children; and seven grandchildren. A memorial service will be held September 14, 2007 at 11 a.m. at the John XXIII Catholic Community, 4831 Tramway Ridge NE, Albuquerque NM.

Fred & Joan Saberhagen (1990)

FRED SABERHAGEN
by Walter Jon Williams

Fred Saberhagen created two undying archetypes for science fiction, the first being the Berserkers, robotic combat machines whose destructiveness outlived the war for which they were created. So powerful was this archetype that it was repeatedly used by other hands (the ***Star Trek*** episode "Doomsday Machine"), sometimes by people (***Alien vs. Berserker***) who had no idea with whom the concept originated.

Fred's second creation was that of the modern, rational vampire who tells his own story. **The Dracula Tape**, in which the eponymous vampire was given his own sardonic voice, was the first example of what turned out to be an enormously successful genre. Anne Rice and many others owe him a huge (and so far as I know unacknowledged) debt.

Fred's nonseries work show a highly individual imagination at work: **Octagon**, **A Century of Progress**, and **Love Conquers All** are not only very different works from the Berserker books, but each is so distinct that it's hard to believe they were all from the same hand. And **The Veils of Azlaroc** is so freaking strange that it's clearly a candidate for the Weirdest SF Novel of All Time.

In person, Fred was soft-spoken, but had a sly, understated sense of humor that I wish was more apparent in his fiction. During one of our first meetings, at a Halloween party, I found myself staring at his teeth with great unease. (He had commissioned a dentist to make him a set of highly realistic vampire fangs.) When he encountered a young, enthusiastic Dracula fan who said that meeting him made this the most important day of her life, Fred replied, "Fortunately you are young, and have many days ahead of you."

During his final illness, Fred woke one morning after having dreamed of chorizo eggs from a local restaurant. His family got him the eggs, which he enjoyed. The next morning, when asked what he'd like to eat, he replied, "I have had no prophetic dreams about breakfast this morning."

This was one of the few cases where his gift for prophetic dreaming failed him.

I'm going to miss him a lot.

–Walter Jon Williams

FRED WAS THERE FIRST
by L.E. Modesitt

Last week Fred Saberhagen died. I can't claim to have been a close friend, since Fred and I talked less than a dozen times over as many years, but he was always thoughtful, kind, and insightful, what anyone would have called, and many have, "a class act."

In thinking about Fred, however, I realized there is an important aspect of Fred's writing that's been mentioned in passing, but not really emphasized to the degree it merits. In more than a few areas of fiction, he was there first. All too often, the true innovators in writing get overlooked by those who do it later with greater fanfare, more brashness, and less talent and class, and, for this reason, I'd like to point out how much of a quiet pioneer Fred was.

Fred conceived of and began his Berserker books some 20 years before the Terminator was even a gleam in James Cameron's eyes, and "popular culture" tends to credit the Terminator as the first violently antihuman cybernetic intelligence. But... Fred was there first.

Fred's use of Vlad Dracula – historically depicted as one of the great semimythic villains – as an intelligent and sympathetic hero not only predates all the other vampire books, but does so with wit and charm, and, to my way of thinking, his books are not only better written, but far more thoughtful. Just a few years later, I wrote **The Fires of Paratime**, in which I made the Norse mythic villain Loki the hero. While I had not yet read **Old Friend of the Family** or **The Dracula Tape**, it didn't matter. Fred was there first.

Underlying his Swords books and **Empire of the East** is the premise that atomic warfare would change the very principles of the world on which

we live – in a way an overlooked use of a metaphor that has come to pass. In this, and in his use of technology, myth, and modern techno-metaphor... Fred was there first.

–L.E. Modesitt, Jr.

Author, editor, and artist **STERLING E. LANIER**, 79, died June 28, 2007 in Sarasota FL. Lanier was the managing editor at Chilton Books – which mostly published automotive manuals – in the '60s, and he expended great effort to convince the company to publish Frank Herbert's **Dune**, which had been rejected by every other publisher who saw it. Mostly to humor Lanier, Chilton acquired **Dune** and published about 2,000 copies. When the novel became a bestseller, Chilton reaped great financial rewards, because it owned half the copyright. Years later Chilton sold its half of the copyright to Ace for one million dollars, losing out on millions in potential income. Lanier also encouraged Chilton to publish **The Witches of Karres** by James H. Schmitz (1966), along with other SF titles.

Sterling E. Lanier (1984)

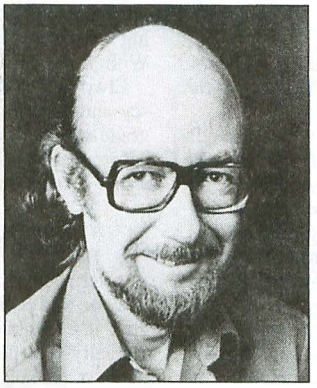
Lanier's own SF writing career began with "Join Our Gang?" in *Astounding* (1961). Most of his short work is in the Brigadier Ffellowes series of fantasy club stories, the majority of which appeared in *F&SF*, and which were collected in **The Peculiar Exploits of Brigadier Ffellowes** (1972) and **The Curious Quest of Brigadier Ffellowes** (1986). His first novel was for children, **The War for the Lot** (1969), but his most important work is postholocaust novel **Hiero's Journey** (1973) and sequel **The Unforsaken Hiero** (1983). Later book **Menace under Marswood** (1983) is set on Mars. Lanier was also an accomplished sculptor, known for his renderings of characters and creatures from Tolkien's **The Lord of the Rings**.

Sterling E. Lanier, A.E. van Vogt (1973)

Sterling Edmund Lanier was born December 18, 1927 in New York. He attended Harvard, graduating in 1951, and did graduate work in anthropology and archaeology at the University of Pennsylvania from 1953-58. From 1958-60 he was a research historian at the Winterthur Museum. He served in both the Marines and the Army during WWII and the Korean War before becoming an editor for the John C. Winston Company and Macrae-Smith, finally settling at Chilton from 1961-67. From then on he was a full-time writer, sculptor, and jeweler. He married twice, to Marta Hanna Pelton in 1961 (divorced 1978) and to Ann Miller McGregor in 1979. He is survived by his wife, a son, a daughter, and three grandchildren.

Author **DOUGLAS [ARTHUR] HILL**, 72, was run over by a bus in a pedestrian crossing on June 21, 2007 in North London. He was pronounced dead at the scene.

Hill was the author of nearly 70 books, mostly SF for teens and children, and was also an editor and non-fiction author. His earliest works of genre interest were non-fiction **The Supernatural** (1965, with Pat Williams) and **Magic and Superstition** (1968). He edited SF anthologies including **Window on the Future** (1966) and **Way of the Werewolf** (1966) and was an associate editor for *New Worlds* from 1967-68. His first SF for children was **Coyote the Trickster** (1975, with Gail Robinson), and he went on to write various SF and fantasy series, notably the Last Legionary novels beginning with **Galactic Warlord** (1979); the Huntsman series beginning with **The Huntsman** (1982); the ColSec sequence, starting with **Exiles of ColSec** (1984); the Talents fantasy series beginning with **Blade of the Poisoner** (1986); and the Cade trilogy beginning with **Galaxy's Edge** (1996). His Del Curb space opera series, **The Fraxilly Fracas** (1989) and sequel **The Colloghi Conspiracy** (1990), was written for adults, as was the Apotheosis fantasy series, which begins with **The Lightless Dome** (1993). He also wrote numerous standalone novels. His YA Demon Stalkers trilogy is forthcoming.



Douglas Hill (1985)

Hill was born April 6, 1935 in Brandon, Manitoba, Canada. He grew up in Saskatchewan and attended the University of Saskatchewan and the University of Toronto. Hill married Gail Robinson in 1958, and they had one son (the marriage was dissolved in 1978). Hill relocated to the United Kingdom in 1959 to become a freelance writer, and he was also literary editor of the socialist weekly paper *Tribune* from 1971-84.

Irish author **PAT O'SHEA**, 76, died May 3, 2007 in Manchester, England. O'Shea is best known for her outstanding YA fantasy **The Hounds of the Morrigan** (1985) and also wrote **Finn MacCool and the Small Men of Deeds** (1987). O'Shea was born Catherine Patricia Shiels on January 22, 1931 in Galway Ireland and was educated at the Presentation Convent and the Convent of Mercy, graduating in 1947. She moved to England in 1947 and married J.J. O'Shea in 1953 (though they separated in 1962) and had one son. She settled in Manchester, where she wrote for the theater and for television without much success. In the early '70s she began writing short stories and poems to amuse herself, eventually writing **The Hounds of the Morrigan** over the course of about 13 years. Once published, it became a bestseller.

Romance author **RONDA THOMPSON**, 51, died of cancer July 11, 2007 in Amarillo TX. Thompson wrote romances, including paranormal romance, notably the Regency werewolf series Wild Wulfs of London: **A Wulf's Curse** (2003), **The Dark One** (2005), **The Untamed One** (2006), and **The Cursed One** (2006). Other paranormal works include the Werewolf duology – **After Twilight** (2001) and **Call of the Moon** (2002) – and the forthcoming **Confessions of a Werewolf Supermodel**. She also wrote historical romances with Regency, Western, and Native American settings.

Ronda L. Widener was born October 14, 1955 in Ponca City OK. She moved to Amarillo with her family in 1963, graduating from Amarillo High School in 1963. She sold first novel **Isn't It Romantic** in 1996 and published regularly from then on. She is survived by her husband, Mike (married 1984), a son, a daughter, and a stepdaughter.

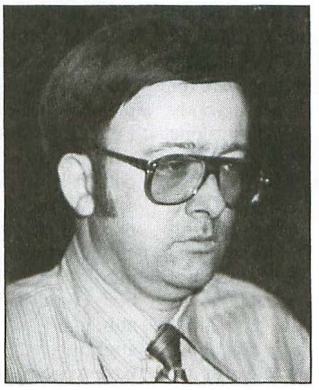
Anthologist **ROGER [PAUL] ELWOOD**, 64, died of cancer February 2, 2007 in Norfolk VA.

Elwood edited more than 80 original SF anthologies, most appearing in the '70s, and coedited several other original and reprint anthologies, beginning with **Alien Worlds** (1964, with Sam Moskowitz). At one point, Elwood's anthologies accounted for about a quarter of the total market for short SF. Many blame Elwood's overproduction for the collapse of the once-lucrative anthology market. Between 1972 and 1977 Elwood edited 55 SF anthologies – most mediocre at best – with more than 20 different publishers, and the resulting glut on the market led to disappointing sales for all the titles. As a result, anthologies remain a difficult sell for publishers to this day.

The quality of Elwood's anthologies was highly variable, with most containing a few worthy stories and a lot of filler material, though his 1976 anthology **Epoch** (with Robert Silverberg) won a Locus Award, and his Continuum series (1974) also published consistently high-quality work.

Elwood's Christian religious convictions led him to put restrictions on content, and he didn't allow profanity or "graphic" sex, though he once commented, "Sometimes I accepted sex in the area of homosexuality, but only if the ultimate effect was to condemn. After all, you can't preach against it if you cannot show how evil it is."

In 1975 Elwood founded the Laser Books imprint for romance publisher Harlequin, with the idea that it should be possible to package and sell SF in the same way romances were sold, with strict guidelines on length and content. Laser Books closed after two years due to disappointing sales, but from 1975-77 Elwood published 58 books, including first novels by Tim Powers and K.W. Jeter, all with original covers by Frank Kelly Freas. Many authors objected to their treatment at Laser, which sometimes included unauthorized rewrites. Piers Anthony's novel **But What of Earth?** (1976) was revised extensively by Robert Coulson, whose name appeared on the cover as co-author, without Anthony's permission. Elwood also edited SF lines for publishers including Pyramid, Bobbs-Merrill, and ⏭



Roger Elwood (1983)

Pinnacle. He founded an SF magazine, *Odyssey*, which did not last long, and also edited *Starstream Comics* (1976).

In 1977 Elwood left the SF world to become editor for short-lived religion magazine *Inspiration*. He made many critical remarks about science fiction writers and readers after leaving the field, saying, "It's a field which attracts rebels and drug addicts, and they tend to lose themselves in another world literally.... I would tell myself, 'Here I am, a Christian, but I am involved in a field which makes me feel as if I am being compromised as a Christian.'"

Elwood wrote many "inspirational" novels, some with SF and fantasy content, including the long-running Angelwalk series that began with **Angelwalk** (1988); the Bartlett Brothers duology **Disaster Island** (1992) and **Nightmare at Skull Junction** (1992); and at least 30 more books, including standalones and those in the Oss Chronicles and Without the Dawn series.

Elwood was born January 13, 1943 in New Jersey and began to work in publishing shortly after graduating high school, editing wrestling magazines before getting into the SF field. In later years he was writer-in-residenc at a Bible college.

ROGER ELWOOD
by Tim Powers

After a San Francisco convention in 1975, Roger Elwood told K.W. Jeter, "Powers seems like a nice guy; it's too bad he smokes dope all the time." Actually I would have been smoking either Amphora or Balkan Sobranie tobacco, but I'm glad he thought I was a nice guy. He could be a high-handed editor – he insisted that I be "Timothy" rather than "Tim" on my two Laser books, for instance – but he was the optimistic first publisher of a lot of us, and I'll always be grateful to him for that.

–Tim Powers

Agent **PERRY H. KNOWLTON**, 80, died July 6, 2007 of complications from Alzheimer's. After serving in WWII, Knowlton worked in regional sales at Scribner's, later becoming an editor there. In 1959 he joined the Curtis Brown literary agency, rising to the position of chairman and CEO. During his long career he represented W.H. Auden, C.S. Lewis, A.A. Milne, Frank M. Robinson, C.J. Cherryh, Diana Gabaldon, and many others. Besides his literary pursuits, Knowlton was an occasional actor and model, posing as one of the original "Marlboro Men." A noted philanthropist, Knowlton was active in the Sierra Club and Friends of the Earth. He is survived by his son Timothy Knowlton, current president of Curtis Brown. ■

Editorial Matters

I usually hate birthdays, but it's been fun turning 70 — with three parties! Seattle was a great warm-up for the main affair in Oakland, and Readercon a great long tail. We're covering Seattle and Readercon parties in their respective reports, but the main party, oh, the main party! For the first time in my life, I wasn't worried about a party. I did no thinking, and no preparation. It was just like being seven again. Groveling thanks to Amelia, Liza, Kirsten, and the rest of the staff, who did the work and let me follow the Woody Allen dictum: I showed up. There was champagne, cakes, drinks, people. Ed Bryant and Karen Burnham each flew into town, Mikey Roessner & Richard Herman drove up from Tehachapi, and Cecelia Holland drove down from Fortuna. Bob Silverberg and Dick Lupoff, both 72, made sure I wasn't the oldest person there (I met Bob in 1953 and Dick in 1960, so they also furnished old fart continuity). Other attendees included Karen Haber, Nancy Farmer, Pat Lupoff, Terry Bisson & Judy Jensen, Paul Park (visiting from Massachusetts), Peter Beagle, Lizzie Lynn (fully recovered from her recent heart attack), Night Shade's Jason Williams, Cordelia Willis (with fun ***CSI***-type stories), Vivian Perry, and *Locus* folk Tim Pratt & Heather Shaw (next up to have a baby), Liza & Matt Trombi, Kyra Paige Trombi, Carolyn Cushman, Kirsten Gong-Wong & AAron Buchanan, Teddy Buchanan, Carol Buchanan (that's three generations of Buchanans), Francesca Myman (our newest employee), and Amelia Beamer & Mars Jokela.

Teddy, who is usually the youngest person at the party, is now seven, and had to give way to Kyra, who was only seven days old, and of course was the star, with everybody billing and cooing over her, triggered by their hardwired maternal and paternal instincts. Teddy was a great hostess, carrying snacks around and showing everyone how all the various toys worked. The house was redecorated with all of the toys I've gotten over 20 years — windups, tin toys, creepy crawly things, an inflatable disco ball, life-size inflatable "scream" figure, etc. I usually don't like to have birthdays because I don't care for the bright attention, and shudder when everybody wishes me many, many more. Let's take things one year at a time.

I'm also a hard person to give presents to, and ask the staff not to get me anything. Fortunately, they're bad at following orders and keep me delighted with silly toys and sometimes surprises. The surprise this year was a belly dancer who writhed wonderfully around me for a half hour. I didn't touch, but it was close. I wanted to keep her, but alas the staff said it was only a loan. She interrupted a ***Buffy*** singalong conducted by Cordelia Willis, but it was worth it.

Carol Buchanan and I share a birthdate (but not year!) as well as initials. We had separate cakes and separate off-key birthday songs. Other fascinating presents included a 1950s Navajo frog sculpture, which now sits atop my desk with Post-Its in its generous mouth, a collection of Hieronymus Bosch figures from *The Last Judgment*, a special rosewood pen and case engraved "Charles N. Brown – Guru", a handmade bowl with initials CB on bottom so someday I can claim I made it, an Ethel Merman CD I didn't know existed, a Shmoo, a new coffee pot from (and for) the staff, and various books (worse than coals to Newcastle since I can't burn them). The final present arrived in mid-July from the Kansas City *Locus* office and had a side of Kobe ribs cooked Kansas City style with all the fixin's. It was still frozen, and will be consumed soon. Teddy loved the dry ice.

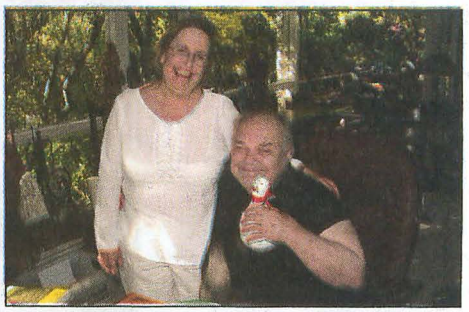
EARTHQUAKE!

There was a 4.2 magnitude earthquake with its epicenter almost under the house early this morning. It can be exciting living practically on top of the Hayward fault. I was up before 0500 (earthquake at 0450) looking for damage. There were some art pieces and tchotchkes scattered around, but most undamaged until I got to the kitchen. There was broken crockery everywhere. Plates and coffee cups seemed to have leaped out of the cupboard and flown across the room before committing suicide on the hardwood floor. What was I to do? Easy. I went back to sleep and let the staff clean it up in the morning. Yes, I *still* love California even though it can be a moving experience.

GARDNER & ME

Usually, when I feel down physically and am depressed, I call Ed Bryant and we play one downsmanship. I'm always more cheerful afterwards. This time, it was even easier, I could call Gardner Dozois, who was still in hospital. Gardner had quintuple bypass surgery on July 5, and was recovering nicely when he code blued a week later. I went into hospital July 13 for removal of a cholesteatoma between my middle ear and brain. According to the surgeon, the mastoid was gone completely and he could look at the pulsing brain, so I guess I still have one. Special thanks to Amelia, who stayed with me throughout. She was the last person I saw before the general anesthesia (more scary to me than the actual surgery) and the first person I saw when I sort of woke up. I had some complications and a minor scare two days later, but didn't have to be readmitted. Medication and diet both cured it. I'm mostly recovered a week later, although I still have no strength, am still bleeding slightly, sleep a lot, and need strong pain pills. I have to go back in three months for more surgery, and maybe middle-ear reconstruction.

So I called Gardner.



Carol Buchanan, Charles N. Brown

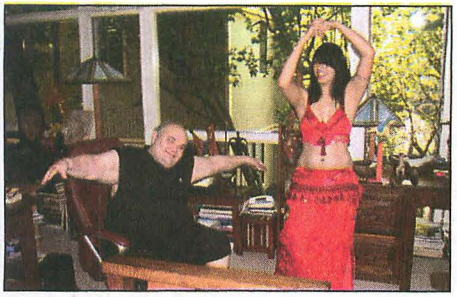
I got his son Chris, who put Gardner on as soon as he finished using his breathing exercise machine. He says he died and was resuscitated, or maybe he said resurrected. It was that sort of conversation. They operated a second time, checked out his carburetor, and put a new regulator in. Apparently, they also misplaced his pants after his heart stopped. I wonder how Gardner will deal with with *that* in future descriptions. Gardner's 60th birthday was the next day. I hope it was OK. We talked medication, bodily functions and those other things old guys are obsessed with. I felt much better afterward.

READERCON

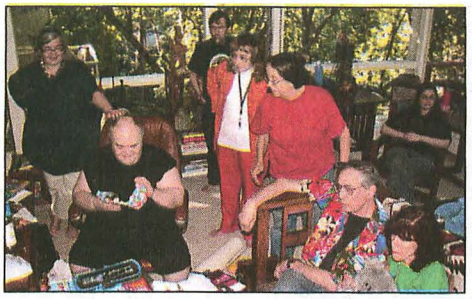
Readercon was enjoyable, as usual. Oddly enough, the two conventions I have the most fun at, are the two with the most serious programs – ICFA and Readercon. I tend to hang out with the same group at both – Gary Wolfe, John Clute, Graham Sleight, Liz Hand, Amelia, plus a larger group which makes one or the other, Barry Malzberg, Peter Straub, Russell Letson, John Kessel, Karen Burnham, etc. All are intensely interested in SF; what makes it tick, why it's important, its history, etc. We all share a basic canon which we constantly add or subtract books from.

For me, this was *the* Heinlein Centennial. Although the official one was being held in Kansas City, it was important to me that *Locus* organize its own, and Readercon was the perfect venue to do part of it since the three critics I respect most would be there. I offered to do part of it as a Readercon program item and the convention accepted. We did the first 50 minutes with an audience, then adjourned until the next day for several hours of private taping. The results are here in this issue, thanks to Amelia for speed transcribing and the first editing in only two days, Liza for the second edit, Tim for the third, and then to me, Gary, John, and Graham for final comments, corrections, and reorganization of some thoughts. I think it's a pretty balanced view of both the virtues and faults of this important writer.

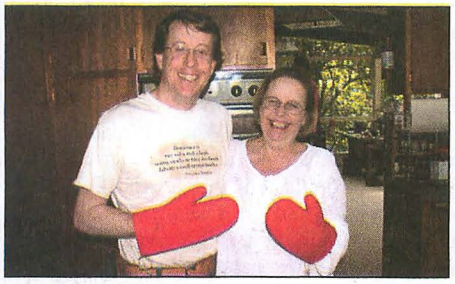
This is the second time we've done a critical round-table (the first one, on horror, was in the May 2007 issue). What should we do next?



Charles N. Brown and Yessenia Martinez



Charles opens presents



AAron Buchanan, Carol Buchanan put on the gloves

Carolyn Cushman, Kyra Paige Trombi, Theodora Buchanan

Karen Burnham, Jason Williams, Heather Shaw & Tim Pratt

Edward Bryant, Cordelia Willis, Cecelia Holland

My third birthday party took place on 7/7/07 – so I shared it with Heinlein. The convention furnished us with a suite and a cake, while Amelia got a second cake: chocolate for Bob, and white for me. It was a successful affair, and I have no idea who was there. I'll have to wait until next issue to see the photos. I do remember Michael Swanwick calling me the Pope, and offering to kiss my ring – until he discovered it was a toe-ring. Thanks to Eric Van and Diane Martin for help with arrangements. Watch for photo reports next issue on Readercon and the Heinlein Centennial.

Readercon staff helped wrangle us great rooms – a large corner king for me, plus the two connecting doubles for Gary and Amelia respectively, and I realized that an old con-goer in possession of a large room is in need of a party. I'm not much of a party-goer so I was able to keep it to a handful each night with decent conversations. We had several refrigerators filled with wine, beer, some soft drinks, and some munchies (I learned from Dave Hartwell to limit the choices, so they're not more interesting than the conversation). We also were able to do five interviews: Lucius Shepard, Maureen F. McHugh, Theodora Goss, Peter Watts, and Catherynne M. Valente. They should start appearing in four to six months.

There were interesting meals with interesting people, and fascinating program events, most with too many people on them. John Crowley should appear with one other person or possibly two. Any more is just sound bites. Same with Barry Malzberg.

Most "interesting" dinner was at Finz. We had Kelly Link & Gavin Grant, Gary Wolfe, and Graham Sleight. After we'd driven the half hour to Salem, the hostess told us that they couldn't find our reservation, and the wait would be an hour and a half. We went outside to sit and chat (and worry), while Amelia dealt with it. She came outside a few minutes later, saying, "They'll seat us now." I don't know how she did it.

VISITORS

The week around my non-surprise birthday party was crowded. Beth Gwinn, in town for the Weisman/Elson wedding (she was the official photographer) came by for a few days. It was like the old times, since we've been spending time together for over 20 years. Among other things, we watched a half-dozen episodes of ***The Avengers***. Diana Rigg episodes, of course. She took us all to the airport for Readercon before flying off for a stop at home in Nashville and then on to the Heinlein Centennial in Kansas City, where she had been invited as photographer.

Jay Lake, here as MC of Westercon, came by with Daniel Spector & Kelly Buehler, his book designers who live and do books from Thailand. They were awed by the middle-level tour of *Locus*land (the full tour takes several days) and we were fascinated by their stories of living and working in Thailand. They moved there on a whim. Jay also had wonderful stories about growing up in the Far East and Africa. I was culling my Aloha shirt collection and Jay went wild! I think they went for a good cause and will enjoy their new owner/vehicle.

It was also the end of the opera season, and I celebrated with performances of Mozart's ***Don Giovanni*** with Cecelia Holland, who I seem to have turned into a serious opera fan, and Strauss's ***Der Rosenkavalier*** and Gluck's ***Iphigenie en Tauride***, both with Vivan Perry, my usual opera companion. All were excellent. I'd never seen the Gluck before, and was surprised how easily and fully Greek tragedy translates into opera. Almost as easily as Shakespeare, whose plays all make great opera. The structures of opera and fantasy are strikingly similar. Have there been any interesting papers on this?

COMPLAINTS

These aren't your complaints, they're mine!

The John W. Campbell Award suprises me as it retreats further into the past. The last half-dozen winners are so retro it reminds me of the Worlds of Tomorrow of Disneyland, which instead of being revamped for the future retreated to the world of 1939. **Titan** by Ben Bova is a minor book in all senses. In fact, most of the books on the long list are preferable to the Bova. Maybe there should be term limits on all the judges.

The Cordwainer Smith Rediscovery Award winner Daniel Galouye is not only obscure, I think he's justifiably obscure. Only **Dark Universe** (1961) is of any interest, and even it has only a novel setting. The writing is still pulp with cardboard character. The rest of his output is minor. I was under the impression the award was for an *important* underrated or obscure writer such as C.M. Kornbluth, or John Taine or A. Merritt, who is not read today, but strongly affected the field.

Of course, it's easy to complain about awards in retrospect. I've been a judge enough times to know how strange the final results can be.

HEINLEIN REDUX

Why are we doing a separate Heinlein Centennial issue when there is a special Heinlein Centennial convention, a Heinlein society, and other Heinleiners keeping his name alive?

Because most, if not all the others are more interested in Heinlein's ideas and philosophy than in how he changed the structure of science fiction writing. This special issue concentrates on that structure. Even the various letters and appreciations are mostly about Heinlein as a fiction writer. Both the review section and the roundtable emphasize this. I couldn't, however, miss getting in a decade by decade photo spread.

I loved Heinlein, but it was the writing that did it. I identified with nearly all the leading characters – even Podkayne! I also loved the man for his warmth and interest in everything. We had so many areas of agreement, the others moved into the background. This issue is really my love letter to him.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

We're still playing around with sub rates, etc. We won't actually know what the new periodical rate will be until we mail the September issue, since the rate rise is so complex, it can't be figured without special software.

Meanwhile, we've had some bumps with overseas airmail. We've been using DHL packaging and subsidizing every copy by quite a bit. It's too much with the sudden influx of former sea mail subs now switched to airmail. Instead of raising the airmail rates, we switched to Air Speed, which is about a week longer than our former mailing option. Air Speed sends the issue airmail in special packages, and then puts them at the mercy of the local postal authorities. The most recent issue went out late overseas because of the switchover, but we hope things will speed up with this one. We've had a few cancellations from both sea mail and airmail subscribers, but most have been very understanding, even with slightly slower service.

NEXT ISSUE

September will be a forthcoming book issue, and Carolyn is already girding herself in the basement. Our planned interviews are Guy Gavriel Kay and Ysabeau Wilce. Alas, it will be out before the Worldcon, so the Hugo results won't be available. Watch Locus Online for them.

Several *Locus*ites (but not me) are off to Comic-Con this week, and somebody from here will probably cover the Writers of the Future. Otherwise, its World Fantasy, which many of us plan to attend. *¡Hasta la vista!*

–C.N.Brown ■

Continued from page 9

People may say it's boring when you have a 51-6 Superbowl, but it's not (as long as you're not the losing team). We like to win, and win big. We like underdogs who *then* win big.

"The nice thing about fiction is that it's manageable. You can tell the story, and you can have the ending you want. The real world is messy, and it makes a mockery of your scripted endings. The president's 'Mission accomplished!' line is a perfect example of that. The mission *wasn't* accomplished. It's almost like they said, 'OK, here's where the story ends,' when in fact there were endless installments. Fiction has manageable expectations. You have your story, your end result, and everybody walks away, whether the happy ending is 'objective achieved' or 'hero gets promoted' or whatever. Real life isn't like that. Military fiction gives us the idea that these things are doable and not as messy as they are in reality. There's no closure in real life. Fiction has a set goal and a set time (length) in which to do it. I have, contractually, one hundred thousand words to write a story, and I have to get everything done in that hundred thousand words. Real life takes millions and millions of words (seconds), and it doesn't follow the whims of an author.

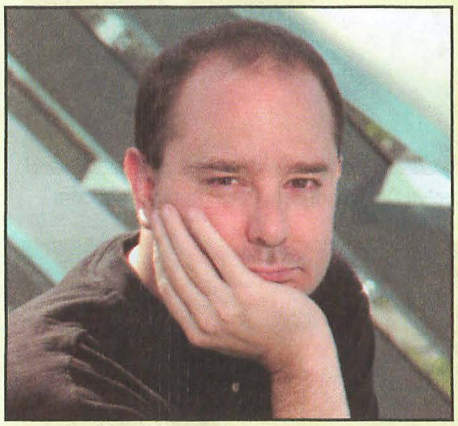
"But **Old Man's War** and **The Ghost Brigades** aren't actually about war; they're about people and the journeys those people take. I tell their stories in the context of action and excitement and explosions, people getting stabbed, guns firing, and stuff like that, because all those things are fun, and war is an interesting crucible of character. But they're fundamentally about the people, and that's one reason readers connect with them.

"The third book in the series is **The Last Colony**. I've done the regular military, I've done the Special Forces military, and this book is about running a colony: a sort of unusual colony, because instead of colonists coming from Earth, it's getting them from the other colonized worlds, and this is the first time that's been done. As it turns out, the colony is really bait for a large agglomeration of alien races that want to keep humans out. The humans are trying to force the point, to provoke a confrontation with the aliens. My characters John and Jane (from the earlier books) have to figure out what's actually happening, because if they don't, they're going to be dead. It's a series of rugs being pulled out from under the characters and the readers. You have a theory of the way the universe works that seems reasonable, and then a chapter or so later you have a *new* theory....

"The book also explores more about the government of the Colonial Union. Humans are at war, and in wartime you have to make some concessions regarding how you expect your government to run. But is the universe truly hostile, or is it hostile because that's the reaction to humanity? Frankly, what it comes down to is 'Are we getting the government we deserve?' While there's some relevance to the real world, there's no direct analogy to what's going on in America.

"When **Old Man's War** came out, somebody said, 'This is a book that could only have been written after 9/11.' The funny thing is, it was almost all written *before* 9/11. You can read **Ghost Brigades** with the same question: 'Is this a commentary on our government?' And **The Last Colony** explicitly asks, 'Can you trust our government?' But if you want your story to have resonance beyond the current moment, you have to make sure it's not merely a commentary on your time but is about something larger.

"In **The Android's Dream**, the world government is the American government, almost by an accident of history. The aliens



"A book is an operating system. You set up a stage and give the reader some particular details and instructions in the world; how they *use* that operating system about the world is pretty much up to them. I don't write a lot of description because I find it boring and also because I don't think it's necessary."

find us and say, 'You guys look like you know what you're doing, so we're going to deal with *you*.' Every other government in the world hates it, but because we have our fingers in enough pies, by default the United States becomes the world government. That's only lightly touched on in the book but certainly would be worth exploring later, if it becomes a series.

"Imagining the rise of other powers is a little bit of wish fulfillment. A lot of the intelligentsia have become concerned that America has gotten too damn big for its britches. Part of that is exacerbated by the current administration, because it doesn't listen, it's headstrong and willful. Basically, it's an administration run by foot-stomping five-year-olds. A lot of people feel that America is a threat, and they want to build a future that responds to that threat.

"But the American system is marvelously self-correcting. There *are* aspects of this current era that are worrisome and original and extremely problematic, particularly the abdication of human rights. We ought not be complacent about any of these concerns, but Americans typically are not complacent about this sort of thing. Here's a prediction: After this administration, unless the next one is the Caligula to its Tiberius, we're going to see the pendulum swinging back. Generally speaking, the American philosophy and ethos are good, and I wouldn't mind their surviving for the next two or three hundred years.

"In SF, there's the American can-do 'We will find a way to engineer our way out of these problems' vs. the Moorcockian/New Wave European 'Nature red in tooth and claw,' where we are just another animal. It's definitely a national schism, because Americans have invested so much of their perception in the idea that we are competent can-do people who are going to set the world right. Are we going to see the same sort of narrative arc for the American Age as for the British one?

"In both **Old Man's War** and **Android's Dream**, humans are not necessarily at the top of the food chain. In **War** they are in a fight for their survival, and in **Dream** they're as Burkina Faso is in the UN of *this* world to the sort of galactic UN there, and it galls them: 'Dammit, we should be at the big kids' table!' So it's the American character, in a universe with a more British sensibility. The main character is an archetypal Competent Man of the Heinlein/Campbellian type, but the universe continues to kick his ass anyway.

"A book is an operating system. You set up a stage and give the reader some particular details and instructions in the world; how they *use* that operating system about the world is pretty much up to them. I don't write a lot of description because I find it boring, and also because I don't think it's necessary. In **Android's Dream** I have a character named Sam, and you never find out what Sam's sex is. It works either way, but it's interesting to see what the reader *thinks* it is.

"There are lots of places where you can leave the world uncolored and give people a box of crayons and say, 'Color in the world.' If you believe a book is a dialogue between the author and the reader, you want them to participate in building up that universe; you want to give them *permission* to do it. One of the reasons books are so damned thick these days is that everything has to be explained. But it's more fun to speculate, to engage your brain. There are two reasons for leaving parts of the universe a bit sketchy: one is possibly because you can follow it up in a sequel, and the other is that it's fun to engage the reader.

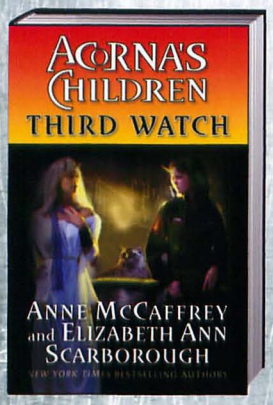
"The science fiction audience is a smart and interesting audience, so their input is useful. On the very first page of **Ghost Brigades**, I say something's in a parabolic orbit, and I've been getting e-mails saying, 'No! That's not parabolic.' Hopefully, the paperback edition will just say 'orbit' instead. SF has such a great dialogue with its readers, it's Talmudic. They've got the scrolls, and they're arguing with God: me or other writers. It's aggravating sometimes, when you're caught in a stupidity, but they care, and it's essential that they feel their contract with the author is one of communication. The author-reader relationship is not exactly one-to-one, but it's pretty damned close."

—John Scalzi

Eos Books—The Next Chapter

Acorna's Children: Third Watch

Anne McCaffrey and Elizabeth A. Scarborough



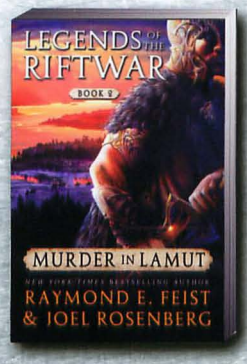
"Combining colorful characterizations, lots of fast-paced action, and a decided sense of menance...this is entertaining fare indeed."

—*Booklist*

Murder in LaMut

Legends of the Riftwar: Book II

Raymond E. Feist & Joel Rosenberg



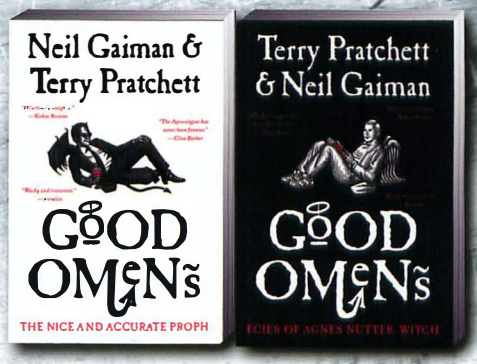
"Feist is without question one of the very best writers of fantasy adventure practicing today."

—*Science Fiction Chronicle*

Good Omens

The Nice and Accurate Prophecies of Agnes Nutter, Witch

Neil Gaiman & Terry Pratchett



"Reads like the Book of Revelation, rewritten by Monty Python."

—*San Francisco Chronicle*

"The Apocalypse has never been funnier."

—Clive Barker

HARPER

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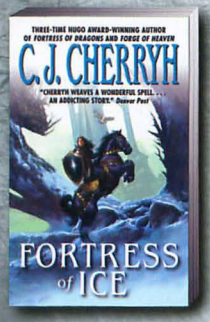
Fortress of Ice

C. J. Cherryh

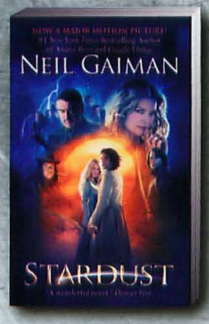


"Elegant and moody writing builds a taut atmosphere of omens and prophecies fulfilled, and ably evokes a magic of will and wishes and light."

—*Locus*

Stardust

Neil Gaiman

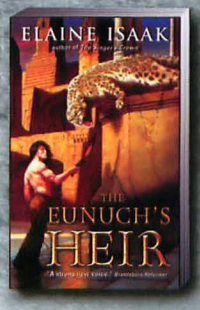


"A twisting, wondrous tale full of magic that only Neil Gaiman could have written."

—*Chicago Tribune*

The Eunuch's Heir

Elaine Isaak



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—*Library Journal*

HARPER

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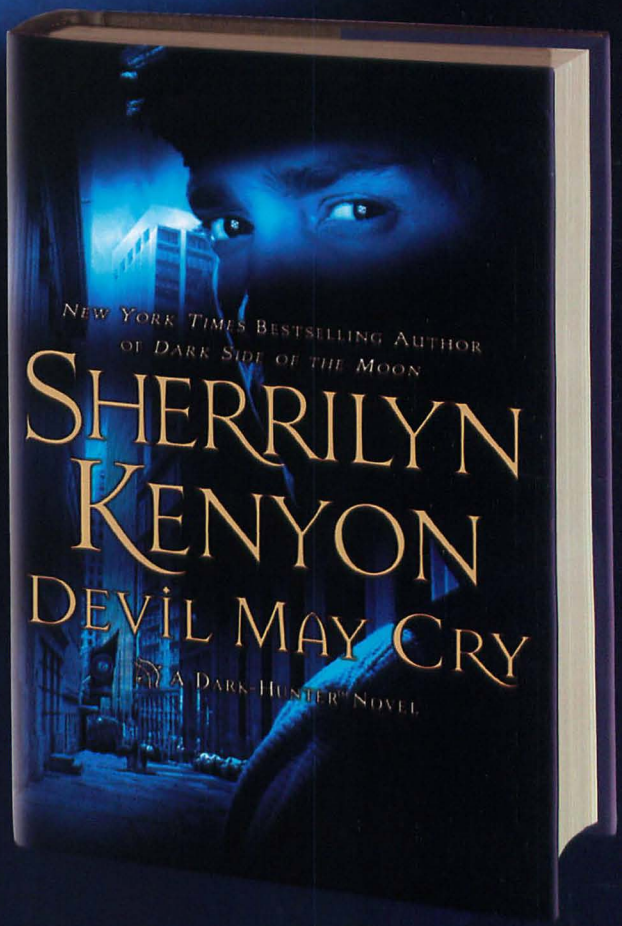

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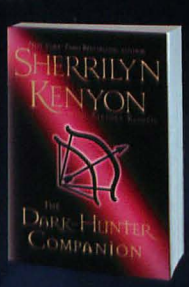

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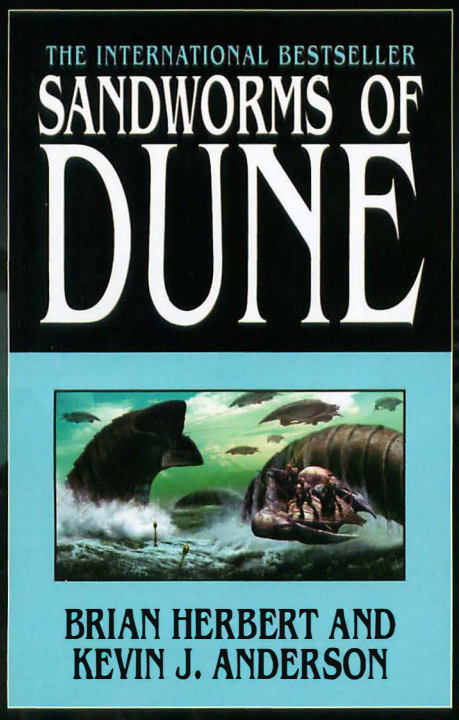

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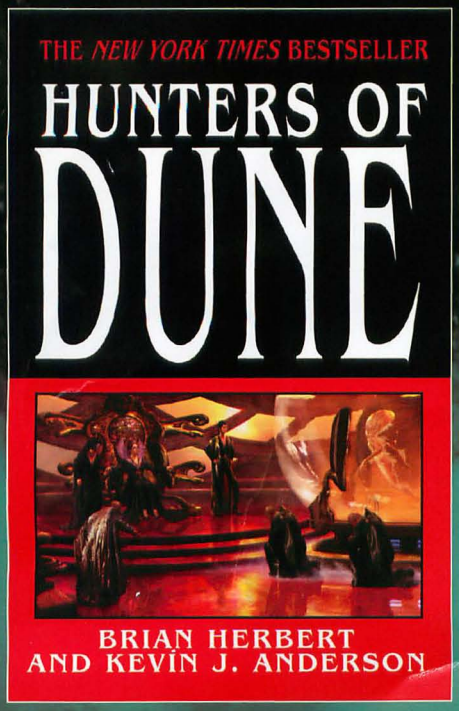

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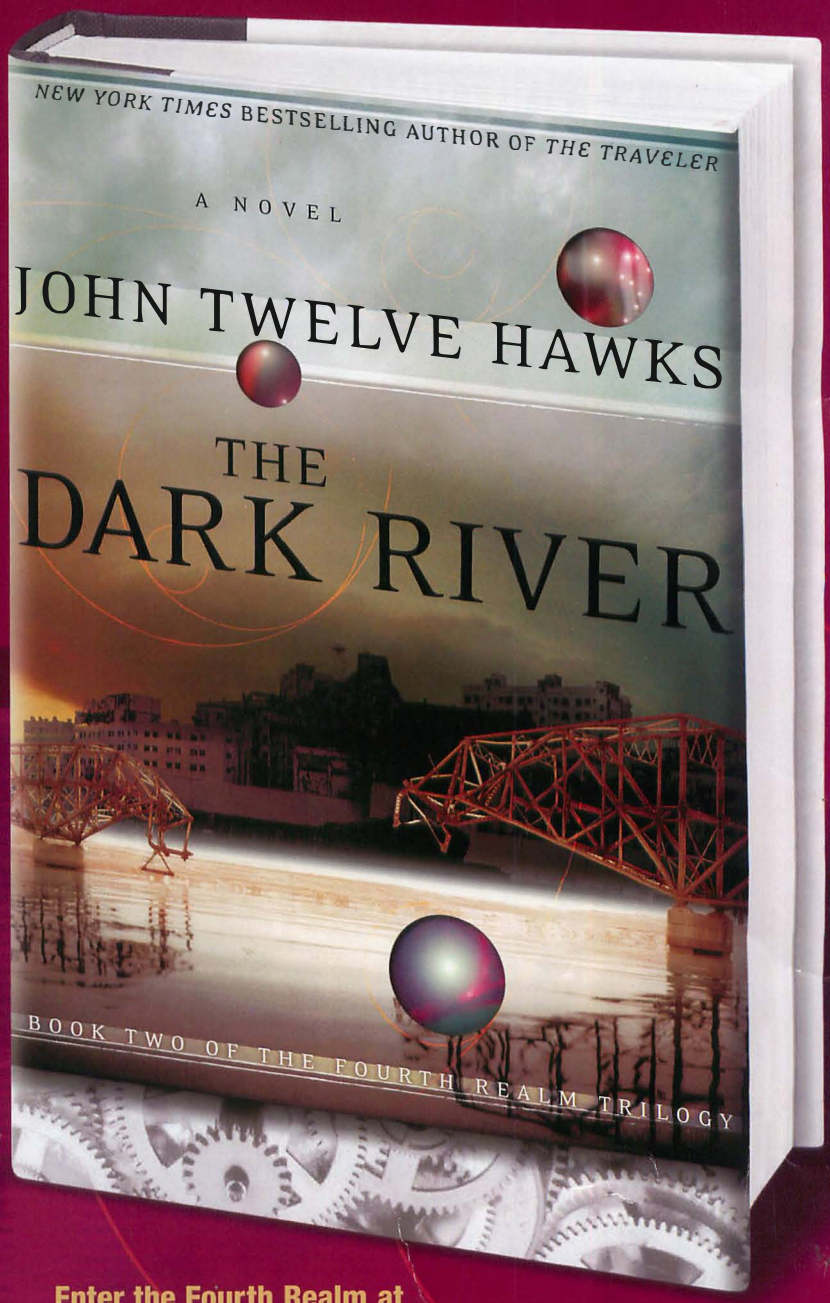

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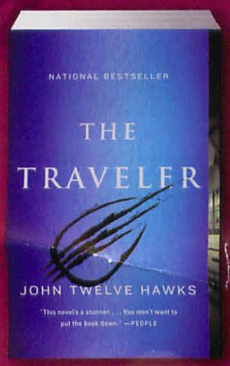

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