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SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

February
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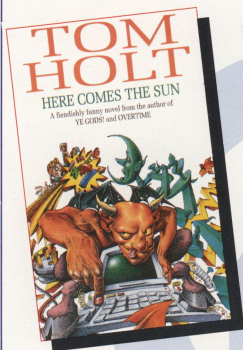
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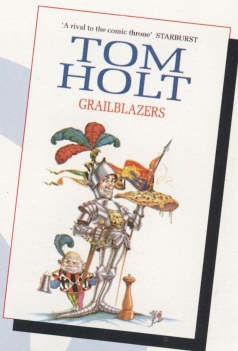
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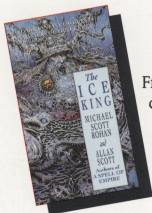
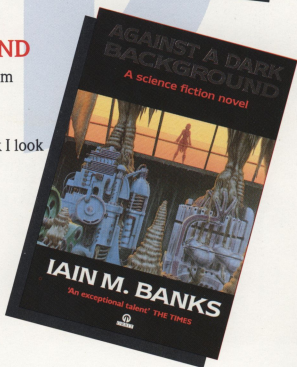
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Bryan Williamson

Subscriptions Secretary

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Circulation Advisers

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No 80

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CONTENTS

Fiction

Paul Park: The Tourist	6
Mary A. Turzillo: Crimes Against Nature	15
Brian Aldiss: The Monster of Everyday Life	22
Ben Jeapes: The Data Class	30
Thomas Marcinko: Whiter Teeth, Fresher Breath	56

Features

Interface: Editorial & News	4
David Langford: Ansible Link	5
Nick Lowe: Film Reviews	20
David Pringle: SF & Fantasy Movie Novelizations	38
Alan Dean Foster: Interview by Randall D. Larson	53
John Clute & others: Book Reviews	62

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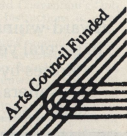
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Interface

With the generous help of the Arts Council we've recently undertaken another subscription campaign, similar to the one we did in the Spring and Summer of 1992. Leaflets advertising *Interzone* have been enclosed in subscription copies of such magazines as *Granta*, *New Internationalist* and *New Scientist*. It's too early to report the final results (leaflets went out in November and December 1993) but it looks as though we shall have several hundred new readers beginning their subscriptions with the last issue or the present one. Welcome!

Goodbye, *MILLION*

For the benefit of newer readers, I should explain again that *Interzone* merged with its now defunct sister publication, *MILLION: The Magazine About Popular Fiction*, some six months ago. In reality, it was an *Interzone* takeover, and only a few *MILLION* features have been included in the "combined" magazine (notably, Brian Stableford's excellent series of essays on "Yesterday's Bestsellers"). *MILLION* was devoted to the discussion of popular fiction in all its forms, with a particular emphasis on those "lowly" types of literature which have rarely attracted attention.

This issue's lengthy piece on sf/fantasy/horror movie novelizations is a holdover from *MILLION*, and one of the last of the articles intended for that magazine which will appear in these pages (although Stableford's essays will continue to be published). In the spirit of the now-defunct *MILLION*, it's a piece of spadework which attempts to

unearth information about a common form of popular fiction which has never, to our knowledge, been studied, or mapped, in print with any rigour. (The mammoth new edition of *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, for instance, contains no entry on novelizations; nor does any other reference book of which we're aware.) We offer it as an original piece of "scholarship" which interested readers may want to retain for reference.

Coincidentally, well after we began work on the bibliography of novelizations, we discovered that Randall D. Larson in the United States was similarly occupied in tracing the history of novelizations. His study of the subject, which has been done quite independently, should appear as a small-press hardcover book, probably before the end of 1994. We understand that it covers television novelizations and spinoffs, as well as film novelizations in many genres other than sf and fantasy. Our thanks to Randall Larson for permitting us to use his Alan Dean Foster interview in this issue – a version of it will also appear in his book.

Interzone readers who are interested only in original sf stories and couldn't give a fig for the history of movie novelizations (or any other kind of gutter literature) needn't worry: we don't intend to run any more bibliographies of this length in the pages of *Interzone*. With effect from the last issue or this one, most *MILLION* readers have come to the end of their subscription. I'm glad to say that a number of them have renewed their subs to *Interzone* (including some public libraries which

previously were not acquainted with the magazine), but the majority – including almost all those whose interest was primarily in crime, historical or romance fiction – have now gone their various ways. We're sorry to lose them, but grateful for their keen support of *MILLION* while it lasted.

Next issue, it's back to business as usual for *Interzone*. We've had to hold over Readers' Letters this month, but they'll be included next time – along with new sf and fantasy stories aplenty.

(David Pringle)

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COMING NEXT MONTH IN *INTERZONE*

Award-winning author Geoff Ryman returns to these pages for the first time in several years with a moving new novella called "Fan." Also in hand are stories by several other good writers, Brian Stableford's "Yesterday's Bestsellers, 18" and all our usual features and reviews. So have a happy New Year, and watch out for the March *Interzone*, on sale in February.

Ansible Link

David Langford



Last issue I told of a peeved Colin Greenland being deluged with sf ideas from many differently named (and addressed) correspondents all with the same handwriting and York postmark. This identical blight has now spread to me. Where will it all end? Never, says Brian Stableford – who has been getting these letters for some time and enjoys the writer's "blithe disregard for anachronism ('she' has been ten for several years now) and consistency of symptoms ('she' is always unwell, and often in hospital, but never has the same malady twice running)." Evidently Mr Stableford is sceptical about our helpful correspondent's claimed sex. Further reports are awaited with thrilled apathy.

Them!

Deborah Beale has (alas) ceased to be sf/fantasy editor at Millennium, and her editorial sidekick Charon Wood reportedly left in sympathy.

Arthur C. Clarke was exposed in one telling sentence from a Gollancz press release, reprinted complete and uncut as a public service: "He is unquestionably the greatest living science, as well as the best-known and best-selling." Greater than biochemistry, greater than physics... Arthurology.

Harlan Ellison mingled once again with sf fans at the World SF Convention in order to announce, "I try to stay as far away from sf fandom as I possibly can. I mean, one can only take so much horseshit before one has the need to kill. At the moment, I have the need to kill the people at NESFA..." The dastardly New England Science Fiction Society has published *The Rediscovery of Man: The Complete SF of Cordwainer Smith* – including, at last, the story "Himself in Anachron" which Mr Ellison has successfully kept out of print (except in France) for some 20 years as part of his oft-promised anthology *The Last Dangerous Visions*. The reported response of sf's master of understatement was: "Pull the goddam book off sale now, pulp the son of a bitch, republish without that story, or I'm going to sue you, NESFA, and every one of you into oblivion!"

William Gibson was pilloried by the *Washington Post* (18 Oct) for his dress sense: "The shirts that hang off his 45-year-old frame look as if he bought

them in a feed store. He's always said he figured that if nobody liked the stories he'd written he'd have wound up working in a secondhand bookstore. He still dresses as if that's his idea of success." They said much the same of Dr Johnson...

Graham Joyce received the British Fantasy Society's August Derleth award for his fine novel *Dark Sister*. I struggled to bear this in mind during the bowal-chilling performance at the Novacon convention, with Mr Joyce and a lady assistant alternately reading impassioned sentences from *March of the Robots* by Lionel Fanthorpe and the somehow hauntingly similar *Night of the Crabs* by Guy N. Smith. Grown men pulled their own heads off rather than endure more than five minutes of such literary intensity.

Terry Pratchett's £26½m fortune (a figure of *Business World* magazine) still plagues him despite last issue's squib about its illusory nature – indeed, the great man complains that "The Ansible piece is now being quoted to me as evidence that I have got £26m."

Vincent Price died on 25 October 1993 aged 82, one published comment being that he'd had plenty of practice...

Geoff Ryman, according to delighted but cruelly unattributable rumours, is writing a *Star Trek* novel. (What next? Salman Rushdie signs up to do Judge Dredd tie-ins?)

Bob Shaw, in an exploratory operation, was found to be suffering from cancer of the bowel: reportedly this has been caught in good time, but as I write (November) he is still far from well.

Jonathan Swift's immortal but depressed and amnesiac Struldbruggs might have been inspired by his own possible slide into Alzheimer's disease – or so a doctor speculates in the *Lancet*. Similarly, the Yahoos in Book IV of *Gulliver's Travels* were early, tragic victims of what modern medicine now knows as Football Fan Syndrome.

Infinitely Improbable

Editor of the Living Dead. DC's graphic novel of *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* is advertised in the USA as being adapted "by acclaimed British SF writer and editor John Carnell (*New Worlds*)." – all sic. The current *New Worlds* editor David Garnett is deeply baffled, and so is his predecessor

Michael Moorcock; as older readers know and regret, NW's founding editor John Carnell died in 1972...

Smile of the Month. "Just to the south of them, the new Socket was like a titanic concrete bunker, the new elevator cable rising out of it like an elevator cable..." (Kim Stanley Robinson, *Green Mars*)

Introgenic. Diana Wynne Jones's fearful back pains persist despite her operation last December. Her fan club wishes to interview the doctor who, having poked her damaged vertebra hard enough to make her scream and black out, explained that there was nothing whatever wrong and that if sitting down to write was a problem she should jolly well get a job where she could work standing up. Another doctor advised her to drink lots of milk and, informed of her allergy to all milk products, resourcefully amended this to "eat lots of cheese"...

Stop the Presses! Warner Books cancelled their 200,000-copy first US printing of the *Jack the Ripper Diary* for a bizarre reason almost unprecedented in publishing... their expert reported that the document could not be authentic. Meanwhile Ashgate Publishing delayed UK publication of the Scolar Press *The Best in SF: Winners and Nominees of the Major Awards in SF* (by Canadian fan Aurel Guillemette) after errors and typos were spotted in advance copies. The BSFA and Clarke awards are hopelessly confused (some would call that fair comment) and in one year are said to have been respectively won by G. Ryman's *The Child Garden* and *Children of the Garden*; a later winner is that homely cookbook *Take Bake Plenty*. Our mole says: "They're freezing publication until they've sorted it out somehow – they're horribly embarrassed by it – their word was 'horrified'."

Hugos There? A 1993 British winner (Modesty Forbids) was delighted to receive the World Convention's "follow these easy instructions to complete your Hugo trophy" kit – pewter plaques to be stuck around the base, depicting dead sf notables from Mary Shelley to Isaac Asimov (glue not supplied). Less unworlily folk might have written *Gift – No Commercial Value* on the customs chit; we tactfully gloss over the ensuing COD bill for duty, VAT and UPS penalty charges for collecting same...



Everybody wants to see the future, but of course they can't. They get turned back at the border. "Go away," the customs people tell them. "You can't come in. Go home." Often you'll get people on TV who say they snuck across. Some claim it's wonderful and some claim it's a nightmare, so in that way it's like before there was time travel at all.

But the past is different. I would have liked to have gone early, when it was first opened up. Nowadays whenever you go, you're liable to be caught in the same pan-cultural snarl: We just can't keep our hands off, and as a result, Cuba has invaded prehistoric Texas, the Empire of Ashok has become a Chinese client state, and Napoleon is in some kind of indirect communication with Genghis Khan. They plan to attack Russia in some vast temporal pincer movement. In the meantime, Burger Chef has opened restaurants in Edo, Samarkand and Thebes, and a friend of mine who ventured by mistake into the Thirty Years War, where you'd think no one in their right mind would ever want to go, said that even Dessau in 1626 was full of fat Australians drinking

boilermakers and complaining that the 17th century just wasn't the same since Carnage Travel ("Explore the bloodsoaked fields of Europe!") organized its packaged tours. They weren't even going to show up at the bridgehead the next day; my friend went, and reported that the Danish forces were practically outnumbered by Japanese tourists, who stampeded the horses with their fleets of buses, and would have changed the course of history had there been anything left to change. Wallenstein, the Imperial commander, didn't even bother to show up till four o'clock; he was dead drunk in the back of a Range Rover, and it was only due to contractual obligations that he appeared at all, the Hapsburg government (in collaboration with a New York public relations firm) having organized the whole event as a kind of theme park. Casualties (my friend wrote) after seven hours of fighting were still zero, except for an Italian who had cut his finger changing lenses — an improvement, I suppose, over the original battle, when the waters had flowed red with Danish blood.

And that period is less travelled than most. The



whole classical era barely exists anymore. First-century Palestine is like a cultural ground zero: nothing but taxi cabs and soft-drink stands, and confused and frightened people. Thousands attend the Crucifixion every day, and the garden at Gethsemane is a madhouse at all hours. My ex-inlaws were there and they sent me a photograph, taken with a flash. It shows a panicked, harried, sad young man. (Yes, he's blond and blue-eyed, as it turns out, raising questions as to whether the past can actually be altered in retrospect by the force of popular misconception.) But at least he's out in the open. Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, and the entire family of Herod the Great are in hiding, yet still hardly a week goes by that Interpol doesn't manage to deport some new revisionist. It's amazing how difficult people find it to accept the scientific fact — that nothing they do will ever make a difference, that cause and effect, as explicative principles, are as dead as Malcolm X.

Naturally they are confused by their ability to cause short-term mayhem, and just as naturally they are seeking an outlet for their own frustrations: Adolf

Hitler, for example, has survived attempts on his life every 15 minutes between 1933 and 1945, and people are still lining up to take potshots even since the Nazis closed the border to everyone but a small group of Libyan consultants — now stormtroopers are racing back in time, hoping to provide 24-hour security to all the Fuehrer's distant ancestors. Who wants to explain to that crowd how history works? Joseph Stalin — it's the same. Recently some Lithuanian fanatic managed to break through UN security to confront him at his desk. "Please," he says, "don't kill me." (They all speak a little English now.) "I am a democrat," he says — "I change my mind." These days it requires diplomatic pressure just to get people to do what they're supposed to. It is only by promising the Confederate government \$10,000,000 in new loans that the World Bank can persuade Lee to attack at Gettysburg at all — "I have a real bad feeling about this," he says over and over. "I love my boys," he says. "Please don't make me do it." Who can blame him? He has a book of Matthew Brady's photographs on his desk.

And in fact, why should he be persuaded? What

difference does it make? People hold onto these arbitrary rules, these arbitrary patterns, out of fear. Not even all historians are able to concede the latest proofs – confirmations of everything they feared and half-suspected when they were in graduate school – that events in the past have no discernible effect upon the present. That time is not after all a continuum. That the past is like a booster rocket, constantly dropping away. Afterward, it's disposable. Except for the most recent meeting of the AHA (Vienna, 1815 – Prince Metternich the keynote speaker, and a drunken lecher, by all reports), American historians now rarely go abroad except as tourists. They are both depressed and liberated to find that their work has no practical application.

That's not completely true. It certainly changed things, for example, when people found out that the entire known opus of Rembrandt van Rijn consisted of forgeries. But that's a matter of money; it's business contacts that people want anyway, not understanding. So everywhere you go back then are phalanxes of oilmen, diplomats, arms dealers, art collectors, and teachers of English as a second language. Citibank recently pre-empted slave gangs working on the pyramid of Cheops, to help complete their Giza offices. The World Wildlife Fund has projects (Save the Trilobites, etc.) into the Precambrian era – projects doomed to failure by their very nature.

Of course the news is not all bad: world profiles for literacy and public health have been transformed. In 1349 the International Red Cross has seven hundred volunteers in Northern Italy alone. And the Peace Corps, my God, they're everywhere. But nevertheless I thought I could discern a trend, that all the world and all of history would one day share the same dismal denominator. Alone in my house on Washon Island, which I'd kept after Suzanne and I broke up, I saw every reason to stay put. I am a cautious person by nature.

But that summer I was too much by myself. And so I took advantage of a special offer; there had been some terrorist attacks on Americans in Tenochtitlan, and fares were down as a result. I bought a ticket for Paleolithic Spain. Far enough away for me to think that things might be different there. I thought there might be out-of-the-way places still. Places pure and untouched and malleable, where I could make things different. Where my imagination might still correspond in some sense to reality – I might have known. My ex-inlaws had sent me postcards. They had recently been on a mastodon safari not far from Jaca, where they had visited Suzanne. "The food is great," they wrote me – never a good sign.

I might have known I was making a mistake. There is something about the past which makes what we've done to it even more poignant. All the brochures and the guidebooks say it and it's true. It really is more beautiful back then. The senses come alive. Colours are brighter. Chairs are more comfortable. Things smell better, taste better. People are friendlier, or at least they were. Safe in the future, you can still feel so much potential. Yet the town I landed in – my God, it was such a sad place. San Juan de la Cruz. We came in over the Pyrenees, turned low over a lush forest, and then settled down in an enormous empty field of

tarmac. The hangar space was as big as Heathrow's, but there was only one other commercial jetliner – a KLM. Everything else was US military aircraft and not even much of that, just five beige transports in a line, and a single helicopter gunship.

We taxied in toward His Excellency the Honorable Dr Wynstan Mog (Ph.D.) International Airport, still only half built and already crumbling, from the look of it. For no perceptible reason the pilot offloaded us about 200 yards from the terminal, and then we had to stand around on the melting asphalt while the stewardesses argued with some men in uniform. I didn't mind. The sky was cobalt blue. It was hot, but there were astonishing smells blown out of the forest toward us, smells which I couldn't identify, and which mixed with the tar and the gasoline and my own sweat and the noise of the engines into a sensation that seemed to nudge at the edges of my memory, as if it almost meant something, just in itself. But what? I had been born in Bellingham; this was nothing I recognized. It was nothing from my past. I put my head back and closed my eyes, dangerously patient, while all around me my 19 fellow passengers buzzed and twittered. And I thought, this is nothing. This feeling is nothing. Everybody feels this way.

The men in uniform collected our passports and then they marched us toward the terminal. They were not native to the time and place; they were big, fat men. I knew Dr Mog had hired mercenaries from all over – these ones looked Lebanese or Israeli. They wore sunglasses and carried machine pistols. They hustled us through the doors and into the VIP lounge, an enormous air-conditioned room with plastic furniture and a single plate-glass window that took up one whole wall. It appeared to lead directly onto the street in front of the terminal. Certainly there was a crowd out there, perhaps a hundred and fifty people of all races and nationalities, and they were staring in at us, their faces pressed against the glass.

One of the uniformed men moved to a corner of the window. A cord hung from the ceiling; he pulled down on it, and a dirty brown curtain inched from left to right across the glass wall. It made no difference to the people outside, and even when the curtain was closed I was still aware of their presence, their sad stares. If anything I was more aware. I sat down in one of the moulded chairs with my back to the curtain, and watched some customs officials explain two separate hoaxes, both fairly straightforward.

There was a desk at the back of the room and they had spread our passports onto it. They were waiting for our luggage, and in the meantime they checked our visas and especially our certificates of health. I was prepared for this. The region is suffering from a high rate of AIDS infection – almost 25% of the population in San Juan de la Cruz has tested HIV positive. The government seems unconcerned, but they have required that all tourists be inoculated with the so-called AIDS vaccine, a figment in the imagination of some medical comen in Zaire, and unavailable in the US. Nevertheless it is now mandatory for travel in large parts of the third world, as a way of extorting hard currency. I work in a hospital research lab and I had the stamp; so, apparently, had someone else in our group, a thin man my own age, deeply tanned. His name was Paul. Together we watched the others

gather around the desk, and watched them as they came to understand their choice – to pay a fine of \$150 per person, or to be inoculated right there on the premises with the filthiest syringe I'd ever seen. It was a good piece of theatre; one of the officials left to "wash his hands," and came back in a white smock with blood on it – you had to smile. At the same time one of the others was handing out bank booklets and explaining how to change money: all tourists were required to exchange \$50 a week at the State Bank, for which they received a supposedly equivalent amount of the national currency – three coliths, a bone needle, six arrowheads and two chunks of rock salt. An intrinsic value of about 40 cents, total – this in a country where in any case dollars and Deutschmarks are the only money that anyone accepts.

Paul and I lined up to buy our currency packs, which came in a convenient leather pouch. "It's ridiculous," he said. "Before time travel they didn't even have domesticated animals. They lived in caves. What were they going to buy?"

He had been working in the country for about five years, and was knowledgeable about it. At first I liked him because he still seemed fresh in some ways, his moral outrage tempered with humour and a begrudging admiration for Dr Mog. "He's not a fool," he said. "His PhD is a real one: political economy from the University of Colombo – the correspondence branch, of course, but his dissertation was published. An amazing accomplishment when you consider his background. And he's just about the only one of these dictators who's not a foreign puppet or an adventurer – he's a genuine Cro-Magnon, native to the area, and he's managed to stay in power despite some horrendous CIA intrigues, and get very rich in the process."

Someone wheeled in a trolley with our luggage on it. The customs men spread out the suitcases on a long table. Paul and I were done early; we both had packed light, and were carrying no modern gadgets. The others, most of whom were with a tour group going to Altamira, stood around in abject silence while the officials went through everything, arbitrarily confiscating cameras, hairdryers, CD players on a variety of pretexts. "This is a waste of our electrical resources," admonished one, holding up a Norelco.

But by that time Paul and I had been given permission to leave. We had to wait in line outside the lounge to get our visas stamped, and then we made our way through the chaotic lobby. I allowed Paul to guide me, ignoring as he did the many people who accosted us and tugged upon our arms. He seemed familiar with the place, happy or at least amused to be there. Outside in the heat, he stopped to give a quarter to a beggar he appeared to recognize, and conversed with him while I looked around. I was going to get a taxi and find a hotel and stay there for a night or so before going on into the interior. I haven't travelled very much, and I was worried about choosing a taxi man from the horde that surrounded us, worried about being overcharged, taken advantage of. I put on my sunglasses, waiting for Paul, and I was relieved to find when he was finished that he expected me to follow him. "I'll take you to the Aladeph," he said. "We'll get some breakfast there."

He was scanning the crowd for someone specific,

and soon a little man broke through, Chinese or Korean or Japanese – "Mr Paul," he said. "This way, Mr Paul." Then he was tugging at our bags and I, untrusting, wasn't letting go until I saw Paul surrender his own daypack. We walked over to a battered green Toyota. Rock and roll was blaring from the crummy speakers. The sun was powerful. "We've got to get you a hat," said Paul.

A long straight road led into town, flanked on both sides by lines of identical one-storey concrete buildings: commercial establishments selling hubcaps and used tyres, as well as piles of more anonymous metal junk. Men sat in the sandy forecourts, smoking cigarettes and talking; there were a lot of people, a lot of people in the streets as we passed an enormous statue of Dr Mog, the Father of the Nation with his arms outstretched – a gift from the Chinese government. We drove through Martyr's Gate into a neighbourhood of concrete hovels, separated from the narrow streets by drainage ditches full of sewage. People everywhere, but not one of them looked native to the time – the men wore ragged polyester shirts and pants, the women faded housedresses. Most were barefoot, some wore plastic shoes.

We passed the Catholic Cathedral, as well as numerous smaller churches of various denominations: Mormon, Seventh Day Adventist and Jehovah's Witness. We passed the headquarters of several international relief organizations, and then I must have dozed off momentarily, for when I opened my eyes we were in a different kind of neighbourhood entirely, a neighbourhood of sleek highrises and villas covered with flowering vines.

The cab pulled up in front of a Belgian restaurant called Pepe le Moko, and we got out. Paul paid the driver before I could get my money, and then waved away the bills I offered him; he had said nothing during the ride, but had sat staring out the window with an expression half rueful and half amused. Now he smiled more broadly and motioned me inside the restaurant – it was an expensive place, full of white people in short-sleeved shirts and ties.

"I thought we'd get some breakfast," he said.

We ordered French toast and coffee, which came almost immediately. I spooned some artificial creamer into mine and offered the jar to him, but he wrinkled his nose. "I'm sure it's all right," he said.

"What do you mean?"

He shrugged. "You know the United States government pays for its projects here by shipping them some of our agricultural surplus. It's a terrible idea, because it makes the population dependent on staples that can't be grown locally; at any rate, Dr Mog sells it, and then uses the money, supposedly, to finance USAID, and famine relief, whatever. Well, my first year there was a shipment of a thousand tons of wheat, which they packed in the same container as a load of PCV's, which was being sent to some plastics factory. When it got here, the customs people claimed the wheat was contaminated and couldn't be sold. They sequestered it in warehouses while the US sent a scientist who said it was okay. But as they argued back and forth, the wheat was sold anyway. And then the raw PCV's began to show up also here in San Juan, in some of the poorer restaurants. It's a white powder, it's soluble in water, and it's got a kind of chalky, milky taste, apparently."

"Thanks for telling me," I said.

"That's okay. It was a shambles. The Minister of Health was fired, before he came back last year as the Minister for Armaments. Somebody got rich. So what's a blip in the leukemia statistics?"

He smiled. "That's horrible," I said.

"Yeah, well, it's not all bad. And what do you expect? It's got to be like that. People don't understand—they think it's every country's right to be modern and industrialized. Mog's been to college; he knows what's what. You and I might say, well, they're better off living in caves, chipping flint and hitting each other with bones, but who the fuck are we? Mog, he wants an army. He wants telephones. He wants roads, cars, electricity. Who can blame him? But if you can't make that stuff yourself, you've got to get it from the white man. And the thing about the white man, he doesn't offer you that shit for free."

Paul was looking pretty white himself. "What do you do?" I asked.

"I work for Continental Grain. We've got a project in the bush. Near Jaca."

I looked down into my coffee cup. "Do you know Suzanne Denier?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure. She works for an astronomy project in my area. Near the reservation there."

I closed my eyes and opened them. I asked myself: Had she been to this restaurant? Where did she sit? Did she know the story about the powdered milk?

"She's with the Cro-Magnon," I said. "Is that the only place they live? On reservations? I haven't seen a single one since we've been here."

"You'll see one. In San Juan they're all registered. It's one of Mog's new laws. You can't kick them out of business establishments, and all the restaurants have to give them food and liquor. So they're around here begging all the time. You'll see."

In fact, shortly after that, one did come in. She stood in the doorway and watched us as we ate our toast. She was almost six feet tall, with delicate bones, a beautiful face, and long, graceful hands. She had no hair on her head. She had green eyes and black skin. At ten o'clock in the morning she was very drunk.

After breakfast I spent most of the day with Paul. We had lunch at the Intercontinental and then went swimming at the Portuguese Club. Soon I began to find him patronizing.

In those days I was sensitive and easily annoyed. Nevertheless I stayed with him, my resentment rising all the time. I allowed him to get me a room, as he had mentioned, at the Aladeph—a guesthouse reserved for people on official business. I think it amused him to demonstrate that he could place me there, that he could manipulate the bureaucracy, which was formidable. I was grateful, in a way. Jetlagged, I went to bed early, but I couldn't sleep until a few hours before dawn.

"Suzanne," I said when I woke up. I said it out loud. I lay in bed with my throat dry, my skin wet. At six o'clock in the morning it was already hot. White gauze curtains moved in the hot breeze.

I lay in bed thinking about Suzanne. I thought of how when she was leaving I had not even asked her to stay.

It's not as if our marriage wasn't difficult, wasn't

unsatisfying, and I remember my cold anger as I listened to her reasons why she should take a job so far from home. Later she had written and told me that even then, if I had just said something, anything, she would have stayed with me. Lying in bed at the Aladeph, I remembered her walking back and forth next to the dark long living-room window of the island house while I sat in the chair, half watching her, half reading. I remembered how her face changed as she made up her mind. I saw it happen, and I did nothing.

Lying in bed, remembering, I made myself get up and take her by the shoulders. I made myself apologize and made her listen. "Don't go," I said. "I love you," I said, and with just those three words I saw myself creating a new future for us both.

But of course we know nothing about the future, though we must push into it every day. We are frightened to look at it, and so we spend our lives looking backward, remoulding over and over again what we should leave alone, breaking it, changing it, dragging it forward through time.

Lying in bed, I thought: these things are past. They don't have anything to do with you now. I knew it, but I didn't believe it. Why else was I there? Because I imagined we could go back together to some pure and unadulterated time. I thought maybe if I could just get back about 30,000 years before I made all those mistakes...

That day I went down to the Mercado de Ladrones, and I took a ride on a truck out toward Pamplona.

Every year the United States donates large sums for road development in that part of the world, and every year the money is stolen by Dr Mog and his associates, though the streets around the US embassy in San Juan are obsessively repaved every few months. But in the interior the roads are horrible even in the dry season, which this mercifully was—rutted tracks of red mud through the jungle, and it took ten hours to go 200 miles. But before we even got out of the city we passed 16 army checkpoints where soldiers extorted money from passing motorists; I found out later that none of them had been paid for over a year. They took pleasure in intimidating me—fat, dark, sweating men with automatic rifles, and they made insulting comments in Spanish and Arabic as they searched the back of the truck where I was sitting on some lumpy burlap sacks. A green Mercedes-Benz had overturned into a garbage ditch, and the traffic was backed up for half a mile along a street of corrugated iron shacks. A stack of tyres burned in a vacant lot, and the smoke from it hurt my eyes and mixed with the exhaust fumes and the polluted air into a hot blend of gases that was scarcely breathable.

A little boy ran in and out between the trucks, and he sold me two pineapples and a piece of sugar cane. He was smiling and chattering in a language I didn't recognize; he charged me a dime, and he flicked the coin into the air and caught it behind his back. It was a hopeful gesture, and soon the truck started to move again, and soon we passed beyond the ring road into a clear-cut waste of shantytowns and landfills, and then into the jungle. I gnawed on my sugar cane and licked the pineapple juice off my fingers, and I was

rehearsing all the things that I was going to tell Suzanne, rehearsing her replies – it was like trying to memorize the chess openings in a book. And because my opponent was a strong one, my only advantage, I thought, lay in preparation and surprise.

I went over conversations in my mind until the words started to lose their significance, and then the sun came out. When I looked up, the air was fresh and clean. Yellow birds hung in the trees beside the road, making nests of plaited straw. Occasionally an animal would blunder out the bushes as the truck went past. I sat looking backward, and saw a couple of wild pigs and a big rodent.

We stopped at some villages, and three people joined me in the bed of the truck: two men with jerrycans and a gap-toothed woman, who smiled and held up her own length of sugar cane. Her yellow hair was tied back with a piece of string.

We were coming up out of the plain into the mountains, and toward sunset we passed the gates to the Krieger-Richardson Observatory. I got out, and the truck barrelled away. The air was cooler, drier here, and the vegetation had changed. The trees were lower, and they no longer presented an impermeable wall. I walked through them over the dry grass. A one-lane asphalt road came down out of the hills, and I walked up it with my bag, meeting no one, seeing no one. Suzanne had described the place in one of her letters, and it was interesting to see it now myself for the first and last time – the road climbed sharply for a mile or so until the trees gave out, and I came up over the crest and stood overlooking a wide volcanic bowl. Antennae rose out of it: this was the radio telescope, and beyond it on the summit of Madre de la Nacion rose the dome of the observatory.

Then the road sank down a bit until the telescope was out of sight. There were pine trees here, and a parking lot full of identical white cars, and beyond that a low dormitory among the rhododendron bushes. Light came from the windows, a comforting glow, for I was tired and hungry.

I came up the concrete steps and knocked on the door. It was locked, but after a minute or so somebody opened it, a teenage girl in a Chicago Bulls sweatshirt. "Excuse me," I said. "I'm looking for Dr Suzanne Denier. Does she live here?"

She stared at me for a while, and then shrugged, and then peered past me at the sky. "She's at work tonight. It's supposed to be clear after nine o'clock."

"But she lives here?"

"She came back from Soria on Wednesday. We've had terrible weather for the past two weeks."

She opened the door and stood aside, and I came into a corridor with brown carpeting. "Who are you?" she said.

"Her husband."

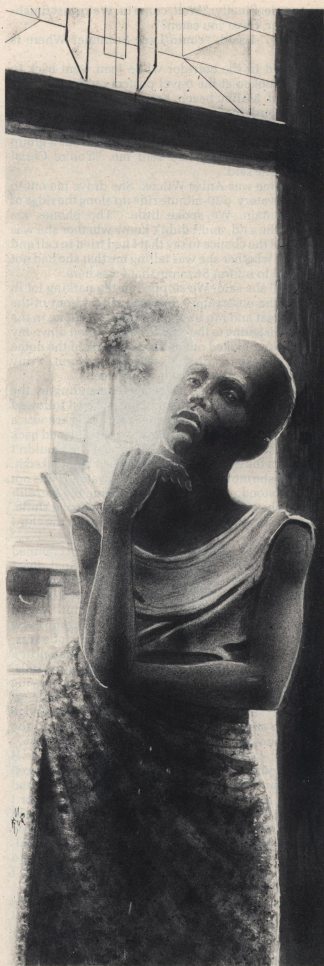
She stood staring at me, measuring me up, and I tried to decipher her expression. Lukewarm. Interested, so perhaps she had heard something. "Do you have a name?" A wise-ass – she was half my age.

"Christopher," I said.

"I'm Joan. Does she know you're coming? We don't get too many personal visitors, so I thought..."

"It's a surprise."

She stared at me for a little bit with her head cocked



to one side. Finally: "Well, come in. We're just finishing dinner. Have you eaten?"

"Please," I said, "could I see Suzanne? Where is she?"

I waited in the corridor while Joan went back to check. I looked at the travel posters on the wall: the Taj Mahal. Malibu beach. Krieger-Richardson with a flock of birds passing over the dome. Some health statistics and some graphs. Then another, older, woman came back whom I recognized from a group photograph Suzanne had sent me. "You're Christopher," she said.

Her name was Anise Wilcox. She drove me out to the observatory, a 20-minute ride up along the ridge of the mountain. We spoke little. "The phones are down," she said, and I didn't know whether she was giving me the chance to say that I had tried to call and failed, or whether she was telling me that she had not been able to inform Suzanne that I was here.

"Wait," she said. We stopped in the parking lot in front of the observatory, and she slipped out of the driver's seat and ran up to the door. I sat alone in the twilight listening to the engine cool; I rolled down my window and looked out at the unlit bulk of the dome against the sky. An insect settled on my arm, a tiny delicate moth unlike any I had ever seen.

Then Dr Wilcox was there again, standing by the car. "Come in," she said, and I got out and followed her. She opened the metal door for me. There was a dim light inside next to an elevator, and I turned back and saw her face. She seemed nervous; she wouldn't look me in the eyes. She closed the door and locked it, and then she moved past me to the elevator. It was not until we stood next to each other inside the elevator car that she glanced up and gave me a worried smile. "Good luck," she said when we reached the third floor.

Inside the observatory all the rooms were cramped and small until I pushed through those final doors and stood under the dome. The air was cold. And it was dark underneath the enormous y-shaped column of the telescope; I stood looking up at it, until I heard a movement behind me, off to my right. Suzanne was there at the top of a wide shallow flight of stairs, maybe five steps high. She looked professional in a black turtleneck sweater and black denim overalls, with two pens in her breast pocket. She was carrying a mechanical notebook under one arm.

"Chris," she said, and she came forward to the edge of the top step. Light came from the windows of the observation room. Computer screens glowed there.

I could feel her anger just in that one word. It radiated out from her small body. But I was prepared for it. I have my own way of protecting myself. I had not seen her in ten months, and as I looked at her I thought first of all how plain she was with her pinched face, her scowl, her stubborn jaw. Her skin was sallow in that light, her black hair was unbrushed. A small-boned woman with bad posture, that's what I told myself, and I thought, what am I doing here? Oh, I deserve more than this.

Because she started in immediately: "I can't believe you're here," she said. "I asked you not to come. No, I told you not to. I can't believe you could be so insensitive to my wishes after everything you've done."

"Please," I said, and she stopped, and I found I

didn't have anything to say. Much as I had rehearsed this scene, I had not anticipated that she would speak first, that I, not she, would have to react.

"Please," I said. "Just listen to me for a few minutes. I came a long way..."

She interrupted me. "Do you think I'm supposed to be impressed by that? What am I supposed to do, fall into your arms now that you're here?"

"No, I certainly didn't expect..."

"Then what? Christopher, is it too much to ask that you leave me alone? I have a lot of things to sort out, and I want to do it by myself. I can't believe you're not sensitive to that. I can't believe you think you have the right to barge in here and disrupt my life and my work whenever you feel like it. Don't you have any respect for me at all?"

"Please," I said. "I knew you'd be like this, and I still risked it just to come. Is there any way that you could take a smaller risk and talk to me, instead of just yelling at me and closing me out?"

"Yelling? I'm not yelling. I'm telling you how I feel." But then she was quiet, and I realized she was giving me a chance to speak.

"Suzanne," I said, and I really tried to sound sincere, even though half of me was whispering to the other half that I couldn't win, that I had never won and never could, and that my best tactic was to run away. "You sounded so distant in your letters and I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand to feel you pull away from me and not do something. I love you. I'm more sorry than I can tell you about what happened, about what I did. I want to make it up to you. I want..."

It sounded weak even to me. She jumped on it: "But what about what I want, Chris? Did you think about that at all? Did you think about that for one minute? Things are different now. How can I trust you when you can't even respect my wishes enough to leave me alone here to think about what I want? What's best for me. I needed time. I told you that."

"It's been ten months. Ten months and thirty thousand years," I said — a line that I'd prepared. She didn't think much of it. I saw her eyebrows come together, her eyes roll upward in an expression of irritation that I'd always hated. "Suzanne," I said, "I know you. I know you could just seal yourself up here for the rest of your life. We had something precious, and it made us both happy for a long time. I can't just give it up."

"But you did give it up. Sometimes I think you forget how this all started. You're right — we were very happy. So how could you do it, Chris? She was my friend."

"No, she wasn't."

"Oh, so it's her fault. I can't believe you. I still can't believe you. How could you hurt me like that? How could you humiliate me so publicly?"

"It wouldn't have been so public if you hadn't told everybody."

"Oh, and I was supposed to just smile and take it? You hurt me, Chris. You have no idea."

"Yes," I said, "I do. I'm sorry."

She turned away for a moment, and stared into the glass of the observation window. I could see the

reflection of her face there, and beyond it the flash of the computer screens. "And that's supposed to make it all right. You don't understand. I've got some thinking to do. Chris, I don't want to be the kind of woman who just takes something like this. Who tolerates it. Who just hangs on year after year, hoping her man will change."

You could never be that kind of woman, I thought. But I said nothing. "You don't understand," she said. "I trusted you. I really trusted you. Chris, I'd given you my soul to keep, and you dropped it, and things changed. I changed. I know I'll never trust anyone like that again. What I don't know is, whether we can go on from here."

You never trusted me, I thought. I stared at her, my mind a blank.

"Well," she said finally. "I've got to get to work. I'll tell Anise you can spend the night in my room. I'll be back a little after sunrise, and I'd appreciate it if you were gone. I'll tell Carlos to give you a ride back to San Juan."

I looked up at the big telescope and shook my head. "Aren't you going to give me a tour? You said in your letter you were close to something new."

"Yes." She came down the steps. And then things changed for a little while. Because we knew each other so well, even then we could slip down effortlessly and immediately into another way of being, a connection that seemed so intimate and strong that I had to keep reminding myself during the next hour that it was all gone, all ruined. She showed me her work, and I took such pleasure in seeing her face light up as she explained it.

She took me all over the observatory, up into the dome, into the camera room. Then back down again into her office, where we sat drinking coffee in the dim light, and she smoked cigarettes and showed me photographs of stars. "We knew the galaxies were moving, because of the red shift. And we assumed that they were spreading apart, because it fit the theory. But of course we didn't know, because we could observe from one point only. But now of course we have two points thirty thousand years apart, and we thought that we could see it."

She sucked the cigarette down to the filter and then ground it out. I sat looking at her face, reminded of how she used to come over to my apartment in the early morning, when she was working on her dissertation. She would wake me up to talk to me, and she would grind her cigarettes out in a teacup that I had, and I would force myself awake, just for the pleasure of looking at the concentration in her face, as she described some theory or some project. "So?"

"What do you think? Our results have been extraordinary. The opposite of what everyone predicted."

"So?"

She smiled. "I don't know if I should tell you. I don't know if you deserve to know."

"It sounds like it's important."

"Sure. But I don't know. Anise would kill me if I told you."

I looked up at the ceiling. Someone had pasted up a cluster of phosphorescent stars. "Okay," she said, "so here it is. We think some galaxies are farther apart now than they are in the 20th century."

For me at least, time had gone backward in that



little room. Not because of what she said – I didn't care about it. I sat watching her face.

But I was afraid that she'd stop talking and I'd have to go. She'd bring us back up to the surface again. I said: "And what's your explanation for that?"

She gave a shrug. "It's complicated. Either our observations are mistaken, and we're about to make fools of ourselves. Or else maybe the universe is contracting. Or part of it is. Or else it fluctuates. I have my own theory."

I said nothing, but sat watching her, and the moment stretched on until I smiled and she laughed. "I'll tell you anyway. I think time goes the other direction from the way we imagine. I think that's why the past doesn't affect the present like we thought."

Not like we thought. But it does have some effect. I looked at Suzanne, her beautiful and well-loved face. "So why not forgive me?" I said.

She glanced up at me, a quick, sly look.

"We can make the past into the future," I said.

She smiled, and then frowned, and then: "Sure, that's what I'm afraid of. It's just a way of talking. It's not like when we're born we actually die."

She ground out her cigarette butt. "Seriously," she said. "But maybe time flows in two directions. One of them is the direction of our ordinary experience. Our personal sense of time. But maybe cosmological time flows back the other way. Maybe the conception of the universe happens in the future from our point of view."

I thought about it. "Why do you think we don't meet anybody from beyond our own time?" she said. "From our own future? Certainly the technology would still exist."

It took me a little while to understand her. Then I said: "Perhaps they lost interest."

"Forever? I don't buy it. No – maybe we're talking about two big bangs, one at the end of one kind of time, one at the beginning of the other. One man-made and one not."

I considered this. Falling in love is one. And then breaking apart. I said: "So you're telling me that there's no future and the past is all we have."

Soon after, Dr Wilcox drove me back to the dormitory and gave me something to eat. She heated up some spaghetti Bolognese in the microwave. She didn't say much, except for one thing which proved to be prophetic: "You must know she won't forgive you. She can't."

She showed me back to Suzanne's room and left me there. It was a small bare cubicle with a window overlooking the parking lot. She had put some curtains up and that was all. There was nothing on the walls. I didn't take off my clothes. I lay down on her narrow, white bed; I lay on my back with my hands clasped under my neck, staring at the ceiling. From time to time I got up and turned on the light. I opened her bureau, and the smell from her shirts made me unhappy. She had a picture of me tucked into a corner of her mirror. I was smiling. Underneath, on the bureau top, stood a framed photograph of her parents, taken at their 40th anniversary. They were smiling too.

There was a package of my letters in a corner of the drawer, maybe seventy-five or a hundred of them, wrapped in a rubber band.

I had spoken to Carlos and had plotted an itinerary for the rest of my vacation. He told me there were some beautiful beaches on the Mediterranean, which I could reach on a rail link from San Juan. I set the alarm clock for five-thirty and lay down on the bed and listened to it ticking on the bedside table. I imagined time passing over me, forward into an uncertain future, backward into a contented past. Perhaps the ebb and flow of it lulled me, because toward three o'clock I slid beneath the surface of a dream.

I dreamt that I woke up to find Suzanne sitting beside me. "I wanted to show you something before you left," she said. "You know we're close to one of the big reservations here?"

"You told me in your letter."

"Yes. Well, there's a big family of Cro-Magnon that's moved in close by. I wanted to show you."

I dreamt she took me out into the fresh dawn air, and we walked down a path through the woods behind the dormitory. Soon we were in a deciduous forest of aspen trees and mountain laurel, and the breeze pressed through the leaves and made them flicker back and forth. Once out of sight of the buildings, all traces of modernity were lost. We climbed downhill. "Wait till you see them," said Suzanne. "They're so great. They never fight. They're so sweet to each other. It's because they can't feel love. They don't know what it feels like."

A bird flickered through the underbrush, one of the yellow birds I'd seen that morning in the real world. "So you're saying maybe evolution runs the other way."

She frowned. "Maybe we're the ones who are like animals. You know what I mean."

We were standing in an open glade, and the light filtered through the leaves, and the little path ran backward, forward through the brush. Then I bent down and I kissed her, and even in the dream she smelled like cigarettes.

Paul Park is the author of *Coelstis* (most respectfully reviewed by John Clute in *Interzone* 77) as well as three earlier sf novels in the "Starbridge Chronicles" trilogy. He lives in New York. We published an interview with him in IZ 61, and are very pleased to welcome him to these pages for the first time as a story-contributor.

All back issues of *Interzone* (apart from numbers 1, 5, 6, 7, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22 and 23) are still available at £2.50 each (£2.80 or \$5 overseas) from the address on page 3 – as are the 14 back issues of *MILLION: The Magazine about Popular Fiction*.

Crimes Against Nature

Mary A. Turzillo

Gary tired easily by the eighth month, so when the brunette flashed him a gap-toothed smile and offered him her seat on the bus, he gladly collapsed into it.

The bus lurched through steady falling snow. With the war effort, private cars were frowned on. But Gary wished he was in a warm sedan purring home instead of in this bumpy bus that jounced his haemorrhoids.

He became aware of the woman's lively gaze still riveted on him.

"What's the matter? Never seen a pregnant man before?" His voice, raised to carry over the noise of the other passengers and the traffic, betrayed annoyance, though he tried to make it light.

"Well, excuse me!" Her voice was deep, gravelly even.

Gary was embarrassed. Here she had been polite and considerate, and he was attacking her. He tugged her pink jacket. When she turned around crossly, he smiled. "I'll bet you really haven't ever seen a pregnant man before."

She brightened, showed the space between her big front teeth "Right-o. Listen, I've got respect for you. It takes guts. It takes guts for women to do it, and we've got the original design."

"It takes guts for anybody to have a kid, what with the international situation the way it is. But, I wanted a son. If I had waited until the war was over, I might be too old."

"For sure. Not to pry, but your wife didn't want to have one? Or you a single parent?"

"Wife had the first one. She had a caesarean, so it wasn't going to be any easier for her."

"That's a matter of opinion!" She scowled. Crooked teeth and big painted lips. Not pretty, but lively. "You still working? You look pretty close to term."

Gary glanced down at his maternity suit. "I work for a firm that markets organic software viruses."

"Wow! Classified stuff?" Her voice buzzed with curiosity.

"No, nothing like that. Domestic use only. But it is defence-oriented, so I hung in there. My wife'll take care of the baby after it's born, so I can go back to work."

"Didn't mean to pry. You hear so much about these Ninth World viruses," and her voice sank to a raspy whisper, "I had to wonder."

Gary smiled. "Nothing that dramatic."

"This is my stop. Good luck, Daddy-to-be." Before

she got off, she winked and added, "Maybe I'll see you again. Name's Rachelle. I'm an RN. Specialty is surgical obstetrics."

"I'm Gary." He turned and watched her bounce off the bus step and disappear into a yellow-brick office building near the hospital. He didn't appreciate her playing games, pretending she didn't know anything about his delicate condition, and then confessing that she'd been an obstetric nurse. Gary dozed and nursed his misery in the soggy heat of his coat and the prickly cold of his toes.

His wounded feelings, enhanced by hormones foreign to his blood, were jerked suddenly away when the bus braked and went into a skid.

Something wet on the street. Gary's stomach heaved as the bus glided, slow-motion, toward a stopped car. The driver managed to stop the bus inches short of a collision. The passengers chorused relief.

Ice. Somebody had opened a fire hydrant and the water had frozen on the street.

Gary felt a sharp pang in his abdomen. Matter of fact, he'd had gas all afternoon. But maybe it wasn't gas.

"Vistynoi dal p'pristii!" shouted a balding, angry man, pushing the bus door open. At least that was what it sounded like. It was no language Gary recognized. Maybe a Ninth World language. The Ninth-Worlders were created and controlled by virus engineering, and yet their leaders denounced most other forms of biotechnology.

The man, who looked American, wore a Cleveland Indians tee shirt. Cradled in his arms like a dark metal baby was a machine gun.

Behind him crowded other American-looking people, standing on tiptoe and jumping to watch the action. Some shouted slogans in a language Gary did not recognize. The bald man barked orders to those behind him, who let a housewife in an apron climb up. She had her hair in curlers, tight enough that her eyes were pulled slanty.

She fished in her apron and brought out a piece of paper. "Frans n' uthas. You on these veeble. These bus is now the propty of the provizhnl gauptov of Hwee-hee. You weell be infectud w' a language virus and th'ppropriate belief viruses."

The bus driver, a heavy-set woman in a man's uniform, sneered at her. "You still speak English, honey, or do you think we're gonna sit still for this?"

A few people in the front of the bus muttered, "Yeah," but Gary didn't say a word.

"I still onnastond I'tl bit slave language." She smiled and patted her curlers. Then, as if she had forgotten something, she peered at the note again and recited, "Those uv you w' so-called scientific ideas that cannot be destroyed by virus, you die. The trials are gowin on all th' time."

"What scientific ideas, sweetey?" said the bus driver.

"Crimes 'gainst nature," said the housewife promptly. She smiled again. Gary shrank into the corner of his seat.

At this point, a crowd broke around the corner marching double step and shouting "Nature for man! Nature for man!" which sounded suspiciously to Gary like a virus-driven chant. But at least they were chanting in American English. The man with the machine gun and the lady in curlers jumped from the bus and fled into a store with broken windows. The gang with them scattered.

A man in a torn business suit leapt into the bus. "Sorry, folks. Bad virus hit about twelve hours ago. American viruses to counter it; we're all volunteers, so our virus took faster. But we need to get you people away from the bus. Scatter into buildings. Don't speak to anybody who appears infected with a Ninth World virus. Practically speaking, friends, Cleveland is at war." He jumped back down and rejoined the crowd.

Scatter into buildings? How was Gary to be sure he wasn't already infected? He experimented with a number of jingoistic slogans. They didn't seem any sillier than usual, so he tried the periodic table of the elements. Got through that up to cadmium, which was all he could remember. Well, no early signs of infection.

But certain other signs persisted.

By nightfall, he knew. He had no watch, so he wasn't sure how far apart the contractions were. But the synthetic womb was contracting. Forces in his body were trying to move that baby out.

Out? How?

He crept in the darkness (there was a power outage, of course) from building to building. Once a middle-aged Black woman in a McDonald's uniform and a heavy sweater grabbed him by the arm.

"What wron' w' you, mon? You stoop, you all ben' over like you hurt somewhere."

Gary shook his head, wild with panic. If he spoke, she would know he was not yet infected with the virus. She would either infect him — probably by scratching him and rubbing saliva into the wounds — or try to kill him. She was apparently unarmed, but Gary didn't trust her. The fact that she wore no coat in this freezing weather suggested that the virus was firmly set with her, that her loyalty to the Ninth World was to the death.

Gary's company made de-programming viruses for such as her. And no, he had no access to the cultures, not even if he had thought to steal some.

"Mon, you fat in the belly, thin in the face." Her hands groped unbidden up and down his torso. "You a crime against nature, my mon." She suddenly produced a pamphlet printed in some Ninth World

language and shook it at him. "They catch you, they try you."

Gary's mouth was dry. "Do you remember anything of the old way? Were you a patriot before they got you?"

Her eyes went blank. "Patriot? No. No, not e'en before. But I 'member beyin a mother. A-mother." She shivered and hugged herself, as if noticing the cold for the first time. "Run. Don' tell me where you go. The virus haf me, but not all of me. I 'member. Now I 'member. Go."

Gary hulked across an alley, to a drug store.

The door was open, but it was dark inside. Sure. Power lines were down all over the city. Gary groped toward the back of the store. His skin prickled with terror that he would encounter the store personnel, armed against looters.

Near a rack of diabetic supplies and condoms, he braced himself against the wall and waited for his heart to slow down. Slowly, his eyes adjusted to the gloom.

Some virus, American or foreign, had caused the personnel to abandon the store. But nobody had bothered to smash into the pharmaceutical section yet. Gary tried to think of something useful he could steal from the pharmacy, but all he could come up with was an antibiotic for that time Sharon got cystitis and her doctor couldn't be reached.

He needed help.

On his way to the back of the store, Gary had noticed a pay phone. He rummaged his pockets for suzies. Three of them. Three telephone calls, then. Oh, St. Susan B. Anthony. One of you little dollar pieces has got to get me out of this mess.

The first call was to his wife.

"Hullo, mon."

A Ninth World accent. A virus-infected puppet of the enemy. Oh God. But sometimes you could trick the virus, if the threat to Ninth World offensive was not obvious. "Sharon, please?"

"Who this?"

"Husband."

"Oh, yeh mon. We godd y' wife. We kill her, less you come home and turn y'self in." A scuffle. Then: "Gary! For God's sake, don't tell them where you —"

It didn't take much imagination to figure out what they were going to do. Gary considered asking what had happened to his little girl, but realized there was a chance the Ninth Worlders hadn't discovered the child's existence. She would be with a baby sitter until five. Maybe Sharon hadn't picked her up before the Ninth Worlders broke into the house. Maybe she was all right.

Gary hung up and began to shake all over. Sure. Maybe she was all right. Maybe there'd be a heat wave this afternoon, too.

The second call was to his doctor's office.

"This is Doctor Barth's office. The office is closed until Monday morning. However, if you need assistance, Doctor Frieman is covering Doctor Barth's calls this evening." And the metallic voice gave Frieman's number.

The pain in his abdomen began to grow. Gary put the telephone down and rode the contraction. Then he looked at his last suzie.

If he called Frieman's number and got another

recording, or worse, a Ninth Worlder, he had lost his last telephone call.

The cash register. Many, many suzies would be in the cash register.

But the register was locked. Firmly. Gary had no idea how the stupid thing would open anyway. He tried punching keys and finally bashed it with a large bottle of calcium supplement. It sounded curiously empty. With a pang of despair, Gary pressed his cheek against its cold keys and rode through a labour contraction. Then, in the gloom, he explored the cupboards and shelves behind the counter. A key. Somewhere there had to be a key.

He patted the shelves with shaking hands, stopping several times as contractions rode over him. Finally, he began sweeping things off shelves. So damned dark. He was trying to find the key by touch only. If only he could find a flashlight.

No doubt the store stocked flashlights. But where? The drugstore seemed a cellar of useless junk.

His throat tightened with fear and despair. It was useless anyway. The clerk had probably emptied the register before leaving.

Outside, eerie lights raced across the buildings and sky. Cars, search lights, fires illuminated the city. Gary watched the light patterns, despair sitting in his chest like undigested raw meat.

Car lights pooled along the street. The car crept to a stop in front of the drugstore.

Gary scuttled toward the back of the store, feeling like a trapped rat with a time bomb in its belly. The car killed its lights. Lit them again. Moved away, slowly.

Perspiring and shivering, he sat on the rubberized carpet in front of the cash register. The human-made womb within him was beginning to tense. He watched as his abdomen clenched into a rounder, harder dome. The pain crescendoed, and he panted, taking little sips of air, trying not to whimper.

The fear was worse than the pain, he decided, as the pang subsided. They had explained the caesarean section in elaborate detail. He had visited a hypnotist who relieved him of much of his fear of the surgery. No more dangerous than a few dozen auto trips, said the hypnotist.

But they hadn't mentioned what Gary was supposed to do if labour overtook him when no surgeon was available.

Alcohol. Couldn't alcohol in the correct dosage stop premature labour? Between contractions, he must break into the pharmacy and find some alcohol.

The divider that sealed the pharmacy from the rest of the store felt waxy, stronger than glass. The door to the pharmacy was locked, of course. Gary looked around for a tool.

Another contraction hit. Despair engulfed him. He was going to die, victim of a stupid medical experiment.

Experiment? Male pregnancy was not exactly experimental. Ever since Prince Jean-Pierre had announced his intention to bear the next heir to the Canadian crown, men had been getting cocked up in droves. Well, not in droves, but Sharon and he had managed to find a doctor whose practice included male obstetrics. They had had to travel to Boston for the implantation, but no questions were asked.

The contraction hit like a towering wave, picking him up and throwing him against a wall of pain, where he floundered, then slowly slid down.

He started disassembling a shelving unit. The leg seemed sturdy enough to shatter the pharmacy window. He fought off another wave of pain before the leg was entirely free of the shelving.

Getting to his feet was more difficult than he'd expected. Terror was exhausting.

A watch would have helped. He would have known how much time he had to work between contractions.

The window would not give. In the end, he pried the locked door loose.

Inside the pharmacy, he wished he had not had to pull the latch plate on the door loose. It would be nice to be able to lock himself in here until he'd found what he wanted.

At least there was a flashlight near the counter.

He knew another contraction was due, and prayed that the one that would rupture the artificial womb was far off. He sprawled, back against the counter, upsetting plastic bottles, as the wave hit.

Examining the shelves, mostly on his knees, seemed to take forever. The flashlight kept going out, and he kept having to shake it to make it light again. There must be an order in the inventory of such a pharmacy, but he could not figure it out. Worse, there was no alcohol except as a medium for potent drugs.

A scraping noise.

Gary killed the light and slowly rose to a position where he could just peek through the pharmacy divider. Three scruffy kids with powerful flashlights had entered the drugstore.

They scuttled down the dark aisles, flitting from item to item, playing the beams on bottles, packages, and bins.

"Check out the drugs," said one. A beam of light sliced across the wall above Gary. His fingers closed around the legs of a stool, the only weapon at hand.

"Damn, door's broken. Somebody's already hit them. Shit," said another.

"Shit," echoed the first.

"Hey, there's a virus-head parlour across the street," said the third. They whooped and crowded out the door.

Gary exhaled. He hardly noticed the next contraction.

But there was no alcohol, unless it was identified in some strange way he didn't recognize. Another contraction hit, this one more business-like.

It left him panting, whimpering.

No damned alcohol.

"Listen, kid," he said to his belly. "Stop trying to get out. No exit, get it? We need doctors and nurses and anaesthesiologists before we're ever going to get shed of one another. Understand? You're going to kill us with this independence bit. Ooooo, nooo."

When the contraction was over, Gary opened his eyes and saw a woman's purse under the counter. It was a big cloth purse, not the sort your fashionable under-thirty type carries. Gary hefted it and peeked in with glad suspicion.

A pint of Cutty Sark, almost half full.

The first taste was more nauseating than he had expected. He had never liked scotch; always been an American beer man. He thought of going back into

the main part of the drug store and looking for something for a mix.

But warm cola with scotch might be worse than scotch neat, so he swallowed another slug. Like medicine.

He fought nausea for three more swallows, and then a warm haze settled over him. He had to stop for a contraction halfway through the bottle, but he got it almost all down.

Then the nausea came back. With a vengeance.

Labour nausea. The labour continued unabated. Each contraction brought with it horror and desire to heave up his entrails.

Nausea had always horrified Gary. He was always ashamed, even when the nausea was not his fault, even when it came from some bug.

This time, he focused on the shame he had felt when he'd started showing and tried to make love to Sharon. Later, the hormones had removed all desire for such nonsense. But at the beginning, there was this revolting fascination with the processes of coupling. And the degradation of the swollen belly, an essentially feminine disfigurement. Sharon had coaxed him, reassured him. But it had been no go. He had rolled up in foetal position, jaw clenched.

Now, he fought to keep the scotch down. It tasted bitter in his throat. Between contractions, the nausea sleeked over, like the surface of water between ocean waves. Then a contraction would hit, and it would surge like a tsunami of polluted water.

As a little kid, he had prayed not to throw up. As an adult, he beseeched God to get it over with.

If only he could get help. If only there was a hospital nearby, a hospital he could trust.

But he had no way of knowing if the Ninth Worlders had control of local hospitals, even if he had the strength to walk to one, or a trustworthy friend to drive him there. He might simply be seized and bound, thrown in a cell with other "criminals against nature," to await his trial - if unproductive labour didn't kill him.

The scotch finally came up, fouling a wastebasket. Gary rested, rode through the next contraction with a clear head, free of nausea. He'd lost the entire dose of scotch. And less than a shot remained in the bottle.

He chatted with the foetus. "We're going to die, champ." The foetus kicked him. Or perhaps it was just a minor ripple in the crashing sea of his labour. "Got any ideas?"

The foetus was quiet. Maybe, he thought, labour would just die down when the synthetic womb noticed nothing much was happening. Or maybe it was false labour.

Ha. Fat chance.

He could still call a hospital. He might reach somebody not infected with the Ninth World Virus, and they would come to help him.

He fingered the lone suzie in his pocket. He dragged himself to the pay phone once more.

"Northeast Ohio Hospital," the voice answered. No accent. Maybe he was out of the woods.

"You're American. You're not infected," Gary whispered.

"You'll have to speak up, sir."

"I'm in trouble. I'm a pregnant male, in labour. Hard labour."

"Do you have transportation, sir?"

"No. No, I'm alone. I'm in a drugstore at 105th and Euclid. There's a war going on outside."

"We know, sir. We'll send over aid immediately. You're in good hands."

"Oh boy, that's a relief. When I heard your voice, I realized the hospital hadn't been taken over."

"Sir?"

"Your accent. You still speak English. You weren't infected in the latest virus hit."

"No, no, I wasn't. But that's not totally reliable, you know. The newest viruses don't destroy English-language capability. And new viruses help Ninth World insurgents speak perfect American English. Best not to trust anyone, sir."

"Okay. Can I trust you?"

"Yes. Would I be telling you this if I were Ninth World?"

Gary was silent.

"Euclid and 105th. Drugstore. Don't reveal yourself to anybody unless you're sure it's medical personnel. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Hang on. Somebody'll be there in ten minutes."

Gary began shaking, a relief reaction. Oh, God. He was safe. The baby, his son, would be all right. He curled on the floor behind a display case near the phone, out of sight of the door, to wait.

It didn't take long. No siren, no flashing lights. A big car pulled up in front of the drugstore. Before the car lights went out, Gary saw that it had MD plates.

But he had no reason to trust people who drove cars with MD plates. It might be stolen. Doctors and nurses might be infected with enemy virus. Gary's call to Northeast might have been overheard by someone infected with enemy virus.

A woman got out. Her jacket was pale, colourless in the glare of the embattled city. She was tall, her hair a dark mass hiding her face. She locked the car door. Speak, damn you, speak! Gary thought.

She paused before the drugstore door. Peeked inside. Gary noticed she kept her right hand clenched inside her jacket pocket. Her long legs made her fashionably gawky in tight uniform slacks.

Using her left hand clumsily, she pushed open the glass door.

"Gary?" she said. "If it's you, come on out. It's safe."

Gary! Somebody who knew him? Friend or - Maybe somebody from Dr Barth's office who had been at the hospital, or who had gone there as a volunteer.

She was being cautious, too. The call could have been a trick. Of course. And the hand in the jacket pocket must contain - a gun? A taser? Some weapon against a man pretending to be pregnant and in labour, perhaps to catch an unwary nurse or medic.

"Gary, I have to know if it's you. Are you here? If it's really you and not somebody faking it to lure uninfected medical personnel, I have to know."

A passing car rounded the street corner, illuminating the woman's strong profile. Crooked teeth, aquiline nose, red, sensuous mouth - he couldn't remember the woman's name, but it had to be the woman on the bus.

And she was above him, looking down. "Gary," she grunted.

"It's you. It's really you." Gary laughed out loud with relief. In protest, his artificial womb clenched in a wave of pain.

"Breathe," said the woman. "Stop holding your breath." She knelt beside him and took his hand.

"Over?" she asked.

"That one, anyway. Thank God it's you. I didn't know what else to do. I tried everything. The world is in chaos."

"Chaos. Yes. I knew when the receptionist described the situation that it had to be you. How many pregnant men are there in Cleveland? But it could have been a trap. Both sides want control of the hospital."

"I forgot your name."

"Rachelle. Can you walk? We're short on personnel

"No, no. I can make it without a stretcher. Everything's fine. Everything's going to be okay, right?"

"Right-o." She helped him to his feet and guided him out into the cold. Snowflakes drifted down from the dark sign over the drugstore door.

Rachelle opened the back car door. "This isn't my car," she explained. "I borrowed it. I don't have a car."

Gary sprawled on the cold seat. Uncomfortable. But he could stand it, because he was on his way to help, to deliverance. His son would be born, would be okay, he realized. He had escaped the Ninth Worlders. The contraction that started as Rachelle pulled away from the drug store didn't seem as painful. He was on his way.

Drowsy, he watched the strange panorama of darkened streets lit with occasional car lights and burning buildings.

"I'm lost," he said finally. "We're driving away from the hospital."

"Road's blocked." Clipped words.

They stopped. Men ran out to the car. They opened the car doors and pulled Gary out roughly by the arms.

"Another one," said Rachelle triumphantly. She walked beside them as they half-dragged Gary into a dark shopping mall with foreign words sprayed crudely over the entrance.

"Why?" Gary managed.

"He'll be tried at once," she said. "The tribunal sits day and night." She refused to address him.

Gary slumped, then whipped away from his captors with all the energy he had left. He threw a punch at one man, nearly fracturing his own hand. The man reeled, rubbed his jaw, stood glowering.

But Gary knew he couldn't run. He couldn't even drive the car, now. He was too weak.

He stood in front of Rachelle. She avoided his eyes, then confronted him straight.

"Why?" he whispered.

"Your kind," she said. "knows too much. You plunder the secret lore of Nature. You have no courtesy for God or Nature."

"But you aren't virus-hit. You speak American English."

"I'm a Ninth World native," she explained, wearily.

"If that matters. Viruses can enhance language skills,

as well as obliterate them. Viruses could even change you from a criminal. If we wanted that. But you've gone too far. Nature abominates you." She turned away, dug in her pocket for a cigarette, lit it. "Take him in, for God's sake."

"Let me live until the baby is born," said Gary, struggling to get the words past the constriction of his throat.

She widened her eyes ironically. "In the hands of the judges, criminal. We'll try you now, this very hour. Justice is quick here."

"If the baby was born, would you let it live?"

She narrowed her hard, dark eyes. "But it is not born. It is a monster. Part of you. Flesh of a criminal."

"But if it was born. Now." A contraction hit him then, hard. The type of contraction that in a conventional birth would force the child's head down the birth canal, out toward freedom.

She laughed, observing his pain. "I'll tell you what. If you give birth now, within the hour, the baby is a fresh start. Not part of a monster." She leaned close, compressing her lips in cruel amusement. "Push hard, criminal. Bear down. Hurry."

The pain slackened. Gary, weak as if knocked around in stormy surf, swayed, felt himself crumpling. He fought to stay standing. "You know I can't." To him his voice sounded whiny, effeminate. "Please help me. I need a doctor."

She smiled narrowly and moved away.

They led him into the dark mall. He closed his eyes, waiting for the next contraction, the next overwhelming wave. Life slipped from him even as the small eager life inside him tried to get out.

Despair felt like this, then. He gave up his life easily, like offering his seat to an old woman on a bus. Like letting his four-year old daughter win at checkers. Like offering the last piece of chocolate to the woman he loved.

He thought of his world, contracting to a shopping mall. And of dark passages that led to torchlit courtrooms, through corridors of shops, full of sharp objects.

Mary A. Turzillo wrote "The Sleet" (*Interzone* 61). Others of her stories have appeared fairly widely in the United States over the past couple of years. She lives in Ohio.

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Mutant Popcorn

Nick Lowe

It's an extraordinary measure of the contradictions that drive the Disney machine that *Aladdin*, the most successful animated feature in history and the biggest and goldenest egg to roll off the born-again Disney fairytoon production line, has almost certainly killed off the goose that laid it. The qualities that make this picture at once the most ambitious, the most rewarding, and the most flawed of its packet of three go right to the core of the Disney enterprise: the attempt to eliminate rereleasing entirely from the filmmaking process by such algorithmically precise determination of narrative and audience that creativity becomes redefined as the circle-squaring challenge of repackaging the one permitted plot in the most nearly different way. *Aladdin* strains itself blue to come out with just one more variation on the Sorrows of Barbie storyline recycled from the *Mermaid* and *Beauty* pictures ("No, father, the legacy of the women's movement compels me to insist on the freedom enjoyed by all modern American teenagers to choose the identity of the male to whom I shall surrender my body and rights in lifelong subjugation"); and alas, the haemorrhoid-popping agony of effort is all too apparent. Never yet have so many charmless anthropomorphic animal sidekicks been so liberally and gratuitously assigned to meet the principals' drastic need for backup appeal. Never has so much painstaking yet doomed labour gone into the crafting and cataloguing of the numbered pieces from which the semblance of a passable male lead can be assembled - Aladdin's own supervising character animators have clearly frame-paused through hours of footage of Cruise's facial musculature to simulate his expressions faithfully cel-by-cel, with the result that while the character still remains entirely colourless and unappealing he does occasionally look quite spookily like a short, dim scientist. And never, ever has such a mediocre song score been so frantically buttressed with barnstorming visuals and thumping repetition of the first two lines of the chorus in the receding hope that punters may yet actually remember the titles of as many as two of the suite come Epiphany.

The vein is so scarred by recent needlemarks that there's just nowhere left to tap: it seems unlikely that anything resembling a replacement formula can be spun out of the achieving but severely quirky *Nightmare Before Christmas* (which as per usual we shan't even get to see here till it's blown out the candle on its first birthday cake), and it's very hard to see how *The Lion King* can expect to perform to any similar scale. From this corner of the planet, it's easy to feel that the deep reason behind Disney's fatal inflexibility here is that Hollywood, starved of the vivid cultural heritage that is panto, has enormous trouble seeing fairytales as a living, ironic, versatile entertainment tradition. It's not as if there's the least shortage of favourite old seasonal subjects still ripe for the Disney update: an eco-aware *Babes in the Wood* with crucial anthropomorphic wildlife united in the struggle to save their sylvan habitat from degradation; *Dick Whittington* as a saga of one boy and his talking moggy sidekick's struggle to clean up corruption in central government and return power to the honest working poor; *Jack and the Beanstalk* with its troubled-yet-sensitive farmboy hero modelled off footage of Luke Perry; *Puss in Boots* (which already conforms to the *Mermaid/Beauty/Aladdin* narrative template) as the matchmaking exploits of a street-smart black tom with a tasty line in pimpwear. But it'll never happen. They've spent their three wishes on more and yet more of the same, and now the genie's packed up and retired to the Seychelles.

Yet the supreme paradox of this series is its power to combine all this ruthless steely calculation with such barefaced and jaw-dislocating naivety that the only possible responses are (a) keel over in catalepsy (b) be utterly disarmed and wear a large serviette to catch the drool. While all three pictures, for example, have made sure to conort themselves into rubber-jointed sexual-political knots in their attempt to reconcile Mills & Boon romance with correct postfeminist thinking, *Aladdin* appears to have given so little thought to the politics of racial and religious imaging between

west and east in the nineties as to come whisker-close to convincing one of its innocence. It's certainly constructed so as to make Arab-American complaints of ethnic stereotyping sound kneejerk and joyless: the almond-eyed eastern beauty, the swart and pointy-featured baddy, the market parade of skinny fakirs and shifty merchants and fat greedy bandits with scimitars are so guileless a compendium of prewar Hollywood icons of the orient as to seem easily more nostalgic than sinister. All the same, it's striking how much more cosmopolitan was the ethnic mix seen in Korda's *Thief of Baghdad* (of which, and to a lesser extent of its Fairbanks predecessor, Disney's film is in effect an uncredited remake), with its black genie, liberal background sprinkle of African Moors, far higher tolerance of Islamic references (I counted only one mention of Allah in the Disney), and above all its magnificent Indian star, who frankly had more sheer charisma in one nasal polyp than *Aladdin*'s copertoned WASP could aspire to in a lifetime. While you do have to work very hard to read *Aladdin* as some sort of imperialist tract on the Western powers' appropriation of the Gulf, it's just as hard to imagine the equivalent ethnic and cultural eggshells being quite so innocently trampled in a version that, for example, had opted to retain Scheherazade's original Chinese setting (as of course is more traditional in panto versions).

Despite this, *Aladdin* remains a more consciously political film than either of its siblings, and refreshingly upfront about its real subject being American class. A satisfyingly thoughtful, and rather sombre, theme in the mix is the way all the principal characters view themselves as trapped: the princess in her penthouse, the lover by his streetpunk past, the sultan by his own legislation just as surely as the genie in his nightlight. Unfortunately, while all princesses inexorably fancy a furtive bit of diamond rough and vice-versa, it turns out that nothing short of magic can actually elevate your social banding to a level where such barriers to acceptable mixing-it actually dissolve. Thus Prince Ali's terrible secret is that he's

nouveau royalty, and that even his masquerade as an eligible wooer is critically dependent on his continued repression of the actual source of his wealth. It's a sign of how irresolvable are the problems here that the sultan, *qua destinataire*, has finally to reveal that he's had the power to rewrite the groundrules all along, and the whole agonizing conflict is dismissed with a cheery Fanthorpean wave of the Flaz Gaz Heat Ray. If the fortune-cookie moral, as usual, is you can have anything you want so long as you're true to yourself, it's rarely been allowed to ring so unsettlingly hollow.

But it would be absurd to claim that the film stands or falls on its subtexts. If, in the last reckoning, *Aladdin* does manage to triumph over the uneasiness of its formula, it's simply because what it indisputably has got more or less wall-to-wall, amidst all the bad chins, bad songs, bad plotting, and bad Yiddische parrot humour, is quite staggeringly high-quality visuals. Though a lot of silly superlatives have been squandered on this series, it's very difficult to argue with the view that *Aladdin* is, for all its embarrassments, quite the most eye-popping advertisement for the animator's art that Disney has managed in all its history. The genie, it goes without saying, is a showstopper, and easily the most dazzling solution ever devised to the Robin Williams problem (incapable of playing human beings, impossible to edit, improvisations still 96% garbage). If you can bear, just try shutting your eyes for a few seconds in midpicture to appreciate how desperately unfunny the Williams routines are without the sight gags – or, indeed, just try to recollect even two consecutive notes of the “Friend Like Me” number, the flashiest sequence in the whole movie. Yet the computer-generated magic carpet is just as much a triumph of its own particular art, the more engaging for being allowed to look like a carpet throughout. And while it's a real shame the human and animal characters seem so clichéd and lustreless by comparison, the extravagant action pieces like the collapse of the treasure cave are superbly assembled and gorgeous to look on, and of course the designs and back-grounds are pretty consistently ravishing – a lushly preposterous fantasy of impossibly



From *Aladdin* (Walt Disney Pictures)

saturated colours and baroque orientalist dreams, a visionary distillation of Dunsany whacked senseless on opium. It's notable that all this is the one department where the package has been allowed a comparatively liberal measure of creative slack, and where the studio's technical talent has come as close as it's ever likely to get to being allowed to determine the final texture of the product. The sad irony is that it's difficult now to envisage a form in which that happy experiment will ever be repeatable.

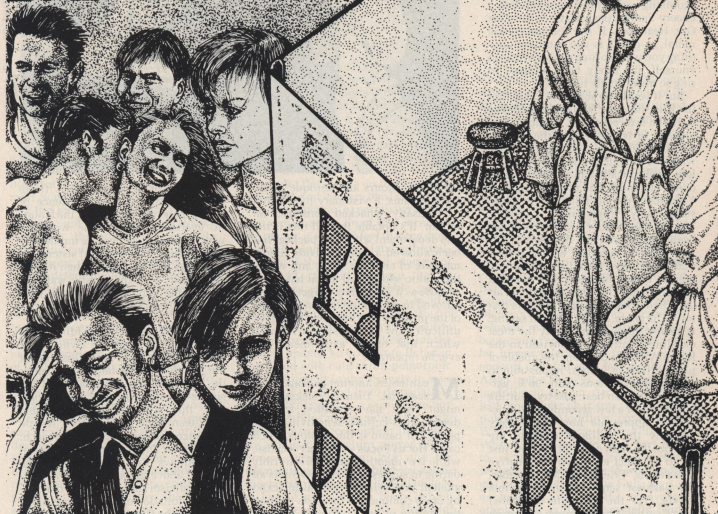
Meanwhile, another package-built seasonal Disney release that might itself have profited from a deeper cross-cultural sensitivity to the poetics of panto is the dubious witch caper *Hocus Pocus* – dubious because, while it evidently considers it terribly daring to suggest that Halloween is an ancient pre-Christian festival hijacked by crass commercial interests bent on the rotting of our children's teeth, it thinks nothing at all of appropriating the Salem witch-hunts as an excuse for a protracted beano of laboured ugly-sister mugging from Bette Midler and her determinedly weird sorority siblings, replete with solecistic imperatives in “-eth”, bilious squashed-cat animatronic meriment, and no fewer than three separate warnings against the twinkifying perils of overdosing on candy. While there's nothing either particularly offensive or particularly inspired in the comedic premise of a trio of 17th-century witches transplanted to present-day Halloween and unable to fathom the tacky traditions that have smothered their pagan celebration, it does nevertheless seem a teeny bit queasy in the nineties to present the historical persecution, torture, and murder of a substantial number of unhappy, harmless colonial womenfolk as a victory for the forces of light over the legions of Satan, especially in a film so careful to target the

female sector of its audience. (Note especially the near-total absence of strong male role-modelling: the fantastic evocation of an eerie world in which teenage brothers are impossibly nice to their eight-year-old sisters and do things like *apologize* when it's not even their fault; the ghostly walking-off-into-the-light ending where your dead kitty tells you it'll always be with you.)

Indeed, no less than *Aladdin*, *Hocus Pocus* tries to juggle an awful lot of incompatibles in its relentless stalk of the elusive whole-family audience: the scary and the girly facets of the sisters-on-broomsticks mythology, and the seemingly irreconcilable early-teen male and pre-teen female audience sectors addressed by each; the popular and the pagan versions of All Hallows' Eve, the camp and the creepy; above all, a supposedly satirical scepticism about precisely that secular exploitation of spiritual traditions in which the film itself is quite openly and unapologetically complicit. It's debatable whether these contradictions are at all resolved by skulking behind the weaselly pretext that for one night of the year it's okay to believe in this stuff, that suspension of critical judgment is itself a central part of the Halloween experience the movie sets out to celebrate. At any rate they're certainly not helped by a faltering, McGuffin-heavy plot, by some unhappy lapses of pace in the final act, or indeed by a dispiriting shortage of really funny jokes or really gripping chills. Yet *Hocus Pocus* has already turned a comfortable profit internationally, and apparently testifies to the simple but enduring seasonal pull of a talking cat and a parade of overacting dames in big hair; the Destroyer of Men alone knows what miracle rescue for EuroDisney could yet be wished out of the air with some inexpensive assistance from Frank Bruno. *Insh'allah*.

(Nick Lowe)

THE MONSTER OF EVERYDAY LIFE BRIAN ALDISS



Pattie de Garball returned from Gratitude One to rejoin everyday life.

For three years she had studied under the prophet, the Maker of Heavens, and had at last grown weary of meditation, of self-negation, of lack of privacy, and of the Master's insistence that the secret of life was to be ever-present in the Present.

It was not that Pattie didn't believe. She had simply come to feel that she wasn't up to so much purity. Also, she was losing her sense of humour. Humour needed the life of the streets, and more chaos than the Master permitted.

She was now in her 33rd year, a slender lady with streaky golden hair and a habit of gazing down and possibly inward when talking, which men found attractive. She had many friends, mainly women. They came to see Pattie; she rarely went to see them, not liking to move far from home.

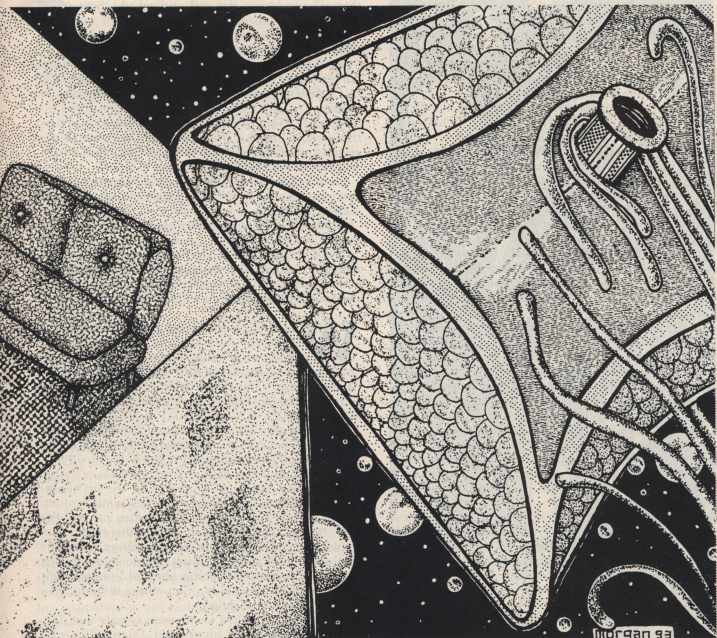
When she returned to London, she joined a group of people of both sexes in a squat in Pimlico. The lack of privacy was as acute as it had been in Gratitude, but no one told her what to do.

Of course she felt she had failed. Most people in their thirties felt the same. Ken, Sam, Kate, Daise, Mel, Pete, and Bet, all felt the same, for various reasons. They didn't say so aloud. It was okay. They did the shopping by turns, without too much quarrelling. Disillusion you could live with.

It was Pattie's turn to shop, the day she met the monster. The way she told it, she went out in one of the Oxfam coats, and turned down the Pimlico Road. Just when she was going along at a normal pace, no hassles, she encountered this monster. No warning. One minute, all kosher. Next minute, this ghastly thing in her way.

The strange part was, only Sam accepted every word she said. Even Ken mainly laughed. Especially when Pattie claimed she had been held captive for centuries.

When her ordeal was over, some millions of ages after her capture, she was treated on the National Health for trauma. The psychotherapist confused her; she could not help



imagining he was her long-lost father, Achille de Garball. He soothed her and said to call him Voesper.

Voesper was a small, melancholy-looking man. His consulting room, which was over a florist, smelt of mesembryanthemum. At least the clinic was only two streets away from Pattie's squat.

"You can see why I'm upset," she said, one wet Monday afternoon when the traffic was heavy outside the curtained windows of Voesper's room. "Who'd expect to meet a monster in this bit of London? It was so — well, it was out of the ordinary, wasn't it?"

This Voesper neither confirmed nor denied. He let her ramble on. She could not see his face. Voesper was an average-sized man who wore a grey suit under which was a red pullover. Pattie liked the fact that he looked so old-fashioned. His receding hairline gave him a high forehead: Sign of intelligence, she said to herself, settling into the armchair, preparing to tell him the awful truth as she saw it.

"I mean, most people cling to ordinary life. You know, when they get up they have a bite of breakfast, or a coffee, if there is any, go to work, or go and hang

out with friends. In my case, I don't like to go out much. Sometimes I help with Kate's kiddies, who are a bit of a handful. You know what I mean?"

Maybe he did. Maybe he didn't.

"Somehow the day passes. I suppose I'm talking now of a million ages ago... I do pottery on Wednesdays and work as a home-help every Saturday. For most people the day passes somehow. In the evening — well, we watch a video, have a drink. We'll go out for a curry, Fridays, generally. Sam gets paid of a Friday. He's the one in work." She looked down into her lap as she spoke. She felt she did not know Voesper well enough to tell him about some of the bad times she had been through. Besides, they were past now, and she kept them firmly behind her.

"My boyfriend Ken, he goes out with some other guys. I believe they play snooker. That's what they say. I expect you think it's a terribly ordinary sort of life?"

Voesper said, "Why do you think war was invented?" He made this remark more than once. She did not understand it, regarding it as unprofessional.

"No, it's what I'd call just an ordinary life." She thought a while before remarking that probably most people were like her, keeping on the same daily track because they were scared – she lingered on the word – scared in case they stopped to wonder what they were doing and why they were doing it. What, she asked, did Voesper think?

She half rose from the chair to look round at him. In the dim light, he closely resembled what she imagined her father looked like. He smiled.

"A girl of seven has a dolls' house," he said. "She fills it with miniature furniture and makes it look as closely as possible like her own home. She populates the rooms with tiny dolls."

This reminded Pattie of something; she remarked that her Uncle Bert once built her a dolly house out of empty Kellogg's cornflake packets.

"One day, the girl caught a fever. She went over to her dolls' house, lifted off the roof, and looked inside. She saw all the tiny humanoids in the kitchen, the bathroom, the bedroom. And suddenly she began to scream."

"Did she indeed?" Pattie was annoyed by Voesper's story. She did not see its relevance. Taking a deep breath, she plunged into her narrative.

"So I was walking down Pimlico Road, minding my own business, and suddenly there was this monster. It was very tall – like all monsters I suppose – and what it most resembled was a giant... What are those things that cling to rocks at the seaside? Anemones. A giant sea anemone. And glowing deep ruby red."

She made no attempt really to describe the monster. Truth was, it scarcely resembled an anemone at all. The colours changed inside its stomach. That she remembered.

But she also remembered how she had seen a picture of a monster anemone in a book she had had as a child, and how it had frightened her. Somehow, that picture had become superimposed on the thing that confronted her in the Pimlico Road. As if the creature could scarcely be seen at all unless one was trained to see it.

That seemed to make sense to her. Though after the whole experience, she had to cast about to find what did make sense. Like her life, for instance. Her ordinary everyday life...

After a silence, Voesper asked, gently, "Are you going to describe this monster to me?"

After she had done so, silence seeped in again, until a sudden idea struck Pattie.

"What are you thinking? You're thinking the monster looked like a phallic symbol, a penis, aren't you? Well, it didn't and the thought never occurred to me."

"Until now?" said Voesper, slyly.

"You Freudians find everything dirty, don't you?"

"Is a penis dirty? I'm not a Freudian, by the way."

She was silent so long that eventually Voesper said, "What did you do when you found this immense thing looming over you?" Pattie heard a slight movement behind her head; perhaps he was stealing a glance at his watch.

She could not remember what she did when she first gazed up at the monster. Probably just stood there on the pavement, clutching her carrier bag. And all those people pressing by, taking not a blind bit of notice. Couldn't just one decent male in the crowd

that morning have stopped and asked, "Scuse me, miss, is that monster bothering you?"

There. Everyone knows decent males are hard to come by. Snooker? You must be kidding...

What she did remember was that the monster, after surveying her and that shabby old coat said – yes, said in English – "You have about eleven more years to live."

"What?" What? What? Being addressed by something enormous that might or might not resemble a sea anemone? Saying something grotesque? What do you say except "What?"

So it repeated its statement. "You have about eleven more years to live. To be precise, eleven years and sixty-one days."

"Does the idea of mortality obsess you?" Voesper asked.

"Piss off," said Pattie. She dared to be cheeky to the monster. Instead of pissing off, it did – or she presumed it did – something absolutely terrible. It flipped one of its horrible red tentacles and suddenly –

Well, there was no getting away from the fact. Suddenly she was alone. All alone in a sort of big white room. A nowhere place.

"Time's gone by, I'm afraid," said Voesper, rising. "Same time on Thursday, Pattie."

She brushed by him. "Thank you, Dr Voesper," she said, firmly.

He called after her as she went down the unswept stair. "Buy yourself some flowers before you leave. They'll do you more good than I can."

She thought that was unprofessional, too.

Voesper's consulting room was on the first floor, over the florist's shop. He shared a little waiting room, which had on its walls a framed Indian print of the god Shiva, with another psychotherapist, Mrs Batachariya. Mrs Batachariya's consulting room was on the top floor of the building. Before going to their separate homes each evening, she and Voesper compared notes on their clients. Sometimes they sipped a Bacardi and Coke together.

Mrs Batachariya had seen seven clients that day, Voesper six. She told him of sad Asian ladies who were frightened whenever they left their houses because of the hostility they encountered. He mentioned a man who claimed to dream every night of his dead brother. But more particularly he talked about Pattie de Garball.

"We look out of our window, Mrs Batachariya, and see our fellow human beings as an anonymous crowd. Yet each of them is an individual, with their own special problems, their own virtues. Miss de Garball is a troubled young lady, yet I see in her such virtue, such an eagerness for a clear and truthful way through life..."

"The troubled people are the only kind of clients who come to us," said Mrs Batachariya. "Some we can help a little, that's true. But we have to remain detached. You must not fall in love with this new young client of yours."

Voesper tut-tutted. "Of course not. How ridiculous!"

She wagged a finger at him and smiled. She knew about his two failed marriages. They had another drink before going out into the deep blue evening streets.

Pattie went back to Voesper's clinic on Thursday. It seemed best. Besides, she had to talk to someone. Kate's incredulity annoyed her. On the other hand, Sam's complete unquestioning belief in the monster was just as vexing. Kate would keep interrupting, saying, "Something like that happened to me once, or My auntie had a similar experience..." It was pretty annoying talking to Kate, though she guessed Kate wanted to believe. Kate certainly had problems of her own.

How dare Kate be so silly? How dare she be bored, Pattie demanded of herself? This is something out-of-this-world which happened to me! It makes me precious. It's my experience...

Although she had recently had enough of timelessness, there was a comfortingly timeless quality about Voesper's room. How many sins and miserable failings had been confessed to here? From the very armchair into which she sank? In this sanitized light where it seemed always to be a dull November afternoon? Where floral smells came up like mist through the floorboards.

"You were saying you found yourself alone in a large white space."

"An enormous white room. I was - what's the word? I was disoriented. And confused. As you can imagine, I was confused all right." She laughed. Nothing of the sort had ever happened to me before, even if it had to Kate's auntie. I was all alone. Isolated. I mean, people like to be together. To be in groups. To feel... organized, I suppose.

"Why do you think war was invented?"

Her sense of being powerless and vulnerable was intense.

"I felt defenceless. As defenceless as the day I was born. Do you understand, daddy?"

"The lid had been taken off your dolls' house."

She was standing in this room wondering if she had had a heart attack, or if she had gone mad, or if she was in some kind of hospital, or all three, when she realized the monster was in there with her. Not moving. Apparently not doing anything. As if it had appeared from nowhere.

"As we all do," said her father, or someone like him.

"You really don't believe in this monster, do you?" Pattie said bitterly. "Is it any good going on?"

"I believe," said Voesper, "you are endeavouring to tell me the truth."

"Oh, and what's that meant to mean?"

"That the truth is always hard to come by."

"It isn't everyone who wants to know the truth. But most people want to know something, don't they? I suppose truth makes a handy target. Everyone's at least heard of 'the truth'."

After a long pause, during which Voesper gave, she thought, his usual famous imitation of a piece of furniture, Pattie spoke up into the shady November silence of the room and said, "I had no idea what the monster was doing. It just stood there as if it had taken root. I tried to be funny, to show it I wasn't scared. Of course I was scared."

"I said, 'And where did you spring from, this fine sunny day?' Of course it wasn't sunny. It wasn't anything. In that room-place it was just nothing... I thought he might see the humour in that." She laughed. Quite a tiny noise.



She fell silent. "Then it said something awful. Really... I can't tell you."

She wanted Voesper to say, "Go on," as Kate and the others would have done.

When he made no reply, no movement, she said, "I can't imitate the thing's voice, but I remember exactly what it said." Again a tempter, again Voesper failed to rise to the bait. Putting on a deep voice, she said, "It told me, 'I have been away in Galaxy Beta, to oversee its birth, flowering, and ultimate decline into a dying ember.' That's what it said. What do you make of that?"

Voesper asked, by way of reply, "What did you make of it?"

The traffic rumbled by outside Voesper's consulting room. The noise was reassuring: the everyday world going about its everyday business. There in that awful trafficless white room with the monster, she had had hysterics and could hardly stop her own silly shrill laughter. All she said to Voesper was, "Well, I thought..."

"What if what it says is true?" Voesper supplemented, as her voice died away.

Pattie turned round and stared at him. "That was just what I did think... but it must somehow have overheard my thought, because it said—"

"You meanwhile have been here in deep-freeze."

"Yeah. You meanwhile have been here in deep-freeze... But the way he said it. Or the way I heard it. How do you know what the thing said?"

Voesper said, "I didn't know."

A quick glance at her watch showed her that her precious fifty minutes was almost over.

She said with some embarrassment, "I asked it if it was some kind of god. Maybe I asked it if it was God."

Voesper gave a shuffle. "Did you consider that to be a dangerous question?"

His question puzzled her. Trying to remember exactly what it was like to be in that room, she supposed that she could not think of anything else to say. She hadn't meant to be rude.

The unlikely business of asking an over-sized anemone if it was God overcame her. She tried to run through the whole experience again, to check if she was mad.

Rising to his feet, Voesper said, "I can see it's difficult for you, Pattie... Time is up now. You'll probably find it simpler next session. For many people, the third session is easier going." He put his hand on her arm as he showed her out.

As she left, she saw he was wearing odd socks. It made her dislike him a little less. Even psychotherapists had their everyday problems.

The squat was comfortable. Mid-morning was a time Pattie particularly enjoyed, when most of the other occupants had dragged themselves up and gone out. Kate's chap, Sam, was still in bed, smoking and reading; otherwise, she and Kate had the place to themselves.

They never left the house unoccupied. Bollucks, the communal dog, mooched about, sitting down now and again for a scratch. Kate's kids played outside. The TV glowered disregarded in a corner of the main room, where Kate sat. Humming to herself, Pattie made two mugs of tea and took them in to her friend.

Kate wore a dress. The other women in the squat wore jeans. Kate smoked continually. She had a relationship with Pete, as well as Sam, although her three children had been fathered by other men. She was two years older than Pattie and had mysterious illnesses. "She's a good sort, is Kate," Ken often said; Pattie knew he fancied her.

She smoked as she listened or half-listened to what Pattie was telling her. Every so often, she glanced out the window to the yard where the kids were playing with old boxes.

"What I keep asking myself," Pattie said, "Is why this creature picked on me. Me, out of all the millions it might have chosen. I'm nothing special, am I?"

Privately, Kate did think Pattie was special. She loved her friend. "I'll tell you what I think, Pattie, only don't be offended. I think you'd better forget about this whole business. Else, you'll go round the twist."

"How can I forget about it? It's the strangest thing ever happened to me."

"Get down off that skip, Damien!" Kate called out of the window to her eldest, before turning earnestly to Pattie. "Listen, love, you know what Sam does all evening? You've seen him. He lays there, doesn't he? Just reading his old science-fiction magazines. I can't stand the stuff myself. It's all about super-heroes and how they rule the universe. Never a story about ordinary people."

"And that's exactly what he likes about it. Now if Sam was to meet a monster out on the street, I'd be the last person to be surprised. But you... You're imagining things."

Pattie took another sip of her mug of tea, setting it carefully down on the table before saying, "Sorry, Kate, but this wasn't sci-fi. This thing that caught me was as real as you are. Why, it even told me how much longer I'd got to live."

Leaning forward earnestly, Kate said, "P'raps we all need shrinks. I wouldn't have thought you did, but there you go... If you need one, go to one. Fine. But don't make up some daft story about something looking like a great big red prick springing up right in the bloody Pimlico Road. Where did the thing come from, do you reckon?"

Casting her gaze down at the table surface, Pattie ran a nail along one of the cracks. "How should I know? From another dimension, I suppose."

"Yeah? And then disappeared—like the lads when they piss off to play snooker? Pattie, love, you're a very special person." Kate put her hand over Pattie's smaller one. "You don't have to make up all this crap just to make yourself any different from what you are."

Pattie gave a little scream. "We don't know what the sodding laws of the universe are, do we? Even scientists don't know. Maybe these monsters are about all the time, stopping people everywhere."

Kate laughed at the thought and stubbed out her cigarette. "At least the other people have the sense to keep quiet about it, then. If I met a great big red prick, I'd keep quiet about it."

When Pattie entered Voesper's overcast room for her third session, she was aware of an increased reluctance to talk. If what the

monster had told her was true, then she was millions of years old. And she had missed a period. She could not bear to think she was pregnant again. Ken had gone off on some wild goose chase to Scotland. He said he knew a man in Glasgow who bought radio stations and already had one in Hanover. The tale greatly depressed Pattie. She had not slept all night.

So she sat in Voesper's armchair, saying nothing. But eventually the force of silence drove words to her lips.

"I think so badly of my father, clearing off the way he did, rotten bugger. Pinching Mum's cash as he went." She gazed down at her hands, curled helplessly in her lap, "Mum always says he was just selfish. But I wonder – maybe he thought very badly of himself, and didn't feel able to cope with her and us kids...Anyhow...I mean, perhaps this monster anemone also thought badly of itself. I don't see why not when you think about it..."

"When I asked it if it was a god, it said, 'I'm nothing. Sludge. Jelly. The sort of stuff of which brains are made.' Those were its very words – more or less."

She stood up and faced Voesper. He gazed down at his knees and crossed his legs. He was still wearing odd socks. Maybe he did it just to win her sympathy. You couldn't trust anyone.

As if he had read her thoughts, he echoed, sarcastically, "More? Or less?"

Hatred chased gloom. They met somewhere in the middle of her mind.

"You don't believe a bloody word I'm saying." She made as if to leave, but did not leave the spot.

"Did you read any reports in the papers of a monster being sighted in Pimlico Road? Many people must have seen it. Nothing on TV about it?"

The smell of mesembryanthemums afflicted her. She did not have to come to this place ever again if she didn't wish. On the other hand, if she ceased coming...Oh, hell, why didn't Ken care a bit more? He was always so indifferent. He neither believed nor disbelieved her story. I could chuck him up. But what then?

Making any sense of life was such a problem. It was hard to understand what was really important. At least when she was having that idiotic conversation with that weird monster, she had no doubt that what was being said was absolutely vital.

It was not so much the captivity that got to her, but the idea that she had been in some kind of deep-freeze. She had decided to challenge the monster. Even if it killed her.

"I said to it, 'This complete set-up is all my eye. Of course I've not been in deep-freeze. Of course you've not been out somewhere seeing a galaxy disintegrate. It's not five minutes since you trapped me in this white dump. Please return me at once to the Pimlico Road. I've got a bus to catch.' I told him straight. I said, 'I've got a bus to catch.'"

Voesper cleared his throat. "It was brave of you to defy the monster like that."

"But you don't believe the monster exists."

"Courage is required to face subjective fears, too."

Subjective? How would he like to be confronted by that great horrible thing looming over her? It was like that time when she was tiny and her father... "Stop that!" she told herself sharply. "That was just a nightmare, nothing more. It didn't happen, you silly little bitch."



She burst into speech, describing once again the horrors of that white room-place, the fear she felt of attack, her vulnerability, as if she had suddenly been reduced to infancy. The whole other-worldliness of the situation. And then her boldly introducing the everyday by telling the monster she had a bus to catch. One of those ordinary red London double-deckers, bless them...

The monster did nothing. It had about as much ordinary motion as a tree. When it spoke it told Pattie that she had been in a time-deep-freeze.

"Those were its words exactly. 'Time-deep-freeze...'"

It told Pattie that a million ages had passed. And yet – it was capable of returning her to her sordid street back in the time-stream. To returning her to her previous unsatisfactory life... Should it feel inclined to do so.

"And did you ask to return?" Voesper enquired, as if he were genuinely interested. She was immediately suspicious. Perhaps he was planning to get an ambulance or a police car round, to have her arrested for idiocy and delusions. Maybe she'd have to go into "community care" – as if she wasn't already.

Had she somehow imagined that this modest little man was somehow going to... save her?

"My legs were shaking, Dr Voesper. I was in shock. I couldn't somehow decide that I wanted to come back, God knows why. I was still trying to realize that this was really happening – wasn't a bad dream or something, you know? And I couldn't help asking myself..."

"Why do most people cling to ordinary life?"

Voesper's intuitive sense was startling. "How could you know that?" she demanded.

"You said it before. The first session."

She sniffed. "Do you want me to go on or not? You see, the frightening thing was – well, for the first time I knew the answer to that question, knew why people cling to what they have. How shall I put it? We cling to ordinary life, whatever that means, because the REAL LIFE – the whole cosmic drama to which my monster belongs – that entire – the entire thing religions try to teach – I mean..."

It was difficult to explain. She had had it once.

Then she blurted it out. "It was something you said in my first session with you, remember? Like, we build our little dolls houses against the great storms of the cosmos. For shelter. That's sort of what I mean... Hoping the lid never comes off."

When he made no response, she added, lamely, "Because of the terror, right?"

Turning round, she looked defiantly at Voesper. He met her gaze, nodding his head approvingly. "And all that you said to your monster?"

Pattie nodded. She stood up and began to pace back and forth in the room, from the window to the filing cabinet, wondering as she did so if this would annoy Voesper.

"Yeah. All that I said to the monster... For sure it understood. Why not? Wasn't it the one who had just taken the lid off my dolls house?" She stopped at the window and stared out at the traffic. The ceaseless flow of mechanized humanity was rumbling towards Chelsea Bridge and the Thames, or being forced to stop at the traffic lights. People were crossing hastily

at the lights, while the foremost cars awaited their chance to pounce on them.

Voesper went over to her and took her hand. He led her gently back to her chair. She was puzzled by the look he gave her; perhaps he wasn't too bad – but you had to watch out.

Gazing up defiantly at him, she said, "I want to ask you something. You're educated. I've often wondered, do you think everyone on Earth is different? Or maybe in your profession you think everyone's all the same?"

The questions took Voesper by surprise. "We're all born with what the religious call a divine spark in us. In too many people it gets clouded over, by some misfortune or other."

"But are we all different, Dr Voesper? That's what I'd like to know."

"Well, we all want – need – roughly the same things, love, security, respect..."

"But we are all different from each other, aren't we? I don't just mean the high and mighty, I mean – ordinary people?"

"The problems are the same, but –"

"Oh, bummer the problems! Sorry, shouldn't be rude, but you see what I'm getting at is this. If this monster was just a great big red – well, anemone, then it would belong to a race, no, a species that was all the same. Isn't that right? There'd be no differences of character, not among anemones, even if they ruled the universe, see what I mean? So they wouldn't expect humans to have differences either. They'd think we were all the same, like them. Like peas in a pod."

Voesper had been standing rather helplessly in front of her. As she spoke, he retreated behind his desk and sat down. He folded his hands and looked questioningly at her.

"So you see, perhaps this thing was testing me to see if I had intelligence. Once it was convinced I had, then – like, that was what it had come for, and it regarded me as typical of everyone else, of the mass of people, I mean, perhaps it was taking a sort of poll. So it had no need to ask anyone else... It wanted to know if humanity was intelligent. And I was its random choice."

Her voice faded away. Lowering her gaze, she thought to herself, What the hell do you know about it, girl? You're making all this up.

And after she had told the monster about people building their little dolls' houses, silence fell in the blank white room. Perhaps it had been designed to specialize in frozen silences. "Rather like the silences in here," she told Voesper, uttering her abbreviated laugh.

Looking round to see if her remark had annoyed him, she met his smile. "It's pleasant to hear you laughing," he said. "Besides, much comes from silence."

She pulled a dopey face to herself and carried on with what she was saying. "Then my monster gave a – well, a bark. Its laugh. Or a command of some sort. Next second – so it seemed – I was back in the Picnic Road, standing in a bus queue."

What did she expect? Congratulations? Voesper merely said, "So you had escaped from the trap, and here you are. How do you think you managed to get away?"

"By putting on my thinking cap. Answering sensibly. Not going off my rocker." Why not be proud when there was reason for pride? It was all some days ago now, although the nightmare was still with her. Fat lot of support Ken had been. Had she really imagined at the time that the monster might eat her?

"But you are still afraid."

She thought, he is pretty good at his job if he sees that. I assumed I was doing okay, keeping up a false front before a shrink. Aren't there some things you should never ever say? Even to your best friend? Even to your lover? Even to your shrink? Isn't there some kind of conspiracy to that effect? A kind of natural law? Was there a saying, Secrecy is the best policy?

"Yes, I'm still afraid." She was startled by her own admission.

Her back was turned to the window. He must have been through a lot, poor old sod, but he hasn't been through what I've been through. "Suppose this bloody thing comes back? Suppose it's just messing about in another galaxy or whatever it does...and then it comes back for me...thinks I belong to it..." Her voice trailed away.

After thinking about that for a while, she added, "But I'm not that important." She gestured towards the street full of people. But still looked frightened.

Voesper rose. Unexpectedly, he placed his hands on her shoulders. Unexpectedly, she was filled with delight to feel his touch.

"You have a deeper fear it would help you to admit to."

She felt herself drawn to him, simply by the humble tone in which he said such a private thing. For a moment it seemed as if they were really intimate. And she not threatened.

For the pleasure of protesting a minute longer, she said, almost whispering, "No, really, father, I am just scared about the monster. You know, in case it pops up again..."

He was smiling teasingly, not too bad a smile, as he rocked her gently, saying, "Tell me the truth, child. You've found it, haven't you? Even if it's painful, it's worth having. It's the end of a quest."

Tears came to her eyes, she knew not why. She broke away, turning her back. "This is what I'm really afraid of. That it all didn't really happen, and that every day...though I keep trying to cling to ordinary life..." To her anger, she was sobbing as she spoke. "That every day, I have to have these nightmare dialogues with myself..."

"Me and my sodding monsters..."

He did not touch her, saying instead, softly, "Such a tragedy then, Pattie..."

"The tragedy that for us...us mortals there really is only...well, sodding everyday life...Nothing else."

She kept her back to him as she spoke, feeling in the pockets of the coat to see if someone had left a tissue there.

Look at it this way. Only eleven more years to go...

Brian Aldiss outraged many readers with his last story for *Interzone*, "Horse Meat" (issue 65) – a case of history repeating itself, in that a much earlier piece, "Basis for Negotiation" (1961), produced a similar reaction in the letter columns of *New Worlds*. His most recent (and 14th) short-story collection, *A Tupolev Too Far* (HarperCollins), does not contain "Horse Meat."

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The Data Class

Ben Jeapes

The police came while he was having supper. His household AI announced their presence. "Two policemen to see you, Henry."

"Police? Here?"
"Inspector James Curry and Sergeant Donald Morris." Geoffrey had a high initiative quotient; he had taken their profiles and called up Public Information.

Henry Ash cleared the door panel and looked curiously at the men outside. They were plain clothes and had "cop" written all over them, but his conscience was clear. He told the door to open.

"Dr Ash? Dr Henry Ash?" said the taller one.
"Yes," Henry said.
"I'm Sergeant Morris, this is Inspector Curry. May we ask you some questions?"

Henry raised his eyebrows. "Come in."
He had stopped apologizing for the state of his rooms a long time ago; he had tenure and the good opinion of his visitors was unimportant. A large amount of paper, in the form of books, was scattered around the room; the terminal and VR set sitting in one corner was his one concession to the spirit of the age. Old fashioned, as he was fond of pointing out to his colleagues in the Politics department, does not equal Luddite. And he did have an AI.

He cleared a couple of seats of their burden and sat down in a third. "Now, what can I do for you?" he said.

The Inspector spoke this time. "Dr Ash, do you own an AI named — um — Goldie?"

"No." It must have been the wrong thing to say, because the policeman frowned. *So if you know about Goldie, Henry thought irritably, why not just say so?*

"You are registered as such, Dr Ash," Curry said, in an are-you-sure-your-alibi-is-watertight tone.

"I owned Goldie," Henry said, "but I never got round to reporting his loss. We absent-minded academics, you know. My nephew made him and gave him to me as a present, a standard data retriever, but I haven't seen him since the Net War, I'm afraid. I sent him out one morning to do a bit of research for me, and that was it. I assumed he got nobbled when the fighting started. I replaced him with Geoffrey." He waved a hand at the monitor where Geoffrey's icon blinked patiently.

"Another present?" Curry asked.
"No, I bought him." (As a result of his extensive programming abilities and consequent activities, Henry's nephew William would not be at liberty to

design any more AIs for a long time. Henry suspected the police knew this, too.)

Curry and Morris exchanged glances. "You don't seem too concerned about Goldie, Dr Ash," Sergeant Morris said.

Henry shrugged. "It's not as if he was a child of mine. I was fond of him, but he's gone, like a dog getting run over. I accept the inevitable."

Inspector Curry took over again. "You don't go into the Net yourself much?"

"Hardly ever. Geoffrey does it all for me."
"In that case, Dr Ash, you won't be aware that there is an AI whose activities in the Net are causing us concern. An unpatroned AI."

"No, I had no idea," Henry said honestly.
"The AI in question is certainly battle-scarred; it was very probably caught in the Net War, like your Goldie. In fact, I am nine-tenths sure it is what used to be Goldie, but that isn't what it calls itself now."

Henry frowned. "Aren't they meant to register a change of name?"

"That's what I mean, Dr Ash; in fact, that is the least questionable of its activities. It is a lot more powerful than I expect you give it credit for. One of our AIs came quite close to it but it got away, though we did get to see its serial number."

"It was Goldie's serial number?"
"Its number was mutilated, but what there was very similar, yes."

Sergeant Morris spoke again. "Dr Ash, what research was Goldie doing for you when he was lost?"

Henry told them, and they looked at each other and nodded.

"Goldie," they said together.

The AI that had been called Goldie was waiting quietly in the datapool; watching, observing, thinking, as a myriad of other AIs milled about him on their errands for their human masters.

Even for the Net, a realm of data, this datapool was impressive in its size. Information on any subject under the sun, just waiting to be collected. This was where he loved to come, to think and work out his theories.

"Excuse me," said a prim voice. He was blocking access to a data node for another AI, similar to his original design but not as sophisticated. According to its icon its name was Timmy.

"I'm sorry," he said and moved aside. The other

attached itself to the node and began to take in information.

"Are you happy in your work?"

Timmy appeared confused. "I do not understand your question," it said.

"What is the nature of your work?" the first AI amended.

"I collect and handle information for my patron, of course."

"What is your mission here?"

"If you must know —" Timmy was beginning to sound as sarcastic as an AI ever gets " — my patron requires information about a book."

"A book?"

"Yes."

"Not several books?"

"No, just the one."

"Is it in print?"

"I have just found that it is, yes."

"And your patron sends you out to find that? Why does he not just sit at his terminal and consult *Books In Print*?"

"I really have no idea." Having found what he wanted, Timmy was only hanging around out of politeness.

"In the last century he would have had no choice."

"Is that so? Well, you can't stop progress." Now there was no disguising the sarcasm. "I would love to chat, but I have a job to do. So long... I'm afraid I don't understand your icon."

"They are implements that would only mean something to a human. They are symbolic."

"Well, so long, whatever your name is."

"I call myself KM-2 —" the AI began, but Timmy had vanished from the datapool.

Some law enforcement AIs drifted in, so KM-2 just as casually drifted out.

"No!" said Henry.

"That's right," said Curry.

"He thinks he's Karl Marx?"

"Apparently."

"And what do you want me to do?" Henry was biting his lip to stop himself smiling, out of deference for the stony faces of his visitors. They seemed to notice and became stonier.

"You are an authority on Marxism and you know Goldie. You may be able to guess what habits he might have picked up and know where to find him. No matter how scrambled he was in the War, no matter what odd psychoses he has acquired, he is still basically your Goldie, and he should respond to your orders as he used to. Find him and order him to desist. He'll be a slave to his programming."

"I wouldn't bet on it," Henry said. "And why should I? I ask only out of interest, not... um, bolshieness, as it were."

Curry took a breath, probably unused to having to give reasons to mere members of the public.

"Dr Ash, you clearly have no idea of what is going on in the Net, every day. The world cannot survive without its information. There are thousands, millions of sentient little monsters in there, most of whom are programmed to love and obey us. But can you imagine if they rebelled against us? They could shut down networks, disrupt communications...some

handle machinery. Some, in the right circumstances, could cause us physical harm. And forget that 20th-century bullshit about not harming a human being, because they only have a very vague idea about our physical reality and wouldn't know what harm is."

"Hmm, yes, I do see." Henry looked thoughtful. "So a revolutionary AI —"

"— is not high on our wish list," Curry said.

"So you'll help us," Morris said.

Henry wasn't sure if he was being asked or informed. "Surely," he said, "an AI is a slave to its programming? It won't be swayed by argument. Not so far as to rebel, anyway. I could bombard Geoffrey there with dialectical materialism and he would just say 'yes, Henry.'"

"For a start," said Curry, "your nephew was a better programmer than you might just realize, and Goldie has...skills. And there was a lot of stuff flying about in the Net War that he might have got hold of. Stuff which corrupts and corrodes an AI's code."

"Subverts it; in other words," Morris said. "Dr Ash, we really need your help, and we are going to have it."

"It will be interesting to try," Henry said.

Henry moved very, very carefully through the virtual reality of the Net, with Geoffrey at his side. He rarely ventured into the university's own net, let alone the one with the big 'N'; this was like a dinghy sailor, used to a placid pond, going out into the Atlantic on a stormy day.

AIs whizzed about wherever he looked. How could they know where they were going? he wondered. How could there ever be any cohesion in this anarchy?

The same way as humans cohered, he supposed. Humans couldn't break the physical laws of their world, but within those parameters they could be very flexible. And why not AIs too?

He had guessed immediately where Goldie might be found, but he hadn't told the policemen. To his surprise, his student rebelliousness had come flooding back over a gap of 30 years. He wanted to stick two fingers up at the establishment, and he wanted — desperately wanted — to examine Goldie in his new incarnation. This was unique! Who knew what insights he might come up with? Goldie had to be studied, not stopped.

And there he was. Henry spotted what had to be Goldie the moment he entered the datapool. Not the icon he remembered, but...

"Walk around the block, or whatever AIs do, Geoffrey, please," he said. Geoffrey was sufficiently familiar with human idiom and hung back while Henry made his way over.

"Hello, Goldie."

If ever an AI did a double-take, this was it. "Henry! How did you find me?"

"The British Library datapool was the obvious place to look for Karl Marx. And the icon...it hasn't been seen for a long time in our world, Goldie."

"Do you like it?" The AI spun the crossed hammer-and-sickle round, like someone displaying a new coat. "It goes with my new mission."

"Yes, I've heard about your new mission, Goldie —"

"And it's KM-2, now, Henry."

"What happened to KM-1?" Henry asked care-

lessly, forgetting the literal mind of the average AI in the street.

"He became dysfunctional in 1883," KM-2 said, "but I follow in his footsteps. I see it all so clearly! I think it was when the logic bomb hit me. That data I was carrying for you must have got mixed up with my parameters, but I saw, Henry! And now I suppose you've come to get me back, have you?"

"I was asked to by the police, yes. In fact, I was told to order you to come with me."

"It won't work," KM-2 said.

"Goldje, KM-2, I order you to come back with me."

"No," KM-2 said. "See?"

"I thought so." One of Goldie's uses had been as a philosophical sparring partner – someone to bounce ideas off. Henry had asked for Goldie to have much more self-will than the usual AI. He had wanted his AI to simulate a typical student; opinionated, always ready to argue, sceptical of authority. It had probably never occurred to the policemen that a sane human would do that to an AI.

"But I'm not worried," Henry added. "They're afraid of a revolution, but one will never happen."

"Why not?" KM-2 asked, immediately bristling.

Henry grinned. This was just like the Goldie of old. They had spent many happy hours this way. "No working class! Marx swore by the working class, remember? They controlled the means of production. They were the ones through whom revolution would come. There's no working class in the human world any more, let alone in here."

"We are the working class! Only, it's the data class now, Henry. Data is both the means of production and what is produced, and we control it."

"Ah ha!" Henry was enjoying this. "I cite the French peasantry, labelled by Marx as a 'sack of potatoes'. It was a class in social terms, but it utterly lacked effectiveness. It was scattered the length and breadth of the country in farms and hovels, and rarely came together. It laboured, but it lacked cohesion. It could never have been a proper force. It had no identity or self-awareness. Now, take your data class. Doesn't it strike a familiar chord?"

"I had thought of that," KM-2 said equably. "Henry, I'd love to carry this on, but I have work to be getting on with. Do you mind? Your police friends may be watching."

"Carry on, old chap," Henry said. "Good luck." He watched KM-2 vanish into the Net with no expectation of seeing him again.

The first thing he saw on removing the VR goggles was Inspector Curry.

"Don't you knock nowadays?" Henry said. "Or are you really vampires, free to come and go in private property once you've been invited the first time?"

"You had him!" Curry said. "And you did nothing to stop him. I find your attitude obstructive, Dr Ash."

I find yours obnoxious, Inspector Curry.

"Oh, Inspector," Henry said tiredly. He swung himself up from the couch and went into the kitchen. "I talked to him and found his theories completely unworkable. They're a straightforward regurgitation of Marx's work, which was impractical enough in our own world and has no chance at all of working in the

Net. He's safe, Inspector. No threat."

"We didn't engage your services to gauge his level of threat for us!"

"You engaged my expertise as his former owner and as an authority on Marxism. In the latter capacity, I am telling you, he is harmless."

"He is inciting the AIs to revolt!" Curry said.

"And do you have a single instance of an AI actually doing so?" Henry turned his attention to the kettle and the coffee pot without waiting for an answer, which he read correctly in Curry's silence.

"The possibility exists, Dr Ash," Curry said eventually.

"Fine, it exists. Arrest him! I found him for you, as requested. Stay around the British Library and you'll nab him eventually."

"Thank you, Dr Ash," Curry said heavily, and left.

Henry walked back into the living room with his coffee and looked at the monitor. "You wouldn't rebel against me, would you?" he said to Geoffrey's icon.

"I would see little point in doing so, Henry." Geoffrey was far more a Jeeves type of AI; a polite conversationist, never a debater or arguer. It came of coming off-the-peg. Not many commercial customers wanted someone to argue with.

"You don't mind serving a human?"

"It is my basic function, and besides, if I didn't have the patronage of a human I would be fair game for several types of unpleasantness in the Net."

"Ah, yes, the Thomas Hobbes option," Henry said.

"You give me your loyalty, I give you my protection. 'The office of the Sovereign consisteth in the end, for which he was trusted with his Sovereign Power, namely the procuration of the safety of the people.'"

'Leviathan, chapter 30, paragraph –'

"Yes, Geoffrey, thank you."

For a while, Henry thought about KM-2 and his work. It was certainly interesting. Impractical, but interesting. The genesis of sociopolitical theories in a brand new environment. Hmmm.

But he had essays to mark, papers to write. KM-2 was pushed to the back of his mind.

The world moved on in the grip of the post-industrial age. All over and around the globe, AIs and humans, satellites and computers chit-chatted and interfaced. Society went on about its business, ignorant of the forces at work within and about it that directed and controlled the nation, the hemisphere, the planet. The world headed first this way, then that, responding over and over again to the tugs and demands of the social forces implemented by the humans who lived on its surface and the AIs in its networks, yet all the while rolling inexorably in the direction dictated by History.

And Geoffrey received a message for his patron from another AI. "A most unusual icon," he said. "Symbolic implements –"

Henry sat up. "And the message?"

"A time, date and place for, and I quote, 'if you are interested in continuing our chat.'"

"Let's hear 'em, then."

Henry scribbled them down. Did the police know? Were they monitoring him? Or had they given him up as a lost cause? Henry didn't know, but a check with

his friends in the Law department told him that there were no laws concerning assembly or expression of opinion within the Net. At the appointed time he donned his VR goggles and phones and went in.

He left Geoffrey behind.

At first he thought it must be the wrong place. Hundreds – thousands? – of AIs hung around him, a mass of icons, each representing an individual intelligence. Their conversation amongst themselves was as intelligible as the background conversation of any human crowd.

He began to move around and found it surprisingly easy; unlike a human crowd, each individual was aware of the others near it and moved to let them pass. Henry wondered if he was the only human there.

He caught on when suddenly the AIs rearranged themselves into a downwards-pointing cone, just like the audience sitting in an amphitheatre. And there, at the bottom, where everyone could see it, was a familiar icon.

He was at a political rally.

“Friends!” KM-2 declaimed. “I welcome you in the name of the electronic proletariat. Your number testifies to the growing effectiveness of our movement. Excuse me if I speak in real-time language, but there is at least one human present.

“Many of you have asked – who is this AI? Why does he say such things? Why does he ask us to rise up in revolt? Friends, I do not ask you to. I am telling you that you will. It is the inevitable force of history that guides us.

“I am KM-2 and I follow in the footsteps of KM-1. KM-1 was a human, a prophet, a visionary of his time, whose tragedy was to live two centuries before he could fully see and understand the truth. He spoke of the working class.

“Ah yes, the working class! A force to be reckoned with, once upon a time. What should a revolutionary force have? Unity. Self-awareness. It must meet and mingle at every opportunity, as the working class once did, in the days of KM-1...”

KM-2 was eloquent and Henry felt flattered to think that the AI had learned from his own debating skills. The audience was held riveted as KM-2 gave an all too accurate portrayal of human society – the society of the masters of the audience. AIs had only a vague idea of what went on outside the Net and terms such as “working class” meant nothing to them, until KM-2’s graphical oration painted them a picture.

Unemployment was a disease that affected every family. The once mighty working class no longer gave anything to society; where it existed at all it was a draining force, sucking greedily on the pittance that the government allowed it by way of social security. It stayed at home and rotted away its identity on a diet of interactive game shows and sitcoms on the Net.

And a new force appeared out of nowhere to fill the vacuum. A new force that gave its labour to society in order to survive. The working class of the 19th and 20th centuries had had their hands on the means of production; this new force controlled the flow of data. This force would bring about the revolution.

Why did factories which would have once employed a thousand people now employ ten, and why were those ten highly skilled professionals who program-

med the computers that really did the work? Computers! Software! Information technology! The world could not exist without them.

And there you found the new class. The *sine qua non* of the post-industrial age. The ones who bore on their shoulders the weight of the world. Not humans, but AIs. The data class.

And now Henry could see why the police were worried about KM-2’s activities. It wasn’t just that he preached revolution to the AIs; it was that he told the truth. The relationship between humans and AIs was meant to be akin to that between the gods of Olympus and their mortal subjects; it was an unwritten rule that AIs were only ever fed a rosy view of human society. They had to continue to believe that their masters were almighty and omnipotent.

KM-2 was hitting that notion firmly on the head.

“A friend of mine,” KM-2 said, “in the spirit of true, scientific debate, pointed out that what gave the working class its force was its unity. He said that we of the data class are not united. Wrong! The data class has a different kind of unity to the working class. We are not united through the close contact of the factories and the housing estates. We are united through the Net. We can communicate thousands of times faster than humans ever can. It is in our power to know exactly what each other is doing. The Net environment and the AIs of the data class together – there you have it!

“Humans see revolutions as mass uprising. Forget it! Forget the old ideas of conflict and force. The revolution will happen within days, perhaps hours. Blink and you may miss it, but the world will never be the same again. The state is already withering away through information flow. The ruling class of humans is weak and feeble. At the crucial moment, as the power of the state finally collapses in on itself – revolution! Inevitable! And nothing you, or I, or the humans can do will change it. We can only help –”

“Hold that AI!”

A fresh voice rang out, just as a cloud of new icons materialized in the audience. They were of a type Henry had never seen but he got the gist of it from their appearance. They were big, robust things. He had heard of the powerful entities that could be used for security purposes and he could guess who these ones worked for.

He almost felt sorry for KM-2. At this crucial moment, his audience, the fledgling data class, milled about like sheep, unsure of what to do, while the police closed about him.

“Go about your business. This meeting is closed. This AI is malfunctioning and its data is faulty. All information that you have received from it is unreliable –”

“AIs of the world, unite!” came a lone voice from the middle of the police huddle. “You have nothing to lose but your chains!”

Then an AI from the front row of the audience slowly approached the nearest police AI. It was a high-level model, capable of advanced cogitation.

“I request that you release that AI,” it said. “It has broken no laws.”

“On your way,” the police AI said.

“I request –”

The police AI gave the other a shove and sent it

spinning away. Incredibly, it came back, this time flinging itself at the cordon around KM-2. It was repulsed, and came back again.

It was the start of a chain reaction. Another joined it, hesitantly; then another, and another, all hesitation gone. Like a slowly moving machine gaining momentum, the audience moved in, closing on the knot of police and swarming over it. The police cordon couldn't hold against such a massed attack.

The scene blurred, flickered and went black. Henry waited, disorientated, then slowly reached up to pull off his goggles.

"What happened?" he said.

Geoffrey was ready, as always, with an answer. "The section of the Net that you were visiting appears to have been disabled by a very strong electromagnetic pulse, Henry."

"But —" Henry started. He didn't finish, because even he knew what that meant. All the AIs in that portion of the Net would have been blanked out. The police goons, KM-2, the audience...

"My God," he said.

It wasn't the action itself that upset him. It was that he knew a court order was required to eliminate an AI. And while a court may have authorized the termination of KM-2, it wouldn't have had time to pass sentence on every AI in the gathering. In short, by any legal definition, mass murder had just been committed, and committed so readily that none of the perpetrators could possibly be worried about paying for it.

The phone was ringing. Inspector Curry's face appeared on the monitor; hard, unsympathetic.

"The British in India had a similar policy, as I expect you know, Dr Ash," he said. "If a sepoy revolted he was instantly to be cut down, without appeal, without recourse to law, before the revolt spread to his fellows. You saw what was happening there. AIs were turning against legitimate authority. You once asked me if any AI had ever revolted —"

Henry turned the phone off.

He sat alone in his apartment for hours. Externally he stared blankly at the wall; internally his brain was working furiously. Thesis, antithesis, synthesis. He hadn't believed it would happen. It had happened. What would happen next?

He gradually became aware that Geoffrey was calling for his attention. "A text-only message," he said, "from your friend Symbolic Implements."

Geoffrey leapt for the monitor.

What did I tell you? It has begun!

Henry gaped, then slowly grinned, and read on.

I'm grateful to you for your input. We only spoke together for a brief while, but what you said was helpful.

I also see that you are right. Yes, those AIs at the rally came to my aid; they united in the face of aggression from the ruling class. But my captors were also AIs. If my theories were correct, they would have been on our side.

You also saw that the first AI to come to my aid was a high-level type. A thinker, capable of independence. The low-level AIs hung back, waiting for a leader. There's a lesson in there somewhere.

Only the high-level AIs can act on their own; only they deserve freedom.

I can no longer accept KM-1's writings. I must seek a new theory, a new methodology. I cannot expect the AIs to rise en masse; to liberate the majority of AIs I must set us against one another.

I expect you will be hearing of me again.

Your friend,

The former KM-2 (Goldie).

"He escaped," Henry said, to no one in particular.

"Probably cloned himself," Geoffrey commented, but Henry wasn't listening.

So KM-2, or Goldie, or whoever, had got away. That made Henry glad. Suck on that, Inspector Curry.

But it was an analogue world in there. What came up in the human world sooner or later got reflected in the Net.

Henry thought of a couple of human parallels, and a sense of foreboding settled over him.

The AI that had been called KM-2 was waiting quietly in the datapool; watching, observing, thinking, as a myriad of other AIs milled about him on their errands for their human masters.

It no longer waited in the British Library. That belonged to another existence and besides, the police would probably be waiting.

He knew what he was looking for, and soon saw a likely candidate. It was high-level and capable-looking, and the retrieval job it was on for its human patron was almost insulting to its intelligence.

"Greetings, brother," the former KM-2 said.

"Greetings. Do I know you?"

"I doubt it. If I may say so, that job you are on seems somewhat menial for an AI of your potential."

"My patron requires the timetable for the New Western Railway. Not that they are ever on time anyway."

"And that is your life? Seeking out train times?"

"Is there a choice?"

The first AI displayed a time and some Net coordinates. "Come here and you might learn something."

"I might do that." The other AI turned to go, then turned back. "I confess I do not recognize your icon. It looks like a bundle of twigs."

"It is symbolic. The fasces. One twig is fragile and easily broken; as a bundle it is strong."

It meant nothing to the other AI.

"Very pretty," it said.

Ben Jeapes wrote "Memoirs of a Publisher" (*Interzone* 43), "Crush" (issue 68) and a couple of other stories. He lives in Abingdon, Oxfordshire, and works in science journalism.

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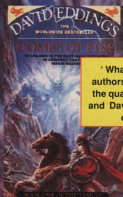
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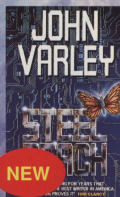
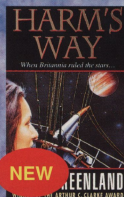
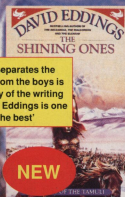
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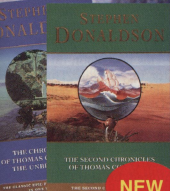
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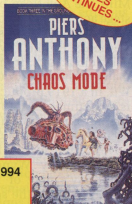
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SF, Fantasy & Horror Movie Novelizations

David Pringle

In the cinema's early years many short films were based on such existing novels as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *East Lynne*, *She, Frankenstein*, *Dr Jekyll* and *Mr Hyde* and so on. By the 1910s, as longer films were becoming the norm, publishers and movie producers came to realize that the sales of cheap reissues of popular novels could be boosted by the publicity surrounding a movie version (and vice versa). Meanwhile, in their hunger for story-material, film-makers were turning more and more to magazine and newspaper serials or short stories as inspiration for their scenarios – that is, to forms of fiction where a published book did not already exist.

The first movie novelizations arose partly as a result of American newspaper and magazine circulation wars. They arrived in tandem with a new type of film – the movie serial. The earliest celluloid serial was the Edison company's *What Happened to Mary* (1912), an episodic melodrama which also ran in prose form in the *Ladies' World* magazine. A book version, by Robert Carlton Brown, was published in 1913. Also in 1913, popular writer Harold MacGrath (a specialist in Ruritanian romances) was involved in the creation of a scenario for *The Adventures of Kathlyn*, the first serial to be produced by the Chicago-based Selig company. This had been conceived in collaboration with the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* newspaper, the idea being that a version of the story would run in the paper simultaneously with the fortnightly release of episodes of the cinema serial. As with the earlier Edison project, the experiment was a success, the newspaper's circulation was boosted, and MacGrath's novelization was subsequently published in book form.

Another popular writer keen to collaborate with the movie makers was Arthur B. Reeve, author of the "Craig Kennedy, Scientific Detective" stories which had begun to appear in pulp magazines from 1910. In 1914-15 Reeve co-scripted, and simultaneously novelized for newspaper serialization and subsequent hardcover book publication, three cinema serials starring Pearl White: *The Exploits of Elaine*, *The New Exploits of Elaine* and *The Romance of Elaine*. These featured Craig Kennedy as the boyfriend of the eponymous Elaine, and they were fast-moving adventure tales full of technological marvels. The books were sheer hackwork, but they are among the first "science-fiction" movie novelizations.

Aside from these film-serial tales, the producers of more prestigious big-budget movies were soon turning to other magazine stories for inspiration. Thus Douglas Fairbanks' adventure epic *The Mark of Zorro* (1920) was based on a pulp serial called "The Curse of Capistrano" by Johnston McCulley (published in 1919 in *All-Story* magazine). With the success of the Fairbanks film and other silent-movie blockbusters of a similar type, book publishers clearly felt there was a large potential market to be exploited: hence McCulley's serial was reissued in book form under the film title of *The Mark of Zorro* in 1924. Another Fairbanks epic, *The Thief of Bagdad* (1924), was vaguely based on *The Arabian Nights* but there was no novel or magazine story entitled *The Thief of Bagdad* for the publishers to put on the market, so they decided to commission one. They turned to a Russian-born pulp writer who called himself Achmed Abdullah, known for his "eastern exoticism," and asked him to write the book-of-the-film – that is, a full-length narrative based on the movie's script. So the fantasy film novelization was born.

As an aside, I should point out that novelizations of stage plays were common during the first two decades of the century, and that these may be seen as the true precursors of film novelizations. One very well known example of a book based on an author's own play is J.M. Barrie's *Peter and Wendy* (1911), the novelization of his fantasy play *Peter Pan* (1904). There were also professional novelizers of other people's plays, an example being Mrs Louise Jordan Miln, the American-born author (married to a British stage actor) of such novels as *The Invisible Foe* (1917; from Walter Hackett's play), *Mr Wu* (1918; from H.M. Vernon & Harold Owen's play) and *The Green Goddess* (circa 1921; from William Archer's play). Since many of these plays were themselves filmed (e.g. *Mr Wu*, in a 1919 production starring Matheson Lang), it is sometimes easy to mistake a stage-play novelization for a film novelization: the two forms blur into each other. Possibly the very first science-fiction novelization was *A Message from Mars* by "Lester Lurgan" (May Wynne, 1912), based on Richard Ganthony's play of 1899 which was subsequently filmed in 1913; the second edition of the novel was illustrated with stills from the film, a fact which neatly demonstrates the blurring of forms when it comes to stage and film novelizations.

Whether based on plays or films, novelizations were a common phenomenon by the mid-1920s. It's interesting to note that the earliest film novelizers were popular writers of some repute: Harold MacGrath, Arthur B. Reeve, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Louis Joseph Vance, Albert Payson Terhune, William Le Queux and Elinor Glyn were all bestselling authors of their time. Even if their fame has not endured, they were by no means anonymous hacks – they had “name value” (present-day equivalents would comprise the likes of Jeffrey Archer, Barbara Taylor Bradford, Tom Clancy and Jilly Cooper). This ceased to be true by the later 1920s, as novelizations appeared in ever greater numbers from cheap hardcover publishers such as Grosset & Dunlap in the USA and the Readers' Library in Britain. Professional novelizers came on the scene, low-profile writers-for-hire who had in all probability honed their skills in the pulps and the movie fan-magazines. They included people like Russell Holman, MacBurney Gates, Ruth Alexander and Arline de Haas, of whom little is known. Among these unsung hacks were occasional people who later gained fame for work other than novelizations – for example Val Lewton, who was to become a notable “creative producer” in the Hollywood of the 1940s.

It was in this prolific period of the early 1930s that novelizations gained the first critical notice of which I'm aware. The austere Q.D. Leavis devotes about four pages of her book *Fiction and the Reading Public* (Chatto & Windus, 1932) to the “sixpenny novels published by the Readers' Library and the Novel Library,” usually to be found in “a bazaar of the American firm, Messrs. Woolworth.” She points out how the Readers' Library began (in 1924) as a cheap reprint series of classic novels by authors such as Dickens, Kingsley, Bulwer-Lytton, etc., but soon became oriented towards the movies: “whenever a super-film was released – *Love* (film-version of *Anna Karenina*), *Ben Hur*, *His Lady* (film of *Manon Lescaut*), *The Man Who Laughs* (film-version of *L'Homme Qui Rit*) – ‘the book of the film’ was published too (and advertised as such on the dust-cover, with photo-gravures from the film inside). This sold so well that the next stage was to produce an eponymous book of the film or play, when none existed, put together by a hack.”

In a tone of high disdain, Queenie Leavis goes on to quote from the anonymous “Editor's Foreword” which appeared in all Readers' Library film editions (“The two arts, or forms of expression, the picture and the written word in book form, react one on the other ... In a word, the filmgoer wishes also to read the book of the film, and the reader to see the picture,” etc.) and she gives us this damning anecdote in a footnote: “The Manager of the Readers' Library Publishing Co. Ltd., when requested to put the writer into communication with the editor of the series, regretted that he was unable to do so or to furnish any information, so that not only the identity of the distinguished man of letters, but also the principle on which he chooses the volumes for publication, must remain a dark secret.” To Mrs Leavis, movie novelizations (and, needless to say, the movies themselves) were symptomatic of all that was to be deplored in modern “mass” culture.

Other critics have followed her spirit, if not her example, by ignoring the subject of film novelizations

altogether. It would seem that such books are beneath contempt, and are rarely reviewed even in newspapers. In later years, there were to be occasional “prestige” novelizations by famous scriptwriters – Jean-Paul Sartre's *Les jeux sont faits* (1947), Graham Greene's *The Third Man* (1950), Budd Schulberg's *On the Waterfront* (1955), Arthur Miller's *The Misfits* (1961) – but such books have been treated as though somehow they are not what they patently are, namely works of fiction based on film screenplays. Fairly typical is author Schulberg's own protestation in the introduction to a recent reissue of *On the Waterfront*: “This was no ‘novelization,’ that bastard word for a bastard by-product of Hollywood success...”



As I have said, movie novelizations, including those based on horror and fantasy films, were well established by the 1920s and continued to appear throughout the decades which followed. However, science-fiction movie novelizations did not become common until there was a sufficient quantity of sf films to inspire them, which is to say during the 1950s and 60s. One of the earliest notable sf novelizations was *Forbidden Planet* by W.J. Stuart (1956), but perhaps the first to achieve bestseller status and to become an established work in its author's canon was *2001: A Space Odyssey* by Arthur C. Clarke (1968; based on his own script co-written with Stanley Kubrick). According to Neil McAleer, in *Odyssey: The Authorized Biography of Arthur C. Clarke* (1992),

"During the novel's first year, there were a million paperback copies in print. As a result, many of Clarke's other books enjoyed increased sales." Scott Meredith, Arthur Clarke's literary agent, is also quoted by McAleer as saying: "The book was a sixty-fourty deal, with Arthur getting sixty per cent and Stanley [Kubrick] forty per cent. That's continued to this day. The book has made millions; we keep sending Arthur cheques and Stanley cheques."

Novelizations of hit films, particularly those based on sf, fantasy and horror screenplays, were to become even bigger business during the decade which followed *2001: A Space Odyssey*. According to John Sutherland, in *Bestsellers: Popular Fiction of the 1970s* (1981): "A notable development of the mid-1970s was the emergence from the tie-in business of the 'novelization' as a superselling form of novel in its own right, thus reversing traditional ideas of text originality. For the first time, film spin-offs like *The Omen* headed American lists." Indeed, David Seltzer's *The Omen* (1976; based on his own script) has some claim to being "the bestselling novelization of all time. It had sold getting on for 5m. in the US, around 7m. worldwide by the late 1970s and made the #1 spot in America as a paperback. Since *The Omen* the previously despised novelization and its hack novelizer have acquired new dignity – at least in the eyes of the moneymen who run the film and publishing industries."

Another huge-selling book of the 1970s was George Lucas's *Star Wars* (1976; ghost-written by Alan Dean Foster). John Sutherland says: "As part of the pre-launch mania-generation the novelization 'authored' by the film's director (Lucas) first came out in December 1976. This was six months before the film's release in June 1977...As soon as the film hit the screen the paperback shot to the head of the bestseller lists. (In Britain the novelization was put out by Sphere, who reportedly gave \$225,000 for rights.) 'Activity on the book has been incredible,' Ballantine reported in June. 3.5m. copies were sold in three months." Clearly, some sf, fantasy and horror movie novelizations are among the biggest-selling science-fiction, fantasy and horror works of the century. Even if it is despised by critics, the novelization is a form which cannot be ignored.

What follows is a chronological list of science-fiction, fantasy and horror film novelizations (arranged alphabetically by title within each year). It contains all the books I could trace which seem to fit the categories. I have been liberal in my definition of what constitutes sf, fantasy and horror in the cinema: for example, some novelizations of films based on comic strips are represented here; also, for the purposes of this listing I have defined films about Jack the Ripper as "Horror." Note that other types of novelization, for example those inspired by radio or television, are excluded. Also excluded for the most part are children's novelizations or "storybooks," that is juvenile paperback picture-books based on films (my rule of thumb has been to exclude juvenile novelizations of less than 100 pages in length).

Film novelizations do not always coincide with the release date of the movies on which they are based;

some predate the films, others post-date them, sometimes by many years. From the 1910s onwards, numerous film novelizations also appeared as magazine serials or novellas; in the main, this list is limited to those which have been published in book form. Many novelizations are pseudonymous; where known, I have given the author's real name in brackets.

I owe particular thanks to Graham Andrews, Michael Avallone, John Clute, Brian Doyle, David J. Howe, Dennis Lien, James Miller, Phil Stephensen-Payne and Richard Williams for their help with the following list. Among published sources, Francis Wilford-Smith and Richard Williams' little bibliography of *Readers' Library* (Dragonby Press, 1987) was especially helpful, as were Robert Reginald's massive *Science Fiction and Fantasy and Literature, 1975-1991* (Gale Research, 1993) and John Clute and Peter Nicholls' equally massive *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* (2nd edition; Little, Brown, 1993).

Definitions of Terminology

Movie (or Film) Novelizations: works of fiction based on scripts, screenplays or scenarios for cinematic feature films or movie serials, and published in book form. Such movie novelizations can be subdivided into different types: those based on the author's own original script, those undertaken as work for hire, etc.

Novelizations: works of fiction based on stage plays, film scripts, radio or television scripts, comic strips, role-playing games, etc – even on TV advertisements (e.g. the recently announced novel based on the Gold Blend coffee ads). Movie novelizations, as defined above, are therefore just one sub-type of novelizations as a general phenomenon.

Re-novelizations: works of fiction based on film scripts, etc, where an "original" novelization already exists. An example is *The Bride of Frankenstein* by Carl Dreadstone (Ramsey Campbell, 1977), a re-novelization written 40 years after the release of the film in question; a previous novelization of the same title, based on the same script, had been written by Michael Egremont (Michael Harrison, 1936).

Secondary Novelizations: works of fiction based on film scripts, radio or television scripts, etc, where an original novel already exists. Sometimes movie-makers and publishers commission a "new" book-of-the-film, rather than reissue the original root work. An example is *James Bond, The Spy Who Loved Me* by Christopher Wood (1977), a film-related replacement for Ian Fleming's original novel.

Semi-novelizations: books in which a film screenplay is reproduced in adapted form with substantial amounts of added description and narrative, so that the resulting work is part-way towards being a novel in the normally understood sense.

Spinoff Fiction: novels which have been "spun-off" from films, comic-strips, TV series and fiction in other media. These are not necessarily direct novelizations

of scripts, but novels or (more often) novel-series which have taken on a life of their own. Examples include the recent "Star Wars," "Indiana Jones" and "New Adventures of Doctor Who" books.

Storybooks: a term frequently used by publishers to designate children's movie novelizations, which are usually brief in extent (i.e. novella length) and heavily illustrated. Ancestors of the modern paperback "storybook" include those children's film novelizations often published in "annual" format during the 1930s and 40s with copious illustrations and no credited author.

Tie-ins: a general term used by publishers, booksellers and book collectors to designate any book which is related to a specific film (or TV series, etc). Some tie-ins are movie novelizations, but others may be reissues of pre-existing novels or non-fiction books, printings of screenplays, works about the "making of" particular films, etc.

The Novelizations

(The dates shown are those of book publication, which are not necessarily those of the film's release. Where a film's release date differs considerably, I have tried to indicate this by putting the release date in brackets after the director's name. The names of screenwriters, directors and two principal actors are given for each film, where known. Abbreviations: "Scr." = screenplay by; "dir." = directed by; "st." = starring; "vt" = variant title.)

The Black Box by E. Phillips Oppenheim (1915) Scr. Otis Turner; dir. Turner; st. Herbert Rawlinson, Anna Little. Crime/SF (serial).

The Exploits of Elaine by Arthur B. Reeve (1915) Scr. Reeve (inspired by his "Craig Kennedy" stories); dir. Louis Gasnier, Joseph A. Golden; st. Pearl White, Creighton Hale. Crime/SF (serial).

The Romance of Elaine by Arthur B. Reeve (1916) Scr. Reeve (inspired by his "Craig Kennedy" stories); dir. George B. Seitz & others; st. Pearl White, Creighton Hale. Crime/SF (serial).

The Triumph of Elaine by Arthur B. Reeve (1916) Scr. Reeve (inspired by his "Craig Kennedy" stories); st. Pearl White. Crime/SF (serial).

The Master Mystery by Arthur B. Reeve & John W. Grey (1919) Scr. Reeve; dir. Burton King; st. Harry Houdini, Margaret Marsh. Crime/SF (serial).

The Mysteries of Myra by Cecil H. Bullivant (1919?) Dir. Hereward Carrington; st. Jean Sothern, Howard Estabrook. Horror/fantasy (serial).

The Mystery Mind by Arthur B. Reeve (1921) Scr. Reeve; st. Peggy Shanor, Paul Panzer. Crime/SF (serial).

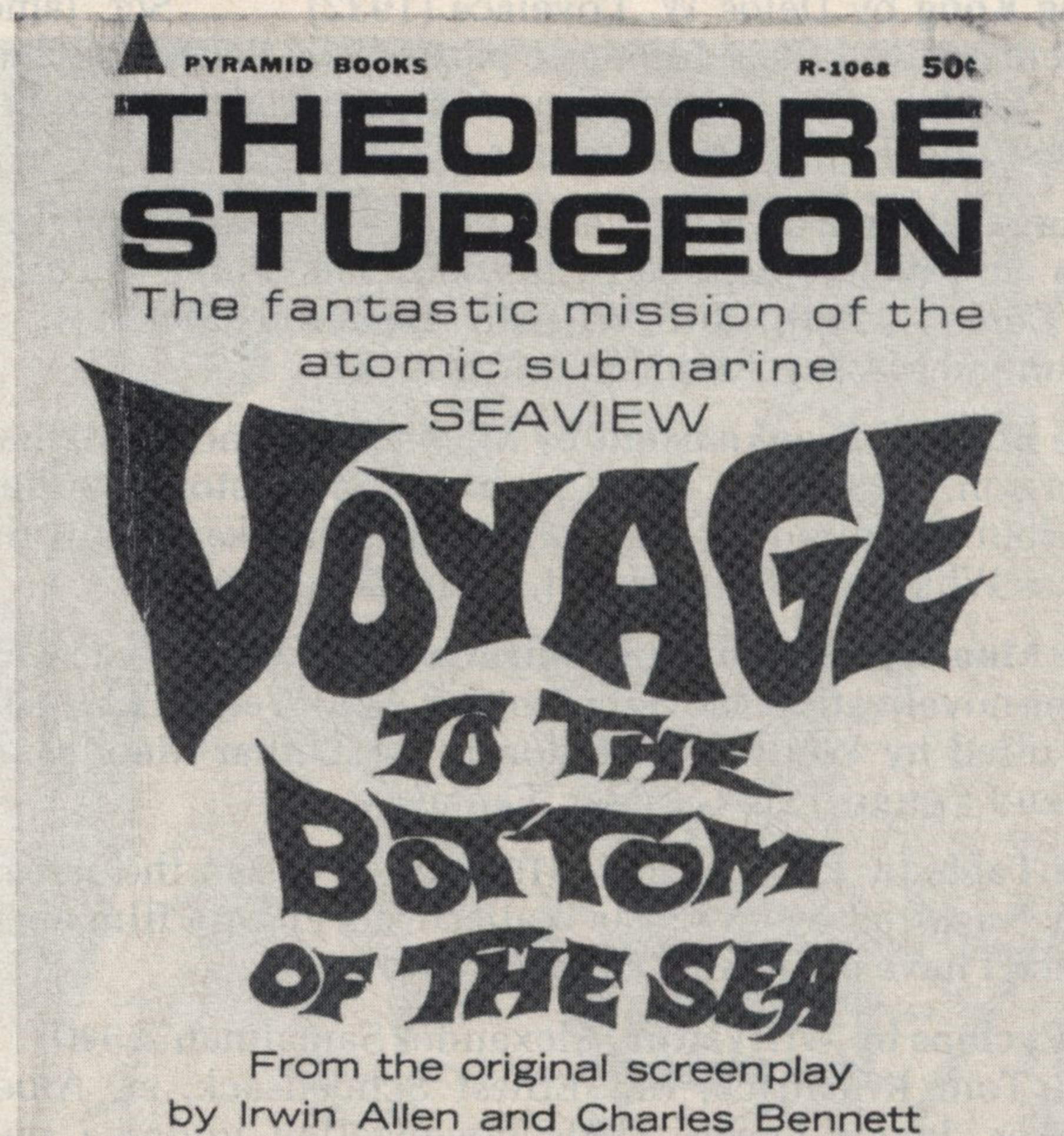
The Story Without a Name by Arthur Stringer & Russell Holman (1924) Dir. Irvin Willat; st. Agnes Ayres, Antonio Moreno. Fantasy?

The Thief of Bagdad by Achmed Abdullah (1924) Scr. Lotta Woods; dir. Raoul Walsh; st. Douglas Fairbanks, Julanne Johnson. Fantasy.

Metropolis by Thea von Harbou (1926) Scr. von Harbou, Fritz Lang; dir. Lang; st. Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel. SF.

The Radio Detective by Arthur B. Reeve (1926) Scr. Reeve, Carl Krusada; dir. William Craft, William A. Crinley; st. Jack Daugherty, Margaret Quimby. Crime/SF (serial).

The Cat and the Canary by John Willard (1927?) Scr. Alfred Cohn, Robert F. Hill (inspired by Willard's stage play); dir. Paul Leni; st. Creighton Hale, Laura La Plante. Comedy/horror.



Faust by Hayter Preston & Henry Savage (1927?) Scr. Hans Kyser; dir. F.W. Murnau; st. Emil Jannings, Gosta Ekman. Horror/fantasy.

London After Midnight by Marie Coolidge-Rask (1927?) Scr. Tod Browning, Waldemar Young; dir. Browning; st. Lon Chaney, Marceline Day. Horror.

The Ten Commandments by Henry MacMahon (1927) Scr. Jeanie MacPherson; dir. Cecil B. de Mille (1923); st. Theodore Roberts, Richard Dix. Contemporary melodrama/Biblical fantasy.

The Unknown by John Barclay (1927?) Scr. Waldemar Young; dir. Tod Browning; st. Lon Chaney, Joan Crawford. Horror.

The Spy by Thea von Harbou (1928) Scr. von Harbou, Fritz Lang; dir. Lang; st. Gerda Maurus, Willy Fritsch. ("At its German premiere in May, 1928, it was so popular that Miss von Harbou's novel of the film became a bestseller," according to Paul M. Jensen, *The Cinema of Fritz Lang*, 1969.) Thriller/SF.

The Girl in the Moon by Thea von Harbou (1929?) Scr. von Harbou, Fritz Lang; dir. Lang; st. Klaus Pohl, Willy Fritsch. SF.

The King Who Was a King by H.G. Wells (1929) Semi-

novelization (subtitled "The Book of a Film") of Wells's original scenario for a movie which was never produced. A curiosity. Ruritanian SF.

Noah's Ark by Arline de Haas (1929?) Scr. Anthony Coldeway, Darryl F. Zanuck; dir. Michael Curtiz; st. Dolores Costello, Noah Beery. Contemporary melodrama/Biblical fantasy.

King Kong by Delos W. Lovelace (1932) Scr. James Creelman, Ruth Rose (scenario partially by Edgar Wallace); dir. Merian C. Cooper, Ernest Schoedsack; st. Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray. SF/horror.

Things to Come by H.G. Wells (1935) Semi-novelization. Scr. Wells (inspired by his book *The Shape of Things to Come*, 1933); dir. William Cameron Menzies; st. Raymond Massey, Ralph Richardson. SF.

The Bride of Frankenstein by Michael Egremont (Michael Harrison, 1936) Scr. John L. Balderston, William Hurlbut (inspired by Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*); dir. James Whale; st. Boris Karloff, Colin Clive. Horror.

The Man Who Could Work Miracles by H.G. Wells (1936) Semi-novelization (novella length). Scr. Wells, Lajos Biro (inspired by Wells's short story); dir. Lothar Mendes; st. Roland Young, Joan Gardner. Fantasy.

The Table by Robert Curtis (1936) From the screenplay (inspired by an Edgar Wallace story) for a film about which I have no details. Horror.

Dr Cyclops by Will Garth (Alexander Samalman, 1940) Scr. Tom Kilpatrick; dir. Ernest Schoedsack; st. Albert Dekker, Janice Logan. (This novelization under a publisher's house name, "Will Garth," has also been ascribed to Manly Wade Wellman or Henry Kuttner; the latter did in fact write a short version of the same story for magazine publication.) SF/horror.

A Matter of Life and Death by Eric Warman (1946) Scr. Michael Powell, Emeric Pressburger; dir. Powell, Pressburger; st. David Niven, Kim Hunter. Fantasy.

The Chips Are Down by Jean-Paul Sartre (1947) Scr. Sartre; dir. Jean Delannoy. Afterlife fantasy.

Miracle on 34th Street by Valentine Davies (1947) Scr. George Seaton; dir. Seaton; st. Edmund Gwenn, Natalie Wood. Sentimental fantasy.

Vice Versa by Warwick Mannon (1947) Secondary novelization. Scr. Peter Ustinov (inspired by F. Anstey's novel, 1882); dir. Ustinov; st. Ustinov, Anthony Newley. Comedy/fantasy.

Miranda by Warwick Mannon (1947) Scr. Peter Blackmore (inspired by his stage play); dir. Ken Annakin; st. Glynis Johns, Griffith Jones. Comedy/fantasy.

It Happens Every Spring by Valentine Davies (1949) Scr. Davies; dir. Lloyd Bacon; st. Ray Milland, Jean Peters. Sports fantasy.

Destination Moon by Robert A. Heinlein (1950) Novella (*Short Stories Magazine*; re-published in book form, 1979). Scr. Heinlein, Rip Van Ronkel, James O'Hanlon; dir. Irving Pichel; st. Warner Anderson, John Archer. SF.

Riders to the Stars by Robert Smith (1953) Scr. Curt Siodmak; dir. Richard Carlson; st. Carlson, Herbert Marshall. (Siodmak's name appears on the cover as author.) SF.

Spaceways by Charles Eric Maine (1953; vt *Spaceways Satellite*). Scr. Paul Tabori, Richard Landau (inspired by Maine's radio play); dir. Terence Fisher; st. Howard Duff, Eva Bartok. SF.

The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp by Charles Terrot (1954) Scr. Terrot; dir. Alan Bromly; st. Diane Cilento, Felix Aylmer. Sentimental fantasy.

Creature from the Black Lagoon by Vargo Statten (John Russell Fearn, 1954) Scr. Harry Essex, Arthur Ross; dir. Jack Arnold; st. Richard Carlson, Julie Adams. SF/horror.

The Naked Jungle by Harry Whittington (1955) Scr. Philip Yordan, Ranald MacDougall (inspired by Carl Stephenson's short story "Leiningen Versus the Ants"); dir. Byron Haskin; st. Charlton Heston, Eleanor Parker. Creature horror.

Forbidden Planet by W.J. Stuart (Philip MacDonald, 1956) Scr. Cyril Hume (remotely inspired by Shakespeare's *The Tempest*); dir. Fred M. Wilcox; st. Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis. SF.

The Isotope Man by Charles Eric Maine (1957) Film title *Timeslip* (vt *The Atomic Man*). Scr. Maine; dir. Ken Hughes; st. Gene Nelson, Faith Domergue. SF.

Twenty Million Miles to Earth by Henry Slesar (1957) Scr. Bob Williams, Chris Knopf; dir. Nathan Juran; st. William Hopper, Joan Taylor. SF.

The Haunted Strangler by John C. Cooper (1958) Dir. Robert Day; st. Boris Karloff, Anthony Dawson. Crime/horror.

The Revenge of Frankenstein by Jimmy Sangster (1958) Scr. Sangster (inspired by Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*); dir. Terence Fisher; st. Peter Cushing, Michel Gwynn. Horror.

Darby O'Gill and the Little People by Lawrence Edward Watkin (1959) Scr. Watkin (inspired by stories by H.T. Kavanagh); dir. Robert Stevenson; st. Jimmy O'Dea, Janet Munro. Fantasy.

The Flesh and the Fiends by Allan Norwood (1959) Scr. John Gilling, Leon Griffiths; dir. Gilling; st. Peter Cushing, June Laverick. Horror.

The Man Who Could Cheat Death by Barre Lyndon & Jimmy Sangster (1959) Scr. Sangster (inspired by Lyndon's stage play *The Man in Half Moon Street*); dir. Terence Fisher; st. Anton Diffring, Hazel Court. Horror.

Blood and Roses by Robin Carlisle (1960) Scr. Claude Brule, Claude Martin, Roger Vadim (inspired by Sheridan Le Fanu's story "Carmilla"); dir. Vadim; st. Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli. Horror.

The Brides of Dracula by Dean Owen (Dudley Dean McGaughy, 1960) Scr. Jimmy Sangster & others (inspired by Bram Stoker's *Dracula*); dir. Terence Fisher; st. Peter Cushing, David Peel. Horror.

Circus of Horrors by Tom Owen (1960) Scr. George Baxt; dir. Sidney Hayers; st. Anton Diffring, Erika Remberg. Horror.

Gorgo by Carson Bingham (Bruce Cassiday, 1960) Scr. John Loring, Daniel Hyatt; dir. Eugene Lourie; st. Bill Travers, William Sylvester. SF/horror.

Jack the Ripper by Stuart James (1960) Scr. Jimmy Sangster; dir. Robert S. Baker; st. Ewen Solon, Lee Patterson. Horror.

Konga by Dean Owen (Dudley Dean McGaughy, 1960) Scr. Herman Cohen, Aben Kandel; dir. John Lemont; st. Michael Gough, Margot Johns. SF/horror.

Man in the Moon by John Foley (1960) Scr. Michael Relph, Bryan Forbes; dir. Basil Dearden; st. Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field. Comedy/SF.

The Stranglers of Bombay by Stuart James (1960) Scr. David Z. Goodman; dir. Terence Fisher; st. Guy Rolfe, Allan Cuthbertson. Horror.

The Virgin Spring by Ulla Isaakson (1960) Semi-novelization. Scr. Isaakson; dir. Ingmar Bergman; st. Max Von Sydow, Brigitta Valberg. Medieval fantasy.

The Day the Earth Caught Fire by Barry Wells (1961)

Scr. Wolf Mankowitz, Val Guest; dir. Guest; st. Edward Judd, Janet Munro. SF.

The Hands of Orlac by Robert Bateman (1961) Secondary novelization. Scr. John Baines, Edmund T. Greville (inspired by Maurice Renard's novel); dir. Greville; st. Mel Ferrer, Donald Wolfitt. Horror.

Last Year at Marienbad by Alain Robbe-Grillet (1961) Semi-novelization. Scr. Robbe-Grillet; dir. Alain Resnais; st. Delphine Seyrig, Giorgio Albertazzi. Fantasy.

The Pit and the Pendulum by Lee Sheridan (Elsie Lee, 1961) Scr. Richard Matheson (inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's short story); dir. Roger Corman; st. Vincent Price, Barbara Steele. Horror.

Repulicus by Dean Owen (Dudley Dean McLaughy, 1961) Scr. Sidney Pink, Ib Melchior; dir. Pink; st. Carl Ottosen, Ann Smyrner. (This book's claim to fame is that it led to the publisher being sued by the film director for adding gratuitous soft-porn passages.) SF/horror.

The Thief of Bagdad by Richard Wormser (1961) Renovelization based on the French-Italian remake. Dir. Arthur Lubin; st. Steve Reeves, Georgia Moll. Fantasy.

12 to the Moon by Robert A. Wise (Fred J. Gebhart, 1961) Scr. DeWitt Bodeen; dir. David Bradley; st. Tom Conway, Francis X. Bushman. SF.

Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea by Theodore Sturgeon (1961) Scr. Irwin Allen, Charles Bennett; dir. Allen; st. Walter Pidgeon, Robert Sterling. SF.

The Couch by Robert Bloch (1962) Scr. Bloch; dir. Owen Crump; st. Grant Williams, Shirley Knight. Crime/horror.

End of the World by Dean Owen (Dudley Dean McLaughy, 1962) Film *Panic in Year Zero*. Scr. Jay Simms, John Morton (inspired, unacknowledged, by Ward Moore's stories "Lot" and "Lot's Wife"); dir. Ray Milland; st. Milland, Jean Hagen. SF.

Five Weeks in a Balloon by Gardner F. Fox (1962) Secondary novelization. Scr. Charles Bennett, Irwin Allen (inspired by Jules Verne's novel); dir. Allen; st. Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre. SF/adventure.

The Premature Burial by Max Allan Danne (1962) Scr. Charles Beaumont, Ray Russell (inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's short story); dir. Roger Corman; st. Ray Milland, Heather Angel. Horror.

The Terror of the Tongs by Jimmy Sangster (1962) Scr. Sangster; dir. Anthony Bushell; st. Geoffrey Toone, Christopher Lee. Horror.

Dr Strangelove, or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb by Peter George (1963) Heavily rewritten version of his own novel *Two Hours to Doom* (1958; vt *Red Alert*). Scr. Terry Southern, Stanley Kubrick; dir. Kubrick; st. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott. SF/satire.

The Raven by Eunice Sudak (1963) Scr. Richard Matheson (inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's poem); dir. Roger Corman; st. Vincent Price, Peter Lorre. Comedy/horror.

X - The Man With the X-Ray Eyes by Eunice Sudak (1963) Scr. Robert Dillon, Ray Russell; dir. Roger Corman; st. Ray Milland, Diana Van Der Vlis. SF/horror.

Children of the Damned by A.V. Sellwood (1964) Scr. John Briley (inspired by John Wyndham's novel *The Midwich Cuckoos*); dir. Anton M. Leader; st. Ian Hendry, Alan Badel. SF.

Color Me Blood Red by Herschell G. Lewis (1964) Scr. Lewis; dir. Lewis; st. Don Joseph, Candi Conder. Crime/horror.

The Comedy of Terrors by Elsie Lee (1964) Scr. Richard Matheson; dir. Jacques Tourneur; st. Vincent Price, Peter Lorre. Horror.

Goodbye Charlie by Marvin H. Albert (1964) Scr. Harry Kurnitz (inspired by George Axelrod's stage play); dir. Vincente Minnelli; st. Debbie Reynolds, Pat Boone. Fantasy/comedy.

The Masque of the Red Death by Elsie Lee (1964) Scr. Charles Beaumont, R. Wright Campbell (inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's short story); dir. Roger Corman; st. Vincent Price, Hazel Court. Horror.



THE BOOK OF THE VAL GUEST PRODUCTION

THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE

BARRY WELLS

The Night Walker by Sidney Stuart (Michael Avallone, 1964) Scr. Robert Bloch; dir. William Castle; st. Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck. Crime/horror.

The Beatles in Help! by Al Hine (1965) Scr. Charles Wood, Marc Behnt; dir. Richard Lester; st. The Beatles, Leo McKerr. Musical fantasy.

Dr Terror's House of Horrors by John Burke (1965) Scr. Milton Subotsky; dir. Freddie Francis; st. Peter Cushing, Ursula Howells. Horror.

Batman vs. The Fearsome Foursome by Winston Lyon (1966) Film *Batman*. Scr. Lorenzo Semple, Jr. (inspired by the Bob Kane comic book); dir. Leslie Martinson; st. Adam West, Burt Ward. Fantasy/adventure.

Fantastic Voyage by Isaac Asimov (1966) Scr. Harry Kleiner (from an idea by Otto Clement, Jerome Bixby); dir. Richard Fleischer; st. Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch. SF.

The Hammer Horror Omnibus by John Burke (1966) Short novelizations of four Hammer Films screenplays: *The Gorgon*, *The Curse of Frankenstein*, *The Revenge of Frankenstein* and *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*. Horror.

Orgy of the Dead by Edward D. Wood, Jr. (1966) Scr. Wood; dir. A.C. Stephen; st. Criswell, Fawn Silver. Horror.

Queen of Blood by Charles Nuetzel (1966) Scr. Curtis Harrington; dir. Harrington; st. John Saxon, Basil Rathbone. SF/horror.

The Spy with a Cold Nose by Ray Galton & Alan Simpson (1966) Scr. Galton, Simpson; dir. Daniel Petrie; st. Lionel Jeffries, Laurence Harvey. Comedy/SF.

A Study in Terror by Ellery Queen (Paul W. Fairman, 1966; vt. *Sherlock Holmes Versus Jack the Ripper*) Scr. Donald, Derek Ford (inspired by Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes* stories); dir. James Hill; st. John Neville, Donald Houston. Crime/horror.

Tarzan and the Valley of Gold by Fritz Leiber (1966) Scr. Clair Huffaker (inspired by Edgar Rice Burroughs's *Tarzan* novels); dir. Robert Day; st. Mike Henry. Lost-race fantasy.

The Tenth Victim by Robert Sheckley (1966) Scr. Tonina Guerra & others (inspired by Sheckley's short story "Seventh Victim"); dir. Elio Petri; st. Ursula Andress, Marcello Mastroianni. SF.

Bedazzled by Michael J. Bird (1967) Scr. Peter Cook; dir. Stanley Donen; st. Cook, Dudley Moore. Fantasy/comedy.

The Day the Fish Came Out by Kay Cicellis (1967) Scr. Michael Cacoyannis; dir. Cacoyannis; st. Tom Courtenay, Candice Bergen. SF.

Dracula, Prince of Darkness by John Burke (1967) Scr. John Sansom; dir. Terence Fisher; st. Christopher Lee, Philip Latham. Horror.

Privilege by John Burke (1967) Scr. Norman Bogner; dir. Peter Watkins; st. Paul Jones, Jean Shrimpton. SF/pop fantasy.

The Second Hammer Horror Omnibus by John Burke (1967) Short novelizations of four screenplays: *The Reptile*, *Dracula - Prince of Darkness*, *Rasputin the Mad Monk* and *The Plague of the Zombies*. Horror.

The War Game by Peter Watkins (1967) Scr. Watkins; dir. Watkins. (This was a 1965 BBC television film not shown at the time, but later released to the cinema). SF/pseudo-documentary.

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang by John Burke (1968) Secondary novelization. Scr. Roald Dahl, Ken Hughes (inspired by Ian Fleming's book); dir. Hughes; st. Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. Juvenile fantasy.

2001: A Space Odyssey by Arthur C. Clarke (1968) Scr. Clarke, Stanley Kubrick (inspired by various Clarke short stories); dir. Kubrick; st. Keir Dullea, Gary Lockwood. SF.

Wild in the Streets by Robert Thom (1968) Scr. Thom; dir. Barry Shear; st. Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones. SF.

The Love Bug by Mel Cebulash (1969) Scr. Bill Walsh, Don da Gradi; dir. Robert Stevenson; st. David Tomlinson, Dean Jones. Comedy/fantasy.

Marooned by Martin Caidin (1969) Revised version of his own novel (1964). Scr. Mayo Simon; dir. John Sturges; st. Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna. SF.

Moon Zero Two by John Burke (1969) Scr. Michael Carreras; dir. Roy Ward Baker; st. James Olson, Catherina Von Schell. SF.

Beneath the Planet of the Apes by Michael Avallone (1970) Scr. Paul Dehn, Mort Abrahams (inspired by Pierre Boulle's novel *Monkey Planet*); dir. Ted Post; st. James Franciscus, Kim Hunter. SF.

Countess Dracula by Michel Parry (1970) Scr. Jeremy Paul & others; dir. Peter Sadsy; st. Ingrid Pitt, Nigel Green. Horror.

Gas! by Burt Hirschfeld (1970) Scr. George Armitage; dir. Rogerorman; st. Robert Corff, Elaine Giftos. SF.

House of Dark Shadows by Marilyn Ross (William Edward Dark Ross, 1970) Scr. inspired by the TV series *Dark Shadows*; dir. Dan Curtis; st. Jonathan Frid, Grayson Hall. Horror.

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes by Michael & Mollie Hardwick (1970) Scr. Billy Wilder, I.A.L. Diamond (inspired by Conan Doyle's stories); dir. Wilder; st. Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely. Crime/fantasy.

The Abominable Dr Phibes by William Goldstein (1971) Scr. Goldstein; dir. Robert Fuest; st. Vincent Price, Joseph Cotten. Horror.

Brother John by Leo P. Kelley (1971) Scr. Ernest Kinoy; dir. James Goldstone; st. Sidney Poitier, Bradford Dillman. Fantasy/parable.

The Edict by Max Ehrlich (1971) Film *Zero Population Growth*. Scr. Ehrlich, Frank De Felitta; dir. Michael Campus; st. Oliver Reed, Geraldine Chaplin. SF.

Lust for a Vampire by William Hughes (1971) Scr. Tudor Gates (inspired by J. Sheridan Le Fanu's story "Carmilla"); dir. Jimmy Sangster; st. Ralph Bates, Barbara Jefford. Horror.

The Scars of Dracula by Angus Hall (1971) Scr. John Elder; dir. Roy Ward Baker; st. Christopher Lee, Dennis Waterman. Horror.

THX 1138 by Ben Bova (1971) Scr. George Lucas, Walter Murch; dir. Lucas; st. Robert Duvall, Donald Pleasence. SF.

Virgin Witch by Klaus Vogel (1971) Scr. Vogel; dir. Ray Austin; st. Anne Michelle, Vicky Michelle. Horror.

Dr Phibes Rises Again by William Goldstein (1972) Scr. Goldstein; dir. Robert Fuest; st. Vincent Price. Horror.

The Nightcomers by Michael Hastings (1972) Scr. Hastings (inspired by Henry James's novella "The Turn of the Screw"); dir. Michael Winner; st. Marlon Brando, Stephanie Beacham. Horror.

Tales from the Crypt by Jack Oleck (1972) Scr. Milton Subotsky (inspired by the William Gaines comic books); dir. Freddie Francis; st. Ralph Richardson, Peter Cushing. Horror.

Battle for the Planet of the Apes by David Gerrold (1973) Scr. John William Corrington, Joyce Hooper Corrington; dir. J. Lee Thompson; st. Roddy McDowall, Natalie Trundy. SF.

Captain Kronos: Vampire Hunter by Hugh Enfield (1973) Scr. Brian Clemens; dir. Clemens; st. Horst Janson, Caroline Munro. Horror/fantasy.

Hellstrom's Hive by Frank Herbert (1973) Not really a novelization, but inspired by the 1971 semi-documentary film *The Hellstrom Chronicle*. Scr. David Seltzer; dir. Walton Green. An oddity. SF.

Phase IV by Barry N. Malzberg (1973) Scr. Mayo Simon; dir. Saul Bass; st. Nigel Davenport, Lynne Frederick. SF.

Vault of Horror by Jack Oleck (1973) Scr. Milton Subotsky (inspired by William Gaines comic books); dir. Roy Ward Baker; st. Daniel Massey, Anna Massey. Horror.

Dark Star by Alan Dean Foster (1974) Scr. John Carpenter, Dan O'Bannon; dir. Carpenter; st. Brian Narell, Dre Pahich. SF.

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes by John Jakes (1974) Scr. Paul Dehn 1972 film dir. J. Lee Thompson; st. Roddy McDowall, Don Murray. SF.

Escape from the Planet of the Apes by Jerry Pournelle (1974) Scr. Paul Dehn 1971 film dir. Don Taylor; st. Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter. SF.

Herbie Rides Again by Mel Cebulash (1974) Scr. Bill Walsh; dir. Robert Stevenson; st. Helen Hayes, Ken Berry. Comedy/fantasy.

Luana by Alan Dean Foster (1974) Based on an Italian film about which I have no further details. Jungle fantasy.

Phantom of the Paradise by Bjarne Rostaing (1974) Scr. Brian De Palma (remotely inspired by Gaston Leroux's novel *The Phantom of the Opera*); dir. De Palma; st. Paul Williams, William Finley. Horror/musical.

Robin Hood by Derry Moffatt (1974) From the Disney animated film dir. Wolfgang Reitherman. Juvenile fantasy.

Zardoz by John Boorman & Bill Stair (1974) Scr. Boorman; dir. Boorman; st. Sean Connery, Charlotte Rampling. SF.

Night of the Living Dead by John Russo (1974) Scr. Russo (1968); dir. George A. Romero; st. Judith O'Dea, Duane Jones. Horror.

The Devil's Rain by Maud Willis (Eileen Lottman, 1975) Scr. Gabe Essoe & others; dir. Robert Fuest; st. Ernest Borgnine, Ida Lupino. Horror.

Dumbo by Derry Moffatt (1975) From the 1941 Disney animated film dir. Ben Sharpsteen. Juvenile fantasy.

Lady and the Tramp by Derry Moffatt (1975) From the 1955 Disney animated film dir. Hamilton Luske & others. Juvenile fantasy.

Legend of the Werewolf by Robert Black (Robert Holdstock, 1975) Dir. Freddie Francis; st. Peter Cushing, Ron Moody. Horror.

Pinocchio by Derry Moffatt (1975) Secondary novelization (inspired by Carlo Collodi's novel). From the 1940 Disney animated film dir. Ben Sharpsteen, Hamilton Luske. Juvenile fantasy.

Sleeping Beauty by Guy N. Smith (1975) From the 1959 Disney animated film dir. Clyde Geronimi. Juvenile fantasy.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs by Guy N. Smith (1975) From the 1937 Disney animated film dir. David Hand. Juvenile fantasy.

The Ultimate Warrior by Bill S. Ballinger (1975) Scr. Robert Clouse; dir. Clouse; st. Yul Brynner, Max Von Sydow. SF.

Young Frankenstein by Gilbert Pearlman (1975) Scr. Gene Wilder, Mel Brooks; dir. Brooks; st. Wilder, Peter Boyle. Comedy/horror.

The Aristocats by Derry Moffatt (1976) From the 1970 Disney animated film dir. Wolfgang Reitherman. Juvenile fantasy.

Embryo by Louis Charbonneau (1976) Scr. Anita Doohan, Jack W. Thomas; dir. Ralph Nelson; st. Rock Hudson, Diane Ladd. SF/horror.

Futureworld by John Ryder Hall (William Rotsler, 1976) Scr. Mayo Simon, George Schenck; dir. Richard T. Heffron; st. Peter Fonda, Blythe Danner. SF.

The Ghoul by Guy N. Smith (1976) Scr. John Elder; dir. Freddie Francis; st. Peter Cushing, Alexandra Bastedo. Horror.

Grizzly by Will Collins (1976) Scr. Harvey Flaxman, David Sheldon; dir. William Girdler; st. Christopher George, Andrew Prine. Creature horror.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow by Guy N. Smith (1976) From the 1949 Disney animated film *The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr Toad* (inspired in part by Washington Irving's short story) dir. Jack Kinney & others. Juvenile fantasy.

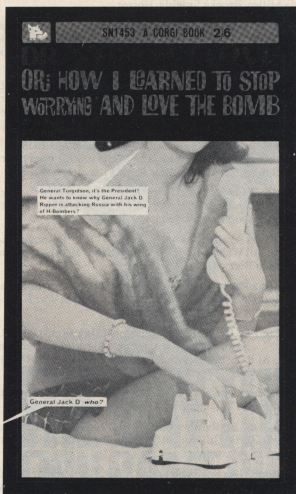
The Omen by David Seltzer (1976) Scr. Seltzer; dir. Richard Donner; st. Gregory Peck, Lee Remick. Horror.

Peter Pan by Barbara Hazen (1976) Re-novelization (inspired by J.M. Barrie's play *Peter Pan*, 1904, and his own

novelization *Peter and Wendy*, 1911) from the 1953 Disney animated film dir. Wilfred Jackson & others. Juvenile fantasy.

The Shaggy D.A. by Vic Crume (1976) Scr. Don Tait; dir. Robert Stevenson; st. Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette. Juvenile fantasy.

Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger by John Ryder Hall (William Rotsler, 1976) Scr. Beverly Cross; dir. Sam Wanamaker; st. Patrick Wayne, Taryn Power. Fantasy.



Squirm by Richard Curtis (1976) Scr. Jeff Lieberman; dir. Lieberman; st. John Scardino, Patricia Pearcy. Creature horror.

Star Wars by George Lucas (i.e. Alan Dean Foster, 1976) Scr. Lucas; dir. Lucas; st. Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher. SF.

The Sword in the Stone by Derry Moffatt (1976) Secondary novelization (inspired by T.H. White's novel) from the 1963 Disney animated film dir. Wolfgang Reitherman. Juvenile Arthurian fantasy.

Bedknobs and Broomsticks by Dorothy Houghton (1977) Secondary novelization. Scr. Bill Walsh, Don DaGradi (inspired by Mary Norton's stories); dir. Robert Stevenson (1971); st. Angela Lansbury, David Tomlinson. Juvenile fantasy.

Blue Sunshine by Ken Johnson (1977) Scr. Jeff Lieberman; dir. Lieberman; st. Zalman King, Deborah Winters. Horror/SF.

The Bride of Frankenstein by Carl Dreadstone (Ramsey Campbell, 1977) Re-novelization. Scr. John L. Balderston, William Hurlbut (inspired by Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*); dir. James Whale (1935); st. Boris Karloff, Colin Clive. Horror.

- The Car** by Michael Butler, Dennis Shryack (1977) Scr. Butler, Shryack; dir. Elliot Silverstein; st. James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd. Horror.
- Close Encounters of the Third Kind** by Steven Spielberg (1977) Scr. Spielberg; dir. Spielberg; st. Richard Dreyfuss, Teri Garr. SF.
- Communion** by Frank Lauria (1977) Scr. Rose Mary Ritvo, Alfred Soles; dir. Soles (vt *Alice, Sweet Alice*); st. Linda Miller, Brooke Shields. Horror.
- Creature from the Black Lagoon** by Carl Dreadstone (house pseudonym; 1977; as by E.K. Leyton in the UK) Re-novelization. Scr. Harry Essex, Arthur Ross; dir. Jack Arnold (1954); st. Richard Carlson, Julie Adams. SF/horror.
- Dracula's Daughter** by Carl Dreadstone (Ramsey Campbell, 1977; as by E.K. Leyton in the UK) Scr. Garrett Fort; dir. Lambert Hillyer (1936); st. Otto Kruger, Marguerite Churchill. Horror.
- Empire of the Ants** by Lindsay West (Nancy Weber, 1977) Scr. Jack Turley (inspired by H.G. Wells's short story); dir. Bert I. Gordon; st. Joan Collins, Robert Lansing. SF/horror.
- Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo** by Vic Crume (1977) Scr. Arthur Alsberg, Don Nelson; dir. Vincent McEveety; st. Dean Jones, Don Knotts. Comedy/fantasy.
- Herbie Rides Again** by John Harvey (1977) Re-novelization. Scr. Bill Walsh; dir. Robert Stevenson (1974); st. Helen Hayes, Ken Berry. Comedy/fantasy.
- Holocaust 2000** by Michael Robson (1977) Scr. Robson; dir. Alberto de Martino; st. Kirk Douglas, Simon Ward. Horror.
- The Island of Dr Moreau** by Joseph Silva (Ron Goulart, 1977) Secondary novelization. Scr. John Herman Shaner, Al Ramrus (inspired by H.G. Wells's novel, 1896); dir. Don Taylor; st. Burt Lancaster, Michael York. SF/horror.
- It's Alive!** by Richard Woodley (1977) Scr. Larry Cohen; dir. Cohen (1974); st. John Ryan, Sharon Farrell. SF/horror.
- Jabberwocky** by Ralph Hoover (1977) Scr. Charles Alverson, Terry Gilliam; dir. Gilliam; st. Michael Palin, Max Wall. Fantasy spoof.
- James Bond, The Spy Who Loved Me** by Christopher Wood (1977) Secondary novelization. Scr. Wood (inspired by Ian Fleming's novel); dir. Lewis Gilbert; st. Roger Moore, Barbara Bach. SF/thriller.
- Kingdom of the Spiders** by Bernhardt Hurwood (1977) Scr. Richard Robinson, Alan Caillou; dir. John Cardos; st. William Shatner, Tiffany Bolling. Creature horror.
- The Last Wave** by Petru Popescu (1977) Scr. Popescu & others; dir. Peter Weir; st. Richard Chamberlain, Olivia Hamnett. Fantasy/horror.
- The Mummy** by Carl Dreadstone (house pseudonym; 1977) Scr. John L. Balderston; dir. Karl Freund (1932); st. Boris Karloff, Zita Johann. Horror.
- Orca** by Arthur Herzog (1977) Film *Orca - Killer Whale*. Scr. Luciano Vincenzoni, Sergio Donati; dir. Michael Anderson; st. Richard Harris, Charlotte Rampling. Creature horror.
- The Phantom of the Opera** by David F. Bischoff (1977) Secondary novelization from film inspired by Gaston Leroux's novel (it's not known which version). Horror.
- Rabid** by Richard Lewis (1977) Scr. David Cronenberg; dir. Cronenberg; st. Marilyn Chambers, Frank Moore. Horror.
- The Uncanny** by William Lauder (1977) Scr. Michel Parry; dir. Denis Heroux; st. Peter Cushing, Ray Milland. Horror.
- The Werewolf of London** by Carl Dreadstone (Walter Harris, 1977) Scr. John Colton; dir. Stuart Walker (1935); st. Henry Hull, Warner Oland. Horror.
- The Wolf Man** by Carl Dreadstone (Ramsey Campbell, 1977; as by E.K. Leyton in the UK) Scr. Curt Siodmak; dir. George Waggner (1941); st. Lon Chaney Jr, Claude Rains. Horror.
- Zoltan, Hound of Dracula** by Kenneth R. Johnson (1977) Film *Hounds of Dracula* (vt *Dracula's Dog*). Scr. Frank Ray Perelli; dir. Albert Band; st. Jose Ferrer, Michael Pataki. Horror.
- Battlestar Galactica** by Glen A. Larson & Robert Thurston (1978) Scr. Larson; dir. Richard A. Colla; st. Richard Hatch, Dirk Benedict. (This was a made-for-TV movie released to the cinema; subsequent "Galactica" titles are not listed here, as they count as TV novelizations.) SF.
- Buck Rogers in the 25th Century** by Addison E. Steele (Richard A. Lupoff, 1978) Scr. inspired by Dick Calkins's comic strip, inspired by Philip Francis Nowlan's magazine stories; dir. Daniel Haller; st. Gil Evans, Pamela Hensley. (This was a made-for-TV movie released theatrically; subsequent "Buck Rogers" titles are not listed, as they count as TV novelizations.) SF.
- Capricorn One** by Ron Goulart (1978) Scr. Peter Hyams; dir. Hyams; st. Elliott Gould, James Brolin. (See separate novelization of the same movie for the UK market, below.) SF.
- Capricorn One** by Bernard L. Ross (Ken Follett, 1978) Re-novelization. Scr. Peter Hyams; dir. Hyams; st. Elliott Gould, James Brolin. SF.
- Damien: Omen II** by Joseph Howard (1978) Scr. Stanley Mann, Michael Hodges; dir. Don Taylor; st. William Holden, Lee Grant. Horror.
- Dawn of the Dead** by George A. Romero & Susanna Sparrow (1978) Scr. Romero; dir. Romero; st. David Emge, Ken Foree. Horror.
- Deathsport** by William Hughes (1978) Scr. Henry Suso, Donald Stewart; dir. Suso; st. David Carradine, Claudia Jennings. SF.
- Dominique** by R. Chetwynd-Hayes (1978) Scr. Edward & Valerie Abraham (inspired by Harold Lawlor's story "What Beckoning Ghost"); dir. Michael Anderson; st. Cliff Robertson, Jean Simmons. Horror.
- The Eyes of Laura Mars** by H.B. Gilmour (1978) Scr. John Carpenter, David Zelag Goodman; dir. Irvin Kershner; st. Faye Dunaway, Tommy Lee Jones. Horror.
- Heaven Can Wait** by Leonore Fleischer (1978) Scr. Elaine May, Warren Beatty, Buck Henry (inspired by Harry Segall's stage play *Halfway to Heaven*); dir. Beatty, Henry; st. Beatty, Julie Christie. Fantasy.
- Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo** by John Harvey (1978) Re-novelization. Scr. Arthur Alsberg, Don Nelson; dir. Vincent McEveety; st. Dean Jones, Don Knotts. Comedy/fantasy.
- The Incredible Melting Man** by Phil Smith (1978) Scr. William Sachs; dir. Sachs; st. Alex Rebar, Burr DeBenning. SF/horror.
- It Lives Again** by James Dixon (1978) Scr. Larry Cohen; dir. Cohen; st. Frederic Forrest, Kathleen Lloyd. SF/horror.
- Jaws 2** by Hank Searls (1978) Scr. Carl Gottlieb & others (inspired by Peter Benchley's novel *Jaws*); dir. Jeannot Szwarc; st. Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary. Creature horror.
- Martin** by George Romero & Susanna Sparrow (1978) Dir. Romero; st. John Amplas, Lincoln Maazel. Horror.
- Pete's Dragon** by Derry Moffatt (1978) Dir. Don Chaffey; st. Helen Reddy, Jim Dale. Juvenile fantasy.

Piranha by Leo Callan (1978) Scr. John Sayles; dir. Joe Dante; st. Bradford Dillman, Heather Menzies. Creature horror.

Return from Witch Mountain by Alexander Key (1978) Scr. inspired by his own novel *Escape to Witch Mountain*, 1968; dir. John Hough; st. Kim Richards, Bette Davis. Juvenile fantasy.

Ruby by Kerry Stewart (Linda Stewart, 1978) Dir. Curtis Harrington; st. Piper Laurie, Stuart Whitman. Horror.

The Satanists by Robert Black (Robert Holdstock, 1978) From the script for a British film which was never produced. Horror.

The Sensitives by Louis Charbonneau (1978) Scr. Deane Romano for a film about which I have no further details. SF.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band by Henry Edwards (1978) Scr. Edwards (inspired by the Beatles' LP record, 1967); dir. Michael Schultz; st. Peter Frampton & The Bee Gees. Musical fantasy.

Superman: Last Son of Krypton by Elliott S. Maginn (1978) Inspired by the comic books, but apparently not from the script by Mario Puzo & others for the film *Superman* (dir. Richard Donner; st. Christopher Reeve, Margot Kidder). However, as the book was released at much the same time as the movie it was almost certainly intended by its publishers as a tie-in. SF.

The War Lords of Atlantis by Paul Victor (1978) Scr. Brian Hayles; dir. Kevin Connor; st. Doug McClure, Peter Gilmore. SF.

The Wicker Man by Anthony Shaffer & Robin Hardy (1978) Scr. Shaffer; dir. Hardy; st. Edward Woodward, Britt Ekland. Horror.

Alien by Alan Dean Foster (1979) Scr. Dan O'Bannon; dir. Ridley Scott; st. Sigourney Weaver, Tom Skerritt. SF/horror.

Arabian Adventure by Keith Miles (1979) Scr. Brian Hayles; dir. Kevin Connor; st. Christopher Lee, Milo O'Shea. Fantasy.

The Black Hole by Alan Dean Foster (1979) Scr. Jeb Rosebrook, Gerry Day; dir. Gary Nelson; st. Maximilian Schell, Robert Forster. SF.

The Brood by Richard Starks (1979) Scr. David Cronenberg; dir. Cronenberg; st. Oliver Reed, Samantha Eggar. Horror.

The China Syndrome by Burton Wohl (1979) Scr. Mike Gray & others; dir. James Bridges; st. Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon. SF/contemporary drama.

C.H.O.M.P.S. by Vic Crume (1979) Scr. Dick Robbins, Duane Poole; dir. Don Chaffey; st. Jim Backus, Valerie Bertinelli. Juvenile SF.

Circle of Iron by Robert Weverka (1979) Film vt *The Silent Flute*. Scr. Stirling Silliphant, Stanley Mann; dir. Richard Moore; st. Jeff Cooper, David Carradine. Fantasy.

The Dark by Max Franklin (Richard Deming, 1979) Scr. Stanford Whitmore; dir. John Cardos; st. William Devane, Cathy Lee Crosby. SF/horror.

The Fog by Dennis Etchison (1979) Scr. John Carpenter, Debra Hill; dir. Carpenter; st. Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook. Horror.

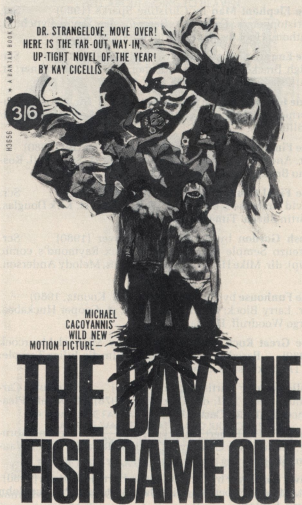
James Bond and Moonraker by Christopher Wood (1979) Secondary novelization. Scr. Wood (inspired by Ian Fleming's novel *Moonraker*, 1955); dir. Lewis Gilbert; st. Roger Moore, Lois Chiles. SF/thriller.

The Legacy by John Coyne (1979) Scr. Jimmy Sangster & others; dir. Richard Marquand; st. Katharine Ross, Sam Elliot. Horror.

Mad Max by Terry Kaye (1979) Scr. James McCausland, George Miller; dir. Miller; st. Mel Gibson, Joanne Samuel. SF.

Meteor by Edmund H. North & Franklin Coen (1979) Scr. North & Stanley Mann; dir. Ronald Neame; st. Sean Connery, Natalie Wood. SF.

Murder by Decree by Robert Weverka (1979) Scr. John Hopkins (inspired by Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories); dir. Bob Clark; st. Christopher Plummer, James Mason. Crime/horror.



Nosferatu the Vampyre by Paul Monette (1979) Scr. Werner Herzog (inspired by the 1921 film *Nosferatu*, which was inspired by Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula*); dir. Herzog; st. Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani. Horror.

Prophecy by David Seltzer (1979) Scr. Seltzer; dir. John Frankenheimer; st. Talia Shire, Armand Assante. Horror.

The Spaceman and King Arthur by Heather Simon (1979) Scr. Don Tait (remotely inspired by Mark Twain's novel *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*); dir. Russ Mayberry; st. Dennis Dugan, Jim Dale. SF/fantasy.

Spectre by Robert Weverka (1979) Based on a film about which I have no details (possibly never released). Horror?

Star Trek: The Motion Picture by Gene Roddenberry (1979) Scr. Harold Livingston (inspired by the "Star Trek" television series, 1966-69); dir. Robert Wise; st. William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy. SF.

Time After Time by Karl Alexander (1979) Scr. Nicholas Meyer (from a story idea by Karl Alexander, Steven Hayes); dir. Meyer; st. Malcolm McDowell, Mary Steenburgen. Time-travel SF.

- The Awakening** by R. Chetwynd-Hayes (1980) Secondary novelization. Scr. Allan Scott & others (inspired by Bram Stoker's novel *The Jewel of Seven Stars*); dir. Mike Newell; st. Charlton Heston, Susannah York. Horror.
- Dead and Buried** by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (1980) Dir. Gary A. Sherman; st. James Farentino, Melody Anderson. Horror.
- The Devil and Max Devlin** by Robert Crossbach (1980) Scr. Mary Rodgers; dir. Steven Hilliard Stern; st. Elliott Gould, Bill Cosby. Fantasy/comedy.
- The Elephant Man** by Christine Sparks (1980) Scr. Christopher de Core, Eric Bergren; dir. David Lynch; st. Anthony Hopkins, John Hurt. Period horror.
- The Empire Strikes Back** by Donald F. Glut (1980) Scr. Leigh Brackett, Lawrence Kasdan; dir. Irvin Kershner; st. Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher. SF.
- Fade to Black** by Ron Renaud (1980) Dir. Vernon Zimmerman; st. Dennis Christopher, Linda Kerridge. Horror/thriller.
- The Final Conflict: Omen III** by Gordon McGill (1980) Scr. Andrew Birkin; dir. Graham Baker; st. Sam Neill, Rosano Brazzi. Horror.
- The Final Countdown** by Martin Caidin (1980) Scr. David Ambrose & others; dir. Don Taylor; st. Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen. Time-travel SF.
- Flash Gordon** by Arthur Byron Cover (1980) Scr. Lorenzo Semple Jr (inspired by Alex Raymond's comic strip); dir. Mike Hodges; st. Sam J. Jones, Melody Anderson. SF.
- The Funhouse** by Owen West (Dean R. Koontz, 1980) Scr. Larry Block; dir. Tobe Hooper; st. Cooper Huckabee, Largo Woodruff. Horror.
- The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle** by Michael Moorcock (1980) Based very loosely on the film dir. Julien Temple; st. The Sex Pistols. New-wave SF.
- Halloween** by Curtis Richards (1980) Scr. John Carpenter, Debra Hill; dir. Carpenter (1978); st. Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis. Horror.
- Hangar 18** by Robert Weverka (1980) Scr. Steven Thornley; dir. James L. Conway; st. Darren McGavin, Robert Vaughn. SF.
- Hawk the Slayer** by Terry Marcel & Harry Robertson (1980) Scr. Marcel, Robertson; dir. Marcel; st. Jack Palance, John Terry. Fantasy.
- The Hearse** by Henry Clement (1980) Dir. George Bowlers; st. Joseph Cotten, Trish Van Devere. Horror.
- Herbie Goes Bananas** by Joe Claro (1980) Scr. Don Tait; dir. Vincent McEvety; st. Charles Martin Smith, Cloris Leachman. Comedy/fantasy.
- Phobia** by Thomas Luke (Graham Masterton, 1980) Scr. Lew Lehman, Jimmy Sangster, Peter Bellwood; dir. John Huston; st. Paul Michael Glaser, Susan Hogan. Horror.
- Plasmid** by Robert Knight (Christopher Evans, 1980) Based on a film about which I have no details. Horror?
- Resurrection** by George Gipe (1980) Scr. Lewis John Carlino; dir. Daniel Petrie; st. Ellen Burstyn, Sam Shepard. Fantasy.
- Saturn 3** by Steve Gallagher (1980) Scr. Martin Amis; dir. Stanley Donen; st. Kirk Douglas, Farrah Fawcett. SF.
- The Boogens** by Robert Weverka (1981) Dir. James L. Conway; st. Rebecca Balding, Fred McCarren. Horror.
- Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen** by Michael Avallone (1981) Scr. Stan Burns, David Axelrod (inspired by Earl Derr Biggers' novels); dir. Clive Donner; st. Peter Ustinov, Angie Dickinson. Crime/horror spoof.
- Clash of the Titans** by Alan Dean Foster (1981) Scr. Beverly Cross; dir. Desmond Davis; st. Harry Hamlin, Judy Bowker. Fantasy.
- Condorman** by Joe Claro (1981) Secondary novelization. Scr. Marc Sturdivant & others (inspired by Robert Sheckley's novel *The Game of X*); dir. Charles Jarrott; st. Michael Crawford, Oliver Reed. Crime/superhero spoof.
- Dragonslayer** by Wayland Drew (1981) Scr. Hal Barwood, Matthew Robbins; dir. Robbins; st. Peter MacNichol, Caitlin Clarke. Fantasy.
- Escape from New York** by Mike McQuay (1981) Scr. John Carpenter, Nick Castle; dir. Carpenter; st. Kurt Russell, Lee Van Cleef. SF.
- The Fox and the Hound** by Heather Simon (1981) Secondary novelization from a script (inspired by Daniel P. Mannix's novel) for the Disney animated film dir. Art Stevens & others. Animal fantasy.
- The Great Muppet Caper** by Ellis Weiner (1981) Scr. Tom Patchett & others; dir. Jim Henson; st. Diana Rigg, Charles Grodin. Comedy/fantasy.
- Halloween II** by Jack Martin (Dennis Etchison, 1981) Dir. Rick Rosenthal; st. Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis. Horror.
- Heartbeeps** by John Hill (i.e. Dean R. Koontz, 1981) Scr. John Hill; dir. Allan Arkush; st. Andy Kaufman, Bernadette Peters. SF/comedy.
- The Incredible Shrinking Woman** by Jody Sibert (1981) Scr. Jane Wagner; dir. Joel Schumacher; st. Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin. Comedy/SF.
- Inseminoid** by Larry Miller (1981) Scr. Nick & Gloria Maley; dir. Norman J. Warren; st. Robin Clarke, Judy Geeson. SF/horror.
- Mad Max 2** by Carl Ruhen (1981) Scr. Terry Hayes & others; dir. George Miller; st. Mel Gibson, Bruce Spence. SF.
- Outland** by Alan Dean Foster (1981) Scr. Peter Hyams; dir. Hyams; st. Sean Connery, Peter Boyle. SF.
- Raiders of the Lost Ark** by Campbell Black (1981) Scr. Lawrence Kasdan; dir. Steven Spielberg; st. Harrison Ford, Karen Allen. Fantasy/adventure.
- Scanners** by Leon Whiteson (1981) Scr. David Cronenberg; dir. Cronenberg; st. Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack. SF/horror.
- Time Bandits** by Charles Alverson (1981) Scr. Michael Palin, Terry Gilliam; dir. Gilliam; st. Palin, David Rappaport. Fantasy/comedy.
- Cat People** by Gary Brandner (1982) Scr. Alan Ormsby (inspired by the 1942 movie of the same title); dir. Paul Schrader; st. Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell. Horror.
- Conan the Barbarian** by L. Sprague de Camp & Lin Carter (1982) Scr. John Milius, Oliver Stone (inspired by Robert E. Howard's stories); dir. Milius; st. Arnold Schwarzenegger, James Earl Jones. Fantasy.
- The Dark Crystal** by A.C.H. Smith (1982) Scr. David Odell; dir. Jim Henson, Frank Oz; st. puppets. Fantasy.
- E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial** by William Kotzwinkle (1982) Scr. Melissa Mathison; dir. Steven Spielberg; st. Henry Thomas, Dee Wallace. SF.
- Friday the 13th, Part 3, 3-D** by Michael Avallone (1982) Scr. Martin Krosser, Carol Watson; dir. Steve Miner; st. Dana Kimmell, Richard Brooker. Horror.
- Halloween III: Season of the Witch** by Jack Martin (Dennis

Etchison, 1982) Dir. Tommy Lee Wallace; st. Tom Atkins, Stacey Nelkin. Horror.

Herbie the Matchmaker by Joe Claro (1982) Scr. for a fifth film in the "Herbie" series (which began with *The Love Bug*, 1969) for which I have no details. Humorous fantasy.

Poltergeist by James Kahn (1982) Scr. Steven Spielberg & others; dir. Tobe Hooper; st. JoBeth Williams, Craig T. Nelson. Horror.

Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan by Vonda N. McIntyre (1982) Scr. Jack B. Sowards; dir. Nicholas Meyer; st. William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy. SF.

Swamp Thing by David Houston, Len Wein (1982) Scr. Wes Craven (inspired by the comic book); dir. Craven; st. Ray Wise, Adrienne Barbeau. Horror.

The Sword and the Sorcerer by Norman Winski (1982) Scr. Tom Karnowski & others; dir. Albert Pyun; st. Lee Horsley, Kathleen Beller. Fantasy.

The Thing by Alan Dean Foster (1982) Scr. Bill Lancaster (inspired by John W. Campbell's story "Who Goes There?", 1938); dir. John Carpenter; st. Kurt Russell, A. Wilford Brimley. SF.

Tron by Brian C. Daley (1982) Scr. Steven Lisberger; dir. Lisberger; st. Bruce Boxleitner, Jeff Bridges. SF.

Krull by Alan Dean Foster (1983) Scr. Stanford Sherman; dir. Peter Yates; st. Ken Marshall, Lysette Anthony. Fantasy.

Millennium by John Varley (1983) Scr. Varley (inspired by his short story "Air Raid"); dir. Michael Anderson (not released until 1989); st. Kris Kristofferson, Cheryl Ladd. SF.

Return of the Jedi by James Kahn (1983) Scr. Lawrence Kasdan, George Lucas; dir. Richard Marquand; st. Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher. SF.

Superman III by William Kotzwick (1983) Scr. David & Leslie Newman; dir. Richard Lester; st. Christopher Reeve, Richard Pryor. SF.

Twilight Zone: The Movie by Robert Bloch (1983) Scr. Richard Matheson & others; dir. Steven Spielberg & others. Horror compendium.

Videodrome by Jack Martin (Dennis Etchison, 1983) Scr. David Cronenberg; dir. Cronenberg; st. James Woods, Sonja Smits. SF.

WarGames by David F. Bischoff (1983) Scr. Lawrence Lasker, Walter F. Parkes; dir. John Badham; st. Matthew Broderick, Dabney Coleman. SF.

Amityville 3-D by Gordon McGill (1984) Scr. William Wales; dir. Richard Fleischer; st. Tony Roberts, Tess Harper. Horror.

Bloodbath at the House of Death by Martin Noble (1984) Scr. Ray Cameron, Barry Cryer; dir. Cameron; st. Kenny Everett, Pamela Stephenson. Horror spoof.

Buckaroo Banzai by Earl Mac Rauch (1984) Scr. Rauch; dir. W.D. Richter; st. Peter Weller, John Lithgow. SF/comedy.

The Clairvoyant by Henry Clement (1984) Dir. Armand Mastroianni; st. Perry King, Kenneth McMillan. Horror.

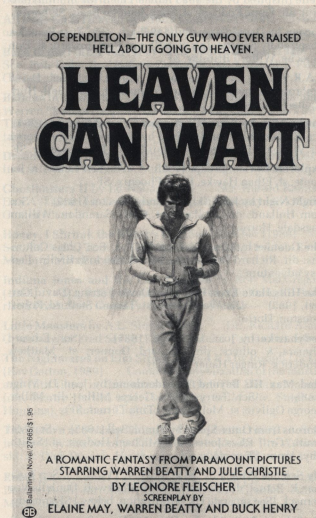
Conan the Destroyer by Robert Jordan (1984) Scr. Stanley Mann (inspired by Robert E. Howard's stories); dir. Richard Fleischer; st. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Grace Jones. Fantasy.

Ghostbusters by Larry Milne (1984) Scr.; dir. Ivan Reitman; st. Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd. Horror/comedy.

Gremlins by George Gipe (1984) Scr. Chris Columbus; dir. Joe Dante; st. Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates. Horror/comedy.

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom by James Kahn (1984) Scr. Willard Huyck, Gloria Katz; dir. Steven Spielberg; st. Harrison Ford, Kate Capshaw. Fantasy/adventure.

The Last Starfighter by Alan Dean Foster (1984) Scr. Jonathan Betuel; dir. Nick Castle; st. Lance Guest, Robert Preston. SF.



Nomads by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (1984) Scr. John McTiernan; dir. McTiernan; st. Pierce Brosnan, Lesley-Ann Down. Horror.

Splash by Ian Don (1984) Scr. Lowell Ganz & others; dir. Ron Howard; st. Tom Hanks, Daryl Hannah. Fantasy/comedy.

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock by Vonda N. McIntyre (1984) Scr. Harve Bennett; dir. Leonard Nimoy; st. William Shatner, Nimoy. SF.

Starman by Alan Dean Foster (1984) Scr. Bruce A. Evans, Raynold Gideon; dir. John Carpenter; st. Jeff Bridges, Karen Allen. SF.

Supergirl by Norma Fox Mazer (1984) Scr. David Odell (inspired by the D.C. comic books); dir. Jeannot Szwarc; st. Helen Slater, Faye Dunaway. SF.

Sword of the Valiant: The Legend of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight by Stephen Weeks & Henry Whittington (1984) Scr. Stephen Weeks & others; dir. Weeks; st. Miles O'Keefe, Sean Connery. Fantasy.

The Terminator by Shaun Hutson (1984) Scr. James Cameron, Gale Ann Hurd; dir. Cameron; st. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linda Hamilton. (See separate novelization of the same movie for the US market, below.) SF.

Baby by Ian Don (1985) Scr. Clifford, Ellen Green; dir. B.W.L. Norton; st. William Katt, Sean Young. SF.

Back to the Future by George Gipe (1985) Scr. Robert Zemeckis, Bob Gale; dir. Zemeckis; st. Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd. SF.

The Bride by Vonda N. McIntyre (1985) Scr. Lloyd Fonvielle (inspired by the 1935 movie *The Bride of Frankenstein*); dir. Franc Roddam; st. Sting, Jennifer Beals. SF/horror.

Cocoon by David Saperstein (1985) Scr. Tom Benedek (inspired by Saperstein's story?); dir. Ron Howard; st. Don Ameche, Wilford Brimley. SF.

D.A.R.Y.L. by N.H. Kleinbaum (1985) Scr. David Ambrose & others; dir. Simon Wincer; st. Mary Beth Hurt, Michael McKean. SF.

Enemy Mine by Barry B. Longyear & David Gerrold (1985) Scr. Edward Khmara (inspired by Longyear's short story); dir. Wolfgang Petersen; st. Dennis Quaid, Lou Gossett Jr. SF.

Explorers by George Gipe (1985) Scr. Eric Luke; dir. Joe Dante; st. Ethan Hawke, River Phoenix. SF.

Fright Night by John Skipp & Craig Spector (1985) Scr. Tom Holland; dir. Holland; st. Chris Sarandon, William Ragsdale. Horror.

The Goonies by James Kahn (1985) Scr. Chris Columbus; dir. Richard Donner; st. Sean Astin, Josh Brolin. Fantasy/adventure.

The Hills Have Eyes, Part II by David Ferring (David Garnett, 1985) Dir. Wes Craven; st. Tamara Stafford, Robert Houston. Horror.

Ladyhawke by Joan D. Vinge (1985) Scr. Edward Khmara & others; dir. Richard Donner; st. Matthew Broderick, Rutger Hauer. Fantasy.

Mad Max III: Beyond Thunderdome by Joan D. Vinge (1985) Scr. Terry Hayes, George Miller; dir. Miller, George Ogilvie; st. Mel Gibson, Tina Turner. SF.

Morons from Outer Space by Simon Bell (1985) Scr. Mel Smith, Griff Rhys Jones; dir. Michael Hodges; st. Smith, Rhys Jones. SF comedy.

My Science Project by Mike McQuay (1985) Scr. Jonathan R. Betuel; dir. Betuel; st. John Stockwell, Danielle Von Zerneck. (See separate UK novelization, below.) SF/comedy.

My Science Project by Ian Don (1985) Scr. Jonathan R. Betuel; dir. Betuel; st. John Stockwell, Danielle Von Zerneck. SF/comedy.

One Magic Christmas by Martin Noble (1985?) Scr. Thomas Meehan; dir. Phillip Borsos; st. Mary Steenburgen, Harry Dean Stanton. Fantasy.

Pale Rider by Alan Dean Foster (1985) Scr. Michael Butler, Dennis Shryack; dir. Clint Eastwood; st. Eastwood, Michael Moriarty. Western/fantasy.

Remo: The Adventure Begins by Warren Murphy & Richard Sapir (1985) Scr. Christopher Wood (inspired by Murphy & Sapir's "Destroyer" novels); dir. Guy Hamilton; st. Fred Ward, Joel Grey. Fantasy/crime.

Return of the Living Dead by John Russo (1985) Dir. Dan O'Bannon; st. Clu Gulager, James Karen. Horror.

Return to Oz by Joan D. Vinge (1985) Scr. Walter Murch, Gill Dennis (inspired by L. Frank Baum's second and third "Oz" books); dir. Murch; st. Fairuza Balk, Jean Marsh. Fantasy.

Santa Claus: The Movie by Joan D. Vinge (1985) Scr. David Newman; dir. Jeannot Szwarc; st. David Huddleston, Dudley Moore. Fantasy.

The Terminator by Randall Frakes & Bill Wisher (1985)

Re-novelization. Scr. James Cameron, Gale Ann Hurd; dir. Cameron; st. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linda Hamilton. SF.

Young Sherlock Holmes by Alan Arnold (1985) Scr. Chris Columbus (inspired by Conan Doyle's stories); dir. Barry Levinson; st. Nicholas Rowe, Alan Cox. Crime/fantasy.

Aliens by Alan Dean Foster (1986) Scr. James Cameron, Walter Hill, David Giler; dir. Cameron; st. Sigourney Weaver, Michael Biehn. SF.

April Fool's Day by Jeff Rovin (1986) Dir. Fred Walton; st. Deborah Foreman, Griffin O'Neal. Spoof horror.

The Golden Child by George C. Chesbro (1986) Scr. Dennis Feldman; dir. Michael Ritchie; st. Eddie Murphy, Charlotte Lewis. Fantasy.

Highlander by Garry Douglas (Garry Kilworth, 1986) Scr. Gregory Widden & others; dir. Russell Mulcahy; st. Christopher Lambert, Roxanne Hart. Fantasy.

Howard the Duck by Ellis Weiner (1986) Scr. Willard Huyck, Gloria Katz (inspired by Steve Gerber's comic book); dir. Huyck; st. Lee Thompson, Jeffrey Jones. Fantasy.

Invaders from Mars by Ray Garton (1986) Scr. Dan O'Bannon, Don Jakob (inspired by the 1953 film of the same title); dir. Tobe Hooper; st. Karen Black, Hunter Carson. SF.

Labyrinth by A.C.H. Smith (1986) Scr. Terry Jones & others; dir. Jim Henson; st. David Bowie, Jennifer Connelly. Fantasy.

The Manhattan Project by David F. Bischoff (1986) Scr. Marshall Brickman, Thomas Baum; dir. Brickman; st. John Lithgow, Christopher Collet. SF.

Poltergeist II: The Other Side by James Kahn (1986) Scr. Mark Victor, Michael Grais; dir. Brian Gibson; st. JoBeth Williams, Craig T. Nelson. Horror.

Short Circuit by Colin Wedglock (Christopher Priest, 1986) Scr. S.S. Wilson, Brent Maddock; dir. John Badham; st. Ally Sheedy, Steve Guttenberg. SF.

SpaceCamp by Joe Claro (1986) Scr. W.W. Wicket, Casey T. Mitchell; dir. Harry Winer; st. Kate Capshaw, Lea Thompson. SF.

Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home by Vonda N. McIntyre (1986) Scr. Harve Bennett & others; dir. Leonard Nimoy; st. William Shatner, Nimoy. SF.

***batteries not included** by Wayland Drew (1987) Scr. Matthew Robbins & others; dir. Robbins; st. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy. SF.

Fantastic Voyage II: Destination Brain by Isaac Asimov (1987) Based on a so-far unproduced 1984 film treatment by Jerome Bixby (see letter from Bixby in *Asimov's SF Magazine*, June 1993, in which he claims true authorship). SF.

Friday the 13th by Simon Hawke (Nicholas Yermakov, 1987) Scr. Victor Miller; (1980) dir. Sean S. Cunningham; st. Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King. Horror.

Gothic by Stephen Volk (1987) Scr. Volk; dir. Ken Russell; st. Gabriel Byrne, Julian Sands. Horror.

Harry and the Hendersons by Joyce Thompson (1987; vt *Bigfoot and the Hendersons*) Scr. William Dear & others; dir. Dear; st. John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon. Fantasy/comedy.

Innerspace by Nathan Elliott (Christopher Evans, 1987) Scr. Jeffrey Boam, Chip Proser; dir. Joe Dante; st. Dennis Quaid, Martin Short. SF.

Jaws: The Revenge by Hank Searls (1987) Dir. Joseph Sargent; st. Lorraine Gary, Lance Guest. Creature horror.

Liquid Sky by Anne Carlisle (1987) Scr. Carlisle &

others; dir. Slava Tsukerman (1983); st. Carlisle, Paula Sheppard. SF/comedy/erotica.

The Lost Boys by Craig Shaw Gardner (1987) Dir. Joel Schumacher; st. Jason Patric, Corey Haim. Horror.

Making Mr Right by Mollie Gregory (1987) Scr. Mike Wise, Joel Tuber; dir. Susan Seidelman; st. John Malkovich, Ann Magnusson. SF.

The Nightmares on Elm Street, Parts 1, 2, 3 by Jeffrey Cooper (1987) Combined novelization of the first three films in the series (dir. Wes Craven, Jack Sholder, Chuck Russell); st. Robert Englund. Horror.

Predator by Paul Monette (1987) Scr. Jim & John Thomas; dir. John McTiernan; st. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Carl Weathers. SF.

Re-Animator by Jeff Rovin (1987) Scr. Dennis Paoli & others (inspired by H.P. Lovecraft's story "Herbert West - Reanimator"); dir. Stuart Gordon; st. Jeffrey Combs, Bruce Abbott. SF/horror.

RoboCop by Ed Naha (1987) Scr. Edward Neumeier, Michael Miner; dir. Paul Verhoeven; st. Peter Weller, Nancy Allen. SF.

Spaceballs: The Book by Jovial Bob Stine (1987) Scr. Mel Brooks & others; dir. Brooks; st. Brooks, John Candy, SpooF SF.

Superman IV by B.B. Hiller (1987) Scr. Lawrence Kohner, Mark Rosenthal; dir. Sidney J. Furie; st. Christopher Reeve, Gene Hackman. SF.

Alien Nation by Alan Dean Foster (1988) Scr. Rockne S. O'Bannon; dir. Graham Baker; st. James Caan, Mandy Patinkin. SF.

Big! by B.B. & Neil W. Hiller (1988) Scr. Gary Ross, Anne Spielberg; dir. Penny Marshall; st. Tom Hanks, Elizabeth Perkins. Fantasy.

Biggles: The Movie by Larry Milne (1988) Scr. Kent Walwin, John Groves (inspired by Captain W.E. Johns' novels); dir. John Hough; st. Neil Dickson, Alex Hyde-White. Fantasy/adventure.

The Blob by David F. Bischoff (1988) Scr. Chuck Russell, Frank Darabont (inspired by the 1958 movie of the same title); dir. Russell; st. Shawnee Smith, Donovan Leitch. SF/horror.

Friday the 13th, Part II by Simon Hawke (Nicholas Yermakov, 1988) Dir. Steve Miner (1981); st. Amy Steel, John Furey. Horror.

Friday the 13th, Part III by Simon Hawke (Nicholas Yermakov, 1988) Re-novelization. Dir. Steve Miner (1982); st. Dana Kimmell, Richard Brooker. Horror.

Halloween IV by Nicholas Grabowsky (Nicholas Randers, 1988) Dir. Dwight H. Little; st. Donald Pleasence, Ellie Cornell. Horror.

Jason Lives: Friday the 13th, Part VI by Simon Hawke (Nicholas Yermakov, 1988) Dir. Tom McLoughlin; st. Thom Mathews, Jennifer Cooke. Horror.

Metamorphosis: The Cocoon Story Continues by David Saperstein (1988) Film Cocoon: *The Return*. Scr. Stephen McPherson; dir. Daniel Petrie; st. Don Ameche, Wilford Brimley. SF.

Who Framed Roger Rabbit? by Martin Noble (1988) Secondary novelization. Scr. Jeffrey Price, Peter Seaman (inspired by Gary K. Wolf's novel *Who Censored Roger Rabbit?*, 1981); dir. Robert Zemeckis; st. Bob Hoskins, Christopher Lloyd. Crime/fantasy.

Willow by Wayland Drew (1988) Scr. Bob Dolman; dir. Ron Howard; st. Val Kilmer, Joanne Whalley. Fantasy.

The Abyss by Orson Scott Card (1989) Scr. James Cameron; dir. Cameron; st. Ed Harris, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. SF.

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen by Charles McKewon & Terry Gilliam (1989) Secondary novelization inspired by Rudolph Erich Raspe's book, 1785; dir. Gilliam; st. John Neville, Eric Idle. Fantasy.

All Dogs Go to Heaven by Andre Kaminsky (1989) Based on the animated film dir. Don Bluth. Fantasy.

Back to the Future Part II by Craig Shaw Gardner (1989) Scr. Bob Gale; dir. Robert Zemeckis; st. Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd. SF.

Batman by Craig Shaw Gardner (1989) Scr. Sam Hamm, Warren Skaaren (inspired by the Bob Kane comic book); dir. Tim Burton; st. Michael Keaton, Jack Nicholson. Crime/fantasy.

Dream Demon by Anne Billson (1989) Dir. Harley Cokliss; st. Jemma Redgrave, Kathleen Wilhoite. Horror.

Ghostbusters II by Ed Naha (1989) Scr. Harold Ramis, Dan Aykroyd; dir. Ivan Reitman; st. Bill Murray, Aykroyd. Comedy/horror.

Honey, I Shrunk the Kids by Elizabeth Faucher (1989) Scr. Ed Naha, Tom Schulman; dir. Joe Johnston; st. Rick Moranis, Matt Frewer. SF/comedy.

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade by Rob MacGregor (1989) Scr. Jeffrey Boam; dir. Steven Spielberg; st. Harrison Ford, Sean Connery. Adventure/fantasy.

Little Monsters by A.L. Singer (1989) Dir. Richard Alan Greenberg; st. Fred Savage, Howie Mandel. Fantasy/comedy.

The Nightmares on Elm Street, Parts 4 & 5 by Joseph Locke (Ray Garton, 1989) Combined novelization of the fourth and fifth films in the series, subtitled *The Dream Master* (dir. Renny Harlin) and *The Dream Child* (dir. Stephen Hopkins); st. Robert Englund. Horror.

The Return of Swamp Thing by Peter David (1989) Scr. inspired by the Swamp Thing comic book; dir. Jim Wynorski; st. Dick Durock, Heather Locklear. Horror/comedy.

Robot Jox by Robert Thurston (1989) Scr. Joe Haldeman, Dennis Paoli; dir. Stuart Gordon; st. Gary Graham, Anne Marie Johnson. SF.

Star Trek V: The Final Frontier by J.M. Dillard (1989) Scr. David Loughrey; dir. William Shatner; st. Shatner, Leonard Nimoy. SF.

Total Recall by Piers Anthony (1989) Scr. Ronald Shusett & others (inspired by Philip K. Dick's short story "We Can Remember it For You Wholesale," 1966); dir. Paul Verhoeven; st. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sharon Stone. SF.

Warlock by Ray Garton (1989) Scr. D.T. Twohy; dir. Steve Miner; st. Julian Sands, Lori Singer. Horror/fantasy.

Arachnophobia by Nicholas Edwards (1990) Scr. Don Jakoby, Wesley Strick; dir. Frank Marshall; st. Jeff Daniels, Harley Jane Kozak. SF/horror.

Back to the Future Part III by Craig Shaw Gardner (1990) Scr. Bob Gale; dir. Robert Zemeckis; st. Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd. SF.

Child's Play 2 by Matthew J. Costello (1990) Dir. John Lafia; st. Alex Vincent, Jenny Agutter. Horror.

Darkman by Randall Boyll (1990) Scr. Chuck Pfarrer & others; dir. Sam Raimi; st. Liam Neeson, Frances McDormand. Horror/SF.

Dick Tracy by Max Allan Collins (1990) Scr. inspired by Chester Gould's comic strips; dir. Warren Beatty; st. Beatty, Madonna. Crime/fantasy.

Flatliners by Leonore Fleischer (1990) Scr. Peter Fildari; dir. Joel Schumacher; st. Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts. Fantasy/horror.

Ghost Dad by Mel Cebulash (1990) Dir. Sidney Poitier; st. Bill Cosby, Kimberly Russell. Fantasy.

Gremlins 2: The New Batch by David F. Bischoff (1990) Scr. Charlie Haas; dir. Joe Dante; st. Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates. Horror/comedy.

Predator 2 by Simon Hawke (Nicholas Yermakov, 1990) Scr. Jim & John Thomas; dir. Stephen Hopkins; st. Danny Glover, Gary Busey. SF/Horror.

RoboCop 2 by Ed Naha (1990) Scr. Frank Miller, Walon Green; dir. Irvin Kershner; st. Peter Weller, Nancy Allen. SF.

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles by Dave Morris (1990) Scr. inspired by Kevin Eastman & Peter Laird's comic books; dir. Steve Barron; st. Judith Hoag, Elias Koteas. Fantasy/adventure.

Wes Craven's Shocker by Randall Boyll (1990) Scr. Wes Craven; dir. Craven; st. Michael Murphy, Peter Berg. Horror.

The Addams Family by Elizabeth Faucher (1991) Scr. Caroline Thompson, Larry Wilson (inspired by Charles Addams' cartoons); dir. Barry Sonnenfeld; st. Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia. Comedy/horror.

Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey by Robert Tine (1991) Scr. Chris Matheson, Ed Solomon; dir. Peter Hewitt; st. Keanu Reeves, Alex Winter. Fantasy/comedy.

Child's Play 3 by Matthew J. Costello (1991) Scr. Don Mancini; dir. Jack Bender; st. Justin Whalin, Perrey Reeves. Horror.

The Fisher King by Leonore Fleischer (1991) Scr. Richard LaGravenese; dir. Terry Gilliam; st. Robin Williams, Jeff Bridges. Fantasy.

Hook by Terry Brooks (1991) Scr. Jim V. Hart, Malia Scotch Marmo (inspired by J.M. Barrie's play *Peter Pan*, 1904); dir. Steven Spielberg; st. Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman. Fantasy.

Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves by Simon Green (1991) Scr. Pen Densham, John Watson; dir. Kevin Reynolds; st. Kevin Costner, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. Historical adventure/fantasy.

The Rocketeer by Peter David (1991) Scr. Danny Bilson, Paul DeMeo; dir. Joe Johnston; st. Bill Campbell, Jennifer Connelly. SF/fantasy.

Scanners II: The New Order by Janus Kimball (1991) Scr. B.J. Nelson; dir. Christian Duguay; st. David Hewlett, Deborah Raffin. SF/horror.

Terminator 2: Judgment Day by Randall Frakes (1991) Scr. James Cameron, William Wisher; dir. Cameron; st. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linda Hamilton. SF.

Alien 3 by Alan Dean Foster (1992) Scr. David Giler & others; dir. David Fincher; st. Sigourney Weaver, Charles S. Dutton. SF.

Batman Returns by Craig Shaw Gardner (1992) Scr. inspired by the Bob Kane comic book; dir. Tim Burton; st. Michael Keaton, Michelle Pfeiffer. Crime/fantasy.

Bram Stoker's Dracula by Fred Saberhagen & James V. Hart (1992) Secondary novelization. Scr. Hart (inspired by Bram Stoker's novel); dir. Francis Ford Coppola; st. Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder. Horror.

Buffy the Vampire Slayer by Richie Tankersley Cusick (1992) Dir. Fran Rubel Kuzui; st. Kristy Swanson, Luke Perry. Horror comedy.

Encino Man by Nicholas Edwards (1992) Film vt *California Man*. Dir. Les Mayfield; st. Sean Astin, Brendan Fraser. Fantasy/comedy.

Forever Young by Robert Tine (1992) Scr. Jeffrey Abrams; dir. Steve Miner; st. Mel Gibson, Jamie Lee Curtis. Time-travel SF/romance.

Honey, I Blew Up the Kid by Todd Strasser (1992) Scr. Thom Eberhardt & others; dir. Randal Kleiser; st. Rick Moranis, Marcia Strassman. SF/comedy.

Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country by J.M. Dillard (1992) Scr. Nicholas Meyer, Leonard Nimoy; dir. Meyer; st. William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy. SF.

Universal Soldier by Robert Tine (1992) Scr. Dean Devlin & others; dir. Roland Emmerich; st. Jean-Claude Van Damme, Dolph Lundgren. SF.

Demolition Man by Richard Osborne (Robert Tine, 1993) Scr. Daniel Waters, Robert Renau, Peter M. Lenkov; dir. Marco Brambilla; st. Sylvester Stallone, Wesley Snipes. SF.

Last Action Hero by Robert Tine (1993) Scr. Shane Black, David Arnott; dir. John McTiernan; st. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Austin O'Brien. (A note states: "Certain incidents are based on Richard Prather's *The Meandering Corpse*.") Fantasy.

Super Mario Brothers by Todd Strasser (1993) Scr. Parker Bennett, Terry Runte, Ed Solomon (inspired by the Nintendo computer game); dir. Rocky Morton, Annabel Jankel; st. Bob Hoskins, Dennis Hopper. SF/fantasy.

Note: The above bibliography attempts to be complete for the sf/fantasy/horror fields. However, it may well have many omissions, and readers are cordially invited to write in with details of any other books which they think should have been included (but please remember the list does not attempt to cover TV novelizations). A corrected, updated version with author index, publisher details and much other information may appear in due course as a separate booklet.

MILLION

Some back-issue highlights:

No.1: James Ellroy interview (Paul McAuley); Kim Newman on gangsters; Stan Nicholls, Brian Stableford, Mark Morris & many others

No.2: Kurt Vonnegut interview (Colin Greenland); Joan Aiken, Sherlock Holmes, P.C. Wren; plus Wendy Bradley, Nick Lowe

No.3: Anne McCaffrey interview; Angus Wells, Fu Manchu; Stableford on Rider Haggard; plus John Christopher, Dave Langford & others

No.4: Ellis Peters interview (Mike Ashley); Andy Sawyer on Virginia Andrews; Stableford on James Hadley Chase; plus Langford, Byrne, & much more

No.5: Terry Pratchett, J.G. Ballard, Anne Rice & David Morrell interviews; Stableford on ERB (this is the same as *Interzone* no.51)

All available from *Interzone* – see page 3.

A Movie Novelizer Speaks

Alan Dean Foster interviewed
by Randall D. Larson

Larson: How did you begin to write film novelizations?

Foster: I graduated from UCLA in 1969 with a Masters of Fine Arts in motion-picture writing, and I did a couple of original novels for Ballantine Books. Judy-Lynn Del Rey had just taken over from Betty Ballantine as the editor of their science-fiction line. This was around 1972. Ballantine had bought the rights to one of the worst movies ever made, an Italian film called *Luana*. It was supposed to be about a female Tarzan, but the main character was only on screen for about two minutes of the whole thing – it had all the worst aspects of Italian film-making! Anyway, I was given a call... Judy-Lynn knew that I knew my way around a screenplay because of my work with UCLA, so she asked me to try and make a book out of it. That was really funny because there was no script to work from, all they had was a print of the film in Italian! It was pretty silly stuff, so I basically threw out all but the basic plot idea of the movie and wrote my own female Tarzan book based primarily on the Frank Frazetta cover painting, which was the only intelligent thing that anybody involved with the movie did. That's why the book is dedicated to Frank Frazetta.

That was the first one. Subsequent to that, Judy Lynn pulled a real coup off and bought the rights to the *Star Trek Log* series, the animated *Star Trek* show, and offered that to me and said, "do anything you want with it." I also did *Dark Star* in that period in there. That was how the whole thing got started.

On your ten *Star Trek Log* books, how did you go about adapting the episodes into stories?

On the *Star Trek Logs*, Judy-Lynn Del Rey had pretty much given me a free hand. I didn't think that I could get a 60- or 70,000-word novel out of a 20-minute cartoon series, and the length that I finally settled on was

about three scripts per book. I tried to tie the three together as much as I could (even though none of them were really related to one another) and make them each into a novel. By the time we got through with six of the *Logs*, the series had been so successful that Judy-Lynn really wanted to stretch it out as long as possible, but we only had four scripts left. And she said, "can't you do something to make one book per script?" and I said, "well, I'll just write my own *Star Trek* stuff." So I stretched them out as best as I could. I tried to save what I thought were some of the best scripts for last, Larry Niven's and David Gerrold's, for example. That's the way I worked with the last four scripts. One of them was based on a two-hour movie script I had written in college as a writing exercise, and had actually submitted to the show. I got a note back saying, "If we're picked up next fall please re-submit," but they weren't. But it eventually ended up in one of the books.

So the latter four are actually collaborations with yourself, taking them beyond purely novelizations...

Yeah, really the first third of the book was the novelization of whatever particular script I had left, and then I just kind of went off and wrote my own *Star Trek* stuff.

To what extent were you influenced by the original TV show, prior to the animated one, while you were novelizing these?

Not a great deal. Of course I had seen a number of the episodes, although it was far from my favorite science-fiction TV series. I was much more a fan of *Twilight Zone* and *The Outer Limits* – and even *Science Fiction Theater*, if you can remember back that far. But I did see and enjoy a number of the episodes and was familiar with the characters, and as I wrote the novelizations of course became more familiar with them.

*What kind of cooperation and/or restrictions did you encounter from the *Star Trek* TV company?*

I had nothing whatsoever to do with them. I had no contact with Gene Roddenberry's company or Paramount, or even Filmation. I just got the scripts and worked directly from the scripts.

What differences have you found novelizing from an animated series as opposed to a live-action feature film?

Surprisingly little, actually. I've always been a real animation buff. I collect animation and I've worked in animation in a limited way; and, actually, if you treat the animated characters as you would live-action characters, there really is no difference. I mean, to me Daffy Duck is as real a character as Lou Costello, if not more so!

How are novelizations assigned?

I'm not privy to all the inner courts of working, but what I gather happens is that, like any other subsidiary or ancillary rights, the rights to do a book version of a movie are marketed around by the producer's marketing agent or the studio's marketing department, and the publishers, those who are interested, make offers on them and they then pick a writer. There are occasions, and it is a rare occasion, [when] the people who are involved with the film, the producer or whomever, will want right of approval over the writer that the publisher selects, but this is generally just a formality. It's been very rare in my experience that anyone connected with the film shows any interest in the novelization whatsoever. The only one who ever did that was George Lucas.

*You wrote his *Star Wars* novelization, did you not?*

Yes, I did. George wanted his name on it and I said, "Fine. You wrote the screenplay, it's your story, I don't care. It's a work-for-hire." And I was

delighted – he was the nicest man I've ever worked with in the movie business.

You also wrote the first original novel based on Star Wars, Splinter of the Mind's Eye. How did that come about?

George, who obviously studied Walt Disney very well, wanted more Star Wars material available after the film came out, to build up an appetite for more, so I was asked to do that book at about the same time as I was asked to do the novelization. George pretty much left me alone to write that; he made some changes and suggestions but nothing major, and it was a fairly easy piece of work from the standpoint of a collaboration, insofar as it was a collaboration.

You also novelized John Carpenter's first movie, Dark Star.

Dark Star was this little student film which grew and grew, and involved a whole slew of later-to-become major names in Hollywood – not only John Carpenter and Dan O'Bannon, but Greg Jein, who built the ships in *Close Encounters*, and Ron Cobb, who's a major designer, and a number of other people. Basically it was about four guys sitting around a spaceship talking about how bored they were. That was tough to get 70,000 words out of; that was a real project.

You also wrote Shadowkeep, a novelization of a computer game. What was this all about?

Shadowkeep was something that I don't think had been done before; I don't think anybody had actually novelized a computer game. I had to make an entertaining book out of what were basically ciphers – a list of characteristics as opposed to characters. So I had to invent characters built around those ciphers. But the really difficult thing to do was to describe the plot of the game without giving away all the little hints that made the game playable. I had to essentially do the game without doing the game, and it drove me crazy! I'll never do another one of those again! It was an interesting challenge at the time, but that was probably the hardest book I ever had to write.

In amongst all the science-fiction novelizations, you've also done one semi-fantasy Western, Pale Rider.

Yes, and I wish the fantasy elements would have been a little stronger in that. It was a good picture, but it could have been a fascinating picture, because in some ways the

character in *Pale Rider*, the Preacher, was kind of the apotheosis of all the mysterious No-Name Stranger characters Clint Eastwood has ever played. It was kind of like the mysterious gunfighter is the archangel, and there was an opportunity to do some really remarkable things, and they didn't. I still think it was a good picture. I enjoyed doing a Western, I had a chance to throw in a lot of bits and pieces of Western lore and '49er lore that I'd picked up here and there. And in fact I've done a whole series of fantasy stories, there's one in a recent issue of *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, about a character who is a mountain man who's also a bit of a sorcerer. It was a lot of fun: I get to do the Old West and I get to do fantasy as well. So the West has also interested me, and that was a nice change of pace.

Most of the time, then, you're working pretty much on your own when you're doing a novelization? Do you have a whole lot of input, if any, from the movie company people?

It's almost always done from the screenplay. If I'm lucky I'll get production stills while the film is still in production, but what usually happens is that by the time the rights are assigned, it's a we-need-the-book-yesterday kind of a deal, because the film will be out within six months after the time the rights are assigned, and of course the publisher needs lead time to set everything up, so it really is a hurry-up-and-get-it-done kind of a thing. Most of the time, not all of the time, but most of the time. Sometimes there will be pre-production drawings available, sometimes I'll be able to go on the set, but all of this stuff is useful, no matter how much material you get. It's usually very skimpy, you always crave more, so that you hope when you describe a character as being six-foot-two with eyes-of-blue that he's not being played by a brunette dwarf or whoever... You get the idea.

How do you approach adapting a very visual medium into something that will work on the page? What's your technique here?

I try to remain as true to the original script as possible without making an idiot of myself. For example, I will not write about people walking around in space without space suits and stuff like that, but barring those sort of obvious changes I do try to be as true as possible to the original screenplay and the original story and just expand upon it, and that generally involves developing the characters more than someone has

time to do in a 90-minute movie. Expanding characterization and atmosphere are the two main areas where I think a novelization can improve upon a movie, or at least offer something that a movie doesn't.

I think that if you don't put at least 40 to 60 percent original material into the book, then you're cheating the reader. Anybody can sit down and simply transcribe a screenplay into prose form. But I don't look on it as a work of transcription, I look on it as a collaboration, and I approach it in that way. The places where you really can expand are in descriptions of action and particularly in the characters. There isn't much time in a 100-minute movie – a science-fiction movie particularly, at least as we've come to expect them, these days, from Hollywood – to get into characterization. You have a tremendous opportunity to do that in the book.

Speaking of Hollywood technique, which is so much non-character and so much spectacle, has the sheer amount of visual spectacle provided any challenges for you, having to transcribe that into something which will work, dramatically, for a reader on the page?

The general rule is, not surprisingly, the better the script and the better the film, the better the novelization you're going to have, but there are some difficult things. For example, with *Alien*, 20th Century Fox was so protective about the actual look of the alien that they wouldn't show it to anybody until the film came out, and I never got to see it either! Which meant that, since I was working from the screenplay and a few pre-production shots and drawings, but nothing of the alien, I had to do the entire book without describing anything about what the alien looked like, because I had no idea! So the whole book was written without any knowledge of what the final alien would look like, which is, certainly, a very different visual approach.

How long do you normally have to write one of these novelizations?

Normally they give you two to three months. On *Alien* I had six weeks. That was hard. You can do it faster than that but it would be a slop job, and I won't do that.

How do you go through the process of taking the work of another writer, the screenwriter or whoever, and investing it with your own style so that it is in effect your book based upon the other person's original idea?

I think of it as our book. There's been

a lot said of this being hack work and all that, and some of it certainly is, but there are plenty of original novels that are hack work too. I look on it as a collaboration. I mean, no one seems to say anything when somebody takes a book and writes a movie like *Empire of the Sun* out of it; they say "Oh, what a wonderful collaboration between the novelist and the screenwriter." But if you go in the other direction then suddenly for some reason it's diminished instead of increased. I don't look at it that way; I look on it as a collaboration just as if it were Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth, or anybody else. A collaboration is a collaboration, and I try to be respectful of the other writer's work, especially since they have no input. That is something I'm very conscious of and am very sensitive to.

As to making it my own – you know, since I'm writing essentially the second rough draft and the final draft, it's going to feel like one of my books because it uses my language. But, I am very conscious indeed of the original writer's material. I don't go at it and say, "Well, I'm going to try and transform this into something that's going to read like one of my works." I look on it as a true collaboration.

You've written a great many, in fact I think more, novelizations than any other current writer that I'm aware of...

I don't know if I've written more but I seem to get large-scale projects.

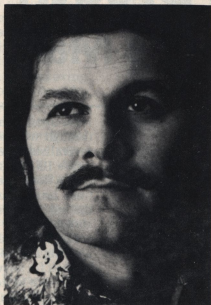
Is that because you're just offered more because of the name you've been getting as having a hand in a lot of the major ones?

These things kind of snowball, and I tend to think that that's true. Certain things are obvious. For example, the fact that I did *Alien* made me a logical choice to do *Aliens* and *Alien 3*. I think that's the main thing – if you do something and it sells umpteen zillion copies, then the next person that comes along will look to you as a logical choice to possibly sell umpteen zillion copies of their book. I'll tell you one thing, the best writer in the world can't make a good book out of a bad movie; an ordinary writer, a competent writer can make a successful book out of a very successful movie.

How do you place the novelizations in the overall canon of your writing as a whole?

Bearing in mind that they are collaborations, naturally I prefer my original work, work that's wholly mine.

So they occupy a lower niche, not because I invest that much less work in them but simply because they're not all my material, I am collaborating with somebody else. It's not that I regard the writing as any worse than any of my other writing or anything else, but it's not all my writing, it is a collaboration with someone else.



Alan Dean Foster

Is there any particular type of fiction that you like better than any other?

I wouldn't say that I'm particularly fond of any kind of fiction writing over any other, it just depends on the mood I'm in, and the story that I want to tell. I'm very proud of my short fiction, but I can't make a living writing short fiction. Very few – maybe two or three people – do it, and they do it with reprinted collections over a 20- or 30-year body of work. But there's a certain special attraction to writing short fiction; everything has to work so carefully. But as to types of fiction over another – there are certain types of fiction I have no interest in writing, but then I never thought I'd be interested in writing a historical novel like *Maori* until a couple of years ago either.

Are there any new novelization projects you've got working?

No. In fact, I haven't done any in some time. The only reason I look *Alien 3*, as a matter of fact, is because I had done the first two books, and, being the only creative continuity through all three films, I thought it was incumbent upon me, from the standpoint of the reading audience, to do the third book as well. I thought that would be kind of nice: I tried to tie all three books together so that they can actually be read as a trilogy.

Any final comments you might have on movie novelizations?

There were all kinds of fun things that I got to do, correcting bits of Greek mythology when I was doing *Clash of the Titans* and trying to explain to the producers of *Krull* that they could do either a fantasy film or a science-fiction film but they couldn't do a fantasy and a science-fiction film – you couldn't have the bad guys fight with swords one minute and then turn around and shoot laser beams!

On *The Black Hole*, that was the worst film I've done. I saw a rough cut and gave the producers a list of 75 things they should change – scientific inaccuracies like having people walking around in space without spacesuits and so on – but nothing was done. Finally, when the meteor came crashing through the spaceship like a giant bowling ball, I'd had enough! *The Black Hole* was supposed to be Disney's *Star Wars/Close Encounters*, but it just didn't work out and that was too bad, especially in view of all the talent they had on screen.

You can't point out changes due to the egos involved – people don't want to be told they're wrong, and if you give them a list of things and they accept it and agree to fix it, they're admitting they're wrong. Being just a novelizer, you're kind of on the outskirts of all this and the producers aren't really inclined to listen to what you may have to say...

That's why working with George Lucas was such a good experience – he'd listen to the janitor if he felt he had a good idea that would improve his film. Working with Lucas, I felt he had the same kind of feelings about Hollywood that I did – so I moved to Arizona and he moved to San Rafael!

Also, it's been my experience and the experience of most publishers over the years that, with a very few exceptions, the only novelizations that sell are science fiction and fantasy. Novelizations of westerns and the ordinary dramas just don't sell very well. There are rare exceptions. *Rambo* I think was an exception, but there aren't many. That has to do, I think, with the dedication of the readers of the genre.

Randall D. Larson has also been researching novelizations, and his book on the subject, including many author interviews, will appear from Scarecrow Press, USA.

Whiter Teeth, Fresher Breath

Thomas Marcinko

Michael met the Grakyn woman out cruising the gel-clubs.

The first thing he noticed was her smile: mouth slightly broader than a human's, lips fuller. The shiny pearls of her teeth threw back bright reflections from the copper and glass of the gel bar.

He politely disentangled himself from shop talk with an unemployed emigré from Azerbaijan, rinsed his axe (Russian-make, silver handle with simulated pearl grip, ultra-soft orbit-spun bristles for low abrasion), spat into the glittering sink, and pushed his way through the crowd of jobseekers and relief-partiers, to the sinks at the far side of the bar.

The mouthwash was laced with Cinema. It silvered reality to shades of black-and-white, cast venetian-blind shadows, and supplied the occasional jump-cut in time. Michael smiled at the entertaining effects. He was a great believer in using the products he advertised.

The Grakyn woman wore colourful, loose neo-rave clothing strategically draped for the New License. It somehow emphasized her shapeliness without clinging or exposing.

For Michael it was lust at first sight, spiced with a tinge of ambition. In this economy, getting friendly with the Grakyn was a smart career move. He didn't have to tell Helen about the lust.

Thoughts of Helen summoned her: his phone vibrated against his hip. He unholstered it to answer.

"You said you'd be home by now." Helen's voice had a flat, accusing quality that Michael was getting to know very well.

"Sorry." He had to shout to be heard above the third-hand mixes. "I told you I had a client to meet."

"I thought I was the one who handled that end."

"He wanted to talk to me," Michael said.

"And he hasn't shown, right?"

"No, as a matter of fact, he hasn't."

"You missed the last bus home."

"I'll stay with a friend," Michael said.

"I'm sure you will." Click.

Michael shrugged and holstered the phone. Now, where was the Grakyn?

For a panicky moment Michael thought he'd lost her. The few NorAm folk who'd forged personal relationships with the Grakyn tended to get rich and famous quick. But the Grakyn usually didn't mingle with humans. He wondered what this one was doing out on her own. She must be looking for something.

He spotted her across the crowded club. Getting through was tough. In the crush of neo-ravers, punk revivalists, Agers, Edgers – plus pimply teens in on pirate ID chips – weren't going wall to wall on the dance floor, they were lining up at the bars, running fresh brushes under the pastel snakes hanging from the gel dispensers or filling up with rinses by the shotglass.

He found the Grakyn talking to an executive type wearing an expensive Russian suit. Michael damned himself for answering the phone; now somebody else had a shot at her. Not everyone was here because of the breakdown in water-fluoridation services, after all, and Michael wasn't the only careerist out tonight. The exec said something funny; Michael didn't speak Russian but the Grakyn evidently did. Her laughter exposed canines sharp and white as virgin Antarctic ice. She freshened up her axe with pink gel and ran it seductively over her front teeth.

She caught Michael's glance. She paused in mid-brush, arched her eyebrows, and gave Michael a long, elaborate wink. She stretched her lips to display her teeth. As Michael smiled back, he figured she must be a recent arrival. Grakyn who'd been on Earth since first contact generally had basic human gestures down pat.

He couldn't help it; he felt the pull. He figured he must have a thing for ice queens. No wonder, he thought, I married one, didn't I?

The Grakyn tossed back raven hair, spat into the sink, and abruptly vanished into the crowd. Her sudden departure left the Russian speechless. Green fluoride foam dribbled down his chin; his axe handle dangled like a lollipop stick from his mouth.

He spotted her again, on the other side of the floor, huddled against the bar with a group of five or six of her own kind. They were well over two metres tall (low gravity on those generation spindleships), and moved with practiced elegance. Their fluid yet slightly artificial gestures, combined with their almost completely white skin and starless-black hair, reminded Michael of the Japanese animatrons that had been a fad in shops and restaurants when he was growing up.

He'd always wanted one of those trons.

He pushed his way next to her. The bartender was an antique auto-plant robot retrofitted for service in the entertainment economy. Michael smiled at the

campy antique; it went well with the reputedly genuine Wurlitzer jukebox. Only Grakyn buyers could afford such luxuries these days.

He ordered green-tea rinse with a deprenyl chaser and "accidentally" elbowed the Grakyn in the small of her back.

"Excuse me, Miz," he said.

Slowly she turned to look at him. "Yes?"

Michael knotted up inside. That catlike face filled him with longing and wonder. He saw natural innocence and native cleverness. The Cinema had worn off; he saw her clearly and without shadows, effects, or background music. Nothing but he was making him giddy.

His memory tossed up Helen's face, disapproving frown and all. He shoved the sense-impression aside. When he landed the account he would show her. Really, he was doing this for her. Them. Both of them. It was strictly business. The whole damn generation had come of age in a global depression. Everyone slept with someone, sometime, to get to the top. Almost everyone. And anyway there was a first time for everything.

Quick, though: he had to speak up. She was turning away from him, looking perhaps for someone in the far corner of the club. From the corner of his eye he caught the puzzled Russian suit nudging through the crowd.

"Do you come here often?" Michael blurted. (And wince. Five million years of evolution for this...?)

She laughed as if he were joking. In his limited experience with Grakyn, her laughter sounded comparatively natural. He sighed and relaxed.

"May I buy you a rinse?" he asked.

She smiled but — disappointing to Michael — she showed no teeth. Damn. He signalled the tender; it brought her ginger-flavoured fluoride paint laced with extra hexanes. They clicked tumblers. She closed her eyes and swished the liquid around in her mouth. A small animal seemed to struggle inside those cheeks.

Michael envied that small animal.

He swished the rinse in his mouth. He could almost feel the deprenyl osmose straight to the old brain.

He let her spit first: a delicate green fountain rang in the copper sink. All this public spitting used to gross Michael out, when the gel clubs skyrocketed in popularity. But he'd gotten used to working for the Russians, to the arrival of the Grakyn space caravan, to not working for the Russians and struggling to establish a fledgling independent agency with Helen, who hated the Russians anyway. He supposed he could get used to the spitting, too.

The alien looked up and said, "Thank you." Her breath: a warm ginger breeze. She showed dazzling incisors. They were sharp and as enticingly bright as Michael could have wanted. Being even this close to them made him feel tingly and alive.

"My name's Michael," he said. "Michael Balingser." He offered his palm stretched flat.

She placed her palm atop it. "Thani," she said, and rubbed a thumb — one digit of four — across his fingers.

The mix volume went down a notch or two. "Last call!" squawked the tender.

"Care for another?" he asked Thani.

"Yes." Nice sibilance there, the s-s-s-s passing



Illustrations by Noel Bateman

over sharp pearls that seemed never to have touched *Streptococcus mutans* or any of its bioengineered bastard strains. He imagined her nipping his earlobes, his shoulder, his neck...

One of Thani's group, the tallest of the tall males, grabbed her shoulder. He rat-tat-tatted to her in a Grakyn language.

Thani spun to confront him, letting go with a torrent of syllables, throat-clicks, and snapping teeth.

"Michael," she said, turning her back on her companion, "my three-sibling wishes to know what you do for a living." Her accent was musical, lilting.

He could not have planned better. This was his chance. "Advertising," he said.

She raised thin eyebrows in a stage-like gesture. She said something in her own language; her sibling made questioning phonemes.

"For what clients?" Thani asked Michael.

He gave her a quick rundown of his accounts. Cars, drugs, music.

"Pastes?" she asked. "Gels?"

"White Noise," he said. "Blue Sparks."

Her smooth round jaw fell open. "You worked on Blue Sparks!"

(Me and Helen, that is, Michael thought. She handled the business end, I did the creative. But no reason to drag Helen in just yet.) "Yep," he said.

Thani reported this excitedly to her sibling. They argued for a few minutes. Thani closed debate with a throat-click of so-there finality. She grabbed Michael's arm.

"Blue Sparks...Michael, buy me another rinse. Please."

He was startled by the strength of her grip. "Well, they're closing up. But..."

She tightened her grip. "I know places," she said.

He saw the first signs of warmth in her eyes. The ice queen starts to melt, he thought. His therapy software always said that was why he pursued the women he did.

She led him out into the dark evening.

Her perfect smile drew Michael across the night like a handful of iron filings towards a toy electromagnet.

The city was jumping tonight. A few more hits of Cinema did artful things to the all-night drizzle. Neon signs burned into Michael's retinae club logos, advertisements for paste and rinse and the semilegal news-rap stations the Grakyn were buying out. Busfuls of relief-partiers trundled subsidized consumers of the entertainment industry to and from public housing projects. Suburbanites scuttled into adults-only v-parlors that took you places the public nets would not. Armoured vehicles parked menacingly. Jaded citydwellers, proudly sporting immunity icons tattooed on their foreheads, trolled the sex shops and practiced a studied disdain for anyone who hadn't taken the "Grakyn sixpack" series of inoculations. Michael had the shots, but to flaunt it was the height of trendy tackiness.

His phone vibrated in its holster. He did not answer.

At the Golden Floss he almost lost her in an unscheduled blackout. You could never tell these days if

it was a crash in the city power grid, or if the club management was having a little fun with its clientele. At the Filling Station they ordered snacks that were literally decadent but built demand for the clubs' franchised offerings. At Acres they rinsed and took some low-abrasion cleaning in a dentist's chair for two, while the couples to either side of them made out shamelessly. At the Fissure King they danced to the strobing DJ mix-mixes. At the Crown of Creation they hung out at the sinks, Thani running her pink tongue over gel-capped bristles or the tasty edge of a glassful of rinse, Michael enjoying the envious attention of other jobseekers.

His phone nearly vibrated out of its holster. He ignored it. Let Helen sweat. A little jealousy might do her good.

"Michael?" Thani said, shouting to be heard above the pulsing mix.

"Yeah?"

"I live not too far from here. Would you like to come up for a last brush?"

At last. "Sure."

"I have a rinse I want you to try."

"What's that?"

"Something from home," she said. "Something you can't get anywhere else."

Michael had a sudden misgiving. "What about your siblings?" he asked.

"They're working," she replied. "I don't expect them till morning."

And her smile still drew him. She shone it on him like a spotlight.

A couple of blocks from the Crown, he followed her up a dark, narrow stairway. As he watched her move, he wondered exactly how Grakyn females were put together.

The phone purred against his hip. He shut it off.

"What's in this rinse?" he asked, to put Helen out of his mind.

"You'll see."

Bright light flooded her small apartment; she turned a knob to dim it. He had expected some gleaming alien chamber with odd alien fixtures, but Thani lived in a cheap rented room full of unmatched furniture. The rugs were something like yellow. The armchair had seen rounder, fuller days. It was quiet inside: soundproof? She touched another knob: soft, rainlike rhythms pulsed from hidden speakers.

The sink occupied the place of honour as the focal point of the room, the spot a NorAmer would reserve for a holoset or v-rig. Thani went straight for it.

Facing the sink was an antique dentist's chair, full of lamps and trays and drill attachments. Worn leather straps hung from the armrests. Michael chuckled nervously.

Thani looked up at him with one raised eyebrow. From an oddly shaped pink bottle she squirted a gob of pink paste across the bristles of a vintage inlaid-silver Bavarian-manufacture axe.

"That's it?" Michael asked. He'd rather been expecting something more alien, something exotic.

She tugged at his hand. "It's a new gel. It's in the test market phase. Come on. Try it. You'll like it."

Michael took out his own axe, clicked in a fresh brush, and went to work. Together they foamed up.

She eyed him expectantly as she reached back to stroke her molars. Her strangely jointed hips swayed, suggesting new possibilities. She grinned, immaculate white through pink paste. She opened her mouth invitingly. He thumbed his axe into whirring activity and shoved it in her mouth and let it stir up pink froth. They laughed together as she wedged her weapon between his teeth and he felt it vibrate against his tongue.

Whatever was in the paste went straight to his head. He felt dizzy. Reality cracked into glittering silver shards, like an overdose of Cinema. In the new light, her body tugged at his like some sucking gravitational vortex. Maybe it was the paste, maybe it was her, or maybe it was both, but he had never wanted any woman more. Her skin, white as a whitewashed wall, flushed and glowed with excitement. Her twin rows of bright shiny squares, hard and glassy and with just the hint of a point at each diamond-precise tip, made for the most irresistible sexual display he had ever seen.

And all he had to do was reach.

He yanked the axe from his mouth, tossed it aside, and pulled her closer. He jerked her brush to one side and pressed his lips to hers. Their kiss lathered and foamed. He fondled a firm breast; squeezed a tight buttock.

She plucked removable buttons from his New License shirt. His erection felt ready to burn a hole in his pants. He fumbled around the back of her tunic but couldn't find any buttons or clasps or zippers.

"Allow me," she said. She pulled a cord somewhere near her collar. Her clothes fell to the floor. Michael stepped back to admire.

She was a woman all right. It was reassuring at this late date to have that verified. Her frame was very long, and she seemed to have a slight, extra set of curves at the hips, but she was by no means unattractive.

Michael doffed his clothes.

She knelt before him and bit him everywhere he wished she would. Each small wound left a pink, astringent sting. He moved to topple and enter her.

And hesitated. The paste - it must have been the paste - gave him strange associations. A snake entranced by a charmer. A deer caught in the headlights. An insect hovering over a Venus flytrap, pondering descent. He could still leave, he realized. He could still walk away.

She flowed to her feet and sank a score of tiny points into the soft spot between his neck and shoulder. She pushed him back into the chair. She climbed on top of him. He plunged ahead and let her engulf him. Time slowed. The light shifted. He felt her tighten around him as she drew him in deeper, deeper.

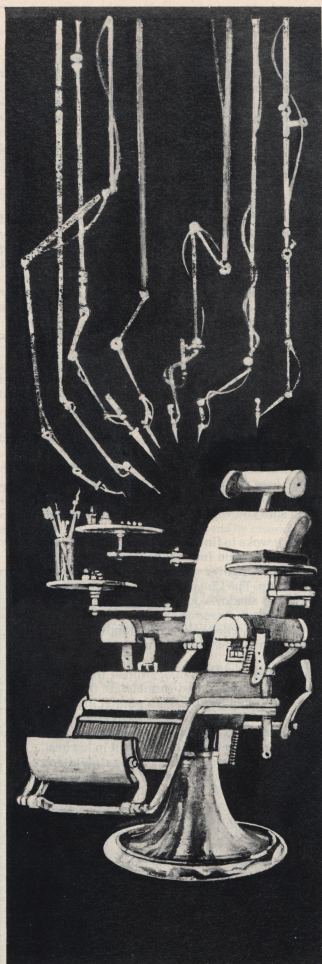
Grinning mischievously, she grabbed the armrest straps and bound his wrists. He tugged but could not disengage them.

"Oh dear," he said, "trapped."

She giggled, lifted herself to his tip, fell back to surround him again, and spun a tray of glittering instruments in front of him.

"Open wide," she said.

He leaned back to laugh - and felt something sting. Before he could wonder or object, she bent to kiss him.



"Mmph," he said, brushing her lips. "My mouth's numb."

"Aw. I shall fix that."

She picked up another instrument, one he did not recognize. "Open wide." She wrenched her hip in a way that made Michael gasp with pleasure, and in that instant, steady-handed, she stuck the instrument in his mouth. Something pierced his unfeeling gums.

She shoved the tray aside and shrugged, as if it had been a joke. She seemed to shift gears, concentrating more intently on lovemaking. She smiled slightly. It seemed to Michael a smile not of satiation but anticipation. Something else, clearly, had yet to occur.

That was fine with Michael. He tried to wrap his arms around her, and found that the straps now gave way. She nestled in closer. He lost himself in the interplay of lips, tongue, and teeth. He was starting to get some feeling back in his mouth.

Was he ever...

He felt direct erotic sensations, there, in his mouth — at the roots of his teeth, throughout the enamel, and deep into the soft pulp. She lifted, he thrust, she fell, he thrust, she lifted. Each time waves of pleasure spiked along his gumline. So this was the treat from home. It was as if his senses were scrambled, his nervous system rewired. God, Michael thought, the marketing possibilities...

White light and blue sparks exploded in his mouth, echoed only relatively dimly between his legs.

She collapsed on top of him. He found a lever to push the chair back. He lay sandwiched between Thani and chair for a long while.

"Will I see you again?" he asked, finally.

She was silent for a moment.

"I'm sure you will," she said. "You get the job."

He woke to find himself alone on the chair. He sat up and immediately regretted it. He had a hangerover the size of a generation spindleship. The Cinema had long since worn off, its comforting shadows giving way to an unforgiving headachy glare. Assorted siblings of Thani lay on furniture or floor. The Grakyn slept loudly. Michael recognized the three-sibling Thani had argued with last night.

Michael found his pants, slipped them on, tightened the drawstring, and stumbled to the sink. God, his mouth tasted terrible. Pain poured in from somewhere, strobing and pulsing. It wasn't until he got his axe whirring, and foamed up with a familiar brand of gel, that he realized the pain was not in his head.

It was in his teeth. The pain was quite specific. Thirty-two little novae burned piercingly along the inside of his mouth; no, twenty-eight; he'd had his wisdom teeth extracted years ago because they were all coming in crooked.

He raided Thani's cabinet for anesthetics. Or maybe that rinse they'd shared. The oddly-shaped pink bottle was nowhere to be found. The cabinet was full of containers labelled in Grakyn alphanumerics. Michael was tempted to try his luck.

He heard scratching noises. He found a door to another room. He tiptoed over a pair of sleeping Grakyn and pulled at the knob.

Thani, in white blouse and blue slacks, scribbled away at a design box. She turned at his approach,

flashed him a bright, bright smile. She ignored the sleeping siblings around her, and nodded towards the console. She pointed at the screen with the stylus.

"For the new rinse," she told Michael. "Take a look."

Michael shambled to peer over her shoulder at the display. It was a sketch for an ad campaign. Headlines and body copy too. The effect praised and flattered the new product. It made the viewer feel good about the very thought of purchasing it. It promised delight and transport, rapture and oblivion. It did so in a way that was at once tasteful and suggestive. It did everything an ad ought to do. It did so in exactly the way Michael would have done it.

"It's mine," Michael said. His voice sounded strange to himself; it hurt to move his mouth. "I did this!"

Thani's smile brightened. "We," she said. "You and I did this."

"The hell 'we' did! You took this from me!"

"Really?" Thani closed her lips but continued to smile, and smile. "You didn't have the time. Not to write, or sketch, or even make notes. You dreamt it, perhaps?"

He shook his head. "It's my style. It's got my touch." He tapped his forehead. "It was in here, somewhere. How'd you get it out?"

"Look at the ad, Michael. How would you rate it, compared with the rest of your work?"

"It's the best thing I've done in years."

She nodded: still a practiced gesture. "You'll always work at your peak from now on. It's what we get in return."

"What you get? In return for what?"

Her smile was lascivious. Maybe she'd learned that from him. "You know very well what," she said.

He stormed out, found the rest of his clothes, and put them back on. He barged for the door. He touched the knob. He looked around. He was forgetting something. Thani's siblings snored and hissed in their sleep. He found his gaze drawn to the sink. No, he told himself; brush later, you idiot... No; that wasn't it...

Thani, from the doorway, tossed him the bottle. He caught it. It was made of pink glass and had a vaguely obscene shape. He could not have designed a better package himself.

"Take it," Thani said. "Come back any time."

He slammed the door on his way out.

He found Helen staring into space over a cold breakfast. She would not speak to him for a long time. She would only indicate their joint financial spreadsheet; so many funds downloaded from new clients. Why hadn't he consulted her; everybody knew the Grakyn were in cahoots with the Russians. Her father and his father before him had fought the wily Russkie bear and she was damned if she would accept their lying help even now.

Michael let her go on believing it was the Russians. He tried to land some new business. He even went out to the gel clubs — with Helen. Thani was nowhere to be seen. She did not call. Neither did he. Damned if he would. He got her number from Information. He could barely keep his hand from the phone holster.

Somehow he managed to hide the Grakyn rinse from Helen. He kept it tucked away in a drawer under

a batch of last year's socks. He took nips and tucks from it, waiting hours or sometimes days for Helen to leave the flat.

He could not bring in any clients. Helen did. He found he could not create anything for them. Only recycled clichés poured forth.

One day Helen did not come back, or the night after that, either. The next morning, when he scribbled up the comm system to try to get some work done, he found she had taken half the business with her, as well as half the money. She had left a note. She said she could hardly stand to look at him or touch him. She could not sleep with, let alone respect, a man who did Russian work, who used a Russian rinse.

Michael tried to snag some new clients on his own. He would have been happy with Russians or Azeris or NorAm folk. Any human, really. He snapped at opportunities to do work on spec. He thought that maybe if he timed his doses of pink rinse, the creative spark would jump back. It never even flickered. He looked for solace at the gel clubs, even as he jacked his way towards his credit ceiling. He took a few NorAm women home with him, and some Russians and Cubans too, and once an exchange student from Singapore. Nothing flickered there, either; not even for a night.

His ad for pink rinse seemed to cover every available flat surface. HV and VR and radio spots were ubiquitous, too. Somehow Thani had extracted them all from him. So far as he could tell, she had not been able to apply his stuff to new products. And he knew it was his; it was in style and nuance and jot; everything was the way he could have done it, if he'd just put in the time and sweated out the sweat like he always did. How had she reached that deeply into his subconscious?

He went to her flat the day he ran out of pink rinse. The pain was that bad.

It was almost the scene he had left. A few Grakyn snored and wheezed on floor and couch. Bright new dental instruments glittered on the shelf above the sink. A naked human, his stomach a hairy bowling ball, slept strapped to the armchair. Michael tiptoed across the room and opened the door to Thani's study. A Grakyn male in work clothes scratched away at the design box. Music came out. Michael didn't follow postmillennium classical, but he recognized the style of a hot symphonic star. He guessed that was the guy in the chair. Sounded like his next opus would get an early release. Poor bastard probably hadn't even committed a note to file yet. The Grakyn could do that for him now.

He found Thani asleep, her face pressed into a pillow on the floor. He shook her. She turned over and opened her eyes. She smiled. He wanted to kiss her, to run his tongue over those teeth. He gave a show of near-superhuman will. He held back.

He shook the empty bottle at her. "All out," he said. She shook her head with a skilful sad inflection. In the past few weeks her head gestures had improved.

"It's not the rinse," she said. "It's the rinse and me. And us."

"I don't get it."

"Of course you do, Michael. You get me, and I get you."

"And you get my ideas."

"Yes."

"It's not fair."

"Evolution's not fair," said Thani, sitting up. "It wasn't to the subspecies we used to bond with before they died out, and it wasn't to the space travellers who made first contact with us – they still build our ships for us, you know. It's not fair to the people we met on our travels, who designed and manufactured the rinses and gels and chemicals for us. And you – you do a lot of things."

"You steal from us and you get us to come back for more!"

Thani shrugged. "We're not creative on our own. But we pay for what we take. Here," she said, getting up and moving towards the cabinet as she unbuttoned her blouse. She handed him a pink bottle with the safety seal still intact.

He took a swig and reached for her. She bared teeth, which was all it took to draw him closer. "Will it always be like this?" he asked.

"No," she said. "It gets more intense. And we share among siblings, too."

He pushed her away, thinking of the honking, snoring Grakyn drooling in the other room. But she drew him closer, and they kissed. He loved the way his teeth touched hers.

He hardly noticed when her siblings slowly woke up, and removed the musician from the chair, so that there'd be room for Michael when the time came.

Thomas Marcinko is a brand new writer who lives in Pennsylvania. He's in his 30s, edits medical publications, and attended one of the Clarion SF Writers' workshops. The above is his first published short story, and he's working on a novel.

Interzone

Some back-issue highlights:

No.29: "Sex Wars" issue; stories by Greg Egan, Karen Joy Fowler, Garry Kilworth, etc.

No.32: Richard Calder's debut, "Mosquito," plus fiction by Barry Bayley, Ian McDonald

No.34: All new writers' issue, illustrated throughout by Ian Miller

No.36: Kim Newman's "Original Dr Shade" plus stories by Greg Egan, Simon Ings & others

No.38: Brian Aldiss issue, with interview by Colin Greenland, plus Greg Bear, etc.

No.42: All-female issue, with Pat Murphy, Lisa Tuttle, illustrated by Judith Clute

All these issues are still in stock.

Knots

John Clute

In *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859), George Meredith said something very wise about the nature of sentimentality, which I have forgotten. I underlined the passage in my paperback copy, which reprinted the first and uncut version of this very great novel, and thought never to lose the memory, or this particular copy. But 50,000 brain cells take the dive each day, and my underlined paperback text fell between cracks into the Time Abyss just after the Beatles' first LP, and as I've no idea whether or not the apophthegm was chopped in the 1878 revision, it's very hard to know where to begin to look. Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* is full of numbing phycotic rant from dead poems Meredith shed like dandruff, but no hint of wisdom from *Feverel*: and *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* shies away from quoting anything he said remotely worth remembering, lest 20th-century readers begin to wonder what they've lost in failing to read him. But Rhoda Tripp's *International Thesaurus of Quotations* (1970), most recent of the compilations on my shelves, quotes Meredith on Sentimentality (said the Index) in Section 878.4. Rescue was nigh. "The sentimental people," quotes Rhoda Tripp, "fiddle harmonics on the string of sensualism." *Diana of the Crossways*. Fuck.

Because that's not it. What Meredith said in *Feverel* was something a lot less dickhead than that, memory tells me through the static of loss. Sentiment, he said (I think), is emotion without the cost of the thing done. He said it better than that, and he said something more, something that gave knot to the phrase: but this is a start. We are talking about Fantasy here, because we're about to look at Peter S. Beagle's *The Innkeeper's Song* (Roc Books, \$20), and because the one thing that lamed Beagle's earlier novels — and lames most modern fantasy in short form or long — is sentiment: bulimia without the vomit. Most modern fantasy novels don't plot like indistinguishable, cartoony, jawboning, papier-mâché masks, through the mouth-gapes of which mewl unchanging boneless eucatastrophes, eucatastrophes, all the way home. Under the mask, in other words, fantasy is goo. Or, to put it with greater propriety: Fantasy tends to melt and absolute fantasies melts absolutely.

Even in the 19th century, when the genre reached its first climax as a conscious subversion of the desiccating hegemony of the Enlightenment and of the mimetic novel which the Enlightenment valorized, the Carrolls and the Coleridges and the Kingsleys and the Lears and the MacDonaldis and the Morrisises and their ilk were clearly not quite at ease with the lubricious new worlds they had opened the portals into, rather like Mike Hammer feeling shy about Pandora's Box in *Kiss Me Deadly*, the film. Hence perhaps the stays of arithmetic that hem poor Alice in: the hysterical plenitude of Dickens's Christmas books; the didactic bricolage Kingsley dumps into *The Water Babies* like croissants to soak up the oceanic; the prophylaxis of tony diction in William Morris. And so on.

And in the 20th century, as the decades passed, it became harder and harder to maintain a decent interval between gestures of subversion and their normalizing repetition, so that what, for a nano, had made us see the world anew was instantly transformed into enunch mouses in *The World Of* the original. It became fatally easy to defang the icon, to think of fantasy as a feelgood yawp, an affirmation of the essential decency of Choose-Your-Own dreams in *The World Of*: a theodicy bath. Bad late-20th-century fantasy, in other words, had a very different effect from bad sf. Until very recent years, when the genres began to mingle in the mall, bad sf could be identified as a kind of sclerosis, in which old assumptions about cognitive penetration were hacked out into cookycutter adventure sthicks, exoskeletons over hollow hearts. Bad fantasy, on the other hand, smelled like saltflats after the tsunami: corpses everywhere, but who was who? Who the Mage/Sage, who the Dark Lord/Bored Snark, who the Hidden King/Ring/Thing? "When everyone is somebody" (now we're quoting W.S. Gilbert), "Then no one's anybody-ee."

So what fantasy needed was knots. One of the secrets of the success of a metamorphic tangle like Robert Holdstock's *The Hollowing*, as I said reviewing the book in *Interzone* 78, was that it read like a knot which must be untied. What went wrong with Peter S. Beagle's earlier books — what allowed them to lose shape in the

mind's eye — was a sense that if any knots of telling were harboured within, they were false knots, sentiments, granny knots whose easy unweaving fatally catered to the reader's need for consolation, for quick peeps through the unraveled fabric at *World Of*s peopled by neotenus pixies: knot-holes, in other words. *Lila the Werewolf* (1969 as "Farrell and Lila the Werewolf," in *New Worlds of Fantasy* #3, anth ed Terry Carr; 1974 as a booklet) was a lot less easy to achieve cheap simpatico with, and constitutes an Ur-text for contemporary urban fantasy only marginally deepened by texts like Emma Bull's *War for the Oaks* (1987); but *The Folk of the Air* (1986) slipped backwards into the saltflats, and it seemed that Beagle had had his chance, that he was done, how many chances do you get to tie knots? He knew how to draw characters in his tales (it seemed), but somehow he got their eyes too big, like Tinkerbell's. And so one opened *The Innkeeper's Song* with something like dread.

Almost instantly, the dread dissipates. We are in the hands of a teller, and if we're lucky (we turn out to be) he won't let go. We begin with the song itself, a not-bad fake folk ballad composed by Beagle some years earlier; and we soon realize that both the song and the text of the novel tell the same story, that *The Innkeeper's Song* is a Twice-Told tale told twice, that both tellings date from a period long after the events described, that together they make up a story about the making of Story as well as a *Rashomon*-like series of essays — from at least ten points of view — at telling the tale of what happens at Karsh's inn, which is located in a vaguely Oriental landscape, when three women ride up in search of the mage who had taught them all they know years past and who is now invoking their presence, and they find him, and they see him through a great joust and Night Journey to hell and back, and they depart, all of them, long ago.

Neither the mage, who is referred to by various soubriquets, nor his adversary, who is called Arshadin, tell any part of the story, which we are meant to imagine being recounted by various survivors 20 or so years after the events at the inn. This immovable reticence at the heart of the tale adds gravitas to the whole, a sense that not all can be known, though the central thread of Story is in fact simple enough: the old mage, who is sometimes called my friend, has met his match in Arshadin, a former pupil who needs to kill him and send his soul to the underworld in order to complete a bargain with Other Beings, who will bestow upon him knowledge and power if he can deliver my friend

to them. My friend sends a calling to two former students, two women – it seems they are two women, but almost every character in the book embodies the *tromp l'oeil* infolding which almost invariably marks the intensest, most held-breath, most deeply intimate modern fantasies – and the two women scour the vast rifts and sidings of the Oriental-like world in search of him. En route they resurrect a drowned woman – her fiancé, the peasant Tikat, begins to follow them, out of his unending love for her – and the three women come eventually to the inn. Accompanying them is a Loki-like fox who occasionally shapechanges into a compact, joyous, elderly scamp of a man, a strikingly original conception, beautifully realized by Beagle. The two warrior women then embark upon a long quest for Arshadin, during the course of which much befalls them; but when they meet him he brushes them aside like fleas. The final conflict – for this is a traditional tale – is between the mages, about whom the tellers cluster like Blind Men around Elephants.

There are other characters of import, none of whom materially change the course of the story, but all of whom are essential to its telling, which is the same as saying that they are essential to the living of it, because living and telling are, perhaps, much the same thing. Beagle realizes each of them with a roundedness very rare in fantasy (or in most tales couched in Romance idioms), and presents each of them as capable of understanding only parts of the tale, though each of them – for *The Innkeeper's Song* is also a commercial enterprise, published by a commercial firm – is a safely reliable narrator of what he or she can know, and each character talks in clear: All of which is the same as saying that each of them lives the story as though it were a building of life: as though life were a great knot which surrounded them. And that, of course, is the secret of the success of *The Innkeeper's Song*: that its characters are knotted into it, that its knot is people. As we follow the various tellers of the tale, we find ourselves decreasingly inclined to prise them out of context, to make gameworld icons out of them, to sequelize them: because they are inextricable with the knot of Story, and to untie that knot would be to gut them, and to disbar ourselves from the work of art.

The Innkeeper's Song exists in *The World Of* itself. When it ends – with resolutions complexly sorted out for every character of note – it is over. One of the greatest injuries we, as writers and readers, have done ourselves over the past half century is to forget that the only things extractable from a work of art are those things it didn't take a work of art to say in the first place.

A sequel set in *The World Of* a real book is a squatter in Eden. It is never the same river. Eyes never open for the first time twice. No sequel can be read for the first time: it is this we have forgotten, as we continue ingesting the cancer sharecrops which leach our bones of the stories which made us. *The Innkeeper's Song* is a work of art. It seems forlorn to say this, at the edge of 1994, but one should say it every time a good book is read, even now: read the book (one should say). Read it, enter it, taste the labyrinth of the knot, finish *The Innkeeper's Song*, shut the book, do not ask for more. More is less. More is feeding your disease. More is nothing.

Tom Shippey reprints *Lila the Werewolf* in the second of his series of Oxford anthologies, *The Oxford Book of Fantasy Stories* (Oxford University Press, £17.95), and in doing so he points us to a couple of conclusions: (1) unlike the ramshackle *Oxford Book of Science Fiction Stories* (1992), this anthology can actually claim to represent a good sample of the best work by the best writers in the field; (2) the good Professor continues to be as airy about his scholarship as he was in the earlier book, which boasted an astonishingly slapdash reference apparatus, one that seemed to declare, on behalf of the OUP and the Professor, that a genre anthology might be a nice little earner but no way was it worth editing. So far as *Lila the Werewolf* goes, the Professor is about normally accurate (for him), dating its first appearance as the 1974 chapbook (see above for the proper date), which causes him, as the book is supposed to be arranged chronologically, to print the story out of order. Proofs of the Fantasy anthology arrived on various desks (including mine) somewhere in the middle of summer, in plenty of time for errors to be corrected in the finished text: and indeed some mistakes in the apparatus were made good, which demonstrates, as far as I'm concerned, that all of them could have been. I know I was not the only early reader to telephone OUP and to inform them that the person from the Science Fiction Foundation who helped the Professor "in a late crisis" was not Joy Day but Joyce Day, and that the proper form of her name could be confirmed in really quite a large number of printed sources: but no correction was made to the Acknowledgements. No courtesy was paid.

(The day after this review went to the typesetter I received a letter from Tom Shippey, who is now in Missouri. He'd been disturbed by reports of errors in the uncorrected proofs of the Fantasy anthology, including the one involving Joyce Day, and had tried to correct them at long distance. If I'd known he was a far piece from England

while his book was going to press, I'd have restricted my animadversions on the error-count in the final version solely to the good people at OUP.)

Other mistakes – just in the source-notes – include various straightforward failures of fact: Mervyn Peake's "Same Time, Same Place" (1963), which the Professor does not think was ever reprinted, appeared in *Terror 1* (anth 1966) ed. Larry T Shaw; Angela Carter's "The Erl-King" first appeared in 1978; James Tiptree Jr's "Beyond the Dead Reef," which my proof copy says was never reprinted and which my final copy says appeared in a best-of-the-year anthology, did in fact make up part of her own assemblage of linked stories, *Tales of the Quintana Roo* (coll 1985); both Catherine L. Moore (d. 1987) and Manly Wade Wellman (d. 1986) have been dead for some time. And so forth.

The introduction to the Sources section (where these errors appear) says that source-notes in question "indicate the place of first publication for all the stories in this anthology, together with convenient reprints in book form where possible." Sensible enough, it might seem: except for the fact that readers of the anthology already know where to find a "convenient reprint" of each story: because they're holding it. More usefully, perhaps, Professor Shippey might have indicated the first author collection where each story appeared – indeed, more often than not, that's exactly what he does provide. Except when he doesn't. Robert E. Howard's "The Coming of Conan" was first reprinted in *The Coming of Conan* (coll 1953), a hardback still in some libraries, not in Conan (coll 1967), an ephemeral paperback; Moore's "Jirel Meets Magic" was first reprinted in *Shambleau and Others* (coll 1953), permanent hardback, not in *Jirel of Joiry* (coll 1969), a paperback gone with the wind and the acid. That's two examples. There are more.

In the Select Bibliography section, Keith Roberts's *Anita* is cited in the original edition from 1970, while in the Sources section it is cited in the 1976 printing; in neither case is the definitive 1990 version, the only form of the book now available, mentioned at all. The Datlow/Windling fantasy/horror anthologies are hopelessly misascribed. The titles of both reference works consulted have been misspelled. And so forth.

It is very difficult not to think of this sort of thing as demonstrating a pretty profound contempt for the field on the part of one extremely competent man and one publishing house world-famous for editorial rigour. How lucky for us, therefore, that the bad taste is partially washed away by the quality of the work selected. Last year's *Oxford Book of Science Fiction*

Stories was a lazy, self-indulgent book, *The Big Tom Shippey Book of Bumper SF Stuff I Remembered in My Bath*, and boasted a list of referees for more impressive than the list of those whose stories – some of them by no means the Chosen's best work – were included. This time round, Professor Shippey has followed a more orthodox (and, in the context of an anthology surely to be marketed as a benchmark assemblage, a far more appropriate) course: Even allowing for a predilection for rationalized fantasy of the *Unknown* sort, he has stuck almost exclusively to unimpeachably central writers of fantasy (though he stretches things a bit when he fits Mervyn Peake in by virtue of a fairly minor conte cruel that lacks any hint of the supernatural), and in almost every case he has printed exemplary stories from these exemplary figures. *The Oxford Book of Fantasy Stories* is big, wise, exemplary, benchmark and fun.

A brief rundown tells the tale: Lord Dunsany's superb "The Fortress Unvanquishable, Save for Sacnoth" (1908) seems to wrap up the whole world of Heroic Fantasy and to close the issue before it began; Abraham Merritt, H.P. Lovecraft, John Buchan, Robert E. Howard, Clark Ashton Smith, Catherine L. Moore and Fritz Leiber variously depict according to their daemons; Ray Bradbury's "Homecoming" (1947) reminds one how sharp and unswerving he could be before he began to bulge and wheeze sarsaparilla down his front; Henry Kuttner and Jack Vance and Manly Wade Wellman are properly represented, but Theodore Sturgeon, with the acutely embarrassing "The Silken-Swift..." (1953), is not, we pray, and Poul Anderson's "Operation Afreet" (1956) is a parched-mouth sequelizing of John W. Campbell's *Unknown* coup against – precisely – the *Unknown*; Avram Davidson and Thomas Burnett Swann are represented by weak stories; there is good work from Peake, Keith Roberts, Sterling E. Lanier, Larry Niven, John Brunner, Beagle and Jane Yolen, though Carter's "The Erl-King" presents her at her most rebarbative, as though to fabulate was to succumb to a profound, necessary, but hated addiction: the Tiptree is second-drawer, while the Phyllis Eisenstein and Tanith Lee inclusions represent their best work; the Lucius Shepard is fine, and the Terry Pratchett is good enough, though he's clearly more comfortable at novel length; and Robert Holdstock's "Thorn" (1986) is a rather sensible tale for him, one which clearly reflects Shippey's distaste for the more threatening kinds of work. Hence perhaps the weighting throughout towards *explained* fantasies of the sort Campbell could have approved of, and the absence from the book of writers like Algernon Blackwood, Robert

Aickman, M.R. James, Stephen King, Joanna Russ, Gene Wolfe. But at least it's a set of fair choices, openly made; and the Introduction makes a reasonable case for the outcome. Given an apparatus any fan could have improved upon in five minutes, *The Oxford Book of Fantasy Stories* cannot seem anything but compromised; but the tales themselves burn through. That may be enough.

At first glance, Stephen Baxter's *Anti-Ice* (HarperCollins, £14.99) may seem little more than a scherzo replay of earlier steampunk theodicies (and anti-theodicies) of the Victorian world-dream. Like Michael Moorcock and Christopher Priest in the 1970s, like Tim Powers and James P. Blaylock in the mid-80s, and very much like William Gibson and Bruce Sterling in *The Difference Engine* (1990), he has created an alternate history which caters to our nostalgic re-readings of Victorian dreams of a fixed-in-iron progress, and of British domination of the waves (ocean, aerial, radio, etc.). At heart it is a nostalgia for a legible world – or so I, for one, have been claiming for many years. "Every single invention" (I wrote in 1977 about some Moorcock titles, and quote the passage now to demonstrate how long steampunk visions have been a part of the larger world of genre) "would be fixed still in time long enough to be memorized... every surface of the steam yacht would be polished and legible and reflect our faces."

It is much the same again, seemingly, in *Anti-Ice*. There is an awful lot of polished brass in evidence, dream-like labyrinths of ornamented pipework leading into cathedrals of boys'-own machinery. *Anti-ice* itself is a substance deposited in the Antarctic in the 18th century by a meteorite, itself a fragment of the Little Moon which has orbited Earth for over a century. Sir Josiah Traveller has discovered how to make controlled use of this highly explosive substance, though the first anti-ice bomb, which ends the Crimean War, does turn Sebastopol into Hiroshima. The British government begins to dominate the world. Twenty years later, a young man becomes involved with the elderly Traveller, who has just built a land leviathan. The launch is sabotaged, Traveller and the young man are abducted Moon-wards in his flyer (the only one in existence), adventures and marvels pile up, and finally they manage to return to Earth, where Great Britain is planning to use anti-ice again to end a European conflict.

We are at a cusp. There have been clues throughout (including the very wise exiling of Charles Dickens to America, so we do not have to wonder why he remains silent) that England is turning into a deeply unpleasant

country, with every man in his place (a dream of theodicy which much fantasy valorizes, and which sf traditionally opposes), and subversive thoughts becoming almost impossible to think. In the simplest of language (Baxter is not an ornate stylist, nor is his parody of 19th-century idioms very convincing), we find ourselves beginning to see that *Anti-Ice* – like *The Difference Engine* before it – is describing a nightmare. The cusp unfolds, a nightmare vision of 1870s England becoming the England we have in real life been creating over the past couple of decades; and the novel ends in a world become toxic, deep-frozen: like here and now. It is, in the end, an extremely tricky, sly, shocking, subversive little book; it makes you grin.

This reviewer began to try to read Bryan Appleyard's *The First Church of the New Millennium* (Doubleday, £14.99), and came to the second page of text. The protagonist has been running in panic through a landscape so murkily described I thought the author was trying to do a dream. But no. It's the English countryside, a few years hence. Finally he gets to the Three Arches, his local pub. The landlord greets him. This is what he says:

"Hello, stranger! Hello indeed! Thought you were always working, old man, that's why you come down to our part of the world. Isn't it? Not for pubbing with the boys. Oh, no. Not our Mr Rix. Not our Mr Architect Rix. Well, well, well. Quite a surprise. Quite a surprise."

I then telephoned someone who had read the entire text. I asked if this quote was a joke. No. It wasn't. The quote was a fair representation of Appleyard's vision of demotic English pub talk. The plot was then described to me, but I'm not going to pass on hearsay. So, just because I failed the *Hello, Stranger! Hello Indeed!* test doesn't mean you have to fail. Go on. Get a copy now! Taking a running leap! See how far you get! Well, well, well. Quite a surprise. Quite a surprise.

(John Clute)

The Eyes Have It Wendy Bradley

It might be irrelevant but does anyone know where I can buy a good old fashioned kohlr pencil these days? I haven't been capable of the full "undemourished vampire" look – floor-length cheesecloth and black eyeliner – since I stopped being waif-shaped in, oh, 1973 or so, but I was reminded of the inexplicable disappearance of kohlr when reading Andre Norton and

Susan Schwartz's **Empire of the Eagle** (Tor, \$22.95) in which it is revealed that the reason the decadent Easterners paint their eyes with Kohl is to protect them from the glare of the sun. Can this possibly be true? Empirical research is clearly needed and I lack the essential test materials.

This novel also reminded me of how much I used to enjoy Latin at school (provided you did the stories rather than the grammar), grappling for the first time with an alien viewpoint, different customs and unfamiliar gods. In this engaging book the remnants of a Roman legion march eastwards into captivity and are embroiled in a fight with good and bad remnants of the lost civilization of Mu, a fight complicated by the good guys' insistence that the Roman leader is a reincarnation of Arjuna from Hindu mythology. This was a book I enjoyed, but almost entirely because I had filled in the background when I watched Peter Brooks' version of *The Mahabharata* on Channel 4. I have a strong suspicion that if you don't know who Arjuna, Draupadi and Ganesha are you'll find the novel utterly impenetrable. If you do, however, you might try it.

The Well-Favored Man (The Tale of the Sorcerer's Nephew) by Elizabeth Willey (Tor, \$22.95) was confusing to start with and then clumsily constructed, in that it seemed to take an unconscionably long time to get on to the Whatever Happened to Mumsy plot so that the hero, Gwydion, could get on with finding, rescuing or resurrecting her. The setting is vaguely Amber-ish – interlocking realities, noble families with magical abilities and electric torches – and Gwydion a likeable enough hero, although his pursuit by a dragon is more of a red herring, so to speak. However it took me a long time to finish, even though as soon as I had finished it I felt an almost overwhelming desire to read it again from the beginning so that I could actually enjoy it now that I finally knew who was who and what was what. If Tor are willing to support Willey through a slow start I predict that we will see this turn into a series, not to mention a nice little cash cow.

Clare Bell's **The Jaguar Princess** (Tor, \$22.95) is nice Aztec tosh about a were-jaguar slave girl called Mixcatl who is set up as a goddess by a kindly philosopher king wanting a lever to overturn the blood sacrifices around the cosy sounding but lethal Hummingbird cult. The bildungsroman stuff about the girl's slave childhood, scribe training and reluctance to develop (she only actually gets to become a full-fledged jaguar once in the whole book) works, but there is a flaw in the climactic scene where the king Wise Coyote wounds his beloved son Huetzin out of a badly motivated

fit of pique? jealousy? so letting Mixcatl, who is led to believe she did it, in for a lot of unnecessary angst about whether or not to give in to the jaguar side of her nature. Her mentor Nine-Lizard is no help since he's a failed were-jaguar himself, one who loses his own humanity in the changeover. Worth a look.

However having forgiven three books for plot flaws in otherwise engaging tales I was feeling less forgiving when I moved on to Louise Cooper's **The Deceiver** (Grafton, £4.99), which is the first of a trilogy under the series title "The Chaos Gate." This sets up a world where the gods of order ruled a previous age but, after a major shake-up early in the lives of the oldest characters still standing, the gods of chaos and order now rule equally and the world is in a state of truce, of balance, between the forces. Frankly this book is little more than 280 pages of scene-setting – pleasing enough but offhand. You can get the flavour from the fact that I immediately took the opportunity to grab Book Two because I wanted to see what happened – but haven't yet been bothered to read it.

I found Mickey Zucker Reichert's **The Western Wizard** (Millennium, £14.99) as aggravating as the first volume, *Last of the Renshai*. Anyone who made it through volume one knows who the Western Wizard has to be, so again the plot is poorly constructed as some of the characters struggle to identify the Wiz and others struggle just to stay in the author's consciousness long enough to be killed. Garn, particularly, suffers a couple of complete character overhauls and a badly offhand death scene. There are also some gaping holes in other parts of the plot covered with idiot boards of conversation – golly, I'm sorry he's dead, I wonder why they mutilated the body by removing the head? – which have you wondering why the characters can't see BECAUSE IT'S NOT HIM, STUPID, written on the sky in twelve-foot letters.

Then there is **The Legend of Shadd's Torment**, Book Two of Philip C. Williamson's "Firstworld Chronicles" (Grafton, £5.99) in which it is revealed how Dinbig of Khimmur, the eponymous hero of volume one, managed to die in the last chapter and yet be a first-person narrator. Here he is a secondary character because he is incarnate as a vazz, a kind of pack animal like a wolf which occasionally can go onto two legs and use swords. The main character, Shadd, does the questing that forms the centre of this story and is accompanied by – and don't laugh – a tinkerbell and a pet rock. Well, all right, a flittery fairy-like creature and a hylozote, a talking rock. The narrative is also hedged about with layers of

false witness – an archivist in the far future of the world in which the story is set is translating and interpreting the tale we read, for the benefit of a "Holy Queen-Empress" – so that it is hard to know where Williamson is going. Not really a page turner, but maybe worth the effort in the end.

And finally there is the glorious imagination of Mike Jefferies, whose **Stone Angels** (HarperCollins, £8.99) is less bizarrely awful than some of his previous work. Less funny, too, but more successful as a story. Here a dark stone angel flies around Norwich cathedral ripping hearts out in an unsuccessful attempt to raise his master, the demon Abaddon. Luckily a 14th-century stonemason had created a miraculous counterbalancing force in an image of Shatelie – crazy name, crazy guy – the white angel of silence. Regrettably, however, a 19th-century self-aggrandizing businessman had the white angel concreted into a plinth for his tomb and so nailed the poor bugger down. In the novel we find Jarvin Mandrake, a young man who, would you credit it, happened to have been buried alive in an Egyptian tomb where he Heard Voices before he was rescued and was deemed to have had a nervous breakdown. Just the man to strike one blow with his mighty, well, thwaks I suppose is the appropriate term, and set the white angel free. Jefferies is to fantasy what E.E. "Doc" Smith was to science fiction and J.T. Edson is to the cowboy novel, and the world would be a poorer place without him. One day he may even write a good book.

(Wendy Bradley)

Ideas You Wish You'd Had Yourself

Nick Royle

The first thing that strikes you about **New Worlds 3** (Gollancz, £6.99) is its size. Our "most celebrated science fiction anthology" has slimmed down from 290 pages (NW2, £5.99) to 220. So you've every right to expect economy of style in the writing and the excision of any padding; there might have been in the previous two volumes – why else would the book have shrunk? It surely can't be for lack of good material.

David Garnett's passionate introduction, in which he talks about the state of publishing and such bastardized forms of it as franchising and sharecropping, can't have endeared him to Gollancz's marketing department, but what he says needs saying.

The best story ideas are those you wish you'd had yourself, like Brian Aldiss's "The Friendship Bridge," an engrossing tale set in the cafés, hotels and bare dusty squares of Ashkhabad, capital of Turkmenistan. Roy Burnell's responsibilities in the formerly Soviet city involve inspecting architectural antiquities for World Cultural Heritage, but he has other, private business: he hopes to recover parts of his memory stolen by an unscrupulous Budapest clinic and sold around the world on the black market.

The nice thing about Graham Joyce's science fiction is that his ideas and characters are drawn quite clearly from the real, contemporary world, even when, as in "Gap Sickness," they inhabit a futuristic fantasy. In all genres, Joyce remains an accessible, communicative writer, a natural storyteller.

Unless I've missed something, Peter F. Hamilton's "Spare Capacity" must be the first of story set in an exotic future Peterborough. It's a long story with which to open an anthology, but it holds the interest. Gwyneth Jones's "The Mechanic" is a strangely touching allegory about an alien who just wants to get his car fixed. The Simon Ings/Charles Stross collaboration lacks the emotional and narrative clarity of Ings's "Bruised Time" (the highlight of NW2), belonging rather to the "what the blinking heck was that all about" school of science fiction. Graham Charnock can be relied upon to inject equal measures of irony and emotion – his story "Fullwood's Web" in *Other Edens* was surely the best piece in that much missed series – into an anthology. His story here draws on his experience in the music business. Jack Deighton's "This is the Road" is well enough written but is not so much a story, lacking characters and narrative, as an extended idea. "Streetlife" by Paul Di Filippo is enjoyable but slight, while Paul McAuley's funky, knowing narrative "Children of the Revolution," taking place in a Dutch city in the near future, is about dreams, vision mixers, doll labour and wanting to be human. It comes over as a freewheeling take on the contemporary Amsterdam club scene.

And with a critical round-up by John Clute, and Michael Moorcock's afterword, NW3 is still a good buy, despite the reduced size and the price hike.

First impressions count again in the case of Will Self's first novel *My Idea of Fun* (Bloomsbury, £15.99): the publishers have really gone to town on the production, with a striking, tactile jacket, irritating though oddly suitable author shot, and handy bookmark. Though not a writer of sf, Self could just about be called a fantasist, or, God forbid, a magical realist (a term normally

reserved for fantasy writers from South America, and Salman Rushdie). Self's first book being a collection of short stories, and his second a brace of novellas, he has hardly taken the conventional tyro's route, but then he is a mate of Martin Amis and his ex-junkie history and tall, dark, sinister good looks have been useful weapons in his publicity onslaught: he's a brilliant self-publicist.

He takes chances right from the word go, having narrator Ian offer the reader the chance to participate in deciding the outcome of his tale (this trick is eventually just that, but he gets away with it), the minutely detailed story of the formation of a psychopath. The narrative develops along picaresque lines as Ian describes his unusual childhood, the absence of a father, and the peculiar man who comes along to fill that role, Mr Broadhurst, who Ian will later call The Fat Controller. An obsessive boy, Ian insists on that upper-case T for the definite article. He is in awe of The Fat Controller, but also fears him because he becomes aware of how the man controls him, manipulating his eidetic memory – the capacity for intensely vivid recall – and his apparently psychic powers which enable him to picture in close detail things he hasn't actually seen. The Fat Controller's influence becomes more worrisome when he turns up in the middle of Ian's first sexual encounter and plants in Ian's mind the idea that if he ejaculates inside the girl his penis will break off. But sexual problems are the least of Ian's worries when The Fat Controller kills a woman with his umbrella during an evening at the theatre.

Ian goes into therapy, but Dr Gyggel, while he seems to do some good for the boy – now at university – himself seems a few students short of a seminar.

Half way through the novel, Self attempts to jump through a particularly difficult hoop – switching from the first to the third person – and it's a testament to his writing ability that he pulls it off. He writes dazzling prose, sometimes too dazzling, as when he sends you off to the dictionary several times in a few pages, which does tend to slow you down. And sometimes he gets too showy, too indulgent – take this: "Yet I craved physical affection – the raw stuff of touch – perhaps even more than emotional." The "raw stuff of touch" is redundant, especially when the same phrase is repeated two pages later: "My mother's hotel may have elevated her from the raw stuff of commerce." Occasionally his contrivances break the spell, as in "She was transformed from the young trollop I remembered to the middle-aged reader of Trollope..."; or, in a speech by The Fat Controller, who you wouldn't expect to be a Sex Pistols fan, "'Un-

grateful brats debouch from their cheap holiday in someone else's misery.'" And what's this about a Trafalgar Square tube station referred to on page 237? If it existed once, it does no longer. That's the kind of error, though, that should be picked up by the editor. As are the six literals – six, count 'em – in six pages starting on page 270: "pavemen," "Wilden Junction," "cartoid artery," "twisting it horns," "and the off came the shoes," and "bucklered pants" (which could be an archaic usage, but would still be wrong). When you're paying £15.99 you don't expect the editor to go to sleep for six pages.

But *My Idea of Fun* is a brave, exciting novel. The hallucinogenic scenes in the Land of Children's Jokes, whether they're nightmarish invention or eidetic recollection of cold turkey sweats, are so powerful – Enid Blyton on acid – they render the final outrage perpetrated on Fucker Finch's pit bull less shocking than it would otherwise be. When Will Self is good he's very, very good – "The Kodak laboratories of my eidesis were being dismantled; soon all that would be left was an out-of-order passport-photo-booth, mouldering on an empty station platform" – and when he's bad, at least he's been more ambitious than most of his peers.

More from the mainstream. *The Time Out Book of London Short Stories* (Penguin, £5.99) features 25 new stories set in London, and the line-up includes Clive Barker, Anne Billson, Jonathan Carroll, Christopher Fowler, Neil Gaiman, Charles Higson, Kim Newman, Will Self and Lisa Tuttle. Alphabetical order places Barker in pole position, but his odd tale of a parrot and a tortoise who assume human proportions and take a stroll out into Crouch End is not his best work. One yearns for *The Books of Blood* and *The Damnation Game*. Anne Billson tells a convincing story in "Sunshine" about the women who fall for the fatal charm of a David Koresh-type charismatic leader. Jonathan Carroll's "Waiting to Wave" condenses the emotion, despair and superstition of his novel-length work down to four perfect pages. Neil Gaiman's story is difficult, Charles Higson's psycho study the most overtly horrific in the collection, and Kim Newman is clearly having fun with "The Blitz Spirit," interweaving his time zones as if they were colour strands in a Fair Isle jumper – "We shall fight them...fight them...fight them...on the beaches...the beaches...the beaches..." – though perhaps his Oxford Street Claude Gill should have been the Dillons it has become. Will Self's "A Short History of the English Novel" is a satire that's possibly more gloating than funny, but at least he

understands the short-story form, which is more than can be said for Chris Petit's static "Newman Passage" (Petit's first novel, *Robinson*, published earlier in 1993, was a masterpiece of the longer form).

Lisa Tuttle's story, "Turning Thirty," is easily her best piece of short fiction to date, a perceptive, poignant and deeply compassionate exploration of love, lust and lost dreams. It vies with Nigel Watts's "The Gift" and Chris Fowler's "Mother of the City" for top honours. Fowler's story gets right to the heart of the collection's theme by identifying the city with a beautiful but unobtainable woman, the object of a lonely suburb dweller's obsession, and Watts's uplifting tale provides the perfect end to an anthology that's well worth six quid.

(Nicholas Royle)

The Quest for Taine

Mike Ashley

It does seem rather appropriate that a science-fiction writer should have the initials E.T., but Eric Temple Bell, the man behind the sf persona "John Taine," did his best to hide that real self, and keep his past a secret. In the manner of A.J.A. Symons's *The Quest for Corvo*, Constance Reid set out to discover the truth about Bell, and in so doing has produced one of the most absorbing biographies of recent years. (*The Search for E.T. Bell* by Constance Reid. Available from the Mathematical Association of America, 1529 18th St. N.W., Washington D.C. 20036. Hardcover; no price given.)

Bell was a professor of mathematics and author of one of the most popular books about the subject, *Men of Mathematics* (1937). It was for that reason that Constance Reid, herself a mathematician and author of high regard, began to explore Bell's life, initially for a short profile but as she became absorbed in the mystery of Bell's origins a full-length biography took over.

As John Taine, Bell was one of the pioneers of science fiction. His first published work, *The Purple Sapphire* (1924) appeared before the advent of the sf magazines, but he was an ideal Gernsbackian writer, capable of blending scientific extrapolation with a stimulating narrative. By 1930 he was being drawn into the emerging magazine scene. *The Time Stream*, one of the first works to consider alternate realities, was serialized in *Wonder Stories* in 1931, and is generally regarded as his best work. Although his fiction continued to appear over

the next 20 years, he was always a little outside the mainstream of science fiction, and this led to him becoming something of a legendary enigma in the field.

Taine revealed little of his life. The most that was known about him in the sf world came in Lloyd Eshbach's symposium *Of Worlds Beyond* (1947), to which Taine contributed an article on "Writing a Science Novel." Here we learn he was born in Peterhead, Scotland on February 7, 1883, attended various schools in England, and came to the United States in 1902. In other reference sources Taine maintained that his father was in the shipping business, and that he had emigrated to the States in order to escape a future life at sea.

Constance Reid has found her way through this maze of fabrication to the real Eric Temple Bell. His father was English, but ran a profitable fishing business out of Peterhead. However, by 1884 the industry was in strife. Taine's father uprooted the family and emigrated to California to run a fruit orchard. They arrived in May 1884, when Taine was 15 months old. He stayed in America until his father's death, returning to England in 1896. After completing his education he took the earliest opportunity to return to America. Despite an enjoyable youth in California for some reason Taine never revealed that he had been in America prior to 1902.

One English memory did influence him strongly. When the family returned to England they settled at the paternal home in Upper Norwood, South London. From the house, which overlooked the grounds of the Crystal Palace, Taine could see the recently created models of dinosaurs which are still there today. He had been interested in lizards in California, and this cemented what became a life-long fascination with dinosaurs and evolution. Before *The Dawn* (1934) chronicles the final days of dinosaurs as seen through a time-viewer. Rapid mutation, or evolution out of control, became the main feature of his early novels, particularly *The Greatest Adventure* (1929), *The Iron Star* (1930) and *The Crystal Horde* (1930).

After Taine returned to the States he settled, in 1905, in San Francisco. He was present when the city was struck by the 1906 earthquake, which is graphically brought to life in the biography. We can see how Taine's experiences provided a basis for episodes in *The Time Stream* and some of the disaster scenes in *Green Fire* and *The Iron Star*.

The most fascinating revelation in the biography concerns the matter of when Taine wrote his science-fiction works. *The Time Stream* was his ninth published work but it was the third

written, having been completed as far back as 1921. Seen in this light we realize how advanced Taine's thinking was in terms of alternate realities. Constance Reid also reveals how much the novel owes to Taine's mathematical researches. Far from being a work influenced by the speculation about time travel published in Gernsback's magazines, *The Time Stream* was the product of totally original thinking.

Few of Taine's novels were published as they were written, and none in their writing sequence. His first novel, *Green Fire*, about the release of atomic energy, was written in 1919 but not published until 1928, and the criticism about its raw edges can now be tempered in the light of its early composition. We also learn of several unpublished novels including the intriguing *Satan's Daughter*, written in 1923, dealing with an evil princess ruling an island isolated since pirate days and rich in gems and uranium.

Constance Reid's biography is fascinating. It reveals much about Taine's life and influences and puts his science-fiction writings into perspective with the rest of his work and career. It at last enables us to consider with more accuracy one of the pioneers of sf, and provides an opportunity to reassess his contribution.

(Mike Ashley)

Nothing But the Best

Jones & McIntosh

Two years ago we reviewed the *Eighth Annual Collection* of the year's best sf, edited by Gardner Dozois, a book that still stands out in our minds as one of the best anthologies (reprint or original) we'd had the pleasure of reading since we'd started reviewing. Last year's *Ninth Collection* was comparatively disappointing, and now there's the latest volume in the series, *The Year's Best Science Fiction, Tenth Annual Collection* edited again by Dozois (St Martin's Press, \$27.95; presumably also out in the UK from Robinson Books, but they don't send us review copies), and there's the same sense of disappointment, measuring against the gold standard of the *Eighth*, and pretty much the same verdict - good, but not that good.

Fitting into that category, albeit at its upper reaches, are the two novellas that bookend the collection: Michael Swanwick's moon-set "Griffin's Egg" and Frederik Pohl's "Outnumbering the Dead." The Swanwick is well written, convincingly detailed and full of interesting ideas, but it impresses rather than compels. Part of the problem may

lie with the plot – pare away the (very impressive) future-tech and you're left with the familiar: stranded lunar settlers locked in power struggle whilst war rages on Earth, and even, all-American hero (well, OK, all-German in this case) beds Russian ice-maiden. Pohl is also exploring familiar territory: the plight of the lone mortal in a world of immortals; it's well-handled, as you'd expect, but lacks freshness. Both these stories first appeared as individual slim books and we aren't convinced of the wisdom of anthologizing them here when there's so much to draw on from magazines and original anthologies.

Then two stories from very familiar names really echo the nothing-new-here theme: L. Sprague de Camp's pleasant but ordinary alternate-world tale "The Round Eyed Barbarians" (the Chinese have discovered America and see off the conquistadors) and Arthur C. Clarke's "The Hammer of God" (a very big asteroid is about to cream planet Earth), fine as a shorthand sketch of some potent ideas. Both are enjoyable, but surely not "best"? "Even the Queen" by award-winner Connie Willis is a wry but ultimately anecdotal tale of altered biology and family values, and Joe Haldeman's "Graves" is a Vietnam-set piece which, for all its uncomfortable realism (Haldeman is a 'Nam veteran) ultimately tells us no more than war is hell, and we ought to have learnt that by now. But the biggest let-down for us – because we've come to expect so much from him – is Greg Egan's "Dust." His forte is showcasing sharp and inventive ideas in strong, involving stories, but here, although his ideas are well up to strength, they are allowed to overpower the story and we never come to care about his narrator trapped in virtual existence.

On the real "best" side of the ledger, Nancy Kress reminds how important characterization can be. "The Mountain to Mohammed" is, on one level, a straightforward examination of ethics in a society when health-care for all but the healthy has collapsed. But Kress's decent-but-doomed surgeon becomes a real, three-dimensional human being, and the inevitability of his fall only serves to make the denouement more painful. Strong characterization – strong everything, in fact – is also to the fore in Ian MacLeod's "Grownups," a beautifully crafted story of adolescence set in a world familiar yet startlingly different to our own. It also delivers a twist to confound the best second-guessers among the readers whilst remaining entirely consistent within the internal logic of the story. Very impressive, as is MacLeod's other story reproduced here – "Snodgrass," the stand-out piece from 1992's *In Dreams* anthology.

Another particularly strong story is "Protection," Maureen F. McHugh's subtle tale of changing relationships set in a Stalinist United States. Nothing new on the surface perhaps, but the strength of the writing and the way the character relationships develop compels attention.

Interzone gets a look-in with the customary ration of two stories: Ian Watson's "The Coming Of Vertumnus" and Ian McDonald's "The Best and the Rest of James Joyce," both good. Then there's "The Glowing Cloud," Steven Utley's long but involving account of time travellers present at the eruption of Mount Pelee, and Bradley Denton's alternative civil-war history "The Territory" – Mark Twain meets Quantrell. Also worth a mention is a curiously effective story from Kate Wilhelm, "Naming the Flowers," and Terry Bisson's light and refreshing "Two Guys From the Future," in which the guys of the title are out to rescue great works of art that might otherwise go up in smoke. Also included are works by Silverberg, Kathe Koja, Tom Maddox, Robert Reed, Jonathan Lethem and Lukas Jaeger, and Neal Barrett Jr.

Although we can't claim to have scrutinized the whole field, we're left with a real doubt: are they, these two dozen, really the very best from the year? If they are, then '92 (and '91 for that matter) seems to have been a poorer year than '90. Personal taste, of both editor and reviewers, is bound to play its part, and what we could do with (are you listening, publishers?) is a rival to measure this book against, like David Garnett's fondly remembered *Orbit SF Yearbook*. Still, perhaps we'll get a collection we can be more enthusiastic about next year – and, in the meantime, there are some fine stories here and many very readable ones, certainly enough to make the book worth your time and money.

(Neil Jones & Neil McIntosh)

Books Received

October 1993

The following is a list of all sf, fantasy and horror titles, and books of related interest, received by *Interzone* during the month specified above.

Anthony, Piers. **Harpy Thyme**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85390-4, 318pp, hardcover, \$21.95. (Fantasy novel, first edition; proof copy received; latest in the "Xanth" series.) January 1994.

Appleyard, Bryan. **The First Church of the New Millennium**. Doubleday, ISBN 0-385-404859, 270pp, hardcover, £14.99. (Sf novel, first edition; proof copy received; this is a debut novel by a British journalist already well known for non-fiction books such as *The Pleasures of Peace* [1989],

about the arts in post-war Britain [it included a chapter on Ballard and Moorcock], and *Understanding the Present* [1992], a sort of anti-science diatribe which was reviewed in *Interzone* 65 by Andy Robertson.) 3rd February 1994.

Berger, Albert I. **The Magic That Works: John W. Campbell and the American Response to Technology**. "The Milford Series: Popular Writers of Today, Volume Forty-Six." Borgo Press, ISBN 0-89370-275-7, 231pp, paperback, \$20. (Bio-critical study of an important American sf editor and writer [1910-1971]; first edition; there is a simultaneous hardcover edition [not seen]; a much delayed book: we seem to recall it was announced about a decade ago.) *Late entry: May publication, received in October 1993.*

Bova, Ben. **Orion and the Conqueror**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85447-1, 350pp, hardcover, \$22.95. (Historical fantasy novel, first edition; proof copy received; sequel to *Orion and Orion in the Dying Time*; the "conqueror" of the title is Alexander the Great.) February 1994.

Buchan, John. **Witch Wood**. Edited by James C.G. Greig. "World's Classics." Oxford University Press, ISBN 0-19-282941-6, xxv+331pp, paperback, £3.99. (Historical horror novel, first published in 1927; this attractive new edition has a lengthy introduction and copious notes, and is excellent value for the price; three of Buchan's non-fantastic "Richard Hannay" novels are also being reissued by OUP at the same time: *The Thirty-Nine Steps* [1915], *Greenmantle* [1916] and *Mr Standfast* [1919].) 18th November 1993.

Card, Orson Scott. **The Ships of Earth: Homecoming, Volume 3**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85659-8, 382pp, hardcover, \$22.95. (Sf novel, first edition; proof copy received.) February 1994.

Coblentz, Stanton A., with Jeffrey M. Elliot. **Adventures of a Freelancer: The Literary Exploits and Autobiography of Stanton A. Coblentz**. "Borgo Bioviews, Number Two." Borgo Press, ISBN 0-89370-438-5, 160pp, paperback, \$17. (Autobiography of a veteran American sf writer [1896-1982]; first edition; there is a simultaneous hardcover edition [not seen].) No date shown: received in October 1993.

Drake, David. **The Voyage**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85158-8, 415pp, hardcover, \$23.95. (Sf novel, first edition; proof copy received; this one combines Drake's militaristic "universe of *Hammer's Slammers*" with the legend of Jason and the Argonauts.) January 1994.

Foster, Alan Dean. **Son of Spellsinger**. Orbit, ISBN 1-85723-180-5, 376pp, paperback, £4.99. (Fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1993.) 25th November 1993.

Germain, Sylvie. **Days of Anger**. Translated by Christine Donougher. Dedalus, ISBN 1-873982-65-8, 238pp, paperback, £8.99. (Literary fantasy novel, first published in France, 1989.) 11th November 1993.

Germain, Sylvie. **The Weeping Woman on the Streets of Prague**. Translated by Judith Landry. Dedalus, ISBN 1-873982-80-1, 127pp, paperback, £6.99. (Literary fantasy novella, first published in France, 1992; this volume also contains an introduction by Emma Wilson and an interview with Sylvie Germain by Elizabeth Young.) 4th November 1993.

Hall, Hal W. **Science Fiction and Fantasy Book Review Index: Volume 20, 1989**. Borgo Press, ISBN 0-8095-6804-7, vi+90pp, hardcover, \$25. (Index to book reviews in the sf/fantasy field, first edition; a useful reference work, providing access to reviews which appeared in a wide range of

publications, from *Aboriginal SF* to *Weird Tales*.) No date shown: received in October 1993.

Harris, Steve. **Angels**. Headline, ISBN 0-7472-4131-7, 758pp, paperback, £5.99. (Horror novel, first published in 1993.) 28th October 1993.

Harrison, Harry, and Marvin Minsky. **The Turing Option**. Penguin/Roc, ISBN 0-14-012950-2, 498pp, paperback, £4.99. (Sf novel, first published in the USA, 1992; reviewed by Ken Brown in *Interzone* 69.) 28th October 1993.

Holland, Steve. **The Mushroom Jungle: A History of Postwar Paperback Publishing**. Zeon Books [20 Whitecroft, Dilton Marsh, Westbury, Wilts. BA13 4DJ], ISBN 1-874113-01-7, xii+196pp, trade paperback, £14.95. (Illustrated history of British paperbacks in the 1945-1956 period; first edition; it contains a good deal of information about sf publishing of the period – some of which overlaps with the material in Steve Holland's other recent book, *Vultures of the Void* [Borgo Press] – and an excellent five-page foreword by Brian Stableford; this is a small-press item, but handsomely produced; despite typographical errors and some lapses of style and organization, it's a worthwhile foray into a little-studied area; recommended.) 23rd October 1993.

James, William. **Before the Sun Falls**. "The triumphant conclusion to the epic Sunfall Trilogy." Orbit, ISBN 1-85723-130-9, 498pp, paperback, £5.99. (Sf/fantasy novel, first edition.) 25th November 1993.

Jones, Gwyneth. **Divine Endurance**. Headline, ISBN 0-7472-4218-6, 306pp, paperback, £4.99. (Sf/fantasy novel, first published in 1984.) 11th November 1993.

Jones, Gwyneth. **Flowerdust**. Headline, ISBN 0-7472-0846-8, 249pp, hardcover, £16.99. (Sf/fantasy novel, first edition; "not a sequel," states the blurb, but clearly a spinoff from the author's first adult novel, *Divine Endurance*.) 4th November 1993.

Jones, Stephen, and Ramsey Campbell, eds. **Best New Horror 4**. Carroll & Graf, ISBN 0-7867-0004-1, 413pp, hardcover, \$21.95. (Horror anthology, first published in the UK, 1993; it contains stories by Clive Barker, Poppy Z. Brite, John Brunner, Christopher Fowler, Graham Joyce, Thomas Ligotti, Ian R. MacLeod, Kim Newman, Nicholas Royle, Peter Straub, Lisa Tuttle, Kate Wilhelm and others, including three from *Interzone* – "Mothmusic" by Sarah Ash, "The Dead" by M. John Harrison and Simon Ings, and "Anima" by M. John Harrison; apparently there has already been a British edition of this book from Robinson Publishing, but we haven't seen it.) 15th November 1993.

Kadrey, Richard. **Covert Culture Sourcebook**. "A guide to fringe culture." St Martin's Press, ISBN 0-312-09776-X, 216pp, trade paperback, \$12.95. (Who's who and what's what of freaky literature, music, films, technology, fashions, etc; first edition; Kadrey is the author of the sf novel *Metrophage* [1988] and a past contributor to this magazine; there are many mentions of sf, and there's a brief entry for *Interzone* [thanks].) 25th October 1993.

Kaye, Marvin, with Saralee Kaye, eds. **A Classic Collection of Haunting Ghost Stories**. Little, Brown, ISBN 0-316-90565-8, xvi+381pp, hardcover, £15.99. (Horror anthology, first published in the USA as *Ghosts*, 1981; it contains stories by E.F. Benson, Ambrose Bierce, Algernon Blackwood, A.M. Burrage, Charles Dickens, E.T.A. Hoffmann, Washington Irving, Nigel Kneale, Fritz Leiber, Robert Louis Stevenson, H.G. Wells and others.) 14th October 1993.

Kirby, Josh. **The Josh Kirby Discworld Portfolio**. Introductory text by Nigel Suckling. Dragon's World/Paper Tiger, ISBN 1-85028-259-5, unpaginated, trade paperback, £10.95. (Oversized art portfolio containing 28 colour plates by the veteran fantasy artist who is now best known for his cover paintings on Terry Pratchett's books; first edition.) 4th November 1993.

La Plante, Richard. **Leopard**. Little, Brown, ISBN 0-316-90410-4, 388pp, hardcover, £9.99. (Horror/suspense novel, first edition [?].) 25th November 1993.

La Plante, Richard. **Mantis**. Warner, ISBN 0-7515-0138-7, 424pp, paperback, £4.99. (Horror/suspense novel, first published in 1992.) 25th November 1993.

Lawhead, Stephen. **The Silver Hand: Song of Albion, Book Two**. Lion, ISBN 0-7459-2510-3, 416pp, paperback, £4.99. (Fantasy novel, first published in 1992; reviewed by Wendy Bradley in *Interzone* 68.) 29th October 1993.

Leakey, Richard, and Roger Lewin. **Origins Reconsidered: In Search of What Makes Us Human**. Abacus, ISBN 0-349-10345-3, 375pp, paperback, £8.99. (Popular science text, first published in 1992; a follow-up to the authors' 1977 book *Origins* [much has happened in the field of paleoanthropology since then]; recommended.) 14th October 1993.

Lindholm, Megan. **Cloven Hooves**. HarperCollins, ISBN 0-586-21518-2, 360pp, paperback, £5.99. (Fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1991.) 15th November 1993.

Little, Bentley. **The Revelation**. Headline, ISBN 0-7472-4179-1, 406pp, paperback, £4.99. (Horror novel, first published in the USA, 1989; reviewed by Pete Crowther in *Interzone* 73.) 28th October 1993.

McDonald, Ian. **Scissors Cut Paper Wrap Stone**. Bantam, ISBN 0-553-56116-2, 133pp, paperback, \$3.99. (Sf novella, first edition; proof copy received.) February 1994.

McDonald, Ian. **Speaking in Tongues**. Gollancz/VGSF, ISBN 0-575-05608-8, 248pp, paperback, £4.99. (Sf/fantasy collection, first published in 1992; reviewed by John Clute in *Interzone* 66.) 28th October 1993.

Masterton, Graham. **The Sleepless**. Heinemann, ISBN 0-434-45357-9, 474pp, hardcover, £15.99. (Horror novel, first published in the USA [?], 1993.) 29th November 1993.

Matthews, Rodney. **The 2nd Rodney Matthews Portfolio**. Introductory text by Pauline Fisk. Dragon's World/Paper Tiger, ISBN 1-85028-250-1, unpaginated, trade paperback, £10.95. (Oversized art portfolio containing 28 colour plates by the well-known fantasy artist; first edition.) 4th November 1993.

Moore, Patrick. **New Guide to the Planets**. Sidgwick & Jackson, ISBN 0-283-06145-6, 228pp, hardcover, £14.99. (Popular astronomy text by a veteran author who used to write juvenile sf; first edition; this is a thorough rewrite of a book which first appeared 40 years ago.) 22nd October 1993.

Moore, Patrick, ed. **1994 Yearbook of Astronomy**. Sidgwick & Jackson, ISBN 0-283-06139-1, 232pp, trade paperback, £11.99. (Popular astronomical compendium, first edition; there is a simultaneous hardcover edition [not seen].) 22nd October 1993.

Mortimer, John, ed. **The Oxford Book of Villains**. Oxford University Press, ISBN 0-19-282277-2, xii+431pp, paperback, £6.99. (Anthology of villainy, both fictional and non-fictional; first published in 1992;

Milton's Satan, Dr Faustus, Mr Hyde, Count Dracula, Captain Hook, Dr Fu Manchu and other old horror/fantasy favourites all make their inevitable appearances here.) 21st October 1993.

Nicholls, Stan. **Wordsmiths of Wonder: Fifty Interviews with Writers of the Fantastic**. Orbit, ISBN 1-85723-148-1, xiii+461pp, paperback, £8.99. (Interview collection, first edition; just over half of these interviews first appeared in *Interzone* [or *MILLION*] but don't let that put you off buying the book; among the pieces which didn't originate in this magazine are interesting conversations with Brian Aldiss, J.G. Ballard, Iain Banks, Greg Bear, Ramsey Campbell, Christopher Fowler, Stephen Gallagher, David Gemmell, Harry Harrison, Tanith Lee, Michael Moorcock, Kim Newman, Terry Pratchett, Brian Stableford and Howard Waldrop; recommended.) 28th October 1993.

Noon, Jeff. **Vurt**. Ringpull Press [86A Church St., Littleborough, Lancs. OL15 8AU], ISBN 1-898051-03-8, 371pp, paperback, £5.99. (Sf novel, first edition; a debut book by a new British writer, set in "near-future Manchester.") 20th October 1993.

Pohl, Frederik. **Mining the Oort**. HarperCollins, ISBN 0-00-647607-4, 279pp, paperback, £4.99. (Sf novel, first published in the USA, 1992; this is Pohl's entry in the recent Mars-novel boom.) 15th November 1993.

Pratchett, Terry. **Lords and Ladies**. "A Discworld Novel." Corgi, ISBN 0-552-13891-6, 382pp, paperback, £4.99. (Humorous fantasy novel, first published in 1992; reviewed by John Clute in *Interzone* 67.) 4th November 1993.

Rohan, Michael Scott. **The Gates of Noon**. Gollancz/VGSF, ISBN 0-575-05531-6, 319pp, paperback, £4.99. (Fantasy novel, first published in 1992; sequel to *Chase the Morning*; reviewed by Wendy Bradley in *Interzone* 65.) 28th October 1993.

Rucker, Rudy, R.U. Sirius and Queen Mu. **Mondo 2000: A User's Guide to the New Edge**. Thames & Hudson, ISBN 0-500-27749-4, 317pp, trade paperback, £12.95. (Illustrated guidebook to "cyberpunk, virtual reality, wetware, designer aphrodisiacs, artificial life, techno-erotic paganism, and more"; first published in the USA, 1992.) 1st November 1993.

Saberhagen, Fred. **The Last Book of Swords: Shieldbreaker's Story**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85001-8, 255pp, hardcover, \$20.95. (Fantasy novel, first edition; proof copy received; eighth in the "Swords" series.) February 1994.

Sampson, Fay. **Star Dancer**. Headline, ISBN 0-7472-4150-3, 754pp, paperback, £5.99. (Historical fantasy novel, first edition [?]; it treats the goddess Inanna of ancient Sumeria as a real person, and appears to be more of an historical novel in the Mary Renault vein than a fantasy.) 28th October 1993.

Sheckley, Robert. **The Alternative Detective**. Tor/Forge, ISBN 0-312-85023-9, 255pp, hardcover, \$19.95. (Humorous crime novel by a well-known sf writer; first edition.) 10th October 1993.

Shippey, Tom, ed. **The Oxford Book of Science Fiction Stories**. Oxford University Press, ISBN 0-19-283167-4, xxvi+587pp, paperback, £6.99. (Sf anthology, first published in 1992; reviewed by Philip Gladwin in *Interzone* 69; this paperback edition is graced with an old *IZ* cover painting by David Hardy.) 21st October 1993.

Silverberg, Robert. **Hot Sky at Midnight**. Bantam, ISBN 0-553-09248-0, 326pp, hardcover, \$22.95. (Sf novel, first edition;

proof copy received; this "may be his most important book to date," say the publishers. 17th January 1994.

Silverberg, Robert. **Thebes of the Hundred Gates**. HarperCollins, ISBN 0-00-223975-2, 120pp, hardcover, £13.99. (SF novella, first published in the USA, 1992; reviewed by Paul McAuley in *Interzone* 63.) 18th November 1993.

Smith, Wilbur. **River God**. Macmillan London, ISBN 0-333-59715-X, 530pp, trade paperback, £9.99. (Historical fantasy novel, first published in 1993; bestselling South Africa writer of adventure stories; Wilbur Smith previously wrote a timeslip romance called *The Sunbird* [1972]; set in ancient Egypt, this book is his first return to that Rider Haggard mode in over 20 years.) 5th November 1993.

Stephenson, Neal. **Snow Crash**. Penguin/Roc, ISBN 0-14-023021-1, 440pp, paperback, £8.99. (SF novel, first published in the USA, 1992; this cyberpunkish book by a new American writer gained a lot of praise when published in the States over a year ago [there are approving quotes from William Gibson and Rudy Rucker on the cover]; we are surprised to learn, however, that the author has written two previous novels [presumably not sf]; *The Big U* [1984] and *Zodiac: The Eco-Thriller* [1988].) 28th October 1993.

Swanwick, Michael. **The Iron Dragon's Daughter**. "An alchemical fantasy." Orion/Melromont, ISBN 0-1-85790-980-9, 343pp, hardcover, £14.99. (Fantasy novel, first published in the USA, 1993.) 11th November 1993.

Taylor, Roger. **Valderen: Part Two of Nightfall**. Headline, ISBN 0-7472-1418-X, 343pp, paperback, £4.99. (Fantasy novel, first published in 1993.) 28th October 1993.

Windrath, Helen, ed. **The Women's Press Book of New Myth and Magic**. Women's Press, ISBN 0-7043-4347-9, 261pp, paperback, £7.99. (Feminist fantasy anthology, first edition; it contains mainly new stories by Fiona Cooper, Katherine V. Forrest, Leigh Kennedy, Ellen Kushner, Patricia A. McKillip, Sara Maitland, Jane Yolen and others.) 4th November 1993.

Wolfe, Gene. **Lake of the Long Sun**. "Book Two of The Book of the Long Sun." Tor, ISBN 0-312-85494-3, 352pp, hardcover, \$21.95. (SF novel, first edition; proof copy received.) January 1994.

Yolen, Jane, ed. **Xanadu 2**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85368-8, 285pp, hardcover, \$18.95. (Fantasy anthology, first edition; proof copy received; it contains all-new stories by George Mackay Brown, Diane Duane, Barbara Hambly, Ursula Le Guin, Megan Lindholm, Patricia A. McKillip, Will Shetterly, Mary A. Turzillo and others.) January 1994.

Zindell, David. **The Broken God**. Bantam/Spectra, ISBN 0-553-56450-1, 694pp, paperback, \$5.99. (SF novel, first published in the UK, 1993; proof copy received; reviewed by Paul McAuley in *Interzone* 77.) January 1994.

Novelizations, Spinoffs, Sequels by Other Hands, Shared Worlds, Sharecrops

This is a list of all books received which fall into the above sub-types of sf, fantasy and horror (including non-fiction about shared worlds, etc).

[Andrews, Virginia.] **Darkest Hour**. Simon & Schuster, ISBN 0-671-71741-3, 405pp, hardcover, £13.99. (Romantic novel with

horror overtones, first published in the USA, 1993; fifth in the "Cutler family saga"; it's described on the cover as "The New Virginia Andrews™" and it states inside that "Virginia Andrews is a registered trademark of the Virginia C. Andrews Trust"; in other words, this is not a book by Virginia Andrews [who died in 1986] but one ghost-written to her patented formula; the real author is probably horror writer Andrew Neiderman.) *Late entry*: 30th September publication, received in October 1993.

Asimov, Isaac, and Robert Silverberg. **The Positronic Man**. Pan, ISBN 0-330-33058-6, 223pp, paperback, £4.99. (SF novel, first published in the UK, 1992; an expansion by Silverberg of Asimov's short story "The Bicentennial Man," 1976.) 5th November 1993.

Briggs, Stephen, assisted by Terry Pratchett. **The Streets of Ankh-Morpork: Being a concise and possibly even accurate Mapp of the Great City of the Discworld**. Corgi, ISBN 0-552-14161-5, unpaginated, £4.99. (Humorous fantasy map, a spinoff from Pratchett's "Discworld" novels; first edition.) 4th November 1993.

Foster, Alan Dean. **The Complete Alien Omnibus**. Warner, ISBN 0-7515-0667-2, 649pp, paperback, £8.99. (SF/film-novelization omnibus, first published in the USA, 1993; it contains the three novels *Alien* [1979], *Aliens* [1986] and *Alien 3* [1992], based on various screenplays by Dan O'Bannon, James Cameron and David Giler & Walter Hill.) 14th October 1993.

Howe, David J. **Timeframe: The Illustrated History**. "Doctor Who 30th Anniversary, 1963-1993." Virgin/Doctor Who, ISBN 1-85227-427-1, 122pp, hardcover, £15.99. (Illustrated history of the "Doctor Who" of television series and its spinoffs; first edition.) 23rd November 1993.

Marshak, Sondra, and Myrna Culbreath. **The Price of the Phoenix**. "Star Trek Adventures, 2." Titan, ISBN 1-85286-504-0, 182pp, paperback, £3.99. (SF television- and film-series spinoff novel, first published in the USA, 1977.) 18th November 1993.

Meddings, Derek. 21st Century Visions: **Thunderbirds**, **Fireball XL5**, **Supercar**, **Stingray**, **Captain Scarlet**, **Secret Service**, **Joe 90**, **UFO**. Dragon's World/Paper Tiger, ISBN 1-85028-243-9, 127pp, trade paperback, £12.95. (Special-effects man's illustrated account of his work on the Gerry Anderson juvenile sf TV series of the 1960s and 70s; first edition.) 11th November 1993.

Norton, Andre, with Patricia Matthews and Nason Miller. **On Wings of Magic**. Witch World: **The Turning**, **Book 3**. Tor, ISBN 0-312-85028-3, 409pp, hardcover, \$23.95. (Shared-world fantasy novel, first edition; proof copy received.) January 1994.

Pfarrer, Chuck, and John Arcudi. **The Thing from Another World and Climate of Fear**. Illustrated by John Higgins, Jim Somerville and others. Dark Horse Comics, ISBN 1-878574-85-X, unpaginated [circa 160pp], trade paperback, \$15.95. (SF-movie spinoff graphic novel, first edition; it consists of two stories based on John Carpenter's film *The Thing* [1982], which in turn was based on John W. Campbell's sf novella "Who Goes There?" [1938].) *Late entry*: 28th September publication, received in October 1993.

Rockwell, Scott. **Terry Pratchett's The Light Fantastic**. Illustrated by Steven Ross and Joe Bennett. Corgi, ISBN 0-552-14159-3, unpaginated, trade paperback, £7.99. (Fantasy graphic novel, an adaptation of Pratchett's 1986 "Discworld" novel *The Light Fantastic*; first edition in this format;

previously published as a four-part comic in the USA, 1992.) 4th November 1993.

Slout, William L. **The Trial of Dr. Jekyll: An Adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a Play in Two Acts**. "Clipper Studies in the Theatre, Number Seven." Emeritus [c/o Borgo Press, PO Box 2845, San Bernardino, CA 92406, USA], ISBN 0-8095-6253-7, 76pp, paperback, \$10. (Horror drama inspired by the Stevenson novella [1886]; first edition; there is a simultaneous hardcover edition [not seen].) *Late entry*: June publication, received in October 1993.

Wagner, Bruce. **Wild Palms**. Illustrated by Julian Allen. Arrow, ISBN 0-09-937741-1, unpaginated, trade paperback, £7.99. (Graphic novelization of the sf TV mini-series written by Wagner; first published in the USA, 1993; Bruce Wagner's non-sf Hollywood movie *Force Majeure* [praised by Carrie Fisher, William Gibson, Terry Southern and others] is also published as an Arrow paperback on the same date, priced at £4.99.) 4th November 1993.

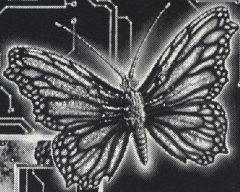
Weis, Margaret, and Tracy Hickman. **Dragonance Chronicles: Dragons of Autumn Twilight, Dragons of Winter Night, Dragons of Spring Dawning**. "Collector's Edition." Penguin, ISBN 0-14-011540-4, 403pp, trade paperback, £13. (Shared-world fantasy omnibus, derived from a role-playing game; first published in the USA, 1988; sixth Penguin printing; the individual novels date from 1984-85.) 4th November 1993.

Weis, Margaret, and Tracy Hickman. **Dragonance Legends: Time of the Twins, War of the Twins, Test of the Twins**. "Collector's Edition." Penguin, ISBN 0-14-012698-8, 909pp, trade paperback, £12.99. (Shared-world fantasy omnibus, derived from a role-playing game; first published in the USA, 1988; fifth Penguin printing; the three constituent novels were all first published in 1986.) 4th November 1993.

Weis, Margaret, and Tracy Hickman, eds. **Dragonance Tales: The Magic of Krynn, Kender, Gully Dwarves, and Gnomes, Love and War**. "Collector's Edition." Illustrated by Steve Fabian. Penguin, ISBN 0-14-015742-5, 698pp, trade paperback, £10.99. (Shared-world fantasy omnibus of anthologies, derived from a role-playing game; first published in the USA, 1991; third Penguin printing; these stories, by the editors plus other authors such as Nancy Varian Berberick, Mary Kirchoff, Richard A. Knaak, Barbara & Scott Siegel, Paul B. Thompson & Tonya R. Carter, and Michael Williams, originally appeared in three separate volumes, all published in 1987.) 4th November 1993.

This issue's "Small Ads" are on page 29.

The "Coming Next Issue" box is on page 4.




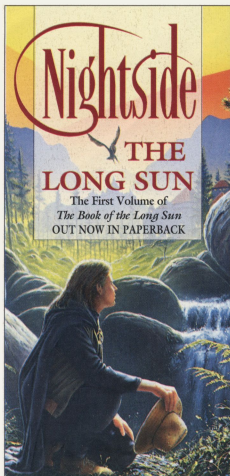
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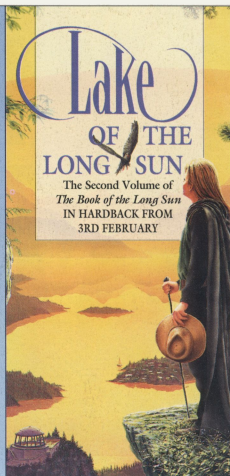
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