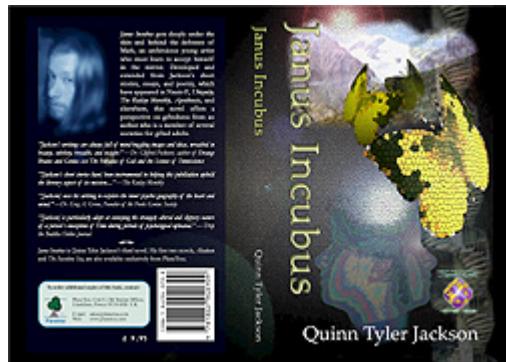


# Novels

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## *Janus Incubus - Coming in May 2002!*



### *From the Afterword by Dr. Gina LoSasso:*

In *Janus Incubus*, Quinn Tyler Jackson has penetrated the psyche and stripped away the defenses of the protagonist Mark, a severely gifted young man with a complex persona. Developed in large part from Jackson's short stories, essays, and poetry, which have appeared in publication in the ultra-high IQ community in journals such as *Ubiquity*, *Noesis-E*, and *Apotheosis*, this novel offers readers a unique cautionary perspective that can only be accurately portrayed by an insider: Jackson is himself a member of and regular contributor to societies for extremely gifted adults.

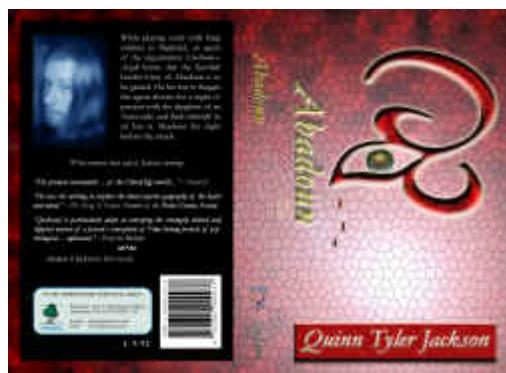
## *The Succubus Sea*



### *Review by D. Ames:*

*The Succubus Sea*—A Plutonian apparition that finds you in defenseless slumber and takes a piece of your manhood. Cyrus Drake is a nationally acclaimed painter who finds himself a middle-aged loner descending into depression and despondency and no longer able to paint. He travels from San Francisco to New York to attend his father's funeral, where he decides to stay and attempt to face life anew. He meets a young dancer, Salomeh, also a New York neophyte, and destiny meets them head on. Drake discovers a link to his buried past; his carefree childhood cut short by his mother's sudden death, and is pulled backward in time to a moment of betrayal which he must confront in order to find release from his guilt bearing demons. This book clearly reveals the author's poetic genius, and his insights into the depths of the human condition. The final scene is shocking: Drake grapples with fate and finds his life forever altered, as the fragments of his life align themselves in this epoch and he finds that the Succubus Sea has not only taken something from him, but left him with a roadmap to freedom.

## *Abadoun*



### *Review by Marc Ponomareff for Drop the Buddha:*

*Abadoun* is the first novel from Quinn Tyler Jackson, a Canadian author who has also published many poems and stories. The title of the novel refers to an Iranian town, situated near the border with Iraq, in which a large Kurdish population resides. During a period of protracted conflict with Iraq this town is aswarm with people attempting to conceal or deny their past, their intentions and motives, and their individual fears and unrealized dreams. The fleeting presence and activity of secret societies, assassins, dissidents and revolutionaries, coupled to the occasional, haphazard intrusion of Iraqi soldiers, lends the place an aura very much like that of one of Dante's rings of hell: trapped within a spiraling, apparently

unceasing cycle of fear, deprivation, always-imminent violence and the steady loss of family and loved ones, the Kurds seem like mere wisps and shadows of their formerly three-dimensional selves. As the novel begins, it is clear that *Abadoun* has become, in fact, a hellish place in which any attempt to live normally and without constraint will meet with failure.

With great precision and attention to detail, the author makes this complex area of the world come alive in the reader's imagination—but this is merely one amongst several strokes of authorial genius which fall between the covers of this fine book; there also occur intriguing and beautifully-rendered sidelong shifts and actual reversals of time, space, and perspective, many of which allow for different interpretations of the main characters' thoughts and deeds, and all of which defy easy description but are consummately achieved. The author is particularly adept at conveying the strangely altered and slippery nature of a person's conception of Time during periods of psychological and social upheaval.

The main narrator of the book—or the character through whose senses we most often perceive what is happening—is Majnoun, an Iranian who smuggles dissidents and revolutionaries out of the country. Educated in France, Majnoun is a true outsider in every sense, his personality a mixture of thoughtfulness and strong (if conflicted) moral impulses, a streak of brutality and unflinching realism, and a certain coldness, or hollowness, at the center of his being. He belongs to the order of *Azadi*, and has sworn an oath of allegiance to this secret society that is fully willing to use violence to achieve its aims.

Before he arrived in the town, Majnoun was informed by an Iraqi soldier who was unable to pay off a gambling debt of a plan to gas the town from the air, on a certain day at noon, just as the *muezzin* would be calling the people to their prayers. Further complicating matters is the fact that he has been ordered to arrange the jailbreak of an important political prisoner, and must leave the town on the very day that the gas attack will occur. It is Majnoun's moral and physical dilemma that creates much of the ensuing suspense: should he remain loyal to the order to which he has sworn his life, and spring a 'political' who may or may not alter the country's destiny, while allowing many hundreds of Kurds to perish - or does he accept his certain death as a traitor should he inform the town's *mullah*, or mayor, of the impending attack?

The tension created by this predicament, and the sense of growing danger which accumulates throughout the novel, would be enough to keep any reader enthralled; but the interweaving of various perspectives and the subtle disarrangements of time and locale raise the novel to another level altogether. We see certain events through the eyes of Leili, the Kurdish woman whom Majnoun loves in his own, peculiar and desperate way, and who is—without his knowing it—an assassin and commander within the very militia he is serving; through the eyes of a cat, as it sits observing and listening to some of the characters; those of young children and elderly men and women; the town's *mullah* and his corrupt underling, Rezai; and the kind and altogether delightful character of Ahmad Mehrdadi, father of Leili. This humorous fellow, who by his eccentric though charming reliance on always remaining 'practical', while retaining a complete and blissful unawareness of any future consequence that might result, reminds one in a pleasant and stimulating way of V. S. Naipaul's Mr. Biswas. And such a creation is exactly what is meant by many modern, professional critics when they clamor for more "living, breathing, and fully-realized" characters.

Added to this wealth of perspective is a frequently changing mode of authorial expression, with the story alternately being told by way of straight-forward narrative, the re-telling and re-working of several folk-tales, a brief (and wisely so) use of stream-of-consciousness, and the imbuing of inanimate objects or animals with a lively sensibility and the ability to perceive and understand what is going on around them. This mixture of shifting perspective and the unpredictable workings of Time, aligned with the characters' constantly-altering consciousness of themselves and the world around them, is exhilarating and makes for fascinating reading.

Without exaggeration, one is reminded by the main narrator's drifting about the streets of *Abadoun* of the wanderings of an altogether different kind of outsider, one named Bloom, amongst the far-off streets of Dublin. Yet Quinn Jackson has put his own, unique spin on the interlocking events of a single twenty-four hour period in a distant, now demolished, town in Iran.

I strongly recommend this powerful novel to anyone interested in fiction that is adventurous, exceptionally well-written, and entirely original.

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