



Editor's note from a previous article:

Neophytes to experimental fiction can cut their teeth on "Gaha: Babes of the Abyss" (2014, Whiskey Tit, New York) the latest "sci-noir" work of Jonathan Frankel, a local author and poet.

Set in a post-apocalyptic Los Angeles, 2540, the overlords of the underworld are the top dogs and the free enterprise is run amok. Everything's changed except, well: Money, sex, and the lust for power. Forget about law and order.

Forget about life being sacred, too. The novel is trafficked by a host of complex bizzaros, and armies of para-military monstrosities, some on horse back, armed with all the weapons of ultra-modern terrorists. Here and there are tender acts of humanity (usually on the part of a Martian), but all are tainted with some manner of gold-digging. Frankel is a skilled writer with a passion for satire and dark comedy and sound; he packs the book with plenty of surprises and succulent language to keep the pages turning.

"I'm not sloppy about anything," says Frankel. "Every syllable is a deliberate choice. And I mean 'syllable.' I needed to create another world, and used language to do it."

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