In part, the time ship's lavish scale is an artifact of the story's generic roots. As Bell and Molina-Gavilán explain in their introduction, Gaspar's novel was originally written as a *zarzuela*, a type of comic opera, with the main characters arranged into "paired voices" and a large supporting cast organized into male and female choruses (xxxi). On stage, therefore, the *anacronópete* was obliged to convey a company of about thirty actors/singers through a variety of melodramatic scenes. The subsequent novel retains this full cast of outlandish characters and is no less flamboyant in its settings and plot, right up to its farcically abrupt ending. Among other adventures, the voyagers pursue the secret of immortality in third-century China, advise Queen Isabella to finance Columbus in 1492, visit Pompeii on the day of the Vesuvius eruption, and witness the Israelites crossing the Red Sea.

Although the sorts of paradoxes common in twentieth-century time-travel fiction are only latent (these are largely an invention of the 1930s), Gaspar does indulge in some play with temporal reversal and its effects, attended by a characteristically wry wit concerning both politics and literary convention. For instance, a side plot has a dozen aging French prostitutes travelling aboard the time ship at the request of the French government; they are to have their youth restored by the "unwrap[ping]" effect of the backward journey (19). The dubious rationale for this sociological experiment is that "finding themselves again in possession of their charms, they will take the path of moderation and abandon that of vice," enabling France to "sanitize the family in order to save our homeland" (47). In such moments, mockery of technology and progress corresponds with what the translators call Gaspar's "ironic view of any patriotic illusions of grandeur" (xxxvi). Skepticism about science, politics, and literary genre merge in the author's voice to produce a deft outsider ethos that often sounds more like Čapek or Lem than like Flammarion, Verne, or Wells. Here is Gaspar's description of a banquet in Paris celebrating the time ship's launch: "With the hosts, guests, and parasites (plants that spring up in every dining room) seated and all bodies duly rested, the jaws were free to begin their work. During the appetizers, all torsos formed a right angle with the table. As the digestive systems got loaded down with ballast, that angle became acute" (44).

This amalgam of amiable satires—of modern civil customs, of French and Spanish culture, of scientific progressivism, and of literary style—suffuses Gaspar's prose throughout. It is both a pleasure in itself and of historical interest for science-fiction studies; arguably, such hybrid satirical style is just as important in the sociopolitical and literary-cultural lineage of later time-travel narratives as any machine that Gaspar invents.—**David Wittenberg, University of Iowa**

Indigenous Futurism. Grace Dillon, ed. *Walking the Clouds: An Anthology of Indigenous Science Fiction*. Tucson: U of Arizona P, 2012. 272 pp. $24.95 hc.

This new anthology is noteworthy for a number of reasons, not the least of which is its scholarly apparatus. Not only does *Walking the Clouds* introduce readers to some fascinating texts in what could be a rising subgenre, much like the "postcolonial science fiction" to which it is related, but also Grace Dillon's

conception of "indigenous futurism" challenges notions of the genre itself. Dillon proposes this term to identify Native American and other indigenous writing related to science fiction, even identified as science fiction by its authors, but which at times faces confused reactions from a "mainstream sf" audience. For indigenous futurism often pushes the generic envelope into all kinds of new and unexpected shapes.

Walking the Clouds is the first sf anthology by mostly North American indigenous authors, though it also includes some work by Aboriginal Australian and New Zealand Maori writers; it is also the first work of/on science fiction published by the University of Arizona Press. It includes some names better known in the literary mainstream, such as Sherman Alexie and Leslie Marmon Silko, as well as some genre-identified authors (e.g., Andrea Hairston, Nalo Hopkinson, and Stephen Graham Jones), as well as completely idiosyncratic writers such as Gerald Vizenor. In addition to her general introduction to the volume, and her one- to two-page introductions for each of the nineteen texts (short stories, excerpts from novels, and an epic poem), Dillon further situates the contents within the context of each author's oeuvre. The contributors' biographies provide encyclopedic overviews of writers who will be unknown to the many readers this anthology seeks to reach, within both sf circles and the field of Native American/Indigenous Studies.

The book's introduction, "Imagining Indigenous Futurisms," provides compelling answers to the questions: "Why Indigenous science fiction?" and "Why now?" Although writers such as Alexie and Vizenor have been experimenting with genre for some time, only now has a critical mass of sf, fantasy, and horror by Native writers accumulated. And, as with the snowballing body of "postcolonial" sf, Native peoples are appropriating tools usually associated with white conquest to write back to the empire, imagining alternate histories and vivid—at times bleak and cautionary, at others wildly utopian—futures for themselves and their communities. Dillon organizes the anthology into five loose categories: "Native Slipstream," "Contact," "Indigenous Science and Sustainability," "Native Apocalypse," and "Biskaabiiyang, 'Returning to Ourselves.'"

Because of the experimental and oppositional nature of a good bit of the writing that qualifies as indigenous futurism, slipstream provides a home for idiosyncratic works that flirt with genre tropes, such as Alexie's *Flight* (2007) or Jones's *The Fast Red Road* (2000), excerpted here. Vizenor's "Custer on the Slipstream" (1978) riffs precisely on a concept that defines his writing style but that was not coined by Bruce Sterling until ten years later. That "Contact"—a narrative at the heart of sf from its inception—represents a major theme for indigenous writers to appropriate and reimagine is certainly a no-brainer, but the inventive ways that Celu Amberstone, Gerry William, and Simon Ortiz revise the contact narrative are anything but uncerebral. Of special interest to Dillon because of her own theoretical interventions geared toward widening the definitions of "science" in science fiction to be more inclusive of non-Western technologies and indigenous ways of knowing, "Indigenous Science and

Sustainability" excerpts Hopkinson, Hairston, Archie Weller, and Vizenor's *Bearheart* (1978; rev. 1990).

Visualizing "Native Apocalypses" provides a powerful means of facing a genocidal past and envisioning an alternate future, as seen in contributions by Alexie, William Sanders, Zainab Amadahy, and Misha. Dillon concludes on the Anishinaabemowin concept of "Biskaabiiyang," a "return to ourselves" paradoxically allowed by the estrangement effect of sf, not only for indigenous peoples, but also for descendants of colonizers. While the stories in this section may be dystopian (e.g., Eden Robinson's "Terminal Avenue") or utopian (e.g., Maori writer Robert Sullivan's "Star Waka"), they all, like the anthology itself, "encourage[e] native writers to write about Native conditions in Native-centered worlds liberated by the imagination" (11).

But *Walking the Clouds* is not just a book by Natives for Natives; while Dillon may be seen as an activist promoting Indigenous sf, she also seeks to share it. Precisely because this anthology "confronts the structures of racism and colonialism *and* sf's own complicity in them" (10-11; emphasis in original), this is a book that *all* of the sf community should read. Conversely, *Walking the Clouds* can also teach those in Native literatures about the potential of science fiction; the book's approach—including excerpts as well as self-contained stories, along with a scholarly, but not inaccessibly jargon-filled, apparatus—makes it a perfect course text. While not all readers will find this challenging writing a walk in the clouds, it is nonetheless a necessary walk for us to take.**—Amy Ransom, Central Michigan University**

Superseding Cyberpunk. Graham J. Murphy and Sherryl Vint, eds. *Beyond Cyberpunk: New Critical Perspectives*. New York: Routledge, 2010. xviii + 263 pp. $125 hc; $39.95 pbk.

What was cyberpunk? We seem to have a reached a critical moment where it can be safely declared that cyberpunk is a thing of the past, a historical subgenre (aesthetic? form? movement?) and not a living one. Of course, many of its writers are still alive and writing, and its specific tricks and tropes live on in various successors such as steampunk, atompunk, dieselpunk, biopunk, and (most vexingly) something called "postcyberpunk"—but nonetheless it seems as though some imperceptible threshold has been finally crossed, some bit flipped from 1 to 0. In "The Gernsback Continuum" (1981), William Gibson famously wrote of the glittering unrealized techno-utopia that haunted his dingier, dustier present. That future—spaceships, hovercars, robot butlers, food pills—never happened (alas). But in 2007 interviews promoting his novel *Spook Country,* he frequently noted that the opposite had happened to cyberpunk: it was superseded by events. Somehow, instead of preempting the cyberpunk future, we had overtaken it, raced right past it; Gibson said he had given up trying to predict the future at all and was instead resigning himself to trying to predict "the year before last." In a Facebook, drone-war world in which everyday life has been so utterly transformed, networked, and virtualized by information technology, that loose collection of texts once called "cyberpunk" seems at once totally