

open a sorcerous gateway into Kyrik's world. Through repeated treachery, Kyrik and his companions become the expendable pawns in an awesome battle between the minions of two demon Lords.

Fox has the formula down fairly well. The action is swift-moving if often as stilted as the dialogue, and the demonic types are as appropriately nasty as they are inappropriately foolish. If the reader shares my weakness for even barely competent s&s and demands the minimum in originality, *Kyrik Fights the Demon World* isn't an improbable way of whiling away an hour or two.

While some books are at least marginally readable, others can only be judged as nauseous . . .

TIME SLAVE, by John Norman. DAW UW1294, 1975. 386 pp. \$1.50

This is less a review than a well-intentioned warning. Norman's peculiar notions about male/female relationships expressed in his Gor books become an obsession in *Time Slave*.

The beautiful Dr. Brenda Hamilton, mathematician and liberated woman, is strangled and sent back in time to the Stone Age. Somehow, she is expected to rectify man's genetic heritage to insure the survival of real men down to our modern age. After her capture by the majestic hunter named Tree, she is repeatedly raped, whipped, and made a slave of the tribe. The novel then turns into an endlessly repetitive, and endlessly boring, paeon to the joys of female subjugation and male supremacy.

How she, his helpless slave, loved him! How delicious it was to belong, to literally belong, will-lessly, helplessly, to a strong man, to such a magnificent brute, to a true master of women, whose needs and pleasures, and smallest whims, she must gratify and serve with the full perfection of the slave girl, his to command as he pleases. She opened her eyes happily. Brenda Hamilton, the slave girl, was happy. (p. 264)

The Stone Age adventure framework of the novel smothers under this kind of sado-masochistic treacle. But perhaps the author's greatest mistake—among so many—is his ludicrous attempt to write from the female viewpoint. The greatest and only accomplishment of the author in *Time Slave* is its publication.

After *Time Slave* it's doubly refreshing to turn to books with something to offer.

IN THE GREEN STAR'S GLOW, by Lin Carter. DAW UY1216, 1976. 192 pp. \$1.25

MERLIN'S MIRROR, by Andre Norton. DAW UY1175, 1975. 205 pp. \$1.25

WANDOR'S JOURNEY, by Roland Green. Avon 24372, 1975. 188 pp. 95¢

TIGERS OF THE SEA, by Robert E. Howard. Zebra 119, 1975. 188 pp. \$1.50

WORMS OF THE EARTH, by Robert E. Howard. Zebra 126, 1975. 188 pp. \$1.50

Fifth and presumably the last book in Carter's Green Star series, *In the Green Star's Glow* has the distinct advantage of pulling together the loose threads which were unraveled in the previous novels. Karn the Hunter, still in pursuit of Princess Niamh the Fair, is captured by a band of man-hating girls and recaptured by a horde of huge intelligent ants. Finally, he appears with his reunited companions in time to save the city Phaolon and claim the hand of its princess.

All of this unflagging action is 100% Burroughsian. Perhaps the most damning comment is that Carter is all-too-true to the Burroughs model. In his inexhaustible enthusiasm he manages to imitate most of the shallow characterization and other faults of his idol—a rather unfortunate circumstance considering Carter's potential. But Burroughs fans, at least, should find *In the Green Star's Glow* and its predecessors to their liking.

Merlin's Mirror is a new science fantasy from one of the field's most prolific and widely read authors. Norton turns to Arthurian romance as the setting for a cosmic battle between two interstellar powers to decide the future of Earth. Merlin, the result of artificial insemination of an Earth woman by alien seed, is educated by a marvelous hidden computer installation. His goal is to unify men in peace under a strong ruler to pave the way for the return of the Sky Lords from the stars. But the powers of darkness also have an agent—the

beautiful Nimue, Lady of the Lake—determined to thwart Merlin's every move.

If the concept of *Merlin's Mirror* is a bit of a departure, be assured that the novel itself is a fascinating and believable yarn. Definitely recommended.

With the proliferation of sword & sorcery novels in the vein of Robert E. Howard, the imitations increasingly suffer by comparison. One more pallid Conan doppelganger is usually the best that can be expected. The exception provides all the more joy for its rarity. *Wandor's Journey*, and the previous *Wandor's Ride*, have all of the sweep and grandeur, dark sorceries, mighty battles and high destinies, that have given the best of s&s its rabid following.

Bertan Wandor has temporarily defeated the designs of Duke Cragor in the Viceroyalty of the East. But the Black Duke still threatens the Kingdom of Benzos and plans his next blow directly against King Nond. He even dares to awaken the fearsome magical powers of the long-dead thaumaturge Nem of Toshak.

Wandor and his warrior wife Gwynna face their greatest challenge as he penetrates the sorcerous Blue Forest in search of the legendary Helm of Jagnar and Cheloth of the Woods, the sleeping master of magic who once commanded the powers to stand against Nem of Toshak. Yet, Wandor realizes that all his quests and great deeds are but steps in the testing set him—the testing which may one day earn him the ancient Five Crowns of the High Throne of the Hills.

Wandor's Journey is top-notch sword and sorcery entertainment. Don't miss it.

If the publication of the Dream Lords series shows dubious taste, Zebra Books should at least have our gratitude for their continuing series of paperback collections by Robert E. Howard of which *Tigers of the Sea* and *Worms of the Earth* are among the latest. These and the six previous Zebra collections by Howard are reprints of much more expensive limited editions from such small publishers as Donald Grant and FAX. Zebra deserves kudos for making these attractive illustrated books available in paperback to a wider audience.

Four stories of Cormac Mac Art, "The Wolf," Gaelic reaver and pirate who ranged the seas in the days of King Arthur, have survived to be included in *Tigers of the Sea*. "The Night of the Wolf," "Swords of the Northern Sea," and "Tigers of the Sea" are standard heroic adventure fare, but "The Temple of Abomination" brings in a flavor of the supernatural and the survivors of a pre-human race.

Worms of the Earth brings together five tales, a poem and a fragment about Howard's darkly brooding Pictish King of Caledonia, Bran Mak Morn, as he leads his dwindling race against the legions of Rome. Highlighting the collection is "Kings of the Night" in which King Kull of Valusia travels forward in time to fight at Brak's side. A brief foreword by Howard himself, conveys some of the author's enthusiasm for his Pictish yarns to the reader. Other complete pieces include "The Lost Race," "Men of the Shadows," "A Song of the Race" (poem), "Worms of the Earth" and "The Dark Man."

Most concede that Robert E. Howard, in his Conan and Kull stories, virtually created the sword and sorcery sub-genre. Whatever Howard's faults as a writer—and he had as many of them as most pulp writers—he brought to his stories a power and verve that has rarely been equaled. *Tigers of the Sea* and *Worms of the Earth* are well worth your time. And for a sword and sorcery fan, they're required reading.

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some censored passages; not abbreviations.

He has further contributed a 22-page introduction about Meyrink and Busson. Not only is this useful on the two individual authors; for the U.S. reader, Bleiler's most significant historic point is that fantasy was an essential, taken-for-granted element of the contemporary German-language literary scene at the time these books were first published: 1913-14. *Golem*, as a serial: 1921 for Busson's historical fantasy. (*Golem's* 1915 bestsellerdom as a book presumably made it a key source—unacknowledged?—for the well known 1920 German silent film.) Bleiler's introduction is especially useful and recommended for those who enjoy Kafka and even teach him in classrooms; but tend to read him outside this contemporary middle-European context of important literary fantasy. Congratulations, Dover.

—Mark Purcell