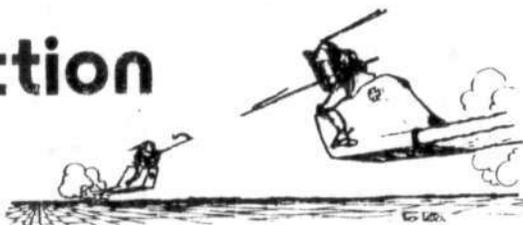


Birmingham Science Fiction Group

(Honorary Presidents: Brian W. Aldiss and Harry Harrison)



NEWSLETTER 124

DECEMBER 1981

The Birmingham Science Fiction Group has its formal meeting on the third Friday of each month in the upstairs room of THE IVY BUSH pub on the corner of Hagley Road and Monument Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 16. There is also an informal meeting on the first Tuesday of each month at THE OLD ROYAL pub, on the corner of Church Street and Cornwall Street, Birmingham 3. (Church Street is off Colmore Row.) New members are always welcome. Our treasurer is Margaret Thorpe, 36 Twyford Road, Ward End, Birmingham 8. The 12-month subscription is £3.50.

DECEMBER MEETING - Friday 18th December 1981 at 7.45 pm

It's CHRISTMAS PARTY time. If you've already bought a ticket you're in for a great evening of food and entertainment at The Ivy Bush. If you haven't already bought one you're too late, because final numbers need to be advised to The Ivy Bush at the same time as this newsletter is going out.

NOVEMBER MEETING

Richard Evans, the SF editor of Arrow Books, gave us an insight into the difficult job of creating and maintaining a line of SF books which will appeal to all types of readers. If any of you want copies of the entry form and rules for the Arrow/BBC £5000 First Novel competition, please ask your newsletter editor.

FORTHCOMING

- * January 1982 - Annual General Meeting, including election of committee members (see page 4 for details of the jobs). Also, there'll be an AUCTION of SF paperbacks, hardcovers, magazines, etc, conducted by Rog Peyton. NOW is the time to look through your collection for material to donate.
- * February 1982 - Brian Aldiss will be coming to talk to us.
- * Spring 1982 - Marion Zimmer Bradley has promised to visit us when she's in Britain, in March or April.

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A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS

CYMRUCON

a convention report by Pauline E.Morgan

As soon as I arrived somebody tried to undress me. This time it wasn't Rog Peyton but Ian and Judy Watson's daughter, Jessica, who, cheerfully and with great impartiality, bestowed her nuisance value upon all con attendees who came within range. And, speaking of nuisances, whereas Skycron in 1978 had its hotel buzzed by low flying Concordes at intervals, the Central Hotel in Cardiff had hot and cold running trains, every hour, just when you thought you were asleep.

There were more than 250 people registered, and more than thirty were turned away daily, but most attendees walked into the Film Room and were never seen again. The 35-hour continuous film programme meant that there was plenty of open space in the bar and, most notably, in the Main Programme Room. Perhaps the committee were also watching the films, for there was little evidence of them when speakers needed to be introduced, except for Tony Donovan (the strong, silent chairman of various panels) and Naveed Khan (who was conducting his own private war with the slide projector and cassette player during the Dave Langford extravaganza "Sex Pirates of the Blood Asteroid"). Lionel Fanthorpe, however, was magnificent, and anybody who said otherwise or complained was invited to participate in his martial arts display.

The guest speakers, Ian Watson, Brian Stableford and Chris Morgan all entertained their audiences most wonderfully (so I'm told; I was down in the hotel's dungeons looking after Rog Peyton's book table at the time), and, with Lionel, each led one of the five Writers' Workshop sessions. These were attended by hordes of incipient writers who intend to overrun Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine and loosen the American stranglehold on the SF short story market.

It's worthy of note that Cymrucon was the launching pad of Pictures at an Exhibition, an anthology of original stories edited by Ian Watson and published by Lionel Fanthorpe. [See the review of it, elsewhere in this newsletter.] With the exception of Michael Bishop all the contributors, including artist Pete Lyon, were at Cymrucon to sign copies, and they did, copiously.

If Cymrucon is repeated next year---as Lionel Fanthorpe fully expects it to be---Chris and I intend to be there. And I'm sure Alan Cash will be there again, too; after all, he was voted the ~~Handsome~~ best male costume in the fancy dress competition. The whole thing was a blend of fannishness and originality. It could have been improved, but it was a lot of fun.

oo

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK

Steve Green reviews both the film (directed by John Carpenter) and the book (by Mike McQuay, Corgi £1.25, 181 pages)

In retrospect, the majority of Carpenter's movies follow an almost geometric progression to which this latest foray into SF (along with his forthcoming remake of The Thing) forms a logical continuation. The theme of confinement dominates; the claustrophobic living conditions of the Dark Star, the besieged police station in Assault On Precinct 13, the terrorised community of Antonio Bay in The Fog---and now Escape From New York's 1997 Manhattan, a city prison bounded by fifty-foot-high walls and populated by three million killers, crazies and other assorted undesirables. A little like Chelmsley Wood on a Saturday night. Into this concrete hell Carpenter catapults the president of the United States, courtesy of a monosyllabic Air Force One stewardess who suddenly reveals herself to be an equally monosyllabic skyjacker. By the time prison commissioner Bob Hauk (Lee Van Cleef in the standard on-the-level-plays-it-straight-son-of-a-bitch role) arrives with his psychopathic guard elite, the country's chief executive is already in the hands of the inmates. Enter war-hero-turned-bankrobber Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell as Clint Eastwood with an eye patch), sent on a suicide mission into the city to rescue the president---or more specifically, the cassette in his possession---within 24

hours or face the end of civilisation as they know it (which isn't saying much). It's an intriguing implausibility, and one that Carpenter almost completely blows. Characterisation and---more disastrously---the very motivations of his major protagonists have been sacrificed for pace, reducing Plissken, Hawk and their adversaries to mere ciphers whose *raison d'etre* can only be grasped through the glimpses of the original script in McQuay's run-of-the-mill adaption.

THE B.S.F.G. COMMITTEE

Are you interested in helping to run the Brum Group during 1982? If so, have a look at these job specifications, and if you're still interested please come forward and tell any current committee member, or persuade somebody to nominate you at (or before) the AGM next month.

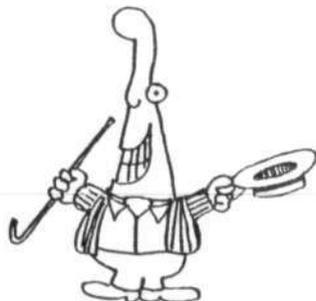
CHAIRMAN: Must introduce and try to keep order at all BSGF meetings and committee meetings. Should preferably be a good public speaker with a forceful personality. Is usually responsible for contacting prospective speakers and arranging the future programme. Must have previously served on the committee in another position. The retiring Chairman is Rog Peyton.

SECRETARY: Needs to attend monthly committee meetings, take notes, and produce several copies of the minutes, typed. Also required to do other occasional bits of typing on behalf of the BSGF. Ability to type and access to typewriter essential. May be male or female, of course, as with any of these committee posts. Arline Peyton resigned as Secretary several months ago and the post is currently vacant.

TREASURER: Must be honest and reliable, keeping track of all the group's receipts and payments. Needs to get to every BSGF meeting early in order to take money at the door. Must also attend each committee meeting to report on the state of the finances. Has to produce year-end accounts. Ability to add figures a distinct asset. The current Treasurer, Margaret Thorpe, is willing to stand for the post again.

NEWSLETTER EDITOR: Has to attend committee meetings, gather news, beg articles and illos; obtain review copies from publishers and distribute them to reviewers; compose most of the newsletter, type and paste up all of it; get the whole thing photocopied, collated and mailed off. That has to be done every month, to a deadline. As currently organised it represents about 2 or 3 days' work a month. Ability to type and access to a decent typewriter are essential. If you know something about spelling and punctuation---or even book reviewing---it helps. The retiring Newsletter Editor is Chris Morgan.

PUBLICITY OFFICER: Needs to maintain a steady trickle of new members month by month and a large influx of visitors for special occasions. Ought to get the BSGF mentioned in local newspapers or on local radio several times a year. Ought to organise a BSGF float in the Lord Mayor's procession each year. Dynamism an advantage. The retiring Publicity Officer is Dave Hardy.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE SILVER ARM by Jim Fitzpatrick, Paper Tiger £5.25, 112 pages

Reviewed by John Farr.

Despite the considerable disadvantage of an introduction from the illiterate Pat Vincent, this is a strong contender for the best illustrated book of the year in the fantasy and science fiction field. Like its predecessor from 1978, The Book of Conquests, it is a vivid and bloody chapter of Irish mythology, beautifully told and illustrated by Jim Fitzpatrick. The events covered include Nuada's gaining of a silver arm to replace that lost at the first battle of Moy Tura, the appearance of Lugh and the worsening of relations between the Tuatha Dé Danann (a supposedly divine race which inhabited Ireland before the Celts) and the hosts of Fomor, culminating in the second battle of Moy Tura. Fitzpatrick's artwork has been considerably improved over the last three years. His use of traditional Irish designs on the borders and endpapers has been refined, and his figurework has lost its comic-book starkness, gaining in grace and detail. Roger Dean's influence is noticeable in the style, but this is no bad thing, and the overall effect is stunning.

THE ORPHAN by Robert Stallman, Granada £1.50, 251 pages

Reviewed by Chris Morgan.

Try not to think of this as a werewolf novel. All right, it is one, but it's much more than that, whereas its crude and tasteless cover illustration condemns it as just another third-rate horror story. Robert Stallman (now dead, alas) was an extremely powerful descriptive writer. This, his first novel, is set in the American mid-west almost fifty years ago. The "werewolf" is actually more like a giant bear---a strange animal, possibly of extraterrestrial origin. It is intelligent and possesses enormous physical strength but is ignorant. In order to learn it transforms itself into a small human child, ignoring the law of conservation of mass. But the monster and the child have different personalities, different viewpoints. The result, despite having no real beginning or ending, is as good as Ray Bradbury at his best. If you enjoy fantasy, try it.

DRAGONDRUMS by Anne McCaffrey, Corgi £1.25, 223 pages

Reviewed by Pauline E.Morgan.

At long last, here is the UK paperback edition. This is the third juvenile novel set on Pern, where fire-breathing dragons combat the relentless fall of Thread from the skies. Dragondrums chronicles the adventures of Piemur, who, after his voice breaks, is set to learn to read and send drum messages. Piemur seems to attract trouble and finds himself accidentally transported to the Southern Continent, where he has to depend on his own resources. The setting and characters overlap largely with Dragonsong and Dragonsinger, Anne McCaffrey's other two juvenile Dragon books, and to some extent with The White Dragon. A pleasure to read.

THE WEB BETWEEN THE WORLDS by Charles Sheffield, Arrow £1.60, 274 pages

Reviewed by John Farr.

Charles Sheffield will never be a good writer, but he is capable of putting across highly technological fiction quite entertainingly. Coincidentally, he and Arthur C. Clarke both produced novels about the building of a space elevator (a bridge-like structure linking the Earth's surface with a satellite in geostationary orbit) simultaneously. Clarke's was The Fountains of Paradise; Sheffield's is The Web Between the Worlds. What both discovered is that building a space elevator is an intrinsically boring subject, so that any plot excitement has to come from other sources. Sheffield's story is, despite some slow passages, an exciting one with a grand finale.

BRAVE OLD WORLD (Cette Chère Humanité) by Philippe Curval, Allison & Busby £6.95, 262 pages Reviewed by John Brunner.

Curval presents us with a vision of a future Common Market (known as Marcom) sealed behind its frontiers, defended with nerve-weapons, and dedicated to nostalgia and the extension of private time by means of slow-time cabinets. Government has become anonymous and subtle, and dissidents are either tolerated in areas abandoned for other purposes, or condemned to zones where survival of the fittest is the only law. His protagonist, the first intruder for twenty years, crosses this weird continent-wide blend of utopia and sheer hell in search of his unknown son. I wish I could recommend the novel unqualifiedly. But it seems to be a characteristic of many European SF writers that they fear to lose the reader's attention if they don't pile marvel upon marvel right up to the final page. Into this mix he stirs people who can actualise the dreams of others, imitation humans evolved from minute insects, telepathic powers, an intersexual person like the fusion at the end of Moorcock's The Final Programme... Rather too much of many good things, I feel. But by all means buy the paperback. Some of the scenes are memorable, and the translation is quite good, although on p.30 two chapters are run together without a break, most confusingly.

THE ENTROPY TANGO by Michael Moorcock, NEL £5.95, 152 pages Reviewed by Bob Vernon.

The anarchic revolutionaries are fading to grey, the temporal programmes are disintegrating into chaos, Jerry Cornelius has lost his verve and direction, and Una---poor Una---is looking for love in a chilly chilling world of sorrowing gallant Pierrots. The Law of Entropy has not been repealed and slow goes the mega-flow. If you have lived with Cornelius so far you will appreciate this little offering of prose, lyrics/poetry and flat images loosely gathered round Una's (last?) quest. Many of us consider this consistent, cynical and decrepit world to be Moorcock's finest achievement, but if you don't know it, don't start here. This is essentially a postlude in a minor key, precisely evoking many former themes, subtly revoking many previous achievements, sadly invoking many troubled ghosts from the Cornelius: past/present/future, so you need to go to previous volumes to fully appreciate this addition to a witty, frightening, original and literate genre.

SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL 39: LEVIATHAN'S DEEP by Jayge Carr (213pp), HOW THE GODS WOVE IN KYRANNON by Ardath Mayhar (181pp) and THE RAVENS OF THE MOON by Charles L. Grant (184pp), Sidgwick & Jackson £8.95

Reviewed by Malcolm & Margaret Thorpe.
This is excellent value for money, with three novels of a consistently high standard and very varied in content. Only the presentation is poor, with no cover blurb to assist in deciding whether the contents would suit you, and with a drab cover which fails to catch the eye.

Leviathan's Deep is a remarkable first novel. It is a story of opposing cultures which can communicate but never understand what the other is saying. The Delyne are an old and graceful matriarchal society, unable to understand the humans (who lack all the feminine virtues of loyalty, bravery and honour). The Kimassue Lady is the only one who, having experienced the inhumanity of the humans' exploitation, can fully appreciate their danger to her planet. Brilliantly written and highly readable.

How the Gods Wove in Kyrannon is a beautiful novel, sensitively written. It tells of how the gods use the Sensitives living in harmony with the land, to defeat a despotic ruler. The narrator changes with each chapter to show the way of life of each of the protagonists, giving marvellous cameos of creatures living at one with their environment, united against a common enemy.

Only the trendy corruption of words, like asher for undertaker, and a future setting where life is split between affluent cities and lawless countryside, makes The Ravens of the Moon a science fiction book. The storyline is a simple one where an unlikely hero defeats an attempted coup, marred by an awkward narrative style by which each paragraph has a different viewpoint. Perseverance, though, yields a rewarding read.

Reviewed by Chris Morgan.

Here is the present-day town of Shepperton, Surrey, cut off from the rest of the world by tropical vegetation, with a banyan tree blocking the high street, with most of the population becoming tropical birds, or fish, or deer, and presided over by a dead man who wants to mate with everybody and scatters his semen widely to demonstrate his earnestness. Ballard has produced a strange, visionary fantasy novel about the strength of imagination, writing in his marvellously clinical descriptive style. The protagonist, a young man named Blake, has stolen a light aircraft from London Airport, and crashes it into the river at Shepperton. He drowns. When his body is brought onto the bank he miraculously revives, and the strange events begin. It sounds crazy, but Ballard actually lives in Shepperton; perhaps he knows something we don't.

VANEGLORY by George Turner, Faber £6.95, 320 pages

Reviewed by Bob Vernon.

Imagine Stevenson's Kidnapped rewritten by Deighton and Blish and set in the 21st century. Dilute the plot and the moral complexity and behold--Vaneglory. This sequel to Beloved Son involves the precipitous collapse of industrialised society and the emergence of a new order supposedly committed to Peace, Law and the Ethic. Into this world of ruthless peace-makers and ethical enforcers comes knowledge of the Children of Time, a rare and subtle human mutation whose very existence threatens sanity and order, and whose discovery triggers a complex and bloody power play amongst the new masters. Add a romantic mystery with a Scots accent and a down-beat denouement and you have a competent, if dispassionate, novel that funks or flunks most of the ethical questions it raises. There will obviously be a third volume in this series. I might read it; on the other hand...

THE ISLAND OF DOCTOR DEATH AND OTHER STORIES AND OTHER STORIES by Gene Wolfe, Arrow £1.95, 410 pages

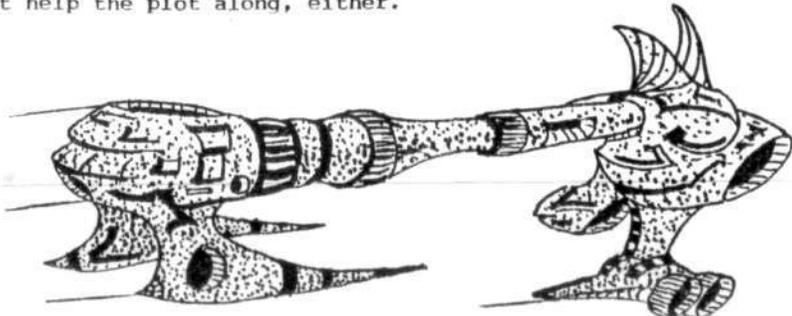
Reviewed by Chris Morgan.

Following the unquestionable brilliance of Wolfe's The Shadow of the Torturer and its sequels, it would be easy to accept him as a Writer Who Can Do No Wrong, and to lavishly praise all his work. Unfortunately, this collection is, annoyingly, only half good. It contains enough good quality stories---a few very good indeed---to fill a normal length book. At the risk of appearing too conformist, I must single out the title story as the best item, though its titular companion pieces ("The Death of Dr Island" and the Doctor of Death Island") and "Tracking Song" (illustrated on the cover by Bruce Pennington) run it close. But interspersed with these are anecdotes, incomplete and faulted stories. Some, like "The Hero As Werewolf", have marvelous openings but poor, tacked-on endings. Others, like "Feather Tigers", seem pointless. On the whole it's worth buying.

REVOLT OF THE MICRONAUTS by Gordon Williams, NEL £1.50, 192 pages

Reviewed by Vernon Brown.

Basically, the mixture as before. Miniaturised people, living in an abandoned country house while the society outside is breaking down, have their own political problems. A breakaway group, hunted by the totalitarian main colony, finds further troubles in the shape of a full-sized human who has blundered into the grounds. The impossibility of the basic premise doesn't help the plot along, either.



PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION edited by Ian Watson, with illustrations by Pete Lyon, Greystoke Mobraey £1.25, 166 pages Reviewed by Anne Gay.

Ars longa, vita brevis. (No, it's not rude.) As someone said in Latin, art is eternal, life is short. That theme is illustrated on many levels in this anthology of eight brand new stories. Each story is unique, based on a picture by Dali, Dürer or Frank Frazetta amongst others. Yet this anthology is different: the stories are set in a link devised by Ian Watson and Roger Campbell. The link itself is beautiful, intriguing; the stories range from science fiction to fantasy, from surrealist to down-right funny. All are clever; some are brilliant. Authors include Brian Stableford, Michael Bishop, the Fanthorpes, Dave Langford and Chris Morgan the Famous, whose contribution combines intelligence with humour most palatably (I'll have that fiver now...) If you like sensuality or philosophy, rush out and buy this (nudge nudge). If you read SF for enjoyment, rush out and buy it anyway. A book to read and savour with great pleasure.

THE FIFTH SALLY by Daniel Keyes, Robert Hale £6.75, 278 pages Reviewed by Anne Gay.

Not so much a whodunnit as a whosisit. Sally, a drab, unintelligent divorcee, is frightened. Whose are the blowzy clothes in her wardrobe? Why do women's lib books keep appearing in her locked apartment? What happens when she blacks out and wakes hours or days later in alarming situations? A psychiatrist discovers her multiples---the very real schizophrenic characters who share her body. Nola the artist, Perry the happy heart of Cinderella, Bella the sex-bomb, Jinx the vicious psychopath, don't want to die. Their struggles with ane against Sally are fascinating. Multiplicity is on the increase---a frightening statistical fact. This is an enthralling fictional account by a psychologist. Apart from a couple of pages, this is not SF, but it is still a book to make time for. It is a believable psychodrama with disturbing implications. Only Sybil is more horrifying---because that was true.

ISAAC ASIMOV'S MARVELS OF SCIENCE FICTION edited by George Scithers, Hale £6.95, 287 pages Reviewed by Pauline E. Morgan.

This contains the best from Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine during 1978-9, and is well worth dipping into. A number of the pieces are the first story sales for their authors; all stories are accompanied by the artwork that originally appeared with them. All tend to be upbeat stories although there's a considerable variety of settings and styles. Several have the protagonist surmounting great odds; prejudice in "In the Country of the Blind, No One Can See" by Melisa Michaels, loneliness in "Against a Crooked Stile" by Nancy Kress, poverty and tryanny in "A Bait of Dreams" by Jo Clayton. The final story, "The Napoli Express" by Randall Garrett, owes a lot to Agatha Christie and features Lord Darcy. And for the budding author Asimov's editorial offers "Hints"---if you can't write you can always be a brain surgeon.

ALL THE SOUNDS OF FEAR, THE TIME OF THE EYE both by Harlan Ellison, Granada £1.25 each, 158 pages and 156 pages Reviewed by John Farr.

Harlan Ellison writes good, highly emotive short stories. These are two reprinted collections of his earlier pieces, from the 1950s and 1960s. Some are SF, some fantasy, most are horrific to some degree, but they're all well written---gripping, even. Included are a couple of Hugo winners, "I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream" and "'Repent, Harlequin!' Said the Ticktock Man" (both in All the Sounds of Fear). If you haven't read these collections, go out and buy them.

Editorial Notes

Frequently I feel like using this space to make some vital, meaningful comment on SF---but there's never enough room! Many thanks to Ansible (it was almost too late; you'll have to do better than this, D.Langford) and to all contributors, especially Pauline for her typing. Artists are Ivor Latto (p.1), John Dell (pp.2 & 4) and Phill Probert (p.7). Produced and edited for the BSFG by Chris Morgan, 39 Hollybrow, Selly Oak, B'ham 29.

NEW SHOP...

as from Saturday 19th December 1981

ANDROMEDA **BOOKSHOP**

***will be trading from a new, bigger and
better shop at:-***

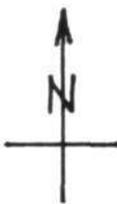
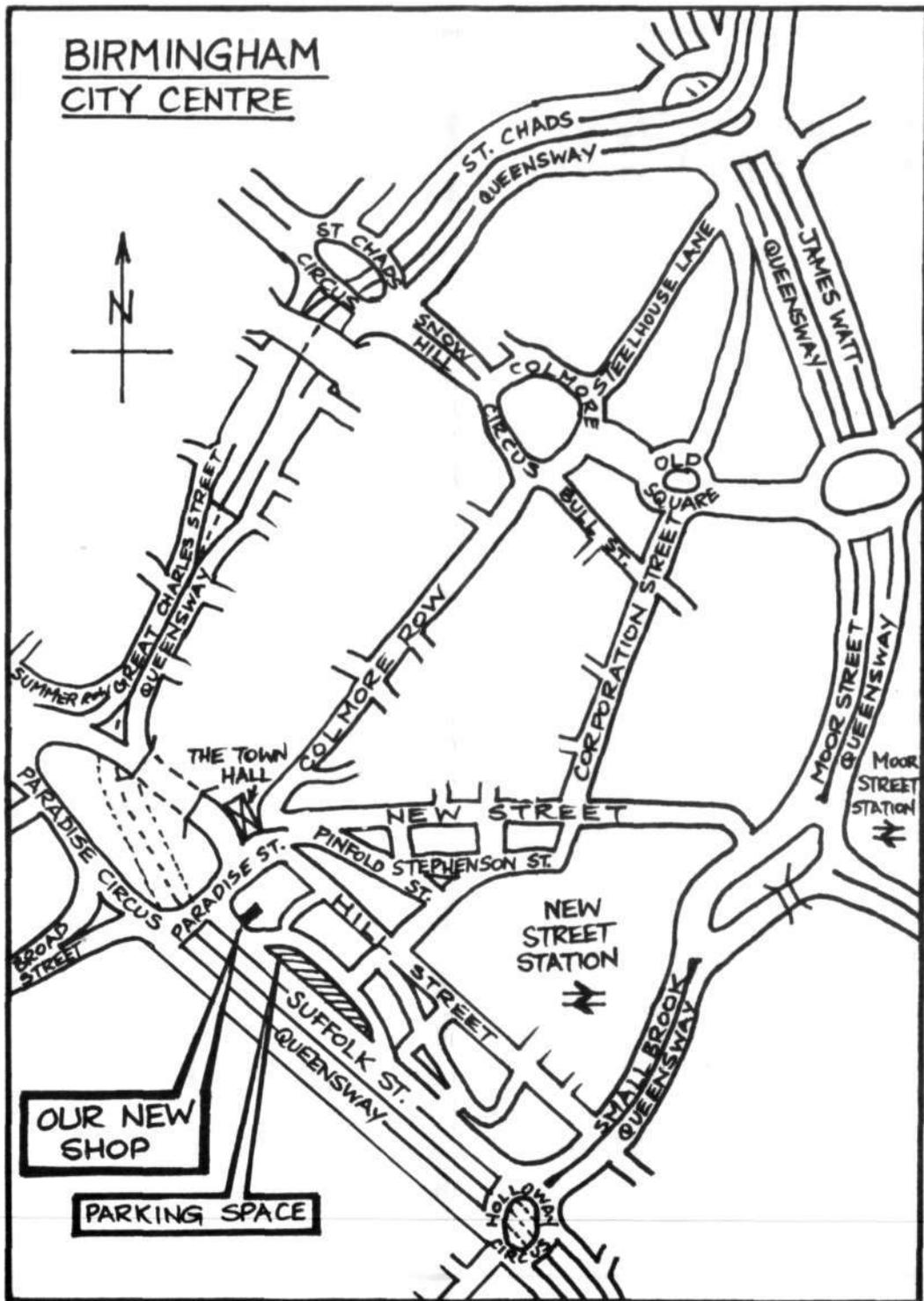
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BIRMINGHAM, B1 1TA**

OFFICIAL OPENING AT NOON BY MICHAEL MOORCOCK - SEE DETAILS INSIDE.

OUR OLD PREMISES AT 55/57 SUMMER ROW WILL REMAIN OPEN UNTIL THURSDAY, 24TH DECEMBER. THERE WILL BE A SALE IN OUR OLD PREMISES COMMENCING ON MONDAY, 21ST DECEMBER - COME ALONG AND PICK UP SOME BARGAINS (HARDCOVERS, PAPERBACKS, MAGAZINES, ART BOOKS, ETC.)

OUR NEW SHOP IS EASY TO FIND, EASIER TO GET TO AND WILL BE ABLE TO STOCK EVEN MORE THAN THE 3000 TITLES ALREADY STOCKED IN OUR OLD PREMISES. JUST ROUND THE CORNER FROM THE TOWN HALL, OPPOSITE THE HOLIDAY INN AND THE ATV CENTRE. PLENTY OF PARKING SPACE JUST PAST THE SHOP.

BIRMINGHAM CITY CENTRE



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MICHAEL MOORCOCK

THE SESSION WILL TAKE PLACE AT OUR NEW PREMISES AT NOON TILL 2pm APPROXIMATELY. THE SIGNING SESSION IS PRIMARILY FOR MIKE'S NEW BOOK 'THE STEEL TSAR' (Published December 18th) BUT THE FOLLOWING BOOKS WILL ALSO BE AVAILABLE FOR SIGNING (PLEASE STATE ALTERNATIVES JUST IN CASE WE RUN OUT OF A PARTICULAR TITLE):-

HARDCOVERS

BYZANTIUM ENDURES (4)6.95
THE DANCERS AT THE END OF TIME (AN ALIEN HEAT, THE HOLLOW LANDS and THE END OF ALL SONGS) (5)7.95
THE ENTROPY TANGO (3)5.95

PAPERBACKS

Oswald Bastable series:

1 THE WARLORD OF THE AIR 95p
2 THE LAND LEVIATHAN 1.25

3 THE STEEL TSAR - First World publication - due out on 18th December - order your signed copy now. 1.25

Jerry Cornelius series:

1 THE FINAL PROGRAMME out of print
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3 THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN 1.00
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4 THE BULL AND THE SPEAR 85p
5 THE OAK AND THE RAM 95p
6 THE SWORD AND THE STALLION - due late November 1.25

Dancers at the End of Time series:

1 AN ALIEN HEAT 95p
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3 THE END OF ALL SONGS 1.25
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3 THE STEALER OF SOULS 1.25
4 THE SINGING CITADEL 95p
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3 CHAMPION OF GARATHORN 95p
4 THE QUEST FOR TANELORN 95p

Karl Glogauer series:

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2 BREAKFAST IN THE RUINS 90p

Martian series:

1 CITY OF THE BEAST 80p
2 LORD OF THE SPIDERS 80p
3 MASTERS OF THE PIT 75p

The Runestaff series:

1 THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL 95p
2 THE MAD GOD'S AMULET 95p
3 THE SWORD OF THE DAWN 95p
4 THE RUNESTAFF 95p

Castle Brass series (sequel to The Runestaff series linking up with the Eternal Champion series):

1 COUNT BRASS 1.25
2 THE CHAMPION OF GARATHORN 95p
3 THE QUEST FOR TANELORN 95p

Unconnected titles:

THE BLACK CORRIDOR 95p
THE BLOOD RED GAME (aka THE SUNDERED WORLDS) 60p
THE CHINESE AGENT 85p
GLORIANA 1.25
THE GOLDEN BARGE 1.25
THE GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL SWINDLE 1.50
MOORCOCK'S BOOK OF MARTYRS 1.25
MY EXPERIENCES IN THE THIRD WORLD WAR 1.50
THE SHORES OF DEATH (aka THE TWILIGHT MAN) 50p
SOJAN 80p
THE WINDS OF LIMBO (aka THE FIRECLOWN) 95p

Edited by Michael Moorcock:

THE TRAPS OF TIME 85p