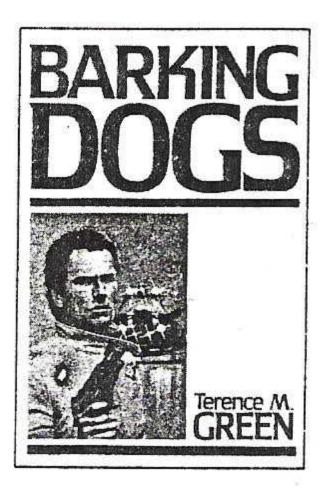
Reviews by Dan Chow



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Barking Dogs, Terence M. Green (St. Martin's 0-312-014244-4, 213pp, hc) March 1988

The blurb describes Barking Dogs by Terence M. Green as a hard-hitting high-tech thriller of a cop on the edge. That it is, in spades. It is this season's RoboCop, and not to be missed. Green's setting is Toronto, 1999. The gangs of the future are as vicious as any, imagined or real. The Barking Dog of the title is a perfect lie detection device which can be worn under street clothes. It is Mitch Helwig's equalizer in his war against lasergun-equipped thugs and powerful mobsters. Someone has killed his partner, and he means to track him down, whoever he is, and take his revenge.

What follows is vintage Clint Eastwood/ Charles Bronson-style blow-the-scum-away action. Some may have trouble with such unrestrained gore, but Green makes his implacable policeman human just as Verhoeven did in RoboCop, and so lifts his work out of the morass. How he does so is for the reader to discover. Suffice it to say, Green provides a neat ending for a real page-turner and transforms Barking Dogs from a transplanted cops and robbers story into a valid piece of sf.