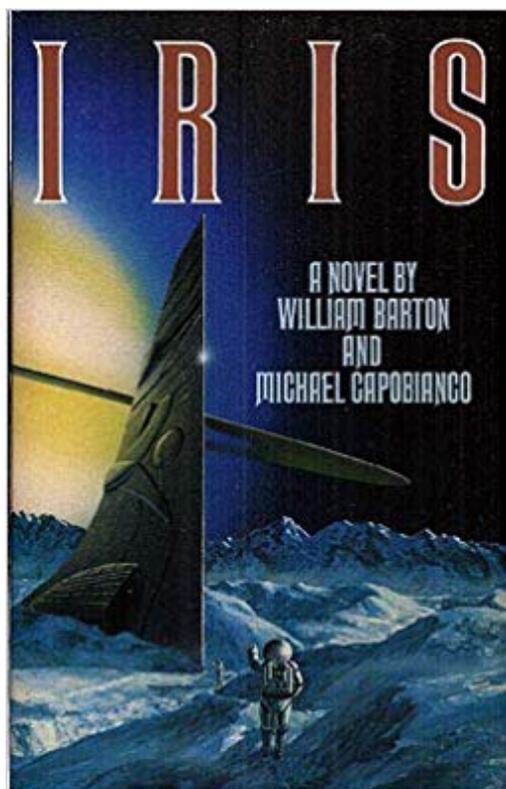


Iris: A Novel *by* William Barton



DOWNLOAD LINKS (Clickable)



ISBN: 0385267274

ISBN13: 978-0385267274

Author: William Barton

Book title: Iris: A Novel

Pages: 436 pages

Publisher: Doubleday; First Edition edition (January 1, 1990)

Language: English

Category: Science Fiction

Size PDF version: 1555 kb

Size ePUB version: 1964 kb

Size DJVU version: 1969 kb

Other formats: docx doc lit mobi

When the rogue gas giant Iris approaches the solar system, the crew of the colony ship "Deepstar" makes a new home on Ocypte, one of Iris's moons, only to stumble upon an ancient alien spaceship and a living alien computer at the heart of Iris



Reviews of the *Iris: A Novel* *by* William Barton

Niwiold

Halfway thru the book, the story starts slowly, but is getting more interesting. The most annoying thing about the writing style is that narration and POV change from 1st person to 3rd person, back and forth without warning or stylistic separation. If the author was striving for 'disorienting', he got it.

Mr_Mole

This book is very disappointing in that the storyline is exactly the hard science fiction I like but sadly doesn't live up to expectations. I didn't, for one, enjoy the constant barrage of sex in this book, it really detracted from my enjoyment. I'm not a prude but the sex was way over the top. Also the

techno-jargon left me bewildered at times, re-reading sentences to try to grasp the meaning intended. Also none of the characters actually seemed worth rooting for. Most books give you a protagonist or two, but you end up wondering how such a group of screwed up people would get picked for this mission. Sorry, but two thumbs down.

Castiel

This book was left at one of those free book exchanges, now I know why. First, there was a typo in jacket sleeve, identifying the goal of the colonists as being Titan not Tritan, so I started confused. I struggled through incomprehensible technology, self-indulgent introspection (in the form interminable flashbacks), almost no narrative and constant sexual encounters. Finally, still struggling at 150 pages I decided to go online to see if I was the only one who had trouble with this book, apparently not. I love science fiction, but this is just a high tech book about sexual fantasies, with characters not even mothers could love. Just because it's in space doesn't mean it should be called science fiction. These are explorers who live in holograms, scientists with no curiosity or scientific methodology. Save your money, save a tree don't bother with this book. Pick up something by Pohl, Bradley, Niven, Bradbury, McAffrey, Bova, Clark, Asimov or LaGuin and explore.

Prince Persie

First thing you need to know about William Barton: he doesn't write feel-good stuff. If you want tidy endings where everyone smiles, never has sex, and face cut-and-dry problems with cut-and-dry solutions, go read Jack McDevitt.

If you like compelling, fully-realized universes with real people with real problems faced with situations that require the reader to venture far into the gray area of human existence, then stick with Barton.

Barton does what only a few writers (in my experience), can do, and do well. He can make me feel the alien-ness of his characters, planets, universes. Like in this novel. I'll never forget the first time I stepped into the bleak, dead landscape of Iris. I liked that he was able to find links between humanity and the aliens of that system who lived there millions of years ago. Just thinking about it makes me want to read it again.

Another thing: there are very few authors whose books I can re-read several times. I've read "When Heaven Fell" several times, and "Transmigration of Souls." Fantastic stuff!

If you find yourself to be really straight, you'll probably blanch reading this novel. If you like twisted people and truly alien landscapes, read "Iris."

Risa

The story was barely good enough for me to want to even know how it came out. There was a lot of superfluous stuff that I just plain skipped over. The authors tried I guess to make the characters interesting but most were so offensive to me that I didn't even want to know about them. That was too bad because most of the story seemed to be about all the little personal foibles and problems that the group of oddball characters had rather than science fiction. The other problem I had with the novel was that the techno-babble was not at all believable. But somehow I got through the novel and am now able to move on to something much better. I certainly will not be reading anything by those two authors again.

I think the editor deserves a good part of the negative criticism I have for this novel. The novel should be much shorter.

I don't recommend this novel.

Fohuginn

This is the literary equivalent of driving through Ohio in a clunkermobile dosed on bad STP with bi

Goth baristas arguing in the back seat for mile after mile after mile..

Leaden descriptive prose interlarded with sexed up uber sentimental melodramatic exchanges between semi-developed "artistic" SyFy types fleshed out with thingamabob "science fiction" concepts as in:

"We assembled the thingabmob modules to run the thingamigger overloads through a dynamic stress whatchmacallit scattering a quantum mechanic whoozit over a boiling neutrino whatever" going on for sentences that refuse to express a cogent idea and won't come to a halt until a couple of paragraphs worth of the stuff is doled out.

The alternate history underpinning, what there is of it, suspends belief as soon as it's read.

Even intelligent colloidal machine viruses (you've been warned) will experience total entropic heat death slogging through this.

Vizuru

So I made it about two thirds of the way through this novel, and I've had enough. I tried really hard to like this book, and the blurb made it sound reasonably interesting, but very soon into the story I found myself engaged in these writers unfettered, vebose self-indulgence.

Shallow, boring characters who never know when to shut up (and never say anything really interesting... unless you find ugly characters navel-gazing really interesting), and yet another re-tread on the hoary old Ancient Giant Hollow Artifact scenario, which follows the usual and very predictable paradigms.

And you know, if I'm really keen to tittilate myself with some hard-core sex descriptions, I'll go out and purchase a copy of Hustler.

Having spent the last year living and working in L.A. (I'm from the UK), I'm tempted to think that this nonsense was written by two bisexual chemists from Santa Monica (no offence to any bisexual chemists living in Santa Monica).

Avoid this badly written drivel at all costs, and spend your 7 bucks on a Greg Egan novel instead. Truly, truly dreadful.

PS: I finally DID throw it across the room.

Related PDF to [Iris: A Novel](#) by William Barton

[**Iris, Messenger - Sarah Deming**](#)

[**Expanding Industry \(Earth's Changing Landscape\) - Iris Teichmann**](#)

[**Firestorm - Iris Johansen**](#)

My Aunt Ruth - Iris Rosofsky

IRIS JOHANSEN - Iris Johansen

The Wild Seed - Iris Gower

Miriam - Iris Rosofsky

The Best Sex I Ever Had - Iris Finz