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It was at Chambanacon in 1983 that Sandra Miesel asked if I would consider doing my next Special fanzine on Andre Norton, since her first published story was in 1934. Very little time elapsed between the question and answer. And here is the result. I just wish I could have gotten it out by the end of 1984, but Andre celebrates her Golden Anniversary throughout 1985. So, Andre, this is for you.

I have very little to add -- everyone says what I would say in these pages -- except, Thanks for all those hours of pleasure in reading.
an open letter to
ANDRE NORTON
from Joan D. Vinge

Dear Andre Norton,

This is a kind of love letter, and I've owed it to you for fifteen years -- ever since I came home from the Mayfair Market with your Storm Over Warlock one day when I was in junior high. When I read the description on the back cover, I didn't even know what a Terran was...but by the time I'd finished the book I didn't want to read anything besides science fiction. It was like finding the key to the universe, and although it probably sounds corny, it changed my life.

It wasn't until I had read several of your books that I found one with a biography that gave away the secret that you were actually a woman. It never occurred to me then to wonder why you needed to use a male pseudonym, but -- again without really wondering why -- I was thrilled to learn the truth. Because you were a woman you were suddenly very real to me: a person, as well as an Author. I lay awake nights composing letters to you in my mind, trying to imagine what you were like.

I knew from the biographical notes in your books that you were a native of Cleveland, Ohio, like my mother; that you had been a children's librarian there, and later worked for the Library of Congress; that you had also been an editor of young people's science fiction at Gnome Press before you became a full-time writer and moved to Florida. I also learned that you had published your first book before you were 21, and that you had written a lot of novels -- though at the time I had no idea how many; I used to be afraid that someday I'd have read them all, and there'd be nothing left to look forward to. But you've been writing for about fifty years now, and I'm still discovering books I never knew existed. Just the collection I have contains at least fifty books, including a title for every letter of the alphabet (from Android at Arms to The Zero Stone). Over the years you've explored (and explained to me) every imaginable science fiction theme, from psionics to parallel worlds, from interstellar travel to time travel. You've also gradually developed a vast and complicated future history around your science fiction novels, and a fantasy otherworld for your Witch World stories. Almost all your stories beg for a sequel, and in many cases you've actually written them, so that I meet old friends again, or sometimes their sons and daughters.

You've used your experience as a librarian to find unusual material on a tremendous range of subjects, and make into stories: not only science fiction novels like The Time Traders, which combined extraterrestrial with Bronze Age Brit-

ons, but also historical novels like Scarpface (which still has the glamor from Caribbean piracy, and still makes the reader love every minute of it), mystery and spy novels, westerns...and more recently goths, a large number of adult fantasies, and delightful children's fantasies like Lavender-Green Magic.

When I feel fed up with the world, or that people are just no damn good, I like to sit and reread some of my favorites among your novels, because they always end up making me feel better. One of the reasons that they do is your ability to create another world, or time and place, that's so tangible and sense-stimulating. I can step into the transporter, or though the looking-glass, and be there...on Warlock, where the skies are hazy amber and the flora glows with phosphorescence at night; where leather-winged clak-claks drift above the cliffs as I gaze out across the storm-wracked beach toward a chain of ragged islands adrift on sea-fog... Or on Dis, whose sun is infrared, and whose seas have boiled away--where only special goggles can penetrate the suffocating, humid, utter blackness, and show to human eyes the degenerate life-forms that survive there, the nightmare creatures that don't disappear when the lights come on... Or in the British Isles, wearing the copper armband of a Beaker trader and singing a song that won't make the charts for four thousand and years -- meeting a priestess of the Mother Earth, who materializes from the sunshafted morning mist between menhirs of stone in the quiet forest...

Written in a clean straightforward prose that never gets in the way of its images, your adventures catch the illusive "sense of wonder" that sets good science fiction apart from all other kinds of fiction, and makes a fan into an addict.

But escaping to another world doesn't guarantee a pleasant trip unless the fellow-travellers are ones a reader can like and relate to. Science fiction is a field where too often the characters have been cardboard cutouts pushed around the landscape to move the plot along. But you have always tried to make your characters individuals. In your best stories the difficulties they face are not only those of coping with an unknown planet or hostile aliens, but also the overcoming of very real personal and social difficulties. And yet, in the face of all the obstacles that are thrown against them, they retain a basic decency and kindness that makes the reader care about them, and want things to come out right for them. Emma Lang, whose life had been a struggle for survival on the bleak simu-
world of Tyr; who saw his hope of something bet-
ter—of belonging, even as a menial worker, to a
Survey team—destroyed when their camp was wiped
out by an attacking alien, leaving him stranded
on an unexplored world.... Holly Made, a young
black girl whose father was missing-in-action in
Vietnam, who was suddenly uprooted from her home
in Boston when her mother found a job— one that
meant she and her brother and sister had to stay
with their grandparents in a town where she was
painfully aware of being different from her other
comrades. When her world turned upside down, she
was drawn into the power struggle between two witch
sisters, one good and one evil, who had lived in the
town’s colonial past....

Nik Kellner, who had been an outcast even
among outcasts because of his terribly scarred face; who agreed to help the interplan-
etary Thieves Guild in a kidnapping in return
for expensive plastic that he might not have to
smell that he might lose his new face or even his life
when he was forced to defy the Guild to save the
killed boy's life.

The fact that your protagonists are often
life's underdogs—the abandoned, the friendless,
the outsiders who are "aliens" among their own
kind—is probably a part of what makes you work
so well for the young adult readers: At the age
when the average person feels the most misunder-
stood, oppressed, or uncertain about the future,
its a comfort and a relief to meet a character
with similar troubles—and one who is eventually
able to surmount not only the situation's physi-
cal dangers, but also the painful difficulties of
communication, of proving their own worth and
independence to a doubting superior or an indif-
ferent universe.

Your obvious compassion for your protagon-
ists, and their humanity toward others, helps
reinforce the feeling that the reader too will
eventually win through life's trials-- and more
importantly, that its rewards and goals can be
attained by sensible and honorable means. (The
encouragement and reassurance that belief gives
to a reader are not limited to your own adult read-
er.)
The quiet moral values your stories have
taught me over the years have always been strong
positive ones, and it's easy to believe you hold
them all yourself.

You also taught me, at an important time in
my life, to try to see all people as equals and
individuals, no matter what their race or sex (or
what trouble you may have been through
to happen to be). At a time when the average cast
of a science fiction story was strictly White
Anglo-Saxon Protestant, you followed the unusual
course of including important characters who
were members of minority groups, in stories like
Star Man's Son (also published under the title
of Davyorth—2250 AD), and the Solar Queen
series. And you followed the even more
uncommon course of having heroes who were not "all-Ameri-
can" blue-eyed blonds -- like Travis Fox, the Na-
tive American hero of Galactic Dorelict; Shann
Lanette of Storm Over Warlock, a kind of "Heinz-
57" of humanity; Kincar S'Rudd of Star Gate, who
was half-alien. As science fiction writers, and
Americans in general, have become more sensitive
to the differences of different cultural back-
grounds that exists in the United States -- and the world
-- you have made that aspect of your work even
stronger.

Your alien characters have been equally var-
ed, ranging from the feline Salarikis and the
benign reptilian Zacathans to the vicious insec-
toid Throgs, whose thought processes seem to
be in conflict with humanity's. But your
specialty— and probably one of the things my
friends and I have always enjoyed the most -- is
your treatment of the relationships between hu-
mans and animals, particularly cats. The tele-
pathic rapport between human and animal sensi-
tives in stories like Catseyes gives the read-
er, like the protagonist, a chance to experience
the world with the heightened senses of a cat, a
data, a wolverine, or an alien creature like Har-
ath in Forerunner Foray... and a chance to trace
the alien windings of un-human thought patterns.
Their human-animal rapport communicates your own
love for animals with a kind of telepathy to any
one who reads your novels.

But for me, probably the most important
"cause" that you've supported in your writing
has been that of equality of women. Simply by
succeeding so well in the "no-woman's land" of
science fiction writing, you've been a role mod-
el over the years to my friends and me, even be-
fore we ever thought about the significance of
having one. (One of the old, tired cliches of
science fiction has been that women not only
didn't write science fiction; they didn't even
read it. And yet all of my closest friends are
long-time science fiction fans, who discovered
it independently... and some of their mothers ad-
mit to reading brothers' pulp magazines on the
slip when they were girls.)

And, in a field where historically the women
characters have tended to be Barbie-doll sex ob-
jects and witless ninnies, you have never had a
single female character who would make a reader
ashamed to be a woman. In the 1950s and early
60s, when no publisher would have touched a sci-
cence fiction story with a female protagonist and
readers were reluctant to accept women in non-
stereotyped roles, you wrote--consciously or un-
consciously-- stories with essentially all-male
casts that avoided demeaning portrayals of wom-
en. The women who did appear in the stories
were not compromised, but were capable and
dignified human beings, like the woman chief of
the Plainsmen in Star Man's Son, and Lady Asgar in
Star Gate. In Storm Over Warlock and its sequel
Ordeal in Otherwhere, the portrayal of the Wym-
ols is as realistic and sympathetic as it is
realistic without the grotesque pseudo-Amazonian
trappings that male interpretations generally
gave to female dominance.

Ordeal in Otherwhere had the added distinc-
tion of being the first of your books I had read
to actually have a female protagonist. I had
read any number of male fantasies with male
characters in science fiction novels, simply be-
cause so few women existed (and the men had all
the fun anyway). But I'd always treasured the
few strong women I ran across, and to have one
as a main character -- someone I could identify
with 100% -- was a joy. Ordeal in Otherwhere was
published in 1964, well before the women's move-
ment began to make any meaningful dent in the dou-
ble standard that weighed down our lives — but
Charis Nordholm, the heroine, was a fully liber-
ated woman, who came from a world where sexual
equality was the enlightened norm. She was com-
petent, resourceful, brave and empathic, and she
faced dangers with the story's hero and their
animal allies as a complete equal. Probably on-
ly someone with your popularity as a science
fiction writer could have gotten away with it, at that early date.

Since then, men and women have generally shared both the adventure and the center-stage in your novels, often taking turns as the viewpoint character for the story. In Forerunner Foray, one of your more recent novels, the heroine Ziantha not only lives one life as a human sensitive used by the criminal underworld of the Guild, but shares a mental bond with an unknown male sensitive, and becomes two women long dead — Vintra, a humanoid rebel leader, and D'Eyree, an amphibian alien struggling to save her civilization from destruction. Your recent novels written for pre-teens also feature strong heroines along with, or instead of, boys, giving younger girls someone to identify with as well.

A lot has been written in the last few years about the importance of providing role models to show girls and women that the only bounds on their future are — or should be — ones they set for themselves. And I realized that I can trace the importance of my reading in the way my own life turned out: all of the most important things in my life right now — my writing, my relationships, my interest in science fiction and anthropology — are directly or indirectly the result of how much I loved your stories while I was growing up. Back when I first discovered that you were a woman writer, my own dreams weren’t nearly big enough for me to imagine that I’d ever achieve that goal myself... but over the years your stories fed my dreams and kept them growing, and in the end I did—

Because of you, I am.

Thank you very much.

Joan Vinge

(I did write a long-owed letter of appreciation to Andre Norton a couple of years ago... and began a correspondence with one very fine lady.)
One of Andre Norton's strongest themes is that of man and beast working together. Her stories show a love of our brothers-in-fur, especially cats. It can be no news to Norton fans that cats are her favorite animals.

Star Man's Son / Daybreak: 2250 A.D. (1952), her first SF story, featured Lura, a mutated hunting cat. Crossroads of Time (1956), had a villain so low that he hated and feared cats. Cats play a key role in Catseye as two of the five partners. Sinbad, the Solar Queen's cat, plays an important role in solving why the ship has become a PlanX Ship. Set of The Zero Stone and Shinn's Cat, had a ship's cat for her latest mother. A race of space-travelling cats are featured in Star Ka'at and its sequels. Breed to Come not only focuses on a race of mutated cats, but is also dedicated to Andre's cats. Many other books mention cats or catlike animals.

Probably the second most-mentioned animal is the horse. I doubt Andre is that fond of horses, but horses are the best non-technical means of transportation.

Andre doesn't care for dogs. In No Night Without Stars, she mentions mutated greyhounds. The mutated Barkers in Breed to Come are the only dogs a reader sees, but they do rate a grudging respect for their virtues.

Andre's creation of exotic animals has always impressed me, yet Andre says:

I usually don't invent my animals. I prospect in three or four natural histories which I have for little-known animals, then pick out the characteristics of the one I want. I do the same with my alien animals, but then give those slight changes in body appearance, etc. ... South America... is very rich in usual and unknown animals. The wolf in Moon of Three Rings was taken from the Argentine Maned Wolf which is not even found in our zoos. If you need alien animals, this is the best way to do it. (Letter of 28 April 72)

Along with the different animal forms go varied ways of looking at the universe. To many animals, smell is more important than sight. In Moon of Three Rings, Krip Vorlund's mind is within the body of a bear. At first he is disoriented, his picture of the world is vastly changed, especially with the vivid and overpowering scents a man barely notices, but soon he grows accustomed to his changed senses. Maelen, trapped in an animal body in Exiles of the Stars, seemingly ignores differences in perception, her main problem being her fear that the animal self will gradually dominate, but Maelen is used to dwelling within an animal's body. In Jargon Pard, matters are much the same. At first, disorientation, then fear that the beast nature will overwhelm the human mind within. In all these books I would liked to have seen more stress on how things seem to animal senses.

We miss a glimpse of how the world looks to a dolphin in Pinky out of Time. Karara Tarl does communicate telepathically with her pair of dolphins, but Ross Murdock, the viewpoint character in the story, cannot. Troy Moran in Catseye using telepathy with the cats, fox and kinkajou. They
use words and occasional pictures. Forrest (Star Man's Son) forms a mind picture of what he wants and he usually receives emotion from her, though occasionally a picture. Somehow I doubt it will be that simple, but in most SF stories, telepathy is used to get around communication difficulties and get on with the story.

Chimpanzees can use symbols. One chimp is even in the process of teaching her adopted son a sign language used by deaf people. So other animals might be able to handle our words symbols in some form. The animals in Catseve are mutations and probably much smarter than their ancestors.

Just as Andre was the first to use the theme of alien worlds "parallel in time, separated by different historical decisions as in Star Gate (before this authors had been satisfied with developing only the alternate histories of earth), she also developed the beast-team concept. Murray Leinster in "Exploration Team/"Combat Team" (ASTOUNDING, March, 1956) was the only other author I recall using a team with different animals. He did precede Andre, but his human team member was not telepathically linked to his eagle and mutated grizzly bears. Leinster never touched on the beast-team concept again. Interestingly enough, Leinster's story was anti-robot. If his story was sparked by Andre Norton's man-beast teams in Star Man's Son, he seems to have picked up her bias against technology as well.

Andre Norton developed the twin themes of the man-beast team, and telepathy between human and animal, over the years. First, man and a single animal (Star Man's Son, 1952), then man and a team of animals (The Beast Master, 1950). But the man ran the team until Catseve (1961) where the man and animals were partners. Perhaps the final step was taken in Ordeal in Otherworld (1964) where at the climax man, woman, wolverine and curicat fuse their minds into one. This fusion then witnessed the massed Wyvern mental attack, much as the Children of the Lens (G. & C. Smith novel of the same name) were able to withstand all that the Edorrians could throw at them.

Still, controlling a beast-team is no easy chore. Forrest could not force his control over Lura too far. Hosteen Storm, the Beast Master, fears that he cannot get Sura the dune cat from the Cavern of a Hundred Gardens. Sometimes he cannot even contact Sura or Baku, the eagle when they are intent on other things. Both animals echo Hosteen's loss of composure early in Lord of Thunder. In The Beast Master, he must first gain control of himself before going into the cavern. Then he can get Hing the Heercat to work the lock from the other side of the bars.

However, it isn't always the human with problems. In The X Factor it is the Brothers in Fur who try to communicate and influence the rather dense human.

One weakness of the team is that the human tends to feel inadequate without the members of his/her team.

If there is one story I would like to see Andre write, it would be another Beast Master tale. Hosteen Storm's story on Arzor has been told, but there are many other worlds, as well as many other animals.

from ALLAN TRIMPI

I count Andre Norton as a friend of mine. Let me tell you why.

When I was a child, nature's wild creatures regarded me with the same sallow suspicion they visit on Irwin Troll. I paid them back in kind, an irresponsible debt to be repaid, a bond of trust.

I had penned captive leopards and tigers, elephants, rattlesnakes (when held), and dogs, wild and man-ridden. Free rabbits, sea lions, great horned owls and chimpanzees considered me safe company. The wild ones snarled at me, some napped by me.

To a sometimes lonely child, such companions can be very enjoyable. Burgess' stories taught me to read the specialness of animals, Roy Scouting how to track them, Daniel Mannix and Raymond Dittric how to respect them, Ross Alan how to handle them safely, Thaamo Dithre how to speak with them, and Gladys Quinlin of their natural lawfulness.

Smack into that illustrous list I add Andre Norton. Into the Center, perhaps. My vineyard dog was supposed to love me, and equal me in wilderness prowess (he never did). As one started on The White Panther and Mother West Wind, with curious and detailed eyes to watch Disney's African Lion and The Jungle Cat, and the paintbrushed Nature's True Life on film, I became convinced that all those efforts wove a tapestry of importance to the animals. Do you recall the bobcat's high cactus escape from the pincers of The Living Desert? But was it an enormous Cartesian clockwork of cybertnads in soft and furry forms, or were crabbed souls cut with limited senses to scuttle across an ocean floor with reason left in primal anesthesiaw? Was the animal kingdom a mere divine diversion, due to end on the Divine Cutting Room Floor?

If so, what possible importance could any of it have?

Andre Norton told me, in words so close to heart and reason that they must be heard: Eerikers were not just Bantu mongeese, and Kodia beaters were not simply water-loging brown bears. A caged eagle on an alien planet might still reign over things territorial, or it might see itself as the first taya I ever handled said reams about its life by its attentions and its concerns. The first person to open my eyes to this special rhetoric that flows out the ghost sounds and whispers of a wild animal's active senses was Andre Norton.

That made those animal attentions something special, and that allowed to all wild friends there was something special of me.

You took the dazzling, exciting, breath-taking out-doors and its denizens, and told me that they could mean to be my friends, Andre. Thank you. It made my life at needful times an adventure instead of a burden.

Thank you, Andre. I think you meant it all.

(c) 1984 by A. Trimpi
An ANDRE NORTON Trivia Quiz

By David M. Shea

1. Name the Caribbean island on which Persis was stranded. (The Opal-Eyed Fan)
   (a) Finger Cay
   (b) Lost Lady Key
   (c) Po'ult
   (d) Guernsey

2. Tikil and the Dipple are located on which planet? (Catseye, etc.)
   (a) Khatta
   (b) Sororis
   (c) Arrakis
   (d) Korwar

3. Craig Tau, the medic of the Solar Queen, has an unusual hobby. What is it? (Sargasso of Space, etc.)
   (a) magic
   (b) brews beer
   (c) sculpture
   (d) writes travel books

4. The amphibious humanoid race of Escore (Orsyia is one) are called: (Warlock of the Witch World)
   (a) Krogan
   (b) Salariki
   (c) Ishkurian
   (d) rasti

5. What was the disease of which Joyd Cummi and others died? (The Last Planet)
   (a) Shadow Death
   (b) vol fever
   (c) emphite fever
   (d) kaia-azar

6. Name the ringed moon of Viktor. (Moon of Three Kings)
   (a) Barbarossa
   (b) Sotrath
   (c) Nornes
   (d) the name is not given

7. What was the town in which Furtig lived before he was exiled? (Breed to Come)
   (a) Beltane
   (b) Flamingo
   (c) Frigadda
   (d) Five Caves

8. What is Herrel's "were" form? (Year of the Unicorn)
   (a) bear
   (b) snow cat
   (c) eagle
   (d) stallion

9. What are the agents called who police the worlds of "crosstining"? (The Crossroads of Time, etc.)
   (a) Wardsmen
   (b) Paxmen
   (c) Guardians
   (d) Borderers

10. The mysterious jungle on Voor which concealed a strange past was called: (Voorloper)
    (a) Tevrani Forest
    (b) Voor's Grove
    (c) "the Tangle"
    (d) had no specific name

11. The Estate founded by Johanna Lovell in colonial Maryland was named: (Follow the Drum)
    (a) The House of the Wind
    (b) Rivendell
    (c) Catkeep Manor
    (d) Fairlawns

12. What was Kerovan's original home? (The Crystal Gryphon)
    (a) Quayth
    (b) Thanop
    (c) Ulmsdale
    (d) Jemex

13. The animals who accompanied the Apache colonists to Topaz were: (The Defiant Agents)
    (a) dolphins
    (b) zorsals
    (c) falcons
    (d) coyotes

14. What is the most popular game of interstellar society? (innumerable references)
    (a) chess
    (b) stars-and-comets
    (c) crystauxe
    (d) three-two-zero

15. Renfry Pentress, the father of Diskan Pentress, was by profession a: (The X Factor)
    (a) First-in Scout
    (b) jewel merchant
    (c) physician
    (d) Free Trader
16. On the planet Fronn, a primitive people live in the mountains where they hunt and set various traps for invaders. These people are the: (Star Guard)

   (a) Venturi
   (b) Illyrians
   (c) Ger
   (d) Cos

17. Give the actual name of the Janus planet which the Iftin call "hunter's friend". (Judgment on Janus)

   (a) fussan
   (b) gork
   (c) loquat
   (d) obsper

18. The chief rival and enemy of Princess Ludorica of Reveny was her treacherous cousin: (Ice Crown)

   (a) Princess Abena
   (b) Duke Reddick
   (c) Lord Rud
   (d) Eldonic of Vaar

19. Zarsthor’s bane was in the form of: (Zarsthor’s Bane)

   (a) a book
   (b) a sword
   (c) a jewel
   (d) had no physical existence, purely a magical spell

20. Name the custodian of the Siege Perilous who sent Tregarth to Witch World. (Witch World)

   (a) Dr. Jorge Petronius
   (b) Dr. Salzar Rich
   (c) Dr. Harold Bob
   (d) Professor Margaret Brent

21. When Shann Lantee was a child, his pet and only friend was: (Storm Over Warlock)

   (a) a dog named Arin
   (b) a seraph named Trav
   (c) an inflax named Ilo
   (d) a cat named Mardis

22. The wife of Nuon was named: (Nuon of the Horn, etc.)

   (a) Ibriana
   (b) Sally Matthews
   (c) Ziantha
   (d) Claramonde
In 1980, I had the special honor of publishing the first book-length study and bibliography of Andre Norton. Since then I have tried to keep up with additions to it and with items I missed in the first attempt. What follows is the result of that. If I missed anything, I would appreciate hearing about it (Dept. of English, Purdue University, North Central Campus, Westville, IN 46391).

ANDRE NORTON: UPDATES, ADDITIONS, AND CORRECTIONS TO

Andre Norton: A Primary and Secondary Bibliography
(Boston: G.K. Hall, 1980)

by Roger C. Schlobin

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Bruno Bettelheim and Year of the Unicorn

by Rick Brooks

Psychologist and author, Bruno Bettelheim, feels that children need fantasy stories as part of their development. In The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales (Alfred Knopf, 1976), he tells how many young religious cultists and rabid believers in the supernatural that he met professionally were not allowed to read fantasies in childhood. Children who toyed with fairy tales in childhood seemed better able to separate fact from fantasy later on.

Bettelheim analyzed fairy tales by pointing out their uses of universal experiences, but in an unreal context where the child does not feel threatened by his emotions.

For example, a child would feel guilty about hating his mother when she punished him/her. But it is perfectly all right to hate the wicked stepmother in a fairy tale. To a child's limited perception, the loving mother has turned into a wicked stepmother. In the fairytale, the child can find reassurance that the wicked stepmother will someday "disappear".

In "Beauty and the Beast", Beauty is the youngest of the three daughters. Their father is to go on a long journey. The older daughters ask him to bring them back expensive gifts, but Beauty asks only for a rose. The father's trip is unsuccessful. On his way back home he stops at a castle where he never sees his host. Upon leaving he picks a single rose for Beauty. Then the Beast appears and threatens him with death. The father is allowed to go home for a short time to say goodbye to his family.

Beauty blames herself and takes her father's place. The Beast does not kill her, but falls in love with her. She steadfastly refuses to marry him despite his regal treatment of her. She visits her family, and her sisters talk her into staying longer than promised. When she returns, Beauty finds the Beast nearly dead. Realizing that she loves him, Beauty agrees to marry him. He turns into a handsome prince and they live happily ever after.

Bettelheim saw this tale as a metaphor of sex, supposedly beastly before marriage and princely afterwards.

Andre Norton is a writer who doesn't consciously work out her stories before writing them. She is guided mainly by her feelings of what fits the story best, and does no analyzing during the first draft. She is a story-teller and feels strongly that "the story must be the important thing" (DOUBLETHUNDER Symposium, p.108). Thus, the book was probably meant to be just an adventure story. Year of the Unicorn is a very good adventure story and more. Andre probably intended no such interpretations as I am about to give, but most writers put into their writing more than they intended.

Year of the Unicorn is a tale of growing up, much more so than her other stories with juvenile heroine(s). Like a child, Gillian has tasks, but no responsibilities, no independence. She sees only "the dusty years" ahead. The very young cannot visualize change. Gillian drifts until what is the first-mentioned act-of-will in her life: she takes the place of a were-bride hysterical with fear. Then her "growing pains" begin in earnest.

At the opening of the gate by the were-riders, she discovers her witch powers. These powers gradually grow: the sleeping draught in the Alizbin's drinking water, the toppling of the pillar, the turning of her father toward the challenge of the pack, the finding of her other self, and finally her return with Herrel to Arvon.

Year of the Unicorn, according to Andre, "was a favorite of mine while writing it [possibly because it was her first written entirely from the heroine's point of view]. ...I wanted to do a sequel...but Ace was not encouraging...I have been drawing on the British Northumberland and Dale country for my High Hallach background" (from two letters of 1970 & 1971). Year of the Unicorn was "distantly based on the old tale of Beauty and the Beast" (The Book of Andre Norton, pp. 66-7), but it departs considerably.

Gillian has no family unless a few members of the Abbey are counted. She makes her bargain to escape the Abbey rather than save it. After leaving the Abbey, she never returns. She never deserts Herrel: he deserts her, but not of his own free will. She marries him before the desertion, instead of after. However, Gillian does take the place of another woman to save her life. The woman's husband is a shapechanger whom she finds repulsive at first. But then comes to love her. In that fashion, Year of the Unicorn is true to the folk tale. But it has a deeper meaning as I see it.

"Identity Crisis" has become a trite buzzword lately. But Gillian has one of the worst in fiction. Sundered not only from herself, but even from her shadow, she must select her other self from out of a multitude. Any reader who is troubled by the questions "Who am I?" and "Who do I fit in?" can find reassurance in Gillian's overcoming much worse problems.

Bruno Bettelheim would approve.
The Calendar and Chronology of WITCH WORLD

by David M. Shea

The calendar system commonly in use in Witch World/High Hallach does not have numbered years, but years named after various creatures, real or fanciful, rather similar to the named years in the Chinese system, though of course the Chinese also numbered the years. There are twelve actual names of years given. Of course, there is no particular reason why this system should have twelve names (as the Chinese does) or any other number; one would suspect that if the cycle had more than about twenty names it would begin to be unwieldy. The years specifically named in the books are: Fire Troll, Unicorn, Lamia, Chimera, Spitting Toad, Harpy, Orc, Werewolf, Horned Cat, Crowned Swan, Kobold, and Moss Wives. The years are not necessarily in that order; if indeed there is a specific order, I am unable to work it out from internal evidence.

For those who are not up on their monstrousities, the meanings of "Fire Troll" (though trolls are not especially associated with fire, in European myth at least, with the possible exception of Tolkien’s Balrog), the "Crowned Swan" and the "Unicorn" seem obvious enough. "Horned Cat" does not seem unlikely, although I detect no specific mention of such a species; perhaps it is similar to the lynx, with long tufted ears. A "Spitting Toad" is also known on Earth. The "Moss Wives" are real enough, at least in Escote, from which the story has spread; and "Werewolf" is reflective of the fact that "were" creatures are known, as witness the Were Riders. A "Xobold" is a gnomish creature of subterranean habits. A "Lamia" is a female demon, specifically a female vampire, well-known in medieval European demonologies. In older Greek myth, a "Chimera" was a fire-breathing female monster typically with the head of a lion(ess), the body of a goat and the tail of a serpent. "Harpy", a female creature with the body of a woman and the head and wings of a vulture, may have been suggested by the similar Warks of the mountains of High Hallach. "Orc" is apparently borrowed from Tolkien, who coined it as an equivalent of "goblin"; it is said to be the Westron corruption of elvish, probably Sindarin "yrch".

The months of the year also bear figurative names, but few of these are given. Most notable is the month of the "Ice Dragon", the beginning of winter, roughly equivalent to our December.

The following is a calendar of events of significance in the Witch World. For the sake of a point of reference, however arbitrary, I have adopted the obvious one -- Tregarth’s arrival in the Witch World -- and assigned this the year "0". (Should anyone be curious, I reason that this corresponds to roughly 1955 AD, since Tregarth, a World War II veteran, is still a youngish man at the time, certainly not older than his mid-thirties, if that. If anyone chooses to believe that the concept of "simultaneity" is relevant in this context, the date in Witch World as this is being written -- summer 1984 -- is approximately +29. The Kolder have been vanquished, but war continues in Escote and especially in High Hallach "at this very moment." Gillan and Herrel have not yet met.)

The dates given are approximate, basically a series of educated guesses. However, this certainly ties in neatly with the remark on the dust cover of "Mare Hawk" that the books of the Witch World cover a span of "about fifty years" (if we disregard Horn Crown).

Obviously, other events could have been cited as well; this is intended to give only a sketchy chronology, though I would be surprised if any event mentioned is off by more than two or three years. Certain stories I was unable to date: "Uly the Piper", "Dream Smith" and "One Snell Wizard" all take place in High Hallach before the invasion; there is no specific point of reference for assigning a date. The story in "Spider Silk" takes place on the eastern continent at an indefinite time, perhaps before the Karsten war, perhaps after. I am inclined to think it was after, but can cite no reference to support this impression.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YEAR</th>
<th>STORIES</th>
<th>EVENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>-500</td>
<td>Horn Crown</td>
<td>Settlement of High Hallach. This guess could be off by hundreds of years either way. Certainly in the modern era, the migration seems to be myth, or entirely forgotten.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Witch World</td>
<td>Tregarth's arrival in the Witch World.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+1</td>
<td>Web of the Witch World</td>
<td>Marriage of Tregarth and Jaelithe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+2</td>
<td>&quot;Dragon Scale Silver&quot; (early part)</td>
<td>The birth of Kylian, Kemoc and Kaththea.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+5</td>
<td>Three Against the Witch World</td>
<td>Elys' parents shipwrecked in High Hallach.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+21</td>
<td>Warlock of the Witch World</td>
<td>Kaththea is kidnapped by the Witches.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+23</td>
<td>Sorceress of the Witch World and Trey of Swords</td>
<td>The Witches &quot;move mountains&quot; in the final resolution of the Karsten war. Kylian and Kemoc rescue Kaththea, and the three flee to Escore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+24</td>
<td>&quot;Dragon Scale Silver&quot; (latter part) and The Crystal Gryphon</td>
<td>War begins in Escore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+25</td>
<td>(same)</td>
<td>Alizon invades High Hallach; Vestdale, Ulmsdale and Ithdale destroyed; Refugees (including Joisan) flee to Norstead; Elys and her people abandon Wark.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+27</td>
<td>&quot;Sword of Unbelief&quot;</td>
<td>Elys encounters Jervon; Kerovan and Joisan meet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+28</td>
<td>Gryphon in Glory</td>
<td>Jervon and Elys in the Waste.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+30</td>
<td>&quot;Falcon Blood&quot;</td>
<td>Kerovan and Joisan are reunited, meet Elys and Jervon; Lord Ingray, aided by Kerovan, establishes an alliance with the Were Riders.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+30</td>
<td>'Ware Hawk</td>
<td>Kast-Boar wrecked in the South.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+30</td>
<td></td>
<td>The Old Race returns to Karsten.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+31</td>
<td>Year of the Unicorn</td>
<td>Alizon invaders are finally driven out, but at a terrible cost; most of High Hallach is in a greater or lesser degree of ruin and general chaos.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+31</td>
<td>&quot;Amber out of Quaytha&quot;</td>
<td>The Brides are granted to the Were Riders.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+32</td>
<td>&quot;The Toads of Grimmesdale&quot;</td>
<td>Ysma &quot;marries&quot; Hylle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+32</td>
<td>Zarathor's Bane and &quot;Legacy from Sorn Pen&quot;</td>
<td>Hertha is raped by a crazed soldier.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+33</td>
<td>&quot;Changeling&quot;</td>
<td>Brixia wanders in the wilderness.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+35</td>
<td>&quot;Sand Sister&quot;</td>
<td>Hertha has her &quot;revenge&quot;.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>+51</td>
<td>The Jarvunon Part</td>
<td>Tursla meets Simond. (There is no previous mention of this son of Koris and Loyse; he was probably born late in his mother's life, about +15. If he had been born earlier he would surely have been a playmate and friend of Kylian and Koroc, who were partly raised by Loyse. In this story he appears as a grown man, at least nineteen or twenty years of age.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Jarvunon Part</td>
<td>Kethan seeks his destiny in Arvon.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Andre Norton has charmed millions of readers over the course of her writing career. Like the characters in her Witch World series, she has learned how to cast spells. The ones which she employs are those which transport her readers through the magic door to lands which otherwise would have been closed to them.

Her words are the tools she uses to create the spell to let the mind enter new areas called into existence by a master story teller. Whenever a release from the every-day world is needed, her word spells are there to carry you to a world of excitement, romance and adventure.

Norton's books are a vacation for the imagination, portals to other times and other dimensions. They let the mind wander onto pathways which the "real" world would never allow. For the price of one of Andre Norton's novels you have purchased a ticket which will enable you to travel to places those with all the monetary resources this world has to offer could never make with those means alone. Andre Norton enables her readers to have the luxury of being able to seek out other "realities" and let their minds take on new horizons. Her books give us that mini-vacation which the non-reader is denied. Her readers are able to obtain the relaxation the mind requires.

This gift, which Ms. Norton has, is one which few have been given, and still fewer yet have been able to master with such dexterity. It is a gift which allows her to enter into the minds of others through the printed word. This communication lets her readers escape from their cares for a time. It is a way to let one "disappear" for a while, and give the consciousness the respite it needs before tackling the world once more. When returned, the mind will be refreshed with the added resource of the imagination which the characters in her books are able to impart. For, if they can overcome all the difficulties with which their adventures place them in contact, then our difficulties seem that much less in comparison and that much more manageable than they did before the book realm was entered.

The authors who have the ability to transport readers successfully to timeless lands are designated "great", mostly because their work is of such quality so as to last through the decades. This arises from the fact that the authors themselves are free from the bards of time. Milestone Luck proves that Ms. Norton's books have this quality. If you did not look at the copyright date, you would assume this story had been written recently and simply set in a different decade. Age has given the tale a taste of the time in which it was written, but has in no way taken away from the magic of the novel its ability to transport you with the ease of a page-turn to another time and place. This novel has the softness of the time which existed in the 30's, but has the interest level which modern readers demand in their books.

It matters not in what order you pick up Ms. Norton's books to read. They are all contemporaneous and timeless in their time-travel ability, for her books are time-machines. While you are in their world, the clock ceases to matter. For a brief span you are in another world; you can dive beneath the pages and let the undercurrents astonish you into a timeless existence of being.

Once the imagination has been put into gear, it is a vehicle that only improves with use. It no longer causes the owner to be limited in travel ability to the land which is seen, heard and sensed only in the physical manner. It lets the mind extrapolate upon known facts and enter into worlds which are closed to those who have not learned how to use the ticket which the mind provides for their use. Ms. Norton's books allow the honing of this idea expansion so that the avenues of thought are no longer restricted to one-way zones, but can range in all directions and all dimensions. Not only does Andre Norton do so well in the realms of adult fantasy, but she has also enabled children to enter through the gates triggered by the expansion of the imagination through such works as Steel Magic.

Books are necessary nutrients for the mind. They provide building blocks for its growth. Andre Norton has let us have a myriad of thought patterns to delve into in the mountain of novels she has created, for ideas brim forth from all her books. There are ideas of extra-sensory perception. There are ideas which let you enter into the world where the mind has learned how to transcend the mere material. These are gifts which are invaluable to the reader.

These are the gifts for which I am trying to write this Thank-You note to Ms. Norton. However, I am limited in that I must also work with words in this attempt and do not have the gift she does in working their magic spell.

Inadequate as this attempt at expressing the gratitude for her books may be, it is sincere. Her words will live for eternity, as her works have become a staple in the diet which lets the mind forever seek that which lies just over the horizon.

For this fare we thank you, Andre Norton, for these words which have enabled us to take many journeys in the past and has granted us the gift of looking forward to even more new worlds which books yet unread will open up for us.

Thank you.
Andre Norton's colorful, swift-moving science fiction adventures have pleased readers of all ages for the past three decades. This continuing delight has made her one of the most widely popular SF writers of all time. (A 1966 Analog magazine poll listed her as the eleventh of seventeen favorite authors.) Her books have sold millions of copies worldwide in nine languages and have enjoyed frequent reprints and reissues. She has received Hugo Award nominations for Witch World (1963), republished by Gregg Press in 1977), and "Wizard's World" (1967). In 1977 she won the Gandalf Award, given in memory of J. R. R. Tolkien for lifetime achievement in fantasy.

The prolific and versatile Ms. Norton, a native of Cleveland who now makes her home in Florida, has authored nearly 80 novels and two dozen short stories, and has edited six anthologies. She was a librarian prior to her retirement in 1950, and later an editor at Gnome Press for eight years. Although best known for her SF, she has also written Gothic, mystery, suspense, and historical fiction. Her first novel, a romantic adventure entitled The Prince Command, was written while she was still an undergraduate at Western Reserve University and published in 1934, but her first SF novel, Star Man's Son / Daybreak, 2250 A.D., did not appear until 1952.

It was this professional beginning in the male-dominated action story field, not prejudice within the SF itself, that prompted Alice Mary Norton to adopt the ambiguous first name "Andre" which is now legally hers. The truth about her sex has been a matter of public record for more than 20 years, although Gnome Press did request her to use the pseudonym "Andrew North" on three books written in their employ.

Now available in library hardcover editions for the first time, these seven Space Adventure Novels of Andre Norton are representative examples of the author's early work. The first five occur within the same imaginary universe; the others are independent.

Sargasso of Space (1955), Plague Ship (1956), and Voodoo Planet (1953) narrate episodes in the apprenticeship of Dane Thorson, young assistant Cargo-Master on the Free Trader Solar Queen. (The fourth Thorson volume, Postmarked the Stars, is still in print from Harcourt, Brace, and is not part of the present set.) In each story, Thorson gains firmer acceptance from his crewmates. He helps them clean out a pirate den, stop an epidemic, and destroy an evil witch doctor.

The Secret of the Lost Race (1959) relates young Joktar's struggle to escape from slavery on a frozen planet and discover the truth about his mysterious origins.

In Star Hunter (1961), interstellar criminals are foiled when Vye Lansor, their pawn in a fraud scheme, uproots the false memories they had implanted in him and survives alien mantraps on a gane preserve world.

The Sioux Spaceman (1960) describes the successful efforts of trader-xenologist Kade Whitehawk to win the confidence of primitive aliens and equip them with the means of winning their freedom from civilized overlords.

In The Crossroads of Time (1956), college student Blake Walker is plucked out of contemporary America and swept through alternate Earths in pursuit of a psychotic would-be conqueror from another parallel world society. (The sequel, Quest Crosswise, 1965, is not included here.)

All these stories exemplify Norton's ability to create fascinating imaginary worlds. This skill is the fruit of her personal interest in the ways of life and thought among real human cultures past and present. She reads widely in archeology, mythology, anthropology, and history. Whether she is describing primitives like the Ikkinni in The Sioux Spaceman or more sophisticated peoples like the Solariki in Plasma Ship, Norton's societies are plausible and appropriate for their settings. Her absorption in parapsychology and the occult infuses her SF with magic touches whose marvuls survive rational expression, as in Voodoo Planet, for example. She is also noted for her love of nature and animals, especially cats. Felines -- pets, wild beasts, and intelligent aliens -- abound in Norton's work (five of the seven stories in this set feature them). So intensely fond is she of her own cats that she even dedicated a book to them (Bread to Come, 1972). One publisher's release describes her as "living under the careful management of her feline associates."

Overall, Norton has a decided preference for a mystical rather than scientific vision of reality. She values empathy over intellect. This attitude makes her fiction more accessible to readers who might be intimidated by the rigors of hard SF. She is a storyteller rather than a stylist, but the adventure tale attains a special sensitivity in her earnest and intuitive hands.
Norton's prime interest is not the daring deed in the exotic locale--however entertainingly described--but the hero's struggle for self-discovery, maturity, and freedom. For her, survival has moral ramifications, and physical ordeals make possible the ethical. The universality of these problems invites reader identification and sympathy. Norton's ability to tap fundamental human concerns is the key to her popularity.

Now let us examine Norton's major themes in more detail. The most important of these is initiation, the developmental process every adolescent experiences. In his study Hero with a Thousand Faces (1949), Joseph Campbell summarizes elements from all the world's hero-stories in a scenario called monomyth: in the monomyth, a young or obscure person, aided by helpful powers, leaves home and passes tests to acquire new powers that benefit himself and his community.

The typical Norton hero is a misfit seeking his rightful place. He is usually poor, young, powerless, and frequently a victim, orphan, cripple, or outcast. His character-building struggle against his enemies is commonly plotted as a chase-escape-confrontation. The hero grows in wisdom, knowledge, and virtue under stress; but it is the unique Norton touch that his triumph often hinges on rapport with an alien being or animal, or else on a gift for using some strange talisman or device. Finally, the hero saves others besides himself.

Applying these patterns to the seven stories at hand, note that all the heroes except Kade Whitehawk in The Sioux Spaceman are orphans. Vye Lansor in Star Hunter is an orphan impersonating an orphan. Blake Walker of The Crossroads of Time has lost both natural and adoptive parents. Ras Hune in Star Hunter is missing a hand and a career. Whitehawk is in disgrace professionally. Joktar, in Secret of the Lost Race, originally works for a racketeer, a special variation--at the novel's opening, he is already impressively self-reliant and appears to function perfectly in his niche, but by the climax he has been revealed as an utter outsider for whom a special place must be created.

All the heroes' adventures involve painful, dangerous journeys across space and time. Each of them gains self-confidence and survival resources within himself. As Blake Walker muses:

"...Deep inside him he had a new satisfaction. He had been moved about by the agents... But he had escaped from Pranj. And he was without tools or any real knowledge, but he had managed to achieve food and warmth. No thanks to anyone but himself."

(p.73)

This growth process is perhaps best epitomized by Dane Thorson's transition from a shy, bumbling apprentice to competent spaceman in Sargasso of Space, Plague Ship, and Voodoo Planet.

Finding human allies is essential in The Crossroads of Time and Secret of the Lost Race. Conforming to alien folkways and handling animals are important elements in Plague Ship and The Sioux Spaceman. Unlocking the secrets of alien mechanisms is necessary in Sargasso of Space, Star Hunter, and The Crossroads of Time, while mastering exotic magic is the crucial element in Voodoo Planet.

Personal acceptance, honor, and even profit are won by all the heroes and they all save the lives of comrades. But, in addition, the wider social benefits of their deeds include: the destruction of criminals (The Crossroads of Time, Star Hunter, Sargasso of Space, and Voodoo Planet); identification of travel hazards (Star Hunter and Sargasso of Space); and saving people (The Sioux Spaceman); and ending a racial state of siege (Secret of the Lost Race).

The foregoing components fit the noble pattern of Joseph Campbell's monomyth. However, a more prosaic element is also shared by all seven stories. This is the issue of employment. Finding and holding a good job--one that is useful, satisfying, and remunerative--is a matter of desperate importance to each hero. It is the motive and reward for their deeds. Thorson and Whitehawk strain to keep the positions they have so arduously secured. Hume and Walker adjust to careers chosen for them by outside forces. Joktar fights his way from captive to servitude. Lansor--the most dramatic example--rises from busboy in a saloon to membership in the respected Out-Hunters' Guild.

This same preoccupation with work occurs throughout Norton's fiction--for example, in Catseye (1961), Judgment on Janus (1963), and Dread Command (1978). It even shows up in her Magic series for young children where plots are shaped by the employment conditions of the protagonists' parents. Norton's concern for economic problems is a realistic touch and a good device for quickly establishing a character's alienation and vulnerability.

More than a full stomach is at stake here. The jobless are non-persons in a technological society. No one can be free while subsisting on a government dole, and dependence on the whims of a harsh employer is no better. Norton is strongly individualistic and has an inborn suspicion of large organizations like the trading cartels. To her these institutions are as unprincipled as they are unimaginative. The Thorson novels describe tensions among the cartels and between them and the Free Traders, a group which the author holds in special esteem. The bloody clashes between independent and corporate miners in Secret of the Lost Race are another example of the same phenomenon.

Yet size is not the only factor Norton judges. She is equally critical of small, selfish elites like the Patrol, the bane of the Free Traders. And the longer an elite persists--or the longer the author writes about it--the worse it becomes. Compare the officious Patrol of Sargasso of Space with the malicious one in Uncharted Stars (1969). The same is true of natural-born superiors, as the increasing severity of the witches in the Witch World series demonstrates. Fortunately, Norton balances these off against responsible elites such as the Rangers in Voodoo Planet or the Space Service members fighting secretly for justice in The Sioux Spaceman.
Be they large or small, repressive groups threaten the freedom and most especially the integrity of living beings. Norton has a visceral horror of external control or compulsion in any form. Persons should be free in body, inviolate in spirit. Even animals should be persuaded rather than coerced as much as possible. Notice how Whitehawk's considerate treatment of some bear parallels his sympathy for the oppressed Ikkinni. Star Hunter decries the force field's compelling effects on wild beasts as well as on men. Compare these descriptions of a deer and a man driven by the field:

Its brown coat was roughed with patches of white froth, while more dripped from the pale pink tongue protruding from its open jaws, and its shrunken sides heaves.... The creature did not start nor show any sign of seeing the rock fall. It trotted on at the same wearily pace.... (pp. 151-52)

Wass hit the invisible barrier full force, was hurled back to lie gasping on the turf, but already raising himself to crawl again to the gateway.... [He] beat at the unseen curtain, first in anger and fear, and then just in fear, until the fear was a lonesome crying that went on and on until even that last feeble assault on the barrier failed. (pp. 156-57)

This point is worth stressing because Norton is well-high obsessed with compulsion. She returns to this issue again and again. The Witch World series all by itself constitutes a virtual encyclopedia of constraints. Compulsion is Norton's definition of evil: social vices compel groups; private vices compel individuals (both varieties of corruption unite in the person of Voodoo Planet's evil witch doctor, a villain driven to his death by the very forces with which he had ensnared others). The author condemns every form of coercion, from dictatorships and commercial monopolies to addictions; from the mighty tractor beam in Sargasso of Space to the cruel tanglers in Secret of the Lost Race. Even though a small predator's hunting skill saves the crew in Plague Ship, they are queasy watching it enthral its prey before the kill.

Physical acts of compulsion like slavery and rape are terrible enough, but Norton regards non-physical abuses as the ultimate outrage. This includes mental conditioning induced by mechanical means, drugs, hypnosis, psi powers, or magic (Secret of the Lost Race, Star Hunter, Voodoo Planet, The Sioux Spaceman, and The Crossroads of Time provide overlapping examples of each category). The attempt to tamper with Lansor's memory in Star Hunter is an early example of what has subsequently become a persistent Norton motif. Identity alterations occur in Night of Masks (1964), Android at Arms (1971), and Forrunner Porsy (1973). Body exchanges take place in the Moonsinger series (1966, 1971) and Knave of Dreams (1975). An entire planet is conditioned by human scientists in Ice Crown (1975) and a single child is possessed by an alien intelligence in Dread Companion (1970). In each case, the interference is the problem that the plot resolves, just as in Star Hunter.

Norton's belief in the inviolable dignity of the individual also makes her staunchly anti-racist (for example, acute racial paranoia is the key issue in The Secret of the Lost Race). As a result of her open-mindedness, her casts of characters were multiracial long before this became common in SF. In 1952, her earliest novel, Star Man's Son, featured a thriving post-atomic war culture established by black Air Force veterans. Similarly, a wise black veteran leads an integrated band of survivors in The Crossroads of Time, a novel whose hero is of undetermined non-white origin. Thorson's best friend on the Solar Queen is black and Thorson encounters a vigorous Neo-African people, the Khathkans, in Voodoo Planet. (Norton also mines African materials to excellent effect in Android at Arms.)

The Khathkans' ancestors were refugees from genocidal warfare on Earth who forged a new civilization from traditional elements. With a wry touch of irony, "they set up a color bar in reverse. The lighter your skin, the lower you were in the social scale" (p. 8). This bit of background information and comment follows: "if the color of a man's skin makes any difference in what lies under it!" (p. 8) are the author's only explicit statements about race in these seven novels. Otherwise, she lets situations speak for themselves. (However, prejudice is more pointedly discussed in the Magic series, especially in Lavender-Green Magic, 1974.)

Other minority groups also appear in Norton's work. Whitehawk belongs to a "mixed team" of space traders which includes a black, an Oriental, and a white. The theory behind this practice is to bring special insights of each human racial stock to bear on vexing problems. In this instance, Whitehawk uses a lesson from his race's history to help the Ikkinni. Norton herself has a trace of American Indian ancestry and draws on this ethnic source for her Beast Master series and for Fur Magic, 1968.) Nevertheless, the author's happy ideal of interracial/intercultural cooperation does not preclude creating the vicious empire of Ixanilla, an Amerindian-Nordic-Celtic complex mentioned in The Crossroads of Time.

But although these seven stories are admirably multiracial, one group is conspicuously missing: women. Their roles are devoid of female presence. Of the entire set, only The Crossroads of Time contains so much as a single line of dialogue spoken by a woman, but she is a figure too insubstantial to even call a spear-carrier. (There is also a grunting, subhuman mutant female who briefly menaces this novel's hero.) The omission becomes all the more glaring when one notes the frequency of live women. Norton's supporting characters in the books Robert A. Heinlein was writing in the same decade for young audiences. Although Norton had featured women in her non-SF (for example, Follow the Drum, 1942 or Shadow Hawk, 1960), her SF rarely ever mentions them prior to the early 1960s. Witch World (1963) contains her first notable female characters, indicating otherwise. In her first book told from the heroine's point of view, both novels had difficulty gaining acceptance from publishers. According to the author, her editors had previously insisted that she omit female characters on the grounds that no market existed for SF stories about girls or women. Adventure SF was believed to have strictly masculine appeal, therefore it must be cost
with strictly masculine characters. Yet once Norton was allowed her “daring experiment,” she made an excellent success of it. Brave heroines have held the foreground of her fiction ever since. (Feminist aspects of Norton’s work are examined in my introduction to the Gregg Press edition of the Witch World series.)

Norton has had a keen, lifelong interest in history. (She had planned to become a history teacher until the economic Depression forced her into library science.) She has written a number of accurately researched historical novels as well as applying her knowl-

edge to the fashioning of SF backgrounds. Obvious examples are stories with medieval set-

tings like the Witch World series, or The Sioux Spaceman, which reflects events on the American frontier. Norton skillfully conveys a sense of the depths of time. The archeological dimensions of her worlds is always vivid. In Sargasso of

Space, the humans stare at colossal alien ruins with the uncomprehending awe of 19th-century Eu-

ropeans among the monuments of Egypt or Asia Mi-

nor.

An extension of this process is the design of alternate histories as in The Crossroads of Time and its sequel Quest Crosstime (1965), as well as in Operation Time Search (1967) and Knave of

Dreams (1975). In these stories, Norton postu-

lates that the earth is replicated in another di-

mension at each important historical point and

that travel between the different versions of

reality is possible. (The above are instances of

controlled transit: Here Abide Monsters depends

on a Bermuda triangle-style passage through a

space-time warp.) But Norton surpasses fellow

practitioners of this genre, like H. Beam Piper, by creating alternate histories of alien worlds as in Star Gate (1958), Key out of Time (1963), and Perilous Dreams (1976).

Norton has also developed an extensive future history but it is an exceedingly loose con-

struct, not to be compared with the orderly chronologies of Robert A. Heinlein, James Blish, or Poul Anderson. Except for stories directly

linked through the same characters or settings, the interrelationships are probably more acci-

dental than otherwise. There are numerous dis-

crepancies and some tales are only connected by

mention of the ubiquitous game of "stars and comets."

Other simple linking elements in Norton stor-

ties are common institutional names (Patrol, Sur-

vey, Thieves' Guild, Free Traders, Companies, Confederates, Council) and terminology (For-

erunners, First-in Scout, Veep/VIP, Dipple). Cer-

tain planets and races (Astra, Kowar, Salariki, Zaca-thans) also recur in many stories.

Events in the novels are strung out over the

next three millennia. There is little indication of time scale—The Secret of the Lost Race takes

space 300 years after space travel, the Thorson

series 700 years later, and Star Hunter somewhat after that—but enough is shown to convey a gen-

eral impression, of rapid interstellar coloniza-

tion in the wake of atomic wars on Earth, diver-

gent developments and even mutations among these human colonies, extensive contact with other races through travel and occasional warfare. Traces of a vanished Elder Race called the Forerunners

are found on many worlds.

As the centuries roll on, economic competition grows increasingly ruthless with the great mercantile Companies becoming more powerful than governments and the Free Traders developing into a separate nomadic civilization. The Patrol turns ever harsher in its efforts to control the Traders and the Thieves' Guild. The War of the Two Sectors brings a temporary interstellar peace of exhaustion at ghastly cost. There is renewed interest in solving the mystery of the Forerunners in order to apply their lost knowledge to contemporary human problems but this hope appears to be in vain.

Here is a list of novels which seem to belong to Norton's future history scheme. The list is alphabetical by title, except that where several novels form a series, the remaining titles in

the series are shown in series order after the first title, and the name of the series is given in parentheses.

Android at Arms, 1971

The Beast Master, 1959; Lord of Thunder. 1962 (Beast Master series)

Cats eye, 1961

Dark Piper, 1968

Dread Companion, 1970

Eye of the Monster, 1962

Ice Crown, 1970

Judgment on Janus, 1963; Victory on Janus, 1966 (Janus series)

Moon of Three Rings, 1966; Exiles of the Stars, 1971 (Hoonesinger series)

Night of Masks, 1964

Sargasso of Space, 1955; Plague Ship, 1956; Voodoo Planet, 1959; Postmarked the Stars, 1969 (Dane Thorson series)

Secret of the Lost Race, 1959

Star Guard, 1955

Star Hunter, 1961

Star Runners/The Last Planet, 1953

The Stars Are Ours!, 1954; Star Born, 1957 (Astra series)

Storm Over Warlock, 1960; Ordeal in Other-

where, 1964; Forerunner Foray, 1973 (Warlock series)

The X Factor, 1965

The Zero Stone, 1968; Exiles of the Stars, 1969 (Hurdock Jern series)

Norton's noted love of animals has inspired

her to imagine special bonds of empathy or even telepathy existing among the various higher forms of life (Cats eye, The X Factor, Beast Master series, Warlock series, Hurdock Jern series). Mystical affinity with animals is the ba-

sis of Voodoo Planet's illusions, but real "bro-

thers-in-fur" are not especially conspicuous in the seven novels at hand. However, Missus, the hardworking kitten in The Crossroads of Time, receives telepathic commands from her masters and is instrumental in destroying the cat-hating villain of that book. A domesticated stallion battles deadly predators in The Sioux Spaceman without benefit of psi signals. And on a gent-

tler level, the popularity of Sinbad, the Solar

Queen's cat mascot, is a valuable public rela-
tions advantage for the crew.

Norton's interest in animals is only one aspect of her sensitivity to nature: man and beast can collaborate because they belong to the same universal web of life. Threats to this web frighten Norton, especially sterile mechaniza-

tion and war. Indeed, the author seems to con-
nect the two—the wages of technology are death. Machine-dominated civilizations turn into radioactive slag heaps, as happened on Earth (the Thorson series, The Sioux Spaceman, The Crossroads of Space) and other planets (Sargasso of Space). "Turnoffs"—war-ravaged worlds—are grim facts of life in Norton's major universe. A number of her stories (Catseye, Judgment on Janus, and Night of Masks) open in the Dipple, a dreary compound for interstellar war refugees. High technology run amok may soon send humanity tumbling after the Forerunners into oblivion.

Even if it stops short of exterminating technology can still cause grave harm. The Forerunner devices in Sargasso of Space and Star Hunter are so dangerous precisely because they are products of a more advanced science. Electronically operated slave collars keep the Ikkinni subdued, surely a shameful application of knowledge. (These collars can be mechanically neutralized, but possessing horses—not blasters—will ensure that the natives stay free.) In short, the developments that opened the starlanes also bred the Dipple, JetTown, and new slave-labor camps.

Races ruled by technology are perilously isolated from their surroundings. In The Sioux Spaceman, the Styor regard animals as collectibles rather than living creatures. They wall themselves away from nature:

Cor rose abruptly from the rolling Klor plain with insolent refusal to accommodate alien architecture to a frontier world. The city might have been lifted entirely from some other Styor-controlled planet and set down here bodily with all its conical towers, their glitter-tipped spear-like crests pointed into the jade sky.

(p. 56)

Compare this cliff dwelling of the free Ikkinni:

The architects of that village had taken advantage of a natural feature of the mountainside in their planning.... The structure was undeniably crude, put together by those who had worked only with a general idea of what they must accomplish and primitive, untaught skills. The Terran gave hearty tribute not only to the city house but to the labor and the dream which had brought it into being.

(pp. 114-15)

These polarities between arrogant/sterile and modest/fertile are even more sharply drawn in Star Rangers, Outside (1974), and the Janus and Witch World series. Another pitfall of technology is that automatic devices can substitute for ability, leaving the user impoverished. (Unlike the Ikkinni hunting nets, the slave collars require no special skills to operate.) Voodoo Planet is a sarcastic commentary on the fallibility of machines and the limits of purely scientific thought. The heroes are thrown back upon their own physical and spiritual resources and still manage to survive. Norton's spaceships and aircraft are highly automated but still require adroit piloting. This is one of the very few cases in which men and machines blend usefully. (But how could there be space adventures without spaceships?)

Norton's special wrath is saved for computers. In Star Hunter, Lanson's inability to adapt to the "mechanical life of a computer tender" (p. 16) is supposed to demonstrate his depth of sensitivity and intelligence. Norton regards computers as dehumanizing and tyrannical. As she herself explains:

Yes, I am anti-machine. The more research I do, the more I am convinced that when western civilization turned to machines so heartily with the Industrial Revolution in the early nineteenth century, they threw away some parts of life which are now missing and which the lack of leads to much of our present frustration. When a man had pride in the work of his own hands, when he could see the complete product he had made before him, he had a satisfaction which no joys of easier machine existence could or can give. (1)

Norton does offer positive alternatives. She admires the expertise of men who are directly in charge of their own lives: the professional excellence of the Solar Queen's crew when at work and their creative hobbies when at play; the enlightened game management and woodcraft practiced by the Khathan Rangers; the wilderness skills of Whitehawk and the Ikkinni; Ras Hume's concern for his client's safety. She praises whatever is well-crafted, beautiful, or natural—and takes many opportunities to do so in the Sargol episode on Plaque Ship. By implication, the glorious Pfallian in Secret of the Lost Race have successfully transcended the temptations and perils of technology. No computer-fed bureaucrats, criminal ghettos, or slave-operated mines mar the golden world.

Increasingly, Norton is taking refuge in non-standard science, parapsychology, mysticism, and magic. (Forerunner Foray, 1973, Here Abide Monsters, 1973, Knave of Dreams, 1975, and the Magic and Witch World series are only a few examples.) Voodoo Planet's hypnotic illusions and The Sioux Spaceman's spellbinding have given way to grander displays of the occult arts. The eerie Tower-level sequence in The Crossroads of Time is a foretaste of the author's gift for evoking mysterious wonders.

For wonder is really what Norton's writing has always been about. SF has merely been a means of opening our eyes to new marvels, to let us share the experiences of sympathetic characters growing into maturity. As Rick Brooks has already pointed out in The Book of Andre Norton (1975), these lines from Moon of Three Rings summarize Norton's enduring appeal:

There was much she said beyond my understanding, references to events and people unknown, such hints only making me wistful to go through the doors and see what lay on the far side. (2)

Sandra Miesel

Indiana Ppolis


(2) Brooks, p. 193.
The single most remarkable aspect of Andre Norton as a writer is that her work spans such a broad spectrum of quality, from the truly first-rate to the utterly awful. Now in a sense, that could be said of any really good writer, because nobody starts out at the top of their form and never subsequently wavers from it. Looking back, for example, to the Clifford Simak issue of Analog, one can't help but be struck by the fact that the first published story of this great author is a typical piece of early pulp SF -- simplistic, superficial, and almost completely pointless. But in the case of Simak, this is very unusual. He has produced a vast body of work in which there really are no bad novels and very few bad short stories -- and those appear only in his earliest work. So the bad writing of Simak is a mere oddity. Norton, on the other hand, has produced a substantial body of poor, formulaic SF, much of which is still in print; at the same time, she has produced some truly excellent fantasy which compares well to even the best of the genre. So Norton is unusual. Here we find in one author the strengths as well as the weaknesses of the genre of science fiction and fantasy clearly exhibited.

Norton is remarkable for another reason, that being her output of juvenile SF. Only a handful of science fiction authors have written any sizable body of novels specifically for the younger reader -- the most conspicuous examples other than Norton being Asimov and Heinlein. Fantasy is another matter. It is traditional to entertain children with fantasy, and the quantity of fantasy written for children is vast beyond measure. The true SF for children is sparse. I suggest this is because SF is inherently an adult genre in spite of the fact that it is frequently criticised by the ignorant as being a childlike form of sub-literature. Science fiction deals with sophisticated and complex ideas which quite often are beyond most of the adult population, much less the children. SF is more imaginative as a general rule than other genres, and hence it places a greater demand upon the reader. Children's literature on the other hand is supposed to be less demanding than that of adults -- children being less well-prepared to deal with ambitious writing and to really is tough to write children's SF. Norton has done a reasonably good job in this department -- I read her juvenile novels as a child and enjoyed them, but in comparison to the other major contributors to this sub-genre, Asimov and Heinlein, her work is unremarkable. Heinlein is still the best; nobody comes close to him in this area.

One of Andre Norton's first published SF stories, "People of the Crater", appeared long ago in a pulp magazine in 1947, and was many decades later published with a sequel as the novel Garan the Eternal by DAW books. It is the best example of her worst work (her dark side shall be discussed later). It is constructed exclusively of SF cliches which were current at the time of its original publication -- all of which now seem to be utterly foolish. While it is supposed to be science fiction, it contains on trace of genuine science, only vast globs of unconvincing pseudo-science. Characterization is limited to stereotypical heroism and villainy. Not even a dim glimmer of intelligence is seen in this embarrassing and unreadable novel.

Andre Norton's better work for the most part is contained within her justly famed Witch World series. The better volumes of the series create a convincing fantasy universe which becomes completely real to the reader, and which draws the reader into real human problems in that fantasy setting. Here are characters that we cannot help caring about. While the struggle of good and evil is still larger than life (as in her darker side), here she carries it off. There is a genuine grandeur and mythic depth to the series, which inevitably is a reminder of Lord of the Rings, the cornerstone of modern fantasy, and undoubtedly an inspiration to Andre Norton (as it is to all of us).

It is clear that Andre Norton has steadily improved as a writer over the decades. Although some of her earlier work is bad enough to be an embarrassment to the field, she has now undoubtedly attained the stature of a great writer. Now if some of those earlier works could be allowed to go quietly out of print, she may well be remembered into the far future for her better work.
Andre Norton:
Short Story Writer

by Don D'Ammassa

One of the most prolific science fiction and fantasy novelists of all time is Andre Norton. When her non-fantasy titles are included, she has nearly one hundred books to her credit, almost all of which are novels. There are in fact four short story collections which include among them almost all of her short fiction. High Sorcery was published by Ace, The Book of Andre Norton (also known as The Many Worlds of Andre Norton in hardcover), The Spell of the Witch World and Lore of the Witch World were all published by DAW.

There is no question that Norton's reputation exists now and will continue to exist on the basis of her novels. Most of her shorter pieces
read like excerpts from novels in process and one, "The People of the Crater", was later expanded into the novel, "Saran the Eternal". This doesn't mean, however, that her short stories are not, in fact, simply that they may have been overshadowed.

"The People of the Crater" was published originally in 1947. It's a typical lost world story in much the style of A. Merritt, with a flyer crashlanding in the Antarctic, within the boundaries of a strange land where the cold does not penetrate. Despite its later publication with a lengthy sequel as "Saran the Eternal", it is a pretty minor piece of fiction, as is another short piece from the 1940s, "The Gifts of Atsi", an extensive journey through underground mazes. The latter story is interesting however in that it is a kind of high fantasy that Norton was never to use in novels until the Witch World series more than a decade later.

Until the advent of the Witch World series, most of Norton's novels and short fiction were more conventional SF and not fantasy. In "Mouse-trap", for example, the problem is how to preserve extremely fragile statues discovered in the Martian deserts. The protagonist learns how to do so, but he also discovers a disturbing secret about the nature of the statues. Similarly, "The Cats Are Grey" is another scientific puzzle, this time an invisible being that conceals itself on a spaceship to prey on the unwary.

There were only four more straight SF stories. "Long Live Lord Kor" is a changewar story, with the protagonist battling efforts to change the past of his world, not the Earth incidentally. It's a fairly entertaining but not particularly original story. "London Bridge" deals with ecological damage, set in a future where the cities have been domed and now steps are being taken to prepare people to live outside the domes again. This same general theme is used much more successfully in "Desirable Lakeside Residence", a very untypical Norton story which concerns a children and the strange disappear-ery in a lake that is supposedly totally lifeless because of pollution. The only other straight scientific short is "Teddi". Normal sized humans are outlaws when the rest of the human race has bred itself smaller to counter the population problem. Two young full sized boys are forced to travel to a colony world where their encounters with intelligent teddy-bear aliens is the key to their freedom. Not one of Norton's better efforts, I'm afraid.

With "Wizard's World", the blend from science to fantasy becomes evident. An outlawed esper crosses over to a world of magical wars and potential slavery, but one which is still better than his original homeworld.

Most of Norton's fantasy short stories are set, unsurprisingly, in the Witch World places of Gorm, Estcarp, the Sulcarmen, and other familiar lands and peoples. Of those which are not, "Through the Needle's Eye" is easily the best. A young girl is frequent visitor to the home of an elderly woman who shows her that careful embroidery is the key to immortality, and not just in a figurative sense. The moral is satisfactory in "By a Hair", a tale of magical revenge with a surprise ending.

Less effective is "Moon Mirror", a routine melodrama wherein a young woman finds the man to whom her destiny is tied is more than he seems. Music in the key to reaching the ancient gods in "Uly the Piper", another of her lesser tales. "Peygar of Famism" is in the nebulous area where science fiction and fantasy overlap. Three people linked in a dream travel back through time to a pivot point in the past of their planet, where they play crucial parts in the working out of history.

There are ten stories in the two Witch World collections, of varying but generally high quality. Perhaps the best are "The Toads of Grimmerdale" and its sequel, "The Changeling". In the first episode, a young woman has been raped by one of a group of marauding soldiers and has become pregnant. She sets out to find the man responsible and avenge herself. Unfortunately, through a trick of circumstances, she has mistaken an innocent man for her quarry, and to her own misfortune, she has allied herself with the mysterious and evil Toads of Grimmerdale to achieve power over him. Although everything turns out right in the end, and she doublecrosses the Toads, they strike back in the sequel, stealing her child and replacing it with one of their own creatures. Not quite up to the quality of the first, it is still a good story.

"Dragon Scale Silver" and its sequel, "Sword of Unbelief", are also exceptionally good, although as mentioned before, they read like episodes from a novel. They feature a pair of twins, the female half of which, Elys, is a bit of a witch. In the original story, she has various adventures when her homeland is invaded, and then must set out to rescue her brother who has been magically imprisoned. In the sequel, the girl sets out in pursuit of an outlaw, sees a friend become ensorcelled by an ancient god, and rescues him. This is a plot device that crops up frequently in Norton's work. Her earlier novels were frequently criticized because of their lack of female characters, but in her later work the females generally tend to be the dominant personalities, frequently rescuing their male companions.

Dreaming is another recurring device. Another of her better stories, "Dream Smith", features a deformed blacksmith who becomes involved with magical figurines and the power of dreams. "Spider Silk" also features a woman rescuing her sister's island, this time on a mysterious island where a unique fabric can only be taken by women. "Falcon Blood" is another good story, this time almost Conanesque, with two people shipwrecked on an island where they find ancient ruins still ruled by magic.

The remaining stories in the two Witch World collections are less interesting. An enchanted cat calls a magical song in "The Legacy of Sorn Fen". "Sand Sister" features an outcast woman involved with magical dreams. A woman finds herself married to a man who is not what he seems in "Amber Out of Quayth".

Andre Norton has won no awards for her short fiction, and is not likely to do so. Her style generally requires the length of a novel where plot and action can fill the stage. She is not particularly concerned with creating fine nuances of character, but seems content to allow her readers to interpret the characters as they want to, perhaps to allow easier identification. But the fact that she has concentrated her efforts on the novel does not mean that the short stories should slide into total obscurity.
A Review of 'WARE HAWK

by Greg Hills
It is always a pleasure to find a new novel by Andre Norton. The standard of her work has been remarkably high and (just as importantly) consistently so. All that I have read by her — a sizable chunk of her science fiction and fantasy output. In 1975, I already possessed a 38 volume 'Norton' section in my personal collection, and while I have fewer now, I have read at least as many more. However, I was mildly apprehensive in approaching this one, since my last experience with her writing was The Prince Commanded (Athenaeum, Harcourt 1953), a reprint of her first novel which was published in 1934.

I needn't have worried. This book, a new addition to the marvelous Witch World array, is up to the expected standard. In fact, my only carp is that it had the potential to be better than most, and Norton blew it only because of the clumsy handling of the closing chapters, and the multiplicity of significant characters. She carried the latter well, but it left her short of time and room to expand on some of them.

In this book we finally meet face-to-face and in the flesh with one of the feared evil adepts of Escore, Rane. He appears in the closing pages, having been a prime mover in the background throughout, but not previously having taken a direct hand in the action. As he, the emergence of this Prince-of-the-Dark is an anticlimax—overshadowed both by his uninspiring appearance after the long build-up, and by the front-stage resolution of the conflicts separating hero from heroine. I'll take selected quotes to illustrate.

Two of the three main characters are captured and imprisoned in the ruinous temple that surrounds the heart of Rane's strength. The sequence is handled well. They escape by their own efforts and using only the abilities that one would expect from previous developments in the book. And then...

"We are too close to his source," he said. "Best we..."

Crytha interrupted him. "She cannot be moved." Her gesture was to Tirtha. ...

...There were many rocks about. [Tirtha] still felt a chill issuing from behind. Though they may have, through some trick of power, won free of that Dark Cage, yet the newcomers had not transported he too far from it. ...

..."There is a stirring..." he cautioned sharply.

He of the axe laughed, giving a small flourish of his ponderous weapon. "When is there not, Yonan? Let it stir. It must come to terms sooner or later -- its ours. And I will wager the weight of this, again he gathered a short glee, another trick of his black art -- "that the result will not be altogether to the Dark's liking, if at all."

"He who comes is Rane." Holding the tube of parchment, Crytha had moved back toward them. ...

..."Rane!"... there came a crackling in the air about them, a feeling of power gathering, was washing over them, all of them, toward him, or that, which summoned. ...

...Mist whirled, gathered, intensified. ...At that moment there came a roar of sound so blasting they might have been struck deaf. Instantly a vast wave of darkness followed, washing out from behind where Tirtha lay. Things moved in that darkness. ...

...What loomed out of the dark before her, standing at the foot of her supine body... this was not the woman of the ineffective face nor the priestess. This was another. Nor was he...

So far, so good. But then Norton spoils it in the very next paragraph after this one quoted above:

"Human in his outward form, or did he wear that as clothing when he treated with her kind? He was weaponless, nor did he wear mail -- rather a tight half garment, which seemed made of reptile skin clinging tightly to his lower limbs, reaching to his waist. It was white, but the edges of the scales glinted with the scarlet of new shed blood. Above it the dusky skin of his torso was smoother, more handsome, his head capped with a tight-fitting covering of the same and scarlet scalloped skin, enclosed at the brow edge by a broad band of scarlet gems. He raised his hands slowly, and Tirtha could see webs of skin as he spread wide his fingers.

Rane makes an impressive villain, but an unimpressive Dark One. His performance is similarly second-rate. I think that if she had given herself the chance, Norton could have made Rane into a really convincing villain. Instead, just before his demise, he is prancing around the hero in a way that brought to mind the clumsy historiography of the Emperor in Return of the Jedi when he is punishing Luke for not continuing over to the Dark Side. (I draw this comparison advisedly, as you will see when you read the book. The parallel is uncanny.) The result is a parody of evil, ludicrous rather than horrible. Norton can do has done better.

The story in brief: Tirtha, the heroine, is the last full blood of the House of Hawkhorne. For reasons connected with a recurrent dream, she is journeying from the ruined south of Estcarp into the even-more-ruined north of Karston, where lies the old castle of her family. Along the way she picks up Nirel, one of the misogynist Falconers, and the boy Alon who possesses the powers normally thought to come only to the Wise Women of the Old Race. These three are the major characters, but matters are complicated by various half-blood Hawkhorners who keep turning up dead or (temporarily) alive. Further problems come in with the mysterious woman Yachne (whom we never meet, but hear about second-hand through Alon), who seems to be a Wise Woman and who vanishes after a brief period of discussion, never to surface again in this book. Then there are the baddies, the monsters out of Escore, the amoral, or Rane, and the fascinating evil Forest Lord. He appears briefly in their path, but decides it might be more amusing to stop aside and let them pass. Frankly this minor character was the best drawn and most intriguing one in the book. Norton drew him with a fine nib, in exquisite miniature, and then threw him away after a couple of pages of time-filling.

Despite all this the book is essentially sound and is a good addition to the series. Alas, it requires a new book to clear up Alon's affairs: who is he? Why does he manifest the powers usually reserved for the Wise Women? What part does the mysterious Yachne play? We shall no doubt find out in due course. I have sufficient faith in Norton to be willing to wait with equanimity for the explanations. Meanwhile, I recommend this book. MInly.
One of the earliest science fiction paperbacks I saw was Andre Norton's Daybreak: 2250 A.D. The publisher was Ace, one of its double novels, and the cover portrayed a man (accompanied by his mutant cat) poling a raft up what looked like the East River in New York. While in the back were the ruined buildings of a New York skyline. I liked the artist's portrayal of complete devastation both in nature and man's city, and I bought the book. I think Star Runners was the story on the other side.

Although the cover, and Norton's strange viewpoint, stimulated my sense of wonder, I had difficulty seeing just how the author was setting things up, and what she wanted the reader to see in the world she was portraying. People wandered from place to place, doing nothing much; one of the first places they went to was the wrong place, but then they had been in the wrong place. Of course, they were just leaving from the site of the holocaust, so one could hardly expect admirable or even comprehensible behavior from them. They had no transportation and could only walk on. When they ran into those who considered themselves agents of something that no longer existed, they were wearing their travelling credentials. Their worries included falling objects, and their consciousnesses as beings were described in the light of this. Could anyone of these characters be a hero, someone in whom the reader could take an interest?

I had just finished reading Murray Leinster's Forgotten Planet, whose hero was always doing something interesting. But here in Daybreak, no one really was the central figure, and mostly the characters themselves were not too interested in what they were doing. When they were, the interest became an over-concentrated involution into a partially-formed private world. The important thing seemed to be Norton's attitude, the substance of the book, towards the things she wished to describe.

This book, the only one of Norton's I have read, tells a story which deserves to be explicated to the reader of today who might have missed it. It certainly is more relevant to me today than it was when I read it. Back then I had not seen many things comparable to what the author described. By now, I have seen most of them, although not, of course, in their 2250 form. The book is more thought-provoking than informative in nature; it has some magical qualities useful in breaking the very spell it describes, that is, the stupid, wasteful and infernally silent, post-holocaust conditions. One need only talk about the book and one is talking about disaster. There are only a limited number of decent Doomsday novels and stories, and this is one of them.

Andre Norton's Daybreak: 2250 A.D.

in Perspective:

A Novel of Doom and Disaster

— John Thiel —
Doomsday productions of these times seem to be written by recent participants in civic riots, migrations, and slum uprisings, and they reflect some of their consequences in misplaced syntax and the like. I do not find them to be readable in the way that Norton was. I do not wish to offend any of Samuel Delany’s multitudinous fans, but his longest work, Daughters, to me reads like something put together by several dozen writers doing chain-writing, then polished up for publication. I find this and other more recent books to be subjectively inconsistent, where Norton’s was objectively that way. Others have unidentifiable characters, and many of them are in fact derived from Norton’s early pace-setting effort. In one (Dracon by Vonda McIntyre) there is a healthy woman carrying healing-snakes on horseback from place to place. It is too eccentric to say it possesses “scope”, a quality I certainly prefer in a Doomsday book, so that I can know the extent of the disaster.

So I wish to call attention to this pioneering work on the subject of devastation. It is worth a hundred lesser works, a novel worth reading, a book, rather than a treatise on holocaust, or a money-earning pot-boiler on a common and easily-researched theme.

Is this all I am going to say? "I have read this novel by Andre Norton, and I am recommending it." Rather, this is the highest honor one can pay an author—notice her book and recommend it to another. I do not think I waste space when I concentrate your attention on a single work of Andre Norton. She stimulates the thinking and discussion of Doomsday. The world needs a few holocaust stories (considering the Great Brink we’ve approached may times in my lifetime), and Norton’s is one of the ablest efforts. Buy the book, read about Doomsday and its aftermath, and discuss it with others. You need not be an expert in Doomsday novels. It will give you a taste of what it might be like, but remember that we are still in 1984 A.D.

So read the book. Andre Norton will not disappoint you.

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**On Andre Norton**

by Margaret Middleton

Twenty or so years ago, I was a high school senior and just discovering science fiction. Our school library was well-stocked with Heinlein, Asimov, and Norton, and it must have been six months after I started on these writers before I discovered Clarke and the rest of the herd. If Norton’s Storm Over Warlock was not the first SF novel I read, it was within my first 10, and remains my favorite of hers. When I have every single one of our SF paperbacks out of the boxes and on shelves, the Norton section occupies a full, three-foot shelf section, and is firmly packed into that space. (As I compose this, we have perhaps 60% of the paperbacks out, and I’ve limited myself to only the absolute favorite Norton ones. Even with this constraint, there are 13-1/2 shelf-inches of Norton.)

After I had read enough SF to be able to make comparisons, I realized that one of the hallmarks of Norton’s books was the absence of conventional heroines. You know the type: helpless sorts who keep needing to be rescued; or if they can at least keep themselves out of trouble, they also keep themselves out of the plot until it is time for the hero to be gushed over. In fact, there were very few female characters at all, for many years. I would have to line the books up in order of copyright date to see when this changed, but I have the impression that the first exceptions to the pattern were the first Witch World books. Even then, Norton set her own pattern: Jaelithe and the following female characters were equal partners in adventures, and in recent years have been the leaders. (I find it only appropriate that the first one I encountered in this latter vein should be in Ordeal in Otherwhere, a sequel to Storm Over Warlock.)

When I am burned out on everyone else, I frequently reach blindly into the Norton section for something to read, secure in the knowledge that I will enjoy re-reading whatever I pull out. The stories are well-told tales, with a maximum of adventure and a minimum of distractions. This may sound old-fashioned, but one of the distractions I get tired of is having the female and male leads fall into bed with each other the first chance the plot gives them to catch their breaths. In a Norton adventure, they generally have the sense to use such breathers to breathe, and wait until the end of the tale to celebrate. Norton’s characters are not as Victorianly-artistically “moral” as (for instance) Burrough’s Red Barsomians, but they do keep their priorities straight: survive first, then reproduce.
Andre Norton has written a few works about one subject which isn't science fiction--the American Southwest in 1859 in the novel, Stand to Horse, and the post Civil War American Southwest in the book, Rebel Spurs. Many of the regular readers of Andre Norton's fiction have probably never heard of these two books, but to collectors such as I, books as rare as these are sought and treasured when found.

Both of these books contain the most common theme used by Andre Norton -- young loners without family or friends, who meet comrades in the course of the story and go through various difficult situations, growing from adolescence to manhood. Passages from the aforementioned novels and from four of Andre Norton's science fiction novels will be compared to demonstrate the similarities of this theme.

In Stand to Horse recruit Ritchie Peters is a private in the First Dragoons stationed in Santa Fe to guard the citizens against Apache raids. The following passage tells why Ritchie joined the Dragoons, and why he is alone.

"What brought you into the army, Johnny Raw?..."

"We lost our money in the crash," he replied simply. "My father was a heavy investor in railroads, and he went under. He died of a heart attack last June. There was just enough left to keep the girls for a while--they went to live with Aunt Emma. I thought if I could get west and learn something about ranching or mining--" (1)

Through his first year of duty, Private Ritchie Peters suffers all the hardships of the New Mexico frontier, but he also develops deep loyalties and friendships. All know that Ritchie has come to love this new land not yet settled when he says, "I have drunk of these waters. I am part of this land." (2)

Rebel Spurs is the story of Drew Rennie, an ex-Confederate soldier at the age of sixteen. After the Civil War, Drew goes to Texas as a horsetrainer under an alias in order to find his estranged father, who doesn't realize Drew exists. Drew has apprehensions about his father acknowledging him so he assumes the alias to assess his father's feelings and attitudes. His only friend is Anae Kirby, a comrade from the Civil War days. The following passage tells of Drew's estrangement from his father, and his anxiety about whether he would be accepted.

"He didn't know I was alive, and I didn't know that he was. My grandfather--my mother's father--he hated Hunt very much, because of a duel and other things. So my father took my mother away secretly, brought her to Texas when they were very young. Then Hunt went to war and the news came that he had been killed. My grandfather went to Texas and took my mother home with him. She died a few months, later when I was born. It was only after my grandfather died, two years ago, that letters from my father were found among his private papers. These I discovered when I came home from the war, learning that my father was alive and here in Arizona. Only we were strangers... I did not know whether he would like me for a son, or whether I wanted a stranger for a father. So when I came here I took the name of my compadre,..." (3)

This theme is also manifest in her science fiction books, as exemplified in the next four selections. The Zero Stone tells the tale of Murdoc Jern and the strange ring which leads him into dangerous situations, accompanied only by a feline mutant, his companion Cat. The alienation of Murdoc and his father Hywel Jern is shown in the following passage.

"So through the years our house became one divided, my mother, Faskel, and Darina on one side, my father and I on the other." (4)

A short time later, Murdoc returns when his father is mysteriously murdered and makes a surprising discovery, as quoted in the following passage.

"Faskel is master here. For he is blood and bone of me, heir to my father who was lord here before Hywel Jern came. And so will I swear before the Council."

That she favored Faskel I had always known but there was a chill in her words now that I did not understand. She continued, making the reason plain.

"You are only a duty child, Murdoc. Though mark me true, I have never made the less of you in this house because of that. And no one can say that I have!"

A duty child--one of those embryos shipped
from a populous world to a frontier planet in order to vary the stock, by law assigned to some family to be raised and nurtured as their own. There were many such in the early settlement of any world. But I have never thought much about them. It did not greatly matter to me that I was not of her blood. But that I was not the son of Hywel—that I hated! I think she read this in my eyes, for she shrunk from me. But she need not have feared any trouble, for I turned and went from that room, and that house, and later from Angkor. All I took with me was my heritage—the ring out of space. (5)

Now Murdoc Jern is left to find his real identity for himself.

Sargasso of Space, written under the pen name of Andrew North, tells of the first trip of the Solar Queen and its newly appointed Apprentice-Cargo Master Dane Thorson. The starship has successfully bid on exclusive exploration and exploitation of the new planet Limbo. Dane cannot sign on with a Trading Family ship because of his adoption. The following passage makes this fact evident.

After all it wasn't every boy from a Federation home who gets an appointment to the Pool and emerge ten years later an Apprentice-Cargo Master ready for ship assignment off world. He wanted to believe that when he fed his ID plate into the Psycho at the starport here it would make no difference that he was an orphan without kin in the Service. (6)

Galactic Commando Hosteen Storm, an American of the tribe Dineh, or Navajo, is the main character of The Beast Master. He is all alone, except for his four companion animals, to which he is telepathically linked. The following passage tells how and why he is homeless and alone.

The last desperate thrust of the Xik invaders had left Terra, the mother planet of the Confederacy, a deadly blue, radioactive cinder, and those here at the Separation Center had to deal with the veterans of the force now homeless—. Less than fifty, the Comander understood, had qualified for the duty this young man had performed. That combination of unusual traits of mind that produced a true Beast Master was rare, and they had been expendable men in their last frenzied months before the spectacular collapse of the Xik invaders. (7)

Hosteen Storm chooses to be transported to the planet Arzor for fawn herding, and the novel tells of his subsequent adventures.

Shann Lantee was the only survivor of the Terran survey team on Warlock after being attacked by the Throg task force. Their war for the domination of uninhabited planets for colonization had been raging now for more than a century. Warlock was an ideal planet both for them and for humans. Shann was now alone and weaponless on a strange and hostile Warlock. Storm Over Warlock tells how he survives with the wolverines who were bred for intelligence, size, and adaptability to alien conditions. His childhood experiences are brought into play as the following passage demonstrates.

From early childhood, when he had been thrown on his own to scratch out a living—a borderline existence of a living—on the Dumps of Tyr, he had to use his wits to keep life in a scrawnly and undersized body... his informal and off-center schooling vast. And that particular toughening process which had been working on him for years now aided in his speedy adaptation to a new set of facts,... One didn't survive the Dumps of Tyr without learning how to use fists, and boots, and a list of tricks they didn't teach in any academy. (8)

These are just a few examples of how this particular theme is incorporated into Andre Norton's novels. If you read more of her works, I know you will find more instances of this theme than those mentioned here.

(1) Norton, Andre. Stand to Horse, c1956, Harcourt, Brace, and Co., p.16.
(2) Ibid., p. 240.
(5) Ibid., p.29

"Amber Out of QUayth" - original in SPELL OF THE WITCH WORLD (q.v.). Witch World story.


BERTIE AND MAY - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland, 1969, pp74, 111, $.45. With Bertha Stemm Norton; a year in the life of two little girls living in rural Ohio in the 1880's.

THE BOOK OF ANDRE NORTON - see THE MANY WORLDS OF ANDRE NORTON.

"The Boy and the Ogre" - GOLDEN MAGAZINE 9/66.


"By a Hair" - PHANTOM 7/58; in HIGH SORCERY (q.v.).


Note: An update on Roger Schlobin's Sourcebook on Norton appears on page 12, and David Shea has put together a chronology for the Witch World series -- see page 18. -Ian-

by Mark Owings

CROSSTIME AGENT - see QUEST CROSSTIME.


DARK PIPER - Harcourt Brace & World: NY, 1968, pp249, $2.5; Ace: NY 13795, 1969, pp230, 60¢ (13796, 1974, 95¢); Del Rey: NY 31557, $2.25.


DAYBREAK -2250 A.D. - see STAR MAN'S SON, 2250 A.D.

THE DEFEND AGENTS - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland, 1962, pp224, $3.50; Ace: NY F-183, 1963, pp192, 40¢ (N-150, 1966, 45¢; 14231, 1969, 45¢; 14232, 1972, 75¢; 14233, 1974, 95¢; 14234, 1975, $1.25; 60 14236, $1.95; current printing $2.50); Gregg Press: Boston, 1979, pp190, $8.95. Third of the Time Traders novels.


"Dragon Scale Silver" - original in SPEEL OF THE WITCH WORLD (q.v.). Witch World story.


"Garan of Yu-Lac" - three-part serial in SPACEWAY SF 9-10/65 and 5-6/79 issues, third part never published; in GARAUS ETHERAL (q.v.).


"Garin of Tar" - see "People of the Crater".


GREY MAGIC - see STEEL MAGIC.


THE INTERWIND OF THE HORN - Being a Tale of that Duke of Bordeaux who came to sorrow at the hands of Charlemagne and yet won the Favor of Oberon, the Elf King, to His Lasting Fame and Great Glory - Harcourt Brace: NY, 1951, pp208, $2.75; Ace: NY, 1961, 40¢; Crest: NY 24340, 1982, $1.95.


ISLAND OF THE LOST - see SWORD IN SHEATH.


First of the Niall Rentno novels; sequel is

VICTORY ON JANUS.

KEY OUT OF TIME - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland, 1963, pp224, $3.50; Ace: NY P287, 1964, pp189, 40c (M-166, 1967, 45c; 43671, 1974, 95c; 43673, 1974, 50c; to 43675, $2.25); Gregg Press: Boston, 1979, pp188, $8.95. Fourth of the Time Traders novels.


THE LAST PLANET - see STAR RANGERS


PERILOUS DREAMS - Daw Book: NY UY1096, 1976, pp199, $1.25. Includes what appeared as "Toys of Tamisan" (q.v.).


RALESTONE LUCK - Appleton-Century: NY 1938, pp296, $2.00; Reynerson: Toronto, 1941, $2.25.

REBEL SPURS - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland 1962, pp224, $3.50. Second of the Drew Rennie novels; sequel to RIDE PROUD, REBEL!


RIDE PROUD, REBEL! - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland 1961, pp255, $3.50. First Drew Rennie novel; sequel is REBEL SPURS.

ROGUE REYNARD - Being a tale of the Fortunes and Misfortunes and divers Misdeeds of that great Villain, Baron Reynard the Fox, and how he was served with King Lion's justice. Based upon the Beast Saga - Houghton Mifflin: Boston 1947, pp viii, 96, $2.50; Dell: NY 1431, 1974, 65¢.


SCARFACE - Being the Story of one Justin Blade, late of the Pirate Isle of Tortuga, and how Fair did justly deal with him, to his great Profit - Harcourt Brace: NY, 1948, pp283, $2.75.


"Coymaker's Snuffbox" - GOLDEN MAGAZINE 8/66.

"Toys of Tamisen" - two-part serial in IF 465/69; in HIGH SORCERY (q.v.); written for PERILOUS DREAMS (q.v.).


"Uly the Piper" - original in HIGH SORCERY (q.v.).


VICTORY ON JANUS - Harcourt Brace & World: NY 1966, pp224, $3.75; Gollancz: London 1967, pp224, 16s; Ace: NY G-703, 1968, pp190, 50c (86321, 1973, 75c; 86322, 1974, $1.25; 86323, 1977, $1.50); Crest: NY 24216, $1.95; Del Rey: NY 31625, 1984, pp247, $2.50. Sequel to JUDGMENT ON JANUS.

VOCOD PLANET - Ace: NY D-345, 1959, pp78, 35c with PLAGUE SHIP (q.v.) in VOCCOD PLANET AND STAR HUNTER (q.v.). Third of the Solar Queen series.


VOORLOPER - SPBC edition 1979; Ace: NY 1980, pp267, $5.95, trade pb (88610, 1981, pp272, $2.95); as DAS GEHEIMIS VON VOORLOPER, Baltes: Munich, 1981, 6.80DM.


"Wizard's World" - IF 6/67: in HIGH SORCERY (q.v.).

WOLFSHEAD - see SECRET OF THE LOST RACE; WRATH OF TIME - Athenaeum: NY 1967, pp210, $6.95.


YANKEE PRIVATEER - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland 1955, pp300, $2.75.


ANTHOLOGIES:

BALEFUL BEASTS AND EERIE CREATURES - Rand McNally: Chicago 1976, pp124, $3.95, ill.

Rod Ruth. Contents: "The Patchwork Monkey" by B. Butler/"The Yamadan" by L. Gossner/"Monster Blood" by C. Land/"Tigger" by A.M. Lightner/"The Spell of Spirit Stones" by A. Wellman/"The Night Creature" by R. R. Smith/"To Face a Monster" by Carl Henry Rathjen/"You Are What You Eat" by W. Bednarr/"Nightmare in a Box" by R. Ritchie.

CATE TO TOMORROW - Athenaeum: NY 1973, pp 264, $8.50. Contents: Introduction/"Shape" by Robert Sheckley/"Rust" by Joseph E. Kelleman/"Command" by Bernard I. Kahn/"The Naming of Names" by Ray Bradbury/"The Plague" by Keith Laumer/"A Pall of Air" by Fritz Leiber/"Living Fossil" by L. Sprague de Camp/"The Flame Midget" by Frank Belknap Long/"Expedition Polychrome" by Joseph A. Winter/"Untouched by Human Hands" by Robert Sheehley/"Ultimatum" by Keith Laumer/"The Sheriff of Canyon Gulch" by Gordon R. Dickson & Poul Anderson. Edited with Ernestine Donaldy.

SMALL SHADOWS CREEP - Dutton: NY 1974, pp195. Contents: introduction/"Saloozy" by Margery Lawrence/"Herodes Redivivus" by A.N.L. Munby/"The First Sheaf" by H. Russell Wakefield/"How Fear Departed from the Long Gallery" by E. F. Benson/"A Little Ghost" by Hugh Walpole/"The Old Nurse's Story" by Mrs. Gaskell/"Lost Hearts" by M. R. James/"Playmates" by A.M. Burrage/"Faithful Jenny Dove" by Eleanor Farjeon.

SPACE PIONEERS - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland 1954, pp294, $2.75. Contents: Preface/"The Illusionaries" by Eric Frank Russell/"Moonwalk" by H. B. Fyfe/"Trail Blazer" by Raymond Z. Gallun/"Their Good and Faithful" by K. Houston Brunner/"The End of the Line" by James H. Schmitz/"A Pail of Air" by Fritz Leiber/"The Farthest Horizon" by Raymond F. Jones/"Asteroid of Fear" by Raymond Z. Gallun/"Page and Player" by Jerome Bixby.

SPACE POLICE - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland 1956, pp256, $2.75. Contents: Introduction/"Bait" by Roy L. Clough/"The Closed Door" by Kendall P. Crossen/"Beep" by James Blish/"Of Those Who Came" by George Longdon/"Police Operation" by H. Beam Piper/"Fax Galactica" by Ralph Williamson/"Touch Old Man" by L. Ron Hubbard/"Agent of Vega" by James H. Schmitz/"the Sub-Standard Sardines" by Jack Vance.

SPACE SERVICE - World Publishing Co.: Cleveland 1953, pp277, $2.50. Contents: Introduction/"Command" by Bernard I. Kahn/"Star-Linked" by H. B. Fyfe/"Chore for a Spaceman" by Walt Sheldon/"The Specter General" by Theodore R. Cogswell/"Implode and Peddle" by R. A. Fyfe/"Steel Brother" by Gordon R. Dickson/"For the Public" by Bernard I. Kahn/"Expedition Polychrome" by Joseph A. Winter/"Return of a Legend" by Raymond Z. Gallun/"That Share of Glory" by C.M. Kornbluth.

She is also credited with editing BULLARD OF THE SPACE PATROL, by Malcolm Jameson (World, 1956). This seems to have consisted of convincing her regular publisher to do the book, and omitting the one story in the series unsuitable (maybe) for a juvenile market; it's about narcotics.
These art pieces for the Andre Norton issue were inspired by her novel, *Shadow Hawk*, which takes place around 1560 BC, during the last years of the Hyksos as masters of Egypt. Norton's novel is one of the best historicals I have ever read dealing with Egypt, and I highly recommend it.

Jon Pryor

*Shadow Hawk*

The tombs of Ramses VI and Tutankhamun in the Valley of the Kings on the western bank of the Nile at Thebes, the ancient capital as the Greeks called it, Waset, as the Egyptians called it.

This is a composite piece: a map of ancient Egypt overlaid with the crouched and flail, symbols of the office of Horakhty incorporated are also the Cobra of Lower (the Delta) Egypt, and the Vulture of Upper Egypt; these are also royal symbols and they represent the two lands of Ancient Egypt. There is also a Pharaonic cartouche, and various ancient Egyptian cities and monuments are also marked.

The excavations of the ruins of the heretic Pharaoh's capital, Akhetaten. Today it is known as Tell-el-Amarna.

The remains of the great obelisk and Temple at Luxor on the east bank of the Nile at Thebes.
Jacqueline Lichtenberg

Jacqueline Lichtenberg is the author of the Prime Genius novels.

Andre Norton was one of the major influences on me in my early youth. I read her Star Rangers novels well over 30 times, and eventually when my first novel was published (First Zeor, Doubleday 1974), I dedicated it to her, Marion Bradley, and Robert A. Heinlein. I like to think that my writing is a blend of these three main traditions along with many other minor ones.

Recently I've been nagged by the insistent feeling that her story has never gone away that Star Rangers needed a sequel, told from Zinga's point of view. I've never been able to hook Andre Norton on this idea. When I was visiting her a couple of years ago, I said as a parting shot that if she wouldn't do it, I would. (I'm secretly hoping my effort will outrage her enough to give us the true sequel to the Rangers.)

Well, I can't use Zinga and the CC universe for my setting, so I've invented a new background for my story—and blended in liberal elements from Dr. Who and half a dozen other minor sources to get my Dushau universe. (I've just sold a Dushau trilogy to Warner.) Most people would never recognize Dushau as related to anything Nortonian—-but it scratches a nearly 30 year old itch for me.

Norton isn't as visible or immediate an influence on me as Darkover, but Norton may be more powerful for being hidden or unconscious. I suppose that's for literary critics to judge after I'm dead—if anyone cares enough to bother.

But as I see it, Norton and Bradley pioneered the Character Story in SF adventure. And of all the male writers of the early days, Heinlein worked more with character dimensions than any other. I'm sure the three have had influence on each other, and on generations of readers as well as writers.

It is this dimension of character in a story that distinguishes the Nortonian adventure from others. Here, the wild and unpredictable things that happen along the way happen to a person for whom they have true inner meaning. Even when the hero is a victim of circumstances or other people's decisions, the hero is learning from the experience. Or, conversely, the hero's inner needs generate the experiences as he strikes out to seek a new life.

One of the elements in a Nortonian hero that compels my total attention is the innate sense of oneness with all life. Another is the compassion for the helpless or weak. Yet another is the sensitivity to pain and the instant revulsion for those who either enjoy inflicting pain or harden themselves to the pain of others.

Norton and Bradley write of adventures that without causing harm to others, and they share a sense of the emotional cost of action in their stories. Heinlein expresses this on one axis as TANSTAALF. Norton and Bradley write with an awareness of the laws of the universe decreasing an axis of emotional TANSTAALF.

Lee Pelton

Lee Pelton is an active fan who lives in Chicago and publishes his own fanzine, Private Heat.

While still a junior in high school, I was at that time totally ignorant of the wonders and enjoyment science fiction could offer and eager, questing mind such as mine. I was heavily into the animal books of Jim Kjellgard, and had recently enjoyed a few of the Tycho Bass adventures, and had read a book, the title of which I dearly like to remember because I loved the story so. It narrated the adventures of two young lads who had accidentally been shrunk down to a maxi-miniature size and had some harrowing experiences with an ant colony they had encountered. But I did not consider these to be science fiction because all the BENS I was reading about were common, garden-like earth creatures that I had at least some passing familiarity with.

My brother Keith was also a voracious reader, and he often left books lying around, a few of which piqued my curiosity. On one fateful day, I found myself hungry for something to read. I had read all that was available about my three childhood fictional heroes, Robin Hood, Sherlock Holmes, and Tarzan, and had totally depleted my school and local libraries of all sports fiction and other stuff I had interest in. What to do, what to do.... Then, on a table in the living room, I spied one of Keith's books with a most intriguing cover. I walked over, picked it up, and read the title. Storm Over Warlock by Andre Norton. "Well, tell me more," I said to the book. The inside liner gave me a brief capsule of the story. I took the book to my room, laid back on my bed, and began to read. Two plus hours later I had finished the novel and had a new love. Science fiction had been revealed to me and I plunged into a maelstrom of spaceships, alien civilisations, and most importantly, ideas.

The retrospective joy in all this is that, having been exposed to Ms. Norton's writing, I have learned to enjoy both science fiction and fantasy. I have never had clearly delineated lines in my mind as to what did, or did not, constitute science fiction or fantasy because my earliest experiences were with stories that blurred that distinction admirably.
I suppose I should give some credit to my brother for unwittingly allowing me the chance to expand my world, the way that book did, but the true fact is that if that book had not been Storm Over Darlock, I tend to doubt I would have ventured into the cosmos I am currently in, and would never have sought out science fiction fandom as I did.

So, it's all your fault, Andre Norton. And thank you so very much.

Steve Bridge

Steve Bridge is an Indianapolis fan who is a frequent book reviewer for Ian's Lantam, and writes locs to several fannizees.

Like many other people, Norton was one of the first science fiction authors I discovered at about age 10. I seem to recall Lord of Thunder, Sargasso of Space, Galactic Derelict, and Plague Ship as the first titles of hers that I read. I was a big reader early in life, one of those kids that hid in the closet with a flashlight to read after my parents thought I was in bed.

My brother Jack, however, was a different story. From a very young age he was not as interested in listening to stories as he was in drawing pictures. When he got into school, his disinterest was transferred to reading. By the time he was in fifth grade, he had never voluntarily read a book and his grades were, not surprisingly, low. About this time, Jack spotted a paperback copy of Plague Ship laying in our room. This had kind of a garish cover with a panicked man fleeing from a spaceship. It took him weeks, but he worked his way through it and then asked for more. To make a long story short, he became interested in science fiction, and then in everything. He graduated from college with an A- average and reads just about everything today. He is a fine artist, too.

Thank you, Andre Norton, for my brother.

Sandra Miesel

Sandra Miesel is the author of many critical articles of SF, particularly of the works of Gordon Dickson, and is the author of her own fantasy novel, Dreamrider.

Unlike most other readers, I discovered Andre Norton's books as an adult. My future husband pressed Star Guard into my hand when we were both graduate students. Twenty years later, I'm still enjoying Norton. (My favorites include Witch World, Year of the Unicorn, and Dark Piper.) Norton is a fine natural storyteller with a unique way of suggesting more than she actually shows. Her imaginary worlds have pasts as well as futures -- those time-worn stones in the witches' citadel of Eetr carp haunt me still. Her stories make me think of fur and moonlight on ancient stone.

Writers as different as Harlan Ellison and C. J. Cherryh have benefitted from this wonderfully kind and sensitive lady's encouragement. Countless others have profited by her example as well. I myself carefully studied the Norton plot scenario when writing my own Dreamrider -- "young outlook finds a purpose and a home" is a flexible device with a near-universal appeal. And what of the readers Norton has introduced to SF, whose world has been widened by her creations? They must be numberless as the very stars of heaven. In SF, Andre Norton is quite simply "The Mother of Us All."

Roland J. Green

Frieda A. Murray

Roland Green is the author of the Cander books, and with his wife Frieda Murray has written the novel Throne of Sharran. Roland is also currently working on several sequels to H. Beam Piper's Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen.

As far as we're concerned, Andre Norton would be high on any list of SF writers who have given us a great deal of pleasure over many years, as well as influencing our own writing. She certainly was the major influence in getting us both interested in SF in the first place.

Roland's first SF novel that he recalls was her Star Man's Son; Frieda's was Cassey. Both of us are fond of the Witch World and Solar Queen stories, and Roland also recalls with pleasure Sea Siege, The Stars Are Ours, and Star Born. We feel that we're in good company; Norton has probably brought more readers into SF than any other writer except Heinlein, and the two of them together have probably accounted for more new SF readers than the rest of the field put together.

As a writer, Norton was one of the pioneers of the fully-developed female characters in SF. She has always thought in terms of people facing problems which need solutions, and ignored artificial restrictions on making some of these people female with great aplomb and equally great success for more than a generation.

She is the creator of solid worlds with a lived-in quality -- one feels she knows where her characters would go if they came down with the 2 AM hungries. Her narrative technique has always been admirably straightforward and uncomplicated, and her fantasy always has well thought-out systems of magic, with limitations as well as powers.

It was a real pleasure to see Norton awarded her Grand Master Nebula, and honor well-deserved and long overdue. It was an equal pleasure for Roland to be able to receive her comments on his own book, Great King's War (Ace; a sequel to H. Beam Piper's Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen, written in collaboration with John F. Carr), thirty-one years after a boy in Michigan read Star Man's Son. Finally, it's a pleasure for both of us to say all these things in public.

Thank you, Andre Norton.