An affectionate tribute
and critical look—
or maybe vice versa.

ANDRE NORTON:

Fables & Futures

EDITED BY
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The Good Witch of the South

Mathoms

by Anne Braude

Malory has a lovely line in which King Mark of Cornwall, up to no good as usual (in this case trying to murder his nephew Alexander the Orphan), arranges a trap with Morgan le Fay, who is to "sette all the countrey in fyre with ladyes that were enchauntours." Alas, it is an emendation by Caxton disallowed by definitive editor Eugène Vinaver: the country is to be set *environe* [all about], not *afire*, with witchy subversives. Andre Norton, however, has in a different sense set the realm afire with enchantresses: if, as I suggested in a recent NIEKAS, every sf writer under the age of 50 got into the genre after having read a Heinlein juvenile while in junior high, it is equally true that almost as many fantasy writers, especially the female ones, got into the field from reading Andre Norton at the same age. To list only a few of the contributors to a recent anthology in her honor (*Moonsinger's Friends*) and two edited by her (*Magic in Ithkar* and *Tales of the Witch World*): Susan Shwartz, Diane Duane, Tanith Lee, Nancy Springer, C.J. Cherryh, Diana Paxson, Judith Tarr, Katherine Kurtz, Joan D. Vinge, Ardath Mayhar, Mercedes Lackey, and Elizabeth Scarborough—to say nothing of her admirers among her contemporaries, younger male writers, and those influenced by her equally popular science fiction.

Margaret Simon

The reasons for this popularity are not far to seek. Indeed, her admirers will gladly tell them to you: "...[E]ver since I had first set eyes on Witch World as a lonely misfit adolescent, I had longed to go there." [Mercedes Lackey] "The musical language, the mind-expanding concepts she used in the series of books dealing with that world seem to have helped my own creative imagination to flower." [Ardath Mayhar] "Women my age who came to science fiction early had *no other* woman author to turn to. Our good fortune in finding her our guide (and, later on, our mentor or our most-positive critic, and our friend) is too great to be unintentional. It all started with Andre, and because she did it—and does it—*well*, the door is ajar. To have her open it wide 'turned on my head.'" [Wilanne Schneider Belden] "When I showed up at Andre's door...I found myself with one of those people who do kindnesses as if it were nature's most logical process, who is on the side of good books and living things, who has the kind of definite ideas about what's right and what's just that might be expected of the creator of worlds where people stand by each other." [C.J. Cherryh] "Like the Gates that the Siege Perilous unlocks, the Gates created by Andre Norton let us into places where our spirits find homes, where we're not strange, where there are people who are like us, who want what we do. They heal our loneliness, at least while we're reading." [Susan Shwartz] "Written in a clean, straightforward prose that never gets in the way of its images, [her] adventures catch the elusive 'sense of wonder' that sets apart good science fiction from all other kinds of fiction and makes a fan into an addict." [Joan D. Vinge]

There is an interesting difference here from the tributes to Heinlein. Both authors are praised by their devoted readers for superb tale-spinning and for awakening the sense of wonder; but Andre Norton's admirers also have a high regard for her as a *person*, whereas those who laud Heinlein-the-writer may find themselves apologizing for Heinlein-the-person (or rather for Heinlein-the-social-theorist). Admittedly, one reason for this is that for many female sf and fantasy writers, Norton has been a role model in a field in which women were not generally regarded as the equal of men; the *fact* of her authorship has been as inspirational as its products. But I think that there is another reason. While

both writers are tellers of rousing, action-filled tales, Heinlein's concentration has been more on problem-solving in the technician's sense and, in the adult fiction, on intellectual and philosophical debate. Andre Norton, on the other hand, delves more deeply into character, into emotions and relationships and the understanding and self-knowledge that lead to personal growth. This may be akin to a distinction I made generally between stories for boys (like *Treasure Island* and *Tom Sawyer*) and those for girls (like *The Secret Garden*, *Little Women*, and *Anne of Green Gables*); see "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" in NIEKAS 32. I don't mean that Heinlein cannot create believable or sympathetic characters (though I find most of the heroines in his later books pretty unlikely), nor that Norton's books are devoid of suspenseful plot twists or of ideas. And I particularly don't mean that males won't enjoy Norton and females, Heinlein. But in a Heinlein story, the important thing about a conflict is usually who wins it; while in a Norton story, it is more often what one learns from having been in it. (And Norton has a sideline writing Gothics; can you imagine Heinlein doing that? Her Gothics, though well researched and interestingly plotted, I find curiously unsatisfactory, probably because the limitations of the genre do not permit the protagonists truly to be "proper Andre Norton heroines" who achieve growth or wisdom through their own struggles, thereby winning a measure of autonomy. The Gothic heroine has to be limited—after all, she has to be wrong about practically everything until the last chapter—and one expects a Norton heroine to show better judgment. Even the heroines of the greatest novels of the genre, the Brontës' *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*, try to solve their problems by running away from them. All the three great female English writers of the early 19th century can be described as frustrated spinsters, poor, sickly, confined to a limited social sphere and dominated by an oppressive parent; but while the Brontës wrote what were essentially wish-fulfillment fantasies, Norton has more in common with the third, Jane Austen, whose characters are more practical and less at the mercy of their emotions, even though she wrote realistic social comedy rather than fantasy.)

I have designated this issue's theme as "Fables and Futures," partly as a nice alliterative phrase to encompass both her science fiction and her fantasy and partly to make a point. (Also, it was the best I could do given the fact that Mike Bastraw gave me exactly ninety seconds to come up with a title.) A "fable" is, among assorted other definitions, a story with a moral, and one whose characters include not only people but beasts, gods and demigods, and even inanimate objects. The morals of the tales of Andre Norton are not as crude and didactic as those of Aesop, and even her nonhuman characters are recognizably *persons*; but even if she is not technically a fabulist, her stories are in every other sense fabulous. Herewith this additional tribute, from fans, friends, disciples, and devoted readers of every stripe, to one of the major talents in the science fiction and fantasy field; so, in the words of Bob Cratchit—but with far more justification—I give you Andre Norton, the Founder of the Feast!

REFERENCE TELEVISION

Have you noticed that fewer and fewer people seem to be reading these days? Every time I walk into the Waldenbooks at my local mall, it seems that I find more racks devoted to video and audio cassettes and fewer to the stuff with pages one has to turn oneself. (I even came across a book entitled *How to Read a Book*, which raises the interesting question of how someone who really needs it is going to master it. Maybe this one *ought* to be on cassette.) SAT reading comprehension scores seem to be trending toward double digits. I remember reading a couple of decades ago that the average American, according to Gallup or some such, reads *one* book a year! And of course, reading has been declining since then. Margaret Hildebrand and I figure that between us, we equal the average for several of the more sparsely populated rural counties of Arizona. (A commentator on MACNEIL/LEHRER recently quoted a figure of three books a year, plus assorted newspapers and magazines; but I can't believe, given current illiteracy statistics, that he really meant the average of the entire population.) A recent documentary on the ABC News *Burning Questions* series, on the mess education in this country is in today, had a segment on what parents could do to encourage their children to read and to learn. Nobody came up with the simple suggestion that the parents themselves might crack a book once in a while instead of offering their impressionable young the couch potato as role model.

This was brought to the forefront of my mind by Andre Norton in two ways as I was rereading a number of her books in preparation for this book. One was the fact that in the juveniles I looked at, in addition to the lessons about life and character that the protagonists learned, there seemed to be a subsidiary moral of "Go to the library!" The children in the stories were following the injunction often seen at the end of the TV version of a classic, to "Read More About It." Putting this particular moral in a book may be preaching to the converted; but literacy needs all the help it can get these days.

The other item that got me started on this was her essay "On Writing Fantasy," reprinted most recently in *The Book of Andre Norton* (DAW, 1975). Despite the title, it is primarily about reading, as she discusses the many works of fiction and nonfiction that have aided and inspired her. As an imaginative writer (and not so incidentally a former librarian), she knows that books are Gates to otherworlds, available to anyone who cares to open one.

But in an age in which reading threatens to become a lost art, at one with lacemaking and thatching, television is aspiring to the condition of literary learning. While the commercial networks give us proven popular formulas over and over (sort of like cornflakes but not as crisp) and the pay-per-view cable channels give us sports, concerts, and movies made mostly by other people, dear old Public Television, ably abetted by British TV, is competing with books at their own game.

How are they doing this? By starting with authors. Just as THE FIRST CHURCHILLS and THE FORSYTE SAGA, back in the Sixties, showed that there was a public appetite out there in The Vast Wasteland for history and serious drama, Kenneth Clark's CIVILISATION, of the same vintage, showed what TV could do if it took someone who was both an expert and a brilliant expositor and turned him loose in his own field. CIVILISATION was somewhat too grandly named (it was more a history of Western European art); but how wonderful to see lingering closeups of Carolingian ivory carvings, Turner paintings, and Palladian country houses, while a well-informed guide taught you how to look at them in such a way as to really see them properly for the first time.

The next milestone was Bronowski's THE ASCENT OF MAN, with that brilliant polymath's lucid insights into how civilization originally evolved. From this series I particularly remember the three-dimensional computer simulations, which I had never seen done before. In recent years such splendid series have come thick and fast. Probably everyone who is reading this

See MATHOMS, Page 48

My Brunch with Andre

Bumbejimas

by Edmund R. Meskys

I did not start my SF reading with either Heinlein or Norton juveniles. My intro to the genre was through radio—"2000+" and "Dimension X." These familiarized me with the term "science fiction," and when I saw a dustjacket on the high school library bulletin board with the same words I took the book. My first two SF books were Asimov's *Pebble in the Sky* and *The Stars Like Dust*. My first dozen books did include two Heinleins, *Rocket Ship Galileo* and *Red Planet*.

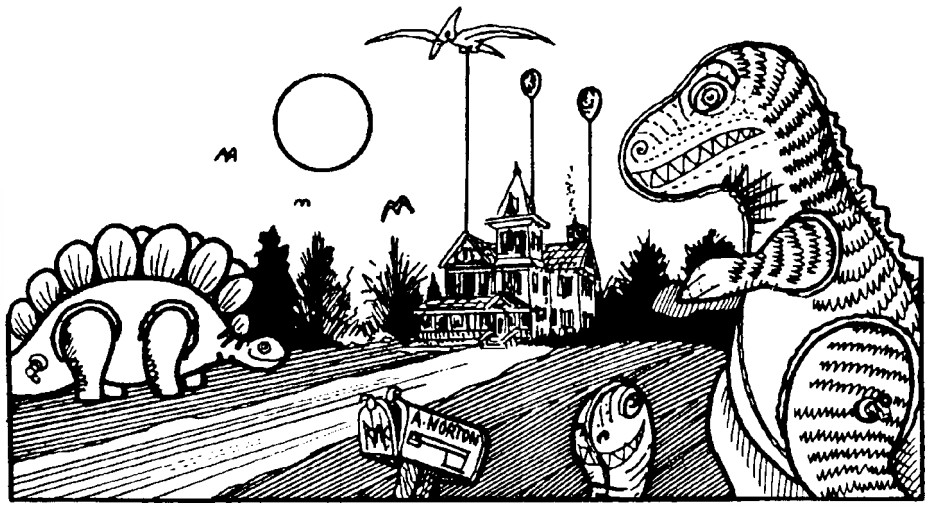
My high school library and the neighborhood public library where I got most of my SF in the early '50's did not stock the Norton hardcovers. It wasn't until I started reading the Ace Doubles several years later that I came across titles by her like *Voodoo Planet*.

I kept reading in P. Schuyler Miller's book review column in ASTOUNDING how her books were published in hard cover as juveniles (YA in today's parlance) but were paperbacked as part of an adult line. He always spoke of her and Heinlein's books as being more than worthy of adult attention despite being published as juveniles, and when I started reading the Ace Doubles I agreed with him.

Over the years I have read many of her books but probably less than half of the 100+ she has written or edited. Her SF had a high psi flavor but I didn't mind that at all. I was rather sensitive, almost to the point of being allergic, to psi fiction as a result of Campbell's pushing it in ANALOG. The big difference was that Campbell wanted you to *believe*.

Before Ace paperbacked Tolkien's *LotR* in '64 or '65 there was no market for fantasy. Paperback houses tried it occasionally, usually with disastrous results. For instance, one of the earliest Ace Doubles included a Conan title but it just didn't sell. Fantasy magazines, from UNKNOWN to BEYOND just didn't make it. The main fix for the addict came from juvenile fantasies published in England, like Alan Garner and Nicholas Stuart Gray.

Witch World was written a long time before it was finally published. Bradford M. Day had a bookstore/mail order business long before such were common. He, Dick Witter, and Steve Takacs, all in NYC, were just about the only SF specialty dealers at that time. Day also published a number of mimeographed and offset bibliographies and magazine lists, and called his business "Science Fiction and Fantasy Publications." When people began to realize that the Edgar Burroughs estate had neglected to renew the copyrights on a number of non-Tarzan titles, unauthorized editions began to appear. ERB, Inc. was only interested in the media exploitation of Tarzan and ignored all requests for reprint rights. Brad Day was one of the first to take advantage of the lapse; he issued a hardcover of two unrelated novellas as *Beyond Thirty* and *The Man Eater*. His second hardcover was supposed to be *Witch World*. When I was in his store around 1960, he mentioned that he had had a Norton ms. for a long time and should do something about getting it published. He mentioned her growing impatience. When it later came out from Ace I figured she took it away from him and given it to her regular publisher. I later learned from her that he wanted to make major changes in it, which is why she had taken it to Ace.



Robert H. Knox

The book was much like her psi SF and even involved a battle against alien invaders. It did well even in the days before Tolkien and, despite her dislike of series (see her article thish), she kept finding additional questions to write about. This has gone on to be one of the most enduring and popular series in the science fantasy field. ("Science fantasy" seems to have gone out as a term for books that are on the borderline between SF and fantasy. There was even a long-enduring British prozine of that title where much of Thomas Burnett Swann was first published.)

A few years ago Andre Norton's publishing and distributing company issued the book on "spoken-word" cassette, unabridged and narrated by Harold Kent, a professional radio and TV announcer. It is on six cassettes in a bookshelf binder. The cover is an autographed and numbered photo of herself with sketches of two pairs

of characters, one to either side of her, and beautiful Celtic knotwork above and below. The black-and-white picture is inserted in a plastic sleeve on the front of the album. The 250 copy limited edition album sells for $42 and was intended to be the first of a series. Unfortunately it did not sell well enough for additional volumes to appear. Miss Norton's assistant, Ingrid, blamed the problem on inability to get distribution and the high price compared to other spoken word recordings. An album from Caedmon is $9 or $18 but this is for only one or two cassettes, representing an extremely abridged book or one or two short stories from an anthology or collection. For instance *Day of the Triffids* is cut to one third of the original length in order to fit on two cassettes and the book is in a paper album rather than the sturdy plastic one used here.

A few copies remain and may be ordered from Andre Norton Inc., 1600 Spruce Ave., Winter Park FL 32789. As a convenience you may order it through NIEKAS. Despite the relatively high price it remains a real bargain. Where else could you get a 250 copy limited edition autographed by Miss Norton? And it *is* unabridged which is very rare for "spoken word" recordings! Andre Norton Inc. also has a number of other interesting products such as the map of Witch World reviewed by Anne Braude in this issue. The order address given is different but it was shipped from her address. Write her company for a catalog.

Of all the books I have read by her my favorites remain several volumes in the "Magic" series and *Forerunner Foray*. Titles in the "Magic" series include *Octagon Magic*, *Red Hart Magic*, *Lavender-Green Magic*, *Dragon Magic*, *Fur Magic*, and *Steel Magic*. They are all excellent but I have listed them in approximate order of favorite first. In a telephone interview at a Lunacon a few years ago Miss Norton said all these books were inspired by real objects: elaborate doll-houses for the first two, a pillow, a jigsaw puzzle, an Indian medicine pouch, and a picnic basket. The books have a standard plot of a child who is a misfit and living in misery but who comes to terms with him- or herself as the result of a magical adventure. The girl in *Octagon Magic* has the option of escaping into the safety of the world of the doll-house or facing the world and its problems, and chooses the latter. Those who did choose to retreat into the shelter had had their psyches severely wounded and could no longer cope with the world. Incidentally, I believe that the city which contained Octagon House was supposed to be Cleveland, Miss Norton's home town at the time of the writing. It was given another name in the story.

Forerunner Foray is set in her SF universe where a number of races had preceded mankind into space but have long since vanished. The protagonist finds a green jewel which transfers her into the minds of several creatures who had inhabited the world millions of years ago. If I remember correctly she had visited two humanoid species which had been there millions of years apart. The book had the eerie feeling of Lovecraft's "Elder Gods" without the horror.

I first met Miss Norton in 1966 when she was still a librarian in Cleveland. She made a brief, anonymous appearance at the worldcon and invited a couple of dozen correspondents to a catered brunch in a meeting room. I felt very honored to be included in this group. She spoke of her start writing general fiction and the difficulty she had with her publishers when she wanted to write an SF story. Now she had become so well established in the SF field that publishers did not want her to write non-SF. She had an unfinished historical novel set in China which she was having trouble getting interest in from publishers. (I wonder if this has become the fantasy novel set in China that she and Susan Shwartz are collaborating on.) Later I was in the huckster room with her and she recommended a Talbot Mundy novel to me. She enjoyed reading not only SF but all forms of good fiction. Shortly after this she retired and moved to Florida. A few years later NIEKAS participant Sherwood Frazier lived in Florida for a year, and was only around the corner from her though he did not know it at the time.

I met her again this Spring when Sandy and I were in Orlando. I had written her that we would be nearby and requested permission to visit. We took the local city bus line to downtown Winter Park and a cab out to her house. She had moved recently and the pair of houses she had acquired were not completely remodeled. There were old overgrown gardens around the houses and in the shrubbery surrounding the one she lived in were two inflated rubber dinosaurs. It was a delightful touch having a brontosaurus and an allosaur peeking out from the shrubbery! These five foot tall beasts are sold in a swimming pool supply store. Unfortunately they are rather delicate and are easily punctured by sharp twigs on the shrubbery. One morning they would get up and find the poor beast deflated flat on its stomach. Since we visited they have been replaced by a tyrannosaur and a stegosaurus.

Her living room was a marvel. There were a number of glass fronted curio cabinets filled with wonderful curios. There were animal figures galore, especially cats. The furniture had throwpillows covered with embroidery she had done herself. The fireplace had two cat statues which simply looked like they belonged there. As you looked around you noticed marvels tucked away into corners of bookshelves and the like. They were not on display but simply *there*. And bookcases! Sandy looked at the titles and remarked, "People who write books that I like to read also read books that I like." Of course we got into a discussion of books that we like. Georgette Heyer came up, and the better writers who have followed in her footsteps. From there we went on to *Sorcery and Cecelia*, a delightful Regency romance set in an alternate universe with magic, and a humorous novel with the plot of a horror story.

Speaking of her needlework she said she once engaged in much more extensive craftwork. She had had a doll house which was a collector's piece, very elaborate and detailed. It was the original for the one in *Octagon Magic*.

Reading her fiction you know she has an empathy for animals, especially cats. She had several cats in the house, including one very brave and curious one who came up to Gerry, my dog guide, and touched noses with him. Miss Norton joked about the cat being feeble minded because it always showed a lack of fear, even when fear would be advisable. The cat simply was very secure in its environment and curious about what is in it.

I asked her whether she used a computer. She had tried what I think was a dedicated word processor but had no end of trouble getting it to do what she wanted. She loved the typewriter she had used for decades but it had died. She was overjoyed when she found a second-hand machine identical to her old one.

A few early Ace books had been published as by "Andrew North." She had an exclusive contract with another publisher and wanted to do a series for Marty Greenberg's (no connection with the current anthologist, Martin H. Greenberg) Gnome Press. She invented the new pen-name for Gnome and it stayed with the books when they were re-issued by Ace. I seem to remember reading somewhere that "Andre Norton" is not her birth name but a pen name that she adopted early in her career. She is far from the first writer to become

generally known by her pen name (now her legal name as well). The best known case was Tony Boucher whose birth name was William Anthony Parker White. When he started writing there were so many William Whites in *Books in Print* that he adopted Boucher and H.H. Holmes as his pennames. Boucher became the better known and eventually his "Holmes" titles were re-issued as by Boucher. He wrote for OPERA NEWS and THE NEW YORK TIMES as Boucher. When mingling in the lobby of the San Francisco Opera House he and his wife were introduced as (Anthony Boucher and Mrs. White).

As a writer gets older he comes to realize that he or she never will have the time to complete all the projects he or she would like to. Writers bubble with ideas and in general do not have the time to use them all. As one grows older the crisis grows acute. I see writers like Isaac Asimov, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Arthur C. Clarke, and others opening up their worlds to younger writers. Miss Norton is doing so with the Witch World setting. I have not discussed this with her and do not know her motivations but the results with Witch World are marvelous. Details in its history are being filled in which would never have appeared otherwise.

Perhaps she or one of the other writers will tell us whom Simon Tregarth was fleeing and why when he escaped from our world to the Witch World. And who else fled Earth in the Siege Perilous?

An interesting sidelight on Witch World was given me by Paul Zimmer. He mentioned to me that some time ago Marion had received a letter from Miss Norton pointing out the parallels between Witch World and Darkover. Both have the same sources. Until Paul mentioned this I had never noticed it, but on reflection it is rather obvious.

Miss Norton has set up a foundation to use her homes as a haven for writers where they could research and write in peace. Her personal library will be the cornerstone of a research library and she is making an effort to be sure she has the important stfnal reference works. She is even building up a collection of videotapes of important movies and TV shows. She is also working to establish an endowment to fund the project. Even now a number of writers have come to visit with her and work.

She is entering into collaborations with a number of very different writers including Robert Bloch, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Julian May, and Susan Shwartz. The results should be very interesting and I am looking forward to seeing them!

Just a few months ago an Andre Norton fan club has been established. Dues are only $5 a year and the major benefit is a magazine. The address is:

ORLANDO

Sandy and I spent five days in Orlando this spring. It will be the site of the 1992 worldcon and I wanted to comment on the attractions in the area. The Disney complex, is about ten miles outside of the city and facilities are very expensive. Hotels and meals in Orlando itself are *very* reasonable! If you do not intend to spend all of your time at the Disney complex it would pay to stay downtown. If you have a large family and no car and want to *do* Disney it is worth staying at the complex. Only two bus companies serve the complex and they cost $10 per person round trip. A cab driver told us that the city had just signed a contract with a Japanese company to build a monorail system which would connect downtown to the complex but I do not know whether this will be ready in time for worldcon. It is interesting that a Japanese company won out over Alweg, the German company that builds the monorails at the Disney complexes.

When Sandy, Stanley, and I go to Worldcon we will go down a week early and stay at a hotel or American Youth Hostel downtown and then switch to the con hotel.

We spent two days at Epcot but that was all we had time to attend at Disney. The new MGM opened while we were there but we wanted to do other things. We spent one day and evening downtown at "Church St. Station." The railroad goes through the middle of town at street level and the station area has been made into a "gifte shoppe" area with a number of bars and pubs with entertainment. Rosie O'Grady's features a banjo band, there is a country and western place, and several others. A $15 cover charge gets you into all of the bars with their floor shows. It is a *real* bargain if you are a local or staying for a while; the fee is valid for a whole year.

There is a quite good municipal bus system which we made good use of. For instance one day we took the bus north to the museum of science, then on to Winter Park. We had lunch at an excellent Colonial Indian restaurant and then took a cab to Miss Norton's. Then we took the bus back downtown, and another bus south to where Federationist and fan Dan Hicks lives. We had dinner at a seafood restaurant with him and his family. He is a "high partial" and can read print with high magnification, but his wife is totally blind and uses a dog guide. Busses stop running in the early evening so we had to take a cab back to our hostel. (The hostel is also a motel and for about $10 each we had a king size room with air conditioning and a swimming pool, and coffee, juice, donuts, and a newspaper.)

Another day we took the bus to "places of learning" which was a disappointment. The central feature was what was billed as the world's largest children's bookstore. It *was* a good store but featured nonfiction almost exclusively. It had a very good selection of supplementary books that parents could use with children to help them catch up or get ahead with schoolwork. It had a good selection of children's music, and computer terminals which could be used to try out educational software. Outside the bookstore was the world's largest chessboard. The pieces were cast concrete about four feet tall and too heavy for *anyone* to try to move. The only other feature was a parking-lot sized map of the United States that you could walk across. Unfortunately it was a flat projection and did not reflect the curvature of the earth. Perhaps more will be added later, but it did not strike me as enough to call itself a complex.

While we were there the local news featured a new theme: Disney was starting to build a replica of the Atlantic City Boardwalk and its surrounding attractions of the 1920's. Again I do not know whether this will be ready in time for Worldcon.

Of course while there we wanted to tour Kennedy. We planned to do so on our last full day there, Thursday May 4th. We bought tickets from Gray Line for $20 each as soon as we arrived. When the shuttle launch was delayed to the same day we thought we were *really* in luck! Unfortunately traffic is so bad on launch days that Gray Line cancels all tours. We considered renting a car but spent a second day at Epcot instead. When it got near time for the launch we went to the communication center where they had TV monitors set up. A couple of hundred space enthusiasts stood there and agonized through the delays as the launch window came close to closing. With minutes to spare the shuttle finally got off. Sandy ran outside and saw the fire plume from 60 miles away and heard the rumble.

I had been in Miami in 1979 for an NFB convention and Gray Line ran tours to Kennedy Center only one day a week. It was a five hour ride there, and the tour itself lasted only an hour. We saw one of the two unused Saturn V/Apollo spacecraft set up in launch configuration, as well as

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Our Debt to Andre Norton

Across the River

by Fred Lerner

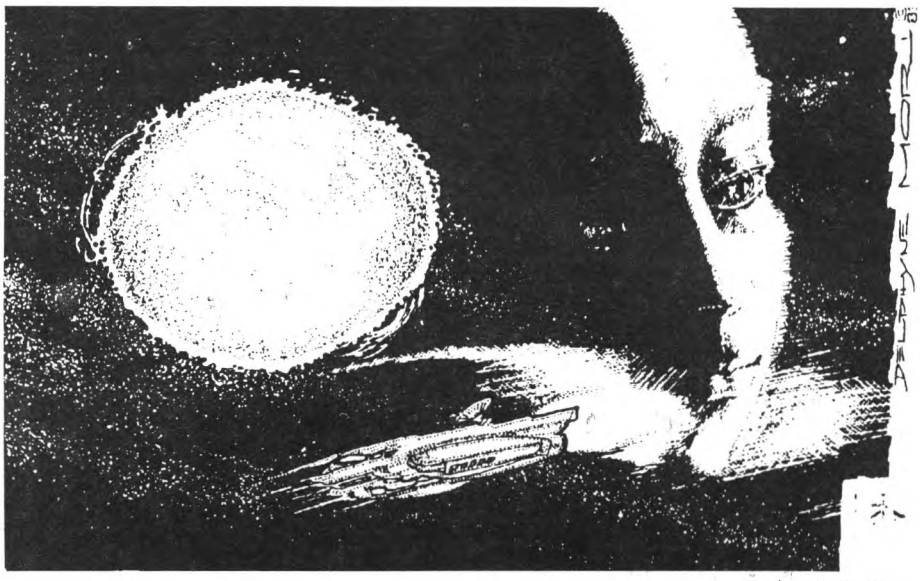
"Most of us rather despise scientific fiction. In fact most of it is despicable."

With those words Gilbert Highet, professor of Latin at Columbia University and eminent man-about-letters, summed up the literary world's opinion of science fiction.

It was the early 1950s. Science fiction was beginning to become respectable. The atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had emphatically signalled the beginning of a new world, and editors, publishers, teachers, and librarians had begun to explore the possibility that SF writers might be uniquely qualified to interpret its implications. Even literary critics began to come around. Highet soon recanted his condemnation; sampling stories suggested by knowledgeable readers, he found to his surprise that many of them were far better, both in conception and execution, than most contemporary novels. A year after he published his condemnation of the genre, Highet was recommending to his readers books by Ray Bradbury, Arthur C. Clarke, Robert A. Heinlein, and Theodore Sturgeon.

Although SF writers had been improving their technique since Hugo Gernsback gave modern science fiction a distinct identity, its rise to literary respectability can be traced to developments outside the field. Hiroshima, McCarthy, Sputnik, all had significant impacts on the way the genre was perceived by outsiders. One could write a book about it. (As a matter of fact, I have. It's called *Modern Science Fiction and the Literary Community*, and was published by Scarecrow Press in 1985. Copies are available through NIEKAS. But I digress.)

But a good part of science fiction's present importance in American literature can be traced to the storytelling abilities and the entrepreneurial impulses of two writers: Robert Heinlein and Andre Norton. There may be some readers of this column who did not first come to science fiction through their novels. STAR WARS and STAR TREK, Piers Anthony and Stephen Donaldson have been for more recent generations of SF readers their introduction to the genre. But even today there are many who have discovered their sense of wonder in the company of Heinlein and Norton. And for many of us who read their books when they were new, there is still much pleasure to be found in reading them again, thirty years on.



Joan Hanke-Woods

Robert Heinlein had established the "juvenile" novel as a new market for science fiction with *Rocket Ship Galileo* in 1947. For a dozen years Scribner's published a Heinlein juvenile annually. Other publishers entered the market: Doubleday, Holt, and Winston added SF titles to their juvenile lines. Books by Poul Anderson, Isaac Asimov, Lester del Rey, and Murray Leinster began to appear in school and public libraries across the country.

In 1952 Andre Norton published her first science fiction novel, *Star Man's Son*. A successful children's librarian, she had previously written historical novels for young adults. Her reputation among her library colleagues encouraged even the more reluctant of them to add her SF novels to their collections. Like Heinlein, she wrote carefully and consciously for teenage readers, and like Heinlein she was able to supply her publishers and her readers with a steady stream of books year after year.

The careful writing and sanitized packaging of these novels helped to remove the taint of pulpdom from science fiction. High school textbook anthologies began to include SF stories and to recommend SF novels for outside reading. Librarians came to see science fiction as "bait" to keep teenage boys coming to the library until they discovered more important books; and some even found merit in science fiction reading for its own sake.

The development of the juvenile fiction market, with its steady hardcover backlist sales and its constantly-renewing audience, offered to those writers who could serve it a higher and more dependable income than either the pulp magazines or the fledgling adult SF book lines could provide. Publishers' and reviewers' standards for juvenile novels were high, but so were the monetary rewards for meeting them. This gave writers both incentive and opportunity for doing their best work, raising the caliber of adult as well as juvenile writing.

As we survey the science fiction field of today, with its often superb writing, the high prices leading writers are getting for their books, and the millions of readers

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The Magic of Witch World

Patterns

by Diana L. Paxson

Magic is a word that may mean many things. The Witch World novels of Andre Norton are undeniably magical, in the sense that they transport the reader to a world of wonders. But it is not in that sense that I would like to use the word "magic" here. Witch World is magical also because it is about a world in which magic works. Despite the alien setting, however, it is a world invented by a twentieth century American, writing for other Americans. Therefore, the magic of Witch World is inevitably rooted in the magic of our own. Comparing Norton's "invented" magic with those magical systems in which people in our own world have believed may give us a fuller appreciation of her achievement.

In his analysis of folk magic in *The Golden Bough*, Sir James Frazer identifies two basic "laws" which govern much of the practice in the cultures he studied. One of these is the "Law of Similarity," which is, simply stated, the idea that things which are alike have a connection—that what is done to one will have an impact on the other, or that by mimicry of an action one can cause it to occur. An example of this would be a rain-making ritual in which people run around sprinkling water, or the belief that herbs whose leaves are shaped like a given organ of the body have the power to cure its diseases.

A second common principle of folk magic is the "Law of Contagion," which states that two things which have once been in contact will continue to affect each other. This is why people in some cultures take great care in disposal of hair, nail clippings and bodily wastes, so that no enemy can use them as a link through which to project evil magic. Psychics who use an object belonging to a missing person to trace him telepathically may be said to be operating according to the same law.

The principle behind both laws is the idea that manipulating a symbol can change the reality. Not only the spellcraft of witches but religious rituals that commemorate mythological events in order to repeat their effect on the world are based upon this premise. The redeeming sacrifice of Jesus is repeated each time a priest says Mass.

Lawrence Schimel

But not all human magic is of this kind. Most cultures that live close to the earth believe in the pervasiveness of spiritual power (called *mana* by the Polynesians and *psi* by John Campbell), which may be possessed by animals, such as shamanic allies or familiars. Because of this belief, traditions of shape-changing, from berserker to vampire, abound. Mana can also be possessed by natural and manufactured objects, especially those inscribed with sacred symbols, or crystalline gems; and by human beings. Symbols or images may be used to help humans access and focus this power.

This power may also be concentrated in certain places—natural formations or man-made shrines—or flow more freely at certain times of the year, All Hallows' Eve and Christmas Eve being two which the Western World believes in to this day. The religious systems of many cultures have involved pilgrimages to power points on certain holidays.

Magical ceremonies usually involve manipulating a combination of symbols and spiritual powers. Anything which helps the practitioner to focus or tap this power

may be considered magical, including words, symbols, or patterned behavior. Contemporary occultism defines magic as "the art of causing changes in consciousness at will," and differentiates "white" from "black" magic by symbolism and intent.

In addition to folk and ceremonial magic, models for wonderworking may also come from the study of the paranormal, or parapsychology, which identifies a number of psychic or psi talents, such as precognition, clairvoyance and clairaudience, telepathy, teleportation, psychometry and photometry. There are also people, usually with Yogic or Tibetan esoteric training, who are able to control bleeding, body heat, heartbeat and other usually autonomous nervous functions. Such abilities are accepted as at least quasi-demonstrable, and although laboratory experiments have not been conclusive, there is enough evidence to support the existence of these talents that many people living in technological cultures believe in them.

Finally, our survey of things magical must include that which is not (or is no longer) human, but in which many humans believe. This is the world of the supernatural with all its denizens. There is among human beings a continuing conviction that it is possible to travel in the spirit (and sometimes in the body) to other worlds than our own. Voyages to other planets might be considered a subset of this belief; however, the basic concept is that of a realm or state of being which belongs to a different order of reality than our own.

The Otherworld may be hell or paradise, or a world which overlays our own. It is the natural habitat of beings who possess *mana*, but humans with the right talent, or the right talisman, can perceive and enter it. This is the country to which the shaman travels to ask for the return of the foodbeasts; it is also the realm of faerie inhabited equally by nature spirits, devolved gods, and evolved spirits of the dead. However one defines its inhabitants, they are seen as creatures whose powers transcend the limitations of humanity; creatures which may be supernaturally seductive, or terrible, and whose motives are often equally incomprehensible to humankind.

Some believe that humans travel there via astral projection or in dreams. Some fear that its denizens will steal them or their children in body and soul. It is possible that contemporary UFO mythology is simply the updated form of a belief that goes back to the dreamtime. Its location has been posited in the sky or beneath the earth. In Celtic countries the faerie folk live in a paradise across the sea, or in ancient gravemounds or hills which open to this world at certain times of the year. But those who visit them find that time in their world runs at different rate than it does at our own. At times, the faerie folk may also invade our world, in their own forms, or by "riding" a human being who has become open to possession through ritual or contact with a magical object.

Let us now consider the magic which Simon Tregarth encounters when he arrives in Witch World. Shortly after he has reached Estcarp, Simon reflects on the "matter of magic.... Will, imagination and faith were the weapons of magic as Estcarp used it. Of course, they had certain methods of focusing or intensifying that will, imagination, and faith." (*Witch World*, Ace, 1986 edition, p. 41) The ability to do so constitutes the *Power*, which appears to be a genetic recessive, appearing only in females and skipping about from family to family and generation to generation.

The folk of Estcarp also believe that the power depends on virginity. This belief is one which is also found in some folk cultures, in which magical and sexual power are considered to be connected. Some of these groups believe that the power can be renewed by a period of chastity, and forbid sexual contact for certain lengths of time before certain magical operations. California Indian hunters, for instance, were forbidden to touch their wives the night before a hunt, and participated in the sweat lodge and other forms of purification as well. It is not clear whether the purpose of this was to help the hunter focus on his task, or to purify him of odors that might alert the deer. Other cultures feel that once an individual is sexually awakened, certain spiritual powers are irrevocably lost, perhaps because the introduction to bodily pleasure ties the spirit more firmly to the flesh. Medieval Christianity, with its dualistic separation of body and spirit, placed an especially high value on virginity, especially for women, but at times for men as well. In the final development of the Grail legend, it was because Galahad was pure in body as well as in spirit that he was able to achieve the Grail.

There are other limitations—". . . the Power was not steady. To use it past a certain point wore hardly upon the witch. Nor could it always be summoned at will." (p. 42). This is a fairly standard example of the second type of magic, the focusing of mana or psi powers through use of symbols or a trained will.

Norton's choice of this type of magic is not too surprising, since when Norton began the Witch World series she was known as a writer of science fiction, and such abilities as precognition and telepathy had already been (barely) accepted in such bastions of SF as John Campbell's ANALOG. And despite the fact that Simon enters Witch World by means of a magical gateway whose workings the author never even tries to account for, the psi skills of the witches of Estcarp are pitted against the soulless technology of Kolder, allowing the novel to be perceived as either fantasy or science fiction.

As the story progresses, we learn more about the training and powers of the witches. They have some control over the weather—they can call storms, or produce a mist which fogs the mind as well as the air. The technique involved consists of molding the elements as a potter molds clay, "with the skill of his hands to match the plan in his brain" (p. 67). Jaelithe also casts an illusion using the first type of magic, in which symbols, the chip boats, are enspelled to represent warships, and in fact appear to do so. In this case a spell is chanted in order to focus the will and impress the desired identity upon the symbol.

When Koris stumbles into an ancient Place of Power and receives Volt's axe from its guardian, a theme is introduced which, though only a minor incident in this book, will become a major factor as the series continues—contact with the Others, supernatural or alien races who ruled the world before humankind.

At the same time, Jaelithe has been taken captive in Verlaine and uses her jewel to amplify the power of her will in order to telepathically force her attacker to kill himself. In her disguise as a fortune teller in Karsten, she sings a love spell into bread, and later, apparently uses some of her friends' own life-force to power a spell to disguise them. Both of these are works of transformation.

The final working in the first Witch World book is the Game of Power, which is once more a manipulation in which symbols are used both to represent realities and to focus the wills of those who wish to manipulate them. Instead of sticking pins into wax dolls, the dolls become a focus through which the magician projects his will. Rather than overcoming the will of the subject by destroying the doll, it is the mental domination accomplished by using the doll as a focus which causes its head to melt, but the principle of similarity on

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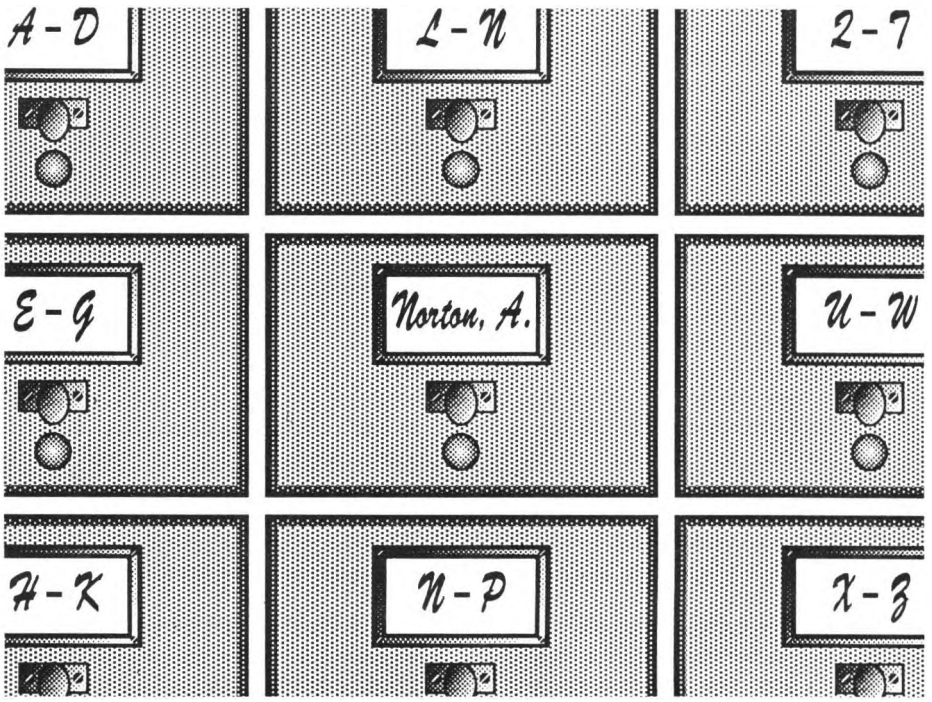
The Haunted Library

by Don D'Ammassa



Mac

When I sat down to write a short article on the subject of the works of Andre Norton, I suddenly realized I was facing no simple task. Over the course of thirty years, I have read over one hundred novels bearing that byline, science fiction, fantasy, westerns, historical novels, mysteries, even a few Gothic style romances with supernatural overtones. As a matter of fact, I have probably read more words written by Andre Norton than by any other author. Considering the compulsive approach to reading which has dominated most of my life, this is no small accomplishment.

I first discovered Andre Norton when I was fourteen, just after I had chanced to read my first SF collection, *Out of Bounds* by Judith Merrill. Having suddenly discovered an entire new genre to explore (I'd been a mystery fan up until that point), I went straight to the Cumberland High School Library and perused the shelves frantically looking for anything that had the words "space" or "time" or "star" in the titles. Hence I ended up bringing home *Time Traders*, *Star Guard*, *Star Rangers*, *Star Man's Son*, along with *Star Beast* and a few other Heinlein titles.

The Heinlein juveniles such as *Red Planet*, *Tunnel in the Sky*, and *Have Spacesuit, Will Travel* are probably the most influential books ever written for a primarily juvenile audience. But Andre Norton's stories of other worlds and other times were nearly as important, and for me at least, *they* were the books that hooked me on the genre. Oh, I went looking for her other titles as well, *Stand to Horse*, *Yankee Privateer*, *The Ralestone Luck*, and others, and I enjoyed them all too, but none of these captured the sense of mystery and adventure and novelty of science fiction. And Norton, like Heinlein, was able to produce novels with juvenile characters that nevertheless appealed to adult readers, an outstanding accomplishment in a field where most works were deliberately "written down" to the perception of readers as unsophisticated and easy to please.

A lot of years have passed since I first discovered this field. My tastes have changed. Writers whom I greatly admired at one time, Robert Moore Williams, Ray Cummings, and others, now seem dreadfully stiff and unappealing, interesting more for their historical place in the field than for any inherent literary worth. Even the Heinlein juveniles, though still entertaining, have lost much of the impact that they once held. Nevertheless, the one writer whose every book has been moved to the forward end of my reading pile is Andre Norton. Sometimes I'm disappointed, of course, but only because my expectations have always been so high.

It occurred to me to wonder why it was that Andre Norton has always held such a high place in my esteem. Although her books have always been popular, and her "Witch World" series has even given rise to a specialized fan group, none of her work has ever won a Hugo. With the exception of the "Witch World" series as a whole, there isn't even a consensus about which of her works are the best. Each individual reader seems to have found something special in one or more of them, but there seems to be no real correlation from one reader to another.

Why is it for example that my strongest recollections include:

1. An absolutely haunting scene from *Galactic Derelict* when the heroes visit a completely automated spaceport on an unknown planet.
2. A scene from *Beast Master* in which Hosteen Storm forges a friendship with an alien native.
3. The first meeting with the "Baldies" by Ross Murdock in *The Time Traders*.
4. Kincar S'Rud spying from a hiding place in *Star Gate*.
5. The battle with the rats in *Star Man's Son*.
6. Shann Lantee's encounters with the Throgs and the Wyverns in *Storm Over Warlock*.
7. Simon Tregarth meeting his first witch in *Witch World*.
8. The sea serpents of *Star Born* and the seaborn invaders of *Sea Siege*.
9. The hunting sequences in *Star Hunter*.

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Keeping the Home Fires Burning

Linkages
by Pat Mathews

It was a great temptation to turn this into a scholarly, academic discussion of the works of Andre Norton, of the sort that showcases the writer's ability to analyze everything and pretend to feel nothing. Whenever I started to do so, it felt like a cop-out. Yet, what was the alternative? Andre Norton has fans, but not the babbling sort who turn a decent, hard-working author into their cult heroine. If women with strong followings can be cast as Greek goddesses after the latest fashion in Jungian psychology, then some are Diana, some are Athena, some are Demeter; Andre Norton is quiet, hearth-keeping Hestia.

Hestia is a strange image for a woman who has written such a huge collection of action-adventure novels with strong and colorful heroines; yet it persists. And in the old mythologies, Hestia's constant companion (like a maiden aunt and her favorite rascal nephew, one commentator notes) was Mercury, god of messengers and thieves and tricksters. Mercury, in Southwestern mythology, is Old Man Coyote; Coyote's scene of humor is earthy and his common sense is markedly lacking. He lives for the moment. And everyone with Coyote's soul needs the quiet, rueful, smiling approval of Aunt Hestia to bring him, or her, back to reality for a moment.

Judith Holman

The world of science fiction/ideas (which to me were one and the same in those years) has had an odd sort of unevenness to it between the day I discovered it and today. In the early years, from 1946 for perhaps twelve years, science fiction mostly meant Robert Heinlein, ASTOUNDING and GALAXY and F&SF; but above all, Heinlein. After World War II, his tales of a vividly realized future were featured in the mass market mainstream magazines, and children everywhere devoured them avidly. When the space program actually began to get underway, the children for whom Heinlein was an intellectual father thought we were finally beginning to live in his world. Yet the salt and flavor seemed oddly absent; only with *The Right Stuff* did we find it again, where the NASA publicity machine had so carefully buried it.

In the Sixties, all but occupying Heinlein's throne for a time, we had Frank Herbert's *Dune* epics, culminating in the book fandom called *Gawdawful Boring Emperor of Dune*. We had Marion Zimmer Bradley bursting on the scene with *Sword of Aldones*. We had Heinlein, gone suddenly strange. Many of us wre gripped by Ayn Rand's startling new ideas and ponderous but fascinating epic. (I laid down *Atlas* demanding indignantly "Is she writing about the Seventies, or the Thirties?" Little did I know, or anybody else, how closely they would resemble each other for a few years.)

In the terms discussed above, our father was undergoing a midlife crisis; our mother was just beginning to find her voice; our father's acid-tongued sister was disrupting every discussion but at least urging us on to bigger and better things. And our mother's quiet sister kept the hearthfires going with book after book after book.

And in high school, I devoured book after book after book. What helped me the most was that they were frankly stories; I was spared the temptation to try to live them out, which wasn't working with either Heinlein, Rand, or Bradley and only added to a teenaged inability to tell fantasy from reality. (Or, perhaps, a preference for a plausible alternate reality over the one I had).

First came *Star Man's Son*, which I thought would be about spacefarers from the title. But who could meet her mutant hero, so beautiful and gifted, yet so outcast for that very beauty and plainly necessary

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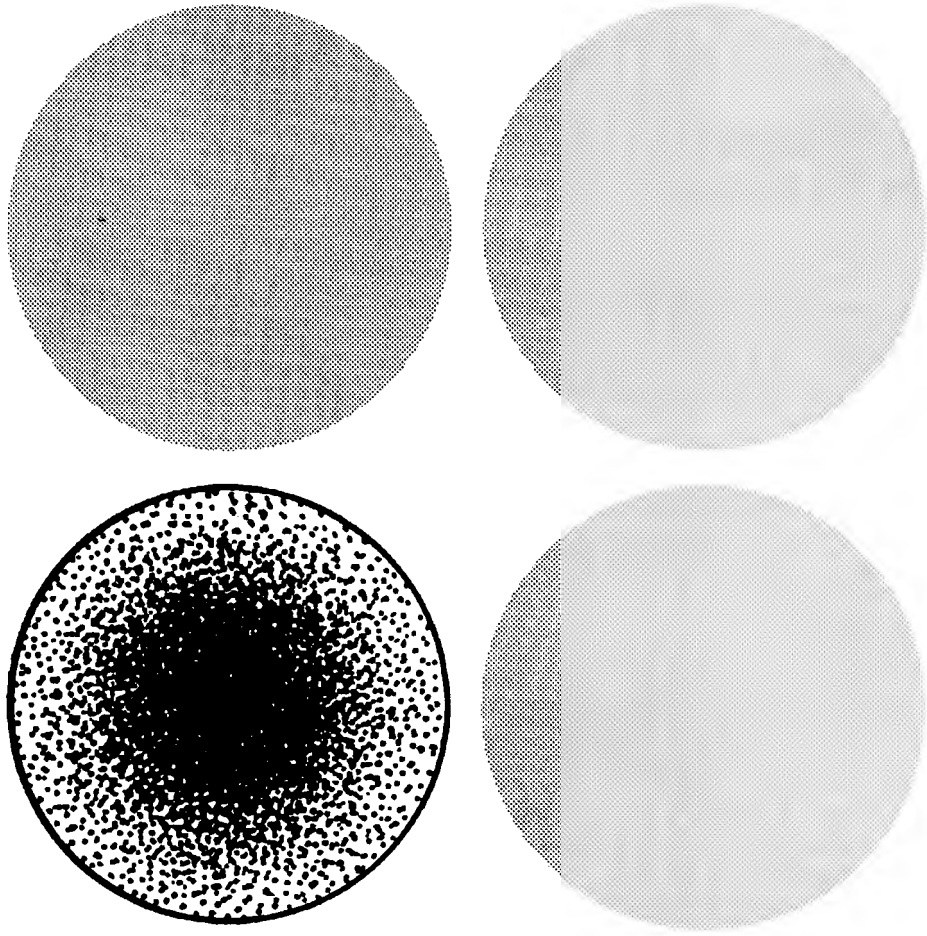


ANDRE NORTON'S

Rites of Passage

BY ANNE BRAUDE
JUNGIAN SYMBOLS BY GALE TURNER

Until fairly recently, fantasy has been a slightly disreputable realm in the Commonwealth of Letters. Although it has an honorable ancestry reaching back from the Renaissance to the dawn of written literature, from the eighteenth century until a decade or so ago the standard-bearers of the Age of Realism have tended to speak of it slightingly, as if it were a criminal offense ranking somewhere between driving while intoxicated and conspiracy to commit mopery. Freudian psychology has been largely responsible for this; Freud saw the process of achieving mental health and maturity as a struggle upon a darkling plain, and engaging in fantasy was going AWOL if not actually deserting to the enemy. Here are some sample definitions quoted from a psychiatric dictionary [Hinsie and Campbell, 1960]:

> *phantasy-life*: Day-dreaming in contradistinction to thinking that is logical and realistic. Varendonck says that phantasy-life "gives the illusion that wishes and aspirations have been fulfilled; it thinks obstacles away; it transforms impossibilities into possibilities and realities." He adds that it is "a search for pleasurable representations and an avoidance of everything likely to cause pain." [Varendonck, J. *The Psychology of Day Dreams*, Macmillan, N.Y., 1921]

> *fancy, tendency to*: A tendency to fancy is present in many normal individuals, but is especially common in shut-in, seclusive personalities who have never come into normal contact with other people and generally lead an abnormal existence. Such individuals resort to the fairy tale as a mode of emotional gratification. If the tendency to fancy and day-dreaming is morbid, it is detrimental to the individual's psychic development, because he will not be able to cope with an inexorably real world, living as he does in a world of fancy. [Brill, A.A. *Basic Principles of Psychoanalysis*. Doubleday, N.Y., 1949]

This attitude has spread even into the pages of our own beloved fanzine; a reader in the NIEKAS 39 lettercol refers to fantasy as an "incestuous and parasitic genre."

Fortunately for those of us who love literary fantasy, there have been countervailing trends. Perhaps the most conspicuous was the immense popularity of *The Lord of the Rings* that resulted from the publication of the unauthorized Ace edition and the subsequent official Ballantine paperback edition in the early Sixties; it had, however, been building slowly but steadily since hardcover publication in the previous decade. Moreover, the books were praised by such distinguished figures of the literary establishment as C.S. Lewis, W.H. Auden, and Loren Eisley—hardly your average trenchcoated perverts lurking in a dark alley. Without himself being a direct partisan of modern fantasy, literary theorist Northrop Frye, in his *Anatomy of Criticism*, defined literary romance à la William Morris as an independent genre with its own canons and values rather than as failed realistic fiction. Finally, Jungian psychology, allied with anthropology, stressed the significance of myth and symbol in man's unconscious mind and demonstrated that they could be used effectively by the conscious mind for psychic growth; the further development of the study of myth by Joseph Campbell resulted in a slew of well-received books and an astonishingly popular television series, THE POWER OF MYTH. Less well known to the general public but influential among psychologists and educators has been *The Uses of Enchantment* by the renowned child psychologist Bruno Bettelheim, who may perhaps be described as a semi-lapsed Freudian, which defends, in the words of its subtitle, "the meaning and importance of fairy tales."

Myth and legend, fairy tale, and fantasy are all obviously connected, and in fact sometimes change places like performers in some archaic dance: "Cupid and Psyche," which is called a myth, is actually a fairy tale in the "Beauty and the Beast" group; Tolkien's "Ainulindalë" (in *The Silmarillion)* is a myth; and many of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales are more properly described as fantasies. In the following pages I hope to draw some useful distinctions concerning the nature and function of myth, fairy tale, and fantasy, and to show how Andre Norton's enduring popularity is evidence that she is truly mistress of the fantasist's role.

"Myth" is colloquially used today to refer to a story which is believed even though it is not true (in an argument, it refers to a story which *you* believe but which *I* know is untrue). Less pejoratively, as used by critics such as Frye, it means simply a story told to account for something, whether or not it is expected to be taken literally. The most useful definition for my purpose here is that of Shirley Park Lowry, herself following Joseph Campbell:

> ...a story about a culture's gods or heroes, a story whose vivid symbols render concrete a special perception about people and their world. Many myths embody a people's perception of the deepest truths, those truths that give purpose, direction, *meaning* to that people's life. That myths use concrete symbols to express abstractions accounts for their unrealistic trappings. That they often embody the essence of our experience accounts for their power. Whether or not a particular myth corresponds to scientific fact as presently understood is...unimportant. What makes a myth important is how it guides our personal lives, supports or challenges a specific social order, makes our physical world a manageable place, or helps us accept life's mysteries—including misfortune and death—with serenity. [Lowry, pp. 3-4]

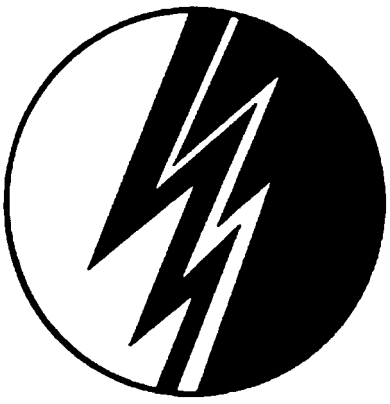
Bettelheim, after pointing out basic similarities between myth and fairy tale, also draws distinctions:

> Put simply, the dominant feeling a myth conveys is: this is absolutely unique; it could not have happened to any other person, or in any other setting; such events are grandiose, awe-inspiring, and could not possibly happen to an ordinary mortal like you or me....By contrast, although the events which occur in fairy tales are often unusual and most improbable, they are always presented as ordinary, something that could happen to you or me or the person next door.... [Bettelheim, p. 37]

He goes on to add that myths are pessimistic and nearly always end tragically, while fairy tales are basically optimistic and end happily.

Bettelheim's real subject is the fairy tale, and his concern is to rescue it from those who would banish it from the nursery because of a contemptuous disdain for its perceived lack of reality or from a misguided desire to protect children from anything that might frighten them. The child psychologist's point of departure is his observation that children themselves, whatever their level of intelligence or mental health, find fairy tales more satisfying than any other kind of story. His thesis is that these stories provide children with guidelines that help them to deal with their own inner conflicts and the crises of growing up:

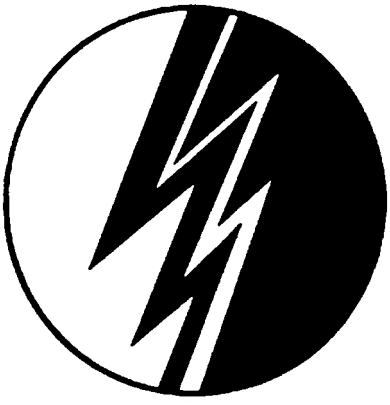
> True, on an overt level fairy tales teach little about the specific conditions of life in modern mass society; these tales were



created long before it came into being. But more can be learned from them about the inner problems of human beings, and of the right solutions to their predicaments in any society, than from any other type of story within a child's comprehension....

Just because his life is often bewildering to him, the child needs even more to be given the chance to understand himself in this complex world with which he must learn to cope. To be able to do so, the child must be helped to make some coherent sense out of the turmoil of his feelings.... [Ibid., p. 5]

The more I tried to understand why these stories are so successful at enriching the inner life of the child, the more I realized that these tales, in a much deeper sense than any other reading material, start where the child really is in his psychological and emotional being. They speak about his severe inner pressures in a way that the child unconsciously understands, and—without belittling the most serious inner struggles which growing up entails—offer examples of both temporary and permanent solutions to pressing difficulties. [p. 6]



This is exactly the message that fairy tales get across to the child in manifold form: that a struggle against severe difficulties in life is unavoidable, is an intrinsic part of human existence—but that if one does not shy away, but steadfastly meets unexpected and often unjust hardships, one masters all obstacles and at the end emerges victorious. [p. 8]

The unrealistic nature of these tales (which narrow-minded rationalists object to) is an important device, because it makes it obvious that the fairy tales' concern is not useful information about the external world, but the inner processes taking place in an individual [p. 25]

In fact, children do not perceive reality in the same way that adults do: they have a weak sense of ego boundaries and no notion of the limits of their "oceanic" feelings. (How many people have suffered lifelong emotional trauma because as a toddler they said something like "Mommy, I hate you! I wish you were dead!" and shortly thereafter Mommy *did* die, so that they felt guilty forever after?) "So the fairy tale's fantastic exaggerations give it the ring of psychological truth—while realistic explanations seem psychologically untrue, however true to fact." [p. 32]

Finally, although the fairy tale properly ends with the reward of Virtue and the punishment of Wickedness, it does not convince the mind with demonstrations of moral propositions but rather persuades the imagination with sympathy and repugnance. We like Cinderella and wish her well; we are happy to see her wed to her prince. We dislike her mean and ugly stepsisters and rejoice in their discomfiture, even in the sanitized modern version where Cinderella finds husbands for them at the court. (I have often fantasized about just what exactly those poor fellows did to deserve their fate.) In the original Grimm version, which children seem to prefer, the white doves which aid Cinderella with her tasks and provide her with her beautiful dress—the fairy godmother is a late interpolation—peck out the stepsisters' eyes during the wedding procession.

According to Bettelheim (who is, remember, a Freudian), the inner struggles with which the fairy tales help the young child are the resolution of the oedipal conflict, the overcoming of separation anxiety, and moving from dependency to the ability eventually to form a true, adult interpersonal relationship. This material, as Freudians believe, is so powerful and threatening that if it were confronted directly, the small child would be terrified and overwhelmed; the disguised form in which the fairy tales present it makes it possible for the child to deal with it. The final important message of the fairy tale for the young child, resembling what Tolkien in "On Fairy-stories" calls Consolation, is the happy ending: no matter how high the mountain of glass, eventually it can be climbed. No matter how fierce the dragon, eventually it will be slain by St. George. No matter how long the princess has slept, eventually the right prince will come to kiss her awake. No matter how impossible being a grownup seems, how beyond you the necessary skills of adulthood, eventually you will make it.

Myth and fairy tale are in general collective enterprises; produced by unknown authors, they deal with archetypal or stereotypical protagonists rather than realistic characters. With fantasy, we come to the tale about a recognizably individual person told by an identifiable author. In his extensive discussion of the romance genre in *Anatomy of Criticism*, Northrop Frye begins by classifying it in terms of the hero's power of action as it compares to that of the audience:

If superior in *degree* to other men and to his environment, the hero is the typical hero of *romance*, whose actions are marvellous but who is himself identified as a human being. [For science-fictional purposes, one must substitute for "human being" something like "sentient" or "hnau."] The hero of romance moves in a world in which the ordinary laws of nature are slightly suspended: prodigies of courage and endurance, unnatural to us, are natural to him, and enchanted weapons, talking animals, terrifying ogres and witches, and talismans of miraculous power violate no rule of probability once the postulates of romance have been established. [Frye, p. 33]

He also points out that the basic form of romance is the successfully completed quest, and that like comedy, with which it shares certain attributes, it tends to begin with a hero who is a misfit, at odds with or no longer at home in his society, who at the end becomes the nucleus of a new or redeemed, more desirable, and humane social order. When archetype and symbol appear in fantasy, they are meant to be decoded, or at least to resonate with a significance older and deeper than a single story. Fairy tales must hide their inner

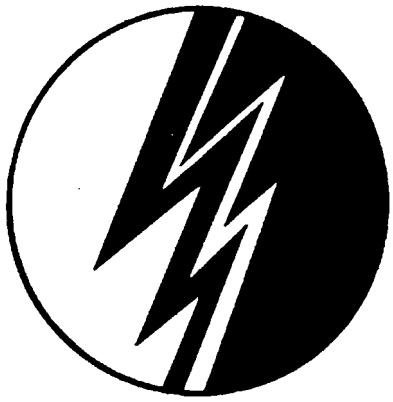
secret significance from an audience not yet strong enough to face it; fantasy is for readers older and—if not to start with, then after the reading—wiser.

There are obvious similarities here to Jungian theory; and in fact many modern writers and critics of fantasy are explicitly Jungian in orientation. Jungian theory postulates as the purpose of each individual's existence the process of individuation: a quest for the Self, the organizing center of the psyche, by the ego, the conscious identity or persona which we wear to face others. In the course of the quest he is guided in dreams by the anima, the personified feminine aspect of his personality (a woman has instead a male animus) which may appear in many guises and be benign or malign—Beatrice or the Siren—and confront his Shadow, the dark side of his psyche, which may include not only negative and destructive elements he has repressed but also powerful and potentially positive elements, such as the libido and the will to power, which he must come to terms with and integrate in order to achieve true maturity and the union of Self and ego. The Self communicates with the ego by means of dreams filled with symbols, archetypes which have emotional resonance for that particular individual. By decoding these dream-messages with the help of his analyst, the dreamer works through whatever is arresting his development and achieves individuation. The most common patterns of such dreams are the quest or pilgrimage and the initiation ritual; and the common archetypes are the maze or mandala, the perilous bridge, the journey underground, passage under water, the tower, the garden, animals and trees. Magical helpers and foes appear. The successful achievement of the quest is often symbolized by a stone or crystal, or by a marriage. Quaternity—the basic 3+1 pattern—and the circle, often combined, also represent the individuation of the Self. (Jung believed that since quaternity represented perfection, the trinity is an incomplete and unstable pattern, and that that is why the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages venerated Mary to such a degree that she became in effect the fourth Person of the Trinity; it was a response to a powerful unconscious urge toward completion.)

By now you will probably not be surprised when I tell you that these are by and large the same characteristics which Frye attributes to romance; the description of a psychological process in the preceding paragraph could equally well stand for a plot summary of the average fantasy novel. And since the psychological theory describes the process of becoming adult, it would seem that the fantasy genre has its natural affinity with the person making that transition in real life: the adolescent or "young adult," as the library cataloguers put it—the audience for which Andre Norton writes.

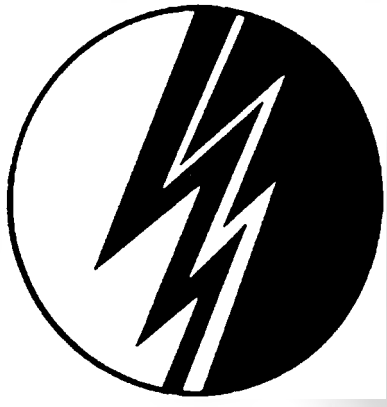
Thus we find that all this "fairy tale stuff" that we have had to be on the defensive about for most of our reading lives in fact performs a valid and vital function. And it is particularly appropriate not for the "juvenile minds" dismissed with prejudice by critics like Edmund Wilson but for those who are in the process of becoming—or struggling to remain—mature. Myth serves an entire culture: it gives us a hero who does something so supernatural that no one else could possibly do it (like stealing fire from the gods or rising from the dead). Fairy tales give us heroes who often don't do much of anything (they release an animal from a snare, give bread to a beggar, lay a trail of pebbles, take a cow to market) but find that their simplest actions may have marvelous consequences: they reassure and encourage the child taking his perilous first steps out of the nursery and into the world. The fantasy novel gives us a protagonist in whom we can recognize our own image (though she may have gifts we don't possess), who must make choices and undertake actions not unlike those in our own lives. C.S. Lewis wrote a fantasy novel, *Till We Have Faces*, based on a myth which is really a fairy tale (Cupid and Psyche), which asks the question: How can the gods meet us face to face till we have faces? The fantasy novel—and pre-eminently the Andre Norton tale—shows a hero or heroine making, or rather discovering, his or her true face—the Self behind the ego-persona.

There are certainly mythic elements in her books (and even, I will argue later, an underlying world-myth in the Witch World tales), notably in *Horn Crown*; but aside from Gunnora, an earth-goddess figure with elements of Hera, Aphrodite, Ceres, and Lucina (Artemis [of all people!] in her aspect as patroness of childbirth), and Hermes-like figures who appear as guides and as guardians of the threshold to people passing through some kind of Gate (the mysterious "traders," Neevor in the Gryphon trilogy and Ibycus [for ibis-headed Thoth? Surely not the murdered minor classical poet] in *The Jargoon Pard*), they are not prominent in the action. Norton heroes are pretty much on their own, with no source of outside help to appeal to most of the time. And there are certainly fairy-



tale elements as well; some of her shorter stories are fairly straightforward reworkings of traditional fairy tales. "One Spell Wizard," to the best of my knowledge her only funny story, is the Sorcerer's Apprentice or Two Magicians motif; "Amber Out of Quayth" combines a Cinderella-like heroine with a rationalized version of Bluebeard; and the cup which changes color to reveal the peril of one twin to his sister in "Dragon Scale Silver" can be traced to the oldest known fairy tale, the Egyptian "Two Brothers." Common fairy-tale motifs in her novels include the unvalued heroine who is exploited like Cinderella (Roane in *Ice Crown*, Ziantha in *Forerunner Foray*), the hero existing on the fringes of a society that has no use for him (Dipple-dwellers like Troy Horan in *Catseye*) and regard him with the same contempt with which the Simpleton character in traditional fairy tales is regarded, and most frequently of all the Beauty and the Beast theme, with a hero or heroine perceived as somehow monstrous who must find a new place among those who will accept and value him or her (Kerovan in the Gryphon trilogy, Kethan after he has learned to shapeshift in *The Jargoon Pard*).

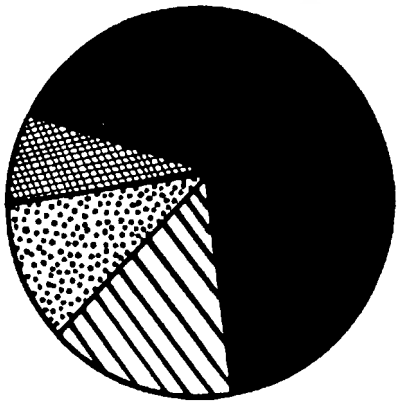
Of all the universes created by Andre Norton, the one most beloved of her read-



ers is the Witch World, which, as its name implies, is one of the debatable lands which march with Faërie. Consider how closely the following descriptions parallel each other:

> The realm of fairy-story is wide and deep and high and filled with many things: all manner of beasts and birds are found there; shoreless seas and stars uncounted; beauty that is an enchantment, and an ever-present peril; both joy and sorrow as sharp as swords. [Tolkien, p. 11]

> It's a land, a world, a place of dark shadows and alien powers and human beings touched with strangeness, a place where men and women find extraordinary things within them, and match themselves against an environment at once marvelously detailed and full of mysteries. The Witch World is never explored. The smallest valley holds strange happenings and a past which reaches into things stranger still. The traveler finds the unexpected, the ancient, the bizarre at every turn. Nature is powerful here and those who open their hearts to it and to living things find themselves capable of marvels and involved in an old, old warfare. One meets old friends here, and hears of them; finds remnants of eldritch powers and visitants; finds...if one looks...ancient truths about courage and honesty and duty that involve the highborn and the ordinary, the young and the old, humans and the four-footed kind all in one fabric of magic and mystery. [C.J. Cherryh, introduction to *Lore of the Witch World*, p.7]



And there are archetypes and symbols aplenty, which fit equally well into the traditional magic of Faërie and Jungian psychoanalytical theory: consider how often her protagonists pass through Gates or over perilous bridges (one thinks particularly of Gillan crossing the invisible bridge into Arvon in *Year of the Unicorn*), take lengthy journeys underground (Joisan in *Gryphon in Glory*) or even underwater (Kemoc in *Warlock of the Witch World*, Tally in *Wraiths of Time*), or wander through a maze, usually in the form of an ancient ruin (Troy Horan and his animal companions in *Catseye*, Furtig in *Breed to Come*, Kaththea in *Sorceress of the Witch World*, the Wade children in *Lavender-Green Magic*, to name just a few). There are crystals of power, ancient weapons stronger than sorcerous evil, Places of Power, magical beasts, and occasionally even guides and helpers, though in Norton the animus/anima figure is as likely as not to be exploiting the hero for personal gain (the Thieves' Guild leaders in *Forerunner Foray*, the Foostmam in *Perilous Dreams*). The Norton heroine has to learn not only to rely on herself but to decide for herself whom to trust and which side to choose.

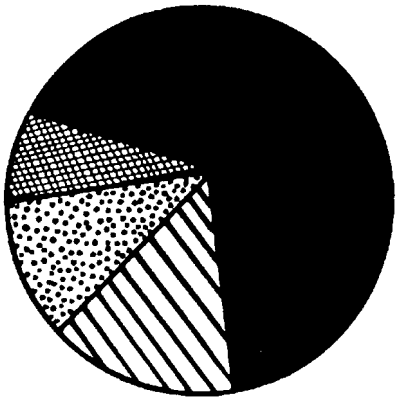
Another characteristic of the romance world is that it is more alive, more animistic, than our own. In Norton's work, this is not necessarily confined to fantasy, though it is of course more conspicuous there; it may come out as something as minor as Roane in *Ice Crown* enviously comparing her own drab spacer's coverall with the colorful dress of the inhabitants of Clio. Her characters in almost every book forge relationships with nonhumans, whether animals (sometimes normal, sometimes mutant), intelligent aliens, or as in the Witch World stories, other races akin to man but now separate, or even Old Ones. It is to this green world that her characters are drawn, and which they defend; their opponents, the Kolder and their like, create around them a sterile environment of stone and steel, in which humans are reduced to mindless slaves, their cities are reduced to rubble, and the world becomes a desert in which only machines can survive. Like Tolkien's Mordor, it is filled with images of what Frye calls the demonic world. Troy Horan and his animal comrades are at home in neither the refugee camp of the Dipple nor the sybaritic metropolis of Korwar; they find their refuge in the Wild, a nature reserve protected by a band of Hunters who accept them as allies. The desirable places in Norton's worlds, whether fantastic or science-fictional, are filled with the symbols and images of the desirable romance world: sun, moon, and stars; green growing things; places where one connects with powers of the Light; running water; friendly beasts; nonhuman friendly beings. But just as every Self has its Shadow, there is darkness in her world too: sinister predatory beasts, birds, and insects; poisonous plants; powers of Darkness hungering to re-enter the land from which they have been banished; and twisted creatures neither man nor beast resulting from the amoral magical experimentation of ancient Adepts.

The typical fairy tale begins with the protagonist leaving home, either by choice to seek his fortune, by being driven out by a cruel parent or stepparent, or simply by getting lost in the forest. The typical Andre Norton novel also begins with a character who is not at home where he is. Troy Horan, refugee from a lost planet, does not rightfully belong anywhere. Furtig of the People, in *Breed to Come*, is exiled like all the others who have been defeated in the clan's Trials of Skill. Roane Hume is part of a team which is also a family unit, but her uncle and cousin regard her contemptuously as a tool rather than as a person. Kethan in *Jargoon Pard* is really a changeling, though he does not know it; and to the people around him he is nothing more than a pawn in the struggle for the heirship of Car Do Prawn even before his unhuman lineage is revealed. Elron in *Horn Crown* is exiled for failing to protect his lord's daughter from the magic of Arvon; since his people have just entered that land through a Gate, he is doubly outcast. Joisan in *The Crystal Gryphon* seems happy enough as a girl in Ithkrypt, treated kindly by her aunt and uncle; but she chafes at the restrictions imposed on the daughter of a noble house and longs for a wider sphere of learning and action. Kerovan in the same book is cut off from the normal life of a lord's heir by his unhuman physical characteristics; despite the kindness of Jago his arms tutor and Riwal the Wiseman, he knows that his mother cannot stand the sight of him and his father prefers not to have him under the same roof. Tally Mitford, the young black archaeologist in *Wraiths of Time*,

seems happy enough with her life but proves to have no ties strong enough to draw her back to her own time and place once she has been translated into an alternate world. Even Norton's juvenile characters must deal with this sort of alienation: the Wade family in *Lavender-Green Magic* in effect lose their parents—the father is an MIA and their mother must take a live-in nursing post—and must move to a strange town where they are the only black family; and the four boys whose adventures make up *Dragon Magic* have all just moved to a new housing development and are strangers to one another. And if all else fails, Norton simply turns her characters out of their safe little burrows by bringing in an invading army, as in the Kolder invasion of Estcarp and the ravaging of High Hallack by the Hounds of Alizon.

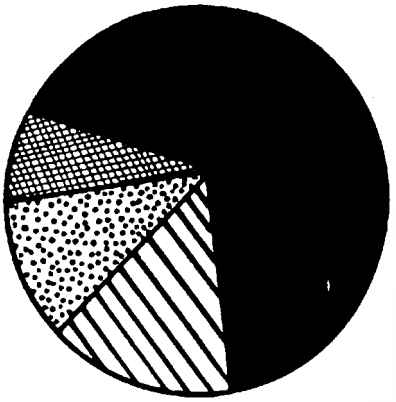
What enables these young people to survive and to succeed are two basic qualities neither of which is beyond the capacity of a teenager or even a child: self-discipline and the ability to form interpersonal relationships. Those who are subjected to rejection or oppression usually develop inner strength and a maturity beyond their years as a response; if they are flawed in the eyes of those around them, they work hard to develop compensating abilities; they learn stoicism in the face of rejection and of failure that is no fault of their own; they become completely self-reliant. Troy Horan leaves behind in the Dipple no friends, no obligations, no baggage. When Ulmsdale falls to the invaders, Kerovan can leave it behind without a backward glance: the dale-folk have all died or fled, ending his feudal responsibilities; his family have turned against him; and even his humanity and his bond with the still unknown Joisan are to be cast aside. But this way of overcoming rejection can lead to sterile isolation if it means never opening oneself to caring for another despite the risk of vulnerability that that entails. The Norton heroine usually has by the end of the book found a male counterpart, a potential life partner even if the love element is not explicitly developed. The Norton hero, especially in the science fiction novels, is more likely to find an alien or mutant-animal comrade, and sometimes a team to belong to as well. Troy Horan sacrifices his new life to aid the mutant Terran animals to escape from the spy ring using them as tools; in the course of their flight they become friends, cooperate to overcome dangers, and learn that they can join mentally to combat the high-tech weaponry of their foes. They are rewarded with the freedom of the Wild, in loose alliance with the Hunters. *Catseye* presents two of Norton's favorite themes: respect for other life forms ("It could be very illuminating to see what might happen when two or three species long associated in one fashion move into equality with each other, to work as companions, not as servants and masters—" says Rerne the Hunter) and psychic communion, both as telepathy and in the form of sharing Power. This mind-sharing occupies in her books the same symbolic place, the sacramental image of the happy ending, as the marriage that traditionally ends a comedy. It is a form of the communion which in Northrop Frye's theory of archetypal meaning is the pattern of social organization of the divine world. The corresponding pattern for the demonic world is slavery or cannibalism, exemplified in modified form by the villains in her books, from the cutthroat internal politics of the Thieves' Guild through the vicious family power struggles and ruthless use of kin as mere tools in *Jargoon Pard* to the almost purely demonic, destructive would-be Master Race the Kolder.

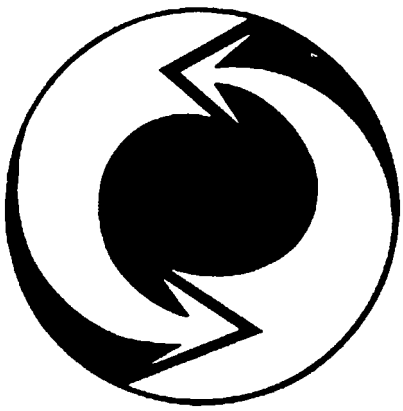
Particular attention is given to relationships in the Witch World novels, especially in the sagas which carry the adventures of the same characters through more than one novel: the five core Estcarp/Escore novels dealing with Simon Tregarth and his descendents, the Gryphon trilogy, and *Year of the Unicorn* and its sequel *Jargoon Pard*. Where other books simply end with the characters set fair for a new beginning in a more congenial society, these explore what it is actually like to be simultaneously strong in self-defense and yet open enough to care. They are among the few stories to concentrate on sibling or parental bonding as well. Jaelithe surrenders her witchhood to marry Simon, only to find that her bond with him brings even stronger Power which they can wield in partnership. Their triplets never form a close bond with their parents because they are fostered by others; but they are able to join minds and wills among themselves. When the ruling Witches of Estcarp, who disapprove of Simon and Jaelithe's abilities because they do not believe that a male can or should wield Power, seize Kaththea for training for witchhood, her brothers are able to rescue her by mental as well as physical means. In their adventures across the mountains in Escore, each of the triplets in turn must slacken the fraternal bond and join with a lifemate. Kaththea's mistaken choice of a mage who is secretly on the side of evil leads her into a harrowing series of adventures in the course of which she finds her long-lost parents on



the far side of a Gate and for the first time is able to establish a relationship with them; she also finds her own proper mate. Kethan, the son of Gillan and Herrel from *Year of the Unicorn*, was exchanged at birth for Aylinn because the Lady Heroise wanted a male heir for Car Do Prawn. He later meets the three of them without knowing of the relationship and at the climax of the story the four (3+1, remember) share skills and Power to defeat the designs of evil.

Also of interest is the development of the character of Elys, introduced in "Dragon Scale Silver" and later playing a part in the Gryphon saga. She and her twin brother Elyn, born to shipwrecked Estcarp fugitives in a fishing village in Hallack, are raised by the local Wise Woman, who teaches her what lore she knows, and by their father, who teaches both of them skill at arms. When the war reaches High Hallack, the father and later Elyn go off to join the army; Elys stays with the villagers as they migrate in search of a safe haven, using all her skills as hunter, healer, and fighter to defend them. When the silver cup that symbolizes Elyn's life tarnishes, she goes in search of him, accompanied rather against her will by Jervon, a warrior who had been recuperating from his





wounds under her care. Elyn is now married, to a lord's pretty, doll-like daughter; but that hasn't prevented him from falling under an ancient Siren-like spell. Once Elys, aided by Jervon, has rescued him, she finds that both he and his bride are ashamed of her display of masculine skills and find her witch powers repugnant and frightening. Bidding them a painful but also somewhat relieved farewell, she goes off with Jervon, who values her for those very skills and gifts, to seek a road that will lead them to their own destiny. The ideal pattern for Norton seems to be akin to that of *The Faerie Queene*: a knight setting forth on an adventure accompanied by a lady who guides him and gives him wise counsel (Una and the Redcrosse Knight), but she doesn't hold to such a strict separation of powers; the lady may well be a bonnie fighter in her own right and the warrior gifted with some form of magery.

The hardest nut to crack is Kerovan, who requires an entire trilogy to develop a true capacity for mutual love. His strange eyes and hoofed feet, proof that he is at least in part of the blood of the Old Ones, have caused him to be eyed askance by all he meets except his tutors Jago and Riwal. When he eventually takes his place as heir in his father's hall, he must develop a shell

of imperviousness to protect himself from the cruelty of his kinfolk and the superstitious fear of the rest of the household. He is so successful at this that he opts out of the human race entirely, at least emotionally: when he finally meets Joisan and she mistakes him for an Old One, he becomes officially "dead" to avoid the pain of being rejected by her, completely ignoring the fact that she actually likes and admires him for the person he is, whatever his species. *The Crystal Gryphon* ends with the two of them joining to foil the designs of his evil kindred and with Joisan's learning Kerovan's identity and gladly accepting him as her husband.

In *Gryphon in Glory*, Kerovan still refuses to believe that she can really want him as husband. When he takes off into the Wild on a military mission, she follows. After a variety of adventures separately and together, in the course of which Joisan begins to exhibit Power of her own and they encounter Elys and Jervon, whose relationship provides them with an image of what their own ought to be, they defeat a Dark Lord and Kerovan at last chooses his human heritage over the supernatural identity he could be assimilated to—and is at last able to consummate his marriage to Joisan both emotionally and physically.

In the conclusion of the trilogy, *Gryphon's Eyrie*, the final stage is reached: the founding of a new society centered on the hero and heroine. Not only do they find a home (the ancient citadel of the Gryphon Lord who overshadowed Kerovan's birth), but they form a household: Elys and Jervon, the Kioga youth Guret, and the half-human Sylvya whom they rescue from That Which Runs the Ridges all come to join them; the Kioga, a wandering clan of horsemen rather like the Magyars, will settle in the valley under their protection; and Joisan is pregnant with a daughter able to wield Power even from the womb. The journey from isolation into maturity and relatedness has at last been completed.

Another quality Norton's novels share with the fairy tale is that instead of imposing a moral didactically, they present it as an appeal to our minds and feelings, a desirable good. In this sense it may be said that Norton's "moral" is relatedness, unity, the integration with one's spiritual kin that becomes possible once one has successfully integrated one's personality, turned to face one's own Shadow and passed through it to the Self. I don't want to push this interpretation too far: Andre Norton is after all primarily a teller of tales, the bard of the tribe, not its shaman. But if Jung is correct, the images and patterns arising from the collective unconscious are a common inheritance of the entire human race, of which Ms. Norton is a member in good standing. I don't know if she has made any particular study of Jungian theory, and I certainly don't think she sets out to demonstrate any extrafictional logical propositions when she picks up her pen (or switches on her word processor). Nevertheless it is remarkable how many of her stories end with a protagonist who began in isolation established as part of a newly formed unity. It is not just limited to the conventional finding of lost relatives or a lifemate of the opposite sex. It may include human and animal, as in *Catseye*; mutant animals, aliens, or Old Ones may be also brought in. In *Breed to Come*, the mutant-feline People and mutant-porcine Tusked Ones have already formed an alliance and are able to draw in the canine Barkers in their battle against the evil Rattons and the renegade human spacefarer who has joined them. At the conclusion of the story this hint of Eden restored is rejected: the well-intentioned humans must depart, for their own good as well as that of the evolved animals which have inherited the Earth.

I suggested earlier in this essay that Andre Norton's Witch World stories contain a world-myth. In his delightful and illuminating *The Individuated Hobbit: Jung, Tolkien and the Archetypes of Middle-earth*, Timothy R. O'Neill suggests that while Frodo's final decision on Mount Doom not to destroy the Ring represents a degree of failure in his personal quest, what is accomplished (with the help of others) is the individuation of the West: the moral and spiritual renewal of the Lands of Men and the dawning of a new age. A similar pattern can be found in the core Witch World tales.

When Simon Tregarth enters Estcarp through a Gate from our own universe, it is, like Middle-earth at the time of the War of the Ring, an image of the heroic in decline. Powers are less, troubles are greater, the fires of communal vitality burn lower than in earlier days. There is also a barrier to mutuality in human relations in that the power of the Witches is found only in women and is linked to virginity, so that a woman with a gift for Power must in effect choose between witchhood and the life force. This is touched on very lightly in *Witch World* but developed more extensively in *Web of the Witch World*, in which Norton returns to an established environment and situation to explore their implications more deeply. In the first book, Witches and male fighters were more or

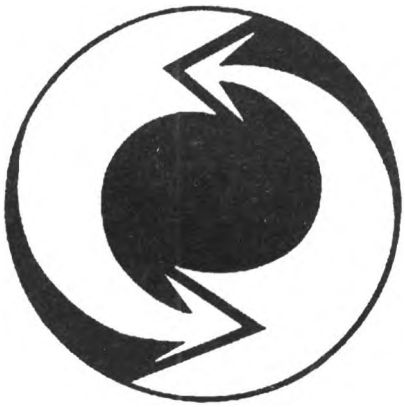
less of equal value to the society and cooperated well. In *Web*, the Witches' sense of superiority to males is brought out, with their refusal to accept that Simon may be able to wield Power. Despite proof that Jaelithe and her husband can work wonders, the petrified thinking of the Estcarp Council denies the possibility. In this separatist society, represented at its extreme by the Falconers, whose women are treated practically as domestic animals, there are images of unity: the marriages of Simon and Jaelithe and of the ordinary humans Koris and Loyse (a Cinderella figure and a Beast-ectype) and the friendship among the four of them.

In the first story about the triplets, *Three Against the Witch World*, it is the bond between the siblings that represents unity, despite the Council's attempt to separate them. The brothers' rescue of Kaththea coincides with the magical cataclysm that to all intents and purposes destroys Estcarp as a society, leaving it to the three young Tregarths to find their way eastward across the mountains into Escore, which proves to be the ancestral home of the Old Race of Estcarp, who had fled westward after similar disaster had been wrought by unrestrained pursuit of magic by irresponsible Adepts—*males* with Power. Those who fled had so thoroughly blocked out their memories of Escore that they couldn't even imagine east as a direction on the map; only the young Tregarths, because of their half-alien blood, are immune. No humans remained behind; but the land is inhabited by half-human and other sentient beings as well as strange twisted creatures created by the Adepts. The return of humans reawakens the quiescent ancient Powers of Good and Evil, so that the Tregarths, their Escore allies, and those of the Old Race who follow them across the mountains are once again involved in war.

Strange beings, ancient Powers, quest and conflict, an ancestral land blocked from memory—Escore is in fact the unconscious self of Estcarp [Es-*core*]; and by returning to it and remastering it, the Old Race is renewed. The Tregarth triplets, who never had a real parental bond, must now each in turn transcent the sibling bond to establish a separate life with a mate. Kyllan, the warrior, finds the Dianic Lady of Green Silences, Dahaun; the scholarly Kemoc meets the naiad-like Orsya. Kaththea's personal quest is more problematic; in *Warlock of the Witch World* she is beglamoured by a strong male who does not love her but wishes to make her a tool of his own evil Power; although rescued by Kemoc and Orsya, she loses all her Power and is witch no longer. In the final book of the series, *Sorceress of the Witch World* (Norton has written other books set in Estcarp/Escore, but they are individual episodes that do not further develop the core history), Kaththea sets out to return to Estcarp in hopes of retraining but is captured by nomads before she can cross the mountains. As slave/apprentice to their shamaness, she develops some renewed Power, but it is flawed and incomplete. She finds her way through an ancient Adept-created Gate into a world which turns out to be the very one in which her parents were lost many years ago. Also present as a prisoner of the Kolder-like aliens who survive to rule this dying dimension is Hilarion, the Adept who strayed through his own Gate without taking proper precautions. Kaththea has to resolve mixed feelings toward Simon and Jaelithe —resentment over their virtual abandonment of their children due to the exigencies of war, and envy of the bond of Power and love that they share. She also is suspicious of Hilarion, whom they have to rescue because he is their only hope of reopening the Gate; her experiences with males have left her unwilling to trust him, especially in light of the fact that he may be one of the same Adepts who wrought such havoc in Escore in ancient times, or to join with him in using Power for fear that he will merely drain her as the villainous Dinzil had. After returning through his Gate to Escore, they leave him behind at Kaththea's insistence; but at a time of great peril later on, she calls upon him for aid. Conscience-stricken, she allows him to draw forth all her Power, only to have it returned after the battle is won. She has found her true match:

> And I knew that this was not one of Dinzil's breed, those who do not give, only take. Rather it was true that between us there was neither ruler nor ruled, only sharing....
>
> My brothers and their people came forth from the Valley to take up lands their swords had bought. But I looked out upon a many-walled citadel thrusting boldly into the sea. And out of the dust of years came a new awakening which was very rich and good. [*Sorceress of the Witch World*, pp. 220-221]

The chronicle that began with a divided and diminished race locked in mortal combat with a more powerful foe ends with a new beginning which proves to be the



healing of an even more ancient home, with victory in battle and the formation of new bonds of love and friendship that do not require the abandonment of earlier ties. This completion of a circular movement, combined with a balanced equality between male and female, gives us the narrative equivalent of the ancient Taoist symbol of yin and yang, representing balance and perfection. The individuation of the Witch World has been achieved.

Several critics have recently pointed out the darker aspects of Andre Norton's fictive universes, with the breakdown of order and the corruption of ideals and institutions under the pressure of necessity and the temptation of power. As far as I know, the Witch World is the only one of them to be provided with this sort of teleological myth. But though the backgrounds may be darkening, this sort of triumph is being achieved by individuals in the bright foreground all the time. Susan Shwartz characterizes Norton's treatment of her young protagonists in her introduction to *Moonsinger's Friends*;

> ...[W]hat these characters face are the very things that we all fear: loss, exile, loneliness, pain...and they face it under stark circumstances.

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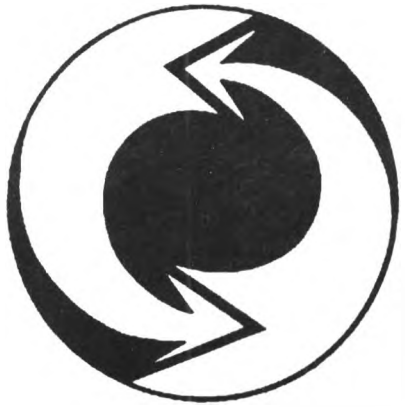

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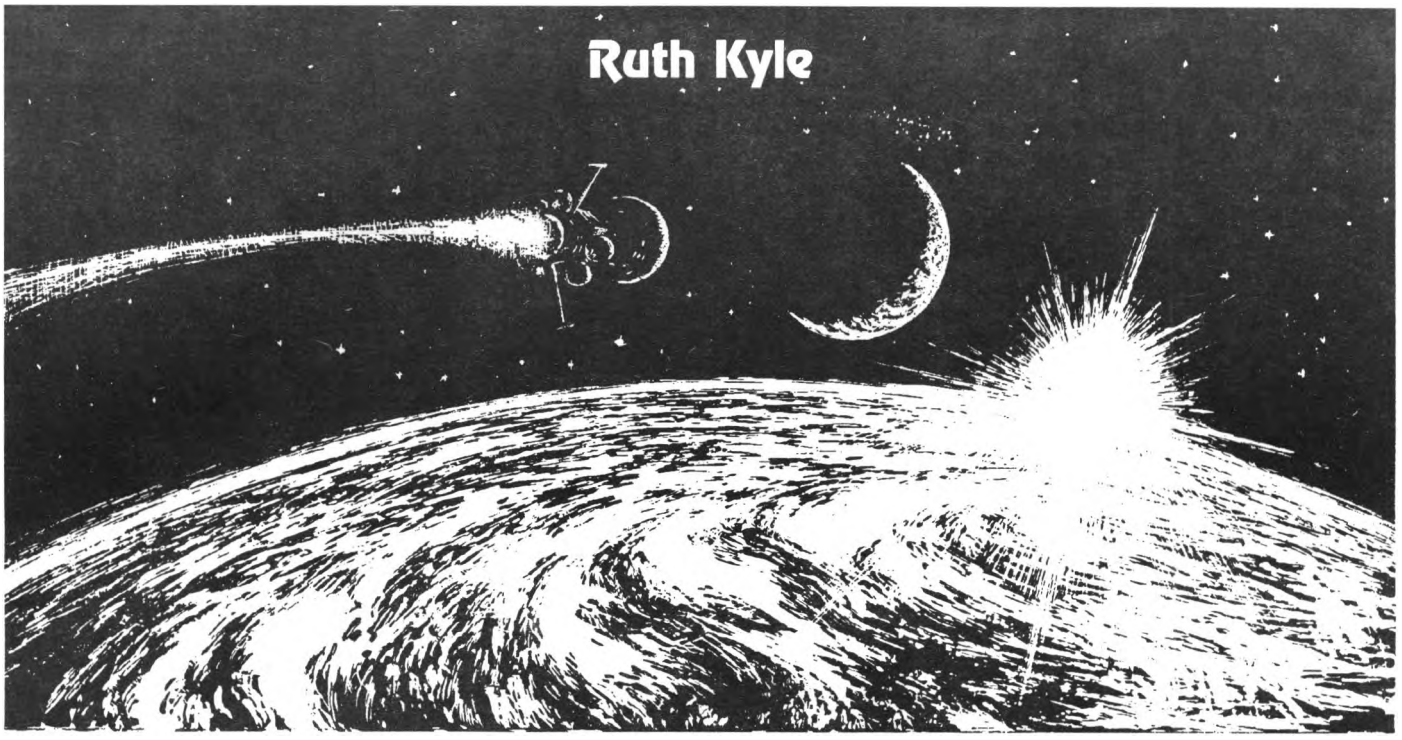
[The majority of the items are from *Science Fiction and Fantasy Reference Index, 1878–1985*, ed. H.W. Hall (using his format) with additions by David Palter.]✹



Bob Eggleton

The Wondrous Worlds of Andre Norton

I can't recall just when I first started reading Andre Norton. From the first book, I had a special feeling for what she wrote and I still have that special feeling. Her stories are as entertaining and meaningful as the first time I read them.

I first met Andre in 1976 after the Worldcon and enjoyed a few days' visit with her and her feline companions. Our family moved to Florida in 1977. Being only a three-hour drive away, I saw her fairly often.

When *The Tolkien Companion* was published, I wished I had a similar Norton companion. There was none available, so I decided to do one myself and asked Andre's permission. She seemed pleased that someone wanted to do such a thing and gave her permission. Together we decided that only the science fiction and fantasy would be included. However, a complete list of her books and short stories would be included.

I have read each of her books a minimum of three times. First, I familiarized myself with the story. Then I underscored each name, place, animal, jewel, event and other pertinent information. Finally, I put the information on 3x5 cards.

With over eighty books and many short stories, my shoe box filing system was bulging. On each trip to see Andre, the book was discussed. She approved the illustrations by Jack Gaughan for which I had made arrangements. When the manuscript was typed, she examined it and approved it. David Hartwell said he would publish the book and so contracts were signed. Unfortunately, David Hartwell left Pocket Books and the new editorial powers decided not to publish this non-fiction work.

The manuscript was finally released back to me and other publishers were offered it. The opinion was usually given that the books was "not economically viable."

The manuscript, written and compiled out of love and respect for a great and truly gifted storyteller, has languished in a desk drawer for a long time. Until this year, it was for my eyes only. I updated it to include her recent books and short stories. As Andre Norton is the Guest of Honor at Noreascon Three in Boston this Labor Day weekend, the book is planned to be published at that time to mark the occasion.

The book is called *The Wondrous Worlds of Andre Norton*. It is my way of paying homage to a gracious, charming and generous lady, and a great storyteller.

[*At Chicon 4, one panel was a* festschrift *for Andre Norton. A number of people got up and spoke of her influence and the enjoyment of her books. At the end, a giant scroll was prepared which everyone present signed.*

It was during this that I first heard of Ruth Kyle's companion and I kept waiting for it to appear. It will be published by Joe Siclari (4599 NW 5 Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431) who also brought out Harry Warner's Wealth of Fable *when Advent declined to publish it. Now he is picking up the ball that Pocket dropped. ERM*]✹

The Weaving of the Witch World

BY SANDRA MIESEL

The remarkably broad and steady popularity of Andre Norton's science fiction is a largely unexamined phenomenon. Indeed, so silent have the science fiction critics been that any discussion of Norton must begin with comments on her neglect.

The sheer number of Norton's books and their impressive sales by themselves should have sufficed to attract notice. Her first novel, *The Prince Commands*, appeared in 1934 before the author was twenty-one. Her initial venture into sf came in the 1930s. By now she has produced more than 75 books, about two dozen pieces of short fiction, and edited six anthologies. The majority of her output is sf, but the list of her writings also includes historical, mystery, suspense, and gothic novels. Her books have sold by the millions here and abroad. They have been frequently reprinted and re-issued. Two of her works have been honored with Hugo Award nominations: *Witch World* (1963) and "Wizard's World" (1967). A 1966 ANALOG popularity poll listed her as eleventh of seventeen all-time favorite authors. She is, in short, a "saleable name" as an author of sf.

The "young adult" classification given to Norton's sf novels for trade purposes partly explains, but does not justify, their critical neglect—Robert A. Heinlein's juveniles have not been ignored. Moreover, although her hardcover editions are usually packaged for the teenage or young adult market, the paperbacks are directed to all ages. (DAW Books even released her children's book *Dragon Magic* as part of its general list.) But her work has sometimes been dismissed as naive. It would be fairer to describe it as unpretentious.

Many of today's sf readers grew up on Norton, yet she has never become the object of a cult as have Edgar Rice Burroughs, Robert E. Howard, J.R.R. Tolkien, and Marion Zimmer Bradley. Nor do personal ties stimulate interest. Norton, a retired Cleveland librarian now living in Florida, does not indulge in self-advertisement. Her public appearances have been rare and her contacts with either fans or fellow professionals have been private.

Finally, instead of reaping some benefit from the current vogue for women writers, she has drawn petty criticism for using a masculine pen name. The critics who have made this charge fail to realize that "Andre" is now Alice Mary Norton's legal name. Commercial pressures existing in the historical and suspense genres when her career began dictated this pen name. (Norton also used the pseudonym "Andrew North" on three early sf books because of simultaneous editorial ties to the publisher.) Once the label was established it would have been imprudent to change it.

Overall, little attention has been given to Norton for her exceptional entertainment skills, nor have the characteristics of her work been explored. Color, emotional appeal, and romanticism are the bases of her adventure tales' popularity. Their alien, far future settings do not date easily. Emphasis on soft rather than hard science makes them more humane and comprehensible. There is a special—and addicting—flavor to a Norton book.

This flavor can be analyzed in terms of Norton's distinctive motifs and themes. Firstly, it should be noted that she reiterates certain backgrounds as well as ideas. Repetition of institutions (Patrol, Service, Combines, Thieves' Guild, Free Traders, the Dipple) and planet names (Korwar, Warlock, Sargol, Astra) form a set of interlocking cross-references so that the majority of her science fiction novels occur in the same loosely-structured imaginary universe. Short series of two, three, or four directly related books fall within the overall patter (e.g., *Storm Over Warlock*, *Ordeal in Otherwhere*, and *Forerunner Foray* constitute the Warlock series), but this is in no sense an organized future history.

Not surprisingly, major motifs reflect her personal interests: parapsychology, animals, archeology, folklore, anthropology, and history. Norton often describes psi powers or alien sciences that function like magic (*Merlin's Mirror*, *Key Out of Time*, *Android at Arms*, "Wizard's World"). This allows her to blend fantasy with science fiction. She treats affinity bonds and telepathic links between humans and animals as well as among humans (*Star Rangers*, *The X Factor*, Time Trader series, Warlock series, Beast Master series. Moonsinger series). And the animals are often as intelligent as the humans (*Catseye*, *The Zero Stone*, *Uncharted Stars*, *Iron Cage*, and *Breed to Come*, which was dedicated to her own pets).

Norton likes to equip her alien worlds with archeologies. Recurring mention of the Forerunners, a vanished Elder Race, brings the antique and the futuristic together (*Lord of Thunder*, *Forerunner Foray*). Believing that objects acquire historical impressions, Norton uses artifacts as keys to adventure (*Forerunner Foray*, *Dragon Magic*, *The Zero Stone*).

She applies her knowledge of anthropology and folklore to create vivid primitive cultures. She has put Amerindian protagonists and settings to good use (*The Sioux Spaceman*, *The Defiant Agents*, *Fur Magic*, the Beast Master series). *Android at Arms* is an unprecedented sf application of African culture. (She was depicting blacks sympathetically as far back as 1952 in *Star Man's Son*.)

Time travel, interdimensional gates, and parallel worlds are favorite devices of Norton's (*Here Abide Monsters*, Time Traders series, Crosstime series). One of her original innovations is the alternative histories of alien planets (*Star Gate*, *Perilous Dreams*).

Her paramount themes are: the freedom and integrity of the individual (*The Defiant Agents*), the perils of technology (Janus series, *Star Hunter*, *Star Rangers*), and temptations of elite power groups (*Ice Crown*, Warlock series).

These concepts and themes are always incorporated into the framework of a heroic story. Norton's plots follow the humble branch of Joseph Campbell's mono-myth in which a deprived, powerless, unwanted misfit who is usually young, sometimes an orphan or cripple, struggles against enormous odds to find a place or himself. At the same time, his deeds also benefit others. (*Night of Masks* and *Dread Companion* exemplify this for a boy and girl respectively.) The adventure is usually structured in chase-capture-escape-ordeal sequences. Success, in the final confrontation, often hinges on some past moral choice, kindness, or an accidentally-discovered talisman. This maturation formula is obviously ideal for juvenile novels, but its appeal is by no means limited to one age group, for it is a fine means of enlisting audience identification and sympathy.

To Norton, the *story* is always uppermost. She modestly describes herself as "a very staid teller of old-fashioned stories" and cites the influences of H. Rider Haggard, Talbot Mundy, and the like upon her own work. As a writer she is fascinated by situations rather than words. Connoisseurs of clever metaphors will have to seek their quarry elsewhere.

Here colorful alien worlds are rendered as series of impressions. They are never totally explained, and thus they create a pleasing ambiguity, a sense of mystery, which stimulates the reader's imagination. A Norton story leads one down a glittering road but does not permit distracting ventures down byways glimpsed in passing.

The dominant note of her wonder-tales is wholesomeness. Hers is a hopeful, ecumenical vision of different races, cultures, life-forms cooperating so that the good may prevail.

The epitome of Norton's sf is her acclaimed Witch World series. The first volume, *Witch World*, was originally inspired by research on the medieval crusaders' kingdoms overseas. It was finally published in paperback by Ace Books in 1963 after several years' fruitless search for a publisher. The fantasy market was depressed in those days before the Tolkien book, yet *Witch World* was so warmly received it won a Hugo nomination for best novel of the year. Seven more novels and eleven shorter works have been completed thus far in this growing series as Norton fills in the details of her world. (Readers are urged to consult the table at the end of this article to sort out geographical and historical relationships.)

The Witch World—a descriptive, not a proper designation—is an Earth-like alien planet where magic works. It is far removed in time and space from our globe, yet linked to it and others by interdimensional "gates." Past intrusions through those gates have peopled the world with a variety of human cultures superimposed on primordial non-human ones. These layers of peoples stretching farther and farther back into fabulous antiquity is reminiscent of the legendary Irish *Book of Invasions* and real British history.

On the eastern continent dwells the Old Race of Estcarp, a dark-haired, dwindling breed ruled by a Council of Witches and, to the north and south, their foes, the rude younger nations of Alizon and Karsten. The Old Race is in the position of Britons beset by Anglo-Saxons and Normans. These peoples plus the Nordic Sulcarmen of the Western Ocean are at a medieval stage of development, but the Spartan Falconers of the south and the Vupsall of the southeast are far more primitive. (The latter tribe resembles a blend of Plains Indian and Scythian.)

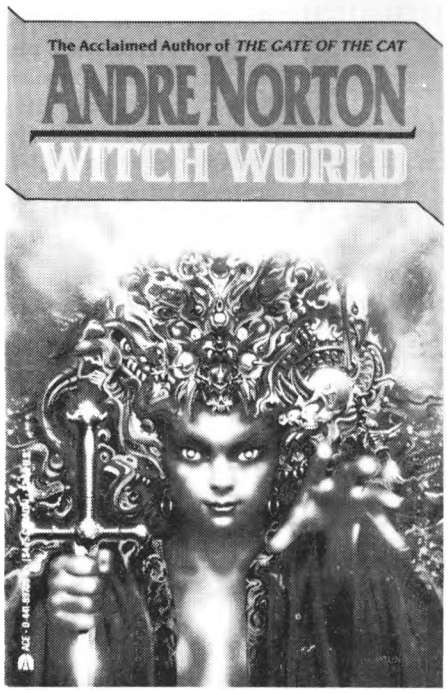
East of Estcarp lies Escore, the forgotten original homeland of the Old Race. It is inhabited by a variety of fascinating creatures: the Green People of mixed Old and superhuman blood whose nature magic controls the vegetation; the amphibious Krogan and Merfays; the reptilian Vrang; the avian Flannan; the subterranean Thas; the cervine Renthan; the lupine Gray Ones; the Mosswives; and a whole bestiary of bizarre fauna. The odder species resulted from genetic experiments by powerful magicians long since departed for other planes of existence.

Westward, overseas from Estcarp, is High Hallack, a mountainous land held by ordinary humans modeled on medieval Anglo-Normans. They are suspicious of magic and wary of the enchanted relics left behind by the Old Ones. It is implied that these Old Ones are akin to the vanished adepts of Escore, but on this continent most have retreated to Arvon, their own spell-guarded country in the north. This development resembles the withdrawal of the Sidhe in Ireland. Popular religion in both High Hallack and Arvon centers on personified natural forces who may have originally been super-human beings—older Old Ones.

Norton' chief inspiration in these books has been British myth and folklore: the perilous quests and other-world journeys; the mystic signs and names; the charms and superstitions; the blurring of barriers between man and nature; the mountains and wasteland studded with mysterious towers, ruined strongholds, and ancient megaliths.

However, despite the British flavor of the Witch World's magic, the theory behind the practice comes from other sources. Norton's "power" is surely an example of *mana*, the Melanesian term for the essence of the "really real" (the same concept is found under other names among the natives of Oceania, North America, and Africa). Like *mana*, power grants the ability to function. It is present in all that exists but is especially manifest in anything strong, holy, or extraordinary. Its intensity varies. Certain people, places, or things are more richly endowed with it than others. In addition to power that a gifted person can tap in performing magic (weaving illusions, foretelling the future, reading minds, healing injuries, and so forth), there are also The Powers, beings possessing fabulous degrees of essence who can respond when summoned. One such is Gunnora, the fertility goddess of High Hallack, who lingers as a merciful presence in her shrines.

Norton emphasizes the mysterious and erratic nature of power. In Estcarp, the ability to wield it exits only in females and is apparently conferred by a recessive gene. Witches undergo years of rigorous training before receiving their jewel of office. They remain virgins for life because they believe that loss of their virginity would deprive them of their power. (This is not strictly true, as Jaelithe demonstrates, but is the result of politically-motivated conditioning.) Other general rules of magic hold all over the Witch World. Power may fail when it is most ardently needed. An adept must recuperate after excessive usage. Power can be lost or ruined by abuse. Having power begets the desire for more (only the moral and carefully disciplined practitio-



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Web of the Witch World.
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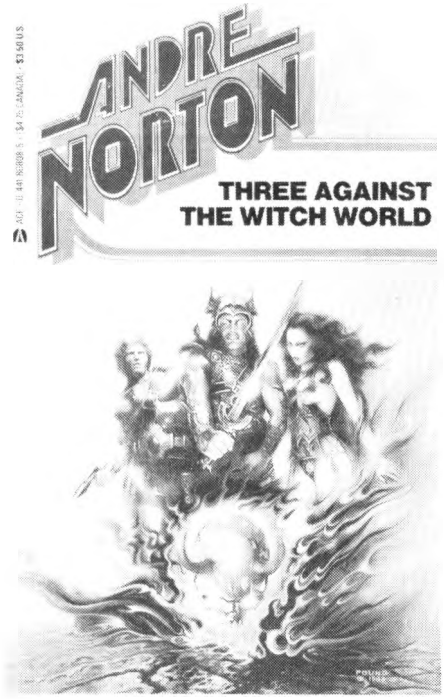

Three Against the Witch World.
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Warlock of the Witch World.
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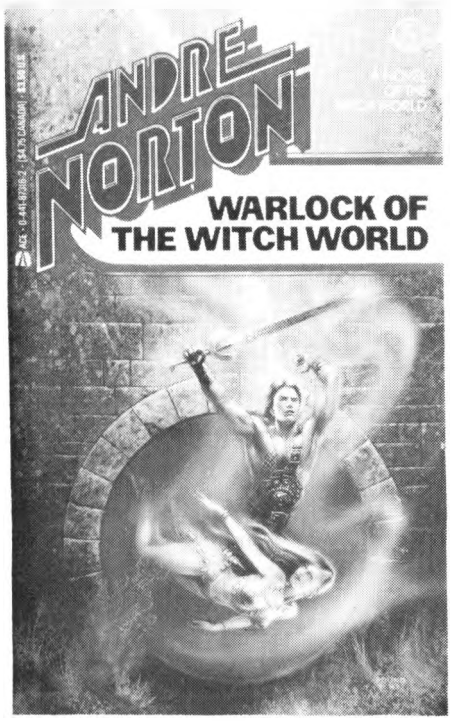


ners can withstand this insidious temptation). Too great a concentration of power is inherently dangerous—visitations by the Light can be as damaging as those by the Dark.

Such is the background against which Norton spins her tales of the Witch World.

Witch World is the story of Simon Tregarth, a disgraced American army officer driven outside the law after World War II. He escapes certain death by passage through an interdimensional gate, in this case the Arthurian Siege Perilous. (The author hints at earlier links between the worlds in Arthurian times, and it is Simon's Cornish blood that qualifies him for the Witch World.) He arrives in Estcarp and joins the Old Race's death-struggle against the combined might of Alizon, Karsten, and the Kolder. The Kolder are technologically-advanced but utterly inhuman invaders from another world—alien Nazis, as it were.

They are bent on exterminating the Old Race by war or by massacre because they cannot mentally enslave anyone of that blood. Simon's understanding of technology and his latent talent for the power make him a uniquely effective champion against the Kolder. Aided by Jaelithe, a young witch; Koris, an exiled lord; and Loyse, a run-away heiress, he drives the enemy from their stronghold and saves Estcarp temporarily from the Kolder menace.

Web of the Witch World completes the account of the Kolder war and ties up loose ends from the preceding novel. Simon has married Jaelithe and thereby cost her her witch's jewel. However, they learn how to exercise a new form of power together. Using this, they discover the overseas base of the Kolder and permanently seal the invaders' gate.

Three Against the Witch World introduces the next generation of Tregarths and is told from the viewpoint of Kyllan, the eldest. Gratitude for the victory won by Simon and Jaelithe does not soften the attitude of the Witches towards them. They cannot accept a male with the power and despise Jaelithe for cancelling her witch's vows. The Tregarths plan to rear their children—Kyllan the warrior, Kemoc the seer, and Kaththea the sorceress—away from the Witches' influence. Both parents disappear while investigating threats to Estcarp, and the triplets are brought up by foster parents. Kaththea is forced into witch training, but her brothers are able to rescue her because of the unique psychic bond they all share. The young Tregarths flee over the accursed eastern mountains and come into Escore. Their coming disturbs the long-standing stalemate there between the forces of Light and Shadow, but at the same time also provides the means to cleanse the land.

In *Warlock of the Witch World*, Kaththea suffers an acute case of *hubris* (overconfidence) and falls prey to the designs of Dinzil, an evil magician posing as a servant of the Light. Kemoc relates his struggle to save her. (His adventures were suggested by the story of Childe Roland and the Dark Tower.) He succeeds with the help of Orsya, a Krogan girl, but Kaththea forfeits her power for her sins.

Sorceress of the Witch World is Kaththea's story. She attempts to return to Estcarp for healing but on the way she is separated from her family and captured by the savage Vupsall. She is forced to become their tribal seeress but fails to foresee an enemy attack. She manages to escape the carnage and passes through another gate into a sterile world inhabited by remnants of a Kolder-like civilization. There she rescues the gate's fashioner, a mighty adept from Escore's past, and solves the mystery of her parents' disappearance.

Meanwhile, on the opposite continent, another cycle of adventures has been taking place.

"Dream Smith" occurs at an undetermined point in High Hallack's past. It is the poignant love story of a maimed silversmith and a crippled heiress united by the Old Ones' magic. (A similar enchanted instrument appears in Norton's non-series juvenile, *Octagon Magic*.)

After Estcarp defeated the Kolder, the forces of Alizon turn their attention elsewhere and invade High Hallack. They cause immense destruction but are eventually repulsed after years of bitter warfare. The pyschotic ruthlessness of the aggressors is again reminiscent of Nazism and the defenders suffer as badly as the Dutch did in World War II. The next three stories are set during or after the conflict.

"Dragon Scale Silver" is based on the outraged fairy bride folktale motif. Elys and Elyn are the twin children of Estcarp refugees. Elys, the daughter, is treated like a boy and trained as both warrior and Wise Woman. She helps the people of her village survive the Alizon invasion and rescues her brother from the near-fatal spell of a female Dark Old One.

Year of the Unicorn retells "Beauty and the Beast." It is narrated by Gillan, an orphaned Estcarp girl who has grown up in a convent in High Hallack. She marries the Were Rider Herrel, one of the Old Ones

who had aided in the war against Alizon. She and her husband endure terrible physical and psychic ordeals because of his kinfolk's hatred. They finally prevail and go to make their home in Arvon.

The fantasy gothic "Amber Out of Quayth" is notable for its wonderful romanticized descriptions of amber stones. This story describes the postwar marriage of convenience between the unwanted daughter of an impoverished noble house and a Dark Old One. On learning her husband's true nature Ysmay helps the rightful lord and lady of the castle he usurped free themselves and punish him.

The major concerns of the Witch World series exemplify all the characteristics of Norton's work described earlier. All her misfit heroes and heroines find appropriate niches after enduring grave perils and making some king of exodus. Their personal struggles mirror issues confronting their societies.

War has thrown Estcarp, Escore, and High Hallack into chaos while Arvon is beginning to feel the first stirrings of future conflict. Old orders are under attack on every hand. New social balances are being struck after much shaking and leveling. The violence of the changes, the stakes involved, and the consequent reversals of fortune border on the apocalyptic.

Simon Tregarth "was always a man standing apart watching others occupied with the business of living" (*Witch World*, p. 169). Marrying Jaelithe gives him psychological wholeness but at the cost of dislocating her. The special power they share together sets them apart from the accepted order in Estcarp. It is implied that they will find the situation there more favorable after returning from exile.

Their triple birth would be enough to make the Tregarth children curiosities in Estcarp. They flee their homeland to protect their shared powers from the control of the Witches. Ignorance and imprudence hamper them initially in Escore, but they eventually establish new homes there with suitable mates.

Gillan, and to a milder degree Elys, are marked off from their associates by blood, personality, and talents but are fortunate enough to find understanding men.

The handicapped lovers in "Dream Smith" and unwanted Ysmay in "Amber Out of Quayth" must leave the familiar world to find happiness.

A Norton protagonist is not looking for a place to be comfortable but for a place to be free. She or he will suffer the sharpest agonies, cut ties to home and kindred, wrestle with fate itself in order to find freedom. The author admits her fascination with this theme. As she says, "Loss of control over one's body or mind seems to be the ultimate in horror for me." Throughout the series, forces based on freely bonded unions vanquish those that depend on the compulsion of body, mind, or spirit.

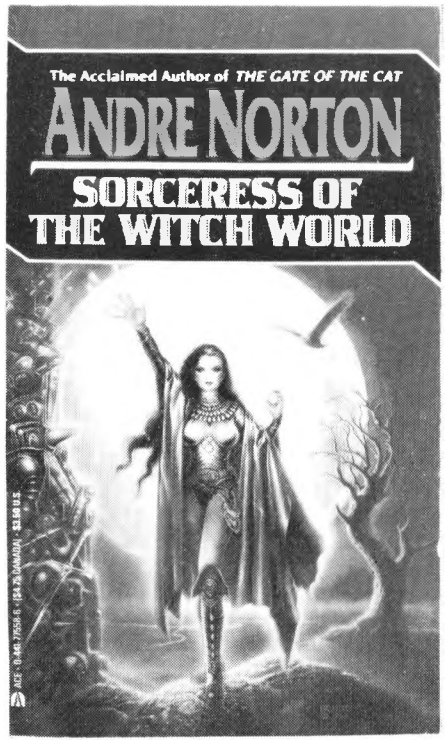
The Kolder are the first such threat encountered. Their monstrous science can turn men into automatons or control selectively the wills and bodies of the living. At the climax of *Web of the Witch World*, Simon and Jaelithe act in concert to take over the Kolder leader's mind and do unto him as he had done unto others. *Sorceress of the Witch World* parallels this when the Kolder-like villains who had turned Hilarion into a living computer component and attempt to harness Kaththea are bested by a psychic gestalt.

Magic rather than technology is the chief hazard in Escore and High Hallack. The mind barrier between Estcarp and Escore has affected the Old Race for centuries, but the Tregarths are able to penetrate it and encourage others to do the same. Illusions—a stallion for Kyllan, a woman for Elyn—are deadly lures. There are spells which bind victims to one place and haunted sites from which there is no escape. Dinzil regards all other beings as his tools. His magic deforms the body while disfiguring the soul, but self-sacrificing cooperation by Kemoc and Orsya annihilates him.

The note of mutual support as a shield against evil is sounded again and again in this series. Gillan's Were Rider in-laws try to destroy her because they cannot control her mind but she and Herrel reinforce each other and survive. No Norton protagonist finishes his adventures alone. He always finds loved ones with whom he can form a corporate identity that is stronger than any of its parts.

Social pressures pose a different sort of danger to personal integrity. The series emphasizes those pertaining to marriage. Women are reduced to political bargaining counters (*Witch World*, *Web of the Witch World*, "Dream Smith," *Year of the Unicorn*) or marry in haste to escape unhappy environments ("Amber Out of Quayth") or are denied marriage to suit the plans of others (*Three Against the Witch World*). Institutionalized female virginity among the Witches and seasonal male promiscuity among the Falconers taint those societies because they deprive some members of free choice.

Of course the most extreme example of dictated sex is rape. This is the method of choice for neutralizing a witch's power.



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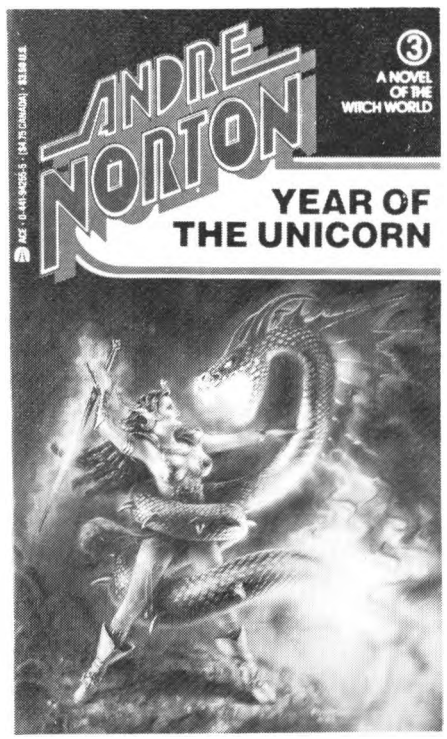

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The Jargoon Pard.
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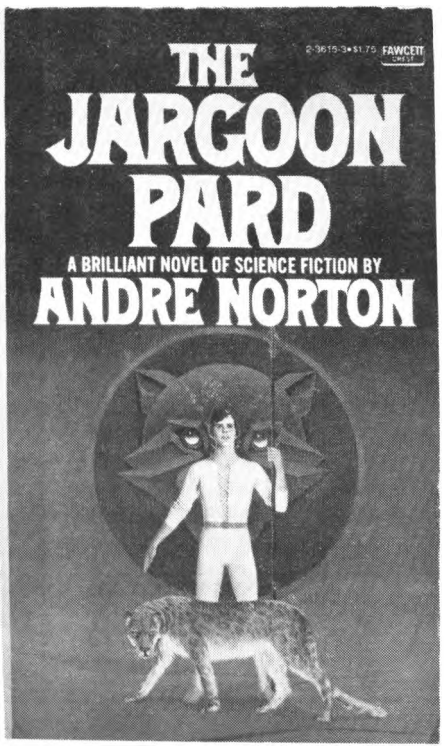


Jaelithe, Loyse, and Kaththea are rescued from rapists, but Gillan saves herself. Women in "Legacy from Sorn Fen" and "The Toads of Grimmerdale" are less fortunate. There is also the multilevel seduction attempt in *Sorceress of the Witch World*, beguilement of men in "Dragon Scale Silver," and a love charm in *Witch World*. The prevalence of attempted rape in this series has to be considered more than a realistic presentation of medieval conditions. It is the author's loudest cry against compulsion.

Norton treats the impact of advanced technology as a rape of reality. She shudders in disgust at the dreary, sterile tyranny of the Kolder. They are masters of death-in-life, but living powers outlast minds welded to soulless machines. *Sorceress of the Witch World* treats a comparable situation with heavy irony when the Kolder-like leader boasts of his superiority to cyborgs: " 'They wrought worse than they thought, those builders of towers, giving themselves to the machines. We knew better! Man'—he beat one fist into the palm of his other hand—'Man exists, man abides!' " (p. 142). He, too, is overcome by magic. Alizon's technology likewise fails in High Hallack. The enchantments of the Were Riders are more effective weapons for the defenders than borrowed Kolder war engines are for the invaders.

Even when survival is not at issue, the Old Race has its reservations about mechanical devices. How might the use of such things affect the user? Even wielding a simple spring-operated dart gun "meant careful preparation in thinking patterns. We could not ally with a machine!" (*Sorceress*, p. 126). Norton's utopia is the Green Valley in Escore where the fundamental powers of nature reign supreme.

The conception behind the series lets the author describe both the mad scientist and his gothic prototype, the overambitious magician. The villainous alchemist Hylle in "Amber Out of Quayth" combines traits of both. Kaththea compares the menacing alien scientist to her false lover: "He had taken Dinzil's road, seduced by the thought of the victory so badly needed, or by the smell of power, which, as he handled it, became more and more sweet and needful" (*Sorceress*, p. 143).

The lust for ever-greater occult learning is a corrosive temptation for the Wise. Some adepts in Escore succumbed: "A handful of seekers after knowledge experimented with Powers they though they understood. And their discoveries, feeding upon them in turn, altered subtly spirit, mind, and sometimes even body. Power for its results was what they sought, but then, inevitably, it was Power for the sake of Power alone" (*Three Against the Witch World*, p. 130). As a result, Escore became an ecological disaster area, a polluted country infested with loathsome animals and plants. (Arvon once faced a similar crisis but dealt with it more efficiently and suffered no grave harm.)

The Power's attractions can ensnare lesser folk as well. *The Crystal Gryphon* and *The Jargoon Pard* involve people of limited abilities turned thoroughly evil by their craving for magical expertise. The people of High Hallack ordinarily shun works of the Old Ones because those who meddle are usually harmed. Smelting ancient metal proves calamitous in "Dream Smith" but is safely accomplished by a forewarned craftsman in "Dragon Scale Silver."

Kaththea, misled by a Faustian man, is a novel example of a Faustian woman. She consistently overrates her skills in *Three Against the Witch World* and uses her powers recklessly. Her desire for more power at any price nearly drives her to commit heinous crimes and costs her the use of her original gifts. Her behavior is contrasted with Orsya's admirable curiosity and boldness.

The least discussed aspect of the Witch World series is its feminist viewpoint. All the stories reprinted here chronicle the struggles of independent women. The consistently unflattering portraits of conventional women make the virtues of the nonconformists shine more brightly.

For example, Jaelithe is differentiated first by having a witch's power and then by surrendering it. Afterwards she does not settle for cozy domesticity but accompanies Simon to war as vice-warder of Estcarp's southern border. One might regard Jaelithe as a career woman who leaves her children in day care while pursuing her business interests. (Her substitute is a Falconer woman who rebelled against the brutal laws of that people.) The image of Jaelithe saluting her children and riding away to rescue her husband is strikingly gallant.

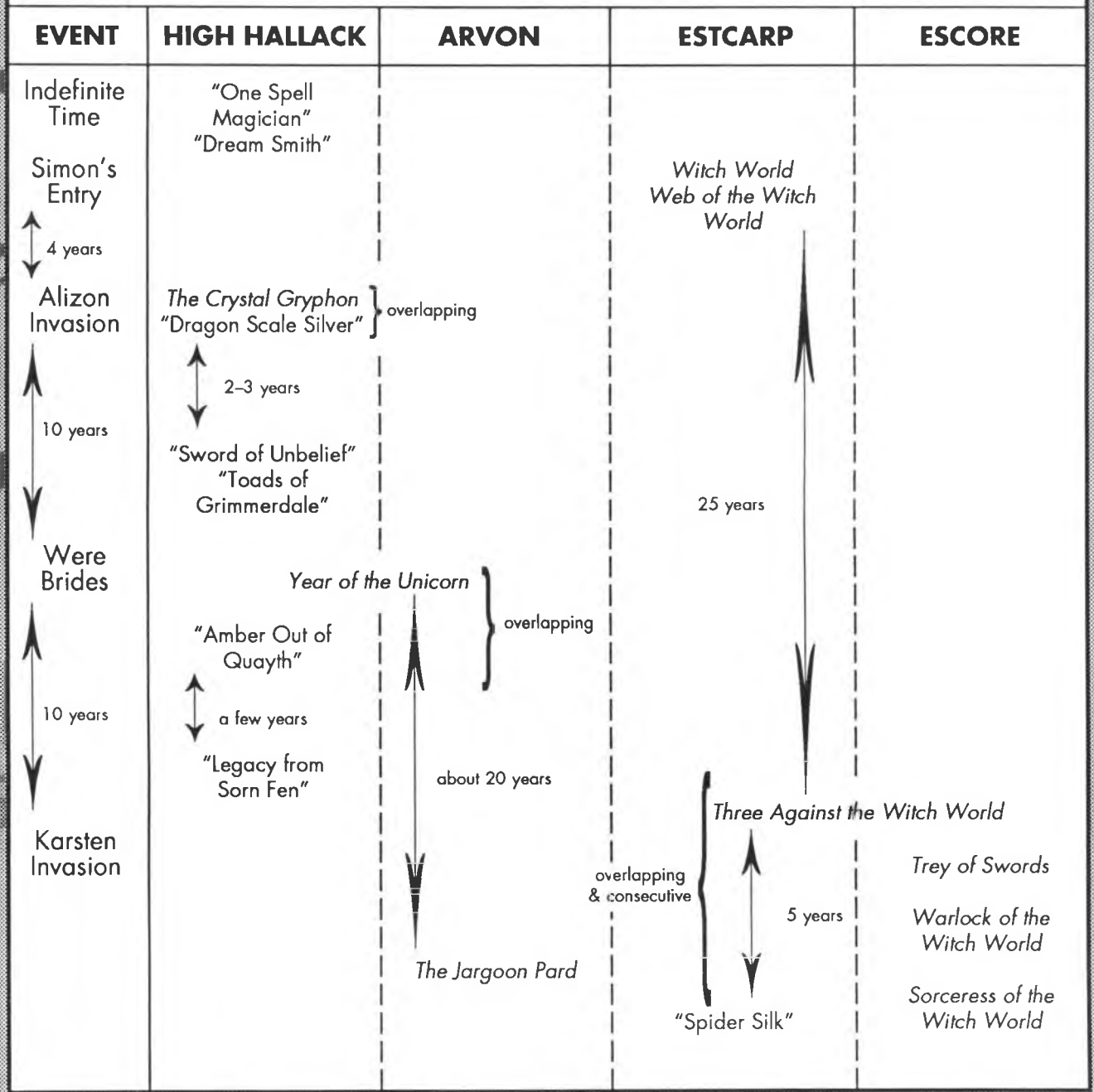
An even less conventional heroine is Jaelithe's friend Loyse, the drab, scrawny daughter of a lusty baron. Oppression has shaped her into a creature of immense determination and fortitude. "Happiness! Loyse had no conception of that. She wanted only her freedom" (*Witch World*, p. 89). She abhors the usual trappings of femininity and is hypersensitive about her independence. As she warns her future husband: " 'I

See WEAVING, Page 50

SANDRA MIESEL

A Chronological Chart of Andre Norton's Witch World Novels

Indicating Time and Geographical Relationships



Series and Sequels, The Problem Thereof...

by Andre Norton

There is an axiom which was carefully instilled in me at the very beginning of my writing career—series books are weak, sequels are the downfall of many writers.

Only twice when writing in the science-fiction-fantasy field did I deliberately plan for sequels—the Solar Queen adventures (which appeared under the pen name of Andrew North), and the Dipple Series of three volumes, *Catseye*, *Judgment on Janus*, and *Night of Masks*.

The others simply grew of themselves, with no fore intent, but because reader interest and a sparking of ideas from one to another spontaneously occurred after the appearance of the first volume.

The Time Agent series was in the beginning only to be *Time Traders*. I had devoured with fervor Paul Herrmann's magnificent survey of the Bronze Age merchant adventurers in *Conquest by Man*, and from that built a tale with the background of that time and place. But then I discovered that this was only the beginning of such exploration for me. Letters from readers urged more—so came *Galactic Derelict*. Then *Defiant Agents* effectively disposed of one hero, but left the second unaccounted for—hence *Key Out of Time*. Only, letters still come asking for the return of Ross Murdock and Travis Fox.

The Stars Are Ours! required, I discovered, a follow-up to settle the future of the Terran colonists on Astra and answer whether or not they ever did encounter the to-be-dreaded Others. *Beast Master*, in the same fashion, needed at least one more adventure for Hosteen Storm to make sure he had truly taken root on his new planet—thus *Lord of Storm*.

Ordeal in Otherwhere was a slightly different problem. It was my desire to write a story centered upon a heroine, instead of a hero. For reasons of plot, her entanglement with the Matriarchate of the Wyverns of Warlock was ideal, making a sequel to *Storm Over Warlock* which had certainly never been foreseen by me when I wrote the first book.

There remains the *Witch World* series, which has now jumped to four in number and may grow more. This was not planned either. Much of the story idea and material in the first volume were accumulated in fragments over a number of years, intended for a historical novel dealing with the Crusaders in Outremer, but never written except for a scene or two. Then I discovered that such material fitted easily into the concept of a sword and sorcery adventure. However, once on paper, it was plain that *Witch World* was by no means the end of sagas to come out of Estcarp. The Kolder must be adequately accounted for—so—*Web of the Witch World*.

Warrior and Witch, what would come of a mingling of their diverse inheritances and backgrounds? Speculation on this subject led to the emergence in turn of the three Tregarths of the next generation and *Three Against the Witch World*.

While *Year of the Unicorn* is not directly a sequel, in that it deals with the same world but not the characters introduced before, it is intended to fit into the Estcarpian tapestry with the rest.

I seldom mean to write sequels, they just grow, sometimes in spite of me. And many times because of the continued demand from readers for more. I know that this is a pit into which any writer may easily fall, to the detriment of his or her work. And I trust that I shall be able to resist temptation in the future.

[This article originally appeared under the title: "The Witch World Novels" in NIEKAS 16, June 1966]✹

...but then again...

(I do want you to know how much I appreciated the copy of NIEKAS based on the Arthurian material. It is fascinating reading. Certainly this will go into the collection for the trust. It is my intention that my home and library will eventually be turned into a study place for writers and the more such material as this which I can gather the better. I have been adding Arthurian material over the past years and have now quite a collection of that alone.)

The Witch World continues. I have just completed work on the Chronicles, my most ambitious project so far. This consists of three volumes, each one of which will contain two complete novels and a portion of a continued story, to be carried from book to book.

I have written one of the novels in the first volume and the continued story. The other writers associated with me in this project are: Pauline Griffin, Mary Schaub, Pat Mathews [NIEKAS columnist], and Sasha Miller.

Four from the Witch World has just appeared. And the third volume of *Tales from WW* will be out next year. In addition there is a game coming out and a second computer game being now worked upon. Other material due in the near future is: *Imperial Lady*, a Chinese fantasy which is the joint work of Susan Shwartz and myself. This is due in August. The second volume of my collected short stories is coming up and next year the sequel to *Flight in Yiktor—Dare to Go A-Hunting*. I am at present working on two collaborations, one with Robert Bloch and the other with Julian May and Marion Zimmer Bradley.

I am not to give a speech at the Worldcon. They have allowed me to forego this since I am not in good health and I can not stand nor talk for any length of time. I think they are setting up a type of interview program instead. [Winter Park, March 27, 1989]✹

SOME NOTES ON NORTON

BY GRACE WARREN

I've long enjoyed Andre Norton's science fiction and I hope to share that enjoyment with you. I hope that after reading this those of you who are now unfamiliar with her work will wish to enjoy all of it.

First, a few words about her background. She is a native of Cleveland, of colonial and pioneer stock with, according to *Current Biography* a strain of American Indian. Perhaps this last accounts for her remarkable ability to bring other cultures, especially Amerind, alive for us in her writing. In the early years, she worked as a children's librarian; I suspect her personal delight in science fiction made her more readily aware of its potential value as a field of writing for young readers. She is a valiant champion of science fiction—witness her article "Living in 1980+" in the *Library Journal* of September 15, 1952. This article, by the way, includes her own selection of SF for young readers; I wonder what additions she would make now? I would certainly include all Andre Norton titles, good reading for young person and adult alike.

Before I turn to the books themselves, I want to quote a few extracts from the letters I have received since we began corresponding about the Invisible Little Man Award:

"As a former librarian I know what you mean about waging a mock war over the inclusion of SF works—the unknowing public seems to judge them all by the former covers of the pulps—a beauteous damsel in very light attire being menaced by a bug-eyed monster—which is extremely unfair to the field at large. A vast amount of research goes into every one of my books—ranging from archaeology, anthropology, native magic, travel, animal material, etc. And I am always hoping that some readers will be so led to further reading in the nonfiction field as a result of the bait I try to offer." This meticulous research supports all her work—mysteries, historicals and sf. I had hoped to quote excerpts from either *Ride Proud, Rebel* or *Shadow Hawk* so that you might become acquainted with the historicals; however I haven't yet my own copies.

But to go on with the letters: "I am sending you this week a copy of my new pb original—the first "adult" I have done—this is of the sword and sorcery field and at present I am working on a sequel to it. But once this one is done, I am going to take a vacation from sf for a while since I am afraid of getting in a rut. For some four years now I have been collecting reference books on China as I want to do a romantic novel based on the true story of the Lady Chae in the Han Dynasty—a companion volume to *Shadow Hawk* in a projected Romance of History series—This will require a vast amount of research and will probably occupy me for the rest of the year. But since all of my publishers have an sf for publication in 1964, I feel free to do this." *Witch World* is the portrayal of a matriarchy of witches into which is thrown a male who, unknown to himself, is a warlock. She handles the possibilities in this firmly, surely, deftly. It *ought* to be in hard cover. *Shadow Hawk* I urge you to read; you will enjoy it—as much as her sf, for it has the same exciting strength and movement.

I'm sure you'll enjoy the next bit: "Mundy and Haggard and Ganpat are the old favorites—I am trying to pick up missing copies for my shelves from collectors' lists. Still think *The Purple Pirate* is one of the best adventure historical things I ever read. I do *not* care for nor read modern novels—my reading for pleasure being mysteries, s-f, historical or westerns (I find the latter very relaxing—the same as on TV—I am a western fan—however else, I ask you, can one situated as I am learn how to describe a good piece of fighting?) TV westerns have given me a great deal more confidence in battle scenes." Well, isn't that right? There's nothing timid in her writing of men and battles.

I know you'll be interested in the last one: "I did enjoy so much the visit of the four wayfarers on their way to the Discon—only sorry that their stay had to be so limited. Mr. Pelz was kind enough to let me see the picture of their winning costumes—so thoughtful of him. And the Invisible Little Man is my prize possession and on display now, I assure you....

"*Quest for Kolder* was my title to the *Witch World* sequel, but had a letter from Ace yesterday to the fact that they had renamed it *Web of Witch World*—should be out next year, I guess. I have had small glimmerings of thought about a third Estcarpian chronicle—this to be the adventures of three Tregarth children—an elder son and twins—boy and a girl—but so far that is all it is. Just a glimmer.

"The Chinese research has been so interrupted and goes so laggingly that I feel very frustrated and now am seriously considering shelving the whole project and starting another s-f at the first of the year if a really good idea pops into mind. Will just have to wait and see.

Now to the books. I can't possibly quote from every one, much as I'd like to, so I've made a selection, of which some, I hope, will be new to you. There is one quality of Andre Norton's work that, for me, stands out impressively: her ability to depict realistically, credibly, compassionately human relationships—with other humans, with animals, and with aliens. Most readers are aware of the human-to-human relationships in her stories; I think of the moving and warmly real ending of *Beast Master*. I want to talk a little about her human-animal and human-alien companions. *Storm Over Warlock* provides good example of both; I want to quote a passage about the mutant wolverines.

> "Survey teams had early discovered the advantage of using mutated and highly trained Terran animals as assistants in the exploration of strange worlds. From the biological laboratories and breeding farms on Terra came a trickle of specialized aides-de-camp to accompany man into space. Some were fighters, silent, more deadly than weapons a man wore at his belt or carried in his hands. Some were keener eyes, keener noses, keener scouts than the human kind could produce. Bred for intelligence, for size, for adaptability to alien conditions, the animal explorers from Terra were prized.
>
> "Wolverines, the ancient 'devils' of the northlands on Terra were being tried for the first time on Warlock. Their caution, a quality highly developed in their breed, made them testers for new territory. Able to tackle in battle an animal three times their size, they should be added protection for the men they accompanied into the wilderness, and their wide ranging, their ability to climb and swim, and above all, their curiosity were assets.
>
> "Shann had begun contact by cleaning their cages; he ended captivated by these miniature bears with long bushy tails. And to his unbounded delight the attraction was mutual. Alone to Taggi and Togi he was a person, an important person. Those teeth which could tear flesh into ragged strips, nipped gently at his fingers, closed without any pressure on his arm, even on nose and chin in what was the ultimate caress of their kind. Since they were escape artists of no mean ability, twice he had to track and lead them back to camp from forays of their own devising."

All of us are interested, I think, in the possibility of man gaining some surer communication with animals; Andre Norton develops this possibility in the form of

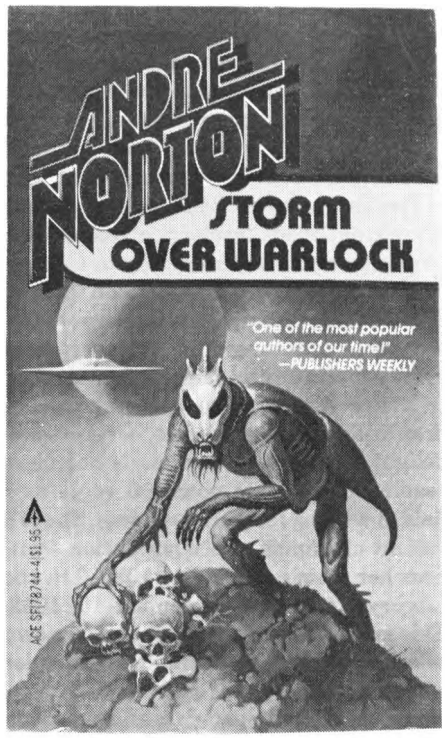
an empathetic, intuitive relation. You will find the dolphin in *Key out of Time*, coyotes in *The Defiant Agents*, cat and eagle in *Beast Master* and *Lord of Thunder*, horse in *Sioux Spaceman*,—even the alien mord, Vorken, in *Star Gate*. The association is never servile for the animal—rather it is a rewarding companionship.

Storm over Warlock also shows how modern understanding of human mind and emotion can be used as a sort of sorcery—by aliens. Shann, traveling through cave and fog to reach his goal, finds this alien "magic" requires that he face his past. After a particularly brutal hallucination,

> "Shann shivered, trying not to think what might lie before him.... How did they know just what dreams to use in order to break him? Or did he himself furnish the actors and the action, projecting old terrors in this mist as a tridee tape projected a story in three dimensions for the amusement of the viewer.
>
> "Dream true—was this progress through the mist also a dream? Dreams within dreams.... Shann put his hand to his head, uncertain, badly shaken. But that stubborn core of determination with him was still holding. Next time he would be prepared at once to face down any resurrected memory.
>
> "Walking slowly, pausing to listen for the slightest sound which might herald the coming of a new illusion, Shann tried to guess which of his nightmares might come to face him. But he was to learn that there was more than one kind of dream. Steeled against old fears, he was met by another emotion altogether.
>
> "There was a fluttering in the air, a little crooning cry which pulled at his heart. Without any conscious thought, Shann held out his hands, whistling on two notes a call which his lips appeared to remember more quickly than his mind. The shape which winged through the fog came straight to his waiting hold, tore at long-walled-away hurt with its once more familiar beauty. It flew with a list; one of the delicate tinted wings was injured, had never healed straight. But the seraph nestled into the hollow of Shann's two palms and looked up at him with all the old liquid trust.
>
> "'Trav! Trav!' he cradled the tiny creature carefully, regarded with joy its feathered body, the curled plumes on its proudly held head, felt the silken patting of those infinitesimal claws against his protecting fingers.
>
> "Shann sat down in the sand, hardly daring to breathe. Trav—again! The wonder of this never-to-be-hoped-for return filled him with a surge of happiness almost too great to bear, which hurt in its way with as great a pain as Legally's lash; it was a pain rooted in love, not fear and hate.
>
> "Legally's lash... "
>
> Shann trembled. Trav raised one of those small claws toward the Terran's face, crooning a soft caressing cry for recognition, for protection, trying to be a part of Shann's life once more.
>
> "Trav! How could he bear to will Trav into nothingness, to bear to summon up another harsh memory which would sweep Trav away? Trav was the only thing Shann had ever known which he could love wholeheartedly, that had answered his love with a return gift of affection so much greater than the light body he now held.
>
> ""Trav!" he whispered softly. Then he made his great effort against this second and far more subtle attack. With the same agony which he had known years earlier, he resolutely summoned a bitter memory, sat nursing once more a broken thing which died in pain he could not ease, aware himself of every moment of that pain. And what was worse, this time there clung that nagging little doubt. What if he had not forced the memory? Perhaps he could have taken Trav with him unhurt, alive, at least for awhile.
>
> "Shann covered his face with his now empty hands. To see a nightmare flicker out after facing squarely up to its terror, that was no great task. To give up a dream which was part of a lost heaven, that cut cruelly deep. The Terran dragged himself to his feet, drained and weary, stumbling on."

(Don't worry, he does win through!) This shows so well Andre Norton's power to stir the heart; it is a beautiful and heartbreaking sequence.

Time also interests this author. *Time Traders* is the first of a series; men have discovered an apparently abandoned alien spaceship in a past time, Journey tapes have been taken from it—by both U.S. and Russian agents—and the aliens of the past have discovered the human occupation of this ship through the accidental activation of the ship's communications system. The alien here described is not the enemy, but this passage shows how the indescribable alien can be suggested by the clever assembling and distorting of terrestrial characteristics:



Storm Over Warlock.
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The Time Traders.
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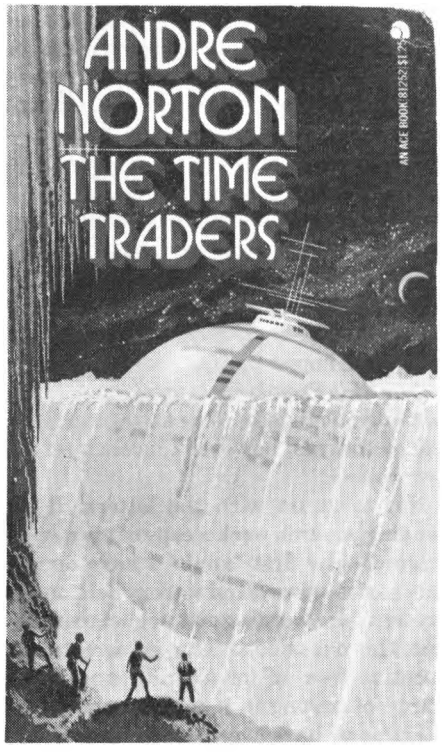
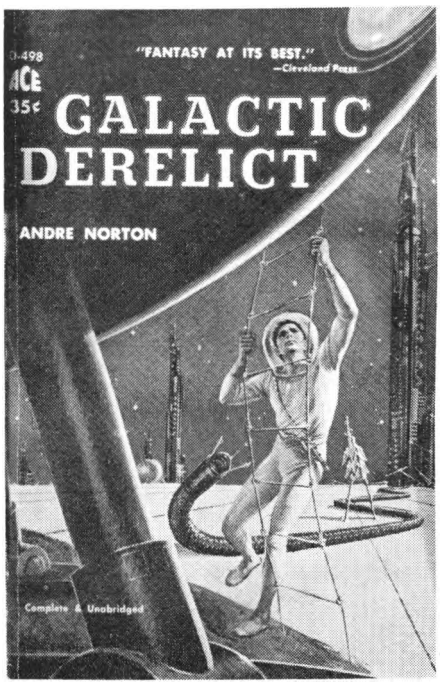
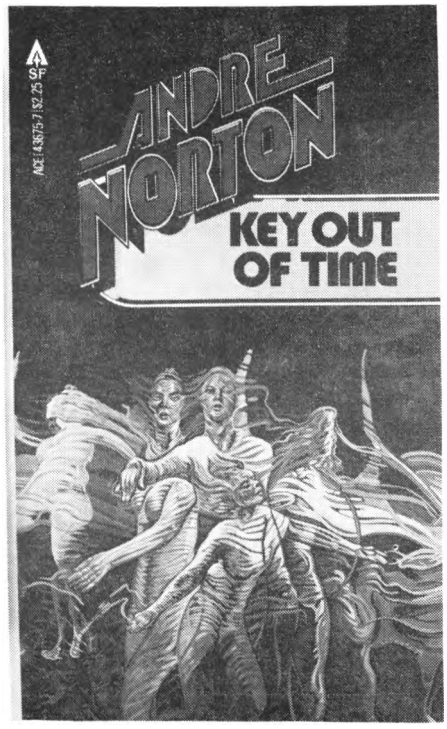




Galactic Derelict.
Copyright © 1959 Andre Norton.

Key Out of Time.
Copyright © 1963 Andre Norton.



"He returned to the lever and moved it back two notches, standing open-mouthed at the immediate result. The cream and-brown streaks were making a picture!... Only, he was also looking into a face! Ross swallowed, his hand grasping one of the strings of chair webbing for support. Perhaps because in some ways it did resemble his own, that face was more preposterously nonhuman...The visage on the screen was sharply triangular with a small, sharply pointed chin and a jaw line running to an angle from a broad upper face. The skin was dark, covered largely with a soft and silky down, out of which hooked a curved and shining nose set between two large round eyes. On top of that astonishing head the down rose to a peak not unlike a cockatoo's crest. Yet there was no mistaking the intelligence in those eyes, nor the other's amazement as sight of Ross. They might have been staring at each other through a window."

For a description of the enemy alien—the Baldy—and remember that communication with the truly alien will be difficult if not impossible—I suggest you read the book.

In *Galactic Derelict* our time traders are following a journey tape; here is another of those meaningful descriptions:

" 'But it is a work of art.' That they could all recognize, even if the subject still puzzled them. The figure was posed erect on two slender hind limbs, both of which terminated in feet of long, narrow, widely separated, clawed digits. The body, also slender but with a well-defined waist and broad shoulders, was closer to the human in general appearance, and there were two arms held aloft, as if the creature was about to leap outward into space. But it would have a better chance of survival in such a leap than those now passing the statuette from hand to hand. For the arms supported skin wing-flaps, extended on ribs not unlike those possessed by the Terran bats.

"The head was the least human, almost grotesque in its ugliness to the time agent's eyes. There were sharply pointed ears, overshadowing in their size and extension the rest of the features which were crowded together in the forepart of the face. Eyes were set deep within cavities under heavy skull ridges, the nose was simply a vertical slit above a mouth from which the vestiges of lips curled back to display a usable and frightening set of fangs. And yet its ugliness was not repulsive, not horrifying. There was no clothing to suggest that it represented an intelligent being. Yet all of them were certain, the longer they examined the figure, that it had not been meant to portray an animal."

Difference in shape or color, neither need be a matter of distrust, neither need cause fear or withdrawal. The hero of *The Defiant Agents*, another time trader title, is an Apache. In this, as in *Key Out of Time*, the time traders are trapped in a distant place and time, with no immediate hope of return. And in *Key Out of Time* is a succinct statement of man's place in the universe:

" 'Those ape-things we found on the desert planet,' Ross thought back to their first voyage on the homing derelict. 'Maybe they had once been men and were degenerating. And the winged people, they could have been less than men on their way up—!

"'Ape-things...winged people?' Karara interrupted. 'Tell me!'

"There was something imperious in her demand, but Ross found himself describing in detail their past adventures, first on the world of sand and sealed structures where the derelict had rested for a purpose its involuntary passengers had never understood, and then of the Terrans' limited exploration of that other planet which might have been the capital world of a far-flung stellar empire. There they had made a pact with the winged people living in the huge buildings of a jungle-choked city.

"But you see'—the Polynesian girl turned to Ashe when Ross had finished—'you did find them—these ape-things and the winged people. But here there are only dragons and burrowers. Are they the start or the finish? I want to know.'

"'Why?' Ashe asked.

"'Not just because I am curious, though I am that also, but because we, too, must have a beginning and an end. Did we come up from the seas, rise to know and feel and think, just to return to such beginning at our end? If your winged people were climbing and your ape-things descending'—she shook her head—'it would be frightening to hold a cord of life, both ends in your hands. Is it good for us to see such things, Gordon?'

"Men have asked that question all their thinking lives, Karara. There have been those who have said no, who have

turned aside and tried to halt the growth of knowledge here and there, attempted to make men stand still on one tread of a stairway. *Only there is that in us which will not stop, ill-fitted as we may be for the climbing.'* " [italics mine.]

As I have said, I cannot quote from all the books, but you should look for the other Indian titles as well as *The Defiant Agents: Sioux Spaceman*—with the imported horses loosing new riders to freedom (as the Spanish-brought horse loosed the Indian); *Beast Master* and its sequel *Lord of Thunder*—the Navaho with his mutated cat and eagle. The backgrounds of these have reality, ring true; Andre Norton shows sensitive understanding of the Amerind and his culture, just as, in *Voodoo Planet*, she makes the witch doctor's magic and Medic Tau's mastery of it credible.

The Stars Are Ours and its sequel *Star Born* are interesting accounts, first of the struggle of a small group of scientists to escape a new anti-science tyranny on earth, the escape, and the founding of a colony on a far world, Astra—no man knows where or when; second of a later generation of Astra coming in contact both with the native hostile people and a scout ship from a revitalized Terra. The young hero of the second tale is a telepath, for friendly natives are telepathic and man, deprived of machines, is forced to develop this ability. The hero must decide if the scout ship should be put in touch with his Elders.

"Dalgard squinted at the sun sparkling on the waves. Where now? To the north, where the space ship waited? If what he read in Raf's mind was true the other wanted to leave Astra, to voyage back to that other world which was only a legend to Dalgard, and a black, unhappy legend at that. If the Elders were here, had a chance to contact these men from Terra—Dalgard's eyes narrowed, would they choose to? Another chain of thought had been slowly developing in his mind during these past hours when he had been so closely companioned with the stranger. And almost he had come to a decision which would have seemed very odd even days before.

"No, there was no way of suddenly bringing the Elders here, of transferring his burden of decision to them. Dalgard cupped his chin in his hand and tried to imagine what it would be like to shut oneself up in a small metal-walled spacer and set out blindly to leave one world for another. His ancestors had done that, and they had traveled in cold sleep, ignorant of whether they would ever reach their goal. They had been very brave, or very desperate men.

"But—Dalgard measured sand, sun and sky, watching the mermen sporting in the waves—but for him Astra was enough. He wanted nothing but this sand, this world. There was nothing which drew him back. He would try to locate the spacer for the sake of the stranger; Astra owed Raf all they could manage to give him. But the ship was as alien to Homeport as it now existed as the city's globe might have been."

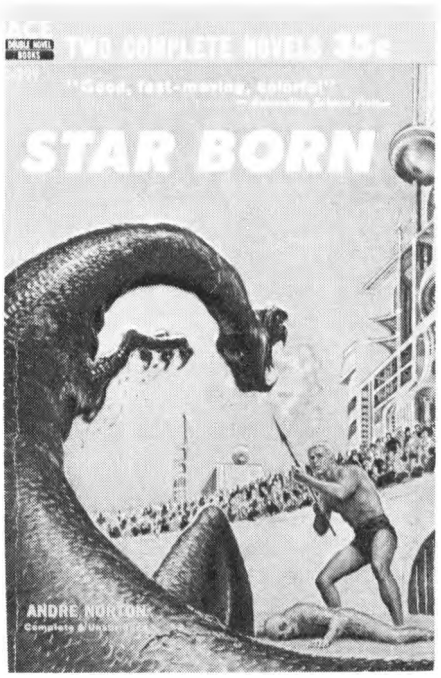
At the end Dalgard sends Raf on his way without regret, knowing that in time men from Terra and men from Astra will meet as equals despite the difference in cultural developments.

One of the earlier titles, *Star Man's Son* (published in paperback as *Daybreak 2250 A.D.*), has an absorbing description of ruined Chicago and radioactive wastelands with curious mutant plants and animals. This story shows especially well Andre Norton's concern for sound human relationships; Fors, the human mutant, and his dark hunter companion, Arskane, hope to join the three groups of humans left in the Central United States—plains and mountain areas—into a cooperative fellowship.

"Arskane propped his chin on his hand and stared out over the tangle of bush and vine. 'It seems to me, he said slowly, 'that we are like the parts of a body. My people are busy hands, fashioning things by which life may be made easier and more beautiful. The Plainspeople are the restless, hurrying feet, ever itching for new trails and the strange things which might lie beyond the sunrise and the sunset. And your clan is the head, thinking, remembering, planning for feet and hands. Together—'

"'Together,' Fors breathed, 'we would make such a nation as this land has not seen since the days of the Old Ones!'

"'No, not a nation such as the Old Ones knew!' Arskane's answer was sharp. 'They were not one body—for they knew war. And out of that warfare came what is today. If the body grows together again it must be because each part, knowing its own worth and taking pride in it, recognizes also the worth of the other two. And color of skin, or eyes, or the customs of a man's tribe must mean no more to strangers when meeting than the dust they wash from their hands before they take meat. We must come to one another



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Daybreak—2250 A.D.
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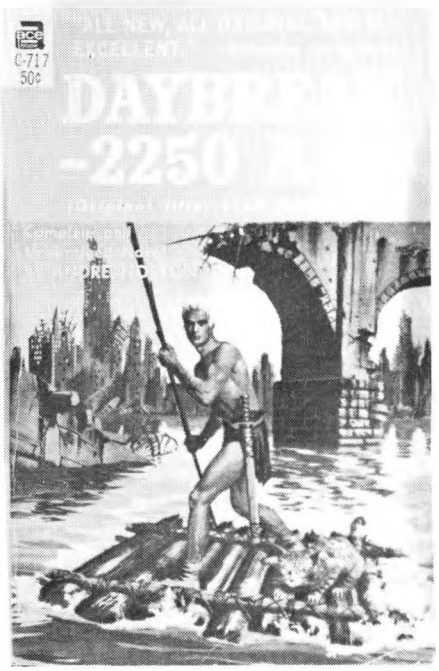

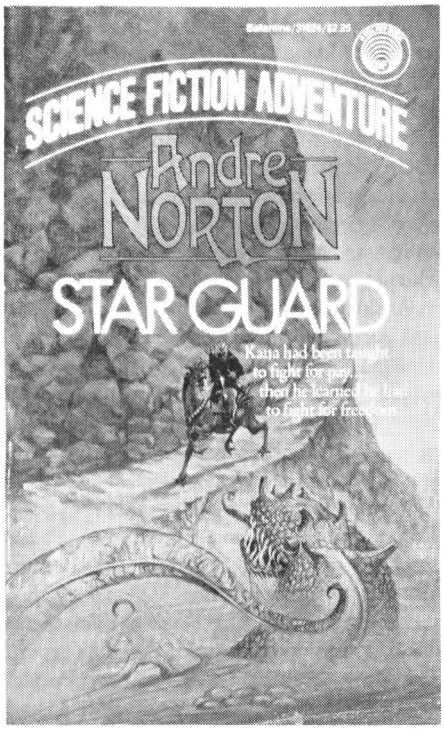

Star Guard.
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Star Rangers.
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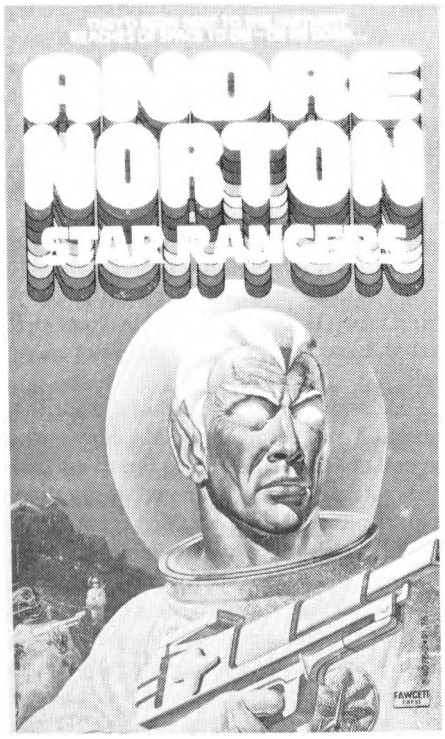


free of such dust—or it will rise to blind our eyes and what the Old Ones started will continue to live for ever and ever to poison the earth.' "

From *Star Guard*, patterned on the famous March of the Ten Thousand (the *Anabasis* of Xenophon), I want to quote one bit to show how subtly alienness can be suggested:

"Kana eyed the slit speculatively It was too narrow for the length if it were fashioned to accommodate a humanoid. It suggested an extremely thin, sinuous creature. He did not feel any prick of man's age-old distaste for the reptiliar—any reminder of the barrier between warm-blooded and cold-blooded life which had once held on his home world. Racial mixtures after planet-wide wars, mutant births after the atomic conflicts, had broken down the old intolerance against the 'different.' And out in space thousands of intelligent life forms, encased in almost as many shapes and bodies, had given 'shape prejudice' its final blow. The furred Llor and Cos were 'man-shaped,' but it might be that they shared Fronn with another race, evolved from scaled clans.... Kzna, remembering the Zacanthans he had known and admired, viewed that padded cushion with no aversion, only curiosity. What did it matter if a body were covered with wool or with scales, or with soft flesh which had to be protected by clothing? The Venturi he had met had not been in any way terrifying or obnoxious creatures—once one became used to their constant concealment of their faces and forms."

Also, in *Star Rangers*, there is the same clever introduction of the alien; a spaceship has crashed, its crew are investigating the extent of the damage, and "Zilga climbed up and went to work with Rolth. They had Mirion free and flat on the plating before Kartr asked his next question.

" 'How about the Captain?'

"Zinga turned his head slowly, almost as if he were unwilling to answer that. His agitation, as usual, was betrayed by the quiver in the pointed neck frill of skin, which would not lie flat on his shoulders when he was worried or excited."

Star Rangers is one of my favorites. The survivors of the ship have no idea where they are—except that this is an "earth" type planet; the Empire, breaking apart (like the Roman Empire), has ordered this scout ship to a remote, barely mapped part of the galaxy—these, at least, will not embarrass the Empire with rebellion. The first clue to the planet slips in neatly: "What Fylh had discovered was easy to see. And that prick of excitement stirred again far inside him. For that ribbon of vegetation *was* green! But the green! It had no yellow tint, and none of the blue cast it would have held on his own vanished Ylene. It was a verdant green such as he had never set eyes upon before—running in a thin line across the desert country as if it followed some source of moisture." There are more hints to the alert reader; I was furious with myself not to have caught on sooner when I read this for the first time.

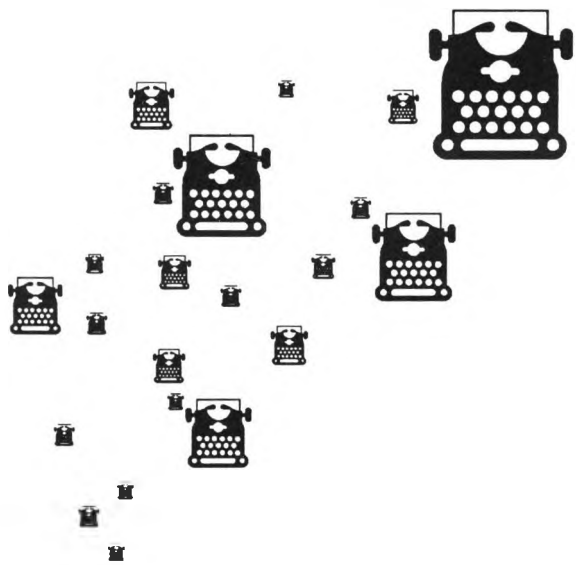
A meeting of the ranger-patrol ship crew with the survivors of another Empire ship crash, in an operable city, brings to the fore the struggle between those who find brotherhood among all shapes, colors, kinds, and those to whom human stock is superior and "pure" descent most superior. The crew of the patrol ship is itself divided. Separation becomes inevitable after an intra-city battle; the rangers, Bemmy-lovers, and some of the patrol from the first ship leave to live off the land as best they may. They cannot live with such natives as they find; they carry diseases fatal to native stock—and no longer have the medical treatments to combat such disease. But they follow the tribes; they discover that a great meeting is assembling around the ruins of very ancient buildings—tribes of all colors, white, red, brown, black come from far places, obviously. Our little band of survivors waits, watches, and—when the natives finally leave—goes to investigate the intriguing ruins. I want to quote the high point of discovery here; perhaps it captured my imagination so strongly because I am as stirred by it as I was and am by the roll call of the United Nations:

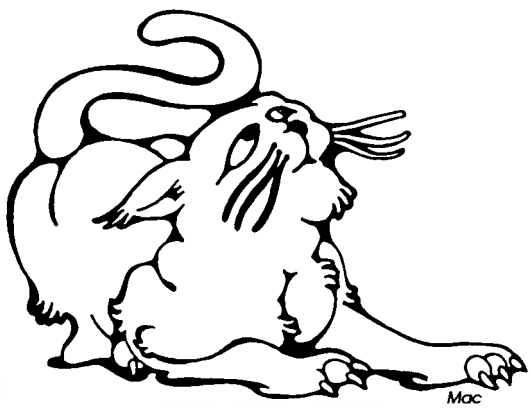
"Time continued to drag for the watchers until the last of the natives departed. They even waited another five hours after the last small clan left, making sure that there would be no chance of being sighted by lingerers. And then, in the middle of an afternoon, they came down the slope at last, picking their way through the debris of the campsite and around still smoldering fires.

"At the foot of the stairs which led to the portico of the building they left their packs and bundles. There were twelve broad steps, scored and pitted by winds

See NOTES, Page 51

A Rather Prolific Hobbyist





Marion Zimmer Bradley

Some time ago, a German fan named Uwe Luserke wrote to my agent, Russell Galen, at Scott Meredith, with an idea; that Anne McCaffrey, Andre Norton and I should collaborate on a novel, which he outlined. Anne McCaffrey was unable to participate in the project, for which I think Ms. Norton and I were somewhat grateful; the logistics of collaboration were fearful enough even as it was. Andre Norton lives in Orlando, Florida, and I in Berkeley, California; add in Anne McCaffrey's residence in Ireland, and collaboration just isn't likely to get done at all. I don't know if Andre Norton and Anne McCaffrey are acquainted at all, but I for one regret a lost opportunity to collaborate with Anne McCaffrey, who is one of the nicest people I've ever met. (Years ago I met her in Germany, and visited her briefly in Ireland.)

Anyway, somehow, though I don't actually know how, Julian May (author of something called *The Saga of Pleistocene Exile*, comprising *The Non-born King*, and *The Many Colored Land*—my son Patrick says they are fantastic, and while I don't want to read them while I'm actually collaborating with the lady, I can well believe it) joined the team and created a viable story line without so many literary values as to be unreadable. (Which, despite the worthiness of the idea, this university graduate's idea had been.) Russ Galen handled the project, and with the combined reputations of May, Norton and myself, he managed to sell the idea of the project to a major publisher; and, for whatever reason (certainly not the money involved—at least not for me, and certainly not for Andre), maybe just for a sense of adventure and perhaps for the prestige involved—all three of us signed the contract.

And then the three authors involved had to get together.

From the beginning it was a foregone conclusion that we would have to travel to Andre's home in Orlando, Florida; if anything much is known about Ms. Norton, it is that, like a fine wine, she does not travel well.

I had written a first draft of the outline; it turned out, according to Ms. May—who turned out to be the 1940's fan of my own vintage, Judy Dikty)—about twenty thousand words too short. Ms. May constructed a "Bible" of the planet about which we were writing, and came up with an idea with which I refused flatly to have anything to do: that the "Magic" of the story should be far-past technology. (I personally think this is dirty pool; magic is magic, and technology is technology, and never the

twain shall meet—at least not in anything with my name on it. But that's neither here nor there.)

At the first meeting, Julian and I, who were staying in the same hotel, duly turned up at Andre Norton's house. At that time I had just begun recovering my writing ability from a stroke which had laid me low in May of 1987. I was most interested to meet my collaborators; Julian is a small, dynamic, dark woman, about my own age, while Andre is a tall, slender woman a little less than the age of my own mother. For various reasons she is estranged from her own family, and at present shares a home with a young German woman, Ingrid Zierhut, which seems to work out well for both of them.

Andre is gentle, soft-spoken, but sufficiently opinionated to make it obvious from the first moment that she had her own ideas about this collaboration, too. Almost the first thing she said was that she was not at all comfortable with romantic fiction—which was a great relief to me; I had feared from the outline that the three princesses of the story would be the typical romantic figures—each with her own fairy prince, or even worse, vying for the attentions of a single prince. Fortunately Andre's very definite pronouncement spiked that idea, if it had ever been contemplated, even before it was ever mentioned. That once firmly established, we devoted much of the next couple of days to getting acquainted, and to hammering out a story line.

Andre Norton seems to have begun life as a librarian; and has certainly spent a good deal of her life in providing reading material for young readers. The name *Andre* seems to have had a two-fold origin; one was the climate of writing science fiction in those days; female names were just, as the British say, "not on" since the publishers of pulp science fiction, and the conventional wisdom thereof, held that women didn't read science fiction—women, in the conventional wisdom, being limited to the love pulps and the confession magazines. I remember in the 1940's when a well-known fan referred to a romantic element in a C.L. Moore novel as "this insidious slop," stating that if he wished to read love stories he would buy TRUE CONFESSIONS. At that time Catherine Louise Moore's true gender was not known very widely—though active fans mostly knew, and certainly the editors knew and didn't care. Anyhow, when Andre Norton began selling novels, *Alice Mary Norton* was a well-known British writer of the well-known "Borrowers" series of children's books; and one of the few really valid reasons for using a pen name is that there's already someone with your name selling fiction. (My friend Patricia Mathews has had to contend with the fact that she is *not* the Patricia Mathews—or is it Matthews—selling steamy romances of the LOVE'S TENDER FURY kind! She now calls herself—Mr. Mathews having vanished where women writers' husbands often go, wanting permanent attentions which are hard to get from a woman who's more concerned with "what happens next" than with "what's for supper"—by the name of Patricia Shaw. [Robert Bradley, my first husband, met that fate when my pen name was already pretty well established and it would have cost me a lot of money to become professionally *Marion Bradley Breen*]).

So Alice Mary Norton, librarian, became Andre Norton, well-known writer of young people's stories; not of children's stories; there is a slight but definite difference. Now, I understand, even most of her friends—and virtually all of her acquaintances—call her *Andre*.

Andre herself is everyone's ideal maiden-aunt image. Tall, soft-spoken, dark-haired, and impeccably ladylike, nothing could be further from the picture of the female writer shown by—for instance—the late Miriam Allen deFord, who was among other things a well-known writer of true crime and mysteries. Where Ms. deFord was well-known, if not notorious, for her tendency to shock the pants off people who believed in her "sweet little-old lady" image, for Ms. deFord—despite white hair and decorous clothing—was quite likely to rip out a blistering oath, or to knock back a stiff drink along with the best, thus startling people who did not know her and were deceived by appearances, Ms. Norton, at least on several days' acquaintance, fits her chosen image much better; she does not smoke or drink, nor did I ever hear her say a word which could not decorously be repeated in church before the minister and the whole congregation.

One of her stereotypes, at least, fits well. Several of her books are about cats, and her house is full of cats. At last count, I think there were eight or nine, both indoor and outdoor cats; they range from sleek well-bred Siamese patricians to the grubbiest of alley cats. I have cats myself—though I am, as a distinct minority in the science fiction world, basically a dog person—and found her array of felines distinctly fascinating.

A second visit, early this year, began inauspiciously. Andre was on a new medication for various health problems which prevented her from working properly and made her very sleepy; I, having just flown from California, was jet-lagged to a fare-thee-well; Julian May, suffering from an allergy attack, had nevertheless pulled herself rather more together than the rest of us, and it was not hard to tell what she was thinking: "What have I gotten myself into? Are either of these ladies in any shape to write a paragraph, let alone a book?" I could see that Ingrid, hovering over Andre, and Lisa Waters, who had accompanied me, were wondering if *they* would wind up writing the book! However, as the jet lag and the medication wore off, we managed to appear like the prestigious writers we in fact were, and began hammering out a new and improved story line.

Andre is a nicer person than I am; she kept her cool, even when Julian made what to me sounded like an outrageous statement—granted, I was not at my best, but it sounded to me as if Julian had said that *if a cliché is repeated often enough it becomes an archetype*. Since Julian later wrote a very fine guest editorial for MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY'S FANTASY MAGAZINE on the subject of archetypes, I can only assume that I must have misunderstood her.

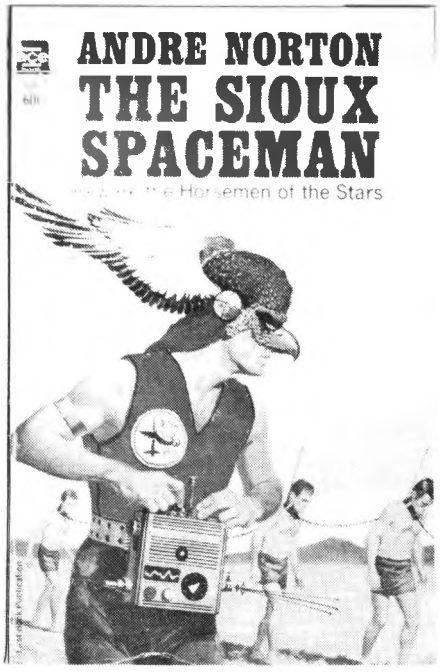
Andre, in common with many women—not all authors—has suffered at the hands of the medical profession; her severe neurological impairment which manifested itself as agoraphobia, making her dizzy when she ventured into unfamiliar territory, had been medically mismanaged—and she's not the only one to suffer so—as a psychiatric problem; now a new doctor has managed to treat it as the neurological problem it is, and Andre, for the first time, will appear at a Worldcon as Guest of Honor—Boston, 1989—where fandom may learn to know her in person as they already revere her for her novels.

The most outrageous statement quoted to me about Andre's doctors, though, was when she complained that under one of her medications—I do not know whether it was the same one which impaired her functioning at our meeting—she complained to her doctor that under its influence she couldn't write. And the doctor, looking at her sweet-little-old-lady face, asked, "Miss Norton, don't you think you should find another hobby?"

Someone should show him the hundred-odd books which bear her name. Hobby indeed! I would have busted the guy a good one in the chops. But Andre Norton is too much of a lady.

But she did get a new doctor, one who won't think Andre's hundred-odd books represent a hobby.✹

Norton's Gallery



The Sioux Spaceman.
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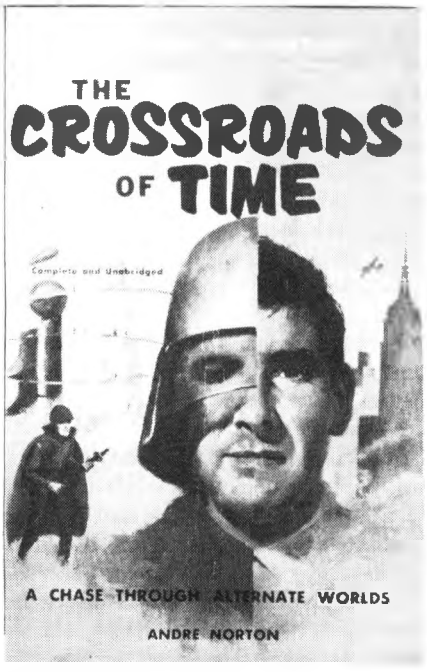

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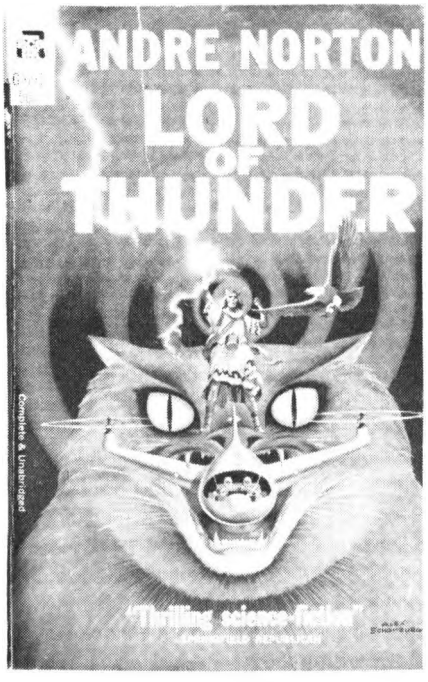

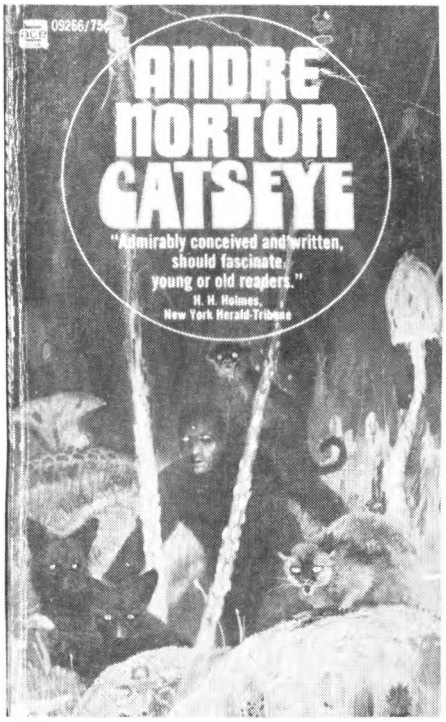

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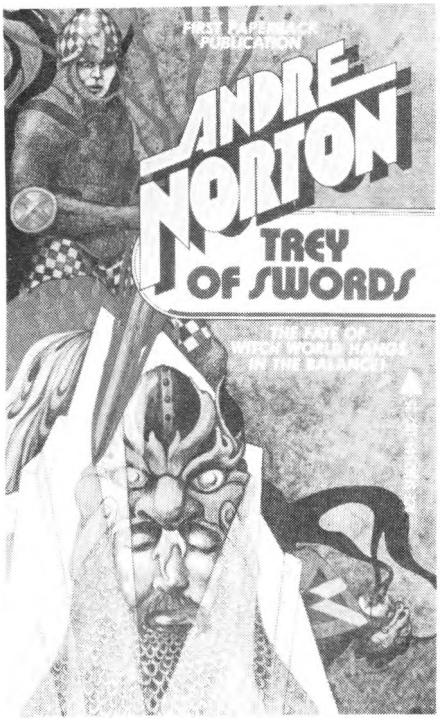

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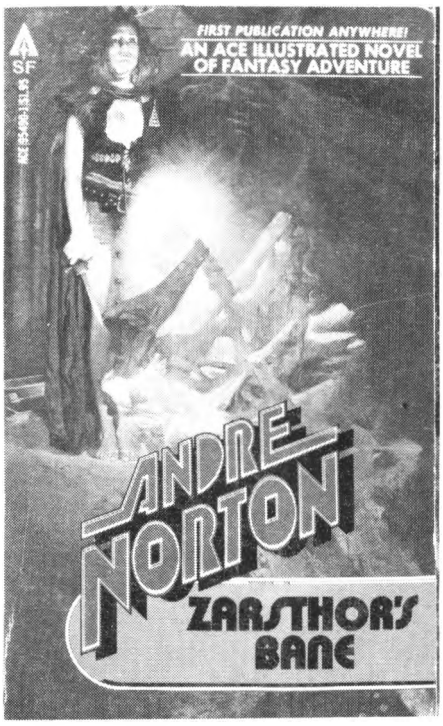

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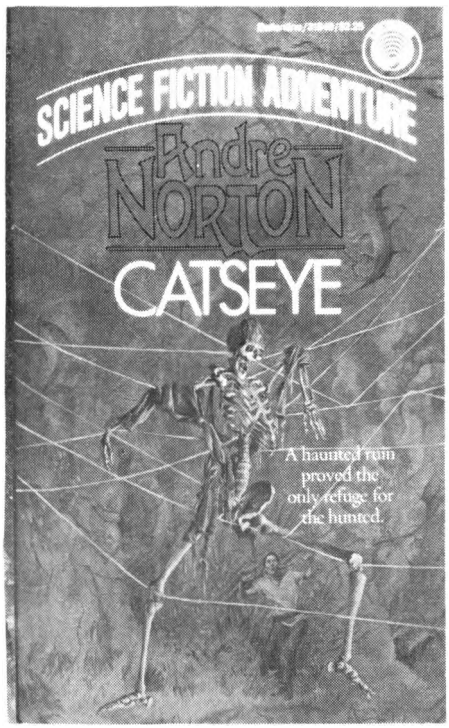

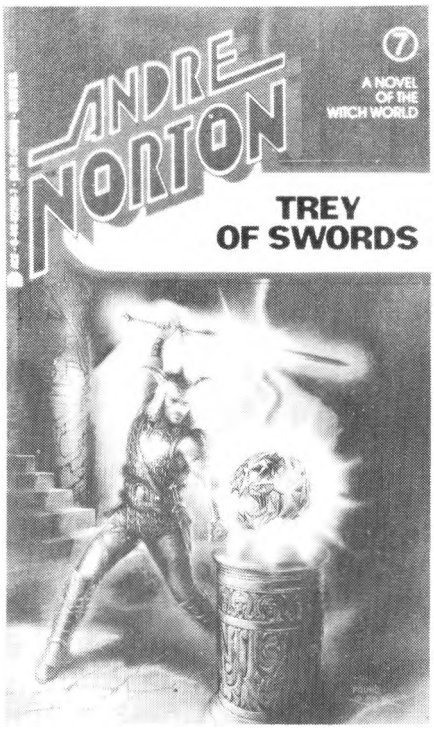

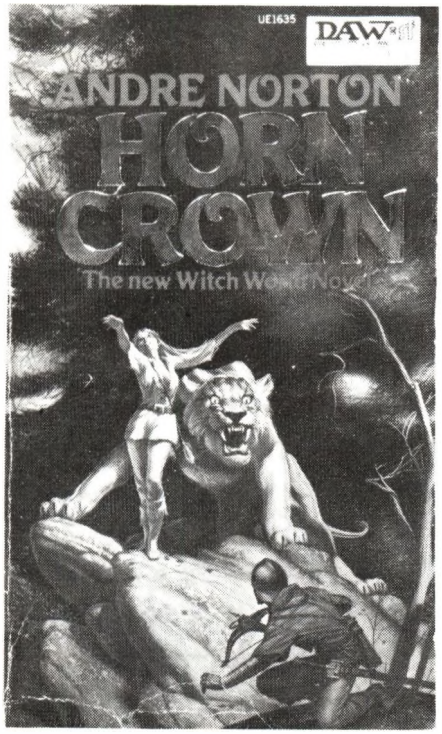

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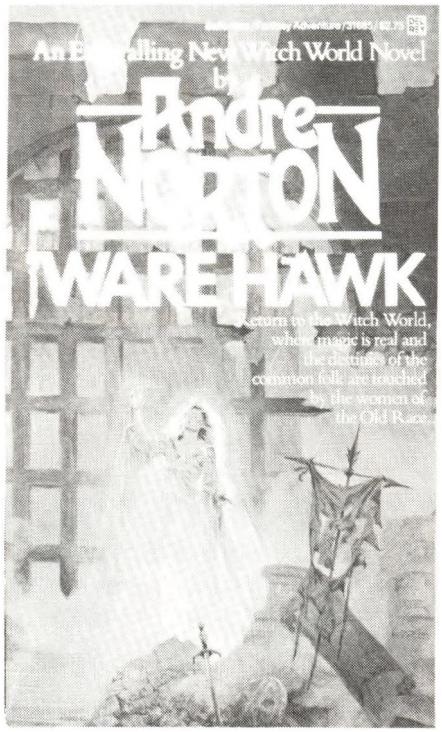

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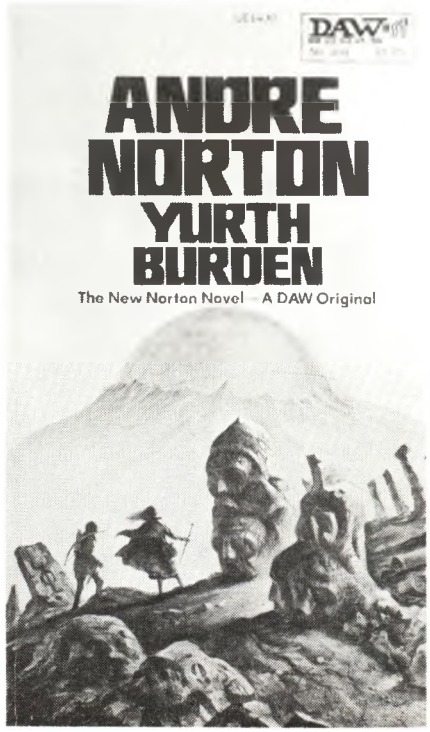

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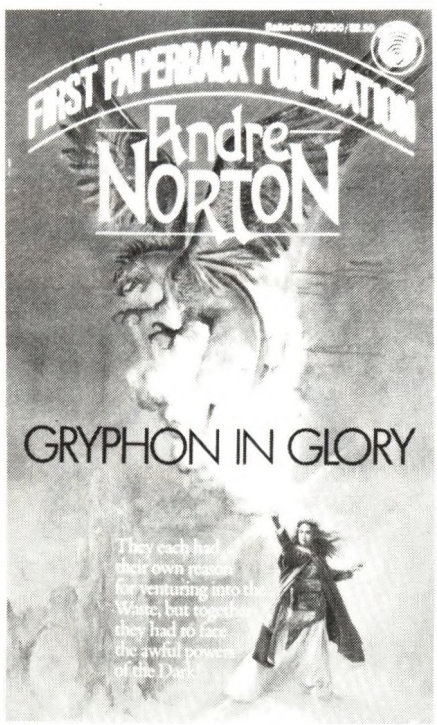

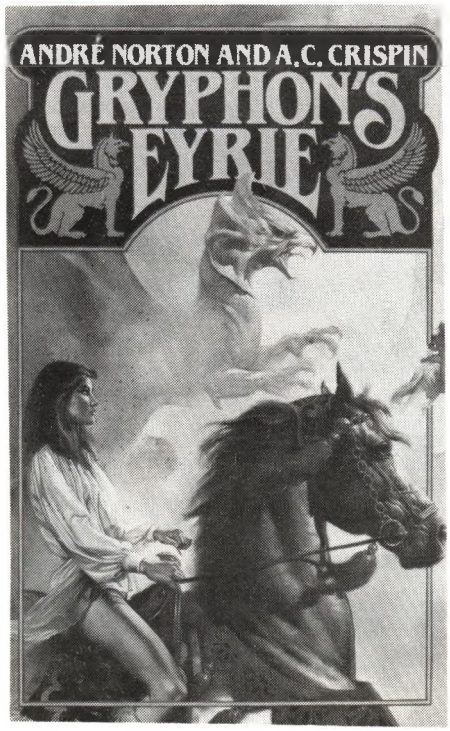

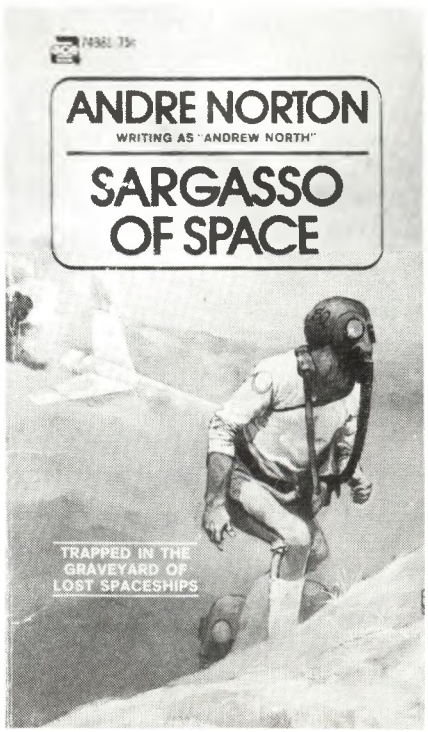

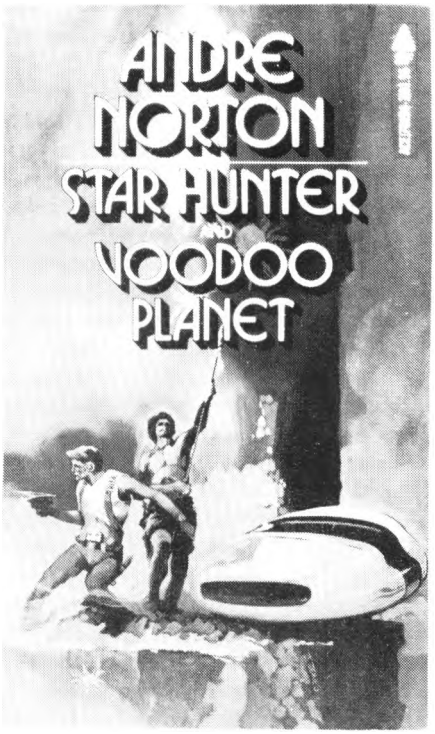

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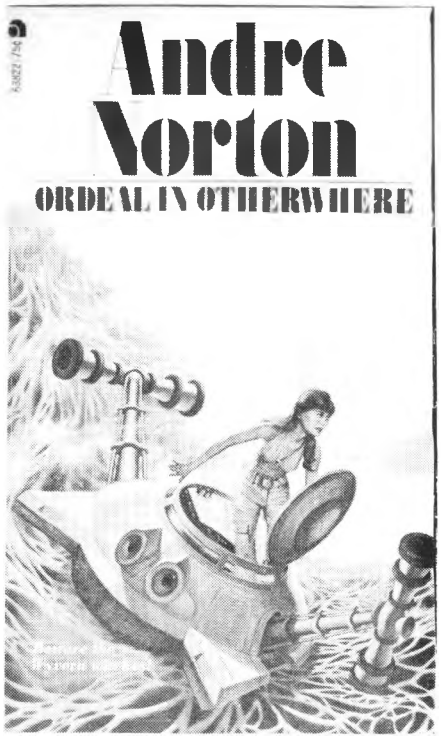

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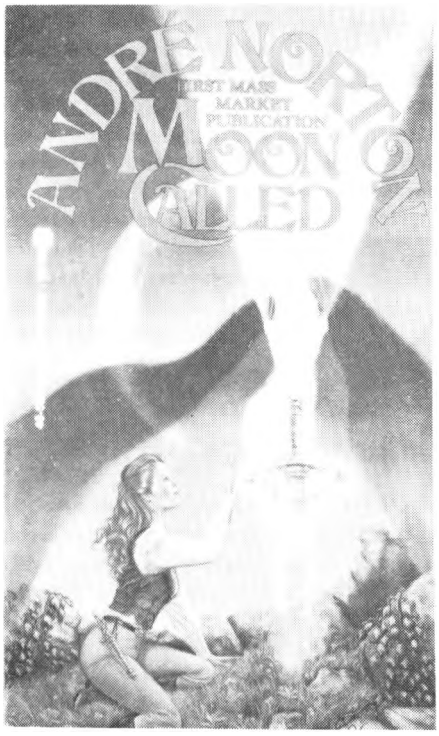

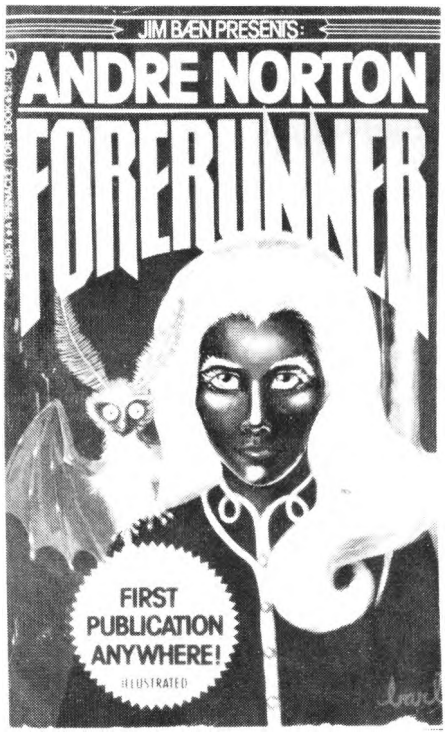

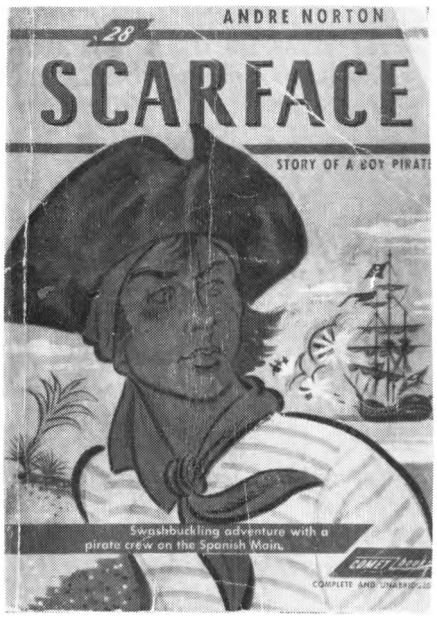

Wendy Snow-Lang

W. Ritchie Benedict
Anne Braude
Steve Morris

READING NORTON

Catfantastic, ed. Andre Norton and Martin H. Greenberg. DAW, 1989, 320 pp., $3.95 pb

I don't know if there is some sort of natural law that writers have to have cats as pets (or cats have to have writers as pets, to put it from the viewpoint of the superior species), but it sometimes looks that way; the reason may be, as an 8th- or 9th-century Irish poet-monk put it in the charming poem "Pangur Ban," that a writer's search for and pouncing upon the exact word resembles the art of mousing. Or perhaps it is that for one whose career is dependent upon audience response, the cat's independence and sleek self-confidence are enviable. There have been earlier anthologies of mystery fiction and sf/fantasy fiction featuring felines; here Andre Norton, well known for collaboration with the furry faction, and perennial co-anthologist Martin H. Greenberg have gathered a fine selection of stories, all new in this volume. Most of the stories are presented at least in part from the feline point of view—which proves to be capable of as much diversity as the human PoV—and the tone varies from humorous to nightmarish. There are sorcerers' familiars in this and other realities—one is a Hopi Indian's pet bobcat—a writer's cat, an archaeologist's cat, and several spacefaring ship's cats, some mutant, some just cat as we know it. Almost all the stories are first rate. I particularly liked Donna Farley's "It Must Be Some Place," which is set in part in the land where the lost socks go; C.S. Friedman's "The Dreaming Kind," about a genetically altered feline that escapes into the wild; Mercedes Lackey's "SKitty," with a plot swiped from an old Dutch folktale and recycled into a good piece of sf; and Andre Norton's own "Noble Warrior," one of her best short stories, about a royal Siamese guard cat sent to the daughter of an English sea captain, who rescues her from an evil plotter with the help of the house Hob (a brownie-like domestic spirit). Recommended.

ajb

The Gate of the Cat, Andre Norton. Ace, 1987, 219 pp., $3.50 pb

In the most recently published Witch World novel, Andre Norton returns to Escore at a time shortly after the climactic battle at the end of *Sorceress of the Witch World*. Her protagonists are Kelsie McBlair, a young woman who enters the Witch World through a Gate opening upon contemporary Scotland; a pregnant wildcat which accompanies her; Yonan, the male protagonist of *Trey of Swords*; and Wittle, an Estcarp Witch who has come to Escore in search of a source of renewal for the Power exhausted in the working of the great upheaval that moved the mountains to seal Estcarp's borders against its enemies. Kelsie and the cat together have custody of the Jewel of Power of Wittle's companion, who gave it to them when they found her dying. Kelsie finds herself bound to the quest partly through geas and partly through the domineering force exerted by Wittle; as is not uncommon in Norton, the quest is indeed achieved but the results are not at all what the seekers expected or intended.

This is not one of the greater Witch World novels; it is pretty much the mixture as before—a very palatable mixture—in plot, incident, and character. Of most interest are the introduction of a contemporary female character from our universe, which Norton has done before, but not in the Witch World; and what happens when a Witch representing the old Estcarpian tradition of power tries to make use of that of Escore. As I argue elsewhere, Estcarp at the time of the coming of Simon Tregarth was a society out of balance, and the return of the Old Race to Escore under the leadership of the Tregarths represents a return to ancient roots which is at the same time a new beginning; thus the attempt to restore Estcarp as it was at the beginning of the series is a literary analogue to hanging on to a neurosis, and we are not surprised that it does not succeed as planned. An interesting thing about the Witches of Estcarp is that with each succeeding book in which they appear, they are presented more negatively from the authorial point of view. In the first book, they are austere and rather arrogant champions of the Light. As the series continues, their rigidity and arrogance are increasingly stressed, so that they can on occasion be almost as much of a problem for the protagonists as the authentic villains. Wittle here reminds me of no one so much as Gollum, though she is more articulate and does a classier line in propaganda.

ajb

The Authorized Map of the Witch World, illustrated by Mary Hanson Roberts. $15 + $3 s/h. Order from The Wizard's Nook, P.O. Box 16085, Plantation, Florida 33318

Some fantasy worlds, it will hardly surprise you to learn, are more mappable than others. Tolkien mapped his own Middle-earth to within an inch of its life, and others have produced maps and atlases based on his work. Robert E. Howard's Hyboria was a slightly remodeled map of the Old World, an approach taken by many fantasy writers. Gene Wolfe's New Sun tetralogy was theoretically mappable, since it contained a good deal of geographical information; I have always thought that it didn't have a map at least partly because we are meant to perceive Severian's world as just too large, too old, and too strange for human comprehension.

The Witch World occupies a middle ground. Obviously it can be mapped—or else what am I doing reviewing a map of it?—but it is not a realm in which physical visualization is of primary importance. Where Tolkien will describe a river journey as minutely as a tourist brochure, Andre Norton is more likely to say something like "And then we rode for three days into the Waste." She is more interested in the events of her stories than in the locations in which they take place, just as she is more interested in what goes on inside her characters than in what they are wearing on the outside. A Witch World map, therefore, is a nice thing to have but scarcely a necessary adjunct to reading her books. This one—it is actually two separate suitable-for-framing 16" x 22" maps, one of each continent—is based on the John M. Ford map found in the recent Witch World books, beautifully decorated with color drawings by Mary Hanson Roberts. I am a bit frustrated by the format, as I would like to know just how wide the sea between Estcarp and High Hallack is, and how, or if, they connect east of Escore and west of the Waste; but any diehard Witch World fan or completist will find it well worth the price.

ajb

Tales of the Witch World 1, created by Andre Norton. TOR, 1987, 344 pp., $3.95 pb

Tales of the Witch World 2, created by Andre Norton. TOR, 1988, 376 pp., $3.95 pb

Four from the Witch World, created by Andre Norton. TOR, 1989, 276 pp., $16.95 hc

The subject of shared-world anthologies has been much canvassed in these pages in recent issues, usually to their detriment; but there are at least three different types of shared world.

The first is what might be called the "Squatters' Rights" premise, in which a dead author's characters and/or secondary world are used by a living writer without the originator's permission (though not

necessarily without that of his heirs and assigns who own the copyrights). This is primarily a reader-driven enterprise: since people want more stories about Sherlock Holmes, or Conan, or Nero Wolfe, or whoever, writers endeavor to supply them. This is a legitimate literary endeavor properly known as *pastiche* (literally a pasteup job), which is not the same thing as parody despite much modern usage. Readers generally object if the pastiche diverges too much from the original. I would be willing to wager that Sherlock Holmes is the most pastiched character in English literature, despite Conan Doyle's own objection to the practice. (If he didn't want other people to write about Sherlock Holmes, he shouldn't have mentioned all those tantalizing cases lying about in Dr. Watson's notebook waiting to be written up.) In our own field it is probably Conan the Interminable. There are almost as many Holmes parodies as pastiches; I wonder if there are that many Conan parodies. On the one hand his character lends itself to exaggeration and parody much more readily than that of Holmes; on the other, there is less of an audience, as Conan fans want their stories straight and non-fans aren't interested in either parody or pastiche. Probably the classiest candidate for pastiche is Jane Austen, who wrote a mere handful of novels, leaving readers starving for more, and left a number of fragments, tempting her disciples to try their hands. Fragments completed are *Lady Susan* (by Phyllis Ann Karr), *The Watsons* (by John Cowles), and *Sanditon* (by "Another Lady"); sequels include *Pemberley Shades* by Dorothy Bonavia Hunt (for a copy of which I would gladly kill, or at least inflict grievous bodily harm), *Mansfield Revisited* by Joan Aiken, and "Poor Emma" by Reginald Hill (in his collection *There Are No Ghosts in the Soviet Union*), a murder mystery derived from *Emma*. I don't think Austen would approve of what he did with her characters, but I think she'd have loved the murder method.

This provides a natural transition into the second class of shared-world fiction, the franchised universe or Kentucky Fried Wizard approach, which at least in origin is entirely writer-driven: a bunch of authors collaborate in inventing a fictive universe and its inhabitants, about whom each of them, and anyone else allowed to participate later, writes stories. I don't know how they work things out if, for example, A wants to kill off a character invented by B who is not B's principal protagonist—who makes the decision? (I am reminded of a sign noticed by Madeleine L'Engle on one of her lecture tours and mentioned in one of the Genesis Trilogy volumes: "For God so loved the world that He did not send a committee.") For examples I refer you back to the discussions in previous NIEKU: the Elfquest series, Thieves' World, Liavek.

The third approach, represented by the books I'm reviewing here (you thought I'd never get around to them, didn't you?), is that of the invited collaboration: the Come and Play in My Yard setup, in which a living author retains control of the anthologies of stories set in her fictive universe by editing the anthology herself and choosing which stories will receive the imprimatur. The feminine pronoun is appropriate here because the best known realms in this area are Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover and Andre Norton's Witch World. I have never gotten around to reading the Darkover books, and the last thing I need at this point in my life is to acquire an addiction to yet another multivolume series, so I will only mention that they seem to be, like the volumes under consideration here, both writer- and reader-driven. The contributors begin as fans of the world, frustrated because there is never enough material about it—why must authors frivol away their time on trivialities like eating and sleeping?—and, if they are themselves creative writers or in the process of becoming same, go on to make up stories not just about persons and places the author has fully depicted but also about those only glanced at or suggested, or perhaps completely the collaborator's own invention. Again, I don't know how either Norton or Bradley manages the process, though the suggestion in these books is that unsolicited material is not invited by the former; most of the writers mention being approached by, rather than approaching, her.

The two *Tales* volumes contain short stories, while *Four from the Witch World* contains four short novels. The quality of the shorter pieces varies, and I think the first collection is on the whole superior; but there are excellent stories in both. In general the authors succeed quite well in both adapting to the attitudes that prevail in Norton's universe and yet retaining their individual voices (as far as I can tell from having read other works of theirs). One cannot imagine a Conan pastiche without Conan, or a Holmes story without Holmes; but most of these stories are about persons, places, and things (and cats) that Norton has only sketched or hinted at. Unlike the kind of fan that wants more of the same and only that, Norton's fosterlings want more of what they are not familiar with, and answers to questions she has left unresolved. In the first *Tales* volume my favorites were Caralyn Inks' "Nine Words in Winter," which introduces a new Old One; Mercedes Lackey's "Were-Hunter," based on her filksong "Golden Eyes"; and Elizabeth Scarborough's "Milk from a Maiden's Breast," about the surprising results of an encounter between a female general and a Mosswife. Outstanding in the second collection are Jacqueline Lichtenberg's "Through the Moon Gate," about a vampire; "Darkness over Mirhold," Patricia Shaw Mathews' tale of a heroine entirely devoid of magical gifts coping with life in postwar Karsten; Susan Shwartz's "Rite of Failure," yet another good story about a misfit Were-Rider; and Rose Wolf's "Tall Dames Go Walking," about how Jorge Petronius came to be Gate-keeper, a successful merging of Witch World and Arthurian material.

The four short novels are all by well-known writers who have published numerous tales of their own invented universes but who are inspired by, and at home in, Norton's. Elizabeth Boyer's *The Stillborn Heritage* tells of a magical scheme to have Old Ones reborn in the bodies of stillborn children of the Dales to be guardians of ancient secrets in the Waste; when a second invasion does in fact occur, the choices for the Stillborn are not as simple as their creators intended. C.J. Cherryh's *Stormbirds* brings a wounded and masterless fighting man of the Dales and a Power-gifted child to be prisoners of an enigmatic Hound of Alizon and his companion, a Witch whose motives and allegiance are at first far from clear. Meredith Ann Pierce's *Rampion*, set in an impoverished island holding reminiscent of Menolly's home in the Harperhall Trilogy, has a number of twists and surprises, making one realize how much longer Andre Norton has been doing the same sort of things that have made McCaffrey's tales of Pern so popular—and how much better she does them.

The Witch World saga shows human society undergoing a process not unlike Jung's individuation, leading to the attainment of balance and harmony for both individual and group. In all of the Witch World, the most mucked-up society among those not actually on the side of the Darkness is that of the Falconers, which may be why Falconer characters are so popular with these writers. (The Were-Riders run a close second on both points, but I would contend that they do not form a true society but only an alienated fragment of one.) In *Falcon Law*, Judith Tarr gives us some revisionist Falcon history from the femi-

nine point of view. The story is set after the destruction of the Eyrie in the magical upheaval of the borders. A Falconer girl, her sex concealed partly by magic and partly by the fact that the Falconers see only what they expect to see, undergoes the training to become a Falconer in the expectation that when the birds themselves come to the Choosing, they will see through the disguise and expose her; she will then suffer the punishment decreed by Falconer law, thus proving her point—the strength and value of womankind—at terrible cost. Once she has passed all the preliminary tests, however, she discovers that the falcons have their own ideas on such matters, which do not necessarily coincide with those of their supposed masters. What follows then makes a very good story. *Four from the Witch World* will please any Witch World fan; the short-story volumes, while of uneven quality, should contain several delights for everyone in that category.

ajb

Moon Mirror, Andre Norton, Tor, St. Martin's Press, New York, 1989, 250 pp., $17.95 (Higher in Canada)

Short stories used to be the staple of science fiction and fantasy, but today you don't see as many of them except for the occasional anthology and in the ever-diminishing magazine field (I just heard before writing this that the 8-year-old TWILIGHT ZONE MAGAZINE is shutting down). So one can only welcome a new collection of stories by a veteran in the science-fiction/fantasy game. There are nine different worlds represented here and the originals were published between 1966 and 1988.

The lead-in "How Many Miles to Babylon?" reflects the long time interest of Andre Norton in psychometry—the art of picking up psychic impressions from inanimate objects. A young woman has a motorcycle accident and suddenly finds she is able to get all kinds of information that she is unprepared to receive. "The Toymaker's Snuffbox" is more on the lines of a traditional fairy tale, where an old toymaker befriends an elf who needs a wig and receives a snuffbox for his services. He will need it in order to save his life from a vindictive ruler. The third story, "Teddi," puts one in mind of that famous song "Short People" describing a future world where size is genetically engineered and the Napoleon complex to control everyone and everything prevails. "Desirable Lakeside Residence" features a girl vacationing in the countryside, one of the last refuges in a world so polluted that people must wear respirators outdoors. The local lake contains a creature that apparently came from some moon rocks that were abandoned in it when an ex-astronaut committed suicide many years earlier. Instead of being merely a routine monster, it may hold the key to repairing a planet choking on its own waste products.

"The Long Night of Waiting" is based loosely on the famous Lang case of the 1880's where a farmer is supposed to have mysteriously vanished in full view of his wife and children while crossing a field. In this instance, it is two young children who disappeared in 1861 that unaccountably turn up in 1971 and make friends with several youngsters their own age. But is there some sinister force behind their transportation in time?

"Through the Needle's Eye" also concerns itself with unexplained disappearances. Miss Ruthevan is the last of a long line stretching over 300 years. On the surface, she is merely another old maid patiently making embroidery pictures. In reality, she has a unique talent for making certain people depart this earth for good. It is necessary to pass on this talent to someone not in her family, but it is hard to know who can be trusted with this power.

"One Spell Wizard" is about the danger of having a wizard for a boss. He might decide to change you into anything at the whim of a moment. But what if you have magical ambitions yourself, and decide you won't be pushed around any more?

"Outside" takes place in the far distant future where humanity is confined to domes and anything existing "outside" is to be feared, the atmosphere long since having been rendered unbreathable by pollution. Kristie is determined to find a gateway that leads into the outer world, despite the potential hazards, as all the life-support systems inside are gradually breaking down. The enigmatic figure of the Rhyming Man may be a friend or an enemy—how can Kristie be sure of anything after so many years confined to a closed environment?

The title story "Moon Mirror" concludes this book. It is the tale of a member of an intelligent cat-like race who is tracking a human in order to learn the secret he is guarding.

Any anthology is a mixed bag and this one is no exception. Some of the stories seem intended for a juvenile audience, while others are for adults. Curiously, the title story is one of the slightest, being more of an incident than anything else. I found "Babylon," "Long Night of Waiting," and "Through the Needle's Eye" to be the strongest. Certainly the fans of Andre Norton will not want to miss this book; but quite frankly I prefer her full-length novels. However, you do get a good idea of how to write a properly crafted science-fiction or fantasy story from these tales. Interesting, but not one of her best.

wrb

The Time Traders, Andre Norton. New York: Ace Books, 1958.

Galactic Derelict, Andre Norton. New York: Ace Books, 1959.

The Defiant Agents, Andre Norton. New York: Ace Books, 1962.

Key Out of Time, Andre Norton. New York: Ace Books, 1963.

Think of the invention of guns. Or bows and arrows. Or nuclear weapons. Instruments of death-dealers—Man killing Man.

Now think about history, Mankind's history. From wooden clubs to spears to bows and arrows to knives and swords to guns and so on right up to the present-day mass-destruction devices. Think of the sudden leaps in technology that allowed these things, even over the last hundred years.

Scary, isn't it?

Did you ever wonder if, just maybe, someone was behind it all? Some faceless unseen thing was planning and plotting Man's destruction for its own alien purpose?

That is the premise behind the four books by Andre Norton contained within the Ross Murdock series. An ancient alien civilization calling itself the Galactic Empire has taken over a number of planets using the key to time itself. Intruder teams of "Baldies," hairless humanoids who communicate and coerce by thought, and are infinitely ruthless, travel into a given planet's past, corrupting and influencing the native inhabitants until the native race, sometime in the future, is ripe for invasion or, in some cases, letting the population kill themselves off. The Baldies then walk in and take over. Such an intruder team is now on Earth, working its evil in Earth's prehistoric past, using events of long ago to shape Man's future.

But in that future, a derelict spaceship once used by the Baldies is discovered in the Arctic wastes, and is subject to intense scientific scrutiny. An archaeological team accidentally discovers the Baldy secret of peering back through ages, and upon looking, finds that Earth is under invasion by these hairless aliens. Mankind responds

by forming the Project, whose function is to fight the Baldies, prevent the intended take-over of Earth, and learn more of the Empire's secrets.

Andre Norton, who wrote these stories almost thirty years ago, has written an excellent series on this small group of Mankind that selflessly, even eagerly, steps through a Time Gate to ages past, living in history to take the invasion to the enemy.

The first book, *The Time Traders*, introduces the Project and its Time Agent teams through the story of an Apache Indian, Travis Fox. He becomes recruited as a member of a two-man Agent Team, but is not told exactly what is going on. After training and spending more time with active Agents, he is able to discover what the Time Teams are attempting and why. He wholeheartedly joins the fight against the star people, assisting (in subsequent stories) in the recovery of a working starship and alien star course tapes, which opens up the stars to Mankind. In this book, Fox and his team travel to the time of the Neanderthal and woolly mammoth, where a life-or-death struggle with the Baldies ensues on pristine tundra of eons ago.

Book Two, *Galactic Derelict*, allows the reader to join Agents Fox, Gordon Ashe and Ross Murdock as they suddenly leave Earth after inserting a guidance tape in a working model of a Baldy ship. The trip across the stars takes them to an automated refueling station, then beyond to a planet of ape-like creatures and bird people. There the Agents must not only survive but discover the secret of the planet. After several harrowing/fascinating experiences, that secret is discovered—along with Baldies. The Agents escape, taking the planet's secret with them back to Earth. Other, more Earthly competition enters in the book however, in the form of "the Reds," enemies of free democracies. The Agents combat the foes close to home and from beyond, barely emerging with their lives.

The Defiant Agents, Book Three of the series, again takes the Agents through the stars, where the Reds are gaining ground on the Project in technology and off-world colonization. A warehouse of Baldy informational and star-chart tape is discovered by Agent Murdock—along with Baldies. Once again, the three-way fight is on, with the struggle for eventual Earth domination no less fierce. Murdock learns more about the Baldies and himself than he wants to know but is able to use that information to fight a holding action against the Reds and engineer the beginning of the end for the Galactic Empire. The Reds attract the attention of the Baldies, however, and (to give a little hint) get their just deserts in the end. But, just when things seem okay, a secret Red base is discovered on a planet that promises untold technological rewards. Agent Fox and a team of Apache archaeologists are secretly dispatched to the Red base to investigate the rumor—but never arrive. Are they lost forever between stars, or.....?

Key Out of Time is the last book of this wonderful series. Murdock and Ashe travel to another planet with some new Project members, a Polynesian girl and her two telepathic dolphins. Like the Reds, the Project is spending its full time trying to track down the lairs, past and present, of the Baldies, and to further the technological and scientific knowledge of Mankind. One course tape leads this unlikely team to the sea planet Hawaika, a planet with a mystery. Hawaika, in the present, is a water planet, but the Baldy course tape describes it as similar in land mass to Earth. What caused the change? A portable Time Gate is set up to unravel the mystery, but an accident blows the entire team into the planet's ancient past. The team is separated on going through the Gate, and they find...?

How the team reunites and unifies the warring ancient societies is a story by itself, but the rest is like the cherry on top of the ice cream sundae.

I enjoy Norton's stories and admit to a partiality for this series. Yes, it *was* the first thing of Norton's that I ever read, but it presented many interesting premises to me. In high school anything unusual appealed to me; this series about super-secret organizations, time and space travel, alien invasion mixed with known history, grabbed my imagination like nothing else. Nor was it just the ideas behind the story that fired me, it was the way the stories were written that took me.

Andre Norton has a fine feel for her characters, endowing them with that magical quality of life and purpose. Not only do her main characters have dimension, but the secondary members of the cast, including the Baldies, have their own well-defined areas of responsibility. No character knowingly treads on another; each plays his or her part as naturally as if Norton were simply recording historical facts of a Time Team trip. The characters are all individuals acting with their own quirks, tempers, and thoughts. Placed in a time of an "orderly and adjusted society," the Time Agents are similar to the mountain men of years gone by; they are individualists who eagerly accept the challenge of battles beyond the curtains of time. They are actual people that the reader is meeting, not just roles in some play. Norton also has a sure hand at controlling the rate at which information is revealed to the reader.

While the aliens, except for the Baldies, are not portrayed as things to be feared or hated, they are definitely other-worldly. There is no possible way an ape creature could be mistaken for anything else but an ape creature. The Foanna are separate, the Rovers boisterous. The human attributes that sometimes slide into these creatures are explained as impressions of the race, not human characteristics that are assigned to them.

The Baldies are the real Bad Guys from the word "go." They are ruthless, unprincipled, devious to the extreme, and single-minded in their goal of galactic domination. They seem machine-like in their determination to trap and wipe out members of the Project, and like any good villains, lose each time by the skin of their teeth (or should I say heads?). As the Time Agents find out in their dealings with the Baldies, it usually takes more than training, determination and skill to beat these aliens. It also takes a large dose of luck.

Norton has a good feel for place. The reader, in addition to being an invisible member of the Time Teams, is treated to a variety of differing climes and locales, each as easily believable as if one was standing there. Even if such details as scuff marks on leather or patterns of colors in the jungle aren't spelled out specifically, the reader can visualize the location of the scene vividly from the descriptions and the impressions of the characters. Nowhere is there a reference to advanced technologies or motives in the archaic pasts, unless it is by the author's design as an important part of the story. The organization known simply as the Project is explained only as a scientific group determined to increase Man's knowledge and prevent the takeover of Earth by the Baldies. It is also known to be an ultra-top secret organization that the Government is only aware of on a life-or-death, need-to-know basis. Thankfully, in these stories, the Government is smart enough to know that it should leave this business to the experts and stay out of the operation.

I highly recommend these four books, especially for younger readers not only for their basic premises, but also for the story content and readability. I found the books to be a fascinating look at one author's vision of history as it might have been (or has already been?). I thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to sit down with these four

old friends. It was a treat to be back with Travis, Ross, and Ashe, discovering the derelict, fighting the Baldy intruders and their nasty plans, taking off to parts unknown, taking on the Red and Baldy Agents, trying to win one more time, or gain one more piece of knowledge for humankind. I thrilled to each discovery, stood in awe at the starship, fought the fights and shared the pains and frustrations. In short, these books did what one of my English teachers told me any good story would do: transport me to unknown places and people, entertain me, and teach and amaze. These stories did all that for me over and over.

The series really is quite engrossing; I plead guilty to re-reading it several times. If there is any complaint to be made, mine would be that the series doesn't continue beyond *Key Out of Time*. By the end of the four books, the Project, the Time Teams and their mission are like old friends. Now the friends are gone, but I hope they come back.

I'm sure the Baldies haven't given up their mission. And, as I recall, there were some still-hidden Baldy outposts. I know there were more than just a couple of Time Teams, and there are certainly more Time Gates.

Who knows what kind of mischief is happening right now in our past?

sm

Robert Jamison

Under the Influence

by Jacqueline Lichtenberg

Andre Norton is one of the strongest influences on my writing. I read *Star Rangers* more than 16 times and lost count. I wanted her to write a sequel using Zinga as the main pov character, but she said that she couldn't write convincingly from a nonhuman pov. And she had no sequel she wanted to write. So, one time when I was visiting her, I said if she wouldn't, I would. She said, "go ahead."

Well, of course, I couldn't use her characters and her universe, but I had just discovered DOCTOR WHO. And on the plane on the way home, I outlined what eventually became the *Dushau* Trilogy (inspired as much by Tom Baker's Doctor as by the situation the Rangers had found themselves in) which was published by Questar, way back when they were just starting up.

The first two books in that trilogy are from a human female point of view. The third is from a nonhuman male pov and involves lots of species trying to learn to live together.

But even after getting all that out of my system, I'd still like Andre to write a sequel to *Star Rangers*.

Another bit of "wish fulfillment fantasy" come true happened when Andre invited me to submit a story to the Witch World anthologies—and she actually bought the story I submitted, which introduced a vampire (good, non-killing variety) to the Witch World.

I don't think this will be the end of Andre's influence on my life or my writing. Genius like hers deserves to be celebrated often and loudly.✹

***MATHOMS**, continued from Page 3*
watched Carl Sagan's COSMOS, so I don't need to do more than mention it; but did you catch James Burke's three series? CONNECTIONS was about just that: the complicated and sometimes completely unexpected chains of causality that lie beneath the surface of history, such as how the invention of paper was due in large part to the Black Death, and how the problems of feeding Napoleon's immense army led directly to the moon rocket. His more recent series, THE DAY THE UNIVERSE CHANGED, covered much of the same ground but with the emphasis less on technological developments than on how attitudes and concepts were changed by them. These series should be required viewing for anyone who wants to create a believable, evolving secondary world at a medieval-to-modern cultural level. A briefer series of half-hour programs, THE REAL THING, was a witty exploration of the relationship between sense perception and what is actually "out there," and whether there is any way we can be sure that the maps in our minds match up with what really exists.

There have been a number of series of narrower focus, such as Robert A.M. Stern's provocative and highly personal history of American architecture, PRIDE OF PLACE (one of a number of these efforts graced with a memorable Carl Davis score), several natural history series from David Attenborough, and Magnus Magnusson's VIKINGS! From this last I remember a scene in which a blacksmith, as part of a project studying the history of York under the rule of the Norse king Eric Bloodaxe, made a sword by hammering three blades into one, creating the "wavy-patterned" sword described in *Beowulf* (and making sense for me at last of the explanatory notes in Klaeber), as well as film of the construction of a longship by authentic Viking techniques as part of the millenial celebration of the Isle of Man, and of remote settlements in Greenland, Iceland, and the Scottish Outer Isles that seem not to have changed physically since Viking times.

This last leads into my real favorites, the history series, of which there has been a luxuriant crop in recent years. Robert MacNeil gave us THE STORY OF ENGLISH, a world tour as well as a time trip, opening our eyes—and ears—to the riches of our native tongue. Michael Wood's IN SEARCH OF THE TROJAN WAR combined archaeology and poetry with stunning visuals: the next best thing to actually setting foot on the plains of windy Troy, with fascinating new data on the Hittites and the Sea People and intriguing theories about the truth underlying Homer's tale. John Roemer's ANCIENT LIVES gave us the most incredibly detailed information about the private concerns of the inhabitants of a village in ancient Egypt whose citizens were all employed in building and decorating royal tombs; they put these things down in practice notes and sketches. He was able to go through the excavated ruins of the village and identify exactly who lived where, with their family histories, their feuds and love affairs, and even their pets.

The most recent PBS hit series has been THE POWER OF MYTH, edited from conversations between Bill Moyers and Joseph Campbell, wide-ranging and insightful discussions of the relevance of myth and symbol to our own inner lives and social roles. And a current series whose infrequent episodes I particularly enjoy is TIMELINE, which reconstructs such historical events as the Black Death and the conquest of Jerusalem by Saladin with a creatively anachronistic network news team present. I'm sure that the new season will bring us a new vintage, both domestic and imported, of television series that rival books in their ability to serve as "magic casements" opening onto other times and places. And if you're too snobbish or persnickety to watch the Boob Tube, or you forgot to program the VCR, not to worry; practically every one of the series I've mentioned is available as—of all things—a book.✹

***BUMBEJIMAS**, continued from Page 6*
the prototype shuttle, Enterprise. We toured many buildings and saw the shuttle landing runway. One building we toured was the launch command center for the moon flights and while we were there it went through the final stages of the countdown with all the computer and TV monitors showing what had happened during a launch. It was eerie with all the stations unmanned. The gift shop was a disappointment in that it did *not* have a good selection of space books. I did find a very accurate replica of the shuttle flyer for Stanley, who was 4-1/2 at the time.

Anyhow, when we return in 1992 we will definitely get to Kennedy!✹

***RIVER**, continued from Page 7*
who make up its audience, we can see something of the debt we all owe to those pioneers who began to take the pulp wrapper off modern science fiction. As we appreciate the achievements of Andre Norton the master storyteller, let us also remember how much we owe to Andre Norton the literary entrepreneur, whose dedication to her craft has done so much to expand the opportunities that today's readers and writers have to further refine and renew our collective sense of wonder.✹

***PATTERNS**, continued from Page 9*
which the operations are based is much the same. At the end of the novel, the witch gives Simon power over her by revealing to him her true name, an example of word-magic.

Witch World was first published in the early sixties, at the beginning of the re-emergence of adult fantasy as a viable literary form. The enthusiasm with which it was received has kept it in print to this day, and encouraged Norton to write a dozen or so additional volumes set in the same world. Witch World has proved to be a place of considerable potential. The device of the Gates has allowed the author to people it with folk from a variety of cultures in our own world—and others. From the third book onward the motif of interaction with faerie—the Old Ones whose realm lies in the forbidden direction, eastward across the mountains, becomes increasingly important.

An analysis of all the magic used in all of the Witch World books would require a volume to itself, however, most of the magic developed in later books is at least inherent in Volume One. In *Witch World*, Simon Tregarth begins to realize that he, too, has magical power. The story of how an individual comes to recognize his or her own magical talent, learns to control it, and finds an environment in which that power can be accepted and productively used, provides the plot line for a number of the later books, especially the chronicles of Simon and Jaelithe's three children. In these books this theme is combined with that of the Otherworld and its denizens, for it is in the forbidden land of Escore that their fates lie. Witch World proves to have its own magical ecology, with Great Ones, like Dahaun of the Green Silences, and races of beings half-human, half nature spirit.

Nonetheless, the magic of Witch World has its roots in the magic of our own. In the earlier volumes, there is a greater attempt to rationalize it, but as the series progresses, Norton draws more freely upon the full range of folk magic and the supernatural. However, because Witch World is

by definition an alien setting, she is free to heighten the effects of its magic and alter its powers. The result is a reinterpretation of traditional magic which presented it in a way which a generation of new readers could enjoy. It might even be said that by finding a way to write about magic at a time when it was not an accepted part of adult literature, Norton was one of those who opened the way for the current acceptance of adult fantasy.✹

***LIBRARY**, continued from Page 10*

10. The frequent references to the long missing race, the Forerunners, in several of her books.

What is significant about this list is that I was able to remember names and events from all of these which number among her earliest works without going out to the library and looking them up. I could do the same for more recent tiles like *Voortrekker* and *Zarsthor's Bane* and *Dread Companion*, but I haven't read any of the books listed above in at least a decade, many of them not for close to three decades. I even recall the Zacathan aliens from *Star Rangers*, the very first Andre Norton novel I ever read.

So why are these scenes and books so embedded in my consciousness? That's not an easy question to answer.

Andre Norton's style has never been intrusive, so one can hardly point to the verbal pyrotechnics which have made writers such as Harlan Ellison popular, or the distinctive, even idiosyncratic prose of David Bunch, Felix Gottschalk, or J.G. Ballard. Although her characters are not cardboard heroes with bulging thews and diminutive intelligence, neither has Norton made any serious attempt to plumb the depths of human (or alien) personality in order to provide new insights into the human psyche. Her settings are frequently exotic, although no more so than in the works of many a lesser writer. Generally speaking her plotting is straightforward, linear, even predictable to a certain extent.

But despite what might appear to be a lack of distinction, she has made an indelible impression on my own life and that of many another reader.

The truth, I suspect, is that Andre Norton has somehow tapped into an understanding of what it is that makes us wonder about the universe, found a balance between heroism and familiarity in her characters, and packaged it all with well devised and convincing adventure plotting and writing. Shann Lantee, Ross Murdock, Travis Fox, Simon Tregarth, and the rest of her characters are thrust into situations where they must act decisively, and despite all of their self doubts and fears, they persevere, sometimes making mistakes, but never agonizing over the fact of their own humanity. They make us proud of human courage even when we realize they have erred.

When the supremely self confident characters of lesser writers encounter gates between the stars, time machines, robot space ships, monsters from under the ocean, telepathic animals, worlds where magic works, and all the rest, they don't seem to be impressed with the wonder of it all. Andre Norton's characters rise to the occasion as well, but they don't lose sight of the fact that they have fallen into a mystery, a wonder, a situation outside of what they had previously understood to be reality.

This is what SF fans have referred to for years as the "Sense of Wonder", and the works of Andre Norton epitomize to me the true meaning of that phrase. Even the least successful of her books have always impressed me as being a mutual sharing of the wonders of the universe, rather than an author unfolding his or her creation for the rest of us to admire.

But enough of this. The only real way to appreciate Andre Norton's fiction is to read it, and I've just received galleys of her next novel, *Imperial Lady*, written with Susan Shwartz. I don't expect to be disappointed.✹

***LINKAGES**, continued from Page 11*

talents, and not want him to win through? Who could meet his giant hunting cat and not be enthralled? Or be horrified by the giant, intelligent rats that were the villains of the book?

Then came *The Last Planet*, with another mutant hero, beautiful, strange, rejected by the stuffed shirts of a dying empire; with an entire collection of marvelous people human, half-human, 'bemmy', and mutant, and the marvelous discovery at the end.

Then came *Year of the Unicorn*, billed as Witch World novel but very plainly no sequel to the previous two. I was enormously disappointed at not being able to follow the further adventures of the Tregarth triplets; yet, as a novel in its own right, *Unicorn* quickly overshadowed its two predecessors in my eyes.

I loved the adventurous Gillen. My heart ached for the changeling Herrel, and I wanted so badly for Gillan and Herrel to ride off together, find new allies, and found a society that would overcome those arrogant shape-changers. (That idea, I stole from J.T. McIntosh's *Born Leader*, in which a cross-generation couple—outcast for violating the colony's rules for strong breeding—was suspected of being about to try exactly that!)

And *Beast Master*, with its Navajo hero; I loved it, but with the intolerance of the young and newly initiate, objected to the boy's name. *Hosteen*, as many a reader probably wrote Andre, is a title given only to respected older men; as a form of address, it is equivalent to "Mister" or "Sir" in a first-name society.

When my head was reeling with all these series, half-begun or finished, she brought up one in which a juvenile delinquent hero—'juvies' being one of the obsessions of the Fifties—is sent back to the world of the Beaker People. Never mind the plot! Let's have more of the archaeology! And, just as I had discovered Richard III, a crosstime adventure in which Richard had been victorious at Bosworth.

What else? People have mentioned Andre's strong heroines as an oasis in the desert and a light in the darkness. I grew up on the *Sue Barton, Nurse* series. Barton was a strong, intelligent, active woman; due to her profession, there was never any sense of a futile battle against a man's world. My favorite postwar girls' book was entitled *A Girl Can Dream*; in the feminist Eighties, it has been, quite defensively, retitled *Girls Can Dream, Too!* Not a change for the better. My favorite classics were by Louisa May Alcott, the very prototype of the strong-minded Victorian spinster who paddled her own canoe. Andre's heroines, I took for granted as the way things should be—as they are and were.

No; the personal inspiration came in Andre Norton herself. She was a woman; many authors were. But she wrote these marvelous adventure stories, and she had a dramatic, interesting name; far more fun than "Mary Alice" or "Patricia Anne." Liking nothing about myself in those days, especially my name, I struggled to find a pen name even half as dramatic as Andre. I decided I could write adventure stories, and sketched out an outline for one that was finally finished (I hope! It may still need some work!) this year. It will go out under my own name (and that of my father and my ex-husband, after this culture's custom for women. Oh, well.)

And she kept writing and writing and writing. It was possible to collect all the Heinleins. It was possible to collect all the Bradleys. It was possible to collect all the Rands or the Herberts. I gave up collecting all the Nortons as a very bad job indeed;

there simply wasn't the room.

And she kept on telling story after story after story. Now she's invited her followers to play in her world, and suddenly one of the niggling little questions I had became, first a full-length short story, then a short (i.e. the length we all grew up on) novel. She even invited *other peoples'* followers to play in her world, an act of stunning generosity I have still not recovered from. I was among them, an immigrant from Darkover fandom.

Then, honor to Aunt Andre, who has kept the home fires of science fiction burning these past forty years; and bless her. May she continue to walk in beauty all her days.✹

***RITES**, continued from Page 19*

Then it usually gets worse. Even as the protagonists cope with their initial grief or trouble, the writer pits them against an overwhelming problem....

And the wonderful thing is that they make it! Each one of Norton's characters faces a test in direct proportion to his or her abilities to cope—and succeeds. This is profoundly satisfying to read. We know that at the end of a Norton novel, a sympathetic character will win through to what he or she most wants....

If the worlds Norton's characters live in really offer them no future, if they're totally barren, then her heroes and heroines find worlds in which they *can* be at home....By the end of the book, each has found a sure place, found friends, love, an end to loneliness, and a purpose within their power to achieve.

That last point is very important. Note that with all these characters, their struggles fall into a larger pattern....You either share the common war, or you die in it. ["Andre Norton: Beyond the Siege Perilous," pp. 7-8]

Myth, fairy tale, and fantasy, too often lumped together as "that fairy-tale stuff," all provide us with images of heroic success—but with essential differences. We expect success for the mythic hero because he is a god and his possibilities and abilities are limitless. We expect success for the fairy-tale hero because it is practically by definition a story about success and we know that no matter how hapless and hopeless he seems when we meet him, he will prove to have the Right Stuff: he is Everykid, for whom the norm is managing somehow to grow up.

But the fantasy hero, because more real, is more problematic. His acts and choices are not inevitable; his powers are not invincible. To achieve his goal, he must walk a path as twisting as Ariadne's clew, as narrow as the swordblade Bridge Perilous, whose ending is shrouded in mist. He must choose his allies carefully, and his enemies even more carefully. And above all else, he must learn to know himself. If he succeeds in this quest, he doesn't get carried off to Olympus or Valhalla, or even marry a princess and live happily ever after. But there lie open to him all the rich possibilities of human life. We live in an age of demythologizing, and we are too old now to believe in fairy tales. Thank God—or the Goddess—that we have Andre Norton to show us the way.

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***WEAVING**, continued from Page 27*

fight with my own sword and wield my own shield in this or any other battle' ": (*Witch World*, p. 203). Her neuroses do not hamper her effectiveness in action.

The contrast between Loyse and the coolly wanton beauty of Aldis, her first husband's mistress, is the most extreme example of a Norton heroine's typical predicament. Norton's heroines are never especially beautiful—their attractiveness lies in character and personality—and they often suffer at the hands of comelier ladies. The author mocks foolish men like the brothers of Elys and Ysmay who fall prey to empty charms.

The Witch World's intrepid and resourceful heroines are superior to their men in some ways. Kyllan is simply not on the same level as his superhuman bride (unless we are to see in their union a happier version of Diana and Endymion). Kemoc lacks certain of Orsya's occult and physical attributes, but they make an even match overall.

Norton emphasizes marriage as an equal partnership: " ' Between us there must never be ruler or ruled,' " says Hilarion to Kaththea (*Sorceress*, p. 217). The serene companionship between Simon and Jaelithe illustrates this marriage of equals splendidly. This is wholly unlike the utilitarian policy of Dinzil toward Kaththea and of Hylle toward Ysmay. It likewise offers a healthy corrective to the antimarital prejudices of the Witches and Falconers and to the plain misogyny of the Kolder.

Expectations of individual men and women clash in "Dragon Scale Silver," a feminist variation on fantasy conventions. Proud Elys the shieldmaiden is annoyed by a soldier's offer to accompany her in her quest for her brother. She feels that Jervon would prove a hindrance because he lacks magical talent, but he manages to resist the enticements of the Dark Old One who had beguiled Elys' brother and lends his strength to break the spell. Elyn is unappreciative of Elys' efforts because he is ashamed of the lust that lured him from the bed of his gorgeous but vapid wife. He hates and fears Elys' witch powers. His wife resents her mastery of arms and is

anxious to get her safely into skirts. Recognizing the futility of further contact, Elys rides back to the wars with Jervon.

Elys' self-reliance is interesting enough but the noteworthy touch in this story is Jervon's attitude. Here is that singular being—a liberated man. His ego is secure; his opinions are unbigoted. He does not feel threatened by anything Elys can do. "Why should one learning be less or more than any other when they are from different sources?" (*Spell of the Witch World*. p. 78). Their companionship rests on mutual respect.

Even stronger feminist sentiments are expressed in *Year of the Unicorn*, the most artistically satisfying book of the series and, indeed, of all Norton's work. This was the author's first attempt to tell a story completely from the heroine's viewpoint, and she found it an exciting challenge to write. She remarks that "in the years since it was first published [1965] I have had many letters from women readers who accepted Gillan with open arms, and I have had masculine readers who hotly resented her." ["On Writing Fantasy," *The Book of Andre Norton*, ed. Roger Elwood, New York: DAW Books, 1974), p. 77.]

Gillan has been fighting all her young life to control her own destiny. She resists pressures to become a nun and chooses to marry a Were Rider partly to spare a weak girl that destiny and partly to seek adventure. Her groom Herrel is the least promising of the Riders, a half-blood scorned by his pack-brothers. Her resistance to illusion and latent witch powers arouse the Riders' enmity. These are wonderworkers who cannot appreciate any wonders save their own.

However, Gillan's indomitable will nearly proves her undoing. She has to suffer incredible hardships before she becomes humble enough to ask for help: "Pride is a great deceiver. We who choose to walk apart from our fellows wear it, not as a cloak, but as an enshelling armor. I who have asked nothing from my fellows—or thought I asked nothing—in that moment I was stripped of a pride which broke and fell from me, leaving me naked and alone" (p. 210).

The Riders' stratagem is to imprison her intransigent soul in another dimension while bending her body to their will, but she and Herrel, acting together, rout them. Imagery and incident match her identity crises perfectly as she moves from "Who was I?" to "Truly I am Gillan" to "We are Gillan and Herrel." Once again full self-realization comes in the loving union of equals. They seek their own path unfettered by family or society.

Color, action, and sympathetic characters make Norton's stories entertaining but it is their vision of personal integrity combined with organic wholeness that especially commends them to our attention. She has a unique gift for "'re-enchanting' us with her creations that renew our linkages to all life." [Rick Brooks, "Andre Norton: Loss of Faith" in *The Book of Andre Norton*, p. 193.]

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[*reprinted in *Lore of the Witch World*]

[This essay originally appeared as the introduction to the 1977 Gregg Press reprinting of the Witch World novels. All page citations are from the Gregg Press editions. Copyright © 1977 by G.K. Hall & Co.

Ms. Miesel appears in *Tales of the Witch World #2*, Tor, mass market (the story's frame of reference is esoteric Buddhism); and will be in *Magic in Ithkar #4*, also Tor, sometime this year. Her novel *Shaman* (Baen Books, paperback, due out October) "is a story, explicitly Norton-based, about a timid librarian who develops psychic powers that allows mental travel in alternate universes."]✹

***NOTES**, continued from Page 35*

of time, with the tracks of hide sandals outlined in dried mud where the natives had wandered in and out. Up these steps they climbed and passed through lines of towering pillars into the interior.

"It would have been dark inside but the builders had roofed the center section with a transparent material so that they could almost believe they still stood in the open.

"Slowly, still in a compact group, they came down an aisle into the very middle of the huge hall. Around them on three sides were sections of seats, divided by narrow aisles, each ending at the floor level in one massive chair on the back of which was carved, in such high relief that time had not worn it away, a symbol. On the fourth side of the chamber was a dais supporting three more of the highbacked chairs of state, the center one raised another step above the other two.

"'Some type of legislative building, do you think?' asked Zicti. 'The presiding officer would sit there." He pointed to the dais.

But Kartr's torch beam fastened on the sign carved on the nearest of the side chairs. As he read it he stood incredulous. Then he flashed the light to illumine the marking on the next seat and the next. He began to run, reading the symbols he knew—knew so well.

"'Deneb, Sirius, Rigel, Capella, Procyon,' He did not realize it, but his voice was rising to a shout as if he were calling a roll—calling such a roll as had not sounded in that chamber for four thousand years or more. 'Betelgeuse, Aldebaran, Pollux—'

"'Regulus,' Smitt was answering him from the other side of the hall, the same

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Andre the Giant

Bastraw's Bastion
by Michael Bastraw

It's "thank-you" time again.

Thanx go out to all the writers and artists who have contributed to the book you now hold in your hands/paws/suckers. And a special thanx to Marge Simon for coming through in the clutch once again with her spiffy/plentiful illustrations.

If (as Anne Braude states in Mathoms) Andre Norton is the Founder of this particular Feast, then Anne, herself, is the very model of the modern capable Caterer. When I was still out playing piano, we had a saying about the procedure for starting a new band: "first you get a Breton." I hereby coin a new maxim: "if you need to do a Niekas Special Publication, start with an article by Anne Braude." Ed and I would like to express our gratitude not only for "Andre Norton's Rites of Passage" but also Anne's editorial direction of *Andre Norton: Fables & Futures*.

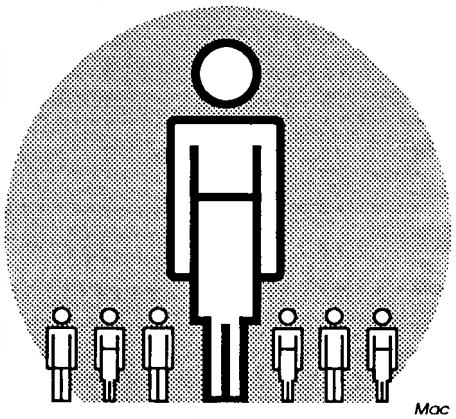
I'm not here to dispute or add substantively to what others have written before me about the *cause celebre* of this book. I would, however, like to reminisce a bit over my first Norton read, *Daybreak—2250 A.D.* (aka *Star Man's Son*).

The post-apocalyptic setting of the story and the strange characters inhabiting that world provide a fertile ground for one of the things that drew me to SF in the first place. Adventure: an exciting and unusual experience (so says *The American Heritage Dictionary*).

I think that is what pulls a lot of young readers into the science fiction fold. Later in life one can pick up a ripping adventure yarn and see what lies below the surface of overt action. But for now/then, it's just the joy of going on a trip through various lands of the uncommon.

Obviously (to me, now) *Daybreak* talks to us about many things of an adult/mundanely important nature: nuclear war, the basis for a society, differing interests breeding differing goals and methods, etc. But, for then, it was more a matter of wanting to see what is around the next bend. I don't mean a metaphorical turning-out-of-view but a real, concrete boundary between the known and unknown.

If Norton has done nothing else for the



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science fiction field, she has surely kept younger readers' attentions focused long enough for them to discover the deeper treasures of not only her own writings but those of others whose works lie waiting on the SF & F shelves.

And there is something to be said for sheer *quantity*—so I'll say it. A ton of spoiled garbage is no more appealing than a bagful. But the larger pile does carry a perverse sort of fascination. Likewise, there is an extra dimension of uniqueness to a pile of perfect diamonds as opposed to just a single perfect gem.

In an ideal world an artist should be able to feel a sense of fulfillment in the creation of one true work of art. (I'll leave the defining of "art" as an exercise for the student.) One masterpiece validates a career as well as several. Norton has achieved not only a high level of excellence in her works but a staggering *quantity* that is sure to be marveled at for years to come.

According to Anne Braude I am a Lapsed Nortonfan. That's a fair cop, I suppose, considering that I can't remember the last story of hers that I read. But, as was the case with our previous Specials, I find myself motivated to action.

I think that I'll go to church next Sunday.✹

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wild excitement in his voice. 'Spica, Vega, Arcturus, Altair, Antares—'

"Now Rolth and Dalgre began to understand in turn.' Fomalhaut, Alphard, Castor, Algol—'

"They added star to star, system to system, in that roll call. In the end they met before the dais. And they fell silent while Kartr, with a reverence and awe he had never known before, raised his torch to give more light to the last of those symbols. That bright one which should gleam in this place was there!

""Terra of Sol.' He read it aloud and the three words seemed to echo more loudly down the hall than any of the shouted names of the kindred stars. 'Terra of Sol—Man's beginning!' "

You will have to read the rest for yourselves. I will say there is much tense excitement still to come as yet another ship comes in.

These are samples. I hope that you will wish now to enjoy all of Andre Norton's work!

P.S.: I almost forgot! Miss Glenn, our new "young adult" librarian, introduced a review of *Judgement on Janus* with this quotation from Dunn's *How to Run a Country, or Kids Write Their Congressmen*:

Senator Karl Mundt
Legislative Branch
Washington, D.C.

Dear Senator Mundt: I have just learned many of our authors are not really who their names claim they are. Just a friendly tip from a boy spy-hunter.

Curt R____

We may wonder, indeed, if Miss Norton has more than terrestrial ancestry to write so well of extraterrestrial matters.

[This article is based on a talk given at the 8 Nov 1963 meeting of the San Francisco-based Elves, Gnomes, and Little Men's Science Fiction, Marching and Chowder Society. It originally appeared in NIEKAS 8, March 1964.]✹

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