



## Tarnsman of Gor

*John Norman*

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## **Tarnsman of Gor** John Norman

Tarl Cabot has always believed himself to be a citizen of earth. He has no inkling that his destiny is far greater than the small planet he has inhabited for the first twenty-odd years of his life. One frosty winter night in the New England woods, he finds himself transported to the planet of Gor, also known as counter-earth, where everything is dramatically different from anything he has ever experienced. It emerges that Tarl is to be trained as a Tarnsman, one of the most honored positions in the rigid, caste-bound Gorian society. He is disciplined by the best teachers and warriors that Gor has to offer. . . but to what end?

## **Tarnsman of Gor Details**

Date : Published April 1st 2014 by Open Road Media (first published 1967)

ISBN :

Author : John Norman

Format : Kindle Edition 210 pages

Genre : Fantasy, Science Fiction, Fiction, Adult Fiction, Erotica, BdsM

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## From Reader Review Tarnsman of Gor for online ebook

### David says

All right, I admit it; I read these books (the first few, anyway) when I was a teenager. John Norman's "alternate-Earth" is one of those series that every SF/fantasy fan (or at least, every guy) has probably read, but no one wants to admit it, or else you have to layer lots of disclaimers, like I'm doing. Yes, they're horribly misogynistic, cheesy, and just badly written, for the most part, and the most memorable thing about them is the Frazetta covers.

That said, the first three or four books were fairly typical swords-and-sorcery\* in the tradition of Edgar Rice Burroughs's *John Carter of Mars*. There was slavery, yes (and it wasn't just women being enslaved), but the naked slavegirls were an almost incidental part of the world; there was just enough mention of them to be titillating to the teen boys this series mostly appeals to. Most of the story was about Norman's ~~self-insert~~ Gary Stu hero fighting evil warlords, riding giant birds, and eventually, discovering the true masters of Gor.

Somewhere around book five or six, maybe (I don't know exactly; I never got that far into the series and have only skimmed later books), Norman seemed to abandon plot entirely in most of his books, and every new Gor novel became an extended S&M fantasy in which the author rants about how feminism has emasculated Earth society and every woman's true heart's desire is to be a man's possession. And he goes on for page after tiring page in this vein.

I maintain the first few Gor novels are readable if you're really into the genre. But the series goes off the rails pretty quickly, so if you're caught reading the later books, you deserve all the sneers you'll get.

\* Strictly speaking, there is no sorcery: there's no actual magic on Gor, and later on we find out about advanced alien races, so technically, this is a sci-fi series, not fantasy. However, the tone and the setting is much more S&S fantasy than sci-fi.

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### Arya \*Bibliomaniac!\* Fraser Stark says

Ok...this one was surprisingly good.

Like. GOOD.

Yes there's a lack of real description, character emotions, and the pace was fast. But dammit, I LIKED it. It was short and refreshing.

I know lots of readers are like "boo slavery of woman", etc, and I can't agree. We're comparing our own morals to that of the counter earth, where it's morals are much *countered* to ours. And Tarl admitted it was unseemly, and pret-ty sure that he didn't keep a slave himself, if not only faking it for the woman he loved and his own self preservation.

So I saw nothing wrong with it. Besides...decades ago, us Earthlings weren't so different, hm?

This does NOT mean I condone slavery, or woman sexism. Hells to the no. But for the book, it was appropriate. Hate me if you wish, I'll send my sable tarn at you.

Overall, I was left pleasantly impressed, and desiring my own tarn now.

Time to play some Ark. Close as it gets.

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## Stephen says

[... *The following was discovered by investigators at the scene of the Tarnsman Incident in late April, 2011. The narrative report is reproduced in its entirety and a transcription of the audio recording made by Officer Honcho is reproduced to the extent possible...*]

### **GOODREADS LITERARY POLICE REPORT**

**CASE No. TBD**

**OFFICER: Mike Honcho**

**DATE: April 29, 2011**

NARRATIVE REPORT (Draft only....not for official release)

At approximately 06:15 am, I was ~~shaking down hookers~~ on routine patrol on Robert E. Howard Blvd. when I noticed what appeared to be a white male lying in front of Giganta's Bookstore. ~~After cursing at the prospect of having to waste my night doing paperwork because some Fucktard got jacked,~~ I proceeded on Segway ~~after finishing my beer~~ to the victim's location and found a white male, age 35-45, lying face down and immobile in pool of his own sick. After donning a hazard suit ~~because there is just no way I was touching him,~~ I proceeded to roll the victim over and determined that he was alive. However he was non-responsive to both visual and audible stimuli and appeared to be in a state of severe shock (see artist sketch of victim below)

I performed a casual inspection of his person looking for ~~money~~ signs of injury and found \$175 \$75 none. The only item found on the victim ~~besides a flask of Huckleberry Vodka~~ was what appeared to be old copy of paperback novel. I picked up the book and began to inspect it.

As I touched it and stared at the cover, I began to feel very strange. It is difficult to describe. I felt ....sort of...dirty and...soiled... like I needed a shower to wash some unseen filth away... I realize this does not make sense, but it is the most accurate description of the feeling that I can report.

Title on the cover was *Tarnsman of Gor* and as a read the words a second wave of emotion, more intense than the first, washed over me. Extreme and powerful feelings of intense...stupidity...as if my brain was shrinking...Also, even stronger feelings of dirtiness returned as well as sharp pangs of severe shame and an almost uncontrollable urge to call my parents and apologize for letting them down...though I couldn't pinpoint exactly why.

After taking a moment to compose myself, I continued to inspect the cover of the paperback and noticed the

cover art.....severe wave of...of...sliminess invaded body and I staggered back. The picture on the cover showed a greased up hunky man in a loincloth holding a large sword out from his waist like a big penis, while a half-naked woman was bound with head down on her knees...(See Photo below)

I staggered.....

Next thing I knew I had lost consciousness and dropped the book. As I recovered, I noticed that my self-respect was noticeably less than it had been mere moments before. I felt smaller...emptier.... I felt like I wanted to disappear inside myself and run away from the world. I knew I needed to inspect the inside of the book and thought about waiting for back-up. However, I think the book was already affecting me as I decided to proceed alone... I just did not want anyone else to see me feeling like I did.

[.....at this point, the written narrative report stopped and Officer Honcho proceeded to dictate...]

*[Partial Transcript of Dictated Report]*

I'm picking up the book again trying my best to avoid looking at the demented bondage/fellatio porn cover...oh God, I saw it again...shit.I am closing my eyes...funny, with my eyes closed the book feels warm and, uh, cheesy, almost, um, like soft Velveeta. I'm beginning to suspect what has happened to the victim and I know I should wait for back-up, but the book has affected me enough that I feel like such a cheap, stupid piece of shit. I just no longer care about life...I just want it to be over...

I will open the book and attempt to read passages from it....Page 93\*\*\*...it says:

*'Then, to my astonishment, the daughter of the Ubar Marlenus, daughter of the Ubar of Ar, knelt before me, a simple warrior of Ko-ro-ba, and lowered her head, lifting and extending her arms, wrists crossed. It was the submission of the captive female.'*

...Oh God.....THE HORROR....THE HORROR. I must continue...

**\*\*\*Note that at this point, Officer Honcho became extremely agitated while reading but the transcript has been altered to attempt to quote the words without the gasps, vomiting and screams of pain uttered during Officer Honcho's reading....also it should be noted that the accuracy of the quotes has not yet been ascertained as no one is willing to examine the inside of the book to verify.**

Page 109...

*'I can force you to take me,' she said. 'How?' I asked. 'Like this,' she responded, kneeling before me, lowering her head and lifting her arms, the wrists crossed. She laughed*

...HOLY FUCK...ALMOST THE SAME...ONLY WORSE....HOW CAN.....WORLD.... TOLERATE SUCH EVIL AS THIS...Have to go on...it must end here...

Page 191...

*A golden tarn disk was a small fortune. It would buy one of the great birds themselves, or as many as five slave girls*

...Reading these words I have now lost all desire to live among my fellow man and feel my grip on reality

slipping....what is that...am seeing...HUMAN CENTIPEDE...coming towards me....

Page 216...

*That night, that glorious night, was a night of flowers, torches, and Ka-la-na wine, and late, after sweet hours of love, we fell asleep in each other's arms....*

**[From here, Officer Honcho appears to have lost control and the rest of the transcript was gibberish...the following is a sample].**.....PETER PETER, PUMPKIN EATER, HAD A WIFE AND COULDN'T KEEP HER, PUT HE IN A SHOTGUN SHELL, AND SHOT HER STRAIGHT TO...THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM NANTUCKET, WHOSE.....HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MR. PRESIDENT...I'M POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN...SHAKE AND BAKE...TALK TO ME GOOSE....ICEMAN, I AM DANGEROUS...I WILL GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A HAMBURGER TODAY...BADGES, BADGES, WE DON'T NEED NO STINKING BADGES...I'LL BE BACK...THEY TOOK THE BAR, THE WHOLE FUCKING BAR...YIPPY KI AYE MOTHER FUCKER...I'M OUT OF ORDER...YOUR OUT OF ORDER...THIS WHOLE GODDAM COURTROOM IS OUT OF ORDER...NEVER ASK ME ABOUT MY BUSINESS....YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH...YOU HAD ME AT HELLO...KEVIN!!!!...IT'S A SHARK...ET PHONE HOME...THE FORCE IS STRONG WITH THIS ONE...NEVER RAT ON YOUR FRIENDS AND ALWAYS KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT....SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND...ROSEBUD, ROSEBUD....

**[Transcript continued on for another 30 minutes like that and then ends abruptly...]**

*...Officer Honcho was found lying next to the victim, later identified as George McFly, in a state of intense shock and non-responsive to external stimuli. Both victims have since been hospitalized and are in stable condition. Hospital personnel are reading to them works by Tolstoy, Austen and Mieville in the hopes that they can be reached and given a reason to come back to the world.*

*If you, or anyone you love, has a copy of this book in your possession...DO NOT APPROACH IT....do not open it...do not look at it...leave the area immediately and call the Goodreads Literary Police.*

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## **Peter Meredith says**

Fifty shades of looking at things from the flip side!

Ok this was just a bit of a joke review. My fifteen year old self gave this five stars. I mean look at the hottie on the cover! What more does a boy need? Now thirty years later, it's only four and half stars. Now that's a little something I like to call maturing.

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## **J.G. Keely says**

The first of the infamous S&M fantasy series of the world of Gor is a rather unremarkable adventure book. Taking cue from Burroughs' John Carter of Mars, Norman gives us an Earthling sent to survive on savage, alien world. However, instead of John Carter, a cowboy and Civil War vet right out of Wister's 'The Virginian', Norman's hero is a mild-mannered British professor.

His transformation from comical figure to unrivaled warrior is swift and inexplicable. Such a man might learn to become a soldier, to wield a sword, but that isn't good enough for Norman. His hero becomes literally the greatest soldier and swordsmen on his new, savage home.

However, Norman does not want us to question his plot or characters. He gives us a wild, melodramatic, unbelievable adventure without a hint of lightheartedness. Indeed, Norman seems to take every moment seriously, and with a swaggering machismo that dares us to laugh at it.

When Terb son of Terb (trained by Terb the viking to be a Terb-rider) defeats a dozen armed men with his arms literally tied behind his back, we are supposed to soberly marvel at his manliness. We are also meant to maintain this awe through a whole book-full of similarly unbelievable battles. This isn't to say that the fight scenes aren't fun, just that the author doesn't think they should be.

There is also the training of the giant death-birds that the protagonist learns to ride. The birds are vicious and prone to attacking and even eating their riders. To combat this, the riders use handheld tasers to discipline the birds. There are two problems with this.

Firstly, we can imagine that training these birds would be akin to training a large predator, that is, a predator large enough to consider us prey. We can train cats and dogs pretty easily, since they don't consider us to be 'on the menu', but training these birds would be more like training a tiger. This can be done, but it's an imprecise science, as even after years of familiarity and training, even a hand-raised tiger can turn on its handler.

Beyond that, we don't train them by taser, since this would tend to provoke a fear reaction in the animal. This means the animal is either going to run or fight you. This brings us to the second problem: these are birds.

If you threaten a bird, it will just fly away from you and that's the end. Training falcons requires them to see you as the primary source of food, and this training is difficult to maintain. Even well-trained falcons will sometimes just fly off when released to hunt, and then you have to chase the thing down, isolate it, and net it. Now imagine that you're trying to chase and net an escaped tiger.

The training should have looked like a combination between how we train large predators like tigers and how we train animals which could easily evade us at any moment, like falcons or dolphins. Norman fails to do the work necessary to present animal training properly, but in this failure, we get an insight into his character.

The book, like many others of the genre, shows a very simplistic view of power dynamic. Animals, enemies, and women can only be dominated. He has no sense of politics, machination, friendship, or any other subtle form of human interaction. He treats all things with an iron fist, and it always works out. It is the inescapable fantasy of the powerless man: that if he were only mighty enough, he could punch anything into submission, be it pet, friend, rival, or romantic interest. Which brings us back to sex slavery:

The first book only lightly enters into the recurring theme of female sex slavery which comes to define the series. That every woman in the book is a slave at one point or another, and is helplessly in need of a man despite her strong will comes only as a minor annoyance in this book rather than the overpowering obsession parodied in the classic *Houseplants of Gor*.

The insecurities of the author become all-too-blatant as one reads on. Firstly, Norman requires the fantastical escapism of a hero who is a simple, bookish man (with mommy issues) who becomes an unstoppable killing force (and lover) beholden to no man or god. Beyond this, he also feels a need to conduct himself with a no-

nonsense, manly rationalism worthy of Hemingway. Either one alone might be workable, but the schizophrenic conflict between realism and hyperbole becomes a constant strain on the book's tone.

The plot is also so circular and serendipitous that it's painful. Constant coincidence moves things along at a clip, with little draughtsmanship to redeem it. Like a Victorian Romance, every character returns at the climax, everyone ends up married and happy, and all the bad guys get defeated. Everything is neatly accounted for in an avalanche of detailed explanations, so much so that the ever-piling climax had me laughing aloud with each new addition.

It is not only his plots but his romanticism which resembles Victorian dime novels: his hero is an ideal in honesty, love, and purity, as well as swordsmanship and will. Not only will his somber superman enact a master-slave relationship with his chosen mate, but that relationship will be a pure and courtly love, undying and perfect. Tarb (Tarb-riding son of Tarb) frees every enslaved woman he finds only to make conspicuous that he then enslaves them utterly with the purity of his heart's love.

It's not enough to enslave a woman, or even to do so against her histrionic strong will, she must also be enslaved by her own desires and emotions, since the chain will never be strong enough. Of course, it shouldn't surprise us that Norman sees love as slavery, because only complete emotional control of a woman can overcome his personal insecurities.

Of course, in that, Norman follows the unbalanced ideals of many marriages and relationships: one need not live on far-off Gor to think that romance may be secured by the simple application of a jeweled band of gold. Nor is this unbalanced sexual dynamic uncommon in the fantasy genre.

The writing isn't bad, and can even be evocative and exciting when not stuck in repetitive digressions on the world and Norman's philosophies (As amusingly parodied here). Sad to say, Norman's prose often shows more talent than most modern fantasy authors, even as his insecurities grow increasingly awkward.

It's like a guy who acts big and tough, except once you were hanging out and he tore his pants on a fence and you saw that he has a tattoo of a cartoon poodle on his thigh. If he showed it off and proudly admitted liking cartoon poodles, that would be one thing, but he's never mentioned it, and he always wears long pants, and you just remembered when he declined to go skinny dipping and just stood on the beach skipping rocks.

But now you've seen it, and you can't unsee it. Did he notice you looking? It doesn't matter, because you'll never buy the macho-man routine again, if you ever really did. The illusion is broken.

*Don't Miss Terb 2: Terb vs. the Blood Lesbians!*

My Fantasy Book Suggestions

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## **Ryan says**

### The Good:

The setting is detailed and quite interesting. Action and adventure abound. There were some cool ideas but this book is over fifty years old, and I'm sure they've all been done either before or since.

### The Bad:



I'm not one to jump on the latest fashions in political ideas but the portrayal of women here is indeed cringeworthy. There is a frustrating amount of simplistic philosophy, and the implausible protagonist lacks charisma.

'Friends' character the protagonist is most like:

Tarl Cabot is the best at everything, plus more moral and rational than anyone else. Chandler got caught once masturbating, so that's the obvious comparison.

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### **Daniel says**

Okej moram da priznam knjiga je bolja nego sto sam ocekivao, a sobzirom kolko su mi mala bila ocekivanja i ova ocena je odlicna. Samo delo po meni predstavlja manje vise kopiju John Cartera (transportovan na drugi svet gde postaje heroj, osvaja zenu svog zivota, bude vracen na zemlju itd) i kao takvo fino se poigrava sa takvim temama ali na kraju ipak dosta slabije delo pa samim tim sumnjam da cu nastaviti sa serijalom.

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### **Felicia says**

I can't remember these books very well other than they were horribly sexist and I had to hide from my Mom when I read them. I think if I went back to read them again I'd be shocked and horrified, so I will leave it to my teenage affection and not sully the memory of enjoying the smut.

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### **J.M. says**

This was my secret indulgence and, boy-oh-boy, how my fantasy consumption had suddenly gone wayward, from Tolkien to Lloyd Alexander to John Norman? Indeed! It's like a well-bred Catholic schoolboy (which I was) was suddenly found loitering outside the local canteen bumming smokes.

Anyhow... there it was. TARNSMAN OF GOR. Sitting on the bookshelf, beckoning me to pick it up. Earth man Tarl Cabot is transported to a fantasy world where he rides flying tarns, duels with swords, and protects beautiful slave women! Too much for my 14-year-old brain to resist.

As stated, up until then, fantasy consisted purely of Tolkien's Middle-Earth and Alexander's Prydain. Now I was beginning to branch out and discover the more lurid side of the genre. My adolescent attentions were captured by the striking Vallejo cover, then my mind was affixed by Norman's subject matter as I stood in the aisle at the Little Professor bookstore (RIP) and devoured passages. I plunked down some crumpled cash, unwilling to meet the cashier's gaze, took it home, and kept it hidden away from my parents. I went on reading several of Norman's Gor series, spending allowance and lawn-mowing money to purchase one on a high-weekly basis. Adding to the fun was the fact that I managed to get the girl-next-door interested (she was 14, too) and so after I read each book I'd give them to her and we'd eventually have our own little private summertime book club on her porch swing, discussing the adventures of Tarl Cabot, his menagerie of slave girls, and his constant struggles against the grotesque and relentless Priest-Kings of Gor.

What a fun and surreptitious bit of nostalgia. I suspect if I read this series now it would lose a star, maybe two, but my high rating is based not just on the book itself, but the youthful and buddingly pubescent

memories it evokes.

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## **Kat Hooper says**

ORIGINALLY POSTED AT Fantasy Literature.

While walking in a New Hampshire forest, college professor Tarl Cabot unexpectedly receives a strange communication from his long-lost father. Suddenly he is whisked away by spaceship to Gor, the Counter-Earth, a planet which we never see because it lives on the other side of the sun. Its powerful priest-kings have been able to shield it from even our theoretical view and, though the society seems primitive, its aloof rulers seem to be hoarding and selectively doling out secret knowledge and technological advances (such as spaceships and advanced medical and communication techniques).

After Tarl Cabot meets his father, he is thoroughly educated in the Gorean language, history, and customs, and trained as a Tarnsman (a warrior who rides the huge carnivorous flying Tarns). Gor's caste system doesn't sit well with Professor Cabot's 20th century Earth ideas and, at least at first, he's especially appalled that Goreans keep slaves and even have them branded, collared, and leashed. Though not prevalent in this first book, there is a caste of pleasure slaves whose prominence in future books have given the Gorean Saga its reputation and made it a cult classic. But when Tarl is given a dangerous mission, he finds out that not all women on Gor are weak and submissive!

Tarnsman of Gor (originally published in 1967) is quintessential male-oriented sword & sorcery fantasy: intelligent but modest Earth man goes to another planet where he's suddenly courageous, powerful, and important and he whoops up on all male challengers. He meets women who are a lot more exotic and exciting than any Earth women he knows and they may be wearing collars and leashes and it's acceptable to drag them around by their hair. I couldn't help but chuckle when one feisty woman who was wearing a veil and heavy voluminous robes gets muddy and ends up stripped to her silk slip which has to have a couple of inches removed at the bottom when a bandage is needed. Oh, yeah, and against his original ethics, Tarl occasionally has to tie her up (but she definitely deserves it, and maybe she even likes it).

So far (I have not read further in this series), I find John Norman's treatment of the male-master/female-slave theme much more palatable than that which I recently encountered in Christine Feehan's Dark Prince. Norman's women (so far) are not only beautiful, but intelligent, strong, and brave. Some of them are forced to be slaves because of their circumstances and their society. That is, they wouldn't actually choose to be submissive unless it were temporary and on their terms which, of course, doesn't really make sense (that we can choose when to be slaves), but is how we want it nonetheless.

I listened to Tarnsman of Gor on audio, narrated by the very pleasant Ralph Lister who has a lively energetic tone appropriate for this action-packed novel. The story is told in first person by Tarl Cabot as if he's relating his adventure to his friends at the dinner table. So we only know he's astounded, afraid, enraged, in love, etc. because he tells us he's astounded, afraid, enraged, in love, etc. We don't really feel it. Thus, there's not much emotional depth (or any other kind of depth) to Tarnsman of Gor, but it's fast and fun and most likely appealing to young men and to women who find it amusing to discover what entertains (or what we assume entertains) young men.

[www.fantasyliterature.com](http://www.fantasyliterature.com)

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## **Paul Johnson says**

There seems to be 2 types of people reviewing this book:

- 1) Those who have read it many years ago as a teenager but are afraid to give an honest review as they have teenage kids now and spouses who may not like what they really thought about it at the time.
- 2) Those with an agenda - as this book was a controversy back in the bra burning days...

It seems as though women can read historical romance novels full of sex scenes and tight corsets and restrictive clothing that was nothing less than a lacy form of female bondage - that involve women being bought and sold through arranged marriages under a very dominant male society, but God forbid it if guys want to read the same thing under their own genre, whether or not they actually take that stuff seriously!

I really liked it and I think it would be less controversial for first time readers today as people have grown up a little bit since the bra burning era of the late 60's and 70's. Taken for what it is, it is just a fantasy...

I found it a refreshing change from the constant stream of politically correct nonsense coming out of publishing houses today.

Yes, girls in this book are bought and sold like property and there isn't a single female in this book who isn't wearing a dog collar or a pair of shackles or isn't being led about on a leash. Though if you actually read the book, the main character wants to stop all that, though the girls (probably thanks to Stockholm syndrome) appear to not want it to stop.

It is an exciting and easy read with plenty of sword action. The story is simple, Beowulfian, bad guy fights evil, saves a princess, becomes a hero, type storyline, but it's a fascinating world that Norman has painted and is well worth the couple of afternoons it will take you to read this short novel.

Many have compared this writer's style to the Edgar Rice Burroughs "Mars" novels, yet in the same breath berate this book for it's obvious bondage streak, yet Edgar Rice Burroughs' books had an openly pro-nudist stance. Mars could have been considered a nudist planet - by his writings. I see nothing wrong with writing about a planet of slave girls if it is a fantasy and is viewed as such by the reader.

Yes... You might want to talk with your son/daughter if you find this book tucked under his/her mattress. Though it's probably not as bad as some of the stuff teenage kids are reading today. I would think it would be far less of an influence on your teen than perhaps "Twilight" (aka: politically correct and wussified vampires)...

It's pretty tame book by today's standards.

In your imagination while you read, there will be:

Brief nudity

Adult situations

Female bondage and female submission

Mild sexual content

Torture

Graphic Violence

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## AC says

Once upon a time (1994 to be exact) an adolescent boy and his brother, both fond of reading, were taken to a second hand store by their mother and pointed to the used book shelf where paperbacks were sold for only .25 cents a piece. The youngest of the two boys, who was eleven at the time, searched through the books until he found one that snagged his eye... "Tarnsman of Gor." When he presented his choice of reading material to his mother he was promptly scolded and told that that book was positively demonic and would brainwash him into a sexist, male-chauvinist, drooling maniac. Needless to say the boy went home with a much better book by his mother's estimation, Peter Benchley's "Jaws."

Ok, so that is the true story of everything I knew about the Gor series up until recently. I had heard the usual horror stories of sexism, BDSM, ect., and figured I'd stay away. But a few days ago, with my heart pounding out of fear I'd be caught, I gave into that same curiosity I had as a kid and finally read this book and its companion volume "Outlaw of Gor."

What we have is a Sword and Planet adventure of the highest magnitude. Yes its highly derivative of John Carter of Mars, but that's the whole point of the Sword and Planet genre, all efforts at making it "fresh" just don't work, what can I say? You can't reinvent the wheel, so stick with what works. And work it does! This book captivated me so much I read it through in one sitting with only a short break in the middle. I really can't see where any of the criticism leveled against this book has its basis, other than people who take a look at the already exaggerated cover art and exaggerate it even further.

I think that social activists thrive on controlling what other people do, whether its what I feed my kids, to what I watch on tv, or what kind of car I drive. The goal of transforming the world into a "utopia" of hybrid driving, granola munching, medicinal marijuana-smoking, hackysack playing, emasculated hippies and clip haired feminists proceeds with gusto. And, sadly, imaginative entertainment that extols the virtues of honor, integrity, and valor must be swept away because the author has chosen to lace his novels with an indictment of feminism and liberalism in the form of unique Gorean cultural element: female slavery. Maybe someday I'll become a convert to the cause of the New Humanity and climb up an Ivory Tower and bloviate about believability, plot development ect, when really I'm just pissed that John Norman has the audacity to criticize the sacred Social Change that I have dedicated my life to.

All in all this book was amazing, and the informal censorship that this series has faced is ridiculous. I certainly don't agree with what some of the more obsessed fans of the series do (ie try to live out the Gorean society in real life), but if the hard core "Trekkies" don't keep one from occasionally enjoying a Star Trek movie or TV show, why should the hard core "Goreans" keep one from occasionally enjoying a Gor novel?

"Tarnsman of Gor" introduces the reader to an imaginative, well crafted, and savage world that pulsates with romance and adventure. I heartily recommend this book to any fans of the Sword and Planet genre and to anyone who wants to read something that is truly unique and inspiring.

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## Joshua Keezer says

I have two very good reasons as to why this book has a two star rating.

First reason: The author can spell words correctly and understands basic grammar.

Second reason: One star books are best left to disappear into the void. The Tarnsman of Gor deserves to continue to exist. In fact, I think it should be required reading. This book should be the epitome of misogynistic literature. It needs to be the piece of literature (if you can call it that) that we use ten, a hundred, a thousand years down the road to show a future society why feminists are needed in society. If you have not read this book, you cannot begin to imagine the horrendous levels of misogyny in this book. Instead, I'll leave you with this one gem:

A woman, depicted to be on the highest tier of beauty and from a noble house, as a slave has a sale price of 45 units of currency if you have a good sale.

A warrior, who can be defeated by the protagonist that has not had a lifelong of training, is paid 80 units of currency for his services on a trade run.

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### **Stephen Collins says**

Before George R R Martin had lifted a pen was The Gor books now classed as Bondage fantasy sexist books but back when I was 13ys old I never heard Master & Slave these highly sexist books were good fun & don't care what anyone says they were just the thing after Conan or Edgar Rice Burroughs.

I have not seen any floating around since 1990s but I am sure if look around they be available. As for been erotic it's no worse Than 50shades but if it's to sexist you can always not read it.

Over 34books in this series but the first 1-12 are the best

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### **Thomas says**

Ah, yes... the Gor series. At first it was just sort of Nietzschean-Burroughsian sword-and-sandal escapism with an overtone of sexist-pigotry, but then he spun off into porno world-building. Not that I don't like porn (I do), but the series became increasingly bizarre and the author's sexual obsessions got more and more obvious as the series progressed. It is kind of like watching a slow-motion train wreck.

If he'd written them as porn, he would have been long since forgotten; I'm still pretty amazed that a mainstream publisher ever published these. It's all astonishingly Burroughsian and kinky at the same time.

Truth be told, I love these books -- I think Norman's writing is pulpy and effective and the stories cook along at a brisk pace. I think the action sequences work and the politics and world-building are WAY less clunky and boneheaded than that of ERB -- in fact, I think Norman's universe is actually pretty fun even taking the SM out of the equation. I find them enjoyable and fun. And Tarnsman of Gor is my favorite among them.

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