

ART OF GOR

MICHAEL MANNING'S VISION



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Authorised and based on the Gorean books of John Norman

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Do not ask the stones or the trees how to live; they cannot tell you; they do not have tongues.

Do not ask the wise man how to live, for, if he knows, he will know he cannot tell you.

If you would learn how to live, do not ask the question.

Its answer is not in the question but in the answer, which is not in words.

Do not ask how to live, but, instead, proceed to do so.

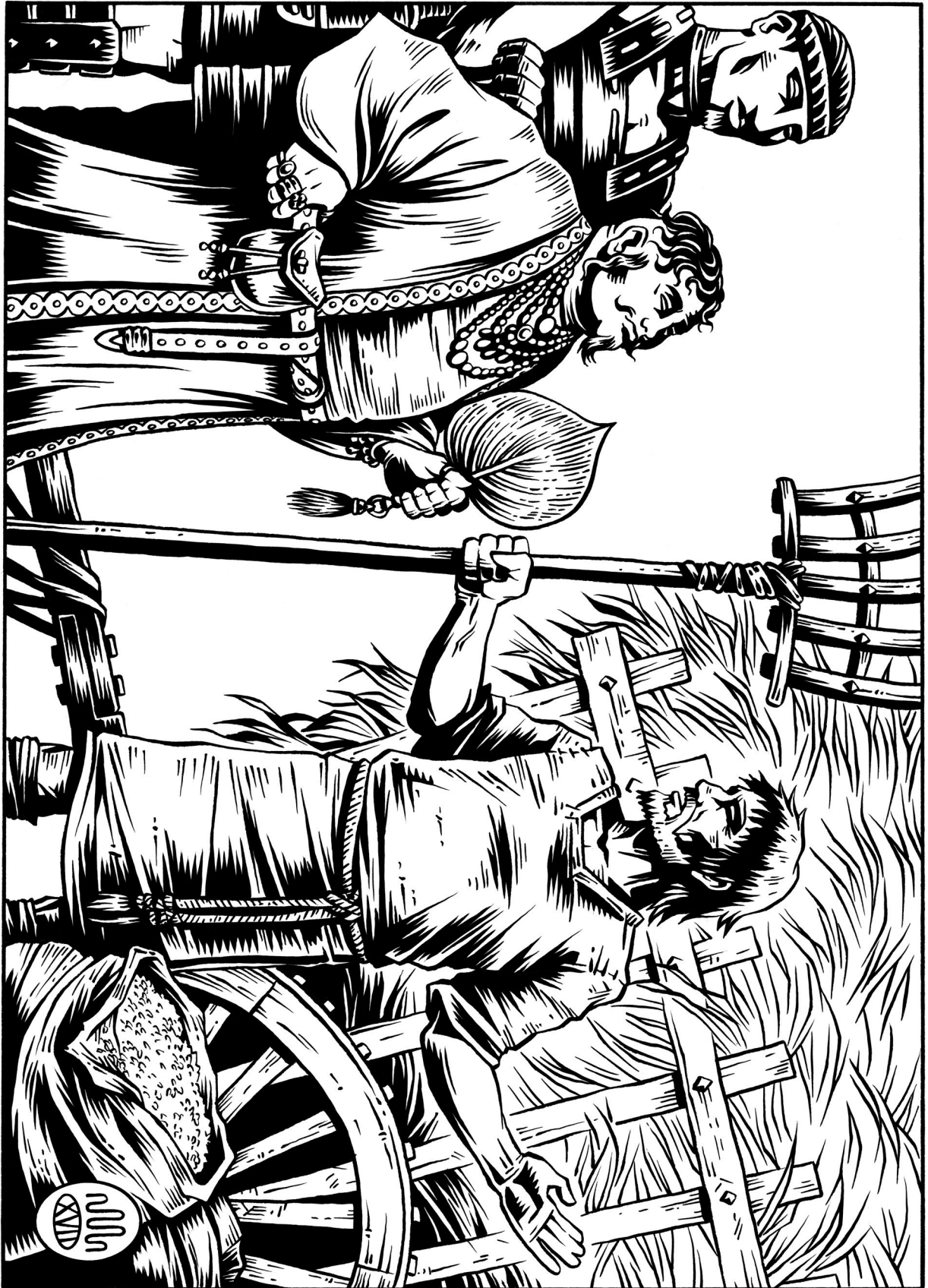
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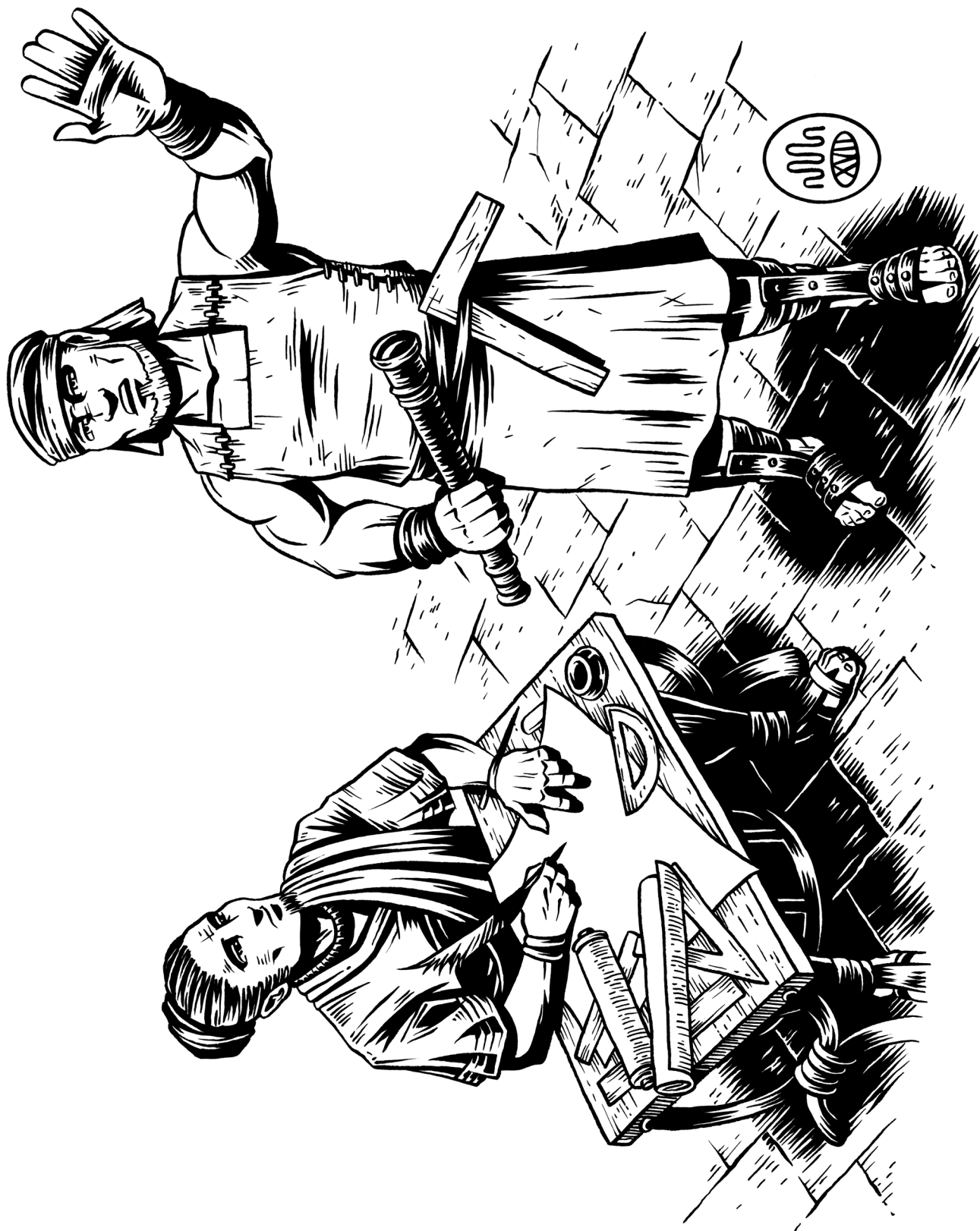
The Gorean Roleplaying Game can be purchased from Amazon, Lulu or RPGNOW.com



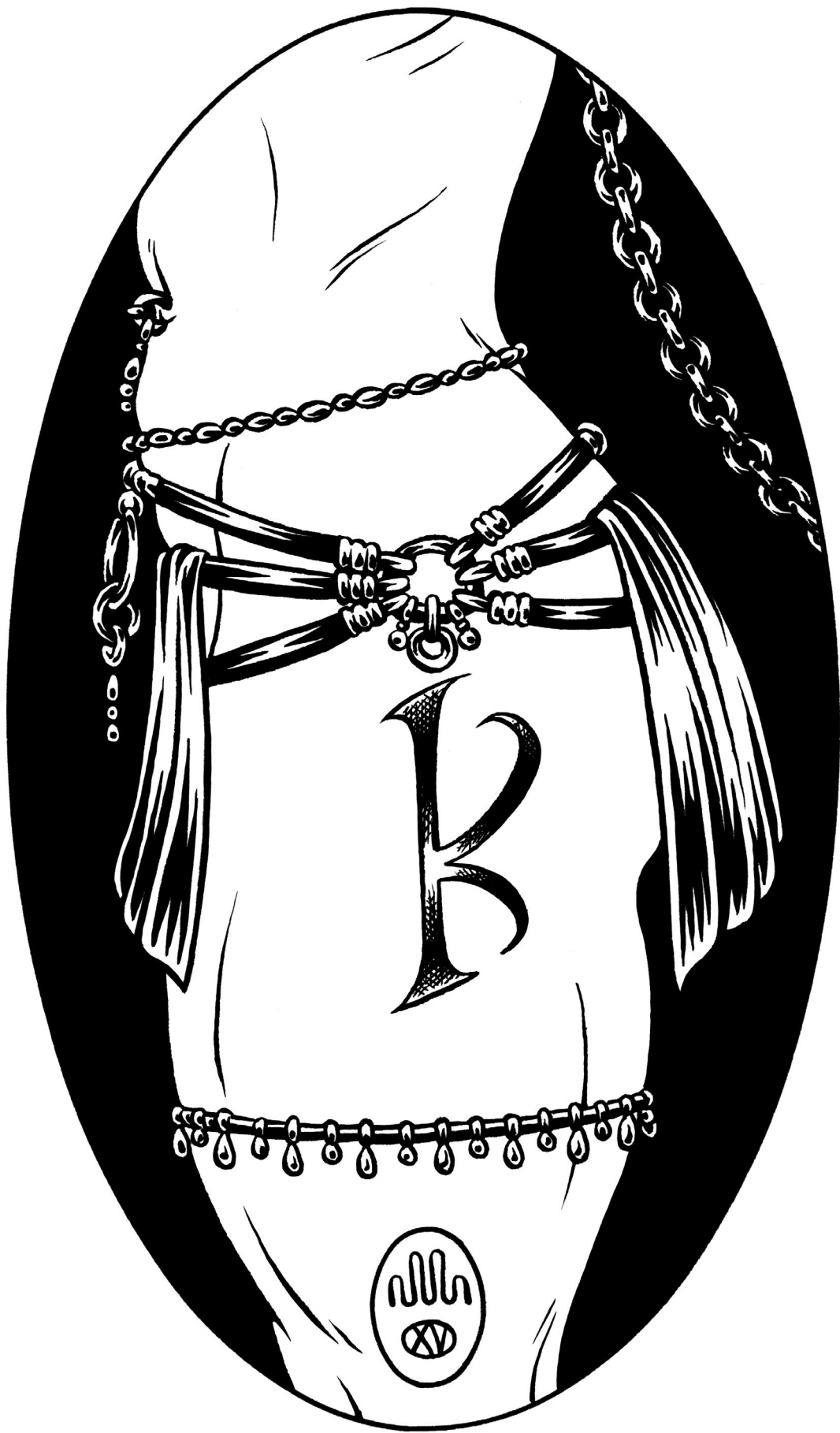


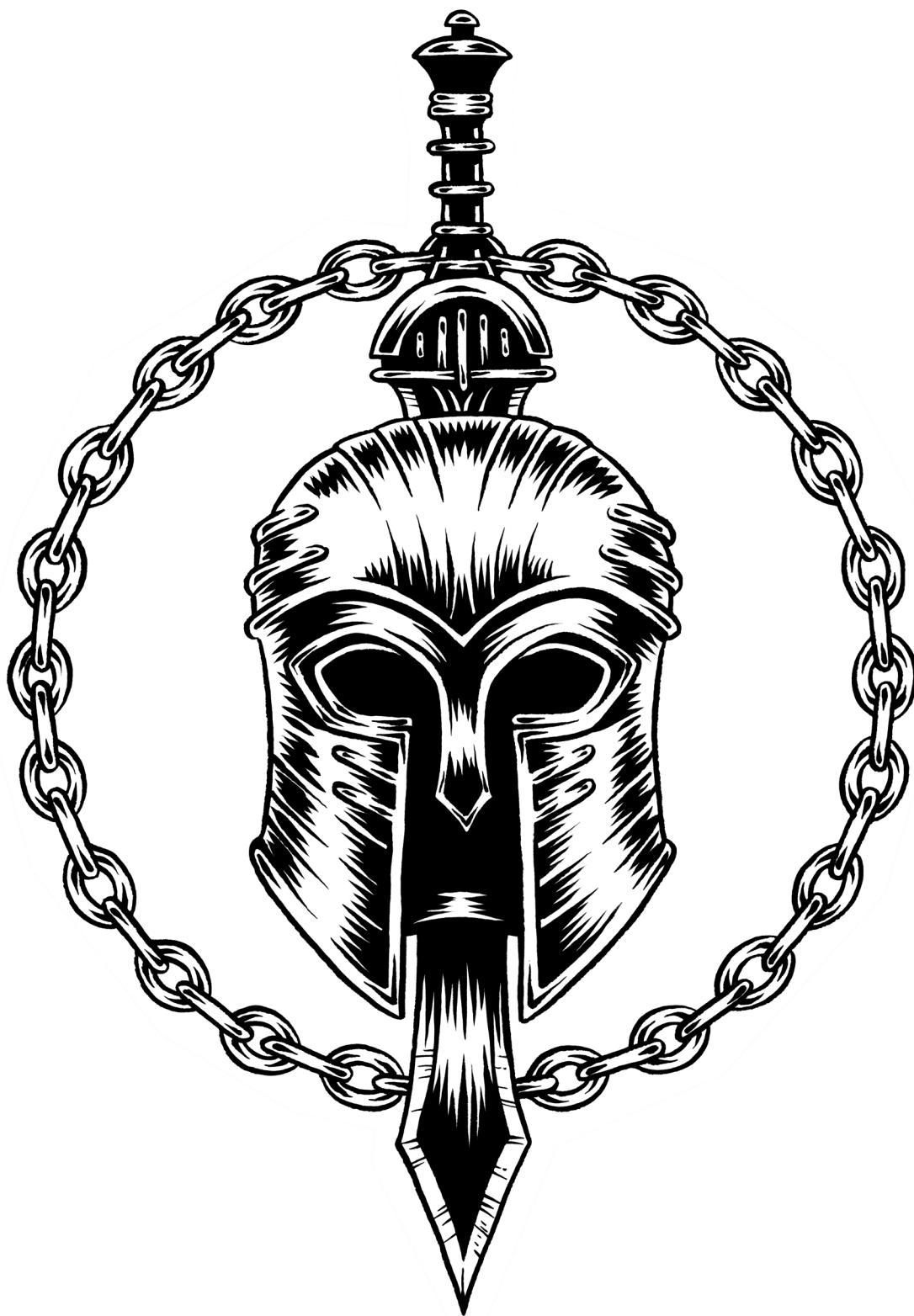




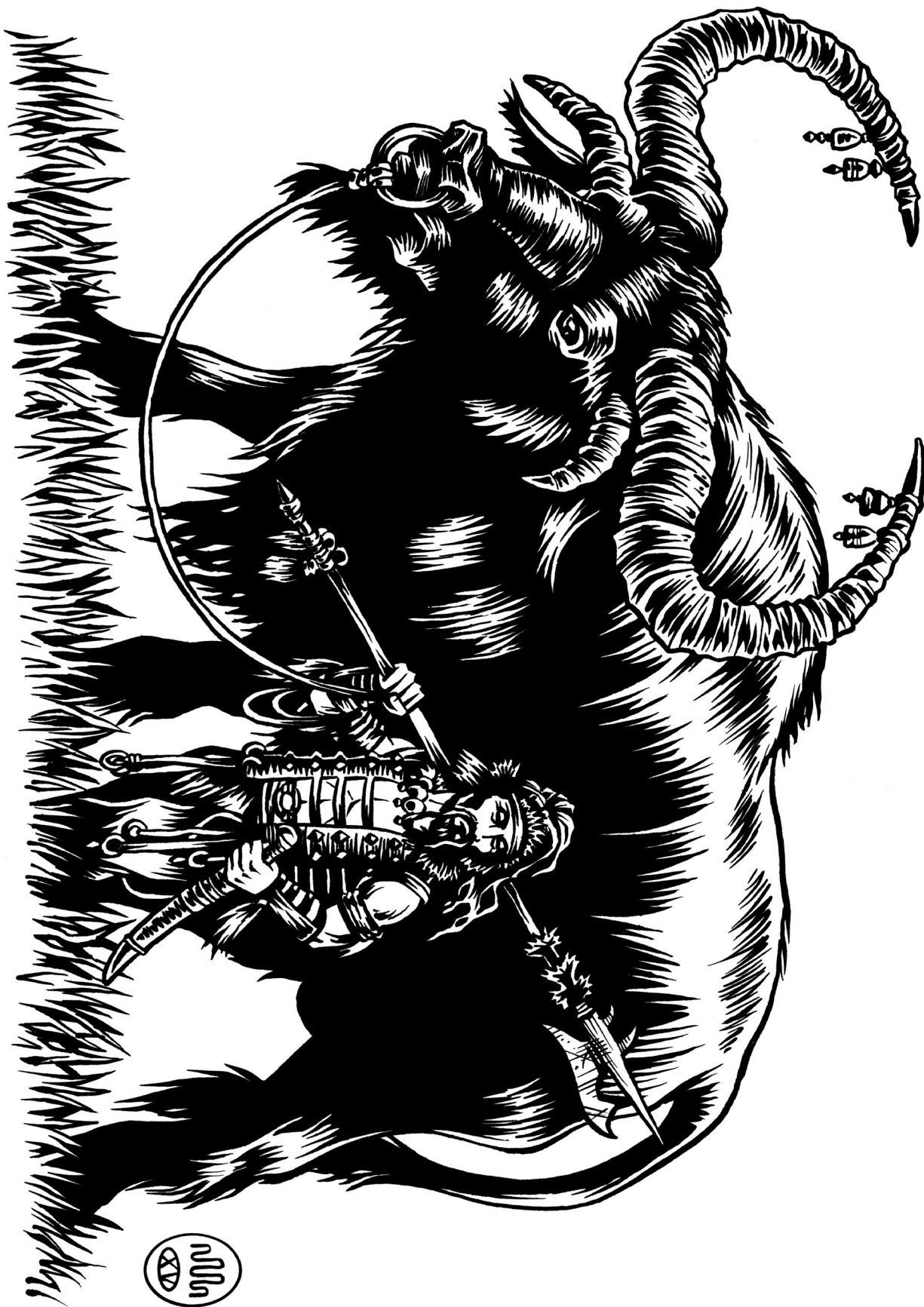


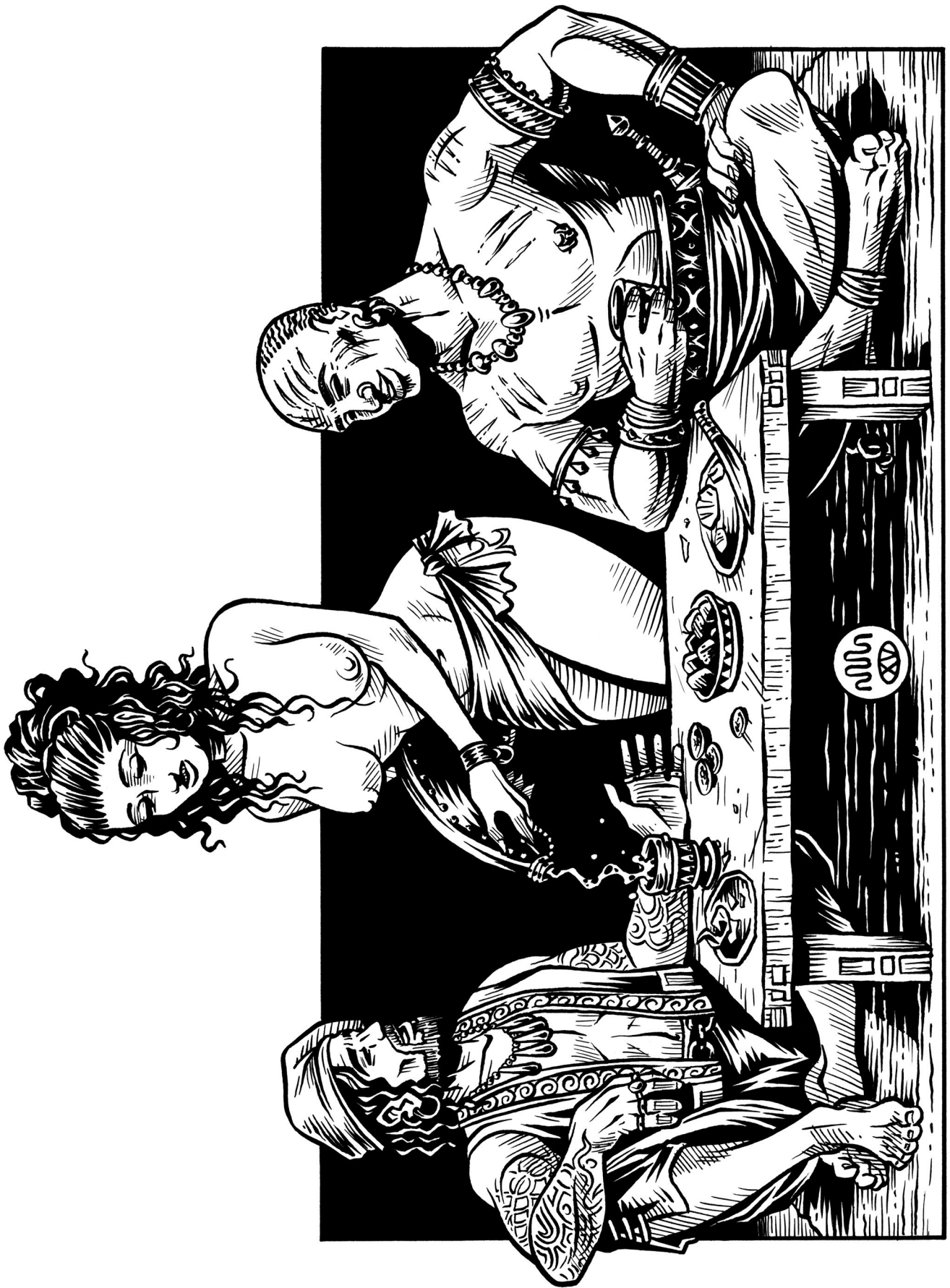


































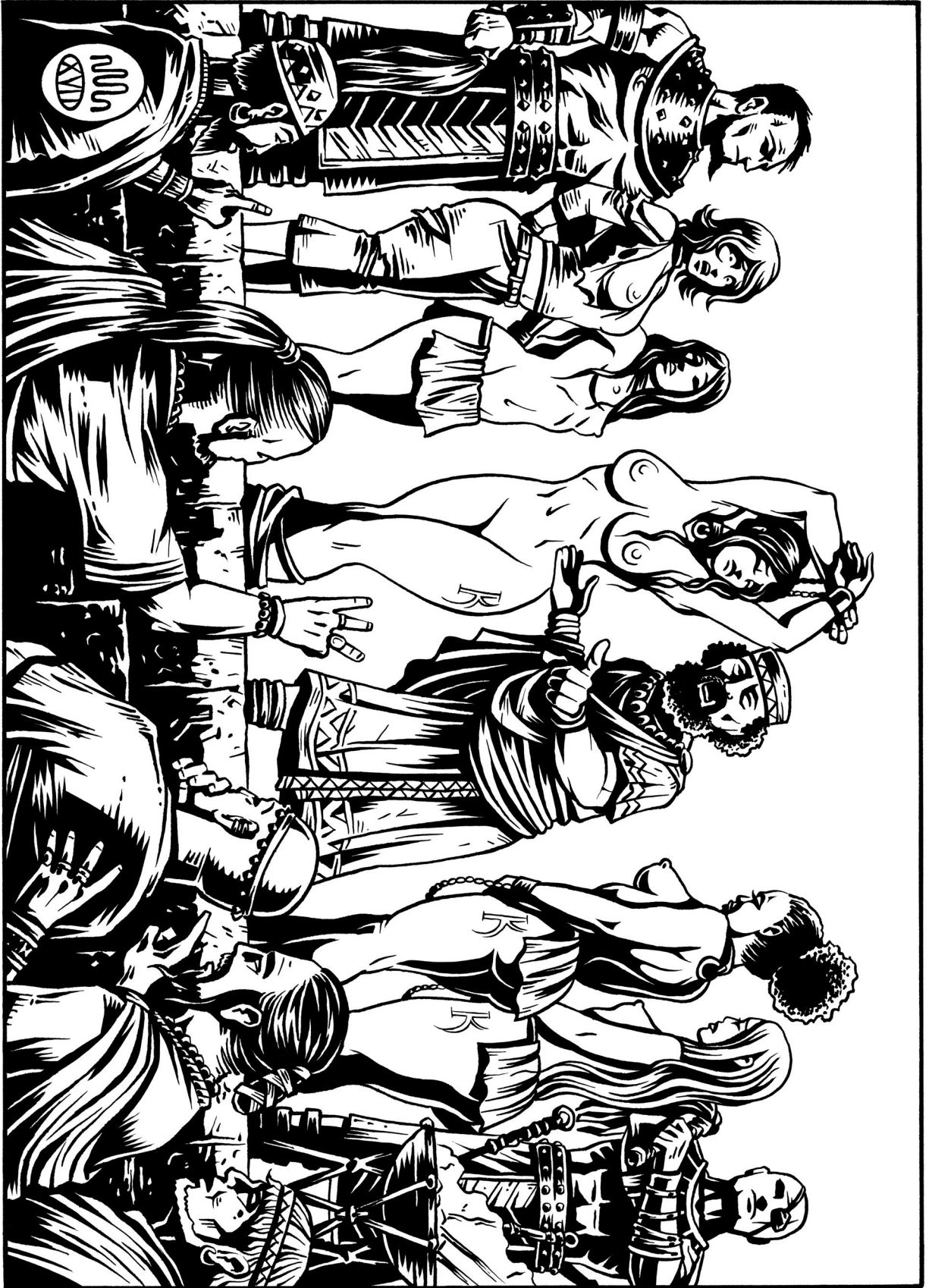




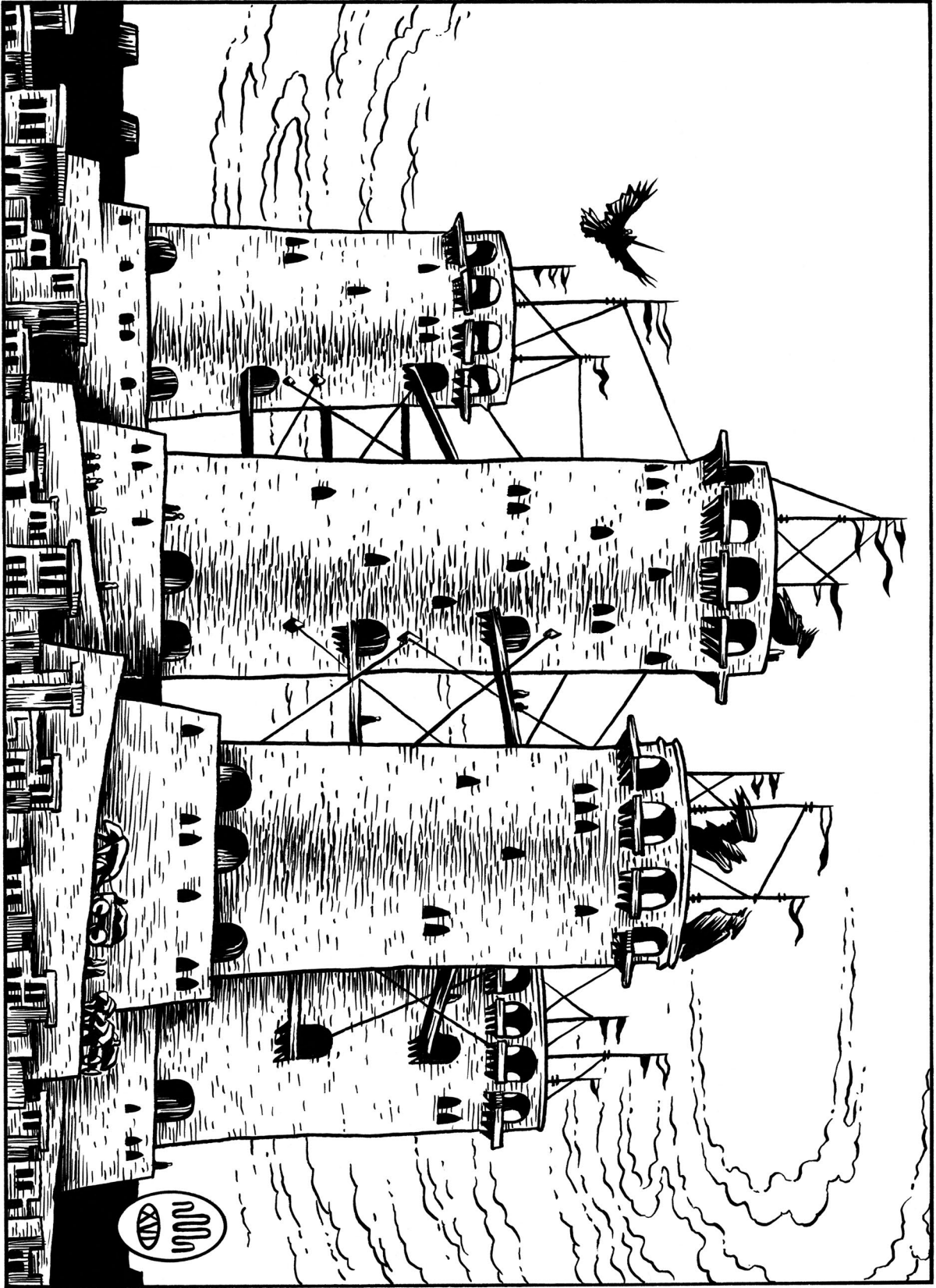




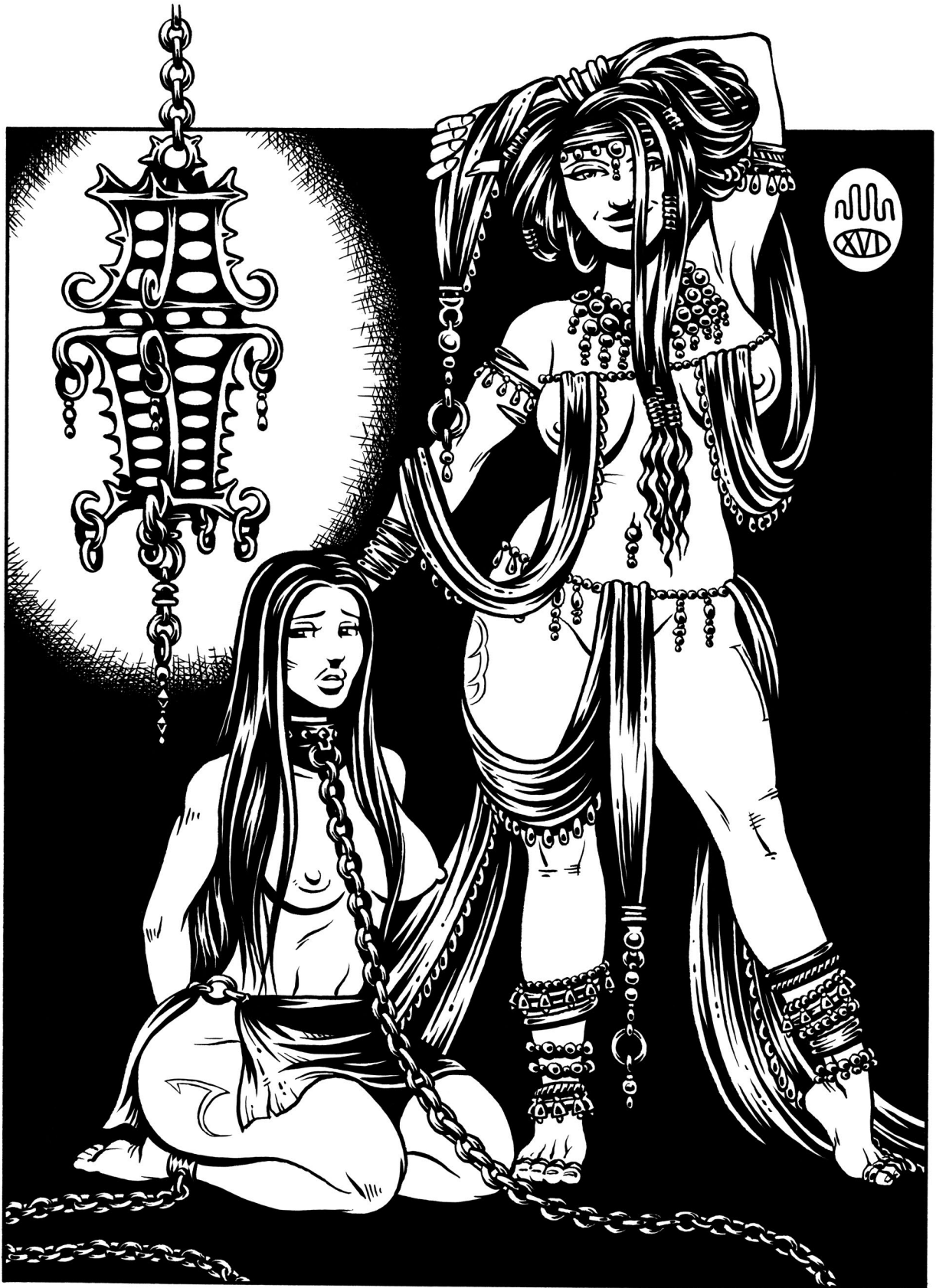










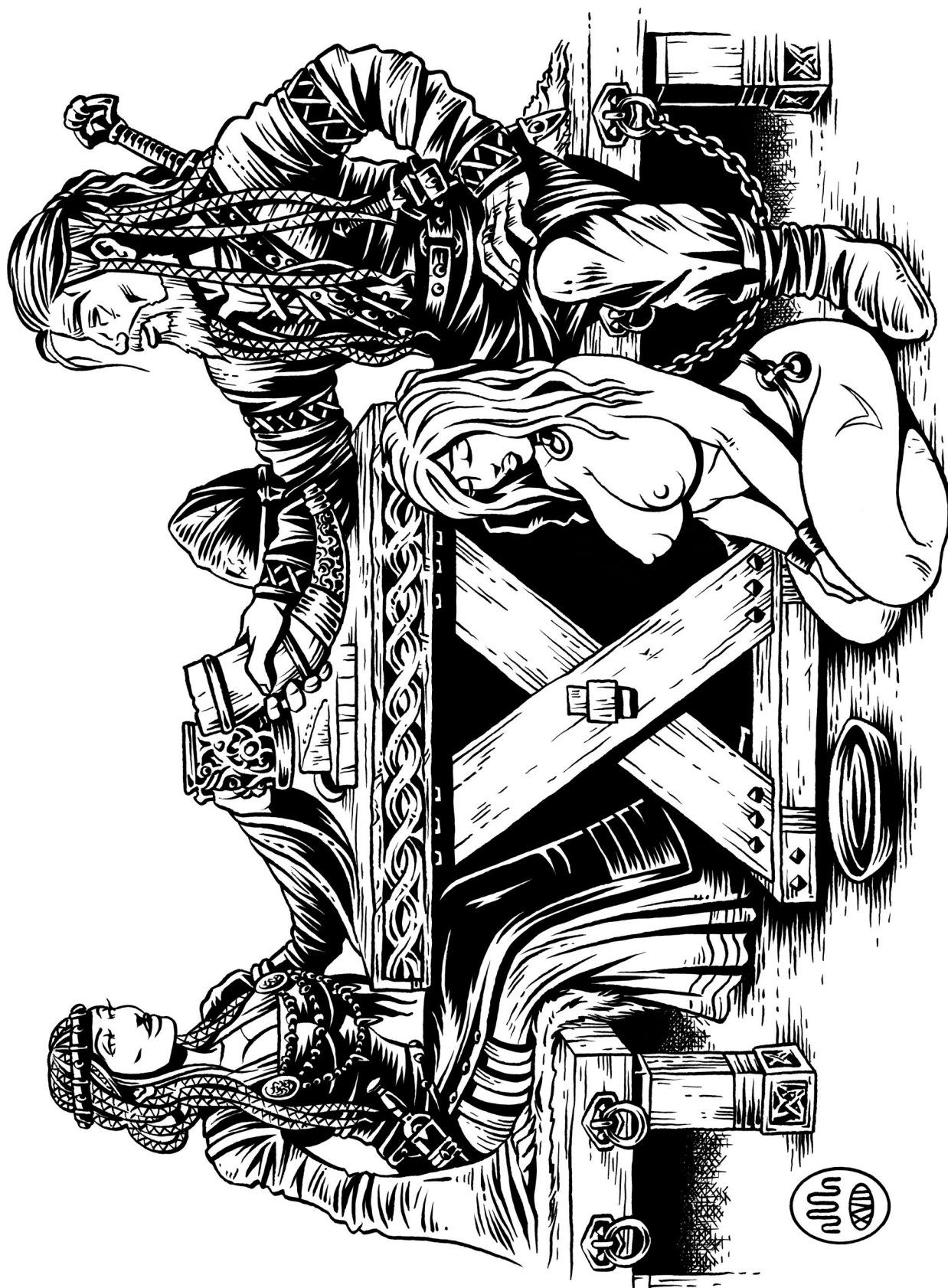






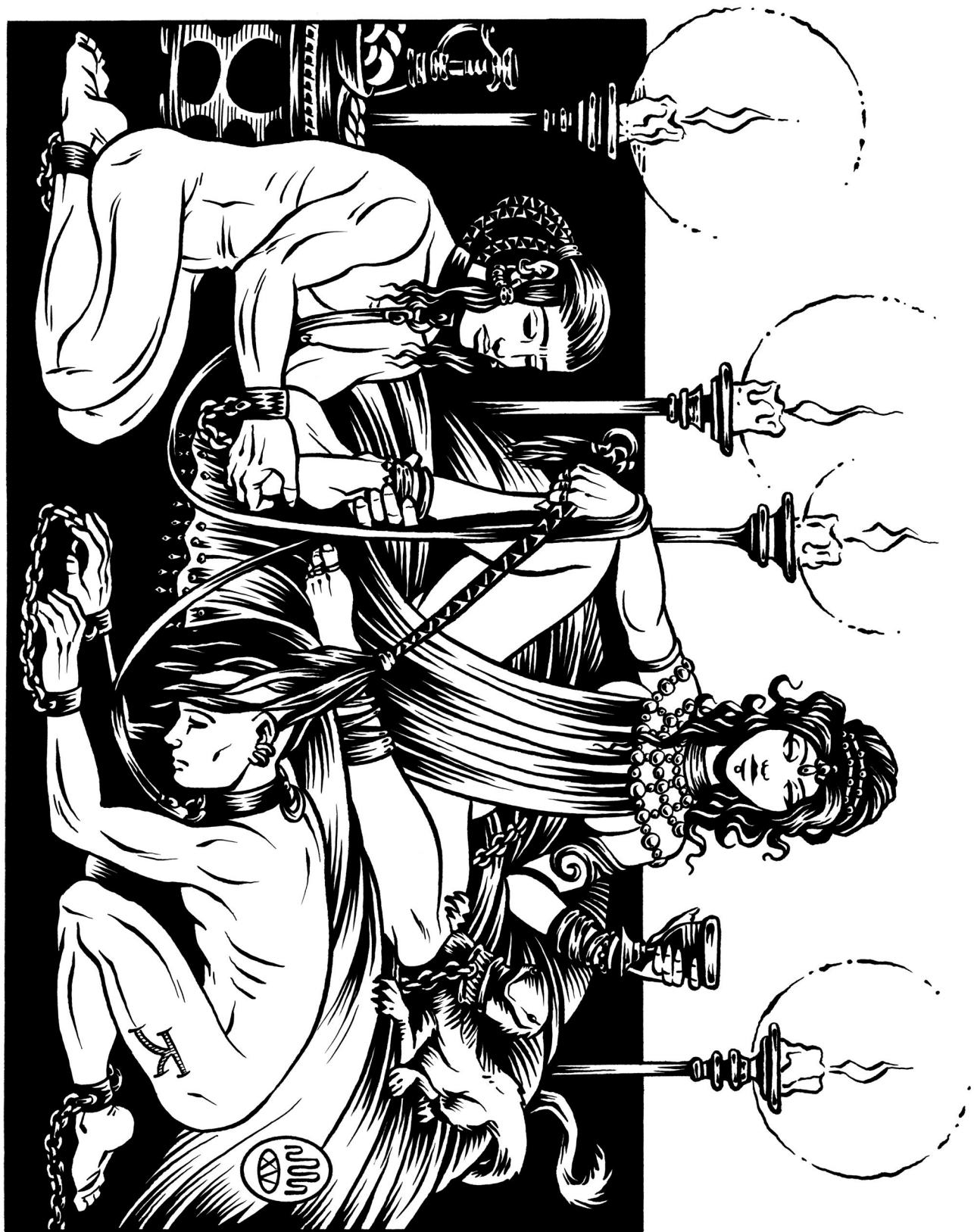


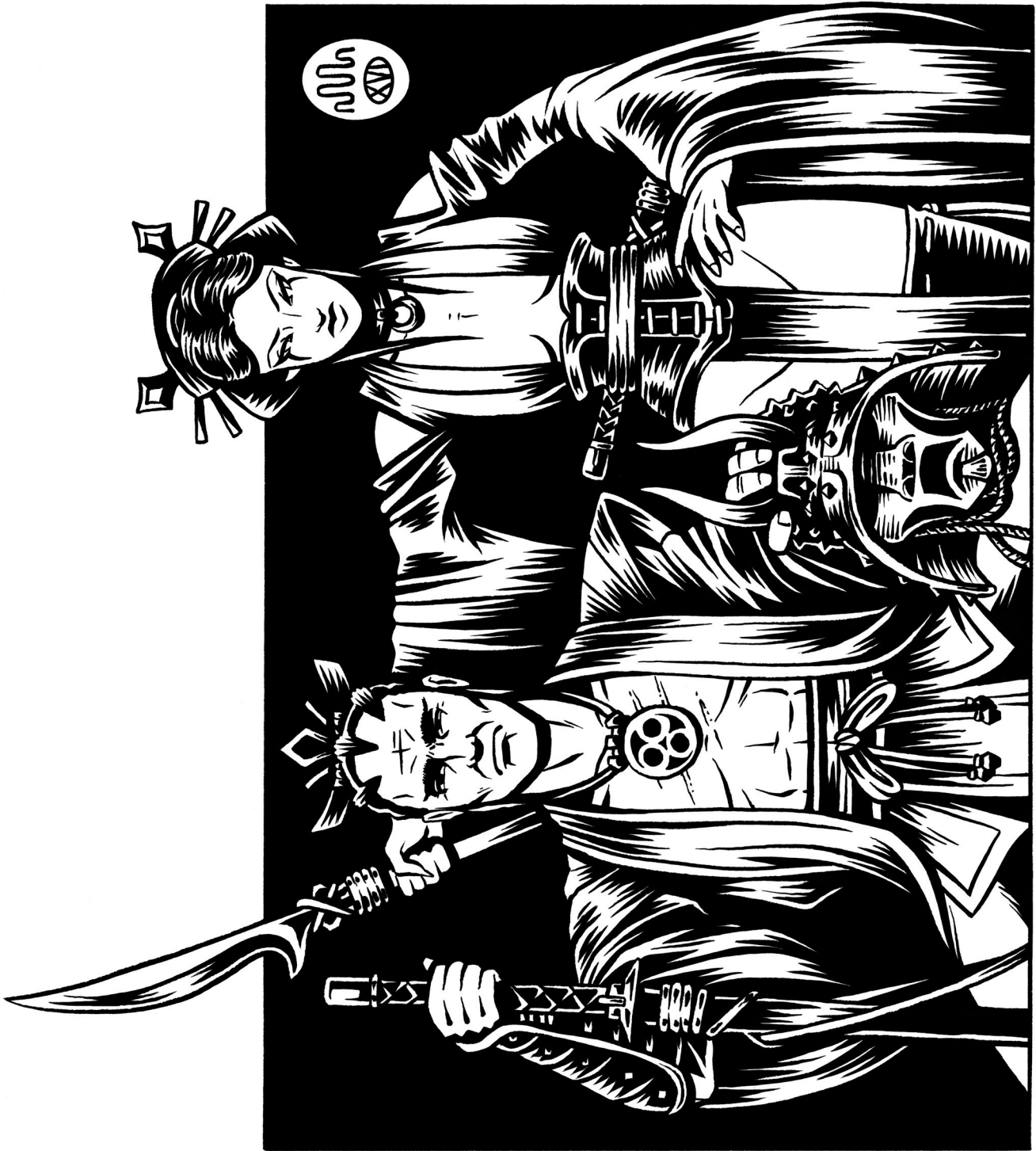
















Pg 2: The cover image from Tales of Gor, this depicts a Kurii warrior - native to the frozen north of Gor - engaged in battle with a man of Torvaldsland. Against such a foe the man is likely to die, but the slave girl he shelters may inspire him to greater efforts.

Pg 3: The cover image from World of Gor depicts a Gorean warrior - of civilised Gor - facing off against a Priest King, in defence of a female Mul (a slave from the Priest King nest). A blade will do almost nothing to penetrate the Priest King's tough chitin and if he knew he were facing one of his 'gods', perhaps he would not fight at all.

Pg 4: The Alars are a fierce and prideful people, though looked down upon as troublemakers and wanderers by the rest of Gorean society. Their hammer-blade axes and grand swords stand out from other Gorean designs and their women are sharp-tongued and aloof.

Pg 5: A member of the Caste of Peasants and a member of the Caste of Merchants are in negotiation. While both of low-caste the Merchants have pretensions - and gold knows no caste. The Peasants are equally prideful but, in the end, it is the Merchant who has the money, and the guard.

Pg 6: A member of the Caste of Builders describes his vision to a member of the Caste of Scribes who will set it down and record the plans. Many Goreans, even of high caste, are illiterate and even take pride in this fact. Scribes, in counterpoint to this, are obsessive over writing and knowledge.

Pg 7: Freed of their robes of concealment, two Free Women of Turia engage in conversation, surrounded by luxury and the fruits of their wealth. Many free women are tremendously wealthy and guard themselves behind strong walls in perfumed gardens, where they can be free of the demands placed upon them.

Pg 8: A kajira's brand marks her as having been a slave - as being a slave - for life, no matter if she is freed. The 'kef' that marks her thigh may come in many designs, and there are other designs besides the 'kef'. Some men collect rare brands and many believe it enhances a slave girl's beauty.

Pg 9: The helm and gladius are almost universal symbols of the fighting men of Gor.

Pg 10: Slave gags come in many varieties, the slave 'bit' or 'bridle' is one of the cruellest and most effective, often used in training and discipline.

Pg 11: The mighty bosk is an enormous bovine creature, perhaps related to the 'auroch' of human history and myth. To the wagon peoples of the Plains of Turia it is sacred and an essential part of life.

Pg 12: Men from across Gor can meet and share paga in the taverns of Port Kar. Here a sailor from the south - dark skinned and scarred - shares a drink with a more local sailor, marked by his distinctive cap. They are served by a slave who could have been taken from anywhere across Gor.

Pg 13: Gor is full of conflict and battle. There are bandits, rivalries, intrigues and wars between city states. Many brave men may well end up impaled and left for scavenging jards to pick at their flesh.

Pg 14: The desert kaila is a fast moving beast, well adapted to the desert. Bandit clans and tribes plague the Tahari desert and female bandit queens and fighters are not unknown.

Pg 15: Great herds of these horned, elephantine beasts, called kailiauk, can be found roaming the plains and barrens. They are dangerous and move in large numbers, but their horns, flesh and hide make them a valuable prey.

Pg 16: A ship Kur from the Kurii fleet, rests at leisure surrounded by his pets. Slave human females, raised without language and trained to groom his thick fur with their nimble fingers, nails and teeth.

Pg 17: In hunting a larl a line of spearmen is formed, attempting to sidestep and drive their spears into the beast before it reaches the last man in the line, who - if necessary - will attempt to finish the beast with his sword.

Pg 18: A female Mul receives a message from her Priest King master. These robes are impregnated with chemical scents that Priest Kings can read, communicating - as they do - via chemical scents anyway.

Pg 19: In the salt-mines of the Pits of Klima, in the deep, dark brine, lurk great salt-sharks, waiting for the slightest opportunity to devour one of the men who collect the salt.

Pg 20: A forester of Harfax patrols the edges of the Northern Forests with his hunting sleen. Whether he hunts tabuk or Panther Girls the loyal beast will serve equally well.

Pg 21: The Spider-People of the swamps of Ar are gentle and intelligent, but their monstrous appearance causes them to be feared and hated by the people of that great city, oppressed and forced to produce cur-lon fibre from their webs.

Pg 22: A hunter drives his spear into a great male tabuk. Not a scrap will go to waste, from the grand horn to soup made from its bones.

Pg 23: Tarnsmen are the elite of the elite, apart and above the regular warriors of the cities. Few are the men who can master a tarn without being devoured. Here one of the Black Caste prepares to embark on an assassination, astride his equally dark beast.

Pg 24: The giant boars of Gor, known as 'tarsk', can grow to enormous size and take many spear blows before dying. A lone hunter stands little to no chance of besting such a beast.

Pg 25: Racing and riding tharlaron are a gentler ride than war tharlaron, but not by so very much. Still they are regarded as suitable mounts for free women who, sometimes, enjoy hunting from the backs of such beasts and breed them in many pedigrees.

Pg 26: The tumit are fast, dangerous hunters of the plains of Gor. Against their speed, talons and beaks there is no choice but to fight and kill, or be killed.

Pg 27: Urt hunters often use slaves as bait to draw larger, more dangerous urts from their lairs in canals and rivers. It is a hateful, dangerous job for the slaves and many are bitten, even killed.

Pg 28: On the island of Tyros the large, predatory bats known as 'varts' are trained to hunt, and to use as weapons in war.

Pg 29: A slave auction is held in a small town at the edge of a city's territory. While most slave girls here have been sold and re-sold a barbarian - fresh from Earth, brought by the Silver Ships - stares, uncomprehending, at the scene before her.

Pg 30: Some Goreans still age, albeit more slowly than people on Earth. The serums do not always work to their full effect. Your conduct in life can still shape your body however and whether this scribe is old or has simply spent too long inside amongst his scrolls is not clear.

Pg 31: Gorean architecture is marked by enormous 'cylinders'. Tall towers where the rulers and the well-to-do of the high castes live, looking down on the territory far below them.

Pg 32: Canals and rivers are as much of a travel network on Gor as the roads. Whole clans of barge families work these routes, hotly contesting them. Their great barges, hauled by broad tharlaron, can carry enormous loads for many pasangs.

Pg 33: A silk-attired dancing slave of the 'soft' south stands next to a well-worked bondsmaid of the north. Different cultures prefer different kinds of slaves, but the exotic always has a rare appeal.

Pg 34: The cities bordering the Tahari have a cafe culture rather than that of a paga tavern. A little more refined and sober they have more of an appeal to the aesthete, rather than the carouser.

Pg 35: The Caste of Initiates is as politically ambitious and scurrilous as the Merchant Caste, hiding it behind an air of piety and obscuring it with scripture. They most often act through intermediaries such as the Black Caste assassin depicted here.

Pg 36: For all their rough appearance and lack of robes the She Urts of Port Kar are free women, impoverished, thieving and shrewish, but free women nonetheless. As such they look down on slaves, despite their own diminished position, particularly this coin-box girl who has had the misfortune to be chained up not far from the She-Urts.

Pg 37: Few ailments cannot be fixed on Gor. The restrictions on weapons and other technologies have allowed medical advances to flourish. Only Dar-Kosis, the holy disease, the wasting disease, has truly not yet been cured. The Initiates regard it as blasphemy to attempt to do so, but some brave physicians have begun to try and find a cure.

Pg 38: In a great hall in Torvaldsland a Jarl and his woman share a drink of mead while a bondsmaid kneels at their feet, waiting to serve.

Pg 39: Gigantic snakes, known as hith, can be found in the jungles of the Interior. Here an ashkari - one of the soldiers of Bila Hiruma - faces off against the enormous beast.

Pg 40: Music of a primal, powerful sort, is common and important to Goreans. Many paga taverns sell themselves on their musicians, and the dancers that move to that instinctive beat.

Pg 41: Male silk slaves are not so very common, but they do exist. Some small trade in the weak, broken men of Earth exists, specifically to meet this need from amongst the wealthy and powerful women of Gor who fear the collar and wish to share with no companion.

Pg 42: The Pani live far across the sea and have only recently come to the shores of Gor's mainland. Cruel and strange - even to Gorean eyes - how they will affect the world remains to be seen.

Pg 43: Wild and free the Panther Girls of the Northern Forests and the similar Talunas of the jungle, live without men and fight with great cunning and a distinct lack of honour to protect their freedom. Runaway slaves, fearful free women and more flee civilised Gor to find their place amongst these dangerous outcasts.

Pg 44: A pair of Red Savages stalk The Barrens in search of a tabuk. Women's work may be to skin and prepare the animals, but the whole tribe must also be able to take care of itself.

Michael Manning is an illustrator, comic book artist, tattoo designer and traditionally trained animator who lives in Los Angeles.

His best known works include The Spider Garden and Tranceptor graphic novel series and the art collection Inamorata.

He has also drawn comics adaptations of the work of Edgar Allan Poe, H.P. Lovecraft, Alexandre Dumas and others for the Graphic Classics series.

Michael's artwork has been featured in publications such as Juxtapoz, Skin Two, Dangerous Ink and Wired and exhibited in galleries and museums in the US and internationally.

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