

NEW VOICE OF GOR v.2 Issue 95

(short online version)

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

PUBLICARE ET PROPAGARE!

Second Edition, v. 2 No. 95

Second day of the third hand of the 12th month 10163 Contasta Ar

Based in the City of Olni in Saleria

Editor and Publisher: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza), merchant

Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)

HoY Scribe Slave: Moon (spirit7moon)

Correspondent in Olni: Teal Razor, Slave of Siri Emerald Jr.

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About the NEW VOICE OF GOR

Note: Though the NEW VOICE OF GOR is based in Olni it is not associated with the city. The management accepts no responsibility for views expressed herein.

The proprietors reserves the right to edit articles submitted.

Any news, articles, poems, gossip, schedules, paintings, jokes you have, please send them to the editor. You are looking for a free companion, a slave, an assassin? Advertisements are very welcome.

02 EDITORIAL

A warm welcome to the pages of the 95th volume of the NEW VOICE OF GOR !

The editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR is deeply disappointed that the few honourable members of the so called Southern Trade Alliance of Turia and its allies did not refute the slander, the lies and intrigues pertaining to the House of Hoy Companies.

It was said about me: "I will not be in it he is trying to take over every citys coffers, threatening capture of there citizens if they dont give him control of ther money".

This was in response to the Gorean Trade Commission referring to the house of HOY.

This is a lie and the person who said that will have to live with the consequences. But it is even more disgusting that no one contradicted it.

Rarius Yuroki
Editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR

(OOC) FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTION

Is the NEW VOICE OF GOR OOC or IC?

This newspaper is available IN CHARACTER at message boards in several cities. But it has OOC parts and IC parts which can be identified although many people mix both. We try to keep the two separate. But if you start a storyline based on an IC article of the NEW VOICE OF GOR it would be useful for a moderator to have a log where you have read the message ICly.

The NEW VOICE OF GOR can be true or false, propaganda or journalism like on earth. There is no freedom of the press on Gor. Why let the truth get in the way of a good story?!

"Goreans were not always fooled by posts on boards.
Those who control the public boards, it is said, control the city.
But I was not sure of this.
Goreans are not stupid.
It is difficult to fool them more than once. They tend to remember."
(Magicians of Gor)

I want this clearly structured layout for my "notecard newspaper"!

Look here: <http://www.headstar.com/ten/>

ALL OVER GOR

03 THE FAIR OF EN'KARA

[read more in the "Trade" section of the NEW VOICE OF GOR]

04 GOREAN NEWSPAPERS (OVERVIEW)

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR (Gor wide)

Editor and Publisher: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza), merchant

Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)

HoY Scribe Slave: Moon (spirit7moon)

Correspondent in Olni: Teal Razor, Slave of Siri Emerald Jr.

OLNI GAZETTE

Editor: Janette Inglewood

FOREST PORT CHRONICLE

Editor: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port

THE TREVIAN TRIBUNE

Editor: Payton999 Robonaught

THARNA NEW TIMES SCROLL

KaTrina Velde, Editor

THE TURIAN GAZETTE

unknown

ARCADIAN MESSENGER

Editor: Nephtides Resident

THE RORUS CHRONICLE™

Editors-in-Chief: Penumbra Straaf and Tala Winterwolf

THE VIGO TIMES

Editor: Sophia Farella

JAHESA CHRONICLE

Editor and Publisher: Elena Dreamscape Jahesa Head Scribe and Moana Jahesa First girl

THE LANDA HERALD

Editor: NN

THE HERLIT CRIER

Editor: Felicia Soleil

CRIMSON SCROLL

Official Scroll of the Crimson Sword Outlaws

Editor: unknown

THE GAMES OF GOR NEWSLETTER

produced by the Kaissa Guild of Gor

Editor: shani (littleredhead Resident), slave of Master Jonathan Crane, Sword of Ko-Ro-Ba

GOREAN CITIES

05 PORT OF OLN

THE SLAVE'S CORNER

A satiric look at life on this wonderful planet of Gor

By Teal Razor ~ slave of Siri Emerald Jr Captain Olni Scarlet's ☐

SO WHAT DO YOU DO? A QUESTION ASKED AT MOST PARTIES ON GOR....

There are some weeks when what is presented in your field of view is so varied and interesting that it is hard as a reporter to choose a couple of stories to "flesh out". This week no fewer than 4 stories came at me from different corners of the city of Port Olni. Believe me, what happens here is applicable to all cities in Gor. This particular story started when I attended the weekly OOC dance at the O-Zone. I sat for a moment to recover from the fast pace of the gyrations on the dance floor. I noticed a warrior from another city, sitting on the couch across from me with an unnerving smirk on his face. He offered me a drink of his paga which I accepted. As we sat there, the warrior and I, sipping paga and leering at each other in our semi inebriation, I attempted to engage him in conversation using the age old cocktail circuit phrase, "So what do you do?"

I think I bit off more than I could chew on this one when he told me he was a former CIA, (Caste of Inky Alliances).

I fear I must digress to explain myself. I recently found, in the private library of a Master who traded in books of exotic origins, the bone chilling novel Animal Farm. It is a historical book which documents an uprising in Treve. It was a tome of some poignancy. The author saw fit to replace the names of the actual Trevian citizens who participated in the uprising with thinly veiled animal replacements. Instead of Ubars, warriors, magistrates, there were sleens, urts, and verr. Of course the ruling class were the tarsks. The working premise of the novel was

based on what was called the seventh commandment; "All animals are equal", which was then revised by the rulers to read, "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others". The addition of the word "but" in that sentence negates anything before it. I find this true in the giant pecking order called Gorean Society. This former CIA employee was one of those animals considered more equal than others. In fact he told me that his former line of work permitted him to kill and torture with impunity. As I talked with him I got the impression that he wanted to make a full confession, so with my guile and wit, and more paga, I planned to make it easier for him to sustain a revelatory mood. I decided to give him my scroll of introduction and told him I would ask my boss, Rarius Yuroki, to send a messenger vulo to request a face to face interview.

A few days later, the former CIA arrived and immediately checked the perimeter for suspicious persons. He ascertained that just he and I were present as he paced back and forth nervously emphasizing that we both could be killed for discussing and publishing anything about the "Alliance". I sat him down with a tankard of mead and a nice bosk sandwich. He had me lock all the doors and windows to the house. I then knelt, took quill and scroll in hand and the interview commenced.

I started out with some basic questions, "are you retired from your job, how did you pick this line of work or did it pick you, who was your sponsor, who was your mentor".... All these probes were met simply with "no comment". I looked at him in disbelief when I asked him the name of his instructor and he said, "None-ya". After several more frustrating ehns asking questions and getting nothing more than annoyed grimaces; I asked him what it would take to get him to talk. He gave me a ridiculous answer stating that he needed to be made "King of the World" before he would talk about his years in the Caste of the Inky Alliance.

Suddenly he jumped up and said, "This interview is over." He dragged me from the house and plopped me on his tarn and in a short time the bird dropped us at an abandoned town with underground tunnels. I was scared to death and truthfully believed I was going to die here having my head cut off. To my relief he said, "I will show you."

What followed were two ahns of combat demonstration in the Alliance's fighting and killing style. It took my breath totally away when I found out about these so called "secrets" used to greatly improve sword wielding abilities. (The next day I happily tried out some of these moves in our OOC event "Capture the Flag" in Olni.) In between the swinging and clashing of steel he told me of the torture that would punctuate the days spent in combat training. He made me work for every crumb of information he felt like tossing my way. "There were hot needles driven into my legs," he said, which made my knees buckle in empathetic pain. I started to realize he was using the age old military tactic, "a distracted enemy is no enemy."

At the end of the lesson he said, "good steel". It was music to my ears. As I hopped back on the tarn for the ride home he slipped me a micro scroll that had more of the "Alliances" teachings. "Don't say I gave these to you and don't tell anyone you have them." I was dropped off and ran inside my Master's home to the desk and started reading through the micro scrolls with a looking glass. I am now compiling a book on "Combat Tactics on Gor". It is being ghost written since I have to use a pseudonym. I am told by my editor that it should sell well...then maybe my Master will buy more me more candy with the proceeds.

PUBLIC WHIPPING AS A SPORT

By Teal Razor

A few days ago I was present at the blacksmith's shop to witness a beating being administered to a slave. Evidently she was caught trying to pass herself off as a free woman. Her punishment was decreed by the Ubara of Olni and she instructed her boy to met out the 20 lashes accorded this beast.

I watched in detached wonder imagining a sport being made of this torture. It could be an X Games on Gor. Here would be the official rules

1. Gather together all contestants and have a slave for each.
2. Display all slaves on a cross and have the contestants poised and ready with their whip.
3. The contest starts as each contestant commences striking the slave in front of them.
4. The object of the game is to see who can administer the most lashings without breaking the skin of the slave.
5. The first one to do this is "out".
6. The count continues eliminating each contestant as the slave's skin is broken.
7. Last contestant standing with a slave whose bottom is lit up but not bleeding wins (notwithstanding the death of the slave)
8. Prizes may vary in different locations.

OLNI GAZETTE

Latest Issue No. 43

Editor: Janette Inglewood

06 TARNWALD

CONFLICT WITH TREVE

by Anonymous

Conflict with Treve by Anon)

The newest conflict between Tarnwald and Treve was a bloody one albeit its short duration.

It all begun when the men of Treve sought to take and trial a woman whose family had once been pledged to Treve and while it might not been the case any longer the men of Voltai sought to enforce their cruel authority and put the woman on trial all the same.

When the news of such atrocious act reached Tarnwald it did not take long before the first tarnsmen were dispatched. In fact, not much time had been spend upon planning and deliberation. Men had been bold, careless and definately drunk when they set out to take the woman back and deliver their justice, but in the end they came to pay with their heads for their overzelous confidence and lack of preparation. All but one have fallen and the only surviviior hastened back to Tarnwald to bring the dreadful news.

This is when a true bloodbath was to take place. It was time to regroup and take Treve more seriously than the drunken vanguard of Tarnwald did. True might of Tarnwald, best of the best, descended upon their foes in the hidden citadel of Treve and to their displeasure they were to witness bodies of their slaughtered comrades who were not yet cleared from the streets and so the rescue mission turned into an onslaught and a punitive campaign.

All were to be taken from Treve and the Lady who had been held for trial rescued.

Men, women and slaves were cobbled and put back onto tarns and men of Treve now knew that they have men their true masters, that their cruelty would now be punished. They were bested by Tarnwald and would soon experience wrath of its men.

Back in the victorious Tarnwald all of those captured were laid out, questioned, displayed for the mocking and vengeance to be swiftly delivered. The commander of Treve, his men and their women had been all put to the steel and their blood would be dew upon the streets. To such a spectacle many have cheered, but the grief after the loss of their own men would not be satiated. For now at least honour was satisfied.

ADDENDUM:

[12:18 PM] Nayomi Adored gestured to the stains on the cobblestone. She was still feeling sick over it all as she had lost her best friend. "It would seem Tarnwald attacked treve and we lost four of our warriors. Then Tarnwald killed five or six trevians in retaliation. I am thinking it will now be tense between the cities" that was an understatement. She gave a soft shake of her head at his question "Donovan travels alot ..but he seems safe. i think."

[12:24 PM] Nayomi Adored: "There has not been a declaration of war as of yet. But there is talk of a gathering today so something may be revealed to us. But, I would be honest...i would not step foot in that city any time soon. But that is just me.." She gave the words of caution and then scrunched her nose as he tried to clarify what she too was trying to figure out. Why was Donovan gone ? "I have heard he is passing through his regular routes and is safe, Sir. He seems more inclined to his travels...as I am sure you understand..being a traveller yourself.." she gives a small grin

07 LANDA

NEW LIBRARY

The yellow caste of Landa had planned thisfor long. New the new library has been finished. The blue domes gleam over the city.

THE LANDA HERALD

Editor: NN

08 VIGO

SIGIHER'S THREAT

The city was quiet, all but a rare few still milled about, most snug in their furs, dreaming peacefully. She had to unwind, having distributed the latest issue of the Vigo Times a few, short ahn ago.

She enjoyed walking the streets in the still of he night, quite secure in the knowledge that the Warriors on the walls would be on the look out. Somehow it helped her clear her mind of all she had investigated, researched and written to give her fellow citizens something worth reading. She needed to press forward and begin again, knowing they would be expecting a repeat performance hand after hand.

Arriving at the cafe, she saw the reflection of three moons of gor dancing on the surface of the water. She pondered the idea of going outside the gates to sit on the doc and watch he water from there. She went through the inner man gate and was about to open the outer one when she saw him, there in the shadow of the wall. She gasped, covering her mouth, not wanting him to realize she was there.

Sigiher folded the scroll up and mocked her "Oooh! I made the 'Final Thoughts'" he said about the column she had chosen to write about him in. "How nice!" he laughed. "Your Warrior suspected nothing and let me in without hesitation after I informed him I was here to report treason against the home stone of Vigo by one of its members."

"I know" she said, smirking, annoyed at the pleasure he was getting out of all of this. "Diamotsu apologized to me when he realized what he had done."

Sigiher laughed. "Why?" he asked, "My story was brilliant! I simply said that I had come to see a friend in the tavern and that I had news that there was a treasonous plot in Vigo, that the map of the city placed it in jeopardy and that it had fallen into the wrong hands."

He moved as close to her as he could get, with the gate between them and said with wicked glee, "Of course I didn't say those hands were mine, so of course, he let me right on in to visit and speak with the Magistrate to make my case!"

Sigiher paused, looking at her through the bars of the gate that kept him from what he craved. "However," he continued, "I fear I will not be able to get past the gates again." he said, pausing to observe her body language before destroying the illusion of safety he had just created.

"I have, however, brought the news to a Mercenary group that you, my dear Sophia, are the famed former Ubara, later Regent , of Treve, and that you have allowed the scourging of all of Gor by its Warriors. Even to this day your influence is felt. And that you," he said pointing at her, spittle spraying from his lips as he spoke with great vehemence, "in golden chains and naked at my feet , would be the safest place for you," he said, knowing the effect his words were having on her. "Of course for a small fee."

He wrapped his fingers around the bars and pressed his face to them as he said, "I had, of

course, hoped to find you in your office that I might have subdued you and put you in a sack and carried you out of your own home stone without so much as the bat of an eye."

Sophia had endured much in her life. Being the Ubara of Treve had not been easy, it was the Tarnsmen of Treve, after all, who had caused her more heartache than anyone should have to endure, but when she had Free Companioned Melchior, she had not known that he would become the Ubar of the Bandit city. Not only that, she had suffered the threat of enslavement, each and every day that she had been joined to Sigiher and the stress of that threat had worn her down, wounded her some how. It was Sigiher's power over her. Fear, raw, base, unadulterated fear. As she stood there, so close to this man whom she had, at one time, loved, she trembled.

Sigiher released his grip on the bars as he watched a Warrior head toward the gate. He was sure that his name was NOT on the list of those welcomed to visit Vigo so he bowed slightly, always the gentleman, and bid her farewell. "I must go now, Sophia, but I look forward to the day..." he trailed off, as he turned and slipped away into the darkness.

THE VIGO TIMES
5TH EDITION - FEBRUARY 20, 2013
Śophjā Farellā - Editor-in-Chief

09 TELETUS

Welcome to the Teletus Warrior Run™.

by Anjali Cazalet

I started the run back in 2008 as a fun means of training our allies on the rough terrain of Teletus. Now, it's meant to test your mettle, your patience, and your funny bone. Not the easiest thing to do, running around like a duck with a sword in hand, chasing after dozens of ladies a leaping over hill and dale.

10 THE REST

No news or new issues at the moment from Forest Port (FOREST PORT CHRONICLE), TREVE (THE TREVIAN TRIBUNE), the THARNA NEW TIMES SCROLL, ARCADIAN MESSENGER, the THE TURIAN GAZETTE, the CRIMSON SCROLL (Official Scroll of the Crimson Sword Outlaws), RORUS (THE RORUS CHRONICLE™), JAHESA (JAHESA CHRONICLE) and THE SOARING HERLIT (THE HERLIT CRIER).

GAMES

TRADE

12 TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE (STA)

The true Southern Trade Alliance is a trade alliance of southern Gorean cities and oases only (and associates of the Vosk region) and has nothing to do with Turia.

Unfortunately the Isle of Katoteris does not longer exist. Their membership has been suspended.

13 SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE OF TURIA AND ALLIES (STA)

MEETING OF THE TURIAN STA IN PORT COS

by the House of Yuroki Intelligence Agency

A meeting for the Turian "Southern Trade Alliance" took place in Port Cos recently. The STA is a front company of the allies of Turia (Rorus, Vigo, Port Cos and Tafa).

100 gold for a barrel of blackwine rocked the Turian STA. The Thentis merchant left the meeting early maybe because of the adverse comments from his fellow members. This reporter has heard tell of blackbeans which are full and viable seed being sold to certain cities. This silly price might just backfire as the beans might be grown elsewhere. Some cities are already introducing a Tax on transportation of blackwine beans through their land a tax of 150 gold per barrel has been mentioned.

After a rebuke by the chair one Lady leaves her crime she asked for calm in the meeting.

A visitor to the meeting a merchant magistrate representing the gorean trade commission, commented Merchants should not concern themselves of matters of war otherwise no coin will be made. She then went on to inform the sta her reason for being there .

"The Gorean Trade Commission is an advisory and regulatory body, made up of merchants from all over gor, whose interests are in Merchant laws of Gor and trade, established with the common aim of protecting trade between ports and cities uphold the Merchant Laws of Gor. The Commission will consider, amongst other things, the fairness and legitimacy of trading practices and will offer its recommendation on improving standards towards the prosperity of all members. Under those circumstances where the laws have been breached, the Commission will provide for a civilized resolution of the dispute in an impartial court."

Cities that comply with the Merchant laws will be aided in acquiring contract, preventing loss

of profits of homestones. . There will be monthly trade summits in varies ports and submissions of Export and Import lists with patents pending approval. All members will agree to honour the patents of other members of this commission and not produce their products, giving Gor a more authenticity in trade. The Commission is subject to the duties, obligations, liabilities and limitations of the merchant laws of Gor. Each City will conduct themselves with honor above all and any disputes handled by an impartial magistrate or scribe must be accepted.

There will be research done on regions. An unification of gorean currency and every one gorean year we will attend an enkara fair to vote on merchant laws of gor and discuss weights and measures, and solve disputes among merchants.

The commission will gather trade lists from varies cities and help to research what is manufactured there, mines and harvests of the low castes to better help in the merchant caste and trade in gor.

It was then they were angered that the Hoy bank might be involved.

REPORT ABOUT THE STA MEETING FROM ANOTHER AGENT

written by HoY scribe slave Moon

It has come to out attention, that theTurian STA has met. Some of the things they talk about was the boycott to Thentis, on their black wine beans.

Quotes:

Most of you are aware that blackwine prices are being increased and we are in th middle of a crackdown on illegally produced product. The cost of protecting it from pirates and thieves grows each year. Transportation costs, labor costs in production all increase for us. And as you know, there is great demand. We have had to contract with additional merchants to provide a steady supply. All of this costs money. You all, as merchants, surely understand supply and demand.

As voices got loud it was heard, "your beans will rot no one can afford those price nor will anyone i know pay them" ," its simply unaffordable.. you have priced yourself out of the market

You all seem to think you are the only market we deal with. You may boycott all you wish, you will have no blackwine.

Tori Firanelli: "Lady Rayah, it is my understanding that not all members of the STA were invited to the GTC, can you explain why?"

Gunnkel : "alright I think we heard what the Trade Commission proposed and some of the concerns about it. Tell me if i'm wrong but the idea today was so that the commission can tell us all what they are working on and invite us to join in if we share those belief?

[unknown person from Rorus]: "I s that man in the commision>? [comment: They are talking about Rarius Yuroki, owner of the HoY companies]

Sabina : No, he is not. He is a private banker. Well, you ask who they are. I can tell you. "The bank House of Sir Yuroki in Port Olni makes fantastic unrealistic exchange rates."

[unknown person from Rorus]: i will not be in it he is trying to take over every citys coffers, threatening capture of there citizens if they dont give him control of ther money.

Sabina : But it would be better, a commission takes control over the money from our cities than a private banker.

It was heard going out of the door grumbling of the Turian STA: "maybe if they weren't a bunch of bleeding idiots they might be able to have a productive meeting",

14 [OOC] THE FAIR OF EN'KARA

by Harvey Stovall

Greetings y'all,

It is time for the Fair of En'kara where the Merchant Caste comes together and presents to you the best products, events, and fun that Gor has to offer. This is also where four times a year the Merchant Caste comes together and presents and votes on Merchant Laws that are used all over the entire planet of Gor. Merchant Law is the only worldwide recognized law that is written about quite frequently.

This year the Fair of En'Kara will be held as part of the RFL event and us Merchants finally need to come together and get our laws and codes in order and finally represent the power that we should be and come together so that we can finally show strength and representation to ALL other Castes on Gor whether it be BTB, GE, Old School, New School, whatever.

The Fair will be held March 9th through the 17th at the following location of the Sardar.

I am asking any and ALL merchants to submit any ideas you have for Merchant Laws or Caste Codes to send a scroll to Harvey Stovall as soon as possible so that the information can be gathered and presented in a timely manner at the Fair.

Times and Dates will be posted soon in the various Caste Groups and slaves will be sent to every city to leave notice.

Also I would like for you to send a scroll of the items that your city or villages' Low Caste either a) Manufactures b) Mines c) Harvests so that it can be presented and updated to make it easier for merchants to come buy and sell things. It's past high time that this Caste and the Low Caste come together, be represented, and start showing the rest of Gor who has the real power over who lives, who starves, who has weapons, and who can even have materials to build a house or make a tent.

Again the Fair is coming soon and I'm not asking much except for Merchants (and yes slavers are a subcaste) and Low Caste to come together, let's build who we really are, put our

differences aside for a hand or two and show the High Caste that they can't live without us!

Look forward to seeing you soon!

Harvey Stovall

Merchant Magistrate/Very Elder of the Merchant Caste/Old Fart of Gor

COMMENT of the editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR:

The House of Yuroki companies will unfortunately NOT be attending the fair. Some people have complained about the HoY and the true Southern Trade Alliance trading methods and about the tent of the HoY at the Fair of En'kara.

To avoid problems for the organisers we have decided to withdraw. This is a shame as the fairs are neutral grounds and the house of HoY and the true STA would respect that.

The HoY tent has been removed.

The House of Yuroki companies and the NEW VOICE OF GOR wish the fair every success and look forward to a future where silly drama [and OOC bullying] can be put aside at these fairs.

15 HOUSE OF YUROKI COMPANIES

SEEKING MERCENARIES, AGENTS AND MERCHANTS

The House of Yuroki Companies (HoY) is looking to recruit Mercenaries. They will be used to escort Hoy caravans throughout Gor and protect the banks.

Remuneration is by the 4 Hands ranging from 1 silver to 1 gold depending on the work required .

Merchants are also required to further the interests of the house of hoy remuneration is negotiable.

Agents in other cities are also required.

THE HOUSE OF HOY JOB OFFERS

BANKERS / COIN MERCHANTS REQUIRED

Applications are invited for the post of" Banker" and (coin) merchant in the below listed cities

THE CITY OF OLNLI

CITY OF LANDA

Duties will include

Normal banking duties
Keeping of records - ledger
Exchange of coins
checking of coins for quality
checking for rare coins
contracts for trade

Apprentices accepted too.

Applications to the House of HoY (Rarius Yuroki)

CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES HOY BANK

The base unit of exchange rates are the coins of the city of Ar.

The gold tarn disk of Ar is considered to be the standard by which other cities, such as Ko-Ro-Ba and Port Kar. set the value of their own coinage. It is worth, generally, 10 silver tarsks, but standardization is slight due to the shaving or splitting of the coin as well as faulty scales that contribute to the debasing of the coinage. (pg. 155, Rogue of Gor)

ADVERTISEMENT

LADY JJ'S ART GALLERY IN OLNİ

Welcome to my Art gallery. I have many sketches on view of people who you may recognize so please feel free to drop in any time you wish to look round. I am adding new ones all the time so keep visiting. For Olni residents I charge just ten coppers for a sketch of a single person. so why not have one done of yourself, your loved one or your slave. Or even all three as they make wonderful gifts. My gallery is in the square besides the bank building in Olni so please come along.

Lady JJ

THE JEWELL THEATRE

The Jewell Theatre announces our new production of Flowering Jade

Based on the story of Madame Butterfly, Flowering Jade is the story of a girl who ends up in slavery by a series of incidents and accidents. Giving herself entirely to love, Jade waits for the day when her Master will return to reclaim her.

Auditions will commence on the 16th February at 3pm slt & 17th February at Noon in the Jewell Theatre.

If you have always wanted to be a part of our productions, you will need good internet

connection, reasonable SL skills and sufficient dedication to turn up to rehearsals regularly. We would love to hear from you.

Contact Fake Jewell for further details.

GOREAN CAMPUS

DANCE COMPETITION

Date: Saturday, March 30th, 2013

Time: 1 PM slt

< GPR will broadcast the event live >

First eight(8) registrations received will be guaranteed a position, 2 alternates will be selected. Entry is on a first come, first register basis.

A panel of neutral Judges will decide the winners by using scoring cards.

Dancers will be judged on Gorean Styling, Creativity, Sexiness, Descriptiveness, Emoting.

Judges decision is final.

GOREAN UNIVERSITY

The Gorean University

(previously Gorean Pleasure Silk University)

Educating Gor since 2008

Dec - Jan Schedule

Schedule of classes and events: <http://www.localendar.com/public/GPSUStaff>

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Serendipity%20Falls/135/95/25>

GOREAN LEGAL ACADEMY (GLA)

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Olni/127/8/507>

LEGAL COURSES

Magistrate & Advocate Courses

Lady Janette Inglewood

Thank you for your interest.

GLA offers two main legal courses.

There is no charge and courses are open to both free and slaves.

1) GOREAN MAGISTRATE COURSE

- eight, one hour classes and two pieces of written work. We cover issues such as the laws, sentencing, IC/OOC, court procedures, jurisdiction and day to day tasks. It is a friendly discursive style class.

- graduation certificates for both your profile and for display (examples)
- graduates receive a Magistrate's Wand of Office

- course begins December 10th, for 8 weeks
classes each Monday at:
1pm OR 5pm SLT

2) GOREAN ADVOCATE COURSE

- eight, one hour classes.

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Janette Inglewood
Olni High Magistrate
Head of School, Gorean Legal Academy

ROLEPLAY

17 TALES OF HIGH TREASON AND LIES

Word spreads quickly after the first city meeting about the declaration of war and the arrest of Roc Furse. Theoden deals with the aftermath in the second city meeting as a discussion

about the status of the nascent vassal city of Kaelus roars throughout the Hall in the shadow of war with Hochburg. A possible future leader of the Kaelian insurrectionists pulls a dagger and threatens the regime, and the Head of Builders quits and kicks an innocent chair. The citizens demand a trial for Roc, and the Regent offers an alternate solution.

[18:09:49] Cosette Philos (elzbieta.balfour): None understood better why he'd done it. She nodded and lifted a brow as she looked at him, "Of course, Sir" her reply equally quiet. To say she was distracted by what she felt in the pit of her stomach was coming was an understatement. She wanted to cling to him, And before he left her side, she rolled up on her toes to whisper in his ear. As she lowered down, she searched his face for nod of understanding. And then the woman readied herself for the regent's announcement.

[18:11:43] Sasi Nimerya of Ko-Ro-Ba (nakshydil) stepped into the audience room, with a confident step, she glanced to the regent, their last confrontation very fresh in her memory, then, quietly, she made her way toward a cushion of the first rank and sat gracefully, exactly in front of Theoden. Her legs were turned to one side and placed side by side, apparently demurely closed beneath her robes, her thin ankles could be seen above her slippered feet, as her skirts were lifted a bit, seemingly having been inadvertently disarranged as she sat. Then, she tucked her skirts around her, covering even her ankles and nonchalantly, feigned to adjust the draping of her robes. Suddenly, she noticed Kegan's arrival and her pulse quickened.....

[18:14:04] Godrick Puch (adonai.ryba) stepped over to the other side of the room. He wanted to be where he could make eye contact with Kegan, unspoken words in the looks they've been perfecting since childhood. He chuckled at the thought of seven levels of hell, over tarts, and glanced to where the Lady had entered the room, following her until she took her seat. In the end, he turned his body to face the side wall, eliminating the problem of the door being in his blind spot, while keeping the ability of mind warping his thoughts into Kegan by eye communication alone.

[18:14:32] Kafka - Gabriel (zhantee.fallen) wasn't entirely sure about what exactly was going on, but he was indeed curious as was often in his nature, as unbecoming as it was considered. Tadashi's appearance was met with a bowed head and a polite smile, though nary a word was said. Right now didn't seem like the right time for such things as they moved into the hall filled with people of many castes and statuses. Remaining back a few steps, Gabriel was alert for any moves his Master might make, particularly now, eyes flitting between his hands and the surroundings of the room. When he sat, the kajirus knelt back a short ways.

[18:15:18] Truiste noted the amount of people in the room and becoming a bit nervous, headed to the door having noticed a stairway to the upstairs a bit before. It would be safer up there as she noted the area was empty. She nonchalantly sidled her way over towards the door, keeping one eye on the rest of the people and one eye on her goal. She made her way there and twisted the knob silently hoping it didnt squeak

[18:16:15] Berathin seats himself in his chair and relaxes. Dipping into his pocket he produces a small bag and begins to take a snack of real, honest Laager cheese. It really was the best on Gor. He let his eyes pass over the crowd, noting those he knew and watching the invisible currents of politics draw together factions and unlikely bedfellows.

[18:16:54] Astrid Hoffnung lowered herself stiffly onto the cushions, prim and proper tower of the free causing her back to stiffen even more. She glanced to her left and to her right, ascertaining there were not some rogue men ready to make trouble and prepared to listen to the regent speak.

[18:17:02] Hephaeston yanked on the chain as he moved down to one of the cushions in the center of the room. He lifted a hand, snapping his fingers as he pointed down to the ground, assuming no words would be needed for the slaves. To Cosette's words, he arched an eyebrow but nodded. "Not a problem," he said quietly.

[18:17:17] Oxyartes arrived only a few ehn after Theoden had and Oxyartes took his seat. A glance to the Regent before looking out over the gathered crowd, a passive sweep of his gaze over those gathering, each face monitored for several ehn before moving to the next and then the next. Oxyartes, the Hand of the Regent sat relaxed with his chair, making mental note of a few people that had made it to the meeting this evening. Oxyartes was the Regent's closest and most loyal of all he entrusted with his business.

[18:17:44] Feorie Frimon hurried in in her simple 'low caste' clothes, mismatched eyes peering above the veil as she settled in to a spot near a pillar. She scanned the crowd silently as she settled in to listen on, ears open, eyes alert...

[18:17:58] Truiste smiled as she hugged the wall and pillars, amused that her gown almost matched, making it more difficult to spot her up in the high balcony. She peered down at the dissolute man sitting upon the throne as he sprawled decadently while the rest of the masses were forced to sit beneath him. She folded her arms and smirked as she looked down upon all of them.

[18:19:01] Theoden had taken a much needed break after that conversation with Sasi, trying to relax as he informed Oxyartes, the Hand of the Regent, about what had occurred with Sasi. Try as Theoden might, he could not completely unwind from the stress that was caused, and mulled over on his throne with a somewhat sour mood. His eyes glanced over to Sasi, whom he recognized due to the woman's very unique dress, and then, of course to Kegan, the Magistrate. He prepared himself for more argument, as he figured, perhaps, Sasi had told him by now what had happened. The Magistrate also seemed to be hovering close to the throne, instead of in the back, as Theoden thinks he should be in. With a small flick of his hand, the guardsmen that lined the sides of the throne and lower thrones looked alert, as well as the guardsmen watching from the top balconies. It was the second city meeting that he had done today, and well, the first one was.. interesting to say the least. He had looked forward to a more smoother second meeting, the last meeting he would have of the day with the city, but it seems all but jeopardized with Kegan standing in front of them, seemingly looking for a fight... or something. Not even the start of the meeting and this would come to pass!

[18:20:15] Cosette Philos (elzbieta.balfour) waited until the men of the house had taken their places, and following suit, she lowered to the cushion and tucked the voluminous layers of red and black fabric around her so not one fleck of skin showed. She had made sure she was covered, mostly. With shoulders lifted proudly, she began the task of remembering to breathe to keep her emotions at bay. Surely he knew and had to understand. Her fingers pressed into that place on her palm where she'd pressed it to the stone in Hochburg. It seemed ages ago,. One look toward the men and slaves was nearly enough for courage.

[18:21:00] Apollonia Gemullus (nautia.septimus) entered the hall alone, collapsing her parasol and letting it swing at her side. A soft with click, click, click against the marble tiles soundtracked each step she took, marking her arrival. She knew no one. Yet. And so she felt little need to stand anyplace in particular. No alliances or allegiances drawn to maintain or feign. She eyed those gathered with an ice blue regard, too naive to cloak her interest, too concerned to leave it off. Her pale visage turned this way and that as little to nothing escaped her focus. She was snapped from her reverie as others began to lower themselves into sits. She did the same, lacking some of the grace exhibited by the other ladies (a few attempts at smoothing her robes about her feet, grasping frantically at her parasol when it snapped to open). This, however, didn't seem to phase the young Arian as she went back to people watching with nary a blush.

[18:22:03] Kegan Ulrik approached, giving Theoden his attention for the briefest of moments. "Tal Regent. Hail Kaelus." He bows chin to chest and lifts it higher than it was only moments ago. To the right of the Regent he pauses, looks down to the seat occupied by one of the Arian's high ranking men and leans forward speaking in lowered tones. "I don't believe we have met. I am Kegan Ulrik of Kaelus. Magistrate." And then stands up straighter and crosses his arms. With a smack of his chops he narrows gaze and meets the scanning one of the Right Hand man. Turns to his right and approaches the throne bedecked in blue. The attention of the guards was noted, and adrenaline surged in his veins, his perpetual smirk deepened. Two steps to the right and the blue was removed and held with a small amount of reverence. Folded as he sat, the man presumed much of his own rank. Seeing as the administrator had gone missing. He turned to the Regent and offered "It is only right that you show your solidarity with the people. And her laws." And sat his ass down.

[18:24:48] Minori Heron was quiet as he huddled in behind his chain brother, his eyes focused solely upon his hands as he fidgeted absently, picking at a callous that lined one of his short thick fingers, obviously no mind for politics. His features remained pleasant, even as he frowned a little at a sliver he discovered, the varied expressions making him occasionally appear comical.

[18:25:02] Sasi Nimerya of Ko-Ro-Ba (nakshydil): As her gaze roamed over the people present, Sasi spotted Berathin, she widened her eyes, astonished and her body stiffened. The presence of this Alar was unexpected and really, a bad surprise... A moment, she reminded the Regent requiring she gave him the names of the people who, he believed, insulted him behind his back and inwardly, she smiled... Indeed, it would be an amusing revenge against the man who added to her troubles, while she was captive in Tarnwald. Then, she teared her gaze away from Berathin and catching Theoden's glance, she inclined deferentially her head toward the man, her eyes sparkling with amusement, and, then focused her attention on Kegan... She did not see him since her little fight with Theoden and honestly, she did not intend to hurry and confess that had happened... Sasi feared Kegan more than the Arian... But more troubles to come, maybe.....

[18:26:06] Hephaeston was, clearly, out of it. He mumbled a quiet, "sodding hell," and got up, scrambling up onto his seat and laughing quietly to himself amidst the proceedings.

[18:27:59] Tadashi Kira (nikolai.dionysus): He watched Heph get up, wander to some "important chair," and grumbled in Pani, ~When does this meeting start?~ Course it just

sounded like babble to most all of the room, but he was under the impression Heph's slaves could understand him.

[18:28:40] Elle Couerblanc: *Jane* sits in the back for the room, lifing up from her feet now and then trying to stretch her leg muscles. Her face grimaces as she feels her thighs stiffen up; the newly collared slave has yet to get used to sitting for long periods of time on her knees. She sighs, loudly, but says nothing. Her boredom and annoyance at being forced to by attendance obvious my her frequent eye rolls.

[18:29:33] Kafka - Gabriel (zhantee.fallen) started to get up as his Master did, unsure of what was going on. Everyone else was seated. Taking a step forward, the kajirus realized that he didn't need to go anywhere and sat back down again, flushing red in embarassment at his mistake. Quickly, he found his knees once more, looking back at Min, his cheeks redder than usual. Tadashi's bit of Pani attracted his attention. He wasn't fluent in Japanese, but he'd heard his mother and grandmother converse enough times to recognize a few words and the gist of the language. "Er..." Gabe mumbled, using a halting, heavily accented stock phrase, "I don't understand."

[18:30:06] Berathin turns his eyes, meeting Sasi's as she stares at him for that brief moment. She would always be a thorn in his side, her vanity would allow no less. For a moment he considered simply killing her in the night, another body to be found in the sewers a month from now. He would let her make the first move though, and he had bigger fish to fry at the moment.

[18:30:17] Oxyartes was staring flatly at the man as he strode up and stood directly in front of Oxyartes and leaned in. Oxyartes listened as he introduced himself and Oxyartes offered a thin smile. "Well met Kegan Magistrate of Kaelus" Oxyartes returned the greeting. "I am Oxyartes, Right Hand of the Regent" A smirk licked at the cornered of his mouth as he stepped back and Oxyartes continued to watch Kegan as he took it upon himself to take of the Administrators seat as the blue cloth was folded and set aside. Indeed it was n9ot missed he was not there for the eariler meeting that day and now again absent from this one. But it drew interest that the Magistrate took over the seat as if the knowledge of the Administrator was known to him and knew he would not be present. Oxyartes glanced back then and Theoden for several eh, the words un spoken the look however was clear.

[18:30:28] Feorie Frimon was in her 'blending' clothes...but her eyes burned with a cold sort of fire. She had heard about what happened, and unsure of what to expect, or if it were even true, she waited silently to see who might address who and what the 'powers that be' had to say. She spotted Berathin in his chair and she nodded in his direction if he looked her way, giving a tiny finger wave of her gloved hand to the man. It was the three large stone seats up front though that drew her attention away, none of the men she knew by face, and she casually stroked her slightly swollen belly as she watched them...trying to figure out who was who.

[18:31:11] Astrid Hoffnung looked affronted and annoyed when she noticed her earlier "mentor-assailant" take a place of honour as the head of the caste. It was unsettling and very unlike Astrid to be drawn into such dreadful faux pas. She saw man's companion sitting on her left, and made a note to send woman some sweets and finery, to establish rapport. She also noticed Berathin in the place of honour and her eyes narrowed, as she contemplated Alar

being member of the caste. Bloody hell, Kaelus did not exactly fit her plan of "making it" in the new place.

[18:31:24] Truiste watched quietly from above noting to whom people were nodding. She noted the little furtive glances between people because most people looked side to side before committing shadowy acts, most forgot to look up. She was curious to see what might happen as she peeked with interest from her nicely stashed location up over above the proceedings. She was careful not to move overly much as she did not wish to draw attention to her position. She simply waited to hear what would happen next, her eyes noting the two men flanking the one that sprawled like a newly bearded boy upon his throne. She smirked at him beneath her veiling and noted his seeming dissipation . An interesting observation. She had not heard of that, yet.

[18:31:45] Cosette Philos (elzbieta.balfour): And so her promised gag in the form of the scribe left to sit with the heads of caste. Cosette scowled briefly and moved closer to Tadashi., casting a guarded look his way before she leaned to whisper the same request to him that she'd sent toward Heph.. this time with a little more explanation. She nodded toward Gabe and Min and sat up straight once she'd finished petitioning the Pani.

[18:32:56] Godrick Puch (adonai.ryba) eyed the Initiates chair. He'd look really gods-damned good on that fucker. A smirk crept on his lips and he chuckled in spite of himself.

[18:37:00] Theoden gazed at the Magistrate quickly but offered no response to his greeting nor his statements. He did not know yet if he had spoke to Lady Sasi just yet. Perhaps he was masking it all very well. But his teeth unclenched and he relaxed more visibly when Kegan took a side step and sat in the lower throne that was meant for the Administrator... the Administrator that now had left. Where could he be, Theoden wondered. He was absent from the first meeting... and now the second? To have this.. Kaelian sit in his place, near him? Eriath was an Arian, and even though the man and his eccentricities had somewhat annoyed him from time to time, at the very least he was Arian, and knew he could control him. But whats this? The Magistrate, a Kaelian, comes and sits himself in his place? He caught the look of Oxyartes, and indeed exchanged a look with him, sharing his notice. Regardless, he would not mention things for now about Kegan. He was, however, quite annoyed that the Administrator was missing twice... and quite furious as well. If he was not dead already lying in a ditch somewhere, he would have him fired on the spot. Nevermind. Why wait? These were meetings of high importance to the city and to the regime. To have missed both was unconscionable. The man was good as fired. Theoden had brought him from Ar to aid him in administering the city, but he would now send him back to Ar when he gets a hold of him. He kept note in his mind to mention his firing later in the meeting. As the citizens of Kaelus poured in , he spoke in a direct tone for all to hear. "Greetings, Arians, Kaelians and others. This is the second meeting with the city, of which perhaps you could not make the first. I would not blame you, as to ask the city to fit into this hall, although it is grand, would be a logical inconsistency. We are here today to investigate a grave matter that has befallen our city. " he cleared his throat, and spoke even louder than before. "Hochburgian infiltrators had somehow attacked the city of Kaelus, I'm sure you all are now aware. It is today we will deal with the reprecussions of that."

The story continues. Read more here: <http://www.gor-sl.com/index.php/topic,13450.0.html>

KNOWLEDGE

18 TRIVIA

The Goreans have named this planet after Hersius, a legendary hero of Ar. By what name do the people of earth know this planet?

"'Priest-Kings,' said Misk, 'unlike humans, are not an aggressive organism. It is enough for us to have the security of our own territory. Moreover, those whom you call the Others no longer have their own world. It died with their sun. They live in a set of Master Ships, each almost an artificial planet in itself. As long as these ships remain outside the fifth ring, that of the planet Earthmen call Jupiter, the Goreans Hersius, after a legendary hero of Ar, we do not fight.'" (Assassin of Gor, page 61)

True or False: In certain parts of Gor, it is expected that a Free Woman will wear a nose ring.

"... following the branding, I supposed that Kamchak would have one of the tiny nose rings affixed; all Tuchuk females, slave or free, wear such rings... ." (Nomads of Gor, page 63)

You are told to prepare for a trip. Plans are made to leave the second day of the upcoming Passage Hand. When does a Passage Hand occur?

"There are twelve twenty-five day Gorean months, incidentally, in most of the calendars of the various cities. Each month, containing five five-day weeks, is separated by a five-day period, called the Passage Hand, from every other month, there being one exception to this, which is that the last month of the year is separated from the first month of the year, which begins with the Vernal Equinox, not only by a Passage Hand, but by another five-day period called the Waiting Hand... ." (Assassin of Gor, page 73)

A man stands, yelling "Black Gold! Black Gold!" He takes a gold coin in his hand and throws it to the feet of the man before him. Who do you think just gave him the coin?

"The Tarn Keeper, breaking away from the Saddle Maker, came over to us. He was a short man, with close-cropped brown hair, a squarish face. I noted the patch of the Greens on his shoulder. He smiled at me. 'You did well,' said he, 'Killer,' and with a grin turned and left.

I turned again to the Player, but he was now standing there in the street, seeming somehow alone, though I stood at his side.

'You are of the Assassins?' he asked.

'Yes,' I said, 'it is my caste.'

He pressed the piece of gold into my hand and turned away, stumbling from me, reaching out with his right hand to guide himself along the wall.

'Wait!' I cried. 'You have won this! Take it!' I ran to him.

'No!' he cried, striking out wildly with a hand, trying to force me away. I stepped back. He stood there, panting, not seeing me, his body bent over, angry. 'It is black gold,' he said. 'It is black gold.' He then turned away, and began to grope his way from the place of the game.

I stood there in the street and watched him go, in my hand holding the piece of gold which I had meant to be his."

(Assassin of Gor, page 35)

True or false: Gorean is written left to right.

"Gorean is written, as it is said, as the ox plows. The first line is written left to right, the second, right to left, the third, left to right again, and so on. I had once been informed by my friend, Torm, that the whole business was quite simple, the alternate lines, in his opinion, at least, also being written forward, 'only in the other direction.'"

(Players of Gor, page 286)

True or False: Gravity is stronger on Gor than on Earth

"I was aware again of the somewhat lesser gravity of the planet, but this awareness would pass as my system accommodated itself naturally to the new environment. Given the lesser gravity, feats of prowess which might seem superhuman on earth were commonplace on Gor. The sun, as I remembered it, seemed a bit larger than it did when viewed from the earth, but as before it was difficult to be altogether sure of this."

(Outlaw of Gor, page)

You are planning to travel deep into the jungles of Schendi. You hire a guide to teach you survival techniques before you get too deep into the lands. He points out a tree, twenty feet high, with great spreads of leaves. "As much as a liter of water can be found cupped in the base of the leaf." What is the tree?

"There is an incredible variety of trees in the rain forest, how many I cannot conjecture. There are, however, more than fifteen hundred varieties and types of palm alone. Some of these palms have leaves which are twenty feet in length. One type of palm, the fan palm, more than twenty feet high, which spreads its leaves in the form of an opened fan, is an excellent source of pure water, as much as a liter of such water being found, almost as though cupped, at the base of each leaf's stem." (Explorers of Gor, page 350)

From the fan palm, your guide now directs you to vines, dangling from the trees. "These are liana vine. You can also collect water from these." He describes how to prepare the vine.

What would you do?

"Another useful source of water is the liana vine. One makes the first cut high, over one's head, to keep the water from being withdrawn by contraction and surface adhesion up the vine. The second cut, made a foot or so from the ground, gives a vine tube which, drained, yields in the neighborhood of a liter of water. In the rain forest some trees grow and lose leaves all year long, remaining always in foliage."

(Explorers of Gor, page 350)

True or False: There is a standardization of calendars among the cities of Gor.

"Chronology, incidentally, is the despair of scholars on Gor, for each city keeps track of time by virtue of its own Administrator Lists; for example, a year is referred to as the Second Year when so-and-so was Administrator of the city. One might think that some stability would be provided by the Initiates, who must keep a calendar of their feasts and observances, but the Initiates of one city do not always celebrate the same feast on the same date as do those of another city. If the High Initiate of Ar should ever succeed in extending his hegemony over the High Initiates of rival cities, a hegemony which he claims he possesses already incidentally, a unified calendar might be introduced. But so far there has been no military victory of Ar over other cities and, accordingly, free of the sword, the Initiates of each city regard themselves as supreme within their own walls."

(Outlaw of Gor, page 143)

(taken from Sari's Daily "Quote from the Books" Trivia for February 2013)

19 DEBTOR SLUTS

by HoY scibe Moon (spirit7moon Resident)

(Enduring a less formal or official form of payback are the debtor sluts the reader encounters in the war torn countrysides of Gor: free women working as tavern wenches to repay an inn keeper the cost of their lodging and feed or other accumulated debt. As odd as it may seem, these women are not looked at as slaves nor wear collars, and their social status remains that of a free woman.)

"I am the Lady Amina of Venna," she said. "I was visiting in the north, and forced to flee at the approach of Cosians."

"Your redemption fee," I said, "is forty copper tarsks, a considerable amount." I had read this amount on the back of the oilcloth rectangle.

"Pay it!" she begged. "Rescue a noble free woman from jeopardy. I will be forever grateful."

"Few men," I said, "would be content with gratitude."

She shrank back, frightened, against the rough surface.

"My bill is only thirty tarsks," said the second woman, a blonde. "Redeem me!"

"Mine is thirty-five!" said the third woman.

"Mine is only twenty-seven!" cried the fourth woman.

"Mine is fifty," wept the last of the five women, "but I will make it well worth your while!"

"In what way?" I asked.

"In the way of the woman!" she said, brazenly.

There were cries of protest, and anger, from the others.

"Do not sound too righteous," I said to the first four prisoners at the wall.

"We are free women!" said the first woman.

"You are all debtor sluts," I said.

The first woman gasped, startled, so referred to, and the second and third woman cried out in anger. The fourth whimpered, knowing what I had said was true. The fifth was silent.

I recalled that the porter, when I had come to the outer gate, at the height of the bridge over the moat, seeing that I was not a female, had made me show money, and a considerable amount of it, before he had admitted me. This was probably because of the crowding at the inn, and perhaps inflated prices, in these unusual, perilous times. Women, I had gathered, on the other hand, would not be required to show such money. This, of course, was presumably not so much because such a challenge might be thought to be demeaning to a free woman, as, perhaps, that women on Gor, in a sense, are themselves money. They are, or can be, a medium of exchange, like currency. This is particularly true of the slave, of course, who, like other goods, or domestic animals, has an ascertainable, finite value, whatever free persons are willing to pay for her. Women such as these, those at the wall, would be surrendered by the management of the inn for the equivalent of their unpaid bills. They would then be in the power of their "redeemers," any who might make good their debts. Lacking such a "redemption" they might then expect to find themselves, sooner or later, sold as slaves. In this way the inn usually recovers its money and, not unoften, turns a profit. Particularly beautiful specimens of impecunious guests are sometimes kept by the inn itself, as inn slaves.

(Renegades of Gor, 2:41-42)

ONLINISMS OF THE WEEK

ASSASSINS

by HoY scibe Moon (spirit7moon Resident)

This is for curiosity only, to show examples of things out side the scope of the books that have been presented as " gorean" in SL and elsewhere.

This is one of the ways they show to serve a Black Caste, an onlineism:

You: Sisters, to serve a Master of the Black Caste, you must always serve with his own vessel.

You: The Master will carry a mug, or possibly a horn.

You: After he has given his order, he will give you the vessel, and you must rise and go to the servery.

You: But never turn away from him. You must back up to the servey, so that the mug is always in his view.

You: You will not clean the vessel as you normally would. You may look at it to inspect it, but nothing more. Your hands should remain on the lower half of it at all times. Do not think about cleaning it, scraping it, touching the rim or the inside. To do so could lead to a much faster serve.. as you'll most likely be dead on the tavern floor.

slave A: yes sister

slave A: *listens more*

You: And you will serve the rest as you normally do, but make sure that he always sees the mug or the horn.

You: When you return to him, you will ask if he wishes you to proof the vessel.

You: To proof is to test it for poison.

slave B nods again to show she understands.

You: And you will return it to him, and not take it away again.

Master A smiles at slave C

You: And one other thing to always remember, sisters.. always ask to approach a Master of the Black Caste.

slave C looks up at the Master and smiles, then quickly turns back to her task.

You: Never just kneel beside the Master, for that could also be your final mistake.

You: It is a complicated serve, sisters, but if done right it can be very pleasing. And.. it keeps you safe.

ABOUT THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

The Landa Times is to become the NEW VOICE OF GOR (since issue 72).

The reasons for this are the former VOICE OF GOR Is one of the oldest publications of second life Gor. Many Goreans have come to know it and its editor Verona Lorgsval.

Verona does not longer publish the Voice of Gor which was based in the city of Olni. Her mission statement for the paper was:

"The Voice of Gor is a cross sim Gorean wide newspaper. It is designed to promote and increase Cross Sim Role play and communication. The Voice of Gor strives to ensure that all parties are contacted ahead of time; however, occasionally a city will object to what was written. Any city is free to write a rebuttal or send in their own news."

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR is available:

for members of the group Cartographers and Explorers of Gor (about 1811 members)

for members of the group BTB Goreans (about 705 members)

for members of the group Alliance of Valkyrie Panthers (about 1488 members)

for members of the group Gorean Information and Notices (about 125 members)

in the Gor Hub (near the map there)

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/0%200%20Acajou/191/148/3009>

in the City Port of Olni (gate house) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Olni/127/8/507>

In Forest Port (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Forest%20Port/186/230/3251>

in Tharna (skybox) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Tharna/40/108/4044>

in Tarnwald (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/City%20of%20Tarnwald/251/133/1013>

in the Oasis of Nine Wells (near the gate) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Nine%20Wells%20East/19/188/63>

in the Gorean campus (besides the gallery) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Serena%20Aquarius/8/125/22>

in Landa (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Isle%20of%20Landa/0/18/26>

If you want to have a dispenser of the NEW VOICE OF GOR (6 prims, not transfer) on your sim, please contact Yuroki Uriza

The NEW VOICE OF GOR <http://www.gorean-forums.com/>