

# THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

(short online version)

PUBLICARE ET PROPAGARE!

Second Edition, v. 2 No. 97

First day of the twelfth Passage 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.

---

01 Content

02 Editorial

## All over Gor

03 About the so called Zar Guild of Gor

04 White caste: Volmar takes his vows

05 Gorean Newspapers (Overview)

## Gorean Cities

06 Port of Olni including the Slave's Corner

07 Forest Port

08 Vigo

09 Village of Anango

10 Teletus

11 City of Tor

12 The rest

## Games

13 Zar, Ko-Ro-Ba and the so called Zar guild of Gor

## Trade

14 The Sardar En'Kara Fair

15 Comment of the editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR

17 True Southern Trade Alliance (STA): Monthly meeting in Landa

17 House of Yuroki Companies (HOY)

18 Currency Exchange Rates

## Miscellaneous

19 Pictures

## Advertisement

## Roleplay

20 Kiss and Make Up

## Knowledge

21 Trivia

22 Gorean Campus: Basis Kajira (spanish)

## Onlinisms of the week

23 Sadistic nutjob

## 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 97th volume of the NEW VOICE OF GOR !

Greetings avid readers! We will soon welcome in the new year. The month of En'kara, the Fair will be held near to the Sadar where all meetings of the Gorean castes will be held and issues debated. New Laws will be created old laws changed.

The NEW VOICE OF GOR will not be there this year for reasons explained in the last issue. However on a happier note with the turn of the year it will be the 100th edition of the NEW VOICE OF GOR - the only Gor wide newspaper. So we would like to take the opportunity to canvas the other editors of Gorean newspapers, their views on the voice and other newspapers.

How can we improve our papers and our circulation to citizens of the myriad of cities, towns, villages and ports? If you have something constructive to offer please contact us. We will publish some of the letters and hopefully with your help learn how to provide a better service.

All replies to (notecards please)  
Scribe to the NEW VOICE OF GOR  
Wendie lemon

# (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 [OOC] ABOUT THE SO CALLED ZAR GUILD OF GOR

by Tegan Fallen

When it was suggested that I write something about my past experience with the Zar Guild of Gor, my mind raced. Do I want revenge against those that lied about me and made what should have been a fun time, sad and painful? Of course I could name names, dates and events; but the fact remains on Aug 30th, without a chance to defend myself, I was kicked out of the guild and removed as mentor. As a slave, I didn't have a voice back then, but as an earthling reflecting on the past, I have a big one now, and I am damn well going to use it.

First, A little about me:

Much of my time in Gor was as a slave. Eventually becoming FW to a man who is now my RL Fiancé. I was primarily a gamer. I loved to play Zar and, after 100's of games, developed an opening and blocking strategy that was used or adapted by other players including the renowned grandmasters Romaine Larrison and Kaibur (Hanes Himmel). I didn't play to win - I played the game itself. If I could make my opponent work really hard and still win, that was great. If I just had them growling at me but I lost, I was still happy. I won two consecutive mini-tournaments that included high level players such as Sana, Leslie Littlefoot and Knight Chemistry.

Unfortunately I didn't do well in regular tournaments and accepted that teaching felt far better and was made a mentor in the guild. Then I was deeply honored when Kaibur himself proposed that I teach alongside him because he respected that I was able to challenge him consistently when we played. We started the Zar Circle and taught once a week. At this point there is A LOT that could be said, but it's time to let it sink with the rats on the SS Zar Guild of Gor

Second: here are a few facts I believe you should know:

Fact: Zar is a game, not a RP, and keeping Zar as part IC Role-play is not fair. All Zar games should be OOC and Gorean idiosyncrasies should be temporarily forgotten.

Fact: The leadership of the Zar guild is deficient. I will say it outright: Astary Pendragon has abused his power and doesn't seem to really care about the players, just a handful of golden boys. I have been contacted by others who are tired of the bullshit. He never lets anyone defend themselves because of the LL policy of not sharing IMs. It's easy sir, ask both parties to give permission for it to be shared and you are covered. You are a dishonorable Gorean and a poor administrator.

Fact: A new league focusing on Zar as simply a game to be enjoyed, practiced and mastered is needed. I have offered up the group named "The Zar Circle" to be the start if that new league. After being ousted, I reserved it for my future use, thinking maybe I would start something. Unfortunately, RL was very demanding at the time and the energy wasn't there. I feel sure that Kaibur approve of my offer- I think he would love to see the game enjoyed for what it is - a challenging strategy game, not a challenging social structure

Third, I have a few last words:

To the liars, power players and god-modders, I have one thing to say.... Thank you! My RL fiancé came into Gor as my master to defend me and has lived with me in real life for the past 18 months. He says thanks also. As for your sins, I doubt many of you care about your actions to begin with or the pain they have caused others.

To those that defended me or spoke directly to me when injustice was seen, 1 freeman and 1 free woman to be exact, I say thanks as well. You will have my respect eternally

To everyone that loves Zar and doesn't want to see it decline further, remember this: It doesn't matter whether you are free woman, slave or master, fight to have Zar played so it can be enjoyed by all, without politics or power games.

Sincerely

#### 04 WHITE CASTE OF GOR: TOLMAR TAKES HIS VOWS

[18:20] Terek (kitten.serpente): Once this vow is taken, you will no longer be a servant of Ubar or Administrator, or a partisan of one Home Stone, but a servant of Priest-Kings, who rule all Gor from the blessed Sardars. You will serve \*in\* a city, but serve Priest-Kings

Read more: xxx

#### 05 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

Offical 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

---

## 06 PORT OF OLNİ

### # THE GOLDEN QUILL COMPETITION

The City of Port Olni is proud to once more host the Golden Quill Competition. That brilliant writers abound in the realms of Gor is unquestioned as evidenced by prior competitions. Now it has come again...your chance to become the proud recipient of the coveted Golden Quill! A very few are able to boast this achievement and now is your chance as well. The event will be held Friday, March 16, 2013 at Noon in the City of Port Olni. Further information attached.

Read more: [□](#)

### OLNI GAZETTE

Latest Issue No. 43

Editor: Janette Inglewood

### # 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 on.

### FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!

By Teal Razor

The En'Kara Relay for Life Fair is taking place as I write. For the sake of clarity for those of you captured from earth, and you know who you are, the dates of the fair were 3/9/2013 until 3/12/2013.

The name of the En'Kara Fair and how it was so close on the heels of the Sardar Fair made the two blend in my mind. I went off to the En'Kara Fair thinking what a jovial time I was going to have. I had visions of my Master pulling me up and down the midway, while I sang the song from Master Charles Dickens's adaptation of Oliver in the Land of Twist that has been performed all over Gor. In fact I think I have seen Master Brett Bertolucci of THE WHIP radio fame, perform in this musical at the last fair Ar ever had....I believe rotted vegetables were thrown in response to his greatest thespian efforts. In any event I always sing at the top of my lungs:

Food, glorious food!  
We're anxious to try it.  
Three banquets a day --  
Our favourite diet!

This is a good tactic on my part since the shop keepers in their stalls always throw half rotted

fruit at me to try and stop my bellowing of Trevian show tunes. Yes, to be sure the sound of Trevian men trodding the boards in tights and red tutu's singing their hearts out annoys most full blooded Gorean males. Ah yes, much fruit to stuff into my knapsack. And, then we always stop at the largest stall in the market, Master Godiva's. He has the best chocolate coated honey on a stick in all of Gor. Then half way down the stretch we stop at the stall of Mistress Cinnabon, for the gooey buns. Gooey buns....yessss. Back to the story.

Well this fair was not quite that drunken sugar high of other fairs. In fact I wound up weeping at the stories of people who have experienced the horrors of cancer. I had a sobering look at what a survivor's family and friends go through when a loved one is given a cancer diagnosis. The Goreans who make this charity event possible should hold a place dear in all of us. I salute you.

After the opening ceremonies my Master pulled me to the Port Olni booth. I was a little stunned. It would appear difficult to pull off a representation of a grand city in an eight by six foot area. Our Ubara found no difficulty at all. The esteemed companion of our beloved Ubar has worn so many hats lately, that it appears likely her hair will be in permanent disarray from changing these la belle chapeau in a whirlwind slight-of-hand. So on this day, she became interior decorator par excellence. I don't know where she found the bolt of cloth that she used for the awning but I would love a similar awning over the balcony at my Master's house. The awning poles were sturdy but handsome with tassels that swung slightly in the early morning breeze. A magnificent representation of Port Olni was the backdrop for an almost altar like appearance of the whole booth. I stand and applaud all involved. Now I must sit down because I injured my neck when my Master yanked my chain as I gravitated toward the kissing booths at the fair, manned by the most impressive warriors in all of Gor.....

## ALL BAD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END

By Teal Razor

I keep thinking back to the En'Kara Fair Relay for Life. It has spawned an idea in me. I am considering plying my entrepreneurial skills to generate more coin for the purchase of candy and cream cakes. To that end I am planning to open up a small kissing booth in the marketplace. The trick will be to get the permission from my Master for such an endeavor. I "ain't" holdin' my breath.

But I digress...

I have been looking at new arrivals to Port Olni. It seems like with the fall of cities around us, Olni has been getting the brunt of refugees. Since my Master is a Captain in the Scarlet Caste, he is wont to be at the gates shaking down the arrivals for their passports. These personal scrolls carried to introduce oneself to cantankerous border guards and the like are now rife with so many nom de plume it is hard to pick the one name that an arrival needs to be called by.

Just this past week I knelt at my Master's boot while no fewer than five slaves showed up at the arrival point in Port Olni. I stood up briefly to stretch and get a better look at what was written in the scrolls of these rabble as he tried to decipher them. I mean really, all five of them said they "lost" their owners. Either they are all sitting outside the city limits of Port Olni

cooking up a story which will get them access to the city and the warm luxury of our kennels or they put the poor bastards to death and escaped the brutality of these "lost" Masters. I personally think we should start trolling the Olni River for dead bodies before we let these suspects in...

These so called slaves, bereft of their "beloved" Masters, had, written on their individual scrolls, a name that they were known as. This first name, no doubt when the sound of it had worn thin in their ears, was crossed out and after it came a succession of three to four names, each crossed out up to the last one.

If you are a slave and especially if you are a refugee claiming to have "lost" your Master at the docks, in the mountains, or in the Street of brands, please burn your scroll, claim one name for yourself and suffer any consequences you may encounter. I for one am going to ignore all names for the time being. I will start calling people by my own appellations. For instance the city slave who does the dishes in the kitchen I will call Fatassicus, the slave that carries all those small paga barrels on her shoulders from the cellar to the kitchen I will call Bicepticus Enormea. Man...that slave has some nice tone to those arms. At least my names will make more sense and I will not have to constantly say, when trying to explain who I am talking about as in, "Hey you remember Doreen who used to be 3007, who was then renamed Whore of Gor, who then was demoted to Whore of Babylon?" I will just say, "Hey, remember Fatassicus?" All will nod in knowing agreement.

---

## 07 FOREST PORT

### THERE IS A TIME IN EVERY FREE WOMAN'S LIFE

by Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port

This is where the free woman rebel. This is where the free woman finally stand and get recognized, to stand up and out of the crowd. Where free women were usually respected, they are no longer. This is where sometimes a free woman becomes insane in her shadows where you cast her and forcer her to stay there, hidden for all of time. This is where I went wrong many moons ago.

A place called Vonda, ran by a man who met his fate as well as the cities. Perhaps, in the ruins of Vonda and after math of settled dust, the fallen Ubar decided to live like a free woman. In the shadows of shame. What Gor was and what is to our visions is something quiet different. To gain even a singular bit of words with anyone around you besides another free woman, one needed to be loud, one needed to have strong voice and firm hand. To cause one to even look at her in a direction.

It was in Vonda that I was arrested for demanding the gate be dropped. The guard at the door refused, so I assaulted him with my sharp tongue. A man fights with his blades, thinking that steel is the sharpest thing. I call men fools. No amount of steel is as sharp as a scorned woman's tongue. Men might play victor on the battle field, but women are mental ninjas as one would call it. We use finesse with words and psychological means to mentally tap into the brains of men and destroy them, when we get pissed enough.

It just so happened on this particular day, I happened to be more than pissed I was livid. Even one would call me disgusted. I wanted to snap a neck off a slut. Finding my passage to other lands barred from me I turned around after screaming every name in the book to the man, I hauled off and slapped him a few times for good measure. Perhaps I was thinking mayhap my message would sink in the skull further with a little bit of a help? I am not sure now as it has been so long. But after feeling my hand sting and retreating I got the lever down and moved on my own. I found, in the city a bit later, this very thing. An arrest warrant....

Read more: xxx

## FOREST PORT CHRONICLE

Editor: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port

---

### 08 VIGO

#### # ABOUT THE VIGO TIMES

by the editor

This edition of the VIGO TIMES will be noticeably smaller than what you are accustomed to seeing. I am considering changing the publication to bi-weekly, to ease the enormity of the pressure that a weekly publication places upon me.

#### # KAJIRAE'S KORNER

by e(v)a

Greetings Vigo slaves!! Eva here, reporting the news for Kajirae;s Korner.

Here is a re-cap of the weeks happenings, not in any particular order...

It was another beautiful week in the City of Vigo for all. We've had a steady flow of visitors coming in looking for a new home stone. The girls giving these tours need to take the time and have all of their information regarding the city on hand and well practiced. The initial tour sometimes makes or breaks the potential candidates decision in whether or not to consider Vigo as a possibility. If you need to ladies, please have a note card ready and labeled "TOURS" for reference...try taking practice walks when the city is slow and decide the order that best defines and displays the cities attributes. Remember, practice makes perfect ! Another way to help pass the word around about Vigo is to "Tell a Friend". Word of mouth has great weight when heard through the ears of friends.

Read more: xxx

## THE VIGO TIMES

7TH EDITION - March 06, 2013

## 09 VILLAGE OF ANANGO

### COIN DELIVERY

by Wendie

The House of Yruoki (HoY) caravan entered the Port Village of Anango bringing a new issue of Coins.

The broad tharlaron struggled on the steep path to the village. Checking the village the head of the house of HoY with three of his slaves passed through the portal into the village. Entering the square surrounded by half timbered buildings the caravan slaves unloaded the goods. The owner of the house of HoY then took the Tharlaron to deliver the coins to the city strong room where the gold silver and copper coins were deposited.

After a good days trading the HoY caravan resumed its journey to return to the warehouse in Olni. The owner of the HoY companies also offered its usual package of training and aid to the village and help if needed in setting up a bank.

---

## 12 THE REST

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

---

## ## GAMES

### 13 ZAR, KO-RO-BA AND THE SO CALLED ZAR GUILD OF GOR

by Wendie

It is unusual when something gets me angry even in Gor. This is however one of those times. When a sim owner uses his right to ban someone for the wrong reasons, Ok he pays the bills so he can do what he likes. What really annoyed me was a respected group owner knowing what was happening supported the sim owner because money came into it.

Well I have had my rant, now to tell you what happened two kajira from the same chain went to a Zar match in Ko-Ro-Ba. Zar matches are ooc for obvious reasons but in the spirit of the game people try to play as near as they can to their character and use IM for ooc matters.

When a player failed to show for a game in her own city a kajira asked the rules governing it she was told to keep out of it .

When she told the Ubar of the city her reasons for asking he told her she is a slave and must behave so, this happened in ims, she told him that ims are ooc .he replied he is a lifestyle gorean.The Ubar then had her removed from the contest.

When the girl complained she had been taken out of the contest even though she had won a previous game.She appealed to the Zar guild of Gor and was told he had to support the sim owner as it was his prize money. A poor response from a respected group.

To refer to your self as a lifestyle gorean is a joke no one on earth will ever be a gorean I will change my mind when I see a man walk down Oxford street or Broadway dragging a naked girl brandishing a sword and with no fear of using it . It appears now we have BTB, GE and now lifestyle sims.To me and the vast majority of people who play Gor, Play being the operative word, gor is a place to enjoy.

I play Gorean role play because it lets me be someone I will never be in real life I also play it because it is where everyone is treated as to who they are .More and more though I see linden \$ beginning to ruin the game There are a lot of good sim owners out there who invest money into their sim to give us a good playing environment However there are some with delusions of megalomania who just want to control people even in their real lives I will never play in an environment where people are not respected for who they are not the character they portray. A slave girl in second life may be an independent woman or even a grandmother in real life and the assassin a doctor accept Gor for what it is Its not a place to control people in their real life .

Zar is a respected game everyone should be allowed to play without fear of favour.

---

## TRADE

#### 14 THE SARDAR EN'KARA FAIR

Every Year the Land of the Sardars puts on the Roleplay Fair of the Year... rightfully so in the Foothills of the Great Sardar Mountains !

Caravans make their way to the Sardar Village where the Fair awaits with opportunity to trade, compete and meet people from all over Gor.

During the Fair even Enemies sit with Enemies - There is no Combat during the Fair ((by the book)) but you betcha folks will be sizing each other up for after Fair battles !

#### 15 COMMENT OF THE EDITOR OF THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

That is not true. I was told to remove my tent and the tent of the true Southern Trade Alliance by a physician who organizes the fair of the merchant caste. That is ridiculous.

[2013-02-23 06:32 AM] [XXXX]: well the "other" STA wanted equal space and tent  
[2013-02-23 06:33 AM] Yuroki Uriza: i represent my company which has branches in 4 cities and the STA which has 14 members. So who is complaining?  
[2013-02-23 06:35 AM] [XXXX]: then you and the other STA meet and join together  
[2013-02-23 06:35 AM] [XXXX]: as ONE  
[2013-02-23 06:36 AM] [XXXX]: then come back  
[2013-02-23 06:39 AM] [XXXX]: i am asking you to remove the tent and work together  
[2013-02-23 06:40 AM] Yuroki Uriza: forget it  
[2013-02-23 06:41 AM] Yuroki Uriza: be happy with the drama makers  
[2013-02-23 06:43 AM] Yuroki Uriza: why should i cooperate with my enemies who put a reward on my head?

The En'Kara fair is not a "roleplay event" but a terrible mixture of OOC and IC anyway.

## 16 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.

## MONTHLY MEETING OF THE TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE IN LANDA

The monthly meeting of the southern trade Alliance took place in Landa. The members voted unanimously to accept the city of Venna as full member. No members were removed from the Trade alliance. The meeting was held in Landa to give their citizens a view of how the business was conducted. The STA now awaits their decision as to membership of the STA.

There were decisions made about the STA caravan and how to increase the trade of southern Gor. Caravans would increase and members would be informed of routes and dates so as to form bigger caravans and share the guarding duties. The assembly discussed about the monopoly of the trade with blackwine beans and about the En'Kara Fair.

It was asked that in future the meeting of the STA be held within the fair to give other merchants the chance to see how the trade alliance conducts its business. Believing this might dispell some of the misconceptions of some.

## MAGNA CARTA

The Citizens of the TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE, in league to form a more perfect coalition, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for trade with safe passage, promote the general well-being, and secure the Blessings of the Priest Kings to ourselves and our Posterity, do prescribe and validate this:

We proclaim to work together towards trade support to unify the south against invaders seen from any entity especially from the North that disrupts our mutual trade investments within our Ports, Cities and Oases, for peace and prosperity and the protection of our trade routes.

## 17 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 OLNII

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)

## 18 CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES HOY BANK

New: Coins of Anango

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)

NEW: the HoY Banks accept and convert Coins of Argentum 1:2 (made by Peko Alcove

---

## ## ADVERTISEMENT

### # LADY JJ'S ART GALLERY IN OLNi

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

### # GOREAN ACADEMY of AMBASSADORS (GAA)

We are an experienced academy based in the beautiful city of Port Olni (<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Olni/127/8/507>).

Being an Ambassador, can make or break a cities, you are the first one they see on trade, and it is important to represent your city the best you can. To understand the facts you need to know, about the city, what they trade in, there cultural believe.

These are free courses, open to the Free and slaves

At the moment we provide three types of course of students:

- 1)Ambassadors -8 levels in classroom classes
- 2) Slaves assistant for Ambassadors -3 levels in classroom classes
- 3)Geographers, Cartographers and Map-Makers - classroom classes
- 4) Ambassadors - 10 levels self study course
- 5) Slaves assistant for Ambassadors -10 levels self study course

First class of 2013

#1 class is at 8am slt and 4 slt time, 8th of March 2013

# 3 class is at 10am slt and 6 slt time, 8th of March 2013

# 4 class is a self study, please contact the owners to enroll. and work at your own speed

- Graduation certificates for both your profile and for display (examples) for all of the courses

- To enroll in the courses, please contact me, Hannah Sera Xavorin or my girl Opal (boo9boo ) or my companion Arcturus Xavorin

-Hannah Sera Xavorin and Arcturus Xavorin are fluent in Portuguese / Brazilian

We recommend a good library for your research and studies, We have an excellent for in Olni.

## # 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.  
It is based around RP trials. We focus on the law, courtroom procedure and tactics as we role-play a series of case studies.  
Two further cases are covered as written work.
  
- graduation certificates for both your profile and for display (examples)
  
- graduates receive a Law School Advocates Ring
  
- course begins December 11th for 8 weeks  
classes each Tuesday at:  
1pm OR 5pm SLT
  
- To enrol in the Magistrate and/or Advocate course, please contact me, Janette Inglewood or my girl Krista (krista1k)
  
- info regarding GLA self study basic scribe course

we recommend the Library on Gorean Campus for your research and studies

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

---

## ROLEPLAY

20 KISS AND MAKE UP

provided by Lady Sophia

"Tal Sophia," Alana said as she stepped through the beaded curtain, into the office of the Vigo Times. Sophia was bent over a scroll, scribbling away, as usual.

Liyah, one of the Ubar's girls was with her and said, "Tal Mistress."

Sophia looked up, snorting as she saw Alana who hadn't done a lick of work, forcing her to do it all..again.. "Tal Lady. I'm busy!" she snapped, then noticed the slaves and said "greetings girls" much cooler than she normally spoke to them.

Mouse blinked, not used to hearing her sharp tone, "Greetings Mistress" she said with a smile dancing upon her face

Alana stood in front of Sophia's desk and asked, a bit sarcastically, "Are you busy again? You are always stuck in this office!" Alana was quite used to Sophia's tone, they seemed to bicker as much as not these days.

Sophia huffed and slammed her quill down, rubbing her aching hand that was covered in ink.. "Well..if SOME people would do their jobs..maybe I wouldn't be a slave to my desk day in and day out!" she snapped, standing up and facing Alana.

Mouse looked around the room. pretending not to be present. Growing quite uncomfortable, she started to tick off the things she needed to do for her Master before the day was over.

Alana looked hurt, though in reality, she hated working and did everything she could to avoid doing anything productive. "My," she says, "Well, then," she looks back at her. "I just thought that perhaps you wanted some company but you are so snappy I will just leave." Then she says, "Perhaps you should hire a new Assistant Editor."

"Perhaps I should!" she nearly snarled.

Sophia lowered her voice a bit and tried to soften her tone, though she was quite annoyed with the woman. "You know, it would have been really nice if I hadn't had to write my own courtship announcement! You could have at least done THAT for me!" she snapped, unsuccessful at moderating her tone.

"Courtship?" she said, "Well, perhaps if I had known something about it, I would have. But of course I am always the last to know." She furrowed her brows, glaring at the Editor.

Mouse's eyes flashed open, her dimples deepening..."ooo" slipped from her lips as the conversation grew more intriguing.

Sophia laughed sarcastically.. "Perhaps if you were around to tell, instead of preening and flirting with all the men in the city..especially the new ones like the Magistrate and Physician..I might be able to keep you informed!"

Mouse's eyes danced back and forth...

"Flirting?" Alana spat out., "I do not flirt!" Her voice bounced off the walls. "You know that I don't, Sophia! Alana's lips pursed beneath her veil. "I have been alone for a while, you know that Sophia, and just because some show interest in me does not mean that I was flirting." Then she blurts out, "You know that is the furthest thing from the truth. Why don't you put that in your rag? Twist the truth like you always do!"

Sophia jumped up, really getting angry.. "Well! Is that what you think eh? That I twist the truth!

Ha! How would you know what the truth was when you only have eyes for a man to ensnare!"

Liyah blinked madly as she remained deadly quiet.

"Is that not the pot calling the kettle black!" Alana blurted out. "How many men have I seen come to your roof top? I can not even count. I am glad I got a place of my own so now I don't have to meet a new suitor every night!" She looked back at her with daggers in her eyes, "Some way for a high caste free woman to carry on. Might as well go around with your hair down and no veil like that cafe woman!" Alana knew how to twist the knife. She didn't think that Sophia had tender feelings for Crys which would make her comment all the more poignant. She tried, unsuccessfully, not to grin evilly.

Mouse fans herself a bit, suddenly very warm

Sophia's fists were clenched, her teeth ground against each other as her face turned dangerously red. She spoke very softly, a habit she picked up from her father, the angrier he was, the softer his voice became.. "At least I am found attractive and not repulsively frigid as SOME free women are, repressing their femininity to the point of being seen as a block of ice!"

"Well," Alana said, as she paused, trying to think of something to say. "Being frigid is better than being loose." Alana makes a face and imitates Sophia, - "I am Sophia. so nice to meet you. My Sir, you have a lovely slave. Would you like to come to my porch." - "You might as well have asked them to come to your bed!" She stops, her voice ringing through the courtyard. She was sure the whole city must have heard her.

Sophia stood there, just glaring at this woman who had claimed to be her friend. She was at a loss. She had been raised to be a very prim and proper Free Woman but no matter how proper she was, men seemed to be drawn to her like a moth to a flame..she didn't do anything to encourage them, she just minded her manners, was kind and lady-like..suddenly, she burst into tears..she and Alana had been through so much together, both had lost their Free Companions; Sophia's to fire, and poor, dear Alana's to wanton sluts. Alana had followed her to Vigo after the Manor had burned down and now..here they were fighting like enemies..Sophia knew she was just under too much stress and had lashed out unfairly..she couldn't speak, all she could do was stand there blubber, inconsolable.

Liyah moved over to the Mistress, handing her a hankie, with a smile.

Alana saw her friend crying. her own blue eyes filled with tears. She bit her lip, trying not to cry as well. Priest Kings knew Alana could be very insulting and she said whatever came into her pretty little head. "So, So, Sophiaaaaaa," she wailed, "I am sooo sorry," Tears ran down her face and she moved over to her. "I didn't mean it. You are not a floozy - Your paper is not a rag." She blurted out, sobbing.

Mouse shook her head softly, suddenly knowing why men travel a lot

Liyah handed another hankie to the other Mistress, with a smile

Sophia tried to smile at the girl as she took the hanky, the slaves concern so touching..she

blew her nose then looked up as Alana approached..she threw her arms around Alana's neck and held her tight, mumbling her own apologies in an unrecognizable language of anguish..something about how she knew that Alana was lonely and hadn't had time to do her work in her search of a man who could tolerate her.."wsn iogynm wn dos enn g hnsopmne "

Alana knew exactly what Sophia was saying, though to any other, her words were probably unclear. Then Alana took a deep breath and said, "Connnnn gratulllllations on your couuuurtshippppppp," sobbing uncontrollably. Then she hugs Sophia tightly, and puts her head on her shoulder.

Mouse cleared her throat. Standing, she turned and quickly went next door to the bakery, cleaning out two goblets and filling them with cool water...'Too bad they don't have wine in the bakery' she thought, shrugging her shoulders, 'water will have to do.'

Sophia patted Alana's back, knowing it was harder to be Alana than it was to be herself. She sniffled as the tears began to ebb.."thank" \*sniffffff\* "you!" \*snifffff\*..."I'm so" \*snifffff\* "sorry I got angryyyyy" she got out, beginning to cry again, burying her face in Alana's shoulder.

Mouse swiped her finger through the sweet icing on the rolls, humming happily as she sucks it off her finger..quickly looking for something...."ah", she said, picking up a small cookie. She placed it on the icing to cover her tracks...watching the cookie slide off..determining she just needed to move out quickly, returning to the hysterical women.

Seeing the dark stains of tears...and who knows what else, on their dresses...her nose wrinkled, grateful she didn't have to do their laundry. She held up the goblets for them, "Mistresses? Would you like a bit of water?" she asked, hopeful.

Alana blew her nose in her veil, not having seen the hankie liyah had offered her. "Who is the lucky gentleman who will receive your hand?" she asked, as her gloved hands wipe the moisture from her eyes. Her eyes and face now swollen from crying.

Sophia's face contorted, taking the other hanky that liyah had offered Alana and thrust it at the woman.."Ewww..Alana! That is gross!" she blurted out, pulling away from her grasp.."You know it is Theo! You have seen him with me..I have told you everything about how very long we have known each other and that he had come, determined to win my hand!" She moved back to her chair and plopped down, she would be up all night trying to finish the paper, but it wasn't looking good, she may have to delay publication this time, there was just too much yet to be done.

Mouse placed the goblets on the edge of the desk in case they wanted them later.

Sophia saw Mouse put the goblet down and smiled weakly at her, it had been very sweet of her to have thought to fetch water for them. She took one of the goblets and handed it to Alana, then took the other one for her self and drank deeply, "ahhh, thank you pet, that was very sweet of you dear"

Mouse smiled, nodding and hoping the worst was over

"You are lucky," Alana said, "He may not be high caste but you know once one is as old as you are, you can no longer put things off." Alana could not help but be envious, but she would try not to show it. Alana slipped the goblet under her veil and took a sip of the cool water, trying to calm down. She stood there looking at Sophia.

Sophia's head snapped up, her eyes flaring once more.. "not high caste! Are you daft woman! He was the Ubar of Treve for years! And I'm only 148! You cant be a day under 145! Theo is a Scarlet, Woman! A brave and honorable man! And he is only a little over 200!

Please Alana, I have too much work to do..go get yourself something to eat or go shopping or something! I've GOT to work!

Alana blinked. "Oh, I thought he was a Merchant," she said. Now Alana was even more envious, an Ubar and a Warrior. Then she barked out, "Fine!" I will go." She picked up her skirts and said, "Heel girl!."

Mouse smiled at Lady Sophia, "I wish you well Mistress" she said, running after the Lady Alana.

Sophia smiled at the girl, "safe paths dear"

Taken from the VIGO TIMES

---

## KNOWLEDGE

21 TRIVIA

A thief, male or female, will have their ear notched for their first conviction. For the second, the woman is reduced to slavery. What is the penalty for the man with his second offense?

"Some free girls, without family, keep themselves, as best they can, in certain port cities. That her ear had been notched indicated that, by a magistrate, she had been found thief. Ear notching is the first penalty for a convicted thief in most Gorean cities, whether male or female. The second offense, by a male, is punished with the removal of the left hand, the third offense by the removal of the right. The penalty for a woman, for her second offense, if she is convicted, is to be reduced to slavery." (Hunters of Gor, page 19)

You watch a red hunter of the north, haggling over the purchase of tea and sugar. He pulls out small, brown pelts, barely large enough to cover the body of a ten ounce creature. "That is the summer pelt of the arctic rodent. Give me more!" From what creature did he obtain the pelt?

"It eats bird's eggs and preys on the leem, a small arctic rodent, some five to ten ounces in weight, which hibernates during the winter.

...

The hunter drew forth from the bundle of furs two tiny pelts of the leem. These were brown,

the summer coats of the animals."  
(Beasts of Gor, page 80)

You are part of a hunting party. You have been walking north of Ax Glacier for four days, climbed to the height of the pass of Tancred, the mountains of Hrimgar flanking on each side. The land slopes downward before you. What lands do you see below?

"Four days after leaving the northern edge of Ax Glacier, we climbed to the height of the pass of Tancred, the mountains of the Hrimgar flanking us on either side. Below the height, the pass sloping downward, we could see the tundra of the polar plain. It is thousands of pasangs in width, and hundreds in depth; it extends, beyond horizons we could see, to the southern edge of the northern, or polar, sea." (Beast of Gor, page 218)

When a slave removes sandals from a man's feet, she will kiss each before putting it away. Does she also kiss them when she places them back on his feet?

"Do not forget to kiss the sandal, humbly, before tying it on his foot,' said the whip master, 'just as, when you remove them, you kiss them, before putting them away.'  
'Yes, Master,' I said."  
(Kajira of Gor, page 330)

You are on a raft, navigating your way through the marshes of the Vosk Delta. Beneath the water you see a narrow, dark shape, moving slowly like an undulating whip. As it glides by, a small, triangular head lifts, clearing the water. Should you be concerned?

"We saw a narrow, dark shape, about five feet long, like a slowly undulating whip, glide past. A small triangular head was almost level with the water surface. I did not think there had been much danger, but there was some possibility that the movement of her legs in the water might have attracted its attention.  
'That is a marsh moccasin,' I said.  
'Are they poisonous,' she asked.  
'Yes,' I said.  
'I never saw one before,' she said.  
'They are not common,' I said, 'even in the delta.'"  
(Vagabonds of Gor, page 282)

You watch as musicians file into a tavern and begin to set up. One man carries a long, low, rectangular instrument with 8 strings. He sits crosslegged on the floor, the instrument across his lap and begins to play with a horn pick. What is the instrument?

"The czehar is a long, low, rectangular instrument. It is played, held across the lap. It has eight strings, plucked with a horn pick."  
(Kajira of Gor, page 108)

You have been commanded to assist the musicians preparing for the night's entertainment. "Slave, bring me my kaska!" Do you know what to bring?

"The drummer's fingers light on the taut skin of his instrument, the kaska, then adjusting it, then trying it again, then tapping lightly, then more vigorously, with swift, brief rhythms, limbering his wrists, fingers and hands."

(Dancer of Gor, page 180)

Your owner ties a sack with coins about your neck. You're instructions are to go to the market and purchase kort. As you enter the market, you see stalls selling fruits, vegetables and grains. Which stall should you approach?

"At the oasis will be grown a hybrid, brownish Sa Tarna, adapted to the heat of the desert; most Sa-Tarna is yellow; and beans, berries, onions, tuber suls, various sorts of melons, a foliated leaf vegetable, called Katch, and various root vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, radishes, of the sphere and cylinder varieties, and kort, a large, brownish-skinned, thick-skinned, sphere-shaped vegetable, usually some six inches in width, the interior of which is yellowish, fibrous and heavily seeded."

(Tribesmen of Gor, page 35)

You watch closely as the girl beside you moves. Upon her hip you see a brand. You look closer, seeing a half circle, with, at its right tip, adjoining it, a steep, diagonal line. With your knowledge of Gor, where was she more the likely branded?

"The brand used by Forkbeard is not uncommon in the north, though there is less uniformity in Torvaldsland on these matters than in the south, where the merchant caste, with its recommendations for standardization, is more powerful. All over Gor, of course, the slave girl is a familiar commodity. The brand used by the Forkbeard, found rather frequently in the north, consisted of a half circle, with, at its right tip, adjoining it, a steep, diagonal line. The half circle is about an inch and a quarter in width, and the diagonal line about an inch and a quarter in height. The brand is, like many, symbolic. In the north, the bondmaid is sometimes referred to as a woman whose belly lies beneath the sword."

(Mauraders of Gor, page 91)

True or False: The owner of the slave typically brand their own slave.

"Masters, incidentally, seldom brand their own slaves. To brand a girl well demands a sure hand, and, usually, experience. In training a man to use the iron slavers always give him poorer women at first, sometimes having him mark them more than once, until he becomes proficient. Usually by the fifteenth or the twentieth woman, the man is capable of marking them deeply, precisely and cleanly."

(Tribesmen of Gor, page 40)

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

---

## ONLINISMS OF THE WEEK

23 SADISTIC NUTJOB

He took the pincers, and closed them around her labia. He had done the same to her nipples, and he had been most aroused by the painful screams.

“Good thing”, he said and smiled, “that you are only a slave”

He tightened his grip, and pulled.

- Sadistic Nutjob of Gor, page 2

---

## ## 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/>