

# THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

PUBLICARE ET PROPAGARE!

Third volume, issue No. 113

Second day of the third hand of the month of En'Var (The First Resting) 10164 Contasta Ar

Based in the City of Olni in Saleria

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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.

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## 02 EDITORIAL

# A warm welcome to the pages of the 113th issue of the NEW VOICE OF GOR !

How important is your caste to you ? All Goreans are as faithful to their caste as they are to their homestone Merchants rely on their caste and the caste law to be able to trade safely with other cities.

Merchant law carries beyond the boundaries of homestones legalising trade between cities Barbarian nations do not recognise castes so trade is carried out with barbarians with some risk hence the trade agreements of alliances which were for trade only not as military alliances.

Lady Wendie (Lemon), HoY scribe and accountant, Head scribe Tancred's Landing

The NEW VOICE OF GOR needs your help! Feel free to contribute! The only weekly Gor wide newspaper is nothing without its readers.

# (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)

Why is "publicare et propagare" the motto of the NEW VOICE OF GOR?

You all know that Goreans use message boards to spread news, announcements and gossip. Such are found at various points in Ar, such as the vicinity of squares and plazas, near markets, and on major streets and avenues.

Books are rare on Gor and expensive. Paper is the essential trade good of the Rencers and they sell their wares on both the eastern and western edges of the Delta of the Vosk river. The NEW VOICE OF GOR is a collection of renece paper scrolls but the editor paid some message boards too to spread the newspaper. Gorean Public Boards sometimes made people angry. Those who control the public boards, it is said, control the city.

We took our motto from the Acta Diurna [latin: Daily Acts sometimes translated as Daily Public Records] on earth. The Acta Diurna were daily official notices in ancient Rome, a sort of daily gazette. They were carved on stone or metal and presented in message boards in public places like the Forum of Rome.

Acta Diurna introduced the expression "publicare et propagare", which means "make public and propagate". This expression was set in the end of the texts and proclaimed a release to both Roman citizens and non-citizens.

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

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

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## ALL OVER GOR

### 03 TRUST - A GOREAN SHORT STORY

By Atlas Tereshchenko, warrior in Olni

The salt-laden wind swept up from the docks carrying with it the smell of the market below. The young warrior stood at attention, scanning the sea and the nearby hills as instructed. He absentmindedly fingered the bow on his back with one hand, and rested the other on his sword hilt. He turned his head at a sound, towards the stairs that led up onto the battlements of the city wall, in time to catch the cloak of the Guard Captain, as the older warrior approached.

The young warrior stood incrementally taller, and nodded to his Captain "Tal Captain" the youth said, loud and clear. "Tal Lerchus, you are well young Warrior?" said the older man, as he came to stand by the others side, and gaze out and down, to the comings and goings of the market below. "Aye, all is well my Captain. There were two merchant ships that passed towards the north along the horizon, and a small slaver caravan entered the market 2 ahn ago. Otherwise, a fine clear day my Captain".

The Captain leaned over the wall, glancing down into the slaver's compound hoping to catch a glimpse of what fresh entertainment might be found therein. Holding his gaze but a moment, he then stood up, and nodded to the young Warrior, and turned to go. "Captain, before you depart, may I ask a question of you?" said Lerchus before the Captain could move along on his rounds.

"Aye Lerchus, do so" said the Captain, and leaned back against the stone wall of the outer keep, knowing three more separated the world from his Ubar. "At mess the other night, one

of the older warriors, a Sargent in the Northern Keep, said that he had heard from a slave girl, that you had at one time learned to read and write, and were actually schooled as a Scribe, in a far off city, and that this all happened while you were a prisoner?" The young warrior took a deep breath, and only once he had, did he realize just how much he was prying into the Captain's private affairs. He reacted by coming to rigid attention, sure that some punishment or blow was soon to fall for his impudence.

The Captain lowered his head, mostly to hide the small smile on his face, and to give himself a moment to gather his thoughts. "Aye Lerchus, I was about your age, and fell wounded in a battle in the southern deserts. I was taken prisoner, and rather than being killed, I was placed in the custody of a Physician, who set about healing my great wound. While he did so, he inquired as to whether I could read or write. I said little, and from that he gathered I was illiterate" The Captain knew that it was not uncommon for members of the Red Caste to be unable to read or write, but there were exceptions. "It took 4 weeks for me to heal fully, and in that time, he taught me to read and write. Furthermore, I was schooled in the most rudimentary of the skills of the Scribe, specifically as a medical scribe, and was pressed into documenting many of the Physicians studies and thoughts".

Lerchus nodded as the Captain verified what he had heard, and before he had given it a second thought, blurted out the real question that was burning on his tongue "Captain, why does the Red Caste have a set of Codes?" The Captain looked up slowly to the young Warrior, and simply said "Do you mean why did the Codes come into existence?" Lerchus nodded, and said "Aye Captain, that is a better way to ask what I meant...why where the Codes created?"

Without speaking the Captain took young Lerchus by the shoulder, and guided him down into the market. As they passed, merchants and vendors handed them a piece of fruit, a bit of cheese or bread, and always nodded and smiled to the two Red Caste Warriors. As they continued through the tight, narrow passages, kind words and greetings rang out from doorways and alcoves, some even from eager slave girls obviously interested in these two Masters for their own needs.

"Lerchus, there are many possible explanations for the origin of the Red Caste Codes. Let me tell you what one of them is. Trust." And with that the Captain moved ahead of the young man, and arrived at a high stone outcrop overlooking the port. "Trust...that is the reason the Codes originated Captain?" said Lerchus, his voice sounding confused and doubtful. "Aye Lerchus, but not the way you might consider. Sit down, and let me try to explain" said the older warrior.

The Captain sat himself as well, and took a moment to consider his explanation. "In ancient Gor, there were no codes or laws. Men fought and took without reason, the strong taking from the weak, and the strongest taking from the strong. While this is Gorean in nature, it became self-predatory, until our peoples were nearly obliterated from the face of our planet".

The older warrior paused a moment, looking out to the wide Thassa Sea, and then began again "These are not just my thoughts Lerchus, but those of many scholars and learned Men of Gor. And yet no one knows for certain the true nature of the rationale behind the creation of the Codes."

"So it is clear that the people saw that there was greater safety in numbers, if they banded together to protect themselves against those stronger than they were individually. However, in this, there was still an inherent danger. No society can exist where everyone performs exactly the same task, and so duties, roles and responsibilities were partitioned out, with some falling into their task with obvious ease, and others having to earn their place. And so some were obviously, or by learning, warriors."

"These early civilizations had found in their midst, men capable of fighting and in theory protecting the group. But what was to protect the group from these men, if they so chose to turn on their own? First and foremost, these warriors still needed the support of the others who carried the burden of all the other tasks. And so it was the support of the people for their defenders, and the defenders willingness to protect their peoples, that may have cast the first bonds between them"

"However, with time it became apparent to wise men of their day, that as new Warriors entered into the ranks of these defenders, they may not bring with them the same commitment, and so there was concern that as the original warriors went to the City of Dust, the new ones would not share the same deep desire to protect. And so it is postulated, that the Codes began as a written declaration of commitment, to a path that would define the role, and the very soul of a Warrior. It is in this rigid adherence to a set of codes regarding conduct, behavior and honor that those who were not warriors could place their trust."

The Captain of the Guards stood, and stretched his back, scarred and yet unbent, as he looked to the young warrior seated before him "It is that our people trust us, that we will not abuse them because we are stronger, but rather we will use our strength to defend them. They trust us with weapons, training and skill beyond theirs to not be a threat to them, while they go about their lives and tasks, many of which support the Warriors. So, it is trust, that drives a merchant to hand you a larma, or a Free Women to greet you with respect. They trust that we will hold true to our belief in ourselves, our ways, and in the Code of the Red Caste. It is in our honor that they place their trust , and it is our devotion to the Codes that draws out and tempers our inherent honor, and so it is that the trust of the people was possibly the origin of our Codes."

#### 04 EVERY MEN'S HONOR

By Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port Outpost

So many shouts, so many screams that cloud from battlefield to battlefield. The dust never settles even years after the battle and blood is drank into the earth. Sleeping dead long rested, but words still fly swift upon slithering tongues. The word of a man's honor. I can sit at my desk, open my window and hear the people below bustling about speaking of such words of honor. It confuses me, troubles me. I struggle as words pass hissing like an irate giani from person to person. I figured, this is something I would like to explore a bit more.

Picking up my cloak of robes I put them around me, covering my face and head I stalk from the room allowing my gown to sweep the ground where I walk, nothing more then a soft whisper of an arrival. My ears keen to hear something more of this honor in which people

seek and speak. What better place than that of the red caste to being my search. Picking speed, I narrow in on some guards neglecting their duties at the gate and staring at some slut who sauntered into the gardens nearby. Capturing attention, I spoke.

"Honor is something granted to the likes of a man in this world." One spoke to me, while the other spoke of something more or less in my taste, "Honor is an action that is held by proven words." Now it took me awhile to understand really what he was trying to say.

A common example a man is captured from his homestone and taken to a foreign land. The warriors live by their own code, which asks them, all of them to live by some, fundamental chivalry. It's a way of courage, a badge of respect to ones homestone, to one's leader, to one another who live by such a code. How do I know so much you ask? I look to Arsonn as a leader, a proud and tireless man who strives to protect his home, friends, and family. His boundless attentions fall to those and he understands, respect is never given... it is earned.

Now, back to the captive warrior. Would it be chivalrous to kill such one that fights defending what he is meant to fight and protect, just like yourself? If such a kill was to happen let it happen honorably. Maybe it would be a lower blow to place such a man living by the same codes in a collar. What respect would that be towards anyone and your peers with such code if you were to do such a thing? Then understand anyone who also raises sword against a warrior is also permitted death.

Honor, is a word. Nothing more and nothing less. The meaning of honor is different for each of us.

I sit and write this and my thoughts go right back to the burst of light shinning in and the man standing right beside me. His hair kissed by the rays of sun, wheat hair rebellious atop his crown. My inked quill sits back to parchment.

Honor is bestowed in each of us who take breath. We all look at it differently, perceive things differently, and understand things differently. I can only beg of each of the Goreans to understand this. Honor among each caste is held, think twice before making an action or giving a word you will not live up to. Your actions will forever speak louder than any words you speak, thus and will haunt you until your death.

## 05 THE HISTORY OF THE TWO SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCES

[Storyline April 2011 - June 2013]

Added chapter VII and XI

CHAPTER I: THE BEGINNING

CHAPTER II: THE WAR TURIA – LANDA

CHAPTER III: THE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE – WHAT YOU SHOULD BUT YOU DONT' KNOW

CHAPTER IV: LANDA DECLARES WAR AGAINST ALL CITIES OF THE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE

CHAPTER V: THE GREAT BATTLE OF LANDA  
CHAPTER VI: FOUNDATION OF A NEW AND TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE  
CHAPTER VII: THE DECLINE OF THE FALSE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE  
CHAPTER VII: THE SO CALLED GOREAN TRADE COMMISSION  
CHAPTER XI: THE ACTUAL SITUATION

## 06 [OOC] PILGRIMAGE

The pilgrimage is a thrilling idea for role playing in Second Life Gor, it is the role play background itself and is a way for pilgrims to explore the amazing and wild world of Gor more or less in safty.

Pilgrims to the Sardar mountains have to endure endless journeys, have to travel through dangerous regions and visit a lot of cities, villages and camps.  
The pilgrimage is not only an idea for the pilgrims, it also enriches the entire world of SL Gor.

Go !!! join the adventure, contact: Luqara Darkwatch

<http://www.ta-sardar-gor.net/index.php/en/>

Participating Locations. <http://www.ta-sardar-gor.net/index.php/en/?Itemid=824>

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## ## GOREAN CITIES

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## 07 PORT OF OLNİ

### # THE SLAVE'S CORNER

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

## NOSTALGIA

By Teal Razor

I felt a wash of sadness overtake me this week as I looked back over the year since my capture and release on this planet. I missed earth or so I believed. I am mainly writing this for those who came from earth in the Priest-King cattle cars or by means of some other the fetid conveyance.

This melancholy state began when I was chopping suls for dinner. The knives I used would not have cut your throat. My Master will not give me a honing stone to bring up the sharpness of the blades on the kitchen knives. He keeps the stone in his office in the warriors hall. I cannot get into that bastion of maleness except if he takes me in. He hid the stone there after he came home one evening and heard me shouting like a ninja witnessing me cutting a

melon, tossed in the air, with the blade of his ceremonial sword. I had taken the it down to clean and hone it to razor sharpness and of course I had to test it. Since then I have not been permitted any sharp instruments. He also took his ceremonial sword to his office and I got the sweet kiss of his flogger.

So I dreamed of my Cuisinart on earth, remembering the whirring blades at thousands of revolutions per minute. A Gorean, who has never been to earth, would not understand "revolutions per minute" so I am not even going to explain it. These little miracle workers would have made short work of the suls, slicing, dicing, and making julienne fries.

This nostalgia went further. I went out to the food stalls in the market to obtain provisions and bemoaned my lack of transportation. I missed my car. How do you explain a car to a Gorean? Not even going there. I also missed my refrigerator, hair dryer, bed linens, cell phone, and real beef. I could keep adding to this list but you get the picture. I was feeling mighty sorry for myself having to live on this primitive world.

I mean really, cooking over an open hearth instead of zapping food in a microwave, sweeping instead of vacuuming, wringing clothes dry instead of subjecting them to the spin cycle, walking everywhere, carrying my purchases instead of dumping them in the trunk of my car and ferrying them home; these are all the drudgeries of my life at the moment.

But as I walked home from the market and looked up to the sky, I noticed how blue it actually was, how white the puffy clouds were, and how warm Tor-tu-Gor was on my skin. My body was lighter on this planet of lesser gravity, the air was always sweet having never been sullied by industrial pollution. The rivers, streams, ponds, and sea were all clean enough to drink from and the fish untainted. I looked down in the market basket I carried and appreciated the deep rich color of the vegetables allowed to ripen on the vine, bursting with life giving nutrients from lush soil.

I sucked back the tears that started to form and knew that I had made the best of it on a planet far removed from earth. Gor is now my home and Port Olni is where I live with my Master. Now if I could just get hold of a honing stone for the kitchen knives....

DEAR TEAL ~ Solving the personal problems of Goreans one at a time...

By Teal Razor

Dear Teal: I have been recently collared by a Master. He has, hanging on the wall in his home, a portrait of his former slave. I don't mind the portrait but the eyes are disturbing. They seem to follow me where ever I go, watching me. They scowl down at me when I am in the furs with my Master. I would like to have my Master take down the portrait of this former slave. How do I approach the subject?

Dear Ignorant of Perspective: If a person is painted looking at you, it does not matter where in the room you are, the person will always be looking at you. If the person in the portrait is looking to the side, they will never be looking at you because when the likeness was painted, they were not looking directly out at the artist. Now, If these "eyes" are just too much to bear, I suggest you put up another painting in its place. I have a feeling your Master won't notice

the switch. After awhile wall hangings become a backdrop for one's life and go unnoticed as the mind starts to meld them with the wall. If you can't switch it then accidentally come too close to it with an open flame and voila! Problem solved. Just make sure you set fire to other objects close too it as well. Both of those ideas are better than gouging the eyes out of the portrait with a kitchen knife.

Dear Teal: My Master has swore his allegiance to a Home Stone of a stinky ass village. I deserve a much better beautiful high walled city. How can I get him to move us to a better class of town?

Dear Princess slave of Treve: My heart goes out to you. Some Masters have a hard time forgetting the rough and tumble days of their youth and so choose Home Stones that match their humble beginnings. You did not tell me where your Master stole you. But, that is water under the bridge. There is little you can do because a Master does as he likes. Artifice and cunning on your part may or may not work.

Well, let me take a stab at answering you. Mmmm...Traveling from Treve is difficult to say the least. And if you can find a break in between ironing his red lace panties maybe you can swing a trip with your Master to the Tahari or even some of the cities on the Vosk. The colorful sights, sounds and excitement of a new city might rub off on him. Look, any city would be much better than where you are now. I mean transportation is a real bitch from Treve. You need to own a big ass tarn to fly out of the mountains. Keeping one of those food guzzlers in the tarn cote can get very expensive. Just the amount of verr that it eats is a drain on ones wallet, not counting the ever present terror that you too could be eaten in the process of tossing a bosk leg to it.

Maybe a trip to Lydius, a port city on the Thassa sea would be nice. He might soften up on the tharlarion rides that are near the boardwalk. Ask for Master Carney. Tell him Teal sent you. He will discount the ride by one copper.

If your Master does not see the more jovial citizens of other, more civilized cities, as more appealing than the "broom-up-the-ass" residents of your city then I see no hope. He may have been hypnotized by the flies, feces, and fatuousness of Treve. I wish you luck.

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## 08 TANCREDS LANDING

by Lady Wendie

### # ANCIENT RUINS

During recent excavation of Tancreds landing certain ancient ruins were found. With great deliberation the committee decided to investigate further and found great buildings beneath the city. All work was stopped and removal of the citadel was begun. More of this will follow as work progresses.

## # NEW HEAD PHYSICIAN

Lady Phobe from the city of Tor has been appointed as new Head Physician of Tancred's Landing. Her Free companion will arrive in town soon.

Raschid, Ubar of Tancred's Landing

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## ## TRADE

### 09 TRADING BEYOND THE BARRENS

by Rarius yuroki, merchant of Tarnwald

Kailiauk is the easternmost town at the foot of the Thentis Mountains. It lies almost at the edge of the Ihanke, or Boundary. From its outskirts one can see the markers, or feathers on their tall wands, which mark the beginning of the country of the red savages.

In Kailiauk, as is not unusual in the towns of the perimeter, the Administrator is of the merchants. The major business in Kailiauk is the traffic of hides and kaiila.

I got some reports from merchants about this remote area and decided to travel there.

Although there are numerous physical and cultural differences among these people they are usually collectively referred to as the red savages. This is presumably a function of so little being known about them, as a whole, and the cunning, ruthlessness and ferocity of so many of the tribes. They seem to live for hunting and internecine warfare, which seems to serve almost as a sport and a religion for them. Interestingly enough most of these tribes seem to be united only by a hatred of whites, which hatred, invariably, in a time of emergency or crisis, takes precedence over all customary conflicts and rivalries.

A bewildering complexity of tribal languages is spoken in the Barrens. I had heard rumors about the Kaiila tribe and a band called "Casmu". The lands of the Casmu, or Sand Band of the Kaiila, lie to the west of the Isanna, and to the north and west of the Isbu, above the descending Northern branch of the Northern Kaiila.

The Kaiila camp was near a river water but in the open, a pasang or so from timber. They seem unusually cognizant of the possibilities of ambush.

They were very suspicious when I approached the settlement. Some of the Red Savages had never seen a Tharlaron before.

I sold some exotic birds and made an agreement with their war chief which is confidential.

## 10 SOB TURIAN WINES

A messenger arrives for you, bearing a letter from SOB Turian Wines and Liqueur. It reads:

Tal.

In an effort to help bring the flavors of Turian Wine and Liqueur to all of Gor, SOB Turian Wines and Liqueurs has yet again, cut prices to make it's product a household name.

Please find the enclosed price sheet/order form with our current prices and even suggested retail prices.

We hope these new prices can help make Turian Wine and Liqueur a popular drink for all your citizens!

Thank you!

Bjorg, Owner of SOB Turian Wines and Liqueur

## 11 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. The STA is the biggest and most important trade alliance of southern Gor.

### MONTHLY MEETING OF THE TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE IN TURMUS AT THE VOSK

The monthly STA meeting took place at Turmus as the Vosk river. Present were delegations of the Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes, Shrine Valley (formerly known as Jazirat al Khusuf), Kasra and Karak (ITA) , Free City Port of Decadence Isle, Ukunga Region, Asperiche, Tancred's Landing, The Phoenix Trading Company, House of Yuroki (HoY) Companies, Tharna and Turmus (GER) as pending member and candidate. The Oasis of Nine Wells and Kasra (ES) were excused.

Decisions:

1. The assembly voted Turmus in as new full member of the true Southern Trade Alliance.
2. Rarius Yuroki has been appointed as General Secretary and ambassador of the STA.

All other decisions are confidential.

Full STA Members:

The Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes

Oasis of Nine Wells

Oasis of the Sand Sleen  
Shrine Valley - House Rogerian  
Kasra | Karak | Kamras (Kassaryan State) (ITA)  
Free City Port of Decadence Isle  
City of Tor  
Ukunga Region - Land of the Family Kron  
Asperiche (ITA)  
Kasra (ES)  
Tancred's Landing  
Turmus

Privately owned companies:  
House of Yuroki (HoY) Companies  
The Phoenix Trading Company

Associated members:  
Tharna

## # MAGNA CARTA

The Citizens of the TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE, in league to form a more perfect coalition, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, 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.

## 12 HOUSE OF YUROKI (HOY) COMPANIES

### # FACTS

The HoY Companies are currently located in Tarnwald (Voltai region), Tancred's landing (Vosk region), Landa and in Tharna. The HoY Companies are a member of the true Southern Trade Alliance.

### # THE HOY CARAVAN ARRIVED AT THE CITY OF TOR - THE HOY SHIP PHAEDRA IN PORT DECADENCE

by Lady Wendie

The Bank and mint of HoY Have been commissioned to mint new coins for the city of Tor. The coins are still in the rough and the design is not yet completed When the new coins are commissioned and delivered they will be at the HoY general exchange rate.

Further trade in diamond and exotic birds went well in the city Also food prepared by the HoY Kajira were well received.

The HoY ship "Phaedra" arrived at Port Decadance in the early hours of the morning setting up the stalls ready for trade before the citizens were abroad. Cloth and textiles from other cites sold well, the Exotic bird trade did well exhausting our supplies Yuroki made not to send more caravans to the Shendi to trade for more birds. Trade within the STA is blossoming as STA caravans move throughout the STA group.

#### # NEW COINS

The House of Yuroki mint got the order to make coins for the city of Tor and a draft for Turmus.

#### # CONTRACT DISSOLVED

the House of Yuroki companies decided to dissolve the contract with Drake Vaansworth. Drake is not longer HoY Merc.  
Rarius Yuroki, owner

#### # REWARD - DEAD OR ALIVE

A messenger arrived at the HoY headquarters delivering this scroll, sealed and encrypted:

"On Monday night of this week a man with long dark hair, a small short beard around his jaw line and a patch of hair under his chin came to Olni and confronted, if that is a good word, the Ubar of Port Olni as he was leaving the small area after a spar match. The Ubar was talking to his Captain of the guards, Siri Emerald. We found out through his confession that he was from Port Salaria. He wants to kill Yuroki.

He confessed to using a lot of different weapons so I could not vouch for that..He is slender of body and dresses all in black...He usually has a Glaive on that looks like a Q-tip with spikes on the ends encrusting it. I have never seen this glaive and I watch weapons obsessively. It is quite unusual."

The House of Yuroki Companies will pay

TWENTY GOLD TARN

for this man DEAD OR ALIVE.

His name is unknown but the description is very accurate:

## # 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 (these cities have a bank building but no banker)

THE CITY OF OLN I

PORT KAR

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 Rarius Yuroki

## 13 CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES HOY BANK

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

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)

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## ## 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 QUILL AND QUARREL THEATER TROUPE ON TOUR

2013 Spring Tour Coming to an End....

It's been an incredible 9 weeks of touring for the TSH Quill & Quarrel Theater Troupe. We would like to take a moment and than EVERYONE who has come to support our efforts in bringing the Arts to Goreans in SL, and those who have come from IRC to enjoy the shows as well. We offer a sincere "Thank You" to our Host Cities for welcoming us to your lands. It has been both a joy and honor to perform for your citizens. To Razi and those at GPR, another huge, huge "Thank You" for helping our Troupe to further expand our audiences and bring the dream of sharing the Arts with even more Goreans. To our sponsors and consistent supporters of the Q&Q Theater Troupe, too many to list by name, we thank you!! And of course, we thank YOU, our audience for encouraging us by your up-building support of our shows.

### # ACADEMY OF GOREAN DANCE

As the next stage in the development of the Academy of Gorean Dance, based in Port Olni, we will begin to offer a series of intermediate workshops, featuring guest speakers and interactive activities, to enhance the learning of Gorean dancers, and designed to provide a venue for the dance community to exchange ideas.

These workshops are intended for experienced dancers. We suggest students who have graduated from the Academy's introductory course or another Gorean dance class inworld or have some relevant experience.

Students may enroll by joining the Academy group. Those who attend 8 sessions, with participation, will receive a certificate of graduation from the Academy.

If interested in attending, please contact the Academy Instructors.

Iris ((Anara Lexenstar))  
Angel ((AngelX Alcott))  
Najla ((Yummi Plaid)) (on leave)

Workshops will take place at the Academy of Gorean Dance, in Olni Meadows, a safezone but IC area above the city of Port Olni.

Story Faction:

Sunday, June 30th at 12 pm SLT

Speaker:

Kamini, slave of Bosk

Dance Faction

Sunday, July 7 at 12pm SLT

Speaker:

Mily, slave of Richard Ash

# GOREAN UNIVERSITY

The Gorean University

(previously Gorean Pleasure Silk University)

Educating Gor since 2008

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

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

# GOREAN CAMPUS

CASTES OF GOR LEADERSHIP COURSE

Physicians Caste of Gor is presenting a Caste Leadership Course at the Gorean Campus.

This course is designed for Mentors, Instructors, Senior Physicians and Heads of Caste. It is open to ALL CASTES. (slaves may also attend)

The first class is "Motivating People to Learn"

Thursday at 5 PM SLT and Friday at 1PM SLT.

All classes will be posted on Healers Hall.

Thursdays at 1 PM & 5 PM after that..

<http://healershall.wetpaint.com/page/Caste+Leadership>

- 1 . Motivating People to Learn
- 2 . Mentoring
- 3 . Council Participation
- 4 . Conflict Resolution
- 5 . Leadership Styles

- 6 . Assessing your Leadership Style
- 7 . Goal setting
- 8 . Infirmary set up
- 9 . Developing Home Stone Policy and Procedure
- 10 . How to write a Caste Code for your Home Stone

## GOREAN CAMPUS DANCE WORKSHOP

This free workshop is meant for the non-dancer who's interested in getting started and doesn't know where to begin. This is a 2 hour 1 session class and is NOT meant to replace the multi-session classes offered by many groups throughout gor. This is a strictly technical "how-to" workshop with very little philosophical content. We will cover some basic concept in how to format and write a dance from scratch, suggestions on how to incorporate animations and a brief overview of contests and their etiquette. There will also be some posting practice involved.

Contact tuka katana (rajaa) with questions, or show up on time (she's crabby about late) June 22nd at 10amm.

### Gorean Campus Timetable (All times in SLT.)

#### Classes

Monday June 24th - Arena  
Beginner Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Tuesday June 25th - Arena  
New Advanced Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Wednesday June 26th - Outdoor classroom  
RP & Emote Course - Nephtides - 12 noon - Weekly

Wednesday June 26th - Outdoor classroom  
Basic Kajira (in Spanish language) - Azhar - 2 pm - Weekly

Thursday June 27th - Campfire  
Reading Hunters of Gor - Alekk Baroque - 12 noon - Weekly

Thursday June 27th - Outdoor classroom  
Caste Leadership - Kaiila Mahoney - 1 pm and 5 pm - Weekly

Saturday June 29th - Arena  
Old Advanced Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Monday July 1st - Arena  
Beginner Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Tuesday July 2nd - Outdoor classroom  
New to Gor - Ramagan - 6pm

Tuesday July 2nd - Arena  
New Advanced Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Wednesday July 3rd - Outdoor classroom  
RP & Emote Course - Nephtides - 12 noon - Weekly

Wednesday July 3rd - Outdoor classroom  
Basic Kajira (in Spanish language) - Azhar - 2 pm - Weekly

Thursday July 4th - Campfire  
Reading Hunters of Gor - Alekk Baroque - 12 noon - Weekly

Thursday July 4th - Outdoor classroom  
Caste Leadership - Kaiila Mahoney - 1 pm and 5 pm - Weekly

Saturday July 6th - Arena  
Old Advanced Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

#### # Events

Thursday July 4th - Cinema  
Skyfall - 2:30 pm

Sunday June 30th - Play performance - Arena  
Quill & Quarrel troupe - 3:30 pm

Sunday August 18th running for 3 weeks  
Gor Wide Zar Tournament

#### # Dance contests

Dance contests

Saturday August 31st - Arena - 1 pm  
Saturday November 2nd - Arena - 1 pm  
Saturday January 4th - Arena - 1 pm

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Serena%20Aquarius/10/126/2>

#### # GOREAN LEGAL ACADEMY (GLA)

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

LEGAL COURSES

Magistrate & Advocate Courses  
Lady Janette Inglewood

- 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
- graduates receive a Magistrate's Wand of Office
- next course will begin Mid-April 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
- graduates receive a Law School Advocates Ring
- next course will begin mid-April for 8 weeks  
classes each Tuesday at:  
1pm OR 5pm SLT
- To enroll 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

Gorean Legal Academy (GLA)  
SCRIBE DIPLOMA COURSE  
self-study (version 3, 2013)  
Lady Janette Inglewood

Thank you for your interest.

- The Scribe Diploma Course is a self study course requiring written answers and essays. Each assignment is submitted to the tutor for marking. This course can be done at the

learner's own pace.

- Topics covered include: Caste, sub-Castes, Caste codes, first and second knowledge, language and the role of the Scribe. The course has been run for a long time now, with many excellent Scribes having completed it and it is also applicable for Scribe slaves.
- There is no charge for this course and graduation certificates for both your profile and for display, as well as special commemorative jewellery, are awarded upon successful completion.
- To commence this course, please contact me, Janette Inglewood or my girl Krista (krista1k).

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## ## ROLEPLAY

### 14 HEAVY JEWELS

by Xamirus Mannix

Sasi Nimerya had lingered in the grand hall of the fortress, waiting for the bank to open and paying little attention to the people around as she was not in any mood to socialize. Her robes of concealment, richly adorned, silken and flowing, shimmered in the lights and the scent of her signature perfume, one made up with rare spiced and floral fragrances, floated around her in a slight but heady smell with each swirl of robes. Who would have imagined that this lady covered by yards and yards of velvet and brocades was nothing more than a low slave, just a few days ago? What a change, indeed.... But the young woman, even if back in the household of Kegan her former guardian, had found herself in a situation of total dependence, devoid of coins and too proud to beg the man, she had decided to trade, secretly with the banker, a few of her jewels, that apparently, her guardian did not confiscate, perhaps because they were well hidden under a tile of her private quarters..... Her personal maid, Era, had accompanied her...

Era walked soft footed following her Mistress in truth not sure what she meant when saying we are going to the bank but follows, of course she follows. Was she supposed to spend the entire day rolling on cushions like a giani? Walks through the keep watching to well garbed slaves and gives them a quick glance not uttering a word as they approached the bank. No... she had not been here before and the iron bars indicated why she would not approach, in memory of her visit of Aquilo who was too behind bars she rubs her nose slightly disliking the place already. Peeks through the bars and sees movement, what beast my this place keep... the master of all beasts, coin. Well not beasts per se but people could turn into one because of it.

Xamirus Mannix closed the vault and spun the great dial with obvious joy as he holds his hand over his head upon following through. "Yes, yes, yes" He mumbles as he removes his heavy key ring and jingles all the way to the front door. He stops cold as he reaches the door and examines a few familiar faces in the crowd. One in particular causes him pause. He stares for a long moment and then smiles as he inserts a large copper colored key into the

door and turns it slowly. Swinging the door open with some effort he shoots a guard an angry look before his smile returns to look back at the free and beast in front "Come in, come in. Don't mind the dim lit guards, they aren't sleeping, they always look like that." He whisks back towards his desk, swinging the second door open and heading deep into the corridor where he can barely be seen perched upon his seat, tapping his fingers together eagerly.

Sasi Nimerya had never dealt with the banker since she had joined Kaelus, against her will and in recognizing Xamirus, in the man who opened the door, she let out a deep and loud sigh.... Damned, she was just damned, but sadly, in a position where she had no other choice than dealing with this man whose ego was even bigger than this fortress... She drew up her skirts to her ankles, and stepped into the bank, walking with the haughtiness of an ubara, until she stop in front of the man's desk. Then, she pulled out a small pouch from her sleeve and greeted the man "Tal Sir, I need your services" she said, rather curtly... Maybe, with her veils, he would not recognize her... The sleen... He had been the cause of many of her troubles and difficulties, while her captivity in Tarnwald....

Era heard the door open and sees a man with a bizzare mustache open up and imagines the bank is perhaps his or if anything he had position whitin. "Tal Master" she said corutes and she looked at what Sasi dropped on the man's table but wasn't sure what she had in it or what kind of services the man could offer. Maybe she was naive but the fact she had never had coin and if she had she would use on food... or maybe Daya as she had promised but that a whole different matter. Quietly positioned herself next to her Mistress and eyeing the man trying to gather more of his personality as they dealt with one another for now content to be part of the furniture.

Xamirus Mannix smiles as the voice matches his expectations. "Lady Sasi" he says cheerily "What an absolute pleasure to see you and with such a fine creature, she suits you well." He nods to the girl quickly but pays her little mind otherwise.. "Do sit down, do sit down. How long has it been? Quite some time I think it..." He stops and stares at her eyes and looks puzzled "Were you?..." He shakes his head and laughs talking to himself "No no that couldn't have been" He looks genuinely pleased at whatever his thought was and leans back "So Lady, what can the bank of Kaelus do for you?" He opens the drawer at his side and removes an apricot he sets by a knife that he promptly cuts into four even sliced.

Sasi Nimerya: As Era poised herself next to her, Sasi sighed, as yes, indeed, her slave had much to learn, yet.... With a curt gesture, she motioned the girl to step back and stand to a respectable distance behind her, then, she sat in one the chairs and took all her time to adjust better the draping of her robes, to smooth off the wrinkles as if there were no rush to reply Xamirus.... Then, she casted a cold gaze at the banker and tossed on the desk the pouch she brought with her which fell onto the wood of the table with a curt and rather loud noise "How much for this...?" she inquired, nonchalantly. She did not open it, the man would have to do it himself, but doubtless, he would not be disappointed by its content... An heavy necklace, superb, made of gold and rubies, a piece of art, an Arian creation that had belonged to her mother.... Real value, certainly 10 gold tarns....

Era smiles at the fine creature part, what girl doesn't like compliments? Tries to follow the discussion though their words are somewhat hard for her to grasp and finally her attention drops to the apricot, in truth she was not hungry merely a damn glutton and had already earned some weight with all the bread she had been consuming. Watches him cut it and

imagines or better wishes of getting a slice... or perhaps he won't like it and hand it all to her. When Sasi gestures she gets it and moves back... she had a real deal of issues to where exactly a high slave should be positioned... ok the back... so the back it is. Eyes peek still at the forbidden fruit with much interest rather than to the contents of the pouch.

Xamirus Mannix opens his mouth and loses his breath for a moment in a fairly loud gasp as his eyes fix upon the divine jewels. He covers his mouth and turns flush in the cheeks, fidgeting in his seat as his face turns from smiles to bewilderment and even notes of fear one after another in short rotations. He seems disturbed as a man under the spell of love at first sight and his voice scratches as he begins to speak "So...\*clears his throat\* So. You would like to keep this safe here? Have it valued? Sell it?" He rips his eyes away and focuses on the fruit again but cannot stop himself from constantly glancing at it. Without asking he looks at the slave and gently lobs a quarter of the fruit in her direction, offering another slice to Sasi as he awaits a response "it's quite sweet and fresh"

Sasi Nimerya declined the offer of a slice of fruit with a dainty wave, noticing that Xamirus had given one to her slave, first..... But well, she was not in mood to fight with the man but to make a great deal. She needed money. She pitched a polite smile beneath her veils, as even if these layers hid her face, she knew that a smile was still perceptible in the sound of the voice and the eyes' reflection... Though, her eyes, since weeks, did not smile a lot.... "No, I had it already valued, for 18 gold tarns" she lied, with a straight face... "I wish to sell it, actually, I do not have any need for it... It is indeed, a lovely trinket, but I wish to renew my own jewel collection.... How much might you propose me, I know that you are a man of taste and even if you do not have the use for a necklace, the rubies could nicely adorn some of your outfits", she said, pleasantly, flattering outrageously (and hypocritically) the man's ego....

Era was quite the low urt in time like this were the value of food had more importance than what was on table up for... trades? The rocks... as she saw them... were pretty to see but like flowers useless to her. Simple mind as her would not comprehend the beauty and value that went beyond their looks as indeed a hold on one of those would mean for her more food that she could ever eat and perhaps a price for freedom. When the man offers she gulps and is not sure she should approach in fear her Mistress might not approve. It indeed look tasty, she agreed. A few steps to side were taken nonetheless. As Sasi said nothing else she moved down and took a slice... maybe the other too since refused? The price of 18 gold tarns made her shiver a little as her fingers moved to pic the fruit and for a moment watched the woman scared of even naming an 18 followed by the word gold.

Xamirus Mannix leans back as the offer was tendered and begins the usual twisting of his mustache. "Sell it? 18 Gold?" He leans back and considers it "Well lady I am no jeweler though it is something I value for certain" He stares at her slave for a long moment and smiles "Perhaps we can arrange some sort of a trade?" He leans forward and interlaces his fingers looking back at Sasi "I'll tell you what. Leave it with me for sevEral hands. Let me brother the Silversmith take a look at it. I trust only his appraisal. After that I will make you a generous offer and everyone will be happy. Agreed?" He laughs very loudly and tilts his head back as he does. The guards at the door startle everytime he does so out of the blue. "If there is nothing else then, I wish you safe paths" He reaches out to take the necklace "I'll take that good lady"

read more here: <http://www.gor-sl.com/index.php/topic,13677.0.html>

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## ## KNOWLEDGE

### 15 TRIVIA

According to this castes teachings, all Goreans are obligated to make a trip to the Sardar before attaining their twenty-fifth year. Which caste requires this trip?

"It had been decided that she should now undertake the journey to the Sardar, which, according to the teachings of the Caste of Initiates, is enjoined on every Gorean by the Priest-Kings, an obligation which is to be fulfilled prior to their attaining their twenty-fifth year." -- Captive of Gor, page 233

Slaves played a game with a string. What was it?

"Soon we were all laughing with her. Several of the girls began to sing. My sense of pleasure returned. I raced Inge to the end of the compound and back, and beat her. Some of the girls began to play tag, and games. Even some of the northern girls joined with us. We had a cloth ball, stuffed with rags, and, laughing, we threw this about. Some of the girls sat in circles, telling stories. Others faced one another, kneeling, and, with string and their fingers, played an intricate cat's-cradle game. Others played 'Stones,' where one player guesses the number of stones held in the other's hand. I tried the cat's-cradle game but I could not play it. I always became confused, trying to copy the intricate patterns. How beautifully they would suddenly, in all their complexity, appear. The other girls laughed at my clumsiness. The northern girls, incidentally, were very skilled at this game. They could beat us all." --Captive of Gor, page 106

This simple knot, a sort of knot which on Gor, in certain contexts such a tying a cord about a girl's waist, is spoken of as a slave knot. By what name do we on earth know this knot?

"I had refastened it in a simple bowknot, a sort of knot which on Gor, in certain contexts, as in the present context, is spoken of as a slave knot." --Renegades of Gor, page 164

A slave is dragged before the magistrate accused of taking advantage of not yet being branded or collared and impersonating a free woman. What punishment would you expect to be handed down?

"It was only fitting, after all, that she be punished, and well. She had attempted to take advantage of the fact that she had not yet been branded and collared. She had attempted to pass herself off as a free woman. In many cities, such a thing is a capital offense." --Renegades of Gor, page 426

In general, what color is sa-tarna bread?

"Moreover, where there was Kal-da there should be bread and meat. I thought of the yellow Gorean bread, baked in the shape of round, flat loaves, fresh and hot; my mouth watered for a tabuk steak or, perhaps, if I were lucky, a slice of roast tarsk, the formidable six-tusked wild boar of Gor's temperate forests. I smiled to myself, felt the sack of coins in my tunic, bent down and pushed the door open." --Outlaw of Gor, page 58

"Beyond the Sullage and the bosk steak there was the inevitable flat, rounded loaf of the yellow Sa-Tarna bread." --Priest-Kings of Gor, page 40

"I rejoiced, moving ahead. There was not much water left in the gourd now, and it was the last of several I had brought with me. The dried bosk meat in the tin, and the bread with it, yellow Sa-Tarna bread, now stale, was almost gone." --Raiders of Gor, page 8

"In the pit the girls regarded the refuse with horror. Then I saw the small, chained hand of one reach forth toward a piece of roll. She picked it up and thrust it in her mouth. Another girl then reached to a bit of fruit. Another then snatched at a gravy-sopped wedge of yellow Sa-Tarna bread. Then, in an instant, in their chains, they scrambled in the mud after the garbage, twisting and shrieking, caught and restricted in their chains, scratching, and rolling and fighting, for the least of the tidbits cast to them by a free man." --Savages of Gor, pages 94-95

At the culmination of Ar's Planting Feast, a member of the Ubar's family goes to the roof at night, under the three full moons with which the feast is correlated. Upon the stones are cast two things. What are they?

"Lastly, as the culmination of Ar's Planting Feast, and of the greatest importance to the plan of the Council of Ko-ro-ba, a member of the Ubar's family goes to the roof at night, under the three full moons with which the feast is correlated, and casts grain upon the stone and drops of a red, winelike drink made from the fruit of the Ka-la-na tree." --Tarnsman of Gor, page 50

Taken from Sari's Daily "Quote from the Books" Trivia for June 2013

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## ## ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

### 16 THE MOST STUPID THINGS IN SL GOR (REPRINT)

- tanned torvies with blonde hair that look like surfers who claim snow reflection sunburn to justify the color...
- people calling Physicians "Green"
- Assassins or warriors dressed in full armor instead of tunics as described in the books
- Protection collars
- limits that make a slave unpunishable
- people who refuse hair cut
- warriors dressed in black
- Lesbian Militant Panthers who scream death to the males like its death to the infidels, rabid

zealots

- any AO that keeps the avatar in constant motion... the pacing wolverine and the "ooo-look at me preen" slave AO to mention just two
- bare chested men. Yea I get it, You got a nice skin, and ripplin' avs. Hey I like nice chests as much as the next chick, but FFS, put a damn shirt on!
- wandering slaves who venture into Assassins Camps
- wandering Free Women who venture into Assassins Camps
- people who wander into a panther camp and get upset when they shoot at them
- Slaves who wander into the northern woods because "their master lets them wander when he is not on"
- Black castes with cold eyes, cold voice, cold touch, cold nose, cold ears, cold feet, cold trousers,..... cold, cold in every post
- people who emote "going to the boat" or "sailing away" when you're, like, in the middle of the Turian Plains or the Voltai Mountains
- Free who approach you and thought emote/ask you why you are not kneeling when you're not servicing anyone or there's no Free present.
- Slaves who wear silks in winter
- Putting 'Real Gorean Man' in their profile as a reason for anything.
- so called male slaves, or like they are now called kajirii, in silks or grungy look, on their knees and fully armed .. called brother by their sissies.
- Panther girls/Talunas outside the northern woods or the jungle, travelling all over the open seas in their canoes to reach ... men.
- High Caste Free women demanding my respect while wearing a sheer veil, some giggling when I address them as slut ... as if I would be insane enough to collar them
- everyone who tries to get into my IM or to OOC me after a reaction to their action to bitch or just to call me names.
- Panthers with flowers on their bows, hair and flower tattoos. I don't know whether to kill her or plant her. (There are opposite opinions)
- men calling slaves "little one"
- people who start a sim without ever actually RESEARCHING the culture. Usually results in Epic Fail.
- Slavers who only become slavers so they have more of a variety of girls to fuck.
- Slavers who don't know shit about Gor
- Slavers (or anyone) who hands a slave an NC of information and tells them to "learn it"
- Free who run across an entire sim to tell a slave who is standing to kneel
- People who cannot see this for what it is, a game. They spend hours on it, incite drama at every turn because their SL has basically become their RL.
- too many alts roleplaying with too many alts
- People who do not roleplay.

Reprint of the The Landa Times, v.1, issue 1, Feb, 2012

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## KNOWN GOREAN NEWSPAPERS (OVERVIEW / ONLY INWORLD )

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR (Gor wide)

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

Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)  
Correspondent in Forest Port: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port Outpost  
Correspondent in Olni: Teal Razor, Slave of Siri Emerald Jr.

OLNI GAZETTE

Editor: Janette Inglewood

THE GENESIAN GAZETTE

Editor: Sophia Farella

THE VIGO TIMES

Editor: Alphil Darkfire

THARNA NEW TIMES SCROLL

KaTrina Velde, Editor

THE TURIAN GAZETTE

Editor: unknown

ARCADIAN MESSENGER

Editor: Nephtides Resident

THE RORUS CHRONICLE™

Editors-in-Chief: Penumbra Straaf and Tala Winterwolf

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

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## ABOUT THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

The Landa Times became the NEW VOICE OF GOR (since issue 72).

The reasons for this are the former VOICE OF GOR was 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  
for members of the group BTB Goreans

for members of the group Alliance of Valkyrie Panthers  
for members of the group Gorean Information and Notices

Gor Hub: <http://slurl.com/secondlife/0%200%20Acajou/64/85/42>

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

Voltai Viktel (library) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Voltai%20Viktel/114/138/1003>

Forest Port Outpost (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Forest%20Port%20Outpost/19/17/23>

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

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

New Tancred's Landing (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Tancreds%20Landing/244/251/21>

Tarnwald (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/City%20of%20Tarnwald/251/133/1013>  
[temporarily under construction]

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

Physician School - The City of Koo Vidrew (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Hunters%20XIII/14/152/22>

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/>