

THE IANDA TIMES

(short online version)

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Note: Though the Landa Times is based in the city of Landa it is not associated with the city. The management accepts no responsibility for views expressed herein. The times 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.

EDITORIAL

“There is a crowd ahead,” I said, “at the public boards.”
“They seem angry,” he said.
(Magicians of Gor)

The City of Landa has seen it share of War. the past hands. We have seen those we thought as friends turn their backs on us. Through it all Landa as survived and will continue to be a free and independent city.

Landa will continue to be a strong trade port where those wishing trade, peace and prosperity will continue to come. Landa has shown it will not be bullied by those who wish the city harm. The citizens have all stood strong and have defended Landa.

Once again the greatest resource of Landa, her citizens, have stood up for the city. They continue to work, trade and improve their life. The citizens of Landa have not let others think for them. They continue to love their city just as much as their city loves them.

Sherman Easterwood
Praetor of Landa

CITY NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

- LANDA SCHEDULE

Thursday: Meeting of the green caste (3.00 pm SLT, (12/01/2011), admins office

Friday: Meeting of the merchant caste (3.00 pm SLT, (12/02/2011), Inn

Saturday: Home stone swearing ceremony for new citizens, admins building (3.00 pm SLT, (12/03/2011) (had been postponed the last time because of fighting in the city)

Ask Lilith for the next bathing lesson this week.

- NEWS

PEACE WITH RARN POSSIBLE

The discovery of copper (Read the details in another section of the news scroll), in Landa, has made peace with the City of Rarn possible. Landa no longer has a need of the copper from Rarn and therefore has no reason to attack them. The High Council is reaching out to Rarn to ask them to end the hostiles immediately and once again live in peace. Once Rarn City of Copper gives it answer it will be reported here.

HIGH COUNCIL OF LANDA NEWS

The High Council of Landa has been keeping abreast of the many cities and political situations around Landa. The High Council is trying to sort out who, after the past few hands. Port Meqara, a former friend and ally, has attacked Landa and the High Council is considering the correct reply. The cities of Fina, Tafa, Rose Isles and Venna still need to declare their intentions toward Landa.

NEW TRADE ALLIANCE ON THE HORIZON?

Tyros, who Landa was in negotiations with before the recent hostilities, is still friendly toward Landa. There are rumors that Tyros will leave the STA to create a separate trade alliance with Tyros and Landa as the founding members. This alliance would be without any members of the Vosk League. We shall see how this plays out.

INDEPENDENCE!

A peasant has come to the aid of the city in a dark hour! Landa has discovered Gold! And Copper! The city which has been dependent on others for a supply of these vital minerals will now be self-sufficient, and a peasant is to thanked.

The discovery was revealed by the city administration yesterday. A peasant citizen of Landa made the discovery of a pretty stone while chasing a bosk that had escaped. After bringing it home, he learned it was placer gold, washed down by rivers from its source. Advised of its value, he patriotically informed the city.

A team of miners and explorers have found the source and preparations are underway for mining and extraction. In a stroke of fortune, ore in the vicinity has been shown to contain both copper and gold, an unusual combination.

A city spokesman, in a prepared statement said: "In a time of war, as this is, such a discovery gives Landa a new weapon. Our supply of critical materials is no longer subject to the disloyalty of others."

For security reasons, the location of the lode and the identity of the peasant are being withheld at this time.

by Awerdenty, scribe in Landa

LANDA IN WAR DECLARATION 3

Citizens of these cities are not allowed to enter landa: Fina, Meqara, Turia the Ar of the South, Tafa, Rorus and Rarn, city of copper. Exception: if they offer peace or want to trade with coins or are looking for a new homestone.

The admin

FOR SLAVE OWNERS

Please keep in mind that your slave is your property and if the slave is not registered and you don't have slave papers, anyone can come and might take that slave away from you.

Please have acquisition papers, or check at least if there has been a previous owner and your slave has been let go, then take your girl/boy to get a physical, that is important. The phys. needs to place a seal on the report. Come to the head scribe and get the slave papers made for your Property.

Thank you.

Lady Dez
Head Scribe of Landa

SLAVE LESSONS

Ask Lilith for the next bathing lesson this week.

- OOC ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE ADMIN

NEW LANDING POINT

Please update your landmarks!

<http://slurl.com/secondlife/Isle%20of%20Landa/102/207/1976>

PROPER STORY LINES AND CONSEQUENCES OF KILLS

We do not longer play with Turia the Ar of the South

TOURIST OFFICE OF LANDA STILL CLOSED

Goreans are suspicious of strangers. People looking for a new home should have an reasonable storyline and roleplay in the city first or walk around as an OOC observer.

"Pikes on the walls of Gorean cities are often surmounted with the remains of unwelcome guests. The Gorean is suspicious of the stranger, particularly in the vicinity of his native walls. Indeed, in Gorean the same word is used for both stranger and enemy."

(Outlaw of Gor)

"Wanderers" and "travelers" of Gor are outlaws. Merchants wear a white and golden tunic in Gor.

GATE POLICY OF LANDA 8.0

- Slaves cannot open the outer gate alone (only OOC)
- Warriors, when they are in the city, must be alert and open the gates even if their pants are down. No ifs butts or maybe's about it.. If they don't want to be bothered with protecting the city, they need to go to Landa II. The reson for this is very important. FW and slaves can not be attacked with out Warriors around. but furring Warriors or Warriors who are busy in IMs are the same as no warriors around. It is dangerous to have a Warrior in the city who is not present.
- Free women are allowed to open the gate, when no Warriors are here. A FW is safe from attack with out Warriors around,
- Do not open the gate for strangers without asking for name and home stone and caste (keep the log that you will be able to tell the story in case of trouble)
- You may open the gate for people who want to look around, perhaps if they are considering to settle here, but goreans do not like strangers, you can give them a tour OOC too
- People without an Home Stone and without a caste are outlaws and not allowed to enter

(except people who want to settle here, but make that clear OOC):

5.1 Any free found to have no caste shall be declared an outlaw. The law applies equally to men and women. Those unable to show evidence of their caste shall be arrested by Guardsmen and held subject to verification. Men found to be outlaws shall be executed. Women shall be enslaved and sold from the public block. Those calling themselves Pirates shall be considered no different than Outlaws. They shall be subject to the same penalties. (Caste Laws and public laws of Landa, chapter 4)

- Merchants are allowed to enter (caste colors: White and Gold)

- Laws of Landa:- Do not attack a slave or free woman if there are no warriors or guards unless the free woman or slave attacks you or uses threatening or disrespectful language to you.

-Strangers are not allowed to carry bows and crossbows inside the city walls

- Never mention the secret tunnels and entrances

GROUPS IN LANDA

Isle of Landa Land Group (to rezz, to set home, to open the gates, to pass phantom doors)

Isle of Landa Slave House (slave gossip OOC, for example to get a tag of the privately owned slaver houses)

Landa Blue Caste

Landa Green Caste

Landa Council

Landa Merchant Caste

Landa Moderators

Landa Scarlet Caste

Landa's Free Women Society (ask Dez)

Landa Pending Citizen

HEADS OF CASTES IN LANDA

White caste: Brother Dorian (Trevellion)

Blue caste: Dezire Sciarri, Head scribe

Red caste: Phenom (TheePhenom Resident), Commander

Green caste: Gin (GinGin Denja)

Black caste: Drusus (Khampoh Resident), Master Assassin

Merchant caste: NN

Sherman Easterwood, Praetor

Yuroki Uriza (administrator), Moderator

LANDA COLLAR LAW

Slaves - Collars

Female adult slaves must wear locked slave collars at all times in public. Removal of the collar by one other than the slave's owner or without the order of a Magistrate is a crime punishable by fines and imprisonment.

Sherman Easterwood

Praetor of Landa

HOUSES FOR RENT IN LANDA II (combat sim)

Houses for rent in Landa II are for Citizens who have been active in RP for at least 2 weeks and will continue to be actively contributing to the life in Landa.. The cost is \$3 L per prim, for example a house with 100 prims would be \$300 L per week. You will be charged according to how many prims you will need. No more then 150 prims for the smaller ones and the bigger houses 200 prims.

If you want to rent a house, please get in touch with Deziere Sciarri. IMs will reach her even when offline, or per e-mail deziresciarri@live.com

GM WARE

If you need GM ware goods ask me, we have our own server in Landa. You can transport items between your Server and your meter HUD Note though that the Meter HUD can only carry 10 items at once.

Version 4.2 changes what items can be manufactured, so that now only Raw materials can be manufactured.

This is to prepare for the upcoming GM crafting which is one of the biggest project GM team has taken on.

With crafting then you will be able to craft other things from the raw materials, depending on avatar skill. (Yes for example blacksmith starts with little skill but can over time learn more skill and make more advanced things). This is a big project with hundreds of items, levels and skills. We felt it was important to get out new RP server in advance so that users can start manufacturing level 1 raw materials which will be useful as soon as GM Crafting hits the street.

THE LANDA SOCIAL SCENE

LYRICS

Her Name Was Moria Once of Merchant Caste

Sharp-tongued and shrewd this woman free and proud
She owned such slaves as common law allowed
Textiles and prints she sold in market stall
Travel she did to buy a comely thrall
It happened though that fates would cruel turn take
Our Lady Moria did escort forsake
Arrested was she in a common way
She knew the law and come the light of day
For sure would she be free again she knew
But northern outlaws did the laws eschew
Seize they this lass and bait was her bad luck
Now she was theirs as mischief ran amuck
About her neck a collar made of steel
In place was locked and worse the pain she'd feel

As burning brand on tender thigh was struck
She knew darned well that she was out of luck
And then she served the mighty outlaw hoard

Away they sailed with this slave girl on board
She tried to act as frigid as the snow
For Master's pleasure no delight to show
But ships of wood and men of iron are strong
Their handsome bodies brought her lust along
And moan and groan she did in passion's thrust
No way could she conceal her burning lust
So pierce did they her ears as common slave
Her bonded will she bear up to the grave
These days for price of drink she gives a lot
Tie well this girl in ropes, her needs burn hot

24 Apr 2011 Taunus Trumbo

REGIONAL NEWS

- FISSURE OF FRACTURE?

by anonymous

All is not well in the South. With Friends Like These, Who Needs Enemies? It seems that so far as Turia is concerned, all members of the Southern Trade Alliance are equal, but some are more equal than others!

Sources within the Southern Trade Alliance are hinting that stresses are beginning to outweigh advantages of the organization. The city of Turia, supposedly an equal member of the Alliance, is rumored to have been assuming the status of dictator within the group. A number of apparently deliberate provocations have shown the willingness of Turia to take advantage of its relative strength to harass its associates.

A recent example was the capture and enslavement of a Free Woman of Tyros within the confines of that city by agents of Turia. Demands for restitution were evidently ignored.

One familiar with the workings of the Alliance, speaking only under conditions of anonymity, suggested that Turia had unilaterally declared itself superior to its partners and not answerable for its actions. "It seems almost as if Turia wants to see how far they can push us around."

No alliance is without its strains, of course, and perhaps this can be resolved to the satisfaction of all. As with all such unattributed information, it should be noted that there may be more fire beneath the smoke, or less. Until it is resolved, however, it casts doubt on the solidity of the organization. Speculation on the other cities of the Alliance's response to the provocations is reported to have caused some third parties to reconsider relations with the south.

CASTE REPORTS LANDA

BLUE CASTE

The Blue Caste is available to the citizens of Landa, to help them in many ways.

We have already produced employment contracts and are working with the High Physician to ensure that all slave papers are in order. A Blue is serving as the Magistrate, he is available to help you address any legal problems that may arise. We produce FC Contracts and you can have your FC Ceremony performed by either of us.

These are just a few services available from the Blue Caste. As Head Scribe, I am available to help all citizens with matters relating to the Blue Caste.

Prices for our services are negotiable.

((Remember to protect your property, get your slave papers here, ask me for a discount))

~Lady Dez
Head Scribe for the City of Landa

RED CASTE

- NEW COMMANDER

Phenom (TheePhenom Resident), the former commander of Port jad, has been appointed as Commander (because our former commander left Gor).

- COMMANDER OF TARNIS IS BACK

After a long travel our commander of Tarns, Pagaz (Hedoin), returned back to his homestone Landa. Welcome back, commander!
The Admin

GREEN CASTE

- NEW HEAD PHYSICIAN OF LANDA

Lady Gin (GinGin Denja), former Head Physician of Greyfalls, has been appointed as head Physician of Landa.

Rarius Yuroki, Admin

MERCHANT CASTE

- SLAVERHOUSES

HOUSE OF YUROKI (HoY) GOREAN SLAVERHOUSE

The House of Yuroki is a privately owned and run Slaver House. The owner is Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza). That means that it functions separately from any city council and administration. However, our purpose overall is to provide slaves to the cities for use in whatever means are necessary, and to eventually sell those slaves to citizens or if a long period of time goes by without interest and the slave is underused, to the highest gorean bidder at an invitational auction open to goreans from across Gor.

"Whereas members of the caste of slavers are slavers, not all slavers are members of the caste of slavers."

(Magicians of Gor pg 315)

- HOY BANK OF LANDA

Most cities have a Street of Coins, an area where banking is done. "Sometimes, of course, certain areas specialize in, or are known for, given types of services or products. Each city usually has, for example, its "Street of Coins." On such a street, or in such an area, its banking will largely be done. Similarly most cities will have their "Street of Brands," on which street, or in which area, one would expect to find the houses of its slavers. (Fighting Slave of Gor)

Landa has its own bank and coins. The bank is privately owned, but the company got a banking license from the city of Landa, the mint too.

- CURRENCY MATTERS

Due to ongoing concerns about the underlying strength of their respective economies, the HOY Bank of Landa has announced the devaluation of coinage from the cities of Tafa and Meqara. Previously traded at par, the coins will now be subject to a 50 percent discount, trading at two for one of Landa. Merchants and others holding coinage of those cities are advised to consider exchanging them as further devaluation is possible.

HOY FOREIGN CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES

11/28/2011

The HoY Bank accepts and converts
(NON COPYABLE PRIM COINS ONLY)

HOY BANK BRANCHES

Coins of landa (made by the mint of Landa, branch of the HoY bank, named: landa Tarsk 2.0)

Coins of Tentium/Tyros (made by the mint of Landa, branch of the HoY bank) 1:1

Tyros charges 10% conversion of coins from allied cities (those Tentium have trade agreements with) and 20% for all others -

CITIES WHICH USE COINS MADE BY THE MINT OF LANDA

Coins of Tafa Trading Post (made by the mint of Landa) 1:2 NEW

Coins of Meqara Port (made by the mint of Landa) 1:2 NEW

Coins of Piedmont (made by the mint of Landa) 1:1

Coins of Oasis of Klima (made by the mint of Landa) 1:1

CITIES WHICH USE THEIR OWN COINS BUT CONVERT COINS OF IANDA

Coins of Treve (Tarn system, made by Koh Gausman) 1 landa Tarsk = 1 Treve tarn

Coins of Rose Isles 1:1 (contract)

Coins of Port Kar 1:1 (contract)

Coins of Sais 1:1 (contract)

City of Turia 1:1 (contract)

City of Tule 1:1 (contract)

CITIES WHICH DO NOT ACCEPT IANDA COINS

Coins of Ka'Zahr (made by Maria Tisane or Xander Tzal) 1:2

Rarn - City of Copper (made by Kitten Muhindra) 1:2

ANCIENT COINS

Coins of Nyuki (Xavian Stratten) 1:3

Coins of Ostia (made by the mint of Landa) 1:3

Coins of former Port Cos (made by the mint of Landa) 1:3

Coins of former Vonda (made by Jarvis Quan) 1 landa Tarsk = 5 Vonda Tarsks

Coins of new Vonda (made by Venus Flytrap) 1:3

Coins of former Port of Victoria (made by Deb alcott) 1 landa Tarsk = 5 Victoria Tarsks

Coins of Imperial Ar (made by Asea Andel) 1 landa Tarsk = 1 Imperial Ar Tarsk

Coins of Tyros (old version, made by the mint of Landa) 1:1 (only silver and gold)

Coins of Besnitt (made by Yuroki Uriza) 1: 3

Coins of Keibel Hill 1:3

NOT LONGER VALID

Coins of Thentis

Old Landa coins (named: Landa Tarsk or Landa-x-new-xxx)

Old copper tarsks of Tyros

Fluctuations in exchange rates are possible.

ADVERTISEMENTS AND JOB OFFERS

- HOY BANK OF LANDA

- We need merchants who would be able to establish trading connections with cities which

use similar coin systems. Two copper coins paid monthly. To make your own coins and income would be possible.

- JOB OFFER: HEAD MERCHANT OF HOY

The House of Yuroki Bank is a privately owned company in Landa (BTB), licensed by the city. It employs its own bankers, merchants and guards, all of the highest quality.

Specializing in coin production, it is pleased to offer this service to any cities wishing to issue their own coinage. For this it could mint their coins in Landa.

It is also interested in opening branches in other cities, working under license from them. It would wish to acquire premises in them to operate from, and would prefer to employ native citizens in the first instance as their staff.

The HOY needs an experienced Head merchant (men only) who is able to act and to travel independent.

Duties:

- to supervise the branches of the Hoy Bank and to guarantee the high level of service (convert coins, give credits, interests)
- fix currency exchange rates and keep the HoY merchants informed
- to deliver coins (we use prim coins ONLY) to coin merchants who got coins from the mint of Landa already
- make and renew contracts with the merchant caste of cities which accept and convert our coins already
- open new branches of the HoY Bank and enable our (prim) coin system (the mint of Landa will make their coins)
- you MUST wear the colors of the merchant caste

Hoy Owner: Rarius Yuroki, Admin of Landa

- CITY OF LANDA

The city of Landa is recruiting all castes. Lower castes are welcome too!

We are looking for:

Fishermen

Goat Keepers

Drovers

Perfumers

Artisans (sub castes: Painter, Pot Makers, Saddle Makers, Metal Workers, Blacksmiths, Leather Makers, Poets)

Cloth workers (sub castes: Rug Makers, Weavers, Carders, Dryers)

Woodsmen (sub castes: Wood Carriers, Charcoal Makers, Carvers)

Entertainers (sub castes: Singers, Musicians)

Cryptographers

Mind Healers (to send them to the Gor Hub to heal)

“He was Iskander, said once to have been of Turia, the master of many medicines and one reputed to be knowledgeable in certain intricacies of the mind.” (Slave Girl of Gor)

- BARBARIANS

If you need to get slaves from earth you need this:

<https://marketplace.secondlife.com/p/Adquisition-Ship-Box/2923750>

OOO ROLEPLAY

A Gorean Master speaks to Gorean Masters

Tal

First, my credentials: I am old enough to have read 28 of Norman's Gor books as they were published, beginning with "Tarnsman" about 1970. Before Second Life existed, I was active in Gorean Chat Rooms and Gorean Bulletin Boards even before that.

I do not pretend to be the ultimate authority on things Gorean, but I think I can claim knowledge above the average.

So then, my advice:

Second Life Gor is a game. It is a multi-player, role-playing simulation. Those who play must pay to do so, and while the cost is not high, neither is it free. Paying for admission MUST grant each player an equal opportunity to enjoy the game. No player is entitled to impinge on the enjoyment of another, no matter what "role" each plays.

The best analogy for SL Gor might be a stage play with a cast of thousands, without benefit of script, director or any audience but the other actors. Each actor comes and goes at will (or at the insistence of Real Life), resuming his or her role as if no absence had taken place in spite of the obvious fact that the play has continued while they were gone.

To be simultaneously actor and audience is a unique challenge. The only true assessment of and reward for acting is the appreciation of the audience, which is to say, your fellow actors. The actor who behaves as if his own is the only role that matters will be sorely disappointed in the quality of the play.

There are no "stars" in this play, no "supporting" roles, no "bit parts," no "extras." No one met you at the door to tell you all the good parts were taken and how would you like to be part of the furniture? Each actor creates his or her own role, without regard for how such a role might fit into the play as a whole. If he or she is a GOOD actor, he or she adapts the role to fit the circumstances. BAD actors insist that the play adapt to suit them.

One role, often adopted, is that of "Master." Unfortunately, to too many, it becomes a role involving neither acting ability nor recognition of the other actors. It becomes an teenager's ego-trip amalgam of Superman, Conan the Barbarian, the Hulk and Pepe le Pew. (The latter because he is shunned by the other players as his true nature is discovered.) Masters may be of any caste or occupation, even peasants or potters. Of all the roles

common to Second Life Gor, "Master" is the one most likely to be abused to the detriment of the play and the other actors.

Another role, involving vastly more difficult acting, is that of "slave." The individual, usually female, who accepts such a role must be a superlatively skilled player. Consider: the slave may not write her own script, but must respond ad lib to the scripts of others. She must constantly adapt her role to that of other actors, and make it seem natural. Few can handle a role that demanding.

"Slaves" have many reasons for choosing such a role, but one NEVER included among them is a desire to be thought of as part of the set, a "prop" to be used or ignored at will by the other actors.

Anyone who can take such a role and make it convincing deserves the gratitude and appreciation of her fellow actors. If her efforts are greeted with indifference and contempt, she will quit making them, and the play will suffer for the loss.

Every actor in such a play has the obligation to enhance the roles of the other actors, and an even greater obligation is to appreciate the efforts they make to enhance his. Being a "Master" does not require being a self-absorbed a**hole. In fact, everyone who plays his role in that manner detracts from the quality of the play.

Shakespeare said it best (he usually did): "The play's the thing..." All actors should strive to make the play better, not just to satisfy their egos.

I wish you well.

Awerdenty, of the Scribes

KNOWLEDGE

- THE CASTE OF PEASANTS

Caste colors & appearance

Lowest caste

None of course would accept a lower caste, and there were lower castes, the Caste of Peasants, for example, the most basic caste of all Gor.
(Outlaw of Gor)

Gray is the color worn by the caste of peasants

"True," I said. Did he think that the color of a fellow's garments was what made him a warrior? Surely he must realize that one not of the warriors might affect the scarlet, and that one who wore the grimed gray of a peasant, one barefoot, and armed only with the great staff, might be of the scarlet caste. It is not the uniform which makes the warrior, the soldier.

(Magicians of Gor)

Appearance and Clothing of Free Men of the Peasants

Appearance and Clothing of Peasant Men

Free Women

With rep cloth veil

I saw her eyes wild with fear for a moment above the rep-cloth veil and she had sped past me.

She was peasant, barefoot, her garment little more than coarse sacking.

She had been carrying a wicker basket containing vultures, domesticated pigeons raised for eggs and meat. Her man, carrying a mattock, was not far behind. Over his left shoulder hung a bulging sack filled with what must have been the paraphernalia of his hut. (Nomads of Gor)

Bleached woolen robes

Doubtless many times she would have held herself a thousand times superior to the poor peasant women, coming in from the villages, in their bleached woolen robes... (Mercenaries of Gor)

Plain, simple

I looked at their faces. On the whole they seemed to be simple, plain women, peasant women, and peasant lasses. One or two of them, I thought, might be suitable for the collar. (Mercenaries of Gor)

Not as refined and civilized as city dwellers

There were few tharlarion in evidence. Harnesses had been cut and they, it seems, had either been driven away or had wandered off. In one place there was a dead tharlarion, and the women, some crouching on it, were cutting it into pieces with knives, putting pieces of meat into their mouths, and hiding other pieces in their dresses.

"Jards," said Hurtha, in disgust.

I shrugged. These women were of the peasants. They were not given to the niceties of civilized women. Too, they were doubtless starving. (Mercenaries of Gor)

Peasant Caste Leader

"You are young, Bran Loort," said Thurnus. "You should have waited. It is not yet your time."

"I am caste leader here," said Bran Loort.

"The caste leader must know many things," said Thurnus. "It takes many years to learn them, the weather, the crops, animals, men. It is not easy to be caste leader."

Thurnus turned away, his head down, to tie his sandal. Bran Loort hesitated only an instant, and then he struck down, the staff stopped, striking across Thurnus's turned shoulder. It had been like striking a rock. Bran Loort stepped back.

"Too, to earn the respect of peasants," said Thurnus, straightening up, retrieving his staff, his sandal tied, "the caste leader should be strong."

Bran Loort was white-faced.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Peasant Women are Practical

I had left some more food with her, and had tied a golden tarn disk of Port Kar, from my wallet, in the corner of the child's blanket. With that she might buy much. Too, with it, or its residue, she might be able to make her way to a distant village, far from the trekking of armies, where she could use it as a bride price, using it, in effect, to purchase herself a companion, a good fellow who could care for herself and her child. Peasants, unlike women of the cities, tend to be very practical about such matters. She had shown me hospitality.

(Mercenaries of Gor)

Peasant Villages & Huts

Villages, often palisaded, built in center of "wheel" of fields

It stood like most Gorean villages at the hub of its wheel of fields, the fields, striplike, spanning out from it like spokes. Most Gorean peasants live in such villages, many of them palisaded, which they leave in the morning to tend their fields, to which they return at night after their day's labors.

(Mercenaries of Gor)

He was caste leader in Tabuk's Ford. Tabuk's Ford was a large village, containing some forty families; it was ringed with a palisade, and stood like a hub in the midst of its fields, long, narrow, widening strips, which radiated from it like the spokes in a wheel. Thurnus tilled four of these strips.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Circular floor dug in earth, lined with stone

Calked, woven-stick walls

I stood on the lowered circular floor, dug out of the earth, packed down and tiled with stone, behind a part of a wall. It was the remains of a calked, woven-stick wall. It was now broken and charred.

(Mercenaries of Gor)

Hut of a richer village:

Rough plank floor, six to seven feet off ground

Entrance to leaders large thatched hut is by narrow flight of steps

Entrance to other huts in village by ladders

Smoke hole in top

Windowless

Made of straw

Frame constructed of kalana & temwood

In winter covered with painted canvas or bosk hides, protected & glossed with oil

My master, with his lieutenants, sat cross-legged in the large, thatched hut of Thurnus. It was high, and conical, and floored with rough planks, set some six or seven feet on poles above the ground, that it might be drier and protected from common insects and vermin. The entrance was reached by a flight of rough, narrow steps. The entrances to many of the huts in the village, similarly constructed, were reached by ladders. Thurnus was caste leader.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

A smoke hole in the top of the hut permitted the escape of fumes. The hut, probably because of its construction, was not smoky. Also, though it was windowless and had but one door, it was not, at this time of day, dark. Through the straw of its roof and sides there

was a considerable, delicate filtering of sunlight.
(Slave Girl of Gor)

The hut in the summer is light and airy. The frame of such a hut is constructed of Ka-lana and Tem wood. The roof is rethatched and the walls rewoven every third or fourth year. In the winters, which are not harsh at this latitude, such huts are covered on the outside with painted canvas or, among the richer peasants, with ornamented, painted bosk hides, protected and glossed with oil.
(Slave Girl of Gor)

Inside the Caste Leaders hut
Large flat circular pice of metal in center
Braziers
Small flattish cooking stoves
Coffers and bales holding belongings along the walls
Mats on plank floor
Vessels and leathers hang on wall

In the center of the hut was a large flat, circular piece of metal, on which, on legs, might sit braziers or the small, flattish cooking stoves, using pressed, hardened wood, common in the villages north and west of Ar. About the walls were the belongings of the house, in coffers and bales.

...

Mats covered the rough planks. From the walls hung vessels and leathers.
(Slave Girl of Gor)

Animals sometimes lived inside the huts too

Secondly, it is not unusual either for many peasants to keep animals in the house, usually verr or bosk, sometimes tarsk, at least in the winter. The family lives in one section of the dwelling, and the animals are quartered in the other.
(Mercenaries of Gor)

Animals in richer villages kept in pens and cages

Elsewhere about the village were storage huts and animal pens.
(Slave Girl of Gor)

I heard a sleen squeal from some eighty yards away, behind the huts, in the cage areas.
(Slave Girl of Gor)

Gardens - for produce as well as animal feed

"Here," she said, embarrassed, She drew some roots, and two suls , from her robe. They had been freshly dug. Dirt still clung to them. She put them down on the stones, between us.

I sat down cross-legged, and she knelt down, opposite me, knees together, in the common fashion of the Gorean free woman. The roots, the two suls, were between us. She rocked the child in her arms.

"I thought you could find no roots," I smiled.

"Some were left in the garden," she said. "I remembered them. I came back for them. There was very little left though. Others obviously had come before me. These things were missed. They are poor stuff. We used to use the produce of that garden for tarsk feed."

"They are fine roots," I said. "and splendid suls."

(Mercenaries of Gor)

Tools of the trade

Peasant Staff

In his right hand there was a heavy peasant staff, some six feet in height and perhaps two inches in width.

(Assassin of Gor)

Harrow

It was Dietrich of Tarnburg who had first introduced the "harrow" to positional warfare on Gor, that formation named for the large, rake-like agricultural instrument, used for such tasks as the further leveling of ground after plowing and, sometimes, on the great farms, for the covering of seed,

(Mercenaries of Gor)

Hoe - heavy, stout staff and great metal blade

"Put on your tunic," said Melina to me. "Get a hoe. Go to the sul fields. Hoe suls. Bran Loort will fetch you and bring you back when it is time. Speak to no one."

(Slave Girl of Gor)

I lifted the heavy hoe, with the stout staff and great metal blade, again and again. It was terribly hot work, and hard. My hack hurt. My hands hurt. My muscles ached. I worked hard, very hard, for I was a peasant's girl.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

What the job entailed

Planting seed, plowing, harvesting

"harrow" ...the large, rake-like agricultural instrument, used for such tasks as the further leveling of ground after plowing and, sometimes, on the great farms, for the covering of seed,

(Mercenaries of Gor)

Growing a variety of crops

Economically, the base of the Gorean life was the free peasant, which was perhaps the lowest but undoubtedly the most fundamental caste, and the staple crop was a yellow grain called Sa-Tarns, or Life-Daughter.

(Tarnsman of Gor)

Carrying sacks of grain to ships at wharves

I stepped aside as a string of eight peasants, with bundles of Sa-Tarna grain on their shoulders, made their way down toward the wharves.

(Rogue of Gor)

Providing grain & produce to the cities

Doubtless many times she would have held herself a thousand times superior to the poor peasant women, coming in from the villages, in their bleached woolen robes, bringing their sacks and baskets of grain and produce to the city's markets.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

On market day I saw a peasant, his sack of Sa-Tarna meal on his back, whose sandals were tied with silver straps.

(Outlaw of Gor, in Tharna)

It seemed we had little to fear, and we had passed several of the pasang stones that line the side of the highway without seeing anything more threatening than a line of peasants carrying brushwood on their backs, and a pair of hurrying Initiates.
(Tarnsman of Gor)

Cities dependent on peasants for food

Needless to day, these movements, particularly when they intrude into more settled area, often bring the folk of the laagers into conflict with other peasants and, of course, shortly thereafter, townsfolk and city dwellers who depend on the peasants for their foodstuffs.

(Mercenaries of Gor)

Peasant Pride

Even the Caste of Peasants regarded itself as the "Ox on which the Home Stone Rests" and could seldom be encouraged to leave their narrow strips of land, which they and their fathers before them had owned and made fruitful.

(Ourlaw of Gor)

Peasant Codes

"We took her without your permission," said Bran Loort.

"In this," said Thurnus, "you have committed a breach of code."

"It does not matter to me," said Bran Loort.

"Neither a plow, nor a bosk, nor a girl may one man take from another, saving with the owner's saying of it," quoted Thurnus.

"I do not care," said Bran Loort.

"What is it, Bran Loort, that separates men from sleen and larls?" asked Thurnus.

"I do not know," said Bran Loort.

"It is the codes," said Thurnus.

"The codes are meaningless noises, taught to boys," said Bran Loort.

"The codes are the wall," said Thurnus.

"I do not understand," said Bran Loort.

"It is the codes which separate men from sleen and larls," said Thurnus. "They are the difference. They are the wall."

"I do not understand," said Bran Loort.

"You have left the shelter of the wall, Bran Loort," said Thurnus.

"Do you threaten me, Thurnus of Tabuk's Ford?" asked Bran Loort.

"You stand now outside the shelter of the wall," said Thurnus.

"I do not fear you!" cried Bran Loort.

"Had you asked of me my permission, Bran Loort," said Thurnus, indicating me with a gesture of his head, "willingly and without thought, gladly, would I have given you temporary master rights over her."

I lay in the dirt, my hands bound behind my back, the rope on my neck, watching. It was true what Thurnus had said. I could have been loaned to Bran Loort, and would have had to serve him as though he were my own master.

"But you did not ask my permission," said Thurnus.

"No," said Bran Loort, angrily, "I did not."

"Before, too, you have done such things, you, and these others, though not to the degree nor with the intent of this day."

It was true. Sometimes the boys had caught us, Thurnus's girls, or those of others, too,

and roped us together and raped us in the furrows of the fields, but it had been done in the bullying rowdyism of their youth, having slave girls at their mercy. There had been no intent of insult, or umbrage, in it. It had been the hot, fierce, innocent sport of strong young men, powerful and excited, who held brief-tunicked, branded girls, in rope collars, in their arms, nothing more. Does a slave girl not expect slave rape? Some masters enjoy having their girls raped occasionally; it serves to remind them that they are slaves. This sort of rape is not uncommon in a peasant village. It is usually taken for granted and ignored, save perhaps by the abused girls, but they are only slaves. Indeed, it is sometimes encouraged, to pacify young men whose natural aggressions otherwise might turn aside into destructive channels. It is also regarded, at times, as an aid in helping young males attain their manhood. "If she pleases you, run her down, and take her, son," is a not uncommon piece of paternal advice in a peasant village. I had heard this twice, though it had not been I on whom the young man had been set. Verr Tail had been caught and raped on her back, struggling, in the stream, once, and Radish had been caught and forced to give pleasure between the sleen cages. Each of these young men had walked differently following their conquest. I had shrunk back when they had approached. I knew they were now men, and I was only a slave. These two young men were not among the cohorts of Bran Loort. But what had been done today to me was clearly different in its intent and gravity from the casual, expected, fierce exhibitions of male aggression to which imbonded girls such as I must become accustomed.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

I sensed that the codes were to be invoked. What Bran Loort and his fellows had done exceeded the normal rights of custom, the leniencies and tacit permissions of a peasant community; commonly the codes are invisible; they exist not to control human life, but to make it possible. The rapes of Verr Tail and Radish, interestingly, had not counted as code breaches, though in neither case had explicit permission for their conquest been granted by Thurnus; such permission, in such cases, was implicit in the customs of the community; it did not constitute a "taking from" but a brief use of, an "enjoyment of," without the intent to do injury to the honor of the master; "taking from," in the sense of the code is not, strictly, theft, though theft would be "taking from." "Taking from," in the sense of the codes, implies the feature of being done against the presumed will of the master, of infringing his rights, more significantly, of offending his honor. In what Bran Loort had done, insult had been intended. The Gorean peasant, like Goreans in general, has a fierce sense of honor. Bran Loort had known exactly what he had been doing.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Test of Five Arrows to determine Caste Leader

"Will it be the test of five arrows?" asked Thurnus.

In this the villagers, with the exception of the two contestants, leave the village and the gate is closed. Each contestant carries in the village his bow, the great bow, the peasant bow, and five arrows. He who opens the gate to readmit the villagers is caste leader.

"No," said Bran Loort, uneasily. He did not care to face the bow of Thurnus. The skill of Thurnus with the great bow was legendary, even among peasants.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Test of Knives to determine Caste Leader

"Then," asked Thurnus, "it will be the test of knives?"

In this the two men leave the village and enter, from opposite sides, a darkened wood. He who returns to the village is caste leader.

"No," said Bran Loort. Few men, I thought, would care to meet Thurnus in the darkness of the woods armed with steel. The peasant is a part of the land. He can be like a rock or

a tree. Or the lightning that can strike without warning from the dark sky.
(Slave Girl of Gor)

Caste Discipline

Bran Loort turned away from the rack and bent down to pick up his tunic. He went to the gate and it was opened for him. He left the village of Tabuk's Ford.

"Follow him, who will," said Thurnus to the young men who had been his cohorts.

But none made to follow their former leader.

"Of what village are you?" asked Thurnus.

"Tabuk's Ford," they said, sullenly.

"And who is caste leader in Tabuk's Ford?" asked Thurnus, sweating, grinning.

"Thurnus," they said.

"Go to your huts," he said. "You are under caste discipline." They withdrew from the circle of the fire. I expected that they would tend his fields for a season.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Peasants owning slaves

This peasant owns at least 4

Nearby there were four girls in a plank collar. This is formed from two boards into which matching semicircles have been cut. The two boards are connected and supported by five flat, sliding U-irons; when the U-irons are slid back, the collar is opened. When they are slid into place, and the two leaves are bolted together, the collar is closed. Two hasps with staples, secured with padlocks, occur, too, at opposite ends of the planks. These lock the collar. The four girls in the plank collar were kneeling, waiting for their master to conduct some business. he was of the peasants. They were nude. Their hands were tied behind their backs.

(Rogue of Gor)

Used to help plow, hoe, tend fields

Perhaps a peasant would buy her to help with the ploughing. I wondered, if this happened, if she would bitterly recall the Amusements of Tharna. If this miserable fate were to be hers, the imperious Dorna the Proud, stripped and sweating, her back exposed to the ox whip, would learn in harness that a peasant was a hard master.

(Outlaw of Gor)

There was a kennel nearby, where Thurnus kept his girls. He did not tend his fields alone.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

"She has rough hands," said Ladletender. He pulled my small hands, bound, out from the post, and rubbed his thumbs into my palms. I shuddered. "You have rough hands, Dina," he said.

"I am a peasant's girl, Master," I said. My hands were rough from digging, and washing, and holding tools.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Peasants know how to use a weapon

The Peasant Bow

On the wall of the hut, behind Thurnus, hung the great bow, of supple Ka-la-na. It was tipped with notched bosk horn. It was now unstrung, but the string, of hemp, whipped with

silk, lay ready, looped loose upon the broad, curved yellow wood. Near the bow hung a mighty quiver, in which nestled flight and sheaf arrows, and many of each thereof. Such a weapon I could not even bend. It required, too, not simply the strength of a man, but of a man who was un-usually strong. Most men, no more than a woman, could not use such a fearsome device. It was a common weapon among peasants. It is often called the peasant bow.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Using some kind of blade

The first man had fled, and the other with him. A peasant came about the edge of the booth. Two more men looked through the rent canvas, who had climbed over the counter. I dropped the garrote to the ground. "Don't," I said to the peasant. "It is already done," he said, wiping the blade on his tunic. I think the man's neck had been broken by the blow of my hands under his chin, but he had still been alive. His head now lay half severed, blood on the peasant's sandals. Gorean men are not patient with such as he. "The other?" asked the peasant. "There were two," I said. "Both are gone."

(Beasts of Gor)

Whereas I was of high caste and he of low, yet in his own hut he would be, by the laws of Gor, a prince and sovereign, for then he would be in the place of his own Home Stone. Indeed, a cringing whelp of a man, who would never think of lifting his eyes from the ground in the presence of a member of one of the high castes, a crushed and spiritless churl, an untrustworthy villain or coward, an avaricious and obsequious peddler often becomes, in the place of his own Home Stone, a veritable lion among his fellows, proud and splendid, generous and bestowing, a king be it only in his own den.

Indeed, frequent enough were the stories where even a warrior was overcome by an angry peasant into whose hut he had intruded himself, for in the vicinity of their Home Stones men fight with all the courage, savagery and resourcefulness of the mountain larl. More than one are the peasant fields of Gor which have been freshened with the blood of foolish warriors.

(Outlaw of Gor)

Great Staff

The other common peasant weapon is the great staff, some six feet in length, some two inches in width. Two such staffs rested to one side, inclining upright against the wall, between a yellow box, about a foot high, and a roll of coarsely woven rep-cloth.

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Fighting with the Peasant (Great) Staff

This is a fight to determine Caste Leader, but Thurnus also uses it as a training session "You will need a staff," pointed out Bran Loort.

"Yes," said Thurnus. He turned to one of Bran Loort's cohorts. "Strike at me," he said.

The young man grinned. He smote down at Thurnus. Thurnus seized the staff and, suddenly, with strength like that of a larl, jerked the young man toward him, at the same time kicking upward savagely, blasting the fellow in the teeth with the heel of his sandal, the young man reeling back, blood spattering from his nose and mouth, clutching at his face, the staff in the hands of Thurnus. There were teeth in the dirt. The young man sat, dazed, on the ground.

"A good staff," said Thurnus, "must be one with which one can thrust," and, saying this, looking at one young man, he drove the staff, like a spear into the ribs of another, "and slice," added Thurnus, who then smote the first fellow, whose attention was now on his

struck fellow, along the side of the face. The first fellow fell in the dirt clutching his ribs. I had little doubt that one or more had been broken; the second fellow lay inert in the dirt, blood at the side of his head. "But," said Thurnus, "a good staff must also be strong." The young men stood, tensed, five of them, and Bran Loort. "Come at me," said Thurnus to another of the men. Enraged the fellow charged. Thurnus was behind him and smote down, shattering the heavy staff across the fellow's back. He lay in the dirt, unable to rise. The staff had been more than two inches in diameter. "That staff, you see," said Thurnus, instructing the younger men, "was flawed. It was weak." He gestured to the fellow lying in the dirt, his face contorted with pain, scratching at the dust. "It did not even break his back," said Thurnus. "Such a staff may not be relied upon in combat." He turned to one of the four young men, and Bran Loort. "Give me another staff," he said to one of them. The young man looked at him and, frightened, threw him the staff, not wanting to come close to him. "A better weapon," said Thurnus, hefting the staff. He looked at the fellow who had thrown him the staff. "Come here," he said. Uneasily the lad approached. "The first lesson you must learn," said Thurnus, swiftly jabbing the staff deeply, without warning, into his stomach, "is never to give a weapon to an enemy." The young man, bent over, retched in the dirt. Thurnus smote him sharply on the side of the head, felling him. He then turned to the other two young men, and Bran Loort. "You should keep your guard up," said Thurnus to one of them, who immediately, warily, raised his staff. Thurnus then smote the other fellow, at whom he did not appear to be looking. He turned, watching the fellow fall into the dirt. "You, too, of course," said Thurnus, "should keep your guard up. That is important." The other young man, he beside Bran Loort, then suddenly struck at Thurnus, but Thurnus, clearly, had been expecting the blow. He parried it and slipped behind the other's staff, bringing up the lower end of his own staff. The fellow's face turned white and he sank away. "Aggressiveness is good," said Thurnus, "but beware of the counterstroke." Thurnus looked about himself. Of the nine men only one, Bran Loort, now stood ready. Thurnus grinned. He indicated the young men, strewn about. "These others, I now gather," said Thurnus, "will not enter our competition."

(Slave Girl of Gor)

Peasants & Outlaws

I supplemented my diet with fresh fruit picked from bushes and trees, and fish speared in Gor's cold, swift-flowing streams. Once I brought the carcass of a tabuk, one of Gor's single-horned, yellow antelopes, which I had felled in a Ka-la-na thicket, to the hut of a peasant and his wife. Asking no questions, as was suitable given the absence of insignia on my garments, they feasted me on my own kill, and gave me fiber, and flints and a skin of wine.

The peasant on Gor does not fear the outlaw, for he seldom has anything worth stealing, unless it be a daughter. Indeed, the peasant and outlaw on Gor live in an almost unspoken agreement, the peasant tending to protect the outlaw and the outlaw sharing in return some of his plunder and booty with the peasant. The peasant does not regard this as dishonest on his part, or as grasping. It is simply a way of life to which he is accustomed. It is a different matter, of course, if it is explicitly known that the outlaw is from a city other than one's own. In that case he is usually regarded as an enemy, to be reported to the patrols as soon as possible. He is, after all, not of one's city.

(Outlaw of Gor)

Peasant Songs

Wondering, he watched us, for one of the men, of the Caste of Peasants, had begun to hum a plowing song, and, one by one, the others joined him.

(Outlaw of Gor)

The voices of these haggard but transformed men began to sing. I recognized the tune. It was a polishing song I had first heard from the peasant in the mines. It had become the anthem of the revolution.

(Outlaw of Gor)

ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

Comicus of Cos appreciated the crowds applause. "Thats right. I never get no respect. When I was a kid I asked My father how to get My kite into the air. He said I should run off a cliff. The other day I got a message from the FW next door that said to come over, nobody is home. I went over. Nobody was home."

(Stand-up Philosophers of Gor, Page 18)

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