

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR
(short online version)

PUBLICARE ET PROPAGARE!

Second Edition, v. 3 No. 101

Fourth day of the fourth hand of the month of En'Kara 10164 Contasta Ar

Based in the City of Olni in Saleria

Editor and Publisher: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza), merchant
Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)
Correspondent in Forest Port: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port
Correspondent in Olni: Teal Razor, Slave of Siri Emerald Jr.

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About the NEW VOICE OF GOR

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

The proprietors reserves the right to edit articles submitted.

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

02 EDITORAL

A warm welcome to the pages of the 101st volume of the NEW VOICE OF GOR !

The NEW VOICE OF GOR has a new correspondent: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port. The FOREST PORT CHRONICLE is no longer, but we got a new gorean newspaper, the GENESIAN GAZETTE. Enjoy reading!

Rarius Yuroki

Editor the NEW VOICE OF GOR

THE VIVICATION OF LADY NYURAHLEE VALOIS UBARA OF FOREST PORT - RESIGNATION OF THE FOREST PORT CHRONICLE

Allow me to formally introduce myself to established and new readers of the New Voice of Gor. Through out my life in Gor I have been the part of many lives, from the very lowest to the highest. Should one not decipher my meaning, contact me. As I sit now I am a physician in Forest Port, often I have thought of switching my caste, I seem to think I would be better as a White Caste.

In my years, my companion and family remain by my side as much of you know of the name or face by now. Ubar Arsonn Valois. Is a man we all seemed to highly respect and hold in some regard as a favored person of Gor. I feel, with his support, the world of Gor is a more just place.

Through perhaps a twist of fate, a kismet of writer's luck, I was founded by Rarius Yuorki. Through my words written across The Forest Port Chronicle, scattered through out the lands, as most news does, I have been asked upon my resignation of the Forest Port Chronicle to continue with my wide-spread chaos to write for the New Voice of Gor.

It is with pleasure and honor that I am allowed to place pen upon blank parchment for purpose once again. It is with reality in which I will bring whatever news I see happening. With purpose and pride I will tell it with all logical sense according to my conscious. My true passion has been for the words I weave and stories brought to life, to this I will continue to do so.

With love and respect to my followers, I do hope you continue to send me your thoughts and ideas. Together let us explore this life through words and stories.

Sincerely,
Lady Nyurahlee Valois ~ Ubara of Forest Port

(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/>

ALL OVER GOR

03 KNOWN GOREAN NEWSPAPERS (OVERVIEW)

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR (Gor wide)

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

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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

THE TURIAN GAZETTE

Editor: unknown

ARCADIAN MESSENGER [inactive]

Editor: Nephtides Resident

THE RORUS CHRONICLE™

Editors-in-Chief: Penumbra Straaf and Tala Winterwolf

JAHESA CHRONICLE [inactive]

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

THE LANDA HERALD [inactive]

Editor: NN

THE HERLIT CRIER

Editor: Felicia Soleil

THE TREVIAN TRIBUNE [inactive]

Editor: Payton999 Robonaught

THARNA NEW TIMES SCROLL [inactive]

KaTrina Velde, Editor

THE GAMES OF GOR NEWSLETTER

produced by the Kaissa Guild of Gor

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

GOREAN CITIES

04 PORT OF OLNİ

THE SLAVE'S CORNER

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

TREVE ADVERTISING FOR CITIZENS...snigger, snigger

By Teal Razor

I was listening to The Whip radio station a while back and I heard an advertisement for the City of Treve. It seems they are running out of citizens because of the collateral damage that is being inflicted on them by drone tarns from other cities. The ad, if I can remember it, went something like this:

"What is your deepest darkest desire?

Gold, steel, women, riches beyond your wildest dreams, yours for the taking? All you have to do is reach out and take it. Let go of what others would expect of you, and do what you will, whenever you will, however you will. In Treve there are men and women who would welcome, in fact honor you as family, for simply having the mettle to do that which others would not.

Take to the skies with the great tarnsmen of Treve, and claim the glorious future for you and yours, that other, happier and huggier Gorean societies would deny you.

Quality citizens only, dickheads and douchetards need not apply."

After I got done laughing so hard that I disturbed the poor magistrate next door...(I was sitting on our veranda and she threw a dead fish at me), I set quill to parchment to put down my thoughts on this advert. At first, listening to it, I was lead to believe that Treve was one giant bacchanal. In reality this is true. Before I was banned from that city I spent many a weekend frolicking in Treve, not with the warriors mind you since one does NOT frolic with men who wear red lace panties, but with the male slaves who have a wicked sense of what a saturnalia really is.

The first part of the Advertisement sounded like Treve was in a state of anarchy, a jolly good jamboree with the rogering of females in every open space in the city. While I admit this can be amusing for about 20 ehns, what do you do with the rest of your day? Since no one is

minding the store because of all that fornicating and carousing, the stores will be empty. I mean why would you pass up a naked slave? It beats dusting off jars of jam on the shelves and labeling markdown items. I mean who cares if you are selling 3 day old ramberry juice and trying to pass it off as fresh when you can partake in a banquet of sexual delights twenty-four/seven.

But, I digress.

The ad said, "In Treve there are men and women who would welcome, in fact honor you as family." I found it heartening that there truly was honor among thieves. And, as for, "taking what other happier and huggier Gorean societies would deny you," I take umbrage. We all need a good hug once in a while and maybe the citizens of Treve need a big group hug. I will volunteer my precious ehns to organize a demonstration of what a hug looks like.

Oh and how about that summation of a brilliant advertising campaign, the aforementioned, "Quality citizens only, dickheads and douchetards need not apply." Really? Really! How can this bode well for my warrior friend in Sais, the sight of whose cranium causes this phrase to utter forth from your lips, "His head looks like a dick!" From the advertisement it would seem he would be permanently banned from becoming a citizen of Treve. And douchetards? That may be a novel way of describing someone but I actually know a slave who has no idea how to use a douche bag. So in that respect, she too would be denied the comforts of the City of Treve. I think it is a mistake to pre-qualify your applicants by the shape of their heads and the lack of information on gynecological subjects.

A note to the travel and visitors bureau of Treve...if you would like good ad copy, look no further than "moi".

DEAR TEAL ~ Advice to the Lovelorn

By Teal Razor

Dear Teal: I asked my Master what does he like in slaves. He said, his penis. Should I be offended?

Dear Easily Offended: I think as long as he did not say, "my penis in several slaves a day." I would take it as a compliment.

Dear Teal: I am a free woman. I do not want to renew my companionship contract with my partner because I have seen a "Bigger, Better, Deal" in my city. Am I doing the right thing?

Dear Smart Shopper: Women, unbeknownst to men, are always looking for the BBD. And think of it this way, your current companion has had at least a year to correct his "smaller deal". I mean, when you go to the Street of Brands, the advertising posters fairly scream down from every wall..."Get the new "POSTI-WHACK" GUARANTEED TO LET YOU BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE." It's worth a try is it not? Jumping ship after one cruise is accepted in Gor. If you think the companionship is salvageable then get counseling. Send a scroll to Master Phil whose psychological credentials are known even as far North as the Sardar. His

laser insights as to the true problem between you both will enable you to make a more informed decision one way or the other. If it doesn't work out between you two, I know a lovely free woman who is looking for a dance partner at the Olni OOC dances on Saturdays. This will leave you free to sit on that bigger better deal.

Dear Teal: I am a slave in Port Olni, and I am afraid to leave my Master's house. Two days ago I witnessed a murder in the commons. I usually get up before the cock crows to take a morning walk. I walked into the commons and I saw the murderer cut the throat of another man. I think he saw me. What should I do?

Dear Sleeps with the Fishes: Your first problem was obvious. You never get out of bed before the cock does. But, as you cannot unring a bell, you did get up and now you are an unwilling witness to a horror. You know he will find you sooner or later or his paid assassin will. I hear Treve is nice this time of year.

Dear Teal: I am a merchant and I had to do away with my business partner. He made many deals that were slowly putting me to the brink of bankruptcy. I slit his throat in the early morning in the common area of Port Olni. The problem is a slave saw me and ran off before I could see who she was. What should I do?

Dear Shrewd Businessman: Nothing. Why would anyone believe the ramblings of "rising before the cock crows" slave. But lets say you have need of a personal hitman, you might ask the boss of this newspaper, Master Rarius Yuroki. He can give you the calling cards of some mercenaries who will be glad to track this slave for gold coin. One company he uses, the FBI, Freelance Blackclad Idiots, will for a fee, not only find who you are looking for, they will also denude the countryside within a 50 mile radius of that person of interest while doing so. "Beware the Idiots," is usually the mantra that is heard when the FBI is seen working. You should take that mantra to heart and beware the idiots when next "cutting" a deal.

05 GENESIAN PORT

RANDOM THOUGHTS

by Σοφία Farella

I don't quite know where to begin, which, I must say, is a new experience for me. I have never been one who has had difficulty finding words to express myself, but I have been completely and pleasantly surprised by the warm welcome I have received since arriving in Genesian Port. In addition to this warm welcome, I have gotten more help, more participation, and more cooperation, in the short time that I have been here, than anywhere else I have ever been. Normally, I have had to beg and plead for every scrap of information I have needed to do my job, but here, I have been nearly overwhelmed by all I have gotten already! I just can't tell you how grateful I am. What a pleasant change, what a pleasant surprise!

It is with great joy, much trepidation, and intense humility that I bring to you THE GENESIAN GAZETTE. As Editor, I promise that I will do my very best to serve this city well. My job will

be easier, now that I have hired a new Scribe to the city, Dazz Naidoo, to be my Roving Reporter. If you have not seen him around town asking questions, rest assured, in due time, you will. In addition to Dazz, a scribe slave was gifted to me by Lady Sat and her Companion, Lt. Serj. Her name is bethy and she has been a real god-send to me. She is a hard worker, smart, and can read and write. Already she has helped me significantly.

I will attempt to provide you with information that will both inform you and entertain you...It might even ruffle your feathers at times, but even that can be fun!

I have written the newspaper for several cities during my career as a Scribe. It is my passion, my calling if you will, to write. And what better way to exercise that passion than to write something that informs and entertains. The work is taxing, let there be no mistake, but when something is your passion, the work is just a part of the joy of doing it.

It is important for you to understand that in order to bring you a work that has value and one that is worth your time and effort to read, I will need your ongoing help. Without the support and help of those who read the paper, it is nearly impossible to sustain week after week.

There are many ways in which you can contribute. All you need to do is keep your eyes and ears open to what is going on around you and when you see or hear something newsworthy, let me know about it. Write it down (cut and paste to a nc) and drop it off in my office. I'm located between the smithy near the tavern, and the small winery, There is an in-box on my desk, it's the best way to give me your contributions. Please know that, as editor, I retain the right to correct spelling, punctuation, grammar and syntax as I see fit.

Below, in the event that you lost it, or never got it when it was passed out, you will find a list of ways you can help if you choose to do so and, by all means, if you can think of another way than those listed, please...TELL ME!

Read more:

06 FOREST PORT

EVOLUTION OF THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE

The Last Paper I will be writing for awhile

By Nyurahlee Valois

The world to which the diverse population upon which we now thrive has become nothing more than our own nightmares. What it is, written like a bible before us, is not what we assume of it. Whatever it meant to the creator, we have shamed that. In order to take a creation someone pictures in their own minds and place pen to paper and write that creation, bring it to life, only to see it be destroyed by armatures and people who claim to know what is, and what is not.

We are all guilty on this front, none of course will stand up and allow themselves to think they are wrong. Why should we as Goreans deem ourselves wrong? As we are all interpreting points of view from a common source, it unites us, and like the wars of old, tear us apart. This, is what you have and helped created, sleep in the bed you made.

Unlike most of the people who might pick this up, allow me to be the first to say. I am very wrong. I would ask forgiveness of the creator as a person born of Gor. My understanding is troubled in this world based on the same philosophical intent and years of study on the same subjects. Yes I might be a woman of Gor, but do not forget I too, am high caste and practice my craft. My craft does not hinder my ability to open book to page and read the words.

My fault in philosophy carries me to have such beliefs of my views. Do not dare tell me I am wrong to have that view; however, feel free to tell me yours, but do not point and linger finger to me like a mother scolding child. I will be the first to place dagger in your jugular and gut you as I see fit. With such temper, I am also witnessed to express hardships upon my fellow Goreans.

I hear them complaining, I hear them name calling, I hear them barking at each other like mad men for the last scrap of mead in the local taverns. I see Gorean men bow to knees and become the bitches of others and to their own self-pity me stories and whimperings. I see slaves wear tiars and trot around as Ubara's with all the freedoms and privileges of a well sought fairy tale. I see brazen free woman clearly desiring to be swept away in a single man's collar, pine at his boot and beg for touch.

I see countless things, not so much so that I see all of us, divided, yet, united for a common purpose. We come here, to these lands scattered, to see our lives, as Goreans unfold, yet fight amongst ourselves like bastard children.

I would ask you, Goreans, where is the false pretenses of realism in this world we painted? For I do not see the masterpiece but I see a canvas smeared by everyones fingers.

07 ISLE OF TARNs

FROM THE DESK OF THE HIGH COMMANDER OF THE ISLE OF TARNs

As the population, wealth and influence of the Isle of Tarns continued to grow steadily over the past few hands, we noticed an increase of hostilities against the interests of our homestone.

These were some of the issues we were facing:

ATTACK BY THE AMHAS CAIRN CLAN

A few hands ago people from the North were spotted at our docks and after blowing their war horn they immediately attacked our village which was unprepared for this surprise attack. Our warriors nevertheless fought bravely and after a fierce battle many of our villagers were down.

The Northerners took a Free Man, a Free Woman and a slave.

While the man committed suicide to avoid enslavement, the Free Woman was released shortly afterwards while the slave was heavily beaten up causing her a severe brain damage; after a few futile attempts to sell her, the Northerners returned to our village and traded her against a few tarn eggs.

We were able to find out who the attackers were. The name of the raid leader, another raider's name and the name of a Free Woman in their village are known.

Without wanting to go into further detail I can assure these aggressors that our response to this unwarranted attack against our peaceful village will be swift and overwhelming.

ARREST WARRANT BY THE VILLAGE OF SAIS AGAINST THE HIGH COMMANDER OF THE ISLE OF TARNS

The city of Thentis informed us that there is an arrest warrant against me issued by the Village of Sais. However, the respective document had no seal on it.

To clarify the situation, our High Tarnsman, Sir Chaos, travelled to Sais and met with their leaders who confirmed that this warrant was forged:

I do not know who spread this false arrest warrant against me, although I have a suspicion that a former warrior of my former homestone is behind this plot. The matter is not taken lightly and will be investigated further.

BLOCKADE OF THE ISLE OF TARN IN THE NAME OF THE MERCHANT CASTE OF GOR

a. Course of Events

Last hand a Merchant Caste Elder, Sir Harv (Harvey Stovall), showed up at our gate wanting to deliver an important scroll. When asked for his name and homestone by our Captain he refused to reveal his identity. Therefore he was not allowed to enter our village. He also got into an argument with our Magistrate about whom the scroll should be delivered to. Sir Harv refused to deliver this scroll (contents unknown) to our Magistrate.

Aforesaid was the reason for the Merchant Caste Elder to announce a blockade of the Isle of Tarns with 300 ships in the name of the Merchant Caste:

□

According to this scroll the blockade would only be lifted if the Merchant Caste receives an apology from the Red and Blue Caste of the Isle of Tarns.

Our Head Merchant, Sir DM (Seamus Darkmatter) told me that 7 Merchant Caste Elders were supportive to Sir Harv's decision to call for a blockade of the Isle of Tarns and his demand for an apology.

I told him that we would not apologize to anyone for actions that are in line with our laws (e.g.

our gate policy) and are a common practise in virtually every Gorean city.

After an ultimatum to remove their ships expired without avail, I gave orders to attack the 300 merchant ships with our tarn fleet carrying tharlarion oil bombs. Since the blockading ships were about 25 pasangs off our coast, I gave orders to my Scarlets to load ten round ships and fill their holds with one hundred tarns, with riders.

I knew that it's extremely difficult to take a tarn far out over the water, on the other hand I remembered an instance in the old scrolls

((Raiders of Gor page 277-284, see attachment)) where the fleet of Tyros and Port Cos had been successfully attacked by tarns at the open sea. Mindful of this precedent I was confident that this mission had good chances to succeed and end the blockade:

b. The end of the blockade

Shortly after my orders were made public the merchants' fleet withdrew and ended the blockade. At the same time the Head Merchant of the Isle of Tarns, Sir DM (Seamus Darkmatter) declared his resignation and fled our lands. His role during this conflict was more than dubious, because to my knowledge he mad no attempt to help finding a peaceful solution of this conflict and I wonder if he in fact collaborated with Harv and the other Merchant Caste Elders who were backing this blockade.

c. Consequences

The blockade of the Isle of Tarns has two major consequences:

- a considerable economical damage to our village since trade had been halted for five days and essential goods could not be delivered to our village.

I have asked our new merchant to prepare an estimate of the damage caused; I assume that the total damage will amount to a few hundred gold.

- the Isle of Tarns has issued an Arrest Warrant against the Merchant Caste Elder known as Harv (Harvey Stovall):

We have started to spread this arrest warrant throughout Gor. I will not rest until this man is brought to the Isle of Tarns in chains where he will face a fair trial.

At the same time security for our High Castes, including myself, has been increased.

I still hope that Sir Harv will have the honor to come to our village to face the consequences of his doings.

Concluding, let me say that he, the Merchant Caste Elder known as Harv, brought the fight to us. He should have no shock in what we might do, having been provoked, to finish it. Such a blockade is not an act of commerce, I feel, but an act of war.

CULTURAL EVENTS

I was very delighted to have my old friend Quercus Robur (elfinstone hellershanks) visit our village for a performance of his poems.

The famous woodsman poet, winner of The Olni Golden Quill and The Port Cos Literature Festival.

Many visitors from all over Gor appeared to listen to his poems, one of the highlights being a premier of a new poem, dedicated to all Gate Guardians, read here:

I am the Gate Guardian, Rarius of this Town,
I take my duty seriously, I'll not let you down.
And at the gate I will stand all day, No villain shall ever pass,
But if they try believe me now. I will surely kick their ass.

So stand here daily as I do and all do come and go,
From the very highest of high caste to the lowest of the Low.
Yes they all do have a tale and some are readily shared,
I wish they knew how I really felt and how little I could not be cared.

But speak with me and distract me from my duties task,
And some I have to tell you make me see my arse.
But all are dealt with great respect, with a nod and wave,
But my furs do i just wish for and the company of my slave.

Come rain or shine, the weather thrown, through snow and hideous hail,
I stand here wrapped within my cloak, never ever daring to fail.
At my feet my Kajira, my cloak she is wrapped within,
Can you tell what she does by my cross eyed goofy grin?.

There is no place I would rather be, except by this bloody gate,
Where is my relief, time flies, he is always fucking late.
I bet he is in the Tavern, served by the sluts warm Mead.
If he aint here within an ehn I'll make the fucker bleed.

Oh hell who now approaches, a stranger do I see,
It has been a really busy day and have not yet had a pee.
To this man I must challenge on this I did not factor,
Oh shit it is the Woodsman, I must have a nutter attractor.

He will bore me with his poems and terrible joke to tell,
I just wish that tree would fall on him, the last one he would fell.
I see my relief approach and suppress my icy blast,
And wonder as I walk away if I could change my caste.

Thorn (Osorkon)
High Commander of the Isle of Tarns

08 RASENNA

WELCOME RASENNA FOUNDER!

Whew! Fascinating first week coming into the city after so many days on the road from all over the world only to find the monks we had hoped to find murdered and only a few days before we got here! Yipes! Thank you for your interest, time and dedication.

I suspect we will not do this every week but now that folks have had a chance to settle in a bit I wanted to take some time and run down all the key things we have going on here and get everybody up to speed. I know this is a bit long but please do take the time to read through these essentials and as always direct any questions or concerns to Sabriel Hand.

The Longhouse construction has begun and will be completed in ~ 10 days. No, this does not mean we are a northern sim. A longhouse is simply a name for a particular type of structure. In this case, one that can house, shelter, and protect the settlers of the encampment should anything horrible take place. Once the longhouse is constructed, work will begin on individual homes which will be in at the end of the month.

We need help braiding ropes, preparing canvas, logs, and stone. In fact, a builder's expertise would be really great because Sabriel knows pretty much nothing about actual construction and you really dont want to wind up in a situation where everybody is in there and the entire thing comes down like some bad comedy routine when a pack of slaving larls is waiting to pounce outside...

That's not a spoiler is it Eve?

2. Malik has gotten together most of the men of the village and they are working on gathering all the warriors and will be seeing to electing their caste head. Equally important, they are working with others in the sim to help create traps and other snares that can be set outside the encampment for protection. It was determined that the slave girls will be our alarm system for the time being. They are good at screaming and this is what is being demanded of them. They are being stationed at the outskirts of the encampment and are to scream as loudly as they can when danger approaches, run to find the nearest man, and then locate Malik if possible.

(...)

The Initiate has buried the bodies of the monks that were found dead in the temple upon arrival in Rasenna. He is decipherring the carved writings on the stone walls among many other things. He is busy working on the reconsecration efforts that need to be done to purify the complex.

TRADE

10 TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE (STA)

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

MONTHLY MEETING OF THE NEW SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE

The monthly meeting of the new Southern Trade Alliance took place at the Oasis of Sand Sleen. Two cities have been voted unanimously in as full members. Three more cities announced to join the next time.

Full STA Members:

The Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes
Oasis of Nine Wells
Oasis of the Sand Sleen
Kasbah of Mizar
Jazirat al Khusuf - House Rogerian
Karak (Kassaryan State) (ITA)
Decadence Isle
Kamras (ITA)
City of Tor
Ukunga Region - Land of the Family Kron
Asperiche (ITA)
Kasra (ES)
House of Yuroki (HoY) Companies

Some decisions the assembly has made about the organisational structure:

Following a proposal of the Oasis on Nine Wells the assembly of the southern Trade Alliance will elect a council. The elected council will have three members. They rule the STA but the monthly assembly can overwrite their decisions. Three members can apply for a new election of the council monthly. The council or the assembly can appoint an ambassador or a Secretary-General. The Secretary-General or ambassador is an employee of the STA.

Organisation:

- One member state has one vote
- 2/3 majority decision on voting to change the Magna Carta or to vote members out
- simple majority for normal topics or to vote members in
(in the event a vote is tied a vote of honorary members will be taken to decide)
- The STA has no facility to aid others in time of war. It will however help in supplying an intermediary to negotiate peace.
- An intermediary for cities unable to attend a meeting or do not feel confident with the language someone else could put a question or proposal to the meeting.

MAGNA CARTA

The Citizens of the TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE, in league to form a more perfect

coalition, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for trade with safe passage, promote the general well-being, and secure the Blessings of the Priest Kings to ourselves and our Posterity, do prescribe and validate this:

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

11 HOUSE OF YUROKI COMPANIES

TRADING

by Wendie (Iemon), HoY Scribe and Accountant

The House of Yuroki trade has been limited this month due to the new year. Stocktaking has been carried out at all the warehouses and banks
Visits to Rasenna were fruitful with a considerable trade.

Banks have turned a steady profit even with a slight problem from someone who did not understand how a bank works. Hopefully he has been re-educated now.

The House is also in delicate negotiations with a major city for a new style banking venture. The city of Tharna as you are well aware the main producer of exceptionally pure silver. It is hoped HoY will open a bank and mint within the city producing coin for our growing number of banks. More of this Trade will be released soon.

Its is with sadness the HoY bank in Varna was closed with the loss of the city.

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

THE CITY OF OLN I

CITY OF LANDA

Duties will include

Normal banking duties

Keeping of records - ledger

Exchange of coins

checking of coins for quality

checking for rare coins

contracts for trade

Apprentices accepted too.

Applications to the House of HoY (Rarius Yuroki)

12 CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES HOY BANK

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

The gold tarn disk of Ar is considered to be the standard by which other cities, such as Ko-Ro-Ba and Port Kar. set the value of their own coinage. It is worth, generally, 10 silver tarsks, but

standardization is slight due to the shaving or splitting of the coin as well as faulty scales that contribute to the debasing of the coinage. (pg. 155, Rogue of Gor)

ADVERTISEMENT

LADY JJ'S ART GALLERY IN OLNİ

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

Lady JJ

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

<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).

ROLEPLAY

14 DORAEUS OF RASENNA

Not since the brief rule of Om, of Ar, had the Initiates known a leader so well-suited for the position. Karaden had accepted the post reluctantly. "I have ruled before. Lost the taste for it." was his laconic summation, but the High Council had insisted. His work during the Plague Year had cemented their support of him as leader.

His first action in office was to appoint Doraeus as second-in-command. Next he sent to his House's company, Eclipse Trading, for a load of wooden boxes he had stored some years back.

When they arrived at the Temple of Ar, he ordered them taken to the unsealed and empty Library Archives and opened. They contained hundreds of books, scrolls and papers. Ancient records that Complicius Serenus had ordered burned in the first year of his tenancy as High Initiate, the contents of the secret archives.

"They were lost!" Taltos had said in shock when the boxes revealed their contents.

"Not lost," Karaden replied in a rather self-satisfied voice "Just... stored where destructive intentions couldn't reach them. I... took it as a personal task to destroy them... so to speak."

That was a risk,"

Karaden nodded "Everything is a risk. But having seen *one* historically priceless library destroyed... burned... three times!... I was not going to allow it again. Any person who would burn books, will, sooner or later, burn people. These Archives will be restored. The higher knowledges will be available once again to scholars. Doraeus, Adilokos, Taltos, I set you the task."

"The Egyptians had the right of it," He commented later, "To destroy a person... destroy his name. Erase his memory from the records and his Ka drifts forever, alone, lost. His soul, so to speak. His essence is gone, along with his ideas, unless others defend them. Om knew. And he died for it, at the command of a man far more ignorant than he was."

Adilokos had the false Omens Bowl destroyed. The gold was melted down and went to pay for food for the poorest of Arian citizens. The Temple began holding regular feast days to which all who needed food were invited. Periodically the Temple would choose an insula, purchase it, and renovate it, repairing roofs, installing safer lamps, adding rails to the steep steps, enlarging windows and cleaning and repainting. The worst were torn down and replaced with simple newer structures. The rents for these came down and overcrowding was forbidden. Rates of infant death and disease began to fall in the poorer quarters.

"You do not think like a Gorean," Doraeus commented sometime later as they were discussing the purchase of another slum insula "No Initiate before would have bought this shack. Why you?"

"I don't think like a Gorean because I am not a Gorean." the older man answered simply.

"Where *are* you from?"

Karaden took a long breath and eyed Doraeus "Truly?"

"Yes."

"I... don't know." Karaden smiled at the other man's shocked expression "I remember Khem... Egypt, and I remember other places on earth... Assyria, Babylonia, The Miserable Land Of Kush.... I can speak aramaic, Imperial Latin, Egyptian, even English... but I have no recollection of my first home... my childhood, if I had one..."

"I'm sure you did!"

"I am not certain of that. Anyway... all I truly remember, as having *personally* experienced... has been... Gor. The visions of Earth... rome... the ancient places... are as a dream. I know I was Pharaoh... once... and I knew a Pharaoh whom I loved like I have loved no other man."

"Then... you are attracted to men?" Doraeus was surprised for Karaden seemed so remote from all sexual things that the idea of him wanting anyone, male or female, was rather a shock.

"No. I loved a woman. Before I came into the Initiates. her name was pa'a-ti, 'Little Bird' and she was a slave. I loved her with a strength that startled me - upset me... but I would have lived with her forever. She was my Love Slave and I, her Love Master."

"What happened?"

"She... drowned. I had planned a voyage to see my holdings... I was a physician, but had started the company, Eclipse, and wanted to review my warehouses. I blame myself! We started out, perhaps too early in the year for the Thassa. There was a storm. The ship was lost and I... barely survived myself." Karaden's voice was low. "Shadin, my steward, and I went on. We settled in a vilage on the outskirts of Sand Sleen. I was Physician to them. They became my people and we lived for many years, quietly. But my heart was dead within me. I touched no other woman, I lay alone. And then... Dar-Kosis came."

"That is where you learned how to fight it!"

"There and in Egypt. Although the earlier memories are... vague. No, I did not do well." Karaden's voice hardened and his blue-black eyes darkened "Everyone perished. The entire village, save for one nasty vile man who had been a cheat, a drunkard and thief. That was when my own faith was badly tested. WHY would Aton... er... why would the Priest-Kings destroy the good gentle people and leave alive such a vile creature? I had been a priest in

Egypt, as Pharaoh... now I would learn again. Shadin and I went to the Initiates, paid for our training and now, here I am. Shadin perished in Piedmont and since then I have been alone." Karaden put his face in his hands for a moment and breathed the name 'pa'a-ti' and then fell silent.

Life returned to normal and the Temple went on as it had done. Seasons changed and festivals were observed. It was in the fall of the third year of Karaden's tenure as High Initiate that the miracle occurred.

Karaden and Doraeus were in the Archives, studying a scroll when they heard a soft sound. The rustle of cloth on cloth. Karaden lifted his head and then paused, startled. "Blessed... Imyore?"

The slender bespectacled ancient Initiate lifted his eyes to Karaden's "Yes?"

"You ARE he! The Blessed First One of Rasenna!"

Read more: <http://www.gor-sl.com/index.php/topic,13632.0.html>

KNOWLEDGE

15 THARNA METALS

Tharna Mine & Mint Advertisement:

The Crown & Royal Mining Mills of the Silver City of Tharna, in conjunction with the Royal Metals & Trade Bank of Tharna, having one of the largest stocks of precious and base metals in all of Gor, hereby lists this year's inventory to be sold for trade commodities by her imperial Majesty's Royal Merchants.

These signature ingots of the Royal House & Mines of Tharna have been tested and verified at 99.9% purity. They carry the quality guarantee of Gor's most famous and trusted silver coin, the Tharna Tarn.

All prices listed are estimate prices depending on the purchasing commodity, and metals price at time of sale. All bullion must be paid in the agreed upon commodities, at time of sale, and in Tharna. For all sales outside of Tharna, transportation & mercenary costs of round trip, plus 10% will be additionally charged.

The Mill and Mine Managements are estimating a need of 312 additional thralls for the upcoming calendar year. Therefore, the minimum offering price for a healthy able-bodied male thrall will increase from 38 Tharna Copper Tarsks to 40 Tharna Copper Tarsks. Management estimates 163 thralls will need to be replaced in one of the three maximum security mines, 5 in Mill work, and the rest in one of the other 98 active medium security mines. For sales of thralls to the Royal Mine & Mills, please contact any Tharna Slaver's caste.

16 TRIVIA

You hear a discussion about dressing a woman of the wagons. You hear reference to the curla, chatka, kalmak and koora. Who is being dressed?

"Among the Wagon Peoples, to be clad Kajir means, for a girl, to wear four articles, two red, two black; a red cord, the Curla, is tied about the waist; the Chatka, or long, narrow strip of black leather, fits over this cord in the front, passes under, and then again, from the inside, passes over the cord in the back; the Chatka is drawn tight; the Kalmak is then donned; it is a short, open, sleeveless vest of black leather; lastly the Koora, a strip of red cloth, matching the Curla, is wound about the head, to hold the hair back, for slave women, among the Wagon Peoples, are not permitted to braid, or otherwise dress their hair; it must be, save for the Koora, worn loose." --Nomads of Gor, pages 29-30

True or false: Much of the copy work, lower-order clerical work, trivial account keeping on Gor is done by slaves.

"Feiqa threw me a wild look of gratitude. To be sure, much of the copy work, lower-order clerical work, trivial account keeping, and such, on Gor, was done by slaves. Hurtha, however, I thought, apparently correctly, might prefer having his poems transcribed by free folks. It had been a close call for Feiqa." --Mercenaries of Gor, page 115

The Wagon Peoples use all parts of the bosk, hide, sinew, bone...even the dung. For what purpose is bosk dung utilized?

"Not only does the flesh of the bosk and the milk of its cows furnish the Wagon Peoples with food and drink, but its hides cover the domelike wagons in which they dwell; its tanned and sewn skins cover their bodies; the leather of its hump is used for their shields; its sinews form their thread; its bones and horns are split and tooled into implements of a hundred sorts, from awls, punches and spoons to drinking flagons and weapon tips; its hoofs are used for glues; its oils are used to grease their bodies against the cold. Even the dung of the bosk finds its uses on the treeless prairies, being dried and used for fuel." --Nomads of Gor, pages 4-5

The Red Savages live amongst the rolling grasslands of the Barrens. Their culture tends to be nomadic and based upon two animals found in this area. What are these two animals?

"The Red Savages, as they are commonly called on Gor, are racially and culturally distinct from the Red Hunters of the north. They tend to be a more slender, longer-limbed people; their daughters menstruate earlier; and their babies are not born with a blue spot at the base of the spine, as is the case with most of the red hunters. Their culture tends to be nomadic, and is based on the herbivorous, lofty kaiila, substantially the same animal as is found in the Tahari, save for the wider footpads of the Tahari beast, suitable for negotiating deep sand, and the lumbering, gregarious, short-tempered, trident-horned kailiauk." --Savages of Gor, page 29

There are many numerous physical and cultural differences among the tribes of the Barrens. Intertribe warfare seems to serve almost as sport and a religion for them. There is, however, one thing that unite them all, long-term blood enemies will ride side by side. What is this one thing that unite the tribes of the Barrens?

"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. To attack whites, intruding into their lands, once the war lance has been lifted, even long-term blood enemies will ride side by side. The gathering of tribes, friends and foes alike, for such a battle is said to be a splendid sight. These things are in virtue of what, among these peoples, is called the Memory."
--Savages of Gor, pages 29-30

As a merchant, you have been granted passage by the tribes to enter the barrens for trade. You are amazed to see a young man, dressed as a woman, moving about the camp, serving food to the men gathered around a fire. Why would this man be treated in such a way?

"In most tribes, incidentally, a man who refuses to go on the warpath is put in women's clothes and given a woman's name. He must then live as a woman. Henceforth he is always referred to in the female gender. Needless to say, she is never permitted to mate. Sometimes she must even serve the members of a warrior society, as a captive female." --Savages of Gor, page 40

Among the red savages, this is a privilege to own; it makes one important to own it; owning a good one makes a man rich; it is personal property, so can be given away or sold, but most consider them priceless and too precious to sell. What is it?

"Many stories among the red savages are owned stories, stories which only one man has a right to tell. If one would wish to hear the story one must ask its owner to tell it. It is a privilege to own a story. It can make one an important person, too, to own a story, to be he to whom one must come if one wishes to hear it. Sometimes they are told on special days, story-telling days, and many people will come to listen. Some men own little but their story, but owning a good story, in the opinion of the red savages, makes a man rich. Such stories, like other forms of personal property, can be given away or sold. They are, however, seldom sold, for the red savages do not like to think that a story can have a price. They like to think of them as being too precious to sell. Thus, like all things precious, or priceless, they are either to be kept or given away, kept as treasures, or awarded, freely, as by a man whose heart sings, as gifts. Sometimes a man bequeaths his story to his heirs; some stories, for example, have been in families for generations; sometimes, on the other hand, he will give it to someone who loves it, and whom he thinks, in turn, will tell it well." --Blood Brothers of Gor, page 201

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

ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

17 RIBS OF FREE WOMEN

[12:36 PM] Ries Kurka: I have a question : what did the Kur do with the collected ribs of free women? They used them as trophy?

[12:37 PM] TaraKiss Sewell: BBQ

[12:37 PM] Andet Resident: toothpicks

[12:37 PM] Ravenheart Dionysus: xylophone

[12:37 PM] Taz Violet: Necklace

[12:37 PM] Scharmyn Resident: make jewlery??

[12:37 PM] Aphris Myoo: just nothing

[12:37 PM] Ulfrith Resident: Q-Tips

[12:37 PM] Taz Violet: nothing really

[12:37 PM] Scharmyn Resident: jewelry

[12:37 PM] lamso Restless: formed dildos out of em

[12:37 PM] Aphris Myoo: what do you do with the ribs of animals you eat?

[12:38 PM] Ravenheart Dionysus: a later marrow snack

[12:39 PM] Ries Kurka grins "that were remarkably interesting answers. thank you all"

from the group chat "Cartographers and explorers of Gor"

18 Something blue, but not a flame: How much some gorean sims are worth:
<http://tinyurl.com/ct5us3c> (Youtube)

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 as one of the oldest publications of second life Gor. Many Goreans have come to know it and its editor Verona Lorgsval.

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

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

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR is available:

for members of the group Cartographers and Explorers of Gor (about 1811 members)
for members of the group BTB Goreans (about 705 members)
for members of the group Alliance of Valkyrie Panthers (about 1488 members)
for members of the group Gorean Information and Notices (about 125 members)

in the Gor Hub (near the map there)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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