

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

PUBLICARE ET PROPAGARE!

Third volume, issue No. 117
(short online version)

Firth day of the second Hand of the fifth month 10164 Contasta Ar

Based in Tancred's Landing

Editor and Publisher: Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza), merchant
Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)
Correspondent in Forest Port: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port Outpost
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About the NEW VOICE OF GOR

Note: The management accepts no responsibility for views expressed herein.

The proprietors reserves the right to edit articles submitted.

Any news, articles, poems, gossip, schedules, paintings, jokes you have, please send them

to the editor. You are looking for a free companion, a slave, an assassin? Advertisements are very welcome.

02 EDITORIAL

A warm welcome to the pages of the 117th issue of the NEW VOICE OF GOR !

the NEW VOICE OF GOR is planning a section for rarely spoken dialects on Gor. some people call these dialects "language", we doubt that this is correct, but we know that some towns are full of people who still speak "languages" which are popular on earth, like German, Italian and Spanish e.t.c.. Rumors say that all these people are illiterate because they never wrote anything for the NEW VOICE OF GOR.

Rarius Yuroki,
Editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR

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

(OOC) FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTION

Is the NEW VOICE OF GOR OOC or IC?

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

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

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

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

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

Books are rare on Gor and expensive. Paper is the essential trade good of the Rencers and

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

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

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

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

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

ALL OVER GOR

03 A TREACHEROUS PLAN

by Jill, collator HoY Companies

All the great houses and companies, cities too, have people who collate information. The information is then accessed and the resultant information is used. Usually of the scribes these people are fed information from many sources. Even slaves with a knowledge of cities are sometimes used. Information was recently received which gave an insight into the dark dealings of nations.

Some northern men attacked the city of Olni recently. The fierce Torvaldslanders had almost defeated the brave warriors and defenders of Olni. But then happened something very strange and unexpected: Warriors from the so called "scarlets of the shield" appeared and drove the Northerners back. The SOS had been known as the front company of Turia and its allies.

How did Turia know that Olni was under attack although this big city is several thousand pasangs away from Saleria? It needs not only several days but weeks to get from Turia to the region Saleria, even by tarn?

This is where an astute collator with information at their fingertips can reveal the conspiracy.

The reason is obviously clear. During the last weeks warriors of Olni were complaining about their weak and lazy allies of Turia. Rumours say that Turia even backed the enemies of Olni.

Jarekt, the of Olni, was under pressure of the red caste to dissolve the alliance with Turia but hesitated, due to Olnis un-preparedness to stand alone against its enemies. The

ambassadors of Olni failed to get new allies who were as strong as Turia and its SOS.

The spies of the House of Yuroki companies were sent to find out what the background of this event was. The HoY Company is the biggest trading company on Gor. Its agents are everywhere they are well informed. There is a saying on Gor: "The eyes of Yuroki are observing from every gorean roof". When these eyes and ears report their small pieces of information back to the collator then everything comes to light.

What did happen and why did the Torvaldslanders attack Olni? A HoY merc brought news from Torvaldsland: Men from Turia travelled to a northern region. A group of Torvaldslanders who call themselves "Sons of Fenris" met these men of Turia and were paid in Gold to attack Olni. A spy in Turia sent information of gold and a group of men moving north.

You will ask: Why should Turia pay mercs to attack its own allie Olni? Well, the answer is simple: Turia wanted to change the public opinion in Olni which was very strong against the alliance. Turia alliance. Knowing for sure in advance that the "Sons of Fenris" would attack Olni. Turian troops were already prepared and waiting nearby which explains why they got to Saleria so fast. Turia wanted only to prove that they would help Olni against its enemies.

This kind of cunning planning is common for the friends of Turia. In the past, in the year 10162 contasta Ar, the southern town of Landa was only allied with Port of Meqara Point at the Vosk river, the homestone of the founder of the Turian "Southern Trade Alliance" and his free companion Rayah who is now in Genesian Port and a close friend of the regent of Turia.

When Turia declared war against Landa at that time, the warriors of Meqara sneaked into the walls of Landa claiming to help. But when the guards had let them in they started to attack the warriors of Landa and the Ubar. They even tried to open the gates for Turia. What a betrayal! What a shame! Fortunately Meqara and Turia lost: the brave red caste of Landa drove them all out.

All this was with the collator gathering information to reveal yet more treachery.

04 BLACK HONOR ~ a gorean short story

By Atlas Tereshchenko ~ Scarlet Caste Port Olni

The shadow ghosted through the dark, one dark black against another. It resolved into the shape of a tall man clad in black cloaks, armor, and armed with weapons that seemed both ancient and well used. Slipping through a side door, this shadow entered a tavern, called the Black Sleen. This was an ancient meeting place, for those of the Black Caste and those that would engage their services. It was also a convenient place for those that instructed, and those that learned, to meet and speak quietly.

The shadow of this man fell darkly on the stone floor as he made his way to an alcove set to one side of the tavern. An alcove reserved always for men such as himself. Settling quietly, for he knew no other way, he wrapped his cloak about himself and waited. Half an ahn he sat, well before the appointed time of the meeting, listening to the voices in the tavern and

memorizing faces and sounds. This was the way of the Black Caste, care and patience being the life long companions of the ones that managed to live more than a few years.

The time came, and through the same side door the first man used, a second shadow materialized, and stepped just as quietly along the stone floor, to take a position opposite the first. A nod, and both men caste back their hoods, and stared hard at the other. "Tal Master Raddik" said the second man, in a voice soft, smooth, sounding like dark smoke in a black sky. "Tal Narcin" said the first, his voice dark and laced with long-worn malice "you seem none the worse for wear. It's been what, 4 hands since last we met? Word reaches my ears of odd deaths in strange places, to which I must attribute your special talents?"

Narcin nods and replies, his voice still soft "Aye Master, I too have heard such tales." He pauses to watch a tavern kajira pass, on her way to the kitchen. She eyes the two Assassins, and just as rapidly casts her eyes down, and breaks into a quick run to get out of their sight. "I sent word to you Master, not so much to dwell on events, as to ask a question." Narcin leans back, adjusting his weapons as he settles in, and yet cannot nor will not relax, from long training and now hard won habit.

Raddik leans forward, steepling his fingers with his elbows on the table, looking hard at Narcin. Narcin was one of his best students, perhaps the best ever, and his questions were more often then not piercing. "Go ahead Narcin, ask away" and then Raddick lowers his hands to the table, old scarred hands flat against the old wood, his ancient and yet powerful fingers splayed wide.

Narcin nods, and leans forward, towards his Master, and strikes directly with his question "What place, if any, does honor have amongst the Black Caste?" His question asked, Narcin leans back and returns to scanning the tavern.

Raddik stared a long time at Narcin, his fingers gently brushing the wooden table. He then turned his gaze towards the interior of the tavern. Many ehn passed, and men came and went from the tavern, some for paga, some for the girls attached to the purchase of the paga. Trade occurred, rumors started and passed, all the general commerce of useless information, and manly needs that were common to taverns across the lands. In time, Raddik leaned back, and simply said "Aye, it does Narcin, and the reason it does is reliability".

Narcin turned his head, and nodded towards the elder Assassin. "And how does the need for honor amongst the Black Caste, revolve around reliability Master? I am not sure how these two character traits are associated." He had asked many questions of his Master, some had earned him a stern look or even a sharp cuff on the side of the head, but others had piqued his Master's interest and led to a deeper understanding of his Caste, and his Master's thinking.

"There are many aspects to the concept of reliability, and its application to the need for honor amongst the Black Caste. Let us discuss a few of them Narcin, and perhaps your understanding will again grow." Raddik leaned back against the wood and stone wall at his back, and pulled his cloak tight about him as the night grew older, and colder, despite the fire in the corner of the tavern. Narcin recognized when his Master was about to speak at length, and paid close attention, for more than likely this was the only time he would gain the favor of his knowledge.

"Honor amongst the Black Caste is a function of effectiveness, in a word it is reliability. The honor accounted to the Rarius of the Red Caste is a function of their individual commitment to the safety of the whole, the honor of a Free Man of Gor a function of status and in some cases a heavy burden for those who dislike living up to a principle. For us, acting honorably is to be reliable. Let me give you a few examples.." With this Raddik motions one of the kajira closer, orders paga and bread, and dismisses her with a wave.

"We are called upon to execute a task, that of removing a life from this world. Great and small events are planned, which are none of our concern, that depend upon us accomplishing this one simple task. As such, those that hire us do so because as a Caste and a person, we can be relied upon. Between ourselves, our Codes will guide us, but we must be able to rely upon each other, for many things. We rely on each other for silence, because without that we can no longer be reliable. We are shadow, mist and smoke. If one of use were to shine a light on the others, we all fall because our reliability as a Caste, is called into question. No one would retain the services of someone that is no longer anonymous. We cease to be effective as a tool when we are known to all. So, we rely on each other to remain quite, silent, and not divulge our existence to anyone."

Raddik paused, as the girl returned with bowls and heaping plates of bread. She was about to launch into a heartfelt serve, but was chilled to the bone by the look on the assassins faces. She quietly set down the bowls, and knelt on the floor as far as she could go. Even before she could ask if there were more and hoping there was nothing she could offer the two killers, they chased her off with a hiss.

Narcin took this natural break in his Master's words, to refine his question slightly. "So those that would hire us wish to feel assured that we can be relied upon to not speak of those that contracted with us, correct?" Raddick nods, as he sips his drink, and then begins again. "That is one part of what I shall call external reliability. Honorable action on our part makes us reliable to our patrons because they will remain anonymous. Our actions will be unknown to anyone else, and that we will achieve our goal or we will perish in the attempt. Those three behaviors are attributable to the Black Caste by those that would retain our services, and for them that is why we are reliable. That reliability translates to honorable conduct on our part."

The Master Assassin drained his bowl, and pulled his cloak tighter about his legs. Narcin was about to ask another of his questions, but Raddick held up a single finger and Narcin fell instantly silent.

"There is the far greater matter of internal reliability my young pupil. There are three parts to our internal reliability...safety, competition and the single most important character for our Caste, quality." Raddick moved his the hood on his cloak, just enough that his dark eyes looked out to catch the gaze of the nearest kajira. She froze, and as he lifted his bowl, she nodded and darted for the paga kegs as fast as she could. She returned with a bota. As she knelt before the two killers she lifted bota high above her head, saying softly and just a bit too fast "Paga in a bota for you Master, that you may take your fill, compliments of the Tavern Keeper". Raddick took the bota and laid it on the table, and with the toe of his boot pushed the girl away. She lept to her feet and hurried to the far side of the tavern.

"As I was saying, three parts. Our individual safety stems from our training, skill at arms, and

overall stealth. Our collective safety lies in anonymity, deception, and essentially remaining unknown. If one of us were to reveal to the outside world anything of the Caste then our individual safety is challenged, along with the safety of the Caste. Furthermore, if our safety is compromised, then so is our reliability, both individually and collectively and that will remove the value we offer to our patrons. As such, one of our Caste that would threaten our safety by revealing anything of what we do or who we are, would in the context of our group be considered as acting without honor."

Raddick paused, his eyes closed and his neck rolled, relaxing tense muscles. Turning, the Master Assassin surveyed the interior of the tavern. Satisfied that there were no more and possibly fewer ears within, he turned back and continued his explanation. "Next is the issue of competition. We must eat, and have a safe harbor to sleep. This requires gold. Gold requires work. Gold also nurtures greed. Greed can drive a man to adopt methods that are not honorable. If one of us was to specifically reveal information about another of our Caste, to remove the competition, that would be a small problem with large repercussions."

"Another issue, with respect to competition and honorable behavior is the impression of reliability with our patrons. I had discussed reliability earlier, but in the context of competition, our patrons must have full reliance in us that once we strike a contract, no amount of coin from the target or anyone else will divert us. They want to believe that they do not compete for our loyalty, once a contract is struck... One of our Caste that would sell their services to the highest buyer creates a competitive environment that would undermine the foundations of our reliability. And so, honorable behavior amongst our Caste will include not advancing our purse at the expense of our integrity."

Narcin shifted slightly on the bench, his ears tuned to his Master's speech patterns. He sensed a conclusion to this night's lesson and the beginning of a long sleepless night of interpreting his Master's wisdom.

"Our last, and perhaps most important and troubling part of honorable behavior within the Caste is quality. Specifically, our patrons place a great deal of value on the Caste providing a reliable service of the highest quality. It is our training, our devotion to our art and practice, and the attention to detail that we place both on our training and how we comport ourselves in the execution of our craft. Now imagine the harm that an imposter could create for us, some individual dressing like us but without our training, accepting contracts and essentially stealing our craft, and more than likely ruining our reliability. This is the single most dangerous issue we face, with respect to our reliability. A person, a thief if you would, who steals our visage and our reputation for their own gain is acting dishonorably, and anyone of us that does not attempt to prevent this is in league with this criminal and equally guilty of acting selfishly and without honor."

The elder Assassin shook his shoulders, and leaned forward. Pouring a bowl of paga, he drank it in a single draught, and stood. "So Narcin, it is important that we act honorably, at least with each other and those of our Caste, within the bounds I have described. The greatest of all my admonitions then, would be that you do not suffer imposters, that you do not fall prey to the lure of greater gold and that you remember that we are seen for what we are. It is the quality of our skill that makes us reliable and that reliability depends on each of us within the Caste being and acting with honor." With that my Master turned, pulled his cloak tight about him and left without another word, as was his way. I stayed long into the night and

early morning, contemplating what he had said. Finally, just before dawn, I found my answers. I left the tavern a wiser man for the asking...

GOREAN CITIES

05 PORT OF OLNİ

THE SLAVE'S CORNER

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

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

By Teal Razor

DEAR TEAL:

Vika, my former companions new free companion attends religious services. She stands in the temple everyday wearing a white hooded scarf holding her hands high over her head. I have a feeling that she is becoming a fanatic. Last week she spotted me in the marketplace. She told me that she was praying that the Priest-Kings would refrain from "blue-flaming" me. I could not think of anything to say to such a ridiculous statement. But as consequence, I have been paranoid ever since.

DEAR BELIEVER IN THE En' Kara BUNNY:

The last time I saw one of those blue flame thingies it was shooting out of the posterior of a Black Caste member. He volunteered to have his methane emissions ignited by a fellow caste member. This was done to the glee of the 7 or so gathered. It made for a rather colorful show as the blue flame shot out into the group of uncharacteristically raucous delegates to a BC convocation.

Do not fear for your life unless you consume too many beans and cabbage.

I think your paranoia should be turned into more useful pursuits like finding a new Home Stone for yourself. I always wonder as to why ex-companions continue to live in the same towns of their former mates. You say, "Why is that?" I can't tell you how many new companions exhibit the "psycho bitch" trait towards the former companion of their mate. I ask you back, "Do you really have time for that?" So my advice is to seek a new Home Stone. Perhaps Treve and its merry residents would suit you.

DEAR TEAL:

Do you make up your questions for this column or are real people actually sending them in to you?

DEAR THORN IN MY SIDE:

One would think it is as plain as the nose on your face. No one could make up fantastical questions such as are covered in this advice column. I am pretty sure that you have noticed my sentient if somewhat bombastic counsel. I would not waste my hours away from my

Master "making up" fairy tales just so I will have something by which to admonish the general populace. Ain't nobody got time for that.

DEAR TEAL:

I am a freeman who has recently been companioned. My new companion has been exhibiting an annoying trait in the furs. There are many nights when she lies stock still in the furs while I have my way with her. She freezes at my advances and maintains the interest of a slave mucking out a tarmacot. I am starting to think that foreplay should be redefined as "defrosting". I want to sire some heirs quickly with her cooperation of course. To that end, what should I do.

DEAR FRUSTRATED:

I am curious as to your use of the word "sire" in the question you presented. It makes me think of tarsks rutting in the fields. If that is your normal modus operendi, no wonder you have wound up with a block of permafrost in your furs.

Of course she needs a "defrosting" but not until you make some needed changes. I think I know who you are since this scroll has an Olni postmark. If you are who I think you are, some serious man-scaping has to take place before your icicle turns into a red hot mama. It would not hurt to make an appointment at Master Vidal Sassoon's salon. You will find that a good basic haircut and extensive body waxing will excite your companion. Also, see Mistress Ruth Westheimer for some counsel in the manly art of love making. Your perceptions need tweaking as to the way to accomplish good animal husbandry on a male Gorean scale.

DEAR TEAL:

Do you have any scruples?

DEAR LACK OF INSIGHT:

I can say without hesitancy, yes, I am a very principled slave of Gor. Like for instance, my uneasiness in mentioning the city and citizens of Treve in this column, have led me to believe I must now find a new whipping boy for my rapier wit. On another note, my colorful descriptions of certain citizens have given them new found infamy among their peers. Their scandalous behaviors have led to many shout outs as they pass through the gates of Port Olni. I can hardly think of being responsible for a persons notoriety to be a bad thing. As Mistress Martha Stewart is fond of saying, "It's a good thing."

So, these misadventures of the tongue can be perceived as having the best of intentions. Therefore, I am absolved of your absurd accusation that I have no conscience.

06 [OOC] VALKYRIE FOREST

TWO YEARS SM ANNIVERSARY PARTY

11 photos attached of valkyrie forest 2 year sim anniversary party july 7. many in gor partied here! also, nods to sim tribes: valkyrie torva panthers 4&½ years and sa'jesuil panthers 2 years. we gave away thousands of lindens of valuable gift cards from our market merchants

including primus, scorpion weapons, trident, obsession and many more and thousands in cash. even after the prizes ran out, people stayed and partied, sim remained full, party lasted over 7 hours! thanks all for coming!

love,
danika

RARE DIALECTS OF GOR

07 TURMUS

KRIEG ZWISCHEN TURMUS UND COS?

Cos hat gegen die Willen von Turmus mit dem Kanalbau im Delta begonnen. Turmus hat dies herausgefunden und das Lager im Delta vereint mit den Kräften aus Belnend angegriffen. Diese erste Schlacht konnte Turmus für sich entscheiden. Die Bauarbeiten von Cos kommen vorerst zum Erliegen, Trajanos und ein weiterer cosischer Krieger namens Apios geraten in Gefangenschaft.

Wie wird Cos auf diese Handlung reagieren?

TODESURTEIL

Die Händlerin Livia Maxima Coriolanus wurde heute wegen mehrfacher Bestechungsversuche, Anstiftung zum Heimsteinverrat, Spionage für Cos und versuchten Mordes zum Tode verurteilt. Das Urteil wurde sofort vollstreckt.

TRADE

08 ECLIPSE TRADING COMPANY REVISED

Eclipse Trading Company is the owner of House Rogerian Fine Imports. The companies are proud members of the true Southern Trade Alliance.

09 TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE (STA)

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

The next montly STA meeting will take place in about one or two hands. The members of the assembly will get a sealed and encrypted message.

Full STA Members:

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

Privately owned companies:

House of Yuroki (HoY) Companies
The Phoenix Trading Company

Associated members:

Tharna

MAGNA CARTA

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

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

10 HOUSE OF YUROKI (HOY) COMPANIES

FACTS

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

COINS OF TURMUS DELIVERED

by Lady Wendie, HoY accountant and scribe

The House of Yuroki company has finally delivered the minted coins to the council of Turmus. Owing to the fact that Turmus is at war with Port cos, their administrator has been made Ubar now. But some members of the former council obtained three big carts loaded them with

the coins and will store them safely.

The war fund of Turmus is now well stocked now.

REWARD - DEAD OR ALIVE

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

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

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

The House of Yuroki Companies will pay

TWENTY GOLD TARN

for this man DEAD OR ALIVE.

His name is unknown but the description is very accurate.

SEEKING MERCENARIES, AGENTS AND MERCHANTS

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

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

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

Agents in other cities are also required.

THE HOUSE OF HOY JOB OFFERS

BANKERS / COIN MERCHANTS REQUIRED

Applications are invited for the post of" Banker" and (coin) merchant in the below listed cities (these cities have a bank building but no banker)

THE CITY OF OLN
PORT KAR

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

Apprentices accepted too.

Applications to Rarius Yuroki

11 CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES HOY BANK

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

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

New: The HoY bank accepts and converts coins of Turmus (german BTB).

ADVERTISEMENT

LADY JJ'S ART GALLERY IN OLN

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 Oln 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 Oln 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

GOR WIDE ZAR TOURNAMENT

Starting Aug 18, Gorean Campus hosts a SL Gor wide ZAR TOURNAMENT (a BtB Gorean fun & challenging board game)

Great fun & all Free and slaves are welcome to participate. There is a Zar board in the Campus Inn for practice. If you don't know how to play, Beginners Zar lessons on Campus: Friday 26th at 6PM & Monday 29th at 1PM.

Krista
Gorean Campus FG
for Administrator, Lady Janette

Gorean Campus Timetable (All times in SLT.)

Classes

Classes

Monday July 29th - Outdoor classroom - Occasional
How to play Zar - Krista - 1 pm

Monday July 29th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Medical Series - Jerrod Moonwall - 7 pm

Monday July 29th - Arena - Weekly
Beginner Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Tuesday July 30th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Medical Grand Rounds - Darwin - 4:30 pm

Tuesday July 30th - Gallery - Weekly
New to Gor - Krista - 6 pm

Tuesday July 30th - Arena - Weekly
Advanced Dance (instruction in voice) - Rya - 7 pm

Wednesday July 31st - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Basic Kajira (Spanish) - Azhar - 1:30 pm

Wednesday July 31st - Arena - Weekly
Combat & Warrior Class - Azerbain Grey - 3 pm

Wednesday July 31st - Gallery - Occasional
New To Gor (kajirae) - Krista - 6 pm

Thursday Aug 1st - Campfire - Weekly
Reading Hunters of Gor - Alekk Baroque - 12 noon

Thursday Aug 1st - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Caste Leadership - Kaiila Mahoney - 1 pm and 5 pm

Events

Friday Aug 2nd - Cinema
Amelia - 1 pm

Sunday August 18th running for 6 weeks
Gor Wide Zar Tournament

Dance contests

Saturday August 31st - Arena - 1 pm

Saturday August 31st - Arena - 1 pm
Gorean Campus Dance Competition
Date: August 31, 2013
Time: 1 pm slt
broadcaster: Gorean Portal Radio
\$15,000L in prizes

Saturday November 2nd - Arena - 1 pm
Saturday January 4th - Arena - 1 pm

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

GOREAN LEGAL ACADEMY (GLA)

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

LEGAL COURSES

Magistrate & Advocate Courses
Lady Janette Inglewood

- GLA offers two main legal courses.
There is no charge and courses are open to both free and slaves.

1) GOREAN MAGISTRATE COURSE

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

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

- next course will begin Mid-April for 8 weeks
classes each Monday at:
1pm OR 5pm SLT

2) GOREAN ADVOCATE COURSE

- eight, one hour classes.

It is based around RP trials. We focus on the law, courtroom procedure and tactics as we role-play a series of case studies.

Two further cases are covered as written work.

- graduation certificates for both your profile and for display
- graduates receive a Law School Advocates Ring

- next course will begin mid-April for 8 weeks
classes each Tuesday at:
1pm OR 5pm SLT

- To enroll in the Magistrate and/or Advocate course, please contact me, Janette Inglewood or my girl Krista (krista1k)

- info regarding GLA self study basic scribe course

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

Thank you for your interest.

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

- Topics covered include: Caste, sub-Castes, Caste codes, first and second knowledge, language and the role of the Scribe. The course has been run for a long time now, with many excellent Scribes having completed it and it is also applicable for Scribe slaves.

- There is no charge for this course and graduation certificates for both your profile and for display, as well as special commemorative jewellery, are awarded upon successful

completion.

- To commence this course, please contact me, Janette Inglewood or my girl Krista (krista1k).

ROLEPLAY

03 BEAUTIFUL SCARS - THE END

by Chronepsis

[00:12] Chronepsis gazes at her, her touch was like water to a parched throat, she reached into that part of him which had been hidden away, suppressed for so long that he didn't even know it existed anymore. He repeats what he had said earlier, "There's a reason why assassins are alone. Some even say we are forbidden from joining with another." His brows furrow, "And that was easy for me, until recently I had never even known a woman's touch. A slave introduced that to me and... it wasn't something..." he frowns and shakes his head slowly, "It doesn't matter." He gazes into her eyes and continues, "You want to know why... but first I want to know something too." He removes the glove from his right, uninjured hand and reaches up to stroke her cheek gently, "Most people see my attire and stay away from me. Those that dare come close hear my voice and practically run in the opposite direction." He takes a deep breath, "I... I am broken... I have nothing to offer other than..." he hesitates. ((continued))

[00:13] Chronepsis's thumb curls around her chin, his fingers gently caressing her cheekbones, "Yet you follow me, talk to me, want to learn about me... why?"

[00:19] Rorah Vella watched him, so outside of himself. Watched how he seemed unable to process the simple things, and looked up when he mentioned he never knew the touch of a woman. Head canted to one side as he talked about the slave girl. She took it in, all of it. His hand rose to her cheek and she leaned into the touch gently, turning her face into his palm just slightly. The scars on her face made her look away for a moment when his thumb brushed over them. Unsure if he was just touching her for a better look at the marks. When he mentioned he was broken she shook her head at him and smiled. Her mouth opened and she gripped her throat suddenly when the smallest of sounds tried to come out. She had forgotten for a moment she couldn't do that without pain but she swallowed and smiled to push it away. Her bag was still on the bank so she stepped away from him long enough to pull out her book and quill. Holding it as she scripted and tore the page out to him. To the not so simple question of 'why' she wrote. "You took my shoes." she grinned up at him teasingly, but a few lines down was scripted. "You needed me."

[00:27] Chronepsis smiles as he reads the script, and unlike all the previous smiles in the past this one doesn't fade quickly but lingers as he gazes into her eyes, his voice comes as barely a whisper, "I do. I need you." His hand reaches back up her face and his thumb traces over her scars, the scars that were more beautiful than the fairest skin of the most desirable slaves, "But my need for you could have put you in danger. Danger that, by my codes, I could not have protected you from." His hand slides over her neck and shoulders to her hips as he draws her in, "But now it's my duty to do so." He leans his head in close to hers, his face just

mere inches from her, "I could not companion you. What we have is something that must be in the shadows, hidden from the world. But in those shadows I will watch over you, I will protect you..." he takes a ragged breath and whispers, "In those shadows I will love you... if you are willing to live in them with me..."

[00:37] Rorah Vella was lost, in more way then one. She understood his danger, understood what was and what wasn't and she looked up as he stroked her scars, confusion on her face that turned to horror. She pushed away from him and shook her head, hands fumbling to find her book, she started to script, and was fevered in her writing, when she lifted the page to him she had a look like some terrible mistake had been made. "You can't mean that, I'm nothing, I'm just some tattered piece of flesh, I'm not worth your love, you have to be on something what did that green give you!? I'm no Lady, I have nothing, my dress is lop sided, I can't talk!" she was making motions with her hands as if she was trying to make him understand how unworthy of his care she was. She was a tool, she was just not worth someone like him. When she was sure he had read it she looked a bit angry as if she was sure that Green had injected him with something and her hand went up to his forehead to feel for a fever. If he thought he had nothing she was less then nothing, and she just.....her hand slid down his face, fingers stroking over his lower lip as she had before on a few occasions. Her arms slid around him suddenly ands he hugged him, her head resting on his chest as she listened to his heart beat and drew in a slow breath.

[00:41] Chronopsis started to reach his hands up as she started flailing about, demeaning herself and doubting herself, shaking his head, refusing to acknowledge what she was saying. He had read the script and it didn't matter. As soon as she hugged him he wrapped his arms back around her and squeezed her tight, "You are not nothing. If there is any 'nothing' between us it's me. The past nine years I have felt nothing, no pain, no pleasure, I was the walking dead, alive in the barest sense of the word." He parts from her just slightly and gazes into her eyes, "You brought me to life Rorah of the Pani. You made me remember what it was like to have friends, to love freely..." he draws close again, this time leaning in so their foreheads and noses touch, his lips just inches from hers, "You said it yourself," he whispers with an almost... playful smile on his face, "I need you... I need you..."

[00:47] Rorah Vella hadn't meant to. She didn't know that day when she saw him this was going to happen, she didn't know he needed anything, just that he seemed so...sad. Looking into his eyes, her own glossy spilled a set of jade colored tears from the edges and she closed them to ease the feel of something she hadn't felt in ages. Her hands lift to cup his face and she nods a time or two, though what she was saying yes to was more then likely just everything in general. Her hands lift and she slides them through his hair as she had wanted to do for some time now. She liked the sensation of it. She hadn't been hugged or touched in so long she forgot what that kind of warmth felt like. her arms wound around his neck and she pulled herself up to him, her feet lifting off the ground a bit and she hugged him tightly.

[00:50] Chronopsis smiles as he sees the look of affirmation in her eyes, the tears that he guessed, or at least he hoped, were those of joy and acceptance of the new adventure they would find together, though it would be shrouded in shadows. In truth he was not as confident as he sounded, he was conflicted knowing what kind of dark path that this would take her into, a path that he had chosen for himself that he had always thought he would walk alone. But what he was sure of was that he wanted this girl, wanted her in his life. As she lifts herself to him, he lowers his head and smiles as their lips meet for the first time, he presses his lips to

hers as his hands wrap around her and pull her tight to him.

[00:53] Rorah Vella eyes widen at the kiss, her arms around his neck faltered for a moment in the surprise but he pulled her tighter and she tugged him closer. His mouth as soft as she thought it would be she returned the kiss with the smallest of sounds coming from her again. Still a bit bewildered and having no idea how she was going to be able to let him go wherever it was he went alone, she kept him pinned to her as much as she could for the time being.

[00:56] Chronopsis's lips press and caress hers, gently and slowly moving in matched motions, not a deep or erotic kiss but tender and sweet, affirming their desires to be together and begin this new life together. After some time, he gently parts his lips from her and smiles at her, that same genuine warm smile that had graced his face for the first time just a few minutes prior, and then draws her into and pulls her to his chest and holds her, heaving a soft sigh, the world feeling less broken and lost than any other time he can remember.

[01:01] Rorah Vella hands still in his hair, she strokes his face and neck gently. When he finally draws away she smiled at him kindly. Her hands coming to rest on his chest and she lays her head down on him with a small shake of her head, unable to fathom what just happened, or would happen. She grinned, happy, of course, and she closed her eyes as she listened to his heart beat. She felt safe with him, something she hadn't felt in a long time. Safety. It was something you didn't know you were missing until you either lost it, or found it. That feeling, and the warmth of him, her shoulders lift a bit and she yawned quietly.

[01:03] Chronopsis felt the intake of breath and chuckles as he parts from her and gazes down at her, "It is late. You need to get some rest. But I want you to meet me here soon..." he mentions a date and time, "I have something to show you." He smiles and leans down to give her a quick kiss on the nose, "But in the meanwhile let me put you up in the Inn. Rest somewhere warm and comfortable till then, please?"

[01:05] Rorah Vella shook her head as she looked up at him, though her eyes were tired, she didn't want to let him go. hand lifting she spelled out "come with" though if she meant he should come with her or her with him she left it open to his interpretation. The kiss to her nose made her eyes cross a bit and she grinned up at him.

[01:07] Chronopsis gazes at her, his expression one of frustration, he wanted to... so much, he wanted to spend this night with her wherever it is they end up, but no he had business to attend to... he shakes his head slowly, "I can't not tonight. But I promise, soon. Meet me here on that day at that time, promise me you'll be here?" he says, smiling.

[01:09] Rorah Vella disappointed but she wouldn't let that show, she was too happy to have him at all. She nods to the request for a promise but still seemed a bit unwilling to release him. Her head fell back to his chest and she lifts her mouth to kiss his throat softly, over the pulse point, a stroke of her lips gentle on the tender area. After a moment she signs "You promise."

[01:12] Chronopsis shivers softly at the touch of her lips to his throat, his hands rub over her back briefly as he nods, "I promise." With a deep sigh and great effort he gently pushes her away from him and takes a step back. "Alright. I will see you then." For a moment it looks like he's about to just walk off after that, but he pauses, standing still as if trying to decide

something, then finally turns to her and stares at her before finally leaning forward to give her one last soft kiss on her lips, and turns and heads toward the dock.

[01:15] Rorah Vella rather enjoyed that shiver. She grinned and made a note that the kiss there had cause such. As she was eased back from him she looked up at his face and smiled. He started to walk off and she gripped the wrist of his uninjured hand and spun him around gently. Her hands moved to his hood and she pulled it up over his head, and made sure he was well covered, before leaning into the hood and found his mouth, kissing him once more before letting him go, signing. "be safe." Arms folded over her chest she watched him vanish behind the buildings.

[01:16] Chronopsis is surprised to find himself captured by her and smiles as she puts the hood back in its place. He kisses her back softly and smiles as he walks off.

read more: <http://www.gor-sl.com/index.php?PHPSESSID=lq0piibcjiec3b623qckaakiq3&topic=14086.0>

14 [OOC] PILGRIMAGE

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

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

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

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

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

KNOWLEDGE

15 TRIVIA

The Red Hunters of the northern most lands, hunt many creatures of the land and sea to survive. One is a toothed whale. By what name would the Gorean know this whale?

"The red hunters lived as nomads, dependent on the migrations of various types of animals, in particular the northern tabuk and four varieties of sea sleen. Their fishing and hunting were seasonal, and depended on the animals. Sometimes they managed to secure the northern shark, sometimes even the toothed Hunjer whale ..." --Beasts of Gor, page 35

Complete the Gorean saying: "She who writhes best _____, writhes best in the furs."

"The sexually responsive woman whips well. This is probably a function of the high degree of her skin sensitivity and the depth and vulnerability of her feelings. Her sensitivity and responsiveness make her peculiarly helpless under the lash. She who writhes best under the lash, so say the Goreans, writhes best in the furs." --Savages of Gor, page 256

A slave has been told she will receive 10 strokes of the whip for her presumptive behavior. As you watch, the Master strikes her ten times. He stops, looking at the girl. During the pause, you see the slave brace herself, anticipating the 11th stroke of the whip. Why was she whipped more than the 10 times?

"Angrily I went to the wheel set in the wall, that to which the chain was attached. I put the whip on its hook, nearby, and angrily disengaged the wheel, and then turned it. 'Oh!' she cried, suddenly drawn, painfully, to the very tips of her toes under the chain. I then locked the wheel in place, and seized again the whip from its hook. 'Please, forgive me, Master!' she cried. 'I am nothing! I am only a slave!' I then struck her ten times, savagely, with the unrestrained strength of a man. 'Forgive me, Master!' she cried. 'Oh!' she screamed. Then, sobbing, fighting for breath, she could only endure. After the tenth blow she hung helplessly in the bracelets, her full weight on the chain. I examined the beaten slave. I did not think she would soon again be presumptuous. Such presumptions, she had now learned, might entail penalties. Too, after this beating, I thought her position in the house might be clearer to her.

I tapped her on the back of the left shoulder with the whip. One more blow was to be struck. 'Yes, Master,' she said, 'that blow which is to remind me that I am a slave.'

I then stood again behind her, and to her left. I grasped the handle of the slave whip with two hands. Then again, with unrestrained force, the hardest blow of all, was she struck. She cried out in pain. Then, again, sobbing, she hung in the bracelets, a whipped slave. This last blow is often, though not invariably, added to a slave's whipping. It is sometimes referred to as the gratis blow, or the mnemonic blow. Often it functions as little more than a stroke for, say, good measure. To be sure, whatever its purpose, it makes it very clear to the slave that she is fully under discipline, and that the master may, if he wishes, beat her how, when and as much as he pleases." --Guardsmen of Gor, pages 209-210

Traveling late a night, only the light from the moons of Gor to guide you, you walk along an empty stone road near the forest. Ahead, you see something large, lying across the road. You think it's a log, but then you note the bands of darker color encircling it. Then it moves. What do you think it is?

"One obvious danger lay in the road itself, and the fact that I had no light. After dark, various serpents seek out the road for its warmth, its stones retaining the sun's heat longer than the surrounding countryside. One such serpent was the huge, many-banded Gorean python, the hith." --Outlaw of Gor, page 16

"In one cage, restlessly lifting its swaying head, there coiled a great, banded horned hith, Gor's most feared serpentine constrictor. It was native only to certain areas of the forests." --Captive of Gor, page 214

This is an herbal beverage served hot and heavily sugared. What is it?

"An herbal beverage served hot and heavily sugared; traditionally drunk three tiny cups at a time, in rapid succession." --Kajira of Gor, page 332

It is thought by most Goreans, that nothing fulfills maleness like the mastery of a woman. According to a gorean saying, he who surrenders his mastery, surrenders his _____. What would he surrender?

"I lay on my back, looking up at the ceiling of the tent. She was right, of course. These things are totalities, modes of being. Too, I knew, from my own experience, that nothing fulfills maleness like the mastery. He who would be a man must be a master. He who surrenders his mastery surrenders his manhood. I wondered what those who flocked like sheep to their own castration received in recompense for their manhood. I supposed it must be very valuable." --Players of Gor, page 200

What is more beautiful than diamonds; silent but deafens thunder; depresses no scale but is weightier than gold?

"The 97th Aphorism in the Codes I was taught,' I said, 'is in the form of a riddle: What is invisible but more beautiful than diamonds?'

'And the answer?' inquired Labienus.

'That which is silent but deafens thunder.'

The men regarded one another.

'And what is that?' asked Labienus.

'The same,' said I, 'as that which depresses no scale but is weightier than gold.'

'And what is that?' asked Labienus.

'Honor,' I said." --Vagabonds of Gor, pages 322-323

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

ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

[2013-07-27 01:51 PM] XXXX: only 1 thing is hard here...men gets scared when they hear your name

[2013-07-27 01:51 PM] Yuroki Uriza: what??

[2013-07-27 01:51 PM] Yuroki Uriza: why that

[2013-07-27 01:51 PM] XXXX: I talked with couple of men in hub for us

[2013-07-27 01:51 PM] XXXX: they were scared hearing your name

[2013-07-27 01:51 PM] Yuroki Uriza: why do I scare them???

[2013-07-27 01:52 PM] XXXX: were saying me...you have tons of enemy so they will be always busy in combat

[2013-07-27 01:52 PM] Yuroki Uriza: rolls his eyes oocly

KNOWN GOREAN NEWSPAPERS (OVERVIEW / ONLY INWORLD)

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR (Gor wide)

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

Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)

Correspondent in Forest Port: Ubara Nyurahlee Kai of Forest Port Outpost

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

OLNI GAZETTE

Editor: Janette Inglewood

THE GENESIAN GAZETTE

Editor: Sophia Farella

THE VIGO TIMES

Editor: Alphil Darkfire

THARNA NEW TIMES SCROLL

KaTrina Velde, Editor

THE TURIAN GAZETTE

Editor: unknown

ARCADIAN MESSENGER

Editor: Nephtides Resident

THE RORUS CHRONICLE™

Editors-in-Chief: Penumbra Straaf and Tala Winterwolf

THE GAMES OF GOR NEWSLETTER

produced by the Kaissa Guild of Gor

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

ABOUT THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR is available:

for members of the group Cartographers and Explorers of Gor

for members of the group BTB Goreans

for members of the group Alliance of Valkyrie Panthers

for members of the group Gorean Information and Notices

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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