

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR

PUBLICARE ET PROPAGARE!

Third volume, issue No. 126

Fourth day of the third hand of the month of Se'Kara (The Second Turning) 10164 Contasta Ar

Based in Tancred's Landing

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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 126th issue of the NEW VOICE OF GOR !

Please note the important decree of the true southern Trade Alliance about the Taharian salt trade (03: All over Gor). In the knowledge section (19) you will find useful informations about Gorean salt written by the Tatrix of Tharna.

Rarius Yuroki,
Editor of the NEW VOICE OF GOR

ALL OVER GOR

03 DECLARATION OF THE TRUE SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE

Declared and confirmed by the high assembly of STA members

Second day of the Third Hand of the month of Se'Kara (The Second Turning) 10164
Contasta Ar

To: All Gorean Merchants
Concerning: Tahari Salt decree by the SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE endorsed by the Salt Ubar ibn Saran
CC: True SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE members

In order to guarantee the fine quality of Tahari Salt (@ TS Trademark), only the following oases and cities of the Tahari are allowed to have their salt trademarked as Tahari Salt (in alphabetical order):

- 1 Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes
- 2 Oasis of Nine Wells
- 3 Oasis of Sand Sleen
- 4 City of Tor

The true SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE will control the salt trade of all Tahari Salt (@ TS Trademark). Only members of the SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE (STA) are allowed to sell the salt of the above mentioned four places out of the Tahari and each sale should include the SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE seal. Merchants of all gorean cities are hereby informed that Tahari Salt without the seal is considered as smuggling, with all due consequences as a result.

This decree will be effective as today.

may you always have water, may your water bags never be empty.

signed by the SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE

Rarius Yuroki
STA General Secretary

[OOO We will publish more details in the next issue of the NEW VOICE OF GOR.]

04 MISSING DAUGHTER

Sending out a message to all heads of caste in a Home Stone about one of our own missing. My daughter has gone missing from her Home Stone and last seen with disreputable character. I wish to find her and this man and make sure of her safety and i call on my brothers of caste to help me keep an eye out for her.

Name is Nasreen Bulloch last seen with Alix of unknown family and Home Stone. Anyone see them send Aurum Bulloch a Tarn so that he may bring his wayward daughter home.

Will pay well for info.

Aurum Bullock
Golden Bosk Trading Co, Voltai Viktel

GOREAN CITIES

05 PORT OF OLN

BRONTUS AND THE SAND ~ A Gorean Short Story
By Atlas Tereshchenko ~ Lieutenant, Port Olni Scarlets

A warm morning, the sun working through broken clouds above the training arena, the ground warm but not hot. The distant sound of ringing steel greeted the Sergeant as he chewed the warm bread on his way through the grounds. His kajira padded softly behind him, carrying a

small bundle of food he had been given by one of the men in the city shops. He stopped to speak to the armorer, a metal worker with huge biceps and a beard to match, where he learned of the readiness of the men's equipment. Nodding to the metal worker, the Sergeant moved on, playfully spanking his kajira as she darted out of his way.

The training arena was different than the city arena. Larger, but with fewer seats, it was designed to teach boys the art of combat, and to allow Warriors a place to train away from the maddening pace of the city. Here, men could concentrate on their skills, on which their lives and those of the city's populace depended. The eleven steps leading up and over the encircling wall were well worn, and Bellerius wondered how many men had trod these same steps, and stood in the sand beyond, and bled for his city.

The arena was nearly filled. Young recruits to one side, learning to move and fight. The Warriors were on the other, learning to live when fighting. Bellerius took it all in quickly, and arrived at the same conclusion for the thousandth time. Speaking quietly to himself, he said "And here we teach the dichotomy of war, to save a life one must often be taken". His kajira looked up at her Master, brow furrowed and a disquieted look upon her face. Glancing down, he caught the look, and smiled at the slave "Ah, fear not mine, you know me. I do not bear these scars for their beauty, but as a reminder of my measured success." The girl smirked, remembering how many times she had knelt by her Master, as one physician or another stitched closed some new wound or injury. "Of course Master, your successes as you say". Bellerius laughed softly and ruffled the girl's hair, then continued down the steps alone. The girl knew she was not allowed on the sand in the arena.

Bellerius walked between the two groups, glancing each way and noting the progress of one boy, and the skill of a Warrior, each learning and growing in their own fashion. He was nearly to the end of the arena, and thinking of conferring with the training sergeant, when raised voices and laughter brought him up short, behind a knot of older boys sparring. These were young men, of an age and training that soon many would join the ranks of the Scarlet's, becoming one of the City's Rarius

At the center of the group stood two of the young men. Of equal size, and sharing a hardened form that training and deprivation will bring to all men, they stood apart and opposed, wooden training swords held in a low-ready position. Sweat glistened on their skin, signaling the length of their protracted conflict. Bellerius watched with studied eye, the movements of each, and it was easy to see that though they appeared equal in size and strength, the skill lay with only one. His opponent was covered in sand, a sure sign he was spending a good deal of time being knocked down.

"You would try again would you, son of Dagga? I would have thought you tired after so many beatings, but given that you are slow of tongue and obviously slow of wit, you more than likely are quite willing to wade into the sea of pain my blade brings to your shores" The taunt came from the more skilled fighter, his voice shrill and not at all kind. Bellerius glanced to the training sergeant, who caught the look and moved to his side. "Brontus, son of Gabilus" was all the training sergeant said, and Bellerius nodded and a look moved across his face momentarily, like a wisp of dark mist passing before a darkened window.

The quiet youth lunged, and Brontus easily deflected the path of the training blade, and struck hard against the less skilled opponent's ribs, a crack clearly echoing about the group. The

young man rolled on his side, and crawled to the edge of the group, holding his ribs. Brontus smiled, then walked over to his downed opponent and said "Does it hurt? You have fallen, and more than likely will die in battle son of Dagga, and that is your heritage, is it not? To die in battle, like your father before you, unable to save your city?" Darius, son of Dagga turned red with rage, but held his tongue and ribs, and remained grounded at the edge of the group.

Brontus stood and turned, arms upraised, and crowed to the crowd "I am unequalled here in the sand! Will no one step in the pit with me, to test his tolerance for pain and shame? Are you all so craven that.." and suddenly his voice fell. Pushing through the three-deep ring of young men, Bellerius stepped quietly into the center.

Bellerius began to loosen the strap to his shield, almost as tall and heavy as Brontus, it was well cared for but battle marked. He walked around the ring of young faces, and seeing one in particular handed it to the young man, and said "Hold this for me. Treat it well, it saved my life, and that of your Father's." He unbuckled his belt, and handed it and his sword to another familiar face and said, "And you, hold this, as it killed the man that took your Father's hand". As he disarmed, and walked around the ring of young soon to be warriors, he watched Brontus circle in the opposite direction, his face a battle between pride and frustration. Pausing before a third youth, he held out his hand for the training sword the young man held. Nodding, Bellerius inspected the blade, not sharp, but not dull. Looking into the eyes of the youth, he said "Your oldest brother once handed me his blade as well, that I might defend myself when my sword was broken. He died helping us defend the bridge at Landen, and did so with great honor and glory to your house. I often remember his face, and his courage. You should be proud of him, and yourself."

Turning inward, towards Brontus, Bellerius spoke at last to the boisterous youth "Shall we begin, since it seems your cohort cannot be relied upon to aid you in your quest for glory, Brontus son of Gabilus?" The young man blanched, then seeing the taunting eyes of the young men around him, plucked up his false courage and said "Aye, of course Sergeant, I will be honored to cross blades with you here in the sand of our city!" With that he rushed the older man, and so began a course of back and forth upon the sand beneath the warm sun.

In short order, Brontus was sweating while Bellerius simply circled. The crowd had grown, and the expectation that the boastful youth was about to receive a much deserved beating was growing amongst the gathered young men. Bellerius paused long enough to gauge their interest, then flipped the wooden training sword in his hand such that he held the blade and not the hilt. Brontus paused at this action, his brow furrowed, and his attention drawn. "Brontus, like you, I now grasp the wrong end of blade" Brontus frowned, and then glanced at the sword in his hand. The moment he looked down, was when Bellerius lunged across the sand, and thrust the hilt of his wooden blade at Brontus' face. The youth yanked his head back, and it was then that Bellerius kicked the youth's feet out from under him. Bellerius placed the tip of the training blade against the young man's throat and simply said, "Let the lesson begin."

Looking down at Brontus, Bellerius said firmly but quietly, "This sand is not a battlefield, your foes your friends and not those that would take your life. You trumpet your victories like so many upon the walls of each saved city, and yet the glory is to those that have stood amongst the horror and lived." The Sergeant reached down and offered a hand to the vain young man on the sand, and helped him to his feet. He then handed Brontus his blade, and began to

circle.

Brontus now approached more warily, and feinting at the Sergeant's side then shifting his attack, drove the hard edged training blade straight at the man's chest. The blade found only air, as the Sergeant had seen the feint in the boy's eyes, and merely stepped out of the way. Years and years of combat, when fighting meant not the right to boast, but the right to live, had taught Bellerius that to move is to survive. Deftly pivoting on his left foot, the Sergeant swung firmly, placing the flat of the blade at the back of Brontus' neck, driving the youth into the sand yet again.

"You taunt the tears of frustration, and yet do not know the anguish of lost brothers. You bathe each night to wash away sweat, but have yet to try and wash away the memory of spilled blood upon the field." Bellerius dropped the training blade, and took up his shield, and drew the ancient and revered gladius from its sheath, and pointed the razor-sharp tip at Brontus, sprawled upon the sand.

"Kneel" called Bellerius, loud enough to carry across the entire arena. All of the young men fell to their knees, some afraid that Brontus was about to be dealt with in a manner allowed, but rarely acted upon. Bellerius looked across the arena, to the Warriors looking at him, curious as to this interruption in the training cycle. "KNEEL!" bellowed Bellerius, and, as if they were one, the Warriors knelt. They knew the sound of command and the need to obey orders.

Looking down at a trembling Brontus, Bellerius spoke clear and loud. "You would taunt Darius son of Dagga, for his Father's actions? What do you know? What do any here know of that day?" Silence held court upon the sands of the training arena for an ehn, and then Bellerius said "There is not a one here that was alive that day, save myself. I will tell you of Dagga, son of Dagos, Warrior and Friend, and you will finally shame yourself to know the weakness of your words, Brontus son of Gabilus".

"We were escorting the Ubara's mother, herself Ubara at that time, and at the bridge at Landen we were undone. Scores of outlaws, intent on raiding a caravan, happened upon us at Landen bridge. We fought for two ahn, taking more than giving, but giving so much as we had so little to give. We managed to move the Ubara to the far side of the bridge, while holding back the outlaws. There was a pause in the battle, as the outlaws regrouped for their final assault. It allowed us to withdraw further along the span. At the crest, we could see the gates of the city beyond, and racing to our aid many of our Brothers. And yet they were still too far to aid us in time, as the outlaws made a final push towards us. It was then, that Dagga, son of Dagos, turned to me and said, 'Brother, go now, that is my final order as your Captain, and take the Ubara to safety. I shall hold as I can, the center of the bridge, until such time as I tread the stairs to the City of the Dust. When the time comes, look for me in the tall grass on the high ground.' I watched as my Captain strode forward, tossing his shield aside, and taking up spear and sword, to stand at the peak of the bridge. That was the last I saw of Dagga, son of Dagos. But he held the bridge long enough that we made the last pasang in the company of our brothers, and the gates of the city with the Ubara safely inside."

Bellerius paused a moment, then looked at Brontus. "Dagga, Father of Darius, died upon that bridge to give his Ubara, and his Brothers the time they needed to find safety. He did not weep, nor cry aloud, nor trumpet his bravery nor taunt his foe. He simply acted, as a Warrior.

His death was necessary, and this he knew and so simply did what needed to be done.”

Glancing around the gathered men and boys, Bellerius took his belt and buckled it back on, sheathed his gladius, and hung the great battle shield across his back. He offered his hand again to Brontus, and lifted the youth easily to his feet. Looking across the faces of the Warriors, and those soon to be, he said, “Rise, and listen.”

“To be a warrior is to accept your death, not when it comes, but as a matter of course. You train to live longer, yet you will die. You serve to keep our citizens from dying, yet you will die. Do not diminish those that have gone before you in your ignorance, but simply accept your place in the honored rolls, and find the strength to live each day as best you can. In that way, you will hold the correct end of the blade. The price of admission to the Red Caste is high, and the coin we pay with is blood, courage, and honor.”

Bellerius looked at Brontus, and simply nodded, then stepped in front of Darius. “Your Father was no coward, as some would say, as they were not there and stories change with time. There is more of your Father in you than you know, and now knowing he was one of the best of us, so you may be also. Pay the price, and do what must be done, Darius son of Dagga.”

The Sergeant turned, and quietly strode out of the arena, collecting the kajira on his way. She padded quietly to his side, and then softly raised her voice, “Master, why did you not tell Darius, that Dagga was your older brother?” Bellerius turned and looked at the girl, and simply said, “That is a tale for another day girl” and smiled, and turned back along his path towards the city.

THE SLAVE'S CORNER

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

DEAR TEAL
By Teal Razor

DEAR TEAL:

I am a slave who has committed many wrongs in my service to my Master. Recently, I accidentally burned down the kitchen wing in my Master's house. He is fond of deep fried Sa Tarna bread and I was clumsy with the pot of hot oil I was cooking them in. I had no idea that oil was such an inflammatory substance. Despite my many atrocities of service, my Master is loathe to use the whip on me. Is he saving his anger for one punishment that will be my final punishment?

DEAR JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS:

While it is true that there can be reasons why a Master is withholding the more pleasurable punishment and forgoing impalement, "sparing the whip and spoiling the slave" is never a good idea.

First of all he may be waiting for a suitable public venue to be in place before he drags you to the commons whipping post and flogs you naked, in front of all free society. This is one of the

ways my Master gets back at me for mouthing off in the middle of his questioning a stranger at the front gates.

Second of all he could be clueless as to the perks afforded a Master. There are some Masters who are new to the master business and need time to acquire the proper "brut verses nymphet", demeanor. If it is the latter I would give him a big hint. After you commit any infraction, even one as minor as putting one yellow sugar in his black wine when he wanted two, should be a loud signal for you to strip yourself naked, get his flogger, get on your knees and offer him the whip that you have brought to him in your mouth. Keep your eyes down and closed to give him the privacy of making a drooling idiot out of himself and you may yet be graced with the kiss of the whip. At least I think that was the direction your question was headed in.

Thirdly, if you were heading in the direction of being actually afraid that your master may do something as stupid as murder his own slave, YOU would be the one that is clueless. Here, let me give you an example. On earth we used to have these very very valuable pieces of metal machinery. They were painted in the most jewel like of ways. They were adorned with shiny metal and glass objects that enhanced their value. These beautiful pieces of shiny metal machinery had seats inside of them in which the owners of these beautiful pieces of shiny metal machinery could sit in and enjoy their beautiful piece of shiny metal machinery. They also wanted everyone to see them in their beautiful piece of shiny metal machinery.

When one spends a considerable weight of gold tarns for something beautiful one does not mar or bash it to bits. You, Ms. Jumping to Conclusions (or shall I call you "Jumpy"), are to your Master as that beautiful piece of shiny metal machinery is to a man on earth. Have no fear, if you are impaled, I will pay for the funeral. It will be a nice one, flowers, silence, a large burning pyre onto which I will throw the majority of your livery after having rifled through it first. What? I should be faulted for being frugal?

DEAR TEAL:

I am a female slave. I am formerly of earth. I know that you too were formerly of earth. I have taken to slavery here like a duck to water. The only misgiving I have is that I am not allowed the wearing of panties under my livery. I find this lack of covering very disconcerting. Why do the men of Gor keep their slaves "panty-less"?

DEAR BREEZE BETWEEN THE KNEES:

I recognize the post mark on your scroll. Another resident of Treve asking inane questions. There is not enough red lace panty material in Treve to cover the bottoms of the Trevian warriors and those of the slaves who serve them. So, of course, the material for making red lace panties for the warriors in Treve, is given to their mothers so that they may sew undergarments fitting for their brave sons. This is part of the reason you have no covering on your nether regions.

The other reason for lack of material in that area is that the Master must have immediate access in case of an emergency. My Master has several emergencies a day. Most days I don't even bother to put clothes on at all.

Really now, you say you are of earth, and yet you hunger to wear a string up your bottom that reminds you of how uncomfortable it is to wear it? Take heart young earthling. Soon, like me,

you will not question this "panty-less" situation. You will be relieved of having to stop and take off, then put back on, the flimsy pieces of material. They always end up ripping anyway and then you have to purchase more at a significant price. If you want to wear red lace panties, be forewarned. In Treve, one does not get between a warrior and his red lace panties.

DEAR TEAL:

We are two young free women. We are both over the age of majority but have never had a free companion. I have never been with a man in the furs. My friend, who has, says that a man can tell if a woman is a virgin or not by the way she walks. Is this true?

DEAR HYMENETTA PENETRABILAE:

You cannot tell that a woman is a virgin by how she walks. But, you can tell by the way she talks.

06 CITY OF WINDSONG

WINNERS OF THE MERCHANT OF GOR TOURNAMENT

kai (xyntia.lyre): shouts: We have the winner of our Merchant of Gor tournament now

[2013/09/28 14:49] Solaris Topaz (solaris.ghostraven): Thank you." SHe smiles.

[2013/09/28 14:49] kai (xyntia.lyre): Mistress Solaris wins the Tournament Congratulations Mistress!

[2013/09/28 14:49] Solaris Topaz (solaris.ghostraven): thank you so much.

[2013/09/28 14:49] Hina Nani Barber (hina.mhia): ruft: Congratulations to all the players and making our first of more MOG tournaments a huge success

[2013/09/28 14:50] kai (xyntia.lyre): Mistress Elpi is the second best today

[2013/09/28 14:50] Solaris Topaz (solaris.ghostraven): Way to go Elpi.

[2013/09/28 14:50] DRusus (rowan00): it was fun

[2013/09/28 14:50] kai (xyntia.lyre): and Master Liam won the prize for the third best!

1. Solaris Topaz
2. Elpida Nikolaidis
3. Liam Whitesong

07 GENESIAN PORT

NEW BANK OPENED?

Rumors say that a new bank had opened in Genesian Port. We do not have valid information. The House of Yuroki company will pay one silver tarsk to get to know the name of the banker and one silver tarsk more for some coins of Genesian Port. We will compensate you for these coins for sure and give you valid coins of other cities, for example Olni, Tarnwald or Tharna.

The editor

08 [OOC] AMHAS CAIRN

Every Monday and Friday @ 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. slt
Amhas Cairn - Torvaldsland and Gorean Classes
Cave classroom at tp point. All welcome to attend.
Removes meters, weapons, and take a seat in a
chair.

Every Thursday @ 4 p.m. slt
Trothfjell
Alekk Baroque reading
Contact: Stjorn Zun

Every Saturday @ 11 a.m. slt and 6 p.m. slt
Amhas Cairn
This is a time for feasting, announcing news, pledging
fealty, bringing up matters of local law, etc. It's an IC
event that visitors too, are welcome to attend.

Every Sunday @ 1 p.m. slt Story
Trothfjell
Story Teller and Poet
Contact: Stjorn Zun

Every Sunday @ 6 p.m. slt
Rorus
Capture the Flag
Contact: Joseph Surface

Read more: <http://www.amhascairn.com/events-calendar.html>

09 HELLENOS

HELLENOS KAISSA TOURNAMENT

starting October 6th 2013

RARE DIALECTS OF GOR

10 INSEL ANANGO

IHRE IDEE

Ihre kleine Backstube mollig warm, die Ruhe der Nacht, die sie so liebt, da sie ungestoert arbeiten kann.

Ihre kleinen geschickten Haende zaubern die ganze Nacht durch um das ganze Dorf mit ihren alten Rezepten zu verwöhnen.

Wie jede Nacht auch steigt der suessliche Duft aus ihrem Kamin, der sich durch den milden Wind in ein jedes Haus verteilt.

Als laege ein kleiner Zauber in der Luft der in einem jedem Haus, jedem Dorfbewohner einen behueteten Traum schenkt.

Kuchen mit frischen Beeren, knackiges goldbraunes Brot und einige andere kleine Kostbarkeiten.

Ihr Werk nun fast vollbracht, das kleine Dorf bald erwacht, werden ihre Augen muede. Sie stellt noch ein paar Tische auf, kleine Stuehle dabei und hofft somit, die Bewohner anzulocken, dass ihre noch zu kleinen Einnahmen steigen.

Viele kleine Paekchen macht sie nun indem ein kleiner Keks gut verpackt, verteilt sie ein jedes vor den Haustueren anangos.

Den Wachen, die wie sie wach waren, reichte sie auch welche.

Nun ihr Werk vollbracht, nutzt sie diese kurze Zeit und faellt erschoeppt, da sie noch kein Bett hat, auf das alte Sofa und schlaeft ein:

11 OASE DER ZWEI SCIMITARE

[Turmas wurde umbenannt in "Oase der zwei Scimitare"]

MARKT - WEEKLY MARKET

The Oase der zwei Scimitare invites you to koin the weekly market (every Thursday, 2 pm SLT/8 pm GMT+1)

Die Oase der zwei Scimitare laedt nun jeden Donnerstag ab 20:00 Uhr zum Markttag ein. Wir freuen uns auf Händler von fern und nah und auf tolles Rp, natürlich auch ausserhalb des Markttag! Kommt doch einfach mal vorbei und genieusst einen Tee oder Ka-la-na Wein inmitten unserer wunderschönen Oase.

Wir freuen uns auf EUCH!

12 WIEDEREROEFFNUNG DER SCHWERTAKADEMIE ZU ENKARA

Die Akademie für Freie oeffnet nach Umbau wieder ihre Pforten.

Kurs- und Seminarplan, sowie Einschreibung ab dem 06.Okt.2013 in EnKara.

Die Veranstaltungen finden soweit moeglich IC statt und legen neben dem Kampf auch viel Wert auf Bildung.

Ansprechpartner bei Fragen rund um die Akademie: HaniBaal Mohr.

13 [OOO] KRIEGER GESUCHT

Gesucht werden deutschsprachige Krieger fuer eine Soeldner-Truppe, die gern manchmal zusammen trainieren wollen und ab und zu raiden (auch im englischsprachigen Gor, Englisch ist aber nicht Voraussetzung). Jede denkbare Hilfe wird gestellt. Auch Neulinge (und auch per voice, zum Ueben)

Wir wollen euch alles beibringen, was zum Kaempfen in SL Gor gehoert.
Raschid Hassanein

TRADE

14 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 monthly meeting of the true southern Trade Alliance took place at the Zaurak Farm and Phoenix Trading Company. The high assembly voted three new southern cities in as new full members of the STA: Port Kar, the Isle of Sulport and Ra-Rir. We unfortunately lost the Port of Decadence [sim closed].

The assembly declared this (see above):

The true SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE will control the salt trade of all Tahari Salt (@ TS Trademark). Only members of the SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE (STA) are allowed to sell the salt of the above mentioned four places out of the Tahari and each sale should include the SOUTHERN TRADE ALLIANCE seal. Merchants of all gorean cities are hereby informed that Tahari Salt without the seal is considered as smuggling, with all due consequences as a result.

Some more decisions are confidential.

Full STA Members:

The Kasbah of the Guard of the Dunes

Oasis of Nine Wells

Oasis of the Sand Sleen

Shrine Valley (formerly known as Jazirat al Khusuf)

Kasra / Karak of the State of Kassarya (ITA)

City of Tor

Ukunga Region - Land of the Family Kron

Asperiche

Tancred's Landing

Port Kar (GER)
Umland of Ra-Rir (GER)
Isle of Sulport (GER)

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

Associated members:
Tharna
Rive de Bois Trading Post (ES, former Kasra, associated member)

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.

15 HOUSE OY YUROKI COMPANIES

NEW COIN CONTRACTS

The House of Yuroki Company got a contract to mint coins for the Oasis of Sand Sleen and Ra-Rir. The High Vizier of the Oasis of Sand Sleen confirmed that the HOY caravans will be under the protection of the warriors of Sand Sleen in the Tahari.

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.

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.

SEEKING MERCENARIES, AGENTS AND MERCHANTS

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

The HoY Companies (Trading company and bank) is a privately owned company. It employs its own bankers, merchants and elite guards, all of the highest quality. More branches are under construction.

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

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.

[OOO] We are looking for active male role players which are able to act independent and like to follow some sophisticates story lines (some of them started 2011). Mercenaries who had been hired by a privately owned company are very common on Gor (but NOT in SL Gor), they are mostly members of the red caste.

We do NOT need pixelsex addicts, lifestylers or players who are online once weekly or play 20 alts at the same time. You need to LIKE roleplay.

You should be able to make a valid log without metagaming and OOC.

We accept apprentices too or players who want to learn how to roleplay.

Ask Rarius Yuroki (Yuroki Uriza) for details

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)

SELNAR OR PORT KAR
PORT OF OLN
ISLE OF SULPORT

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

16 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), the City of Tor, coins of Torviksburg (Torvick Burg, H.O.S.) and coins made by the mint of the Golden Larl Trading Company.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE GOREAN RECRUITMENT CENTRE

As listed in the SL destination guide, on its Website and in World via the SL3 viewer
And Now on the "Tumbler" Loads of New people coming and looking for RP destinations

The Gorean Recruitment Centre (GRC) has, since its creation in 2009 , expanded on a regular basis. and this is due NOT to the wishes of the Owner, but because of the needs of the people who use it.

The GRC is now a Part of the ROLEPLAY CENTRE (RPC) but it retains its total Gorean Theme and is 100% separate from the RPC itself. they just share the same landing point. As the signs show. The GRC HALL is to the Right and through an Archway.

Read more:

Best Wishes
Astarte Hubbenfluff

LADY JJ'S ART GALLERY IN OLNi

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

Lady JJ

GOREAN 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

- Classes

Monday Sep 30th - Olni classroom - Weekly
GLA Magistrate Course - Janette - 1 pm and 5 pm

Monday Sep 30th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Medical Lesson - Kaiila Mahoney - 3 pm

Tuesday Oct 1st - Meet at the docks - Weekly
Guided Campus Tour - Dani - 12 noon

Tuesday Oct 1st - Campus Courtroom - Weekly
GLA Advocate Course - Janette - 1 pm and 5 pm

Tuesday Oct 1st - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Medical Seminar - Foxxie Okina - 4: 30 pm

Tuesday Oct 1st - Gallery - Weekly
New to Gor - Krista - 6: 30 pm

Wednesday Oct 2nd - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
RP and Emote Course - Nephtides - 12 noon

Wednesday Oct 2nd - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Basic Kajira (in Spanish) - Azhar - 1:30 pm

Wednesday Oct 2nd - Arena - Weekly
Combat & Warriors - Azerbain Grey - 3 pm

Wednesday Oct 2nd - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Tavern Slave - Ahwi Ash - 6 pm

Thursday Oct 3rd - Campfire - Weekly
Reading Marauders of Gor - Alekk Baroque - 12 noon

Thursday Oct 3rd - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Leadership - Kaiila Mahoney - 1 pm & 5 pm

Thursday Oct 3rd - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Tahari Culture - Carrie Islar - 2 pm

Thursday Oct 3rd - Arena - Weekly
Tarnsmanship - Azaereus Meridian - 4 pm

Thursday Oct 3rd - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
FC Series Scribal Training - Yoda Mactavish - 6:30 pm

Friday Oct 4th - Meet at the docks - Weekly
Guided Campus Tour - Krista - 12 noon

Friday Oct 4th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Philosophy of Gor - Gorm Runo - 1:30 pm and 6 pm

Friday Oct 4th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
About the Kurii - Lord Primal - 3 pm

Friday Oct 4th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Wagon People - Fawna - 5 pm

Sunday Oct 6th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Free Women of Gor - Juvana Grey - 9:30 am

Sunday Oct 6th - Arena - Weekly
Write Your First Dance - Tuka (Rajaa) - 11 am

Sunday Oct 6th - Arena
Dance Graduation - Rya - 6pm

Monday Oct 7th - Olni classroom - Weekly
GLA Magistrate Course - Janette - 1 pm and 5 pm

Monday Oct 7th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Medical Lesson - Kaiila Mahoney - 3 pm

Tuesday Oct 8th - Meet at the docks - Weekly
Guided Campus Tour - Dani - 12 noon

Tuesday Oct 8th - Campus Courtroom - Weekly
GLA Advocate Course - Janette - 1 pm and 5 pm

Tuesday Oct 8th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Medical Seminar - Foxxie Okina - 4: 30 pm

Tuesday Oct 8th - Gallery - Weekly
New to Gor - Krista - 6:30 pm

Wednesday Oct 9th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
RP and Emote Course - Nephtides - 12 noon

Wednesday Oct 9th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Basic Kajira (in Spanish) - Azhar - 1:30 pm

Wednesday Oct 9th - Arena - Weekly
Combat and Warriors - Azerbain Grey - 3 pm

Wednesday Oct 9th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Tavern Slave - Ahwi Ash - 6 pm

Thursday Oct 10th - Campfire - Weekly
Reading Marauders of Gor - Alekk Baroque - 12 noon

Thursday Oct 10th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Leadership - Kaiila Mahoney - 1 pm & 5 pm

Thursday Oct 10th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Tahari Culture - Carrie Islar - 2 pm

Thursday Oct 10th - Arena - Weekly
Tarnsmanship - Azaereus Meridian - 4 pm

Thursday Oct 10th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly

Scribal Matters - Yoda Mactavish - 6:30 pm

Friday Oct 11th - Meet at the docks - Weekly
Guided Campus Tour - Krista - 12 noon

Friday Oct 11th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Philosophy of Gor - Gorm Runo - 1:30 pm and 6 pm

Friday Oct 11th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
About the Kurii - Lord Primal - 3 pm

Friday Oct 11th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Wagon People - Fawna - 4:30 pm

Sunday Oct 13th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Free Women of Gor - Juvana Grey - 9:30 am

Sunday Oct 13th - Arena - Weekly
Write Your First Dance - Tuka (Rajaa) - 11 am

Sunday Oct 13th - Outdoor classroom - Weekly
Gorean Assistant Healers Course - Darwin - 4:30 pm

- Events

Saturday Oct 5th - Cinema
Goodfellas - 2 pm

Saturday Oct 19th - Chapel
Dainial in Concert - 1 pm

Sunday Nov 10th - Q & Q Theatre
Quill and Quarrel - 2 pm

- Dance contests

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/OInI/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.

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 in Mid September 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

SCRIBE DIPLOMA COURSE
self-study (version 3, 2013)
Lady Janette Inglewood

- 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 jewelery, are awarded upon successful completion.
 - To commence this course, please contact me, Janette Inglewood or my girl Krista (krista1k).
-

ROLEPLAY

18 CITY OF VICTORIA AND INNKEEPER OF MINUS

by Wanita Slade

Joshua's eyes widen for a moment displaying irritation mixed with alarm. "Stay a moment, Wanita of Minus. I have need of conversation. Tell me of this place"

Wanita: *discreetly turning her head, she looks to the slave, Kil then back towards Joshua. The mayhem of the last raid still ringing loud in her ears. Her nerves a little frayed, she looks from side to side for a glimpse of a familiar villager at least. She breathes in deeply as she listens to every word he speaks. Calm and non threatening as he portrays, she knows best then to take anything at face value. "Minus is a small village encased within the mountainous region of the Voltai Sir. Trade is our staple survival. We are only after all a small settlement. There is nothing as elaborate as where you herald from."

After quizzing the slave with me of her ability to read and write, he imparted his instruction for her to fetch the writing instruments.

Joshua: "Take down my words, slave" he commanded her as he pointed to the low stool to her left. "use the stool for a solid foundation." he finished off the last of his mead and put his vessel down with a slight *thud*

"Citizens of Minus, I, Joshua of the glorious city of Victoria do hereby make this statement;

The city of Treve has aided the insurgents against the glorious city of Victoria and for that, they must be held accountable.

As punishment to the village, I take one Wanita of Minus as my prisoner and as payment for the aggregance against the glorious city of Victoria."

Joshua Partch
Warrior of Victoria

Wanita bolts upright... her mouth agap... she thrusts her locks away from her face as she leans in towards the Man burning him with a querying gaze. "What utter nonsense! *she looks to Joshua angrily.

Joshua: "Come with me, Wanita.. you are what is called.. a spoil of war.. " he looked to the slave.. "Take that message to whoever is in charge."

Grabbing her by her hair, he made his way towards the docks, whereupon an arriving boat manned by strangers stood in wait. "Ah.. Torments.. she may be ready to divulge the secrets of Treve.. only you will be able to tell us." He grinned down at her then over to Torments.

Torments grins bitterly, nodding to his brother's words, "You ready, or is there more here for us? The Cap'n and I waited a short distance away."

Shouting for help, the eerie silence of the village only sealed my fate. My one hope only laid upon the slave Kil with whom bore witness and evidence of my seizure.

Read more: <http://www.gor-sl.com/index.php/topic,8744.0.html> (2009)

KNOWLEDGE

19 THE SALT OF GOR

by Sahiela Lavendel, Tatrix of Tharna

The Salts of Gor, their Values, Colors, and Locations.

The red salt of Kasra, so called from its port of embarkation, was famed on Gor.
Tribesmen of Gor Book 10 Page 20

Most salt at Klima is white, but certain of the mines deliver red salt, red from ferrous oxide in its composition, which is called the Red Salt of Kasra.
Tribesmen of Gor - Page 238

Salt, incidentally, is obtained by the men of Torvaldsland, most commonly, from seawater or the burning of seaweed. It is also, however, a trade commodity, and is sometimes taken in raids. The red and yellow salts of the south, some of which I saw on the tables, are not domestic to Torvaldsland.
---Marauders of Gor, pp 186-187

Gor has three colors of Salt. They are Red, Yellow, and White.

How many colors of Salt do we have "on Earth"? There are three colors of salt, Red, Yellow, and White. The fourth is a mix of pumice & white salt (black salt).

Red Salt, or Kala Namak, is won from salt mines located in the Himalayan Mountains, but also from salt mines in the United States. Kala Namak is commonly used in Asian countries and is necessary for much of Indian and Pakistani cuisine.

Yellow Salt is more common. However, its main source is also in the Himalayan Mountains. It is normally called Himalayan salt.

Both Red & Yellow salts are natural rock salts. The red & yellow color does come from minute amounts of Iron in the salt. They are natural volcanic halite. However, ferrous oxide would not turn salt red nor yellow, but rather black. Red salt (sodium sulfate) has traces of iron sulfide, and hydrogen sulfide. While yellow salt has no hydrogen sulfide, and lesser amounts of iron sulfide.

White salt is simply pure sodium sulfate, and can be purified from rock salt, or won from seawater. White salt is the most common salt around, and can be found anywhere there is or was a salt sea.

Yellow salt has no, or little, advantage over white salt. Its value is the same as white salt. However, red salt, Kala Namak, is different, and has both medical & cuisine values above that of regular salt. (Red salt is actually a purple/black color in rock form, and once ground has a pink color. Yellow salt when ground has a dull white color.)

20 TRIVIA

Female slaves in Ar must wear a visible token of their bondage. The male slave, however, do not. What is the explanation for this?

"The first collar I had worn had been a color-coded transfer collar, put on me at the holding area outside the gate, probably primarily to comply with the ordinance that female slaves in Ar must wear a visible token of their bondage; otherwise we might simply have had our destinations written on our bodies. This was my first owner collar. The laws of Ar, incidentally, do not require a similar visible token of bondage on the bodies of male slaves, or even any distinctive type of garments. The historical explanation of this is that it was originally intended to make it difficult for male slaves to make contact with one another and to keep them from understanding how numerous they might be. On the other hand, male slaves are not numerous, at least within the cities, as opposed to the great farms or the quarries, and they are, in fact, usually collared. " --Kajira of Gor, page 296

It is very well known, how a female slave is expected to kneel before the free woman. What about the male slave? How would he commonly kneel before a free woman?

"I then knelt chained before her. I was again in my cell. Again my ankles were shackled to a ring. Again my wrists were manacled to the forward ring. Things were much as they had been before, before she had called the men to fetch me forth from the cell. There was, however, one important difference. Before there had knelt on that spot a free man in chains. There knelt there now only a chained slave.

She stood up and backed away a bit, and stood there, regarding me.

'You will commonly,' she said, not unkindly, 'when kneeling before a free woman, keep your knees spread, unless your lady wishes otherwise.'

'Yes, Mistress,' I said.

'That is right,' she said. 'I find that good. But remember, the whim of the Mistress is everything.'" --Fighting Slave of Gor, pages 54-55

This weapon is contrary to the code of the Warriors of Gor. It is not only against the codes but it generally regarded as unworthy of men. What is this weapon?

"The findings of Iskander of Turia matched those of the other physicians, but, to my astonishment, when he had replaced his instruments in the pouch slung at his shoulder, he said, 'The wounds were given by blades of Tyros.'

'Yes,' I said, 'they were.'

'There is a subtle contaminant in the wounds,' he said.

'Are you sure?' I asked.

'I have not detected it,' he said. 'But there seems no likely alternative explanation.'

'A contaminant?' I asked.

'Poison, I think,' said he, 'perhaps a subtle toxin, coated on a blade, thus entered into a wound.'

'Such is contrary to the codes,' I said.

'Poisoned steel,' he said.

I said nothing.

'Sullius Maximus,' he said, 'is in Tyros.'

'I would not have thought Sarus of Tyros would have used poisoned steel,' I said. Such a device, like the poisoned arrow, was not only against the codes of the warriors, but, generally, was regarded as unworthy of men. Poison was regarded as a woman's weapon." --Marauders of Gor, page 18-19

You have been negotiating with a Tuchuk of the Wagon People. He smiles, reaches down and picks up a handful of dirt and grass, and thrusts his hand at you. What is the purpose of the gesture? What are you expected to do?

"For a moment the Tuchuk seemed stunned. He stared at me, disbelievingly, and then, suddenly, he threw back his head and laughed until tears streamed down his face. He doubled over and pounded on his knees with his fist. Then he straightened up and wiped his face with the back of his hand.

I shrugged.

Suddenly the Tuchuk bent to the soil and picked up a handful of dirt and grass, the land on which the bosk graze, the land which is the land of the Tuchuks, and this dirt and this grass he thrust in my hands and I held it.

The warrior grinned and put his hands over mine so that our hands together held the dirt and the grass, and we together clasped on it.

'Yes,' said the warrior, 'come in peace to the Land of the Wagon Peoples.'" --Nomads of Gor, page 26

"'No fool,' said Kamchak, 'but Tarl Cabot, a warrior, one who has held in his hands with me grass and earth.'

'He is a stranger,' she said. 'He should be slain!'

Kamchak grinned up at her. 'He has held with me grass and earth,' he said.'" --Nomads of Gor, page 32

The training of the assassin is thorough and cruel. Candidates are chosen with great care and only one in ten complete the course. What happens to the rest?

"The training of the assassin is thorough and cruel. He who wears the black of that caste has not won it easily. Candidates for the caste are chosen with great care, and only one in ten, it is said, completes the course of instruction to the satisfaction of the caste masters. It is assumed that failed candidates are slain, if not in the training, for secrets they may have learned." --Beasts of Gor, page 411

The training of assassins proceeds in pairs. Friendship between the two is encouraged. Is there a purpose behind this?

"The training of the assassin is thorough and cruel. He who wears the black of that caste has not won it easily. Candidates for the caste are chosen with great care, and only one in ten, it is said, completes the course of instruction to the satisfaction of the caste masters. It is assumed that failed candidates are slain, if not in the training, for secrets they may have learned. Withdrawal from the caste is not permitted. Training proceeds in pairs, each pair against others. Friendship is encouraged. Then, in the final training, each member of the pair must hunt the other. When one has killed one's friend one is then likely to better understand the meaning of the black. When one has killed one's friend one is then unlikely to find mercy in his heart for another. One is then alone, with gold and steel." --Beasts of Gor, page 411

According to the Gorean way of thinking, should you show pity towards another?

"Say you are not Tarl Cabot of Ko-ro-ba,' he said.

'But I am,' I said.

'I ask your favor,' said Zosk, his voice thick with emotion. He was pleading. 'Say you are not Tarl Cabot of Ko-ro-ba.'

'I am Tarl Cabot of Ko-ro-ba,' I repeated firmly.

Zosk lifted his ax.

It seemed light in his massive grip. I felt it could have felled a small tree with a single blow. Step by step, he approached me, the ax held over his shoulder with both hands.

At last he stopped before me. I thought there were tears in his eyes. I made no move to defend myself. Somehow I knew Zosk would not strike. He struggled with himself, his simple wide face twisted in agony, his eyes tortured.

'May the Priest-Kings forgive me!' he cried.

He threw down the ax, which rang on the stones of the road to Ko-ro-ba. Zosk sank down and sat cross-legged in the road, his gigantic frame shaken with sobs, his massive head buried in his hands, his thick, guttural voice moaning with distress.

At such a time a man may not be spoken to, for according to the Gorean way of thinking pity humiliates both he who pities and he who is pitied. According to the Gorean way, one may love but one may not pity. So I moved on." --Outlaw of Gor, pages 20-21

Per the codes of the Warrior, within the circle of each man's sword lies this. What lies there?

"Within the circle of each man's sword," say the codes of the warrior, "therein is each man a Ubar." --Marauders of Gor, page 10

Per the codes of the Warrior, this is the coinage of the warrior, with which he can purchase what pleases him. What is it?

"Steel is the coinage of the warrior," say the codes. "With it he purchases what pleases him." --Marauders of Gor, page 11

Per their codes, lifting a weapon against a Warrior permits this. What does it permit?

"The bartender, a heavy, soft-faced man, waddled to the table. One of his fat hands nervously clutched a short leather truncheon, weighted with shot. The bartender jerked his thumb toward the door. He repeated the gesture. Cabot towering over him seemed not to comprehend. The bartender lifted the truncheon in a menacing gesture. Cabot simply took the weapon, seeming to draw it easily from the startled grip of the fat man. He looked down into the sweating, frightened fat face.

'You have lifted a weapon against me,' he said. 'My codes permit me to kill you.'" --Outlaw of Gor, page 5

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

ONLINISM OF THE WEEK

"I, Miss Minnie Mouse, formerly of Orlando, Florida, will submit to you in all things, Master Mickey, and is that pretty collar for ME?"

"Gosh, Minnie! Tee-hee."

From: The First Book of Disney Gor

KNOWN GOREAN NEWSPAPERS (OVERVIEW / ONLY INWORLD)

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR (Gor wide)

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

Accountant: Wendie, scribe of HoY (Wendie Lemon)

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

(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 rence 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.

THE NEW VOICE OF GOR is available:

for members of the group Cartographers and Explorers of Gor
for members of the group Raid Messenger 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
for members of the group Goreanische Freie Presse

Gor Hub: <http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/0%200%20Acajou/54/85/43>
City Port of Olni (gate house) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Olni/127/8/507>
Voltai Viktel (library) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Voltai%20Viktai/114/138/1003>
Tharna (skybox) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Tharna/40/108/4044>
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]
Oasis of Turmas <http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/BSM%20Land/54/65/22>
Gorean campus (Library) <http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Serena%20Aquarius/68/37/25>
Physician School - The City of Koo Vidrew (docks) <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Hunters%20XIII/14/152/22>
The RPC - GRC Sim Info Centre <http://slurl.com/secondlife/Hastings/95/161/1011>

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/>