

# DRAGONFLYRE



February A.S. XXIX

The Dragonflyer c/o  
Deborah Taylor  
1137 Gidley  
Wichita, KS 67216



COVER ART

Ldy. Anne of Foxmoor

STAFF

My staff consists of Lord Dirik and Lady Maren, my "legs" and stapling crew. Thanks>

This is the Dragonflyer, a publication of the Barony of Vatavia of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. The Dragonflyer is available from Deborah Taylor at 1137 Gidley, Wichita, KS 67216. It is not a corporate publication of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. and does not delineate SCA policies.

CALENDAR

Dance practice is every Wednesday night (except Populace) 7p.m. at the church ar 17th and Fairmont

Officers Meeting is March 6 at Dawson, 7 p.m.

Populace Meeting is February 15, 7 p.m. at Minisa

Fighter Practice is Sundays - 1p.m. at North Linwood Park unless otherwise announced

THE "T" SHIRTS ARE IN!  
SEE BRIALEN IF YOU ORDERED ONE



Greetings Unto The Artisans (I know you all are Artisans) of Vatavia from Muirenn Dubh - Minister of Arts.

I still feel like a Newby in the Society but I have come this far with the help of some excellent teachers.

Lady Sibeal took me under her wing when she introduced me to the Society - she became my mentor. She used a piece of paper to show me how to fold my material to make my first T-tunic for my first event. She did not even chastise me for making it out of the dreaded POLYESTER. She did take me to finger fabric shortly thereafter. She encouraged me to use my imagination and to look for pictures in art books for inspiration. She taught me.

When I wanted to learn how to shoot archery - Lord LittleJohn handed me his bow and arrows and instructed me on the proper techniques of shooting the arrow. I wore my colors - purple and black - on my arm for three weeks; but I learned.

I have watched the fighters teach new fighter-wanta bes-to abuse the trees in Linwood Park; they have learned. I have watched Lady Eleanor teach Lord Iain to be our new court herald. We have all laughed with Lord Iain at his mistakes; but he has learned.

I felt very unworthy when asked to teach someone a skill I sometimes do well - sometimes not so well; but they learned and have surpassed my meager skill. I would encourage all of you to teach what you know - you will learn in the process and our Barony cannot help but be enriched in the process.

To end this missive, I would ask a favor of those of you who are skilled in research and documentation to look into your files and submit a favorite source for yourgarb, chainmail, leather work, brewing, embroidery, whatever would be of help to someone unskilled in that endeavor. I would like to compile a Baronial bibliography of our skills.

In service,

Muirenn Dubh

To the bearer of these Letters; Mark you well the Sign of my Father's Ring, stamped thereon as Proof of the Trust which you keep. Guard you well that Trust & my Silver will fill your palms. Break Oath with me & find how swiftly my Sword makes your Belly its Bride.

Unto my Worthy brother, Gautrek Hjalmarson; Last House South on the Lighthouse Road, in East Riding, Jorvik; Comes these Bearings from his Brother, Haerek Greyhawk.

My brother, greetings:

How odd it is to call myself that name again. Ant to speak to you. There were times when I thought that I should never hear the names Gautrek & Haerek again in my life. But it's been a long time and I'm rambling.

I write to you with grave tidings my brother. The king of England is dead. You and I both know well what that forbodes. War is coming. I've already heard that the Skane Danes are making ready to cross the sea. They will not trouble us who are their kindred. But it is said that they have made the Norsemen their allies. Heed well what our father, Hjalmar, has to say on this. I think I already know what he will tell you to do. He has not forgotten the death of Erik Blodaxe. Mind you he is still a man of business. He will sell his longboats to whomever brings the most silver.

For myself, I must guard against a loose tongue, bother. Many eyes may read these words before they reach your ears. But harken you well; our childhood has been spent at peace with the English. They had their ways. And we had our ways. And together we followed the same road. Now those days are gone and our youth fled with them. These past three years of murder & mayhem, of which I have heard so much of late, are but a taste of what is yet to come. May the curses of the Allfather come to them who read these words without my leave.

A fourt'night past, I took hostel in the house of a Scotsman. What can I say; one seeks shelter where one can. Still, the Scots have been good enough to us in the past. This man, Sean Angus MacDuncan by name, he was the lord of a small and well off household. He gave



me bread & meat and even offered to bide me over for the night; I thought it best to push on. Oddly enough he never offered a tub or bath. I asked for the outhouse and washed my self in a nearby beck. I cannot say for sure whether he was a Norse Scot or an Irish Scot. But he spoke English well enough and his lady had a Danish sounding name; though I think her father was English.

There was another Scot there. He called himself Gavin, most assuredly a Gaelic type. He had a French lady with him. She must have run afoul of the law or her father. For she took an oath that the Scot was not her husband. Oddly enough, she then let on that they had been together nigh on many years. Now if she knew the law, she must have known that a year & a day together would make her his wife whether she will or no. I think she may have been on the outs with the church; though I did not say it.

There was another Briton there. An Irish viking who called himself Magnus O'Karrson. He was built like an ox, ate like a hog, spoke like a bear and didn't give a damn at what anyone thought on him. Hjalmar would like him. I'm sure this one must have been half Norse. He even had the affrontery to tell me that no man can follow both the Old & the New Faiths at once. Can you imagine that. Oh well, what do the Irish know; they're fighters not thinkers. Indeed, what can any outsider know what the Old Ways mean to us. A Scot might understand if you told him slowly enough. This Magnus had other rude & cheeky things to say. However, as he outranked me both in size and skill, I did not answer back.

I hope Hjalmar will have been proud at my bearing. I kept my tongue in its place and tried not to speak overly much amongst strangers. --Better to keep silent and be thought wise than to rattle your tongue and let the world know you for a fool.-- So says the High One. To tell the truth I could not think what to say, and I was greatly afeared at what they might think me. You can well understand that I gave only my Christian name. After all, if an Irishman can't understand why I keep two faiths, how could they understand that I am called by two names. They might have taken me for a thief.

The bread & meat were good enough, though I don't think Hjalmar would have liked it much. It was all Greek. They had some cook from Byzantium; he never dared show his face. The only help I saw was a wench who was deaf & dumb for all I knew. The wine was very good. There were a good twelve or twenty guests at table as I told it. We spoke of graver matters for the ladies' sake. Besides, we were humbled in the standing of a Great Lord. Sitting in the high seat was one Laurence of Taelifer, who had ridden up from Normandy along with his lady. He was a breeder of horses.

There is one woman of whom I will speak; she was from Finland. A most comely wench, or so I thought until I learned her husband was a warlord from Turkeyland. How speedily lust dies these days. She gave the name of her country, though I've forgotten it; a real tongue-twister. I say this only because she put me in mind of a dancing girl I came across in the White Mountains, between Bulgary & the Black Sea. A Finnish lass with golden hair, and green eyes, and the smell of wild heather about her. But I ramble again. That is a story for the campfire, not the clergy's ears.

Word comes to me that Dagny, my betrothed, has wedded another and is with child. If she comes to your house, give her my love and tell her I think kindly on her, now & then. Tell my two little fosterlings that I bring gifts from Mickelgard. The Greeks call them Kuklas. I can't think what to call them. Dusk is coming on, and the clark has no light write by. I pray this reaches you before the coming of Lent. They say the woods are filled with bandits tonight.

Peace be with thee Elmo, and the blessings of the Saint for whom thou art named. Amen.

At your worship,

Jovan

Done by the hand of Father Michael of Fairmount, a Holy Priest in Christ; he swears upon his Oath that this is a true copy of the words spoken unto him by one Lord Joavan Haerek Greyhawk Hjalmarson this Eve on the Feast of Candlemas; this being the Solmath, in the Year of Grace Nine Hundreds & Seventy-Eight.





SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE ANACHRONISM, INC. (SCA)

membership application

ENCLOSE YOUR PAYMENT OR COMPLETE CREDIT CARD INSTRUCTIONS AND SEND FORM TO:

The Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. • Office of the Registry
P.O. Box 360789 • Milpitas, California 95036-0789, U.S.A. • Telephone (408) 263-9305 • Fax (408) 263-0641
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RATES EFFECTIVE 6/1/94

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The undersigned is the parent or legal guardian of the minor whose name appears above and understands that the minor cannot participate under any circumstances in armored marshal arts, fencing, marshalling, archery, scouting or banner-bearing in combat and cannot participate in any other events or activities unless I indemnify SCA as specified.

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## BARONESS BRIDE

Despite the prognostication of the weather seers it wasn't a bad day, particularly in that it was the middle of January. Folks were here from many parts of the Kingdom to see the nuptials of Baron Gabriel and Baroness Rhianwen. The sun was shining, the winds were calm, the air was warm. Men-at-arms were showing off their work made in honor of the Baroness. Merchants were enticing customers with their wares.

Then about the hour of sext terrible news flashed through the gathering. The Baroness had been kidnapped. Quickly several teams of doughty fighters formed to search for the Baroness and bring the perpetrator to justice.

So off to their perilous quest, meeting many strange dangers went the many fierce fighters. Giants, screaming eels, ROUs, and brain wracking riddles challenged them all till at last they met their antagonist, a six fingered man who bore a striking resemblance to Baron Gabriel. But even after his defeat, their task was not yet done as an ever growing brut squad had possession of the Baroness. After a wild melee, in which the Baroness changed hands several times, a gallant knight and his squires finally effected a rescue.

With the Baroness' return, a court was held, graced by the presence of Her Highness, so that all may be rewarded for their deeds. The knight and his squires for their rescue, Leif of Crescent Moon for his feats of archery which included helping down the dreaded purple lizard Barney which had appeared on the field, and Lady Kasimira who took the honors for the artisans by supplying a whole boudoir. Many other awards were given out and presents given to the bridal couple.

After a break, the wedding began. Yet the tribulations were not yet over as an imposter had taken the place of the Cardinal. But His Eminence was quickly able to free himself from his bounds and chase the pretender from the hall, and so the wedding proceeded without further trouble.

Friar Thomas

Afterward, the Vatavia dance troop performed a new dance that was conceived expressly in the Baroness' honor. There was to be new music as well, but the bards involved had technical difficulties. Her Excellency was overwhelmed that anyone would so honor her. So impressed was Her Highness that she requested that the dancers perform it at Lillies.

On to the Feast! A several course meal and in it something for everyone! Let me tell you - little was returned to the kitchen. A number of troubadours performed various pieces for the feasters. The highlight was Master Blackfox's piping.

With compline the fete ended. The halls were vacated and cleaned. Some went elsewhere to continue the festivities and some went home to family. And some went home to a warm bed.

## Greetings to the populace of Vatavia

Welcome to the new members and hello to the tried and true members. As Chatelaine I have loaner garb and also loaner feast gear. I will be more than glad to assist you in finding information on areas of your interest. If I don't know I'll direct you to someone who does. Please feel free to call me at 265 4643. For our more experienced members, please remember what it was like for you when you first joined. Be patient and kind.

## To the members of Vatavia: A Challenge!

Write a short letter telling about your 1st. ever event.

Yours in service

Lady Sibeal O'H'Ogain



## GREETINGS FROM YOUR NEW MINISTER OF SCIENCES

Hi, I am Lady Kerare. I am your new M.O.S. If you have questions, ask me. If I don't know the answer, I can help you find it. I will be arranging for a class on how to do documentation and research. I hope to have more classes as the year goes by.

In service to the sciences and the Dream.

Lady Kerare

## Greetings from the Baronial Archer Marshall:

It snowed!!!! It's cold and I know of a nice warm place to go on Sundays. Join us at Archery Plus at noon for fun and good conversation. If you don't shoot you don't pay.

Thank you, to all of those who have been turning out for practice.

In service of the Barony of Vatavia,

Ld. Ieuan Littlejohn

**Costuming Seminar**, or what I learned at costuming seminar, or a hopelessly two left handed person being inspired.

I make no secret about the fact that I go to costuming seminar to see friends and party. Every so often, a class catches my attention, and I learn something in spite of myself. This year was no different, I went with the idea of seeing Countess Elisabeth, her latest sightseeing friend from Antir, and all the other crazy people Lyrial can cram into her house (I think we are up to 14, but the all time high is 17). Elisabeth brings outrageous stories, wild fun, chocolate, beer, wine and coffee from the exotic reaches of Antir. This alone, is reason enough to go, and believe me, there are more, (you just haven't lived until you've experienced a puppy pile with Sir Andy. But thats another story - a good, no, a truly great story, but not for this issue)

This year, when I was least expecting it, I learned something. Now this is not to be confused with other times when I **thought** I'd learned something, even going so far as buying the material to try whatever it was I had "learned". This time I sat in on a class about ladies Norman garb and I was so impressed with the presentation, I've started a Norman dress for Riona (aka Courtney). I even think I'll finish it. Actually, I learned quite a bit about different types of costuming. I sat in on Baron Charles class on Celtic garb, and as always with Baron Charles, I learned more than I thought possible about Celtic garb, as well as what Charles thinks should be worn under a kilt (this is not a class for the fainthearted, he will show you what he thinks should be worn under a kilt). In fact, I don't think I have ever gone to a costuming seminar without coming home feeling I've learned something. Sometimes, the very best thing I discovered, is a new friend.

Reporting from the front as always,

**Roving Reporter**



**Greetings to the fair Vataavian Populace from your humble chronicler**

Let me begin by offering an apology to our Archer Marshal, I misplaced his letter to the populace last month. I'm sorry - very sorry. Soooooo very sorry. 20 lashes with a cat o'nine tails (maybe I'll rethink that - I believe he would enjoy it to much).

This months chronicles seem to have a literary focus with a letter from Jovan about a dinner he recently partook of (sort of Perfectly Period Dinner Party, part deux), an account of a wedding from a cleric, and Vatavia's own roving reporter is back with a view of costuming not often heard. Many thanks to those who contributed work for this issue. Please let me know if you enjoy reading letters and articles. I always enjoy reading another persons perspective of an event since they may have seen something I missed. I am especially grateful for reports of Kingdom events since there are so many of our number who don't travel; this is probably the closest thing to a Kingdom event they experience.

**Brialen**

Greetings from Lady Eleanor ferch Rhiwallon to the populace of Vatavia

I have been appointed by the Caltrop Pursuivant as our local clerk of the precedence. Any corrections to the Order of Precedence or the census will come to me. If you get an award, either Baronial or Kingdom, please let me know. I also need to know if you move or change your address. Thank you for your help in keeping everything updated.

Eleanor

OFFICERS

BARON	Boy Duke
Gabriel Ap Morgan Ap Hywel	
BARONESS	269 3853
Rhianwen ferch Bran Ap Gruffyd	
SENESCHAL	684 1953
Eckerich Rothvalken Von Stromburg	
Chatelaine: Sibeal O'H' Ogain	265 4643
Historian: Fr. Thomas Bacon	685 1182
HERALD	942 3643
Leonhard Von Lowenturm	
Spike: Iain Brabbock	722 8229
FIGHTER MARSHALL	263 1079
Throttmar Throgrimsson	
ARCHER MARSHALL	682 0394
Little John	
MINISTER OF ARTS	687 5850
Muirenn Dubh	
Min. of Children: Anne M. Bromere	267 7639
MINISTER OF SCIENCE	686 6893
Kerare Rory de Jorz	
TREASURER	636 5606
Maeve Kelly de Navarre	
CHRONICLER	524 0917
Briallen	
SERF LINE	263 7373