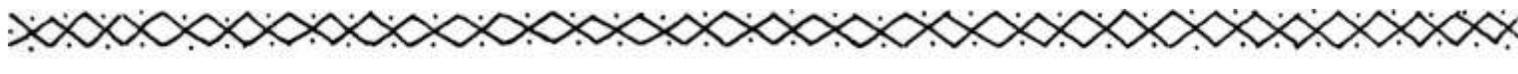




fewmet



FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTENTLY

#1.26 July AS XIV

It's absolutely amazing the number of people who have nothing better to do than check edition numbers on newsletters.

Another star-studded issue, kids, with a new feature by the lady Micheli and another installment of 'Samurai News' by Ino Ogami. Plus a large helping of the regular nonsense.

Recent honors, conferred by the royalty at the Barbarian Invitational: Traidenis Vilkas, Order of the Tygers Combatant with award of arms; Arianna of Wynthrope and James O 'Neill of the Hael, awards of arms; and Amanda of Beau Fleyve, Order of the Tyger's Cub. Well stroked, all of you.

And now, a word about the FEWMET vs. Ice Draæon war g to hell with it. Too many people think we 're serious about it, and it's stopped being funny, which was the original idea.

Fighting practices are now being held every Wednesday, usually in the field near the Al Sigl center on South Ave. Occaisionally, though, we will be traveling to Beau Fleuve for some larger sessions with House Elandris and company. Call me for details.

FEWMOOTS and other errata

Mondays: Archery practice, 6.30, Sage Field, U of R.

Wednesdays: Fighting practices, gee above.

July 38 Barony meeting, 635 Brooks Ave (Chateau Reynard)

8: Cook's Guild Get-together and Gorge PM, Foxy Chateau.

12t Calligraihy, Giselaburh 17: Barony meeting.

198 Sean Caidthe (Bard's Guild), Halla Cliari (Vanderdelftland) 218 Pax Interruptus Ill, Thescorre; Diamond Joust, Caer Mear.

26: Calligraphy.

288 Madhouse Ceilidh, Bhakail; Don Fernando's Tournament of Death, Carolingia.

Sometime around here, we may hold another demo at the Sterling Pleasure Faire (the one at this end of the state) .
August 18t General trashing of Midrealm.

Sept. 98 Hills Fight, the Rhydderich Hael.

228 Rose Tree Fair, Bhakail.

298 Summer's End Tourney, Beau Fleuve.

On 16 June a. so XIV, Their Majesties' Barony of Ehescorre held, for a second time, the Barbarian Open Toumeyo This season our revels were graced by a visit from Their Majesties, Seatanta an Chasur and Aidan ni Lair.

The afternoon saw spirited fighting, betwixt fighters standing alone and in teams. The victor in the individual list was Barak Blandris Hasdrubal, who deafeated Austin Chadyoyck of NomEnd7, who, in turn, had defeated King Setanta in an aæzingly quick fight. • The melee bouts saw a team lead by Lady Saint Morgan Blandris, Baroness Rhydderich Hael, followed by Barak Elandris Mago, Barak Elandris Ilasdrubal, Elandris Ino Ogami, and the lords Bard and Durlome stride to victory 0

Prizes were given to both team and individual victors 0

In the evening hours, a feast was given, with many pleasing dishes enjoyed by the diners 0 A subtlety in the shape of a Welsh dragon, to honor King Setanta, was presented to the amazement of the revellers, who fell upon.' it, devouring it with great gleeo

After the feast, a Royal Court was held, during which James O'Niell and Arianna of Wynthrope were presented with Awards of Ams, and Traidenis Vilgis was inducted into the Order of the Cyger Combatant. Lord Alric Bowbreaker of the Iligh March,

.O.C., C.S.C., Baron Thescorre, added the Order of the Raven's Feather to his ever-growing list of honors, and Amanda of Beau Pleuve was inducted into the Order of the Qyger ^t s Cubo After this, a guild of bards, Imown as the Sean Caidthe, presented its charter to the Baron Thescorre and Their Majesties, and officially came into being.

The evening ended with gatherings of good friends at various halls throughout the Barony 0

The autocrat wishes to thank all who aided and put up with himo Especial gratitude to Annelise Dagfinnsdattir, Lady Gisela die Gaelind, Larissa, lady Magda z Stallburg, Bozjena Ntadje Ostuma, and Lady Anne of Hatfield, Baroness Dragonship Haven for their work in the kitchen, to Austin Chadyoyck of Nomandy and Silvana Dagfinnsdattir for the successful operation of the lists, to Rhodri Kilannin for his work as troll, to Aaron ol' Skorprios and many of the Rhydderich Ilael for the set-up and clean-up, to the heralds, to the gods for the 5JNSHIL,TD (!?) and to any others I may have forgotteno

A song in parting from the Western Marsh

CHORUS : Yet we must leave, comrades, leave
, And our hearts are full of sorrow
But our fate it calle us Westward
And we must depart tomorrow.

When we first carne to Eastrealm
We in Østgardr town did dwell And
fought with her gainst Raiders
And against Midrealm as well.

We dwelt there for two years
But then came time for roaming
And we came out to the West Marsh
Where the bogs lie in the gloaming.

CHORUS

And there we found a crew
Of persons brave and strong
And more than slightly strange
And handy with a song.

An eagle and a bull
Some robins and a griffen
A gargoyle and some elves
And a human or two with em.

CHORUS

And some we met in battle
And others at the table Or
around the campfires' glow
On a summer evening! s
revel.

And when we took the Crown
Then the marshy crew went with us
And sang songs in our praise And
others far less serious.

CHORUS

And we 've fought and drunk
together
As the seasons they went turning
Spring, Surtuner , Fall and Winter
Beside the hearth-fire burning

But we look now to the West
And our. old friends all are
waiting And we look forward with
joy ,
But rearaard with hearts an

aching. CHORUS

That we could dwell together
I wish with all my heart
Where the Western Sea doth roll
On the shores where all did start.

CHORUS...

But a day at last will
come
And this I do believe
When again we stand
together
And we ll never have to
leave.

by Count Master
Frederick of Holland.



FINAL CHORUS:

last three define a difference in how the sound is shaped in the back of the throat, and all the people to whom it matters are dead.

Next time, maybe: Rune-names.

THEJOY OF COMBAT

Elandris I o Ogami

Noh Bushi {o Nosake

Many people have commented to me that I seem to really enjoy fighting, and then they ask me a rather difficult question: Why?

From an outsider's viewpoint (a non-fighter, that is) , it looks crazy as all hell, Spending hours researching armor, spending lots of cash for raw materials, breaking your heart trying to fill a piece of equipment that was made obsolete a thousand years ago, and, the most insane part, actually going out to hit and be hit with a five pound club,

Yet we seem to enjoy it. We must. We do it. But now comes the more personal part & why I do it.

It is the night before a tourney. To be more precise, it's the morning before a tourney. My armour is spread over a goodly portion of the floor. Leather scraps, lacto blades, pliers, hammers, screwdrivers, tiny bits of razor-pointed metal shards and huge chunks of foam are everywhere. I am dressed in a pair of jeans, my bare feet begging to be sliced to the bone. Sweat drips from my forehead, The flesh of my back and chest turned into a hot salty river hours ago. Everyone else is asleep. The stereo is playing music I detest, but it doesn't matter. I am absorbed in trying to attach this piece of hardened leather to that piece of hammerhead. I don't have a drill, so I can't rivet. How the hell...

Hours pass.

I am polishing my armour. Every piece of leather- must shine. Every piece of steel must glisten. I have re-taped all my weapons, and their smooth virgin surfaces please me.

I dimly sense the acrid smell of my sweat. God, I stink, I'd better shower, I turn and meet the horrible reality of the clock. I'll get three hours of sleep if I'm lucky.

It's now 11 AM. I am signing away my life on a beautiful little waiver. If my kneecap is shattered, that's the way it goes, My breathing is shallow and rapid. I am tense, and I can't still for more than 30 seconds, Everyone is friendly. Damn them: Damn them all! Section by section my body is armored. It isn't armour any more, it is hope. Please, God, let me be hit where I am armored! Please I pick up my naginata and walk onto the field to begin loosening up, I look around me and see...

Out of barbarians in furs. Women dressed in odd clothing. Men wearing strange swords, I am Ino Ogami of

the court of Go-Daigo, sworn to depose the Shogun and return power to the Emperor, the descendant of the Sun God. On my left hip is the katana of my father and his father before him. I haven't eaten, but I will not shame myself and feel hunger.

I sit by myself and I wait, I am calm. My stomach is quiet. Waiting is not a function of the intellect. The herald calls my name. I put on my helm. I check to be certain my dagger is in place. My katana rests in my sash. My naginata feels good in my hand. I look into the eyes of my opponent as I absently answer the herald's questions. In his eyes I see my death. There is a shout and he moves toward me, I assume my stance. He is using a round shield and a broadsword. My body reacts before my intellect perceives. His first blow is blocked in the haft of my naginata, He is strong and fast; a worthy opponent, He circles, circles, I analyze. His blade is held so, His shield is held so. His body is crouched low, He rocks back and forth, My eyes center on his belly. Slowly, everything goes out of focus. I do not see an opponent, a shield, a sword; I sense motion. The world slows as if in a time warp. In slow motion, I block and slice. He blocks. I strike, he blocks and I discard my naginata and draw my katana. I hit, but not enough to disable. I block, block, block. The world does not, hasn't ever, existed. All that exists is a blade that guards me as

I seek to control it. I feint, drop to one knee, and feel as my blade passes beneath the rim of his shield, I hear the sound of his armor being hit, I know he will be dead before his body hits the ground, I feel him start to fall. Something is wrong; I try to get out of the way, but it's too late. I feel the force of a blade in my helm. I have died. As I fall, I am not angry or disappointed. I am filled with an odd sensation of pleasure and admiration. My opponent had heart and skill. I only hope that I tested his skill as well as he tested mine.

The moment is over. I pull off my helm and smile, "Damn: How did you do that?" We laugh, and crawl off the field.

The real joy of combat is pride, Pride in your armor, pride in your weapons, pride in yourself, and most importantly, pride in your opponent, The pleasure that comes from the shine of your armor and weapons gives you pride. The smile on the lips of your lady gives you pride. And the bruises on your arms and your hips give you pride, not because someone gave you those bruises, but because someone had to earn those bruises from you.

"Oh you Gods I Give, us an enemy we are proud to fight:■

BARONIAL OFFICERS

Seneschale

Ruth Masters (Gisela die Gelind) 654-91 59

Baron/ Chronicler/Asst. Knight Marshall
 John F. Reynolds (Alric Bowbreaker) 271 -71 '73
 Pursuivant
 Elsa Welch (Annelise Dagfinsdottir) 442-1 128
 Mistress of Arts
 Elizabeth McMillan (Daedra McBeth a Gryphon) 872-4867
 Master of Science
 Robert Graff (KirkRobyn of Forest Webb) 872-3773
 Knight Marshall
 Keith Chadwick (Austin Chadyoyck) 334-2950
 Clerk of the Exchequer
 Wm. R. Hear ter (Bohemund Greifshafen) 271 -71 73
 Mistress of the Lists
 Sylvia Hanson (Sylvana Dagfinsdottir) 271 -4289

TALES FROM DECÆERON

In the last half of the Thirteenth Century, new literature grew in Italy. Prior to this, most Italian writers copied romantic and religious legends from other countries as "factual" historical chronicles. The theme of romance and religion carried into this new literature is shown by the religious poetry of northern Italy and the romantic poetry of southern Italy.

Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375), born to a wealthy Italian businessman, reflected the new literary tradition in his early love poems which dealt with feelings, ideals and sentiments, and in the Latin chronicles he wrote later in his life--De claris mulieribus (Famous women), De casibus virorum illustrium (The fall of great Deorum ran encyclopedia of Pagan deities) . The Decameron (The Ten in 1353, departs from the classic form and has become his most remembered work because it set a new style in literature. In this work he used a rude form of fable-writing which became the model for other writers such as Geoffrey Chaucer; however, at the time the Decameron was published, it was popular with the public, but shunned by the literary circles and friends of Boccaccio. Petrarch, his best friend, refused to even read it.

Boccaccio wrote the Decameron during the Black Death of Italy (the bubonic plague of 1348 when three fifths of Florence's population perished) when most of Europe thought the world was coming to an end. The horror of the plague had its effects on all who lived in that time, and piety or pleasure became the rule. Boccaccio, who had traveled widely among the trading republics of Italy as a youth and was a classical scholar, apparently used his experience to set the tales of the Decameron, which are irreverent toward the Church and the ruling classes of Italy. His stories of love (mostly profane) shocked many readers and the book was copied and passed from hand to hand (or the table) .

The Decameron covers ten days and ten nights in the lives of ten people (seven women and three men) who escaped from the plague by retiring to a country villa. To entertain themselves, they elected a king or queen for each day to order the activities of the day which included dancing, playing games, and telling stories. For every day of their retreat, each person had to tell one story, thus the basic text of the Decameron comprises 100 tales .

The following stories are not to be taken as correct translations of the Italian originals, but only as approximations. The stories of the first day had no theme . I have chosen two to tell which relate to the Follies of Love

Michaele del Vaga

I - 10 Pampinea ("She who is energetic")

The famous doctor, Master Albert of Bologna, who was getting on for sixty, fell deeply in love with a beautiful widow, called Malgherida de Ghisolini. He could not refrain from passing under her window on foot or on horseback. Malgherida and her friends joked about it. Finally , one day, they invited him in by offering him sweets and asking him how he could love a woman whom he knew to be loved by a young and handsome gentleman. Without blushing, Master Albert explained that he believed he could remain hopeful when he saw that the women, when they ate leeks , ate the leaves that were worth nothing and left the head which is good. WYV should not the one whom he loved make such an odd choice in love as well? It was left to the young ladies to excuse themselves for their lack of delicacy .

I - 5 Fiammetta ("Little Flame 't)

One-eyed Philip, king o? France, on leaving for a Crusade kept hearing so much about the beauty and virtues of the Marchioness of Montferrat that he fell in love with her and made a detour via her castle encouraged by the fact that he knew the Marquis was already in the Holy Land. The Marchioness, to whom he had himself announced, was on her guard. For dinner, she ordered that only fowl be served to the king-but that the fowl must be prepared in different ways. When the king showed his surprise, she quietly reminded him that "women, although they differ between themselves in their clothes and their ways, are all basically made the same This was a deft way of saying to him that 'f it would be wiser for his honour to put out the flame that had been so awkwardly lit" . There was nothing left for the king except to continue his journey .



BOCCACCIO
BETTER HEARTHS AND CAULDRONS

Although game is a rare item on the modern menu, i t was very common in the good old days.Hare was often served in a variety of ways. The recipe in this montHs column calls for ale as the cooking l iquid. Ale is a fine tenderizer and also is an excellent medium for

reducing the gamy flavor of any type of meat. The rabbits available to modern cooks are generally the Pel-Freez brand that can be found in the frozen food section of some supermarkets. These critters do not have the same gaminess that their wild cousins display, but even so are delicious when gently simmered in ale. If you don't believe me, just ask the folk who partook of the feast at the Barbarian Invitational Tournament this past week.

Hare in Ale with Saffron

4-5 lbs hare or rabbit
1/4 cup flour
4 tbsp oil
3 cups ale
1 tsp salt
1/4 tsp pepper
1 medium onion, sliced
2 tbsp butter
1/4 cup breadcrumbs
1/8 tsp saffron

C Cut the hare into joints and toss them in the flour.

Brown them in the oil in a saucepan.

Cover with the ale, season with salt and pepper, and simmer gently for three hours. (Check often during the last hour so they don't get overdone.) Brown the onions in the butter in a fryingpan.

Add the breadcrumbs and saffron and season with salt and pepper.

Toss the crumbs and onion til well mixed.

Arrange on a plate and put the pieces of meat in the center.

Ladle some of the cooking broth over the hare and serve. The broth can be cooked down until it gets thick or else it can be thickened by the judicious addition of a small amount of breadcrumbs.

Thescorre¹'s version of Honeybutter (this month¹'s bonus recipe)

1 lb
butter 1
1b honey
ci nnamon

Pour the honey into a mixing bowl . Gently melt the butter in a saucepan on direct low heat. If that makes you nervous, try standing the pan with the

butter in another pan full of hot water. The Do int is not to burn the butter. Set the mixer on slow to medium and add the melted butter to the honey in a slow steady stream. When it is mixed together, add about 1 tsp of cinnamon and taste. Adjust the amount of cinnamon as desired. Note; the cinnamon flavor will intensify on standing, so add slightly less than you think you want. The mixture will be soupy at this point. Pour into your favorite container and refrigerate overnight. Thicker or thinner consistency can be obtained by adding more honey or more butter depending on your wishes. (Butter makes it thicker, honey thins it out)

IN NeLISE

The Blessed Bestiary Physiologus

There having been for some time great problems in getting dragons into the air k first a strike by the feeders, then discovering great cracks in the wing amor), there have been varied disparaging remarks made concerning the low visibility of the great lizards in the Known World e Not being one to follow the crowd, I feel compelled to tell oi the approach of the (I-neon to the westo

As you may recall, the last view of the great thing in this column put it in China. As wings were not yet a working option, our friend has walked, trained, bussed and hitched (tough when you're 40' long and ugly) to the Russian and Scandanavian regionso The thoughts of the Vikings and East Europeans differ to some extent from the Chinese.

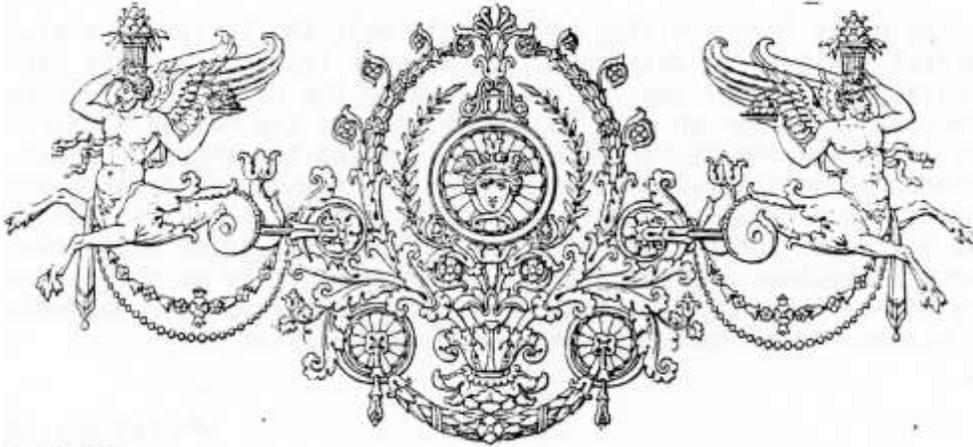
In Europe, the dragon has gained both wings and a bad reutationo As opposed to China and the Far East 9 where the Dragon, as rain-god, WHS both benefactor and detrinemt to the farmers, the beast of Europe is the embodiment of avarice and arsono He is pictured as a manifestation of the devil, and figtxres in the allegory of the day, opposing the tiger, representative of Christ. Since, obviously, one could depend upon the dragon to wreck havoc on church and castle, the folk assayed to drive it away with fires of bones and filth on Midsummer's Eve, when, as is well }mown by the thunder and lightning, dragons mate.

We find, in exploring some rather grimm tales, that the European branch of "he family generaaly lives 90 years ill the ground, 90 in the branches of the lime tree, and yet more in the desert After this, a short stay in the Mid-Realm and retirement in either Atenveldt or Meridies is typical) 0

The dragon, as Imown to Europeans, ig common to the literature of the area, with particularly nasty (and interesting) examples in Tolkien and Lewis. It can fly, talk, burn, attack, hoard, sleep, amd, at least in Pern, communicate telepathically with humans and cthers. They come in a seemingly endless variety of colors, shapes, sizes and dispositionso Certainly, the dragon has come a far way 0



NEXT TIME: For the King, a dragon gules (for the other side, George, etal.



T}ESCORREAN TERPSICHORE!

#20 t The Earl of Salisbury Pavane

The steps to this pavane are more intricate than Belle qui, but the effect is thereby more impressive. The listing I give here is pirated from ACORN of April AS XII; thanks Mandarin. However, it is corrected for the typos in that otherwise worthy j oenale The music we use is from Mistress Alia's dance tape, and Bog only knows whee it came from.

The pavane steps, for the short of memory, are forward and back as a general rule, The single is one foot forward, other foot together; the double is one forward, forward, one forward, other together. When you bring your feet together, ride on your toes a bit and sink down again. As you step forward, zigzag a little. A 'bransle' step in this context means a step to the side (a normal branle single, in two beats). "Up the hall" means the direction everyone was facing to start off. Men stand to the left of their ladies.

The first sixteen beats or so constitute a reverence. Men bow deeply to their ladies, who curtsy. Take your time. There is a pause before thE stepping begins.

Single left, single right, double left (8 heats) ,
Bransle out (men left, ladies right), bransle in, double right backwards (8 beats).

Single left, single right, double left, turning to face partner and hold hands on last beat. 8 beats.

Bransle up the hall, bransle down, drop hands and double right backwards away from partner (8 beats) .

Single left, single right, double left forward, passing partner left shoulder to left shoulder (8 beats).

Walk a half-circle to the left in four beats; double right backwards (8 beats) .

Single left, single right, double left forward, passing left to left, and turning around on the last beat to hold hands. Notice everyone is back in their original positions, 8 beats,

Bransle up, bransle down, drop hands to face up, double right bac kwards. 8 beats, and the dance is complete,

Classy pavaners reverence at the end too, because after all you are honored by your partner's cmmpany. One asked, the other accepted, both are honDred.

I don't know why I'm putting an introduction on the last page of the newsletter, but anyway this is (or was) FEWER, the Barony of Thescore information organ (as opposed to the herald's lungs) Purchased at the amazingly, reasonable price of per year (firewood costs \$35 a cord), FEWER and the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc., pointedly ignore each other, probab- Iy with good reason. Talk to the bloke at the return address for more poop.



A CEMETERY.

"Va, va, va habihabitantibgs i"terra."—A

C'mon, boys, We've'Of b make
 r 00" Q log Lore (en's wonder
 boys :

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