

 **The
Aardvarkian**



ISSUE I

A.S. XXXIi

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SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

SEONA DUNLIATH ni SHEACHNUSAIGH
DAFYDD OF THE GLENS
SUI
LADY ANTONIA da RUCCELLAI

BEHIND THE SCENES

There are a number of people I would love to thank for all their help constructing this monstrosity.

E.R. THOMSON
B. FARROW
M. HENLEY (WE LOVE YOU MUM AND TAKE CARE)

DISCLAIMER

This is The Aardvarkian! The monthly publication for the Canton of Arrowsreach. Subscribing information is on Page 9. It is not a corporate publication and does not delineate S.C.A policy.

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COVER: **Illustrated by Helga 1998.**

ORANGE ORACLE

Greetings illustrious Canton members and other enlightened readership who cheerfully subscribed to this burgeoning literary spectacular. Important points:

All articles, artwork and news items are greatly appreciated (non members too) but please be succinct

A small fee does apply to those wishing to subscribe via to this epitomy of literature

We're on-line and copies can be downloaded

Spelling will be checked but not necessarily grammar or punctuation (*I have a life too!*)

Suggestions are welcome but not necessarily implemented

So to you all I bid good reading and *fun, fun, fun* is the motto when playing in the S.C.A.

LADY DRUID ORANGE GIRLIE.



SENESCHAL'S BIT

Greetings and salutations,

Last month, an Officers meeting was held. During the meeting we discussed Officers positions yet to be filled, the proposed area for the new group as well as a name and device. So far we've officers for all the positions listed in the Arrowsreach Regnum on **Page 10**.

We're looking for a Captain of Archers, Chirurgeon and Lists officer. If there are people who'd like these glamorous and fun positions, please contact me. The area for the new group is hopefully going to follow Burwood Hwy to Burke Rd and as far out as possible. I know lots of people have their own ideas on this, so please let me know your thoughts. We've also sent off the device and name registration. The name we're attempting to register is 'Arrowsreach' and the device is, well its got this V shaped line thingy and a laurel on it. It's black and white, while the laurel thingy is green. I'm quite sure that Stuart can give you a better description and would love the chance to practice his heraldic descriptions.

ATAR OF SARUM

PEOPLE PROFILE

MARSHAL PRIVY-DIGGER (REEVE)

A quiet and thoughtful young man with the unfortunate affliction of being unable to say "No". With this in mind, his name immediately sprung to our lips when looking for a doxie to take on the tedious role of making money. Michael as he is affectionately 'not' referred too, is always there with a smile and a lighter to deal with any tobacco emergency.

Great at constructing missiles, lugging around chairs, taking on shopping expeditions, livening up a Wonthaggi dance floor and general campsite conversation; Michael is a must for any new Canton. So with any monetary queries please don't hesitate to call our resident single heterosexual Reeve with a penchant for girls who know him! (and Sex and Zen!!)

CYBER COFFEE WITH KURGAN

A legendary figure in fighting lore, Sir Vladimir Ivanovich Kurgan is a consummate professional who believes in bringing out the best in an individual. A firm advocate of chivalry and its role in S.C.A life, Sir Vladimir epitomises gallantry at its finest. Recently, Sir Vladimir visited our glorious shores and imparted his wisdom on an eager and desperate bunch of Stormholdiens. Enlightened and forever changed those same eager and willing pupils were unable to explain to this gorgeous, yet uninformed reporter on the goings on of that warm Saturday morn. (*That's jocks for you! -Chron.*)

So this intrepid reporter decided to use the technological extravaganza before her and contact Sir Vladimir via e-mail to discover his philosophies, S.C.A ethics and his interpretation of standard S.C.A lore. What she uncovered is a demon worshipping, goat licking, toe sucking infidel who delights in torturing innocent girls with his sordid tales of mischievous wood goblins nibbling on delectable male bits whilst yodeling off key Boney M classics! The shame, the horror! I am forever changed and scarred for life! So

enjoy this article on a Buckaroo Banzai quoting, loquacious yet modest Knight who still manages to keep his trim, taut and terrific figure (so Atar girlishly informs me!!)

YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

Explain your concept of 'Chivalry' to me?

To me, chivalry is the expression and application of integrity. It encompasses many things; honour, courtesy, honesty, generosity, humility and respect being some of them. I am firmly in the camp of "honesty is the best policy" and think that this particular virtue should be given the greatest amount of credence. Within the context of the Society, chivalry can be utilised in a very situational way which often leads to a disparity of opinions about it. For instance, when I am fighting someone and I take their legs, I have two options open to me -I can stay up while they kneel or I can go down with them. I am being chivalric by standing, as I am according the utmost respect to my opponent by telling him that he is still dangerous despite being disadvantaged. I am also being chivalric if I choose to kneel, as I am awarding him a point of honour and I am according him the highest respect by not pressing the advantage. Which is more chivalric? You will find people who will argue either way so to say that there is one description of chivalry that is more appropriate than most is almost impossible as everyone is different. Personally, I think that if you are honest to yourself, to your opponents on the field and to all people off the field, you can't go too far wrong.

How do you apply this to your fighting?

Through self-assessment, continuous re-examination of current values and listening to healthy doses of external criticism. I believe that if you are being honest with yourself then nobody else has a leg to stand on if they are accusing you of dishonesty. (Note: that my favourite expression comes into play here "there is an exception to every rule" as every persons perception of reality and truth is different...)

Why did you take up heavy fighting?

Hmmm, you just had to ask a sticky one, didn't you? I had heard some of this S.C.A thing but had not given it any credence. One day, I get home from work to find that my then girlfriend's dog has died quite messily all over the laundry and she has freaked out and run off. I was not happy about this and decided to check out all of the haunts that she would go to if upset, but to no avail. As a last resort, I checked out this 'fighter training' thing at Melbourne University basketball court as she had mentioned it. I asked the people there, watched a bit, then they dressed me in armour and I got to hit people. The fun aspect took over. I got authorised two weeks later then I went to Festival '87, 4 weeks after that.

What does being a Knight mean to you?

Well, according to other members of the populace, it means giving up fighting, working on my beer gut and pointing to the pointing to the white belt a lot (hahaha). What it means to me is showing people how hard I can hit them when they say that I don't fight, have a beer gut and am pretentious about being a member of a peerage order (louder HAHAHA Sorry, serious stuff. I felt that the Society put a great deal into me. Part of what being a knight is about is putting all of that back and then some -I have experience and knowledge and skill that I have managed to get from bucketloads of different people over the years and I think that others would benefit from dissemination of that. Automatically receiving respect from people when you walk onto a tourney or war field is what being a knight IS, but to continually strive to deserve that respect and be worthy of it is what a knight DOES.

What are your feelings on Archers?

Scum sucking lights??? (Does that answer your question???) *I hate having to spend 30 mins getting dressed, 60-90 mins in preparation (speeches, invocation, rules, scenarios, tactical discussions etc). Then walk 10 metres after "LAY ON" is called, and without having thrown a single blow or bellowed a single word of command, being shot in the face/box/handy target area of choice. Despite that, I feel that archers are just as important to war scenarios as heavies are and I will use them to gain as many advantages on the battlefield that I can (just ask Weeb...). I appreciate their speed, and the fact that they can turn the tide of a battle without much effort. I like archers, but as long as the good ones are on my side... ;^)*

What is your opinion on the re-introduction of the 5 yard rule?

Good and bad. Good in that the level of injury will be lessened greatly, heavies will start to learn distance recognition as part of their authorisation. It will promote an awareness of self-preservation on both sides of the fence (heavies vs lights over distance).Bad in that there will be disputes over who killed who at what distance ("I was within 5 yards!" "No you weren't!" type arguments). It will require archers to have an increased knowledge of close distance and when and when not to flee an engagement, and opens up abuse from heavies with pole weapons.

ODE TO A GALLANT WARRIOR

Oh be still my beating heart
As he ascended the block
It raced as the bidding start
I screamed "20 Gold the lot!"

As fever passed and I awoke
A blush I did feel
He smiled rather blankly
Amused by my zeal.

Trembling hands and heaving breasts
To his side I hastened thus.
Blushing profusely from raucous jests
My bidding had created a fuss.

With generous spirit and pure delight
He congratulated my good luck
His small talk was exceeding polite
I gave the List Ladies their bucks.

With amusement and some chagrin
I bid him a fond goodnight
Little did I realise the fun to begin
My household mocked my plight.

As contestants completed their fights
A resounding cheer did sound
For the battle made a glorious sight
Soon a champion would be crowned.

My purchased fighter did win his way
Through most deciding bouts
Before each match he was heard to say
"For House Saarlands!" did he shout.

With chivalry, respect and finesse
He greeted his opponents well
With great skill and honed prowess
We were captivated by his spell.

The tourney day began so bright
Our spirits soaring high
We fixed water and orange delights
Bawdy remarks my friends implied

With trepidation dogging my heels
I headed for a shaded spot.
A clear view of the second list field
The day promised to be hot.

In black and red with stars of gold
Was my gallant fighter dressed
In the regalia of a knight of old
I was suitably impressed.

With gentle grace and simple joy
He bid me a warm salutation
I devised a most cunning ploy
He fought for Saarlands nation.

Harkening to the Heralds announcements
We settled to a long, interesting day.
Forays of strong, brave combatants
Fighting for honour and glory.

Fighting Florentine was he
A deadly foe to behold
As he competed magnificently
He was worth more than 20 gold!

Our gallant hero succumbed eventually
Though he fought so good and true.
Although he apologised emphatically
We do not doubt his virtue.

For he has been our ideal warrior
What chivalry should be
We are definitely no sorrier
That he did not claim victory.

ANON (hee hee hee)

HERALDRY STUFF

Greetings everyone,
This is just my little bit to say hello as your Herald. Those of you who don't know me, I go by the name of Fergus an Feumail. More likely I'll be introduced to you as Pumpkin(don't ask!)
(I prefer to call you Fungus myself -Chron). I am responsible for all the Heraldry stuff in the group. So feel free to see me anytime! I'll either help you or refer you to someone who can.
I can't think of anything else except, 'think' pageantry people! We'll be hosting many feasts and the halls will look prettier with banners and stuff and you'll get to use them again and again!
See ya round,

FERGUS an FEUMAIL (alias PUMPKIN or FUNGUS!)

ENTERTAINING THE POPULACE AT FEASTS (PART 1)

Ok, we've all seen them. Most of us have done it at some stage. What should we aim for? What do people like? Is the 'Jumping Jews of Jerusalem' entertainment? Should we sing our favourite song? And why won't people shut up when performer's perform? And so on.

Ok here are some suggestions I would make:

1. PICK YOUR AUDIENCE

Unless you're surrounded by people who feel like you about entertaining (and how likely is this?), make some sort of executive decision early on about who is the target audience here. I made something of a hit with the visiting royalty once, by arranging an old Irish song about 'Grainne ni Mhaille' the pirate queen. Turned out that this lady was the Queen's fave all-time historical pinup hero. I didn't know this, but it was a reasonable guess. Obviously visiting royalty gets precedence over everyone else. The rest of the populace seemed to like it too, but this was something of a bonus. Pick something that you feel a) the audience will like b) you will like performing c) you are able to perform and d) isn't too long. Remember this is the T.V generation and their attention span is about 8 minutes!

2. WHAT SKILLS DO I BRING TO THIS PERFORMANCE? (and which ones will be useful?)

Well, in my own case, I'm a mundanely published poet, a commissioned composer as well as a singer and conductor. So if there are part-songs to perform this is a good call. Would I inflict serious mundane-style poetry on an audience? No way! Ditto for serious mundane-style music. It isn't appropriate and we shouldn't do this even if we're good at it. Having developed some sort of skill in devising silly poetry I can do this. I'll also inflict serious period poetry on an audience if requested by Royalty or an autocrat. Otherwise let's just keep it light shall we? However, if your talents lie in the field of serious period verse or singing, by all means consider it. Bear in mind, that if you can do any comedy, please do it. The audience will thank you.

3. CAN I DO SOMETHING EPIC?

In other words, I've had this great idea of reciting the 'Song of Roland' and wouldn't that be way cool! Well, you will certainly test people's courtesy, possibly to the point of getting bread thrown at you, but please don't. Keep it short, wherever possible. There are exceptions, naturally. Last Stormhold Coronet a drama troupe did 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight' (edited highlights) and did it exceptionally well too. The advantage here was that, being a play, lots of people were talking and interacting with each other.

You can do more. I am supposed to be doing something epic fairly soon with St. Hildegard of Bingen in honour of her 900th anniversary. The safety nets will be a) music (helps keep your audience interested) b) different people speaking and c) the audience will be forewarned, so anybody who won't enjoy it won't be coming in the first place. Generally however, be careful. I still break out into hives thinking about the Opera I once inflicted on the populace.

(PART 2 NEXT ISSUE)

DAFYDD OF THE GLENS

SHORT FICTION

MASTER ARMOURER THORRGILL

Master Armourer Thorrgill stood gazing around the room. He was a big man, strong and solid, powerful. His pupils gathered in groups around the work tables before him, eager to fashion pieces of armour. A half gauntlet, a gorget, even daringly legs, from the scorned material of leather.

Many of the pupils had traveled far to reach him, and listened attentively to his instructions on cutting and shaping the leather. All watched fascinated, as the leather in his strong hands flexed and took form in a bewilderingly easy manner.

Proudly he showed them subtle techniques in, filling the edges and often a pupil would look up to find His gaze holding theirs. The pupil, quick to look away from that stern glare. Younger students were treated fairly and guided in a controlled manner. Older ones told gruffly where they were going wrong. But none complained as they had come to Him to learn and appreciated His attention.

When the secret hardening process began, there was a hush. As the Master Armourer carefully and sacredly did things with beeswax to the leather that others had only whispered about, in dark corner. Amazed at His cunning and skill.

It was a fun time, and many of the students would look back upon that moment as one of the freest and happiest times of their lives, before the Darkness came. They would always have the picture of Master

Firstly you need something to carry everything in. The most common item used over the length and breadth of the S.C.A is of course the humble basket. Usually made of cane. Of varying shapes and sizes, as suited to the individual taste of the owner. They can usually be obtained from such places as Target, Kmart, Myer, House, Home, Op Shops, Community Aid Abroad or markets. This is not an exhaustive list by any means., look around you.

I have had several baskets over the years, and also taken note of those that my friends have acquired. One thing I would recommend, is to try to get one with a lid. Preferably one that can be fastened shut, and not simply closed. There is nothing worse than having your basket tip over, and having everything fall out (especially if the contents are breakable). Other Gentles have used their wood working skills to great effect and practical use and have made their own feasting box. However, unless you can make your own, or you can find someone willing to make you one for a price, I suggest you start with a cane basket.

A fully-stocked feasting basket for one person will include such things as: a) a minimum of two plates and two bowls. One of the bowls, usually the larger of them will act as your scrap bowl. b) One or two goblets c) an eating knife d) at least one spoon or if you prefer e) a fork or two and f) a small container for your salt is also nice.

(PART 2 NEXT ISSUE)

LADYANTONIA da RUCCELLAI

RECIPE CORNER

BASIC PICKLED ONIONS

1 1/2 kg pickling onions
75g salt

1 litre of malt vinegar
25g mixed whole pickling spice

Peel onions, place in a bowl and sprinkle with salt. Cover with tea towel and leave overnight. Meanwhile, put vinegar and pickling spice in a pan and slowly boil. Remove from heat and pour into basin. Leave overnight. Next day, strain the vinegar. Drain onions and rinse to remove excess salt. Pack onions into jars and pour strained vinegar on until you cover the onions. Fashion airtight lids, from either material or metals (your choice) and decorate according to taste.

STORAGE: Jars should be stored in a cool, dark place for 2-3 mths before they're opened.

MY TRIP TO ROWANY

(PART 1)

"Where is she?" I panicked as 2:15p.m. came and went. I was packed and ready for the ordeal ahead. Ten hours of driving hell to Silverdale in N.S.W. Blasted landscapes and monotonous sheep were all I had to look forward too. The day was half gone and we weren't even out of Melbourne yet. I tapped my fingers and went to the toilet for the umpteenth time (you can never be too careful!) I revised my luggage, wondering what I had left out or didn't need. The clock registered 2:32p.m. and my panic grew. This was my first attempt at driving for any length of time. Where WAS she? Finally I spotted the dirty red van pulling in our driveway. I was momentarily overwhelmed by feelings of distress and homesickness. Did I *really* want to go? I mustered my fleeing courage and went to the toilet again. As I said, you can never be too careful.

Slowly Evan and I started lugging out the necessities I needed for the trip. Marg's face registered panic as she gestured to the car, and to our horror, there was no room! She was packed tight and I had a mountain of luggage to fit. Also coming, was our Household's food for the duration of the event. Where would it all fit? "Let's just bring everything outside and go from there," Marg advised. Hell had just begun.

With much tugging and pulling, swearing and re-arranging we re-packed the van. I bid fond tearful farewells to my adoring, little family (artistic license at work here!) and then Marg and I were off. Cigarettes dangling and music blaring we headed for the open road. "We still have to pick up Maidlin and Ry from school," she informed me. My hopes for freedom were cruelly dashed and I grudgingly acquiesced. I glanced at the time and sighed, 4:00p.m and we were *still* in Mooroolbark. We had ambitiously planned to be on our way by 3:00p.m.

We picked up each child and were greeted with whining choruses of, "Where were you?" Marg, believing that children should be treated as adults, preceded to rehash the painfully, pedantic tale from yo to woe. (Children are like dogs: groom them, feed them and discipline them often! Let them **know** who's Mistress! That's my philosophy) We hit Lilydale (a good suburb away from Mooroolbark!) when Marg yet again informed me we had to stop. We needed petrol. "I guess that's important," I conceded.

Well sniffing fumes is my favourite pastime and I preceded to get high as Marg filled the Bloodclot.

THE HOUSE OF THE ATTRACTIVE DRUIDS

Here's a story, of a guy named Robin,
Who wanted a Household of his own.
He named them Saarlands
And some are Druids
But they were all alone.

The Household has a squire called Atar,
Then there's William and Lord Brian.
There's also Wolfram
And an associate called Dafydd.
And a phallic symbol named Duncan.

Then the one day when the boys met a girlie
And Brian wanted an apprentice of his own.
He got Margie, then she got Brett.
His jeep and mobile phone!

Now Margie has some rugrats of her own
And two became Saarlanders too.
There's Ryan and he's their Banner bearer
And Maidlin is their Druid Princess.

Now the boys needed mommies to care for them,
As they don't have moist, pink bits of their own.
They recruited Magda, Shona, Yvon and Ness.
Who all became known as House Saarlands!

(PART 2 NEXT ISSUE)

LADY DRUID ORANGE GIRLIE

SUBSCRIBING AND SUBMITTING

The Aardvarkian is now available online for download at <http://home.mira.net/~evanessa>

My plans for the Aardvarkian is to make it as interesting and cheap as possible. So far I have set the cost at **\$8.00** for 12 issues. If you are online it will cost you **nothing**, as there are no printing or postage costs. Those who want it mailed pay for printing and postage. What I need for postage is:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

MEMBERSHIP NUMBER (IF APPLICABLE) :

Please advise me on any address changes.

Send information and any articles to The Chronicler to the addresses below.

ARROWSREACH REGNUM

SENECHAL:

Atar of Sarum (Simon Tambourine) -9500 0013 or tambourn@NOA.NINTENDO.com

HERALD:

Fergus an Feumail (Stuart Kirkham) -9728 5072 or kirkham4@bigpond.com

MARSHAL:

Margie of Glen More (Marg Henley) -9736 1063 or margie@croydonsc.vic.edu.au

HOSPITALLER:

Seona Dunliath ni Sheachnasaigh (Shona Boulton) -9723 7165 or 4/6 Emma Rd Croydon 3136

REEVE:

Marshall Privy-Digger (Michael Mazzei) -10 Napoleon Rd Ferntree Gully 3156 maxei@netlink.com.au

CONSTABLE:

William Cumyn (Bill Farrow) -9819 3714 or bfarrow@swin.edu.au

ARTS AND SCIENCES OFFICER:

Helga (Yvonne Van Vliet) -9546 8302 or 1 Walsh Street Noble Park 3174

CHRONICLER AND PUBLICITY OFFICER:

Lady Druid Orange Girlie (Mrs. Thomson) 1/7 Wordsworth St. Mooroolbark 3138 or e-mail me at:
evanessa@mira.net

DOING STUFF

Saturday July 11th (3:00p.m-5:00p.m)

Arts & Sciences Meeting and Book Swap.

1/7 Wordsworth Street, Mooroolbark

* Please bring any source books to swap with others. Also any projects you're currently working on.

Thursday July 16th (8:00p.m-10:00p.m)

Arrowsreach Planning Meeting

To Be Announced

* Anybody with ideas and questions are welcome. Especially newcomers.

Saturday July 25th (1:00-4:00p.m)

Candle-making Workshop

1 Walsh Street, Noble Park

* Please supply own pots. Only bring old pots as they are unusable afterwards.

Anybody interested in hosting an event or has an idea for a workshop can contact the A&S Officer, the Seneschal or The Chronicler for more information.

Thank you everybody.