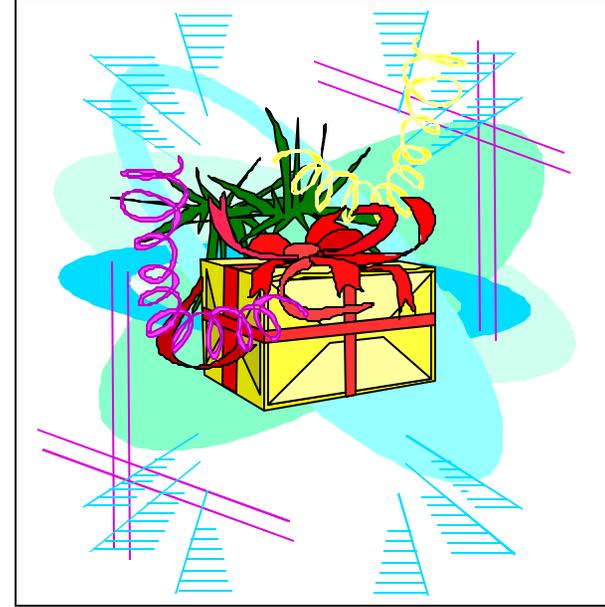


Aire Currents

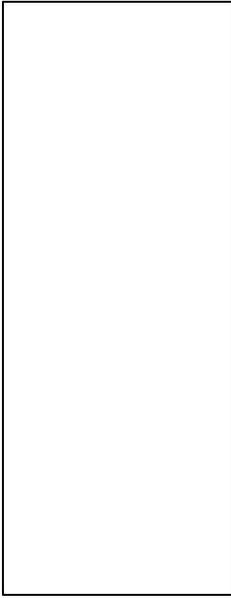
Newsletter for the
Canton of Aire Faucon



Volume VII, Issue XI
November A.S. XXXVII
being 2003 Gregorian



Janet Thompson
515 E. Ohio Avenue
Bessemer City, NC 28016



Come visit us on the web ...

<http://aire.atlantia.sca.org/airenoframe.htm>



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Deputy Seneschale:

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Kingdom Calendar

January 2004

3	Winter Revel	Portsmouth, VA
10	Kingdom Twelfth Night (R)	Sanford, NC
17	Interbaronial 12 th Night	Newport News, VA
24	Stierbach Baronial Investiture	Manassas, VA
31	Ice Castle and Investiture	Blacksburg, VA

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:

Brynna December 30
Nicole December 31



MEETING MINUTES

November 18, 2003

New Business: Maeve would like the current canton event signs to be revamped. She would like to see them cut into shield shapes and repainted with the canton's new heraldry, once it gets passed. Fiona has completed her MIT training and is now waiting on the Earl Marshal to issue her warrant, and then we will have a new Knight's Marshal for the canton. There was a suggestion made on the Baronial egroup to make a wooden and rope list field for the baronial events; Susanna volunteered Jonathan to make it. It will probably be funded by the barony. Where would it be stored once made? Our Webminister is MIA, need to get someone who can take the position and make needed updates.

Old Business: Inn on the Road was discussed and most of the staff positions were filled. Ideas were put forth for games and A&S competitions.

Seneschal/Chronicler: Still looking for a new deputy seneschal. We also need a Herald for the group. The third quarter report has been sent in. Newsletters are done and being mailed out. There's an article on retaining that everyone should read, including the people being retained for!

Exchequer: Not present.

Marshal: Reminder, as of December 1st, there are to be no exposed logos and no exposed nylon or other artificial fabrics.

MoAS: Seraphina is stepping down and Katerina is stepping up. Bera entered Atlantia Tempore at Crown, and Katerina entered the skein competition. There will be A&S classes for the canton on the 2nd Wednesday of every month, the 3rd Tuesday will be the spinning guild meetings and the 3rd Wednesday will be for weaving studies. Maeve will set up reminders on the egroups for the canton and barony. There will be garb/A&S meetings at Mistress Jessamyn's on Wednesdays. Bring your questions, problems or just your projects.

Chatelaine: There were two newcomers at the meeting. Introductions were made. The Holy Cross demo in Greenville was terrific.



THE SENESCHALE'S SENDING

Greetings of the season to you all! I wish you a happy, healthy, fun filled holiday!

That said, isn't there someone out there who would be interested in becoming my deputy? ☺ All you have to do is run the meetings (okay so who said herding cats was difficult), a little bit of paperwork, and come up with ideas that our truly talented canton can turn into reality! Forget Uncle Sam, Aunt Maeve wants YOU!

In service,
LADY MAEVE



A&S' LIGHT

A&S has been slow recently as the holiday season goes into full swing, but there have been a few competitions. At Crown Tourney Countess Bera entered some of her beautiful card weaving and I, Lady Katerina, entered the Skein Competition that was sponsored by Lady Aelfwyn and won first place.



A&S Nights - I'm happy to say that we have three different nights of A&S classes in the canton, all hosted at the Evans home in Iron Station. The 2nd Wednesday is the Canton A&S night, where I invite everyone to bring any projects they are working on or maybe need some help with, or if you would like to learn something new bring your questions and ideas and I'm sure we can find something for you. The 3rd Tuesday is the Aire Faucon chapter of the Companions of the Silver Spindle, so come and bring your drop spindle or, if you like, come and borrow one of ours and enjoy a nice evening of spinning. The 3rd Wednesday Baroness Susanna is hosting a weaving study group, so if anyone is interested in any form of weaving I highly encourage you to come out. All three nights are from 7:00pm to 9:00pm, and if you have any questions or need directions please feel free to contact me at Cheshirekat@Charter.net.

Upcoming Competitions - Here is a list of some of the competitions coming up. Winter Revel, January 3rd, Barony of Marinus; Subtleties competition and display of items seen or used in the 16th century in Venice. Kingdom Twelfth Night, January 10th, Barony of Windmasters Hill; A variety of A&S competitions and displays, including Tempore Atlantia and a Salt Cellar competition will be held. Please see the official web site or contact Mistress Clair Hele 919-384-0423 panekj@hotmail.com. So far these are the only competitions posted on the kingdom website, but I will try to let everyone know as I learn of more competitions. Also coming up is Runestone Collegium up in Hawkwood, where I hope we will have plenty of our talented artisans both teaching and filling their heads with knowledge. University will be February 7th up in Courtland, VA, and I encourage everyone who is interested to offer to teach a class or two, or simply attend and take lots of neat classes so that you can come back and share everything you learn.

This concludes my report as MoAS of the Canton of Aire Faucon.

Sincerely,
LADY KATERINA



THE CHRONICLER'S MUSINGS

Enjoy the continuation of The Dialogue of Chivalry and remember to continue sending me your ideas, stories, persona info, recipes, artwork!

Always in Service,
LADY MAEVE

THE DIALOGUE OF CHIVALRY OF DUKE FINNVARR DE TAAHE

Praefatio Part III

Lord Padraig O'Conchobhair then spoke for the first time. "I have been thinking about your questions, Your Grace, for a long time, because I wanted to present my story properly. It is not about a knight, but about a Laurel who did something quite hurtful to me, though not I think with malicious intent. The lack of malice makes the story more important.

"Although we did not and do not know each other personally, one particular Laurel and I had mutual acquaintances and I had seen her before. Always before, I had thought of her as fun loving and friendly.



"At a certain Crown Tournament, I was sent by my baron to retrieve something from the arts and sciences judging, or perhaps to ask a question of someone who was there. In that room where the judging was taking place, happened to be that Laurel I speak of, who was somehow involved.

"As soon as I stepped in the door, before I had a chance to say more than two words, she told me loudly and in no uncertain terms to get out!

"I was crushed. I would never have expected to be spoken to in such a fashion without provocation by anyone, much less one I knew to be sworn to courtesy--and especially without being allowed to explain my mission there. I felt even then I might be taking the matter too seriously, but her rudeness caught me by surprise, and I took her comments to heart. It is one of the few times I seriously considered quitting our society. The values we hold dear are the reason I got involved. I almost went home from that tournament and didn't go back. Then my practical side kicked in, and I decided I had spent too much learning the art of defense to let her chase me off. " This with a small laugh.

"Looking back, I can try to understand. Was she feeling ill or in pain? Was she doing someone else's work on top of her own? How many other people had interrupted the judging? I don't know the answers to those questions, any of which might explain her outburst. I could see myself under certain circumstances acting the same way, although I would feel terrible about it after.

"On the other hand, what if I had been attending my first tournament, and just wandered into the wrong room at the wrong time? What are the chances I would have ever returned? I would hope to keep this scenario in mind with every dealing I have in our society. It might curb my tongue when tempted to lash out at someone on a bad day."

"Well," said Mistress Alys Katherine, "For a moment during your story I wondered if that was me. Even when I decided it couldn't be, I felt a great deal of sympathy for that Laurel. I find myself wishing I could explain to all of you how terribly restrictive for me the expectations of peers are sometimes. Over the years I have learned to curb my tongue and watch my words. But, every once in a while I become frustrated about not being able to be a regular human any more. Others can yell or curse, in fun or not, but if I do it I feel I am letting the Orders down or that someone will hear me and tell others that Dame Alys just said such and such. It is hard to express an opinion, not because I don't have any but because it has to be couched in a helpful, positive fashion that will not cause the person to be discouraged or quit doing whatever she is doing."

Lady Dorothea de Beckham exclaimed. "And I sympathize with you! Certainly it is unfair to expect perfection from peers. Are all our ideals to be realized only in the peerage? I understand accepting a peerage means taking on greater responsibility. But to have that responsibility be the perfect embodiment of all virtues? Have we forfeited our responsibility for good conduct to a small group and been grievously disappointed that they aren't taking up the slack for all of us?"

"This is a problem we bring upon ourselves by having peers in the first place, or aspiring to that status," said Finnvarr. "Peers can't escape the obligation to put on a courteous face even when they don't feel like it, though it is an obligation that no one can always fulfill. Peers will have bad days and they, and our society at large, will pay the price.

"But it is not possible for peers to be on duty all the time, nor is it reasonable to expect this. I have told new peers on vigil to remember that even though peerage is a serious matter, they are in this society for fun, too. Not only do peers have a right to have fun, at least most of the time, sharing their fun is one of the best ways of doing their duty, one of the best things anyone in this society can do. Our society exists to increase the sum of joy in the world, not to increase the sum of drudgery, or hard feelings, or envy, or inordinate guilt that one does not measure up to impossible goals."

Lady Elspeth nic Cormac of the Barony of South Downs applauded this sentiment, and then said, "I believe that part of the problem is that some folk, not peers, go around trying to convince others that the peers are awesome beings and are to be tiptoed around at all times. I saw evidence of that when I first joined this society many years ago.



"When I was very new to our society, I attended an exhibition of our arts, martial and peaceful. I sat down on a chair that had a big pointy coronet in it. No, don't laugh, I did not sit on the coronet; I put it on my lap because that was the safest place for it. I was tired and I figured that the person wasn't using the chair then and when they returned I would give back the seat. Soon a fighter with a white belt and gold chain came over and started divesting himself of helm and such. I asked him if this was his chair and if he would like it back. He kindly said no, he would never take a chair from a lady and bid me sit back down. We then made small talk for a while. I recall he explained how to tell where the front of the coronet was.

"Then the friend who had brought me came and told me it was time to leave. Once we were out of sight, my friend, who was a squire, exclaimed 'Don't you know who that was? That was Duke Talymar! And you were sitting in His Chair!'

"In my happily oblivious state, I just ignored the squire's overreaction to my pleasant conversation with a kind gentle. I count myself fortunate that I had the good sense to do so. However, others confronted in such a fashion could well think that they had committed some major and heinous transgression and would think three or four times before coming up to another awesome being lest they be blasted again for their presumptuousness.

"I do not know what the peers can do to stop others from scaring people away from them. Perhaps they should simply introduce themselves to newer folk, be as courteous as Talymar was, and generally show them the ropes. If it happens enough times, perhaps people will laugh when they are told that peers are to be feared."

Lord Grimkirk ap Greymoor said, "I've had the unfortunate pleasure of being labeled presumptuous, to put it mildly, simply because I was not in awe of a given peer, and acted as though peers were real people. It seems that it isn't enough that some suffer from peer fear, but that the awe, if that's what it is, that they experience must be shared by all, or they will protect everyone else from your impertinence by impugning your good name."

"Someone once told me," added Morgan Cely Cein, "in a similar situation, that people who act as you described are really jealous, and wonder how you can do what they would like to do."

"I had never intended to spend all of our philosophical hour discussing knights," Duke Finnvarr said. "If we speak of leadership and excellence, if we speak of people who try to embody ideals, we must speak not only of the Order of Chivalry, but of the Order of the Laurel and the Order of the Pelican, too. Long ago we got into territory that all three orders share. But in some ways the orders differ considerably. Indulge me, then, good folk, and let me pose two more questions.

"What is the greatest challenge, specific to the Order, of being a good Laurel?"

"What is the greatest challenge, specific to the Order, of being a good Pelican?"

"I am not a Pelican," said Mistress Nicolaa, who had returned to the circle, "so let me try to answer the first. To me, the challenge of being a Laurel is continuing to advance one's knowledge after one's elevation. I am a fairly new Laurel, and I must now learn how to be a good mentor. At the same time I would also like to broaden my activity in the arts and sciences, but still continue to pursue my original field. A good Laurel must overlook the temptation to be satisfied with oneself upon elevation."

Lord Mikjal Annarbjoern added, "From my observation, some Laurels appear to have trouble resisting the temptation to act like the complete authority on all things related to the arts. I don't think they necessarily do so because of conceit -- a sense of duty could push them in the same direction. But it would be good for them to remember that being a Laurel doesn't mean you can no longer say 'I don't know.'"

Lord Andrew MacBaine then said, "It seems to me that the greatest duty of a Laurel is to encourage the arts and sciences and to teach. The hard part seems to be the teaching part -- how to teach, how not to teach, how to correct, how not to correct. One person may let a Laurel scribble all over her notes and plans, while another may be unwilling to let a Laurel touch pen to paper. Judging how people will react to a Laurel's written criticism must be a difficult thing. I was apprenticed for a while, and I always wanted my Laurel to be more active in criticizing and suggesting changes in my work. But others wanted to be left alone in that regard. Some of these are now Laurels and are reluctant to offer too much advice.



"Laurels can look overly critical without meaning to; they can also look like they are not being helpful enough. A Laurel can only do justice to so many apprentices, but there are always more people who are working on projects. It must be hard to encourage everyone."

"The only story we've had of a Laurel in action wasn't very cheerful," said Mistress Alexis. "Lady Sabina, do you have a tale of an exemplary Laurel to match the story of your parfait knight?"

"Well, since Mistress Alexis requested," Sabina said. "There are, again, many great examples of those who will teach anyone, even if people try to stop them. Mistress Alexis, of course," she continued with a smile, "is among them. The best I've known, however, is a lady of An Tir whom I knew for my first six magical months in our society, more than seven years ago. Unfortunately, her name escapes me but I know that she was a former queen and came from the Barony of Three Mountains. I came to my first feast wearing the worst dress I have ever worn. I think I have since burned it. I was changing in the garderobe when I met this short, older woman who carried herself with great dignity.

"She looked at me and said, 'What lovely material.' This was the only thing reasonable about the dress. 'It's in the later Italian style, yes?' In fact, it was nothing recognizable. I replied, 'Actually I was trying to make it in the English style.'" She then showed me a proper lacing for my era, and as she was lacing me up began discussing what resources she had in her library, whom she needed to introduce me to and how I could do my hair so that it improve my appearance on that day. She then started to get into her own court clothes, the most stunning Norse dress I have ever seen. As she was dressing, she kept talking to me. She gave me her address so that I could come look at her library to make sure that I had the information I needed to decide what era and country my next dress would come from.

"Finally, someone opened the door and said to her that the Laurel meeting was already started. 'It's time to get to work,' he said. She smiled very sweetly at him and said 'But, my lord, I am already doing the most important work I can be doing.' Before she left she arranged a time to meet with me after her Laurel meeting. In fact she left the meeting early so she could make her date with me, and introduced me to all the right people to help me develop dress and accouterments that met my desires.

Thus ends Part III of The Dialogue of Chivalry

Love is Blind

By Jonathan Blackbow

His only true love was a sailing ship
And he never had time for her
But she had to admit he was quick on his feet
To and fro, here and there, just a blur.

He shipped with his captain, a one eyed old man
Who it seemed was quite fond of the rum
And he turned that eye blind to Tom's to-ing and fro-ing
Although Tom seemed to frequent the slums.

The old man and Tom and their crew came and went
To far shores, sailing o'er the foam
They'd ship in and unload and turn right back 'round
And she sigh'd, and stayed patiently home.

This sailing and shipping went on for some time
And she thought that Tom probably strayed;
"But since he's not mine and will likely ne'er be
I'll just have to survive, I'm afraid."



He was nice enough to her, when he was in port
(for as long as the money held out)
And when every last doubloon of money was spent
He'd sail on, free from worry or doubt.

The years passed this way, and ol' Tom, he slowed down
Though he still could "turn to!" with the best
And she waited and waited as he came and he went
Sailing east, sailing north, sailing west.

Then one day it happened! – and Tom was replaced
By a younger and hardier soul.
By some chance t'was **her** port where he was turned out
But the years, they had taken their toll.

He no longer moved with the panache that she loved
And he sported a scar on his head
But he was still **her Tom!** As he stood at her door.
"Why DID they replace me?" he said.

"It's so good to see you," she purred in his ear
And she offered her comfiest chair.
"So you say they've replaced you?" and he growled back, "Yes!"
And she said, "Well, he won't have your flair."

They sat and they talked of the years they had seen
And conversed about this and of that.
But she finally said as she lapped at her milk
"Tom my boy, you're still quite a good cat."

"I've always loved you," they said to each other
And they said it at quite the same time.
Which was good for Ol' Tom, because, truth be known,
It's good that, for cats, love is blind.

VIVATS

To Lady Katerina who won first place in the skein competition at Crown Tourney.

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