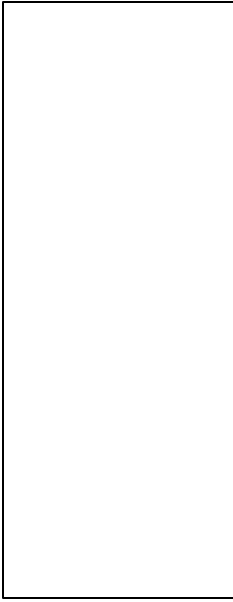



# *Aire Currents*

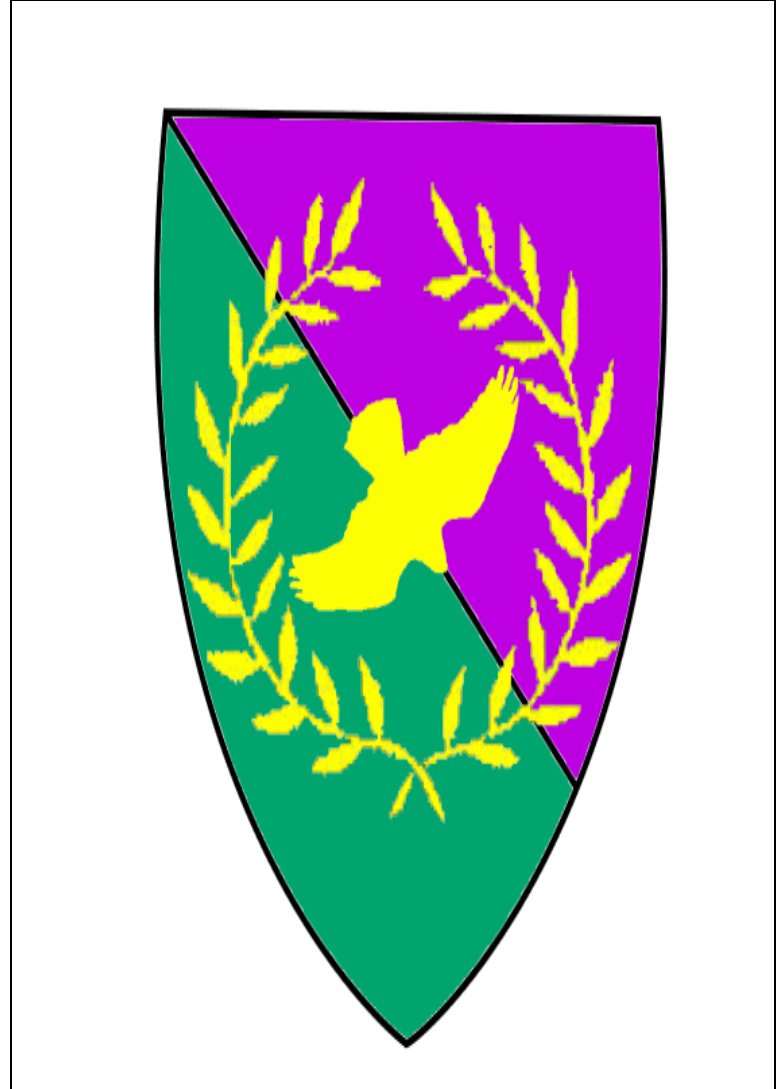
*Newsletter for the  
Canton of Aire Faucon*



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Come visit us on the web ...  
<http://aire.atlantia.sca.org/airenoframe.htm>



*Volume VII, Issue XIX  
December A.S. XXXVII  
being 2003 Gregorian*



## Canton Regnum for Aire Faucon

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**Kingdom Calendar**

**February 2004**

7	University (R)	Courtland, VA
13-15	Ymir (R)	Wake Forest, NC
14	Ice Axe	Powhatan, VA
21	Road to Nottingham	Clemson, SC

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO:**

Jonathan	January 18
Bera	January 30



## MEETING MINUTES

December 9, 2003

**New Business:** The Barony needs staff volunteers for Baronial Birthday as no event bids have been placed. After much discussion, the members present voted on a new newsletter policy. The newsletter will now be available on the website in Adobe .pdf format for anyone to print out as they wish. There will be no subscriptions. Anyone who wished a refund for the remainder of his or her subscriptions should contact Lidiya. The only hard copies will be those complimentary copies that cannot be emailed.

**Old Business:** We need to set a date for Inn n the Road, hopefully one that doesn't conflict with any other local events or a Holiday. (ed. Note - the date is now Saturday, May 8<sup>th</sup>)

**Seneschal/Chronicler:** Need a new Webminister, as the current one has moved. Still looking for 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:** Not present.

**Herald:** Jonathan has agreed to submit our new heraldry at the next Kingdom level event.

**MoAS:** Not present.

**Chatelaine:** Not present. There was a newcomer at the meeting. Introductions were made.

December Baronial Meeting:

**Old Business:** Coronets: Lady Margaret is going to be unable to get these done due to other obligations. Suggestions will be presented at January's Curia. If anyone has any suggestions, please bring them with you to the curia.

Water Bearers Guild: Lady Margaret had offered to head this up, but due to the same obligations will be unable to take it on - it will have to be shelved until someone comes forward and wants to head up a Baronial Waterbearing Guild. We do have all the supplies... just need manpower. Please see Baroness Kisaiya or Asszony Rozsa if you are interested in heading up and putting together the water bearer's guild.

**New Business:** Vote of Confidence: The Vote of Confidence for Baroness Kisaiya was mailed out on December 24, 2003. All responses should be sent directly to Their Majesties, a self-addressed stamped envelope was enclosed.

Baronial Curia: The Curia that was scheduled for December 13<sup>th</sup> was rescheduled for January 18<sup>th</sup> to be held at the Salisbury practice site. This will be held in lieu of the Baronial meeting for January, practice will begin immediately afterwards.

Calendar: Meeting is on January 18<sup>th</sup> at the Baronial Curia, please bring event bids. Currently we still need bids for 'In a Phoenix Eye' and 'Winter Solstice'. We are aware of bids being put together for 'SSBB' and 'Runestone Collegium'; however, nothing has been submitted or accepted formally at this point.

Bids: We are writing out a process to make placing a bid for a baronial event more understandable and forms are now online to be used (see the Baronial website). The process will be easier and similar to the kingdom process.

Constable: shelved till January; Signora Appollonia will have details at the January meeting.



Charter: 1) Change coronet term limits to match kingdom law. 2) Baronial event profit sharing. Two suggestions 50/50 and 75/25. Will vote on this and then run for two years to test. To be discussed and voted on at January curia/meeting. 3) Adding Drachentor as a protectorate.

Triplett Event Site: He has worked out arrangements with Sacred Stone. There are a few items that need to be completed on site - walls inside the house and the castles need to be completed. Approximately three to four days work depending on the number of volunteers. We are going to work out some days to work on the site between now and April and would like as many volunteers as possible. The more people to work on it, the better the site, and the quicker it will be done!

Drachentor: They want to renew treaty. Will do so at Novice. Charter will also have to be updated to reflect this at the curia at Novice Tourney.

Goals: Please come prepared to discuss your goals for the Barony in January.



## THE SENESCHALE'S SENDING

As this year draws to a close and we all plan our resolutions for the New Year, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank you, my canton and friends. This has been a difficult year for me, but your support has been of more help to me than I could possibly express. If all seneschals were gifted with such talented and generous people, everyone's lives would be so much better!

Happy New Year!!

In service,  
LADY MAEVE



## THE CHATELAINE'S CALL

I am in the process of updating the loaner garb box. I have discarded a great deal of unacceptable garb but that does leave our supplies a bit on the bare side. We are in need of everything, dresses, tunics and pants in all sizes, as well as belts, pouches and maybe someday-even cloaks. If you have anything that you would like to donate or if you would like to volunteer to make garb for the loaner box please contact me.

In service,  
LADY MARGARET



## THE CHRONICLER'S MUSINGS

Enjoy the conclusion 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 IV

"The keys to her courtesy were, first, at no time did she say that a single thing I was doing or wearing was bad or out of place. She just gave me the resources and the opportunity to find that out in my own sweet time. Second, she realized, and strongly stated, that teaching was more important to her than meeting to discuss candidates. Finally, as Thorvald was in my previous story, she was generous although I could do nothing for her.

"I only pray that when I encounter new people I am as patient and as tolerant as this fair Mistress. I also pray that, if I am ever in the position to hold high rank or office that I am able to still remember what is 'the most important work I can be doing.'

"But someone else must have a good story," finished Sabina. "I love to tell stories, but I love to hear them even more."

Padraig O'Conchobhair, who had just returned to the circle, bowed to Lady Sabina and asked, "How about the story of a peer who recognized herself in a story I told earlier -- yes, she was here somewhere when I told it -- hunted me out and made a beautiful apology? She insisted on apologizing, even though the incident was long ago, and no one would ever have known that she was involved. She could have just let it slide, but her sense of honor would not permit her to do that.

"In case she is still in earshot, let me say, 'Mistress, please allow me to honor you publicly for the integrity you showed in speaking to me. You would honor me if you would accept my apology for any part I might have played in adding to your frustrations of that day.' "

"Wonderful," said Duke Finnvarr. "Tonight, Lord Padraig, your courtesy and hers are well matched.

"I fear," he went on, "that it is difficult to do justice to the chief virtue of the Laurels with words. They bring joy to us by their work, and seldom can the rest of us do much but exclaim at the beauty they create. In this very hall, you can see the Tapestry of Septentria, made by the hand of Baroness Caffa Muriath, or the brass portrait of me engraved by Master Alasdair of Raasay. I was joking with some friends from the Kingdom of the Outlands not long ago that I owned some of the greatest treasures created in our society -- but that I knew many others who could say the same, and truthfully."

"Indeed, Your Grace," said Mistress Nicolaa, "I have been pointing out your share of the treasure to many of your guests. Their very presence here testifies to the generosity of the makers. But isn't the encouragement of another potential 'maker' the greatest artistic generosity? I have a story of my own that illustrates my point.

"More than a year ago, I was looking at some cabochon garnets at a merchant's booth and wishing aloud that I had a nice circlet with garnets on it. A lady, a Laurel, was standing nearby and said, 'Why don't you come over to my house--I'll show you how to make one!' Inspired, I bought some garnets, and took her up on the offer.

"Over the course of two evenings, we made a circlet -- the first time I'd ever tried cut metalwork. She showed me how to use the jewelers' saw, how to set the stones, how to handle rivets, and how to polish the thing, mostly by letting me do the work myself so I'd learn. She provided all of the materials, except the garnets. I ended up with a circlet I really liked, and wear all the time, as well as a few new skills. She set me a fine example of teaching just for the joy of helping someone to learn."

"This Laurel, whom those of you from Ealdormere have probably recognized, is Her present Majesty, Queen Caitlin."

Andrew MacBaine was moved to reply. "But, as I said before, there is surely an art to giving. When Padraig told his story of the angry Laurel some time ago, I thought to myself that it might have been about a



Pelican. The Order of the Pelican exists specifically to recognize and reward great service, which is a form of generosity. But though everyone has a temper and sometimes loses it, Pelicans have a reputation for being crotchety."

Sir Alan Culross looked up from the fire and said, "I personally would forgive a candidate for the Pelican for being something of a curmudgeon. I don't think it's reasonable to keep someone at a job like Kingdom Seneschal for years and then not expect them to have a short fuse when it comes to stupidity. Those who keep a sunny disposition after years of backbreaking labor I really admire. Mistress Ranveggr, from Aethelmarc, I admire for her even-handedness after a decade of hard work doctoring people at the Pennsic Wars. That kind of stress, and things like dealing with foolish, self-inflicted injury, would tax my sense of humor about the whole thing."

"And this," interjected Finnvarr, "is from a man, a Pelican himself, whose long and mostly unsung service has hardly been stained by a cross word. And much of that service was in the heat of Pennsic."

"You are too generous," said Sir Alan.

"No," said the duke, "it is right to remind people, occasionally, of duty well done in years past. Nothing is more fleeting in memory."

"Indeed," Alan replied, smiling, "I think that the work of our Laurels will astonish people a century from now; the deeds of our knights will be forgotten in five years; and nobody knows what the Pelicans have done." There was laughter at this; that from the Pelicans present was loudest.

"Sir Alan," said Andrew MacBaine, "or rather, Master Alan, jests all too truly. A great challenge for anyone elevated to the order must be staying active enough for the people of the kingdom, who may never have noticed her or him before, to think that the award was justified."

Finnvarr turned to him. "Unfortunately, this is a dilemma we cannot escape. The Pelican is the peerage for those who deal with mundane stuff, what we all seek to escape at tourney or feast. The members of this order grease the wheels so that others can play. You sometimes see Pelicans doing this, the ones who are always busy at our gatherings; others work between times so that those gatherings can take place. Often the 'busy' Pelicans are overlooked even though they work among us -- we are all looking elsewhere, at some glorious sight. The case of the others is worse; they often escape the notice even of those whose duty it is to look for Pelicans. Lady Sabina, you are smiling again. Do you have another story?"

"Yes, Master Finnvarr, I do. There are many good Pelicans, many more perhaps than I know. But the picture of their virtues for me is His Grace Moonwulf Starkaaderson, whom I have only met once, and that briefly. "Once on a Pennsic War, my lord Urien and I entered the food market at the six of the clock in the evening. His Grace entered from the other side. We quickly got our dinner, sat and began to watch His Grace trying to cross the market. Of the first five people he met, three stopped him to talk about some issue or problem. At that point we started counting these petitioners. A full twenty-seven people stopped him before he got to the booth he had chosen. Each had a problem either large or small. As it neared the hour of eight he still had not even ordered his food. When the last gentleman stopped him, we were close enough to hear their conversation, which went something like this:

"Your Grace," said this person, who was clearly relatively new to our society.

"Yes, that's me," Moonwulf responded, with all the cheer and enthusiasm of someone who had never been approached.

"I just wanted you to know that a friend of mine recommended a technique that he said you taught him and it really worked!" He then went on to describe some martial tactic and how it had won him a bout during a tournament. His Grace entered into an excited conversation with the man about his fighting, how long he had been doing it, and what else he might learn.

"Now, remember, this was twenty-eighth person that Moonwulf had talked to in the last thirty yards. He was now a full hour and a half late for dinner. But, if he had said to this young man, politely, 'I'm sorry but I'm starved, can this wait until after I've gotten my food?' the young man would surely have thought he was imposing and left. Instead, he got a full five minutes of the great Moonwulf's time. I'm sure this was a high point of his entire Pennsic.



"This is the kind of thoughtfulness that I pray I remember if I am overwhelmed with burdens. It is the guilty thought in my mind when I do snap at people who have 'trivial things' to talk to me about as I am on an 'important errand.'

"Again, the keys to this good Master's courtesy are that it was unseen and it was directed toward a person who could give him no tangible benefit. The act was at some cost to himself, but given because he remembered how great the benefit was in his power to bestow."

"That was a fine story, Lady Sabina," Mistress Alexis said, "but this time I can top you. I have a tale of a man who bestowed an even greater benefit, with no more fuss and equal aplomb. It too took place at a Pennsic War. As a story of a good peer, it has one fault: it occurred before the person was elevated. Does that count?"

She was urged by several to continue.

"I had asked this person to teach people his special skill -- an art that many people do, but not in proper old fashion. He is also a chirurgeon, and was spending much of his time at the Chirurgeon's Point. On the day of the story he was going Chirurgeon's Point back to camp to retrieve his class materials when he saw a disturbance. When he stopped to inquire, he found there was an elderly woman trapped in a garderobe. The door was forced open, and she was revealed to be in the midst of a heart attack.

"My friend worked hard to revive this women, and succeeded. He stayed with her until she was removed to a hospital, not neglecting to give a quick report to the people helping her. Then he went down the hill to his encampment, retrieved his materials and went to his scheduled meeting. He arrived a few minutes late, apologized for his tardiness and proceeded to teach a class on gaming.

"This individual, for those who do not know, is Brusten de Bearsul, Master of the Laurel and Pelican, who was elevated to both peerages the next year. He is one of the finest men it has been my pleasure to know.

"Did someone mention 'the order of the good defenders?' There is a member."

At that moment a lady walked briskly in from the kitchen. Duke Finnvarr rose to his feet, and said,

"Mistress Ragni! Please take my seat. May I get you a goblet of wine?"

"No, my lord," said Ragni, "I have wine, I have been celebrating in the kitchen with Lady Sabelle and my other helpers. But we could not help hearing your discussion, and I thought I should come join it."

"Please do, my good lady," said the duke.

"Earlier there was talk about the high standards of behavior expected of peers, and whether expectations were fair or not. Perhaps people find expectations difficult to match because they are thinking about peers in the wrong way.

"Peers are not saints or angels. They are hosts. I have always thought of our society as a great celebration, and every celebration needs a host, if not more than one. Our peers are the hosts -- or among them, for we must not forget our stewards and autocrats and seneschals. Maybe every peer is not actively hosting at all times. But by accepting peerage, they have taken on the responsibility of stepping in when a host is needed to make the celebration work for the guests. All the stories told tonight of admirable peers show them with the virtues and manners of good hosts. What host would not surrender his chair to a tired newcomer? Or wait a moment for his own dinner to talk to an enthusiastic guest? Or, if a guest was taken seriously ill, drop everything to help, until it was possible to attend once more to the other guests?

"Did not someone say, 'It's the job of the king to make sure that everyone else has a good time, and not vice-versa?'"

"That was Duke Gyrth again," said Finnvarr.

"That, at least," said Mistress Ragni, "is my opinion, and my philosophy. And if I deserve my own Pelican, there must be some truth in it."

"More than some," replied the duke. "For if we have been fit for philosophy tonight, if we have settled any questions or cleared our minds of our vague discontents, much credit must go to you and the way you have set the table and laid this blazing fire.

"Good lords and ladies, please take what food and drink you will. Our hall is yours this night. May you have much joy of it."



And here ends the Dialogue of Chivalry of Duke Finnvarr de Taahe.

### On Winning

Sir Sten Halverson, Baron

Winning is not chivalrous. Winning is fortunate, and should never be more.

At first glance, the knightly virtue of Prowess would seem to demand winning as its' proof. If you strive for quality in your fighting, will not your victory over the field demonstrate your success? Yes, it will, but it should not. A combatant's reward should be Prowess itself, not its results; to be concerned overly with victory is to fall victim to Vanity, to feel the need to demonstrate your Prowess to others rather than to yourself. In the romances, in history, knights triumphed through the inspiration of love, the faith in God, or duty to a lord, but never simply for the thrill of victory.

Even William Marshal, untouchable in battle, is remembered for his loyalty and consistency much more than for being a brute on the field. Those for whom victory by itself had value were the black knights in history and in literature.

Doesn't victory, properly motivated, have some value? Shouldn't a proper knight have about themselves an air of success, and won't Prowess on occasion produce victory? Yes, though for its negative values, it should be a thing that occurs but is never striven for. However much we find value for winning in Prowess and Franchise (knightly bearing), we find that value's reverse in Courtesy and in Generosity. To strive for victory is to reduce your foe to no more than an obstacle to your goal; to want victory is to rob that possibility from your opponent. The discourtesy and greed of such a desire outweighs any value victory might have to Prowess and Franchise. A true knight will trust themselves to fate rather than selfishly seek victory; they will fight for many things, but never for themselves.

Am I saying anything that isn't obvious? As I spell this out, I feel that most combatants would nod in agreement. But it is a thing that plagues me, this desire for victory, this need. I find that it is consistently creeping in among my better motivations and having its influence. How about that new helm? It is not authentic for me, but it has good glancing surfaces. Why not toss in an open face so that I can see and breathe? Let's shave a few pounds off my shield. Let's cut my armour to a minimum, for the weight, so that I can move better. I can still look good, with a fine surcoat, but I'm not authentic anymore. I've turned our re-creation into a sport. And I've been driven not by any knightly virtue, but only by my desire to excel, by my vanity triumphing over all. Even getting ready for Crown, those extra practices, places victory in too high a light. A Crown, or a Coronet, or any major tournament, should be no more than an interruption in our normal schedule of practice. The victor should be that person upon whom fortune smiles, or who is greatly inspired by the love of their consort, or simply whose prowess, gained humbly and not through need, triumphs.

Then what are the reasons for fighting? I offer three. Before combat, I salute the Crown of our Kingdom. Duty to the Crown and to its people is thus the first of my motives. The duty of a combatant, and especially of a knight, is service in arms on the tournament field or at war. If I am able, I am bound by my fealty to fight (I might consider If I Am Able in a different essay). To the people, I am bound to my role as an inspiration to chivalry. The field is my stage, and I owe a duty to the populace to shine.

Thus, in some tournament ceremonies, a salute to the populace is included.





Do honor to the person for whom you fight this day. The honor you bring to your consort is the second motivation. As brightly as I shine upon the field, that light should show for my lady love. As I fight for gain, that gain should be for honor and honor only, and should be laid in the hands of that person for whom I fight.

Only the victor's consort receives the wreath upon the field, but the consorts of all should carry the greater reward of the honor gained for them by their champions. In this I fear we fail; in history and within our society, renown clings more to the combatant than to his inspiration. But once a year, I do attend a tournament where I go nameless, and fight only as the champion of my lady. On that day, I feel much more the knight than I do on most other days of the year.

And salute your most honored opponent. Joy of combat is the last true motivation. When someone comes to me to learn to fight, my first lesson is that of joy. Was that fun? If it wasn't, you should not fight. You must love this thing we do—its exhilaration and technique, its pain and wonder as a test of honor, its service to Crown and consort. Joy will carry you through times of onerous duty and pained honor. It is the one constant granted to us, and when it finally leaves then it is time to hang our weapons upon the wall.

A desire for victory is not part of chivalry. Fight for the Crown, for the people, for your consort, for joy, but not for yourself. Victory is a powerful lure, but resist it. Fighting is a test of much more than just Prowess. Salute your Crown, your people, your consort, and your most honored opponent; steel yourself against ambition and hold yourself to duty, love and joy; then allow the fates, however you might understand them, to select the winner.

This is The Aire Currents, a publication of the Canton of Aire Faucon of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. The Aire Currents is available from Janet Thompson. Subscriptions are \$6.00 per year. Payment for subscriptions should be sent to the chronicler; checks should be made to "Aire Faucon, SCA Inc." This newsletter is not a corporate publication of the SCA, and does not delineate SCA policies.

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### VIVATS

To Baroness Kisaiya who was awarded a Pearl at Kingdom Twelfth Night.