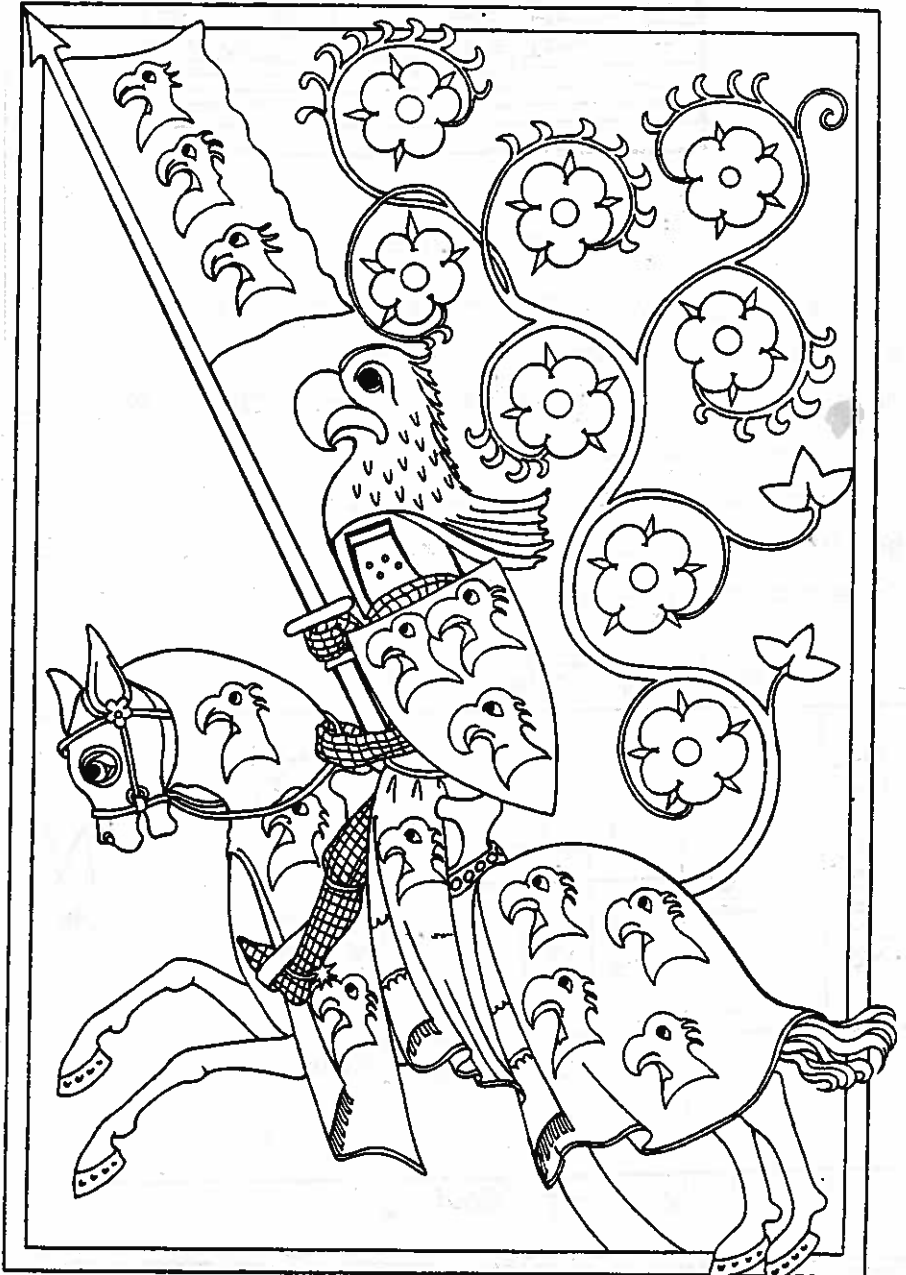


Chips

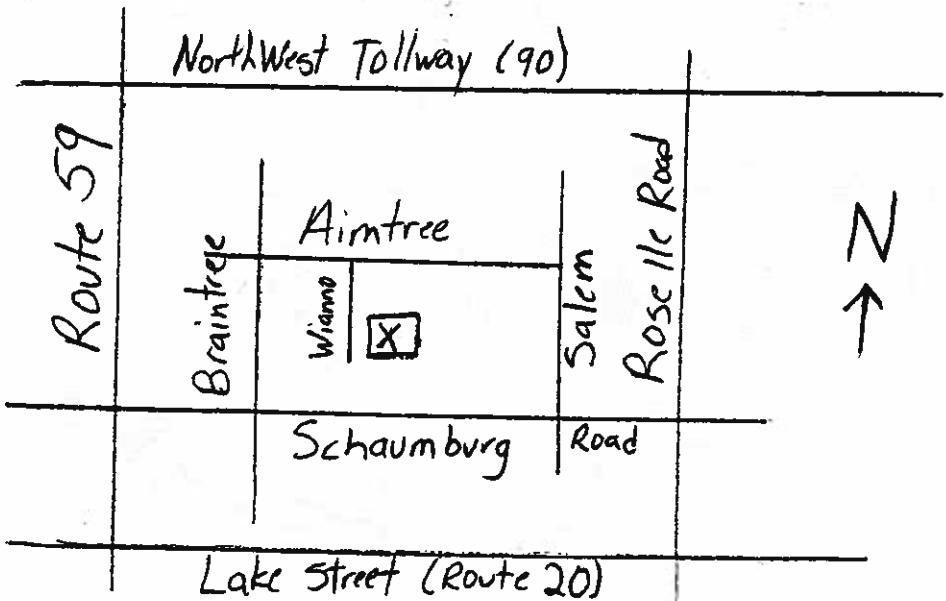




Moot Points

Nothing much got done at our moot June 19 because only a handful of people were able to make it out to the Wineskeller. Those who did reportedly had a good time, though.

Our July moot will be held at 6:30 p.m. or so July 17 at Ethelwulf's house, 229 Wianno in Schaumburg (884-0189). See everybody there!



Medieval Marketplace

While wandering about Jubilee, I found a book and jewelry merchant who, as an authorized dealer for Dover Publishing Co., offers a 20 percent discount on Dover books to SCA members. Dover offers lots of reprints of period books, coloring books of medieval and Renaissance art, costume books and many other publications useful to historical re-creationists like us.

To take advantage of this offer, send an order form from the Dover catalog marked with your selections, along with 80 percent of the list price, to James M. Keith, 3100 Franor Ave., Alton, Ill. 62002-2933. Be sure to include your mundane name and address. When he receives the order, he will mail it to you on the condition that you then reimburse him for the postage. He said no one has failed to send him postage money after receiving their books.

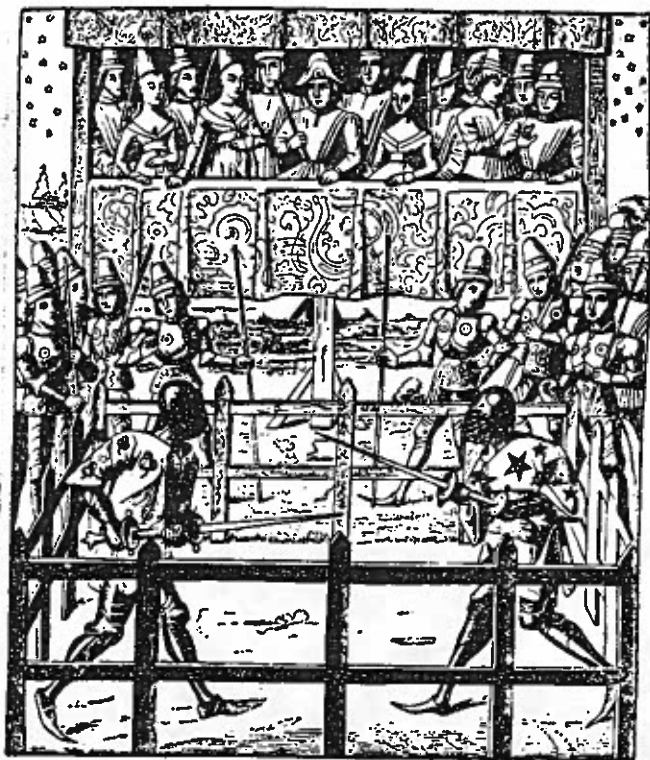
James Keith operates The Dragon's Hoarde and distributes jewelry from Raymond's Quiet Press, among other suppliers. His phone number is (618) 462-3336. Why not give him a call and see if you can throw some business his way?



A Simple Day in Sternfeld

Kull, Mirielda and I journeyed to Sternfeld for a good time at its Decennial and annual Simple Day in the Country June 25.

The site, the Indiana Boys' Club camp in Noblesville, was very nice, though very hot. More than two dozen fighters entered the double-elimination prize tourney in which each fighter gave a prize to the lady of the fighter who beat him the first time and another prize to the opponent who gave him his second defeat. I advanced to the semifinals, in which I fell to Count Sir Palymar of the Two Baronies, but





I had to withdraw because of the heat before fighting Brandar, who took the loser's bracket. Palymar defeated Brandar to win the tournament.

After the fighting was over, many people adjourned to the camp's swimming pool, where we held a rowdy game of water basketball that pitted the Chivalry members against the world. No one kept score, but we had a great time.

The feast, which featured Sternfeld's famous chicken, was OK. TRM Corwyn and Shana held an outdoor court in which I helped invest Lord Thorvald Redhair as the new Indiana regional herald. Their Majesties also presented about 20 Awards of Arms, three Willows and six Dragon's Treasures. Price and Alice of Kent of Caer Anterth were made companions of the Laurel for brewing, vintning and, in Alice's case, heraldry.

The evening ended with a postrevel in our blessedly air-conditioned motel room.

--Varian the Grev

Honors

At War Maneuvers June 11 in the Shire of Afonglyn, Sir Varian the Grey was named Queen's Champion. Congratulations, Sir Varian!

At Simple Day in the Country June 25 in the Barony of Sternfeld, Sir Varian the Grey became a Companion of the Doe's Grace. Again, congratulations!



From the Chronicler

I am happy (grateful, relieved, ecstatic) to announce the appointment of a co-chronicler to handle the task of getting Chips to its subscribers. Arwyn of Ravenspur, who has been photocopying Chips for the last six months, will now also keep subscription and financial records, address and mail each issue. Please contact her to start or renew a subscription or to replace copies lost or mangled by the Post Awful. Her mundane name is Maxine Grief, and her address is 254 Eagle Lane, Bloomingdale, Ill. 60108.

I will still write and produce Chips. If you'd like to submit an item or have questions about the editorial content, contact me at my address, 113 Elk Trail, Apt. 313, Carol Stream, Ill. 60188.

--Gwendolyn merch Llewelyn

play one's skill and such sports can help to build up a good reputation, especially with the crowd which the courtier always has to humour. Another noble sport which is very suitable for the courtier to play is tennis, for this shows how well he is built physically, how quick and agile he is in every member, and whether he has all the qualities demonstrated in most other games. I think no less highly of performing on horseback, which is certainly very exhausting and difficult but more than anything else serves to make a man wonderfully agile and dextrous; and apart from its usefulness, if agility on horseback is accompanied by gracefulness, in my opinion it makes a finer spectacle than any other sport.

"Then if our courtier possesses more than average skill in all these sports, I think he should ignore the others, such as turning cart-wheels, tight-rope walking and that kind of thing, since these are more like acrobatics and hardly suitable for a gentleman. Then again, since one cannot always be taking part in such strenuous exercises (besides which constant repetition causes satiety and destroys the regard we have for rare things), one must always be sure to give variety to the way one lives by doing different things. So I would like the courtier sometimes to descend to calmer and more restful games, and to escape envy and enter pleasantly into the company of all the others



by doing everything they do; although he should never fail to behave in a commendable manner and should rule all his actions with that good judgment which will not allow him to take part in any foolishness. Let him laugh, jest, banter, romp and dance, though in a fashion that always reflects good sense and discretion, and let him say and do everything with grace."

A Harper's Lament

After my harp and I spent two days at Jubilee competing to be heard over skirling bagpipes and the four-member Gypsy Guerilla Band, I felt an immediate sympathy for the fifteenth-century Welsh minstrel who penned this complaint. Our cases aren't entirely parallel, though -- not only was I politely received by those who heard the harp, I met the bagpiper at Jubilee and found him a cultured and pleasant fellow.

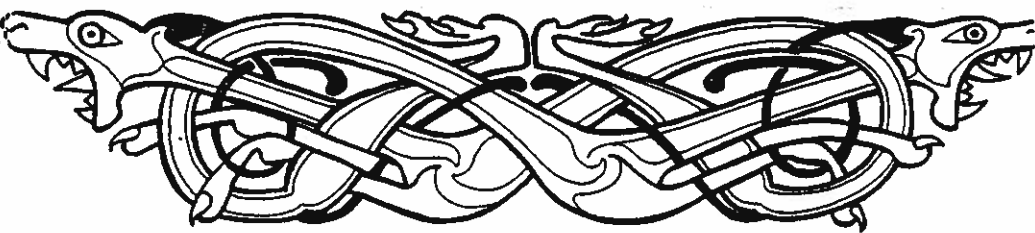
"Last Sunday I came -- a man whom the Lord God made -- to the town of Flint, with its great double walls and rounded bastions; may I see it all aflame! An obscure English wedding was there, with but little mead -- an English feast! and I meant to earn a shining solid reward for my harper's art. So I began, with ready speed, to sing an ode to the kinsmen; but all I got was mockery, spurning of my song, and grief. It was easy for hucksters of barley and corn to dismiss all my skill, and they laughed at my artistry, my well-prepared panegyric which they did not value; John of the Long Smock began to jabber of peas, and another about dung for his land. They all called for Will the Piper to come to the table, a low fellow he must be. He came forward as though claiming his usual rights, though he did not look like a privileged man, with a groaning bag, a paunch of heavy guts, at the end of a stick be-



tween chest and arm. He rasped away, making startling grimaces, a horrid noise, from the swollen belly, bulging his eyes; he twisted his body here and there, and puffed his two cheeks out, playing with his fingers on a bell of hide -- unsavory conduct, fit for the unsavory banqueters. He hunched his shoulders, amid the rout, under his cloak, like a worthless ballad-monger; he snorted away, and bowed his head until it was on his breast, the very image of a kite with skillful zeal preening its feathers. The pigmy puffed, making an outlandish cry, blowing out the bag with a loud howl; it sang like the buzzing of a hornet, that devilish bag with the stick in its head, like a nightmare howl, fit to kill a mangy goose, like a sad bitch's hoarse howl in its hollow kennel; a harsh naunch with monotonous cry. throat-muscles

squeezing out a song, with a neck like a crane's where he plays, like a stabbed goose screeching aloud. There are voices in that hollow bag like the ravings of a thousand cats; a monotonous, wounded, ailing, pregnant goat -- no pay for its hire.

After it ended its wheezing note, that cold songstress whom love would shun, Will got his fee, namely bean-soup and pennies (if they paid) and sometimes small halfpennies, not the largesse of a princely hand; while I was sent away in high vexation from the silly feast all empty-handed. I solemnly vow, I do foreswear wretched Flint and all its children, and its wide, hellish furnace, and its English people and their piper! That they should be slaughtered is all my prayer, my curse in their midst and on their children; sure, if I go there again, may I never return alive!"



This is Chips, published by and for members of the shires of Vanished Wood and Rokkenaldan of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. It is not a publication of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc., and does not delineate SCA policies.

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