

Flower of Souvenance

letters for the falcons gentle.

\$2.00

First Big Issue!



information for the lady fighter and others



Letters From the Editor

I know most do not read the letter from the Editor, but I have a few things to say, so please, I beg your indulgence.

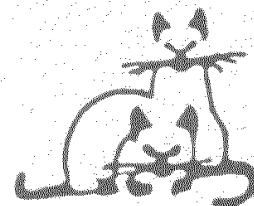
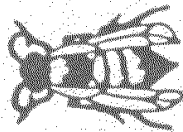
As to cover price- The original subscription Price was \$4.50 for four issues. This was before I had any idea as to the size of each publication. Mundanely, I am in the printing/copying business and while that makes things easier,(and cheaper), It does not cover all the costs. Unfortunately the price had to go up, although I feel it is still quite reasonable. All those that have already subscribed at the old price, will be honored, and will not change.

And now a brief description of your Editor and her reasoning for this newsletter. I am a 5'2", well padded young lady whose interest in fighting was the only thing that kept me in the Society for the first couple years. Recently my interests have gone into other things as well, fighting still being the foremost. I was Squired to a Knight who was dubious of my ability, if not my enthusiasm, and commitment, for four years. In my Kingdom of the Outlands It is sometimes difficult to understand certain aspects of fighting for one reason. The only active female fighters (on a regular basis) in Rattan-that I am aware of-is Lady Regina Masque'r in New Mexico and myself. Having been approached by her at my first Great Deasert War(now Estella War), she told me of a newsletter which they were trying to publish called "the Crescent". Unfortunately, there were not many issues and it eventually stopped altogether.

I thought this was terrible! Here I was, the only lady fighter in my area, with no other lady fighters to learn from, share stories with, or complain with.

So I came up with this idea. Origionally to be called "the Flower of Chivalry". I was told to change the name by Queen Katherine because there was a new award in the Outlands by that name. Information kept coming in, but still I could not think of an adequate name. Several of those who wrote me sent ideas, but they were not quite what I was looking for. Then my Lord handed me Grant Uden's " A Dictionary of Chivalry". My new title was soon found,(so what if it was a bit pretentious). The description of the title seemed quite apt.

I think some of the truest words spoken was, "Just when you think you will never get any better, they start dying around you like flies." After more than four years of trying to progress in the art of warfare, and becoming disappointed and discouraged, I finally began to reap rewards and receive incentive for more dilligence in this craft. At a recent tourney, I went all the way to the sixth round, (a quarter finalist!). Until the heavy weights in our area spoiled my fun. Also at that event my Queen Tara was gracious enough to name me to her Guard. As one of five, I am proud to serve her in this capacity. "Good things come to those who wait", has certainly proved true for me. I hope those who have waited patiently for this issue will feel that way as well.



This issue is Dedicated to Sir Trude Lacklandia, without whose hard work and stubbornness, all ladies whose wish to fight would have been repressed.

Many Thanks Great Lady.



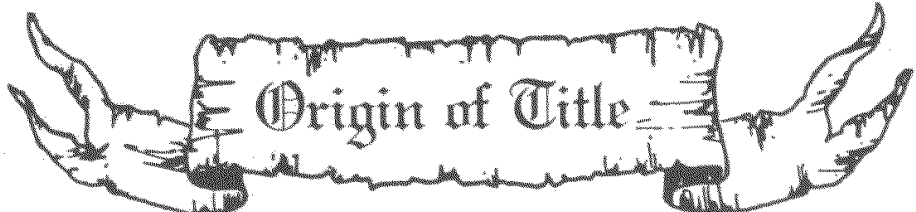
The Flower of Souvenance is an unofficial newsletter of the Society of Creative Anachronism, Inc. It is for ladies involved in fighting and the art of warfare according to the Marshallate rules and regulations of the Society. This publication in no way expresses the opinions of all members of the Society, merely some of those involved.



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Origin of Title

Flower of Souvenance: A flower to serve as a reminder, a keepsake; sometimes a real flower, but sometimes an artificial one, made of jewels, to serve as an encouragement to, or the badge of, some knightly enterprise.

Falcon Gentle: The female or young goshawk.

Subscriptions!

Cyber Says - Just Say Yes!



Feel like you're almost in over your head?

It may not know all the answers, but someone in this newsletter might have the answer to your questions. Read about it!

Four times a year, this large publication can be hand delivered to your mailbox for the ridiculously low price of only-

\$6.00

per year! That's right! Information from across the Known World will be at your fingertips! Ha! And if that's not good enough, I will personally throw in a free issue for just about any submission to this publication! (Especially ARTWORK!!!)

And if this didn't sound enough like a Ronco commercial, here's a special incentive...the regular cover price is \$2.00 each. With your subscription, you will be saving 50 whole cents per issue.

Seriously, this newsletter is an excellent way to discuss problems, learn new ideas about armoring, or even costuming for on the field or off, correspond with other fighters out of your area that you would like to ask questions of and learn from. I have received quite a bit of stuff in such a short period of time, and I believe it will continue, maybe I'll even get more!

In return for your money, (greatfully accepted, I assure you), you will receive a quality newsletter that you can have influence in. This long-winded commercial is now at an end. Here's the stuff.

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Special Articles

Duke Erin Breck Gordon
Trimaris



Greetings!

This missive is in answer to your request for more information on the Order of the Black Widow. This order was created to honor full time female fighters who have distinguished themselves in war for their kingdom at least three times. It is intended to both honor and encourage our core of female warriors who fight alongside their men.

Our small Kingdom is known as a rabid warrior kingdom but due to our size it is more important than in some kingdoms that everyone who can tries to fight. We value highly our female warriors and this award is an attempt to show our gratitude for their continued effort on the part of the kingdom.

There is a fairly strong interest in Trimaris among women in heavy weapons but little or none in rapier or other light weapons save archery. We have a fairly large archery contingent and there is a substantial percentage of women in it.

The ladies are given respect consumate to their skill, as is common among warriors both male and female. Several of our ladies, including Duchess Branwen and Lady Erika, are well respected by all and Branwen is actually renowned as a war fighter with no fear....(O.K., she is a berserker). She is also current Champion of the Order of the Grey Beard (fighters over 35) which is earned by winning the annual order tournament.

My personal opinion of women on the field of combat is strictly the same as for males; if they're up to it, they belong, if not, they don't. I am not very much in favor of those who cannot bear the rigors of heavy weapons combat being on the field.

I have a number of lady fighters under my tutelage and every one of them is more than qualified to be on the field.





"... a knightly and chivalrous manner."

by Viscount Galen of Bristol

I was asked to do an article for this newsletter discussing one of my opinions about lady fighters, specifically, that they should be ladies. I have known far too many female fighters in my travels who gave up being ladies in their efforts to excell as fighters.

SCA combat is often compared with the mundane martial arts. Expertise is hard-won, requiring years of training and experience, and there are other less obvious aspects of each. The various martial arts have accompanying mental disciplines to assist their practitioners in combat, and in life. The SCA has its concepts of chivalry, courtliness, and honor. There is also at least one other thing we have in common. We both experience those who, eschewing the disciplines and standards of behavior, practice only the combat aspect. In the SCA, we often refer to these people as "Sword-Jocks" or "Stick-Jocks".

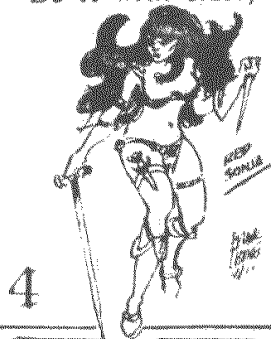
You know the type; the ones who believe that the only two substances of worth are rattan and alcohol. While this type of behavior is quite authentic, I question whether that is really quite what we want to strive for. I think that "the Dream" means more than just plain fighting.

Fighters, whether male or female, must not lose the ideals of honor, chivalry, and grace, be they on or off the field. It is just as important, if not more important, to be a lady (or a gentleman) as it is to be a fighter.

Many teachers will tell you to be a fighter first, that everything else comes second. This is true, as far as it goes. Success in combat requires concentration and dedication to learn the skills you need. But off the field, after the armor comes off, be a lady (or a gentleman).

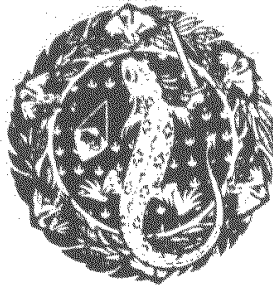
So many people seem to think that they must appear rugged, grungy, and tough, or no one will take them seriously as fighters. To see ladies adopt this posture, in my opinion, is nearly tragic. There's no need! In the Middle Ages, many women found themselves trapped in their roles, unable to move, to fight, or to do the things that interested them, often simply because ladies didn't do that. For a time, the SCA was like that; ladies fighting on the field Just Wasn't Done.

Now, however (thanks to the efforts of the trailblazers, to whose success this newsletter is a testament), things have improved. We recognize that a lady can do and be what she wishes. She needn't sacrifice her gender in order to take part in a "man's game". She can both fight successfully and be a lady. A Lady Fighter can add so much more to a tournament than just another sword on the field, or another name on the list. When she tries to be too much like her opponents, we all lose. Be proud, look good! Do it with class, with panache, or else why bother?



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As to specific advice to women interested in SCA combat, I'd say the most important thing is to cultivate the appearance of taking your participation for granted. If you seem to think it's normal for you to play, few people will go to the effort of disagreeing with you. Never argue with someone who does oppose women fighters, just smile gently and treat them with the same courteous restraint you would accord a person with any other minor disability - and refuse to play with anyone whose opposition takes the form of trying to hurt you. "Taking yourself for granted" really works - I fought in three or four different kingdoms during my first year in arms, and can not remember a single instance of discrimination because of my sex. People may have tried, but I just didn't notice. Thinking back, I suppose it could have gotten ugly when one lad asked if I was any good, but I simply answered with the literal truth - "No, I'm dogmeat!" - and we laughed and went out to play perfectly amiably.

That, by the by, is an important and liberating insight: All new fighters are dogmeat. If you're just starting out, everybody you fight can cut you to pieces. Male, female, it doesn't matter - experience makes all the difference. As long as you don't tie your quality as a fighter into your sexual identity, no one else will be able to do so, either. The odd chauvinist may try, but if you accept chauvinism as a tribute and a sign of incipient fear, it won't damage your own outlook.

SCA combat is unique among contact sports in that it can be enjoyed on a near-equal basis by people of all sorts of physical types. Just look at the variety among the Dukes! The rules prohibit grappling and require that a fallen opponent be allowed to resume fighting stance unmolested, so strength and weight don't give a commanding advantage - especially since, with leverage rather than muscle, the wispiest scrap of humanity can throw a 3-lb sword plenty hard enough to dent steel plate. Size makes little difference either - almost any standing human is taller than almost anyone kneeling, so there's a target for anybody. There are techniques that make use of the assets of almost any body type and minimize its liabilities, and a new fighter should seek a trainer who understands how to make the most of what that person brings to the game. It isn't a male-female thing - if you're 5'4" tall and weigh 115 pounds, regardless of your gender, you're not going to be able to fight in the same style as someone a foot taller and with another hundred pounds of mass. But why worry? The giant can't use your style, either - and if you make the better use of your strength, you're the one who'll walk away victorious from the fight.

It's a tremendous help to have a trainer who understands your abilities and can lead you along, both physically and psychologically. Again, men need this as much as women; they're just likelier to be able to find it, given the current mix of people taking part in the sport. If you're the only gazelle in a herd of elk, here are a few quick-fix tips to help you find your way on your own:

1. I'm too small! Wonderful - if your legs are up to it, you can even try to make yourself smaller by crouching a bit. If your head is near the usual waist level, it'll be hard for anyone to hit because they're not used to throwing blows in that direction. Take legs with J-shaped rising shots that slip under your opponents' shields - that'll get their heads down where you can reach 'em.

2. My arms are too weak! You need to build them up to the point where you can deal with a reasonable-sized shield and arm harness, but you don't need much muscle to throw a sword. Picture your arm as a whip attached to your shoulder, with a sword for a cracker, and the handle running down your ribcage and into your hip. Use your hip to throw the sword into the target (with arm muscle for fine aim, not for power), and use your hip to pull it out again and set it for the next shot.

3. I'm scared of those monsters! Don't worry if their size bothers you; it's natural - just remember it's equally natural for them to be scared of you. Humans are bigger - or at least taller - than most predators, so there's a fine set of instinctive fear reflexes for looking down at deadly creatures. If you move like a man-eating cat: collected, positive, keeping your chin down to protect your throat and looking up through narrowed eyes, and gliding forward confidently, you'll start to make your opponent feel like prey - and nothing eases your own fear like picking some up from the opposition!

4. I always lose! You're not alone - most novices wind up "dead" most of the time. As long as victory is unlikely, you need other ways to test your progress. It's an achievement to make your opponent back up away from your attack. It's a good thing to get rattan on your opponent, whether or not it gets counted. If you can block three blows before you die, that's better than getting one-shotted. Count your own successes, and don't judge only by the end of the fight.

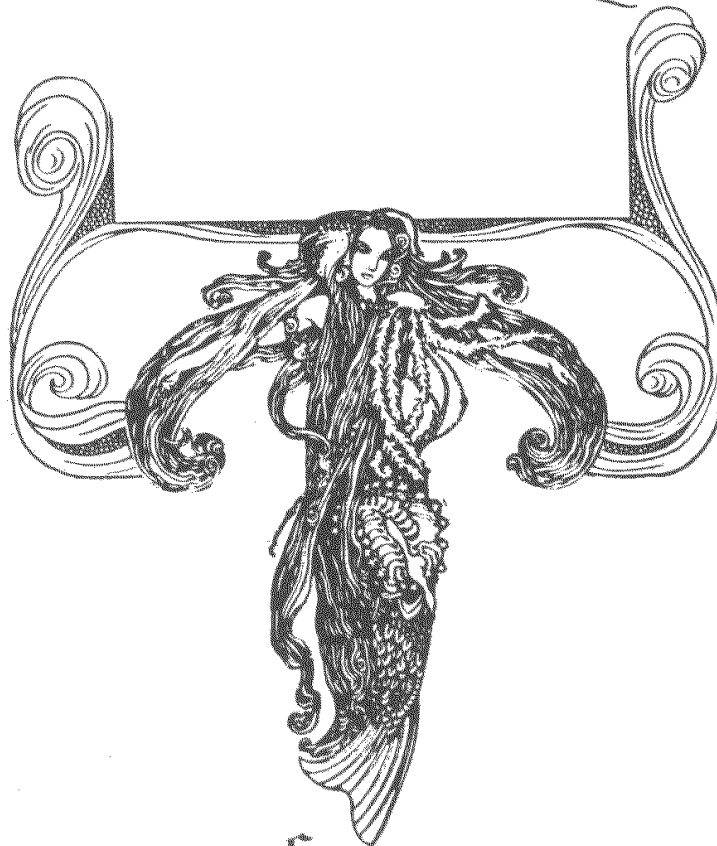
5. I bruise easily! Get better armor. Seriously, your gear has to fit comfortably and provide enough protection that you don't need to worry about injuries. No one can fight really well in armor that bites and drags, so if you've got a problem, fix it - toughing it out just gets you hurt.

6. I'm not aggressive enough! Fake it. Only the most adept of opponents will be able to tell how you really feel - most will go by what they see. Move forward instead of back. Keep your head down, but don't slump or cringe. Keep your sword moving. Remember to breathe. Show no surprise when you win a fight. Watch other fighters and decide how you want to look, then deliberately act that way: fake confidence is just as good as the real thing for all practical purposes.

Fighting is fun, even when you're getting trashed, and fighting well is joy beyond description. Learn from anyone who's willing to advise you, and anyone you can watch - but don't take anyone's word as gospel. Try new things slowly, to make sure your own body can do them without getting hurt. Teach what you know to others, and learn from their mistakes and your own in teaching. Go forth and have lots and lots of fun!

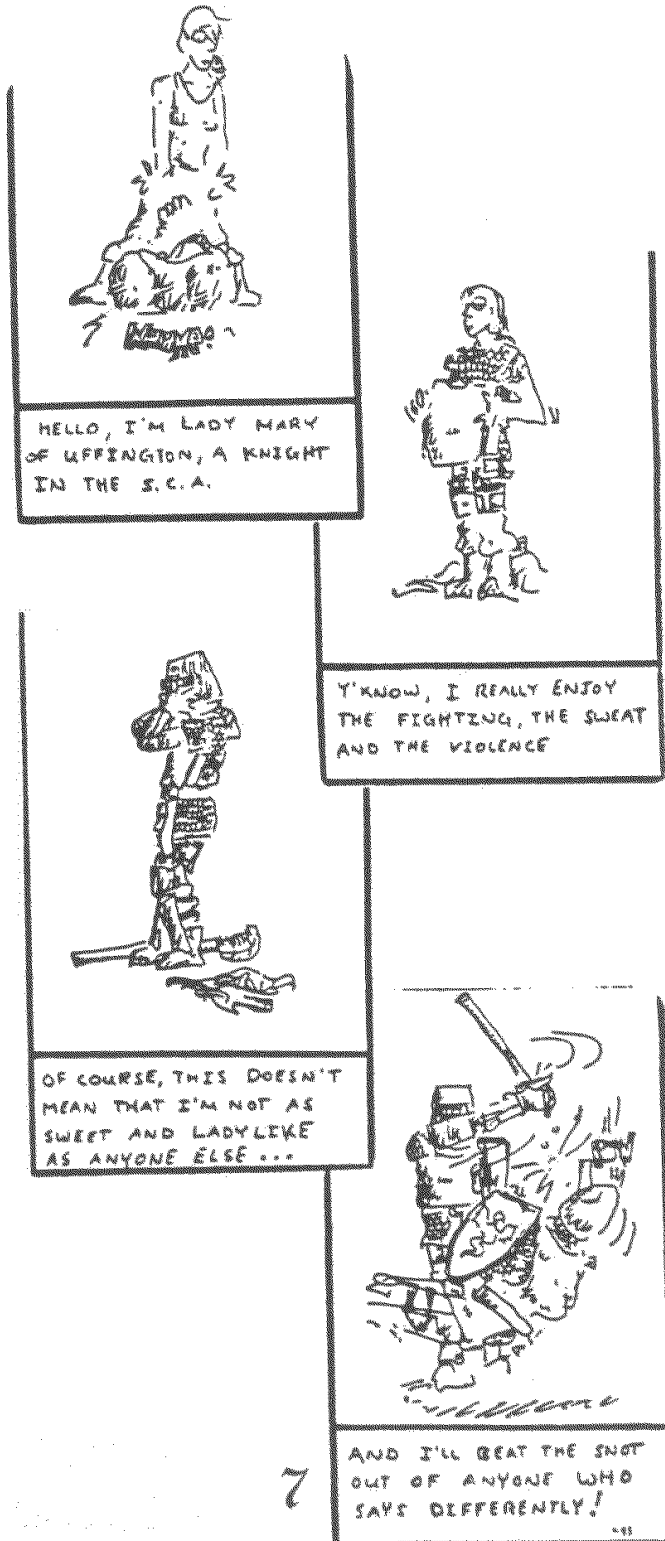
I wish you the best of good fortune, and look forward to a chance to meet - on the field and off - one day again! As ever -

Yorant 



Lady Lei La Dusterwinkle of Huntington Woods
Barony of the Western Sea

Greetings from the lush valleys and warm shores of Western Sea! As Mistress of the Lists for our Barony, I have seen a few female fighters, but none with such a good sense of humor and aggression as Lady Sir Mary of Uffingotn. Unfortunately, she now resides in Slydell, Loisiaana, but we remember her and her hubby Sir Ragnan of the Icy Wastes with great fondness. Here is a cartoon drawn by our token Viking, Ynguar ye Unkempt. It is of Sir Mary and her hapless victim, Sir Richard of CastleNorth.





Ramblings from the Countess Sir Trude Lacklandia

currently of the Barony of the Far West

As to why I first started fighting, I think I heard one too many times that women couldn't. All too often in history, legends, and song women fought and did quite well. In comparison, the number of women who fight seriously today and who did historically are not that disparate. It does take extra effort on a woman's part in order to be recognised as a fighter.

When I started, my fighting made many people uncomfortable. Like anything else that is unknown. It was frightening at first, but as people got used to it, it no longer bothered them. I'm truly pleased to see that, thanks in part to me, women can be considered as serious fighters.

While I was researching women who fought in the Middle Ages, I came across Isabel of Conches. Oderic Vitalis, Court Historian for William I and William II of England writes of her in almost glowing terms. He describes her as armed and riding with the Knights and Seargants-at-Arms, and as being laughing and joyous, goodly and fearsome. Of her being fearsome, I have no doubt. She led, that's right led, raiding parties against William of Evereau in Normandy. She was a contemporary of William Rufus II of England. While Oderic praised her, he often villified the other Barons. Perhaps he had a soft spot for her.

The other woman of history who interests me is Bouddica, Queen of the Iceni. She led her people against the Romans and did in the IX Hispanic.

I owe much of my information to Master Ruthven of Rockridge who helped me obtain many of the boods I used as reference.

Enough of the serious side! Since fighting is still primarily a male area of endeavor, several humorous things have happened to me over the years.

Under the headings of "Paybacks", very frequently at a revel a lady will come up, put her arms around a lord and give hem a hug. All too often the lord replies with a groan or shriek, saying, "Don't touch me there! I was hit!" After my first tourney "fighting", a lord came up to me and gave me a hug. I gnetly (?) replied by knocking one of his arms out of the way, saying, "Don't touch me there! You hit me there!"

Gifts are often a bit odd. One of the best I ever recieved was an axe. It was a Valentine's Day gift and it was in the shape of a heart. I had several good challenges because of it.

Last meander down memory lane.

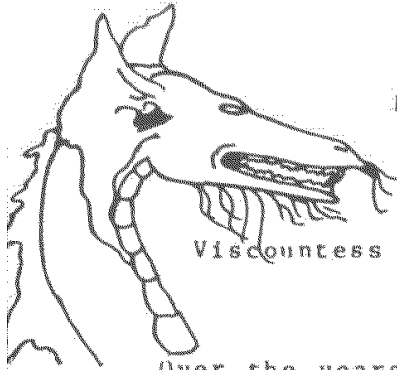
One of the oddest things that happened to me occurred at Grand Outlandish. I don't remember which one exactly, but Johann was King of Atenvelt...

I had arrived early Saturday morning and after the drive and setting up camp, I still needed to relax a while before I could sleep. It was about three or four in the morning by the time I went to bed.

The next morning about nine, I woke up and had to go to the bathroom. Wrapped my cloak around me, and headed down the hill. After I finished I about three steps back up the hill toward camp, the herald requested all belted fighters to meet with His Majesty on the field. I continued in the opposite direction so I could put some clothes on. That's right, all I had on was the cloak. Sir Theo caught me part of the way up the hill and turned me around.

I spent that circle wrapped in a heavy wool cloak standing in the sun. Towards the end His Majesty noticed the rivulets of sweat and asked me if I wished to remove my cloak,(he really didn't know!). I declined and explained, and the Circle broke up with laughter.

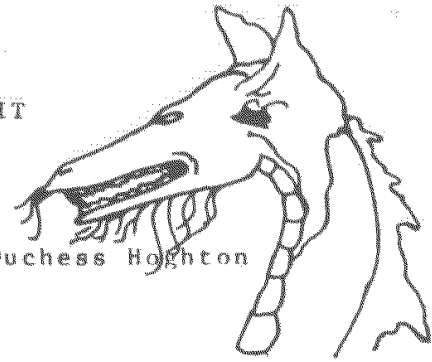
It wouldn't have been so bad, but it happened the next day also. And to make matters worse, my Squire came down with my belt and chain, and a large mug of coffee.



EQUALITY, LOVE IT OR LOSE IT

by

Viscountess Sir Maythen of Elfbaven, Duchess Houghton



Over the years, on and off, I have been asked to be part of or form a women's fighting unit of some sort. Uniformly I have not only refused but used the occasion to get on my soap-box concerning the issue of women fighters. I am not a "woman fighter", nor a "woman knight". I am a fighter and a knight. Just that. Where I wear my plumbing is not relevant. I do not fight to prove anything other than my own prowess, or to fulfil anything other than my loyalty to my king, nor am I inspired by anything other than the code of chivalry and the pride of my husband and family. Just like any other jock out there.

I give no quarter, nor do I ask any. I think that it would be useful to explode some myths about women athletes. First off, yes, we are talking about sports. All modern sports are nothing other than the remanent of various sorts of war games developed in the last millennia or two to train fighters in single combat, group combat and maintain their physical fitness. Not too long ago the Olympic committee refused to allow women to run marathons because it was obviously too strenuous for the delicate sex. Now there is some serious considerations by sports physiologists that this is one competition where, given a few more years of training, women's time will exceed that of men, or at least equal it, given any race and group of runners.

It was not too many years ago that women tennis players were hampered by dress code rules and a load of bunkum about their stamina and how ladylike they needed to look when they played. Navratilova's didn't exist in the '30s because trainers, both men and women, didn't allow their "girls" to reach for a skill level which we now take for granted. Now for a brief word on being a

"lady". I am a lady because I am a noble woman. That is a perfectly medieval statement of fact. Being a "lady" has little or nothing to do with a restricted stride, vocabulary or world view except in the mind of Victorians, living or dead.

Back in the "good old days" of the SCA, which weren't especially good (trust me, I was there), women weren't allowed on the field because once one tried and some bully changed the rules on her and she told him where to go, and that was such a scandalous example of unladylike behavior that it took a decade to get women back on the field. Doesn't that warm your heart? In a civil (mundane) situation of the same era, the woman would have had her rights, and her detractors laughed out of court.

When we did get on the field, we came in as equals. I want to keep it that way. This is a tough full contact sport. It is a military sport. It trains soldiers. If you are a soldier, of any rank, and the enemy is upon you, you either do the job or you die. Granted that in much medieval combat, for a variety of sociological and demographic reasons, often combat was not fought to the death but to capture. Nonetheless, if your lands, honor, and all your goodies are on the line, you don't fight a second rate fight. So any combat that is worthy of the name must be flat out, against all comers, with no handicap points.

Again, where you wear your plumbing is not relevant. Nonetheless there are any number of women who have been victimized by a society that has taught women to compete, but lose. Winning doesn't come easily for many of us. But winning is the name of our game. We don't fight to put up a good show and lose. We fight to win, if at all possible, within the rules of the game. The answer to getting a winning attitude is not to form women's groups but to get in tight with your local brother squires, knights, or whoever. Those are the guys you will play with, and those are the guys you want to respect you.

I believe that anything that will separate women fighters will ultimately give the wedge to drive us out at equals, and if you think separate but equal works talk to some friend in the black community who is over 40 years old. It doesn't work.

Let's get back to winning. Watch football. All that strutting is part of the game. It is intended to psych out the other team. And if you think that some 6'2" hunk of a million dollar a year quarter back isn't just as shaken as some of you by the prospect of being sacked by a quarter ton of defensive line, you don't live on this planet. So the game doesn't begin when the marshal says "lay on". It began at fighter practice about a month ago.

Watch boxing, or if you are lucky enough to see a sumo tournament watch the psych out techniques at the beginning of those fights. Especially in sumo, where there are no weight divisions and little guys have to use entirely different techniques against the human mountains, the first part of the fight is set up out of range. NOBODY is out there pleading for mercy. NOBODY is out there to do their best and then lose heart and get trounced. They are out there to kick ass. Courteously, of course.

In a combat sport there are no excuses. Even in fair and courteous defeat, each fight may be regarded as only a learning experience which should enhance your next performance. And if you don't like sweat, and heat, and pain, and physical contact, then you are in the wrong sport, lady. When someone says, "It wasn't hard enough, my lady," go back and make toothpicks out of a pell. If the same guy says it next season, don't just stand there blushing. Speak your mind. Confer with some of the men in your social group. Maybe it is not your skill at the test.

Never pull a blow, except in those rare occasions where you do it on purpose as a courtesy (as a lefty, I have occasionally had leg blows head into the crotch of my worthy opponent, and I do pull cookie shots if I can). Hit them hard. You can't hurt them. That's what the armour is for. 11

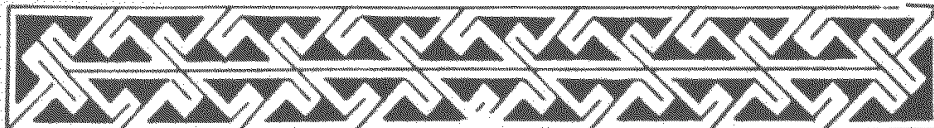
If you get hurt, tough it out. Never let them see you cry, except at your knighting. That is a three hanky event. Don't sell yourself short. We have young fighters and old fighters, skinny fighters and tubby fighters. Gender is one of the least physiologically important variables.

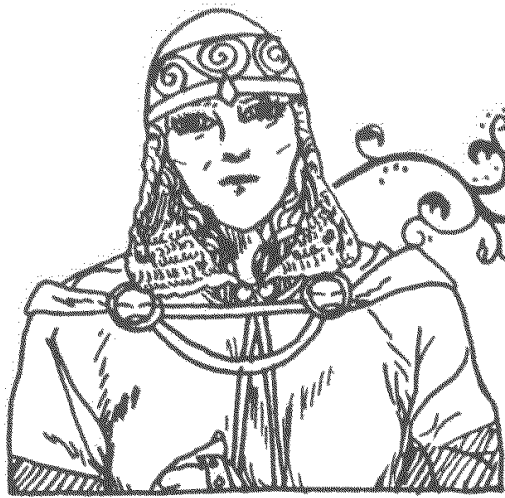
Don't be intimidated by some huge duke in black who wheezes when he breaths. Or some skinny kid who can throw two hundred blows a minute. Take your time and hit them. They die just like anyone else (or they should). It's just another helm out there.

If you want some female support, do it casually with the same camaraderie that any two or three fighters have. But don't get boxed in by it. Remember, we all have to fight everybody out there.

Be tough. Remember the women marines in Aliens? There is a role model. Besides, the nice thing about the nobility in the middle ages is that when it came to party time, the men were the first to get into their fop clothes, so being tough during the day doesn't mean you can't be as splendid a flirt as any other fighter when it comes to revel time. But not on the field.

Last, being a fighter, and ultimately a knight, is an honor which carries a price. If you aspire to a skill level which will make you able to defend the weak, and fight for your sovereign king or queen, or even be sovereign, you can't be second best. If you can't take the heat, go back to the kitchen!





Women of Steel

Introduction

Why is it, that when one goes into a library, or a book store, and looks in the Women's Studies area, the historical time frame starts boldly enough with antiquity, and comes to a screeching halt some where in the late Roman Empire, then starts up with a furious pace in the Seventeenth century, and continues to pick up momentum as we get closer to our own time. Once in a very blue moon a book comes out that on women in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and just recently one has appeared to join the ranks for the hand full of volumes the look at women and war. These women are for the most part looked at through our STEROTYPE glasses, that we are so use to wearing that we do not know we have them on. So we see what we are told to see and do our research to find the facts that fit the distorted view of these women, as only capable of filling certain sex specific roles such as; Mothers, Nuns, Saints, Witches, Whores, or Servants and their prime occupations were child bearing and care, nursing the sick, prayer, cleaning, spinning, weaving, and running a house hold. Only one or two persons to the best of my knowledge have looked in to women as the were involved with trades, and the guilds. If you find a fighting women you will run into the infamous one liner, if your are lucky they will tell you her name. The Cambridge Medieval History Volume 5, page 339 "Lothar III sent for help from his son-in-law Henry who was besieging a rebellious subject Frederick of Bogen in his castle of Falkenstine Henry, leaving the siege in charge of his sister Sophia, responded immediately with 600 Bavarian Knights. Spires surrendered on Epiphany 1130." (Lothar III, The Duke of Saxony. Henry, The Proud of Bavaria) Hey who was, and what happened to Sophia? That is the only mention of Sophia of Bavaria, she is not shown in the genealogy listed in the back of the book. More than likely it will be like this found in The Golden Book of the Renaissance by Irwin Shapiro 1962 page 70 "Muzio became their leader and an outstanding condottiere, he fought well for Naples, but fell out with the queen and was jailed, His sister put on armor and freed him from his jailers.", no name at all only what she did. Some times you find a fighting women, but you don't know she is, because the modern history texts don't tell you about it. A prime example of this is is found in Europe in the Middle Ages by Robert S. Hoyt second edition 1966 page 231 "He therefore set off for Italy hoping to force a meeting with Gregory before the pope could cross the Alps. Gregory, on his way northward, had reached Canossa, a castle of the countess Matilda of Tuscany." These are typical of the traps found when you start to look for these women.

I was wondering why not a whole heck of a lot has been done on these women. Some possible reasons for this have come to mind.

The first being that we are so convinced by "reputable, knowledgeable, authorities", that the historical paradigms, and theories, formed about women, and their place in society. Were formed by those who had much to gain in toughting the official line. The idea of the competent female as opposed to the hapless female, came to ots full development during the reign of James I of England. Who was well known for his strong dislike for women in general and competent women in paticular. This is where the role of Monarchy twisted an accurate retelling of history, until the strong women for the most part were lost, and forgotten, and the role of the hapless female was for the most part created, and the historical paradigm was created.

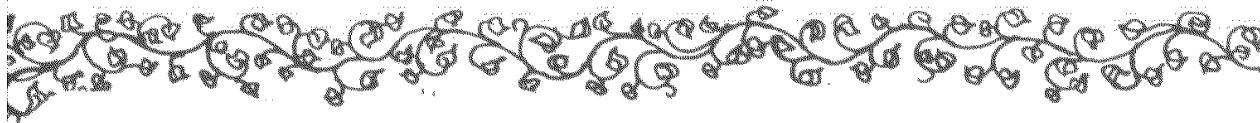
It is past time, I feel for a critical reexamination of the source materials that are available, and apply to it the questions we have been asking about women, and their role in society during the last four centuries, and see what new information can be found.

The second problem is the language barrier. Most medieval and Renaissance documents are still in their original languages. More and more original language documents are coming into English translations. But many important works still remain. Many Colleges, and Universities are dropping Latin, and Greek from their language programs as being archaic, and having no relative to the modern world. If we are to read, and evaluate source documents, we must learn the languages they were written in or we are doomed to the uses of positively very bias and faulty translations. The lack of knowledge of the source languages in preventing us from getting at and reading and evaluating source material for our selves. With out this knowledge, we can be sold a bill of goods, and have no way of evaluating the material for our selves, and we must take it on faith. I feel this faith has been missed placed. It is high time that we put our faith in ourselves thou at times we have been as guilty as the men of twisting of history, and not telling it like it was.

The third is you have to be aware of the main trap of historical paradigms, and theories. The paradigms, and theories that are based on them. These theories are often, given as fact, with out any documentation or support, and are written as generalizations. So if we go by the historical theories that all women (except for Joan of Arc) of this time were hapless creatures easily pushed around by the men. So now none will try to disapprove them, and only in doing research into source materials that will prove them true, and not what really went on. That all that can be known is known for the most part about women and their place in the society in which they lived. Which is true only if you except the current as well as the past theories about women, and their role they played in the shaping their world. A little more is learned about them through the study of statistics, but only in very limited areas of research. This takes the faceless woman, and reduces her further to a pile of numbers with out identity, form or life. Women as a fighters during the middle ages, and renaissance, was not so an obscure character, as one is lead to believe if your read what is written today. One reads in the chronicles of the times how a sister, wife, or daughter raised an army, lead them to the aid of brother, father, husband, and or son. She is well known figure, seeing to the defence of a town from sieges. But she also ran sieges, or raised and leading her troops into battle against the Saracens, her next door neighbors, invading armies or in the defence of Rome itself. There were orders of fighting women, on the crusades. Evidentially women's breast plates in the early thirteen hundreds were shaped differently enough from that of men's, that a Pope could tell the difference between them. But all are given short shift, one sentence is the most common if that, or if your are extremely lucky a full paragraph with footnotes. It is interesting to note that books written on the topic of knighthood and chivalry during the 1860's have more information on these women then at any other time. These, and several other minor points at on me for some time, until I was fed up to the teeth with it, and so this book was the result of this frustration. I wrote this, book because it was what I wanted to read. It seemed that no one else was willing to tackle the job, and I did not want to wait until and if some one else got around to doing it.

L. E. W. B.
McMinnville, Oregon





The following is a small portion of a larger article in the since out of print "Fighting Women's News" done some time ago by Lady Alianora da Lysharet. The Article was a piece on the SCA and some of the ladies fighting at the time. Most of the information is largely outdated, but some of it is interesting, and potentially useful. I have tried to include what I felt to be some of the highlights. Thanks to Helen Jennet of Foxhall for sending this to me.

"Women did not fight at all in the early days of the Society, except as archers. In 1974, Trude developed an interest in fighting and started participating in fighter practices held in her local branch of the SCA. Word reached Richard Ironstead, Society marshall at that time, that Trude was participating in combat. Ironstead wrote the Marshall of Trude's Kingdom and ordered her participation stopped because of increased risk of injury to women. Trude, who says taht she did not intend, and never expected a need for, a crusade, set out to prove Ironstead's reaserch to be inaccurate. "I just wanted to fight," she says. Trude found more up-to-date medical sources and got the cooperation of some physicians. She convinced the SCA Board of Directors and Ironstead that uterineHemorrhage, the possibility of which Ironstead was particularly fearful, was quite rare, only a real risk during post first trimester pregnancy, and that it would be preceeded by pelvic injury and rupture of layers of muscle (women have more such layers, according to Trude's reaserch, than men have), and of the intestines. Men, of course, are at the same risk for the latter injuries, if not greater risk than women. Trude also found backups for her assertion that women were not at greater risk for broken bones than men. Actually, she found that the contrary is true, that women's bones are more supple than men's. "They bend easier rather than breaking because our hormones which prepare us for childbirth," she said.

Richard Ironstead wishes to go on record as being totally in agreement with women's participation in sword and shield combat. Says Ironstead, "When the idea was first proposed, I was a considerable skeptic." When he was doing his research, there was very little reliable information of women's sport's medicine, and sexist misconceptions were often set down in the literature as medical fact. "I am happy to be able to say now that I was totally wrong. The apprehensions I had have proven to be totally unfounded."

"to the skeptics who maintain that women's generally smaller size is a handicap, Ironstead answers,"Size and physical strength are not very important in sword and shield. What is critically important is that a fighter be in good physical shape appropriate to her size and circumstance. If you don't have good muscle tone and breath, you can't carry the weight of your armor or fight effectively regardless of your size."

"The other protests that Trude had to overcome were those made by some that having women on the fighting field was "inauthentic". Trude did extensive and thorough research coming up with a file full of notes and photocopies about three inches thick. Sir Trude cited woman after woman who actually fought in battle, led troops, and defended castles, towns and cities, or captured them. She also pointed out that women Knights did exist during the medieval period and that women were among the first persons admitted to the Order of the Garter, the most presitigious English Order of Knighthood, in 1376. Trude's research into women fighters of medieval Europe was the deciding factor for the Board of Directors, who ruled that women could not be prevented from taking up a sword.

" "Although attitudes among members are often more Victorian than authentically medieval, people in the Society try harder than any group I've seen to overcome thier preconceptions." Trude also feels taht she and other women fighters have received as much hassle from the women as from the men. Male fighters have been more accepting toward her, she says, than the women in general and the non-fighting men. "There's a comradarie and a realgroup spirit that you find among fighters. You don't get that in other activities the same way."

"Concerning the male title of "Sir" rather than the feminine "Dame", Trude says that since she was the first lady Knight, and because her Knighting came as somewhat of a surprise even to her, she hadn't had time to think about it. She said that, "I just didn't like the sound of "Dame", it sounds like a dowager. Dame just doesn't have the same elan as Sir." She has since found an authentic title for Lady-Kinghts, that of "Dominia," but that it is now too late for her to switch.



Les Chamaileons

Mistress Bernice of Brittany Outlands

The clash of steel on steel, the scuffling of feet as they leap from rock to rock and table to floor. The heavy breathing as Musketeer wipes out another enemy of the Queen and the cry of "One for All and All for One!". What young man reading the "Three Musketeers" or seeing one of the movie versions has not envisioned himself there in the combat, drawing his saber from a velvet sheath and thrusting it to meet the opponent. Ah! What a thrill, especially if he has found the SCA and can garb himself in satins, velvets, and lace, and wear his epee at his side for real.

These dreams I have had and this desire to play the game, swaggering in my boots and plumed hat, then drawing my weapon to meet the challenge. But wait! I'm not a young man fresh out of college. I'm a grown woman with children raised, and a not so young body that is more used to pushing a vacuum cleaner than drawing a sword. But I have found the Society and who's to say I can't become a fencer!

There were four of us, all ladies with the same dream. We ordered our equipment, found ourselves an Olympic fencing teacher who also knew something of Renaissance fighting, and began to learn to attack and retreat. After a summer of hard practice, we were ready to present ourselves in Court. It was the Warlord Tourney in Caerthe in ASXIV being 1979 of the Common Era. We were attired in costumes suitable for fencing and we presented to each the Baron and Baroness gifts of embroidered gloves before requesting an opportunity to show our new skill on the field of combat.

We called ourselves Les Chamaileons because like the chameleon which can change its appearance, we changed from sedate Ladies of the Society to fencers, most in male garb. There was Lady Sybilla Keisalovitch who became her French cousin, Martin, in velvet and lace, beribboned, and true Fop. Lady Angelique Helsgate in turn became Rive, a poet, a dreamer, a "hale fellow, well met". Next we had Morgana the Pirate who had been Lady Morgana Tregarthen. Of all, she was the one who remained a woman in name as well as costume for why not a woman pirate? There were many in Medieval times. I, myself, became George, the Vagabond, who was a gentleman of unknown background, but in reality Lady Bernice in man's clothing. This is also a period custom that can be proven. Ladies of high rank often became bored with their do-nothing existence when their lords were busy off fighting and would venture out into the world in their husband's or brother's clothing.

So, you see, we found four different ways to become fencers in the SCA. Each altogether acceptable to Anachronists and to historical fact. Become a male relative of your SCA personae, preferably 16th century, when fencing was in its early popularity. Become a completely new personae with whatever character you wish to develop. You can remain feminine and pursue a personae that would have fought as a woman. A little research will give you many choices. Or become a lady in disguise. I have found this has endless possibilities and leads to many fun provoking situations.

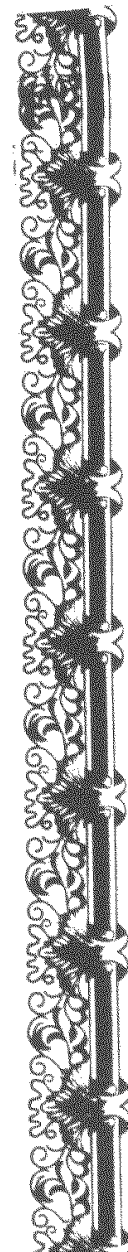
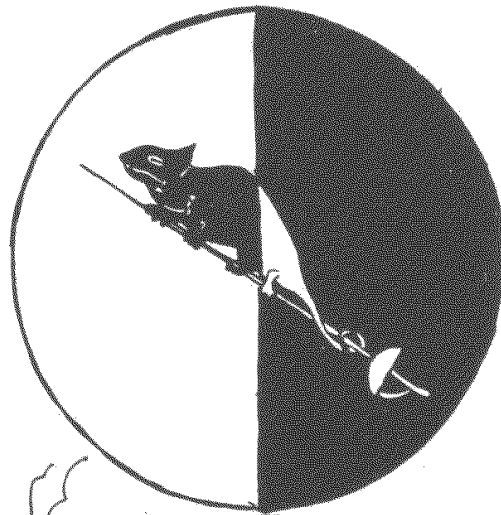
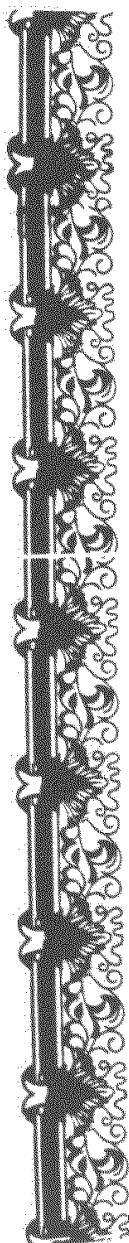


One that comes to mind happened at Artemesian Games one year. As Bernice I had been staying in my camper and enjoying the various activities when a male fencing friend asked if George was present as he would like to challenge him to a duel. I said, indeed George was in attendance and I would inform him of the challenge which I was sure he would accept. Whereupon I entered my camper and exited in the fencing attire familiar to all as George. There were several others present who had heard the conversation and took note of the proceedings. They immediately accused George of unseemly conduct, having been seen coming out of a private residence of a very respected Lady, and what did George have to say to defend such brash conduct? Perhaps a challenge to defend the Lady's honor was in order!

An occurrence of some amusement was told me by Lady Sybilla. As Martin she was seen coming out of a mundane Lady's Room, where upon he (she) was met by a noble Lord and asked to explain this shocking behavior. The answer he received in heavily French-accented English was, "But, Monsieur, I do not read well the English."

Les Chamaileons as such are inactive at this time, but during their Hey-day, we all enjoyed the excitement of combat and the fulfillment of our dreams of the clash of steel on steel and the cry of "One for All, and All for One!"

Viva Les Chamaileons!





WOMEN WARRIORS



by Adeetha Mears Bytha O'Brugh
(a few paragraphs have been edited)

One of the first well documented ladies was a Celtic queen. Boadicea of the Iceni was a proud woman warrior who fought with both spear and sword. She led her army to fight the Romans in 60 AD. It was under her generalship that 70 thousand invading Romans were slain¹ and the Roman cities of London, Colchester, and St. Albans were captured. Boadicea's attitudes as a queen and a warrior speak plainly in this small quote in a speech to her people. "It is not as a queen descended from noble ancestry, but as one of the people that I avenge our lost freedom . . . if you weigh well the strength of our armies you will see that in this battle we must conquer or die. This is a woman's resolve."



Then in 62 AD she took her life rather than be displayed in a Roman Triumphal march.

Cartismundua, queen of the Brigantes, was another valiant Celtic woman warrior and leader. Her first successful battle was against her husband Venutius (as to why she led her forces to war against her husband I was unable to discover). Cartismundua, after defeating Venutius, then led her forces against the mighty Roman Empire. After many battles the great general Agricola finally defeated this outstanding lady in 77 AD. It was noted that the Brigantes under Cartismundua's leadership might have become free of Rome's hold.

Celtic women in general were known for their skill at arms, their ferocity in war, and their courage. Historians of the age speak admiringly of Celtic women, not only as warriors but as mothers and wives, well honored by the men of the tribe.

The Western women were not the only ones who fought. In 40 AD a high ranking Vietnamese was assassinated by the Chinese who occupied Vietnam at that time. In retaliation, his wife and her sister proclaimed themselves queens and launched a revolt against the Chinese. They were the Trung sisters, and as warriors they led their eager countrymen to battle and gained a short respite for three years from Chinese rule for their country. In 43 AD the brilliant Chinese Marshal Ma Yuan defeated them, and rather than be dishonored by capture, the Trung sisters drowned themselves.

The Crusades had women who not only aided the men or were camp followers but women who fought as well. During the First Crusade, Florine, daughter of Eudes I, Duke of Burgundy, went with her fiance Sweno, Prince of Denmark, to attempt to regain Jerusalem. They were crossing the plains of Cappadica in the valley of the Kizil Irmak in Turkey when they were attacked by the Turks. During the battle, Florine fought all day by Sweno. She died with him after being hit by seven arrows.



King John Lackland made Nicholais de Camville sheriff of Lincoln county for defending Lincoln castle during three attacks in the late twelfth century.¹²

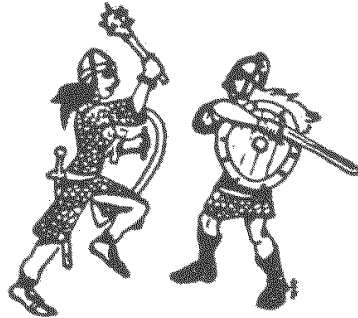
Two interesting ladies (that I was unable to find much information about) were Countess Isabella de Couches and Countess Agnes de Mortimer – also known as Black Agnes.¹³ Both Isabella and Black Agnes were equipped as knights of their time (twelfth century), and they were reputed as being vicious fighters in battle.

In the year 1554, Vienna was laid siege. It was under the combined generalship of Fausti, Forteguerra, and Pivcolonimini that a three thousand woman army defended Vienna valiantly against the army of the Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent.

Africa also had some notable women warriors: the Queen Amina in Katsina¹⁴ and the Queen Bazao-Turunku – who both lived during the early fifteenth century. Queen Amina fought in many battles and led many conquests. It is noted that she received many tributes from many powerful chiefs. Amina is also credited with the introduction of the kola nut to the region. Bazao-Turunku was a woman who led a group of warriors. They had split from their tribe in a political struggle and established their own town.

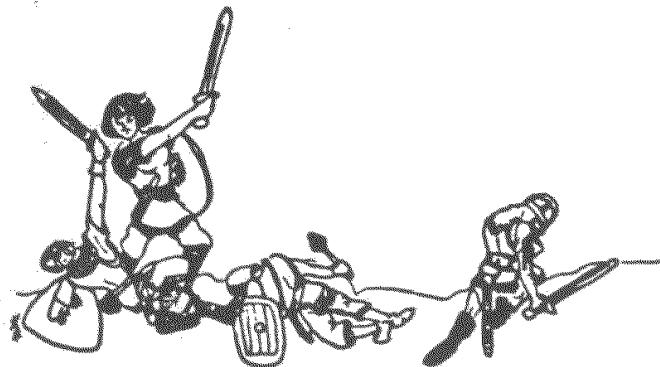
Although they are unrelated as to place and time, there are a number of women warriors who deserve mention, and I include them in this article for that reason.

A gentleman named Matthew Paris of the early twelfth century tells that wives of the Mongols of Jinghas (sic) Khan were as fierce as their husbands. They fought with their men in battles and as Paris stated, "they fight like men."



Charles de Blois attacked the town of Hennebont in 1342 and met opposition led by the Countess of Montfort. She rang the alarm bell, then rode on her charger wearing mail and armed with a sword, rallying her men to the defense of their homes. She then ordered the women to carry stones and quicklime¹⁵ to the walls to throw down upon the attackers. That done, the Countess led a retaliatory attack on the French camp. Fighting beside her men, she ordered that the camp be set aflame. Returning to Hennebont with reinforcements, she held off the French until help arrived from England.

Tournaments were a major form of entertainment during the Middle Ages and ladies occasionally participated in tourneys as warriors. Bored with being spectators, a group of German women of the 14th century decided to hold a tournament during their husbands' absence. Forty women, armed with their husbands' gear, fought under their men's names (except for one young lady who fought under the name of the local noble, the Duke Walrable von Lunberg). The Duke, delighted by this young woman who had sent most of the other women from their saddles, presented her with a gift of two fine chargers and a sizeable dowry.



women and arms

the historic view



Andrew of Donniel, again, on a subject much "in the news" in the SCA.

No deadlier subject exists nowadays, in mixed company, than the question of women and arms, both at war and in the lists. And it's inevitable, and healthy, that our blending of medieval belief and modern self-discovery must somewhere conflict. So in our quest to recreate not just what was but what we would have liked life to have been, the issue becomes a flaming one, and authenticity as well as equality demands our discovery, and acceptance of whatever the role of medieval fighting women was.

Celtic women--including what the Romans misnamed Gaulish and Germanic women--fought alongside their mates against Caesar's peculiar methods of exporting Latin, a fact he woefully records in his *Commentaries*. Tacitus sneers at this newfangled barbarism, especially against widowed Queen Boedicca of England, who led a revolt against Roman occupation that ended only with her death in battle. Her spirit must have been ancestral, for Caesar's ill-fated attack against that isle in 55 BC was repelled by a largely female army. Despite Tacitus, these women must have been superb, for, with their chariot-borne mates, they drove the seasoned legions back to their boats.

Roman withdrawal blacks out documentation of women fighters until the eighth century, whose *Chanson de Roland*--actually composed centuries later--depicts women as such frail things that they faint away dead at the slightest shock, and in the later *El Cid*, the mighty Campeador's two daughters are presented as such spiritless things that their husbands, rampant cowards, can beat them near to death without resistance.

How typical these scenes are of actual eighth and ninth century life is dubious, and Malory, rewriting tales that must have originated about the same period, takes a much more hearty view of *le femme militante*. Good Sir Tom represents noblewomen such as Arthur's mother, Ygraine, defending besieged castles quite as well as any man; and it's interesting to note that Arthur receives 100 of his 150 knights from Guinever's father as dowry, implying an allegiance to their Queen as readily as to their new King. Indeed, when lovesick Meliagraunce ambushes her a-Maying, her unarmed knights accept her as military commandress, obeying her commands not only to wage defense but to end it.

This view of fighting women is attested by Irish monastic records, which cite a seventh or eighth century proclamation against women fighting on that isle--which suggests a widespread population of armed womanhood throughout, reinforced by the woeful observation that the proclamation was seldom heeded after its publication.

Nor are the Celts among us alone in claiming historic feminine militancy; Viking myths attest to that nation's fighting women, as do numerous Germanic tales which surface in *Beowulf*.

With the Crusades comes the first large scale evacuation of every swordworthy male in Christendom, and with them the protection of the castles. The ladies of the manor were left in command, and if this were a new experience for them, no historic record exists. The return of triumphant masculinity after each Crusade rebuked ladies back to, presumably, tapestry weaving for the next few decades until the next holy war, yet these frequent elevations to command must have been heady intoxications, and probably Christian noblewomen were subtly altered by this, and their daughters after them.

This is borne out by the late fourteenth century, when women's weaponry had so proliferated that it became a specialty unto itself; there remain such a legacy of lady's daggers, poniards, and dirks that it must be assumed that most noblewomen went about armed once outside their bailey's security. Women so extendedly and expensively armed must have been prepared to do something or other with those arms. The exquisite craftsmanship of these blades suggests that they were objects of some admiration; one imagines a bevy of femininity clustering in admiration around a jeweled blood-letter, testing a thrusting heft against their bejeweled busts. Scissors daggers seem to have been especially popular; ironically, it's been suggested that the stiletto misericorde--"Mercy of God"--sued to pierce a downed opponent's visor was suggested not by a dagger but by a lady's sewing needle.

By the Elizabethan period we find Shakespeare reviving the Lysistrata spirit in his mistaken identity, transvestism farces, notably *Twelfth Night*, suggesting that women of the period were lusty enough to pass for strong men--with effort. Southerly, Cervantes has his *Quixote's* females spirited and military enough to pull ambushes and lead routs, mostly of the unfortunate knight and squire. Even more notable is that he refers with the casualness of the commonplace to women riding armed, even once with a short-sword. Period arsenal inventories mention "ladye's dyrkes", implying a light belt dagger, and when Castiglione advises women to shun "manly exercise" he seems to be of an increasingly tiny minority.

Celtic women, particularly, remained martial, escaping the domestication of the mainland. Cromwell was forced to decree against women bearing arms, and as late as the tragic massacre at Culloden in 1786, the Scots clans maintained fighting women of sufficient prowess to die along with their men and children, using their bucklers and claymores against the musketry and cannon of an age and a people they were doomed never to fully comprehend. With that wave of dying tartan women dies the last of women fighters in Europe, their like not to be seen again till the pioneer necessities of American colonies recalled the Viking hausfrau beheading raiders.





The King and the Soldier

This is a filk re-write of a contemporary song that was made popular about one year ago by Susanne Vega. Countess Tamsen of the North Sea and I re-wrote it to enter in a Kingdom Arts and Sciences with illustrations. Here is the re-written form.

The soldier came knocking upon the King's door,
She said "I am not fighting for you any more."
The King knew he'd seen her face somewhere before,
Slowly he let her inside.

She said, "I've watched your palace up here on the hill,
and I've wondered who's the boy for whom we all kill.
I am leaving tomorrow, and you can do what you will,
Only first I am asking you, "Why?"

The young King, he fixed her with an arrogant eye.
He said, "You won't understand, and you may as well not try."
But his face was a child's and she thought he would cry,
But he closed himself up like a fan.

She said, "I see you now and you are so very young,
But I've seen more battles than I have battles won,
And I've got this intuition that says it's all for your fun,
So I won't march again on your battleground."
And she took him to the window to see,

The sun, it was gold, the sky, it was grey,
And he wanted more than he ever could say,
But he knew how it frightened him and he turned away.
He would not look at her face again.

The crown, it had fallen and he thought he would break.
He stood there, ashamed of the way his heart ached.
He took her to the doorstep and he asked her to wait.
He would only be a moment inside.

Out in the distance his order was heard,
And the soldier was killed, still waiting for his word.
While the King went on strangling in the solitude he preferred,
The battle continued on.



From Da'ud ibn Auda
Ansteorra

Thy servant is responding to thy appeal and is sending a poor bit of drivel which he wrote on October of 1983 commemorating the "unveiling" of a new set of light weapons, (duello, rapier) armour by Lady Francesca Laviana Sansovino of this Kingdom. The armour had several interesting features, including a skirt which could be removed with one hand during a bout to be used like a cloak in the duello (she had made a very nice pair of pants to be worn underneath which matched the doublet and skirt so as to retain her modesty). Its most interesting feature, however, was that on her fencing mask she had painted a lady's face, complete with wire eyelashes, and it was in commemoration of this (and her method of unveiling it on the field) that thy servant has written what he has written.



A lithe and shadowy figure
In a robe stood near the field
While others took their turn, and fought
To make their opponents yield.

The sun was bright, the day was hot,
As the combatants, two by two,
Fought their way to victory
Or death in the Queen's view.

And still this hooded figure stayed,
Speaking not a word;
Waiting, as one, then another,
Fell to a skillful sword.

And then, at last, the herald spoke
As the combatants left the field,
"Will Francesca Sansovino
Be pleased to take the field."

Finally, the figure
In the robe began to move --
Could this be Francesca,
Her worthy skills to prove?

But why the anonymity
Afforded by the robe?
Why seek to hide her visage
From the sun's bright yellow globe?

Then, at last, the time did come
Her hood she did throw back;
Then, at last, the sunshine
Fell upon Francesca's mask.

A single gasp swept through the crowd,
A gasp of wonder and awe:
At the visage we saw there
Many went slack-jawed.

The eyes were of the clearest blue,
The lips a rosy red;
Upon its cheeks a maiden's blush,
Fair hair adorned its head.

'Twas the face of a maiden,
A lass so fair and fine,
Behind which stood a warrior,
Francesca Sansovine.

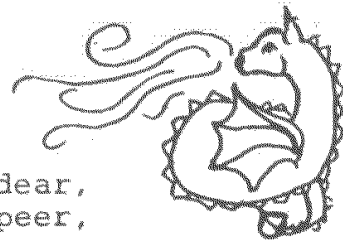
The lady disarmed her opponent
Before she ever drew her foil;
Before this visage he would quake,
His craven heart recoil.

He was defeated handily
(The beggar never had a chance);
Francesca was the victor
As she led him in the dance.

Our lady won her fight that day,
And many others, too;
But more than that she won our hearts
With those painted eyes so blue.

Our children will be aged,
And we have made the grave our home,
Ere we ever see the like of that
At the tourney called Queen's Own.

A DRAGON'S TALE
By Andrew MacRobb



We all know the stories and hold them most dear,
Of maidens and dragons and knights without peer,
Of swordplay and magic and causes most just,
Of stouthearted nobles who love without lust.

But dear lords and ladies, I must now confess,
When I write a story, I strive for success,
And tales of great love that is left unrequited,
Will leave this poor bard from events uninvited,

So my tale has a maiden of beauty devine,
A huge flying lizzard with scales down his spine,
A knight of great prowess, a cause that is just,
Some magic and swordplay, and a touch of lust.

On a destrier gray, the steed of a knight,
(Which a non-horseman's eyes would always call white,)
Rode a figure in armor, tall, noble, and strong,
(If you think, "Here's our hero," I'll tell you, you're wrong.)

The rider's our heroine, bold, brave, and true,
A warrior maiden with blood that is blue,
And filled with great virtue, and out on a quest,
To find a great dragon and put it to rest.

There was a great wizard by name of McTrue,
Who gave her a sword and a shield that glowed blue,
He told of a dragon in Kingdom of Gyre,
And said that his worm would soon fill her desire.

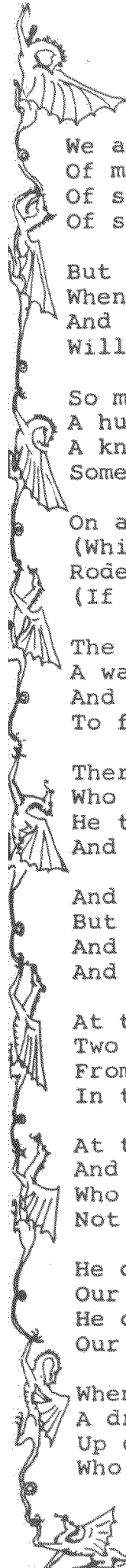
And so she rode off for to slay this great drake,
But soon she discovered in armor, she'd bake,
And so she stripped down by the side of a pool,
And jumped in the water to try to get cool.


At the edge of the pool, beneath a waterfall,
Two beady eyes watched as she revealed her all,
From the side of a great toothy mouth, spittle flowed,
In the depth of that great dragon's chest, fire glowed,

At the side of the pool then the bushes were rent,
And out stepped a warrior known as Sir Pent,
Who saw here a chance for to try out his lance,
Not the one on his horse, but the one in his pants.

He doffed off his armor and revealed his tool,
Our maiden then screamed and swam deep in the pool,
He dove in the water, intent on her rape,
Our maid screamed in horror, was there no escape?

When from waterfall came a steaming express,
A dragon to rescue our maid in distress,
Up out from the water, a drake, wings displayed,
Who placed himself there twiwt the knight and the maid.





A blast from his throat of draconian fire,
Made evil Sir Pent to forget his desire,
And swim back to the bank where his black armor lay,
His lusts to be satisfied another day.

But when he had fastened his last belt and clasp,
And mounted his horse, he gave out a gasp,
For there, on a white destrier, was a knight,
With a glowing blue sword bared ready to fight.

He lowered his lance and spurred on his steed,
And flipped down his visor, intent on his deed,
Off glowing blue shield, his point it did glance,
A blue sword swept down and severed his lance.

He drew out a new weapon, a great mace and chain,
And spun at his foe, intent to cause pain,
As his weapon spun round, it glowed evil red,
And both knew that one of them soon would lie dead.

An hour or more they clanged and they bashed,
And then, one more time, together they crashed,
Then Pent saw a chance for a foul, evil deed,
And with a great blow, he slew her fine steed.

Now the maid is on foot, while Pent is on horse,
(For she was the knight who had faced him, of course,)
She stepped back from carcass, and tears filled the eyes,
That glared out in hatred at one she despised.

When out from the woods came the same scaly shape,
That scant minutes before had once saved her from rape,
And with a great swipe from his tail at Sir Pent,
From his horse to the ground was that foul knight soon rent.

As that black knight arose and his steed it ran off,
The dragon spoke out in a voice harsh and gruff,
"Now I will stand back for to let you two fight,
But twice has this drake saved this maid from this knight".

On foot they now fought, blue sword and red mace,
A maiden of virtue, a knight of disgrace,
While off on the sideline a dragon did sit,
Watching the two as they blocked or they hit.

By heat they were weakened, but still the two fought,
Until by the side of the pond she was caught,
And as she stepped back her foot went off the edge,
And she tumbled down off the steep earthen ledge.

He cried out in victory, and jumped down to gain,
His deathdealing blow causing ultimate pain,
But as he jumped down she raised up her sword,
And up, through his crotch, that great villian was gored.



His blood stained the waters, his body lay still,
The maiden looked down at this man, her first kill,
She took off her helm and let down her hair,
And looked up at the dragon and cried in despair.

Oh, dragon I came to this land thee to slay,
Yet twice did you save me on this single day,"
"Fair maid would'st thou slay me; what harm have I done?
I eat nought but fishes; I have hurt no one".

"I swore on my word that a dragon I'd slay,
Yet, I cannot harm he who saved me this day,
Oh, woe is me, for my vow I can't keep,
I must return home to face my pennance deep."

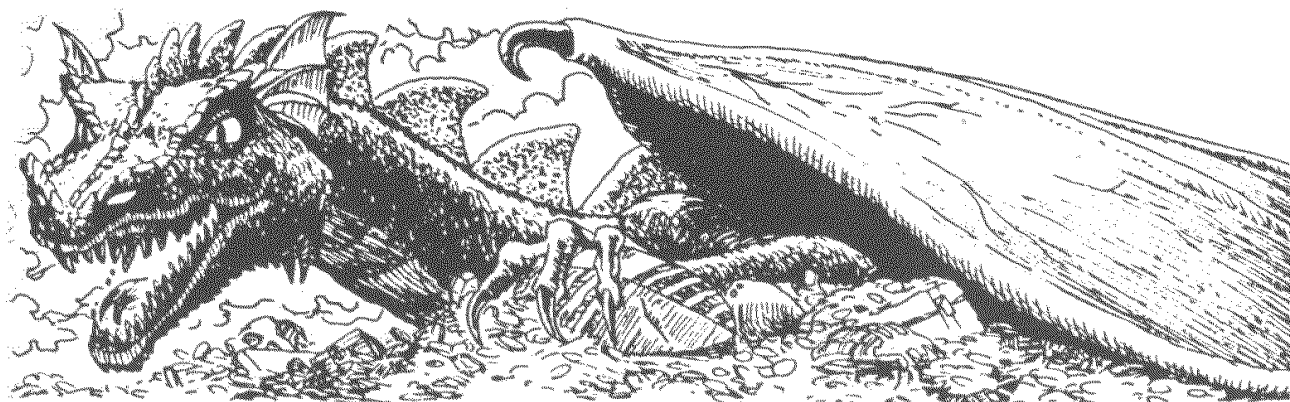
But as she went back, the word spread of her deed,
For she rode on the back of a great winged steed,
With a tear in her eye she was met by McTrue,
And handed, hilt first, back the sword that glowed blue

"I fear my lord wizard, I've failed in my quest,
The Dragon of Gyre is here as my guest,
I could never slay this one that I call a friend,
To the day that I die, his life I'll defend".

McTrue said, "Nay, maiden, you have done quite well,
This great scaly lizzard is under a spell,
As for slaying a dragon, a worm, or a drake,
Would any deny that Sir Pent was a snake"?

McTrue cried out words that made maiden ears wince,
And there, where the dragon was, now stood a prince,
She shrieked in surprise as behind bush he hid,
For a drake needs no clothing, this handsome prince did.

Ignoring his nakedness, she kissed him there,
And ran her soft finertips through his black hair,
The young man just stood there and shivered and prayed,
That a knight would come by to save dragon from maid;



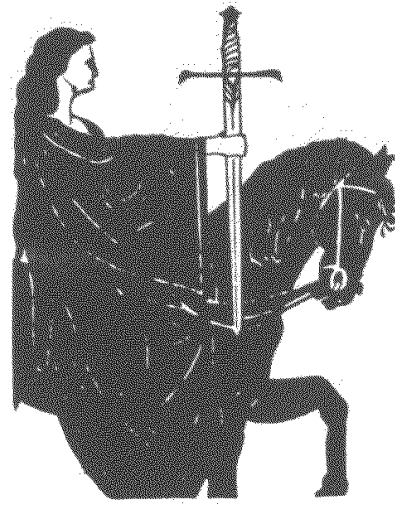
There is a tale
of flashing mail
Of men, swords at the ready
Of teaming hordes
O true, my lords
and a valient few, strong, steady.

On a castle wall
that did not fall
stood a very good King, indeed
he fought by his men
all ten of them
until he began to bleed.

Now this King
was a very good King
but, his bravery came and went
when he started to bleed
(to protect his seed)
he made a right hasty decent.

The Queen was bold
(or so I'm told)
set her Ladies quite a-twitter
when from the stove
she took the loaves
For the Queen, she was no quitter!

They made a gloop
(it looked like soup)
mixing courtyard dirt with oil
into all the great kettles
it quickly was settled
and the mixture brought to the boil.



As the hordes ascended
the King descended
and the end of the wall was near
when those on high
heard the Queen cry,
"Help's coming, have no fear!"

Atop the wall
the Queen stood tall
her Ladies, waked from slumber
had boiling oil
and pots of soil
in a seemingly endless number.

The mix is crude
(in fact quite rude)
couseth pain that's like no other
So the hordes
let loose the boards
and quickly broke for cover.

Thus the tale is told
midst young and old
of the King who took a fright
How the battle's din
washed over him,
of the Queen, he made a Knight!

Lord James Qui Connait
Outlands

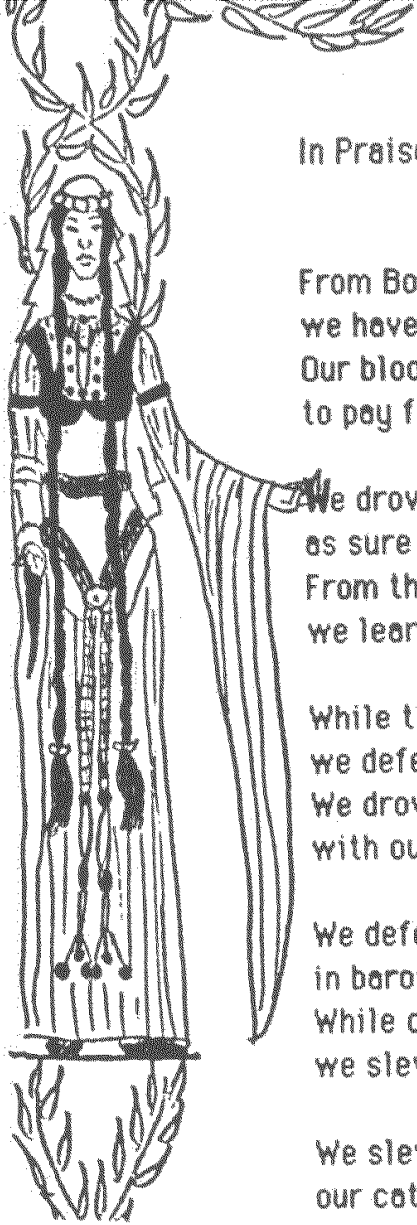
The Lady used to table her shield
Whene'er she threw a blow
And timing with a lady proves all things:
I cleaved her helm when next she sent
her sword my way.
That fall we met at tourney,
I shield-rushed.
A two-hundred pound giant, I overwhelmed the lass
And took her when she could retreat no more,
Nor parry my advances.
But when last we met, my foe's salute
was a warm hug.
Her smile was disarming, my helm soon rung
As I stood there, love-struck!



If love can be likened to Springtime, and a lady
called a rose, then I can properly say, "This Bud's
for you!" Congratulations on your recent victories!
P.S. Next time I'm keeping the mace!!!

This tall gentleman was the first I ever met on the field of combat. It was a Warlord tournament,(my first tourney). My armor was pitiful,except for the breastplate, which had just been made,(I still wear it). and this man, dressed almost all in gold and yellow, took his massive short sword in his left hand and thoroughly clocked me with it! I was so mad to be one shotted like that, I vowed I would never fight him again until I could beat him. We had'nt met since then, on the field, until this year at Queen's Champion Tourney. I was moving rather slow because of a knee injury, and he accidentally stpped on my leading foot twice. He felt chagrined, and threw away his mace, keeping his short sword. I was armed with sword and madu, so I asked the Queen if I should also forfeit a weapon, since it was her tournament. She said she felt I had no need to. When next James and I closed, I blocked his sword with madu and crunched one into his ribs. He was jubillant! He returned my embrace from our salute and congradulated me. Sometimes revenge can be sweet!! Darkwater-





In Praise of Women Armed

From Boadicea to Joan
we have answered the clarion call.
Our blood too flowed in price
to pay for the battle at Kingdom's call.

We drove Romans across the channel
as sure as did our brothers.
From the time we could hold a sword
we learned from our fathers and mothers.

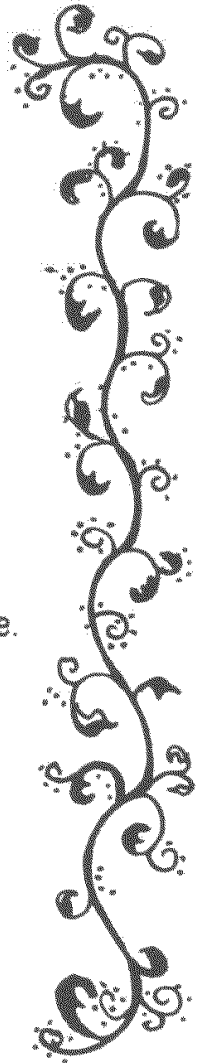
While the men-folk went a-Viking
we defended the home and held the land.
We drove off the Celt and Scot and Pict
with our axes and swords in hand.

We defended our property and possessions
in barony, shire, and castle.
While our men fought for Jerusalem
we slew their brothers who waged against us battle.

We slew to save our children,
our cattle, crops, and lives.
We killed to take back plunder taken from us
and from our towns the mercenaries to drive.

So why question when we too
seek glory in that which we have done so well.
Come, cross us on the honorable field
then of our chivalry you may also tell.

Lady Marsali Fox



The Ballad of Dead Ladies
Francios Villon, Fifteenth Century

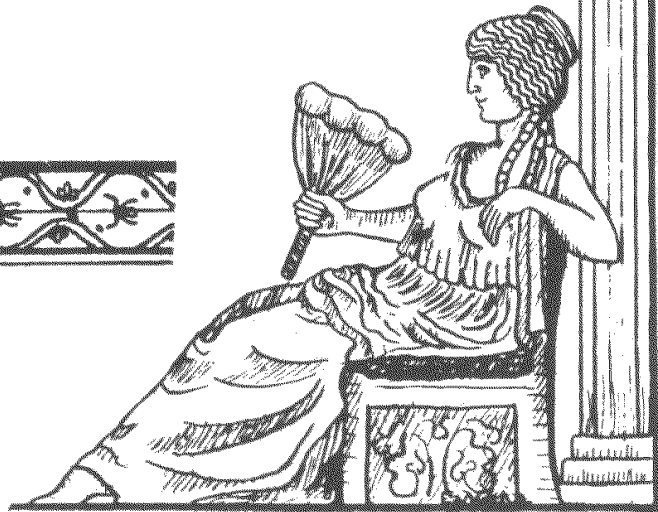
Tell me where, in what country,
Is Flora the beautiful Roman,
Archipiada or Thais
Who was first cousin to her once,
Echo who speaks when there's a sound
On a pond or a river
Whose beauty is more than human?
But where are the snows of yesteryear?

Where is the learned Heloise
For whom they castrated Pierre Abelard
And made him a monk at Saint-Denis,
For his love he took his pain,
Likewise where is the Queen
Who commanded that Buridan
Be thrown in a sack into the Seine?
But where are the snows of yesteryear?

The Queen white as a lily
Who sang with a siren's voice,
Big-footed Bertha, Beatrice, Alice,
Haremburgis who held Maine
And Jeanne the good maid of Lorraine
Whom the English burnt at Rouen, where,
Where are they, Sovereign Virgin?
But where are the snows of yesteryear?



M'Lady Hope
Outlands



There once was a Knight and a Master,
Who argued which on was the faster.
They each grabbed a wench
In too friendly a clench,
Now they both have their arms caked in plaster!

Rapier

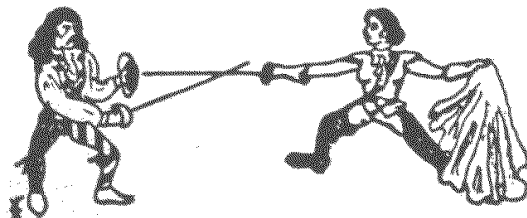




My persona of Helen Jennet of Foxhall is loosely based upon two women of the late sixteenth century. Both were known as fighters and can be documented in period sources. The first is the Irish pirate Grainne mi Mhaille, better known as Grace O'Malley. Grace affords me a wide range of travel, garb and adventure. Second is Mary Firth, sometimes known as Moll Cuttpurse, an Elizabethian woman who cross-dressed and may have run a children's pickpocket guild. (Helen Jennet does the former.) Mary's life was exaggerated upon in a play written by Thomas Dekker and Thomas Middleton called "The Roaring Girl" published in 1611. It was documented that Mary liked to sit upon the edge of the stage and make comments regarding the selection of the young boy choosen to portray her. She was reputed to have lived into her eighties and attributed this longevity to smoking and drinking. Both women have had recent "historical novels" written detailing their lives.(?) Grace was novelized by Morgan Llywelyn in her book "Grania" and Mary Firth in "Moll Cuttpurse" written by Ellen Galford. However, I have been able to find some period documentation for both women and hope to have a better grasp of both of them in the near future.

I also have had theatre and stage combat training and use my "old age and treachery" to great advantage on the field and in video and film production. I was pleased to be able to fight in the Rapier List held at Estrella War III last February and am pleased to report that in a field of ten fighters, three were women and two scored second and fourth place in the round robin tournament. I look forward to seeing more women fighters next year and spending some time sharing ideas and suggestions.

I would be happy to correspond with any women interested in Rapier fighting or fighting in general and most especially with physically challenged women in the martial arts.



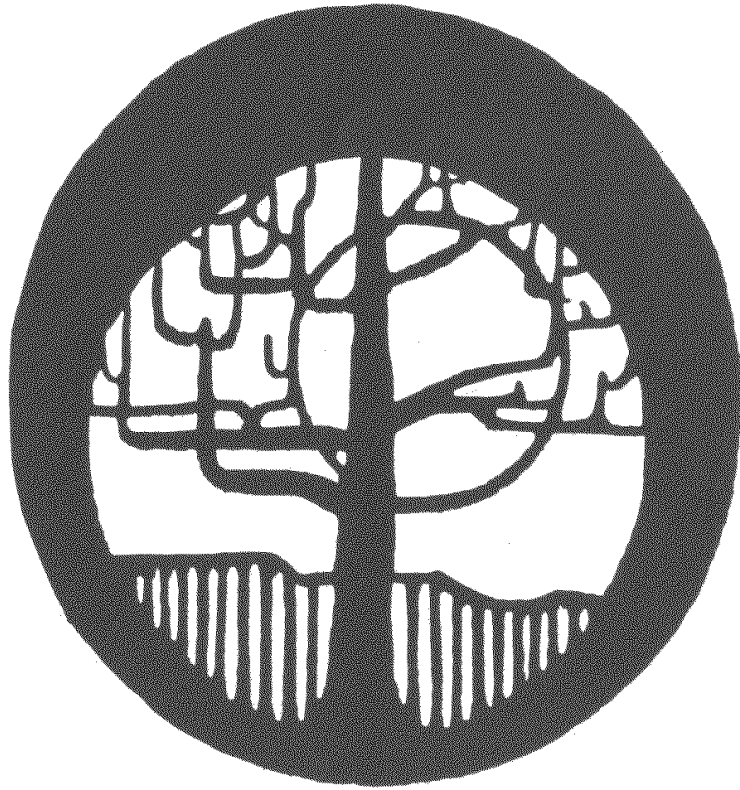
From Viscount Galen of Bristol
Ansteorra

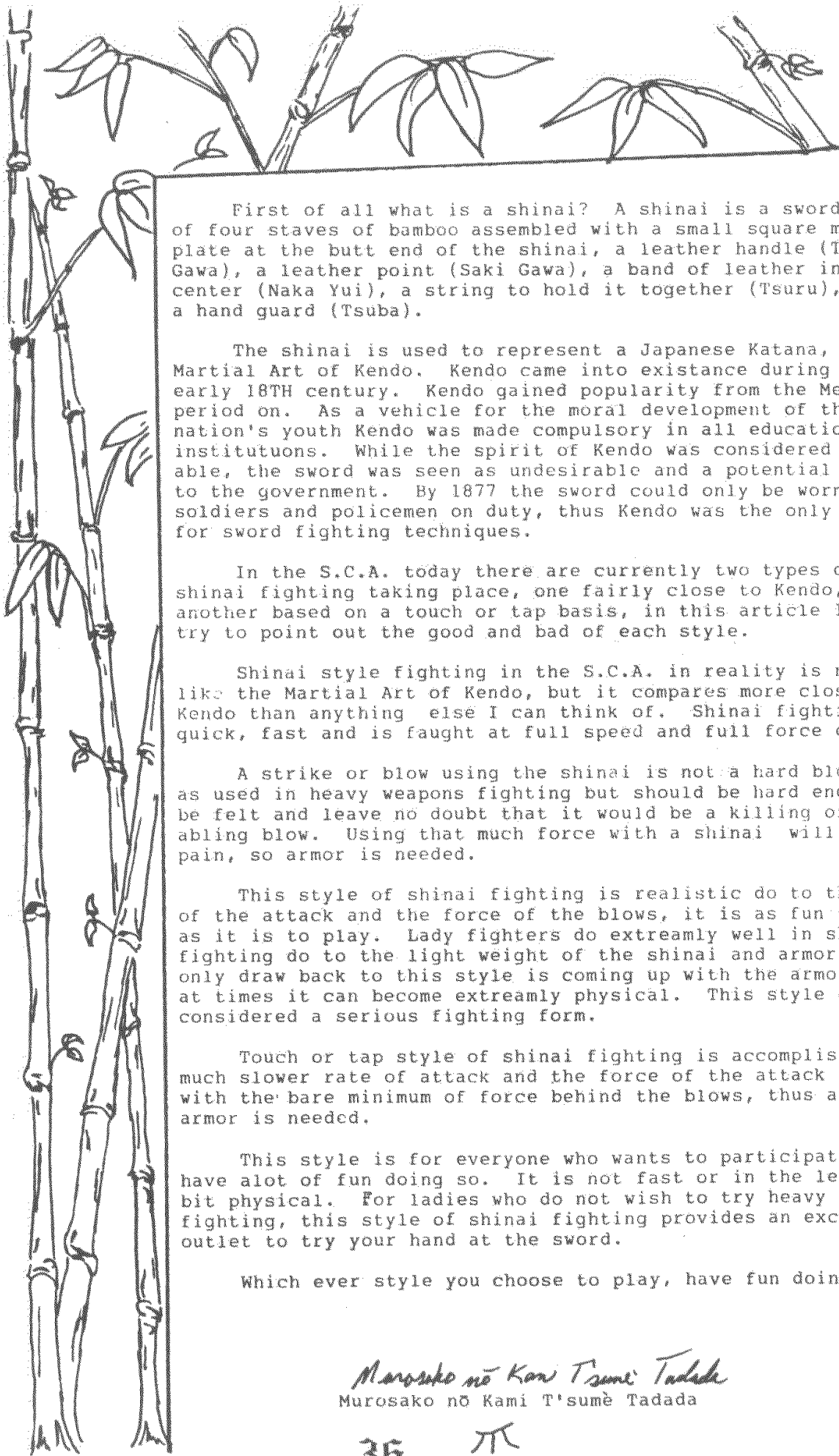
I have always thought it strange that even today, lady fighters should have such difficulty being accepted. I have always enjoyed fighting ladies, and have done all I could to assist ladies interested in getting started in SCA chivalric combat (I am not a swashbuckler, and only a few in Ansteorra fight Shinai). Where I joined the SCA, in Meridies, I was greatly assisted in getting into SCA combat by Lady Laurelin Valinor, who was squire to Duke John the Bearkiller, (she has, regrettably, since left the SCA). In my eight years of fighting, living in three Kingdoms, and visiting several more, lady fighters have been, as you said, few and far between; however, recently they seem to be becoming more common.

An interesting side-note for those involved in SCA rapier combat: While Ansteorra does have a few who seem to live only to poke with their foils at their friends, the overwhelming majority strive to be chivalrous and well-rounded SCA members. In Ansteorra, one of our highest Kingdom orders is the Order of the White Scarf of Ansteorra, given for excellence in rapier combat. Members of this order are entitled to style themselves "Don" or "Doña", such as "Don Tivar", "Don Eldric", or "Doña Gwenllian". The order includes two ladies among its score of Companions. Members of the order often formally take students, whom they refer to as "cadets". There are a large number of female cadets in this Kingdom.



Shinai





First of all what is a shinai? A shinai is a sword made of four staves of bamboo assembled with a small square metal plate at the butt end of the shinai, a leather handle (Tsuka Gawa), a leather point (Saki Gawa), a band of leather in the center (Naka Yui), a string to hold it together (Tsuru), and a hand guard (Tsuba).

The shinai is used to represent a Japanese Katana, in the Martial Art of Kendo. Kendo came into existence during the early 18TH century. Kendo gained popularity from the Meiji period on. As a vehicle for the moral development of the nation's youth Kendo was made compulsory in all educational institutions. While the spirit of Kendo was considered valuable, the sword was seen as undesirable and a potential threat to the government. By 1877 the sword could only be worn by soldiers and policemen on duty, thus Kendo was the only outlet for sword fighting techniques.

In the S.C.A. today there are currently two types of shinai fighting taking place, one fairly close to Kendo, and another based on a touch or tap basis, in this article I will try to point out the good and bad of each style.

Shinai style fighting in the S.C.A. in reality is nothing like the Martial Art of Kendo, but it compares more closely to Kendo than anything else I can think of. Shinai fighting is quick, fast and is fought at full speed and full force of blows.

A strike or blow using the shinai is not a hard blow such as used in heavy weapons fighting but should be hard enough to be felt and leave no doubt that it would be a killing or disabling blow. Using that much force with a shinai will cause pain, so armor is needed.

This style of shinai fighting is realistic do to the speed of the attack and the force of the blows, it is as fun to watch as it is to play. Lady fighters do extremely well in shinai fighting do to the light weight of the shinai and armor. The only draw back to this style is coming up with the armor, and at times it can become extremely physical. This style can be considered a serious fighting form.

Touch or tap style of shinai fighting is accomplished at a much slower rate of attack and the force of the attack are just with the bare minimum of force behind the blows, thus almost no armor is needed.

This style is for everyone who wants to participate and have alot of fun doing so. It is not fast or in the least bit physical. For ladies who do not wish to try heavy weapons fighting, this style of shinai fighting provides an excelent outlet to try your hand at the sword.

Which ever style you choose to play, have fun doing it!

Murosako no Kami Tsumi Tadada
Murosako no Kami T'sumè Tadada

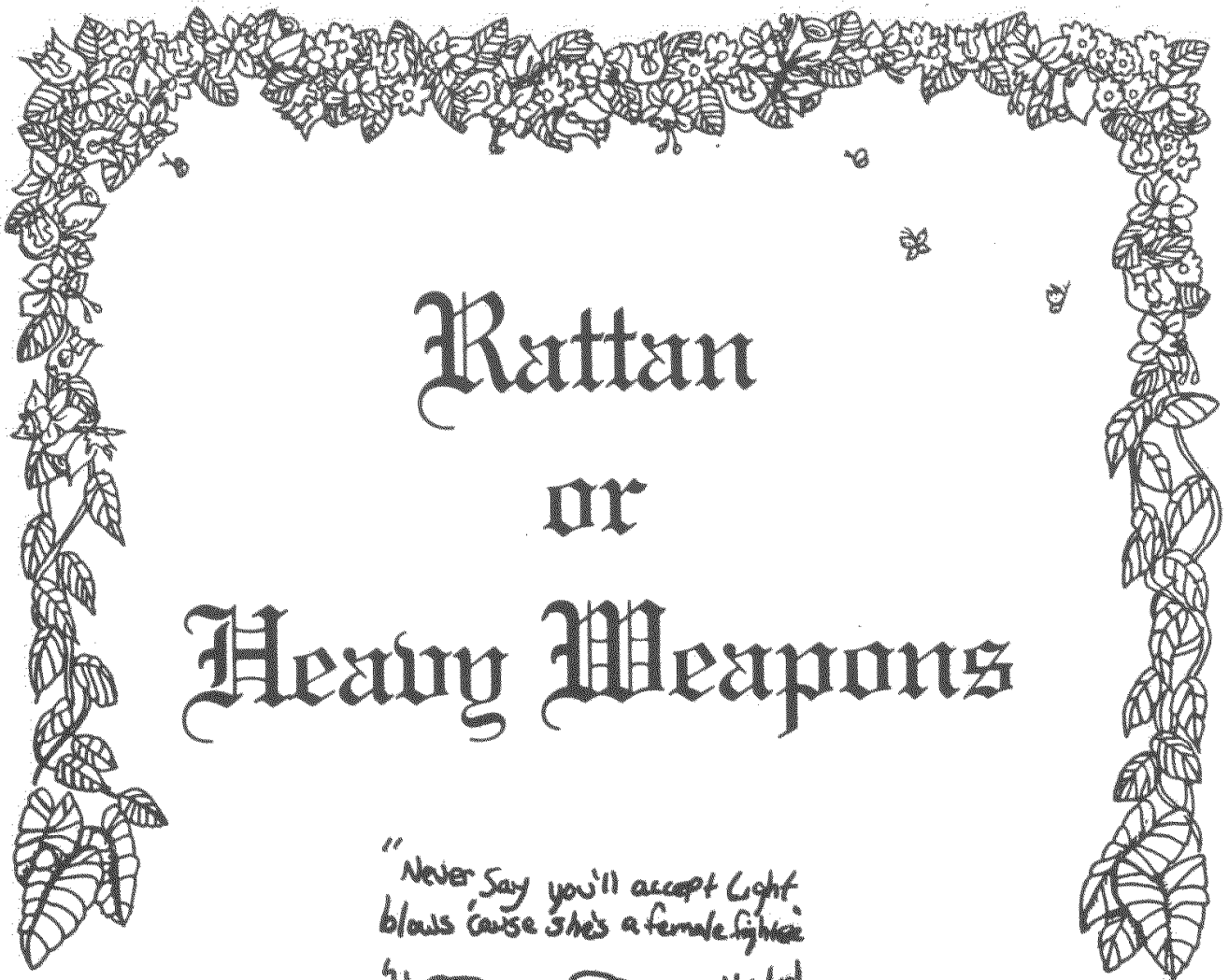
Gwendalynn d'Genea
Ansteorra

I began fighting heavy weapons and combat five months ago in the shire of Eldern Hills, Kingdom of Ansteorra. A new found friend told me of all that went on in the SCA. I was interested enough to go to my first populace meeting, revel, and yes, fighter practice.

I guess I fight because every week frustrations build up and it is a very good outlet for me. Yes, I can beat up on someone safely and go away feeling good. I'm not very good yet, but I'm learning. I've fought great sword, single sword, and shinai. Shinai was so much easier to do because I could manouver it quicker and better than I could the sword and shield, great sword, and single sword. Plus my shots were called whereas I do have a hard time with the sword and shield because my blows don't seem to reach the point of strength, therefore they aren't called as much. Most of my shots are aimed at the legs of my opponent because if I can get to them quick enough, they go down,(if called),and I feel that gives me some kind of advantage for a kill.

Now a certain challenge to all women fighters of the Known World:
Share your stories and information with us. I'd like to know so much more of the specialties and secrets of a certain kill in combat!





Rattan or Heavy Weapons

"Never say you'll accept light
blows 'cause she's a female fighter"



I have been locked on War preparation. I am hoping to complete a new shield, as well as a new evening dress to show off my other attributes.

Why do I fight, I love it! After along day of work there's nothing like fighting practice to lift my spirits. My once work exhausted body stays long past twilight discussing the whys and what-ifs of practice forays. The smell of sweaty foam padding is a treat to my tired soul.

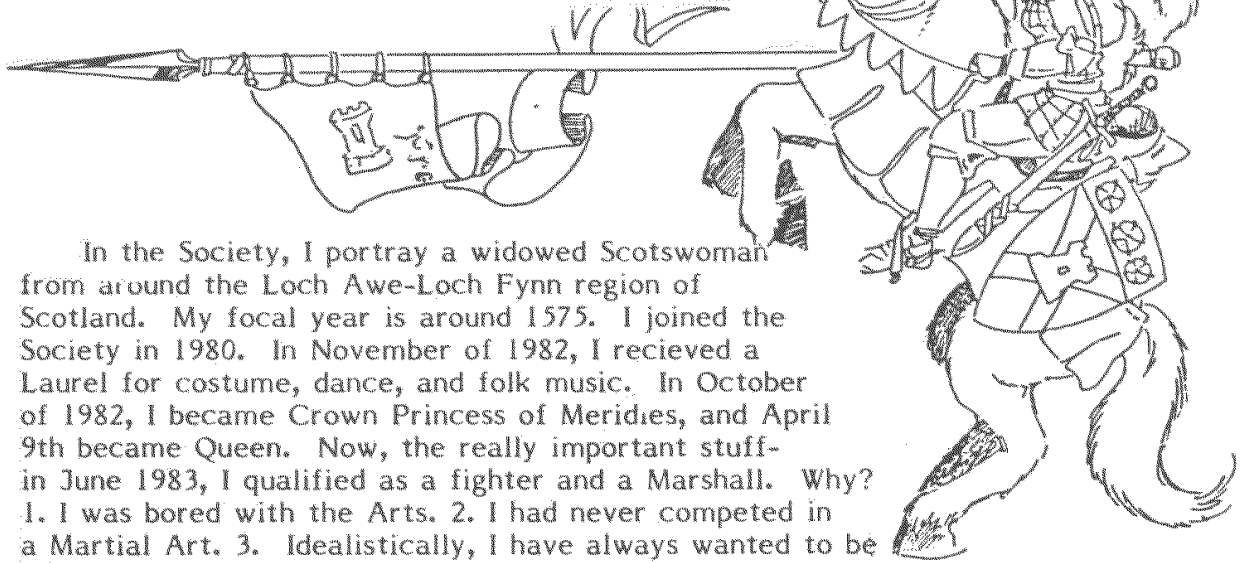
My co-workers and family shake their heads and smile during our regular "Monday Morning Bruise Reports"!

My personae is early Irish Celtic. My household consists of mostly ladies and children. Our story is that our men are victims of "war and life". We started off with vow as a military sport. To date, I'm the only Rattan fighter in the household. I get a lot of support from my "family". The younger members of the household practise ont he pell with me, and later wrestle and test our strength and agility. In about five years our household will be a force to reckon with!!

Recently I read a book that really helped to visualize my personae and it's female warrior nature. The book was Bard by Morgan Llywelyn. I think it would be a good idea to have a reading list or review of books that follow our interests and document female combatants in history.



Countess Elspeth Mac Naughton
Trimaris



In the Society, I portray a widowed Scotswoman from around the Loch Awe-Loch Fynn region of Scotland. My focal year is around 1575. I joined the Society in 1980. In November of 1982, I recieved a Laurel for costume, dance, and folk music. In October of 1982, I became Crown Princess of Meridies, and April 9th became Queen. Now, the really important stuff- in June 1983, I qualified as a fighter and a Marshall. Why? 1. I was bored with the Arts. 2. I had never competed in a Martial Art. 3. Idealistically, I have always wanted to be a Knight. A female Kinght. (Joan of Arc Complex?) 4. I donot (a) want to be one of the boys, (b) show that women are superior beings, etc., Ad Nauseum. Once I got started, I was hooked. I love to fight! Particularly in Wars. Especially field battles and bridge battles. I don't care for list tourneys- I feel they are more of an ego-boosting situation. I much prefer the tactics, fury, and frenzy of war.

Did I find anything easy? No-far from it. The only easy part was dying a lot and getting frustrated. Everything else was hard-getting the armor, getting support, begging for training, etc. Most of my support came from two gentles, (both now Dukes and Knights), who had the guts to give me help in locating armorers and resource books. We have , in particular, Duke Sir Erin Breck Gordon, here in Trimaris who words well in training female fighters. He is very supportive. Other Knights have begun to follow suit.

On March 17, 1984 I fought in a war with Atlantia against Trimaris.

Apparently the sight of a woman in armor was so unusual that one gentel woman was moved to write a poem about it in Middle English. Her daughter wanted to fight, and when she expalined to her ten year old that "ladies" did not fight, I happened to walk off the field at that time, took off my bascinet, and shook out my waist long hair. The child pointed to me and said something to the effect of "Look at Countess Elspeth!" Ooops!

We now have an order for fighting ladies in Trimaris. If they distinguish themselves in battle for several wars and further the martial arts, they are invited in the Order of the Black Widow. (I became principle of the order this past February at Sea WarsIV) The two other members of this order also deserve special recognition. #2 was Lady Erica Bjornsdottier, and #3 is Duchess Branwen Bean Erin, wife of Duke Erin Breck Gordon, and is very deceiving. She is Squire to her husband at the request of all his other Squires.



In October of 1985, I became Squired to Duke Olaf of Atlantia. I take my Squirehood seriously. I worked hard at Pennsic for him. Even though I am a Countess and a Laurel, my training is very serious. My Knight trains me hard in the sword-art, and by his example sets a hard path for me to follow both in his chivalry and Kingship. (He is now serving his third term as King of Atlantia.)

While on the practice field at Pennsic one day, as a group of us sat around, sweating like crazy, he cast his eye on the female fighters. He said, "I really have to admire you ladies-what you may lack in size, you certainly make up for in heart."

Here in Trimaris, we receive more encouragement after proving in the frenzy of battle that we will stand firm, (more so than some of the men), do our jobs, and die by our Kings. All of us, out of armor, are very feminine, love to dress up in lovely gowns, are proficient in many domestic arts and sciences. The "lady" side is not ignored or forgotten.

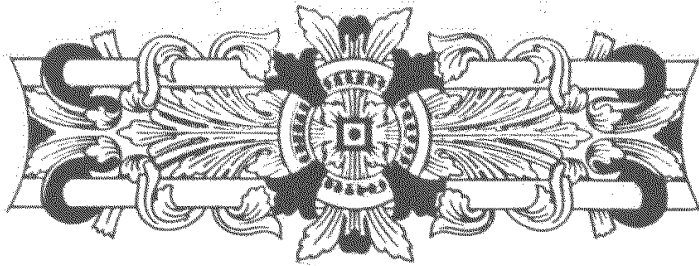


Lord Dagonell Collingwood of Emerald Lake

It was several years ago, at a "Sauerkraut Festival" in Phelps, N.Y. I was part of a small group of Scadians who were putting on a demo. Every thing was running smoothly. We had played a few recorder pieces, performed a few dances, displayed examples of calligraphy, blackwork, and armoring, and answered questions from the crowd gathered around our roped off section. The only dark spot on an otherwise peaceful demo was a small cluster of four or five college-age, beer-drinking amles who heckled and seered at everything we did. We ignored them as best we could, but it was a source of constant irritation.

We began demonstrating rattan combat. The third pairing was between a lord and a lady, neither of whose names I can recall. Please forgive me. The Marshall turned to his right. "Do you bear any offensive steel, my lord?" The lord shook his head. The Marshall turned to his right. "Do you, my lady?" Her negative reply was nearly drowned out by one of the hecklers calling out, "Hey, buddy, why'd you call that guy a girl?" The lady dropped her sword, and pulled off her glove to unfasten her chin strap. She walked over to the heckler, stopping just short of the rope. She pulled off her helm and shook her head so that her long auburn hair spread across her shoulders. "I am not a girl!" she bellowed in a voice that would make a drill sargeant green with envy, "I AM A WOMAN!!!" She replaced her helmet and resumed her position in the field. The hecklers were silent for the remainder of our demo.

*Cymer of the Darkwater
Outlands*

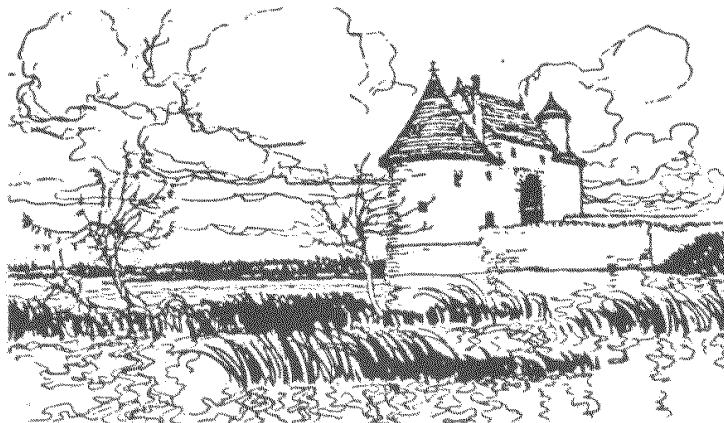


Several people have asked me about the bridge story I hinted at in the original article for this newsletter. At thier behest, I would like to tell it to you.

It was at my second Carthen Warlord Tournament. My armor was still coming along, but still wasn't quite finished. My lord at the time was an amature armorer, (he had helped me with the armor making part of being a fighter), lended me his helmet because I had none at the time. It was a twenty pound barrel helm, No lie! It was heavy. My teammates nicknamed me "the tank" for the duration of the event. I have pictures, unfortunately. I looked absolutely ridiculas. Some people will do anything to get on the field.

Well, there we were. The "bridge" was a plank of wood a little wider than two feet over a small ravine about six feet deep. Our leader went ahead over the bridge with two others to attack the group on the other side. The rest of us were on our way, as there was no fighting on the bridge. One man in front of me and two behind. A hold was called as we all stood on the bridge. At this time I did not know much about tourney fighting. I had been to a war or two, and in one tourney where I died horribly to a left hander. In my small experiance, when a hold was called, you went to one knee. Dumb, dumb, DUMB! The man in front of me backed up, the man in back of me stepped forward, and this dopey little tank had her knee go over the edge and the rest of her with it.

I figured all would have been fine. It was only about six feet. I was dead anyway, so I would make it look good. I was in armor and nothing could hurt me though that helm. So over I went. My head hit the ground, but that was all. Both of the men who could reach me from the bridge had grabbed my ankles! Suspended in the breeze, I heard many people yelling. I was, after all, the only lady on the field, and all felt protective. The nearest Marshall thought he heard me yell in pain. He stepped quickly over until he heard it was actually my laughing my heart out at the situation. He smiled and I was released. Pretty much everyone started laughing and the event went on. At evening court, I was called up for the first time in my life, and the Prince presented me with a full bottle of Amaretto and a white lily for the Best Death of the day.




I have fought the Heavy Weapons tournament circuit in Ansteorra, and have done some combat abroad. I was squired to H.G. Duke Sir Inman and am currently retired due to difficulties with arthritis. However, I have a broad range of experience and would love to both share my own and absorb others'. Personally, I have enjoyed my time on the tournament field. It was a deeply rewarding activity.

There are a goodly number of Ansteorran warriors of the female gender, but I did not perceive any group isolation. The study of the art of medieval combat is an activity that when approached with seriousness, does not leave time to be aware of the stereotypes we left at the troll booth when we signed in.

I don't know if you had ever heard the Ansteorran Kingdom anthem, 'The Rising of the Star' but there is one verse I would like to share with you.

Oh, the Ansteorran ladies,
they'll make you lovely wives,
but check their skirts and bodices,
they always carry knives.
They say that iron-mongery
their beauty will not mar.
They'll thrill you or they'll kill you,
by the rising of the Star.







From Lady Caireen of CuRuadh Keep, Esq.
Barony of the Steppes, Ansteorra

I am Lady Caireen of CuRuadh Keep, Squire to Duke Inman MacMoor. I have been active in the S.C.A. since January '84. I have served as M of A.S. for my Barony and I am currently it's Deputy Marshall. I fought in my first tourney the end of last July. I was an unlikely prospect as a fighter. I am short, (less than five feet), in my mid-thirties, and was considerably overweight when I started. I have never been athleticly inclined.

How did I ever end up as a fighter and a squire? The general attitude in Ansteorra toward anyone who expresses an interest in fighting is very encouraging. It doesn't matter if one is a non-athletic male, a lady, or even handicapped. If you are willing to try, they will work with you.

Lady fighters are not a rarity in Ansteorra. It is not unusual to have 3-5 in an average 25-40 size list. We are respected and are treated as equals by most fighters (always a few turkeys), and by the Knights. It is not unusual for our best fighters to have lady Squires. Lady Squires are numerous. I am Inman's second female Squires, the other lady had to stop fighting because of artheritis, (Lady Marsali Fox). I think the attitude in Ansteorra toward ladies was best said by Inman when he was King, his comment was that there are not male and female fighters, there are only Ansteorran fighters. This attitude toward ladies is somewhat responsible for encouraging my fighting. My lord is a non-fighter and I felt that I needed to know more about fighting, so that I could enjoy tourneys better. I was encouraged by our Knight Marshall and after armoring three times, none of them hard practices, I was shocked when he told me to plan on fighting the next weekend in Kingdom Warlord. Since this was a progressive melee, it was a baptism of fire for a green fighter, However it wasn't the tourney, but the Sunday morning



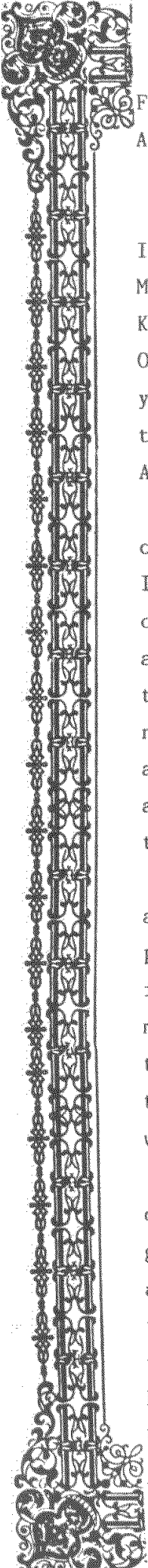


practice that ended up influencing my fighting. I had been shy that morning about seeking out fighters to work with me. I had only one fight with a lady Squire when the King, Inman, looked over at me and suggested that we go out and play. In my shock and amazement, I somehow managed to armor-up, and then he proceeded to start teaching me a wrap shot. Afterwards he invited me to his mid-week household fighter practice that he held at his home. Thus I came to be a student.

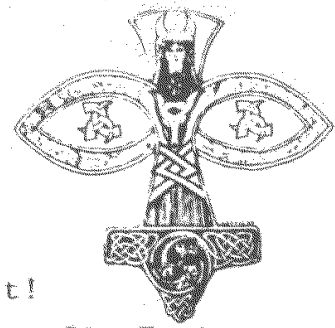
Inman and Earl Seamus both worked with me, allowed me to build up confidence, and encouraged me when it seemed hard. I do not know if I would have considered becoming a Squire, and hopefully in the future, taking the belt and chain of a Knight, without their encouragement.

There are many stories I could tell, but I will save those for another time. I wanted other lady fighters to know that in my Kingdom we have support and respect. One of the verses in the Clan Blackmoor marching song goes thus, " You ladies hide behind your walls and weep for missing men. Our women march beside their lords, they'll charm with a kiss, or kill with a sword. Let's drink to women of Clan Blackmoor."

Lady Caireen of CuRuadh Keep is Squired to Duke Inman Macmoor, head of Clan Blackmoor, and she is also a member of Clan Cadaul, of which Duchess Willow, (a well known lady fighter of the area), is head.



From Lady Raven of Firefall, Esq.
Ansteorra



What joy! At last, a kindered spirit!
I am Lady Raven of Firefall, Squire to Bey Sir Tarl
Mapt of the Shire of Loch Soilleir. I am Deputy
Knight Marshall here, and my Page, M'Lady Keiran
O'Donnchada, is Rapier Knight Marshall. So as
you can see, we in the Loch are familiar with the
trials and tribulations of the lady fighter.
And do we have some stories to tell!!

I have been fighting heavy weapons for a little
over two years. Why I started is beyond me, although
I beleive it to be because "they" told me I was too
old and would never make it. I never could pass up
a good challenge. Of course, my first tourneys were
total disasters. About the time I decided I would
never be able to kill anyone, they started dying
around me like flies. That was a thrilling day,
and one that would repeat itself with my first
tourney kill in Sept. of 1985.

Our Rennaisance Faire is held in October
and NOVember, and we fight a minimum of four melees
per day, each fight approximately 20 minutes. This
is exceptional training and I found the joys of
melees here, being engaged with every fighter on
the opposite side at the same time. During this
time I dented a Knight's helm, and met the man I
would marry'.

During the first melees of the second weekend
of Ren. Faire, I noticed a tall and burly red haired
gentleman was chasing me with a rather wicked looking
axe. Never the one to be rude, I turned to face
this creature, and noticed to my joy (and his bruises)
that he was carrying a small roundshield. Down on his
knees, however, he proved to be quite a pain to kill.
Unable to dispatch him quickly, I was forced to
wear his shield arm, (and my sword arm), down,

leaving myself wide open to a clocking by a passing Knight. Round two same as the first. Round three, ditto. By this time I gathered this person evidently wanted my attention. So, at the end of round four, whilst he was lying on his back on the battlefield, I enquired as to his name. Later, in the armory, we salved each other's bruises and the rest is history. Seven months later I married him (mundanely) and the next Ren. Faire we had our S.C.A. wedding.


I have many other stories to relate, including the helm denting of a Knight, being tossed bodily off a bridge by my husband (the lout!), being wounded and then carried off the field at 20th by a genuinely wonderful Duke in chain mail, and winning my first tourney this March, Squire's Invitational.

I was Squired shortly after that tourney and have been the target of many an envious male fighter since. It is wonderful to be targeted- that way there is always someone to play with!

I would love to trade information as to what armor has been found to work best, weapons preferences, fighting styles, and so much more!

Lady Raven of Firefall is also Deputy Kingdom Chirurgeon for Ansteorra. She also has two daughters, who are in the Society as well.



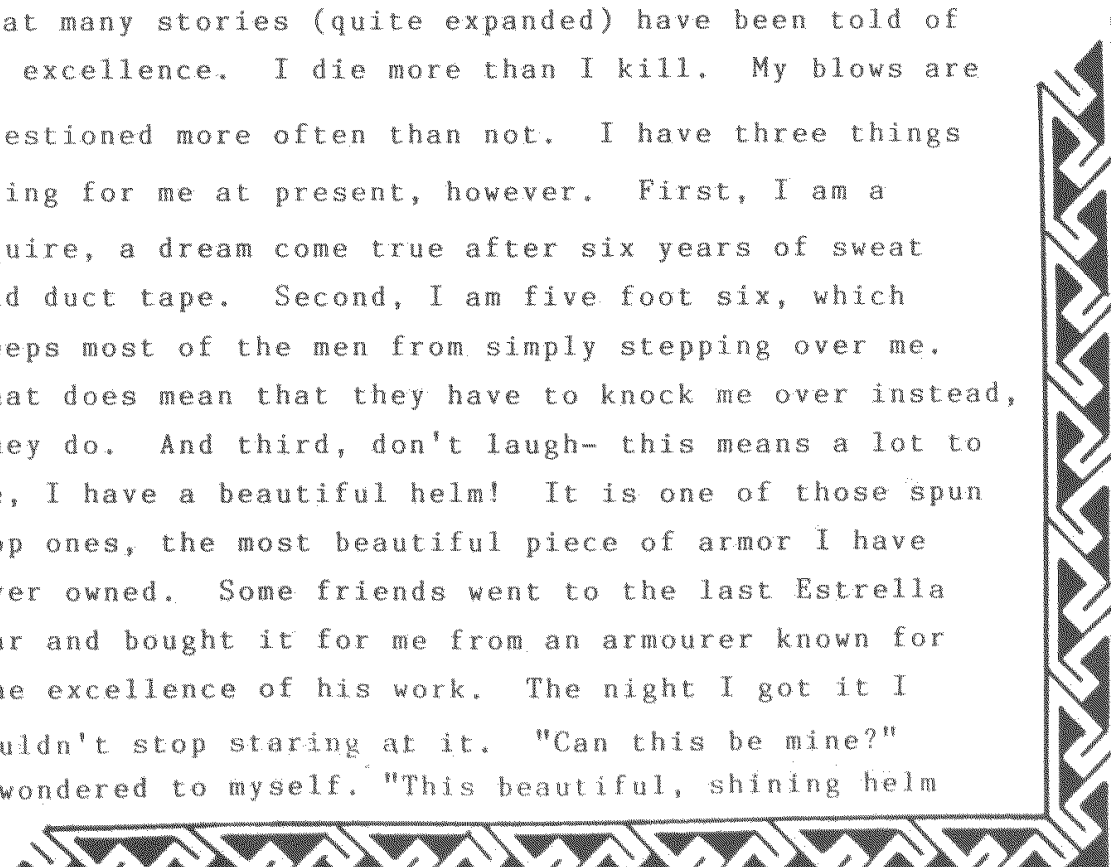


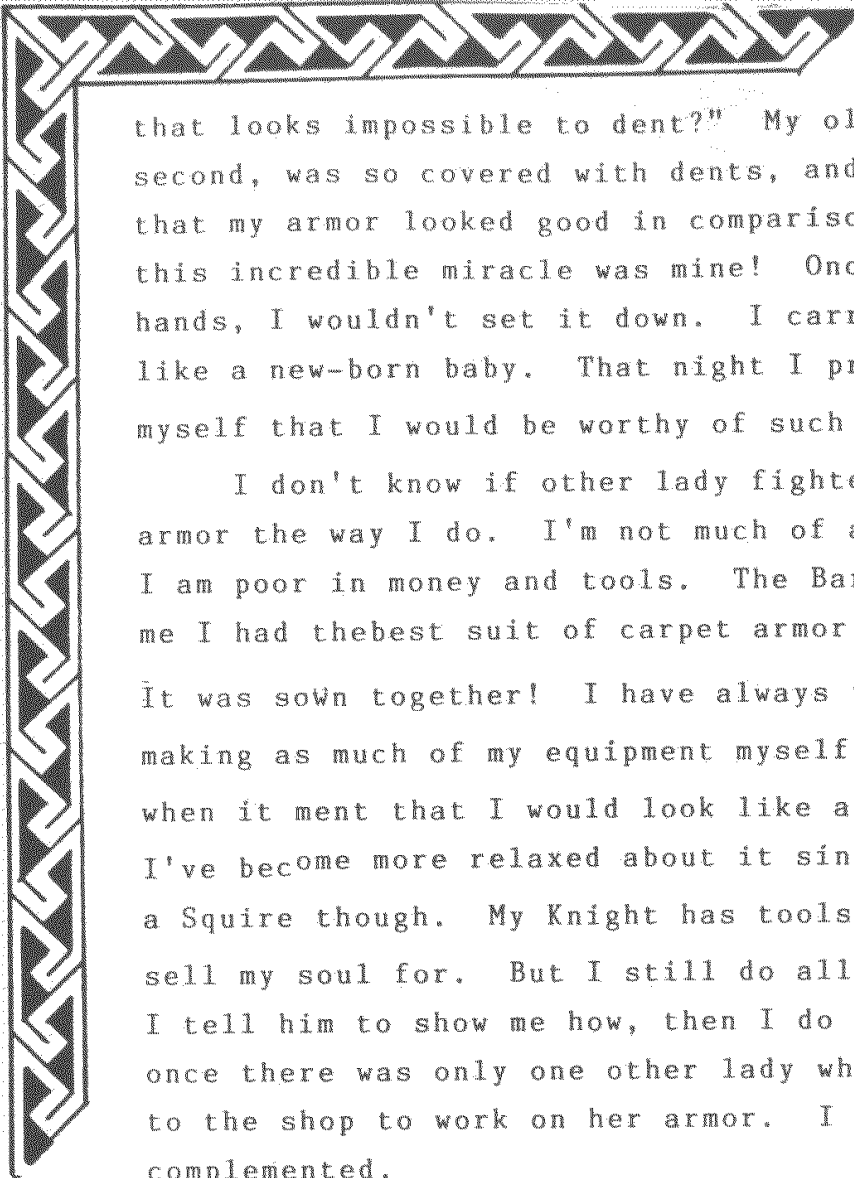
From Wilhelmina Von Hamm
Atenveldt

For many years I have been frustrated as one of the few lady fighters I have ever heard of, much less met (of fought!). I was the first and only lady fighter in the Shire of Amor Salaan Fasach, which became the Barony of Loch Salaan while I still graced the field alone. Now the most prominent lady fighter here is the Baroness herself, Knight and Lady Leah de Spencer, but she has often wished for more time to fight and looks forward to each chance she has of fighting with me. There are some other lady fighters I hear rumors of, and over the years I have fought a couple (literally), but mostly it's been lil'l ol' me with the guys beating me into the ground.

It's not so bad. I tell the mundanes and the gentler ladies that a lady fighter can never lose: If we win, we are wonderful for winning; If we lose we are wonderful for trying.

Being a lady fighter is so rare in Loch Salaan that many stories (quite expanded) have been told of my excellence. I die more than I kill. My blows are questioned more often than not. I have three things going for me at present, however. First, I am a Squire, a dream come true after six years of sweat and duct tape. Second, I am five foot six, which keeps most of the men from simply stepping over me. That does mean that they have to knock me over instead, they do. And third, don't laugh- this means a lot to me, I have a beautiful helm! It is one of those spun top ones, the most beautiful piece of armor I have ever owned. Some friends went to the last Estrella War and bought it for me from an armourer known for the excellence of his work. The night I got it I couldn't stop staring at it. "Can this be mine?" I wondered to myself. "This beautiful, shining helm





that looks impossible to dent?" My old helm, my second, was so covered with dents, and so ugly that my armor looked good in comparison. But this, this incredible miracle was mine! Once it was in my hands, I wouldn't set it down. I carried it home like a new-born baby. That night I promised it and myself that I would be worthy of such a gift.

I don't know if other lady fighters love their armor the way I do. I'm not much of a metal worker, I am poor in money and tools. The Baron once told me I had the best suit of carpet armor he had ever seen. It was so worn together! I have always taken pride in making as much of my equipment myself as I could, even when it meant that I would look like a potato sack. I've become more relaxed about it since I was made a Squire though. My Knight has tools I swear I'd sell my soul for. But I still do all the work myself. I tell him to show me how, then I do it. He told me once there was only one other lady who had ever come to the shop to work on her armor. I felt very complemented.

Injuries. Yes, I've been hurt many times. No broken bones, which has always amazed me, but many bruises. I've also been knocked unconscious, dislocated both shoulders many times, and nearly fainted from the heat. My shoulders have periodically kept me from fighting many times. Fear of pain and broken bones has stopped me often, too. Exhaustion, mundane trials, and plain tiredness of the smells and trouble of moving sixty-odd pounds of "stuff" hither and yon. But I Love It!

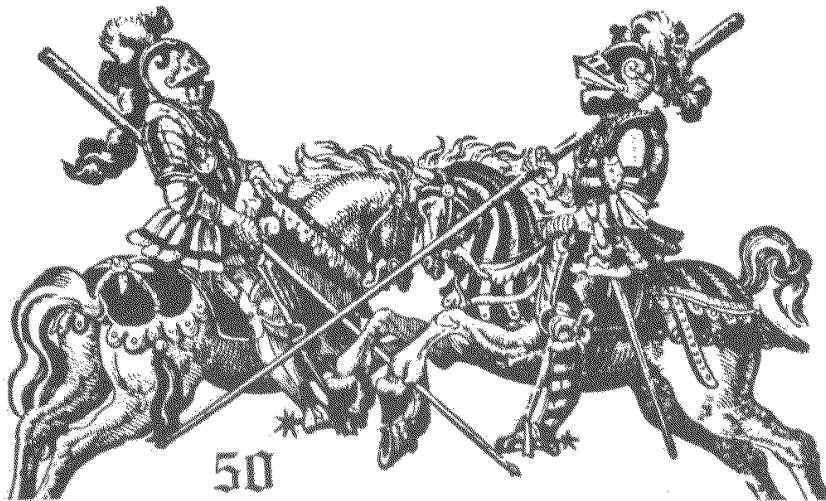
Motivation. I started fighting when I was thirteen, back when a thirteen year old could fight. Loch Salaan was young and innocent then, and rules of the field were primitive. I never settled for minimum protection, I still don't. Macho, I am not. Except if wanting to kill men is macho. That's why I


first started fighting, to prove I could beat men at thier own game. I couldn't. I died and died and died. Soon, I forgot the original reason and discovered others. I have always loved sports, but because of a hip problem, I can't run. Most mundane sports require running, and those that don't bore me. When I saw the SCA fighting I thought, "Upper body strength, I can do this!" Chivalry and honour soon followed. The Baron Robert de Spencer was and is my idea of the Ideal of chivalry. I looked to him for guidance and dreamed to be as noble as he was. I wanted to be gentle and honest and good. At that age good had a capital "G".

There is something about the sense of companionship that developes between people who sweat and hurt and fail and triumph together. Along the way I have met many fighters who I think of as brothers. Some men refused to fight me because I was a woman. In my pride I told them it was because they were afraid to be beaten by a women. Only one man didn't answer that challenge, the rest fought me and I died.

I learned not to be afraid to hurt, to look weak, to hit others, and to be hit. My mundane family has always looked at my fighting, and my association with the SCA with wonder and pride. I've often heard my mother tell stories of her "strange daughter".

I love the smell of duct tape, of a new gambeson, of sweat and of leather. I wish there were more lady fighters in my area, because it would be nice to tower over someone for a change. I have many other stories to tell, but I'd also like to hear others, so hurry up!





Heather nic Arin
East

I enjoy it.

I also learn about myself. Not necessarily on the field, ^{but} SCA combat does help me with the inner fight. The struggle of being active instead of passive, of learning to be assertive, of controlling anger at bureaucratic people and at being blown off, the idea of making things happen for yourself.

I certainly did not start to fight for these benefits. I must confess that I started to fight because I wanted to be like the female protagonists in fiction I own and vigorously read while growing up. Red Sonya, Tomoe Gozen, and Jirel of Joiry are the names of just a few. My college roommate thought it was silly to read such books. Fighting was also silly to her but she tried to understand me. My ex-boyfriend at the time did not like the idea of women fighting. He did not actively discourage me but gave me neutrality and also pair of elbows.

When I began to fight, my main support was from my Knight Marshall, Lord Armond de Crecy, who was, and is, delighted to have me as a fighter in his ranks. He helped me build my armor, reminded me of practices, and held my hand until I could hold it myself. My mother was also a source of support as she would send me pictures of different armor. 'Stick to it,' was advice from her. However, she will not watch me fight. Once she tried from a door stoop during a fighter practice. I yelled, "Good" at a shot. My Mother immediately registered it as Ouch, flinched and fled into the house.

Support is not always there, however. A good recent example is from a fighting practice. Once after a practice melee, we were talking bubbily. I pointed out to my Knight Marshall that everyone in the shield wall should line up to the person to their right. I was going to be on the right as leader of the wall, everyone would aline on me. He did not hear me. My boy-friend then pointed out that in the military when soldiers march they line up to the right. Armond told him he thought it was a good idea. I was furious. I spoke up immediately and mentioned to him that I had just said the same thing. He remembered me saying so but he had not paid any attention. Why? Two reasons prevail. I was being patronized and I was competing to be heard. Also at many fighting practices, a certain fighter would pat me on the head for a job well done. This would irk me. I would tell him so. Nothing changed until every time he did this I moved his hand or bark and pant.

Now I have been accused of being not feminine. I am learning that my femininity is what I define it to be. I am used to playing War with my brother and seven other females. It is natural to me but not to others.

I have to work on fighting. I have learned to make things happen for me. You have to stick to it. My Knight Marshall will sympathize with me when I tell him my armor is uncomfortable but he has told me no armor is, including his. Get used to it or make it more comfortable. I feel proud when walking in my comfortable armor but when I am fighting, I am fighting not to be intimidated.

Fighting used to frustrate me. I would get intimidated. I always used to lose. My friends would continually tell me, "you can beat him." But continually, I would get beaten and think my friends lied to me. Eventually, this all translated to whatever I did in the ring was good whether or not I won. This attitude gave me self-confidence. I stopped listening to outside influences and began to listen to myself. I began to react faster, learn faster and win. I am still learning. Who knows where I will end up but wherever it is, I will belong there because fighting is continually helping me state who I am.

Back to silliness from seriousness, my favorite story is from my first fighting Pennsic when I was fighting spear. In the field battle, I was in a very thick shield wall directly in front of Sir Big. I was a peon. After awhile, the shield wall broke up. I found myself alone and surrounded by a unit. Pressure. A shield man, a glaivest, a spear man, and a florentine fighter closed in. Being fast, I jumped back and forth and sideways to avoid thrusts. I ducked a head shot. (Who said being short does not have its' advantages?) All of them charged. I lifted and rotated my spear to block so I could run like hell to get out of there. I managed to block all of them. NO KIDDING! Almost out of there, I stepped to my right, a head shot came in. I died most quickly and curled up wishing I had a shield to hide under. This fight was the best thirty seconds I ever had fun fighting. This is why I fight.

I hope to see you on the field!



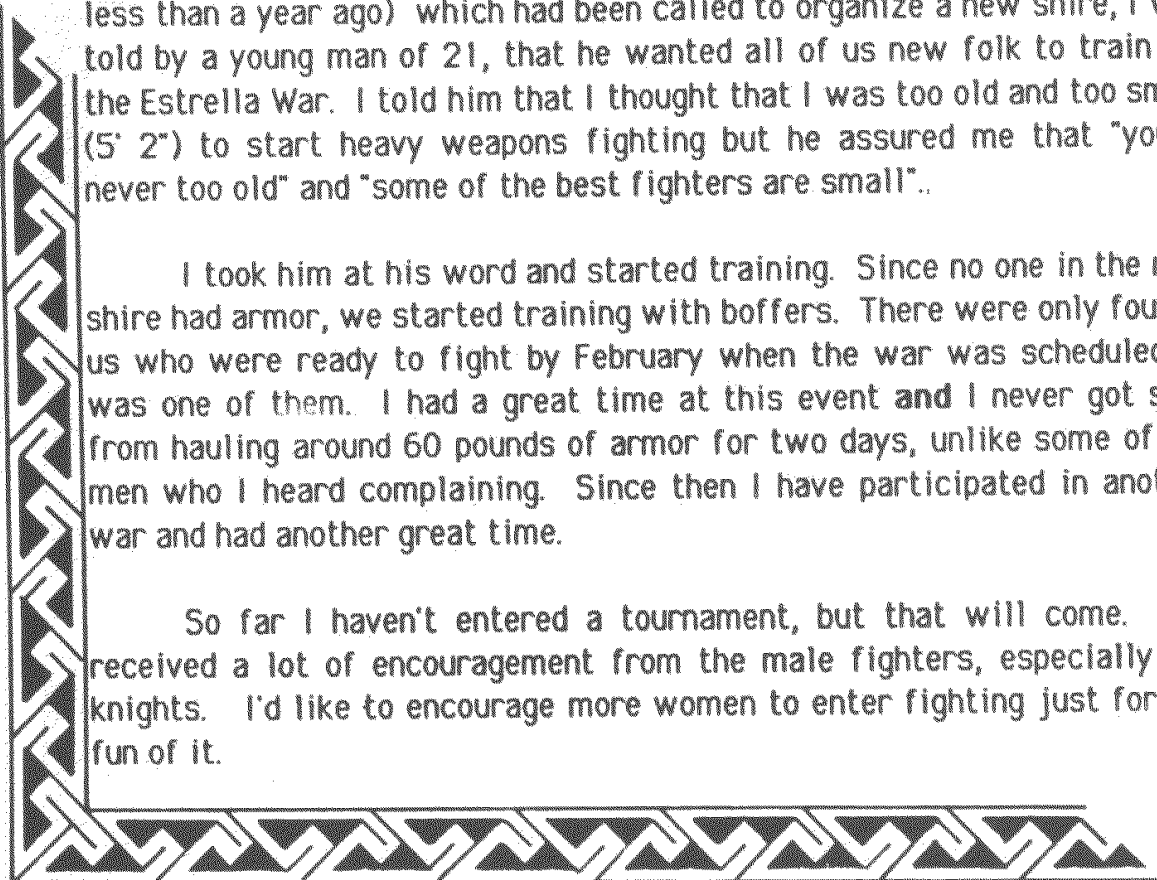


Why do I fight? **I fight for fun.** Having started fighting somewhat later than most fighters, I will probably never be a great fighter, but I do have fun.

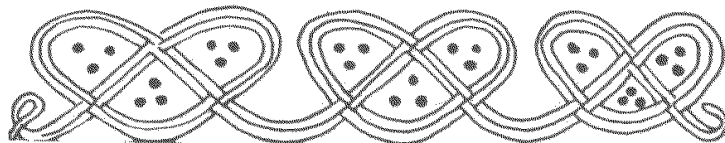
When I attended my first SCA meeting in September of 1986 (yes, less than a year ago) which had been called to organize a new shire, I was told by a young man of 21, that he wanted all of us new folk to train for the Estrella War. I told him that I thought that I was too old and too small (5' 2") to start heavy weapons fighting but he assured me that "you're never too old" and "some of the best fighters are small".

I took him at his word and started training. Since no one in the new shire had armor, we started training with boffers. There were only four of us who were ready to fight by February when the war was scheduled. I was one of them. I had a great time at this event and I never got sore from hauling around 60 pounds of armor for two days, unlike some of the men who I heard complaining. Since then I have participated in another war and had another great time.

So far I haven't entered a tournament, but that will come. I've received a lot of encouragement from the male fighters, especially the knights. I'd like to encourage more women to enter fighting just for the fun of it.



Lady Freyja Olafsdottir
Calontir, (currently residing in Drachenwald)

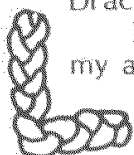


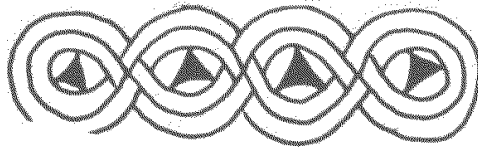
I fight to prove to myself and to everyone else that I can.

I am motivated by the fact that I already have a blue Lady-at-Arms belt, and will patiently await my white Knight's belt, with a Squire's belt between the two. I would also like to take either a coronet or a crown by my own arm.


I have recieved plenty of support. My Squire and my friend who is also a Man-at-Arms to a different Squire in the same household. They are both males and are helping me with my armor. The Man-at-Arms, who is also my brother, ahs seen to it that a helm will be brought back for each of us from Pennsic War ASXXI. The Viscount of Drachenwald is also helping to teach me. I was, and still am, supriised at the responce and help everyone is giving me to get started. Presently, I have nine months to train for Coronet Tourney in Drachenwald.

I wish I could tell you more, but I am still in the preliminary stages of my armor, and haven't as yet set foot on the field.






(I greatly recieved a hefty package/letter from this gracious Lady, unfortunately I could not include it all in this issue, but in issues to come you will see more from her.)



I was born in the year 89 A.D. as the Christians reckon time, into the Ordovice tribe of North Wales. The Ordovices were still outside Roman imperial boundries, though Governor Julius Agricola had defeated my grandfather, the mighty Brithael ap Cunedda, ten years earlier. The military force of the tribe had been crushed, but the Romans had merely built a few roads and outposts and established enough garrisons to make their presence known. No colonists came, no towns were built, and so long as we made no hostile moves against them, they left us alone.

So I grew up as befitted a young noblewoman of my people: I learned swordplay and harping, archery and singing, hunting and embroidery. I fought the pirates from Erin and raided the Silures to the south. I learned a little Latin from the Roman merchants, and I learned to train dogs and horses. I had a number of suitors and several lovers, but none whose love fulfilled me.

Now there are many wild horses running in the rocky hills of Ordovice territory, and one in particular had caught my eye the few times I had seen her. She was a fine, clean-limbed mare with a glossy brown coat and a mane and tail like spun silver. She was strong and swift, and I wanted her for my own. Unfortunately, so did Ruan, the ricon's nephew, an obnoxious young man who was being groomed to succeed his uncle. He and I vied to capture this beautiful mare, but at last I prevailed and claimed her for my own. I trained her to ride and for battle, and Ruan watched me with consuming jealousy.



At last he could stand it no longer. He and some of his chiefs raided my corrals and took some of my cattle, and my prized mare. The next day he paraded her before me, saying that he had found her running wild and had captured her for himself. I was furious, and I challenged him. It was a point of honor he could not deny, since I had challenged him before the ríon, but he knew I could beat him, so he chose a champion to fight for him. I suppose I could have done the same, but that is not my way. I fought Gwion, who was at least twice my size, and lost miserably, as much to my own anger as to Gwion's muscle.

After that I could not bear to stay in the tuath, to see Ruan ride by on my horse every day. So I got my sword and my harp and as many clothes as I could carry, stole my mare back, and left at night. I rode northeast, with no clear destination. I evaded whatever pursuit Ruan might have sent, and entered the Roman border territory. I rode for several days without seeing a soul, until one evening when I camped in a lonely little copse at the foot of a lonely hill. It was very cold, and after I had tethered the mare, I rolled up in my cloak under the low branches of a pine tree.



Sometime on toward dawn I heard voices. They were Picts. I could make out at least three of them, probably more. They had found my horse and supplies and were apparently peplexed as to why someone would abandon such fine things. My sword I had in the pine needles beside me, but I did not like the odds, so I lay completely still and wondered what would happen. Suddenly one of them began thrusting his spear into the nearby bushes. The blade flashed inches from my face, and then was gone again. I did not dare to move: if they saw me now, I was dead. So I watched as my horse was stolen from me yet again, and the Picts rode off into the night.

I assessed my situation, and it was not good. I had my sword, a cloak, and the clothes on my back. I was on foot in the middle of a terrible barren wasteland, and the Picts were out there waiting for me. I decided to give up on the horse. I headed south, toward lands I knew and people I could talk to.

Late the next day, just before dark, I came across a Roman marching camp on a flat river haugh. From my vantage point on the hill I could see them without being seen. It was a small camp, a cohort patrol probably, and there were about fifteen horses milling in a rope corral near the center of the camp. There lay my best hope of all. I knew the Romans would not willingly part with any of them; indeed, it would be dangerous for me to approach the camp openly, alone as I was. But if I could creep in and ride out ... I waited until well into the night, marking where all the sentries were. Then I made my way over the earthworks, past the sentries, between the big leather tents, with my heart pounding so loud I knew the sentries could hear it.

I reached the corral, found the horse I wanted, and pulled the stolen bridle over his head. Then I began to ride out. The gate was in sight, the sentry's back was to me, the night was silent as a barrow -- and then a horse in the corral neighed, and mine answered. The sentry whirled, saw me, and raised an alarm. In seconds I was surrounded by armed legionaries. There was no question of bolting for the gate: I was completely surrounded.

Presently, a tall man came forward, a centurion by his uniform, and demanded to know what I was doing, in Latin touched with the accent of Gaul. He was a handsome young man with short sandy hair and gentle grey eyes, and though his voice was stern, I sensed no malice in him. That was the first time I ever saw Claudius Titus Severus, the Gaulish blacksmith's son who has had such a big place in my life -- and in my heart -- since.



I told him the truth, with certain alterations. I said my name was Bran and that I was a Brigantian youth. He believed me, or seemed to. Then he ordered me arrested. Knowing that meant slavery at best and crucifixion at worst, I began to argue for my life. Anyone with the skill to sneak past Imperial sentries (who were the best in the world!), into the heart of an Imperial camp, would surely be an asset to the Imperial Army! What better scout could they hope to find? At first Titus ignored my reasoning, but the more I talked, the more he listened, until at last, against the advice of his officers, he agreed to give me a chance, with the threat of death if I broke my word.

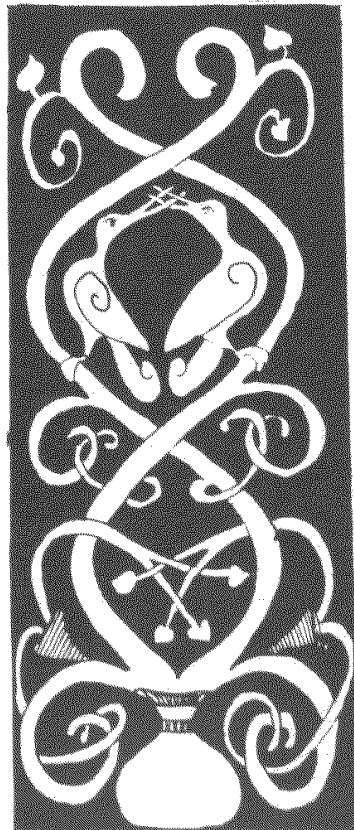
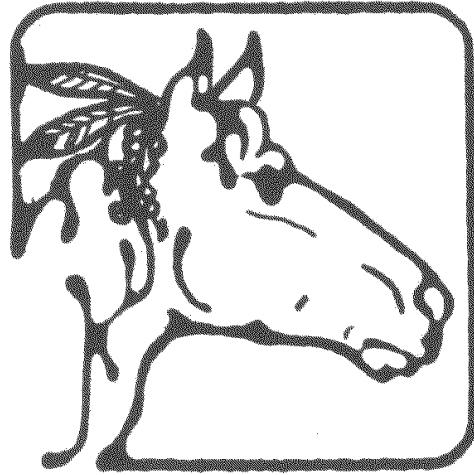
He did not regret his decision. So I began scouting for cohort eight of Legion XX Valeria Victrix. We campaigned against the Picts all summer. At first Titus sent me out only with other auxiliaries, and only on foot, but as I began to show that my boasts had substance, he trusted me more and more; indeed, he seemed to become fond of me. As for me, I found that I rather liked the adventure, and I certainly liked the pay. The men came to respect my ability, even to like me. Of course, they all thought I was a young man; only a couple of the kinder camp followers who were my friends knew the truth, and I deemed it safer that way.

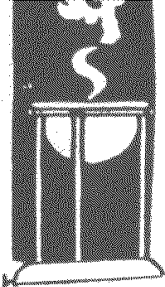
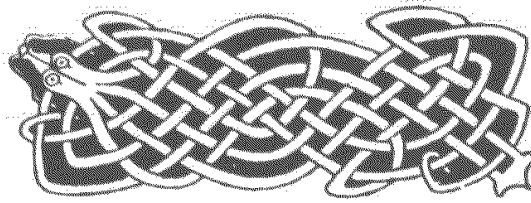
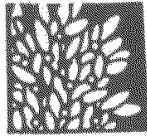
It was well into fall, and the campaigning nearly over for the year, when things changed. On one routine patrol, I discovered that the Picts were massing one final surprise attack. I saw the clans gathering, and might have left the craggy fastness satisfied with that information, but I decided to creep close enough to hear their plans. From that range I could see the faces of men -- and of horses.

There was my horse, my beautiful Ordovician horse! I threw a knife into the chief on her back and leaped aboard. I managed by some insane miracle to escape by

galloping full speed through the camp, but I paid for my rash act. I caught a dart in the side, and had nearly lost consciousness by the time I found the cohort and warned them.

But though I averted the ambush of the cohort and got my horse back, my secret was out. As I recovered from my wound, Titus tried to decide what to do with me. Ultimately, at the urging of his men and his own heart, he decided because of my skill and past service to allow me to continue to serve with the legion. And so it was that a sword woman of the Ordovices became a scout for the Empire and came to love a Roman Officer.



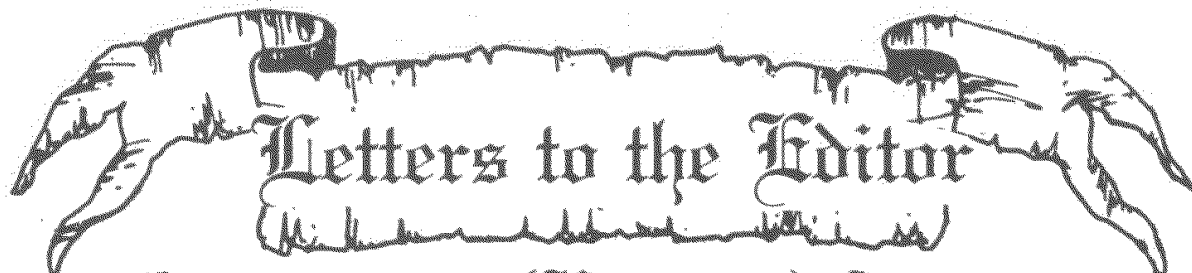


Lady Marsali Fox was the daughter of a camp-follower. When her mother had accumulated sufficient funds, she was sent to live with an Aunt who dwelled in the Duchy of the Aquitaine. She was exposed to the art of white-smithing at her Uncle's workshop, where she learned the art herself. Unfortunately, as she grew into womanhood, her Uncle desired more of her than her labor in his shop, and she ran away.

She eventually found the army that her mother travelled with, but to her dismay, the plague had taken many lives, including that of her mother. By the wearing of men's garments and incredible good luck, Marsali passed as a young man and spent the next few years battling the heathens in the Pyrenees. During this time she had good fortune to join a group of mercenaries headed by a Duke by the name of Inman. Here she met a Moor who became the father of her only child, Marcus del Mar de Florencia, who was also sent away to relations (this is a truly long and ingenious story).

After suffering injuries, she retired from her life in the field (and as a boy), moved to Italy, and sought patronage for her abilities in silversmithing and bardcraft. Being moderately successful in both areas, she now lives in considerable comfort with her adopted daughter Jacinth, and spends her spare time in the training of bardic apprentices.





Letters to the Editor

Questions and (Hopefully) Answers

Sanabria la Gitana

Outlands

I am called Sanabria, and I am late of the Shire of Scorpions Hollow, (mundanely Clovis, NM). One of the last times I visited my old shire the subject of ladies fighting came up. Lady Kendra Lianne, Seneschal of the shire, and I were discussing the possibility of a workshop for ladies interested in fighting. Truly, ladies already fighting would be the best to assist neophytes in the art of combat. I am sure there are many ladies who would attend such a workshop, but, quite frankly, I don't know who would be interested in hosting such an event. Aside from the fact that lady fighters can best explain to the ladies the unique problems they may encounter as one of their sex, it is extremely difficult to find the courage to attempt combat when the only armor available looks as if there is enough room for several of one's closest friends to join one within. Thus, I am writing to you for suggestion and comments, and the like on the topic.

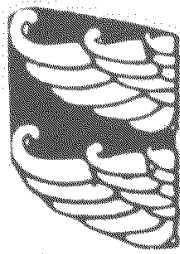
My dear lady,

This is a good question to ask. I have seen, and attended many fighting classes, and frankly the only two that taught me to move properly were ones that were taught by Sir Hilary of Serendip, and Duke Paul of Bellatrix. After I received your letter, I discussed the matter with my lord. A day later, the Kingdom Arts and Sciences officer called us and suggested the same thing be taught at the Arts College and Fighting School. I feel that is the best place to hold it. Our Fighting School is held four times a year in conjunction with the Marshallate Quarter Court. As well as being at an event that many other things can be learned, the Fighting School presents an opportunity to learn all types of fighting for both sexes.

I am very interested in the ideas of a publication for female fighters, as someday I would like to fall into that category. I haven't really done much yet, outside of letting Galen of Wiltshire put his helmet on me and give me a few killing blows to find out just how insane and masochistic I was really being. He uses me for shield practice occasionally too, and is kind enough to say I have potential. The reason I haven't gotten any farther than that is because armor is a considerable investment for something I may be dilettantish about. I wasn't at all sure about the dubious nature of being a female fighter either, because until I saw you at a tourney, Trudy Lacklandia was the only one I'd seen. On the other hand I'm not enough of a traditionalist to enjoy sitting on the sidelines and simply watch.

Armoring is something I'm especially curious about, do female fighters need more/ less/ different protection than males? Galen is unsure of the answer to that question, and if you know Galen, you know that he blushes furiously at any mention of breastplate armor. (For a woman, that is) I mention it often just to watch him blush.

Let's see... It depends on which standards you go by. Many Kingdoms require much more than our own for feminine protection on the field. Need, as always, is a matter of what you personally are willing to use. Currently, in the Kingdom of the Outlands, female groin and breast protection are unnecessary. At the event I met you at, the Master I was fighting in the tournament was the only man to hit me there in the four years or so that I have been fighting. It was enough to convince me! I would look into some rigid groin protection, if only because that occasional stray shot might cause you serious pain. Breast protection is also currently unneeded. I wouldn't go out on the field without it. According to the last doctor I asked about it, she said that repeated bruising of the breasts can increase the possibility of cystic or cancerous lumps. Not good. At the last Quarter Court, sternum protection was brought up for maybe being mandatory in our armour standards, if for the small protruding bone at the bottom of the sternum, called the xyphoid process, that if given enough pressure can puncture the lungs or other organs. That's debatable, but if you have any fears about that or risk to any other parts of your body because of our sport, as your doctor. Try to explain the mechanics of the game and he or she should be able to answer your questions. As far as I know, no serious injuries have ever happened.



Kata De Mar

Caid

I thought our troupe might be of interest. We are all active in the S.C.A. as members of the Niri Senti Tribe of Gypsies. Our theater troupe performs where it can, and is now becoming known after much work. Half the presentation is combat and carefully staged sword and staff fighting. I can not speak for us all, but I myself have always had a longing to become a fighter in the S.C.A., but where to begin? I hope that you will be answering the secret call that many women have and are hesitant to ask.



AFTERMATH

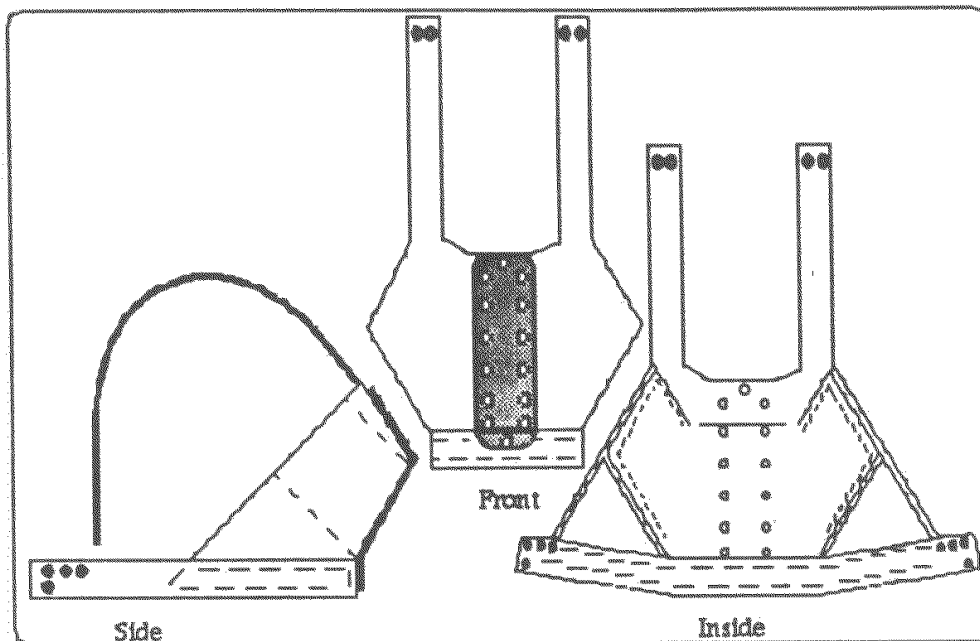
I hope so too. I hope this newsletter will help some. The articles here have helped me.

I'd be very interested to see an issue of "The Flower of Chivalry" and may well become a regular subscriber. Your approach seems much more positive to me than the last fighting-fem group I encountered, an Amazon sisterhood, but I'm still a little leery of anything that separates women from the general fighting culture. At its best, fighting is fighting, and the location of the participants' personal plumbing has nothing to do with their status on the field. . . but at the same time, in this real world of the SCA, women who are fighters do have a strong community of interest. If you can manage to help us help each other without deriving strength from opposition to the male fighting population, you'll be doing a very great service to the Known World. It's a thin line to walk, and I wish you the best of luck with it!

Sir Hilary of Serendip



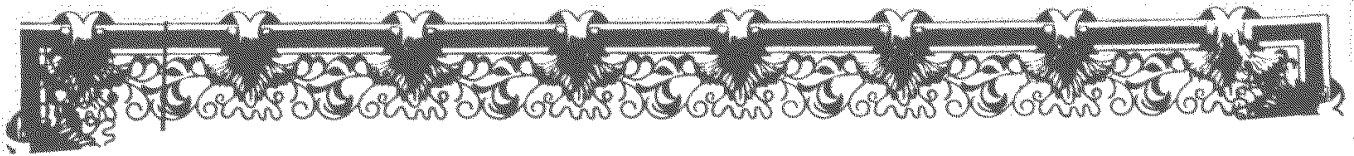
PATTERN AND CONSTRUCTION INFORMATION



This harness is made out of 1/4 inch sole leather, 16 gage steel, 14 Medium leather rivets, enough light weight cotton quilted fabric to line it, attach quilting so it can be removed for laundering. If you intend to wear it with out your regular bra on under it. If this is the case you may want to line the underside of the straps with more of the same quilted fabric.

1. Measure the distance around your chest just under your breasts, when your chest is fully expanded with air.
2. Measure the distance around your chest across the fullest part of your breasts, when your chest is fully expanded with air.
3. Measure the distance on one side from under your breasts, to the top of your shoulders. Add one inch to this to allow for the double thickness of C.
4. Measure the distance from one inch under your breasts, over your shoulders to the same point on your back.
5. Take the measurement for the point from where No. 3 minus the extra inch bisects No.5
6. Take the measurement for the point from where No. 3 minus the extra inch bisects No.1 above your breasts and be low them to determine cutting lines A and B.
7. With the Leather harness on measure, down your center front to one inch below the breast. This is for the steel sternum plate.

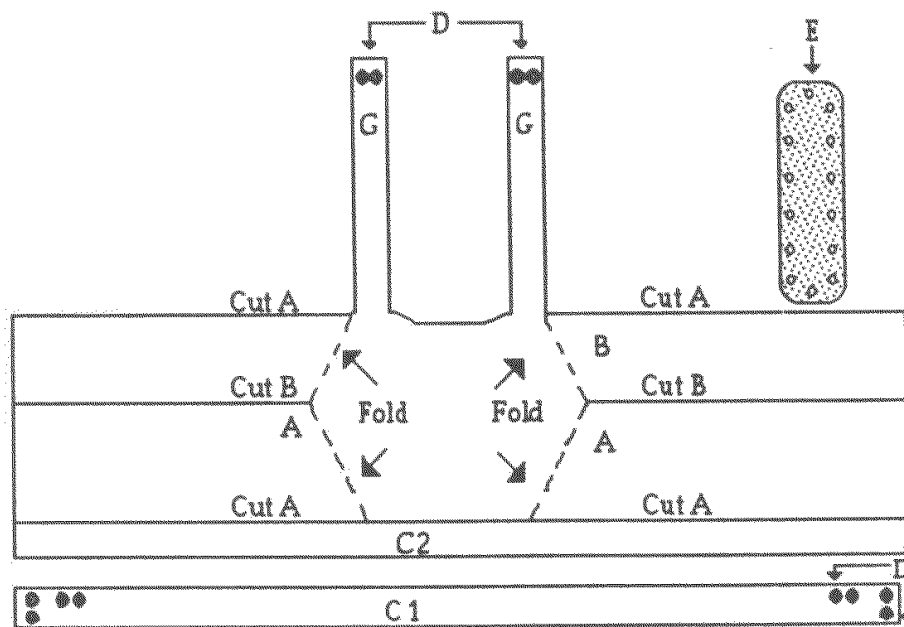




This will give you an idea of how much leather to buy. Use measurements Nos. 1 and 2 to estimate how much light weight quilted fabric to get. I cut up an old mattress pad.

On paper make your pattern. Your paper should be as long as measurement No. 2.

- A. Use measure No. 5, to determine cutting line A
- B. Use measure No. 6, to determine cutting line B
- C1. Mark off a line one inch from the bottom edge to make C1, Use measure No. 6, to determine cutting line.
- C2. Mark off a line one inch from the bottom edge of C1.
- D. Punch holes as indicated at D to lace the leather thongs through to attach the straps to the back band this allows for some adjustability in the straps.
- E. 17 gage steel plate is punched or drilled for the rivets.



If it can be found, use the appropriate size bra pattern. If you find one let the rest of know i. e. pattern number and who puts it out.





SURVEY

If you need need space please use extra sheet(s) of paper.
Where are you approximately.

1. Kingdom: _____; 2. Principality/Region: _____;
3. Barony, Shire, Canton. College, Ridding: _____;
4. What is your Kingdoms/Principality/Local rules if any as to women's breast and genital protection: _____

Who are you.

4. Rank: _____; 5. Are you a warranted marshal: _____;
6. How long have you been a fighter (circle one) under 6 months; one year; two years; three years; four years; five years; six years; seven years; eight years; nine years; ten years; how many years over ten years _____;
7. What are the weapons you most commonly fight with: _____
8. Armor style, and materials _____

Physical characteristics:

9. Height _____; 10. Weight _____; 11. Bone structure:(circle one) small, medium, large; 12. Bra size _____,cup size; _____; 13. What one or combination best describes the structure of your breasts: soft, medium, firm, hard, lumpy, Other: _____

Breast and Genital protection:

14. What type if any breast and genital protection are you know using: _____
15. What are its pros, and cons _____

Did you try the breast protection described in this article? _____; What are its pros, and cons: _____

The information gathered here will help to develop some general characteristics of female fighters, their likes and dislikes. Please return your completed survey as soon as possible to Lady Pegasus Devona c/o Laurie E. W. Brandt, 928 S. Davis St., McMinnville, OR 97128. The results of this survey will be compiled and made available in the next years Summer issue.



Taken, with permission, from the *Mermade Magickal Arts Catalog #2, 1987*; pages 6, 12, upper 46, upper and lower middle 65.

Ynguar Ye Unkempt; page 7.

Baroness Katherine Lynette Holford; border on page 15.

Mistress Bernice of Brittany; household badge page 17.

Galen of Wiltshire; pages lower 17, mid 38, and 41.

Baron Sir Theodric ap Breckenbeaken; page 23.

Olaf the Oaf; page 27.

Master Gabriel du Reynard; lower page 28.

Taken from *The Duel* by Robert Baldick; pages 29, 32, lower 43 & 47.

Lady Eadwina; page 31.

Taken from the article on page 18; page 33.

MCDVVDEC; pages 34 and 67.

Drake Savage; pages 37, and upper middle 59.

Mistress Bedtva of Caerthe; low panel on page 58.

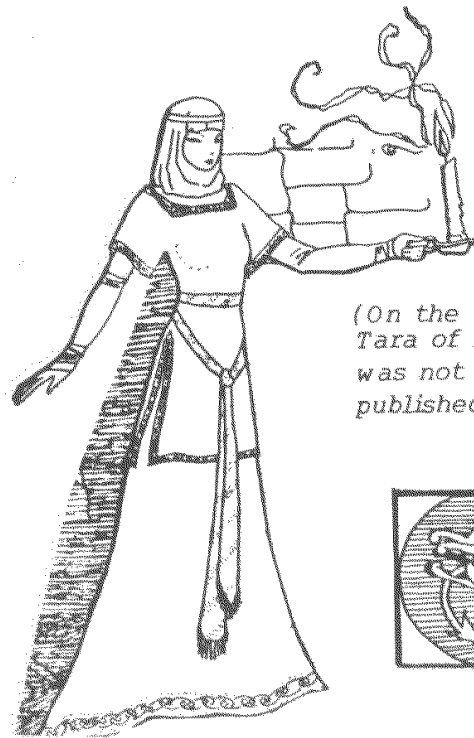
Mumtaz; this lower page.

Carol Anderson; this upper page.

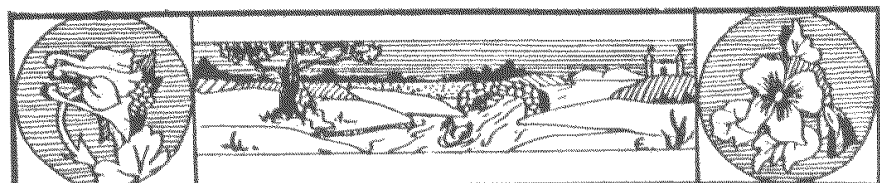
Lady Cymer of the Darkwater; the cover, and lower page 2, 9, 14, upper 35, upper and lower 38, and mid 58.

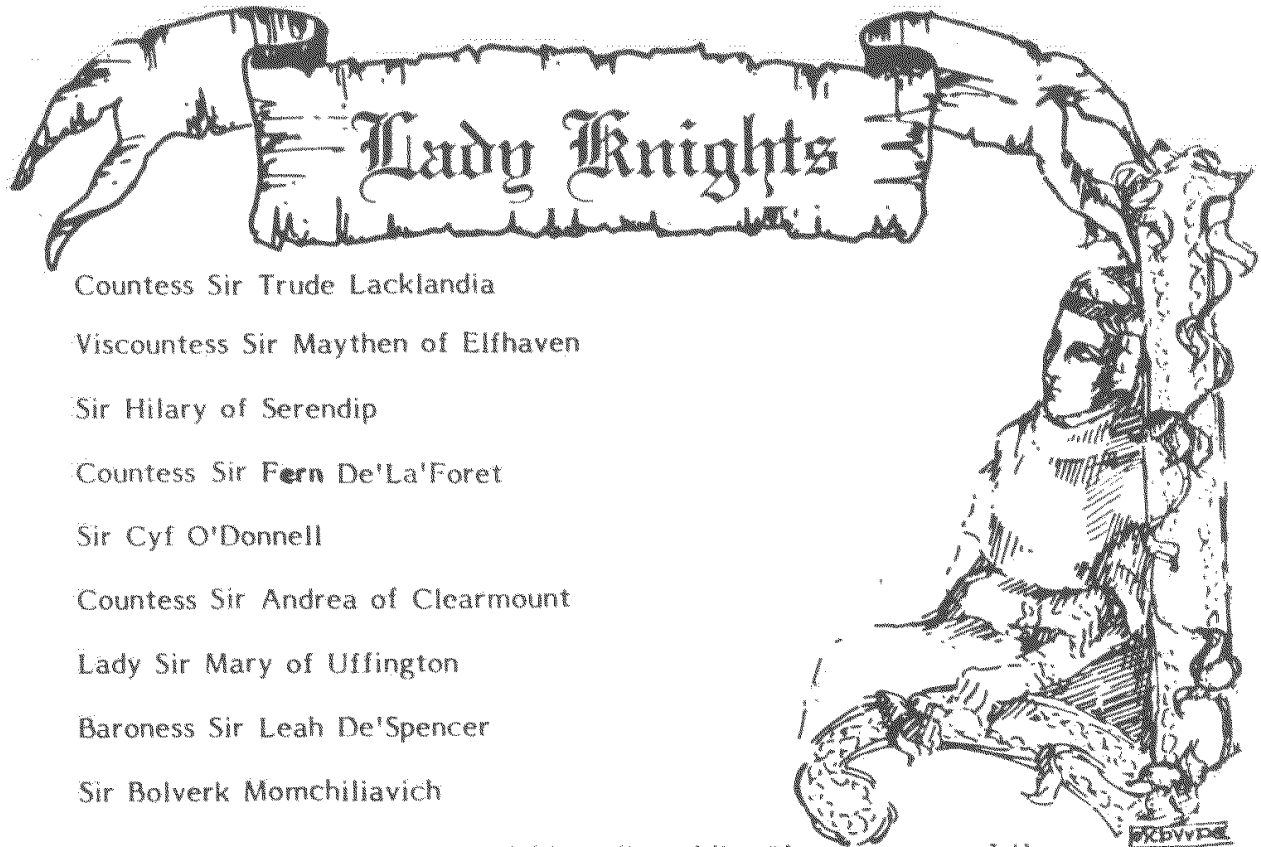
Taken from the pages of the original letters; pages 5, border on 39, and upper 40.

(Please excuse any typographical errors or misspellings.)



(On the cover is advertised an article from Her Majesty Queen Tara of the Outlands. Unfortunately, difficulties arose and it was not available at the time of printing. It will, instead, be published in the next issue.)





Countess Sir Trude Lacklandia
Viscountess Sir Maythen of Elfhaven
Sir Hilary of Serendip
Countess Sir Fern De'La'Foret
Sir Cyf O'Donnell
Countess Sir Andrea of Clearmount
Lady Sir Mary of Uffington
Baroness Sir Leah De'Spencer
Sir Bolverk Momchiliavich

(We owe these courageous Knights quite a bit. They have paved the way for the rest of us to someday wear the belts of Knights and Masters. I have obtained the adresses of all these Knights except Sir Bolverk. I have not, however, recieved thier permission to print them. If you wish to know the adresses of the Knights that are not readily available, please write me and I will be happy to send them to you.)



Sir Trude Lacklandia
Sir Hilary of Serendip
Sir Maythen of Elfhaven
Raven of Firefall
c/o Kathryn Tillery
1913 Monroe
Pasadena TX 77502
Wilhelmina von Hamm
c/o Galen H.
PO Box 11912
SLC, UT 84147
Aobhiel of Dunholen
Joyce A. Oswald
42 Concord Circle
Freedom PA 15042
Lady Llamrie ap Pendaren
c/o Laurie Stroh Huckaby
440 Chatauqua
Norman OK 73069

Helen Jennet of Foxhall
c/o Pamela Ann Foley
1345 E. Palm Lane
Phoenix AZ 85006
James Qui Connait
c/o House Kinscradle
1214 Bluestem Blvd.
Pueblo CO 81001
Viscount Galen of Bristol
c/o Paul and Judy Mitchell
904-B Siracco Dr.: Drive
Austin TX 78745
m'lady lantha
c/o Bilze Cochran
807 Georgetown Rd.
Copperas Cove TX 76522
Lady Leila Dusterwinkle
c/o Wendy Gormaine
431-A Kalama St.
Kailua HI 96734

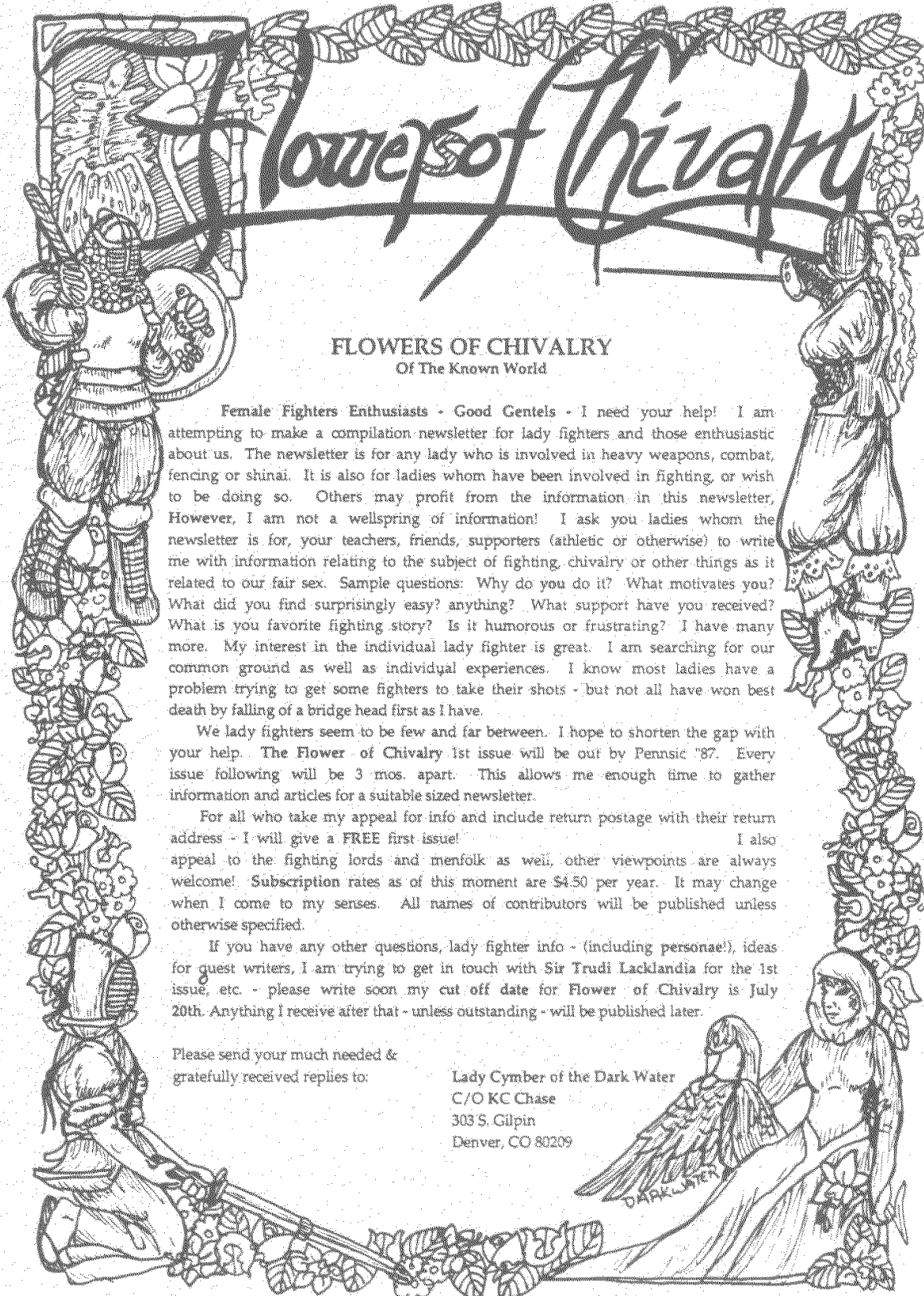
Lady Pegasus Devona
c/o Laurie E.W. Brandt
928 S. Davis St.
McMinville OR 97128-6413
Da'ud ibn Auda
c/o David Appleton
9025 Boundbrook Ave.
Dallas TX 75243

Mistress Bernice of Brittany
c/o Alice McCuskey
3495 Newland St.
Wheatridge CO 80033
Ly Caireen of CuRadgh Keep
c/o Carol Jean Day
206 Mitschen Dr.
Dallas TX 75224
Dagonell Collingwood
49 Barry Place
Buffalo NY 14213
Scathach Faol
c/o Maryann Butterfield
PO Box 352
Ridgecrest CA 93555
Andrew MacRobb
c/o G. Carmichael
301 East Rd.
Belford, NJ 07718
Countess Elspeth MacNaughton
1710 Wells #721
Orange Park FL 32073

Sanabria la Gitana
c/o Katherine E. Esquibel
212 Plaza
Las Vegas NM 87701
Kata De Mar
c/o Katlyn Miller
c/o Mermade Magickal Arts
PO Box 33 #402
Long Beach CA 90801
Eilonwy du licorn
c/o Samantha Derrick
765 N. 10th
Laramie WY 82070
Gwendalyn d'Genest
c/o Jean Mitchell
2006½ SW A.St.
Lawton OK 73502
Duke Sir Erin Breck Gordon
c/o Bruce Cohen
11628 Foxfire Dr.
Marosako no Kami T'sume Tadada
Lady Freyja Olafsdottir
c/o Janet Opperman
HHD USMCAD
CMR #2059
APO NY 09175
Tournaments Illuminated
c/o Maggie Pierce
12329 Oxnard St. #7
North Hollywood CA 91606



Original Advertisement



FLOWERS OF CHIVALRY Of The Known World

Female Fighters - Enthusiasts - Good Gentels - I need your help! I am attempting to make a compilation newsletter for lady fighters and those enthusiastic about us. The newsletter is for any lady who is involved in heavy weapons, combat, fencing or shinaï. It is also for ladies whom have been involved in fighting, or wish to be doing so. Others may profit from the information in this newsletter. However, I am not a wellspring of information! I ask you ladies whom the newsletter is for, your teachers, friends, supporters (athletic or otherwise) to write me with information relating to the subject of fighting, chivalry or other things as it related to our fair sex. Sample questions: Why do you do it? What motivates you? What did you find surprisingly easy? anything? What support have you received? What is you favorite fighting story? Is it humorous or frustrating? I have many more. My interest in the individual lady fighter is great. I am searching for our common ground as well as individual experiences. I know most ladies have a problem trying to get some fighters to take their shots - but not all have won best death by falling of a bridge head first as I have.

We lady fighters seem to be few and far between. I hope to shorten the gap with your help. The Flower of Chivalry 1st issue will be out by Pennsic '87. Every issue following will be 3 mos. apart. This allows me enough time to gather information and articles for a suitable sized newsletter.

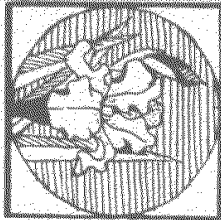
For all who take my appeal for info and include return postage with their return address - I will give a FREE first issue! I also appeal to the fighting lords and menfolk as well, other viewpoints are always welcome! Subscription rates as of this moment are \$4.50 per year. It may change when I come to my senses. All names of contributors will be published unless otherwise specified.

If you have any other questions, lady fighter info - (including personae!), ideas for quest writers, I am trying to get in touch with Sir Trudi Lacklandia for the 1st issue, etc. - please write soon my cut off date for Flower of Chivalry is July 20th. Anything I receive after that - unless outstanding - will be published later.

Please send your much needed & gratefully received replies to:

Lady Cymber of the Dark Water
C/O KC Chase
303 S. Gilpin
Denver, CO 80209

Preferably, submissions should be typed with a good black ribbon on white paper to fit a space 7"x11". All who send in submissions will receive a free issue of the one which holds thier article.



Floer of Souberance

Lady Cymber of the Dark Water
C/O KC Chase
303 S. Gilpin
Denver, CO 80209

Articles in this issue from:
Sir Trude Lacklandia
Sir Hillary of Serendip
Viscountess (in her own right)
Sir Maythen of Elhaven
Viscount Galen of Bristol
Queen Tara of the Outlands
And Many More!!!!

