

The Eoforing

Spring AS LX



Revival Issue

A Note from your Editors

Welcome to the first issue of the newly revived *The Eoforing*. We hope that you find it informative and entertaining. Of course, that is entirely up to you. *The Eoforing* is built out of the submissions of the good citizenry of this fair Citie and we welcome all such submissions. The plan is to publish *The Eoforing* quarterly, at least initially, with issues being available as physical copies at Canton meetings and as a PDF on the Eoforwic website (Eoforwic.ca). This issue should give you a taste of what you can expect, with listings of upcoming meetings and events and Canton and City Officers, some regular columns, a “blast from the past” article, some articles by folk about topics that interest them, perhaps some artwork. There could also be puzzles, news and gossip items. Really, the content is limited only by your imagination. Let this issue whet your appetite and perhaps give you ideas for your own contributions to the Summer Issue.

Your editors would also like, on behalf of the Corporation of the fair Citie of Eoforwic, to extend our heartiest congratulations to Mistress Helena Katerina de Roero on the occasion of her elevation to the Peerage and, more specifically, her induction into the most noble Order of the Pelican. Her service to this City has been profound and in a number of critical offices. Indeed, she continues to serve as Eoforwic’s Webminister, maintaing our presence where all may find us. It was indeed, an elevation much deserved, and some might say overdue. Wæshæl!

A note on the cover. This month’s cover features Feardubh of Eoforwic. Faerdubh was a much loved citizen of the city known for his warmth, large hugs, and bassoon. He passed away recently and is much missed. The illustration is one of a number of musicians and dancers that Thomas did for the Known World Music and Dance Symposium 2027, which will be held in Skraeling Althing.

From the Mayor

Greeting to the Good People of Eoforwic,

It's been roughly 6 months since I was elected as Mayor and what an exciting 6 months it's been! I've been delighted to learn from the many citizens who have generously shared their skills and knowledge at our weekly meetings. With every skill, interest, and passion shared I feel closer to each of you and our spirit as a community grows. Of particular delight has been our monthly dance practices! I encourage all citizens to attend these practices, held on the fourth Tuesday of every month. Dancing experience is not required, only your enthusiasm!

Sheriff Lil has been doing an excellent job keeping the peace in our fair city. I've not seen one barbarian roaming the streets since her election. She has managed to keep the barbarians enclosed in her tavern, as was her campaign promise. I don't know how she keeps them all occupied but she has that thanks of a grateful city. Lil's talents are vast and mysterious indeed!

Our Ratcatcher, John, has also been doing a superior job at catching rats. Whether they been the brown 4-legged species, or those unique feathered, winged rats only found in Eoforwic, we have been positively rat-free these past months.

As spring approaches there are even more exciting activities on the horizon. I'm sure many citizens are looking forward to returning to their combat training with the arrival of warmer weather. Please be sure to also check the meeting schedule to see what's happening on Tuesdays!

Yours in Service,

Isobel Buchanan, Mayor of Eoforwic

A Message from your Pursuivant

This is just a reminder to all that, as the Eoforwic Pursuivant, it is my duty and pleasure to help anyone who desires to come up with a period name and, if they wish, device (like a badge or coat of arms) to represent them or their household. And if you should so wish we can, at no cost to you, register it with the Society ensuring that no one else will use such name or device. You can find me at most meetings or write me at the email address listed in the Eoforwic Officers list later in this publication.



Upcoming Meetings

- March 24 - Dance Practice
March 31 - Heraldry (Willmar)
- April 7 - Hood-Making Part 1 (Katheryn)
April 14 - Hood-Making Part 2 (Katheryn)
April 21 - Calculations in the Middle Ages (Charles)
April 28 - Dance Practice
- May 5 - Byzantine Women (Anastasia)
May 12 - Games Night
May 19 - Göttingen Model Book foliage (Thomas)
May 26 - Dance Practice
- June 2 - The First Book of Fashion (Jerome)
June 9 - Share Your Persona
June 16 - Market Day Planning Meeting
June 23 - Dance Practice

Upcoming Events

- March 21: Sockburner (Maitland, ON)
March 28: Kingdom A&S (Guelph, ON)
April 11: Archery War College (Codrington, ON)
April 18: Coronation (Lindsay, ON)
May 2: Bardic in the Barn (Dunnville, ON)
May 15-18: FOOL XIX: "Let the Games Begin" Drumbo, ON)
May 23: Crown Tournament (Grassie, ON)
June 4-7: Murder Melee (Wellandport, ON)
June 11-14: Les Beltaines (St-Mathieu-du-Parc, QC)
June 20: Bunny Ball (Ottawa, ON)
June 20: Lady Mary Memorial Tournament (Lincoln, ON)
July 18: Lady Mayor's Market Day

Clever Lil's Advice Column

For those that haven't had the pleasure of meeting our charming Lil, she is the merry widow of Eoforwic, an innkeeper and hospitaliter (very hospitable toward Privateers and Vikings), and currently is Sheriff of our Royal Citye (for the second time). As innkeeper, she has heard it all from her patrons, over and over and over, so she has decided to open her witty advice to the populace at large by printing her column in the Eoforing once again. No problem is too small as long as she can help. Send your queries through FB messenger to her housemate: Anastasia Angelus, or email to: ldy_anastasia@yahoo.com

Wasted Waster

Dear Lil,

We have issue with our 12-year-old daughter. She's always been very delicate and lady-like, a true flower in the community, that is until she grabbed hold of her brother's waster. She wields that heavy thing like a true showman, but the language coming out of her mouth could shame even the brashest of sailors! Even you, dear Lil, would blush to hear her cuss! We discovered that she isn't smiting dragons, or rescuing an innocent prisoner, she is smiting rogues, drifters, and highwaymen without rhyme or reason. How can we teach her that justice must prevail if she doesn't want to listen?

Signed: Distressed Mum with a Girl Gone Rogue!

Dear Mum,

Yer wee gal sure has a big imagination, 'n' yer right ta hush-up her cussin' at her difficult age. She might make a fine sheriff or executioner someday. Per'aps she can intern as one of me brute squad. Meanwhile, tell 'er ta leave them rogues be. I know just how ta deal with 'em 😊.

Cheers! Lil

Head over Heels

Dear Lil,

O woe is me! My husband no longer visits my bed chamber. There was a time when he was fixated with me and so smitten, until I birthed our daughter, a perfect little princess. After that, he only came to my bed as his brood mare, anticipating having a son. He has a daughter from his first marriage, so a son is what he wants. I've miscarried several times and had stillbirths, so my time is up. He now fancies another lady in our court. My head is spinning with worry that he will divorce me and marry this other. Although I have been a faithful wife, rumours are flying about my reputation. I suspect this is a ruse to be rid of me. What should I do? I'm still head over heels in love with him.

Signed: AB

Dear AB

Methinks yer head won't be spinnin' fer too much longer. Boy bairns not be the issue here. Yer hubby sounds ta me like a grumpy old codger with nothin' better on his mind than chasin' skirt, 'nd ye should welcome a divorce tha sooner tha better. A bad marriage be nothin' ta lose yer head over.

Chin up, pip-pip, Lil

I Love Bunions

Dear Lil,

I work long, hard hours in the fields, hoeing, harvesting and wotnot. Me back aches, me neck be stiff 'n' sore, and me feet are so red 'n' swollen. Being dirt poor, I do what I can without havin' to pay a doctor, but the other day I noticed that I'm growing really big, bulging, red bunions. What can I do about them?

Signed: Bunion Farmer

Dear Farmer,

Bunions, ya say. I love all kinds o' bunions. Cook 'em with mushrooms, put 'em soup, stew, salat. Eat 'em raw, specially the green ones, but ya gots big red ones, eh. Some doctors take fresh produce in lieu of coinage, so bag up a few 'nd see what 'e can do?

Cheers!

Lil

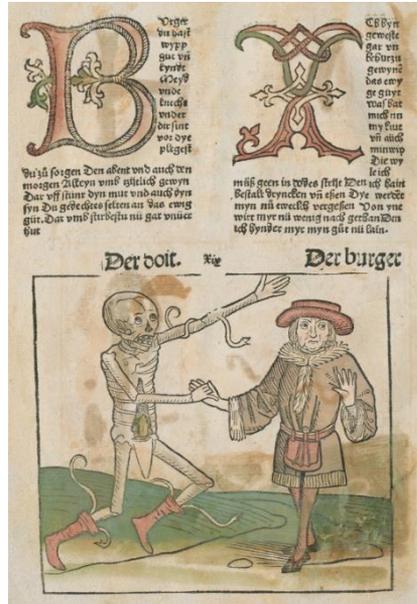
Jerome's Book Reviews

Der Doten Dantz 1488

Published in Heidelberg by Heinrich Knoblochzer

The full title - *Der doten dantz mit figuren, clage vnd antwort schon, von allen staten der werlt* - is quite long, but that's just how they do it in Heidelberg. Translating to "The dance of the dead with figures, lament and fair reply, from all the estates of the world", this title lets you know exactly what your getting. If you like snakes, toads, skeletons and lamenting one's imminent demise, then *Der Doten Dantz* is a book for you. But if those don't sound fun, don't worry this little gem has more to offer. With 43 printed pages and 41 unique images This book is full of inspiration.

For the scribe, each page has two elaborate capitals and even though it was printed, each letter has been lovingly cut from a wood block, none of that modern movable type.



For the musician, this is the most musical of the dances. Depicted within are a variety of horns, drums, bagpipes, stringed instruments, a triangle, a portable pipe organ, and one skeleton even appears to be playing the spoons.

For the poet, see how the Danse Macabre is reinterpreted through 8 line verse in the Middle Rhenish dialect.

For the fighters and fencers there are three suits of armour and a few more swords.

And for the people watchers, those interested in garb and accessories, *Der Doten Dantz* shows us 38 different levels of society. Women, men, ecclesiastical and secular, their cloths and accoutrements.

Get your copy in 4 colours (6 if you count black and white) at The Library of Congress <https://www.loc.gov/item/2021667059/>

Or if you're on a budget there is also a simpler version with just a little red for emphasis at Heidelberg university: https://digi.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/diglit/totentanz1488?ui_lang=eng

Eoforing Horrorscope for March A.S. LX.

compiled by Brother Magnus of Iona

Aries

Crown Tournament prospects are positive. Consider dating muscular manly men or women who wear a lot of pink. Either is good.

Taurus

You know the names of more former SCA members than the names of your own blood relations. You are old.

Gemini

The stars are black. And deathly. Avoid Venetian sailors.

Cancer

Botulism is period, and authenticity is good. Pick an event and reserve for feast early and often.

Leo

Take up a new art or science, preferably one with a low mortality rate. Avoid lead-based *anything*.

Virgo

You can never have too many friends. Make an editor happy and write something for the next jam-packed issue of the Eoforing!

Libra

Consider shoemaking. Shoes are period. So is plumbing. "Clogs" happen to both plumbers and cobblers. Coincidence? The stars say "Heck no!"

Scorpio

You will forget an entry in the Line of the North. Nobody will notice and the sun will rise the

next morning. Clearly you need to reconsider your life choices.

Sagittarius

Peers are lining up around the block to offer you colourful belts. Don't be hasty, consider all the prospects available!

Capricorn

Live dangerously; next time the court herald cries "All rise!" stay seated and see what happens. You may be surprised...

From the Past

The following missive was sent to *The Eoforing* and published in the November AS XXVI issue:

A message to the City...

Unto the Good gentles of the City of Eoforwic do I, Æthelstan Eardstapa, send greetings and salutations. Unfortunately, I also come as the bearer of bad tidings which I have been requested to relate here, to wit: **The tale of Æthelwold's End.**

On our quest in search of Prester John we had crossed the desolate and trackless wastes of the Sahara Desert. Our first major obstacle surmounted we were on our way to that famous centre of learning, Timbuctou, when we encountered some exceedingly strange beings. They had no heads. Their faces were located in the chests. But that is not all that was unusual about them. They had but one leg, centrally positioned, and thus their method of locomotion was hopping. at which they were very adept and quite speedy.

As soon as they saw us, while I was still stunned by their unusual aspect they grabbed poor Æthelwold and made off with him, chanting, as near as I could make out:

Aquarius

Let your inner bard run free! Filk some new and interesting words to the theme to Gilligan's Island. Share them liberally.

Pisces

The stars point towards change. Consider a new persona, possibly one involving cannibalism. Or puppetry.

*Light the fire good and hot
Get our biggest strongest pot
We've got dinner fresh and tasty*

*Put the water on to boil
It's no trouble; it's no toil
We've for dinner fresh and tasty*

*Get the pepper; get the salt
Do not stop; do not halt
We've got dinner fresh and tasty*



and then it faded off into the distance. While they were carrying him away, I could hear Æthelwold remonstrating with them. "It's so nice of you to invite me to dinner" he said, "but really, I must refuse." And his last words, shouted to me at a great distance were "Help! Help Æthelstan! I'm really in hot water this time!"

Well, after hearing that you can understand with what speed I was off to rescue him. Let it not be said that sibling rivalry slowed me down. No, I hopped after them as fast as I could for, being the ever chivalrous type, I took the point of honour and would not use two legs when they had but one.

Æthelwold left a last will and testament in which, of course, he left me everything, all rights and privileges, all duties and obligations with but two exceptions. He left the quest to find Prester John to our younger brother, Æthelgar, and he did not leave me the right to marry Lady Constance, for he did not feel the right was his to bequeath. He did, however, leave me all bonds of fealty, and the right to the Seneschallate of Eoforwic which was unjustly and illegally wrested from him. As soon as I find the will (it is somewhere in the mountain of luggage I have brought back from Africa) you can rest assured, good gentles, that I shall pursue that right, in court if need be,

Yours in service to Eoforwic,
Æthelstan Eardstapa

“It’s Not LARP!”

As a second-generation SCAdian who spent much of her childhood running around getting tunics muddy and very little of it paying attention to the politics and history of the SCA, there have been a great many “Eureka!” moments in my adulthood when I learn a critical piece of the SCA’s backstory that reorients my understanding of the significance of the game. I had that moment when I learned that Mistress Marian of Heatherdale was a prolific musician outside of the SCA, whose recordings are used by attendees of Ren Faires,LARPs, and by history nerds the world over. A friend of mine mentioned her and I got the smug satisfaction of telling them, “Oh, my mom’s friends with her!” and we spent the rest of the day listening to her music. I learned from the same friend that “Come and Be Welcome” by Ollamh Emer nic Aidan is not only used to open bardic circles in Ealdormere, but in bardic circles at fantasy LARPS across the continent.

Another one of those Eureka! moments was when I started playing Dungeons & Dragons during the beginning of the pandemic with some friends who are members of a Live Action Role Playing game known as Amtgard, a medieval/fantasy LARP whose power structure and award system bears some similarities to the SCA. They have kingdoms, their knights have reserved symbols like a white belt or an unadorned chain, and they have equivalent awards for arts and sciences as well as service. I believe Amtgard took inspiration from the SCA, just as it was inspired by Dungeons and Dragons in the design of its class system. There are also reenactment groups like the Adrian Empire and the Empire of Medieval Pursuits that are direct offshoots of the SCA. The SCA has other LARP connections as well, like how the East Kingdom has been fortunate enough in the last few years to have use of the site of the largest LARP event in North America, Bicolline, for a stunning event in a sprawling town of hand-crafted cabins individually created by Bicolline’s players. The connective tissue between LARPerS and SCAdians is deep, however much SCAdians might try to deny that we are the same.

Lately I've been wondering about what a coincidence it is that the first Renaissance Faire was held in Los Angeles, California, in 1963, and the first SCA event was held only three years later, about six hours away in Berkeley, California. I suppose it's representative of the medieval revival and the hippie era that influenced the creative women of the time to spawn things like this, but it's stunning to me that two such massive, quickly growing, widespread and long-lived phenomena that have been the home of free thinkers, queer people, alternative humans, and absolute nerds, with such a close Venn diagram of interests, had nothing directly to do with each other. I wonder whether Diana Paxton (the host of the first SCA event) and Phyllis Patterson (the creator of the first Renaissance Faire) ever met. I wonder whether either ever went to each other's events, inspired each other in any way.

All this to say, I understand that Renaissance Faires portray an ahistorical, fantastical, dare I say anachronistic version of the medieval world, and are designed more to sell turkey legs to day-tripping families than to recreate the past. And I understand that LARP (in its narrowest definition) is far more about gamification, magic, and play-pretend than the SCA likes to condescend to. But I maintain the reason we all gather to do these strange little hobbies is because we like each other, and we have things in common. We come to meetings and events because we're lonely, we want to meet weirdos like us, we want to talk and play together in a way that makes us feel understood on a level that the average acquaintance does not. There's a reason people who haven't heard of the SCA always say either "Oh, like Ren Faires!" or "Oh, like LARP!", and it's not a bad thing. So often when the SCA is compared to either hobby, the kneejerk reaction is to distance ourselves from it. I'm guilty of this myself, and I feel I still haven't been able to encapsulate what the SCA is and does in a 30-second elevator pitch. I don't think we should push away the comparison. Yes, we function differently, we prioritize different things in our game, and I think we should be proud of how old our organization is and the depth we pursue in our creation, but we have lots in common with Rennies and LARPer,

and they're some of the coolest people we'd be lucky to know if we welcomed them in.

Slàinte mhòr,
Almaric

The Serpent of Isaby

A story from Bigorre, France, as retold by Griffin

Near Hrudoland's Breach, where Charliemagne's famous paladin Roland failed to break his divine sword, there is a village that I know. In that village sits a church that was once roofed with the skin of a great serpent: *The Serpent of Isaby*.

In the Pyrenees mountains of Bigorre, there once lived a serpent of incredible size, a survivor from a time long past, a time of gods, dragons, and miraculous things. The serpent would coil around the peaks and warm itself as it slept. It would sleep for years, sometimes scores of them, until it awoke to feed. It would eat the mountain goats that leaped between its scales, but when those were not enough to satiate it, it would come down from its rocky perch. It would wait above pastures, and when an unsuspecting herd passed by, it would draw in a great breath, and it would swallow sheep, shepherds, and dogs alike. Arrows and crossbow bolts and even ballistae would only bounce off the beast's scales. It was thought that perhaps a sorcerer's rod, or a holy lance would make the monster flinch, but none wanted to be the one to test that theory.

One autumn, after many animals on four legs and two had been lost to the serpent, a young woman from the village decided that she'd had enough. Ferranda, for that was her name, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Together with seven other youths from her village, she formed a plan. They were going to build a forge up near the mountain peaks, where the beast would lay in wait for its meals. By spring, they had built a respectable forge in a cave near a crevice where the serpent liked to hide. On this forge they each made a bar of iron, seven cubits long, and they placed it in the coals until it glowed with the intensity of the gods above.

Together, they took the bars and brought it to where the beast lay. The serpent, having seen them, took in a great breath, and tried to swallow Ferranda and her fellows, but the young lady had been smart and had instructed all to chain themselves to their anvils. Instead, the serpent only swallowed the bars that they had carried. A great fire erupted in the beast's stomach, and it ran to the nearby Lake Isaby, where it began to drink. The water in the lake was enough to put out the fire, but the sheer amount of water had created so much steam that it caused the great serpent to explode, saving the nearby village from the monster that had plagued them for so long.

And that was the end of the great serpent of Isaby.

Recipe of the Month

Sawce camelyne, kervelettes* and other thyngus. -

Take raysouns of corouns and kynrels smalle
Of notes, and do away tho schale,
Take crust of brede and clowe in fere,
And powder imaked of gode gyngere,
Flowre of canel thou schalle take, thenne
Bray alle togedur, as I the kenne,
In a mortar and salt therto;
Temper alle with venegur, then hase thou do,
And messe hit forthe; this is sawce fyne,
That menne calles camelyne.

From Liber Cure Cocorum

Cameline sauce, kervelettes*, and other things. Take currants and small nut kernels and get rid of the shell. Take bread crusts and cloves and powdered ginger, cinnamon, then grind it all together in a mortar with salt. Temper it with vinegar and serve it forth. This is a fine sauce that men call Cameline.

* “kervelettes” in the transcription may be a misreading of “kernelettes” or small kernels, since small nut kernels are called for in the recipe

Eoforwic Officers

Lady Mayor: Mayor Isobel Buchanan

Sheriff: Clever Lil of Eoforwic

City Ratcatcher: Lord John of Eoforwic

City Librarian: Lord Thomas Grocere

Seneschal: Lord John of Eoforwic

Deputy Seneschal: Isobel Buchanan

(eoforwic.email+seneschal@gmail.com)

Exchequer: Maistres Medb ingen Dungaile

(eoforwic.email+exchequer@gmail.com)

Marshal: Lord James of Eoforwic

(eoforwic.email+marshal@gmail.com)

Mistress of Arts and Sciences:: Lady Katheryn Radford of York

(eoforwic.email+moas@gmail.com)

Pursuivant: Lord Thomas Grocere

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Chatelaine: Lord Willmar Grimsdyke

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Webminister: Baroness Helena Katerina de Roero

(eoforwic.email+webminister@gmail.com)

The Fine Print

This is the March 21, AS LX (2026) issue of *The Eoforing*, a publication of the Canton and Royal City of Eoforwic, in the Barony of Septentria, in the Kingdom of Ealdormere, in the Known World, in these Current Middle Ages (i.e. of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc.). It can be found on the Canton website (Eoforwic.ca) and paper issues can be requested from the newsletter staff, Lord Thomas and Master Hector, at Eoforwic meetings. It is not a corporate publication of SCA, Inc., and does not deliniate SCA, Inc. policies. All rights remain with the original author, artist or photographer. For information on reprinting photographs, articles or artwork from this publication, please contact the Kingdom Chronicler, who will assist you in contacting the original creator of the piece. Please respect the legal rights of our contributors. Contents may explode under pressure.