

sep, XXI  
GLYPHS  
of the  
SACRED STONE



Dragons' Age

Drab dragons fleeing, filling the sky,  
Coarse leather wings lifted to grasp  
Faint currents of whisper winds sighing past scales.  
Dragons' age surely is past.

White feathered pinions beating the wind,  
Pale Pegasus trumpets his last.  
Defiant as boldly to exile he goes.  
Dragons' age surely is past.

Gored gryphons cackling, shackled to time,  
Their massive grey beaks ope to gasp  
Last labouring breaths of the opulent air.  
Dragons' age surely is past.

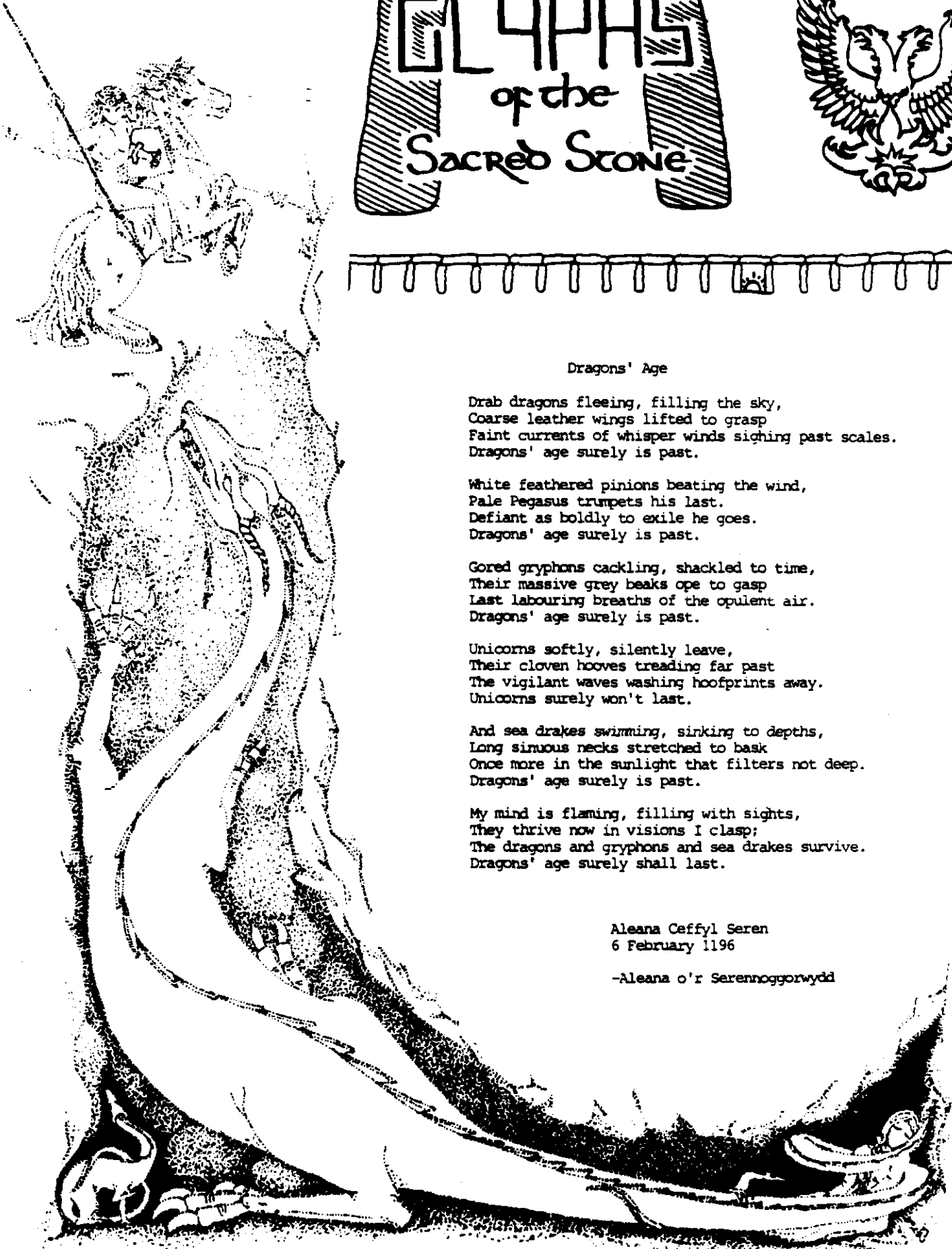
Unicorns softly, silently leave,  
Their cloven hooves treading far past  
The vigilant waves washing hoofprints away.  
Unicorns surely won't last.

And sea drakes swimming, sinking to depths,  
Long sinuous necks stretched to bask  
Once more in the sunlight that filters not deep.  
Dragons' age surely is past.

My mind is flaming, filling with sights,  
They thrive now in visions I clasp;  
The dragons and gryphons and sea drakes survive.  
Dragons' age surely shall last.

Aleana Ceffyl Seren  
6 February 1196

-Aleana o'r Serennogorwydd



# Sub-Regnum

## BARONY OF THE SACRED STONE

SENESCHAL: Master Joseph of Clairidge (Joe Herrick, 6221 Trysting Pl., Charlotte NC 28212 704-563-7587)

HERALD: Lord Ciaran of Kells (Stephen Wessels, 211 N. Cedar St. #2, Greensboro NC 27401)

KNIGHT MARSHAL: Osric of Sherwood (Keith Martin, 17 Woodvale, Asheville NC 28804 704-255-0738)

MINISTER OF THE LISTS: Lady Kerry of Clairidge (Kerry Herrick, 6221 Trysting Pl., Charlotte NC 28212 704-563-7587)

CHRONICLER: Lord Owain ap Ioan (Greg Jones, 6706 Holston Ct. Charlotte NC 28215 704-537-8270)

MINISTER OF ARTS AND SCIENCES: Aelfrun Errantmaid (June Wood, 1111 Yanceyville St., Greensboro NC 27405 919-272-9009)

EXCHEQUER: Baron Sir Jason Michael of Andover (Mike Osborne, 3019 Chenango Dr., Charlotte NC 28212 704-567-0375)

CHIRURGEON: Lakima (Judy Woods, 5020 Elder Rd., Charlotte NC 28205 704-536-1533)

## CANTON OF THE GUARDIANS OF THE SACRED STONE

SENESCHAL: Baron Sir Jason Michael of Andover (Mike Osborne, 3019 Chenango Dr., Charlotte NC 28212 704-567-0375)

HERALD: Master Joseph of Clairidge (Joe Herrick, 6221 Trysting Pl., Charlotte NC 28212 704-563-7587)

KNIGHT MARSHAL: Kris Roch (Dan Chamberlin, 5020 Elder Rd., Charlotte NC 28205 704-536-1533)

CHRONICLER: Lord Owain ap Ioan (Greg Jones, 6706 Holston Ct. Charlotte NC 28215 704-537-8270)

MINISTER OF ARTS AND SCIENCES: Lord Owain ap Ioan (Greg Jones, 6706 Holston Ct., Charlotte NC 28205 704-537-8270)

EXCHEQUER: Baron Sir Jason Michael of Andover (Mike Osborne, 3019 Chenango Dr., Charlotte NC 28212 704-567-0375)

CHIRURGEON: Vacant

# Kalends

## SEPT

- 6 TORVASSIR: Games Tourney (Cedrin Etainnighean ;addr in Acorn)
- 13 ARINDALE: Eagle's Tourney (Theodora di Lupita; 301-725-1088)
- 20 FALCON CREE: Two Harolds' Bridge Battle and Feast (Margaret van Arteveldt; 803-268-4387)
- 27 HAWKWOOD: Tourney of the Golden Moon (Brennus MacMorna; 704-658-0522)
- STORVIK: Feast in Honor of the Order of the Pelican (Elaina de Sinistre; 301-593-6247)

## OCT

- 4 CAER MEAR: University of Atlantia (Phillip of Ghent; 301-984-0142)
- 11 STORVIK: Tourney of the Tower (Axel of Taavistia; 703-594-2926)
- 18 STORVIK: Coronation of Klaus and Cyffaith (Megan Pengwyn; 202-822-2987)
- ISENFIR: Feast of Discovery (Miriam Rachel bat Mordecai; 804-296-0920)
- 25 TIR-Y-DON: Vampyre Hunt
- STORVIK: Grand Company Warlord Tourney (Richard Marshal of Corwin; 301-474-2208)
- HIDDEN MOUNTAIN: Tourney of the Silver Chalice IV

## NOV

- 1 STIERBACH: Autumn Revel (Dagmar Gandalfsdottir; 703-788-4050)
- BERLEY COURT: All Hallow's Eve Feast (Anne Davis-Harwood; 804-562-3646)
- 8 CROWN TOURNEY
- CATHANAR: Tag Team Tourney (Bronwyn ferch Morgan; 919-223-5893)
- CYDDLAIN DOWNS: Second Annual Scumfest (Gillian Clayshaper; 803-794-3138)
- 15 BLACK DIAMOND: Martinmas (Jhanek Shiron; 703-951-2236)

## TOURNAMENT OF THE GOLDEN MOON

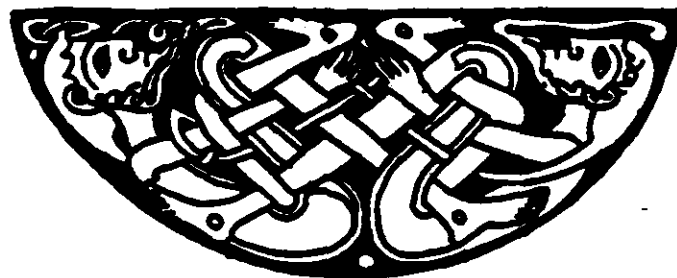
Join the Canton of Hawkwood on September 27 in its traditional fall festival, the Tournament of the Golden Moon! We have many activities planned for both fighters and non-fighters, including either a point melee or a castle defender tourney (this depends on how many gentles plan to attend), games, and of course, arts and sciences competitions. **WARNING:** This is a camping event!! Please bring necessary materials for your comfort and convenience! On Saturday night, soup and bread will be served, but you should plan on cooking other meals yourself. Facilities include fire-rings, toilets, and fresh spring water; the site is Pisgah National Forest's Camp Kuykendall.

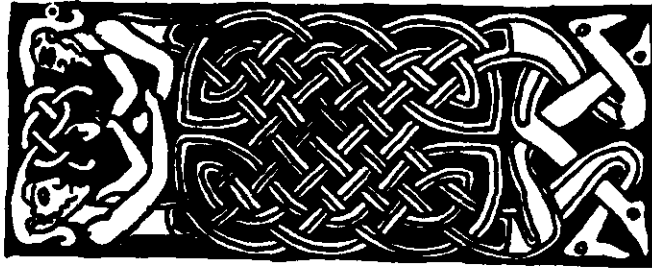
**DIRECTIONS and DETAILS:** Please call.

**COST:** \$5 for members, \$6 for non-members.

**RESERVATIONS:** Catriona Fergusson, 17 Woodvale, Asheville NC 28804, phone 704-255-0738.

\*\*\* A fund-raising for the Acorn is planned!!\*\*\*





### FEAST OF ST. ANDREW

Ceud mile failte!! The populace of the Known World is cordially invited to Hawkwood to attend a feast in honor of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, on December 13, AS XXI (despite that St. Andrew's Day is on November 30 this year). The day's events will include a delectable feast with several Scottish dishes (excluding haggis), traditional Scottish games and dancing, and arts and sciences competitions. Categories are: Brewing, Best Garb Accessory (be creative!), Calligraphy (pre-made), Breadmaking, and Best Poem with a Scottish Theme (to be read aloud, 3 minute limit). **DOCUMENTATION IS IMPORTANT !!!!!!!** A fund-raising for the Acorn is also planned.

**SITE:** Valley Springs Community Center (same as for High Summer Tourney and Revel).

**DIRECTIONS AND DETAILS:** Contact autocrat -- Catriona Fergusson, 17 Woodvale, Asheville, NC 28804 704-255-0738.

**COST:** For this sumptuous feast, the cost is a mere \$7 for members and \$8 for non-members.

**THIS SITE IS BONE DRY!!! GENTLES BRINGING ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES WILL BE ASKED TO LEAVE!!!**

FROM THE CHRONICLER: This month is sort of a lull in submissions, as you may notice. Most of the material in this issue I did myself, with the exception of the cover art, which was done by Lady Alisandre Oliphant, my lady, the cover poem, which was written by Lady Aleana Ceffyl Seren, a friend of mine, and yet another poem by Dafydd ap Gwilym. Thanks also to Lady Alisandre for helping with the assembling this month. Filler art is again from Bain.

My persona story is not only to further introduce myself, but also to serve as an example of what persona can be. Mine is by no means complete or fully researched, but it at least serves as a basis to understand the times in which one lived, and also to guide how one's persona would act or think in a situation. I again encourage everyone to develop such a persona, as it adds depth and enjoyment to what we are doing.

I want to remind anyone out there who may be reading this that University is next month. I would like to see even greater attendance than last time, especially from those of us down South. Also, the Acorn auction is coming up, so get those donations going.

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left

## CANTON FREQUENT MEETINGS

CANTON BUSINESS MEETING: The second Tuesday of each month at the Baron's house, 3019 Chenango Rd., at 7:30 pm. (567-0375)

COOKING: The third Tuesday of each month at the home of Kristofer de la Roche, 5020 Elder Rd., at 7:30 pm. (538-1533)

ARMOR AND SEWING: By arrangement with Master Joseph and Lady Kerry. (563-7587)

CALLIGRAPHY: By arrangement with Lord Owain. (537-8270)

FIGHTER PRACTICE: Sunday afternoons at 3:00 at Kris Roch's, 5020 Elder Rd. (563-1533)

# Alphabet of the Month



insular majuscule  
6th to 9th centuries

α δ c d e f g h i j k  
l m n o p q r s or f t  
u x s p or z

This script developed from the Roman Half-Uncial that St. Patrick brought with him to Ireland. Through years of isolation, the script became more spectacular and purely Irish in character. The monks took their Irish majuscule when they went to teach the Anglo-Saxons, and their script merged with the Anglo-Saxon majuscule so well that they are together termed Insular Majuscule. Later, the Anglo-Saxon scribes developed their own, less flamboyant style. When the Irish scribes met the Augustinian scribes moving from the south carrying Artificial Uncial, the Irish script won out. However, by the 9th century, Insular Majuscule became too formal for widespread use, and died out within a hundred years.

This script lettered basically horizontal, letter height 5 pen widths. It has strong, wide lines and fully rounded curves. Nothing sacred in the quest for perfection. Letters were made in the least functional but best controlled manner. Almost every opportunity was taken to pen letters connected by a touch, and ligatures were occasionally used. Considerable space was left between lines. Words at line ends were broken between syllables, but it was preferable to stretch the lettering to avoid breaks.

Capitals were larger versions of normal letters, penned with the same pen. The largest had graduated following letters. Periods were single dots at mid-minim height. Triple dots were the end of a paragraph or chapter. A colon or colon and dash were also used for the same purpose. the semicolon had its modern form, but the comma was still a diagonal slash.

# Alchemical Equipment

by OWAIN AP IOAN, CIM

One of the more practical aspects of Alchemy deals with the apparatus used in the Medieval laboratory. It must first be realized that many Alchemical tools and processes are still in use today. The first and most famous of these is the water bath.

The invention of the Water Bath is attributed to Mary the Jewess, who was often identified with Miriam, the sister of Moses. In modern France, where there are rumors of present-day Alchemical research, the Water Bath is called Bain-Marie, which seems to support the assumption about its origin. The Water Bath consists of a container of water over a heat source. Vessels were placed in the water so as to give steady, slow, even heating, a necessity for the delicate, controlled experiments done by Alchemists.

The Kerotakis was another apparatus whose invention was attributed to Mary the Jewess. This vessel was attached much importance by early Greek writers. It consisted of a closed vessel in which leaves of various metals could be placed in order to observe their reactions with different vapors, usually mercury. The vessel was constructed in such a way that the vapors condensed at the top and ran down the sides, thus providing a continuous refluxing effect. In combination with the Alembic, a sort of still, the Kerotakis was the common laboratory equipment of the first Alchemists.

Other common instruments were much like those found in laboratories today. Perhaps those found most often were Crucibles. These were much like the ones in use today for simple melting purposes. Early Alchemists also used such apparatus as the Balance and the Retort along with other, much stranger vessels. The first of these was the Pelican. It was a type of distillation apparatus shaped much like a flask. It was open at the top, but had two tubes connecting the top and bottom, looking much like handles (see Figure 1). Thus, there was in the distillation a constant process of purification as the distillate condensed and ran down the tubes to the bottom, there to be distilled again. Another type also existed, called the Double Pelican, constructed of two connecting flasks. These apparatus were named for their resemblance to the legendary pelican which pierced its own breast.

The most important fixture in the laboratory was the Furnace. Much Alchemical research consisted of heating, drying or burning, so the Furnace was almost constantly in use. Many different types existed, and each Alchemist used the kind he preferred. In fact, Thomas Norton, an Alchemist who wrote extensively about the Alchemical laboratory, went so far as to design and use his own new type of Furnace, one which reportedly could be used for conducting sixty different experiments simultaneously, each with a different degree of heat. He also invented another type of furnace, but never

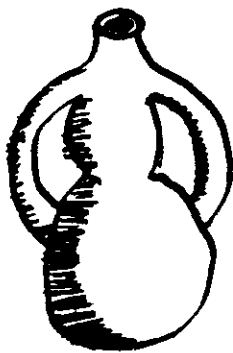


described it in his writings. Philalethes, another famous Alchemist, gave descriptions of what a furnace could be. These descriptions are too lengthy to repeat here, but they are very straightforward and simple. No matter what Furnace type is used, all the major Alchemists agree that the control of heat is the single most important lesson an Acolyte can learn. It is also the technique, when improperly used, most responsible for ruining the Great Work.

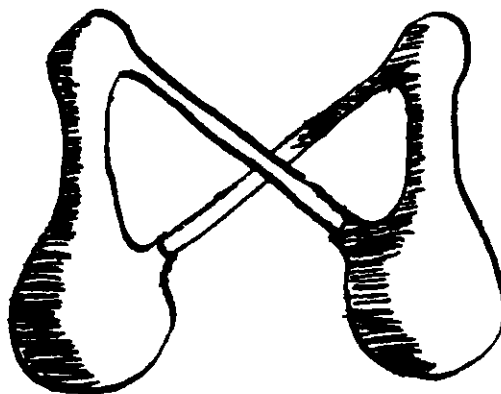
The laboratory itself is also very important to accomplishing the experiments needed for the Great Work. A well-stocked and supplied laboratory greatly facilitates whatever the Alchemist tries to do. One of the best descriptions of a laboratory design comes from Libavius' Alchymia. His description includes a plan and elevations, special rooms devoted to certain processes, and even such amenities as a wine cellar. Thomas Norton advises his readers on the administration of a laboratory, advising hiring laborers on a daily basis, so that they may be dismissed at the first sign of trouble. Also, he cautions against hiring married men because of the long hours required on the job, and because they did not like being hired on a daily basis. Norton gives other advice regarding laborers, and most of it is good, for Norton tells the reader that he speaks from experience.

In the same book, Norton comments about equipment in general. He says that the design, material, and size of apparatus should be consistent with its intended use. In other words, long vessels are suitable for some processes, short ones for others. Some are made of lead, some of fireclay, and others of stone or glass. He echoes the general consensus among Alchemists that there is not one single type of vessel to use in a specific situation. Most Alchemists either bought a type of vessel from someone, or made a special one to suit their needs. This practice is why discussions of equipment are of necessity very general.

Alchemists themselves were very inconsistent about their tools. There were very few standard types of apparatus in an Alchemical laboratory, and those that were standardized somewhat were often changed to meet an Alchemist's special need. The equipment discussed here is practically the only semi-standard equipment found in the writings, and it would almost require a book to describe the entire range of supplies. I hope this will suffice.



Pelican



Double Pelican

Figure I



# Audade

"O passing night, have pity," I said;  
"She is most lovely who shares my bed."  
But the brief night fled, and we, lover by lover,  
Put a week in that night, and that all but over.

Who would not judge it quickly gone  
Who lay as lover by such a one?  
She shone in my arms like candleshine,  
That the strength and ardor and love were mine  
To take in place of sleep from night  
The sleepless honor of her delight.  
And when at height of ecstasy  
I took her loveliness to me,  
Behold the dawn, the morning light  
Veiled in splendor the eastern night.

And then Gwen said: "My soul, arise,  
Be not betrayed to morning eyes.  
What profit in love now day is near?  
For God's sake go; linger not here."

"Beautiful lady, the daylight were bitter,  
But can it be true if the untruth is better?  
It is only the moon and the darling light  
Of an eddy of stars, God's gift to night;  
And frankly to speak, most suely I'd say  
it is but your fancy, an imagined day."

"Then for what, my soul, should call the crow  
If not for the dawn in the meadows below?"

"It is only some bird the fleas are at;  
They plague her, poor thing, and she croaks for that."

"But listen, my dear, in the homesteads near  
The dogs are fighting and some bay clear."

"They scent from the copses the vixen's lair,  
And trouble at midnight the still night air."

"My poet, be still; for shame to tease,  
Sorrow will pay for a fool's ease.  
Arise, my soul, with the feet of night,  
Open the door, make heaviness light,  
And run to the woods where the shadows linger;  
The keen dogs watch with a watchdog's anger."

"We lie not far from the holt in the hollow;  
I can run so swift no dog may follow,  
And none can catch me, if spies there are none,  
In the ways God's favor has made my own."

"My faithful poet, but tell me this;  
Will you come again if a dark night there is?"

"If such a night comes, I shall not fail,  
And you'll hear me coming, your nightingale."

- Dafydd ap Gwilym



# The life of Owain ap Ioan by his own hand

Owain Gwennydd was one of the best rulers the Cymry had seen in many years. Unfortunately, his sons did not seem to inherit his gift for keeping a relatively peaceful realm. When Owain died in 1170, his three sons began a quarrel over his lands that was to last for three long, hard years. The eldest and most capable of the three was Dafydd. The youngest and most crafty of the three was Maelgwn. The middle son, Hywel, was somewhat disinterested, and his claim was pursued for the most part by friends and accomplices. Hywel himself spent most of his time writing some of the most beautiful poetry to date.

When Owain died, Maelgwn almost immediately occupied that stronghold of Cymric authority, the isle of Mon. My father, Ioan, who lived on the island, was enlisted by Dafydd, his friend of their childhood days, to help drive Maelgwn off the Holy Isle. It was during the ensuing struggle that I was conceived and born, in 1171 in a small, out-of-the-way hunter's shelter where my mother was hiding from Maelgwn's forces.

The battles were over before my mind began to perceive and remember. In 1173, Dafydd finally won and became Prince of Gwennydd in his father's place. In recognition and gratitude for my father's service, Dafydd granted him not only my father's original battle-scarred holdings, but also much more. Over the years, my father became one of Dafydd's chief advisors, reminding his Lord of the common people, and being guided by wisdom rather than political affairs.

Anyway, I grew up on the island, learning from my father about people and their ways, and learning from my mother, in whom it was said the blood of the most venerable ancient Druids flowed once again, about the ways of nature and the trees. Upon reaching the age of reason, I was taken across the Menai for the first time in my life. I had never seen so much water that was yet bounded by the land, for apart from small streams and ponds, I had only acquaintance with the endless sea. I believe I thought our little island was the only land there was; all else was water. However, my parents and I went across the strait, and I found myself enrolled in the monastery school at Bangor. My father believed from his experiences with the Cymric nobility that there was no point in fighting with each other when there were invaders at your gate. He also thought that the best way to deal with people is to know them as well as they do themselves, thereby enabling you to better probe their strengths and weaknesses. For these reasons I was placed in a school of the new religion - not that of tradition, of my mother's people. Here I spent the greater part of my next several years, learning reading and writing, as well as such ciphering as the monks knew. I also began to learn some Latin of the church and the strange, unpleasant tongue of the French on our borders.

The tedium was interrupted only by visits from my parents, who came as often as they could, and by my father, who came more frequently after the death of my mother. My life continued pretty

uninterestingly for a great while. I eventually took up the more difficult areas of learning such as illumination and natural history and even began to secretly practice and renew my skill at what little swordplay my father had found time to teach me. Unfortunately, I soon fancied myself to be quite proficient, and began to have trouble with the clerics who ran the school. The typical young man's problems with his betters. We quarrelled over policy, theology, and general ideologies, so when His Majesty Richard sent out the call for worthy swordsmen to join in a glorious Crusade to drive out the infidels from God's Holy Land, I, like many others, laid down my pen and took up the sword. My father, all too aware of the horrors and tribulations of battle, grudgingly gave his consent, and sent me on my way.

Once I was placed in the arena of battle, however, I began to realize that my father had been right about the terror of battle, and my mother's good judgement in me prevailed. I had myself transferred to a position as a supply official where I was in charge of keeping records and accounts, as well as other duties for which my schooling made me peculiarly suited. As such, I had quite a large amount of free time.

Part of my duties included arranging for supplies with local merchants, tradesmen, and laborers. To this end, I frequented the large bazaars which sprang up wherever we were camped, and those in nearby cities, especially the Holy City. In the fulfillment of my duties and in dealing with these people, I began to understand that the people here, the supposed heathen swine whom we were sent to kill, were not so different from ourselves. In fact among these "savage infidels" I found in many cases a greater nobility than in most of the people in our camp. I eventually came to the conclusion that there was no reason that these people should be our enemy. This attitude made my dealings with the Saracens much easier, as I now did not detest them.

In my dealings with these people in my newfound enlightenment, I made several acquaintances which were to have profound influences on my life. I met several aged philosophers who introduced me to a new and better way of glorifying the Lord of All: Alchemy. I was very excited, because here was a new area in which to apply my desire for knowledge. I acquired several books and began to study. In time, I reached an impasse and found tutelage under several self-proclaimed Adepts. However, I was not content to merely follow in their somewhat physically-oriented and rigorous methods, because such efforts offended something deep inside me, perhaps a part of my mother, that wanted something more spiritual, intangible, and cerebral than what the Arabs could offer with their toiling in the fire. I finally decided to study on my own, with the help of God. I took leave of the harsh desert sands and sailed for the cool green of home.

When I arrived, my father had an opportunity waiting for me. He and Dafydd needed someone else to keep them informed of affairs in London. The ordinary spies and envoys were becoming unreliable and their information generally routine. As my father put it, "Though the hawks spend all their time searching for just one meal, nourishing or not, the humble hedgehog gets all he could desire by simply going about his daily affairs." So, off I went, the Welsh hedgehog! I got a house in Woodford, north of London by the Forest Epping, and proceeded to make a living as a public scrivener and bookseller in a small shop in London. I wrote legal papers, letters, and other documents, copied bibles, and generally provided what services I could. I specialized in rapid copying of documents, attempting to lure those with little time, and much money, to spare,

and who didn't require embellishment. I also taught a little as a diversion. Every now and then I would dispatch a letter to my father and Dafydd, reporting on what the common people and my customers were saying. I also was able to keep track of the few Alchemical works available, which I either acquired or copied for my own study. I spent many late hours by candlelight studying these works and contemplating their contents.

One sad, gray day, the news came that my father had died. I was summoned back home to assume the Lordship of the lands. I arranged my affairs in London and made my way back to the Isle of my birth as quickly as possible, so that no conflict could arise regarding the disposition of the estate. All my bondsmen were happy to have the rightful heir in charge, so that there would hopefully be no fighting. I did have some trouble at first, being virtually unknown to all but a few of the oldest. I am still sorting out the daily administration of the Lordship, but in spite of all the problems and mistakes, the corn is still sown and reaped, and the sheep are always cared for. Dafydd has been driven away and there is again trouble, but I believe I will be able to make it through. I feel that Hywel's son, Llewellyn will be the best Prince yet of the Cymry, and perhaps even King again! I felt a great sense of loss when King Richard fell, as I respected (and envied) his fighting and leadership abilities. John seems to be a rather weak ruler, following the opinions of his advisors instead of doing what he himself thinks best. There seems to be some talk recently of an unprecedented attempt to curtail the by now somewhat arbitrary and unjust powers of the King, but I have adopted a wait-and-see attitude. I won't be surprised, however, if John lets that happen.

So, here I am, in the year of Our Lord 1213, being 42 years of age. I write my story as I see it, making no apologies and no excuses. I know not what lies ahead for me; only what lies behind, and now you know just as much of that as my somewhat erratic skull can recall. Thus, I will leave you to your own recollections, and someday our paths may cross again. God be with you.

Written this 9th day of June,  
in the Year of Our Lord 1213,  
at Cantref Cemais.



these are the glyphs the newsletter of the barony of the sacred stone they are published monthly and are available from the chronicler at the address on the other side for five dollars per year the glyphs are not an official publication of the society for creative anachronism in cnc nor do they delineate the policies of the society all the opinion expressed within are solely those of the authors i'm sorry this is so strange but i'm in a sort of a hurry



gREG JONES  
6706 HOLSTON CT.  
CHARLOTTE, NC  
28215



Chronicler of Lost Caverns  
c/o Scott Bargelt  
135 Briar Ln.  
Central, SC  
29630