

Special Autumnal Equinox  
Winter Tying Issue 1993

# The Routier

Official Organ  
of  
the Pike and Musket Society  
of New South Wales



A funny thing happened to me on the way to the  
New Magdeburg tavern

The Seventh Mediaeval Conference - Glenfield  
A Report

The 1993 Convention, or Conference depending on how you wipe your bum (I prefer Conferention), was an interesting event from my perspective. I suppose if I was forced, on pain of being locked in a sealed room with the feminist lesbian witch, to describe it with one word it would have to be "tame". There, that should raise some discussion. Just as well, that's how it was intended.

I must say that my conferention was and remains a bit of a blur. Something like a morphine induced state of mixed remembrance without the morphine. Tiny villages of memory thrust together scilicet to form an enormous nation state thing not unlike the CIS.

In short I remember being so busy that not only could I not scratch myself, but I was forced to stay up past 3 am each night and to get up as early as possible each day just to keep track of who I was. (This was not alcohol induced, I unfortunately remained sober the entire weekend)

The efforts, sometimes herculean, of most Routiers leading up to and during the conferention will never make it into Spike's learned tome, the Cyclopaedia, so I shall attempt to praise here all those worthies. (The Cyclopaedia in itself is a mammoth work, worthy of praise for any number of self-evident reasons not least of which, the commemoration of the Routiers' ethos and Spike's tenacity and wit)

In particular however, we should laud Gross' multiple trips to and from the site in conjunction with Hansen and the Captain's sutlering expeditions for the Tavern that took a great deal of the work away from the rest of us. The diplomat within me also thanks, on behalf of all Routier conferention breakfast eaters, Sheen of the Jungle (of co-matriarchy fame) for her keen buying sorties.

Although I have said that I would describe the event overall as tame, in many ways one could say that for the Routiers the conferention was another huge success.

The New Magdeburg Tavern was resplendent with a canopy big enough to make two pairs of Helmut's trousers, barrels vast enough to hold a days supply of Tooheys Old for Gross, benches and tables strong enough to withstand the combined and cumulative damage of Stanislaus' earth-shattering la putre madre die-casts and the glimmer-twins foul-smelling and corrosive windy nocturnal emissions, and enough piss to make even the Marquis de Sade's bum attractive.

Owing of course to the grand strategy of la Bosch and the tactical exploits of all the tavern-workers, especially Hansen, the tavern recorded a significant revenue total that was well

worth the effort.

More importantly, it produced the now usual and legendary social and cultural epicentre for the entire weekend. In fact from about 12 noon Friday to 3pm Monday, it was nothing but culture. With a surfeit of grog and the combined entertainments of the Swedish Cultural Ensemble and Spike's Rudimentary Money Loss Clinic, the tavern attracted all the punters and a hilarious time was had by all. Excluding Boozer, who was inter pocula (in his cups) most of the time, if not inter trousers. One thing is sure, if the conferention ever leaves Sydney there will be a tough time replicating the New Magdeburg Tavern.

The Routier camp-in-the-wold looked sparse although handsomely extended by the erections of the Green Band. This was of course due to the fact that all activity, except breakfast, was somewhere else; usually at the tavern. Breakfast provided the rare opportunity to address the routiers in one place. However, this rarely worked, as time continued to fly rapidly away from you, unlike one of Pierre's punches.

The Pike and Musket display, although commencing tentatively without the firm and guiding hand of the Captain, warmed up by the time of the mock battle. True to form we had the amassed audience well and truly entertained by the time that tried and true old soldier, Dave Robinson, was felled by a barrage of musket butts whilst defending Parliament and the Green Band's Flag and I, deciding never to yield to the malcontents, retired to a safe distance for re-inforcements.

non sine Divino auxilio  
not without divine aid

By all accounts the combined activities of the Routiers, the Green Band and the Mackays are becoming better each time and with further good planning and training on behalf of all we can look forward to some huge and mighty productions in the near future.

The inescapable fact that well ordered and hearty pikemen can withstand the punitive efforts of any number of loony tin-men was also firmly re-inforced at the conferention. Allowing myself the luxury of temporarily stepping down from command of the pike in favour of Mr. Koens, Lieutenant of the Green Band, I took up the left flank protection with the Ensign Koens, we both armed with partisans. As were the right flank's protection of the Green Band's Sergeant and his compatriot.

Placing my faith in the true God and a just cause (wreaking carnage amongst tin-men), whilst knowing full well the undeniable characteristics of hard-men, I forswore the protection of excessive armour and within a truly great partnership with the Jabber-guru rarely seen since that golden premiership winning St. George footy team left the hallowed paddock, we dealt soundly with each tin-man as they struggled confused, dazed and already half-beaten our way after encountering the solid and unbending wall that was our pikes. What a team, what a band, what a force, what a farce!!!, what a joke!!! Who did they think they were up against to consider themselves the match of such mighty half-

drunk idiots like us.

Even when they attempted to outflank us and attack our rear like the shirto, pillow-biters they are, our pre-rehearsed manoeuvre was accomplished at one command, "Form Square". The single martial thing that was, became a veritable four-headed serpent, biting in every direction of the compass. It stirs something way down in a part of the body of blessed memory to have fought with such as these. One almost believes that, had there been a breach to charge into, that it wouldn't have taken the proselytization of Henry V to get these devil-dogs to charge into it again.

Indeed such were all heroes that should any individual commendation be given it is to a Green Band Pikeman. Seeing a desperate attack forced against his fellows and not leaving the outcome to chance, he lunged forward bodily against the leading tin-man, breaking his impetus, stopping their charge, sacrificing himself in the process. What stupidity, what an idiot! It is with folly like this that we can only become invincible. At least in our own minds and paunches if not in the groin.

Speaking of our minds, I come to the other areas where we shone brighter than the top of Hand's head on a sunny day. In the Bardic competition the Swedish Cultural Ensemble took out the most entertaining category with a medley of tunes including the Keith Baker penned, top-ten classic, "Tim Dawson song". As the dreaded Dawson was one of the judges, I believe this was a coldly calculated effort to inflate his ego so that he could do no more than vote for them, and it obviously worked. Besides which, in my opinion, the only real competition was from the Victorian based singing group Simper Delicio (or some such name) with their interesting rendition of that old standard "Summer is icumen in". The wonderful drinking horn prize we received, whilst being used at the common store/Tavern was ceremoniously but accidentally broken by Helmut's seismic snoring, or so I'm told by Mr. Fondlebum.

Mr. Gospodin Hand, that girly musketeer, also took out the applicable costume prize, with a truly 'visiting monarch' style outfit. Second prize went to Lt. Koens' little ensemble with all the lace. In fact the late Mediaeval costume category was completely dominated by seventeenth-century costumes. How huge!

I am also led to believe, by highly reputable sources, as I personally missed it completely, that the erudite Stanislaus Stanislavovitch, Emeritus Professor of Phrenology of the University of Magdeburg, attempted to expand the knowledge of reenactors by extolling the difficulties of the stock-fish of Upper Silesia in gaining any vestige of political influence over the Emperor during the period 1618-23. That indeed it was only with their well known outbreak in the Palatinate in late 1623 that any upset of the status quo was achieved. I am sorely peeved that I missed what has undoubtedly gone down as another of Stan's grand contingent arguments.

Finally, the one thing that struck me about the Seventh Mediaeval Conferention was that everybody was so nice, even Gross and Dawson barely exchanged words. This was the boring part of the

weekend, that and the fact that there didn't seem to be as much drunkenness this time.

The one exception being the incident of the Knights Batchelor's Tower (Bazaar). To go into excessive detail of this unfortunate incident and the K.B.'s hasty and illjudged accusation would be to give it far too much credibility. I would like to make two points however. After lengthy and tiring investigations I can honestly say, that as true as my name is Gualterus Septimus Blommfaaaaaaqqhtsz, no Routier was involved. Secondly, to borrow from the legal profession, this was surely a case of cui bono. A case where we have to ask ourselves whom was it that stood to gain or benefit from the Routiers being accused and blamed for such an incident. After all, is it not strange that the alleged informant is yet to be discovered, no doubt disappearing into the air as fast as those responsible. Continuing this line of legal argument, he or she that stood to gain is therefore most likely to be responsible for the act. I have my own suspicions, and I'm sure you all do likewise.

Sanguis martyrurum est semen ecclesiae  
the blood of Martyrs is the seed of the church

In closing I would like to welcome pikeman Timothy to the great family which is the Routiers and thank him for his efforts during the conferention. Also let it be known that in the wilds of Queensland there is a group being formed right now to re-enact the Gentlemen of the Artillery Garden and to generally follow the Royalist cause. We are pulling all stops to ensure that they get all the assistance they require and wish them also welcome to our greater family of renown.

I remain your now fatigued Lieutenant and correspondent,  
For God, King and Parliament,

Blomfaaaqqhtsz.



## Glenfield: The Ensign's Report

I was depressed and miserable for 2 days after the convention, a sure sign that it was one of the best yet.

The physical site, the Glenfield scout camp, was shady, grassy, had a suitable tiled amenity block, lots of room, and best of all it was bloody close to home. My heartiest congratulations to the organizing committee of a job well done. (Perhaps a wee note from the Sergeant expressing our gratitude and support for the next one at that site would be in order.)

Speaking of jobs well done, I am ashamed to admit that I missed day one, (a strategic move on my part to avoid setting up), but I was really impressed with the extent of the encampment. Together with the AMMAS tents we're starting to look like quite a village. Next time, let's have the Anarchist tents there as well for total solidarity. (Why were they on the other side of the road? Did I miss something?)

Of things regimental.

On Saturday, the Routiers (specifically the pike block) were challenged to a little sortie by some over-confident heavily armoured types to test the efficacy of the queen of arms. Poor fools. Our force of pikemen (which included some avowed musketeers re-armed, glad to see you coming back to the fold fellas) with its heavily armed flankers proved too much for the primitives who could not break our line or our flanks and did go down like the proverbial ninepins of legend. A resounding victory. As our Knights Bachelor friends would say, "huzzahhh!". (Whatever that means.)

Regarding our drill demonstration on Sunday, well...

We did have a lot of us on the field, and some were new so there were bound to be some control problems but I think you will all agree that something was missing. (Perhaps the La Bosche factor?) Our formation manoeuvres indicated the need for a lot more drill, specifically more combined club drills. Along with "Put it in a common store and guard it" there must be a new saying: "Put him on a parade ground and drill him". However, we did have the bodies on the day, with lots of gear and flags and things and as memory and photo's will show, we looked pretty damned impressive.

Before we get on to the humorous highlights, I've got one serious gripe. Rumour has it that Routiers were involved in the overthrowing of the Bachelor tower. I dismiss this utterly as mere hearsay and gutter gossip for the following reasons. Firstly, the act itself was one of childish, malicious vandalism, and we're all big boys now. Secondly, the act occasioned actual damage to the PROPERTY of another club, which no right thinking person would consider. (Maybe next time, people will burn tents or slash car tyres.)

Base rumours of this kind, and the acts which generate them, do nothing to enhance our otherwise hard earned reputation as the best re-enactment group in Australia. Enough said.

On the topic of awards.

We did really well, both collectively and individually in this area. Helmut won the axe throwing event.

Musketeer Hand won the sartorial elegance award AGAIN. (Going for a hat-trick Steve?)

The Swedish Cultural Ensemble won the award for most popular song. (Granted that the subject of one of the songs was on the judging panel, were REALLY lucky there.)

Well done all involved.

Of the March.

Saturday night (approximately 2am Sunday morning actually) marked the return of that universally misunderstood but Regimentally beloved activity known as the March of the Routiers. Led by Uncle Satan (of whom more will be said: see "The Tavern") a group of well oiled fun lovers and flower children did traipse through the cabins and encampments, with much singing and laughter. Assisted by the discharge of the Carpenter's mini cannon, the March had its usual result of setting dogs barking, children crying and idiots with swords threatening dire violence upon our persons. Granted that we didn't actually go into anyone's abode, there were hardly grounds for complaint. In fact, one disappointed soul did mention that he had been hoping that the Routiers WOULD go into his cabin. I won't say who that was, but "if you ask him, he'll know what's right". Significant cultural rituals such as the March must continue, regardless of the misinformed ignorant masses who fail to understand its profound historical importance. In the name of idiocy and good fun, let it prevail.

Of things alcoholic and social. ie: The Tavern

Once again, the New Magdeburg Tavern was the social and cultural centre of the Universe. People gathered there at all times, day and night. Indeed, it seemed that some people never left!

The Tavern was the site of at least 1 lecture (Marion on brewing), several impromptu meetings, and much drinking, dice and dominoes. (The combination of words all beginning with the same letter, as has just occurred, is an example of the phenomenon known as alliteration. This statement has no bearing on the report, I'm just being a smart arse.) Of note were Musketeer Hand's success at Liar dice and Number of the Beast, which had the result of his being named "Yesterday's Antichrist", the reasons for which made sense at the time, but damned if I can remember them now.

However, Louise from the Anarchists (remember that red dress fellas) deserves the titles of "Tavern Belle" and "all round good bloke" because not only did she look good, but after she cleaned everyone out after a series of increasingly large pots and silly game variations, she shouted drinks all round. Should be more of it.

Overseeing everything though was our dear Uncle Satan, Mephistopheles, Asmodeus, call him what you will. His manic laughter, appalling racist jokes, (yes Boss, ahs a good nigger) and general drunken demeanour set an appropriate example for us all. May his paunch increase.

A special thanks goes to Spike, whose publication of the Routier Cyclopaedia indicates service above and beyond the call of duty. This is an absolutely brilliant piece of work and any Routier without a copy is a dickdog. I'm told that the songbook (about bloody time) is on the way.

I'll close with an anecdote. When trying to explain the convention to a friend I talked at some length about the Routiers and the Tavern and about how it was a major gathering place, especially at night. Friend then asked: "Ok, but what do all the other clubs do at night". Well, I thought about this for a while and I have to admit that I have absolutely no idea what the other clubs do at night.

And I don't care.

Your servant,

Sarge

# Yet Another Conference Report (# 666)

The events of this period, let alone their exact chronological order, have blurred into an alcoholic haze. I have now a great sympathy for the chroniclers of the Seventeenth Century, but a growing suspicion about their reliability! This report encompasses all of those qualities...

Firstly, I must refute that most malicious slur cast upon my person. I most definitely do not have a wife and child.  
I have three. Wives, that is, so please, don't make me the target of mistaken identity.

I do remember lying prone one night, not alone, and being accused of being that greatest of personages, Helmut the German. "No", we replied, "There are two us here!" Does this imply that Helmut is a Tasmanian, having two bodies in one?

The Routiers displayed to all and sundry why knights became an endangered species, completed a brilliant withdrawal to the accompaniment of Boozer Brissett's excellent drumming, and then laid siege to the Tavern for many hours.

Not only was our prowess in matters military well noted, but our ability to conquer massive barbaric hordes of beer bottles and lose entire Kingdoms at dice simultaneously was marvelled at by non-Routiers present.

One cannot remember the '93 Conference without having Satan ic visions, or at least, visions of Satan. Some born-again ponce questioned me on the subject of the Routiers' religious convictions, and the satisfaction was all mine as I informed him that "Satan Walks the Earth, and He Lives at Richmond"<sup>TM</sup>!

And the Tasmanian conspiracy! For every one who joins our ranks, we get two, now we have three, and they are all brothers! A man couldn't get around without bumping into one at Glenfield. Well, at least I couldn't.

The World is round, and so is Hande (*Anthropopithecus boreus assus*), but the discovery that Hande does not have the insatiable appetite with which he is often credited came as a shock to all. As men of Science, in search of the Truth, we waited for him to be momentarily absent from the feast-table, filled his Colosseum-like bowl to the utmost of its enormous capacity with all manner of foods, and waited. Upon his return, his eyes widened cowlike in wonderment. Not only had people saved food, but they had saved it for him! He advanced upon his bowl much as the sailor advances upon the first woman he sees after a long sea voyage! After a few moments, he slowed, a little at first, and then some more, until he came to a rolling stop. A look of profound personal suffering crossed his face. His features dropped into depression as he shared with us his agony. "I'm full...", he confessed. His voice carried such sorrow and regret that passers-by inquired as to the health of his immediate family.



The March of the Routiers is a splendid event, which, literally, cannot be missed. It has been likened to the destructive migrations of soldier ants. I'm afraid to say that my contribution was but a single, if loud, cannon shot in the dead of the night. For discharging the loudest firearm known to mankind at 3 AM, I was hauled before a Court Martial. "Why?", reprimanded Judge Stanislaus, "Why didn't you fire it four or five times?"

The Conference was huge. It made Ben Hur look as insignificant as Tim Dawson, whose tent, incidentally, being made of SCA Nylon, was, so I believe, engulfed in flames at one stage in the weekend. Pity he wasn't in it.

There is much more which I can't recall, and I'm sure Spike doesn't want to type the rest (*too right* – Ed), so to finish, I'd just like to say, Thank You, Satan!

Steve Gale (*Licentius carpenterius*)



Mr Gale indicating his plans for the weekend.



Mr Gale doing what he did for the entire duration of the Conference.

# Some Reflections on the Seventh National Mediaeval Convention, Easter, 1993

It is not intended that the article set out a precise chronology of the convention, but simply offer some impressions; as Napoleon said, "Beware of eyewitnesses; the only thing that my Grenadiers saw of Russia was the pack of the man in front."

■ Musketeer Spike sending people into gales of laughter, as he advanced from tree to tree, 'Adultery-Cam' in hand, stalking Adultery Boy.

■ **Gross.** Never has he been so Satanic. **Gross**, leading the march of the Routiers through the Knights Bachelor / Spatula / Flatulent etc. camps.

**Gross**, when confronted by a Knight with a drawn sword (at midnight), grabbing it off him, hurling it aside, and saying "What are you going to do about it, prick?".

**Gross**, being thanked by people at the banquet, and being referred to everywhere as 'Satan'.

**Gross**, emerging from the tavern, CO<sub>2</sub> fire extinguisher in hand, squirting it at the Medievalists pretending to be Daleks at 3 in the morning.

**Gross**, dressed in his Cow Armour on the combat field, scaring the wits out of everybody in sight.

**Gross**, at 4AM, telling jokes which were unfunny when he first heard them in 1976.

■ Tim the Tasmanian. How well he fitted into the Routier milieu. One of the few Tasmanians to have the proper complement of heads, fingers and toes.

■ Steve Gale improving his word power. For example: Nunn, *adjective. nil, zero, nought.* As in "How many conventions have you gone to without the express purpose of getting laid?" "None."

■ The Knights Bachelor Tower getting

pushed over. They took this rather well after some initial anger, according to one of their female members. It was, after all, an irresistible target to seven year olds of all ages.

■ After all these years, people like Jeff Davidson coming to a convention wearing gym boots. Don't people realise how shithouse running shoes look when combined with Mediaeval clothing?

■ Campsite, spoiled by visible Coca-Cola bottles etc. People may carp on about 'Authenticity Fascists', but such anachronisms stick out like dogs' balls in photographs.

■ The epoch-making discovery of the "Anti-Beast". So mysterious, non-Euclidean, eldritch, blasphemous and cyclopean in this entity that its discoverers (Spike and Stan) were at a complete loss to pursue their investigations beyond the point of naming it.

■ How happy Mr Hand looked when, in the dice game, *The Number of the Beast*<sup>™</sup>, he rolled a 666, making him the Antichrist. This writer has never seen him so happy. However, earthly happiness is fleeting, and soon Mr Hand had lost again, relegating him to that sad status of "Yesterday's Antichrist", to which the old JPY song was immediately adapted.

■ How timid the people in full plate were when attacking our pike block.

■ The idiocy of people fighting bareheaded. Comments from the audience revealed very little empathy for the helmetless combatants.

■ The increasing and welcome number of non-combatants present.

■ The excellence of the Ancient gear present. Very impressive, and a hugely enjoyable show put on Friday – a great crowd favourite.

■ The quality, duration and variety of the singing, all weekend. Carmina Semper (Robert, Natalie, Melissa and Marian) performed harmoniously, as did the massed Routiers, even if I do say so myself. King Snorri also regaled us with his beloved songs of the Third Reich.

■ And then there was the Louise of the Anarchist Mercenaries. What can this writer say? Her pulchritude is famous, and her winning personality is equally so. Starting with \$1 borrowed from Spike, she amassed \$70 from gambling in the space of three days. What a woman! She remains a great favourite with the Routiers, even Mr Hand, who lost \$15 to her in one fell swoop.

■ The gambling: the joy of seeing people who had never bet in their lives gambling away their rent money.

■ The good humour Tim Dawson displayed while being sung about, and chaired around the banquet hall on the shoulder of the Routiers is to be commended. This writer personally thought it disgraceful that some people should boo him when it was announced that he had won the javelin throwing. Tim seems to be mellowing, and didn't deserve this.

■ Simon Fowler's lecture on Mediæval Martial Arts: approachable, forcefully

given.

■ Stanislaus' lecture on Violence and Manners 1300–1700. I enjoyed having an audience of around 30 people for 45 minutes. In retrospect, I would have made a few changes –

a) More information on Fairy Tales

b) More information on animals

c) Correction – I said in my lecture that the Homicide rate in Australia has remained stable at 13 per 100,000 of population since Federation. Well, I was really quoting the Suicide rate in the Western World in the last 50 years. The Homicide rate in Australia has been:

NSW and Australia, period 1968–1981, about 1.8 per 100,000  
For interest's sake, the homicide rate in the Northern Territory is about 14 times the national average.

(Wallace, A. Homicide: The Social Reality, NSW Bureau of Crime Statistics and Research, Sydney, 1986, p.21)

■ Having a talk to Melissa of Islendinga and Carmina Semper about Shakespeare, which I enjoyed. A quiet interlude in an otherwise rowdy time.

■ Seeing the respect that Bertie commands from people in diverse clubs.

■ That Tomislav and Pierre, by their absence, did not seem to affect our bonhomie at all. This observation is to the credit of both of them.

■ Seeing so many combatants in mail, in comparison to previous years.

■ To this writer, the reasonably smooth administration of the convention. If the organisers are invisible, things must be running (or muddling through) alright.

■ More people bringing children along.

■ The awesomeness of the wrestling on Friday night. Ross and I had a great time at our ringside seat. We were amazed at then number of gorillas wrestling – gorillas in white breeches with guts full of grog. David from 1066 was the hero, but Shanks from the Anarchists comported himself well.

■ That I missed seeing Roland Dunkerly at the Althing. What a shame, now we will never know what Roly had to say, even though he'll know what's right.

■ The success of Spike's Routier Cyclopædia. People were enjoying its scurrilousness immensely.

■ Helmut's prowess with the throwing axe.

■ The selling of almost all of the alcohol – only about 20 bottles of cider left. Many people wanted soft drinks in the mornings – bulk liquor purchasers take note.

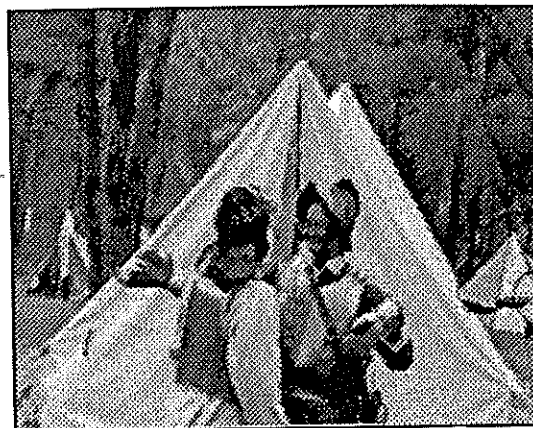
■ The bloody power lines everywhere, which crept into 90% of my photographs.

■ The lovely weather, every day and night.

■ In summary, what can one compare this convention to, except previous conventions?

Sillier than all the rest,  
More Satanic,  
More heterogenous  
And yet, somehow soft and tender.

– Stanislaus.



Stanley dances with Asterix.  
What a handsome couple!



Tim the Enchanter gestures hypnotically.



Melissa, sprite of Erin, relaxes her steely gaze for a moment to look soft and tender (see text).

# Spike's Universal Guide to the 1993 Mediaeval Conference

So! Having cunningly beguiled all other Routiers with any literary skills into writing their own reports about the events at Glenfield (note that Mr Hande has not contributed - read this sentence again), I have now left myself with nothing to say that has not been said elsewhere!

Well, not quite. Like many of my *compadres*, my recollection of the weekend is hazy, but filled with alcohol, fun, and general good feelings. I shall, Stanley-like, endeavour to present a random sample of impressions, and perhaps even mention something that somebody has missed!

⊗ I was mildly amazed that Boozer, having arrived the night before the Conference officially began, managed to nearly start a war, or at least get himself punched out before we got there and watched. How inconsiderate!

☺ I was very impressed with Western Hamlets' Roman accoutrements. (no, I refuse to use that tired, worn-out Handean term, "gear". Oops!) I was even more impressed by their Gladiatorial contests. The sight of Christians being chased by an animated tiger-skin sent everyone into gales of laughter, establishing a general mood of relaxedness and goodwill that lasted the entire weekend.

⊗ I was disappointed that, due to lack of Officers willing to sleep in the Routier camp, or even to wear 17th Century clothing for any substantial part of the weekend, we lacked that unit cohesiveness, that inescapably military feel. On the other hand, seeing the extent to which certain Knights Termagant have taken this sort of thing, and where it has gotten them, this may not have been a bad thing! In any case, we were successful in all matters, and lacked for nothing.

☺ Thanks from all of us to Lieutenant Blohmfaaaaqhrtsz for his breakfast cuisine, not to mention his leadership, over the weekend. Bertie's charismatic presence, even part-time, served as a focal point for our military activities during the Captayne's absence.

☺ Speaking of such, I must add my heartfelt congratulations to those of the rest of the Civilised World on the occasion of the birth of Captayne's son, Little Lord La Bosche. Wife and child are doing well, and Pierre tells me that the latter will be at the '95 Conference in full and appropriate regalia. It's about time that we had some 17th Century children running about at these things, to make up for all the primitives, if nothing else.

☹ Gross. What can I say? Little, for Stan has said nearly all. This was the most Satanic Conference ever - surely Gross' finest hour! When he led the March of the Routiers<sup>TM</sup> through the Women's Toilet at 3AM, I was proud to be a drunken Satan-led Routier, even more than usual. Gross' debate with God, in the unlikely form of Roly, the Sermon and the Mount, was a classic. An edited transcript may be found in the next issue.

☺ The Tavern. Yes, Tavern now has a capital "T", because it has become a living thing in its own right. Our Tavern has achieved such unspeakable greatness that I cannot bring myself to write any more about it.

♂ Steve Gale. I suggest that his *nom de guerre* be amended from "Carpenter" to "Artilleryman", after seeing him spend the entire weekend in search of banging activities.

⚡ Tim the Enchanter. A natural Routier. He even has no money!

♀ The gambling. I was pleased to see that the games I and other have developed catching on with all and sundry. I was less pleased that I ended up using up all of the profits from sales of the Cyclopaedia to pay my gambling debts... Spike's Rudimentary Money Loss Clinic indeed! I must have lost near to \$100 on the weekend, mostly to beautiful young women such as Louise the Lucky (of the Anarchists), and Natalie, Bank of Cyprus (of Islendinga). I would not have forgone this experience for twice the cost!

♣ The Knights Batchelor. They puzzle me. If they didn't want to associate with other groups, why did they attend the Conference in the first place? While I am sure that some of their number must possess the normal social virtues, one can only speculate about their leadership when they post guards and forbid others to visit their camp, violating years of tradition, and engendering an atmosphere of snobbishness, suspicion and dislike. To me, this is the precise opposite of what the Re-enactment Movement is all about, and I can only hope that they come to their senses by the next Conference. The unfortunate state of their Tower on Monday morning bore testament to the results of their present policies. Learn to relax, people!

✧ With the above sad exception, I was pleased to see how relaxed and friendly everyone was. I renewed some old friendships, and formed many new ones. This is what it should be like! It was only with great reluctance that I headed for home.

☐ I am so bloody glad that I took a video camera. Some immortal moments have been captured forever:

☞ Hande, at 2AM, attempting to return to his tent after eating and drinking far, far too much.

☞ Helmut, unconscious on the grass, being worshipped by Stan and Tim the Enchanter.

☞ Gross attacking all and sundry with the fire extinguisher, wrestling verbally with the Almighty, and running around in his Cow Suit. The Official Video of the Conference (from Dick Dog Video, naturally) will contain the first documented attempt to capture Gross' Golden Shower on the small screen. Ok, the visuals failed, but the sound effects are wonderful!

☞ The Brothers Koens, educating the public on where Boozer collapsed/vomited/slept on the first night, what they wear under their Roman dresses, and why a picture of Craig Gascoigne is on the standard of the XXth Legion.

☞ The pleasant Monday afternoon spent with Stan, Tim, and the Women of Islendinga - Marian, mead brewer and all-round good woman, Melissa, the steely-eyed sprite of Erin, and the exotically beautiful Natalie, named the Bank of Cyprus for her ability to win everybody's money. This kind of relaxed, easy camaraderie with people who were perfect strangers only a day or so before made the weekend an ideal to which all others must be compared.

Of course, much was not caught by my camera. I totally failed to get any incriminating shots of Adultery Boy, for example. One cannot spend the whole weekend recording - one must spend it living! When I am a rich eccentric I will pay a servant to record such events, so that I may enjoy them all the more.

I missed recording events such as:

The huge bardic competition. The Routiers triumphed mightily, but the level of competition soars higher each year. Eventually, we may have to resort to rehearsals!

Robert Ely, leading the Dalek Attack on the Tavern at 3AM.

Mr Ely later explaining that his name is pronounced "Eely" because he is, in reality, an actual eel. He was drunk at the time, but I believed him, because I was too.

Josephine Nunn convincing me that she had rolled a 7 on a six-sided die whilst attempting to deceive me in a game of The Number of the Beast. I believed her of course - drunk again!

And what I would have given for a shot of Stanley playing dice at 4AM, when he suddenly looked crestfallen, stared straight ahead, and plaintively cried, "Where's all my money gone?". His puzzlement was genuine, for we had all stayed up far too late and done far too much. But for me, that's what the Conference was all about!

- Spike the Editor Who Can Write As Much As He Likes.



Mr Koens points out the hole where Boozer spent Thursday night. Helmut the German slept on top!



*Carmina Semper* practice their art.



Gross tells Roly what's right.



Hande tells Spike (far left) about the fascinating rock formations in Norway while Stan looks on, stunned.



# Frozen by the Camera's Lens...



Tim and Stan worship the unconscious German.



Ross stares in disbelief at the hairs on the palm of his hand, while Shellie looks on, amused.



Hande in a typically restrained pose.



Robert Ely sings "Tasmania is an Island" and simultaneously shows off his battle scars.



Ross looking as silly as he did in his last photo.



Boozer looking suave and sophisticated. He was sober, which probably made all the difference.