

Flint & Firesteel

October 1999

CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT: INSIGHTS INTO THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A LANDSKNECHT OR KAMPFRAU

Charles Tapper

Read it, study it, know it. There will be a test later. - Ed.

Welcome to the Imperialist army and to our Faehnlein, lads and lasses. I=me Feldweibel Karl-Josef, and I=ll be your drill instructor for today...

O.K. you=ve got that new spiffy wool and leather and linen costume done, so now what? Well, it=s time to develop a persona or character to portray at faire. This IS necessary if you plan to get beyond going to faire to shop and maybe run around with a few friends (being a Aplaytron@). For your individual Aimpression@ it is important to flesh out the character somewhat, and to imbue it with as much of a realistic background as possible in order to decide how that character would have acted. Yes, we are creatures of the 20th century, and NO, we aren=t like these people (generally). But our job is to tastefully impart an impression of the rough-and-tumble mercenaries to the paying public, and to thus entertain as well as educate them. And finally, for those interested in true Living history@ activities, having a well-thought-out character will be essential.

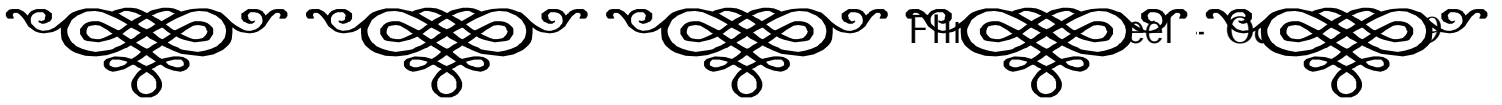
We in St. Maximilian=s are dedicated to portraying the Landsknechts and their campfollowers, and to help you with understanding who they were, how they thought, and how they lived, I have put together this

brief essay. I=ve pulled in snatches of song, contemporary quotes, and quotes from scholars studying the era. What I hope you will get from this is an idea of how different life was, and hopefully I will whet your appetite to study the subject more yourself. It is OUR GOAL to stay in-character as much as possible during faire hours in 1999...

Note

First of all, you can=t get away without reading history. Military history will give you lots of clues about how people lived in the field, what they thought about war, and how men fought and died, all from reading narratives of the great battles of, for

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HOWEVER, we reserve the right to revise or refuse any and all future submissions.	
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Otherwise, please send a diskette in either WordPerfect, MS Word or ASCII (PC-based only formats, please) to:	
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Calendar

September 25th - Saturday	St. Max day at RPFN - meet at front gate at 10:00 a.m. or FoF garden at noon
October 2nd-3rd	Hanford Tudor Faire
October 9th - Saturday	Costuming workshop at Mike & Anna's in San Leandro
October 16th-17th	Last weekend of RPFN
October 21st - Thursday	Deadline for paying for admission to guild retreat (see below)
October 23rd-24th	Folsom Faire
November 6th-7th	Guild retreat in Tahoe

example, the Italian wars. Social history is equally important in finding out the thoughts, concerns, morres, and social and economic patterns of the people we are trying to portray as well as the rest of society. So, as boring as it sounds, read about the times, the battles, and the village life of the time. A sense of geography is also important: countries are more numerous, named differently, or have different borders from today. So...if I say I= m half Carinthian, and of Wendish extraction - that=s like saying I= m Slovenian today (which has recently become a country independent of Yugoslavia).

Other great sources of information are the songs, literature and correspondence of the day. We know so much about Elizabethan life from the works of Shakespeare, or songs by Ravenscroft, etc. We know that folks in the renaissance certainly were not stuffy, staid, or repressed individuals like the

It=s no good to us when peace and calm rule.

Let=s face it, the vast majority of Landsknechts were derived from farmers and the urban poor. Rich boys became knights and hung with the nobles in the

Victorians. Music is always more topical and has often been used to express political views, and for me, it is one of the most direct windows into the past.

I=ve quoted a lot from [AWar and Society in Renaissance Europe, 1450-1620@](#) by J. R. Hale, ISBN 0-8018-3196-2. If you can, at least read [AMedieval Soldier,@ AEveryday Life in Holland in the Year 1566,@](#) and the Osprey [APavia@](#) book. [AMedieval Soldier@](#) is also good because it shows modern folks [re-enacting](#) history at a high level of achievement!

Landsknecht: Servant of the Country

Landsknechts were mercenaries recruited in time of war by procurers, like Georg von Frundsberg, and trained and equipped to fight in the Swiss manner. They were pike-and-shot soldiers, with the 14-18= pike being the most common weapon by a large Aglorious@ cavalry. It was a disgrace to fight on foot for them (sniff). Some lesser nobles did command regiments or were, like Georg von Frundsberg, AKriegsherren@ making personal fortunes raising and running companies of Landsknechts. But it is recorded that

margin. St. Maximilian=s portrays a company raised for service in foreign lands, as opposed to city or village militias. This has the net result of us being more likely recruited from farmers and the urban poor than the guildsmen and townsmen that would make up a militia or a muster (for a given crisis) from a city such as Nuremberg. (They were not full-time soldiers, moving from war to war, not just in the field for a crisis and waiting to get back to the shop to start up business.) We=re in it for the pay, the chance for rich booty, and to get away from a dull life.

*If you pay us well
We=ll move against your enemy
>Til the very women and children
Cry >Murder=!
That is what we long for and re-
joice in.*

many Captains had risen to great fame from humble origins as baker=s or butcher=s sons. If you are a pikemen, you likely came in as a farmer; as a Kampfrau, you were likely a farm girl before you joined the baggage train.

Unlike the nobles or the urban craftsman:

Athe peasants proper, were vulnerable to conditions that dried up spending power, to overcrowded hovels, to that rural boredom which caused tavern life to be a constant preoccupation for those responsible for law and order. They were vulnerable, then, either from volition or inertia, to the recruitment process...@

Why do Landsknechts hate nobles so much? First, part of it is the fact that they were farmers and much of the anti-nobility sentiment must have been engendered by the Peasant=s Rebellion (see Christopher Handisides=s article in the November issue):

*Die Bauern wollten freie sein
(The farmers wanted to be free)
Das konnt ihn nicht gelingen
(They could not achieve this...)*

A Knight=s song:

*Help God, that we defeat
The farmer=s spirits
They who take our lives
Many good Knight=s have fallen
One should stick them under the seas...*

I couldn=t have said it better myself! Here I want to point out that soldiers existed in a separate, self-disciplined society, albeit one often looked on with fear and loathing by civilians being victimized! For Landsknechts, the Musterung or musterparadeCwas the rite of passage into the world of the soldier:

It was among the Landsknechts, and most consistently in the first third of the century, that the passage from civilian into military society was spelled out most

A farmer=s song:

*Sweep out of the hills, fortress and Knight
Such a thunder, beat up all the henchmen
Land and fruit will then be ours!*

Once you were a Landsknecht, you were no longer a farmer, and it seems that you were not inclined to give them much sympathy (a Landsknecht song):

*Pull off the farmer man
The wool shirt from his body
And put it on ourselves
Yes, and put it on ourselves*

The Peasants Rebellion of 1524-26 was brutally suppressed by the German Princes using their soldiers. It has been said that 100,000 farmers were killed and many more were tortured, maimed, or blinded. The Landsknechts figured prominently in carrying out the brutal retributions - a curious contradiction? Remember, you aren=t a peasant anymore. (See Chris Handisides=s Essay in November=s issue)

*My two sick children
died of hunger through the Mas-
ter* his Soldiers came plundering
Oh, no, disaster stayed away*

deliberately. In traditions...that owe much of its symbolism to rebellious peasant groups, the process of mustering after recruitment was turned into a positive rite of initiation. The recruits entered the mustering ground through a temporary gateway formed by two halberds stuck in the ground with a pike laid across the blades to form a crossbar. They were formally enrolled in the books of the >regiment=, allocated their weapon, and given their pay, minus the

*Press us into debt, scold us for being sluggish
We must also tolerate beatings
Therefore I fight hard and willingly!*

(*A noble landholder - German farmers were still essentially serfs)

It is no wonder that so many rank-and-file Landsknechts came from the farmers. What did he have to lose that the nobles hadn=t already taken? His lot as a soldier in many ways could be viewed as an improvement. Even if as a soldier he was still cold, hungry, sick, poor, and likely to die young, at least he could take out his anger on someone else! Or he might get some rich booty. Herein are the seeds of contempt for the nobility of which the Landsknechts were possessed.

The Society of Professionals

The captain submitted his patent, had his mission proclaimed by the crier at church, market, and through the streets, had his drummer beat, and waited for custom in an inn. Serve the Emperor was his message, too: let him pay you, enter the alternative society of warfarers which promises freedom from the humdrum, penurious, hen- and priest-pecked life of everyday...

appropriate deductions. They then formed into a ring while the disciplinary code [the AArticles@] was read. To this they had to swear by raising a hand with two fingers extended. Thereafter they were in a world which allowed for considerable personal eccentricity and an unusual closeness between Captain and men, but which was controlled with great ferocity.

Nice to know the Cub Scout salute had such auspicious predecessors! Discipline was very strict in the

company, for obvious reasons. Mutinies were common enough as it was.

A gallows not only marked every mustering center and shopping place, but was used as an Aoff-limits@ symbol as well.

And when a man=s behavior had impugned a company=s honor, he was judged...by Spiessgericht, spear-law. [Which is running the gauntlet as opposed to trial by tribunal and punishment by official executioner or jailer].

Another aspect of a soldier=s life is the drill. Obviously, soldiers armed with 16' long spears (pikes), or axes on 7' *Aln the autumn of 1495, 10,000 Germans moved to the aid of Duke Ludovico Moro of Milan, who was besieging the Duke of Orleans in Novara. The physician Alessandro Benedetti thoroughly described a parade in which the duke, with his wife, reviewed his troops in front of Novara: All eyes were attracted to a phalanx of Germans which formed a square and was composed of 6,000 foot soldiers commanded by Georg von Eberstein (Wolkenstein) on a splendid horse. In keeping with the German custom, a large number of drums was heard in this battle formation, almost strong enough to burst one=s ears. Wearing only breast armor, they strode along with but little interval between their ranks.*

shafts (halberds), two handed swords, and firearms had to undergo some training! Imagine a pike square of 3,000 men, mostly armed with 16 pikes, all marching about 3' apart, trying to simply change direction and not break up the square! And the rigors of battle would demand much more intricate maneuvering than that, and under fire or cavalry attack! This required drill and practice, and the ability to execute detailed maneuvers must have been a point of pride of better units.

Don=t underestimate the common man of the late Middle Ages. Many would be exposed to some aspects of soldiering in their lives. Children played ATurks and Christians@ (Emperor Maximilian I did this as a child), and

The leading men carried long lances with a sharp point, while the following ranks held their lances high. They were followed by halberds and men with two-handed swords. They were accompanied by color bearer whose signals caused the entire unit to move to the right, to the left, and to the rear, as if it were moving along a float. These units were followed by men armed with the harquebus, with the crossbowmen on their right and left. When opposite Duchess Beatrix, on a signal, they suddenly shifted the square into a wedge (that is, the broad formation into a narrow one, or a square with sides of equal length into a square with equal numbers of men on each side). Then they divided into two

Swiss children grew up playing at being pikeman. By their play they learned the formations needed later in life. In the early sixteenth century, the infamous Duke of Alba used to drill his playmates. But the true professionals went far beyond what could be expected of even the better of civil militias.

Here=s a passage to ponder that I picked up off the internet:

Delbruck describes the control a pike formation could have in 1495. This required a great deal of discipline and control.

wings, and finally the entire mass swung about as one part moved very slowly and the other very quickly so that one part revolved about the other, which stood still, so that they appeared to form a single body.@

This is a square of 6,000 men that is doing this. Just the thought of how one could communicate the commands to such a large group is rather mind-boggling. And yet they did it. This is one reason why, in order to keep the illusion up, St. Max=s has to look sharp in drill and on procession. Learning to handle the weapons that are the Landsknechts stock-in-trade is a must, and should be a point of pride!

Copping the Proper Attitude

According to Machiavelli, when a man becomes a soldier *Ahe changes not only his clothing, but he adopts attitudes, manners, ways of speaking and bearing himself, quite at odds with civilian life@.* This is clearly an affectation; soldiers wanted to be different, and chose to be so.

<p>WEBSITES Y'ALL CONSTANTLY ASK ABOUT: Guild website: http://reality.sgi.com/daedalus/st_max.html Landsknecht webring: http://www.pipcom.com/~tempus/landsknecht/webring.html The Scribe: http://www.faire.net/SCRIBE/WebScribe.htm (still the best link to all faire websites and the most reliable faire schedule) Tentsmiths: http://www.tentsmiths.com (several guild members, including Tristan/Gustav, purchased tents from here) Cavalry Sports: http://www.renstore.com (the place that has the german clothing patterns, and lots of other stuff, too) SEND ME THE ADDRESSES TO YOUR PERSONAL WEBPAGES AND OTHER GOOD SITES YOU HAVE FOUND: I NEED YOUR SUBMISSIONS! -ED.</p>

balanced diet would have mopped up a Landsknecht=s whole pay and left nothing over for beer.

Probably this little marching song sums up the attitudes of a Landsknecht more than any other:

*Hut Dich Bauer, ich komm!
 (Take care farmer (peasant), I=m coming!)
 Mach Dich bald davon!
 (Get yourself away soon!)
 Hauptman gibt uns geld!
 (Captain give us money!)
 Waehrend wir im Feld!
 (While we=re in the field!)
 Maedel komm heran!
 (Girl, come here!)
 Fueg Dich zuder kann!
 (Be obedient to the tankard!)
 Huet Dich Bauer, ich komm!
 (Take care farmer (peasant), I=m coming!)*

Landsknechts lived a hard life on the road, often living off the land and the unfortunate civilians in their path. They deliberately dressed in outrageous clothes as a badge of their status above the lowest people in society as well as a mark of being outside of that society altogether. On the battlefield they would rush, almost gleefully, into battle, eager to kill the enemy! Their excesses in Apartying down@ - drinking, eating, gambling - were notorious, but were part of the Aperks@ of military life. They were proud and independent, distrustful of authority and the nobility, and in many ways their organizations had elements of a primitive form of democracy.

And how about...

*Wuerfel und Karten ist ihr geschrei
 (Dice and Cards are their cry)
 Wo Mann hat guten Weine
 (Where one has good wine)
 Sollen sie sitzen bei
 (They shall sit by....)*

And...
Why are you so poor, Erasmus asked his soldier? AWhy, whatsoever I got from pay, plunder, sacrilege, rapine and theft was spent in wine, whores and gaming@ (*Erasmus of Rotterdam, famous renaissance humanist writer)*

Or...

*Wilde Geselen vom Sturmwind zerweht
 (Wild comrades blown about by the wind.)
 Fuersten in Lumpen und Loden*

The pay was basically subsistence, so part of the attraction to the soldiery was obviously the lure of loot as well as the lifestyle:
(Princes were estimated that about mid-sixteenth century prices a

Ouch. That=s hitting >em where it really hurts. But it certainly has implications for costuming!

So bottom lining it: As a pikemen you would be a proud, swaggering, fierce warrior...an independent, profligate (and proud of it), bigoted, sexist, swearing, drinking, gambling S.O.B. Your Aover-the-top@ clothes are worn as a badge of honor, marking you apart from the wimps of civilian life. You live for booty. In battle you would draw strength from your brothers in arms around you and would actually be eager to strike into the enemy, to cut them down, and kill them. For with your comrades by your side, what force could resist you? You were once a farmer, but now you despise them as much as you despise the nobility that crushed them.

But how do we play it at faire?" While on processions and doing our military exhibitions, we want to project an image of confidence and competence, of not fearing anybody, of being extremely dangerous folks that would gleefully cut someone down just for their sleeves. In camp, we are given to indulgence and to celebration! To singing songs, drinking, dicing, dancing and eating. Our camps will be one of happily indulgent Landsknechts, recently paid and well provisioned.

The Essentials of Life@the Army and the Baggage Train

As the song says...

*Der in den Krieg sol ziehen
(He who should pull into war,)
Der sol geruestet sein*

Women in camp are not part of the army, officially, but were an inseparable part of life. Here are some quotes:

The presence of wives was often prohibited, never encouraged, but

*(He should be armed.)
Ein schoenes Frauelein
(A pretty miss,)
Ein langen Spiess, ein kurzen
Degen
(A long pike, a short Degen*)*

*a type of short sword

All the essentials of life on the road: your weapons and a Kampfrau. The song goes on to talk of finding a master to work for (a Kriegsherr to hire out for) that can provide money and food; but they don=t mind if they don=t find one, otherwise it seems they will just pillage for what they need!

Every army for centuries before and after the Landsknechts, traveled with an extensive baggage train. The baggage train consisted of peddlers, artisans, campfollowers, and prostitutes. Remember, the first two categories included many men, as well. This very extensive train supplied the army with what it needed to survive as well as some diversion. Peddlers sold goods needed by the troops, e.g. shoes. Artisans were seamstresses, tailors, blacksmiths, armorers etc. that travel with the train providing much-needed services. Campfollowers include everyone from the wives and family of troops or officers to women that are attached to a man or various men to care for them in return for food and shelter (the latter perhaps the Aclassic campfollower@). [Watch the movie AThe Duelists@ for insight into army life, albeit Napoleonic].

The baggage trains, and armies on the move in general, were like large, bustling, mobile cities. At Noerdlingen during the Thirty Years War a regiment *especially in garrison or long-term camp or siege-lines, inevitable...*

The snag to authority, was the definition of Awife@.

of 985 men arrived with a baggage train of Awives, children, whores, and 350 widows@, which brought the total number of Amouths to feed to 3,000@. Subtracting out the 350 widows and 985 soldiers, that yields 1665 women and children, or 1.69 campfollowers and children per man! PLUS the 350 widows!

The following is BACKGROUND INFORMATION ONLY that is provided to you to help you understand the life and times better! I have mentioned Awhores@ in the above descriptions of the baggage train. Yes, those are quotes from textbooks. In the real 16th Century world there would be prostitutes as well *around* the army. It was a generally accepted institution in public life of the time, so why not in the army? In general, they seem to have been less commonly tolerated as time went on (albeit most regulations regarding this seem to have had little effect). Charles the Bold=s army allowed thirty per company. The Spanish army had decreasing amounts over the century, from eight to three. But in 1590, the Dutch Articles of War stated that repeat offenders would be flogged and banished. Still, regulations were one thing, practice another. The woodcut of the Emperor Frederick=s *Wagenburg* at the siege of Neuss shows clearly a prostitute set up outside the fortress. This I include as INFORMATION ONLY, since we are not ALLOWING anybody to pursue such a character!

At a time without barbed wire or military police, wives or Awives@ could not be kept from contact with their mates. Besides, they cooked, mended, laundered,

helped tend the sick and, whatever their status, did something to keep the men out of worse mischief...

Military codes seldom distinguished between wives and prostitutes. Both, by making the army sexually self-sufficient, could relieve a command from coping too constantly with the dangerous relations with the neighborhood that followed the pestering and rape with which the soldiery, on solid evidence, was to be associated.

I take this to mean that anything that effectively kept the men from pestering the local girls was lumped into one category. We know the Landsknechts crudely referred to the men and women in the baggage train as Aknaves@ and Awhores@ WITHOUT regard to their true trade or status. A Landsknecht song:

*Come around, my pretty woman!
You give my heart in my body joy.
If I should sleep with you today
My heart would be set free.*

As a Kampffrau, you can be everything from a wife, lover or family member of a soldier (since we are not at war, but mainly in garrison duty), to someone who has attached herself to a man or men to cook and clean for them in return for food and shelter. You could also be a peddler or merchant, or even

In 1527, an Imperialist army loosely controlled - barely controlled, rather than commanded - by Georg von Frundsberg and the Duke of Bourbon marched on Rome intent, really, on food and plunder. The walls were breached. The Pope barely escaped with his life while his Swiss guards and the Italian ABlack Band@ fought to the death and were massacred. The Landsknechts were temporarily held in check by von

artisan providing goods and services to the camp. In the former cases, you are definitely a low-born farmer=s daughter.

In the latter, there is room to be a wee bit higher in social extraction. Just remember that an independent merchant women on the road alone would not be that common. It WAS a man=s world.

Women were essentially property with few rights or privileges. So, be tough and rough-and-tumble, common, worldly, and used to hard life and times.

Religion

Religion is another one of those things that we, as 20th century individuals, generally have a hard time understanding; what was the fighting in the Wars of Religion all about? In THEIR time, Rome was thoroughly and utterly discredited. Lutheranism and Calvinism were spreading like wildfire, and even Catholics had strong Protestant sympathies or at least acknowledged the need for or demanded change. Large portions of Europe, many now thought of as Atraditionally Catholic countries@, had come under the influence of the Protestant movement! Even Charles V, though he defended the ATrue Faith@, was earnestly desirous of change and a reuniting of Christianity. It was not to be. AChange@ came in the form of the ACounter-Reformation@ and Jesuit zealots that ensured that there would be much bloodshed. The Catholic League=s massacre of the Huguenots in France, and the Thirty Years War started by the Catholic zealot Emperor Frundsberg, who collapsed from sickness, but they eventually followed the Spaniard's and Italian=s lead and thus came the notorious ASack of Rome@. The sack of Rome was relished by the mainly Protestant Landsknechts, by whom it was viewed as AGod=s Judgement@ on the wickedness and prodigality of Rome under the notoriously profligate, worldly Renaissance Popes.

Ferdinand II in the first third of the 16th century finally stemmed the tide of the Protestant reformation, but at a ghastly cost.

Generally speaking, Landsknechts from any part of the Holy Roman Empire, excepting ultra-catholic Bavaria, but definitely including the Austrian provinces, would likely be either openly Lutheran, or Catholic and strongly sympathetic to the Lutheran cause. It was not until the 17th century that Austria was forcibly purged of Lutheran ministers and the rights of Protestants to worship in their own way were suspended.

AThe booty and pay we will receive as given to us unworthy men by God=s goodness and grace@

--Landsknecht prayer by Martin Luther

Two final verses to the Landsknecht song A*Wir Zogen in das Feld@*:

*We came also to Rome
And stabled our horses in the
Peter=s Dome**

(*i.e., the Basilica of Saint Peter!)

*We came also to Rome
There we shot the Pope from the
throne....*

The abundance of songs such as this suggest the opinion of priests held by many Germans...

*...do komm der leidig Pfarr zu
seine Frauen
(...So comes the rascally priest to
his wife)
eif und if und an!
eif und if und an!...*

Many people were openly Protestant or had strong Lutheran sympathies. It was not until in the mid-to-latter part of the 16th Century and later in the 30 Years War that the Counter-Reformation recovered much territory for the Catholic Church, often by the sword.

*Oh Magdeburg, hold fast
You well built house
To you are coming Aforeign
guests@
Who want to chase you out...*

The Emperor Charles V besieged Magdeburg, the most ferociously Lutheran city in Europe, during his attempt to subdue the Lutheran Princes, to little effect. The end for Magdeburg finally came in the 30 Years War...the Catholic forces finally succeeded in breaking through the walls. The Spanish and other Catholic troops went on a wild rampage of rape and murder, during which the city caught fire. A firestorm resulted, similar to the one that consumed Dresden in WWII. Twenty to thirty thousand civilians were killed.

In summary, the typical Landsknecht, if not openly Lutheran, was very strongly desirous of a radical

At Pavia, a great victory for Charles V, it mainly snowed Death for the French and Swiss. We can only begin to imagine what a pike and shot battle might be like, but all boiled down, it was brutal hand-to-hand combat, where thousands of men slew each other by their own hands using edged weapons. At the front of a pike square composed of thousands, after the initial contact, a wild melee would ensue, with pikes being thrust at opponents, two-handed swordsmen rushing forward to cut pike heads off, halberdiers hacking and stabbing, and the common pikemen, shortsword in hand, locked in hand-to-hand combat. Lucky were those shot by an arquebus or cannon and killed instantly. To die by the sword meant to

reform of the Catholic Church, whose Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops during the renaissance were greedy, profligate and worldly noblemen, not men of God.

Battle and Death

Recurrent through all aspects of renaissance music and literature is the fact that life must be lived for the moment, because death could and likely would befall you shortly. Imagine the prospects for the average soldier or his woman. If disease doesn't get you, or you aren't killed in some brawl, or starve, there is the likelihood of a violent death on the battlefield. And if the enemy doesn't get you, there is always the chance that you might be killed by the local peasantry. In discussing wars in the renaissance in character, you have to really realize what it was like.

*Today we=ll drink the last wine
And throw the dice for the last
time
We want to be the Alost Rotte@
And await the signal to attack!*

Warfare in the renaissance was brutal, and the Swiss and Landsknechts, with their Ano quarter rules@

be hacked to death, or stabbed, or disemboweled, or have head or limbs severed from the body.

Gruesome, certainly! But that is the way things were then, and for a century thereafter! I haven't tried to be shocking here, just trying to give you some background information.

We ran after the Frundsberg
We swore to the flag
Then our Ensign lost heart and
hands
In the battle over the flag*

*There we lie with broken glance
The pikes loyal by our sides
God give us back our flag
That we lost in battle*

particularly made the 16th century a time of bloody battles in which many thousands were killed. The Italians, who were used to Agentlemanly, civilized@ wars, were given a rude awakening when the Swiss and Germans swarmed into northern Italy!

*And when the reputation of the
Swiss was dimmed by defeat -
Marignano in 1515 and Bicoccia
in1522 - of armies in which they
formed key elements, their
glamour as sturdy, unshakeable,
non-prisoner-taking
exterminators was transferred to
the German Landsknecht
companies.*

Landsknecht song:

*Alle Bluemlein stehen Rot
(All the small flowers stand red*)
Heija, toho und toho,
Heissa, wie schneits der Tod.
(AHeissa!@, how it snows Death!)
Landsknecht vor Pavia.
(*stained with blood!!!)*

(*Georg von Frundsberg)

The Faehndrich or Ensign swore an oath to defend his flag to the death. There is an account of a Landsknecht Ensign found dead after a battle with both arms cut off and the flag clenched between his teeth.

*And if I am then shot
Shot on the broad heath
One will carry me on long pikes
A grave is ready for me
One will beat the Apumerlein
pum*@ for me
That is nine times better
Then all the parson=s droning
(*drum beats)*

(A last irreverent anti-cleric note: his comrade=s drumming for him is better than all the religious rites the churchman can offer.)

Die Landsknecht war in grosse Not
(The Landsknecht were in great need)
Da blieben wohl drei tausend Tot
(There lay three thousand dead)

Death in battle was actually the least of a Landsknecht=s worries. Disease claimed the lives of many more men than any battle during war. Newest recruits were most vulnerable, since veterans had become inured to their frailties by many years of campaigning and most were hearty, strong individuals

through that process of elimination! Plague epidemic often followed the army, bringing sickness and death with it, and transferring it to the hapless civilians in the army=s path. One writer quoted a Bavarian source that said that during one of their campaigns, a of the deaths were battle deaths, a were from disease, and a were from executions for breaking the articles!

So Landsknecht songs often speak of death, as do many Acivilian@ songs of the time. There is a real undercurrent of Aliving for the moment@ and Agoing for the gusto@ in renaissance music. A common comment is to Adrink up brother, for we=ll likely be dead next year.@

A Summary of Sorts

This collection of disjointed snippets is intended to give you an idea of what you might need to consider in making your characters. I=m certainly no authority on this matter, but I am trying to share with you the fruits of my labors in research. I certainly welcome your input and encourage you to write up *your* findings. I=ve presented the 16th Century, Awarts and all@ so that you can decide how you want to approach developing a character. Obviously, we are 20th Century individuals and we are only preparing for renaissance faire (thus, looking at the Alighter side@ of being a mercenary - what I call ALandsknecht Light@), so you need to adjust your characterization accordingly.▷

St. Maximilian Officer Roster:			
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Ingrid Johnson "Valborga/Mutti"	Owner, Secretary, Costuming Coordinator, Newsletter Editor, and Generally in Charge of a Lot of Things	ilk@pacbell.net	(415) 863-0570
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1999 EVENT REPORTS

These events reports were pulled directly from e-mail, if they look somewhat familiar to you. (Remember, some people don't *have* e-mail - and they haven't seen these yet.) In the future, as these issues become monthly, this section will not be quite as long. Let me know if I failed to include your e-mailed comments. If you want to add any further comments to any of these reports, or submit one of your own, please follow the submission instructions on page 1. Pittsburg and the second half of the faire season will be in next month's issue. What, this isn't long enough for you?

CELEBRATE HISTORY, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 10-11, 1999 Sunday:

From Brad Daeda, sent via e-mail 4/12/99:

Hallo Allerseits!

Celebrate History went off fantastically!!!!

Talk about down to the wire!! We were still practicing right up to our performances!!

In attendance we had a total of 10 folk show up on the weekend, 9 each day. They were; Ben, Chris, Eddie, Holly, Jenanne, Jerry, Kayta, Susan, Ted, and me. And, in spirit we had Don and Jason, because they lent us their armor to set up for demonstration (-: A big hearty thanks to all of you!!

The low-down....

Layout:

The layout of our area was a table in the front entrance to the convention center. We set up flags, armor, and weapons behind us, and had reading material and other small props on the table. And, YES, gambling was yet again, performed (-: We were asked to do a little guard duty at the front doors. That quickly got boring, so the drum was grabbed and set up next to a Civil War cannon, Glukhause was spread across the top, and it and Landsknecht we played (=

Saturday:

At 10 am we went and put on a halberd drill demonstration. Der alten Weibel Julius (Jerry) shouted commands and Gustav (Ted), Wolfgang (Ben), Lazarus (Chris), and Fritz (Eddie) performed the moves while I drummed. Then I took two good volunteers (one at a time) from the audience to run through a few of the moves and see how it feels. The audience seemed to really like it. We ended up doing a lot of question and answers with the audience, while staying in character.

After that, at 11am, we headed to a room to give a living history presentation. This is where the script came in. We used the script to have a period conversation amongst ourselves about the Battle of Pavia with the audience listening. After the script, the floor opened to questions. We answered them all in character and this crew of guild members that gathered did a bang-up job!!

It rained, so the drill, at 1pm this time, was canceled. So instead we did a little drilling near our table area just before it became time for the history presentation.

At 2pm, we once again did our history presentation. This time it went much smoother. Jerry, who played a Weibel wounded at Pavia hadn't gotten up there yet, so the presentation this time, started out with us gambling on the drum and talking about our new wealth. When the Weibel walked into the room, we scrambled to put the gambling away and started the script off of that. It went off flawlessly!

After the script was done, the questions from the audience were once again answered in character.

If there is one thing that I will remember most about this event, it will be the fact that people took notes on what we said!!! The people who come to this event really want to know everything about us! And in great detail. Some folks I met knew what Landsknechts were from painting miniatures for war gaming.

My main qualm about this event is that we had to pay \$5 per, per person, day to be there (I had originally misunderstood and thought it was \$5 for the weekend for each person). I don't feel this event was so good that we should have to pay to do it. The other crazy thing is that every other group (Civil War, Romans, W.W.I, W.W.II, etc.) paid \$10 per person, per day to attend. Well, I guess they're more willing to do that since there is less opportunity for them to do an event like this than us. We have faire! (-: And, one other qualm was the entrance fee of \$20! I personally didn't feel the event was worth \$20 to go to for a day.

Bottom line is, Celebrate History was a complete success! We have already been invited back and were told we were one of two of the best groups there. The others were the Romans of Legio X.

Great job everyone!! Please write back your comments on the event.

(-Brad
aka Tristan
Guild Master

TULARE COUNTY RENAISSANCE FAIRE, VISALIA, APRIL 24-25, 1999

From Brad Daeda, sent via e-mail 4/26/99

Gruess Gott Allerseits!

The Tulare County Faire in Visalia has come and gone. Let me start by saying that it was a complete success! We looked great! I'm not just saying that, this is words from other guilds. A faire producer from Southern CA even came up to Ingrid, handed her a card and told her that we looked great and he would like us to come to his faire! Ingrid still has his card, but I think the faire is probably too far for us to go. But it is still one hell of a compliment!

This faire is the most smoothly run faire I've ever encountered. These folks had their poop together. They

The Encampment:

The guild area looked fantastic! We were given a full 60'x40' area which had 3 small trees in it. The back of the area was against a covered picnic table area, which was ours to share as a backstage! The House of Gordon (with Royal Stuarts guesting with them) completely enclosed the area with extra canvas they had, giving us a totally hidden backstage area. It was wonderful.

The encampment consisted of my new 15'x10' round end marquee, Ted's 10'x15' double bell wedge, and of course, Kayta's a-frame wedge. These three tents together got a lot of compliments. And I have to say that it just looked great! The encampment area was outfitted with 4 of Jerry's folding tables and two of his chairs, my new 5 gal. water barrel and 4 gallon wash tub, fully enclosed rope fencing, Don's armor display, plus all of our personal period stuff and, of course, all the flags.

The Activity:

We, of course provided "drum and guard" for the Queen's procession. Ted did his thing with the flag and looked great. This faire apparently isn't used to Germans and didn't know what to do with us at first. By day two, they fully appreciated us (-:

In the encampment we would bring in patrons and show them a few moves with the halberd (a big hit at Celebrate History). The kids really dug it and would come back with more of their friends. We used that opportunity to educate them about the Landsknecht and gave them a handout with Rachel's Landsknecht summary on it. Adults equally enjoyed it. I think Eric found a niche doing this sort of teaching, because he did a fantastic job! Ingrid and the women did a bang-up job with the repast! The set up looked great and we had plenty to eat. All the women found crafts to do while in the encampment which dressed it up nicely. Kayta's 11 year old daughter, Eileen (aka Greta), was wonderful and energetic throughout the day. She took Skip's old raw-hide ball and invented a game she called "Spoonball". How it worked was a rectangular area was sectioned off with rope. Two players would each get a large wooden spoon and they'd try and move the ball along the ground to each other's side of the rectangle for a point. Keeping with a German accent the whole time, Eileen would invite other children in to play. It was quite a hit! I even played and lost a gold chain to her.

The activity would have been even higher, though, if it wasn't for two things. One, the afternoon sun took away our shade and baked us. A lot of time was spent in the pavilion to recover. We will need to create a free standing canvas covering for the front of the encampment. The second thing was our position in the faire. Not too much patron traffic found us because our part of the faire was a bit hidden and off the beaten track.

The Faire:

were very professional and helpful, even though their stress level was obviously high. There was more than enough room

for all the vehicles to enter and leave the faire site at will for set-up and tear-down. It was a very pleasant experience to do this faire.

The site was beautiful! Very grassy, a creek running down the middle of the site (although it was dry), two bridges, lots of trees, but with plenty of space for patron traffic. The site is probably the largest of the small faires I've seen. Half the faire was surrounded by a race track, a baseball field, and tennis courts which, unfortunately, could be seen easily if looked for. Actor's camp was a bit small, but typical for most faires. The faire layout was nice, but had the guilds and vendors separated, which caused there to be a lack in patron traffic around the guilds. We were situated at essentially the "end" of the faire site which was a bit hidden. The House of Gordon, which were to our rear and more on the main path, had plenty of patron traffic. Our area was just missed.

This faire has been around for years, but this was a brand new site and in a different town. The patrons were very nice, enthusiastic and receptive, which made it even more enjoyable to do the faire. Most of the patrons I encountered had never even heard of "renfaire" before. It was great to see their eyes lighten up with all the sights and sounds of "renfaire". (-:

The faire was a success. Patrons were abundant and from what I was told, the faire was paid off on Saturday, so Sunday was pure profit! I'm happy for them and glad that St. Max. was a part in their success.

Saturday night:

All I can say is, WOW. This was one of the best after hours of any of the small faires I've been to. It even rivaled Valhalla! There was plenty of intermingling between all the guilds. It was a great social gathering and bonding experience. A great way to unwind after a great day of faire (-:

I guess that's all I have to say right now. For those who attended, I'd like you to respond to this e-mail and give your comments.

Noch Weiter!

(-Brad
aka Tristan
Guild Master

**CENTRAL VALLEY RENAISSANCE FAIRE, MODESTO,
MAY 8-9, 1999**

From Brad Daeda, sent via e-mail 5/10/99

Gruess Gott Allerseits!

Guild event number three, faire number two, has been accomplished! This one was the Central Valley Renaissance Faire near Modesto.

After meet and greet, we did the Queen's progress. The drummer of Santa Maria, also drummer #2 of St. Michael's North, drummed the processions, so we were able to utilize

Let me start by saying how proud I am of all of you who could make it. You did a fantastic job! This faire wasn't easy to do. It started out like the faire from hell! But ended up being one of the most positive events of the year! Allow me to explain.

Kayta and Bill took off early to get to faire during daylight to scout out the encampment and prepare it for the van's arrival. Well, they took what looked to be a direct route to the faire site, but turned out to be a slow going but picturesque drive through the land of the Central Valley, only to get close and realize they had forgotten the directions. They called me, but missed me as I was loading some last-minute items into the van. We (Greg and me with Ted following) got off to a later start than I wanted. But we were still making good time, only for the van to get a flat tire on I-580. I had a full sized spare, but realized I did not have a lug wrench. I called AAA and they changed the tire, but the spare only had 5lbs of pressure! The AAA guy had just enough air left in his portable air tank for us to get to the next exit to fill it up the rest of the way.

We finally made it to faire. I came to find out just before we left for faire that the new Coleman lantern I wanted to use for set up in the dark did not work and I had forgotten my jacket at work. And at faire, I came to find out that the new Coleman air mattress I bought had a leak! Well, fortunately, we were able to use our car headlights to see to put up the pavilions.

Then it was Ingrid's turn. She planned on getting to faire bright and early Saturday morning. But her truck was completely blocked by people parking in front and behind her and she ended up getting to faire late Saturday morning.

Now, here we are, all set up and ready to go, but the other thing, and the biggest obstacle of the faire, was the weather. It was extremely windy and dusty. And, like at Visalia, the afternoon sun cooked our encampment.

All of these obstacles were overcome and the faire turned out most well. The day-to-day breakdown is as follows:

SATURDAY

At this faire, we were one of three guilds that were asked to be meet and greet the whole morning (9:45am to noon).

And the whole guild was expected to do this (save for some folks to guard the encampment). It turned out quite well as it was with two fabulous gigging guilds, San Antonios (Italian Peasants of RPFN) and St. Christina's (The Puritans).

It was a very productive meet and greet. We did various gigs like the Kampfrauen measuring patron's butts with a large wooden spoon, playing in the various Italian's games and Eileen's (Kayta's daughter) "spoon ball". The guild master of St. Kennoch's (also head of faire security) came up to us and asked, "Is this the infamous "spoonball" I've heard so much about?" That tore me up! Eileen's made-up game of hitting a leather-wrapped ball with a wooden spoon has become famous!

all the Landsknechte as a show of force. We had Ted as the Faehnrich, me as the Weibel, and four Landsknechte. We put on such an impressive showing that in the Sunday

morning notes the faire producer (Micki Perez) thanked St. Maximilian, in front of all the guilds, for helping them in the procession and said we looked fantastic! I will have to say we looked damn good! You all should be proud of yourselves!

The afternoon sun cooked us and took a lot of our energy away. But later in the afternoon, a gig developed where the Italian men came to invade our encampment, but the Landsknecht went to invade the Italian encampment, conveniently missing each other along the way. All we found at the Italian encampment was the Italian women, and also, all that was found at our encampment was the Kampffrauen.

Well, the thoughts of fighting and plundering gave in to the woman's (both the Italian and Kampffrauen) temptation of spoon-fed ice cream and cookies. Quite the relaxing gig (-<

For dinner on Saturday night, we, and the Puritans, took over a Denny's in downtown Modesto. We had a party of about 24! They did a fantastic job of serving us and it was a lot of fun!

SUNDAY

Sunday, once again, proved to be the better of the two days. I thought it was going to start off bad because one, we lost 5 guild members from Saturday, and two, the 2 St. Michael's guys who had planned on visiting us on Sunday after the Emperor's Feast had their car broken into and all their ren-gear stolen while they stopped in Oakland for 15 minutes for coffee! But we still had some unexpected visitors.

While doing the meet and greet, who do I see approaching the front gate, but Steve Moffit coming to play with the guild. When I took him to the encampment, who do I see there setting up to play a most strange period instrument but non-other than Dale Shinn himself! (The local man of ECW and maker of matchlock arquebusses). Sunday was starting to look a bit brighter. A patron walked up to us and complimented us greatly on our encampment and appearance. He said he had seen us at Angel's Camp last year and thought we looked really bad (of course that was another group, not us). He participated in Celebrate History and said we were definitely one of the best shows there! This was a very nice thing to hear. All of our hard work is paying off (-:

Sunday was gig day. It started with the Lord Mayor inviting us to participate in the bier parade. We purposefully showed up late so we could demand bier from him. Well, he told us that Lord Burley had our pay. When we approached Lord Burley in the Queen's court, he offered to pay us to deliver a message to the Lord Mayor about his mistreatment of his people. There was payment thrown back and fourth (we had collected quite a bit of money by this point), but in the end, the deep purse of the Queen of England won out and we stood with the Lord Burley against the Lord Mayor for a large gig. We were thanked later for bringing this gig to life for them. It lasted the whole day with, in the end, the Lord Mayor almost getting hung!

We had gotten paid once again to escort the Lord Mayor to his hanging, but the Italian's ran to us and offered 5000

It started out kind of bad because they moved our site away from our normal spot, to way across the faire site, right

gold to aid in their capture of the Spanish encampment. The weight of the Italian offer won us over and we attacked the Spanish encampment! It was a lot of fun!

The gigs with the Italians of Santa Maria didn't end with this. On Saturday's gig with the ice cream, Greta (Eileen) was taught by Adelheid (Holly) how to woo men. This developed into an engagement with an Italian man of her choice. On Sunday afternoon, the Landsknecht, with the Kampffrauen crying in happiness, escorted young Greta to the Italian's to make her choice for a husband. All the Italian men were lined up and the Spanish and lots of patrons watched intently.

Greta made her move towards the men. Walking slowly, she reached out her hand to the first one, a bit low, grabbed the bottom of his pouch, and lifted it to see it's weight. All the onlookers died of laughter. Now THAT'S a Kampffrau.

Looking for how much the man has in his purse. LOL. She commenced to weigh all the pouches, ignoring those without.

After that was accomplished, THEN she stood back to take in their appearances. She finally chose her man, and we escorted him back to our encampment. The wedding vows were said and they commenced to consummate their marriage in Kayta's pavilion. Greta came out a bit later and said, "I now know what's kept in those cod pieces". LOL She had been bugging the men all weekend trying to get us to tell her what was in the cod pieces. This was a perfect ending to that!

Sunday afternoon, after teardown, I said goodbye to Micki Perez (faire producer) and she asked if we were going to be at the San Lois Obispo (SLO) Faire. I told her we didn't plan on it. She asked me to please come. That we looked fantastic and that she really wants us there. Congratulations to you all!!! It's because of all your efforts that we are getting these compliments. We are quickly becoming one of the best guilds in faire!

NOCH WEITER

(-Brad
aka Tristan
Guild Master

WILLITS CELTIC RENAISSANCE FAIRE, WILLITS, MAY 15-16, 1999

From Brad Daeda, sent via e-mail 5/17/99

Valhalla is on the horizon because the Willits Celtic Renaissance Faire has now passed. It was another fun faire.

One more event for St. Maximilian to be proud of! We looked great, gigged much, and received lots of compliments! To all who were able to make it I give a hearty NOCH WEITER!

Allow me to recap what went on.

across from St. Andrew's encampment. That put us way far away from the Italian nobles we were supposed to be the

guards of. But, we were next to a great guild of Polish arms merchants (Formally the guild of St. Barbara, the German gunners), and had Clan MacNessa as our backyard neighbors.

Our encampment was oddly shaped, but we made good use of it. We had, once again, three pavilion/tents in the encampment. We had the use of a picnic table, plus one of Jerry's tables to use for feasting, gambling, sleeping, etc. With all of this in the encampment, we still had room to drill.

We did quite a bit of gigging at this faire. It was a little slow on Saturday, and I think we were trying too hard to gig.

We tried our hands at escorting the riders on the field for the joust, but horses at a slow trot are about twice as fast as a human walking fast, so you might say we were left in the dust.

It was ok, but something that needs serious work.

The guild of St. Andrew's had a battle pageant in their schedule, and we decided to watch it and do a gambling gig on the sidelines. But one of their (note, I said "one" of them) knighting ceremonies ran way over and so the battle pageant was canceled. We did get to escort our Italian nobles around the faire site in full Landsknecht glory. And, we did get to drill and even drill while marching. The Landsknechte did very well and looked impressive. Saturday's feast was glorious.

I guess we had too much food this time. At least I know you all are reading Ingrid's e-mails.

Saturday may have seemed a bit slow and not too eventful, but listening to others talk, we were gigging constantly and all over the place. LOL I guess that's what happens when you stand out like us Germans do. Every little thing you do gets noticed. The energy level of the faire was really low by the end of the day, and it was looking like there was not going to be a closing parade. Well, us Germans would have none of that. We asked Clan MacNessa to join us in doing the closing parade and they did. With the now famous flag twirling in front, with drum pounding like thunder, Landsknechte in militant form, Kampffrau in full swagger, and abundant crazy Scots shouting the close of faire, we created a closing parade to remember!

Saturday night was St. Max's first attempt at a guild faire party, thanks to Ingrid (-: It was a BBQ mainly for us and our friends in Clan MacNessa. It went off very well, because right behind our encampment was a clearing with a BBQ in it! That one BBQ plus the grills we brought were just enough to do the trick. The BBQ went well. We feasted, we mingled, it got dark, and the belly-dancers came out! Our BBQ all of a sudden turned into a full blown faire party! Ingrid, you done did good girl {-;

Now for the most interesting gig of the day. Soon after the battle pageant, we were approached to take over the St. Andrew's noble court encampment while they were out at a knighting for a St. Sebastian's member. Unfortunately, the knighting was taking place just to the side of their encampment. So, with weapons lowered and blades covered, we quietly entered the encampment. Oh, and we had their bagpiper with us, who was now dressed in Landsknecht garb! Well, unfortunately, the folks left in the

The rest of the night will remain a subject to discuss person to person [-;

Sunday started with a slow crawl, but we all managed to make it to the opening procession. This time, we had two drummers (Andrew of Santa Maria and me). Ah...what wonderful thunder it made. Sunday, once again turned into gig day.

I worked a gig with our merchant neighbors to buy some pole arms for drill. I paid them for their weapons and they made some comment about the money not being real. Wolfgang, Johan, and I quickly rushed out with the weapons.

We did our drill as on Saturday, but even better. Then the feasting came. I was sitting at a table at the front of the encampment eating while plotting the course to England for our Italian employers on a map. Gustav was at my side eating as well. I noticed a crowd had gathered right in front of me. I looked up to see the crowd part and see a cannon pointed straight at me! The Polish merchants had come for their "real" payment for the pole arms. Gustav, upon seeing this, did a backflip over the hay bale he was sitting on and retreated to safety. Words were exchanged, but no room to argue. I tossed them a bag of the "real" money. At the same time, Gustav tried to take the cannon, but was himself taken as payment. Once at their encampment, he once more gave a valiant attempt and taking their cannon, but to no avail. I believe sometime soon after that, the Polish merchants came rushing up with Jost and asked if they could pay us to take him. What were you doing, Herr Hurenweibel? We can't seem to get rid of you {-;

While feasting, a Lord Gordon approached us and offered payment to fight against the St. Andrew's Black Watch while they were in battle against some highlanders, and capture the Queen. We gathered Andrew to drum and two Italian guards joined our ranks for this battle. Also, Joel, the guild coordinator and co-faire producer, showed up in his armor and joined our ranks. We waited until the highlanders were about to be finished off, then rushed on to the field. "ins glied treten!" "Aufwärts traget den waffen!" "Gegen dem feind, traget den waffen!" All of us were quickly in formation and ready to advance upon the Black Watch. The Black Watch surrounded the Queen and dug in their weapons. "Vorwärts marchiert!" We advanced, but then was halted by Lord Gordon just as we were upon them. A political deal was struck and we were released. But not before our Kampffrau pillaged all the dead from the earlier battle. We marched off the field and headed back to the encampment, only to find it taken over by the Polish merchants. A stand-off took place and they relinquished our camp.

encampment were unaware of the gig, freaked out and sounded "Alarm!" We didn't know they weren't gigging so we raised our weapons to prepare for the knights to come running and the bagpiper began to play. No knights came running, just Lord McQuain who was pissed that we interrupted their knighting ceremony. It was a gig gone bad, but a lot of fun for the rest of the rennies to see. Talk about Germans looking like more than we are! We had a total of 8 Landsknechte and I think 3 Kampffrauen, and I heard Lord

McQuain tell someone that 25 armed soldiers entered the encampment. LOL Well, everything worked out well. It was understood it was a gig gone bad and no hard feelings were kept.

Then closing parade was upon us. We made a usual show of it, but finished only to have little Greta come running up and tell us that our encampment was once again taken over. This time by the Queen (Marti), her Black Watch guards, and a few of St. Sebastian's archers. We called over the Scottish mercenaries of Clan MacNessa to help us out.

They agreed and ran off. We marched to our encampment in full Landsknecht style and stood off to the invasion force.

Jost tried to negotiate with them. When that failed, he called out to Clan MacNessa, who by this time had piled in through the back of my pavilion, and they charged out the front totally surprising the invading party and capturing the Queen! What a great gig, and faire was over at this time. The look on all their faces as the MacNessa folk, as Jost put it "came pouring out like a clown car," was totally priceless.

Willits was a grand faire. The weather was nice, not too hot, not too cold. Well, maybe Friday night was too cold, but besides that, it was a good weather faire. We were complimented by the faire producers on our look and encampment. Also, Rich Hill, guild master of Clan Mc(I can't remember right now) AND faire producer of the Pittsburg Scottish Renaissance Faire, came up to me and said we looked great. Our Polish merchant neighbors said that they've gigged with other German guilds and we were the most fun. It's because of all of you and your efforts that we get these compliments. I'm so proud to have you as guild members. You make all my hard work worthwhile. Thank you!

NOCH WEITER

(-Brad
aka Tristan
Guild Master

RPFN WEEKEND, DEVORE, MAY 29-31, 1999

(No official report was submitted. Names should probably be changed to protect the innocent anyway. I think people had fun. Jenanne turned 21. The air was brown. I will personally never fly out of Ontario ever again. And some of us are never going to go to Southern ever again. -Ed.)

VALHALLA RENAISSANCE FAIRE, CAMP RICHARDSON, JUNE 5-6, 12-13, 1999

From Brad Daeda, sent via e-mail 6/16/99

Can you believe it's gone?! Yes, Valhalla Renaissance Faire has come and gone. It was a total success of a faire, but a tiring one that I think those who made it will contest to.

I want to start out by saying thanks to all our guests from St. Michael's North, and Santa Maria. You helped fill out our ranks and make a bigger impression at Valhalla. Noch Weiter!

For those who didn't make it, or who didn't make both weekends, let me do a little recap so you know what you missed {-<

Let me start by saying that the weather both weekends was beautiful! It was cutting it close on the first weekend with the rain still falling Friday morning. But the rain stopped and the ground was only moist by the time I arrived at 6:45pm.

Can you say processions?! I think we hit a record for the number of processions we did per day at a faire. But we looked damn good and received tons of compliments from just about everyone at the faire. Valhalla has been hungering for a Landsknecht guild in the tradition of the big faire guilds and we sure gave it to them. We had two drummers on the first weekend and THREE the second! I believe "Rolling Thunder" is the term I heard used to describe the sound we made. And, we didn't have less than 10 Landsknechte and 4 Kampffrauen in any procession! Even though we looked and sounded great, I learned the hard way that processions, no matter how short, are tiring and take too much time and energy away from performing the much needed "in camp" gigs. I will learn to say "no".

Let's get physical. That's what we did this faire. We teamed up with the Boarder Reaver guild of St. Kennoch's to perform a "brawl" gig. We did this twice, once per weekend, and both times it went off very well, with much fun, and no injuries (-: This was due to the fact that St. Kennoch's is a professionalish battle re-enactment guild. They know what to do and not to do in a physical gig so that injuries are prevented and the show still looks real. Each day before the gig, a meeting was conducted to work out the details of the gig. The first time, we staggered past their encampment happy with bier. We hit on their women, they insulted us, we attacked them hand to hand. The fighting lasted only a few minutes before it was broken up by the arrival of our cannon, backed up by a few arquebussiers and halberdiers. It was a grand way to end it. But that few minutes, because of the high altitude, kicked our butts! In the second gig, August acting drunk and carrying our pay, arm wrestled one of their guys and lost all our pay. Greta ran back to the encampment, told the rest of us, and we stormed out to get the pay back. After some exchange of insults, we came to a compromise and had Gustav arm wrestle to get the pay back, or loose our banner. Well, while the arm wrestling was commencing, the feathers in Gustav's hat "accidentally" tickled the border reaver's nose, causing him to sneeze and loose the match. This caused an uproar of either winning or cheating, and once again, a fight commenced. This time, it was broken up, not by a cannon, but by a barrel.....of bier! Zum Bier!

Schlammkoph the archer. For those who made it to Valhalla last year, you may remember the archery tournament at St. Sebastian's encampment where Schlammkoph was victorious for the Germans. This archery tournament was performed once again the Sunday afternoon of each weekend. Weekend one, he won yet again! Noch Weiter!

But weekend two, he came in second. The highlights of the tournament were when it was Schlammkoph's turn, and he couldn't be found. So we all had to yell for him. He would either be gambling, drinking, or sleeping, and he'd rush back in to shoot. But the best one was when he ran out of a pavilion half-dressed, looking for his bow. Then Valborga would come out behind him, also half-dressed and hair all wild, to hand it to him. The audience got a big kick out of it.

There were other various gigs performed, like Gisela getting her hair cut off after getting caught "rolling in the hay" and Kampfrauen getting caught gambling by the Provost. We definitely provided plenty of entertainment for the patrons (-:

But we also provided after-hours entertainment for the performers. What started out as Jenanne and me wanting to dress as Austin Powers and Vanessa Kensington after-hours evolved into a full-blown Shagadelic 60's costume contest, complete with a stage, lighting and sound system. From what I've been told, I did a good impression of Austin Powers and the party was a big hit. I think the next party will be a 70's theme (-:

I believe I summed up the Valhalla experience. A lot happened. Too much for my tired fingers to write. If you'd like to add any comments to mine, please do (-:

The bottom line of this faire is: the patrons liked us, the faire LOVED us, our fellow rennies like us, and we all had fun. You all should be proud of the hard work you put into this faire. It was a complete success!

NOCH WEITER!

(-Brad
aka Tristan
Guild Master

FAIR OAKS TUDOR FAYRE, FAIR OAKS, JUNE 26-27, 1999

From Ingrid Johnson, sent via e-mail 7/6/99

Two weekends ago we had a small but quality group of people at the Fair Oaks faire (5 landsknecht, 4 frauen, and one excellent guest). I have never been to this faire before myself, and I thought it was one of the better ones I have attended this year. It takes place in a grassy park full of trees, and the grounds are very nicely laid out. Other than a serious parking problem (lack of, mostly) and the fact that the faire promoters are on the, um, relaxed side, it's actually one of the better faires.

Ψεσ – της νεξτ ισσυε ωιλλ ηαωε πιχτυρεσ. Ι γοτ τηισ δονε βεφορε ανψ σχαννεδ πιχτυρεσ αερε σεντ το με

The weather can be more stifling than it was, but with Rachel overseeing the food and supplies, we were prepared for the worst case scenario and everyone survived the weekend rather well. Nighttime especially was very balmy and pleasant.

Despite our small numbers, we made a good impression on the promoters (once again!) and told everyone else that we were a color guard for His Majesty while the rest of the Faehnlein was back in Bavaria (I think I said Bavaria, I think someone else said Nuremberg, and I heard Italy at least once). As the reigning monarch was Henry and not Elizabeth, it was an earlier period faire and more suited to having Landsknecht. The only complaint about the royal court was that Henry walked too damn slowly and they weren't very clear on what they wanted of us when. The camp was so well laid out that a guildmaster from a veteran guild (it was a Clan, but I don't remember which one) remarked to Brad that it resembled what he wanted his guild site to look like and had not yet achieved.

It was the usual march, march, march, eat, gamble, eat, march, march, march. There were lots of really cute kids who tried on the armor and went through the pike drill with Johan. Anna and Gisela nearly got their behinds thrown out of the camp by Ludwig for gambling away all the proceeds from Henry. Tristan teased/tortured some Scots during a scavenger hunt. You may have already seen the thanks from Andrew (the Italian drummer who sometimes marches with us) for escorting him to and from his knighting on Sunday.

I heard the worst rendition of "Enter Sandman" that has ever been croaked by a bunch of drunken Scots late on Saturday night, but I was too tired to scare up a halberd. Other than that, it's a good faire in a good location with a nice night life. The locals seem to really like it, too, and having a well-patronized faire makes all the difference.

All in all, it was low-key but active. It was hot, and we didn't mind (natural fibers make the difference, kids!). There were few of us, but it was a really good group of hardcore members who knew their stuff. It was nice to spend time together both during faire hours and after hours. I don't think most of you realize it, esp. the newer folks, but this group has come so far, so fast, that it's still amazing to me. Contrast what we look like and how well we perform with how we looked and how the camp looked at Willits even a year ago. Unbelievable! Of course, this is not the time to get complacent. It takes work to maintain these kinds of standards. On behalf of Brad, Ted, Jenanne, Rachel, Dennis, Patty, Greg, Jerry, Geoff and myself, I welcome your further comments and I have to say, this is not a faire to miss next year.

Noch weiter!

Valborga Amman Harnisher

No – I don't have a color printer or a color copier. So, no more color issues for awhile.

Yes – I want your articles for future issues. They are online & worthwhile reading material. –ILD