



THE CITADEL

Newsletter of the Barony of Cynnabar in the Midrealm

Fall 2018

*Words from Their Excellencies
Baron Ermenrich and Baroness Kasha:*

Chronicler

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Unto the Barony,

The summer season saw the coming together of friends new and old in so many wonderful ways, from the Sieging of Talonval to the campfire at Pennsic and the celebrations at Ruby Jubilee. It filled Our hearts to share in the old stories that were told and the new memories that were forged. The Barony, indeed the Society, is not immune from the various comings and goings in the mundane world. Still we are able to come together from different walks of life and share some time with each other. It is this recurring feat that keeps Cynnabar strong. It is not the work of a person, but of the people.

Now Summer gives way to Fall, and as the weather cools, we will find ourselves huddled closer to the hearth and seeking refuge in warm halls. We hope that all of you will join Us in continuing to share with each other: Share in time, knowledge, and friendship.

Furthermore, We look forward to hosting Their Majesties at Grand Day of Tournaments. Please sign up to help where you can, whether it is helping in the kitchen or serving as a retainer for the Crown. We are also looking for prizes. We take great pride in displaying how generous our populace is with their money, talent, and time!

Lastly, We wish to take this opportunity to thank all the officers of the Barony. Their hardwork and dedication allows the rest of us to have our fun. When you see one of the officers, be sure to thank them for all that they do.

Sincerely,
Kasha and Ermenrich

Of Ghostes and Spirites.

Two Elizabethan Works on Apparitions

Contributed by THL Johnnae Ilyn Lewis

It's Autumn and the mind turns to the month of October and Halloween which is just over the horizon. The bookshelves these days creak and groan under the weight of numerous volumes bearing tales of vampires, ghosts, and other mysterious creatures. Horror movies abound as do television series featuring supernatural creatures and mysterious happenings.

Lest we think that ghosts and apparitions weren't of concern in past times, one may look to two works which appeared in Elizabethan England. In the 1570s two very different works appeared on the subject. One is comprehensive and runs to 220 pages. The other is an account of strange happenings in Norwich in somewhat less than 16 pages. Both offer a glimpse into what Elizabethans had the opportunity to read about and think about when it came to such strange things.

The first work by Ludwig Lavater (1527-1586) is: *Of ghostes and spirites walking by nyght and of strange noyses, crackes, and sundry forewarnynges, whiche commonly happen before the death of menne, great slaughters [and] alterations of kyngdomes.* One booke, written by Lewes Lauaterus of Tigurine. And translated into Englyshe by R.H. [Robert Harrison is the R.H. who translated the work into English.] It was initially published in England in 1572 and again in 1596 in London. Both editions are 220 pages.

Ludwig Lavater or Johann Caspar Lavater or as given on the title page Lewes Lauaterus of Tigurine was a well-known Swiss Reformation pastor and theologian. While serving as an archdeacon in Zurich, he published numerous sermons and full-length volumes, including this work on spirits. Professor Peter Marshall of the University of Warwick referred to him as the "pre-eminent Protestant ghost authority of the age." Lavater's thoughts on ghosts revolved around the idea that was no Purgatory in the Protestant doctrine, so ghosts could not be restless visitations from Purgatory. There were simply no restless spirits waiting to get into Heaven, so ghosts or visitations must be either from Hell or Heaven. Lavater sided with the idea of a demonic Hell and the idea of the spirits of the Damned wishing to persuade those on earth into demonic acts. He did allow that some ghosts might be the delusions of the mad, and that perhaps there might be even benevolent ghosts of the recently dead who appeared to offer advice to the mourners.

Lavater's book *De spectris, lemuribus et magnis atque insolitis fragoribus* was published in 1569/1570. The English translation is the earliest work to be catalogued under the subject heading "Apparitions -- Early works to 1800" in the Early English Books Online (EEBO) database.

[Nothing is catalogued under “Ghosts” before 1643.] The British Library website includes the book in a special section on Shakespeare and the Renaissance and describes the work as one on “demonology.”

Of Ghostes and Spirites Walking, published in English in 1572, proves to be a comprehensive encyclopedia or treatise on the subjects of: “Spirites, and diuers other diuinations of things to come.” It offers a chapter on “Melancholike persones and madde men,” and another titled “Men whiche are dull of seing and hearing, imagine many things which in very dede are not so.” This is followed a chapter “Many are so feared by other menne, that they suppose they haue heard or seene Spirites.”

Counterfeit and deceiving spirits are discussed, including those at Orleans and at Clauenna. The author discusses the “manye naturall thyngs are taken to bee ghostes” including the proof in chapters titled “that ghostes doe oftentimes appeare,” and “that Spirits are sometime seene and heard, and that other strange matters do often chaunce.” The author offers much comment on the scriptures and ghosts, including “Whether the holy Apostles thought they sawe a mans soule, when Chryste sodeynlye appeared vnto them after his Resurrection” and “Howe Christian menne oughte to behaue themselues when they se spirits, and first that they ought to haue a good courage, and to be stedfast in fayth. On this subject he offers a chapter titled: “It behoueth them whiche are vexed with spirites, to praye especiallie, and to giue themselues to fasting, sobrietie, watching, and vpriight and godly lyuing. He even includes “That sundrie kindes of superstition haue crepte in, whereby men haue attempted to driue away spirits” and the effects of “cursing and banning” spirits. Lastly, Lavater offers a final chapter “After what The other pre 1600 work catalogued on this same subject is by Abraham Fleming, [1552?-1607]. This 1577 work is titled: *A straunge and terrible wonder wrought very late in the the parish church of Bongay, a tovvn of no great distance from the citie of Norwich, namely the fourth of this August, in ye yeere of our Lord 1577 in a great tempest of violent raine, lightning, and thunder, the like wherof hath been seldome seene. With the appeerance of an horrible shaped thing, sensibly perceiued of the the people then and there assembled. Drawen into a plain method according to the written cople. by Abraham Fleming.* (At only sixteen pages with a number of included duplicate pages, the title is almost as long as the book.) The title page features a woodcut of a large black beast in the shape of a dog.

Fleming recounts the strange and mysterious events of Sunday, August 4th, 1577 in the village of Bongay or Bungay, which lies some ten miles from Norwich. While the villagers were assembled in church, a terrible storm of rain, lightning, thunder and strong winds did break out. The author then writes “Immediatly héerupon, there appéered in a moste horrible similitude and likenesse to the congregation then & there present, a dog as they might discerne it, of a black colour: at the sight wherof, together with the fearful flashes of fire which then were séene, moued such admiration in the mindes of the assemblie,

that they thought doomes day was already come.” Two people kneeling in prayer strangely died as the black beast or wraith passed them. The same beast also appeared that same day in Bilbery where more people died. “This mischief thus wrought, he flew with wonderful force to no litle feare of the assembly, out of the Church in a hideous and hellish likenes. These things are reported to be true...” The author concludes his tale with a prayer to the Almighty.

Bungay still exists as a town in Suffolk. It actively celebrates the “Black Dog” and the events of 1577. (See < <http://www.bungay-suffolk.co.uk/history/black-dog.htm> > for their modern take on the tale.) It’s the site of the Bungay Black Dog Marathon and Half Marathon, which are run annually in the spring. Naturally enough the local town football team is known as The Black Dogs.

Sources

The quote by Peter Marshall can be found at “Historians show how Angels survived Puritan purge by hanging round death beds.” Web. 20 Dec 2006.

<http://www2.warwick.ac.uk/newsandevents/pressreleases/ne1000000235761/> and also appears in his 2002 book *Beliefs and the Dead in Reformation England*.

Both of these Elizabethan works may be found online through the Early English Books Online (EEBO) database and appear as part of EEBO-TCP. This means the full texts can be searched or downloaded by those with academic access. In this case, however, the first edition on EEBO-TCP has been released and may be found here: <https://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/eebo/A05186.0001.001?view=toc> The 1596 edition of Lavater may also be found through the Internet Archive. <https://archive.org/details/ofghostesspirite00lava> The work on Bungay may be found at: <https://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/eebo/A00943.0001.001?view=toc> It’s also available through Google Books.

Lastly, of course, ghosts appear in a number of Shakespearean works. An edited version of Lavater titled *Lewes Lavater: Of Ghosts and Spirits Walking By Night 1572*, by J. Dover Wilson and May Yardley, is available in a number of print on demand editions from Amazon.com. The 1929 book, reissued 2013, discusses Lavater in connection with Shakespeare’s use of ghosts and apparitions. There are numerous articles which connect Shakespeare and Lavater; these can be found by searching databases like ArticleFirst.

The British Library discusses Lavater @

<https://www.bl.uk/collection-items/of-ghosts-and-spirits-walking-by-night-by-ludwig-lavater-1572#>

Contributed by THL Johnnae Ilyn Lewis, CE

This article in an abbreviated format appeared previously in: November 2009 Pale; Jan 2009 Ars Caidis

The Raptor's Tale

Part 3

By THL Jack Black of Flint aka BlackJack

After BlackJack's meeting with Madame Sylvie, he walked through the compound to the stables. Once there, he prepared his horse for the long ride back to Calais. It didn't take long for him to finish saddling the horse, and he was off. As he approached the gate, Madame Sylvie was there waiting for him. Standing on a small carriage boarding platform, she watched him approach. Watching her watch him, he realized that while somewhat diminutive, she was probably the single most powerful woman in France. She stood there, regally, in her long flowing gown, red shot through with gold, in the current fashion in the courts of England and France. The hat that protected her from the sun was tilted low over her brow, with the gold feathers sweeping back over the deep blood red wrappings around her hair. He pulled up his horse at the platform.

"My lady Sylvie," he nodded. "I am honored that ye've chosen to see me off, but tis not necessary. I do know my way out." He laughed, and turned back over his shoulder as he heard hooves clattering behind him. Two proud percheron stallions were pulling a carriage forward towards the platform. Sylvie turned and smiled sweetly, as he moved his horse to one side, so that the carriage could be pulled to the platform.

"Do not over flatter yourself, my dear Captain. I happen to have business in Calais myself, so shall accompany you on the afternoon's journey to the city. After all, I have a ship load of cargo to get to my factors to be sold and profited from." She smiled again. "You DO want a share of the profit, don't you? If I can get the items sold before you put to sea, you may be able to use the funds on your current mission." I also wish to acquire some sort of messaging system, possibly some pigeons, for you to keep me informed of your progress."

"Unfortunately, Sylvie, pigeons are of no value once we cross the ocean, exceptin as food." He chuckled as she made a face. "Ye've no issue with eatin birds here in yer home, but do with us doin the same at sea? I thought ye were better than that, lass. Ye'd be a bit surprised at what we usually eat whilst at sea."

Sylvie boarded the carriage, and it rolled towards the gate before she spoke again. As BlackJack pulled his horse alongside her window so that they could speak as they traveled, she began again.

“You know better than most the struggle to survive I have had, Jack. I shall speak frankly, and remind you that while I have worked my way to learning the ways of a Courtesan, and now run the largest and most popular house in France, I have lived in the streets.” She plucked at the white lace around her neck. “You know that when I was born, my fate was to be much worse than this. The fact that I have turned my adversity into a successful life, much as you have done yourself, shows the type of people we are. I know the nuns at your orphanage in London would never recognize you, just as any family of mine that may still be alive would not recognize me. Many things change every day, people live and die, and only those who are in control of their lives can be happy. It’s my personal belief that many of my ladies who serve in the Noble houses here in Calais, and even in Paris and Marseilles, are among the most intelligent, most skilled, and quickest thinking of many of the men who are in charge of those same houses. You know that is why my ladies go through all the training they do. They know how to read and write multiple civilized languages, they can cook, sew, know mathematics, and more. And that is not even counting the more “gentle” skills that each learn to keep their men happy. Do not even BEGIN to lecture me on what your life is like, because you will find no sympathy from me, Captain.” With that, she closed the blinds on her window, and did not speak again. BlackJack shrugged and rode ahead.

Four hours later, a tired and sore BlackJack finally saw the city walls of Calais in the distance. Turning around, he rode back the short distance to the carriage following him. Pulling along the carriage, he spoke as formally as he could. “Madame Sylvie, we are approaching Calais. If you have no further need of me, I shall be on my way to check on my ship. Most likely we shall sail on the morning tide. I shall send word as often as is possible as to our status.”

The curtain slid aside, and Sylvie peered out. “Very well, I shall endeavor to get whatever I can to

you by the time you put to sea. I wish you luck in dealing with Sir Francis Drake, and hope that you are able to escape Queen Elizabeth's noose." As he turned his horse to depart, she called again.

"BlackJack! I apologize for speaking in anger as I did earlier. These are dangerous times, and I would be unhappy if the last we spoke to each other in this world were words of anger. I bear you no ill will, and sincerely hope that we shall continue to be friends for many years to come."

A grin split BlackJack's beard as he replied, "No worries lass, I understand. You're a woman, yer very nature is to be contrary as hells. Seriously, though, I accept your apology, and offer me own as well. As usual, my words came out afore me brain could think about what I was sayin. Nothin new there, I'm sure you know. This Drake thing has me a bit on edge, and am wantin to be to sea as quick as I can." He then nodded to her, and spurred his horse to a gallop towards the city wall.

Shortly thereafter, he stopped at the inn where he first met Magnus the evening before. Handing the horse over to a stable boy along with a gold coin, he walked inside. He walked straight to the Innkeeper, and put two gold pieces on the bar. "I'm in need of a couple of things, lad. Gimme what I need, and these be yours. First, I need to know if any have been around askin questions about me." When the innkeeper shook his head, still watching the coins, BlackJack shoved one towards him. Keeping his hand on the other, she spoke again. "Question number two. Have ye ever seen me, or know which way The Raptor be headin?" The man, numbly reaching for the coin, shook his head again as he spoke.

"I ain't never heard of BlackJack Flint, or The Raptor, so can't tell anyone who ye are or where ye went." BlackJack laughed, handed over the coin, and walked out.

Shortly thereafter, he was climbing the gangplank to his ship, and started shouting as he came aboard. "Mr. Thomas! I need a report, now! All officers, in my cabin, immediately! Bosun, make preparations to set sail with the mornin tide! All hands, hop to, and MOVE!" Men immediately began scrambling about as he went below to his cabin, to begin to prepare his next move, and discuss the situation with his officers. Once the officers were gathered, he poured himself a drink, and looked about the room. "Well lads, we've done it again. That ship we took on the way to Lisbon has turned out to cause us an issue. Well, it turns out that the fop that died when we took her was some relation to Elizabeth. Now word has reached me that Drake is hunting us, with orders to bring me to Elizabeth. Magnus wasn't sure as of last night if that's a dead or alive thing, or what. We'll be settin sail in the mornin, and headed south. Me intent is to get around Good Hope as quick as we can, and lie low near Singapore for a bit. Maybe we can avoid

him, or if we're REALLY lucky, the sea will sink him at the Cape, and not us. Now, here's where we see what's what. Mr. Thomas, I need to know how our provisions are for the journey. I also need to know the condition of the ship, were ye able ta get divers over this mornin ta inspect? And finally, how many of the crew made it back to the ship this mornin?"

Mr. Thomas stood and began his report. "We've got enough provisions on board to last us about 3 weeks currently. With what we can get on board tonight, we should be able to extend that to a month. We have enough powder and shot for the cannons and small arms for several battles, if need be. Divers are over the side now, and should have a report on the hull shortly. As soon as I get it, I will let you know. Inspections on board are revealing no major leaks, the few small ones have been or are in the process of being repaired now. We have reports of two crewmen having gotten themselves arrested last night, and one was found floating in the harbor shortly afore you arrived. I think that about covers everything as you requested at this time."

"Very good, Mr. Thomas," BlackJack replied. Turning to the rest of the officers, he asked, "Do any of ye have anything further to add?" Looking around the room to negative responses, he turned back to Mr. Thomas. "Then ye have yer orders, lads, let's get ready to heave to. Mr. Thomas, keep an eye out, Madame Sylvie said she's goin ta attempt to get us our cut of the Pride's cargo profits afore we leave in the mornin. She knows our first stop is going to be Lisbon, and Magnus will have information for us there, or one of his operatives will be there. Dismissed, gentlemen." The men all got up and left BlackJack to his thoughts, as he sipped his whiskey and stared out the windows of his cabin.



Grand Day of Tournaments 2018

Saturday, November 3, 2018 at 9 AM – 7 PM

Saline Liberty High School

7265 N Ann Arbor St, Saline, MI 48176

To all Kings, Princes, knights and gentles of cote armor, greetings. Know that upon the third day of November in the two thousand and eighteenth year of our Lord, by leave of His most noble Majesty, a Grande Tournament will be held in the Barony of Cynnabar. All are invited to present themselves in proper panoply for a day of festivities and combat à plaisance.



Wassail (drink Hail!) Is coming!

Please check your Baronial Website and Facebook for information!

Baronial Officers

Baron of Cynnabar

THL Ermenrich von Duisburg

Baroness of Cynnabar

Mistress Kasha Alekseeva

Seneschal : Master Derian le Breton

Exchequer : Mistress Jadwiga Krzyanowska

Chatelaine : Lady Edonea Appleby

Knight Marshal : Master Zygmunt Nadratowski

Fencing Marshal : Lord William of Cynnabar

Minister of Arts and Sciences : THL Aeffe Torsdottir

Herald : Lord Eadraed Alforde

Chronicler : Lady Albina Gherardi

Webminister : Master Aaron Drummond