

Spring, A.S. LV (55)

2021 Edition

William Blackfox Awards
Nominee



William Blackfox
April/May 1986



for
Best Layout & Design
Category

(See Chronicler's report)

AXEMOOR BAYOU TAPESTRY



Nightingale. Alciato's Book of Emblems
c.1350.

The Poetry edition

*Greetings unto the long-suffering people of the
Great Kingdom of Gleann Abhann.*



Anniversaries are often times of celebrations, they may celebrate blessed births of a longed for child, they may celebrate the continuation of a friendship or marriage, they may mark the time of passing of a loved one, they may be used as a indicator of growth or improvement; but the anniversary we see this month is most undesirable, as it marks 1 year from the time we have been able to be together in person. 1 year since we sat round a fire with friends, 1 year since we packed our gear for an event, 1 year since we tasted a feast, 1 year since stumbled bleary-eyed to the coffee pot to see if even Baron Daffyd's efforts could ready us for the day.

But we have not lost all that the Society of Creative Anachronism has to offer. While we no longer get to meet in person, we have an opportunity to find new friends within the ether realm from near or far. While we cannot swing swords at our friends, we can that this opportunity to repair gear and practice on a pell. While we do not get to wear our garb, we can use this time to research more and sew more. While large feasts are unavailable, we could still try out new dishes on our family.

There are many classes held online across the known world every weekend, there are new you tube channels dedicated to anything from bardic arts and to fighter instruction, there are zoom meetings and facebook groups that will let you renew old friendships and make new ones.

We may have to continue to use our most Creative Anachronistic skills to maintain our Society, but I believe it will be worth it in the end.

Know that we have you all in our hearts and are longing to see you again. Please stay safe and keep hope alive.

*Caillin & Danielle,
King & Queen, Gleann Abhann*



Fabliau - medieval French poem

Fabliau, plural **fabliaux**, a short metrical tale made popular in [medieval France](#) by the [jongleurs](#), or professional storytellers. Fabliaux were characterized by vivid detail and realistic observation and were usually comic, coarse, and often [cynical](#), especially in their treatment of women.

About 150 fabliaux are [extant](#). Many of them are based on elementary jokes or puns—such as one called *Estula*, which can either be a person's name or mean "Are you there?"—or on wry situations, such as one tale in which a man is rescued from drowning but has his eye put out by the boat hook that saves him. The majority of fabliaux are erotic, and the merriment provoked often depends on situations and adventures that are sometimes obscene. Recurring characters include the cuckold and his wife, the lover, and the naughty priest. The theme of guile is often treated, frequently to show the deceiver deceived.

It was once widely held that fabliaux represented the [literature](#) of the bourgeois and common people. This, however, is unlikely, since they contain a substantial element of [burlesque](#) (or mockery and parody) that depends, for its appreciation, on considerable knowledge of courtly society, love, and manners. They also presuppose something like scorn for those of humble rank who ape their betters.

Some of the subject matter in the fabliaux can be paralleled in other times and other countries: many of the plots stem from [folklore](#), some have classical [affinities](#), and a few can be traced to Asian sources. But many of the tales are so simple that they could have arisen spontaneously. The earliest fabliau, *Richeut*, dates from approximately 1175, but the main period of fabliau [composition](#) was the 13th century, with an extension into the first half of the 14th. Most fabliaux are 200 to 400 lines in length, though there are extremes of fewer than 20 lines and of more than 1,300. Their authors included amateur writers (notably Philippe de Beaumanoir) and professionals (e.g., [Jehan Bodel](#) and [Rutebeuf](#)). Verse tales [analogous](#) to the fabliaux exist in other languages. [Geoffrey Chaucer's](#) "Reeve's Tale," for example, is based on a known fabliau, and several of the other comic tales in [The Canterbury Tales](#) may trace their origins to fabliaux.

<https://www.britannica.com/art/fabliau>

WHEN THE NYHTEGALE SINGES



Nightingale. Alciato's Book of Emblems, c.1350.

When the nyhtegale singes,
The wodes waxen grene,
Lef ant gras ant blosme springes
In Averyl, Y wene ;
Ant love is to myn herte gon
With one spere so kene,
Nyht ant day my blod hit drynkes
Myn herte deth me tene.

Harley MS. c. 1310.

Ich have loved al this yer
That Y may love na more;
Ich have siked moni syk,
Lemmon, for thin ore,
Me nis love neuer the ner,
Ant that me reweth sore;
Suete lemmon, thench on me,
Ich have loved the yore.

Suete lemmon, Y preye thee,
Of love one speche;
Whil Y lyve in world so wyde
Other nulle Y seche.
With thy love, my suete leof,
My blis thou mihtes eche;
A suete cos of thy mouth
Mihte be my leche.

Suete lemmon, Y preye thee
Of a love-bene:
Yef thou me lovest, ase men says,
Lemmon, as I wene,
Ant yef hit thi wille be,
Thou loke that hit be sene;
So muchel Y thenke vpon the
That al y waxe grene.

Bituene Lyncolne ant Lyndeseye,
Norhamptoun ant Lounde,
Ne wot I non so fayr a may,
As y go fore ybounde.
Suete lemmon, Y preye the
Thou lovie me a stounde;
Y wole mone my song
On wham that hit ys on ylong.

I Have a Yong Suster

MS Sloane 2593. c. 1430.



I have a yong suster
Fer biyonde the see;
Manye be the druries
That she sente me.

(far)
(gifts)

She sente me the cherye
Withouten any stoon,
And so she dide the dove
Withouten any boon.

(stone)
(bone)

She sente me the brere
Withouten any rinde;
She bad me love my lemman
Withoute longinge.

(briar)
(bark)
(sweetheart)

How sholde any cherye
Be withoute stoon?
And how sholde any dove
Be withoute boon?

How sholde any brere
Be withoute rinde?
How sholde I love my lemman
Withoute longinge?

Whan the cherye was a flowr,
Thanne hadde it no stoon;
Whan the dove was an ey,
Thanne hadde it no boon.

(egg)

Whan the brere was unbred,
Thanne hadde it no rinde;
Whan the maiden hath that she loveth,
She is withoute longinge.

(ungrown)

(what)

<http://www.luminarium.org/medlit/medlyric/suster.php>

Middle English

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu
Growep sed
and blowep med
and springþ þe wde nu
Sing cuccu

Awe bletþ after lomb
lhoup after calue cu
Bulluc stertþ
bucke uertþ
murie sing cuccu

Cuccu cuccu
Wel singes þu cuccu
ne swik þu nauer nu

Sing cuccu nu • Sing cuccu.
Sing cuccu • Sing cuccu nu
(Millett 2003b)

Sumer is icumen in

Modern English

Summer[a] has arrived,
Loudly sing, cuckoo!
The seed is growing
And the meadow is blooming,
And the wood is coming into leaf now,
Sing, cuckoo!

The ewe is bleating after her lamb,
The cow is lowing after her calf;
The bullock is prancing,
The billy-goat farting
[or, according to Platzer 1995,
"The stag cavorting"],
Sing merrily, cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo,
You sing well, cuckoo,
Never stop now.

Sing, cuckoo, now; sing, cuckoo;
Sing, cuckoo; sing, cuckoo, now!
(Millett 2003d)

The celebration of [summer](#) in "Sumer is icumen in" is similar to that of [spring](#) in the French poetic genre known as the [reverdie](#) (lit. "re-greening"). However, there are reasons to doubt such a straightforward and naïve interpretation. The language used lacks all of the conventional springtime-renewal words of a *reverdie* (such as "green", "new", "begin", or "wax") except for *springþ*, and elements of the text, especially the cuckoo and the farmyard noises, potentially possess double meanings. "It is the wrong bird, the wrong season, and the wrong language for a *reverdie*, unless an [ironic](#) meaning is intended" ([Roscow 1999](#), 188, 190, 193).

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sumer_is_icumen_in

Fowles in the Frith

(Anonymous Medieval English Lyric, circa 13th-14th century AD)
loose translation/interpretation by [Michael R. Burch](#)

**The warblers in the wood,
the fishes in the flood
and I must go mad: ...
such sorrow I've had
for beasts of bone and blood!**

"Fowles in the Frith" appears on the surface to be a poem written by a someone who sympathizes with the plight of the earth's animals. However, I am going to propose an alternate reading of the poem. Do we really see birds and fish going mad everywhere? Or does it only *seem* the whole world has gone mad when we're in love and things aren't working out the way we had hoped and dreamed? I propose that the word *beste* in the original poem is wordplay, with *beste* meaning both "the best of bone and blood" and "the beast of bone and blood." Is the poet saying that his lover is the best creature living, and yet she is also a beast because she has spurned his advances? If so, "Fowles in the Frith" could be the first, or at least one of the very earliest, English poems in the "courtly tradition" of male lover complaints like Geoffrey Chaucer's "[Merciless Beauty](#)" and William Dunbar's "[Sweet Rose of Virtue](#)" (in which the male poet accuses his lover of being heartless and cruel because she refuses to have sex with him!).

<http://www.thehypertexts.com/Fowles%20in%20the%20Frith%20Modern%20English%20Translation%20Medieval%20English%20Poem%20Michael%20R.%20Burch.htm>

A Medieval Drinking Song

In the boozer
you're a loser
if the dice you're shaking.
You'll get hurt
and lose your shirt,
sit there cold and quaking.
Lady Luck, your gifts are bad,
you trick us, then you make us mad,
make us gamble, make us fight,
and sit out in the cold all night.

'Brrr!' The naked loser moans,
when he's cold and left alone,
shakes and shivers as he groans:
'I wish I could be
asleep under a tree
With a hot sunshine warming my
bones.'

But now let's roll the dice again
and win some drinking money!
Who thinks about November's rain

The tradition of singing raucous lyrics in pubs has a long history. There are a few drinking songs from the Middle Ages, including those found in the Carmina Burana, a collection of poems and texts created in Germany during the first half of the thirteenth-century.

The Carmina Burana includes songs dating back to the 11th century, and were collected from various parts of Europe. Many were created by university students, and includes works of mockery, love songs and at least forty songs about gambling and drinking. As one scholar points out this "collection is full of that excitement, that daring, that laughing-at-convention which characterizes independently minded youth."

Here is one of the medieval drinking songs:

<https://www.medievalists.net/2014/11/medieval-drinking-song/>

Remembering William Blackfox

'WILLIAM BLACKFOX'

By Master Chidioc the Younger

The pipes are stilled, no longer will they sound,
To herald the beginning of a court,
No more with joy will revels now abound,
Nor will his voice of songs raise in support.

The quill laid down will not be used again,
To tell Warthaven's tale in simple frames,
No longer at his wit shall we all grin,
Nor smile at his parodies of names.

Such a great soul gone, in but a blink,
And we are left to mourn in sorrow deep,
And though to his fond memory I'll drink,
For now I can do nothing else but weep.

Oh William, it was too soon to depart,
We who remain will hold you in our hearts.

Source:

https://historian.ansteorra.org/wiki/index.php?title=William_Blackfox

Master William Blackfox (aka Mark Wallace), author and illustrator of the cartoon Warthaven, was, talented in many fields, including playing the bagpipes. He viewed everything in life as fun and generously gave the SCA his time and talents, until his untimely death in 1997.

Source: <https://itinerant-scribe.com/2016/08/18/tbth-warhavens-master-william-blackfox/>



Art by Rachel Ost,
[<https://www.facebook.com/MemorialShieldProject/> The Known World Memorial Shield Project]



Credit: Jehanne Beningthe
Kingdom of Calontir.
(taken in 1990 at the
Coronation of Rorik and Morgana)

<https://itenerantscribe.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/4f3b8-blackfox.jpg>

The caricature on the cover was drawn by Master William Blackfox at the SCA Twentieth Year Celebration (TYC) in Stargate, Anstaeorra (Houston, TX). April-May AS XX-XXI" (1986).





From the Coronet

From the Baron & Baroness:

Nothing new to report, stay safe.

Baron Dafydd, OP
Baroness Tegan, OP
Axemoor



From the Seneschal

All reports are up to date.

Projects for our COVID down time are to review policies and procedures, do our annual inventory, and make an updated info list on potential sites for the future.



From the Exchequer

Nothing to report.



From the Arts and Science Minister

People are making stuff.



From the Knight's Marshal



Fighter Practice: To be determined.
Nothing to report.



From the Chatelaine

Lady Kittah would still like a deputy.
Nothing to report.



From the Historian

Nothing to report.



From the Web Mistress

If you notice any changes or updates that need to be done, please get with her.
Nothing to report.



From the Chronicler

I am so happy to hear that the Bayou Tapestry has been nominated for the William black fox Award for Best Layout & Design Category.

I want everyone to know that when I took over Chronicler last year I was at a loss.

- **Shoel designed the Bayou Tapestry as you see it today and he did the layout.**
- **I work from the template that Shoel created. It is he that deserves the credit.**
- **Thank you Shoel.**

I would like any type of info for the newsletter – ie, a newbie series, how to articles, class handouts, officer reports – Any type of info is welcomed!



From the Herald

Nothing new to report.

If you would like help with your device, badge or any heraldry type thing, please get with him. He has worked on scrolls for both Kingdom and Baronial. **Side Note – Floki has volunteered to digitize your arms for you.



From the Quartermaster

Stuff is in the trailer, trailer is in its storage yard.

Nothing to report.



From the Constable

The few items we have haven't gone anywhere. All is calm within the Barony.

Nothing to report.

From the Demo Coordinator

All demos are cancelled until further notice.



Misura Sociale

*Social Distancing by Niccolleto Giganti.
(1606)*

Upcoming Events

Calendar kingdom

**NONE due to COVID-19
RESTRICTIONS**

Axemoor Calendar

Regular events	Date	Time	Location
Populace meetings	Second Tuesday of each month	7 pm	Meetings are currently virtual. Link on next page
Fighter Practice	Wednesday night	7 pm	On hold.
	Sunday afternoon	1 pm	On hold.
Sewing circle			

Axemoor Populace Meeting link and other info

Time: Nov 10, 2020 07:00 PM Central Time (US and Canada)

Every month on the Second Tue, until Apr 13, 2021, 6 occurrence(s)

~~Nov 10, 2020 07:00 PM~~

~~Dec 8, 2020 07:00 PM~~

~~Jan 12, 2021 07:00 PM~~

~~Feb 9, 2021 07:00 PM~~

Mar 9, 2021 07:00 PM

Apr 13, 2021 07:00 PM

Monthly:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83612166643?pwd=Ym4yVU5BK3hwSEY0VGJXMEVGYkY3UT09&fbclid=IwAR3NjlRxDJquzutDL6s70t-Krf25kHzzvWf49VAmv8T8p1498BS9-2S3atg>

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83612166643...>

Meeting ID: 836 1216 6643

Passcode: 778121



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al Siqilliyah

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This is the Spring 2021, A.S. LV (55), Issue of The Bayou Tapestry, an official publication of the Barony of Axemoor, a chapter of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc.

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Disclaimer

All submissions are due by Sunday, following the monthly business meeting, which is held on the Second Tuesday of every month.

Submissions may be brought to the business meeting; the Chronicler also requests that a copy be sent to VA e-mail.

All submissions are subject to editing for length, content and style. Please contact the Chronicler's Office for submission permission form information.

