

The Dancing Moon **July ~ August, 2017**

Summer Frolicks

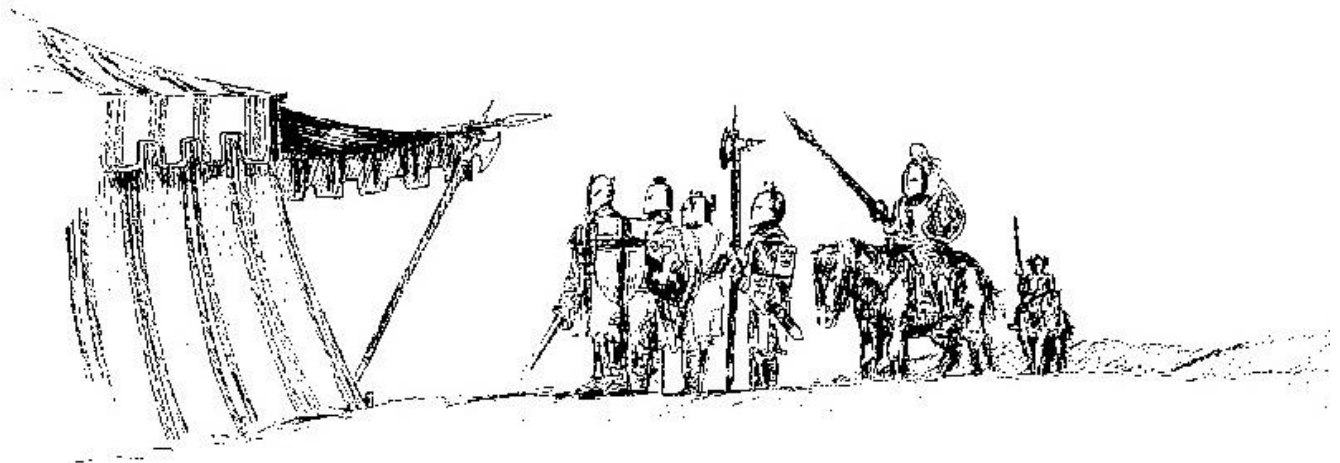


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Shout ‘Huzzah!’ and Toss Up Your Hats!

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ART, ARTICLE, AND PHOTO CREDITS

Cover Page Image, *Summer Frolics*. Image Woodblock print © 2017 Gutenberg.org. Used with permission

Page 2 Image, *Returning to Camp* © 2017 Image Vince Zahnle. Used with permission.

Pages 5 -10 *Kemp's Journey* Map Image, Photo, *Stained Glass*, *Following Along with Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder* Commentary, and Modern English text translation *William Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder* © 2017 Lucy E. Zahnle. Used with permission.

Pages 6 -9 Image and Early English text *William Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder* © 1599 William Kemp © 2017 Gutenberg.org. Used with permission

Page 11 . Image. *Calontir Falcon Populace Badge*. @2017 <http://heraldry.calontir.org/files/img/hi-res/Calontir-Populace-Badge-Color.png> Used with permission.

Page 13 Drawn Image. *Crossed Swords*, © 1980. Vincent D. Zahnle. Used with permission.

SHIRE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Dancing Moon is always published during the third week of each month (or as close to it as possible) rather than on the first of the month.

If you find an error that needs correcting in the shire newsletter or on the shire website, please inform your web minister or chronicler ASAP. It may make her grumpy, but she needs to know.

Please submit next month's announcements to the Chronicler by August 31.

Officer contact information can be found on page 11 of this newsletter.

Visit us online at <https://www.facebook.com/ShireOfCalanaisNuadh/> or <http://www.shireofcalanaisnuadh.org/>

Send requests for membership in the closed shire Facebook Group or the Shire Yahoo List to lezahnle@gmail.com

This is the July-August, 2017, issue of the Dancing Moon, a publication of the Shire of Calanais Nuadh of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. (SCA, Inc.). The Dancing Moon is available from Lucy E. Zahnle, 11413 Upton Rd., Plato, MO 65552. It is not a corporate publication of SCA, Inc., and does not delineate SCA, Inc. policies.

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Minutes of the July Meeting

Seneschal:

Next Meeting – Monday, August 14, 2017

Arts and Sciences Minister

Queen's Prize Entry Website is open. Possible sponsors: HL Paul Adler, Mistress Roselyn of Aberdeen, Baron Jon Tristram, HL Nest ffynnon, HL Alan Berylson, HL James Inn Danski

(There may be others. Your seneschal has a poor memory.)

Shire A & S competition will take place at the shire picnic in August.

Knights Marshall

HL James Inn Danski is now the Knights Marshall for the shire.

Shire archery competition will take place at the shire picnic in August.

Archer Marshall

Archery practice Sundays beginning at 2 PM – Beaver Creek Conservation Area.

Exchequer

Shire finances are in good shape

Chronicler

Submissions to the newsletter always welcome. Per RUSH meeting, more diligence is needed in collecting signed publication permission forms.

Webminster

Website is in good shape.

Old Business:

Shire picnic – August 19 at Alan and Margery's house. Bring a dish. Shire archery championship and shire A & S competition will take place.

Brief discussion of Autumn Arrows

New Business:

No new business

Following Along with Will Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder

By Dulcibella de Chateaurien

In 1599, William Kemp, who played the clown as parts of William Shakespeare's company of players, embarked on what we would call these days a publicity stunt. He pledged to dance from London to Norwich, a journey of over a hundred miles. It's conjectured that after falling out with Shakespeare over his place among the players, he wanted to show that he was still popular amongst theater-going audiences and was still an asset to the players.

After the fact, he wrote the "Nine Daies Wonder" pamphlet ostensibly to dispel any rumors or falsehoods about his accomplishment. It also served, however, as great publicity for his image.

I will be publishing Kemp's narrative, a day's journey at a time, over the next nine issues along with my translation of the text from Early Modern English to Modern English and my notes on more obscure terms.

I have included a map of the journey of my own making at the end of the text and will include more information and a bibliography in the next issue.

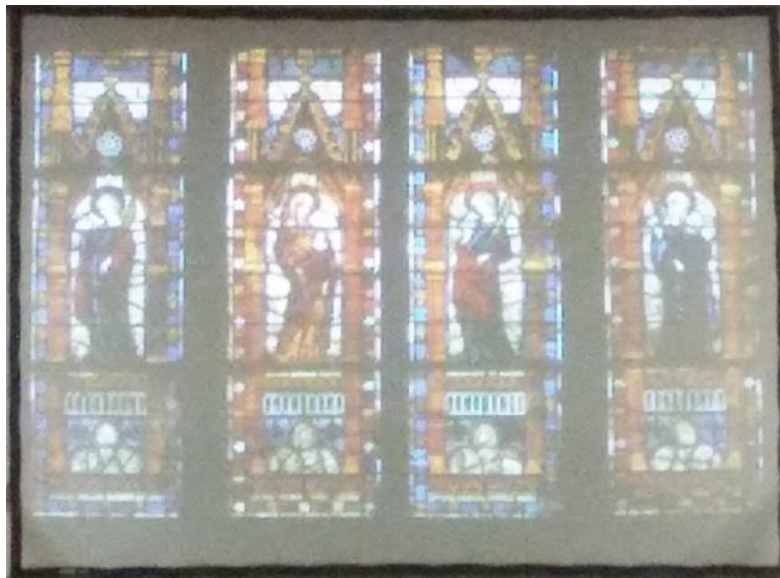


Photo by Lucy Zahnle (SKA Lady Dulcibella de Chateaurien) ©2016 Used with permission

Kemps nine daies vvonder.

Performed in a daunce from
London to Norwich.

*Containing the pleajure, paines and kinde entertainment
of William Kemp betweene London and that Citty
in his late Morrice.*

Wherein is fomewhat fet downe worth note; to reprooue
the flaunders fpred of him: many things merry,
nothing hurtfull.

Written by Jumfelfe to fatisfie his friends.



L O N D O N

Printed by *E.A.* for *Nicholas Ling*, and are to be
folde at his fhop at the weft doore of Saint
Paules Church 1600.

Kemp's nine days' wonder.

Performed in a dance from
London to Norwich.

*Containing the pleasure, pains and kind entertainment
of William Kemp between London and that City
in his late Morris.*

Wherein is somewhat set down worth note; to reprove
the slanders spread of him: many things merry,
nothing hurtful.

Written by Himself to satisfy his friends.



L O N D O N

Printed by *E.A.* for *Nicholas Ling*, and are to be
folde at his fhop at the weft doore of Saint
Paules Church 1600.

To the true Ennobled Lady, and his most bountifull Mistris, Mistris Anne Fitton, Mayde of Honour to the most sacred Mayde, Royall Queene Elizabeth.

Honorable Mistris, in the waine of my litle wit I am forst to desire your protection, else euery Ballad-singer will proclaime me bankrupt of honesty. A sort of mad fellows, seeing me merrily disposed in a Morrice, haue so bepainted mee in print since my gambols began from London to Norwich, that (hauing but an ill face before) I shall appeare to the world without a face, if your fayre hand wipe not away their foule coulors. One hath written Kemps farewell to the tune of Kery, mery, Buife ; another, His desperate daungers in his late trauaile ; the third, His entertainment to New-Market ; which towne I came neuer neere by the length of halfe the heath. Some sweare, in a Trenchmore I haue trode a good way to winne the world ; others that guesse righter, affirme, I haue without good help daunst my selfe out of the world ; many say many thinges that were neuer thought. But, in a word, your poore seruant offers the truth of his progresse and profit to your honorable view: receiue it, I beseech you, such as it is, rude and plaine; for I know your pure iudgement lookes as soone to see beauty in a Blackamoore, or heare smooth speech from a Stammerer, as to finde any thing but blunt mirth in a Morrice dauncer, especially such a one as Will Kemp, that hath spent his life in mad ligges and merry iestes. Three reasons mooue mee to make publik this iourney: one to reproue lying fooles I neuer knew ; the other to comend louing friends, which by the way I daily found; the third to shew my duety to your honorable selfe, whose fauours (among other bountifull friends) makes me (dispiht of this sad world) iudge my hart Corke and my heeles feathers, so that me thinkes I could flye to Rome (at least hop to Rome, as the olde Prouerb is) with a morter on my head. In which light conceite I lowly begge pardon and leaue, for my Tabrer strikes his huntsup, I must to Norwich : Imagine, noble Mistris, I am now setting from my Lord Mayors, the houre about seauen, the morning gloomy, the company many, my hart merry.

Your worthy Ladiships most

vnworthy seruant,

WILLIAM KEMP.

To the true Ennobled Lady and his most bountiful Mistris, Mistress Anne Fitton, Maid of Honor to the most sacred Maide, Royal Queen Elizabeth.

Honorable Mistress,

In the wane of my little wit, I am forced to desire your protection, else every ballad-singer will proclaim me bankrupt of honesty. A sort of mad fellows, seeing me merrily disposed in a Morris, have so painted me in print since my gambols began from London to Norwich, that having but an ill face before, I shall appear to the world without a face if your faire hand wipe not away their foul colors.

One has written 'Kemp's Farewell' to the tune of 'Kery, mery, Buffe;' another, 'His Desperate Dangers in His Late Travail;' the third, 'His Entertainment to New-Market;' which town I came never near by the length of half the heath.

Some swear, in a Trenchmore¹, I have trod a good way to win the world; others that guess righter affirm I have, without good help, danced myself out of the world; many say many things that were never thought.

But, in a word, your poor servant offers the truth of his progress and profit to your honorable view: receive it, I beseech you, such as it is, rude and plain; for I know your pure judgement looks as soon to see beauty in a blackamoor or hear smooth speech from a stammerer as to find anything but blunt mirth in a Morris dancer, especially such a one as Will Kemp, that has spent his life in mad jigs and merry jests.

Three reasons move me to make public this journey: one, to reprove lying fools I never knew; the other to commend loving friends, which, by the way, I daily found; the third to show my duty to your honorable self, whose favors (among other bountiful friends) make me (despite of this sad world) judge my heart cork and my heels feathers, so that methinks I could fly to Rome (at least hop to Rome, as the old Proverb is) with a mortar on my head. In which light conceit, I lowly beg pardon and leave, for my Tabrer¹ strikes his huntsup². I must to Norwich: imagine, noble Mistress, I am now setting from my Lord Mayor's, the hour about seven, the morning gloomy, the company many, my heart merry.

Your Worthy Ladyship's most

unworthy servant,

WILLIAM KEMP.

KEMPS NINE DAIES WONDER,

PERFORMED IN A MORRICE FROM LONDON TO NORWICH.

Wherein euery dayes iourney is pleasantly set downe, to satisfie his friends the truth against all lying Ballad-makers; what he did; how hee was welcome, and by whome entertained.

The first daies iourney, being the first Munday in cleane Lent, from the right honorable the Lord Mayors of London.

The first mundaye in Lent, the close morning promising a cleere day, (attended on by Thomas Slye my Taberer, William Bee my seruant, and George Sprat, appointed for my ouerseer, that I should take no other ease but my prescribed order) my selfe, thats I, otherwise called Causaliero Kemp, head-master of Morrice-dauncers, high Head-borough of heighs, and onely tricker of your Trill-lilles and best bel-shangles betweene Sion and mount Surrey, began frolickly to foote it from the right honorable the Lord Mayors of London towards the right worshipfull (and truely bountifull) Master Mayors of Norwich.

My setting forward was somewhat before seauen in the morning; my Taberer stroke up merrily ; and as fast as kinde peoples thronging together would giue mee leaue, thorow London I leapt. By the way many good olde people, and diuers others of yonger yeers, of meere kindnes gaue me bowd sixepences and grotes, blessing me with their harty prayers and God-speedes.

Being past White-chappell, and hauing left faire London with all that North-east Suburb before named, multitudes of Londoners left not me : but eyther to keepe a custome which many holde, that Mile-end is no walke without a recreatio at Stratford Bow with Creame and Cakes, or else for loue they beare toward me, or perhappes to make themselues merry if I should chance (as many thought) to giue over my Morrice within a Mile of Mile-end; how euer, many a thousand brought me to Bow ; where I rested a while from dancing, but had small rest with those that would haue Vrg'd me to drinking. But, I warrant you, Will Kemp was wise enough : to their ful cups, kinde thanks was my returne, with Gentlemanlike protestations, as "True-

KEMPS NINE DAYS' WONDER,

PERFORMED IN A MORRIS FROM LONDON TO NORWICH.

Wherein every day's journey is pleasantly set down to satisfy his friends the truth against all lying Ballad-makers; what he did; how he was welcomed, and by whom entertained.

The first day's journey, being the first Monday in clean Lent, from the right honorable the Lord Mayors of London.

The first Monday in Lent, the close morning promising a clear day, (attended on by Thomas Slye, my Taberer³, William Bee, my servant, and George Sprat, appointed for my overseer, that I should take no other ease but my prescribed order), myself, that I, otherwise called Cavaliero Kemp, Head-Master of Morris-Dancers, High Head-borough of Heighs⁴, and only tricker of your Trill-lilles⁵, and best bell-shangles between Sion and Mount Surrey, began frolickly to foot it from the right honorable, the Lord Mayor's of London towards the right worshipful (and truely bountiful) Master Mayor's of Norwich.

My setting forward was somewhat before seven in the morning; my taborer struck up merrily; and as fast as kind peoples thronging together would give me leave, through London I leaped. By the way, many good old people and diverse others of younger years, of mere kindness, gave me bowed sixpences and groats⁶, blessing me with their hearty prayers and "God-speeds."

Being past Whitechapel and having left fair London with all that north-east suburb before named, multitudes of Londoners left not me, but either to keep a custom which many hold, that Mile-End is no walk without a recreatio⁷ at Stratford Bow⁸ with cream and cakes, or else for love they bear toward me, or perhaps to make themselves merry, if I should chance (as many thought) to give over my Morris within a mile of Mile-End; however, many a thousand brought me to Bow; where I rested awhile from dancing, but had small rest with those that would have urged me to drinking. But, I warrant you, Will Kemp was wise enough: to their full cups, kind thanks was my return with gentlemanlike protestations, as "Truly, sir, I dare not," "It stands not with the congruity of my health."

ly, sir, I dare not," "It stands not with the congruity of my health." Congruitie, said I? how came that strange language in my mouth? I thinke scarcely that it is any Christen worde, and yet it may be a good worde for ought I knowe, though I neuer made it, nor doe verye well understand it; yet I am sure I have bought it at the word-mongers at as deare a rate as I could haue had a whole 100 of Bauines at the wood-mongers. Farwell, Congruitie, for I meane now to be more concise, and stand upon eeuener bases; but I must neither stand nor sit, the Tabrer strikes alarum. Tickle it, good Tom, Il follow thee. Farwell, Bowe; haue ouer the bridge, where I heard say honest Conscience was once drown'd: its pittye if it were so; but thats no matter belonging to our Morrice, lets now along to Stratford Langton.

Many good fellows being there met, and knowing how well I loued the sporte, had prepared a Beare-bayting; but so unreasonable were the multitudes of people, that I could only heare the Beare roare and the dogges howle; therefore forward I went with my hey-de-gaies to Ilford, where I againe rested, and was by the people of the towne and countrey there-about very very wel welcomed, being offred carovvses in the great spoon, one whole draught being able at that time to haue drawne my little wit drye; but being afrayde of the olde Prouerbe (He had need of a long spoone that eates with the deuill), I soberly gaue my boone Companions the slip.

From Ilford, by Moone-shine, I set forward, dauncing within a quarter of a myle of Romford; where, in the highway, two strong Iades (hauing belike some great quarrell to me vnknowne) were beating and byting either of other; and such through Gods help was my good hap, that I escaped their hoofes, both being rayased with their fore feete ouer my head, like two Smithes ouer an Anuytle.

There being the end of my first dayes Morrice, a kinde Gentleman of London lighting from his horse, would haue no nay but I should leap into his saddle. To be plaine with ye, I was not proud, but kindly tooke his kindlyer offer, chiefly thereto vrg'd by my wearines; so I rid to my Inne at Romford.

In that towne, to giue rest to my well-labour'd limbes, I continued two dayes, being much beholding to the townsmen for their loue, but more to the Londoners that came hourelly thither in great numbers to visite me, offering much more kindnes then I was willing to accept.

Congruity, said I? How came that strange language in my mouth? I think scarcely that it is any Christian word, and yet it may be a good word for ought I know, though I never made it, nor do very well understand it; yet I am sure I have bought it at the word-mongers at as dear a rate as I could have had a whole 100 of bavines⁹ at the wood-mongers. Farewell, Congruity, for I mean now to be more concise, and stand upon evener bases; but I must neither stand nor sit; the taborer strikes alarum.

Tickle it, good Tom, I'll follow you. Farewell, Bow; have over the bridge where I heard say honest Conscience was once drowned: it's pity if it were so; but that's no matter belonging to our Morris, let's now along to Stratford Langton.

Many good fellows being there met, and knowing how well I loved the sport, had prepared a bear-baiting; but so unreasonable were the multitudes of people that I could only hear the bear roar and the dogs howl; therefore forward I went with my hey-de-gaies¹⁰ to Ilford, where I again rested and was by the people of the town and country thereabout very, very well welcomed, being offered carouses¹¹ in the great spoon¹², one whole draught being able at that time to have drawn my little wit dry; but being afraid of the old proverb, "He had need of a long spoon that eats with the devil," I soberly gave my boon companions the slip.

From Ilford, by moonshine, I set forward, dancing within a quarter of a mile of Romford; where, in the highway, two strong jades¹³ (having belike some great quarrel, to me unknown) were beating and biting either of other; and such through God's help was my good hap¹⁴, that I escaped their hooves, both being raised with their forefeet over my head like two smiths over an anvil.

There being the end of my first day's morris, a kind gentleman of London, lighting from his horse, would have no nay but I should leap into his saddle. To be plain with ye, I was not proud, but kindly took his kindlier offer, chiefly thereto urged by my weariness; so I rode to my inn at Romford.

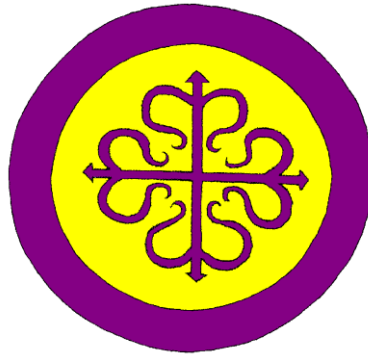
In that town, to give rest to my well-labored limbs, I continued two days, being much beholden to the townsmen for their love, but more to the Londoners that came hourly thither in great numbers to visit me, offering much more kindness than I was willing to accept.

Notes

1. A boisterous 16th/17th century folk dance
2. huntsup –beating of drums and blowing of trumpets used to rouse hunters to the hunt
3. Tabrer: Taborer – drummer. A tabor is a small, portable snare drum played with one hand.
4. Dances
5. I have no idea what this is and haven't been able to find information on it. It sounds pretty funny, though...
6. 'Bowed sixpenses and groats seem to be good luck tokens. But then, when has money not been a good luck token?
7. A stop for refreshment or recreation? Again, I can't find this word in any other period sources I've consulted.
8. I believe this refers to an inn in Bow, England
9. A type of waste wood.
10. Frolicsome dances
11. Revelry, carousing, partying
12. "the great spoon" seems to have been both a tourist attraction and a pub. In modern times, there is still a 'The Great Spoon of Ilford' pub in Ilford.
13. Jade: A broken-down, vicious, or worthless horse. Alternative 16th century definition to a jade being a disreputable woman.
14. luck

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Shire Officers

SENESCHAL

Lady Catin of Edington. *Cathy Glueck;*
glueckc@yahoo.com

HERALD

Crespin de Laon. *Christopher Cureton; PO box 1380;*
Rolla, MO 65401. 573-201-8060.

KNIGHTS MARSHAL

HL Paul Adler. *Vince Zahnle; 11413 Upton Rd; Plato, MO*
65552. 417-967-1034 vince.zahnle@gmail.com *No texts*
please.

MINISTER OF ARTS & SCIENCES

Baron John Tristram. *John May. 417-458-1046*
jontristram@yahoo.com

EXCHEQUER

Lady Disa of Calanais Nuadh. *Denise Howard.*
disadenise@yahoo.com

CHRONICLER

Lady Dulcibella de Chateaurien. *Lucy Zahnle; 11413*
Upton Road; Plato, MO 65552. 417-967-1034
lezahnle@gmail.com *No texts please.*

CHATELAINE

Open

WEBMINISTER

Lady Dulcibella de Chateaurien. *Lucy Zahnle; 11413*
Upton Road; Plato, MO 65552. 417-967-1034
lezahnle@gmail.com *No texts please.*

ARCHERY MARSHAL

HL Thomas Fleischacker, Thomas Glueck
glueckc@yahoo.com

Website: <http://www.shireofcalanaisnuadh.org>

Group List: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/calanaisnuadh/>

FaceBook: <https://www.facebook.com/ShireOfCalanaisNuadh>
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/ShireCalanaisNuadh/>

Shire Calendar – July, 2017

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
23 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	24 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO (Tentative)	25	26	27	28	29
30 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	31 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting A & S Class St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO (Tentative)					

Shire Calendar – August, 2017

		1	2	3	4	5 Pennsic War starts Aethelmarc Slippery Rock, PA
6 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	7 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO (Tentative)	8	9	10	11	12 Pennsic War ends Aethelmarc Slippery Rock, PA
13 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	14 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Business Meeting/Potluck. St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	15	16	17	18	19 Annual Shire Picnic HL Alan and Lady Margery's House St. Robert, MO
20 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	21 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO (Tentative)	22	23	24	25	26
27 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	28 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting A & S Class St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO (Tentative)	29	30	31		

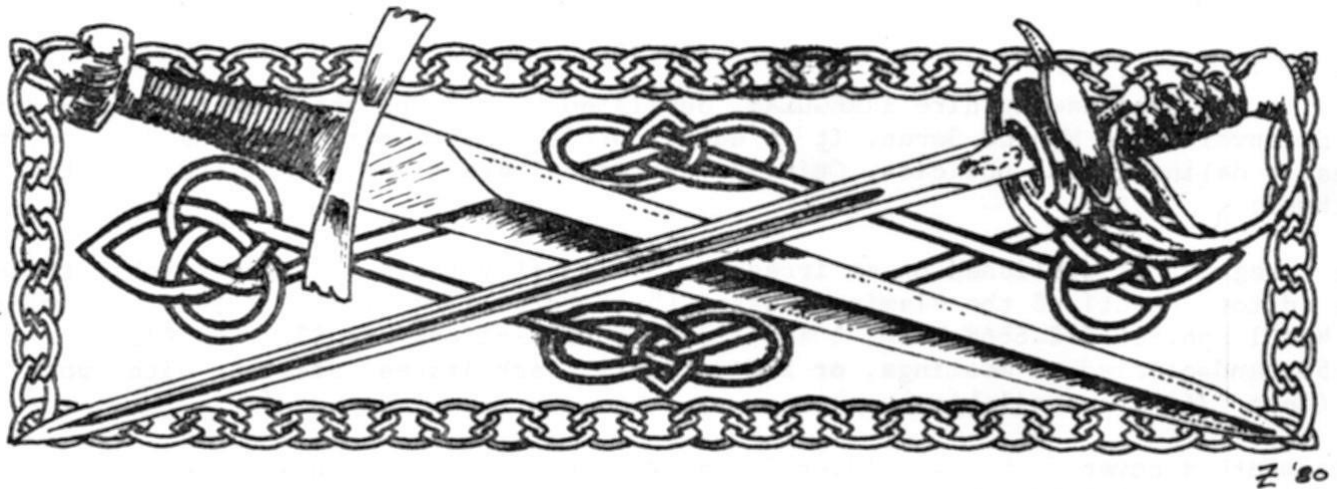
Driving Directions:

Archery Practice - Beaver Creek Conservation Area: No Crossbows. No Archery in freezing temperatures (32° F). From Rolla, take Highway 63 south for several miles. The range gate will be on your left, immediately across the highway from the VFW post. Drive through the gate to the top of the hill, park and take the line!

Shire Meetings - St Robert Municipal Center: Driving directions: If you are traveling south on Missouri Ave. after coming into St. Robert on Exit 161, turn left at the first stoplight onto Eastlawn Ave. (look for the Arby's). After passing Paul's Furniture and the Dollar Store, take the first right to turn into the parking lot of the municipal center.

Room Directions: Our meeting space is Room H of the St. Robert Municipal Center (aka City Hall). When you enter the building from the main doors, walk down the central atrium toward the police station. Take the first hallway on your right, immediately after the VA office, and follow it to the end. This is the same room that is used for driver license testing during the week.

Fighter Practice: Held in conjunction with archery practice unless otherwise announced via Facebook or shire Yahoo email list.



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