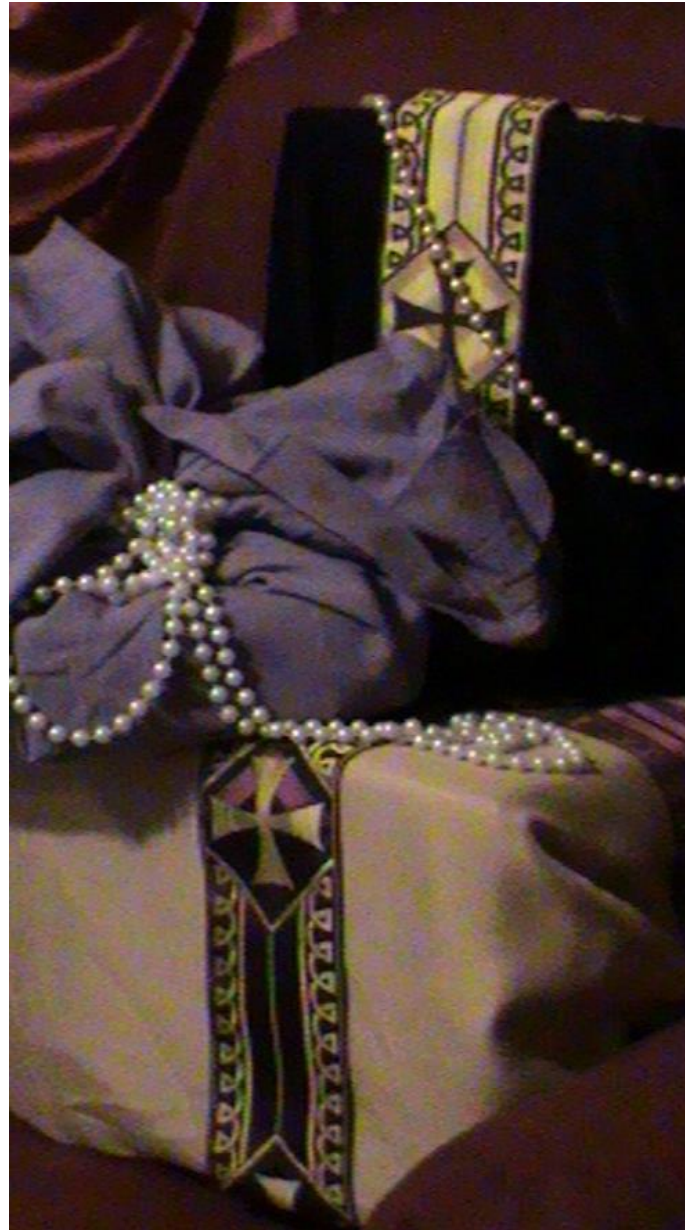


The Dancing Moon November~December, 2017

Cats & Christmas



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Christmas Treats!

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SHIRE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Dancing Moon is always published bimonthly (every other month) during the third week of each month (or as close to it as possible). Publication will be issued in January, March, May, July, September, and November.

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 issue's announcements to the Chronicler by December 27.

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

This is the November-December, 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 published every other month and 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 October Meeting

Seneschal:

Next Business Meeting – Monday, November 13, 2017.

Arts and Sciences Minister

October's A & S class will be 'Medieval Bookmarks.'

Thomas will be teaching a leatherwork on class night in November (moved from September)

Aesa will be taking over as the new shire A&S minister

Knights Marshall

Fighter practice suspended pending new member interest

James and Aesa will be hosting a Halloweird party at their house on October 28. Come in garb, other costumes, or regular clothes and bring a dish. There will be a tourney if there are enough fighters.

Archer Marshall

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

Future practices: October 22, 29, November 5, and 12, weather permitting

Exchequer

Breakdown of income from Autumn Arrows event:

\$960.00 gate	\$237.59 book sale fundraiser
\$570.00 feast	\$126.00 silent auction fundraiser
\$230.00 inn	\$945.00 evening auction fundraiser

Chronicler

Newsletters going to bimonthly (every other month) publication schedule. Will be published in January, March, May, July, September, and November. Submissions to the newsletter always welcome.

Webminster

Website went down just before Autumn Arrows and had to be migrated to a new server. Was back up and running by the day before Autumn Arrows. Users noticed no interruption in service, but Webminster could not upload corrections or new information to the site for several days.

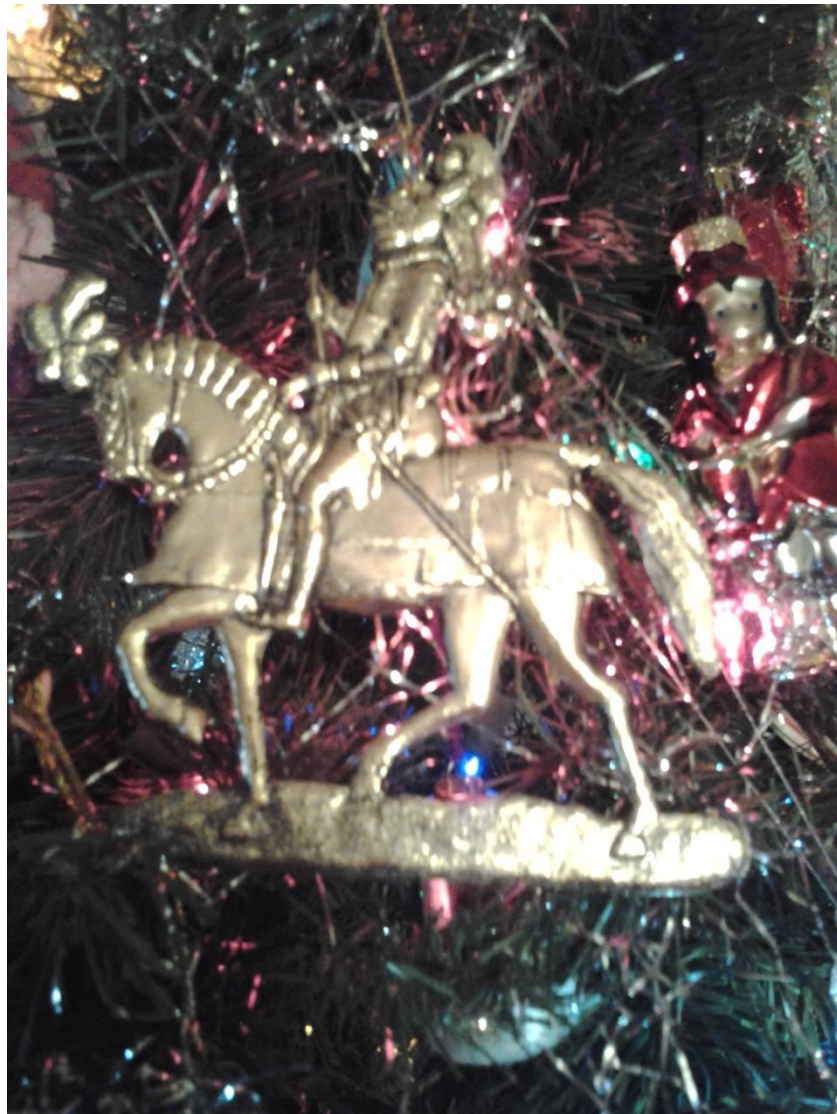
Old Business:

Event Overview: Rehashing of positives and problems with Autumn Arrows event

New Business:

Shire is lending its shade-fly to a local business where one shire member, Lady Margery, works. Set-up: 4 PM Thursday. Tear-down: 4 PM Friday. Shire will receive a donation in appreciation and gratitude for the use of the shade-fly.

Shire needs to reserve its space on the Kingdom calendar for Spring Spears. Need to arrange with St. Roberts Community center for either 7-8 April, 28 April, or sometime in May.



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THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS IN CALANAI

Lyrics by Lady Dulcibella de Chateaurien

Sung to the tune of 'The Twelve Days of Christmas

1. On the first day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
A baron's endless cup of coffee.
2. On the second day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.
3. On the third day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.
4. On the fourth day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.
5. On the fifth day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Five magnificent feasts!
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.
6. On the sixth day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Six silver castings
Five magnificent feasts!
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.

7. On the seventh day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Seven camping mamas
Six silver castings
Five magnificent feasts!
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.
8. On the eighth day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Eight embroidered tunics
Seven camping mamas
Six silver castings
Five magnificent feasts!
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.
9. On the ninth day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Nine candied fishes
Eight embroidered tunics
Seven camping mamas
Six silver castings
Five magnificent feasts!
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.



10. On the tenth day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Ten Latvian bangles
Nine candied fishes
Eight embroidered tunics
Seven camping mamas
Six silver castings
Five magnificent feasts!
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.

11. On the eleventh day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Eleven arrows soaring
Ten Latvian bangles
Nine candied fishes
Eight embroidered tunics
Seven camping mamas
Six silver castings
Five magnificent feasts!
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.

12. On the twelfth day of Christmas, Calanais gave to me
Twelve sonnets rhyming
Eleven arrows soaring
Ten Latvian bangles
Nine candied fishes
Eight embroidered tunics
Seven camping mamas
Six silver castings
Five magnificent feasts!
Four baskets woven
Three rapiers clashing
Two broadswords swinging
And a baron's endless cup of coffee.



Following Along with Will Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder

By Dulcibella de Chateaurien

Kemp's History

There is no known date in the 1580s when his presence is documented as part of the Earl of Leicester's Players, where, it must be assumed that he was honing his craft. He traveled throughout continental Europe, including the Netherlands, as part of the troupe, then returned to England to continue his career on the stage. In England, his reputation as the Clown or Buffoon quickly earned him praise as the acclaimed successor to the then legendary Clown, the late Richard Tarleton, who, at that time, was considered the greatest comic actor of his generation.

Around 1589, Kemp left the Earl of Leicester's troupe to join Edward Alleyn's company, Lord Strange's Men. He probably performed at the Rose Theater when he was in London, but also toured the English provinces, performing in for small town and rural audiences when theaters in London were shut down because of outbreaks of the plague.

In 1594, Kemp joined the Lord Chamberlain's Men, a troupe of players that included Richard Burbage and William Shakespeare. He most likely played many of the famous Clown roles in Shakespeare's plays, including Bottom in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and Dogberry in 'Much Ado About Nothing.'

He parted company with the Lord Chamberlain's Men in 1599. It has been conjectured that he had a disagreement with Shakespeare, but he also had a habit of scene stealing, much to the displeasure of the other actors, which could have contributed to his leaving. Another possibility is that his brand of ad-libbed comedy was becoming

Upon leaving the Lord Chamberlain's Men, Kemp, on a bet, embarked on his famous jig from London to Norwich, which would probably have been a true 'Nine Days' Wonder' if he hadn't written his pamphlet about it afterwards. Because of the stunt and its publicity, Kemp's name and deeds were kept alive in the literary world, popular culture, and the communal psyche for at least a decade after the actual journey.

Professionally, after his time with the Lord Chamberlain's Men, Kemp toured continental Europe again with loose band of English players, but on solo or freelance basis. This approach proved less lucrative than acting within a company and by 1602, he had joined another organized troupe, Worcester's Men

History loses sight of Kemp after that. There is some evidence that he died in London in November, 1603, but a re-

cently discovered record of a gratuity paid to a William Kemp in 1610 suggests that he might have lived at least another seven years and entered the service of Lord and Lady Hunsdon. George Cary, Lord Hunsdon, had been a patron of the Lord Chamberlain's Men in the 1590s, and it's possible that Kemp might have applied to him for employment as his theatrical star dimmed.

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Modern Translation

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.



~The second and third daies iourney~

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.



~The second and third daies iourney~

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.

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 fourth dayes iourney, beeing Munday of the second weeke.

On Munday morning, very early, I rid the 3 myles that I daunst the satterday before ; where ahghting, my Taberer strucke up, and hghtly I tript forward ; but I had the heauiest way that euer mad Morrice-dancer trod ; yet.

With hey and ho, through thicke and thin.
The hobby horse quite forgotten,
I follow'd, as I did begin,
Although the way were rotten.

This foule way I could finde no ease in, thicke woods being on eyther side the lane; the lane likewise being full of deep holes, sometimes I skipt vp to the waste; but it is an old Prouerb, that it is a little comfort to the miserable to haue companions, and amidst this miry way I had some mirth by an vnlookt for accident.

It was the custome of honest Country fellows, my vnknowne friends, upon hearing of my Pype (which might well be heard in a still morning or euening a myle), to get vp and beare mee company a little way. In this foule way two pretty plaine youthes watcht me, and with their kindness somewhat hindred me. One, a fine light fellow, would be still before me, the other euer at my heeles. At length, comming to a broad plash of water and mud, which could not be auoyded, I fetcht a rise, yet fell in ouer the anckles at the further end. My youth that follow'd me tooke his lump, and stuck fast in the midst, crying out to his companion, "Come, George, call yee this dauncing? Ile goe no further," for, indeede hee could goe no further, till his fellow was faine to wade and help him out. I could not chuse but lough to see howe like two frogges they laboured: a hartye farwell I gaue them, and they faintly bad God speed me, saying if I daunst that durtie way this seauen yeares againe, they would neuer daunce after me.

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 Fourth Day's Journey, Being Monday of the Second week.

On Monday morning, very early, I rode the 3 miles that I danced the Saturday before where, alighting, my Taborer struck up, and lightly I tripped¹ forward, but I had the heaviest way that ever mad Morris-dancer trod yet.

With hey and ho, through thick and thin,
The hobby horse quite forgotten²,
I followed as I did begin,
Although the way were rotten.

This foul way³ I could find no ease in, thick woods being on either side the lane; the lane likewise being full of deep holes, sometimes I skipped up to the waist, but it is an old proverb that it is a little comfort to the miserable to have companions, and amidst this miry way, I had some mirth by an unlooked-for accident.

It was the custom of honest country fellows, my unknown friends, upon hearing of my pipe (which might well be heard in a still morning or evening a mile), to get up and bear me company a little way. In this foul way, two pretty plain youths watched me, and with their kindness somewhat hindered me. One, a fine light fellow, would be still before me, the other ever at my heels. At length, coming to a broad plash⁴ of water and mud, which could not be avoided, I fetched a rise⁵, yet fell in over the ankles at the further end. My youth that followed me took his lump⁶, and stuck fast in the midst, crying out to his companion, "Come, George, call ye this dancing? I'll go no further," for, indeed, he could go no further till his fellow⁷ was fain⁸ to wade and help him out. I could not choose but laugh to see how like two frogs they labored. A hearty farewell I gave them, and they faintly bade God speed me, saying if I danced that dirty way⁹ this seven years again, they would never dance after me.

The Dancing Alloon

Well, with much a doo I got unto Braintree by noone, tarried there Munday night and the next day; onely I daunst three miles on Tewsdai, to ease my Wednesdaies iourney.

If I should deny that I was welcome at Braintree, I should slander an honest crew of kind men, among whome I far'd well, slept well, and was euery way well usde.

The fift dayes iourney, being Wednesday of the second weeke.

Taking aduantage of my 3 miles that I had daunst y^e day before, this wednesday morning I tript it to Sudbury; whether came to see a very kinde Gentleman, Master Foskew, that had before trauailed a foote from London to Barwick, who, giuing me good counsaile to obserue temperate dyet for my health, and other aduise to bee carefull of my company, besides his liberall entertainment, departed, leauing me much indebted to his loue.

In this towne of Sudbury there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a Morrice keepe mee company to Bury: I being glad of his friendly offer, gaue him thanks, and forward wee did set; but ere euer wee had measur'd halfe a mile of our way, he gaue me ouer in the plain field, protesting, that if he might get a 100 pound, he would not hold out with me; for indeed my pace in dauncing is not ordinary.

As he and I were parting, a lusty Country lasse being among the people, cal'd him faint hearted lout, saying, "If I had begun to daunce, I would haue held out one myle though it had cost my life." At which wordes many laughed. "Nay," saith she, "if the Dauncer will lend me a leash of his belles. Ile venter to treade one mile with him my selfe." I lookt vpon her, saw mirth in her eies, heard boldnes in her words, and beheld her ready to tucke vp her russet petticoate; I fitted her with bells, which [s]he merrily taking, garnisht her thicke short legs, and with a smooth brow bad the Tabrer begin. The Drum struck; forward marcht I with my merry Maydemarian, who shooke her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melfoord, being a long myle. There parting wnth her, I gaue her (besides her skinfull of drinke) an English crowne to buy more drinke for, good wench, she was in a pittious heate: my kindnes she requited with dropping some dozen of short courtesies, and bidding God blesse the Dauncer. I bad her adieu; and to giue her her due, she had a good eare, daunst truely, and wee parted friendly. But ere I part with her, a good fellow, my friend, hauin writ an odde Rime of her, I will make bolde to set it downe.

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Well, with much ado. I got into Braintree by noon, tarried there Monday night and the next day; only I danced three miles on Tuesday to ease my Wednesday's iourney.

If I should deny that I was welcome at Braintree, I should slander an honest crew of kind men among whom I fared well, slept well, and was every way well used.

The Fifth Day's Journey, being Wednesday of the second week.

Taking advantage of my 3 miles that I had danced the day before, this Wednesday morning, I tripped it to Sudbury, whither came to see a very kind gentleman, Master Foskew, that had before traveled afoot from London to Barwick, who, giving me good counsel to observe temperate diet for my health, and other advice to be careful of my company, besides his liberal entertainment, departed, leaving me much indebted to his love.

In this town of Sudbury, there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a Morris keep me company to Bury¹⁰. I, being glad of his friendly offer, gave him thanks, and forward we did set, but ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over¹¹ in the plain field¹², protesting that if he might get a 100 pound, he would not hold out with me; for, indeed, my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass, being among the people, called him faint-hearted lout, saying, "If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile though it had cost my life." At which words, many laughed. "Nay," says she, "If the dancer will lend me a leash of his bells¹³, I'll venture to tread one mile with him myself." I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat. I fitted her with bells, which she, merrily taking, garnished her thick, short legs, and, with a smooth brow, bade the taborer begin. The drum struck; forward marched I with my merry Maid Marian¹⁴, who shook her fat sides and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long mile. There, parting with her, I gave her (besides her skinful¹⁵ of drink) an English crown¹⁶ to buy more drink; for, good wench, she was in a piteous heat. My kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short curtsies and bidding "God bless the Dancer." I bade her adieu, and to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly, and we parted friendly. But ere I part with her, a good fellow, my friend, having written an odd¹⁷ rhyme of her, I will make bold to set it down¹⁸.

A Country Lasse, browne as a berry,
 Blith of blee, in heart as merry,
 Cheekes well fed, and sides well larded,
 Euery bone with fat flesh guarded.
 Meeting merry Kemp by chaunce,
 Was Marrian in his Morrice daunce.
 Her stump legs with bells were garnisht.
 Her browne browes with sweating varnish [t] ;
 Her browne hips, when she was lag
 To win her ground, went swig a swag ;
 Which to see all that came after
 Were replete with mirthfull laughter.
 Yet she thumpt it on her way
 With a sportly hey de gay:
 At a mile her daunce she ended,
 Kindly paide and well commended.

A country lass, brown as a berry,
 Blithe of blee¹⁹, in heart as merry,
 Cheeks well-fed, and sides well larded,
 Every bone with fat flesh guarded.
 Meeting merry Kemp by chance,
 Was Marian in his Morris dance.
 Her stump legs with bells were garnished.
 Her brown brows with sweating varnished.
 Her brown hips, when she was lag²⁰,
 To win her ground, went swig-a-swag²¹,
 Which, to see, all that came after
 Were replete with mirthful laughter.
 Yet she thumped it on her way
 With a sportly hey-de-gay²².
 At a mile, her dance she ended,
 Kindly paid and well commended.

At Melford diuers Gentlemen met mee, who brought me to
 one Master Colts, a very kinde and worshipfull Gentleman,
 where I had vnexpected entertainment till the Satterday.
 From whose house, hailing hope somewhat to amend my
 way to Bury, I determined to goe by Clare, but I found it to
 be both farther and fouler.

At Melford, diverse gentlemen met me, who brought me to
 one Master Colts, a very kind and worshipful gentleman,
 where I had unexpected entertainment till the Saturday.
 From whose house, hailing hope somewhat to amend my
 way to Bury, I determined to go by Clare, but I found it to
 be both farther and fouler.

Notes

1. Danced
2. A 'horse' figure made of wicker and other materials suspended by straps from an actor's body. Used on the stage and in pantomimes. At the time Kemp was writing, the Puritans had preached so strongly against including the hobby horse in the Morris Dance, condemning it as impious and pagan, that it was banned and no longer included in the dance. Also, a veiled reference to a line in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and *Love's Labour's Lost*: "For, O, for, O, the hobbyhorse is forgot." Other works of the time also echoed this lament over the missing hobby horse. Also mentioned in old ballads, the hobby horse became, for a time, the proverbial symbol of things forgotten (see Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1046; Dyce, p. 27.)
3. Foul way' - unpleasant path for walking.
4. Pool.
5. Took a running leap and tried to jump over the pool of water (see Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1047).
6. Leaped and fell into the water
7. 'Fellow' - friend
8. Inclined to, willing to (Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1047).
9. Refers to the dirt and mud along the path, not the more modern sexual connotation of 'dancing dirty' or 'dirty dancing.'
10. The town of Bury St. Edmunds
11. 'Gave me over' - deserted me, abandoned me
12. 'Plain field' - empty, open field with nothing growing on it.
13. Morris dancers wore a set of 20 to 40 bells tied around wrists or ankles or held in hand. The bells had designations such as the fore-bell, the second bell, the tenor, the treble, the base, and the double bell (Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1042).
14. Another character featured in Morris dances, usually along with Robin Hood (see Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1046; Dyce, p. 27.).

Notes (Continued)

15. 'Skinful' – a drinking container made of animal hide filled with an some type of liquid, usually alcoholic. A wine-skin (Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1048).
16. A coin worth around five shillings – a princely sum in Kemp's time (Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1048).
17. 'Odd' – unique, unusual "choice" (Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1048).
18. "But ere I part with her, a good fellow, my friend, having written an odd rhyme of her, I will make bold to set it down" – But before I stop writing about her, I want to share a poem my friend wrote about her.
19. 'Blee' – complexion, face, countenance (Dyce, p. 27). 'Blith of blee' – Merry of countenance (Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1048).
20. 'Was lag' – was falling behind. In sixteenth century usage, 'lag' was a noun (Oxford Learner's Dictionary).
21. When she sped up, her hips swayed back and forth – swig-a-swag (Broadview Anthology, footnotes, p. 1048).
22. Hey de gay – a type of country dance (Dyce, p. 26).

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Cats in the Middle Ages

By Lady Dulcibella de Chateaurien



Cats! People love them or hate them. Very few are indifferent. Nowadays, cats surpass dogs as the world's most popular pet, but in the Middle Ages, attitudes were more favorable toward dogs. Irina Metzler, author of "Heretical Cats: Animal Symbolism in Religious Discourse," suggests that cats' independent nature and nocturnal habits contributed to their poor reception in medieval European culture.

To the medieval mind, since man was the ruler of the world by God's grace, all animals must be subservient, biddable, and trainable. Cats just never played that game. Their independence and unwillingness to fawn and obey caused many people, even Catholic Church officials, to believe they must be creatures of Satan, bringing bad luck and evil to the world. One medieval metaphor from Heinrich Kramer's *Malleus Maleficarum* suggested that dogs were preachers 'barking against heresy' while cats were a 'symbol of the perfidious.'

When you add the cat's propensity for nocturnal wandering when, as the medieval world contended, evil spirits were about, its ability to move silently, its reflective eyes that gleam so strangely, and its habit of skulking about in small shadowy places only to appear suddenly as if by magic, it was clear to many medieval people that cats must be communing with the devil.

People believed that cats were creatures of the Devil and that killing them or at least scaring or driving them away would chase or ward off evil spirits or even Satan himself. This conviction led to the deaths of thou-

sands of cats in gruesome and upsetting ways. All over medieval Europe, they were burned, beaten, or tortured and mistreated in other ways. For instance, the town of Ypres, Belgium celebrated Kattenstoet (Festival of the Cats) for around nearly seven hundred years, but the occasion was more gruesome than festive. In the twelfth, thirteenth centuries, and fourteenth centuries, the festival was part of the Ascension Fair. Live cats were thrown from the belfry of Cloth Hall or St. Martin's Cathedral. From the late fifteenth century onward until 1817, the Kattenstoet was part of the second week of the observation of Lent and the day of the event became known as Cats' Wednesday. Interestingly, fewer cats were thrown during good times than bad. The Ypres custom lives on, but since 1817, stuffed animals have been thrown in place of the real thing.

Cats, especially black cats, were associated with heresy long before they were associated with witches. Sometime around 1180 C.E., Walter Map speaks of Satan descending to his worshippers in the form of a black cat. Cats are also vilified in several medieval papal bulls as being worshipped directly as the embodiment of the Devil or by way of worshippers or demons bearing the appearance of cats and leading or taking part in heretical rituals. Seeking to discredit, destroy, and disband the Knights Templar in 1307, Philip IV of France accused them of, amongst other things allowing cats into their religious ceremonies and worshipping and praying to them.

Curiously, cats are barely mentioned in Heinrich Kramer's *Malleus Maleficarum*. Cats are discussed in a single two page passage in Kramer tells a story of a man being attacked by three cats, whom he injures. Then, to his surprise, he's thrown into jail for assaulting three respectable women. When he finally gets his day in court, he tells the story of the cat attack, inferring that the injuries of the women and the injuries of the cats were somehow linked in a magical or Satanic way and the magistrates believe him. The *Malleus*, although it only devoted a short passage to the discussion of cats, forever linked them to witches.

Medieval society and the medieval Catholic Church were, at best, ambivalent about cats. The Church admitted grudgingly that cats had one or two practical uses. Chief of these was, of course pest control. Cats were often kept in homes, businesses, monasteries, nunneries, and churches to catch mice and rats. However, even this singular benefit of cats was attacked by some medieval writers. William Caxton observed that "the Devyl playeth ofte with the synnar, lyke as the catte doth with the mous," thus equating the cat with the Devil.

There is even speculation among historians that the killing of too many cats in the effort to keep evil at bay contributed to the emergence of the plague in Western Europe because, without cats, the plague fleas that lived on rats flourished. However, others are quick to point out that plague also broke out in other parts of the world where cats weren't as persecuted.

Also on the practical, if somewhat grim, side, cat fur could be legally worn by commoners and even nuns as trimming for garments without breaking any sumptuary laws. Cat furs were also believed to have health benefits. The skin of a wild cat was thought to relieve rheumatism and gout.

Some Church writers contended that cats and other companion animals served no useful purpose and distracted both the clergy and the lay community from their religious duties and the contemplative lives they should be leading. In his monastic rule book, *Liber confortatorius*, Goscelin of Saint-Bertin, a Benedictine writer, cautioned the monks to “Take neither a cat nor birds nor a modest animal or any other senseless creature as pet to be with you. Be withdrawn and alone with God.”

Many of the nuns, monks, and clergy appear to have ignored such admonitions and, on an everyday level, seemed to acknowledge a need for the companionship cats and other pets provided. Despite the supposed evil inherent in cats, Catholic Church rules allowed nuns, monks, and hermits to keep them as rat catchers and companions. The *Ancrene Wisse*, a thirteenth century rule book for female anchorites (anchoresses – lay women who chose to retire from the world to lead hermetical lives of intensive prayer), states that the anchoresses ‘shall not possess any beast...except only a cat.’ In 1260, a manual of rules for a Franciscan monastery in Narbonne stipulates that the monks could not keep any animals except “cats and particular birds for the elimination of unclean things.”

Medieval Muslims were fond of cats and treated them well, prompting on Christian pilgrim to note that one difference between cultures was that Muslims preferred cats while Christians preferred dogs.

Illustrations fill medieval manuscripts of cats sharing their daily lives with nuns, monks and the general populace, suggesting that cats, despite their stubborn refusal to bow to human will and their consequent condemnation, were very much a part of everyday medieval life. Perhaps the most telling evidence of their presence is a fifteenth century manuscript with a cat’s paw prints in ink trailing across the page.

Some medieval people even used cats to their own advantage to enhance their histories of famous celebrities. The tale of Dick Whittington and his Cat dates back to the fifteenth century. According to the story, Dick Whittington, a poor young man, came to London in the late fourteenth century and got a job as a scullery boy. The place where he slept was full of mice and rats, so he saved what little money he received and bought a cat to kill the vermin. Soon after, his employer, a merchant, offered to allow everyone in the household to invest in a voyage to buy and sell goods. Since all Dick had was his cat, he offered it up and his employer reluctantly accepted it.

During the voyage the cat kept the rats on the ship down. One day, the ship pulled into port at a place full of wealth, but it was overrun with mice and rats because there were no cats. When the local lord saw the cat in action, killing the vermin, he offered jewels, gold and all sorts of wealth for the cat, a pregnant female, and Dick’s humble investment paid off better than all the other investors in the venture. He eventually marries his employer’s daughter and becomes Lord Mayer of London.

The story has allowed Dick Whittington to live on in our cultural memory for centuries, but the problem is that although there was a Dick Whittington, who was the second son of a knight, who did apprentice to a mercer (fabric merchant), who did, through his own efforts, become wealthy, marry his employer’s daughter,

and become mayor (not Lord Mayor) of London, there is no evidence that there was ever a cat. It is possible that the story originally alluded to the type of boat, known as a 'cat', that Whittington used for trading, but there is no overwhelming proof for this theory.

Nevertheless, there are many paintings and statues of Whittington's cat in London, dating primarily from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Although the medieval cat may never have existed, the newer representations are great tourist attractions.

Another cat tourist attraction is located Casa del Petrarca at Arquà Petrarca in Padua, Italy. Arquà Petrarca is believed to be the medieval home of Petrarch, one of the earliest and most influential of the medieval sonneteers. Arquà Petrarca has been a museum since the fifteenth century when a new owner, Paolo Valdezocco, decided to turn it into a shrine to Petrarch. As early as the 1564, visitors documented their impressions of the house and such famous tourists as Lord Byron have visited.

One of the most curious exhibits in the house is located in a recessed alcove on the first floor although there is evidence that it once stood on a pedestal in Petrarch's study on the second floor. A bald, mummified cat, purported to have belonged to Petrarch, is on display with an inscription on the stone surrounding the alcove that reads: "The Etruscan poet burned with twin loves./I am the greater fire; Laura was the second./Why do you laugh? Though she had a divine form,/I was a superior, more faithful lover;/While she inspired his holy books in verse,/I am the reason they were not eaten by mice./I protected this threshold from the mice/To prevent the destruction of my masters' eloquent writings./I still strike the same fear in the scuttling mice, even after my death,/And this ancient duty thrives even in my lifeless body."

However, as with Dick Whittington, historians are unsure whether Petrarch ever had a cat or if he did have a cat, if the mummified cat is his original cat. The first documented mention of the cat is in June of 1575 when tourist Nicholas Audebert notes in his travel journal that "in the house they show to those who have the curiosity to visit it the body of a cat, which is in Petrarch's study; it is said that this cat was his and that he loved it and took pleasure in it, and it followed him in the fields or anywhere else he went."

Around 1420, predating the mummified cat, Petrarch is depicted with a cat in the background in the Biblioteca Medicea-Laurenziana manuscript and there are some other images of him with cats, but he is more often depicted with a dog in manuscripts, so the cats or dogs might just be artistic license. However, these images do create confusion as to authenticity of the enshrined cat.

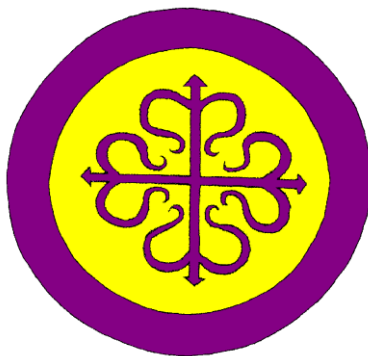
There is quite a bit of evidence that the cat was probably added to the shrine in the late fifteenth century. People had been visiting Arquà Petrarca for at least thirty years before any of them mentioned seeing a mummified cat in the house, something that most people would remark on. The first print mention of the cat didn't occur until 1617 when an English travelor, Fynes Moryson, published his account of his 1595 visit to Casa del Petrarca. The first actual depiction of the mummified cat wasn't published until 1635 when Philippi Tomasini issued his engraving of it.

But why display a mummified cat in the first place? It has been conjectured that the house's owners wanted to enhance the shrine and draw more visitors by providing a relic that would be of interest to both literary pilgrims and curiosity hunters. If so, it worked very well. After Tomasini published his engraving, visitors were drawn to the cat as well as the legend of the poet and continue to visit today, making Arquà Petrarca one of the oldest museums to an author in existence.

From the embodiment of the Devil to the harbinger of evil spirits to killer of rats to loyal companions in life to dubious enhancements to fame and fortune, the cat has played significant, if sometimes tragic (for the cat, anyway), roles in the lives of medieval people of many cultures. Through it all, cats have maintained their independent spirit while still endearing themselves to their humans.

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Shire Calendar -November, 2017

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	4
5 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO.	6 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	7	8	9	10	11 Happy Veterans Day
12 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO.	13 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Meeting/Potluck St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	14	15	16	17	18 Toys for Tots Shire of Wyvern Cliffe, Jefferson City, MO
19 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	20 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	21	22	23 Happy Thanks- giving!	24	25
26 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	27 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting A & S Class – Leather Working St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	28	29	30		

Shire Calendar - December, 2017

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
3 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	4 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	5	6	7	8	9 Kris Kinder Barony of Forgotten Sea, Kansas City, MO
10 Archery Practice 4 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	11 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Business Meeting/Potluck . St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	12	13	14	15	16
17 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	18 6:45 PM Weekly Meeting Project Night St. Robert Municipal Center, St. Robert, MO	19	20	21	22	23
24 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)	25 No Meeting Merry Christmas!	26	27	28	29	30
31 Archery Practice 2 PM Beaver Creek Conservation Area Rolla, MO. (Tentative)						

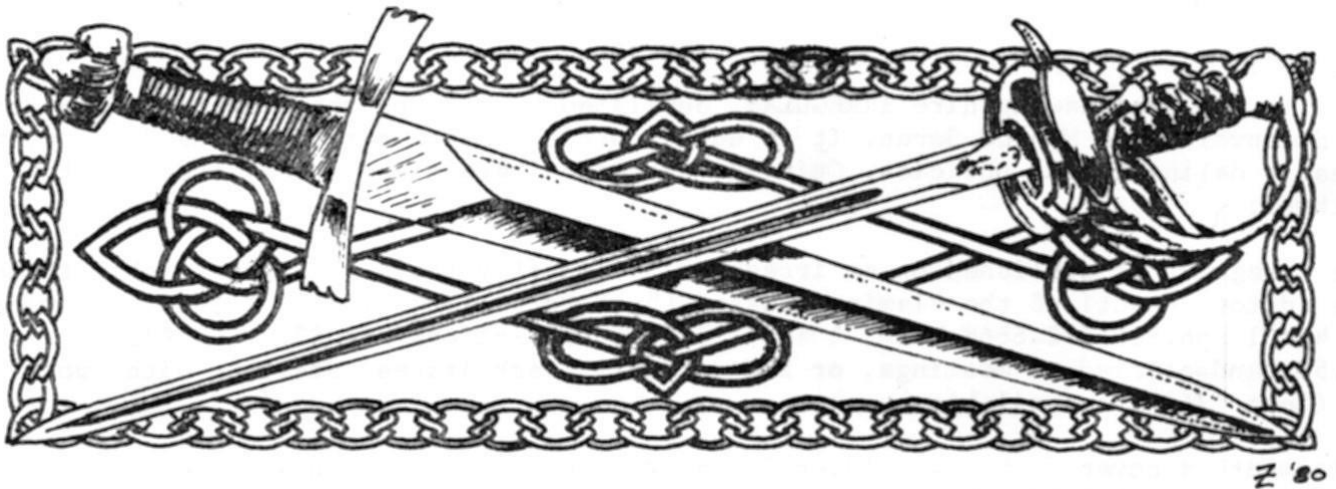
Driving Directions:

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: Currently Suspended. Usually held in conjunction with archery practice unless otherwise announced via Facebook or shire Yahoo email list.



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