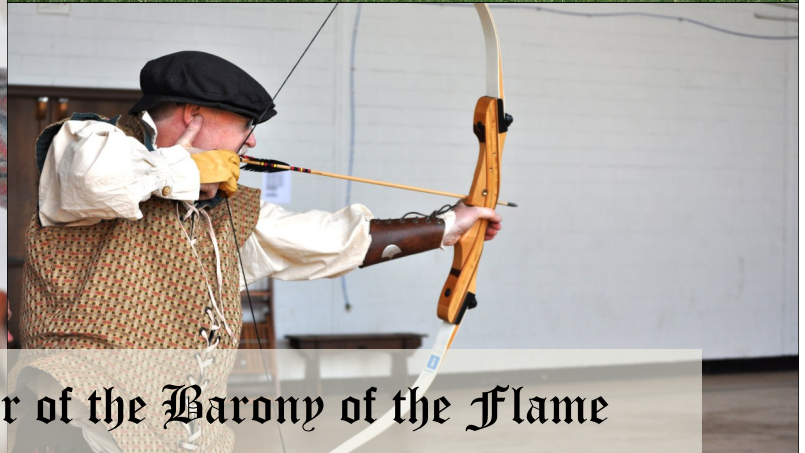


# Flamberge

Fourth Quarter; October 2012



The official newsletter of the Barony of the Flame

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# Calendar of Upcoming Events

## October

01: Louisville Stuff & Nonsense hosted by the Baron & Baroness (7-9pm)

09: Scribal Night hosted by Mistress Bianca (7-9pm)

**12-14: Rendezvous at the Bridge XXIII (Lincoln City, IN)**

**13: Southwest Festival Demo**

14: Fighter Practice (Flightline Gym - UofL Belknap Campus)

18: Radcliffe Stuff & Nonsense hosted by Mistress Bianca (7-9pm)

**20: Fall Crown Tournament (Sparta, MI)**

28: Baronial Meeting & Fighter Practice (Flightline Gym - UofL Belknap Campus)

## November

**03: All Souls with Royal University of the Midrealm and Craftperson's Faire (Roselle, IL)**

05: Louisville Stuff & Nonsense hosted by the Baron & Baroness (7-9pm)

11: Fighter Practice (Flightline Gym - UofL Belknap Campus)

13: Scribal Night hosted by Mistress Bianca (7-9pm)

15: Radcliffe Stuff & Nonsense hosted by Mistress Bianca (7-9pm)

25: Baronial Meeting & Fighter Practice (Flightline Gym - UofL Belknap Campus)

## December

03: Louisville Stuff & Nonsense hosted by the Baron & Baroness (7-9pm)

09: Fighter Practice (Flightline Gym - UofL Belknap Campus)

11: Scribal Night hosted by Mistress Bianca (7-9pm)

**15: Christmas Tourney XLI (Elizabethtown, KY)**

20: Radcliffe Stuff & Nonsense hosted by Mistress Bianca (7-9pm)

23: Baronial Meeting & Fighter Practice (Flightline Gym - UofL Belknap Campus)

**25: Merry Christmas!**

Sewing nights are being hosted by Lady Ellowyn Kittel on Friday nights at 7:30pm.  
Please contact her for info & directions.

## **Weekly Fighter Practice**

Every Tuesday at 7:30pm

Flightline Gym, University of Louisville Belknap Campus

For more information, visit our website at [www.baronyoftheflame.org](http://www.baronyoftheflame.org)





# *From the Baron and Baroness*

We want to congratulate the winners of Our Baronial Championships. We know they will do an excellent job of representing their areas of expertise and the Barony in the coming year. Remember, rapier and heavy have a Baronial Champions Tourney at Pennsic. Everyone who has competed in the tourneys says it's the highlight of their year. Who knows, maybe at future Pennsic's or events there may be Archery or A & S tourneys. (Do I sense an idea for a shoot the next time we host Border Raids?)

One of our biggest demos of the year occurs in October, Southwest Fest. Come ready to meet & greet the public!

Christmas Tourney is fast approaching. All major areas are staffed, but all staff personnel could use a deputy. Think about where you want to serve, and check with Lady Eleanor von Atzinger for further information.

*Erick & Camilla*

## *Seneschal*

I want to thank all who have volunteered to be at the upcoming demos and those who have volunteered for Christmas Tourney. Nothing new has been going on, so just my thanks for the hard work of our officers, members, and volunteers. Ya'll make the game that everyone enjoys. I was overjoyed to see people again after returning from my stint working at a Boy Scout camp, and I look forward to the continued success of the Barony.

In service,

*Dovaidu maqqas Bagnaidi*

## *Exchequer*

Greetings everyone!

The Barony of the Flame's coffers have been idle during the Summer months, but it is now time to gear up and get ready for Christmas Tourney.

As a reminder to all, please make sure to procure prior approval for any purchases to be reimbursed for Christmas Tourney (or anything within the Barony).

I trust everyone is well and can't wait to see all of you in December!

Sincerely,

*Lady Honor von Atzinger*



# Chronicler

Congratulations to all of the Baronial Champions! The weather was perfect, and you all served as great subjects as I hopped around documenting the day with my trusty camera. What an enjoyable time!

This is the last newsletter for 2012. I'm planning another design overhaul for the newsletter, and I hope to have it ready for the new year. Let's just call it a merge of Chronicler and A&S talents.

Also, we will be using the first two newsletters of 2013 to bring up possible changes to the Baronial Charter. If you have a suggestion for a change, please bring it up at a Baronial Meeting.

*Lady Marissa von Atzinger*

# Chatelaine

Greetings to the Barony!

The office of the Chatelaine has been in full swing since Pennsic! We have had several new faces show up to practices and events which is such a wonderful occurrence! The Gold Key continues to grow and I thank you for your gently used donations. I look forward to seeing many of you at our upcoming demos and know that they will be a major success.

*Lady Eleanor von Atzinger*

# Arts & Sciences

Congratulations to Keeley our new Baronial Arts and Sciences Champion. A&S nights continue in both Louisville and Radcliff monthly. I ask those who are artistically inclined to consider demonstrating their skill at the upcoming demos.

In Service,

*Lady Maïosara Sauromatis*

# Mistress of Youth

This is just a reminder that we are planning children's event for Christmas Tourney: we would like to organize a scavenger hunt, have children's A&S activities, and offer youth fighting. We would love to offer youth prizes, and there are many talented members of the Barony. If you would like to donate any prizes, please contact me.

*Lady Arite Sauromatis*

# THE LANDSCAPE OF TIME

By Bianca Rosamund di Firenze

Recently my friend Beverly and I traveled through Scotland. We began our journey by walking seven days along the St. Cuthbert Way pilgrimage, from Melrose, in the central Scotland borders, to the Holy Island of Lindisfarne in Northumbria, England, a distance of about 62 miles. St. Cuthbert was a seventh century monk and bishop. He began his ministry at Melrose Abbey, traveled extensively along the borders and in Northumbria, teaching, counseling and healing. He was deeply fond of the natural world, and protected the Eider duck. To this day, Eider ducks are sometimes called Cuddy ducks (Cuddy is a diminutive of Cuthbert). He came to the Holy Island of Lindisfarne, where St. Aidan had established an Abbey. Cuthbert withdrew to a small nearby island as a hermit, though many came to him for counseling, and eventually became the Bishop of Lindisfarne. He was revered during his life and was considered a saint.

After his death, monks at Lindisfarne continued in ministry. Around 698 A.D. the scribe and later bishop Eadfrith wrote and painted the glorious Lindisfarne Gospels, with wonderful, imaginative animal and interlace and geometric designs.

The first Viking raid on the English coast was directed at Lindisfarne in 793 A.D. Monks took the Lindisfarne Gospels and Cuthbert's body to the mainland for safety. After years of moving about, Cuthbert's remains were taken to Durham where in 995 A.D. a church was built and he was laid to rest behind the altar.

As we walked, I pondered the landscape of time, how the land had changed since Cuthbert's life, and how people and nature interact. The slow pace of walking changes perspective, gives time to reflect. Nothing can be rushed.

We began at Melrose Abbey. Like other border abbeys, it was a victim of clashes between battling Scots and English, and finally succumbed to the greed of King Henry VIII, who ordered the dissolution of all monasteries so that he could receive their wealth. Melrose is a ruin, although a very beautiful ruin, of rose colored sandstone. Sir Walter Scott was a 19<sup>th</sup> century author who loved medieval history, and wrote romantic historic novels like *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* that revived interest in the

past. He wrote of seeing Melrose by moonlight. Robert the Bruce, Scottish king and victor of the Battle of Bannockburn, wanted to be a crusader, but his duties never permitted. He directed that after his death, his heart should be given to a nobleman to be taken to the Holy Land. The nobleman died in battle, and Bruce's heart was buried at Melrose Abbey.

We left Melrose and began walking up into the Eildon Hills. These are composite laccolith, created 350 million years ago, exposed by millions of years of weathering. The soil is acid, covered with acid heath vegetation, including broad swathes of purple heather. Later we also saw heather growing in open pine forests. Thistles and thorny gorse have invaded the hillsides. There are no dangerous wild animals. Wolves and bears were hunted to extinction centuries ago. Placid sheep and cattle browse on the fields. Yet sheep and cattle have had profound effects on the landscape and the people. The ancient hills looked very different. Primordial forests were cut down for timber for building and ship construction. Sheep crop a landscape very closely, so trees do not sprout. Lucerne and sainfoin and other vegetation were planted to feed domestic herds. When wool became a valuable commodity, communities of people were driven away by landowners so the fields could be used for flocks. Between the expulsions for sheep and repressive measures after the failed Jacobite rebellion, areas of Scotland were depopulated. The highlands never regained a large population.

Two thousand years ago the Votadini tribe lived in the Tweed Valley. Remains of their ramparts can be seen on North Eildon hill. By 80 A.D. they were conquered by Roman legions. Their first fort was called Trimontium, for the three Eildon hills. Over 100 years the Romans constructed forts and built the straight road called Dere Street. Trimontium was abandoned in 180 A.D. Little remains of the forts, and the street is a barely visible trace in fields and woods.

Scotland had a very rainy summer. It was cool and cloudy as we started up the steep track into the saddle of the Eildon hills, and the path was very muddy. We passed by many flocks of sheep in the meadows. The steep climb was rewarded with a

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wonderful view from the top. After the long way down, we walked through woods, again hampered by slippery mud, and along the banks of the Tweed River. I admired a lovely pink flower that grew by the river, but later found out it was not a native, but Indian Balsam (*Impatiens glandulifera*), an exotic from the Himalayas. It was first sown as an ornamental in Dresden in 1837 and escaped to the wild, where it is an undesirable invasive, suppressing native plants. We got lost a couple of times, found our way markers, and eventually arrived in St. Boswells. Our pace was little more than one mile an hour, due to hill climbing, and negotiating obstacles of gates and stiles and dense mud. My high tech adjustable walking stick broke, and by the river bank Bev found me a heavy branch, which helped for the rest of the day. At our evening inn, I purchased a light hazelwood staff, which proved to be sturdy and useful.

I think of the seventh century, how long it would take to go from one place to another. Hours of walking took us barely eight miles.

Part of the walk the next day was on a paved road, through long hedgerows with an occasional glimpse of the Eildon Hills, past Maxton Church, dedicated to St. Cuthbert. How easy it is to walk on a paved road! The hedgerows are a human convenience, partitioning fields, yet also are a haven for wildlife, supporting ripening blackberries, and the weeds that follow human cultivation, bright yellow ragwort, mallow, plantain.

Off the nice road and into the woods, we followed the old Roman Dere Street. Once it was well built. Now it is meandering, overgrown, and very muddy. The sticky muck almost pulled off my shoes. I wonder if early walkers went barefoot in mud. We walked through grassy farm fields, woods with old beech and lime and golden birch trees, pastures with herds of cattle, and past the site of the Battle of Ancrum Moor, fought in 1545. The Scots defeated the English army, which had pillaged much of the surrounding areas. Clouds yielded misty drizzle, not quite rain. Besides an occasional distant farmhouse, we had glimpses of a hilltop Folly and a monument to

Wellington. I twisted my knee and walked slowly, but Bev was very patient.

Our bed and breakfast inn was a comfortable haven after the muddy roads. I think how fortunate it is to have such comfort, beyond what any early traveler could have dreamed of.

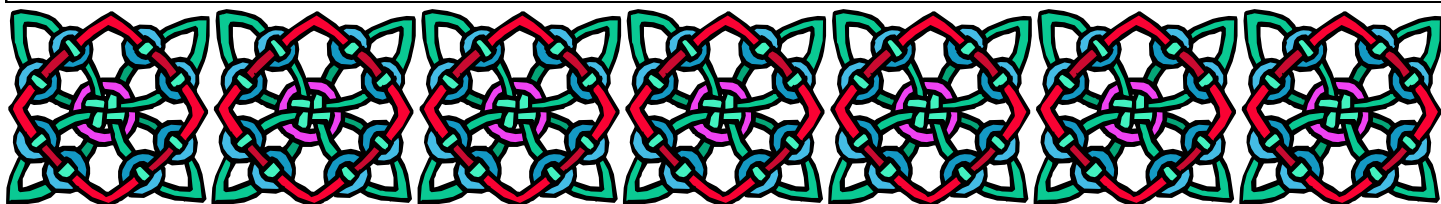
Because my right knee was painful, we took an easier day, exploring Jedburgh Abbey and its excellent museum. This Abbey is more complete, and many of the foundations of the outlying buildings have been excavated. The canons of Jedburgh served within the community, unlike more isolated monks. Also unlike other abbeys, Jedburgh continued as a local church into the 19<sup>th</sup> century. We marveled at the skill in construction, which took around 120 years. The builders were devout yet pragmatic, utilizing some old Roman stones, including one inscribed with a dedication to Jupiter.

Also in Jedburgh is a home where tragic Queen Mary of Scots once stayed in 1566, a few months after the birth of her son James. Near Jedburgh, Mary fell from her horse into a black peaty mire and became very ill. (I can sympathize). Her selfish husband Darnley visited only once. She nearly died, and later wished she had died then. Soon after, Darnley was murdered, and Mary foolishly married grim Bothwell, who may have been involved in the murder. She was forced to abdicate her crown two months afterwards. She endured peril, capture, escape, imprisonment for years, and execution at age 44 by her cousin Queen Elizabeth. Her life could have been so different if her first husband, a young French king, had lived. He died at 16, so instead of being a happy Queen of France, drama and sorrow would overshadow Mary's life.

"In my end is my beginning" was Mary's enigmatic motto. In her end was the beginning of her fame. And from the brief union of Mary and Darnley was born their son, who as King James ruled a union of Scotland and England, first of a century of Stuart rulers.

We also went to St. James Festival in Kelso. St. James is a patron of pilgrims, so this was appropriate. Kelso also has an abbey, but it was almost completely destroyed.

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Our evening stop was in Morebattle, which does not have associations with war, but means a settlement by a lake.

The walk out from Morebattle was constantly uphill but the track was dry and grassy, and the views kept getting more beautiful. The hills rolled upward, bank on bank. The steep slopes are adorned with white flowered yarrow and tiny blue harebells. Finally we achieved the summit of Wideopen Hill, 1207 feet, the highest point of our walk, and the halfway point to Lindisfarne. The view was wonderful, ahead to the Cheviots and down to Yetholm Loch and villages. We walked down a steep incline into the Bowmont valley to Yetholm. It is a farm township with some thatched houses. Tradition states that in 1695 during a battle in France, British Captain Bennet's life was saved by a soldier with gypsy origins. In gratitude he granted some cottages and land he owned in Yetholm to his savior and descendants. For years, gypsies gathered in Yetholm and elected a King and Queen.

In the afternoon we visited the 19<sup>th</sup> century kirk in Yetholm and there met an assistant pastor, an Anglican priest helping out at this Scottish national church. Father Ian told of the split in liturgy in 1843 in the Scottish church. Each faction wanted its own church, which sometimes resulted in two large churches in quite small towns. Shepherds used to bring their dogs to church. One shepherd decided to go to the new church, but his dog refused to go to the new church, and faithfully returned to the old church every Sunday!

From Yetholm to Wooler was the longest day of walking, 13 miles in 10 hours, into the northern Cheviot hills, through heath moors, and some bogs. Along the way we crossed the border between Scotland and England and passed into Northumbria. At once, the occasional walker we encountered spoke with an English accent instead of a Scottish accent. The hill of Yeavering Bell was the site of Northumbria's largest hillfort, one of the tribal strongholds of the Votadini. At the foot of the hill is the site of the Anglican palace of Ad Gefrin. Near the hill

we saw a herd of feral goats.

After this long and very tiring day, the next day was one of the highlights of our pilgrimage. During the long wanderings of the monks, carrying the remains of Cuthbert, they paused at a natural sandstone cave, a peaceful shelter in the quiet woods. I sat in the cave and thought of the faithful monks, resting here during their long exile. What did they live on? Forage or hunt? How did they stay warm and clothed? Cuthbert must have been deeply loved, as well as revered.

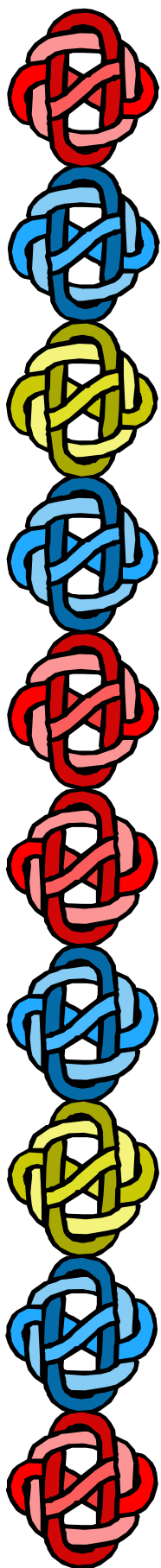
From there we walked on, up a gentle slope to a hilltop, across a field and got our first glimpse of the sea and Lindisfarne castle. Winds were strong and constant on this sunny day. Along the way we saw flocks of grouse, some pretty orange, black and white butterflies, and a mushroom that looked like a large pancake. Heather mingled with ferns in Shiellow Wood. Our evening stop was Fenwick.

The next day began sunny and became gradually cloudy. We walked across fields and noticed a hawk on a fence. It flew off, and landed on the glove of a lady. We came up to see, and it was a beautiful Harris hawk. The woman holding it was part of a group that rescued and trained wild raptor birds. You can never fully tame hawks. They cooperate as they wish. We walked on past Beal farm, named for the bees once kept there. We had to pass man-made obstacles, a busy major highway, and a railroad track, before reaching the coast.

In 635 A.D. Aidan founded a monastery on Holy Island, also known as Lindisfarne, and established a base to spread the Christian message. Thousands of years ago the Holy Island was a low, wooded hill facing the sea, and used for hunting and fishing, as revealed by artifacts. It was cleared of natural woodland by 5,000 years ago. Now it is an island at high tide, but at low tide the water subsides, and allows passage.

Clouds scudded across the sky, reflected in the lingering pools of water on the sands. A line of poles led off to the distant shore of Lindisfarne, three miles away.

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We have a few hours of safe passage, but the sands remain wet. We took off our shoes and socks and walked in bare feet. Areas are slippery and boggy. My good hazelwood staff kept me steady. Gulls swooped and called. Strands of green eelgrass were strewn like coils of mermaid hair. Small sharp shells crunched underfoot. Watery sands and watery skies merged in shimmering grays and blues.

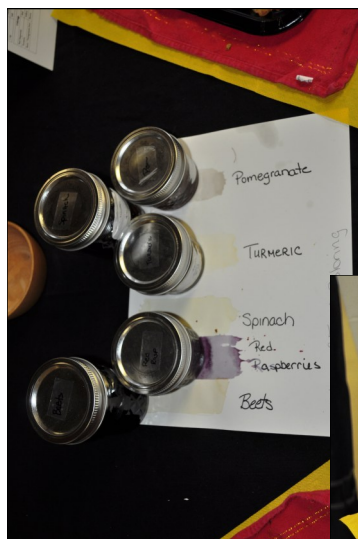
For an hour and a half we walked, to the ripple patterned sands of the shore edge, and finally reached Lindisfarne. We rested on the banks, and looked back over the sands and reflected on our journey.

A brief walk into the small town brought us to the ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey. A statue of St. Aidan and a statue of St. Cuthbert are in the

surrounding gardens. Nearby is the church of St. Mary and just beyond that is a view out to the little island where Cuthbert withdrew to be a hermit. Visiting motorists must leave before the evening tide, and then the island becomes quiet and serene. In the evening was a service of singing and prayer at the church, ending with a procession to the island edge, looking out to Cuthbert's island.

Vikings were not the last to disrupt the holy island. In the 16<sup>th</sup> century, King Henry VIII dissolved Lindisfarne Abbey and built a castle, and turned the island into a military fortress. The castle remains, but the spiritual legacy has revived as well. In continuation of the scribal tradition, there is a scriptorium on Lindisfarne, creating beautiful work. Echoing Cuthbert's love of the natural world, much of the island is a wildlife sanctuary. Past and present unite in harmony. □

## *Baronial Championship A&S entries*



Photos by Lady Marissa von Atzinger

# New Additions to the Bridwell Art Library

- Submitted by Cordelia

The Bridwell Art Library is located in Schneider Hall (across the parking lot from the Flightline Gym on UofL's Belknap Campus). The library is open to the public for viewing, and is equipped with two color scanners and a black-and-white copier. You can scan images to your email for free, or pay \$0.15 per page for black-and-white printing.

**Fall Hours:** Mon-Thurs 8am-9pm; Fri 8am-5pm; Sat 10am-2pm; Sun 1-6pm. Call 852-6741 for exceptions.

Website: <http://louisville.edu/library/art/>

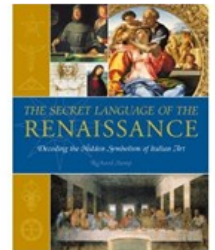


## **The Art of German Stoneware, 1300-1900: From the Charles W. Nichols Collection and the Philadelphia Museum of Art** by Jack Hinton

Beautiful and eminently useful, stonewares produced in the German-speaking lands from the Middle Ages onward were highly valued for their durability and suitability for a range of domestic and social uses. Widely traded throughout Europe, they were also among the first European ceramics to reach colonial North America. During the Renaissance the addition of brilliant salt glazes—s well as relief imagery that communicated with the user—raised the status of these wares. Later examples introduced abstract floral or geometric decorations and more unusual, original forms, which retained broad cultural significance.

## **The Secret Language of the Renaissance: Decoding the Hidden Symbolism of Italian Art** by Richard Stemp

During the Renaissance, artists traditionally encoded meanings into symbols, some of which drew upon a traditional repertoire available to educated people in the era. These hidden messages—which ranged from the esoteric to the political to the religious—could be communicated in everything from the position of a hand to the placement of the sun and moon. *The Secret Language of the Renaissance* helps us discover them anew, as lecturer, author, and director Richard Stemp teaches you the art of reading these paintings.



## **The Italian Paintings Before 1400 (National Gallery Catalogues)** by Dillian Gordon

The National Gallery in London houses one of the most important collections of early Italian paintings outside Italy, including works by Cimabue, Duccio, Giotto and the di Cione brothers. This completely updated catalogue of the collection is the first published since 1989, and it now includes four exceptional acquisitions from the intervening years: the 13th-century diptych now attributed to the Master of the Borgo Crucifix, *The Virgin and Child* by Cimabue, *The Virgin and Child* by the Clarisse Master, and *The Coronation of the Virgin* by Bernardo Daddi.

## **Byzantine Architecture (History of World Architecture)** by Cyril Mango

It is a pictorial "Ferrari" of history of architecture books. Almost every page contains one or - usually - more than one illustration as photo, plan, section, elevation, axonometric view, etc. of the highest quality. They depict the best examples of topical architecture covering the most significant ones.

