

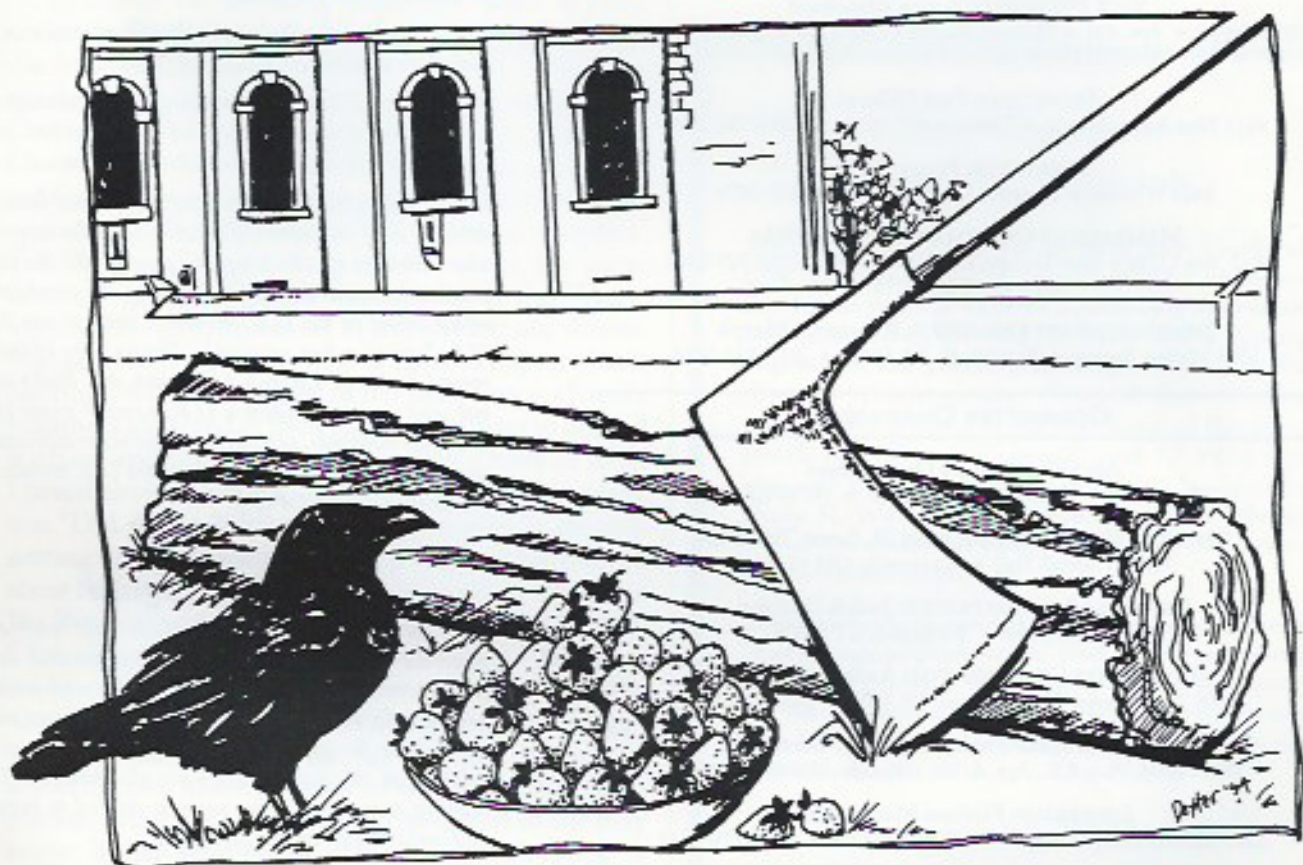
Ricardian Register



Richard III Society, III

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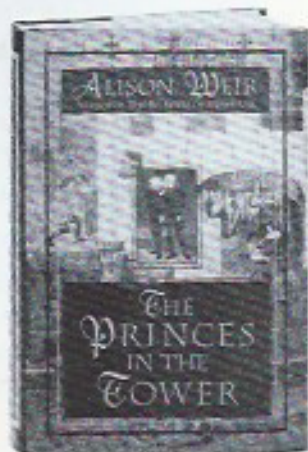
Spring, 1994



—Susan Dexter

WERE STRAWBERRIES RIPE ON JUNE 13?

The Society Takes On Weir
see related articles inside



—Photo by Roy Blanchard

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CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Joe Ann Ricca

"If the world is not altogether a better place, at least we are more tender-hearted than we used to be. Readers of this book will care as much about two small boys foully done to death as the identity of their murderer. The mystery of the Princes in the Tower is a case of outrage as well as a whodunit: the ultimate child-abuse that happens to have taken place 500 years ago."

This was the opening paragraph from a book review by Ruth Rendell which appeared in the Middle Atlantic Chapter's January 1994 issue. The article sparked off a series of activities within the society. Our new Public Relations Manager, Margaret Gurowitz, went into action by contacting Weir's publicist. Once she discovered where Weir would be appearing, Margaret contacted the local chapters. Five locations were scheduled. However, for some uncanny reason after her appearance in the Washington, DC area, illness set in and she left our shores. Margaret sent out a message to all the chapter chairs alerting them and because of her persistence, chapter members gathered at their local bookstores to defend Richard and the society. To give you a taste of what I heard about the book, I think the kindest comment was "Did Alison Weir spend an afternoon in the pub getting drunk so she can make up all these falsehoods about Richard?" Members Judith Dickson and Christina De Respiris wrote letters to the Book of the Month Club complaining about the inaccuracies. *The Atlantic Monthly* ran a favorable review on the book. We are sure that other prominent newspapers and magazines will follow suit. One way that you can help is if you happen to see a review of the book, drop them a letter. Secondly, send a copy to Margaret so she may know if her continued attack on Weir's book is working.

It is with great sadness that I inform you of the loss of Karl Bobek. I personally have never had the privilege of meeting Karl, but as treasurer, spoke with him during the year the Southern California Chapter was busy preparing for the AGM. Karl was born in Austria, was a military officer, and an expert in military strategy and warfare. It was probably because of this interest that led him to Richard. A long time member of the South California Chapter, Karl was one of their past presidents and treasurer. Karl helped out with the layout and paste-up of mediaval calendar that the chapter produces for us every year. Our hearts and prayers go out to the Bobek family, and to the members of the Southern California Chapter. The Southern California Chapter

recently informed me that a donation to our scholarship area will be donated in Karl's memory. The Executive Board has also decided to remember Karl by following suit. If you would like to send a donation for our scholarship area in Karl's memory, please send your check to treasurer, Peggy Allen. And, as Morris McGee often says — "That is loyalty of the best kind". And, Sam, you couldn't have said it any better!

In Memoriam: Judy R. Weinsoft

As we go to press, we learned that Portland, OR member Judy R. Weinsoft died of breast cancer on March 17. For a relatively new member (she joined in 1991), Judy left a lasting imprint on the Society with her lecture at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival last August (which was printed in the last issue of the Register), her "I was Framed" and "I Was Upstaged" T-shirts — and her lasting legacy, the Judy R. Weinsoft Memorial Research Library Fund, an endowed fund to build the collections of our research library.

This brief space cannot hold a full description of Judy's accomplishments, and so the summer issue will carry a more comprehensive report. In the meantime, our thoughts and prayers are with her family and especially with her husband, Phil Goldsmith.

Carole M. Rike

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IF STRAWBERRIES WERE RIPE ON JUNE 13, WAS OCTOBER 2 REALLY RICHARD III'S BIRTHDAY?

Charles T. Wood

[Speech delivered at Schallek Fund-Raising Breakfast, 1993 AGM, Newark, New Jersey, October 3, 1993]

It's a special treat to be here today since it marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first time I spoke at an AGM. I find, however, that many things have changed in the interim, not least the fact that I have now published extensively on Richard III as I had not in 1968. Because there was then no evidence to the contrary, a quarter century ago I could be welcomed as a refreshing antidote to A. L. Rowse, the Society's most recent and not very friendly academic speaker, whereas last summer's *Register*, in announcing today's event, could only caution: "Since that first AGM presentation, Professor Wood has written and lectured on Richard extensively, not always to the satisfaction of Society members who take exception to his views."

I hasten to add, though, that *The Register* then qualified this statement with a warmer: "Nevertheless he has been a good friend to the Society for many years," and the cause of that friendship also goes back to 1968 even as it brings us together today. For it was at that AGM twenty-five years ago that Bill Hogarth, then the Society's chairman, asked whether I was willing to serve on the selection committee for a graduate fellowship that he hoped the Society would find ways to fund. I agreed immediately, but it took another ten years to solve the funding problem. As I understand the story (and I checked it with Bill Hogarth only four days ago), when Maryloo Schallek joined the Society, she got husband Bill to join too, and it was he who first thought up the idea of the Richard III Society Graduate Fellowships that bear his name today. Anonymously, too, he provided much of the early funding just as Maryloo graciously continued to do after his death. As a result, Bill Hogarth insists that all credit should go to Bill Schallek, but insofar as nothing would have happened without the enthusiastic support of the person who was then chairman, it's clear that this Society and a remarkable string of graduate students owe Maryloo and both Bills an enormous debt of gratitude. The fifteen years I've served on the selection committee have been deeply rewarding — and enough of our fellowship recipients have now published that I can also assure you that the whole world of fifteenth-century studies is being significantly enriched by their findings.

That point raises a crucial question, why it is that a Society such as ours — made up, after all, primarily of people who have largely an amateur's love of the past in general and of Richard III in particular — should bother to fund fellowships for kinds of graduate training that non-scholars often attack as narrowly incom-

prehensible, worthless, and boring. Nevertheless, understandable though that reaction may be, I hoped in choosing my subject today that some of my remarks might at least lightly suggest why such doubts about academic research are really short-sighted even for the amateur.



Indeed, evidence that I was not entirely mistaken began to surface almost as soon as I had invented my title. When I passed it on to Joe Ann Ricca, for example, she responded: "[O]ne member once told me that she read that Richard was born at midnight on the 2nd, and so, in reality, Richard's birthday is really the 3rd." Left unstated was what I suspect was Joe Ann's hidden motive here, the fact that her own birthday also falls on the 3rd, an anniversary she would doubtless be happy to make a joint one. On the other hand, for the last thirty-one years my daughter Martha has had to share her birthday with Dickon, and insofar as she has loyally accepted views of her father to which "Society members . . . take exception," she has made it clear to me that she would gladly let Joe Ann do the sharing from now on.

Yet the dating problem I have in mind is really far more complex than thus far suggested. Indeed, I began fully to grasp it only in 1978, the year in which Bill Schallek's generosity brought our fellowship committee into practical existence. As it happens, too, it was also the year in which I published "Who Killed The Little Princes In The Tower?", a piece that reviewed the competing claims of a variety of neglected suspects ranging from Sir Robert Brackenbury to Elizabeth Woodville and — my favorite — Jane Shore. In turn, that article inspired many letters, one of them from a Greek Orthodox monk, Brother Andrew of Holy Transfiguration Monastery in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Brother Andrew had a problem, so was turning to me for advice. Calling me "America's foremost authority on [his] favorite English king," he wanted to know the true date of Richard's birth so that on it he could properly celebrate memorial masses for the salvation of that favorite's soul. *The* problem, obviously, was that while the Orthodox Church continues to follow the Julian calendar of Richard's day, society at large now employs the Gregorian. That means, in turn, that in

Brother Andrew's monastery the day that we take to be October 2 is only September 19. On the other hand, if he were to wait until his October 2, our calendars would read October 15. Since you have seen what a difference a day makes for Joe Ann and my daughter Martha, you can imagine what a difference this near-month made for Brother Andrew.

It can, of course, for other people as well. For example, the astrologically inclined will immediately recognize that a Richard III born on either October 2 or October 15 would be a Libra, whereas one born on September 19 would become a Virgo. Wanting to know the potential implications of this possible sign change, I therefore wrote the most knowledgeable

astrologer of my acquaintance and received the following reply:



Based on the information you have given me and my present lack of access to the obscure books which would record the positions of the moon in 1452, I am forced to fall back on . . . the sun signs in question. The sun sign determines roughly 70-80% of the personality traits, but without knowing the moon signs and the ascendant (from the time of birth) I would say we can only get 60% accuracy.

Those scholarly disclaimers aside, if Richard III was born in the sign of Virgo, he would be high strung, critical, kind to the small and weak (arguing against the murder of the little princes), earthy (but only in the most private ways), stubborn, discriminating, logical, insecure, loyal to friends and family, and fastidious. Felix Unger of "The Odd Couple" is the classic stereotype of a Virgo man...

If, on the other hand, Richard was a Libra, we would be dealing with a different sort of critter altogether. Libras are leaders, and seek leadership roles although they do not seem to be the stuff of which leaders are normally made. Ruled by the planet Venus, they are lovers of beauty, harmony and romance. They like balance in all things and have a scrupulous if somewhat wearisome sense of justice. It is very difficult for them to make [good] decisions [quickly]. Although capable of great exertions, they are often considered lazy because of their great need for rest. Eisenhower was a Libra. His D-Day plans were great since he had enough time to work them out. He would not have done so well on the fly. His presidency, made memorable by the desire of the country to live the good life (very Libra), is another example of Libra leadership . . .

Now, given what I remember of Richard III, I would say that he was far more likely to have been born on October 2. His career, particularly toward the end, unfolded the way it did because of a lack of decision making on his part. Libras, particularly those smitten by Cupid, can do some pretty outrageous things, and that whole

thing with his niece speaks more of passion than of reason, far more likely to come from a Libra than a Virgo. And, of course, the princes in the Tower would not be the work of a Virgo unless he was really, really warped. Either way, though, Richard was no dummy since both Libra and Virgo are "bright" sun signs in the intellectual sense. But I can easily see a Libra biting off more than he could chew, becoming worn out with the incessant need for decision making and the tiresome parade of demands that being a national leader entails. Did he have a Camp David to run away to? Did he play golf and paint? If not, this worn-out and befuddled Libra most likely was undone by his own inability to think things out as quickly as his opposition did.

I hope this is of help to you. Let me know if there is anything else I can offer.

Since this expert witness appears to accept many of the traditional charges against Richard, you may find yourselves doubting the worth of astrology, but my correspondent was nonetheless quite right in assuming that Richard III had indeed been born on October 2.



This was, however, a truth of which I myself had become certain only in 1976 when Charles Ross forced me to do some unexpected research into my other title reference, the relative ripeness of strawberries on June 13, 1483. The facts are as follows.

In an article published in 1972, Alison Hanham had argued that Richard had apprehended and executed William, Lord Hastings, only on June 20, 1483, and not one week earlier, on Friday the 13th, as tradition had it. So persuasive did I find Hanham's case that in 1975 I incorporated her new dating into "The Deposition of Edward V," an article in which I tried to demonstrate that Richard of Gloucester had in no way sought the crown during most of his Protectorship. In correspondence Ross attempted to persuade me of the error of my dating ways, so to rebut his evidence I found myself arguing, among other things, that John Morton's strawberries couldn't possibly have been ripe as early as June 13. In response, Ross chose not to challenge the reliability of Shakespeare's and More's famous story; rather, he simply pointed out that my argument failed to take into account the switch from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar.

Since, in fact, I had no clear idea at that point of precisely what had happened when the switch occurred, I hastened to find out, only to discover that the change — one that England and its American colonies made only in 1752 — involved a one-time omission of twelve days from the calendar so that astronomy and calendar would once more agree. Importantly, however, no attempt was made to adjust earlier dates to the new system. That being the case, since the calendrical difference in 1483 had been nine days, in turn that

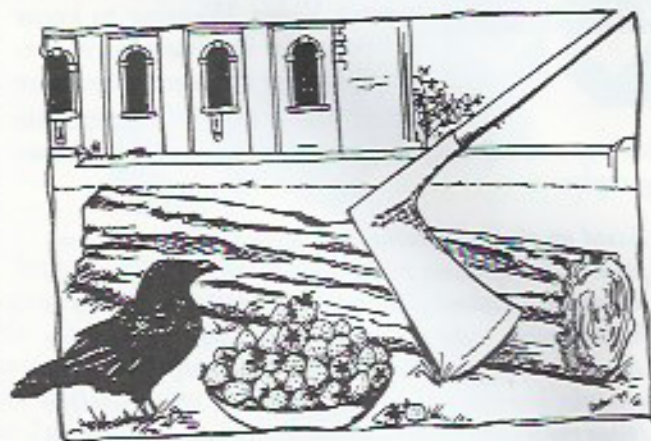
to the new system. That being the case, since the calendrical difference in 1483 had been nine days, in turn that meant that Morton's mess of strawberries had had plenty of time to become ripe, his and history's June 13 being the astronomical and hence seasonal equivalent of our June 22.

Now, if you've followed this shaggy dog with care thus far, you can see why I was forced to give a surprisingly complex answer to Brother Andrew. I was able to assure him that if his concern was only about having his masses coincide with the date on which Richard and his contemporaries thought he had been born, then October 2 was the proper day, his choice of calendar. But if he was interested from an astronomical and/or astrological point of view — that is, one concerned with the precise position of the earth and of the whole solar system on the day of Richard's birth — then his Ricardian masses should be celebrated on September 23 in the Gregorian calendar or, in other words, on September 10 in the Orthodox-mandated Julian one. The astrologically inclined should note, though, that even if Brother Andrew decided to commemorate Richard's birthday on September 10 (he never told me what his ultimate decision was), the last of the Plantagenets would like Ike remain a Libra, not a Virgo, because the crucial issue in astrology is planetary positions, not man-made dates, and in the Julian calendar Libra now begins on September 10 and will continue to do so for another 107 years, presumably well beyond either Brother Andrew's lifespan or our own.

I'm not sure, of course, whether these research findings will lead to a change in the date of our AGM, but I hope that they do suggest why the continuing vitality of the Richard III Society depends to a surprising degree on the willingness of its members to fund graduate education with its Schallek fellowships. True history depends on knowing the facts, but many of them remain as yet unknown or, more confusion still, "facts" seemingly as well known as the date of Richard's birth turn out to be much more slippery and ambiguous than most of us had ever imagined. Since much of the work involved in developing these facts and in providing new insights about them can be surprisingly arcane, we need trained scholars to do it, scholars whose findings will eventually provide new ammunition for our own societal debates. In proof of this point I need only cite the work of the two former Schallek fellows who now sit with me on the selection committee, for it is thanks to Lorraine Attreed that we now have a much deeper understanding not just of the Middle Ages' deep love of children, a love that undergirds the story of the mythic princes in the Tower, but also of Richard's relations with the City of York, not to mention of the precise workings of that city's government itself. Similarly, to Shelley Sinclair we owe not just a fuller knowledge of the Vere earls of Oxford, but also thanks to her Kalamazoo paper this year, a much more lively appreciation of the extent of the

so-called treason conspiracy of 1462 against Richard's brother Edward IV.

The demonstrable success of our former fellows brings me to one last point, one that I make not just as a member of the Schallek selection committee, but even more fundamentally as a former investment banker who now serves as Treasurer of the Medieval Academy of America. Thanks to member generosity, and especially thanks to the good offices of Wendy Logan and Laura Blanchard in gaining us that wholly unexpected bequest of \$7,000 from the estate of Edna Kean,



pledges and gifts for endowing the Schallek Memorial Fellowships have now reached our original target of \$25,000. That's tremendously good news. On the other hand, when that target was originally set, our assumption was that income from an endowment of that size would easily fund two fellowships annually of \$500 each. Now, however, different conditions prevail. Interest rates have fallen sharply, while the rise in the stock market has not been matched by a corresponding increase in earnings and dividends, thereby making the percentage yield on common stocks also much lower than was the case when we were doing our preliminary planning. As a result, our new endowment, wonderful as it is, will no longer comfortably fund the two \$500 fellowships that were our minimum annual goal. In closing, then, I can only say that if any of you are moved to get out your checkbooks to help our endowment grow to the level now needed, I'm confident that neither Joe Ann Ricca nor Laura Blanchard will pose objections. Indeed, should they note what I assume will prove to be the differing dates on your several checks, I doubt whether they will even join me in asking which calendar you are using.

Thank you.

[Charles T. Wood is Daniel Webster Professor of History and Comparative Literature at Dartmouth College; Fellow and Treasurer of the Medieval Academy of America; and member of the Schallek Review Committee. He is also author of *Joan of Arc and Richard III: Sex, Saints and Government in the Middle Ages.*]

BEYOND THE HALL OF SHAME

At a time when the reputation of Richard III seemed to be making progress in the academic and "crossover" press, U.S. Ricardians were stunned by the sudden marketing blitz for a trade book on the mystery of the Princes, Alison Weir's *The Princes in the Tower*.

Claiming to have solved the mystery by reconciling the contemporary and/or near contemporary accounts such as Mancini, Croyland, Vergil and More, Weir fingers Richard as the culprit — charging him with all the crimes in the Traditionalist canon and inventing a new one, an insatiable sensual appetite that brought him a total of seven bastard offspring and landed him in an incestuous adultery with a quivering receptive Elizabeth of York while his wife lay dying.

Part of a January double feature offering by the Book-of-the-Month Club, Weir's book also picked up some reflected respectability by being teamed with *Cathedral, Forge and Water Wheel*, an account of the technological advances of the middle ages by Frances and Joseph Gies, authors of *Life in a Medieval Village* and *Women in the Middle Ages*. The Book-of-the-Month Club's announcement, mailed to well over half a million members, notes bemusedly that "there is even a Richard III Society devoted to exonerating him," and then goes on to make the unqualified statement that Weir depicts "his niece, Elizabeth of York, with whom he had an incestuous affair."

At the same time, Weir's book flooded the bookstore chains, where it has been receiving front-of-store play, presumably because of the brisk sales of her earlier book, *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*. To coincide with this Traditionalist double-whammy, Weir was booked into a five-city whirlwind lecture/signing tour. On one of her stops (Borders Bookstore, Bryn Mawr PA), she was greeted warily by six members of the Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter. Her last stop was to have been in Boulder, CO, where the alert bookstore staff had already invited members of the Rocky Mountain Chapter, encouraging them to attend if only they would "check their swords at the door."

Alerted by aroused Ricardians, publicity chair/research officer Margaret Gurowitz contacted Weir's publicist at Ballantine Books for the author's itinerary, and then contacted Ricardians close to the other stops on Weir's tour.

The tour, alas, was interrupted abruptly when Weir took ill in Milwaukee, two days after engaging in a lively exchange of views with the Philly Ricardians — never making it to her Boulder stop, to which a contingent of well-prepared Rocky Mountaineers journeyed in vain.

Meanwhile, though, the reviews are starting to percolate into the consciousness of the American reading



Alison Weir, Author of *The Princes In The Tower*
Photo Credit: Koo Stark

public, and more than one exasperated Ricardian has had to explain to a friend or acquaintance that, no, Weir's book is not a work of serious history and, no, just because the reviewer says Ricardians will be biased doesn't mean that Weir is right. Ricardians who see book reviews should send them to Margaret Gurowitz (see her column, elsewhere in this issue, for further details and tips on how to deal with Weir damage-control).

The courageous Richard Oberdorfer has reviewed the book in general, and his book review appears in Myrna Smith's "Ricardian Reading" section. Myrna says she's thinking about doing a special "Shame and Eternal Shame, Nothing But Shame" section of her summer review column for other Ricardian reactions (her deadline is mid-April).

More Weir coverage in this issue: Laura Blanchard on Weir's January 24 lecture and Margaret Gurowitz twice (as research officer she tackles the egregious "Chapter Seventeen: An Incestuous Passion" and as PR chair she tells how to handle a Weir infestation in your neighborhood).

ON THE TRAIL OF "GOOD KING RICHARD"

Eileen Prinsen

While we were in England this past summer with the British "Summer Academy" studying the "Norman in Kent" and pre-history "Celtic Hill-forts" (which is another whole story!), along with the way I (with an uncommitted but cooperative husband) went looking for traces of Richard, and to see how his rehabilitation was coming along. Our first few days we spent in London where there are not too many associations with Richard. But there is always his portrait at the National Portrait Gallery to visit, and one can go to Westminster Abbey and sneer at the effigy of Henry, the usurper, in whose chapel we met one sacristan who has no doubt whatsoever about the villainy of Richard. This gentleman made mention of the (recent?) excavation of Anne Mowbray's coffin on a new building site, and stated that tests on her bones found similarities of some kind to those purported to be of the Princes, which he said proved that the bones found in the White Tower and buried at the abbey were theirs.

Undeterred by this negativism, we set out by bus from Westminster, down the King's Road, Chelsea, where we alighted at Beaufort Street and continued on foot. As we approached the intersection where Beaufort crosses Cheyne Walk, we could see above the trees and the rooftops of the surrounding buildings, part of the roof line of Crosby Hall with its distinctive chimneys, tower and wind vane; unfortunately that is all we could see, the buildings being surrounded by a boarding hinting at some kind of construction. Though we rang the bell "to ask for permission to see the interior of the hall" no one answered. Ironically, as we turned the corner on to Cheyne Walk seeking the entrance to Crosby Hall, the first building we passed was the Sir Thomas More Apartments! We were now in More country; we passed, but could not enter Chelsea Old Church — the Parish Chapel of All Saints — where Sir Thomas worshipped and there, suddenly, was this large, obviously new statue of the sainted Thomas. It really is quite an attractive statue and try as I might I simply could not look disapproving when my husband took the photograph. Perhaps his "History of Richard III" was written with tongue in cheek? Although there was nothing else to remind us of Richard, the Walk itself, which turns into a Row, is delightful, most of the houses being early 18th century with many associations with literary and political figures of the era.

The next day we left for Canterbury and the University of Kent. Naturally, as soon as was decent, I brought up the subject of Richard's reputation with our history tutor, who was also the Head of the History Department at Kent. He humored me, and even on a couple of occasions managed to bring Rich-

ard and the Plantagenets (using them as examples, good or otherwise) into his lectures on the Normans. As part of our course, we visited several castles, cathedrals and other historical buildings, all of which had visitor centers and all of which had materials not only about their particular building but about history in general. And it was in the guide books of these places that the change in attitude towards Richard is most obvious. Where, once it used to be stated unequivocally that he was a crook-backed monster who, among other crimes, had smothered the Princes in the White Tower, now mention is made that he was "much maligned," that there is no real proof that he committed the crimes of which he was accused. Not all are that positive, some simply avoid being negative by giving what are purported to be the "facts" and leave it at that. In the "stained Glass at Canterbury Cathedral" booklet, for instance, the caption for the "royal windows" describes the windows as including "the young Edward V and his brother Richard, who were immediately on their father's death imprisoned in the Tower, where they were probably murdered." After stating that "in 1484 (sic) all Edward's children . . . were declared illegitimate," it goes on to mention that "their uncle . . . accepted the throne to become Richard III." One gets the impression that the author still had to be convinced. On the other hand, the fact that the old "facts" were not included has to be counted as progress for the revisionists!

Although I cannot report that I made a believer of our tutor at Kent, he did go so far as to say that Richard's major problem was that he had lost, because the winner gets to write the history. (Shades of William the Conqueror and poor Harold at Hastings — is there, I wonder, a Haroldian Society?) I had some



Eileen encounters More, Cheyne Walk, London

FROM THE RESEARCH OFFICER:

Margaret Gurowitz

Alison Weir's latest book, *The Princes in the Tower*, is guaranteed to make any Ricardian hot under the collar. Weir takes the old, traditionalist, discredited Tudor myth as postulated by Thomas More and Polydore Vergil and continued by Desmond Seward, and runs with it. Her book may be selling as a popular history (it was a January Book-of-the-Month Club dual selection), but it is by no means history.

From a research standpoint, Weir's book is abysmal. For the purposes of this column I will concentrate on her chapter, "An Incestuous Passion," which deals with Richard III's relationship with his niece, Elizabeth of York. Weir opens this chapter with the startling statement that a Portuguese ambassador said Elizabeth of York had large breasts. Which Portuguese ambassador? When did he say this? What was Weir's source? Only Alison Weir knows, because there is no footnote. In fact, there are no footnotes anywhere in the book. Elsewhere (p. 18), Weir quotes a "London citizen" about the popularity of Edward IV with the commons. Again, no source is cited. In quoting liberally and not footnoting, Ms. Weir commits the cardinal sin of historical writing. While it is true that footnotes are not commonly found in a work of popular history, the author of such a work often will let the reader know in the body of the text what his or her sources are. (Good examples of this can be found in David Howarth's *1066: The Year of the Conquest*; Christopher Hibbert's *Agincourt*, which does contain some footnotes; and Geoffrey Ashe's *The Discovery of King Arthur*, to name a few.) Weir may have felt that copious footnotes would daunt readers of a popular work; however, it is impossible to track her sources or assess the accuracy of her interpretation of them. And without the means for readers to check up on her, Weir feels free to make sweeping statements without giving any evidence for them.

Weir also does not shy away from making categorical pronouncements of certainty in the face of a total lack of evidence. In her preface, she announces: "I have found ...that it is indeed possible to reconstruct the whole chain of events leading up to the murder of the Princes, and to show...how, when, where, and by whose order, they died." (Weir, p. xiv) This is indeed a remarkable feat, since no-one — not even contemporaries of the Princes — has been able to ascertain these facts. Perhaps Weir will turn her powers of deduction to the Lindbergh case or the Kennedy assassination next.

At one point, Weir notes that Elizabeth of York's privy purse expenses showed her gowns were frequently mended, and she could afford only to wear cheap buckles on her shoes as queen. (Weir, p. 230).

This is not footnoted. One could assume Weir got this from the 1830 edition of *The Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York*, but it does not appear in her bibliography. Again, because of her lack of documentation, the reader has no idea where Weir got her information, if she is using her sources accurately, or even if she indeed used all of the sources listed in her bibliography.

Weir's bibliography is a curious mix, both comprehensive and lacking. She has a good amount of primary sources, and divides her secondary Ricardian sources into traditionalists and revisionists. However, as Peter Hammond pointed out in his review of the book (*The Ricardian*, Vol IX, No. 120, March 1993), Weir does not appear to have digested or understood some of the sources she lists, and her absolute certainty about her view of Richard as villain is caused by the fact that she accepts More's account as the truth. Weir's bibliography indicates she has read Richard Marius' *Thomas More* and Giles St. Aubyn's *The Year of Three Kings: 1483*. Though hostile to Richard, both authors do point out that Thomas More's history cannot be taken at face value. (See *The Ricardian*, Vol. VII, No. 89, June, 1985, Jeremy Potter, "More About More," pp. 66-74, for a discussion of this.) Furthermore, Weir is unaware (no pun intended!) of a good deal of Ricardian scholarship having a direct bearing on her argument, and she leaves out some key Ricardian works, which brings us back once more to Weir's chapter on Richard and his niece.

Weir writes: "With Anne ill and preoccupied with her grief, Richard — himself in need of comfort — began to look to his attractive, buxom niece for solace. The sensual streak in his nature perhaps recognised something similar in hers [Weir also has Elizabeth sleeping with Henry Tudor before their marriage], and it was only a matter of days before a passionate attraction was kindled between the two of them." (Weir, p. 203) Alison Weir's purple prose sounds more appropriate to a romance novel than a work of history, and is a perfect example of the slightly hysterical, tabloid style of writing permeating her book. Weir does not cite any evidence that Richard III had a sensual streak or that he and Elizabeth shared a passionate attraction; indeed, Richard's biographers have concluded that he was probably somewhat reticent and non-demonstrative in sexual matters (see Kendall and Ross for discussions on Richard's personality). While a rumor did exist that Richard intended to marry his niece, Weir's passionate attraction kindling in a brief few days is nothing more than pure novelistic imagination. On page 204, Weir misquotes a passage from the Croyland Chronicle and concludes that Richard and Elizabeth were sleeping together. She quotes what she lists in

her bibliography as Pronay and Cox's version of the chronicle:

"It must be mentioned that, during this Feast of the Nativity, immoderate and unseemly stress was laid upon dancing and festivity, vain changes of apparel of similar colour and shape being presented to Queen Anne and the Lady Elizabeth...It was said by many that the King was bent...on contracting a marriage with Elizabeth, whatever the cost, for it appeared that no other way could his kingly power be established or the hopes of his rival put an end to. There are also many other matters which are not in this book because it is shameful to speak of them." (Weir, p. 204)

Weir takes this last sentence to mean that the Chronicler was hinting at a sexual relationship, but his delicate sensibilities prevented him from mentioning it (Weir, p. 205). What the Pronay and Cox version actually says is:

*"O Lord, why should we dwell longer on this [Richard's borrowing money to defray defense expenses; the chronicler assumed the loans were benevolences], multiplying accounts of things unbefitting which were so numerous they can hardly be counted; it is not expedient that the minds of the faithless should be filled with such things — such evil examples. There are many other things, besides, which are not written in this book and of which it is grievous to speak; nevertheless, it should not be left unsaid that during this Christmas feast too much attention was paid to singing and dancing and to vain exchanges of clothing between Queen Anne and Lady Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the dead king, who were alike in complexion and figure...and it was said by many that the king was applying his mind in every way to contracting a marriage with Elizabeth either after the death of the queen, or by means of a divorce...He saw no other way of dispelling the hopes of his rival." (Pronay and Cox, *The Crowland Chronicle Continuations: 1459-1486*, Alan Sutton Publishing, London, 1986, p. 175.)*

It is clear in Pronay and Cox's translation that Weir's suspicious sentence refers to something the Chronicler discussed previously, before moving on to the subject of the Christmas court. And as the reader can clearly see, Weir's quoted passage does not even appear in Pronay and Cox, which is the version of the Chronicle she cites in her bibliography. (She may have pulled her quote from the much older and problematic *Ingulph's History of the Abbey of Croyland*, which contains the complete text of the Croyland Chronicle; however, it does not appear in her bibliography.)

Besides Croyland, one of Weir's main sources for "An Incestuous Passion" is George Buck. Weir places much importance on the famous letter from Elizabeth of York to John Howard, Duke of Norfolk — quoted by Buck — stating that she was Richard's in heart and

thought, and expressing impatience that the Queen still lived (Weir, pp. 207-8). Weir states that it "indicates that Elizabeth was already a willing partner in an adulterous liaison." (Weir, p. 209). Alison Weir's certainty over the very uncertain contents of this letter again betrays her ignorance of important Ricardian scholarship having a direct bearing on her case. Weir does list *The Ricardian* in her bibliography, but she misses completely Alison Hanham's crucial article in that journal, "Sir George Buck and Princess Elizabeth's Letter: A Problem in Detection," (*The Ricardian*, Vol. VII, No. 97, June 1987, pp. 398-400). Hanham argues convincingly that the meaning of Elizabeth of York's letter is ambiguous at best, that the portion about the marriage was added later to the text and did not appear in Buck's original version, and that the possibility of Queen Anne dying may have meant that dower lands would have been released for Elizabeth (ibid, p. 400). As Hanham states, "The letter did not...indicate that Elizabeth nourished a desire to marry her uncle." (ibid.) Indeed, Barrie Williams' research has pointed to the possibility of a Portuguese marriage being negotiated for Elizabeth; it is possible that the letter was in reference to that. (See Barrie Williams, "The Portuguese Connection and the Significance of the 'Holy Princess,'" in *The Ricardian*, Vol. VI, No. 80, March 1983.) If Weir had delved more deeply into her subject, she would have discovered these two critical articles. Strangely enough, Alison Weir herself deflates some of the book's argument. Weir asserts that the letter's language vouches for its accuracy, because the text "...bears striking similarities to other letters written by high-born ladies in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries..." (Weir, p. 208), and she cites a letter written by Cecily, Marchioness of Dorset, as containing a phrase very similar to one in Elizabeth's letter (ibid.). Weir hints at but does not grasp the obvious conclusion that the flowery, emotional language was a standard of medieval letter writing, and did not convey any special desire on Elizabeth of York's part to be her uncle's wife. This is an example of the kind of cloudy arguments that fill Weir's book.

All in all, Alison Weir's *The Princes in the Tower* can hardly be considered a work of serious history. With its lurid statements, lack of accuracy and documentation, and unsubstantiated conclusions, the book is a perfect example of tabloid journalism at its worst. Despite her claims, Weir does not solve any puzzles; unfortunately, all she does is muddy the waters.

(All quotes from Weir are taken from: *The Princes in the Tower*, Alison Weir, Ballantine Books, New York, 1992.)

NOTE: Answers to the trivia question will appear in the next issue of the *Ricardian Register*.

UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL WITH ALISON WEIR

Laura Blanchard

A two-day window in what seemed like an eternal January snowstorm allowed six members of the Southeastern Pennsylvania chapter to trek to the Philadelphia suburb of Bryn Mawr, where Alison Weir was scheduled to lecture and sign copies of her books, *The Princes in the Tower* and *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, at the Borders Bookstore there. Dick Grant had spotted a discreet lecture announcement in the *Main Line Times*, and chapter chair Regina Jones spread the news.

Borders had been briefed on who we were. I stopped by the previous day to buy a copy of the book and left a brochure, *Wall Street Journal* and *Philadelphia Inquirer* articles, and related material for the store's publicist, Ann Richards. Apparently she had passed them on to Weir. When I arrived, the other five Ricardians (Dick and Kathleen Grant, Bonnie and Michael Dillard, and Wendy Logan) were arrayed in the first and second rows of the folding chairs set up for the event; Weir herself was at the lectern. Her publicity photo (taken by Former Royal Playmate Koo Stark) had not prepared me for this conservatively dressed, bespectacled, and scholarly-looking woman, who appeared to be shy and/or ill at ease or perhaps coming down with whatever finally got her in Milwaukee.

Weir began her lecture by reading from her Author's Preface, in which she explains that she has reviewed every shred of contemporary evidence, and ended her explanation of her methodology with the assertion that "[w]e are dealing here with facts, not just speculation or theories, which I have tried very hard to avoid."

That said, she launched into an explanation of the impeccability of Thomas More's sources. She scorned Morton as a source, saying Morton would not have discussed state secrets with a mere boy, which More was at the time he served in Morton's household. She suggested that More's own father, a London judge at the time, would be a good potential source. Then, in her first speculative leap of the evening (one she also makes in the book), Weir posited a hypothetical source for More's information — four ladies who lived in the Minoreess Convent, whom Wendy Logan with mordant humor afterwards dubbed "the Singing Nuns." The first Singing Nun was Anne Mowbray's mother and thus the mother-in-law of the little Duke of York; another was, Weir thinks, Brackenbury's daughter, and the third and fourth were relatives of James Tyrrell. "Now, these people could all have given More information that they knew through their families."

Oblivious to the fact that she'd just made two speculative assumptions — first, that these "mere women" were in a position to know anything and,

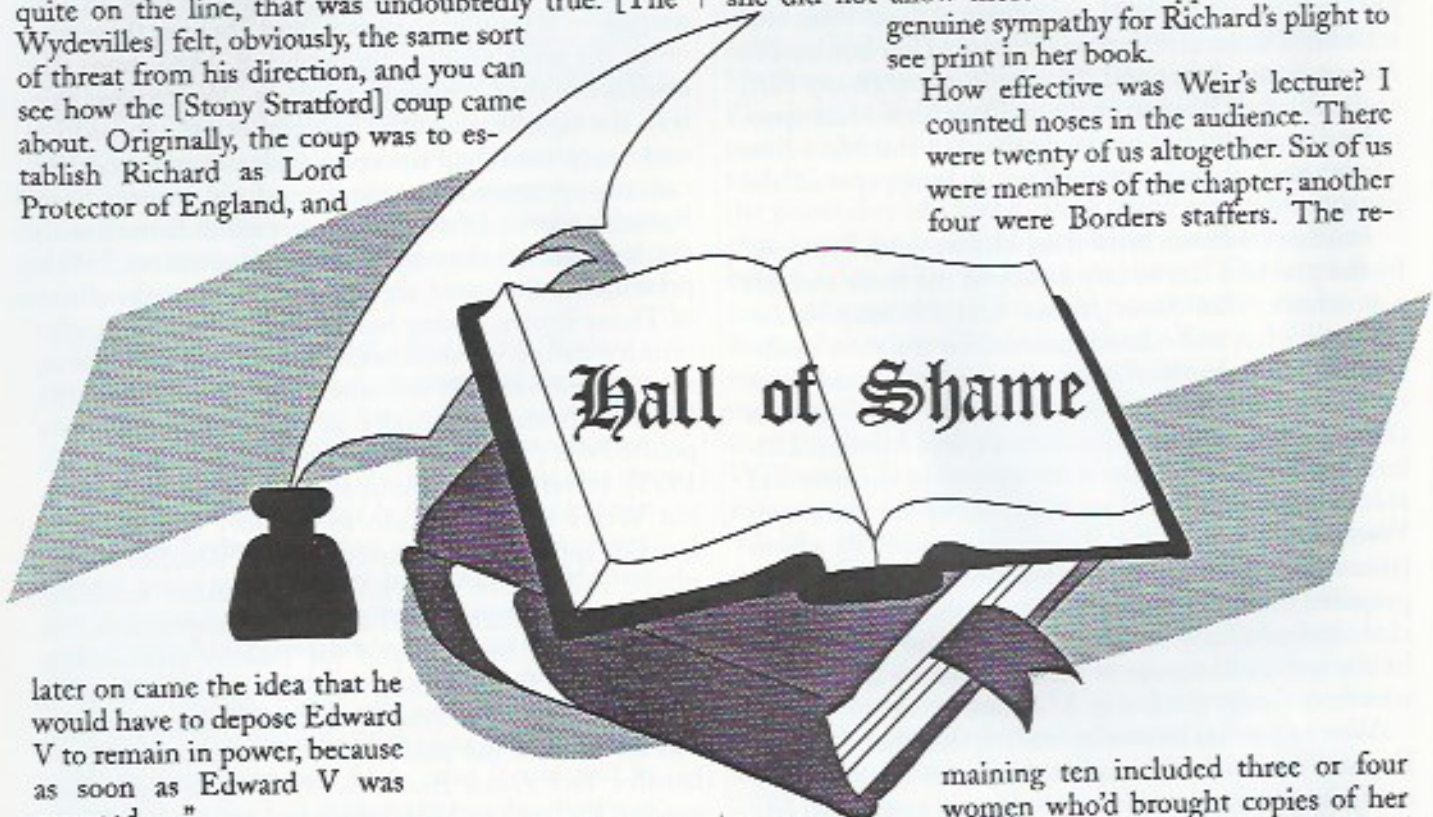
second, that they'd be willing to tell — Weir moved from Wendy's Singing Nuns to her next provocative observation: "We can narrow down the date of the murder — if murder there was, and I believe there was — to the week ending September 8, 1483, from the evidence of the Croyland Chronicle." Weir knows this is so, she says, because after September 8 the chronicler never mentions the Princes being seen again, and "we can assume more about the fate of the Princes from Russell's silence [she confidently credits Russell with the authorship] than by his actual comments." Weir presents all the usual arguments for the authenticity of *Those Bones*, basing her argument for a fifteenth-century dating on an inaccurate snippet: velvet was, she claimed, virtually unknown in England before the fifteenth century. Actually, as Peter Hammond has pointed out [*The Ricardian*, Vol. IX, No. 120, March 1993], velvet was known in England as early as 1278, but Weir's researches into the history of textiles in Britain apparently consisted of one desultory telephone call to one museum. Weir's rather muddled explication of Richard's character, his appearance, his loyalty to his brother, and his marital relationship contained a few startling revelations: according to Weir's reading of the *York Civic Records* (she apparently was unaware of the publication of the more comprehensive *York House Books* in 1991), there were riots against Richard in York when he was king; and although the rich citizens enjoyed a "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours" relationship with him, "there was also evidence that the common citizens of York did not like Richard." Weir did not lecture on Richard's alleged concupiscence or his incestuous adultery — contenting herself with observing, not entirely accurately, that "chroniclers such as Croyland do aver that Richard himself used psychological means to hound [Anne] to her death."

In her book, Weir brings forward Audrey Williamson and Jack Leslau as examples of Revisionist thinking. Williamson and Leslau are easy targets for cheap shots. Williamson's *The Mystery of the Princes* (1978) has its share of speculative leaps, and Leslau's theory that the Princes survived and that one of them married Sir Thomas More's daughter relies on clues from a Holbein painting and does not inspire confidence. Perhaps for this reason, Weir attempted to introduce The Leslau Hypothesis into her lecture. The Ricardians in the audience would have none of it, dismissing it as not typical of Ricardian thought and preferring instead to ask her to define Traditionalist and Revisionist (she divides all Ricardian thinkers into their positions on the murder of the Princes, seeming to consider this the only issue).

We pushed her to acknowledge that there were many other issues to the controversy and that Richard could be perceived as one of many shades of gray rather than the all-black or all-white paradigms she offered us. Weir acknowledged that Richard probably felt his life was in danger as a result of the attempted Wydeville coup, and in fact remarked, "There's no doubt that if Edward V had lived, his mother's family would have been his chief advisers. . . [Richard's] life was quite on the line, that was undoubtedly true. [The Wydevilles] felt, obviously, the same sort of threat from his direction, and you can see how the [Stony Stratford] coup came about. Originally, the coup was to establish Richard as Lord Protector of England, and

the political and social climate of the day. To her credit, though, it must be said that she appeared to be perfectly comfortable acknowledging that there is a lot more to the Ricardian controversy than "did he or didn't he?" and that — no matter what one may think of Richard's guilt or innocence — the fact is that he was placed in an appallingly untenable position by the political fallout from his brother's death and lack of adequate succession planning. It is unfortunate that she did not allow more of what appears to be her genuine sympathy for Richard's plight to see print in her book.

How effective was Weir's lecture? I counted noses in the audience. There were twenty of us altogether. Six of us were members of the chapter; another four were Borders staffers. The re-



later on came the idea that he would have to depose Edward V to remain in power, because as soon as Edward V was crowned. . ."

Patently, Weir will have a long way to go before she becomes a Ricardian's favorite author. In setting herself up as the scourge of the Revisionists, she clearly had no idea of the breadth and scope of serious historical research conducted by Society members or supported by Richard III and Yorkist History Trust publications. We asked her to review the "Incestuous Passion" chapter and its sources for us, and she was genuinely startled to learn that she owed Ricardians for the very existence of her sources. The 1979 edition of George Buck's *History of King Richard III* was edited by Arthur Noel Kincaid, who established the U.S. branch of the Fellowship of the White Boar at Columbia University in the early 1960s. The 1986 Pronay and Cox edition of the *Crowland Chronicle Continuations*, on which she places heavy reliance, was published as the result of a generous grant by the Richard III and Yorkist History Trust.

She also seemed surprised at the way our chapter members were less interested in the Great Debate than in exploring some of the larger issues that informed

maintaining ten included three or four women who'd brought copies of her book on Henry VIII to be autographed, a handful of folks who appear simply to have wandered by and sat down, one freelance Ricardian, and a Traditionalist. Two members of the audience brought Ms. Weir copies of *The Princes in the Tower* to sign (I was one of them). We passed out Society brochures and flyers on our chapter to everyone we could see. Two days later the Traditionalist called me for directions on how to attend our next chapter meeting. I would like to hope that this will be symbolic of the impact Weir's book — and our response to it — is going to have on the American reading public.

[All quotations from this article are from a transcript of a tape of Weir's lecture and subsequent question-and-answer session.]

More on Weir:
see the review by
Richard Oberdorfer on page 20

The Prologue Speaketh:

Who among us has not read and been touched by the heartending appeals in the *Register* to please contribute, contribute, contribute — that this is OUR journal? When I stopped doing the mundane long enough to take a slow, unbiased look at myself, it was only to discover I was a useless excuse for a Ricardian. Not being of the scholarly persuasion and hence unable to regale readers robustly in reference to Ricardian matters, many is the night I have thrashed from side to side, restless in my self-loathing, falling just short of tears on the pillow. "To sleep! Perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub." I have visions of the prolific, in long black garments, completely encircling my bed. Ricardian articles are clutched in their fists as they curse me for a parasite feeding off their literary efforts. Ricardians have murdered sleep. Well, now, at long last, I have something to contribute; salvation is at hand! I have been to Ashland, Oregon . . .

Some among you may wonder what significance that has and may be thinking along the unfortunately cynical lines of Sally at our office, who has been known to ask why so-and-so doesn't dial 1-800-who-cares? Ashland is not only a place of peace and simple beauty, but has one of the premiere Shakespeare Festivals in the U.S. which I was lucky enough to attend.

Many months before this momentous occasion, Laura sent me a ticket to Paradise in the usual shape of a schedule of Shakespearean plays being performed at which Festival theatre and when. The season runs from February to October, with the largest choices being offered in the summer. The works of other playwrights — classic and modern — have been included in the program since 1959. Laura is a former co-worker, friend (current), and all around good sort whom I had not seen for some inexplicable reason for seven years. She has the good fortune and good sense to live on a hill in Ashland with her lovely husband, intelligent daughter, dog Uncas (from *Last of the Mohicans*) and cat Oreo (for no apparent reason, as it's all black).

Richard III was listed in bold, black letters. Need I say more? It's an understatement to say I was pleased. My second pick was *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

All evening performances start at 8:30 in the summer. Consistency thou art a jewel. We arrived early to see the much touted Green Show on the lawn in front of the theatres. The Show, starting at 7:00, is free to the *boi polloi* and featured medieval types doing Renaissance things, i.e., dancing, flirting, singing, pouting, spouting poetry and playing hard to get. It is supposed to be historically similar to the entertainment one would find outside a theatre in Shakespeare's day, sans the ubiquitous pickpockets and other less than

savoury behaviors germane to the time (like today it's better?)

As we sat on the grass among the colorful crowd, all eyes, ears and feet, I was just beginning to get an inkling of what was to come. Earlier, the weather had been glorious, but the longer I sat on the green, the more acutely I became aware of turning blue. At 7:00 P.M. in August. I don't think we're in Houston anymore, Toto.

At a vendor window outside the theatre, an entrepreneur was renting woolly blankets and butt pillows. So many people were renting these items that they gave every appearance of being essential. I got in the line with the thought that for \$1 I'd rent a blanket and be comfortable. In the interim it took me to reach the front of the line and then to help the rabble before me, I talked myself into two woolly blankets and a butt pillow. Thank God I'm a good talker.

Along with the population of Rhode Island, we entered the hallowed portals of the lovely Elizabethan Theatre to stroll down memory lane and halt at the beginning of the 17th century to see what it had to offer. By intermission what it had to offer was a lukecold butt and frostbite creeping insidiously into my lower lip, rendering speech painful. We felt quite sorry for Cleopatra and her satellites whose costumes called for the absolute latest in your basic nothing. This sympathy, on the other hand, did not get in the way of our wishing that the whole lot of them would die as quickly as they decently could so that we could go home to the house on the hill and give "chill out" a new definition. We could bundle up in afghans, laze on plush pillows, discuss and dissect. Isn't that how plays live on forever?

If this descriptive whine has led you to believe that we did not enjoy the play, and I see how it could, then I have led you astray. I have merely emphasized what could be considered humorous but don't let me put you on. The night was dazzlingly clear and we shared with the actors a sky twinkling with applauding stars. All was silent but the voices coming alive from the past, speaking a now dead language we can still understand. The people who were there wanted to be there, as we did, and were enthusiastic in their appreciation. Darn, it was cold, but we'll remember it all the better for that.

Act Two:

Now, at long last, when I fear your patience has been stretched almost beyond the breaking point, I come to the highlight of the Festival. Because you have been so good in reading this far, let me relieve all that built-up tension by saying, right up front, that it was sensational. Richard, as played by Marco Barricelli, was worth the 10-plus hour trip to Ashland. He did Richard justice. The performance was in the 600-seat An-

gus Bowman Theatre with no need for wooly blankets, butt pillows, or Richard to die early. In this staging, Richard wore a leg brace and his "hump" was like an oversized shoulder pad, but didn't move around like mine do (shoulder pad, not hump). Everything was in the colorful spectrum ranging from gray to black.

The eleven body bags on stage as we entered, were the first clue that this was not to be performed completely traditionally. As the play progressed, this was indeed the case. Peripheral characters reminded me of what I picture the "Mad Max" folk would look like — punk hairdos, t-shirts, tattoos. The soldiers were more Nazi than medieval. Didn't Sir Ian McKellen tour America as Richard with a Nazi interpretation? I don't believe this was anything like that: all the modern touches in staging and dress were really just incidental. Richard was the thing and when he was on stage no one could take their eyes off him. I only did it long enough to notice that no one else did! He was indeed determined to prove a villain and Marco played him with magnificent presence.

Bosworth came, as it always must — even Shakespeare got that right — and Richard, battered until no humor, daring, intelligence or lust survived, was hung ingloriously upside down in death. God's champion, that moral midget Henry Tudor, took his crown, his throne, and became the mean-spirited, humorless monarch we all love to hate. Richard/Marco received the rousing standing ovation that was his due for a fabulous performance. I only hope he's too intelligent to believe all that Tudor propoganda.

Epilogue:

I had originally intended to include a comprehensive list of exactly what references to Richard were made by whom in which pamphlet, program, etc. But I've changed my mind. The play was mentioned many times, some of those times in great depth, but Richard as a person who once lived and had hopes and dreams was not mentioned at all for good or bad. There was a real need that went unfulfilled to have something on the humanity of Richard. Much is needed to counter-balance the fascinating, but false, Shakespeare interpretation. [Editor's note: Judy Weinsoft's presentation on August 22nd to the Oregon Shakespeare Festival was one member's attempt to set the record straight.]

Should anyone wish to contact the Festival regarding information on next year's performances, the address is: Oregon Shakespeare Festival, Box 158, Ashland, Oregon 97520. It is well worth your time.

May I get a good night's sleep now?



EXHIBITS 'R' US

Carolyn K. Campbell

In the last newsletter, I mentioned that I am currently working on a new tabletop library exhibit. I am requesting information from those of you who have put together library exhibits in the past. What types of exhibits worked for you? What types did not? Specifically, what issues attracted viewers? Sparked interest in the society? Would you change what you have done, and why? I have you any suggestions or needs you would like fulfilled by the society to support library exhibits you plan for the future?

Do any of you have photographs you could share — temporarily — with your new library coordinator? I promise to return anything you send to me; I am desperate for some input!

I will also be creating a new bookmark for the society, one that will be available for future exhibits. Any suggestions?

With the current promotion of Alison Weir's opinion piece, *The Princes In The Tower*, and the accompanying publicity the society will certainly amass, this is the season for some effective exhibits. Let me know if there is anything I can do to help you plan yours.

RICARDIAN WATCH

The following is excerpted from "The Living Tower of London" by William R. Newcott and appeared in the October, 1993 *National Geographic*. Thanks to Nancy Griggs of the Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter for bringing it to our attention.

History and tradition also collide head-on in the Bloody Tower. Ushering reverential tourists to its base, the beefeaters never fail to relate the grim genesis of its name: the deaths of the two young princes, supposedly on the orders of their uncle, Richard III. Shakespeare, and before him Thomas More, blamed Richard, contending that his henchmen smothered the boys in what was then known as the Garden Tower. But as I stood beneath the tower hearing one befeater after another tell the story, I was struck with their caution. The word allegedly occurred more often than on a TV news crime report. Cbalk up another one for historian Parnell: The fact is no one can be sure just what happened to the boys. After their arrival at the Tower in 1483 they were declared illegitimate and ineligible for the crown. The princes were then seen less and less frequently, until finally no one saw them again. Two small skeletons were found buried under the White Tower stairs 191 years later, but they cannot be positively identified, and nobody has been able to pin the deaths on Richard. "You make a flat statement about Richard III's guilt," I heard Norman Jackson warn a new yeoman warder, "and you can bet someone will call you on it."

PRAISE OF MALMSY

Eugene McManus

A while ago I acquired an English language version of *The Praise of Folly* by Erasmus.¹ The opening dedication is from 'Erasmus of Rotterdam to his friend Thomas More, health.' The subsequent several pages indicate that Erasmus and More were friends and had exchanged what I would call 'intellectual amusements'. The dedication is dated '... from the country, the 5th of the Ides of June. . .', with the year conveniently missing. On page 3 of the text, explaining why the text was written, Erasmus offers examples of others who have written for private amusement, entertainment, mental gymnastics or 'follery', and refers to 'a panegyric to a prince'. This is an obvious reference to *The Prince*, by Machiavelli.² Since *The Prince* was first published in 1532, *The Praise of Folly* was written sometime after 1532. As Thomas More died July 6, 1536 (Julian calendar), Folly can be dated circa 1532-1536. I am sure someone in or near our readership or membership knows or can find out exactly when *Folly* was published. But the more important questions are when did Thomas More see it, what were the discussions that went on before it went into manuscript form, and how much did Thomas More influence it? This much is prologue.

Folly is full of references to classical writings, writer's myths, poems and stories. I suspect *Folly* might have been one of a series of 'Can you top this?' — an intellectual form of citing more and more obtuse, arcane and little known classical references back and forth hoping to force a reader or a recipient to ask for a reference or how it was applicable. Deconstructing *Folly* probably would be a fun exercise, but might take quite some time to do thoroughly. As I was only trying to understand *Folly*, I began plodding through the early pages with my *Bulfinch's Mythology*³ and a dictionary of Greek and Roman mythology⁴ when I came across a reference to '... the Fortunate Islands. . .',⁵ which *Folly* claims as a place of birth. The Fortunate Islands are '... where all things grew without plowing or sowing; where neither labor, nor old age, nor disease was ever heard of; and in whose fields neither daffodil, mallows, onions, beans and such contemptible things would ever grow, but on the contrary, rue, angelica, bugloss, marjoram, trefoils, roses, violets, lilies and all the gardens of Adonis invite both your sight and your smelling.'

Sounds like the Garden of Eden? or Utopia? I had never heard of the Fortunate Islands, so I looked them up. They are described in *The Dictionary of Imaginary Places*, but there are two sets of Fortunate Islands: one just outside the entrance to the Mediterranean, in the Atlantic Ocean, and the other of uncertain location.

The more classical set of Fortunate Islands just outside the entrance to the Mediterranean apparently

goes back to the Odyssey: they were mentioned by Cicero, Pliny the Elder, Plutarch and Ptolemy. They are described as being inhabited by happy spirits, with there being no snow, no winter, not much rain, and with the ocean sending cooling breezes. The inhabitants were reported to be indolent, but the land was supposedly so fertile that food was produced spontaneously. *My World Atlas*⁷ contains no entry on Fortunate Islands. There is some suspicion that these may in fact be the Azores.

The next entry on Fortunate Islands is based on a set of lectures in Paris delivered by Anonymous, in 1538. The lectures describe the voyage of Panurge, a disciple of Pantagruel. The descriptions are imaginative to the extreme: goats with ears finer than velvet, which when cut off become coats for men; butterflies so large their wings are used to make sails for both ships and windmills; cucumbers grow so large they are scooped out, dried and used as houses and churches. Roast storks fly through the air, ready to be eaten. On one of the islands there is a mountain of butter with a river of milk flowing down its side. A fountain gives rise to a river of hot pea soup which flows across a bed of spicy French sausages. In one region, pies grow in fields overnight, sprouting like mushrooms. Rivers of delicious wine flow across meadows. Fruit trees bear fruit the size of a donkey's head; the seed of the fruit become gold coins. All of this takes place on two islands, Coquardz and the Isle of Butterflies.

I now quote directly from the Dictionary:

There are no women on either of these two islands; nature is so generous that there would be nothing for women to do. When one of the men becomes old and bored with life, he lies down in a tub filled with Malmsey; this wine is so sweet that he feels no suffering. His body is then dried in the sun and burnt to ashes; the ashes are mixed with egg glaze and remolded into the original shape of the deceased. Finally, the dead man is re-animated: a friend blows up a straw inserted into his anus until he whistles or sneezes, a sure sign that he has returned to life.

A tub of Malmsey. Malmsey? Malmsey!

In our favorite play, is Clarence's murder a big inside joke? Would Shakespeare do that? There aren't any other examples of inside jokes in Shakespeare, are there?

Let's go over Clarence's murder. Pick up the action in Act I, scene iv, line 245:

... 1. *murd.* 'Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.'

Clar. 'O, do not slander him, for he is kind.'

1. *murd. 'Right as snow in harvest. come, you deceive yourself.*

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.'

*Clar. 'It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And bugged me in his arms, and swore with sobs
That he would labour my delivery.'*

Speak, don't read, this last speech of Clarence. What do you hear? — fortunate and —; — fortunand—. Might it 'sound like' 'Fortunate'?

At this point in the play, considering what is happening to Clarence, would not a better word have been 'fate'? It's not Clarence's fortune, but lack of fortune, that is being bewept. And this lack of fortune, or loss of fortune is due to, from Clarence's perspective, fate. Is Shakespeare telling us that Clarence really died a happy, peaceful man?

Everyone is agreed that Shakespeare took a major portion of his history of Richard III from Thomas More, the same Thomas More that gave us *Utopia*. Was his history also colored with embellishments? And were these 'embellishments' a big inside joke known to a few highly-educated, well read, well-traveled and well-connected people of letters? Did Shakespeare figure it out and pass it on to us?

Shakespeare, with a vocabulary of over 200,000 words, never used a word incorrectly. If the word he needed didn't exist, he invented it or created it. there were plenty of wines known to Shakespeare that Clarence could have been drowned in; being in the tower, he could have conveniently been drowned in the river. But what of official reports purporting that Clarence was in fact drowned? To this I would ask, has anyone ever known of a government to misrepresent the facts? Do we really think governments discovered how to do this in the twentieth century?

I put forward the hypothesis that the alliterative sound 'fortunate and', and the use of Malmsey by Shakespeare was not a coincidence, or of the result of a random selection of words, and only most tenuously connected with what actually happened to Clarence. I suggest that Shakespeare knew exactly what he was doing, and what he was doing was writing a scene that had at least a double meaning: for the masses who were there for the entertainment he wrote what might have been staged as a gruesome murder, unusual probably even by Medieval standards. For the well read and well educated, the scene is a farce: Clarence is being described as an inhabitant of the Fortunate Islands, the birthplace of Erasmus' *Folly*. And if one word describes Clarence's life, it is folly.

All of these musings should be readily verifiable by students and experts of medieval studies. It should be no great problem, for example, to determine Malmsey shipments to England for the thirty years or so before

Clarence's death. Most likely the provisioning records for the tower still exist; the Tudors probably would not have thought to destroy these records. It should be possible to determine if Erasmus' book was available extensively in England from, say 1570 on. If so, it should be possible to construct 'sales figures' and determine how popular it was. Might folly as a term to describe a state or condition have gained as much currency in the latter half of the 16th century as Catch 22 has in our time?



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ELECTRONIC HISTORY DISCUSSION GROUP

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INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON MEDIEVAL STUDIES

Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo
May 5-8, 1994

Once again, Compton Reeves (Ohio University, Athens) has organized a splendid Richard III Society session on fifteenth-century England at this important conference, attended by more than 2,500 medievalists from all over the world. Scheduled for Friday, May 6 at 10:00 a.m., the session includes the following presentations:

- *Whose Clerks? The King's Clerks, Patronage, and the Lancastrian Usurpation*, Charles W. Smith, Jr., Ohio University
- *Free to Choose? Women and Marriage in Fifteenth-Century England*, Shardon D. Michalove, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign
- *Dominico Mancini: an Italian Observer of Ricardian England*, Glen J. Kumhera, University of Chicago

Society members may also be interested in the Society of the White Hart's five session on late medieval England. Noteworthy presenters include Compton Reeves (on the pleasant side of parish life), Michael Bennett (author of *The Battle of Bosworth*) and Alexandra Sinclair (editor of *The Beauchamp Pageant*, who will be talking about the Master of the Beauchamp Pageant). Laura Blanchard will be showing color slides of Lewis MS E201, the propaganda pedigree of Edward IV featured in last fall's *Ricardian Register*.

Registration is \$95; dorm rooms at \$15/night; cafeteria meals are cheap. The medievalists are friendly and welcoming and Ricardians always have a good time. Dorm space is first-come, first-serve and choice space goes fast — you must make your reservation by April 15 in any case.

For additional information, contact The Medieval Institute, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, MI 49008-3081, 616-387-8745.



Ricardian Watch

- Traveling to Middleham? Recommended by a member is the Black Swan Hotel, a 17th Century Inn. Contact Mr. George Munday (proprietor), Market Place, Middleham, North Yorkshire DL8 4NP for information or reservations.
- From an October, 1993 article in the *Manchester Guardian*, it appears that some think Richard

may suffer the final humiliation of being buried under a Leicester-shopping precinct. David Baldwin, a lecturer at Leicester University, has pieced together evidence undermining the belief that the royal corpse was exhumed, thrown into the River Soar and then "either carried to a quiet, rural grave or eaten by pike." It is reported that the Stuart mayor of Leicester erected a gravestone to Richard in his garden in the centre of Leicester, with the inscription: "Here lies the body of Richard III, sometime King of England." This would dispute the tradition of the body being thrown from Bow Bridge into the Soar.



RICARDIAN POST

January 25, 1994
Borrego Springs, CA

Dear Carole:

While reading a book about the evolution of and possible demise of the monarchy in Britain, and suggested remedies to prevent same, I encountered something most interesting of which I, at least, was unaware, and which fellow Ricardians may enjoy as well.

In the past, the concept of monarchy has survived, as opposed to other forms of government, through changes of dynasty; Plantagenets to Tudors to Stuarts, etc., or by shifting to another branch of a dynasty, as that of a younger son, a process with which we are all familiar. Acknowledging that the current ruler's line has reached the end of the road, for sundry reasons, what is needed today is a descendant of another branch of the House of Windsor, eligible to succeed, whose reputation is not tainted by scandal and divorce. "What we were looking for is someone to carry on in the honest, dull tradition of George V, George VI, and Elizabeth II. We are looking for a decent, quiet sort, someone who would provide continuity with the Royal past. Ideally, we would be looking for someone descended both from George V and Charles II] to satisfy the "Monmouth legitimists — from the Dukes of Buccleuch." (From *The Rise and Fall of the House of Windsor*, A. N. Wilson, W. W. Norton & Co., 1993)

An aside here — it is claimed that Charles II had secretly married his mistress, Lucy Walter, which made their son, the Duke of Monmouth the legitimate Stuart heir, instead of Mary II. (Shades of an earlier controversy?) The Dukes of Buccleuch are descended from Monmouth.

Does such a man exist, descended from both George V and the Buccleuchs? Indeed he does. His father, Henry, was the fourth son of George V and Queen Mary. His mother, Princess Alice, is the third daughter of the seventh Duke of Buccleuch, providing the link through Monmouth to the Stuarts. He is none other than our Society's patron, H.R.H. Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

That another Richard of Gloucester, (also a younger son) could be called upon to preserve the Crown, through the unsuitability of yet another Prince of Wales, I find a truly delicious irony.

Happy Speculating.

Valerie Guelke

[Your editor would not wish more hostile press on another Gloucester — the current British press appears to be doing a real Tudor job on the current royal family!]

March 8, 1994
Sylvania, OH

Dear Carole:

I'm writing to tell you about a small scene that occurred on the soap opera "As The World Turns" on Monday, February 28. A college woman, Courtney, is hospitalized with a broken leg due to chasing after a criminal. She's a psychology major who's planning on joining the police force upon graduation. The former chief of police has come to visit her and tells her mother-in-law that he's found the perfect book for Courtney — "*Daughter of Time* by Josephine Tey. While a policeman is stuck in the hospital with a broken leg, he discovers that Richard III is innocent."

Might be interesting to find out who put that into the show — a member? A potential member?

Kathie Maxwell

Ed: Well, that's always a reason to break a leg!

January 26, 1994
Miami, FL

Dear Ms. Rike:

How many people noticed that the picture [cover of the *Winter Register*] was printed the wrong way around?

The top pocket of a man's shirt is on the left.

John B. Ottiker

Ed: Wow! Caught you guys paying attention to an error other than a typo!

March 1, 1994
Philadelphia, PA

To The Editor:

I am interested in corresponding with other Ricardians via e-mail and would be willing to compile an e-mail directory. Interested Ricardians can write me at lbianchard@aol.com.

Laura Blanchard

SCATTERED STANDARDS

(Chapter News & Updates)



Middle Atlantic

The Middle Atlantic Chapter is very pleased to report that the rumors of our demise were a bit premature. Thanks to Jeanne Faubell of Norfolk, VA who graciously volunteered, we now have a new chair for the next few years! Jeanne and her family will be moving up to the DC area in the Spring so until then the Chapter will rest on its laurels.

On December 5, 1993, seven members of the chapter attended the Christmas Revels in Washington, DC and it really got us in the spirit of the season. Our luncheon scheduled for February 12 was cancelled due to one of our ice storms. The luncheon will be held sometime in the late spring to welcome Jeanne and her officers: Libby Haynes, Vice-Chair; Joanne Aarseth, Treasurer; and Julia Hamilton, who will serve another term as Secretary.

The Middle Atlantic Chapter plans to continue its fine tradition as a moving, growing branch of the Ricardian family tree. My thanks to outgoing officers: Tony Collins, Vice-Chair; Ann Reese, Treasurer and Carol Bessette for her fine work on our chapter newsletter. With these words I bid thee all Adieu!

Mary Schaller

Northern California

The June 20, 1993 meeting was held at the home of Ellen Ekstrom Fernandez in Berkely.

It was unanimously resolved to commend Andrew Knight for his unstinting service to the Chapter. Andrew has been an integral element in the renaissance of the Chapter. The Board also invites Andrew to assist in the publication of the newsletter as Advisor.

Judy Pimental was formally appointed editor of the Newsletter. Jacqueline Bloomquist, Valerie DeClare, Andrew Knight and Judy Pimental were appointed as members of the Newsletter Review Board.

The members discussed the logistics of holding a mini-AGM in San Francisco in 1994. The event is tentatively scheduled to take place sometime between mid-September and mid-October. It will be scheduled far enough from Richard's birthday so as not to interfere with attendance at the national AGM. The event will be open to all Northern California members of the Society. The event is intended to be a dry run for the Chapter to make a bid to hold a national AGM in the future. Ellen Fernandez will be in charge of workshops; Jacqueline Bloomquist is assigned to Logistics.

The next meeting of the Chapter will be held on Sunday, August 22. The members were considering an al fresco afternoon in a park or a meeting in a San Francisco restaurant recommended by Al Ziegler.

Judith A. Pimental

Ohio Chapter

While frigid arctic air blew in off Lake Erie, eleven loyal members and guests braved a brrrrr, blistering cold day, January 16, for the winter meeting of the Ohio Chapter held at the Cleveland Art Museum. While warming up with cups of coffee and hot tea, a short business meeting was brought to order by Gillie Lehman in the museum's cafeteria. Chapter Librarian, Donna Lukach, stated that if members contact her in advance she will bring the books requested to the next meeting.

Program Chairman Lee Palencar reported on her ideas for future meetings. These included a lecture on Early Modern English and the possibility of a speaker from the Costume Society of America. Lee also reminded members present that the Summer meeting will feature historian John Bellamy, presenting a review of the book, *The Mystery of the Princes*, by Audrey Williamson. Members are advised to review this book and have their arguments ready as Mr. Bellamy is not a believer in Richard's innocence.

Gillie Lehman reminded everyone that ideas are needed for the upcoming Renn Fair on May 7th at Ohio State. A news release on author and fellow member, Susan Dexter, was passed around for members to read and included a plug for the Society.

Following the business meeting, we met with Jonathan Canning, the museum's Medievalist. His extensive knowledge and obvious love of his chosen field made this an enjoyable tour. Of special Ricardian interest was the exhibit *The Grieving Statues*. This display of small statues, each displaying different expressions of grief, come from the tomb of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. Margaret, Richard's sister, was married to his son, Charles the Bold.

Also of interest were rectangular shaped ivory carvings portraying Sir Gawain, Galahad and Lancelot and conveying the Arthurian legend of courtly love. These intricately carved pieces would have adorned a small casket. No, not that kind — this would have been a small chest similar to a jewelry box. Upon viewing the museum's collection of armor, members learned that skilled armorers were commonly sought after, very prosperous and highly regarded members of society.

After the guided tour, members had time to continue exploring the museum at their leisure. Upon leaving the museum, some of our members were joined by Mr. Canning at a nearby restaurant for a marvelous meal and engaging conversation. A native of England, Mr. Canning shared many stories about growing up in England.

Kathie A. Raleigh



RICARDIAN READING

Myrna Smith

Hear you the news abroad?

This department is pleased to report a scoop — a brand-new, hot-off-the-press Ricardian book, reviewed below without further ado.

Richard III: A Medieval Kingship Ed. John Gillingham, St. Martin's Press, 1993, 154 pp., illus., \$29.95

Writing of the passions Richard III inspires, John Gillingham sounds the keynote of these essays: "These passions, and all the moral issues of justice and injustice on which they are based, confront historians with an extraordinarily sharply defined example of one of their usual dilemmas. Should they — can they — avoid passing moral judgments? When interpreting evidence, some of which was itself the product of the contemporary war of propaganda, should they — can they — remain detached and impartial commentators? ... When addressing Richard should we apply 'medieval' or 'modern' standards? Indeed, did people have different standards 'then' — or were they 'just like us'?"

In what is perhaps the most thought-provoking volume on Richard III to see print in recent years, Gillingham has assembled seven historians to look at seven different aspects of Richard's life, reign, and character. There are no footnotes here, but for once it doesn't seem to matter; it's almost as though a hidden tape recorder had captured a cozy fireside chat among these seven historians.

Ricardians should take a deep breath before reading the first two essays, though; neither Michael Hicks or Colin Richmond could ever be accused of undue sympathy to Richard. Hicks gives us a grasping and avaricious younger brother in his essay on Richard's formative years as Duke of Gloucester; and Colin Richmond's analysis of the events of the protectorate contain flat statements — "there was no Woodville faction on the council. . . Nor . . . had there been any hostility between the Woodvilles . . . and Richard . . . after they had all acquiesced in the judicial extinction of George Duke of Clarence" — which will not please the average Ricardian.

In contrast, Rosemary Horrox's analysis of a failed political strategy in Richard's "plantation" of northerners in the rebellious south is considerably less judgmental, speaking of sincere commitments that brought only limited success. This is followed by an essay by Anne Sutton on Richard's court, which reminds us that there was a human side to Richard, after all, one

that found enjoyment in some of the pleasures of daily life.

Michael Jones on Richard as a soldier and Alexander Grant on Richard's foreign policy offer remarkably similar and disquieting portrayals of Richard as a man of specific accomplishments set within the context of larger limitations. Horrox, Jones, and Grant all echo the observation made by Charles T. Wood almost twenty years ago, that Richard was a man of oddly limited perceptions, unaware that actions taken in response to one event will have consequences elsewhere. Finally, Peter Hammond gives a review of Richard's posthumous reputation with his customary aplomb — succinct, to the point, and with that careful neutrality that has earned both Hammond and the Society their acceptance within the academic community.

Gillingham gives Sutton and Hammond high marks both as scholars and Ricardians. The Society, too, comes in for praise in Gillingham's introduction: "Occasionally societies have been founded in the name of one or other (sic) king, but none . . . can hold a candle to the astonishing achievement of the Richard III Society . . ."

Views held by some of the historians represented in this volume will not please many Ricardians. Still, if it can be said that it represents a cross-section of current historical thought on Richard III, we can take a great measure of consolation in the fact that, in the main, these views do indeed constitute a reassessment of Richard's life and reign, the very objective we set out to achieve. That the assessment is less than perfectly complimentary does not lessen that achievement.

Laura Blanchard, PA

... determined to prove a villain

The publicity given to Alison Weir's book has created a demand (a couple of letters, anyway) for a review, or riposte. Richard Oberdorfer, who didn't know what he was letting himself in for, volunteered, and, and going the extra mile, gives us a double.

The Princes in the Tower Alison Weir, The Bodley Head, 1992

Richard III and the Princes in the Tower A.J. Pollard, NY, St. Martin's Press, 1991

In her "Author's Preface," Alison Weir claims that she has tried "to approach this book with as open a

mind as possible." She adds: "We are dealing with facts, not just speculation or theories, which I have tried very hard to avoid." She does not come close to either of her goals. Simply stated, the book is a traditionalist polemic, wildly uncritical of sources and designed to justify predetermined conclusions.

Weir is in a distinct minority among contemporary historians when she accepts Sir Thomas More as an unimpeachable source. She tells her reader, "More's account of the killing of the princes is unique; no other writer offers as much detail, and it is its very detail that argues its authenticity." (She even argues, in another place, that the fact that More includes details reported by no other author proves that those details must be accurate! -m.s.) Except for a passing reference, she disregards the practice popular at that time of embellishing history with morally edifying fiction, something which A.J. Pollard describes at length.

Weir is inclined to accept anti-Ricardian rumors and details, even though some of them require that the source have lived inside Richard's head. Significantly, she takes pains to find holes in those accounts which challenge her conclusions. She starts all lines of reasoning from her conclusion of Richard's guilt. Frequently, when she repeats a rumor or addresses the motives for someone's actions, she extrapolates based on her preconceptions. She sees no inconsistency in portraying the Duke of Buckingham as a ruthless self-seeker one moment and a selfless, conscience-ridden victim the next. In addition, her speculations concerning More's "informed sources" amount to similar guesswork without solid foundation.

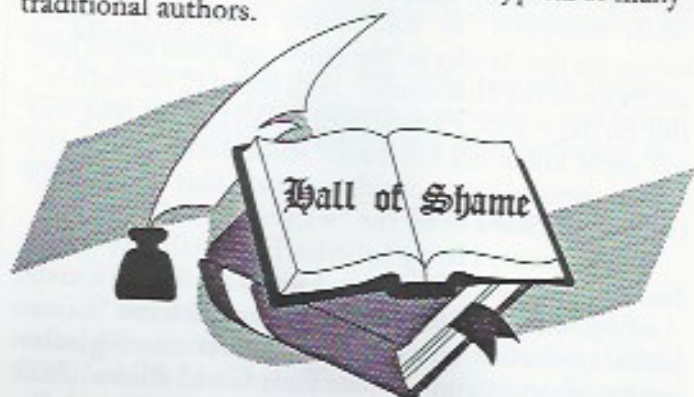
Throughout the book statements like "This may well be true" follow such offhand conjecture. Then the conjecture becomes, in her eyes, the same as fact. Clearly, she goes to the "may well" too often.

A reader who wants to find a traditionalist account prepared with dispassionate scholarship and a sense of even-handedness should seek out Pollard's *Richard III and the Princes in the Tower*. There is nothing groundbreaking about this volume, but that does not prevent it from being either a useful introduction to the subject matter or a worthy addition to the libraries of readers familiar with the topic.

Pollard states clearly that the most plausible conclusion is that Edward IV's sons were murdered by the authority of their ambitious Uncle Richard. Ricardians will not, of course, be reluctant to challenge this opinion on a number of levels. Why, for example, does the author seem to work backwards from his conclusions, accepting negative assessments and discounting positive aspects of Richard's character on the grounds that these actions could not have been selfless or sincere? His appraisal of Richard's conduct as lord of the north is that King Edward had another Clarence on his hands, yet it is difficult to see any similarity between George's weathervane-like inconsistency and his younger brother's conduct.

To his credit, Pollard acknowledges the variety of

conclusions that one may draw from the scant evidence and opinionated sources. Although he does not agree with Ricardian revisionist positions, he presents them without the ridicule or condescension typical of many traditional authors.



This is easily the most visually appealing of the books on the subject. Its beautiful — frequently full-color — illustrations reinforce the author's tight organization and restrained, uncluttered prose. In short, it is an enjoyable volume, whether one agrees with Pollard's position or not.

Richard Oberdorfer, VA

Additional comments about Weir: To give you an example of how her mind works, she takes from the comment of the Bishop of St David's (in a letter praising Richard) the word which is usually translated as "sensuality" (generalized) even by historians not friendly to Richard, and makes it his sensuality (Richard's) specifically. Then she uses that questionable translation as the basis for an entire soap opera, overlooking the fact that, to a medieval churchman, sensuality might mean no more than a liking for beautiful music or fine clothes — or just a tendency to skip early Mass. But the "old sweats" among us should have known: she thanks Desmond Seward in her acknowledgments, and A.L. Rowse praises her on the dust jacket.

Now to go from the serious, if not sublime, to the ridiculous, Tedd Trimbath gives us a candidate for the Hall of Shame.

... **Richmond and Elizabeth, the true successors of each royal house..**

The Dragon and the Rose Roberta Gellis (available in used bookstores)

If a writer sought to base a novel on an unsavory participant in the Wars of the Roses, Henry VII would surely be high on the list of candidates. Roberta Gellis has done just that, with tepid results. She traces Henry Tudor's early life, starting with his birth and ending shortly after the Battle of Stoke.

Henry is such a pathetic little man that Gellis has a difficult time portraying him as a sympathetic protagonist. Gellis's Henry is constantly shaking with exhaustion, shaking with fear, suffering with headaches, snarling at his familiars, and retching. And as for his character? Consider this example from page 91:

"The lie he had told did not trouble him; Henry was never troubled by lying."

In the author's notes, Gellis admits that there is no cause to be made against Richard, and that he was "sadly maligned" by subsequent chroniclers. Gellis' excuse for the slander is "the opinions stated about him are those of the characters . . . not those of the author." But on page 295, Elizabeth of York refers to "the way my uncle killed my brothers." Ridiculous! Elizabeth's appearances at court clearly indicate that she did not consider Richard to be the "wicked uncle."

Throughout, Henry belittles Elizabeth. He writes her cold, passionless letters. He speaks to her curtly. And yet, on page 268, Henry is revealed to be "Elizabeth's symbol of security and comfort . . . a greater source of consolation to her than God." Please! And how does Gellis mesh these diverse attributes? By portraying Henry Tudor as a sexual dynamo; Gellis's Henry rarely sleeps, he is so busy with his every-night, all-night passions. Amazing!

Roberta Gellis attempted to portray Henry Tudor as a hero. She attempted the impossible, and she failed. Don't buy the book; you can have my copy.

Tedd Trimbath, OII

With three nominations to date, *The Dragon and the Rose* would seem to be leading the field, but I hesitate to award it the Wax Image just yet. As self-appointed final judge of these matters, I decree that a work of fiction, to qualify, must not only have a Bad Hero, but be badly written. Gellis's efforts generally follow the rules of grammar and contain no howling anachronisms. And she is quite accurate in stating that "the opinions . . . are those of the characters" not necessarily the historical persons.

Now for follow-up on some books reviewed, or mentioned, previously.

Plots have I laid

A Shrine of Murders: Being the First of the Canterbury Tales of Kathryn Swinbroke, Leech and Physician
C.L. Grace, St. Martin's Press, NY, 1993

The Fate of Princes P.C. Doherty, St. Martin's Press, NY, 1991

An intriguing subtitle to the first-mentioned book, wouldn't you agree? The dedication "to the memory of the late Dr. William Urry, scholar and ardent student of medieval Canterbury," as well as the quote from Kate Campbellton Hurd-Mead's *A History of Women*: "In the Middle Ages women doctors continued to practice . . . for the simple reason that they were needed," are equally fascinating.

This slight volume contains a map, c. 1471, of the main streets of Canterbury with which the reader can follow Kathryn Swinbroke, daughter of a recently-dead physician and abused wife of recently-missing Alexander de Wyville, as she is drawn into the search

for a murderer.

The Yorkists have regained the kingdom. Edward IV is on the throne, and his brother, "the wire-haired, slightly hunchbacked Gloucester (!!!) is executing Lancastrians. Meanwhile, a cloaked and hooded poisoner whose alias, Sir Thopas, is the name Chaucer had given himself in *The Canterbury Tales*, is executing pilgrims who visit the holy shrine of Thomas Becket.

This is bad for business, so King Edward sends one of his commissioners to investigate: Colum Murtagh, an Irishman, who somehow manages to take up residence in Kathryn's house, despite objections from Thomasina, her buxom, sharp-tongued housekeeper. Together, Kathryn and Colum track down the murderer, but it is due to Kathryn's cleverness that the clues hidden in Chaucer's tales are deciphered.

Perhaps as interesting as the mystery is the medical lore of the Middle Ages. As patients come to Kathryn's home for treatment, the reader discovers that a mixture of saxifrage and parsley boiled in ale is good for treating a bladder stone; that honey and wheaten meal boiled in salted fat with a little wax will clear up dysentery. And those old modern favorites — oil of cloves for a toothache and raw steak for a black eye — were also remedies 500 years ago.

We'll look forward to more mystery mixed with medicine in Mr. Grace's next Canterbury tale.

A Shrine of Murders led this reviewer to P.C. Doherty, an author who specializes in medieval studies, and who writes under the Grace pseudonym. Pseudonyms abound in the literary world, and reasons for taking one pose their own mystery: why? In *The Fate of Princes* the protagonist, Francis Lovell, asks not only why but how, when and where.

"Where do I begin?" asks Sir Francis, as he starts his search for answers leading up to the disappearance of Richard III's nephews. In this first-person narrative, peopled with historical characters as well as imaginary ones, it was this boyhood friend whom Richard asked to pursue the fate of the princes.

And this he does, despite his own phantoms of misgiving. His inquiry leads through the myriad usual suspects. He even takes us beyond Bosworth, so we can ponder the possibility that the younger prince lived on.

Many of the events are factual. The fictional characters are used to fill in the blanks and answer those unanswerable questions. It's a good overview, with plausible solutions. And certainly we might agree that Richard very well could have said, "I believe my life, Francis, will be ruined because I trusted the wrong people."

Ellen Perlman, VA

... I had rather be a peddler

Death and the Chapman Kate Sendley, St. Martin's Press, NY, 1992

In 1471, Roger left the monastery of Glastonbury and the life for which he was ill-suited, to become a

chapman, a traveling salesman. With his big frame, good looks and charming smile, he is adept at selling needles, thread, ribbons and lace, and at solving mysteries. The character is well developed and consistent. Enough of his past experiences are revealed to give him substance and credibility. The plot has historical events woven into it, and if the solution to the mystery is somewhat predictable, Ricardians will surely forgive the author. For Roger Chapman is one of our own. As an old man in the reign of Henry VIII, he describes Richard as his "lodestar". Richard is depicted as a human being, a man whose outward appearance is greatly dependent on his health and emotional state; who cannot charm the crowds, but wins the fervent loyalty of those closest to him.

Dale Summers, TX

I had rather be a country servant maid

The Servant's Tale — Margaret Frazer, Jove Books, NY, 1993 (pb)

The Servant's Tale follows *The Novice's Tale* as the second in the series of a murder-solving nun, Dame Frevisse. The setting, character, and evocative writing style are factors which will make readers compare Frazer's works with Ellis Peters' Brother Cadfael series. But Dame Frevisse is not a mere copy of Cadfael. She is no stereotype nun, kindly, cheerful and helpful. She does not suffer fools gladly and can be brusque, a strange choice to be in charge of the priory's hospitality. Cadfael is accepted and assisted by his friend, the sheriff. He is occasionally able to leave the abbey and do his own clue-gathering. Frevisse is bound to the priory but is ably assisted by Dame Claire, the infirmarian, and she programs Father Henry with questions to ask outside. The official Crouner is not only not friendly but resents the interfering of a lowly woman as he blusters and blunders his way to the wrong conclusions. Frevisse must manipulate to get a hearing for her own ideas. Like Cadfael she obeys the rule because she has chosen to do so but, like him, she retains a strong sense of self-identity.

The year is 1434. No hint is given as to Frevisse's age and if the author intended to add the Lancastrian-York struggle as a backdrop to her tales, she probably would have chosen a later setting. There is no murder for half the book. Then suddenly there are two which appear to be completely unrelated. One victim is a young villein, rowdy and quarrelsome, with few friends but with few serious enemies. The other is a nun who is already dying of breast cancer. The only tie is a troop of players, members of which have quarreled with both victims. But Frevisse, drawn to the freedom of their life, cannot believe any of them are guilty. She struggles

with her own prejudices and beliefs before she realizes the identity of the true murderer. The truth dawns on the reader simultaneously and the reader experiences the same dismay as Dame Frevisse, for the murderer is the victim of circumstances in the harsh reality of the Middle Ages.

The Servant's Tale will not only test the reader's detecting skills but will arouse compassion and bring into focus the details of life for the poor in the age we study.

Dale Summers, TX

Note: The latest Dame Frevisse, *The Outlaw's Tale*, is now on the shelves, and *The Mammoth Book of Historical Whodunits* (ed. Mike Ashley, Carrol & Graf, 1993), which contains a Frevisse short story, as well as a non-series story by Ms Frazer under another alias, or nom de crime, is in stores of the Bookstop ilk. Other stories cover periods from ancient times to post-Holmesian, and authors include past and present masters — and mistresses — of the genre, including John Dickson Carr, S.S. Rafferty, and Ed Hoch.

... an index to the story that late we talked of

Capsule Comments: Kathie Maxwell recommends the fourth book in Thomas Costain's Plantagenet series, *The Last Plantagenets*, and is surprised that it does not find a place on more lists of favorite books — perhaps because it has been out of print for so long. She confesses that her introduction to our conclave was Rosemary Hawley Jarman's *We Speak No Treason*, which dates her — and still more those of us who were converted by Josephine Tey!

Finally, an attempt by your Reading Editor to earn her keep by contributing a Capsule Comment (thanks to you Gentle Readers, she need do no more this time).

O, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide

The Encyclopedia of Amazons: Women Warriors from Antiquity to the Modern Era — Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Anchor Books, NY, 1991

You've heard about Jean d'Arc and Margaret of Anjou, but what about Jeanne Hachette and Agnes of Dunbar? Women have taken part in battle through the ages, mostly from love — love of a man, of country, of adventure, and sometimes, one suspects, from sheer love of meanness.

What this indicates about the role of women in the modern armed forces is hard to say, but it's interesting anyway.

Last year the Board announced that the Richard III Society, Inc. would reprint *Under The Hog*, Patrick Carleton's 1938 novel about Richard III. There were, however, several conditions which had to be met before we could go ahead with publication, the most important one being that we had to pre-sell 500 copies in order to recover the initial printing cost. We asked for no money up front, merely an indication that the purchaser would remit the very reasonable price of \$19.95 plus \$1.00 postage, at the time of publication. Despite our high hopes, and our conviction that there was great interest both in the U.S. and U.K. in the project, only about 300 copies were pre-sold, including 100 which the U.K. Society promised to purchase.

The disappointing results lead to several possible conclusions. Either there is much less interest in the book than we had supposed, or most of our members already own a copy. Neither supposition holds up to closer scrutiny. The first, that there is little interest in the book, is belied by the fact that it has been for years one of the most requested books in our fiction library. As for the second, although *Under The Hog* was reprinted in paperback in England several years ago, copies of both that edition and the 1938 edition are extremely scarce, both in second-hand bookstores and libraries.

There is, however, a third possibility. *Under The Hog* is a controversial book among Ricardians. When it was published more than 50 years ago it received rave reviews from some very important and discerning critics. George Conrad called it a vigorous and illuminating novel, and noted that Richard is far from the villain of the piece. William Rose Benet called *Under The Hog* an outstanding historical novel and as complete a vindication of the anathematized Richard III of England as could be imagined . . . Mr. Carleton is at historical pains to show us why the future chroniclers of Richard were wrong.

Although *Under The Hog* has many Ricardian fans, myself included, the fact that Carleton accepts Richard as the murderer is hateful, to others in the Society. Those same people who scorn writers, including Shakespeare, who present the Lancastrian view, for their simplistic, one-dimensional view of Richard as a man of pure evil, without a single redeeming feature, prefer, it seems, an equally one sided Yorkist view of Richard as a man of pure virtue and nobility, without a single fault. Both pictures are equally false, and neither does Richard's cause or reputation any good, for his humanity is overlooked by the extreme partisans on both sides.

The very fact that Carleton eschews the extremes of both sides is what makes *Under The Hog* an unusual and worthwhile addition to the literature of the period. His characters, including Richard, are flesh and blood human beings, a mixture of good and bad, and very much the creatures of the times in which they lived. Those times were violent and dangerous, especially for those in

power or at the fringes of power. Much as the romantics among us would like to think so, Richard was not a paragon. He could, and did, do things that were undoubtedly distasteful to him, in order to preserve his life and maintain the power and position to which he had been born and for which he had been educated. This is not to say, of course, that one has to accept that he did indeed murder his nephews, in order to appreciate *Under The Hog*. I certainly do not accept that, and neither do most other members of the Richard III Society. But that was this author's view, and he puts it in the most favorable light possible, that of saving the country from continued rebellions and civil war waged in the princes' names. As neat an example of situation ethics as one could find, and written at a time before it was a modish belief.

Those of us who admire the novel are impressed, as Benet was, by the author's understanding of the period. Carleton, he wrote, "could breathe life into his courtiers, queens, and men in armor . . . and make them talk and act convincingly as they must have talked and acted. His writing hardly ever wavers from a high precise standard. Sometimes his phrases seem almost inspired." High praise indeed, which could not apply to most of the other Ricardian novels written over the past century.

All this, as you have no doubt realized by now, is leading up to a plea to all of those members who have not yet ordered a copy of *Under The Hog*. It is not yet too late to send in your request to Linda McLatchie. If you have ordered one, order another for your local library, which is no doubt short of funds for the purchase of new books. This could have a remarkable ripple effect, for it is my firm belief that many who borrow and read this book will re-evaluate their views of the traditional Richard III, and might even join the Society to learn more of the true story.

Send your pre-publication order to:

Linda McLatchie, Sales Officer
Richard III Society, Inc.
330 Cedar Street
Ashland, MA 01721



What the Critics Said About Weir's *Last Book*

Weir's previous book, *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, was timed to coincide with the Henrician quincentenary, and as such was reviewed twice by the *London Times* — once in the literary and once in the educational supplement. Here's what they had to say:

"There are many errors of fact; most notably, Henry's schism from Rome is misdated and misunderstood, while the last months of Bishop Fisher's life are in a chronological muddle. The life of Eustache Chapuys is truncated by a decade, and Elizabeth Brooke appears as two separate persons. There are also many anachronisms; nobody in Tudor England had bridesmaids, and it is surely redundant to defend Catherine Parr from suspicion of being a feminist. The author gives vivid accounts of events to which there were no witnesses, among them Henry VIII's proposal to Katherine of Aragon and his ardent consummation of his marriage with her, and of his prenuptial union with Anne Boleyn. Such speculation may be legitimate in a work of this sort, but the unwary reader might imagine that the protagonists had committed their emotions and experiences to paper, which they had not. Most seriously, the author shows no awareness of the historiographical debate about Henrician politics and the Reformation, yet she makes authoritative though often erroneous statements about religion. Thus, though Anne Boleyn was allegedly no Lu-

theran, she owned forbidden books, promoted vernacular scripture, and sheltered suspected Lutherans. Equally, nine-year-old Edward VI had become a "Protestant" by the time of his accession, a fact which his dying "Catholic" father had accepted with resignation. As a series of impressions of historical characters and events by a nonspecialist, this book is quite entertaining. But it is subjective and unreliable, and its pronouncements should be treated with caution."

—M.D., *Times Literary Supplement*,
August 16, 1991

"There is much to be learned about Henry and about politics from the king's domestic relations — but, sadly, it will not be found in *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*. Alison Weir gushes her way through Henry's marital tribulations and trials, with blithe disregard of recent academic historiography: her bibliography is, to put it mildly, very odd. Bits of pop psychology are padded out into 643 pages by repetitions, potted biographies of fringe characters, and many errors and oddities."

—Christopher Haigh, "*Henry VIII I Am, I Am*" *Times Educational Supplement*,
December 13, 1991

By this time, *The Times* had apparently had enough of Weir, as no review of *The Princes in the Tower* is listed in the 1993 index of *Book Review Digest*, although the book was published in 1992.

of whom were English and had been taught from the same history books as I. Although I did not convert them either, I did give them food for thought. I had one American success and hope by now she has joined the Southern California chapter.

From Canterbury we journeyed by bus to the City of Winchester. This city and the surrounding area known as Wessex are steeped in history, going all the way back to pre-history. We had a great time during the week we spent there. I, of course, brought up the subject of Richard whenever and with whomever I could. This is a community whose biggest hero is Alfred the Great, and whose second major tourist attraction after Winchester Cathedral is King Arthur's round table. Interest in the doings of the Plantagenets, Lancastrians and Tudors appeared minimal. But for the Ricardian it is enough to be able to visit Bishop Langton's chapel in the Cathedral, where he is buried and to consider, while standing by the font in which Prince Arthur was baptized, that Henry's usurpation brought him no better luck or happiness than that experienced by Shakespeare's historical usurpers.

From Winchester, we went by car to Leicester, for the most important part of our Ricardian Odyssey. At the Grand Hotel we met up with Dale Summers, Mike Induni of Lord Addison Travel, and twelve other dedicated Ricardians on their "Richard III Royal Progress," who had agreed that we might accompany them to Bosworth Field the next day, August 22! Although a wet and gloomy afternoon, we and the others seeking signs of Richard found that Leicester now actively promotes its association with Richard. The so-called Castle Garden (all that's left of the castle is the mound) is quite small, but serene and well-tended. Richard's statue, standing in the midst of colorful beds of flowers, is quite magnificent but does bear a striking resemblance to Olivier's Richard.

Sunday dawned wet and gloomy — I poetically declaimed that "even the heavens were weeping!" — and we set out for Bosworth. We stopped first at the visitor center to take a quick look at the battle exhibit and visit the shop, both of which were very crowded, and then on to the service at the Church of St. James at Sutton Cheney. The little church was filled to overflowing, so some of us were given seats in the chancel close to the altar. This enabled us to photograph the white and red bouquets placed either side of the altar steps. Alongside the white bouquet was a sign quoting Dr. Thomas Langton:

"He contents the people where he goes best that ever did prince, for many a poor man that hath suffered wrong many days hath been relieved and helped by him. God hath sent him to us for the weal of us all."

Beside the red roses was another notice urging us to remember those "on the other side" who were killed in the battle. Caught in the picture was a kneeler beautifully embroidered with a white rose.

At the completion of the service, wreaths were placed on the memorial plaque by Dale Summers,

representing the American and by members from the New Zealand and Australian Branches:

*Remember before God
Richard III
King of England
and those who fell
at Bosworth Field
having kept faith
22 August 1485
Loyaulte me lie*

The solemnity of the service, the thoughtful message delivered by Canon Michael Perry (recently Archdeacon of Durham), the special "King Richard's Hymn," Richard's own prayer, the serious worshippers — all combined to give a powerful legitimacy to why we were there. It was a very special moment.

When we returned to Bosworth Field, the crowd was even larger. Although overcast, the rain held off for the reenactment. Colorful and quite spectacular (the hundreds of arrows shot into the air at the same time was impressive, as well as the little boys running around to collect and return them to the archers being amusing) the reenactment is entertaining for the spectators (and even more so for the participants!). Even though one knows the outcome, for the Richard supporter it is depressing. Thus it was a rather down group that climbed onto the bus and headed back to The Almshouse at Sutton Cheney for tea.

A cup of tea, as everyone in England knows, perks up the spirits and this proved to be the case as we spread out among the English, Australian and New Zealand members, enjoying a "cuppa," bountiful plates of sandwiches, scones and cokes and the blending of accents in the timbered-ceiling dining room of the converted almshouses.

At the end of the day, the comment made by one of our little group as we left the field expressed exactly how we all felt: "Perhaps next year they'll let him win!"

*Eileen was born in England, moving to the U.S. as an adult. An ardent mystery fan, she, too, became a Richard supporter through *The Daughter of Time*.*



Bosworth Field Reenactment

Last year was a remarkable year for the Schallek Awards program — we surpassed our campaign goal, made awards to two stellar students, and received a record number of applications.

This year promises to be just as exciting, with a new member of the Selection Committee and a new record number of applications.

Barbara Hanawalt Joins Selection Committee

Barbara Hanawalt, Professor of History at the University of Minnesota, has agreed to serve on the Selection Committee. She replaces Mary Donermeyer, who resigned in order to devote herself to her new duties as Archivist. Mary served conscientiously and well and we will miss her.

Professor Hanawalt has researched and published on a variety of topics related to late medieval English history. She is author of *Crime and Conflict in English Communities 1300-1348* (Harvard University Press, 1979), *The Ties That Bind: Peasant Family Life in Medieval England* (Oxford University Press, 1986), and, most recently, *Growing Up in Medieval London: The Experience of Childhood in History* (Oxford University Press, 1993). She is also editor of *Chaucer's England: Literature in Historical Context* (University of Minnesota Press, 1992). She also serves as a councillor for the Medieval Academy of America.

Professor Hanawalt's own researches into late medieval English society make her especially qualified to rule on Schallek applicants. And, as Roxane Murph has observed, what particularly struck us about Professor Hanawalt is her commitment to the preparation of her students. Her student Katherine Workman, now on the history faculty at Wright State University, was one of our 1984 Schallek Scholars. And she tutored Jim Landman, one of our 1993 Schallek Scholars, in paleography last summer, on her own time, to prepare him for his research abroad.

We feel very lucky to have Professor Hanawalt on our selection committee.

1994-95 Applicants Top Last Year's Record

I was very pleased last year to report that we received nine applications, most of excellent quality. It is with even greater pleasure that I report this year's total of 14 applications.

As an experiment, I enclosed a copy of our informal "Academic Programs" brochure with each application I mailed out this year. This brochure lists the Schallek Scholars and their research topics for the years since the program's inception. Perhaps as a result of this, virtually all of our applicants this year are in the process of researching or writing their dissertations on topics that approach the Ricardian period very closely. Success in garnering high-quality applications, of course,



Richard's standard flying at Bosworth Field

means a more difficult job for our Selection Committee, and we all need to thank Lorraine Attreed, Barbara Hanawalt, Morris McGee, Shelley Sinclair, and Charles Wood for their efforts.

Contributions are Strong But We Could Use More

Although a slowdown after the excitement of our capital campaign would be expected, contributions to the fund remain strong. Thanks to the efforts of Joe Ann Ricca and the Whyte Rose Chapter at the AGM, the annual fund started off with a \$400 contribution — the proceeds of their landmark Schallek Breakfast. Additional contributions have brought this year's annual fund to \$955. We have also received over \$600 for endowment and close to \$400 in unspecified gifts to be used at the Board's discretion for this year's award or for endowment.

Nevertheless, as this year's crop of applicants demonstrates, a significant number of U.S. students is showing an interest in the Ricardian period. These students are doing research that is worthy of support, that will produce new insights on topics of interest to most of us. Our support, too, can help instill an appreciation for the aims of the Richard III Society in an entire generation of American scholars. As Morris McGee and Joe Ann Ricca are both fond of saying (and I am always happy to repeat), this is Ricardian loyalty of the best kind — to which Morris would add, parenthetically, "tax deductible!"

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Margaret Gurowitz

Just when it seems that the tide of academic and popular opinion has begun to turn in favor of Richard III, Alison Weir's increasingly popular and highly visible work, *The Princes in the Tower*, has come down firmly on the side of Tudor tradition and will no doubt influence general conceptions of both Richard III and his Society. However, the book's popularity has opened up a wealth of opportunity for the Society — and especially for individual members — to contribute to Richard's cause.

It all started with a few telephone calls. I discovered from several Ricardians that Alison Weir — author of the Book-of-the-Month Club's answer to *A Current Affair* — was embarking on a U.S. book tour to promote *The Princes in the Tower*. Weir was slated to appear in Bryn Mawr, PA; Washington, DC; Berkeley, CA; Milwaukee, WI and Boulder, CO. After speaking with Weir's publicist, I contacted Ricardians in each area who promised either to try to make it to Weir's lectures or to send me articles on her tour and keep me informed. Weir's Pennsylvania appearance was well-attended by the Southeastern PA Chapter but her tour was cut short, preventing other Society members from attending her book signings.

A general media bulletin was sent out to all chapter contacts detailing the facts of the case and warning them to be on the lookout for any Weir appearances or articles. After the book tour, press releases were distributed to chapter contacts and committee heads for use in their local papers. Titled "Society Disputes Best Selling Author's Claims: Richard III's Defenders Take on Popular New Book," the release contained space for a local contact name and telephone number. (If anyone would like more copies of the press release, or another release relating to local Ricardian PR opportunities, drop me a line or give me a call and I will draft one for you.)

At first glance, the popularity of Weir's book is bad for Richard because the general public — who knows nothing about Richard III's life and reign — will read it and probably believe what they read. Weir's viewpoint will influence popular conceptions about Richard: her book will appear to the layman to be well-researched and interesting, despite the fact that her writing has been condemned by serious scholars. But *The Princes in the Tower* also is a big plus for the Society: it's a golden opportunity for us to tell our side of the story. Due to Weir's book, we are a timely story in the media. The Book-of-the-Month Club advertisement mentioned "There is even a Richard III Society . . ." which almost certainly will generate new

membership inquiries. I have asked the organization to pass along any inquiries to us. If any of your friends ask you about the book, tell them what you think! Invite them to a chapter meeting! This is an opportunity for all of us to become publicists for Richard. It is not necessary for anyone to get up in front of a large crowd if they do not want to, but it is a chance for all of us to promote the Society's viewpoint and counter the narrow and outdated view of Richard III that Alison Weir has put forth.

One way to do this is center a library exhibit on the book. Since *The Princes in the Tower* is being displayed prominently in bookstores, this would be a great time to feature it in a library exhibit and refute its arguments. It would make any exhibit and/or talk at your local library both timely and newsworthy and would be certain to garner publicity and attract new members both to your Chapters and the Society. Because of Weir, this is a perfect time to get some ink for Richard III: the popularity of Weir's book makes our story a current and interesting feature for newspapers.

Is there a bookstore near you selling Alison Weir's book? Find out if the shop will let you leave Society brochures there for people to take. Another possibility, if anyone likes public speaking, is to hold a talk at a bookstore near you that carries the book. You can advertise this in your local newspapers. Or write a letter to the editor: the current issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* contains a review of *The Princes in the Tower* which praises the author's research!

As you can see, what on the surface appears to be a disaster for Richard's reputation can be turned into a PR bonus for the Society, allowing us to counter Weir's claims and put her book into perspective in the public forum. With *The Princes in the Tower* currently a hot item in bookstores and publications, all of us have a unique opportunity to tell our side of the story and educate people about Richard III and the Richard III Society.



Richard III Memorial Plaque, Sutton Cheney Church

BOARD CHRONICLES

July 18, 1993

Present: Joe Ann Ricca, Chairman; Carole Rike, Membership Secretary; Roxane Murph, Immediate Past Chairman; Peggy Allen, Treasurer; Toni Collins, Secretary.

Treasurer's Report: Currently \$30,671.13 in the General Fund and \$24,848.86 in the Shallek Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Membership Report: Carole Rike announced that membership stands at 603, down slightly from last report. She mailed renewal notices in June and is about to mail again.

Publications: Roxane has been in contact with Linda McLathie and has received a new quote for the printing of *Under The Hog*: Hardcover would be \$18 per book for 500 books; soft cover printing would be \$9.96 for 1000. There would be no set up costs for a facsimile reprint. 294 orders have been received to date. It was decided that more books should be pre-sold before we proceed. It was recommended that the Public Relations Chairman be asked to work on updating our brochure with an eye toward marketing to libraries and university bookstores.

Roxane reported that progress is continuing on *Richard and Anne*.

Committee Review: Joe Ann suggested that the time has come to review committees and committee structures. The Board may wish to consider redefining some areas.

Public Relations: Laura Blanchard will be stepping down as Public Relations Manager. Research Officer Margaret Gurowitz has expressed an interest in the position. Joe Ann will meet with her to see whether she feels equal to performing both tasks. It was mentioned that more than one person could be working on Public Relations to take advantage of the society's talented membership.

Monograph Committee: The committee has received its first monograph on the subject of patronage and power, written by Sharon Michalove. Roxane reported that, with the resignation of Chairman Jim Moore, the monograph committee is without a Chairman.

Nominating Committee: The Board expressed gratitude to the nominating committee for a job well done. After discussion, the following candidates for vice-chairman were put forth: Diane Batch, Anne Vineyard and Laura Blanchard. Toni Collins declined to run for another term as Secretary and the Board will appoint a replacement for her after the AGM.

In the interest of clarity, the Board has approved Carole Rike's appointment to the position of Membership Chairman retroactively to October, 1992. The Board would like to emphasize that Carole is doing a job that exceeds the call of duty.

The Board is researching bylaws 5.1 and 5.3, whereby our procedures and eligibility requirements will be better defined.

Activity Report: The International Congress on Medieval Studies has approved the Society's sponsorship of one session in 1994.

New York State Filing is not necessary since the Society only maintains a money fund with Paine Webber and has no investments in stocks, bonds, mutual funds, etc.

AGM's: The Michigan chapter has organized its 1994 committee. Their theme is A Ricardian Renaissance. The Northwest Chapter has received word that it will be hosting the 1995 AGM.

September 12, 1993

Present: Joe Ann Ricca, Chairman; Carole Rike, Membership Chairman; Peggy Allen, Treasurer.

Treasurer's Report: Peggy Allen reported that as of August 31, we had \$31,279.79 in the General Fund and \$25,273.68 in the Schallek Memorial Fellowship Fund. It was decided that specific sales items will be earmarked for the endowment area of the Fellowship Fund. Joe Ann will advise the Sales area under separate cover. After decision, it was decided that the board would not extend the challenge match fund for another year.

Membership Report: Carole Rike reported that the membership was 653.

Old Business: The board entered discussion to clarify Bylaws 5.1, 5.2 and 5.3. The board made amendments to these bylaws with the decision that these by-laws would be distributed to the board for the November meeting. There will be a vote to either approve or reject these changes. The board asked Joe Ann to contact legal counsel for clarification on Amendment X. The board rejected the idea to change the term of office from two years back to one year.

Committee Review: The board approved the Chairman's recommendation to dissolve the position of Speakers' Co-

ordinator. This responsibility will fall under the charge of the Chapter Coordinator. The board approved the recommendation of Carolyn Campbell to serve as Library Coordinator. The board has requested that the Library Coordinator develop table top exhibits for the use of the membership. Joe Ann stated that Margaret Gurowitz, Susan Mahoney and herself has been working on a historical exhibit which will be premiered at the AGM for the use of the Society. The board has approved an Awards Committee. Under the direction of the Chapter Coordinator, this committee will issue two awards commending at the '94 AGM. An award will be given to a chapter for its contribution to the Society; the other award will be given for the best chapter newsletter.

The board approved the policy that only one Dickon award will be given.

Activity Report: It has been announced that Professor Ralph Griffiths has been appointed as Chairman of the Monograph Committee. It was also announced that Sharon Michalove has been appointed to serve as Monograph Administrator. Her role will be to act as liaison between the Monograph Committee and potential applicants.

Dale Summers, Tour Coordinator, has slated two tours of 1994: a northern tour for the end of May and a tour of the Midlands in late August.

New Business: There was discussion of investing the funds in our Schallek Fellowship Award. Peggy requested more time to review the investment package that was received from Joe Ann. It was concluded that resolution would be at the AGM. The board has voted to invest the endowment moneys in five different funds to allow flexibility and security.

Present: Joe Ann Ricca, Chairman; Laura Blanchard, Vice-Chairman; Carole Rike, Membership Chairman; Peggy Allen, Treasurer; Roxane Murph, Immediate Past Chairman; Pam Milavec, Secretary.

Treasurer's Report: as of October 31, the General Fund had a balance of \$28,817.47 and the Shallek Memorial Scholarship Fund had a balance of \$30,515.30. Bonding of Treasurer was discussed, as well as the need to bond the Sales Officer.

Membership Report: Carole Rike reported membership at 504, with 18 new members and 570 members who have not yet renewed. Carole further discussed the difficulty of dues payments being made to other officers, resulting in errors in the Society database.

By-Laws: The revisions to By-Laws Articles 5.1, 5.2, and 5.3 were approved. Carole will print changes and send out the bylaws as a separate mailing.

Donation to Yorkshire Museum: The board agreed to donate \$125.00 on the Middleham Jewel Book. This donation will more than fulfill the minimum requirement needed for mention on the masthead. The Society will be provided with a 35% discount on book orders of 50 or more.

94 and 95 AGM's: The 94 and 95 AGM's are progressing. Sandra Giesbrecht, coordinator for the 95 AGM, will be

Present: Joe Ann Ricca, Chairman; Laura Blanchard, Vice-Chairman; Carole Rike, Membership Chairman; Peggy Allen, Treasurer; Roxane Murph, Immediate Past Chairman; Pam Milavec, Secretary.

Treasurer's Report: As of January 23, \$31,877.30 was in the General Fund and \$32,154.66 in the Schallek Memorial Scholarship Fund.

Membership Report: Membership stands at 588. A lapsed membership mailing was sent in November.

Activity Report: Joe Ann announced the appointment of Judith Dickson as Data Base Administrator. Judith has been and will continue to work directly with her on the development and implementation of this position. The initial project that Susan will be undertaking will be implementing the information that will be received from the research survey recently created by Margaret Gurowitz.

Under The Hog: Margaret Gurowitz has created an advertising piece which will be used as an insert in the *Register* to see what kind of pledge response it will evoke. Peggy

The Yorkshire Museum has requested support for a new book concerning the Middleham Jewel. The board requested that Joe Ann contact the museum for information on bulk discount and acknowledgment.

The board approved the sponsorship of a Conference in 1995. Sharon Michalove will work with Chairman Ricca on this project.

November 21, 1993

forwarding a contract for the '95 location. Chapters who are hosting AGMS are not empowered to sign contracts on behalf of the Society.

Under The Hog: This project is temporarily tabled. Once all information requested by the Chairman has been received, the board shall receive an issue paper from the chair to approve or reject this project.

Fund-Raising Committee: Laura Blanchard will be chairing this committee. Board members will send their ideas to Laura, who will prepare a preliminary paper in advance of the January board meeting.

AGM's: It has been decided that contracts should be reviewed by legal counsel and the Chairman before signing.

Nominating Committee: Joe Ann requested that the board supply three member names to serve on the nominating committee. The board positions that will be up for election are: Chairman, Membership Chairman, and Treasurer. Joe Ann Ricca, Carole Rike and Peggy Allen are each eligible to serve one additional term in their respective positions.

Branch Discounts: Joe Ann has spoken with Linda McLatchie and it has been decided that the board has disallowed discounts to other branches.

January 23, 1994

Allen had no new news on printing prices, but will distribute copies of the quotes she receives before the next board meeting.

Fund Raising: The discussion for this topic was tabled until the next board meeting.

Schallek Committee: The board approved the Schallek Committee's nomination for a new committee member.

Public Relations: Laura Blanchard brought the nationwide tour of Alison Weir to the board's attention. Alison Weir's book, *The Princes In The Tower*, is a Book-of-the-Month selection. Laura will be working with Margaret Gurowitz on the follow-up of Ms. Weir's tour.

Non-Fiction Library: Judy Weinsaft has designated over \$4,000 for the benefit of the non-fiction area of the Society. This money will be designated to the newly-established Judy R. Weinsaft Non-Fiction Endowment Fund. Judy has also designed two tee-shirts to benefit this area of the Society which has brought in \$250.

ROYAL PLANTAGENET ENGLAND TOUR—THE ENIGMA OF RICHARD III

Joe Ann Ricca

Are you fascinated by things medieval? Do you enjoy exploring magnificent castles and abbeys? Wouldn't you like to take part in unraveling the mystery of Richard III? If so, you are cordially invited to join our group for a truly unique tour — the trip of a lifetime!

The tour itinerary of 10 days crosses the path of numerous medieval people in the course of your travels, observing remains of the age in which they lived, their homes, lifestyles, religion, sport and entertainment. You will become acquainted with both Plantagenet and contemporary England on an intimate basis, and best of all, you will return with many fond memories of a truly unique experience. Reservations and a deposit of \$400 is required by the 15th of April. For further details, please contact Linda Treybig, 170 Lec Road, Berea, OH 44017, or you may contact her at (216) 826-3900.

NEW APPOINTMENT

Joe Ann Ricca

Judith Dickson has been appointed as our first Data Base Manager. Currently serving as Vice-Chairman for the Whyte Rose Chapter, she grew up in Schenectady, New York and is a classically trained musician, having played harp, clarinet and piano. Having an ancestor who fought in the Wars of the Roses (for the Yorkists — who else?), Judith has a keen interest in Richard III. She also taught a course in British History from 1066 to 1603. Trained as a Documentation

Specialist, Judith is looking forward to organizing the new system in order to use talent that is within the society to the fullest.

IN SUPPORT OF JUDY WEINSOFT

Joe Ann Ricca

Through the generosity of Judy Weinssoft and Phil Goldsmith, the Executive Board recently announced the newly established "Judy R. Weinssoft Memorial Research Library Fund". The proceeds of this endowment will be used to acquire appropriate non-fiction materials. In support of Judy's vision, I am pleased to announce the following new sales item:

- A tee-shirt as shown in the Winter issue of the *Register*. The shirt will be in white with the stage curtain in murrey and Richard's portrait and lettering in Yorkist Blue. They can be ordered through our sales officer, Linda McLatchie.

The Whyte Rose Chapter offers a 16 oz. Pub Mug with the same design minus the lettering. The mug is in white with the portrait of Richard and lettering in Yorkist Blue. They can be ordered from Michael Ressetar, 20 Robin Hood Road, Clifton, NJ 07013. Cheques should be made out to Michael Ressetar c/o the Whyte Rose Chapter.

The video tape of Judy's lecture is available through our Audio/Visual Manager, Sandra Giesbrecht, 17735 105th Place SE, Apt. A302, Renton, WA 98055.

The cost of all items is \$14.95, plus \$2.50 for shipping and handling.

1995 AGM UPDATE



Laura Blanchard To Be Featured Speaker

On May 3 Laura Blanchard will give her now famous presentation on Richard — Hump? What Hump? — to the members and friends of the Dearborn Centennial Public Library support organization, Friends of the Library. This is the last program for the 1993/94 year of the organization and as such should be well attended. In addition to arousing interest in the Society, Laura's talk represents a great preview to the AGM. On the evening of the talk we will have a Ricardian Display, supported by one of our local bookstores. Later in the year, we will mount library exhibits both at the Centennial Library as well as in the Mardigan Library on the University of Michigan-Dearborn campus. Local cable company personality, Jackie Kaiser, is planning an "on location" interview of Larua while she is in Dearborn, to be aired during the month of August.

Center for Heritage Landscaping is Dedicated

Ricardians, and/or spouses, who are interested in landscaping should plan on scheduling a visit to the Henry Ford Estate-Fairlane, on the Dearborn Campus of the University of Michigan. The newly dedicated "Center for Heritage Landscaping" encompasses the restored historic land, waterscapes and gardens that were designed and created by Jens Jensen for Henry Ford between 1913 and 1921.

Call for Door Prizes

Among those donated so far are leather bookmarks from the Bosworth Battlefield Visitor Center and a truly beautiful hand-sculpted relief model of the National Portrait Gallery painting of Richard, a major prize. Contact Eileen Prinsen, Publicity Chair, 16151 Longmeadow, Dearborn, MI 48120, (313) 271-1224.

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Membership Application

Individual Membership \$30.00 \$ _____
 Individual Membership Non-US \$35.00 \$ _____
 Family Membership* \$ _____

Contributing & Sponsoring Membership:
(50% to the William Schallek Memorial Graduate Fellowship)
 Honorary Fotheringay Member: \$ 75 \$ _____
 Honorary Middleham Member: \$180 \$ _____
 Honorary Bosworth Member: \$300 \$ _____
 Plantagenet Angel: \$500 \$ _____
 Plantagenet Family Member: + \$500 \$ _____

Contributions:
 Schallek Fellowship Awards \$ _____
 General Fund (publicity, mailings, library, etc) \$ _____
 Total Enclosed: \$ _____

* Family Membership \$30 for yourself, plus \$5 for each additional family member residing at same address. Please list family members other than yourself:

Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Country: _____

Phone: _____

Contributions are fully deductible to the extent allowed by law. The Richard III Society, Inc. is a not-for-profit corporation with 501 C. 3 designation.

Make all checks payable to: Richard III Society, Inc.
 Mail to P.O. Box 13786, New Orleans, LA 70185