



RICARDIAN CHRONICLE

Vol. 7 No. 1

June, 2021

Newsletter by and about members of the American Branch of the Richard III Society

This year, the American Branch of the Richard III Society celebrates its sixtieth anniversary. The American Branch was founded by Arthur Noel Kincaid in 1961. Watch for articles in the September Ricardian Register and Bulletin highlighting support of scholarship through grants and conferences, and events over the past sixty years, including our incorporation in 1968 as a 501c3 non-profit.

I know many members discovered The Richard III Society because they read a book. Others have through friends or because of research focusing on Richard III. For me, it was a bit of both, starting with Sharon Kay Penman's *THE SUNNE IN SPLENDOUR* that put a knife in the heart of Shakespeare's arch villain. I had to learn more, and here I am. Please send me your stories of how you came here to share in the next issue (December) of the Chronicle to info@r3.org.

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Publication schedule and submission deadlines:

The *Ricardian Chronicle* is published semi-annually, June and December. Submission deadlines are:
May 15th for the June issue and November 15th for the December issue.

What type of article will be published in the *Chronicle*?

The *Ricardian Chronicle* is a newsletter by and about members and chapters of the American Branch of the Richard III Society. This is the publication to share your stories about Ricardian and related trips and events.

Submission guidelines:

Text: 12 pt Times New Roman, Calibri, or Arial font, document file type can be rtf, doc, docx, or odt. (Sorry, I cannot accept pdf document type or non-standard fonts.)

Please contact me at info@r3.org

THE MISSING PRINCES IN AMERICA PROJECT

Sally Keil



Forward to March 2021:

Dear Team Members,

Pretty quiet month, but I am so pleased that we are all continuing to press our way forward, even without the encouragement of a live ‘hit’! We’ve all uncovered mountains of Books of Hours, liturgical music, bibles, religious tracts, etc. **BUT**.....oh, to find that piece of correspondence from Francis Lovell, or King Richard himself, or Edward Brampton, or John de la Pole.....

IF something is out there, we’re going to find it!!

Date: March 2021

Institutions contacted this month:11

Total # institutions contacted to date: 301 Project Completion: 62%

‘Hits’ this month with description:

No new ‘hits’ this month.

Status of previous ‘hits’: No updates on any of our ‘hits’. Same as the March 2021 report which is repeated below with highlighting of the ‘to dos’:

Falconer Statue in the Denver Art Museum. Julie Stafford got a return email from her contact in the museum. She apologizes for not responding more promptly but the museum was re-opening some galleries after a major construction project, but **has promised to ‘go over to the campus’** and see if she can continue to help us identify the provenance of this statue. We wait to hear.

Search for Salop Castle: No new news. From last month’s report: ‘We have now determined that Salop Castle refers to Shrewsbury Castle. Next step: see if we can find out if it held prisoners in September 1485, and any clues as to who those prisoners might be. The England team didn’t agree that referencing prisoners in the castle in September 1485 is in any way significant: they feel that the wording as presented in the H7 account books is standard boilerplate. If so, then this possible clue comes to a dead end. *Perhaps Helena’s friends in Shrewsbury may be able to shed some light on prisoners in the castle.*’

Edward IV hair sample:

No new news. From last month’s report: ‘Philippa reports “Re Edward IV’s hair – I’ve had no response from the specialist at the University of Leuven, no doubt due to everything surrounding Covid. They may be tasked with more urgent analysis on behalf of the pandemic, or could be closed for a while. So leave this with me and I’ll try again in the New Year when hopefully we’ll get a response. If we don’t hear back for whatever reason then no worries as *there is an excellent lab at the University of York* - and was involved in the ancient DNA extraction and analysis for the identification of the king in 2012/13.”

Henry VII Account Book of 1500:

Currently **unassigned** due to the departure of Allison Connell from the team.

Diplomatic documents at Stanford U:

Have just this month (*March*) **been passed to our new team member** Justin Smith for review.

Forward to April 2021:

Dear Team Members,

Team member Suzanne Sage is bird dogging an interesting theory that I thought I would share. It begins at Lehigh University. The University’s Special Collections Digital Archivist sent Suzanne some interesting items; one was a Deed of Release dated 1484 from Pluckley England. The deed was issued in the first year of Richard III, 30, May 1484 but, as far as she could interpret, there was no mention of Richard within the text. The writing was extremely small and most of the time, hard to decipher. She asked for my thoughts on pursuing it. I told her that because it was a primary source document within our timeframe, it meets the first ‘hurdle’ making it worthy of review. Suzanne pressed on and wrote:

“So I did some digging about the deed of release...I found differing information, based on the translation. One version of the deed is granting land to 4 individuals. The other version is three of the individuals are relinquishing the land, called Stacy, to the fourth individual. Richard III is recorded as the personal author of the deed. I tried to research these four individuals, but so far I haven’t found any information on them. I did look more into Pluckley. Pluckley is in Kent. It is 53 miles away from London. While I was studying the map, I noticed Eastwell was nearby...8.4 miles to be exact. Richard of Eastwell automatically popped into my head! I know legend has it that he is a bastard son of Richard’s but I don’t buy it. Why would Richard recognize two bastards outwardly and keep a third in secret? It never made sense to me. What if Richard of Eastwell was really Richard of Shrewsbury? This is all my wild imagination but maybe Richard III had the boys secretly transported out of the tower and onto this land in Pluckley. Richard’s enemies wouldn’t think he would hide the boys in the South, which was hostile territory to Richard. It would make more sense to house them in the North. Maybe Richard convinced Elizabeth Woodville her sons were alive, told her his plans for the boys and that is why she left Sanctuary with her daughters, only 2 months before.”

Suzanne has kept digging and reports in with the following:

“The Deed of Sale from 1484 that we spoke about has been bothering me so I decided to look back into it. While researching, I found a feet of fine that was rather interesting. It listed a William Pyx and a John Kingsnoth and is dated 1484 May 9. A William Pyx and a Thomas Kingsnoth are dated on the deed of sale dating 1484 May 1. Both documents state that land was either granted or purchased by these men and the land in both documents is Pluckley! In the feet of fine, 55 acres was purchased by Pyx and some other men. Why did they need all of this land and how, if at all, are they connected to Richard? I think there is something here, especially since Pluckley is so close to Eastwell. I will keep digging into these men and let you know what I come up with! “

I love my job as the coordinator for all of your efforts, because I get to read about all of your hard work and your exciting theories and discoveries! We all look forward to whatever information exists about William Pyx and John/Thomas Kingsnoth, and anything else about Richard III’s involvements with land in Pluckley in the spring of 1484...537 years ago next month.

Date: April 2021

Institutions contacted this month: 7

Total # institutions contacted to date: 308 Project Completion: 63%

‘Hits’ this month with description:

No new ‘hits’ this month but lots of continued digging for clues!

Status of previous ‘hits’: No updates on any of our ‘hits’. They remain:

Falconer Statue in the Denver Art Museum. Julie Stafford got a return email from her contact in the museum. She apologizes for not responding more promptly but the museum was re-opening some galleries after a major construction project, but **has promised to ‘go over to the campus’** and see if she can continue to help us identify the provenance of this statue. We wait to hear.

Search for Salop Castle: No new news. From last month’s report: ‘We have now determined that Salop Castle refers to Shrewsbury Castle. Next step: see if we can find out if it held prisoners in September 1485, and any clues as to who those prisoners might be. The England team didn’t agree that referencing prisoners in the castle in September 1485 is in any way significant: they feel that the wording as presented in the H7 account books is standard boilerplate. If so, then this possible clue comes to a dead end. **Perhaps Helena’s friends in Shrewsbury may be able to shed some light on prisoners in the castle.’**

Edward IV hair sample:

No new news. From the February 2021 report: ‘Philippa reports “Re Edward IV’s hair – I’ve had no response from the specialist at the University of Leuven, no doubt due to everything surrounding Covid. They may be tasked with more urgent analysis on behalf of the pandemic, or could be closed for a while. So leave this with me and I’ll try again in the New Year when hopefully we’ll get a response. If we don’t hear back for whatever reason then no worries as **there is an excellent lab at the University of York** - and was involved in the ancient DNA extraction and analysis for the identification of the king in 2012/13.”

Henry VII Account Book of 1500:

Currently *unassigned* due to the departure of Allison Connell from the team.

Diplomatic documents at Stanford U:

Have just last month been passed to our new team member, Justin Smith for review. I'm sure it will take him a while to review these.

Forward to May 2021:

Dear Team Members,

So, there I am, searching for clues in the National Gallery of Art in Washington DC. Our 'bible', the [Directory of Collections in the US and Canada with Pre-1600 Manuscript Holdings](#), says that I should find 5 codices and 67 leaves. Hunt and wander, poke around the web site, try different pull down menus and search statements....and then I type in '1483'. Wow! Look what came up:



The web site says this is a medallion profile of Edward IV who died in 1483. ***REALLY?!*** Look at that Valois nose! Doesn't look anything like the portraits I've seen of old Ed4. Then, I kept going and look at who else popped up: Edward V.



Pressing on, who else do you suppose I found medallions for? One guess who *this* is supposed to be:



Researched these items and found out they were made by a Swiss medalist, Jean Dassier, and are part of his 'English Monarchs' collection. Dated from 1731.....seems to me to be like a 1700's version of the 'Franklin Mint' commemorative coin collections they advertise on TV. (***"Now! For a limited time only! This one-of-a-kind, limited edition coin can be yours!"***) These medallions illustrate how deeply engrained is the evil attributed to King Richard III. Compare Richard's medallion (above) with Henry VII's (below):



Date: May 2021

Institutions contacted this month:11

Total # institutions contacted to date: 319 Project Completion: 65%

'Hits' this month with description:

No new 'hits' this month but lots of continued digging for clues!

Status of previous 'hits':

Falconer Statue in the Denver Art Museum. Julie Stafford got an email from her contact in the museum. She writes

I'm afraid we've had some delays with our provenance researcher as another department had an urgent need for her time, so her efforts have been delayed regarding researching the Falconer. We are hoping that she might be able to start assisting us soon. I do apologize for this disappointment and the additional delays!

Search for Salop Castle: No new news. As the report sent to us via Philippa from members of the English Missing Princes team that stated the reference to 'prisoners' was not significant in any way, and that the wording as presented in the H7 account books was 'standard boilerplate', this possible clue may be coming to a dead end. If our USA team member Helena, who has friends in Shrewsbury, is able to shed any light on the idea of prisoners in the castle, we'll re-open it.

Edward IV hair sample:

On May 15th Philippa writes

Hi Sally,

Just to let you know that I've managed to get through to Prof Ronny Decorte at the University of Leuven, at last, and although all is well he sadly confirms the following:

"The COVID pandemic has also impact on our research activities as we had to decide to stop our mtDNA work due to budget reasons but also due to a decrease in personnel. Therefore, we would not do anymore these historic investigations."

I've asked if he might be able to recommend another specialist lab for the (possible) Ed4 hair but haven't heard anything back thus far, sigh. So leave it with me and in the meantime, I'll have a hunt around. It might be useful if we can **locate an ancient DNA specialist lab over there** - I currently have one on the radar in Canada.

Does anyone know of an ancient DNA specialist lab in the US? Or anywhere for that matter? Let me know.

Henry VII Account Book of 1500:

Currently **unassigned** due to the departure of Allison Connell from the team.

Diplomatic documents at Stanford U:

Are in the hands of team member Justin Smith for review. I'm sure it will take him a while to review these and get back to us.

1484 Deed of Sale in Pluckley, Personally Authored by Richard III

Suzanne Sage is following this thread. Susan Troxell has highly recommended PW Hammond's recent book, The Children of Richard III, for Suzanne's research on any possible "Richard of Eastwell" connection.

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The Schallek Fellowship provides a one-year grant of \$30,000 to support Ph.D. dissertation research in any relevant discipline dealing with late-medieval Britain (ca. 1350-1500). The Fellowship is offered by the Medieval Academy in collaboration with the Richard III Society-American Branch and is supported by a generous gift to the Richard III Society from William B. and Maryloo Spooner.

2021-2022 Schallek Fellowship Awardee: Alicia Cannizzo

The Medieval Academy of America is very pleased to announce that the 2021-2022 Schallek Fellowship has been awarded to Alicia Cannizzo (Graduate Center, City University of New York) to support her thesis project, "Matter En Transir: The Transi Tomb and Theories of Matter in the Late Middle Ages." Her dissertation, which is being completed under the supervision of Dr. Cynthia Hahn, focuses on early transi tombs and brings together methods from both art history and the history of science. A summary of her topic follows:

Alicia Cannizzo's thesis investigates the earliest transi tombs from France to England and identifies the cultural contexts beyond the thoroughly explored *memento mori* tradition that gave rise to these odd and affecting tombs. She proposes that the concept of *memento mori*, which reached its full popularity after the earliest transi tombs were created, clouds the interpretation of these objects. Other concurrent concepts regarding the body and its behavior are explored, including theories of matter and medical practice. The behavior of matter in both living and dead bodies was a subject of intense discussion at the university level, exploring questions about how and why the body was reduced to basic components after death and the implications this process might have on an eventual resurrection. Using biographical information from the earliest tombs she explores links between the commemorated dead and the intellectual culture of the university in a study that hopes to broaden the understanding of the visual culture of death as a whole.



Cannizzo holds a Master's degree from the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where she studied death in the medieval period under Dr. Thomas E. A. Dale and the history of science under Dr. Michael H. Shank.

Contents

Ricardian Reading

Myrna Smith

The most important quality in a leader is being acknowledged as such. All leaders whose fitness is questioned are clearly lacking in force.—Andre Maurois.

BETRAYAL—Derek Birks, Annie Whitehead, Elizabeth St. John, Judith Arnopp, et all, Historical Fictioneers, 2020

Wikipedia defines Betrayal as:

(T)he breaking or violation of a presumptive contract, trust, or confidence that produces moral and psychological conflict within a relationship amongst individuals, between organizations, or between individuals and organizations. Often betrayal is the act of supporting a rival group, or it is a complete break from previously decided upon presumed norms by one party from the other. Someone who betrays is more often called a traitor or betrayer. Betrayal is also a commonly used literary element, also used in other fiction like films and TV series, and is often associated with or used as a plot twist.

That pretty much covers the stories in this anthology. In time periods, they range from AD 455, (**Death at the Feet of Venus**) when Ambrosius Aurelius (Arthur) finds himself caught between two strong-minded women—but that is not the betrayal that is the crux of the story—down to a sort of mini-family saga over the period from 1849 to now. In between, there are off-ramps to Saxon times (**Love to Hatred Turn'd**), We learn of different kinds of betrayal and different kinds of love. We explore the minds and hearts of knights, courtiers, and pirates (Tony Riches **Drake—Tudor Corsair**, and Helen Hollick's **A Not So Bonney Betrayal**) as well as highwaymen (**Honour of Thieves**, by Cryssa Bazos).

Cutting to the chase, Ricardians will probably be most interested in **Road to the Tower**, by Elizabeth St. John, and **House Arrest**, by Judith Arnopp. The first has as its protagonist Lady Elysabeth Scrope, who, in the absence of her husband, is asked to deliver her godson, Edward, Prince of Wales, to the care of his Protector in London.

During the journey, she is a prey to many misgivings and doubts, and seems to have basis for her suspicions about Richard of Gloucester. But a chance remark from her half-sister, Margaret Beaufort, causes her to wonder if her trust/mistrust was misplaced. Along the way, the sisters engage in some genteel cat-fights, ‘genteel’ in the sense that no actual hair is pulled.

In the Arnopp story, we see the years of King Richard’s reign from the viewpoint of Margaret Beaufort herself; her emotions when she thinks she will be reunited with her son, and when she thinks she is facing the scaffold. Placed by the king under the ***House Arrest*** of the title, she is so frustrated and bored out of her skull that she welcomes the advances of her boorish husband, Lord Stanley, knowing that she will hate herself in the morning. I can’t say I would go that far, but I can certainly emphasize, after about the 83rd month of 2020.

Not all of the contributions will be of equal interest to all readers. We all have our pet periods. But the standard is pretty high, and the authors come with compelling CVs. Ms. Arnopp, for example has had many novels published about her period of choice, including a trilogy about Margaret Beaufort, and she is not essentially anti-Richard.

The Historical Fitioneers, who publish the book, insofar as an ebook can be published, seem to be a loosely organized group of writers and other proponents of historical fiction. Checking out their Facebook page may be rewarding.

YORKIST STORIES—Michèle Schindler, Ed., 2020

This is also a series of short stories on various WOTR subjects. ***Minster Lovell***, by Valery Alliez, and ***Battle of Blore Heath*** by Elizabeth George, are concerned with just what their titles suggest, although the latter is an AU story. ***Unrest in the Realm***, by Elizabeth Celeone, is about what actually did happen. Wendy Johnson’s ***Kings in Waiting*** is told from the point of view of a little boy being boarded, along with his brother and sister, in London. Yes, that is the future Richard III.

The Authority of Mercy by Jessie Hunter, brings us to the end of the 15th century, an adolescent in the tower of London, and a Christmas star. Robin Kaye’s ***Remorse*** makes us privy to the thoughts of John Howard. ***Lord of Justice***, Joanne Larner’s contribution, shows the Duke of Gloucester interviewing job applicants and administering justice. This reads rather like an excerpt from a novel, but no indication is given of this. ***How Lovell Survived the Battle of Stoke Field*** is just such an excerpt Joan Szechtman’s time-travel novel has been reviewed in this column before, however. Alex Marchant’s ***Confinement*** plays on two meanings of the word. ***With Hasty Speech and Trembling Hand***, by Kit Mareska, introduces us to another Plantagenet, Richard’s sister Margaret, as a gangling adolescent who disguises herself as a boy going on a battlefield—not to fight, simply to visit her father.

The New Reign, by Stephanie O’Neill, has to do with a leftover from the Old Reign, namely Richard III’s bastard daughter Katherine. The author does take some liberties here. As far as anyone knows, Katherine Plantagenet was not arrested by Henry VII’s agents, and died a natural death. J.P. Reedman’s ***How Did It Come to This*** is subtitled ***A Story of Richard, Duke of York***, which is what it is. The editor’s contribution, ***Exeter 1477***, is perhaps an excerpt from a future novel in Ms. Schindler’s series about Francis, Lord Levell. ***Richard’s Reflections***, by Brian Wainwright, is also about Richard and his friend Francis Lovell, but from another point of view.

A Crown So Heavy is a snapshot of the household of the Duke of Gloucester in mid-April 1483, just before he must travel to London. This is the input of Doris Schneider-Coutandin. Finally, ***Kindred Spirits: Middleham Castle*** is one of Jennifer Wilson’s ghost stories, set in the afterlife of Richard III and Queen Anne. If I took it seriously, I might wonder why a spirit has to travel by train and bus. Couldn’t they just, you know, *be there*? But I don’t think Ms. Wilson intended for her story to be taken that seriously, just enjoyed.

Aside from simple enjoyment, this slim anthology is meant to help support Doctors Without Borders, a worthy cause.

THE AUTUMN BARON: An Unconventional Beginning—by Michèle Schindler, Las Vegas, NV, 2020

This, like the short story in the previously reviewed volume, is based on the author’s biography of Francis, Lord Lovell. So why not make the same research do for books in two different categories? Ms. Schindler has actually turned up some more research since the publication of that book, finding an older brother, John or Janot, who died young. Most of this book has to do with the childhood of Francis and his twin sister Joan, his little sister, Fride, his mother (another Joan) who becomes Lady Stanley, and their various friends and relations. Looming over all of them is the figure of the twins’ father, John. In her Afterword, Ms. Schindler expresses a pious hope

that John might not have been as bad as she depicts him. Who knows; he might have been even worse. There have been abusive fathers and other family members for a very long time.

The story is narrated in modern English, but one is only occasionally conscious of an anachronism, such as when a character refers to baby Fride as ‘cute.’ At the time, ‘cute’ was short for ‘acute,’ meaning clever, perhaps a bit sly. This would not describe a newborn little girl. But the sentiment remains the same. There have been adorable babies as long as there have been abusive fathers/ other family members.

This one is definitely intended to be part of a series, so watch for another look at Lord Lovell’s life and times.

National armies fight nations, royal armies fight theirlike; the first obeys a mob, always demented, and he second a king, usually sane.—Maj. Gen. J.F.C. Fuller.

I, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, THE PREQUEL, PART ONE: THE ROAD FROM FOTHERINGHAY—J.P. Reedman, Kindle, 2020

J.P. Reedman is, all by herself, a cottage industry in producing Ricardian fiction, although she also writes on other Medieval and pre-Medieval subjects. She does have a more specialized interest in Richard III, as evidenced by her previous trilogy: *I, Richard Plantagenet: Tant Le Desireee; I, Richard Plantagenet, Louyalte Me Lie; and A Man Who Would Be King*. These trace the adult Richard’s career from his first real battle at 18 to his rule as King.

The book being reviewed opens with the adult, crowned, Richard musing on what has gone before, starting with his childhood, as he recounts events from the death of his little sister when he was about four years old, to when he left the wardship of the Earl of Warwick at fourteen.

And a traumatic decade it was. True, a child of that age would not have been able to recount events in such detail and with such feeling, but it is not the child recounting them. It is the adult with his adult knowledge and viewpoint. Still, the adult remembers what it was like to be a child, and to be impressed by the ‘subtleties’ at a banquet the huge cake rolled in on wheels, with a jester popping out of it. And he also remembers what it was like to be a child and exposed to the cruelty of his family’s enemies, and the occasional rough kindness.

The story runs a little long. There are few books that could not use a bit of judicious blue-pencil. But it holds the reader’s interest, even if he/she has to take a real-life break from time to time. Take a deep breath, though. The fact that this is Book One must mean that another volume is in the works, probably filling in the gap from Richard’s fifteenth to eighteenth years.

I’m looking forward to it. In the interim, I will research what to call a five-book series. A “quintology,” maybe?

Besides those mentioned, other books by J.:P. Reedman on Ricardian or semi-Ricardian themes include: *Sacred King, White Roses, Golden Sunnes, Secret Marriages, Blood of Roses, Ring of White Roses, and The White Rose Rent*. She has also authored what she calls the Medieval Babes series, a couple of books about Robin Hood, and some one-offs, including stories of time travel, King Arthur, and Stonehenge. Check out her website for the latest news of these.

RICHARD III: Death and Resurrection—Martin Litherland, Sue Pennykid ed., Independently published, 2019

Your reviewer has herself perpetrated a bit of light verse from time to time, some of which has been seen in this column. I don’t know if that would qualify me to, or disqualify me from, critically reviewing a book of poems. Therefore, let me state that the opinions expressed herein are my own, and to be taken for what they are worth.

That said, I do not feel that rhymed couplets are the best medium for a poem on a serious subject. Which doesn’t mean that a light versifier cannot write in a more serious style. (For an example, look up Carolyn Wells on your search engine.) I have not done it myself, but it can be done.

Some of them, however, strike exactly the right note; for example, The Gravedigger:

Too small it were.

I told abbot ‘ole were too small.

‘E ‘ad just marked up them floorestones

I ‘ad to dig.

And:

Look at my bones

And look again

And mark that curvature of pain.

What do you see?

What do you know?

Or (not exactly a couplet):

On to Leicester, on to Leicester
The horse-bound corpse the city nears.
Those stabs of hate, those bloody smears,
That paper crown, those rebel jeers
Will echo down five hundred years.

Some have a fittingly mocking air:

The Duke of York, he has four sons
Up to many a trick
Playing at knights, playing at kings,
Ned, Eddy, George and Dick.

Back in Time to Bermondsey asks us where would we go?

Calvary? Hastings? Towton in the snow?
Nights with Nefertiti along the Nile?
Getting Mona Lisa to hold her smile?
...The green grassy knoll? The *Mary Celeste*?

And proposes an answer to the fate of at least one of the Princes.

The author imagines Harold II and Richard III one-upping each other in Heaven, and a take-off on the Great Pretender. And finally, though it is in the middle of the book, there is an ode to King Power, or how the Leicester City Football Club won their League's title in 2016, at odds of 5,000 to 1. Sounds rather like the Cubs on this side of the pond.

The poet describes himself as a ‘wandering geologist,’ and he does seem to have led an interesting life. Some of his other writings, and other books by Pennykid Publishing, are available on Kindle.

(I think I must have read and reviewed the following book at some time, but I have no memory of doing so. I have no memory of a lot of things. My now-grown children often tell me of experiences that I have, thankfully and understandably, erased from memory. Am I being gaslighted? Am I gaslighting myself?. In any case, I am giving this particular story another go.)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROWN—Susan Bowden, Bantam, NY, 1987

Joisse Radcliffe, the heiress of a moderately-sized Northern estate, is resisting the idea of going into a convent. She wants to marry, instead. She has no suitor in mind; she just prefers marriage to being a nun. As her aunt and cousin—particularly the former—remind her, the possibility of someone asking for her hand is minimal. She is deformed, with one leg shorter than the other. Finally, she sees no recourse but to run away, which she does...and runs right into a band of brigands. No fear, she is rescued by Our Hero, Tom Thompson. A rather plebeian name for the hero of a romance, no? That is because he is a plebe, a middle-management horse groom to the Duke of Gloucester. Now responsible for the life and safety of a high-born lady, he decides the best thing to do is to take her to the home of his employers. And that is how Joisse becomes a lady-in-waiting to the Duchess. The story follows the careers of Tom and Joisse from 1482 to 1485. Tom, being in charge of a contingent of warhorses, travels with the duke on a number of memorable occasions. Joisse's adventures are somewhat more circumscribed, but she is also an eyewitness of some important events. Parallel with these, their forced acquaintance ripens into friendship, and friendship ripens into love, in spite of the difference in their status, and the fact that everyone, including the Royal family, advise against it.

When it looks like all will be worked out and Joisse will get her inheritance and Tom as well, their romance is stymied by Tom's stubborn pride. But a compromise is reached that will satisfy both of them And, that brings us to the end of Book One.

The Interlude skips over the next 50-odd years in which nothing of note happens, and takes up again in 1536. Tom is a fairly prosperous horse breeder, starting with the mare that King Richard gave him. Tom and Joisse's grandson, Phillip, is intended for a career in the Church, not being the same strapping, muscular type his grandfather was. But he can sing, which is much valued in clerical life. He doesn't know it at the time, but that has limited potential for career advancement. This is especially true after he becomes involved, however innocently, with the

Pilgrimage of Grace. Robert Aske, one of the leaders of the Pilgrimage, is an important secondary character. Phillip also becomes involved with a woman much above him in status. (Where have we heard this before?) One difference, though: he does not rescue Laura Metcalfe, but her brother Piers. They not only owe him a debt of gratitude, but generally sympathize with him. Doesn't mean all will go smoothly for the ill-assorted lovers.

Tom Thompson dies in this part of the story—on his feet, defending the memory of King Richard—or mouthing off about Tudors just once too often, however you want to put it. Joisse tells her grandson the story of how his grandparents met and married, and gives him a scroll and a token. It seems that she has a dream of returning to her ancestral home. She never gave up the title to it, her cousin acting only as her tenant. His son, the current tenant, (and villain) is in arrears and she wants her inheritance back. She wishes Phillip to go to the King (Henry VIII) and establish her claim. That is where the scroll and the token—a ring that belonged to Elizabeth of York—come in. Phillip does get an audience with the king, and it seems that things are going swimmingly. Then he blows it by asking to visit Aske in prison.

No worries, all will be worked out in the end. Joisse returns to Radcliffe Hall, and Phillip can look forward to marriage to the now-widowed Laura Metcalfe Radcliffe. Speaking of names, the title page to this paperback, states that the copyright was held by Susan Bowden Twiddle. I can see why she didn't use her full name as the author. But the novel is far from twiddle or twaddle. It is a good example of the genus Historical Romance, with all the appurtenances thereto, including a couple of black-hearted villains, one in each half (one is Welsh). Ms.—er—Bowden gives a flavor of the 15th-16th centuries, and throws in some details about medieval horse breeding. The only thing I can see that she gets wrong is a reference to Thomas Howard, Third Duke of Norfolk, being named after his grandfather 'who fought for King Richard at Bosworth.' That was John Howard, though Thomas Howard (later the 2nd Duke) was also there, and survived.

Conclusion: Not a bad way of distracting oneself during lockdown. If you can get a copy of this novel, and are no longer in durance vile when you see this review, read it anyhow.

First there is the All-Highest (the Kaiser), then there is the Cavalry Officer, and then the Cavalry Officer's horse. After that, there is nothing, and after nothing is the Infantry Officer.—German Imperial Army saying.

RICHARD III AND THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH (Retinue to Regiment)—Michael Ingram, Helicon Press, 2019

The blurb on the back cover of this trade (oversized) paperback tells us that "This is the story of two very different men Richard III, the Plantagenet King of England, and Henry Tudor, and how they met in battle:" Yet it contains a portrait of neither one, unless you count the photograph of Richard's bones. Rather, it is, as entitled, the story of the battle, and the men—of all ranks—who fought in it. Not to mention a few women, who did not fight but most certainly were pulling strings backstage, to make a mélange or hash of several metaphors. There are many photographs of armor and weapons, on live models, and of other battlefield gear, including banners. The latter, such as those of John Howard, on Richard's side, and John de Vere, on Henry's, are shown in full color, but not full-size, nor even to scale. The banner for a knight would average about 5 yards, and one for a duke 13 yards—even more for a king, or a person with royal aspirations. It is easy to understand why a standard-bearer had to be a man of pretty sturdy build.

Whatever their body type, many of the soldiers in these battles would qualify to be called "Iron Men." This is particularly illustrated by the findings at Towton battlefield—a tragedy at the time, but now a treasure trove for anthropologists. Of the anonymous bodies, known to us only by numbers

Towton 16, aged 46 to 50 years (the oldest of the group) had received a blade wound to the left side of his face through his mouth, splitting his jawbone and causing a secondary fracture to his chin. The fact that this had happened around 10 years before Towton, and that there were no signs of infection, is testament to the surgeon's skill and also 'Towton 16's good fortune.'

Not to mention his general toughness. There are even instances of battlefield skeletons with healed amputations, if you can imagine it.

But if you were thinking of Medieval warhorses as being along the lines of Shire horses or Percherons, think again. The normal military horse was more like 15-16 hands, the size of a modern hunter. Other types of horses, for 'other ranks,' ranged downward to the jennet at 13-14 hands. There were draft horses, used as pack animals and to pull wagons and artillery, but they too averaged 13-14 hands, simply built for endurance rather than speed

or agility. There is much data about artillery and other weapons; mostly the ‘other weapons,’ as artillery was notably unreliable. Its efficacy was no doubt as much psychological as practical.

Mr. Ingram’s book is more than just a dry recital of the material aspects of the battle. He goes into an in-depth discussion of the political side of it, also. After a few chapters on background, he devotes alternate chapters to the two leaders. These chapters are subdivided by geography, e.g., that person’s interaction with the governments of France, Burgundy, Spain, Scotland, et.al. Especially interesting are the relationships between the rulers of England and Scotland, and that of Henry Tudor and the French Royals: Louis XI, his son Charles VIII, and his daughter, Anne de Beaujeu, called ‘Madam La Grand,’ the regent for her younger brother. I like to translate that epithet into the vernacular, as ‘Big Momma.’ Not that Madame was an outsize physically. Ingram describes her as ‘very erect, with slightly protuberant brown eyes,’ and her portraits show a young woman of average size who might have been fairly attractive except for a permanent scowl. Ingram credits Big Momma with the following:

Madame sent a letter to towns across France telling how Henry and Jasper had arrived in France and that they intended to support Henry at ‘recover the Kingdom of England from the enemies of the French crown.’ Bizarrely, it also described Henry as the younger son of the late Lancastrian King Henry VI. Perhaps knowing Henry’s tenuous claim to the throne, it was done to give him more credibility.

It would also seem to have been Anne who was responsible for supplying Henry with money, men, and other needful things for his invasion. Hmm...

Michael Ingram tries to be middle-of-the-road and strictly neutral in his judgment of the leaders of the two sides, and their followers. Of course, ‘neutrality’ can have different shades of meaning. During World War II, for example, there were nations who were ‘neutral’ on the Axis side (Spain), ‘neutral’ on the Allied side (the US before Pearl Harbor), and truly neutral (Switzerland). In *Plantagenet v. Tudor*, the author seems to be charting a course between the latter two, but a brief remark or two shows he might lean just a little toward Richard. Only a hair, though.

There are the usual maps, family trees, time-lines (from the early 15th century to 2015), etc. While there is an index of people and one of places, these are not further subdivided. If one wishes to read about Richard’s relationship with the Yorkshiresmen, or Big Momma’s relationship with the truth, one has to track down all references—a minor but niggling annoyance.

If you’re in a fair fight, you didn’t plan it properly.—Nick Lappos

RICHARD III: The Self-Made King—Michael Hicks, Yale University Press, New Haven, 2019

I realize that this is an academic work, not intended to be light reading for the general public. But that should be no excuse for:

- sentence structure so turgid and dense that phrases often have to be read two or three times to make sense;¹
- sentences long enough that two of them—or less—could make a paragraph.
- paragraphs taking up an entire page;
- inconsistent punctuation—sometimes changing from one line to the next. The author seems to have a love/hate relationship with commas, but he is a habitual colon-izer, and is semi-conscious of semi-colons.²

The author is certainly up-front about his thesis. On page viii of the Preface, he states: “...that Richard’s purported bones at Leicester reveal him to have been a hunchback (a sufferer from scoliosis) has rehabilitated a key element of the Tudor legend. It enables this book to employ the testimony of such Tudor writers as the *Crowland Chronicle*, Sir Thomas More, and Polydore Vergil that have been over-disparaged for so long...” This turns the principle of *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus* on its head—correct about one thing, right about everything—and he isn’t even right about that. In another place, he writes that examination of Richard’s bones ‘has substantiated much Tudor testimony about the king’s physique, health, appearance, and even temperament.’ How bones testify to one’s temperament is not explained.

Hicks perpetrates such bloopers as “Thomas Hungerford’s own property, held jointly with his widow...” (huh?). It is not the grammar and punctuation that is so objectionable as the lapses in logic and moral equivalency. Often a possibility becomes a fact in the next paragraph, and a ‘may be’ is treated as an absolute truth. Hicks is the King of the May.

Having set the principle that an historical figure should be judged by the standards of his own time, not by ours, Hicks proceeds to judge Richard by both standards, and finds him falling short of both. For an example, he discusses the Harrington estates, which were to be inherited jointly by two sisters, Anne and Elizabeth, except for Hever Castle, which was held by their uncle James Harrington, ‘in tail male’ (i.e. a female could not inherit) Richard backed Sir James in ‘stealing’ this part of the inheritance from two innocent little girls, who could not inherit it in any case! Thank goodness they had Lord Stanley to protect them by marrying them to two of his relatives.

On page 92, he accuses Richard of piracy. On page 93, he says that “Richard did not even take ship except for the invasion of France.” Not only does he portray Richard as a sort of *Pirate of Penzance*, but manages to imply without actually saying so, that it was Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who invaded France rather than Edward IV. Also, on the subject of the invasion, Richard “and some others were discontented with the peace treaty of Picquigny” but he omits to mention that he refused the payment of a ‘tribute’ (bribe) from France. However, he takes pains to inform us that “King Louis softened the blow with splendid presents...precious plate and well-accounted horses.” Without actually saying so, he manages to leave the impression that Richard did accept a bribe—which was more likely a diplomatic gift that he could hardly turn down without insulting the French king. Maybe Richard considered it was a way to recoup part of his expenses for the abortive ‘invasion.’

Where Richard is concerned, Hicks finds events that might be considered to be neutral actions are grounds for suspicion. “Richard formally moved the bodies of his father and his brother Edmund to be interred at Fotheringhay. His older sister, Anne, recently deceased, was also honored...he did not honor his other sisters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Ursula” Margaret and Elizabeth were still alive. Ursula had died in childhood many years before, as had several of Richard’s brothers, and no doubt had the full honors of the Church at the time.

In Chapter 10, which deals with the summer of 1483, Hicks says that Richard ‘made himself Protector,’ then says Edward IV appointed him as such, but meant him to be only head of a Protectorate Council. Hicks has a deep knowledge of what everyone’s intentions and motives were.

I could go on for much longer, but for the sake of my blood pressure and the reader’s patience, I will try to bring this to a Conclusion: Acting on my kind nature that tends to give people the benefit of the doubt, and knowing that Michael Hicks has written much better books³ in the past, I can only assume that, as he is an emeritus professor and 72 years old, he has reached the garrulous state of his life. But I hesitate to do that, as I am older than he is. Maybe I have attained the garrulous stage as well.

- 1) Example: of the Council meeting in the Tower, Hicks writes: “Those who seized [Morton, et. al.] were Richard’s retainers Sir Charles Pilkington and Sir Robert Harrington, and, highly significantly, Thomas Howard, son and heir of Lord Howard. Not+ only was he the prime mover....” No doubt the + was a typesetter’s error (if anyone sets type nowadays), but it is hard to determine who ‘he’ refers to: John, Thomas, or Richard. It is the last-named—I think.
- 2) Colons are often used in place of commas. But then there is this: “Where there were vacancies it was men known to Richard who filled the gaps: clerks, lawyers and retainers who had served him as duke.” This is a correct usage of colons, so he does know better.
- 3) Hicks has no hesitation about quoting his own works in the bibliography and footnotes. And why not? He is a recognized scholar of the period. But if the articles, books, etc., that he cites were adequately researched from original sources, why not quote the originals without asking us to simply take his word for it? And it does sound rather odd when he occasionally refers to his body of work in the text as ‘Hicks.’

Finally, a few words about those devilish little imps haunting all authors, transcribers, copyreaders, and editors who have ever lived.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME: Confessions of a Comma Queen—Mary Norris, W.W. Norton & Company, NY, London, 2018

The art-work on the dust jacket of this book shows a crown made up of commas and other punctuation marks. Ms. Norris’s credentials are impressive, as a long-time copy editor for *The New Yorker*. (Do you realize that brief paragraph was a minefield? Is it art-work, art work, artwork? Copy-editor or copy editor? Minefield or mine-field?)

I will readily admit that I need a copy editor, however spelled, as much as anyone. I am capable of making dumb and/or careless mistakes. I still have to stop and think: Is it it's or is it its, and even then I will sometimes get it wrong. I remain conflicted by "Whom." Whom does it matter to? To whom does it matter? Who cares?

Norris breezes through this book like the acquaintance or co-worker who always makes you chuckle, even when you don't agree with them. She has, as we all do, her own set of hobby horses. (hobby-horses?) With her fourth chapter, which echoes the book's title, I find myself in complete agreement. It is not so much the "between you and I" phrasing that sets my teeth on edge as the bringing in of a third person. "Give it to George and I"? No, no, a thousand times no!

Add to punctuation facts that I didn't know: "In German, every command takes an exclamation point. One imagines that Germans bark at each other a lot" On the other hand, in Spanish every question rates two question marks. one upside-down. Does this mean that Spanish speakers are nosier or more curious than others? Another tidbit: The author devotes several pages to the Paul A Johnson Pencil Sharpener Museum, in Logan, Ohio, where she was enraptured.

Don't miss it, if you happen to be in the neighborhood. Admission is free.

Just for fun, Ms Norris throws in some prize bloopers collated over the years. E.g., "We invited the strippers, JFK and Stalin." "This book is dedicated to my parents, Ayn Rand and God." She defends the right of a reporter to report, in full, the use of obscenity by a source, but also recounts how one editor cut a reference to Junior Mints in a story. When asked why, the prim response was "A *New Yorker* writer should not be eating Junior Mints." Though she arrived at *The New Yorker* well after the golden days of Thurber and his contemporaries, she got to know a good many eccentrics and shares her fund of stories about them.

If you are an aficionado of language—and you should be, if you speak, read, or write at least one—get this book and enjoy it, accompanied by Junior Mints or not, as you choose.

DICKON—Gordon Daviot (Josephine Tey), Heinemann Educational Books Ltd., 1966 [Review by Pauline Calkin]

It is unknown when the author of *The Daughter of Time* wrote this play about Richard III—Laurence Olivier has said that she brought him the play in 1944*—but it was published posthumously in 1953. It opens with a domestic scene in the king's private apartments at Westminster palace in January 1483. Present are Edward IV, Anthony Woodville, Richard Grey, Lord Hastings, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Prince of Wales. The Prince is playing a game with counters similar to the modern tiddlywinks while the men are discussing preparations for a projected war with France. Richard of Gloucester enters, and, while playing with the counters, he complains about the Privy Seal's office as a home for indigent gentry—" [o]r at least for such of them as can afford the original bribe. I haven't yet discovered what they all do. One signs his name, a second dries the signature, and a third rolls up at the document, and a third rolls up the parchment." And the fourth records the transaction, of course. When the king tells him not to worry because he has money to pay them all because of his gift for trade, Richard replies that he is not worried about the king's pocket but the little clerk who has sweated all his life at his desk only to see the place he hoped for go to some newcomer who has the price of a bribe. As he states this, he finishes the game with counters, beating the Prince, who lets out a wail.

When the others leave, the King tells his brother Richard "the difference between us is that you expect men to be honest and are furious when they turn out to be knaves while I expect men to be knaves and am vastly gratified when they prove—as they occasionally do—to be honest." The King, feeling guilty, notes that Richard does the work of two men while he gets the credit. When he asks his brother why he does it, Richard replies: "When I was seven, you were my god. When I was fourteen, you were my hero." And now? Edward asks. "You are my brother. Who eats too much, drinks too much and is rapidly losing his looks. A little campaigning would do you no harm."

As shown in these scenes, the play conveys Richard's serious side, but it is told with light touches both of humor and sweetness, as when Princess Elizabeth interrupts the brothers' conversation, asking for a new gown and ending up asking her father to find her a husband as nice as Uncle Richard.

Act I ends with the execution of Hastings. Richard says, "I had hoped to save England for my brother's son, but you taught me that if England is to be saved at all, it will not be by any Protectorship. For the last month I have watched you, his councilors, his father's friends, his liege men, behaving like ill-bred children round a sweetmeat booth that has been overturned. What thought had you for the boy? For England? None! England to you was a place to loot, and the boy a means to an end; and you were ready to risk civil war to achieve that end."

Act II opens when Richard as King is in Gloucester and receives a delegation of three guildsmen offering a coffer filled with gold. One of the men he recognizes as a man who fought by his side at Tewkesbury. When Buckingham appears on the scene, he is chagrined to learn that Richard has declined the gold. He begins plotting with Bishop Morton to overthrow Richard, and attempts to entice Lord Stanley into the plot. Stanley waffles again, as he did when asked to join with Hastings, repeating the refrain, “I have a family to think of.”

After Buckingham’s demise, the scene shifts to Nottingham Castle where a party is in progress. Queen Anne and Princess Elizabeth have taken a break from the festivities. Elizabeth is cheerful and not at all fazed by her relegation to the status of a king’s bastard. Rather she hopes to find a husband who will want to marry her for her eyelashes instead of her rank—and certainly not a man with a pink beard by which she means, as Anne corrects her, a Scots red beard. Anne assures her that they will find her someone nice who will give her a thousand beautiful gowns to shine at parties as she was shining that night. When Elizabeth suggests that Anne does not really like parties, Anne responds, “To be honest, I never see a laden table but I think of the washing up.” Anne then tells her story of her life as a kitchen maid and rescue by Richard, which just serves to fire Elizabeth’s romantic imagination—until the scene is interrupted by the arrival of letters from Middleham with the news of the death of Richard and Anne’s only son, Edward. What follows is a short, poignant scene in which Anne tells Richard she will not mind dying so much now because it was always Edward she was afraid to leave, and Richard will be able to have other sons. “I sometimes think that there is no cruelty like that of a kind woman,” Richard can only exclaim in reply.

After Anne’s death, Richard must confront the rumors that he poisoned her with intent to marry niece.

Elizabeth admits she has heard the rumors because “women have hair to be brushed.”

“Men shave, but my barber didn’t tell me that one,” replies Richard.

Elizabeth is horrified that Richard intends to send her to Yorkshire—out of the world. (Her sentiment echoes that of her half-brother Richard Grey, who, when told at Stony Stratford that he is being sent to Middleham, protests that it is so boring there.) Richard promises that the first thing he will do on the field of victory will be to send for her, an undeserving Cockney. They part with affection—not passion—with Elizabeth giving him St. Catherine’s medal to wear.

The final scene takes places in Richard’s tent on the morning of August 22, 1485.

Richard tells Lovell that he is afraid of the invisible. “I keep wondering who is going to be the traitor this time.”

Counseling waiting for reinforcements, Lovell opines, “[t]here is no shame in being cautious.”

Richard counters, “But there is shame in being afraid of shadows. If I am to be spend the rest of my life being ruled by what may not happen, I might as well be dead.”

Richard will not sit on a hillock watching the battle as Tudor will, but is determined to die facing the enemy and that nothing that may be written about him in books can ever alter that.

With its clever dialogue and running jokes, this is a work easy to like. I have read several Ricardian plays recently: Nance Crawford’s *King’s Games*; John Birney’s *The Other Richard III*; and Maxwell Anderson’s *Richard and Anne*, and each has been impressive in its own way. While none of them can, of course, compete with Shakespeare’s larger than life Richard, *Dickon* does show us a Richard on a more human scale: a portrait, sentimentalized though it is, of a decent man trying to do some good in the world.

*See the article *Strutting and Fretting His Hour Upon the Stage* by Judge R. Weinsoft on the Richard III Society, American Branch website (r3.org—link to article on “Online Library Text & Essays page).

Contents

Domenico Mancini: de occupatione regni Anglie

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Since this article is intended for American Ricardians, I shall start by making a number of assumptions. First, you will know – or have read about – Domenico Mancini’s unique report on events in England from the death of Edward IV to the coronation of Richard III.

Second, I hope you will be aware of a small book I published in 2015 – Richard’s reburial year – entitled *Richard Duke of Gloucester as Lord Protector and High Constable of England*. It was the first dedicated analysis of Richard’s authority and powers as the holder of these two offices, and it made clear the legal framework within

which he acted. For many this may have seemed an arcane field of study. For others it refuted the widely-held charges levelled against him that he acted illegally, e.g. in his dealings with William Hastings and the Woodville group.

My argument is that history has relied too heavily on *foreign-born chroniclers* who wrote about Richard's England while being ignorant of her fifteenth-century legal, governmental and constitutional system. The office of the Lord Protector, invented in 1422, formed part of a uniquely English way of managing the situation when a king was a minor or otherwise incapable of personal rule. Foreigners like Domenico Mancini, Bernard André and Polydore Vergil managed to imprint a wrong-headed idea of the role of the Protector, which history has been happy to accept because it conformed to the view of Richard as tyrant bequeathed to us by the Tudor era.

For me it was important, for the sake of Richard's reputation, to bring the true facts to light about the Protector's *real* role, rather than allow the idea to continue that he was (allegedly) 'protector of his brother's children' – an idea that emanated from the above-named Franco-Italian trio. Accordingly, knowing that Mancini's brief document (less than 7,000 words in Latin) could be a good place to start, I mentioned in a note at the end of one of my articles that we could do with a more critical edition with a more accurate translation, perhaps sponsored by the Richard III Society.

I thought this an exciting project, as did several others including my late friend, your much-lamented President, Jonathan Hayes. The parent society, however, was not slow to disagree.

Yet it has long been known that the original edition of Mancini, published in 1936 by C.A.J. Armstrong, incorporates prejudiced and inaccurate translations. Members may recall the article to this effect by John Emmert in the *Ricardian Register* of Spring 1995. Among other critics, Jeremy Potter also took Armstrong to task in his book *Good King Richard?* in 1983. Of course, in the 1930s Richard III was viewed as a villain and murderer, views that Mr Armstrong shared with his contemporaries including Lawrence Tanner and William Wright who examined the bones in Westminster Abbey and declared them to be the sons of Edward IV. Worst of all, the title invented by Armstrong, 'The Usurpation of Richard III', was a deliberate mis-rendering of Mancini's words *de occupatione regni Anglie per Riccardum tertium*. Consider the consequences. As the one and only edition (so far) of this unique account, which is repeatedly cited by all historians when writing about Richard III, that word 'usurpation' has been perpetuated for 84 years.

I wasn't content with this. I was busy working on a book for Pen & Sword at the time, so I added a bequest to my will providing a bursary for a new edition of Mancini to be produced. But then the coronavirus arrived, locking us down and making us shield. To embark on the project myself seemed an excellent way of passing the time.

Few scholars, even Ricardians, have made the effort to analyse Mancini's *de occupatione* as a whole. So the field was open for a root-and-branch discussion of his attitudes and prejudices, his ignorance and reliance on informants (many of whom displayed a clear antipathy to the Yorkist court), and his baleful influence on those who constructed the Ricardian legend, not excepting Thomas More.

Anyone familiar with Mancini's text will have noticed that he had very woolly ideas about the government of England, despite his confident pronouncements on such topics as her laws of treason and her sovereign's relations with Parliament. In particular, his failure to grasp the proper role of the Protector had to be addressed. Mancini's ignorance led him to make a string of overstatements about the powers of the office, by which he indicated his belief that its holder was (in a term I had to invent) head of the English government. Mancini's very first reference to a protectorate asserts that in Edward IV's will he was reported to have appointed Richard 'Protector of his children and realm', the earliest known occurrence of this claim which has been endlessly repeated ever since. His original editor, Armstrong, failed to realize that Mancini was in error and compounded the problem with his inaccurate translation. So, when it fell to me to render into English what Mancini seemed to understand by the office of Protector, I had to use terms that indicated some kind of overall command of governance of the realm. This, of course, requires explaining at some length for readers whose knowledge of English history does not comprehend the actual role of Lord Protector as enacted by Parliament in 1422.

Mancini seemed to understand vaguely that 'Protector' was not the same as 'Regent', as may be deduced from one of his chapter synopses (Chapter Four) where, pursuant to his initial report that Richard was denied the office of Protector, he stated that the duke then took charge of the young king 'under pretext of forming a government

and regency'. It puzzled me for some time that Mancini could have got things so wrong, until I hit on the answer: he was assuming a parallel with the French monarchy (a parallel he also assumes, in fact, in other contexts). In August that year Louis XI had died and been succeeded by a minor heir, an eventuality where the convention in France and all over the Continent was to appoint a regent, not uncommonly a female family member. Mancini had observed the actions of England's queen, mother of the child Edward V, by which she and her family, already having the young king in their guardianship, had convened the King's Council, swayed them to arrange an immediate coronation and reject a protectorate, while they proceeded to levy taxes, raise a fleet, recruit armed forces and requisition state funds. To a foreign visitor unfamiliar with English precedent, this complete take-over of the government upon the old king's death by the Woodvilles would have seemed an entirely normal state of affairs; and when he then saw Gloucester appear as their challenger, he presumed this to be the prize.

If you read my (revised) translation bearing this constantly in mind, you can much more easily follow Mancini's thought-processes as he describes Richard's ambitions mounting on what he sees as a gradually ascending scale – not that you would ever have realized it from the original translation. Space is insufficient to cover the entire story in detail here, but it can be tracked from his initial account of Edward's will appointing Richard as Protector, a statement from which Mancini never recants. Indeed, he confirms that position when he reports that Richard wrote letters to London asking no more than 'his brother's decrees'.

It is after the flight of the Woodvilles that Mancini's view of Richard's legitimacy changes for the worse: his 'first care' becomes 'to have himself proclaimed ... Protector or else head of government on behalf of the king and the realm'. We cannot know what he specifically meant by those last few words, *protector sive administrator regis et regni*, and nor, I'm sure, did Mancini himself with any certainty. It was sufficient merely to use a phrase that said he was self-appointed. Readers will have memories of the same phrase, 'he made himself Protector', used many times since 1483. Yet less often is Mancini's earlier evidence cited, to the effect that Richard's protectorate had been willed by Edward IV.

A new edition of Mancini needs to take into account the full gamut of his misapprehensions, of which there are multiple examples. It is especially important to make them clear now, since they were compounded by the old translation as first published. In my edition I have offered not only the first wholly new translation, but also an analytical Introduction addressing the problems outlined here together with many other aspects: e.g., the context of his composition, his authorial voice, the sources he relied on, and for good measure a range of often contradictory scholarly opinions. In 40 pages of notes the relevant historical background is supplied, as you would expect, including matters of record that were unknown to the previous editor, while eschewing the Tudor chroniclers which he routinely cited as authorities. The result aims to shed the light of 21st-century scholarship on Mancini's perceptions and misperceptions of England in 1483.

Domenico Mancini: de occupatione regni Anglie is another self-published paperback by Annette Carson in a limited edition and the cover price is £10. Sales are being handled by www.troubador.co.uk/bookshop which ships internationally, with a postage cost of £11 to the US and £11.70 rest of the world. Domenico Mancini - Troubador Book Publishing. You can also purchase on Amazon.

Editor's note: Members of the American Branch can still order a copy from Wayne Ingalls, membership chair at our cost of \$15 each. This includes shipping. Note: we made a bulk order of 75 books of which we have about 20 unsold copies. By purchasing bulk, we were able to cut the overall cost by half per copy. If you are interested in obtaining a copy, please send an email to Wayne Ingalls at membership@r3.org.



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