

A.W.T. PAPERS

Misc. Papers  
Notebook

Two papers, for 90 (or 60) years  
about 1325 - to 1400

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Date told by Duron. 1365

Bk. Prince, Duke of Aquitaine.  
Jeanne of France wife  
All <sup>west</sup> ~~east~~ + South of France to  
the Rhone, English. Limoges,  
Brit. Nor. Poit., South of Loire.

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Date of Tale told

Alienor, of Aquitaine, married  
Louis, 1137.  
2<sup>d</sup> Crusade, 1146, preached  
by Bernard of Clairvaux

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In turning he had seen the other's naked blade,  
I knew, and created with evil design one man whose  
none <sup>no</sup> more innocent.

For maddened, stark maddened the young knight stood,  
his empty hands aching, the blood clean gone from his  
staring face, so de-bonair become a space apart.  
"Sweet Christ above, ... sweet Christ!" he gasped,  
"Sir Gil dead, ... slain! I smote 'twixt the shoulders in the  
back!"

"E'en his lips went grey. "Who'll believe me when  
I say he slipped along the net over back and fell  
apost my, guiltless blade? ... Christ, guiltless, guilt-  
less, head I said, when dripping from a careless stroke  
it lies before me now? ... No, guilty, perjured,  
blasted brand, to spill blood on a stainless hand,  
and damn, perchance, a soul as clean as cloistered  
maid for all that's true!"

With a weight of more his voice cracked high. His  
hands went up with a bitter cry, ...

Thud downing, I had watched to see, through  
a veil of young birch, all eyes, all ears. But now,  
my lord <sup>it</sup> seemed, the countless depictions of the pit  
struck out in gloom. ... I rose and fled!

My disstaff splashed into the pool. I did not heed  
the swelling thread, but headlong burst through the  
whispering leaves. I knew not of to left or right the  
branches beliff love shift or kirtle, or <sup>enough</sup> <sup>clutched</sup> <sup>at</sup> my, <sup>beast</sup>  
streaming hair. For terror of I knew not <sup>clutched</sup> <sup>at</sup> my gasping.

Suddenly, gay laughter rang through the forest-aisles  
smoking, chimney, as best might be, I hid <sup>not</sup> in the coppice  
growing close on a mossy bank, to find in the neighborhood  
of human kind, reassurance from the terror ~~that~~ which had  
spurred me on on a breathless flight.

It was the hunt, at halt for noon. Not set the  
green walled alleys echoing, with pipes and <sup>chanson</sup> <sup>and</sup>  
the girls' note. Else long, the winding horns rang out  
"Do horse."

A voice drilled past the mossy bank.



A lovely dame in fairy gown: "How carrieth the  
lord Sir Gil," she asked, afrown. "By the angel bands,  
t'is not our will to praise him till the rosy evening  
flush!"

The answer came from a <sup>bearded knight</sup> ~~gentle~~ <sup>beard</sup> in  
gay sur-crot: "Gil, gil, halloo! Faint-at-the-  
Fetist deserves no cheer! Know ye not that  
reigneth here the sovrig'n lady of Belpsaume?"

"Right that I do, my lord Reynaud," came  
quick reply. "and I pray you find our  
English guest, and beg him graciously to rouse  
the bear, as master of the hunt, until my guardian  
returneth."

"Yonder, sir," a squire supplied, "a-strolls  
the Child, full pensively."

There, pale, stern I in the routed flame  
the young knight of the fountain came. My heart  
beat wildly with pain and fear.

With swaying rein his cavalcade swept  
past me down the checkered lane. By fragrant  
banks and wild ravines the lady and the stern-  
faced Child led a noble company. But at the  
rear there came the pages and young squires, who  
glanced their keen eyes' roving glance on all the world  
and n'er abashed. Loud loud complaints because, for  
force, he must remain behind with horse, that lord  
Sir Gil might take the course in his good time of day,  
alack!

Behind the bushes I shrunk back.

But naught availed. A ghastly brood, the dogs  
dragged me out, dishevelled, disarrayed. I fought and  
begged, but one drew me in triumph to his saddle-tree.

What passed I could not choose but hear.

"Spur on! Chappelle Expiatoire! The faust-  
maid long all the doire!" he cried.

"- which, least the sooty loam such sweetness  
in its hot breath drown, the day Sir Gil's bid gambles  
the heavy man wedded sweetens lorneth sour." Reynault,



my lord's own man, just in;  
"A day, good sooth, not over near," the  
page replied, "though <sup>good</sup> mooning would  
cost him dear. That is, however be his heart, might-  
or surely both he would be to fight with Gando  
and castle so long controlled... & loose,  
now lightly loose his hold."

Regnault said, "I'll plain the lady Blanche  
prefers the courteous Childe from across the  
Manche."

"But he looks not fair yon quest!"  
"No, any fair, in girdle dressed!... But how  
today, he sulks aside, Goddes blood, not so a  
mooning, 's speed!"

One more serious than the rest asked "But is  
not within degree forbid, of consanguinity?"

"Her father's sister's husband's son, - allis, the  
priest's son," chuckled he. "But Holy father lives  
in Rome!"

"<sup>While</sup> ~~And~~ Avignon's <sup>still</sup> much nearer home!"

To, and rose, my lords, now unbridled baynes,  
until the chase began in earnestness.

The horns rang shrill; he hoarsely gave mouth  
... a din, a blast, and a cry of "Lead Childe, lead!"

With spumy faucets the great red hog, blood  
dripping beard from a ripped-up dog.

And still, oh, still, the Childe's face set  
He couched his spear. The shock was met.

But unawares by the raging beast's onset, his  
oreating palpitant, and <sup>and</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> fear... Oh, sickening  
sight... I hit my eye with a trembling moon...

There, on the trampled turf, a king's blood flowed  
with that of a hound.

"A point," the Childe, a gasping, oiled.  
(The heart beats showed through his gasping side.)  
"With shame and sin my soul is deep mingled,  
Albeit pure as cloistered maid!"







contrary, that I follow them, behind the  
pacing, better men, the silent corpses homeward  
turned.....

All night long the death light burned.  
On the castle - keeps the archers hispered.  
Comings and departures broke rudely through the  
balanias. Blotted against the shadowy wall  
I crouched, and shivering prayed. For alone  
I knew, the death light there should burn for  
no!

With dawn a maiden called, and <sup>giving</sup> ~~bid~~  
me larger back me go. The god I showed  
my grandeur, too. But in toothless rage she  
drove me out. Naught I feared from that, however,  
So I simply went beyond her sight to come back,  
When her wrath took flight.

That night I lay on the sun-dried grass.  
The mist rose thick from the sequant bays.  
Breath grew for the break of day, around me  
all the air grew white. I trembled in a sweat  
of fright, and crossed me with the Holy Name!

Past me a pale procession came, - came no  
by no and chanting low, each shimmering with a  
pallid light. I hid my face in deadly fear,  
But the Chanters words <sup>were</sup> clear and shrill.

A soul is lost, yet through no sin.

To deathless pain it enters in.

For it shall lay forevermore

Limbo, on the hollow floor.

And see the saints in Paradise,

After, the light of Christ's own eyes,

Yet see how bear the might of sin.

By perjured Galchion entered in.

They burned and beckoned, and I rose, for twice  
those glazing eyes met mine, those sinless eyes  
alone I knew. I rose and followed up the hill  
to the Abbey ruins of Quisquil.



Faint I awoke in the thickening gloom, ~~And~~ <sup>as</sup> the  
days rolled on and the nights came fast. Then on  
the night at midnight - for some, a bell tolled slowly  
in the hollow hill.

The air around me turned to cold white flame  
Blow and I struck with the holy light, dead with a  
burst of triumph song, ~~And a single gladness word of~~  
~~grace, ~~And the arches echoed and shone!~~~~

Before me on the crumbling fane, that  
Donschid sword lay clear and bright; with a single  
godsome word of grace through the arches echoed  
bright and strong.

The mourners cloister in pallid white led on  
through the cells the icy breath, to a vault deep down  
in the echoing hill. A vault all hung with funeral pall.  
On the cubic stone four candles tall. Thick smoke  
floated in the air, - and on a sable altar shrou, the  
Child's staves, ~~perjured Galchim laid!~~...

A cold, damp breath with chilly fast, a  
moan swept through the darkness, for a soul  
was lost, yet through no sin...

For I was whose gleaming eyes met mine, whose  
Sai I knew, and God's grace benign, here in my house  
I made a prayer; a nine days fast and vigil, while  
the little lamps ~~glowed~~ <sup>glowed</sup> and all grew grey, .....

~~Faint I prayed in the thickening gloom, as the days  
rolled on and the nights came fast. Then on the night at  
midnight - for some, a bell tolled slowly in the hollow hill.  
The air around me turned to cold white flame Blow and I struck  
with the holy light, dead with a burst of triumph song, And a  
single gladness word of grace, And the arches echoed and shone!  
Before me on the crumbling fane, that Donschid sword lay clear  
and bright; with a single godsome word of grace through the  
arches echoed bright and strong.~~

Straightway I fell in a deadly swoon. In black  
too black for words to paint my soul swept down the  
sinking soul on the holiest floor.....

But mortal lips may tell no more, my lords.

Fair lords, confessors, you better know the rest than I.  
Your fierce dogs found me senseless here, in the long lost,  
crypt beneath the dome... So loathly crimes you put  
my hand... By Christ, a stainless maid I stand! For  
this saint face who is my judge, in Maiden's Arms I  
shall not say aught else but what I have said this day.  
Clean my heart and clean my hand, in the sight of God  
and <sup>the saints</sup> I stand! For, pursued lords and holy  
<sup>men</sup>, I've loved you naught but God's own truth.

Here says Heron, under my blattered pages.  
My lord the Count of Nemours alone was for her  
acquittal. Said he that <sup>the Bishop's</sup> God with his own hand  
purity on the maiden's face. But he was ever a bold man



and careless of the church dues. So the others,  
rather than seem off his following, and in truth  
much affected of the Cardinal-Archbishop's house  
of other matters, gave vote with the clergy.

The summing up, and remembering it, was somewhat  
in this wise, (and in the last day may my lord the  
Cardinal = archbishops <sup>may</sup> remembers it glasse)

As <sup>young</sup> Yvonne, the princess, daughter, wife, of  
John, the Count of Artois, fighting man, and  
Armenette of Duke of Burgundy, - all testimony  
heard and weighed, both hers and witnesses for  
said, is hereby charged most solemnly, with murder  
and with blasphemy.

Sir, Chateaufort of Castillon in Picardy, and  
Talbriet in Gascony, (Guard of Beaune also  
known) most noble and most christian knight,  
through her vile machinations fell, in Quersquell  
by the haunted well....

Said Yvonne the princess, refused in torture  
to confess; receives the final penalty of sin  
continually. Sans coupes de nomini!



Duke of Aquitaine BK Prince Jean. 8th cent.

Bx. 1360

A clerk, Saint Haon, is like to a dried herring on Mardi gras.

Reverend of Clairvaux. - 1091 - 1153.  
preacher of crusade, 1146. - 1187, year of quadragesima, 3rd crusade.  
1096 - 1098. custom of Clermont.  
10 years

Amor Fortiora.

He who quaffeth at the Perian fountain, begins Haon the scrivener, gaineth an empire as vast as the mind of man. But perchance for it he forfeiteth a kingdom, - a kingdom sweet and fair and precious, as the body of a maid.

For learning is a jealous mistress. On her scuffs she blandeth her mark. So, when it concerneth passion and matters of the heart, a clerk is like to a dried herring, on Mardi gras. None will have of him. Fie, say the maids with pretty grimacing, look at his eyes, red as a fish's with much squinting, his peaked indoor face, his back, curved like one of his own footstools! And they turn to some lusty thief of a man at arms, who hath merely his nose slashed away, or a succulent lad who measureth long cloths for them with delicately out curled little finger.

So, at least, said I one fair spring, <sup>microscopic</sup> <sup>part and appendage</sup> morn to Robert the Kentishman, ~~write to~~ young duchess Jeanne.

Summer was a-coming in. Freed from violet mists, the Midi's upright beam shone down dim streets, where had blazed the loves and hates of King and noble Roman lord, of Goth and Vandal, of old Frank, <sup>man</sup> and of Heathenese, successively, before Duke William's day, that sturdy sail of Alimor, Whilom queen of France, who bore with her nob both, in second marriage bed, across the Manche the sovereignty of Aquitaine.

Our scribes were deep in loving and hating, good Haon, quoth Robert, small time had they for the loves and hates of others. What would today know of a surety of yesterday, or tomorrow of today, weren't not for the Turkey Bingers Ochoco who, lay or cleric, doleth silent and alone in some forgotten corner, transcribing those things which pass around him in this night, for what in all life?



When this our Gaulish Berg was young in far  
a mercer's daughter loved her father's favorite lad.  
Fresh was Aidilon, fresh, radiant and pas-  
ionate. You know the type, my fair page's (said I)  
and the splendor of their quickly fading beauty for thus soon  
dulls their young cheek. I take it that the very red of  
wild rose stained deep the maiden's cheek, and in her  
sooty eyes their smoldering fire which tell of headier  
vintages from beyond the Pyrenees. For so our wild  
red wild rose juice is braced in blending by the sun  
and fire and passion of the South.

And below was the maid, with naught behind  
them but lovers' memories, before them stretched a flower  
bordered way, until they chose to take up life in earnest  
with the priest blessing. But in the stall of stalmantay,  
the lad, a host of minor ecclesiae school-faith's sad.  
He could not say that it was truly rose, nor want,  
But only feel he was not happy, - or too happy, quite.  
It may seem a paradox, but man needs a sense  
of fear or doubt about him to be happy quite, - a  
touch of bitter to give sweets to his sweet.

Then cross Pays Trilight sky there struck a  
dazzling beam of light. St. Bernard passed, ecstatic,  
flaming soul. Here he cursed and there he roared,  
in mad words of flame, Behind his path he left a  
fiery trail, there glowed beauteous clouds, and on his  
burning words had soared to light's known only to his  
own mad soul's dizziness.

As our rays through a burning glass, on Pay's  
pervase and phantom shadows heart, show their fla-  
ming words, till lo, there was the Grail-light glowed.

He went, they went, triumphant and glorious, the  
best, the noblest. Though Aidilon hung on his neck and  
begged and wept, and offered all the fonsent. bribes a  
roman could, her lovers' eyes were blinded by the  
white Grail light, and her words of love were  
drowned in the jibes that Paymin made the spot on the  
Sweet Christ his Tomb, with none to check.

Bernard hot called, he of Clairvaux, victorious.



A man leaped idly over the stem-rail of  
a small ship at anchor in the Thames. The dawn  
was breaking, and in spite of the mist, various  
objects began to be visible. Small craft-crowded  
the ~~river~~ <sup>stream</sup>, and ~~went~~ <sup>helter</sup> ~~up~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~apparant~~ <sup>with</sup>  
aimlessness. A ship came slowly down with the  
tide and warped to an anchorage almost  
within hail. A boat detached itself from her side  
and a voice hailed the stranger.

"Is this the *Minerva*, of Bristol, ~~capt~~  
Richard Barber, captain, commissioned with  
letter of Marque?"

"Your servant," was the reply, with a  
salute.

The salute was returned.

"I am Captain \_\_\_\_\_ of the  
boat for Bristol, and you can be of service

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