



Sarum Seminar News and Views

Tales From Our Travels

We asked you for short favorite travel memories—good and otherwise. We added some pictures to turn them into postcards (some jumbo size) and share them here. YOUR EDITORS

Wish You Were Here

In the early afternoon we set off to poke around the stairway passages and alleys of Ravello. One favorite viale led us through a tunnel under the Villa Rufolo, then down, down, down stone steps between garden walls to Chiesa dell'Annunziata (which appears as a sort of logo for Ravello on tile number plates all over town).



Somewhere along on this walk it was brought home to me why we travel, why actually going is so much more rewarding than just looking at pictures and reading travelogues. It's because with every new bend in the path or turn of the head, or with just a new focal depth, we get so much more than any of those static records can give. I think I realized this as I watched a gray-striped cat walk along the top of a wall to my right—an ancient stone wall with a simple iron gate that revealed a tiny pool amid lush greenery in the atrium to a pale yellow-pink stucco house. A green lizard ducked into a crevice as I turned to look left—a crevice with a bit of campanula growing out of it, decked with purple-blue blossoms. And the tolling clock bell made me look up to see the ramparts and a bit of the 13th-century stone tower of Villa Rufolo—the romantic vine-draped tower that inspired a scene in Wagner's opera Parsifal.



Bob Nyden

Ravello, Italy. May 1998

Sarum Seminar
News and Views
FALL 2009

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Evelyn McMillan, editor

Bob Nyden, assistant ed. & layout

Having A Wonderful time

A few summers ago, I traveled with a Sarum group to Salisbury for a much anticipated few days of good company, hiking and exploring. The lovely Linda at Sarum College, where we stayed in the Close, provided a warm welcome and took me to my accommodations.

As all the redecorated rooms on the main hall closest to the central stairway were filled I was in a rather shabby chic apartment in the old section of the building with a bedroom, living room, kitchen and bathroom. It was definitely well away from the main hallway.

After unpacking I decided to go out and explore a bit before meeting up with the group, but the doorknob fell off in my hand as I tried to exit my apartment. What to do? There was no one staying in the passageway leading to my rooms. Luckily I was able to open the window facing the car park and so hung out of it, thinking



someone would wander through. I chirped out "helps" and various other pleas to the empty space while watching the birds dive-bombing the building for 45 minutes as I yelled. During this time I wondered how long it would take anyone to miss me, tried to pretend I wasn't absolutely famished, and blessed the College that there was a bathroom at hand. Finally a gentleman walked in from the Close and looked all over at his eye level trying to find the woman going "Excuse me", "Excuse me" louder and louder until I went "Up here". He looked up, listened skeptically to my need, and left to find someone.

Eventually it was the key man who freed me so that I could finally wander through lovely Salisbury while he installed a completely new contraption. It was a bad start to those anticipated days but oh, yes, the company

was congenial, the hikes lovely, the exploring much fun, Julia and Bob very organized and great hosts, and the weather excellent. Who could ask for more? And being a careful soul, I did check, twice, that new key and doorknob before I locked myself in for the night.

Barbara Sullivan

Czech Inn Time Is Midnight

Some years ago, my wife and I on a visit to the Czech Republic, spent two days and a night in the town of Czesky Kromlov. This medieval town centers on a fabulous palace, and the town has a reputation as a center of alchemy in the middle ages. There is even a spooky walking tour at midnight.

After we attended a wonderful concert in the St. Stephan's church, we retired to our room in what was once a convent in earlier days and went to bed. Soon we heard what sounded like bird's wings flapping. When we put on the light, we found (I found

since my frightened wife was hiding beneath the covers) eight bats circling the room.

What could I do but open the window and shout, "Shoo bats, get out bats, shoo." They did. With each circle of the room, one by one they departed across the Vlatava River to the forest on the other bank. Where had they been hiding? Upside down in the clothes closet during the daylight hours?

The next morning, in jest, I told the management that they should reduce my room cost \$ 10 per bat since the room rate was \$ 80. But they refused with the statement that this was not an unusual event



Czasky Kromlov

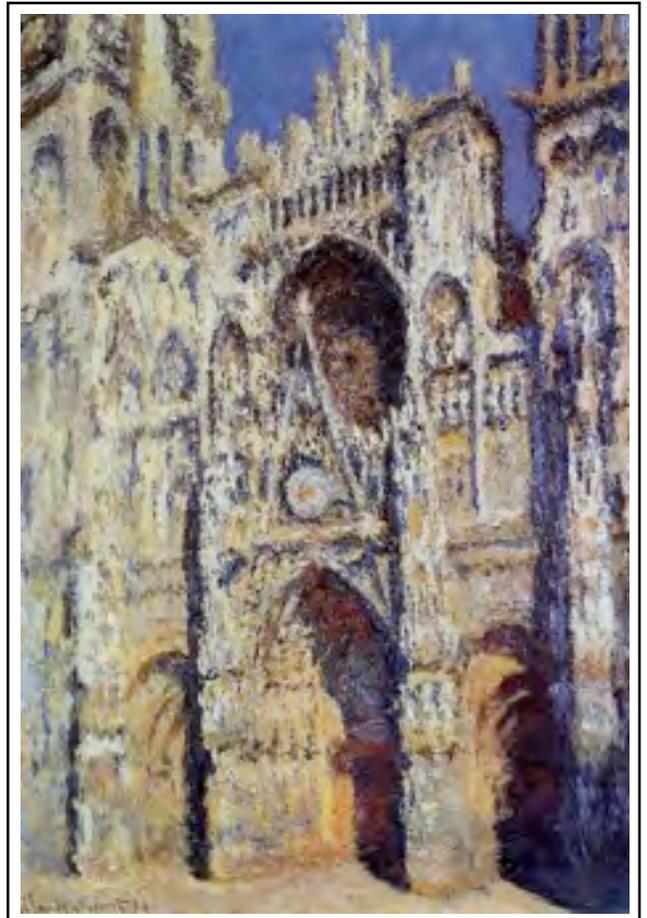
Dick Harte

Misadventure in Rouen

When I am traveling and things go wrong, I always say, "Hey! I am having an adventure!" This happened on a trip to France to study the life of Jeanne d'Arc. We had been settled into a four-star hotel in Tours for three days when our group of twelve history buffs learned that our travel agent had declared bankruptcy. On hearing that our bills were not being paid, all but three of the group returned home. Our leader, Michael K. Jones, Ph.D., had been prepaid and was willing to continue, so an intrepid group of three, Aiden, Carol and I, ventured on, making our own arrangements in two star hotels and truly having an adventure.

The last day of the trip was to be an excursion to Rouen. We set off from the Gare St. Lazare in Paris at bonne heure du matin. In Rouen, Michael took off to do some research. Aiden, as usual, did his own thing. Carol and I followed the tourist route: Monet's Cathedral, the Musée Jeanne d'Arc, the 15th and 16th century churches and buildings, etc. After lunch, I talked Carol into setting off for the Musée d'Antiquités, which contained a tapestry made for Charles VII in celebration for the expelling of les Anglais from Rouen. (I am the proud owner of a reproduction of this tapestry). We walked and walked and walked! When I asked for directions, les citoyens all said, "Je ne sais pas." Finally, we found a crumbling building with a small, yellowing sign which read, "Closed for Restoration." (So much for up-to-date guidebooks.)

That evening we had planned a leisurely dinner at a picturesque restaurant en centre ville. According to the schedule, the last train left for Paris at 10:30 PM, so there was beaucoup de time to drink fine wine and savor the cuisine de Normandie. But one more adventure awaited us. On arrival at la gare, il n'y a pas personne. It was Sunday! Carol and I had failed to notice an asterisk on the schedule. The last train on Sunday left at 6 PM. What to do? After considering our options, we decided to engage the only taxi in view. Since I was the only one with cash, I made a deal with the driver to take us on the two-hour trip back to Paris. Aiden sat in front and I was wedged between Michael and Carol in the back. All went well until we got to the ring road of Paris and began to circle the city. Our driver from Rouen did not know his way around Paris. I have no sense of direction. Finally, Michael and Carol started figuring out where we were. I translated their directions to the driver, "À gauche à la prochain carrefour", etc. It was the wee hours of the morning when we crashed at our hotel on the Rive Gauche. A suitable ending for a trip that started out on the wrong foot.



Marion Harris

Climbing A Rock Pile

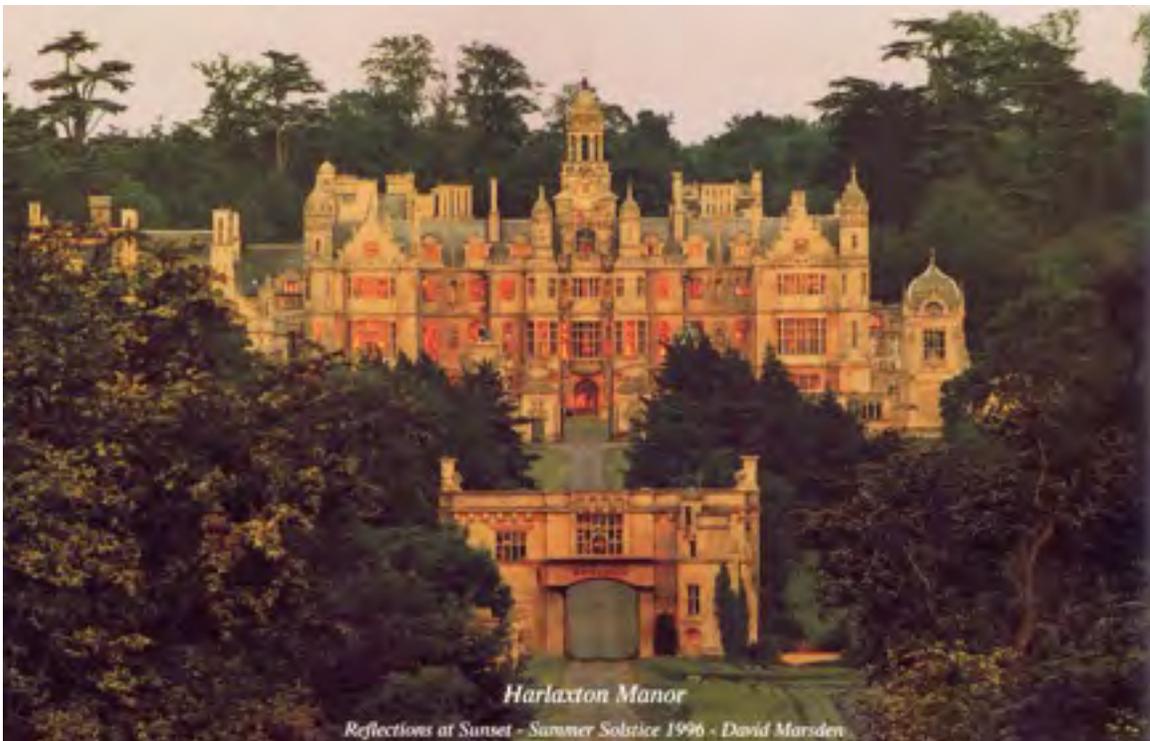
Sometimes age and reason don't mesh. We proved it on a recent visit to Albuquerque's Petroglyph National Monument in mid-afternoon 100 degree heat. With an estimated 20,000 glyphs spread across the 7,244-acre site, we drove to the nearest glyph group, parked the car, and crawled up the primitive, rocky basalt trail,



watching for snakes all the way. The ancient Anasazi path, augmented by carefully positioned stones, required Roy to carefully place his cane for balance. I grabbed at rocks until we made it to the top for a beautiful view across to Sandia Mountain. At the top a small stone ring outlined an ancient lookout post.

Getting safely down the trail included an unexpected, unmarked, detour and a series of precarious photo stops. Everywhere we looked, glyphs were scratched on stone surfaces. Most of them date from approximately the 14th century even though people have lived in the area for thousands of years. Anasazi and Indian symbols included people, animals, and Kokopelli; images from the Spanish and Mexican periods included crosses and horses; and some images were from nineteenth century American travelers. Sweaty and aching, we took our last photo, left the ancients behind, and headed for our air-conditioned car.

Kathy and Roy Mize



Harlaxton Manor

Reflections at Sunset - Summer Solstice 1996 - David Marsden

Ten years ago a group of Sarum Seminarians visited York and environs, and we used as our headquarters Harlaxton Manor (the surprising English campus for a small Midwestern college). It's a marvelous old pile complete with hidden stairways and secret doors. One evening we were treated to an extraordinarily glorious sunset, thanks to our northerly latitude and proximity to the summer solstice. It lasted for a couple of hours, glowing every shade of orange and red, and reflected like fire from the leaded panes on Harlaxton's façade.

Cyndy Ainsworth

In Search of Arthur

On June 6, 1986, I set out on my first trip to England, thrilled to be attending a UC Extension Program entitled *Arthur's Britain: England and Wales*. I was then the most naive of travelers, and lacking the Internet tools now so handily available, learned my lessons the hard way. They remain vividly with me to this day.

Lesson 1-Travel Light.

This was to be my first travel-study program, and I was quite determined to make the most of it, including having handy the texts that would inform our journey: *The Works of Thomas Malory* (3 volumes), *The Mabinogian*, reams of photocopied articles, and Jorgen Andersen's *The Witch of the Wall* for Sheila na Gig spotting went into a suitcase all of their own. UC advised us that northern England and Wales could be quite chilly, even in summer, so the second large suitcase held a heavy wool coat, several sweaters, scarves and gloves.

Lesson 2-Go Direct.

For reasons I can't even dimly recall, my flight went from San Francisco to Dallas, with a three-hour stop before heading to London. Having no sense of the challenges of navigating London, the next leg of my journey required taking the Tube (Piccadilly Line, I think) to King's Cross Station to catch a train to York. There seemed to be no lifts or working escalators along the way; I recall one moment of desperation when I sent my suitcase (the one with the clothes, not the books) sliding down one very long stairwell while I bumped along behind it lugging the one with the precious volumes. Mercifully I didn't take out any other occupants of the stairwell with that maneuver.

Lesson 3-Rely on the Kindness of Strangers.

By the time I boarded the train for York, I had been up for nearly 24 hours and found that I had managed to book the slowest possible train to York, some five hours long. Despite the beautiful villages along the way, I knew I couldn't remain awake through the journey. In what must have been seen as typical American brashness, I begged my fellow seatmates who were bound for York to not let me sleep through the stop, and indeed I was gently nudged a few minutes before the train pulled into the station.

Lesson 4-Read the Brochure & Map.

Upon arriving at York's railway station I maneuvered my two bulging suitcases to the long taxi line happy to finally collapse in the backseat for the trip to my hotel. When I gave the driver the name of the Hotel, the Royal York, he swiveled around to give me an exasperated look, drove his cab around the drive in front of the station and handed my luggage to the bellman of the Royal York, which my unread brochure had clearly touted was "conveniently next door to the railway station." I tipped him generously for losing his place in line.

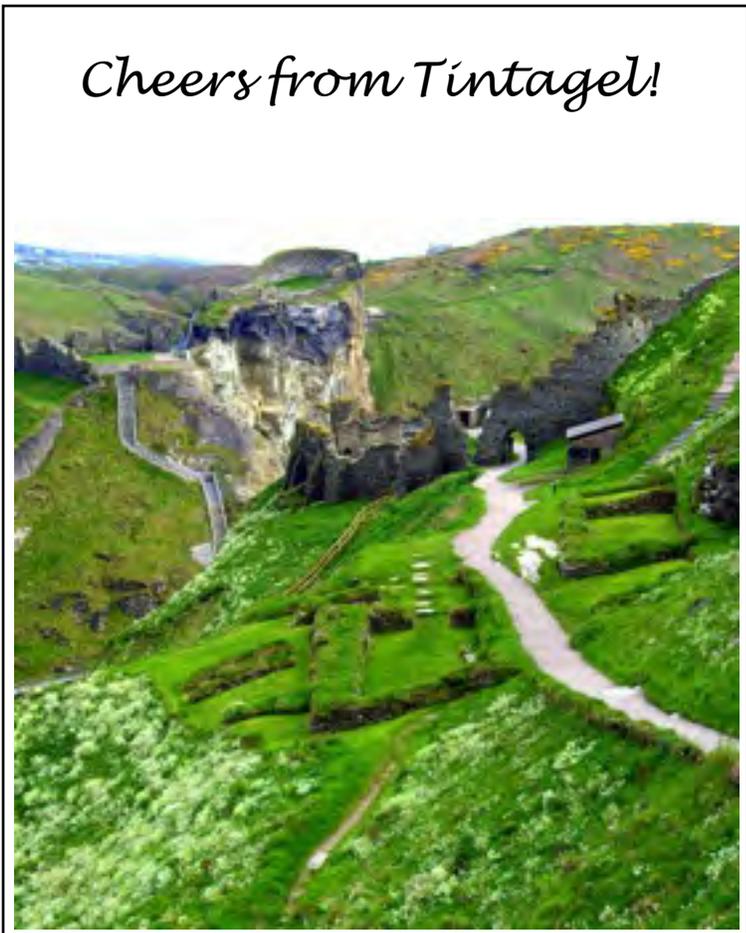
Lesson 5-Put Your Problems Behind You and Enjoy Yourself.

After two wonderful warm and sunny days in York, I caught a train to Bangor to meet up with the rest of the group. I was reminded of Lesson 1 when I learned that my dorm room at the University of North Wales was up four flights of stairs with no lift. But the course at Bangor was a magical two-week introduction to the mythical and historical characters of early Britain. Led by a tutor at the University of North Wales we then spent a week traveling from Snowdonia, through mid-Wales, and over the Brecon Beacons, visiting several Roman hill forts, Tintagel, Castle Dore and the Tristan Stone, Glastonbury, Wells, and finally arriving at Winchester where there was a wonderful exhibit celebrating the 900th anniversary of the Domesday Book, which also included a full-size replica of the Bayeux Tapestry.

It was a memorable journey, and I have to believe the trials and tribulations of that inbound leg made my memories all the more vivid.

Linda Jack

Cheers from Tintagel!



Puente La Reina

It was late in the day when our tour group came to a simple stone bridge in Spain. The bridge was on the Camino de Santiago and had been built a thousand years earlier by a concerned and benevolent queen who felt that the bargemen who were ferrying pilgrims across the river were exploiting them.

The setting sun washed the bridge, the river, and the surrounding buildings in a soft, golden hue making the arched bridge glow in the gentle light. As I walked across the bridge I felt tied to the millions of people who had come before me and the millions

that would come after me. Each one of us had walked across this bridge clutching our hopes and fears. We had come not only in times of peace but in times of war, famine, and plague. A continuous stream of people trudging throughout the millenniums, each one a part of the whole, each one walking over the Queen's Bridge towards a shared destination.

*Evelyn
McMillan*



Plein air painting by Ann McMillan

Which Way Now?

Our last stop is at this finger labyrinth (less than two feet across) that is set in the portal wall just outside the cathedral in Lucca, Italy. Intended, I believe, to calm and focus the inner spirits of those who trace the pattern, this particular labyrinth is quite literal in its source. Eager fingers over the ages have worn away the rather surprising figures at the center – Minotaur being slain by Theseus. The Latin inscription reads:

HERE IS THE LABYRINTH BUILT BY
DÆDALUS OF CRETE, FROM WHICH ONCE
ENTERED NO ONE ESCAPES; EXCEPT THESEUS
WITH THE HELP OF ARIADNE'S THREAD

The intrepid king then sailed away
from Crete, taking Ariadne along for the
ride. Not the end of the story, but enough
for a good traveler's tale.

BOB NYDEN



HIC QUEM
CRETICUS
EDIT
DEDALUS EST
LABERINTHUS.
DE QUO
NULLUS
VADERE
QUIVIT
QUI FUIT
INTUS,
NI THESEUS
GRATIS
ADRIANE
STAMINE
IUTUS

Book Review by Virginia Jansen



Salisbury Cathedral from the northeast. All photos: V. Jansen

Sarum Seminarians will find most of the contents of this book useful for their studies. The book focuses on the original paintings of the vaults of the eastern arm. It includes both contemporaneous and secondary sources, an extensive bibliography, and a good set of illustrations. Although the author, a Canadian art historian recently tenured at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario,¹ had already published much of the material in articles from 2005-2007, some of which he re-publishes here verbatim, it is easier to have his research in one place with the advantages of an index and some color plates. To fashion the



Presbytery and choir looking toward the west.

Matthew M. Reeve,
*Thirteenth-Century Wall
Painting of Salisbury
Cathedral: Art, Liturgy,
and Reform.*

Woodbridge, Suffolk:
The Boydell Press
\$90.00 hardback.
ISBN 978-1-84383-331-4

articles into a book, Matthew Reeve added two introductory chapters drawn mainly from others' work on the contexts of church and liturgical reform and architecture. His principal theme is that both religious practices and visual media must be considered together to provide a complete picture of the cathedral as an integrated physical and ecclesiastical entity: "The close correspondence of architecture, ornament, and imagery suggests that all

were employed to provide a spatial and pictorial map of the liturgical loci of the eastern arm" (page 82).

The author believably dates the original paintings to the time when the choir was completed, *i.e.*, to c.1236-44.² These paintings do not survive for the most part, having been whitewashed in the eighteenth century and mostly re-painted in the nineteenth, but ghost-like remnants survive in the eastern transept. Eighteenth-century antiquar-



Remains of vault paintings in the eastern transept.

ian drawings, paintings, and descriptions make it possible to reconstruct not only the subject matter but also the style. In arguing these points, Reeve views the paintings from a wider artistic focus. He makes comparisons with wall painting at Winchester Cathedral (the northeast chapel known as the Guardian Angel Chapel and the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre); with manuscripts such as a bestiary now in London and the Wilton Psalter of c.1250 in a constructive discussion on the painter known as "the Sarum Master"; with stained glass based on original fragments known from Salisbury; and with sculpture from the Salisbury choir screen (now in the north arm of the east

Remains of the original choir screen, now in the north arm of the eastern transept.



¹ Professor Reeve received his B.A. from the University of Toronto in 1998 and his Ph. D. from Cambridge University in 2003. He wrote his doctoral thesis on the bishop's palace at Wells Cathedral from c. 1207-1465.

² Following Sarah Brown in *Sumptuous and Richly Adorn'd: The Decoration of Salisbury Cathedral*, Royal Commission on Historical Monuments (England), (London, 1999), 166, Reeve noted on page 68 that the scaffolding for building and glazing would have remained available.

transept), the west façade of Wells, and the Lady Chapel and transept of Worcester cathedrals. Moreover, he describes an intellectual context for the paintings, particularly based on the text, the *Festum Asinorum*, a later version of the *Ordo Prophetarum*. Reeve is particularly good at examining the connections between texts and the iconography of the paintings, an approach also employed by his mentor, Paul Binski.

Reeve has made effective visual observations in order to reconstruct the paintings and their subjects, work that he takes beyond the 1960 article by Frank Horlbeck, who wrote the only other extensive study on these paintings.³ The iconography of the vault paintings with their meanings underscored with the architectural framework of the choir (the section west of the eastern crossing where the choir and clergy sat) and presbytery (the sanctuary east of the eastern crossing) seem to be read best from west to east, mimicking the gaze of the clergy facing the high altar. Old Testament prophets and other prophesying figures such as a sibyl sit enthroned on the choir vaults. Eastward appear New Testament subjects: Christ in Majesty, the four evangelists, and the apostles in the eastern crossing. To the sides in the eastern transept, twenty-four angels bear liturgical objects in medallions. Farther east in the presbytery are found Labors of the Months in roundels.



Modern (19th c.) vault painting in eastern crossing and presbytery.

Reeve's discussion on the Labors explains why these subjects may have been included. At the climax of the central vessel, he imagines a Last Judgment for the destroyed east clerestory window and acknowledges that this remains only a best guess. The scheme, usefully plotted on a plan in

plate 1, lays out a Christian chronology, which the author links to those performing rituals on the floor below. The clergy are seen as continuing the ministry of the prophets through the work ("redemptive toil"), represented by the Labors of the Months, of the *opus dei*. He sees "a direct connection between the liturgy performed in the choir and the imagery on the choir vaults" (page 89), although this reviewer wishes he had developed his thoughts on this intriguing relationship. Thus, the imagery presented the "glory of God...that stressed an historical and ecclesiological vision of Christ rather than an apocalyptic or eschatological one," (page 116) such as found in the sculpture at Chartres and Moissac. In regard to ornamental foliage decoration found on the walls, he wonders whether it was "referencing the rebirth of the cathedral and the intended 'rebirth' of devotion within."

The author believes that the development of the subjects and liturgy are tied to the interests in pastoral and liturgical reform of Bishop Richard Poore (1217-28) and his clergy, who, like the bishop's mentor Archbishop Stephen Langton, were engaged in reforming worship practices, church institutions, and pastoral care. Poore's legislation, the second earliest surviving set of synodal statutes in England (written between 1217 and 1219), were regarded as "some of the most important diocesan legislation of medieval England," a model of their kind.⁴ As part of the reform, the author believes that the *Use of Sarum* was drawn up at this time. He cites unpublished work by William Mahrt, some of which the Seminar has heard. Furthermore, given his desire to find "an integrated ensemble," he argues that the vault paintings may have been designed with the building, *i.e.*, in c. 1220, not a decade later, and authored by Bishop "Richard Poore and his intimate circle of clerics." He underscores the point by claiming that architecture was becoming "increasingly dependent upon these cycles [of serial images in stained glass, sculpture, and mural painting] to dictate its form and order," and Salisbury may be an early example of such "a programmatic whole" (page 46), points that are well worth considering in more detail.

On the whole, the book is easily read, as the author has organized it with sub-headings and chapter summaries as well as a preface, introduction, and conclusion. This layout causes considerable repetition, but one can dip in easily anywhere. He explicates basic iconographical material, as if for an undergraduate audience, although elsewhere medieval religious and artistic terminology goes

³ ER. Horlbeck, "The Vault Paintings in Salisbury Cathedral," *Archaeological Journal*, 117 (1960), 116-30. Sarah Brown, as cited above, briefly discussed the paintings, 160-68.

⁴ C.R. Cheney, "The Statutes of Richard Poore, Bishop of Salisbury, and Related Texts," *English Synodalia of the Thirteenth Century* (London: Oxford University Press, 1941, rpt 1968), 55; F.M. Powicke and C.R. Cheney, eds., *Councils and Synods with Other Documents Relating to the English Church*, vol. II, part i (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1964), 57. As I have discussed in some presentations for the Sarum Seminar and published, these clerics including Pope Innocent III were well acquainted and working together as an intellectual and political group. They had connections from their university days in Paris, as attendees of the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215, and as associates of Pope Innocent and his church policies.

unexplained, e.g., "spool capital" (page 42 and elsewhere). I assume that this is an idiosyncratic term for molded capital (perhaps a vivid descriptor from the lecture hall); no architectural historian I have consulted used this term either. Yet, despite a pitch toward non-academics, the author is consciously ambitious about making his book "post-modern" so that some academic jargon interferes with comprehension for non-academic readers. Nevertheless, his employment of contemporary approaches usually expands the ideas of the material.

Appalling, however, is the plethora of errors and irregularities that mar the book. On pages 2 and 15 Richard Poore is referred to as archdeacon instead of dean. His dates as bishop of Salisbury, 1217-28, are given on page 2 as 1215-28 but otherwise correctly. The four evangelists increase to twelve on page 91. The cathedral is said to be situated on Salisbury Plain (page 12), the site where Stonehenge is located. On page 85 he cites the number of cathedral canons as 106, but the number in 1226 was 52.⁵ Architectural terms and other information are occasionally skewed: on page 91, the position of the altar cannot be east of the presbytery. The Labors of the Months are not depicted in the ambulatory (page 102), but elsewhere they are correctly cited on the presbytery vaults. On page 98, Reeve argues for the tomb of St. Osmund (sainted in 1457) as located in the presbytery, where saints' tombs have been often situated, and he footnotes Tim Tatton-Brown; but Tim wrote (and still thinks) that Osmund's tomb was intended for the Trinity Chapel.⁶ In this same note, Reeve cites Sarah Brown on a different issue, ironic because *she* had made a case for Osmund's body in the presbytery a few pages earlier, but he omits this reference! On points of theology and liturgy, I defer to Richard Pfaff's review;⁷ he points out that the program of the vault paintings was not new, but traditional, which Reeve also admits on page 46, although usually he describes them as "inventive." The quantity of errors, both simple and significant, do not inspire confidence in the accuracy and reliability of the author's book.

Other comments highlight legitimate scholarly debates, for example, the position of the high altar cited just above. Reeve considers that the thirteenth-century altar was located in the eastern crossing. Despite the intriguing evidence that the Christ in Majesty was painted in the vault above and saints' tombs were often located behind the

high altar, the steps and foliage capitals of the northeast crossing piers (and by the fourteenth century the winch for the Lenten curtain) seem to indicate its location farther east. Tim Tatton-Brown thinks it was located more or less where it stands today.⁸

Yet, too often the author misrepresents others' comments. Sometimes it may be a polemical expression used; other times he seems to overstate his points. He writes too often without specific acknowledgement even though he cites work elsewhere. And, he is not the only writer to present ideas as if they excluded other interpretations; however, he and they, avoiding the trap of the binary of either/or, might show instead that their ideas *extend* previous work; they contribute another building block in understanding and assessing the meaning of the Middle Ages. But the author may have wished to jolt his readers. On page 11, he wrote, "Indeed, there is something in it [this book] to interest and upset everybody."

An example may be seen in his treatment of F. R. Horlbeck's article. Even though he praises his work, he misrepresents some of Horlbeck's statements. For example, on page 114, Reeve asserts that Horlbeck suggested analogies with French Romanesque portals "in the belief that the ceiling was somehow iconographically behind recent developments in France," but nowhere does Horlbeck's article say that. Horlbeck also considered that the program should be viewed as a whole. This is a crucial point in Reeve's argument, but it remained unacknowledged in the book. Reeve alleges that Horlbeck has "distorted" the iconography in seeing the Labors of the Months as removed "from the cycle as a whole," but this is not true. Likewise, it is incorrect to claim that many of the "antiquarian drawings and descriptions...have been published in this book for the first time (page 129)," for not only had Reeve published them in his earlier articles but Horlbeck had also published all eight of Reeve's color plates (in black-and-white), one of his six black-and-white illustrations, and some of the inscriptions.

In the final analysis, readers may learn much from this widely read author, but they must read his book critically, especially where he presents a contentious treatment. Readers might first want to look at Sarah Brown's reliable book. Since Reeve has completed much serious investigation, it is a pity that he has not presented it more carefully. He does both his audience and himself a disservice.



⁵ Diana E. Greenway, "1091, St Osmund and the Constitution of the Cathedral," *Medieval Art and Architecture at Salisbury*, British Archaeological Association Conference Transactions XVII, eds. Thomas Cooke and Laurence Keen, 1996, 6. The number 106 is probably confused with the number of choir stalls, which included seats for the cathedral officials and Vicars choral as well as the 52 canons; see Sarah Brown, 74.

⁶ Tim Tatton-Brown, "The Burial Places of St Osmund," *Spire*, 69th Annual Report of the Friends of Salisbury Cathedral (1999), 21. Reeve also cites the wrong volume number for this article.

⁷ Richard W. Pfaff, TMR 09.01.03 Reeve, Thirteenth-Century Wall Paintings (Pfaff), <http://hdl.handle.net/2027/spo.baj9928.0901.003> (accessed August 29, 2009).

⁸ Tim Tatton-Brown, personal communication, July 2009.



Welcome to the New Year!

by Julia Fremon

The 2009-10 Sarum Seminar season is shaping up nicely, and we have all our programs lined up for the fall. Two of the seminars will be presented by old Sarum friends, and the other two by visiting scholars we will be hearing for the first time. In some ways these programs will be a return to our roots – medieval architecture and travel.

Also true to our roots, we began with a party! Thanks to Lynne Carr for hosting our September potluck.

Monday, September 21, 7-9 p.m. at CASBS, 75 Alta Road, Stanford

The Templar Code: The New Choir of the Templars' Church in London. Virginia Jansen, Professor Emerita of Art and Visual Culture, UC Santa Cruz

The Templars were a widespread order of military knights whose mission was to protect pilgrims traveling to the Christian holy sites in Jerusalem. Their provincial headquarters in London was famous for hospitality, banking, and burials of prominent knights and kings. The 12th-century Temple Church featured a round nave filled with effigies. In the year 1240, a new choir was added that takes the form of a hall church, i.e., the central vessel and side aisles are all the same height. The result was a church that a 19th-century architect praised as “the most exquisite specimen of pointed architecture existing.”

What inspired the design of this choir? Was it the new architecture of English cathedrals, or the churches of the Knights Hospitaller on the continent, or the holy sites in Jerusalem? Our old friend Virginia Jansen takes us on a journey from London to Canterbury to Jerusalem in search of the architectural “code” of the Temple Church.

Tuesday, October 27, 7-9 p.m. at History Corner (Building 200), Room 002

MEDIEVAL MATTERS PUBLIC LECTURE: *Pilgrimage to the End of the World: The Road to Santiago de Compostela.* Conrad Rudolph, Professor of Medieval Art History, UC Riverside

This lecture continues the popular series that we co-sponsor with Stanford Continuing Studies and the Center for Medieval and Early Modern Studies.

For more than a thousand years, pilgrims from all over Europe have walked to Santiago de Compostela, believed to be the burial place of the Apostle James. In the Middle Ages, half a million people a year flocked to this holy place, trekking over the Pyrenees and all the way across Spain.

Conrad Rudolph has made this journey, walking 2-1/2 months and 1,000 miles from central France. His chronicle melds the ancient and the contemporary, the spiritual and the physical, encompassing historical study and reflections on the ancient traditions of pilgrimage.

Thursday, November 19, 7-9 p.m. at CASBS

The Stones of Famagusta: The Story of a Forgotten City.

A film screening and discussion with Allan Langdale, art historian and filmmaker

In this documentary film, Allan Langdale hops on his bicycle and takes viewers on a tour of a remarkable and forgotten city: Famagusta, on the eastern shores of Cyprus. Considered to be the world's richest city in the 14th century, Famagusta was the center of a French crusader kingdom for three hundred years. The Venetians also ruled the city before being conquered by the Ottomans in the siege of Famagusta of 1571, when a small group of Venetians held off a massive Ottoman army for almost a year.

The story of the city's rise and fall is told through the architecture of its many conquerors. Gothic cathedrals and churches (with added minarets) sit alongside Ottoman bathhouses, Byzantine churches, Venetian gates and palaces, and well-preserved city walls featuring great bastions and a castle. To this day, the picturesque ruins of the city's vast churches are still riddled with the iron cannon balls fired in the siege of 1571.

Monday, December 14, 7-9 p.m. at CASBS

Members' Night: Talks and other contributions around the theme "Medieval Christmas"

Have you been researching some topic of medieval history or culture you'd like to present to our group of friends and enthusiasts? Or does the “Medieval Christmas” theme trigger an idea of something you'd like to learn about and share with us? It could be something completely different—a musical performance, a batch of Christmas cakes, a multimedia show. (Of course, you don't have to be constrained by the Christmas focus if you've got something else you'd like to propose.)

Send me a note at jfremon@earthlink.net if you have something in mind for this always-interesting evening of sharing. Or chat it over with one of the planning committee—Bob S. or Bob N., Ann or Dick, Elaine, Evelyn, John, Linda, Kathleen, Karen or Lola—to flesh out your ideas.

January, February, March, April, May

We're not sure yet of the exact dates for the winter and spring—at press time we were waiting to hear from a couple of potential speakers to learn about their calendars. We expect to have one event a month, with the regular seminars held on different weeknights, and a singers' seminar and pot luck on a Saturday. But one date is firm, so mark your calendars! **Tuesday, April 13th** is the second MEDIEVAL MATTERS lecture of the year. Mary Carruthers is coming to Stanford from NYU to tell us about her fascinating work on “The Medieval Art of Memory.”

If you'd like to host the Spring Potluck in May or early June, please volunteer. If you'd like to host but are leery of taking on all the work yourself, consider teaming up with a co-host or two. We can try new models—the important thing is to end the year with another party!

