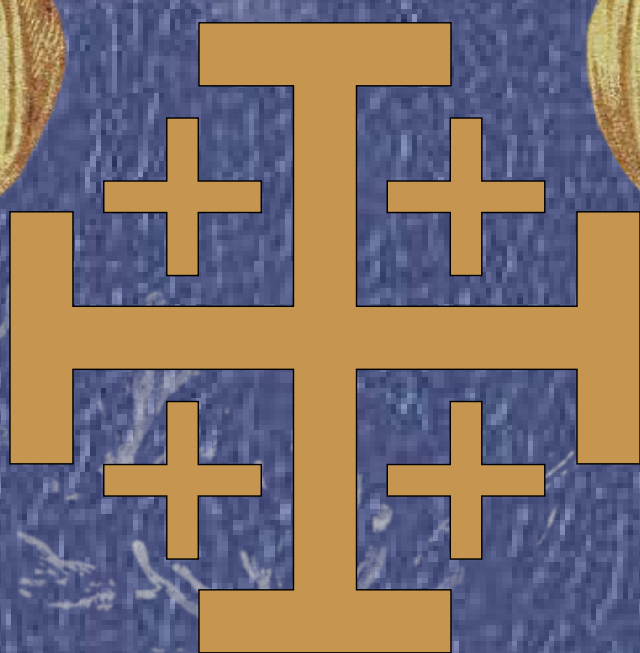


Memoriae Regiae



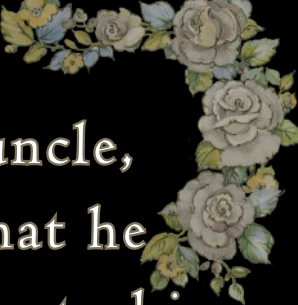
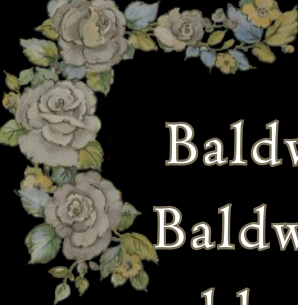
A Baldwin III Rex

Dedication




This mini-zine is dedicated to the fandom of both film and history that brought forth the admiration of the subject; King Baldwin IV, a mortal-man who did everything in his power to stay the collapse of the Latin Kingdom.

With reverence and awe was this project brought in additional celebration of “The Masked One’s Kingdom” first year anniversary.





Baldwin's paternal uncle, Baldwin III, joked that he would give the kingdom to his nephew as a christening present; little did he know that his death would come soon after, in 1163, making his brother, Amalric, king, and elevating Baldwin IV to prince and heir - but only on one condition: the annulment of Amalric's marriage with Agnes de Courtenay. Amalric ultimately remarried to Maria Komnene when Baldwin was six years old.



The day had been deafening; the bells of Jerusalem rung themselves hoarse, as did the roaring sea that Jaffa crowned, Uncle insisted upon it, the man you shared a name with; he had brought himself and his wife to visit, foregoing their duties of the crown for duties of the family.

I had been left in the care of my nurses, but even then I knew something exciting was happening; eventually, I had been carried into the arms of Father, he had brought me to Mother's bedside where you were held by her.

You were the tiniest thing. The entire room fawned over you, calling you 'Cherubic'; but that held you away from us, you were plainly beautiful if it meant you stayed closer to us than Heaven above. As any little girl would be, displeasure at having a brother was immediate and obvious; so clearly had I scrunched my nose up, asking Mother why you weren't a girl, laughter emanating from all over such a silly question. It was silly then but sometimes... I wonder if you would've been spared a kinder life if you were of the fairer-sex. Surely, God would not have inflicted Leprosy upon you if you were never meant to be king; you'd needn't be straining your very livelihood for the selfish court, to hell with these selfish men, they could never be as saintly as you. My dear baby brother.



From a tattered excerpt of what appears to be a journal or other personal document, dated mid-1168AD...

...should have been expected that he would choose a Greek. His brother married one too, after all, and we have ever been forced to bow and scrape to their Empire for protection. There never seems to be a shortage of Imperial brides to choose from, though, and Manuel is all-too-willing to give them away.

A leash pulls both ways, however. If Maria thinks that she will be less ostracized than I, a daughter of de Courtenay, then she is severely mistaken. And if she believes she will have any great sway over the Barons of Jerusalem simply because she is married to their King, then she is equally delusional. Just as I, her only use will be as mother to Amalric's progeny.

In a way, I almost pity her.

Her youth gives her ambition, however. She very well may see more years in power than her husband, and with that feeling of security comes the inevitable fallacy of self-importance.

If she lives through childbirth, she will seek to push her Imperial-blooded babes to heights greater than mine. Though I hold no true depth of love for Amalric, his daughter and son are just as much of my house as they are of his... it may be that I never see them again, but I will not have them relegated to nothingness. I will not have them outmaneuvered by a Greek who only serves to dig their Empire's golden talons farther into our hides.

They are my children. And I will protect them. Whatever the cost...





After the untimely death of his father, the crown of the Latin Kingdom finally passed to Baldwin IV on the 15th of July, 1174. He would rule with Count Raymond III of Tripoli as his regent until he reached adulthood in 1176.





CORONATION OF BALDWIN IV



"The young king would engage in battles despite his affliction, yet all would not be so glorious as the great victory at Montgisard on the 25th of November, 1177. In June of 1179, just two years later, his forces would be crushed at the Battle of Marj Ayyun, himself barely escaping the conflict... carried upon the back of a loyal knight."



while merry men



made cheer and song

I spilled the wine



of scarlet hue



and rich
it flowed
the feast
among



while saffron colored storm wind grew



no star yet graced the eastern sky



though thunder muttered
low and high

and there, old friend
beside me stayed



with eyes like
dawnlit meadows fair



while lords their lusty boasts conveyed



God shaped thee



beyond compare



a wingless angel
breathing grace



to light this weary
mortal place

we watched the stars descend like rain

God's own bright mead in crystal streams

Heaven's forge leapt forth amain

a thousand hallowed burning gleams



yet




in



that



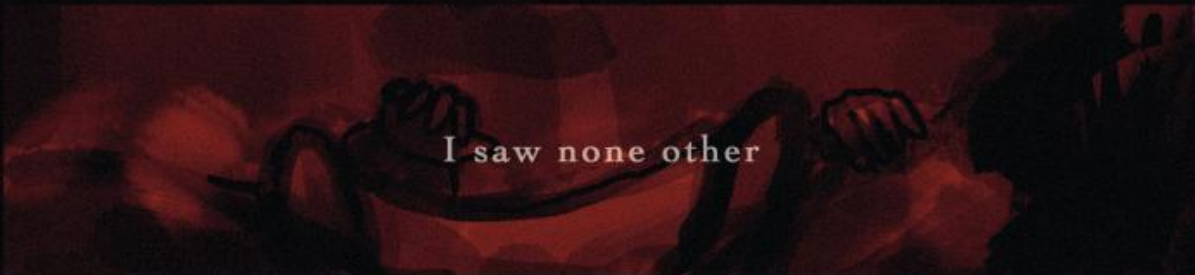
fire




one thought



held true



I saw none other



in the flames



but



you



O flesh, I curse your brittle frame

you've shrunk me small



and bound my soul



made less than embers
cold and lame



while others burned

with untamed coal

now dusk has claimed you
my kindly light

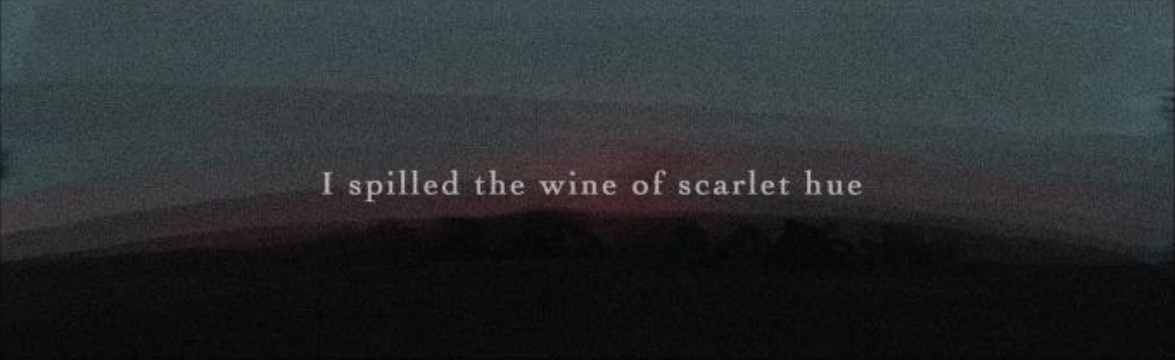


and you slipped
into
that starless
n i g h t



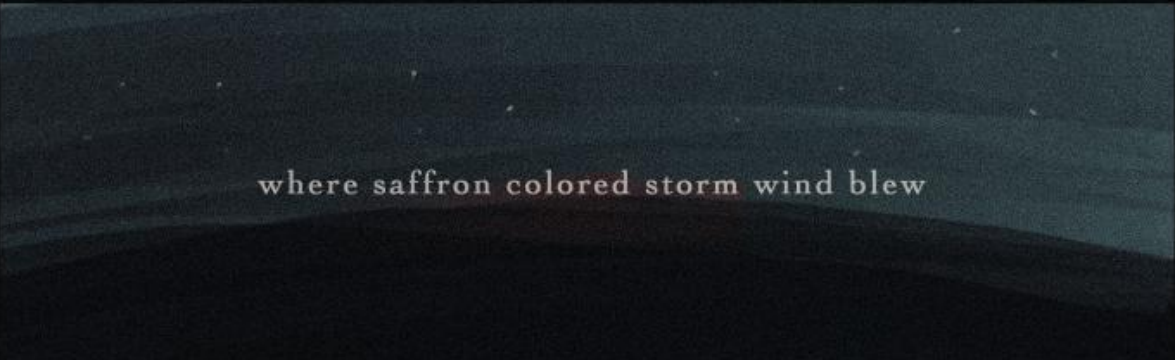
no star yet graced the eastern sky

while merry men made cheer and song



I spilled the wine of scarlet hue

and rich it flowed the feast among



where saffron colored storm wind blew

Acknowledgements

Our sincerest thanks to all who contributed to this fanzine...

Compilation and Editing

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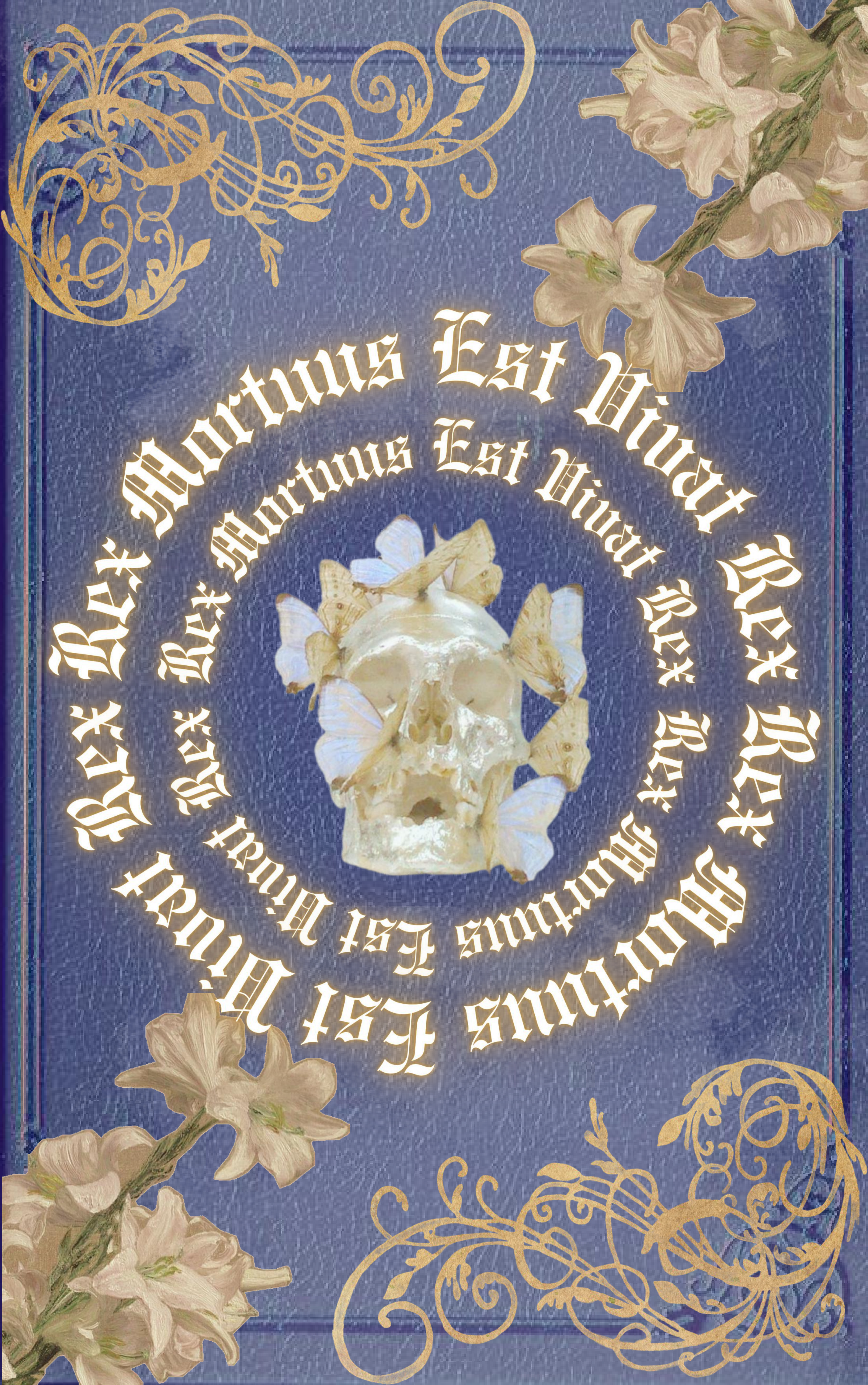
baudouinette

tobeahundred

Writing

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tobeahundred



Mortuus Est Vivat
Rex Rex Mortuus Est Vivat
Rex Rex Mortuus Est Vivat
Rex Rex Mortuus Est Vivat