



This is a Leeds Arts University Repository copy of: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

Author: Mark Penman and John Reppion

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Abstract

The output is a comicbook by Mark Penman and John Reppion, created as an accessible introduction to the Middle English medieval poem "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight". The comic includes an essay to encourage further reading.

Collaboration Contribution: Mark Penman was the illustrator and designer for this project, John Reppion was the writer and translated the poem into a comic script.

Research Process: Told and retold, re-translated, and re-imagined through the centuries, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight was originally written in Middle English, circa 1350 CE, by an unnamed author.

In order to create this comicbook adaptation, Penman and Reppion undertook research into contemporary graphic novel storytelling and British medieval-period artwork, with emphasis on looking at ways in which the visual tropes of medieval artwork could be translated into a graphic storytelling format. The resulting artefact sits on the boundary of the two distinctly separate styles, creating a hybrid of the two aesthetics.

Research Insights: Through this research Penman and Reppion have contributed to the field of graphic storytelling by demonstrating a new way of presenting British mythology that reflects the spirit and themes of the original text whilst being engaging to a modern audience.

Dissemination: The work was disseminated at the Thoughtbubble Comic Convention 2021 as well as through online stores.

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SIR Gawain and the Green Knight



Reppion

Perman



WHEN TROY OF OLD WAS FELLE'D IN FLAME,
AENEAS, BRAVE AND BOLD LIVED ON.



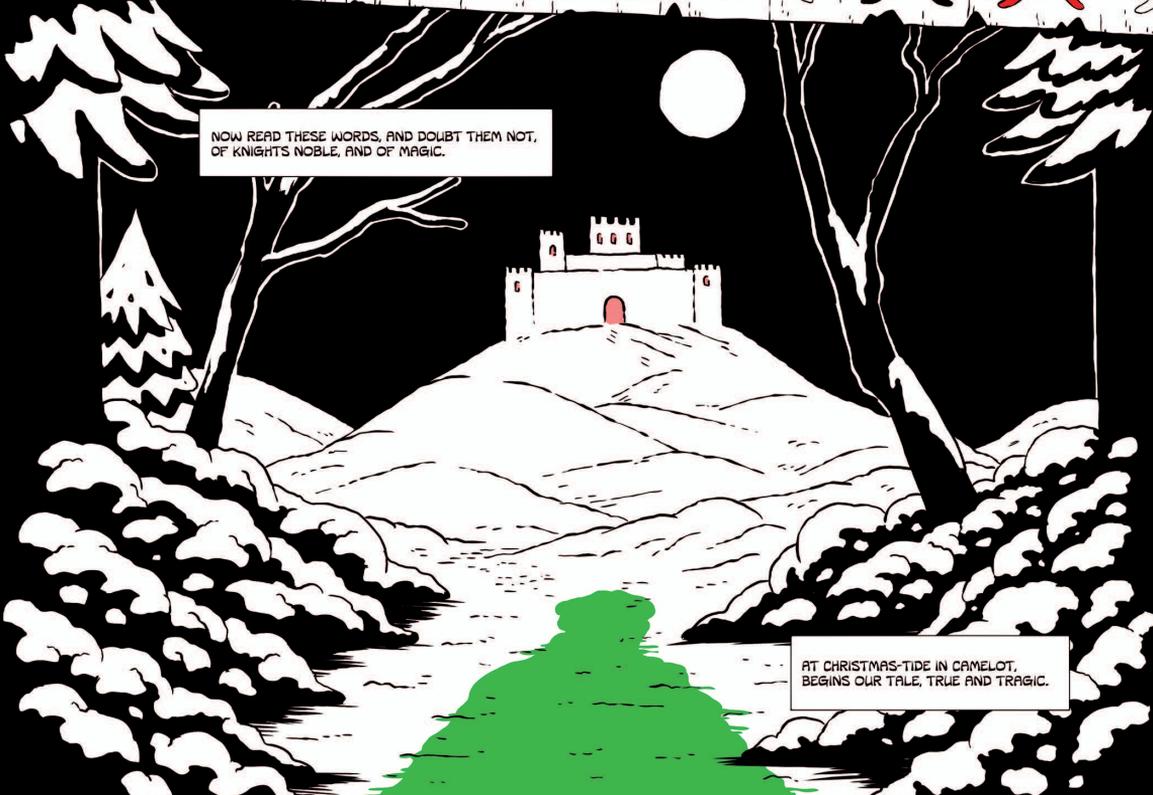
OF HIS LONG LINE WAS BORN THAT NAME,
BRITUS REX, FOUNDER OF BRITAIN.



FROM BRITUS BRITAIN'S KINGS WERE BRED,
FELLOWS FINER FOLLOWED FATHER.

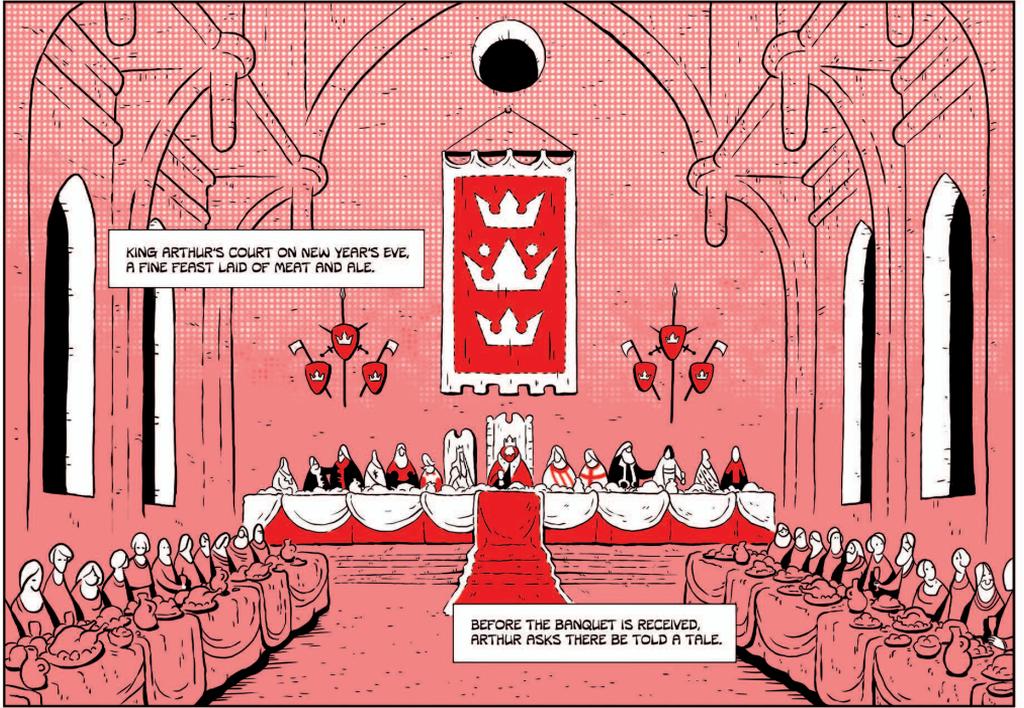


OF ALL THOSE RULERS, 'LIVE OR DEAD,
THERE WAS NONE SO FINE AS ARTHUR.



NOW READ THESE WORDS, AND DOUBT THEM NOT,
OF KNIGHTS NOBLE, AND OF MAGIC.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN CAMELOT,
BEGINS OUR TALE, TRUE AND TRAGIC.



KING ARTHUR'S COURT ON NEW YEAR'S EVE,
A FINE FEAST LAID OF MEAT AND ALE.

BEFORE THE BANQUET IS RECEIVED,
ARTHUR ASKS THERE BE TOLD A TALE.

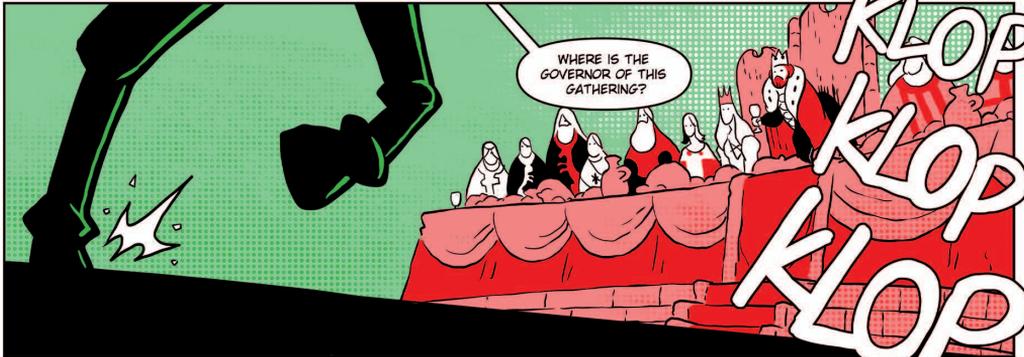


LET US HEAR
A STORY!

A LITTLE
ADVENTURE TO WHET
OUR APPETITES.

WHO
HERE HAS A TALE
TO TELL?

KLOP



WHERE IS THE
GOVERNOR OF THIS
GATHERING?

KLOP
KLOP
KLOP



A KNIGHT AND STEED OF PUREST GREEN,
FAERIE PHANTOMS, FOLK FIRST FANCED.

MIGHTIER MAN NEVER WAS SEEN,
HALF-TROLL, THIS GREAT GREEN KNIGHT SEEMED.

ALL WHO SAW HIM FEARED THIS TITAN,
"PEACE", SAID ARTHUR, "NO QUARRELS HERE".

GREEN KNIGHT GRINNED AT THOUGHT OF FIGHTING,
"FEAR NOT, I COME TO SPREAD GOOD CHEER".

TH-BOOM!

NO TALE TO TELL,
HAVE I.

SINCE IT IS YULE,
AND NEW YEAR, AND YOU ARE
ALL SO VERY YOUNG, AND
SO VERY MERRY.

I PROPOSE A
GAME INSTEAD.



NOW, IT IS CLEAR NONE IN THIS HOUSE COULD MATCH ME.

YET, PERHAPS THERE IS ONE AMONG YOU BRAVE ENOUGH TO WIELD MY WEAPON.



SO, ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, THE GAME IS THIS:

I SHALL ACCEPT AN AXE-BLOW FROM ANY WHO DARE DEAL IT.



ALL I ASK IS THAT I BE ALLOWED TO RETURN THE STRIKE, LIKE FOR LIKE.

TWELVE-MONTH AND A DAY HENCE.



FOR SHAME, IS THERE NOT A SINGLE BRAVE MAN IN THIS COURT, SO RENOWNED THROUGHOUT THE LANDS?



KING ARTHUR, MY LORD, MY UNCLE, I WOULD TAKE UP THIS CHALLENGE IN YOUR HONOUR, SIR.

I, SIR GAWAIN.



COME THEN, YOUNG SIR GAWAIN.

TAKE UP THINE AXE.



THE GREEN KNIGHT KNELT AND BOWED HIS HEAD,
THE GAME BEGUN IN EARNEST NOW.

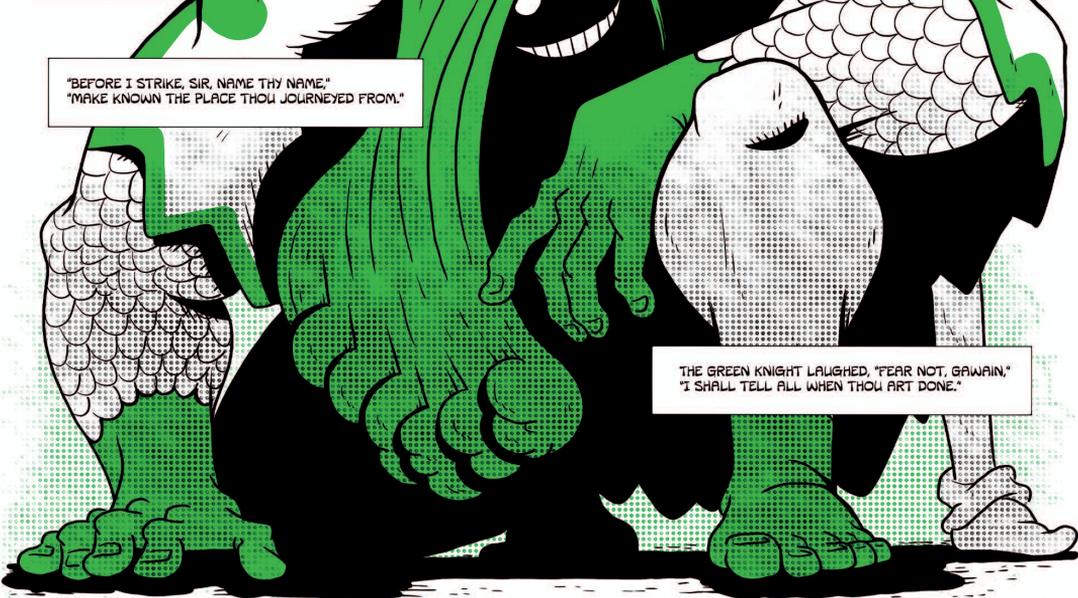


GOOD GAWAIN GRIPPED HIS AXE WITH DREAD,
A GOODLY BLOW HE MUST BESTOW.

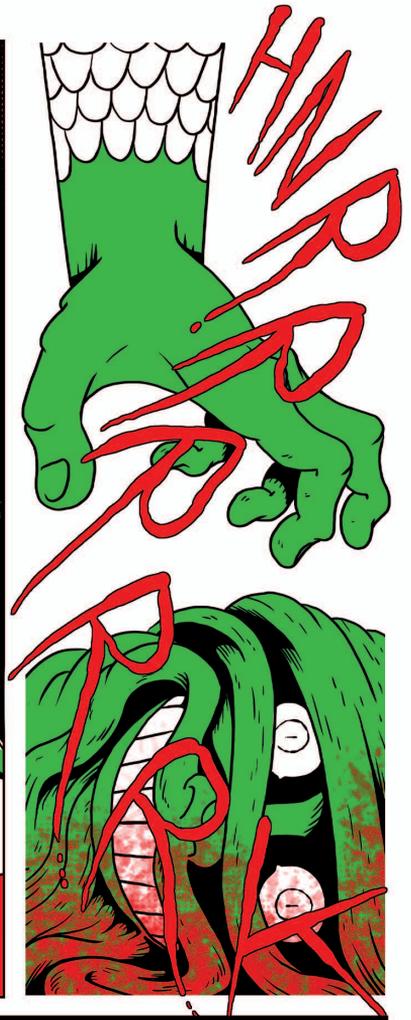
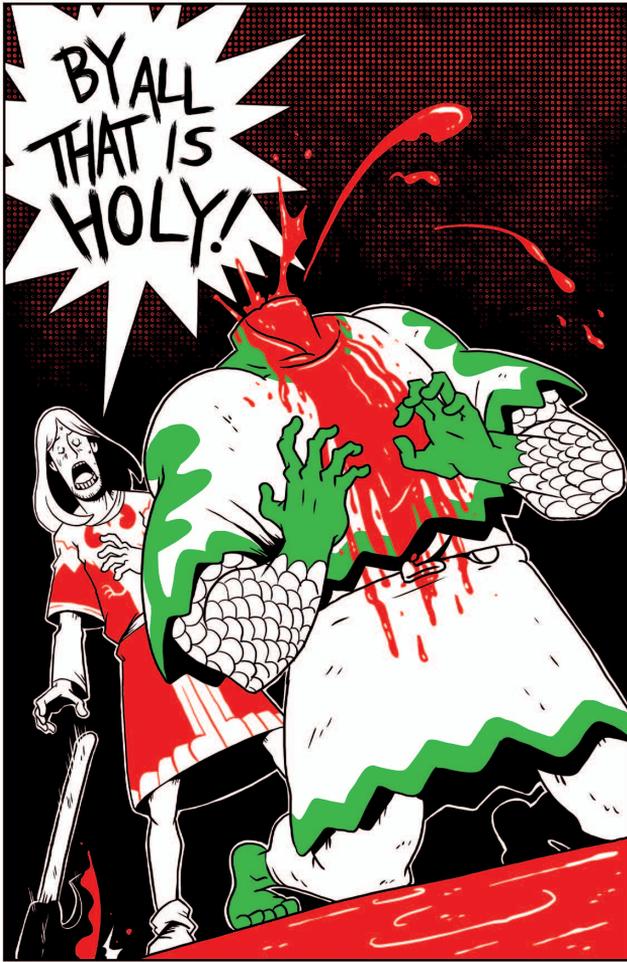


"BEFORE I STRIKE, SIR, NAME THY NAME,"
"MAKE KNOWN THE PLACE THOU JOURNEYED FROM."

THE GREEN KNIGHT LAUGHED, "FEAR NOT, GAWAIN,"
"I SHALL TELL ALL WHEN THOU ART DONE."







NEW YEAR'S MORN,
TWELVE-MONTH AND
A DAY HENCE.

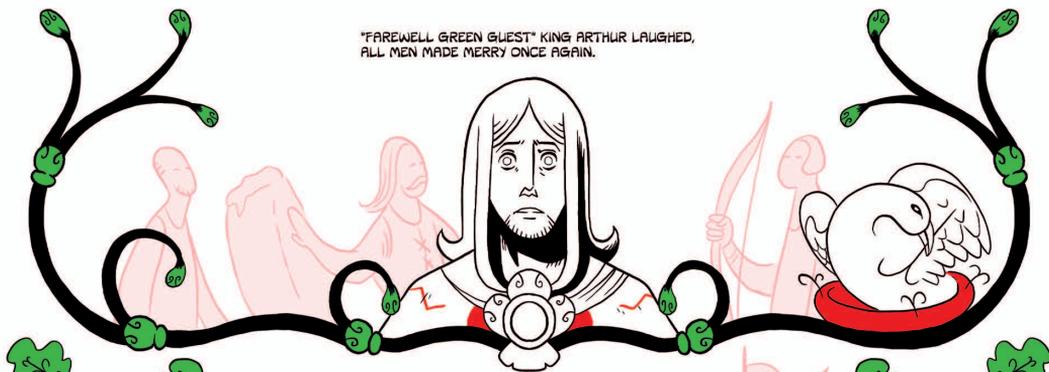
THERE AND THEN I
SHALL BE ALLOWED TO
RETURN THE BLOW.

SO YOU
HAVE SWORN
THIS DAY!

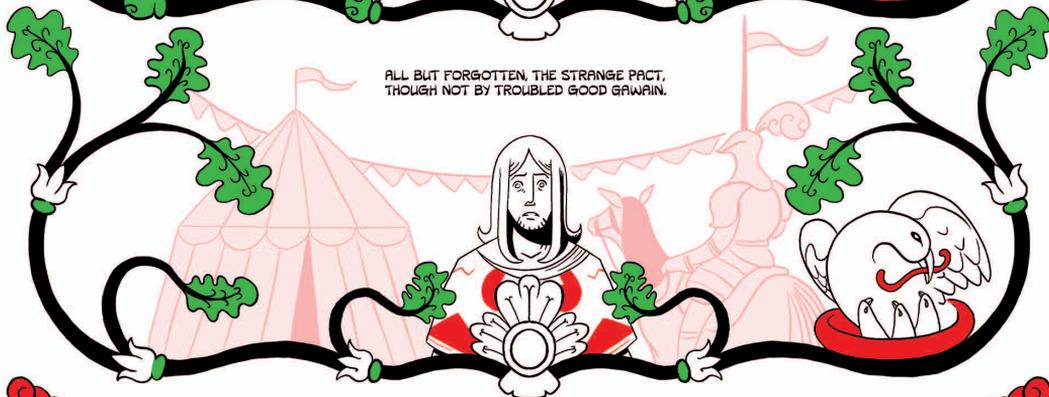


"I KNOW A GOOD KNIGHT
SUCH AS YOU WOULD NOT
BREAK A SOLEMN VOW."

"FAREWELL, GREEN GUEST" KING ARTHUR LAUGHED,
ALL MEN MADE MERRY ONCE AGAIN.



ALL BUT FORGOTTEN, THE STRANGE PACT,
THOUGH NOT BY TROUBLED GOOD GAWAIN.



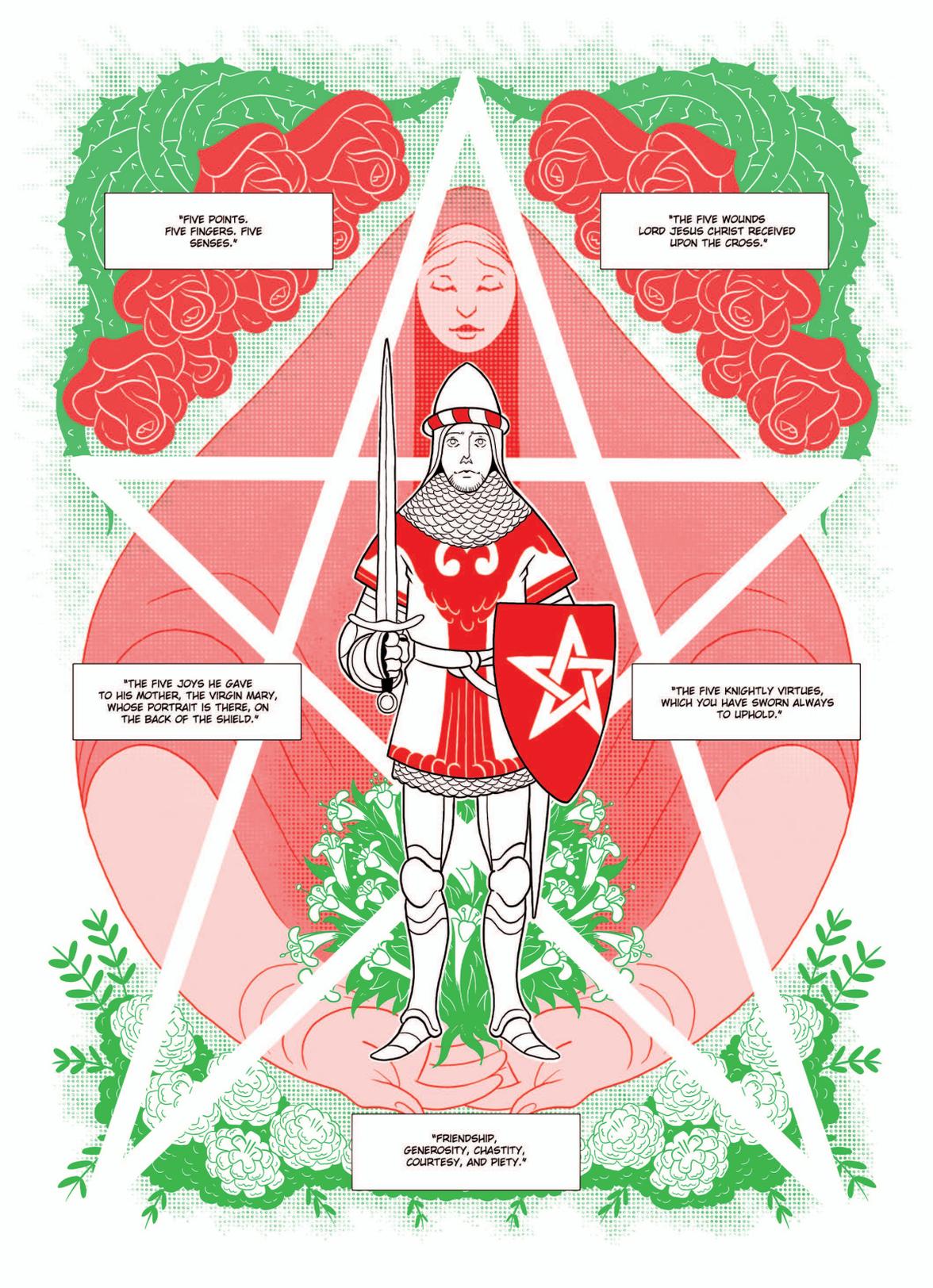
THE WANING WINTER WARMS TO SPRING,
SPRING SWELLS TO SUMMER, SOFT SHOOTS CLIMB.



WELKIN'S WILD WINDS SOOTH THE SUN'S STING,
AROUND AGAIN COMES CHRISTMAS-TIME.







"FIVE POINTS,
FIVE FINGERS, FIVE
SENSES."

"THE FIVE WOUNDS
LORD JESUS CHRIST RECEIVED
UPON THE CROSS."

"THE FIVE JOYS HE GAVE
TO HIS MOTHER, THE VIRGIN MARY,
WHOSE PORTRAIT IS THERE, ON
THE BACK OF THE SHIELD."

"THE FIVE KNIGHTLY VIRTUES,
WHICH YOU HAVE SWORN ALWAYS
TO UPHOLD."

"FRIENDSHIP,
GENEROSITY, CHASTITY,
COURTESY, AND PIETY."