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P E N D R A G O N

Journal of The Pendragon Society. Vol.10. No.1.

November 1976.

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We shall be holding our annual jamboree on Saturday,  
November 13th when we hope to show visiting members some  
interesting sites in Bristol and arrange some entertain-  
ment. Details must wait till various people return from  
late summer holidays.

Will members who want to come and join us please let  
us know as soon as possible so that we can, as usual, book  
them in for bed and breakfast at the usual hostelry.

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The archaeologists have told us a lot about how our  
ancestors lived, what they made and where they travelled.  
It is now going to be the turn of the anthropologists to  
tell us what they thought -- which is what Pendragons  
have been interested in all along. One of the signs of  
the times is an article sent to us from California and  
from which we have ventured to quote pretty fully be-  
cause we think it warrants attention now rather than in  
our next issue in March. Here is an avenue that has not  
yet been explored and which should obviously be pursued.

Again, it was the work and findings of two French  
anthropologists that inspired Robert Temple to write  
"The Sirius Mystery" (Sidgwick and Jackson). Because  
these anthropologists -- Marcel Griaule and Germaine  
Dieterlen -- were able to win the confidence of an obs-  
cure tribe in Africa called the Dogon, they were able  
to learn what the Dogons have been thinking for many  
long years.

"About the middle of the last century an astronomer  
was looking rather hard at Sirius over a period of time  
and got annoyed because it wasn't sitting still. It was  
wobbling. He had a difficult time figuring this out, but  
he finally concluded that an extremely heavy and massive  
star going around Sirius could make it wobble that way.  
The only trouble was that there wasn't any large star  
going around Sirius ! Instead there turned out to be a  
tiny little thing going around it every fifty years, and  
so Sirius came to be called Sirius A and the little thing  
became Sirius B."

It seems that the Dogon (nearest city Timbuctoo) have  
been familiar with Sirius B and all its machinations since  
time immemorial and have been acting on this information  
all along. An immense amount of research has been going on  
in this area and Temple's book is the result.

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! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !

\* !     An immense amount of work has also gone into the writing \* !  
of an even newer book, "Earth Magic" by Francis Hitching,  
(Cassell). The first half of this book gives the current  
\* !     state of play in the sector of orthodox archaeology: the \* !  
second half explains most lucidly the views of Messrs.  
Williams, Screeton, Michell, Critchlow and all our other  
\* !     friends. "...scattered over Great Britain and Ireland are \* !  
more than 100 sites with the almost indistinguishable name  
'Arthur', many of them megalithic sites such as Arthur's  
\* !     Stone, Arthur's Seat, Arthur's Quoit and so on. The great \* !  
majority of the latter lie within a north-south aligned scemb  
line. In the connection between these ancient megaliths and  
\* !     the pole star may hide the origins of the Arthurian Legends! \* !  
Scholars have always been puzzled why such a huge amount of  
early medieval European literature -- some estimates put it  
\* !     as high as one quarter of the total -- are devoted to \* !  
Arthur: for not only has he never been proved to be a King  
of England but, even if he was, it is difficult to see why  
\* !     European clerics should have been so fascinated by him. If, \* !  
however, they were writing about a supremely important  
prehistoric god of the pole star, whose powers were at one  
\* !     time essential to the workings of pagan religion and were \* !  
then fancifully Christianized, it would fit in with the  
general pattern whereby the old pagan gods and beliefs were  
\* !     transformed and assimilated by the traditions of the Church! \* !

     This book is really a "must" for all Pendragons.

\* !     Victor Canning, author of so many thrillers, is writing \* !  
a trilogy about Arthur. The first book is already in the  
libraries and is called "The Crimson Chalice". Canning is  
\* !     apparently a nature lover -- or at least quite something \* !  
of a countryman -- and this is a well told tale about two  
young fugitives fleeing across southern England and dodg-  
\* !     ing desperadoes of different nationalities on the way. \* !  
The inevitable baby is born on Lundy Island at the point  
where his father is being captured by brigands and carried  
\* !     off to slavery for the second time. "To be continued in \* !  
our next" of course. One reader's reaction was: "This is  
a rattling good tale, but is it Arthur?" Maybe Book 2  
\* !     will make it seem more plausible. \* !

\* !     Or maybe our ideas about Arthur are already becoming \* !  
too hard-set. Anyhow, John Badger will shortly be re-  
publishing Frankland's book, "Bear of Britain". Anyone  
who did not read it 20 years ago had better be prepared  
\* !     for plenty of "thud and blunder". \* !

     Rod Concannon (some will remember him from Cadbury days)  
was recently in Argyll and picked up yet another new little  
\* !     publication called "Standing Stone" issued from 19 Macdon- \* !  
ald Terrace, Lochgilphead, Argyll. "The Mid-Argyll Cosmol-  
ogical Institute" sound somewhat ponderous, but the remark,  
\* !     in one article, that further investigation was prevented by \* !  
"circumstances and childrer beyond our control" puts it  
more within our perspective, and perhaps some of our memb-  
\* !     ers will feel able to write to the secretary and lend some \* !  
support.

     Thanks to Rod for sending this magazine along and we hope  
\* !     other members will keep their eyes open for new publicat- \* !  
ions. So far, 'Pendragon' seems to have shown the most  
staying power -- going since 1966.

! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !       ! \* !



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Mr. Philip Rasch, who lives in California, has been kind enough to send us a long article from the Los Angeles Times dated Wednesday, July 28th, 1976. The article is written by a Staff Writer of that paper and though we have not enough space to reproduce it in whole we feel sure that the matter contained in it will interest all our readers.

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'THE NARTS OF THE ROUND TABLE ?'

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By Dave Smith.

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Little more than a decade ago, it wasn't unusual to learn with clockwork regularity that almost every discovery or invention of which the Western world waxed vain was actually discovered or invented by some hitherto unknown Russian usually named Pyotr Schmerdlip, of the obscure province of Essipova or Vengerova, if not both.

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But finally everything got discovered or invented, and that was the end of those little AP stories that made you stick your tongue in your cheek and go, "Oh, sure..." Or so it seemed.

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But, joking aside, there is credible new evidence developing that the legendary King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table may not have been the early Celtic and/or Welsh figures so commonly assumed by scholars, but the early descendants of a displaced military band of proto Russians known to history as the Sarmatians. Not Samaritans, Sarmatians.

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The theory is not the work of some hypothetical international Communist conspiracy but emanates from the cluttered office of Dr. C. Scott Littleton, a 43-year-old cultural anthropologist of Occidental College.

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The theory has a lot going for it historically, but its strongest arguments are grounded in anthropology -- a discipline that has received scant usage in scholarly examination of Arthurian legend.

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That legend has been a controversial one from its beginnings, before AD 1000. The figure of Arthur was first treated as a heroic king of all Britain and leader of a noble band of devout Christians who sought the Holy Grail and larruped about doing nice, brave things for ladies.....

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(Here the author recapitulates all the things that have been said and done during the last decade, including the recent observations of Robert Dunning quite recently. We can pick up the tale again with Dr. Little ton.)

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All these years he'd been laboring in his own vineyard, cultural anthropology, and studying the work of the great French authority in his field, George Dumézil.

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Littleton found that Dumézil long ago struck up a friendship with a band of Soviet-Turkish peoples called the Ossetes in the northern Caucasus. These people, surviving in only a handful, are descendants of an ancient warrior people called the Sarmatians, known to Roman historians and first cousins of the violent Scythians of what is now Russia.

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The modern Ossetes, Dumézil found, have preserved not only a Sarmatian dialect but also a rich oral epic tradition that reaches back to the pre-Christian era. Dumézil collected the entire cycle of oral epics, which deals with a band of heroes



called the Narts, led by Batradz.

Littleton says he noted with interest --but no particular astonishment --that the death of Batradz was remarkably similar to that of another hero of oral folk epic, Arthur.

Mortally wounded, Batradz is taken to the shore of a sea or lake by his two faithful companions, as was Arthur, where he commands them to throw his sword into the water. Twice a companion deceives Batradz, but he knows the deception, and the third time the sword is thrown in, whereupon the water turns blood red and becomes turbulent. Batradz then dies.

Hmmm-m-m, anthropologists thought. Very interesting. But back to cultural anthropology.

Until one day, Dr. Littleton recalled recently, when he was at the library at UCLA and a former student, now Dr. James Mallory, looked up and said conversationally, "just as if he were reporting a ball score", "Say, did you know there were Sarmatians in Roman Britain?"

No, admitted Littleton, he hadn't known that. But the information stuck to the tale of the Narts stored in his memory bank and something ignited. About 18 months ago he hit the books.

He found in the Roman historian Dio Cassius that the Sarmatians had, around AD 150, banded together with the pre-Germanic tribes, the Marcomanni and the Quadi, against the local Roman garrisons of Marcus Aurelius in Pannonia, in modern Hungary.

The coalition was defeated and one Roman commander, Lucius Artorius (remember this middle name) Castus, was later reassigned to Britain, to defend the northern frontier along Hadrian's Wall (then new) against the Ricts.

Castus, mindful of the Sarmatians' ability on the battlefield, asked that Rome give him 5,500 of the 8,000 Sarmatians demanded as tribute from the defeated coalition. These armed cavalrymen were called cataphracti, and were greatly impressive to the Roman foot-soldiers. The Sarmatians themselves, essentially paid mercenaries in their alliance with the Marcomanni and Quadi, easily switched their affections to the Roman conquerors and went off to Britain, settling the area around modern Ribchester. (Would any of our British members like to hazard a guess about 'Ribchester'? Anyhow, we seem to be back with our northern hero here !)

There, Littleton theorizes, life took on the sort of dailiness that life does tend to take on, doesn't it, and after a hundred years or so, the Sarmatians were fairly well intermarried with Celts. And as the Roma era came to a close, slight vestiges of imperial trappings remained behind in the local memory and got woven into the evolving folk tales.

Perhaps one aspect of this is in the name Arthur itself, Littleton believes. Lucius Artorius Castus was much admired by the men he commanded, including the conquered Sarmatians, and as life on the northern frontier gradually changed into village life, the local leader of each village might well have taken the honorary title "The Artorius" much as earlier Roman Caesars also took the title "The Caesar". Until, finally, one village leader came along who stood out so clearly above other men that his name became attached to the folk tales, a mixture of the Celtic sagas and the Sarmatians' own Nart heroes, that this Artorius became the Arthur we know and revere.

Littleton bestows lavish credit for work on the theory



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 to an @ccidental student, Ann Thomas, who worked on one aspect  
 of it for a senior honors project. One would hope she would  
 have been given at the very least chairmanship of a department  
 or even presidency of the College for her title of her work:  
 .+. "Arthur's Secret, or, the Narts of the Round Table." .+.

Littleton also credits Helmut Nickel, curator of medieval  
 arms and armor at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, for  
 having arrived simultaneously but independently at the same  
 .+. linkage between Britain and the Sarmatians. Nickel even got .+.  
 the jump in print on Littleton, arguing from what is known of  
 early British armor and cavalry arms that it evolved from the  
 Caucasus rather than from the Celtic.

Littleton says the theory may be the subject of a book,  
 .+. perhaps a joint effort Between him and Nickel, after he's .+.  
 finished a ten months' sabbatical in Japan.

"One of the most fascinating aspects," says Littleton,  
 "is that this process of blending Celtic and Sarmatian oral  
 traditions --we call it syncretism --that has been handed down  
 .+. to us as Arthurian legend, may already have been in progress .+.  
 at the time of the historical Arthur.

"The whole thing needs a lot more work, of course, For now,  
 I'm calling it 'The Sarmatian Connection'."

.+. Can any Pendragons contribute towards this research ? .+.

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# MERLIN AND THE WATER SPRITE

By Sid Birchby.

\*\* "Merlin was assotted and doted on a damosel of the lake  
 named Ninien, the wife of Sir Pelleas. He would let her  
 have no rest, so she tricked him to go under a great stone,  
 and so wrought that he could never come out."  
Malory, 1470. \*\*

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Merlin's enchantment in a forest of Brittany is first  
 mentioned in late 12th, Century French romances. It is also  
 said that he did in time escape. Perhaps, like Sherlock  
 \*\* Holmes, he was too popular to write off. \*\*

Why should this be so ? The story is almost an aside, with  
 little attempt at plot or dramatic appeal, yet it survives  
 where other legends have dwindled into folk-lore. Are we in-  
 tended to draw a moral ? \*\*

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A useful attitude to such evergreen tales is that they  
 persist because they reflect events still happening in a  
 realm outside Time as we know it, just as a film made long  
 ago still tells its story whenever it is shown again. They  
 \*\* say that "Gone With the Wind" is always showing somewhere or  
 other. It is outside Time and it offers an escape from every-  
 day existence; the modern equivalent of the aboriginal Dream  
 Time, in which myths of the gods are continuously playing. In  
 some such way perhaps, the fall of Merlin is still taking  
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place because there is a demand for some quality in it.

Let's put the story under the lens. Ninien's name, says Rhys, the great Celtic scholar, comes from Rhiannon through a series of miscopyings by successive scribes. She was the wife of Pwyll, and she tricked Gwawl, an unwated suitor, into a bag. \*\*

But although the tale is not unlike that of Merlin, the name Ninien is very clearly connected with water, unlike Rhiannon (Modern Welsh rhianedd, a virgin). Many place-names indicate this. Near Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, there was formerly a famous curative well known as St. Ninian's, St. Anne's or Nanny's Well. Not far away is St. Anne's Well at Buxton, which has been a spa since Roman times and probably before. \*\*

Ninian seems to be one of those 5th. Century Celtic saints who never existed. His feast-day, September 16th, is observed in Scotland and in the dioceses of Lancaster and Hexham, but what is known of him comes from a 12th. Century source, too late to be of much value. Like Ninus in Bottom's "most lamentable comedy of Pyramus and Thisby", he may be cover for someone else: "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?" \*\*

Whether or not St. Anne was Christ's grandmother, or, as some say, the Celtic mother-goddess Anu, is a matter of opinion. But there is a water-sprite only five miles from Chapel, and she lives in the Mermaid's Pool on Kinder Scout. She may be seen at midnight on Easter Eve and will grant immortality. \*\*

She and her kindred are mere-maids, who inhabit the quiet waters of inland pools. At a Shropshire mere, one of them offered gold to two men who saw her on their way to work. At Rostherne Mere, in Cheshire, another one used to sing at dawn on Easter Sunday, and ring a sunken bell. \*\*

Her marine cousins, the mermaids, were more turbulent. Their queen was the Irish Morrigan, who supplanted the Welsh Modron, the Lady of the Sea, in the Dark Ages, when there was much traffic between Ireland and Wales. After the Norman conquest, Breton bards following the troops into the Welsh borderland heard tales of her. They were already familiar with similar ones from their homeland, where traditions of sea-nymphs called Morgans lingered until the 19th. Century, and so Morgain la Fee passed into the Arthurian cycle. \*\*

It is strange how often the nasal N-sound occurs in the names of water-spirits. Nemausus was the river-god of Nimes: there was also Neptune, Nereus, Naiads, Naki, Nicor, Nixies, Necksha, and many more. The Sumerian water-goddess was Nina, daughter of Ea, the First Cause. She became the Assyrian goddess of Nineveh, and later the Persian water-goddess Anita, who is still invoked by the gnostics of Iraq as Nanai. In the Qabala, Nina seems to become Binah. \*\*

Do sounds have qualities, then? Do mantras with an N-sound suggest water? \*\*

These different myths seem to have a common origin, if only it can be found. They are like the accounts told by people who have been to see a film. Everyone is different, but they are all about the same plot. \*\*

Here is one version. It may be no better than any other.

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Merlin's magical power was exerted through his wand, as with all magicians. With this tool he worked on the element of Fire, as we all do when we strike a match. Fire is greedy for fuel, and so we give it a stick to consume while we direct it. It is the element of Force, which is always at war with Form, the principle that directs, and whose expression is the rigid Earth. At the Earth/Fire level, Form imposes itself on Force by means of water. There is power in one falling raindrop, and many together can run a turbine.

We begin to see an allegory. Merlin's power of Fire gets out of hand and is curbed by a water-sprite, who confines him under a stone, symbol of Earth. In the sequel, Earth no doubt becomes too restrictive and he escapes by means of Air, on which Fire feeds. Perhaps the stone wears away until he feels fresh air upon him, and so the cycle begins again.

The essence of his art is to make events obey the man. The lesson of his enchantment is that after a certain point he must obey events. A basic pattern resists him, as it does everyone, sooner or later, who tries to change a system. When Eisenhower was elected President, Harry Truman remarked: "I can't wait to see that damned general arrive, give an order, and find nothing happens !"

This is the Fall of Merlin in modern terms. Or, as Catweazle, another magician lamented: "Nothing works !"

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PILGRIM'S PROCESS

By Chris Lovegrove.

The traveller, Tom-fool that he is,  
leaves shelter in the limpid light of dawn  
following phantasms of his foolish mind.

Not Prometheus-like, probing problems,  
proud to pray to progress, promise-crammed  
(forgetful that history teaches naught but  
that it teaches naught)....

But, Epimetheus-wise (wise after the event),  
Tom-traveller, fool that he is, trudges backwards.  
Sirius is his safety and his solace.

They say the philosopher (fool that was not)  
pilgrimagged - but not to Compostella.  
His great work both his journey's end  
and his commencement.

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## F I C T I O N

The folk who completed the building of Stonehenge are known to us as the Beaker People, after a characteristic pottery vessel found in their graves. I have given some of them individual names from the Raratongan Genealogies in Percy Smith's book 'Hawaiki', because these sound sufficiently distant, and as a reminder that the Raratongans of the South Pacific had a complex religion administered by a College of Priests. Pendragons will recognise Merlin, the High Priest, to whom tradition ascribes the building of Stonehenge. It is doubtful if we will ever know exactly the reason the so-called Y and Z holes at Stonehenge are irregular and incomplete, or why a bluestone was found in Bowles Barrow, but here is a story about how these things could have happened. The Crown of Thorns is, alas, not imaginary: nowadays every midsummer Stonehenge can be seen through a barbed wire entanglement.

### THE HIGH PRIEST

By Steven Banks, R.N.

He stood with his back against the Thrice Holy Stone, watching the red mid-winter sun declining towards the horizon between the uprights of the Great Trilithon. A chill breeze stirred his cloak of finest lambs' wool from the Royal Flock, but the afternoon sky was clear, and there would be no need to guess the moment for the last gleam of light.

Now the sun was more than half gone, and its remaining segment hastened to extinction. Then it disappeared, and a green flash for a moment lit the north-east sky.

"Sunset, sir," sang out the acolyte by his side in a strong treble voice, and "Make it so", the High Priest gave the customary answer.

The ram's horn bugle sounded a long low note followed by a piercing high one. The priest knelt and spread out the palms of his hands towards heaven. The people assembled within the sacred area knelt also, and composed themselves to prayer. "Sun of Righteousness", the priest chanted, "renew thy light and warmth on the earth." The people responded loudly and urgently, "Dayspring from on High, return, O return."

So the well-known versicles and responses continued, giving hope and strength to men and women who had yet to face the worst rigours of winter.



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At last the service was over, and a procession wound its way in the gathering dusk down the Avenue to the glimmering lights of the town by the river.

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So far so good, pondered Merlin the High Priest, as he strode along. Six days ago the Sungod had allowed his face to be seen, as he set exactly between the uprights, and now three days after the solstice the same favour had been granted on the return from his most northerly setting. So the calendar had been established for another year; the Flat and Round Sticks could again accurately count from this day the time for the sowing and reaping of crops, the mating and slaughter of flocks and herds. Tomorrow would be a holy day indeed, the Birthday of the Sunchild. Araro prayed silently

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that success would follow in the difficult enterprise of the Bluestones, which he had sworn to his god and to himself that he would undertake.

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It was now ten generations of High Priests since the last one of the Old Religion had died, to be laid in the mortuary chamber of his ancestors which was then closed, he being childless, and covered with a long mound of earth as the Old Religion required. The saga of his death and burial was taught in the College of Priests, with two complete verses given to the dire curses which old Runa had heaped on any desecrators of the Earth Mother Shrine in the centre of the sacred area. But Araro's own people, though also worshipping the Earth Mother and the Moon, were first and foremost herdsmen, and their chief god was the Sky Father, so they must have a temple of stones for his proper ceremonies. In the time of Araro's father the College of Priests had discussed long and earnestly what was to be done and had reached no conclusion until the aged and holy man Te Atu had dreamed of certain blue stones in a far land, which were of the colour of the night sky, lit with stars, most pleasing to our Lady the Moon, and yet could be formed into a fitting monument for our Father the Sun. Some of the younger students had doubted the truth of Te Atu's dream, but the old man was adamant, fiery in his conviction that the blue stones must be brought from the far land. Things were in the balance, some supporting him, many still doubtful, when one evening, in the gloom of the College House, Te Atu cried, "Come out all of you, and see the star that will guide us!" Leading the way through the west door, he pointed dramatically to a bright new star setting in the north west. Now all doubts were laid aside, and the great expedition was planned and made. The blue stones were found at last, forming the jagged crest to a hill. With great difficulty, but inspired by Te Atu's conviction that their future depended on it, the explorers quarried seven batches each of twelve stones, and roughed them out each to three yards long by one yard square. Then they were rafted across land and water, finally coming ashore from the river and being triumphantly escorted up the Avenue down which Araro was now walking.

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These Wolli People of his, Araro reflected, listening to their murmured talk as they walked in twos and threes, were a tolerant folk, perhaps too tolerant. If they had slain or enslaved the Priests and Priestesses of the Old Religion, the curses of Runa would not have fallen on them, or at least

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or at least would not be remembered so vividly. Ah well, intolerance brought worse penalties, he comforted himself, and gave a last look back at Stonehenge, silhouetted against the violet blue of the darkening sky. For a moment of stark horror he thought he saw a Crown of Thorns encircling the monument, its spiky coils choking and deriding the sanctuary. Then the vision faded and voicing a sigh of relief Merlin traced the Sign of the Axe on his breast with a trembling finger.

The twelve days of the Sunchild went joyously by: old friends renewed their friendship, old enemies forgave each other, some husbands and wives were able to make a fresh start with bitterness forgotten, and above all the children were made much of, with presents, hugs and kisses. All fit grown-up people fasted from dawn to dusk, no food or water passing their lips. Then as the sun went down on the Twelfth Day, the great mid-winter feast began. Beasts fed on dwindling stocks of winter fodder had been slaughtered and cooked; skins full of strong ale, specially kept for the occasion, had been brought out and anxiously tasted by the ale-conner. All the food and drink was good, all was prepared.

So by a huge bonfire the People of Wolli sat down and frankly gorged themselves. It was not an elegant sight, but as they frequently said to each other, the mid-winter feast came but once a year. Therefore every warrior brought out his capacious beaker, with which he hoped in due course to be buried, and so to quaff from through all eternity. Now he filled it from the ale-skins, drank deeply, pledged his friends, passed it in the friendliest fashion to all his relatives. There were the usual minor upsets -- a young man quarrelsome in his cups, a girl tipsy and giggling uncontrollably, led away by her mother -- but in general it all went well. And now next morning Merlin sat by the fire in his house, nursing his throbbing head, and wincing painfully each time a cow lowed the other side of the flimsy partition separating the human from the animal inhabitants of the smoke-filled building. It was a long break between the old and the new year, he reflected, but the eleven holy days of the Sunchild and the frankly carnal outburst of the midwinter feast were necessary to salvation. He had heard of certain distant, barbarous tribes who compressed all celebrations into one single day, with disastrous consequences to both soul and body.

Enough of all that, he concluded, and turned his mind to the problem of the Stones. The tumbledown remains of the Earth Mother Shrine in the middle of what was now Stonehenge had been reverently burnt, and the ashes scattered. With prayer and calculation the centre of the Bank and Ditch had been found, and a double circle scribed from it, on which after final shaping they had set about erecting the Blue-stones. This had been in his father's day, and he would always remember hearing as a child the tale of how the College had agreed with sinking hearts that in the expanse of the Plain the Bluestones, though of the largest size that could have been shipped from the far land, were too small for the Sungod to see with any pleasure. So work had ceased, incomplete, and in dejection they had sat, until Tamarua, a brave and lively young man, rose to say that no more than three days journey towards the mid-winter sunrise he had seen huge

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grey stones in plenty, lying on the ground, waiting to be brought to the sacred place and set up to the glory of the Sungod, the Sunchild and the Great Mother.

"+" So the College had deliberated, journeyed to see the stones, prayed, fasted, and finally told the People that the Great Greystones must be fetched, and a monument created them no matter what the cost. "+"

To be Continued.

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FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE

Mrs. Griffiths, LLanmorlais, Glam.

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...About Mary, 'the Virgin': our Joseph legend claims she was brought here with Mary Salome and Mary Magdalene, crossing from Oxwich to Glastonbury and dying there. Another legend claims she was murdered in Kidwelly (knowing Kidwelly I wouldn't put it past them!) British Israelites are waiting eagerly for an early dating on Llanellen as they have a tradition that the Marys left Morlaix in Brittany for Morlaix or Morlais in Wales. They only got as far as Llantwit Major -- did not know of Bran's earlier settlement here. The Dragons' eggs are known here as adders' eggs used by the Druids as amulets, impregnated by them with healing properties etc. There is an Adders Lane, an old ley, leading from Gowers Lode (or Gowers Gallows) to Llanellen.

\*\*\* In Rev. Ambrose Jones' History of the Church in Wales \*\*\*  
he explains how completely all pre-Augustine Celtic Church  
records were utterly destroyed, actually sold or given away  
\*\*\* by the cartload to be used as we do newspapers to wrap up \*\*\*  
our fish and chips to-day.

Of course we can give you endless Arthur stories, or  
 \*\*\* Morganwy Le fey, Arthur's half-sister who lived in Pennard \*\*\*  
 and who bore him a son, Modred, and who caused such des-  
 truction in old Swansea, and of course Gwyn-ap-Nudd.....  
 \*\*\* Arthur is said to have held court in Gower, at Loughor, \*\*\*  
 and feasted at Oystermouth with his deputy Urien Rhiged.

\*\*\* From Prof. Lyle B. Borst, Williamsville, N.Y. \*\*\*

\*\*\* We were pleased indeed to receive our copy of Pendragon and to find the review of our book. Considering the vicious review in London Archaeologist, we are thankful for some sympathy. The price of the book, however, is \$8. 00 which converts to approximately £4, mailing charges included if prepaid..... \*\*\*

Mr. Walls comments that it is sad that a book on religious monuments can say little about man and gods. It is my belief that this is only temporarily true. Bel and Lug are the two gods identified. They may be traced to the Holy Land and to India at least. Studies which will be covered in Part 2 will show that the Trinity was pre-Christian. The third god I believe to be Amm: Sometimes Sam, Cam, Tam, Ham etc. Since this is a single syllable, it is difficult to run down with confidence. However, one finds these syllables

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\*\*\* in the Old Testament: Balam, Hammurabi, Samuel etc, and \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* again in place names from England to India and Siberia as  
 well as into Africa. The god seems to be a creation deity  
 in Africa and a god of the Universe in India. In England  
 (or Wales) the name for farmer is Amaeth and Amaethon, \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* according to Græva, is a god of springs, wells and streams.  
 This would then account for the many bronze age objects  
 found in the Thames: they are offerings. We find in the Epic  
 of Baal, a Phoenician work, that Bel fights Yam, a god of \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* the sea. Unfortunately our Christian priests were so zealous  
 in the burning of the books that there is little literary  
 evidence left. When there are more scholars working on such  
 problems I have no doubt that much will be found. \*\*\*

\*\*\*

Bob Craig, Weston-Super-Mare.

Traditionally, Celts are supposed to be confined to  
 Scotland and Wales. (What about the Irish, Cornish and  
 Bretons etc ? Ed: ) They are reckoned to be small and  
 dark. In fact, while the pre-Celtic people of this island  
 were small and dark, the Celts were tall, blond and blue  
 or grey-eyed....The British language took more than a  
 thousand years to die out in England and Scotland. In Wales  
 the British language persists to this day though the area  
 where it is spoken continues to shrink. \*\*\*

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THE MOTHER, THE ENGRAVER AND THE CHRISTIAN.

By Chris Lovegrove.

+ = +                      The Mother mouthed to her Child,                      + = +  
 "Trains don't stop at every Station," we heard  
 and thought, how trite, - but true !  
 + = +                      The Engraver printed a Proverb.                      + = +  
 "Everything possible to be believed is  
 and image of truth." I read  
 + = +                      and thought, is it painted or mirrored ?                      + = +  
 The Muscular Christian created an Epigram.  
 "It's so beautiful it must be true," it said  
 + = +                      and taught whole volumes of philosophy.                      + = +  
 Truths pass by some - the rest believe -  
 but, only a few know.

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+ : +                      + : +                      + : +                      + : +                      + : +                      + : +

COME TO BRISTOL ON NOV: 13th  
 and enjoy  
 A MAGICAL, MYSTERY TOUR

+ : +

+ : +                      + : +                      + : +                      + : +                      + : +                      + : +



:+: :+: :+: :+: :+: :+:

:+: THE OTHER MALORY :+:

By Sid Birchby.

:+: The wooded ridge of Alderly, 12 miles South of Man- :+:  
chester, early one Autumn morning. A farmer from Mobberly,  
a village 4 miles distant, is taking a white horse to sell  
at Macclesfield Fair. His way is barred by a mysterious  
stranger who says that no one will buy the horse and that :+:  
they will meet again at moonrise. :+:

:+: So goes the legend. When he returns with the horse un-  
sold, the stranger, now revealed as an Enchanter, leads  
him into a cavern where soldiers in ancient chain-mail  
sleep beside their horses. One day they will arise to :+:  
save England. But one stall is empty. The magician goes  
to a chest of coins and buys the farmer's horse. :+:

:+: There are many similar tales of Sleeping Warriors,  
often with Arthur as their leader. The idea of Merlin as  
their guardian, for so the Enchanter seems to be, is un- :+:  
common. Yet it develops naturally, for when we last hear  
of him in "Morte D'Arthur" he is imprisoned under a stone  
by the water-sprite Ninien. Now in his cave he protects  
those who will decide the last great battle of the realm. :+:

:+: If we stand on the mound of the Armada Beacon at the  
Edge, the tranquil Cheshire countryside we see is alive  
with the folk-lore of its Celtic/Mercian history. A phant- :+:  
om pack of Pwyll's red-and-white hounds races through :+:  
Whirley Hall on New Year's Eve. At God's Knowl a dragon  
guards its buried treasure. The hound of the Baskervilles,  
a local family, appears on their coat-of-arms, and else-  
where too, by some accounts. :+:

:+: The story of the Wizard seems to be a revision of a :+:  
very old tradition. It was first published at Macclesfield  
in 1820, as an anonymous popular booklet claiming to be  
based on a fireside story often told by Parson Shrigley of  
Alderley, who died in 1776. The tale was re-told in 1843 :+:  
by Miss Stanley, whose family owned the Alderley estate. :+:  
She bases it on an account which appeared in "The Manchest-  
er Mail" in 1805 (now lost) which drew on the memories of  
a very old man who had been in her family's service. :+:

:+: On the evidence, then, the legend as written comes :+:  
from a local tale current in Parson Shrigley's lifetime,  
and before 1700 in his opinion. He is quoted as saying  
that the farmer's encounter took place about 80 years be- :+:  
fore his time. Possibly it took its Arthurian form from :+:  
the parson himself, but there is some reason to suppose  
that the transformation took place in the 17th Century. :+:

:+: Firstly, the tale glorifies not Alderley, but Mobber- :+:  
ley. Its hero is a Mobberley man, and later, says the  
legend, he returned with about 20 neighbours to look for  
the cavern. Alderley men are nowhere. A Mobberley author :+:  
is most likely. :+:

:+: Secondly, the living of Mobberley has long been in the  
family of Mallory, and Sir Thomas Malory (one 'l') has  
done more to perpetuate the Arthurian legends than anyone :+:  
else in England. It is possible that one of the rectors of  
Mobberley believed that he was descended from Sir Thomas,  
:+: :+: :+: :+: :+: :+:



:+:            :+:            :+:            :+:            :+:            :+:            :+:

and decided to emulate him.

:+ Little is known about Sir Thomas. Four families of Malory :+  
are known in the 15th Century, but none can be positively :+  
identified as his. One of them lived near Ripon, Yorkshire,  
and Archdeacon Thomas Mallory of Richmond, who held office :+  
from 1603 to 1607, became Dean of Chester, 1607/44. In 1621 :+  
he bought the living of Mobberley.

:+ Dean Thomas seems to have founded the Cheshire branch of :+  
the Mallorys. Thomas became a recurrent name in the family, :+  
suggesting a belief that one of their ancestors had written :+  
"Morte D'Arthur". Whether this was so does not concern us. It  
is enough to provide a motive for a continuing interest in the  
:+ Matter of Britain. :+

:+ If this idea is right, the most likely reviser of the :+  
Alderley myth is Dean Thomas himself. He was a man of wide in- :+  
terests in literature, and it happens that we know that he :+  
borrowed books from the Holcroft library, which contained :+  
many books on esoteric subjects, including "Brute of England"  
and "Le Vita del Merlino". :+

:+ The story of the Holcroft library begins when the Abbey of :+  
Vale Royal, 11 miles from Mobberley, was granted to Sir Thomas  
Holcroft at the Dissolution. Perhaps he acquired the monastic :+  
library. At all events, from about 1580 to 1616 he collected :+  
books and made them available to scholars. For anyone in East  
Cheshire, his library must have been a magnet, and it is not  
surprising that Dean Thomas consulted it. A catalogue made in :+  
1616, when Vale Royal was sold to the Cholmondeleys, shows :+  
that 14 books were on loan to him. It is thought that he bor-  
rowed upwards of 50 all told.

:+ A very curious library. In 1601, the final entry in Dr. John :+  
Dee's private diary records that Sir Thomas Holcroft visited  
him at Manchester. The reason is not stated, but if Holcroft  
was book-hunting, then some of the works to which Dean Thomas :+  
had access were from Dr. Dee's own collection. What we would :+  
not give for them to-day !

:+ Alternatively, there was more between Holcroft and Dee than :+  
we know. An odd identity of names occurs. When Dr. Dee moved :+  
to Manchester in 1595, a carrier named Percival handled his  
belongings. Someone of the same name is mentioned in the Hol-  
croft inventory as taking books to a borrower, and from 1597 :+  
onwards one Hamo Perseval is the incumbent of Whitegate, next  
to Vale Royal.

:+ This library may also be the source of a collection of :+  
popular prophecies known as the Predictions of Robert Nixon,  
the Cheshire Seer, first published in 1714 "from an authentic  
Ms found among the papers of a Cheshire gentleman, lately de- :+  
ceased". They are in gnomic verses, not unlike those of Mother :+  
Shipton and the Prophecies of Merlin, and it has been said that  
many of them refer either to Vale Royal or to the Cholmondeleys.

:+ They are quoted by the Enchanter in the 1820 Alderley leg- :+  
end. For example, his prophecy that the warriors will awake :+  
the day when England is lost and won thrice between sunrise  
and eventide is a direct quotation. Despite Miss Stanley's  
:+ protest in 1843 that "the story has been told mixed up with :+  
some prophecies that do not properly belong to it", both  
accounts are related and may be re-workings of local folk-  
:+ traditions inspired by the Holcroft library, though not nec- :+  
essarily by the same person.

A contemporary re-statement of the theme is made by Alan

:+:            :+:            :+:            :+:            :+:            :+:







Certain ideas and themes always reappear at intervals throughout history despite suppression by antagonists or even over-saturation and subsequent obscurity. Alan McGlashan's The Savage & the Beautiful mentions this, and Joseph Campbell's The Hero with a Thousand Faces is also concerned with this aspect. Whether this is due to the surfacing of archetypes from our collective unconscious, or to the efforts of initiates of some underground mystic fraternity I don't claim to know! But charting the progress is always interesting, so here goes.

Avid Pendragon readers will doubtless remember an article in Vol 6 No 1 (March 1972) where Jess Foster drew attention to Phrygian caps and their associations. Here is a resumé of its main points in a chronological framework with some added points of interest.

Phrygians are mentioned by Homer as settled in a region in Asia Minor later celebrated as the kingdom of Gordius and Midas (who you will remember as gifted with the touch of gold). The liberia or Persian cap (fig.1) was worn in the last stage of Mithraic initiation rituals (the 7th) and was also seen worn by the god himself (fig.2). A Persian prophecy spoke of a star that would lead Magi to the birthplace of the saviour Mithras in a cave on a mountain top. His birth was said to have been attended by shepherds with their flocks.

A mosaic from San Apollinaire in Ravenna (fig.3) depicts the Magi bringing gifts to the newly born saviour Christ. They wear Parthian dress (cloak, coat, trousers and cap) and the gifts include gold. It seems possible that the Christian artist was aware of the Mithraic undertones (see J.R.Hinnells, Persian Mythology, Hamlyn).

A MS in the British Museum shows the killing of Thomas Becket shown at the altar of Canterbury, Christmas 1170/1. The fatal stroke is delivered by Reginald FitzUrse (Son of the Bear) and from Becket's head falls a Cap (fig.4). In Michael Harrison's Roots of Witchcraft the suggestion is that Becket was a surrogate victim for Henry II "the Incarnate God of the Old Religion".

At the top of the second gallery in the north tower of Notre Dame, Paris, is a stone relief of an alchemist (fig.5). He wears a cape and a Phrygian cap whose peak flops backwards. The cap is an attribute of the Adept who has achieved the philosophical gold (Fulcanelli, Le Mystère des Cathédrales). Paracelsus (1493-1541) postulated created beings who inhabited the four elements, Fire, Water, Earth, Air. Gnomes were said to preside over the inner parts of the earth and its treasures, like the dwarves of Teutonic folklore.

Fulcanelli reminds us that the cap reappeared in the 18th century as a "protective talisman" of the republican sans-culottes in the midst of revolutionary slaughter in France. But a later appearance is yet to come, and perhaps I might be allowed a note of whimsy here. Everyone must remember the "large blue caterpillar sitting on the top of the mushroom, with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah" from Alice in Wonderland (see M.Gardner, The Annotated Alice). It would be nice to see a Phrygian cap in Tenniel's drawing of the Turkophile larva! (fig.6)

(Mike Pollard has reminded me of similar headgear worn by Tibetan lamas. Have readers any ideas on this?)



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fig 4



CASPAR



BECKET



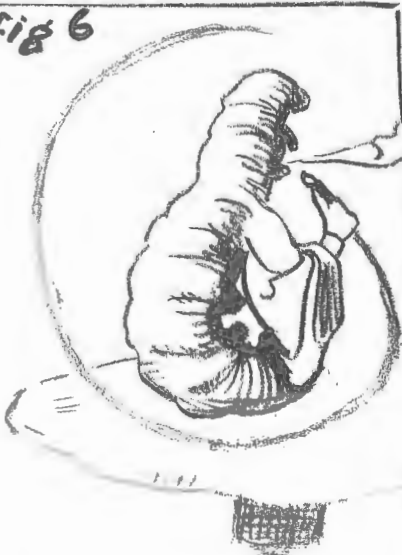
fig 1

fig 3

fig 2

MITHRAS

fig 6





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# "ARTHUR DOESN'T LIVE H.

A Thought Offering to

King Arthur's last sad battle as the battle 'of Camlann', or is most frequently located on the Tavy in Somerset, or at Camelford in Cornwall.

The link with Camelford in Geoffrey of Monmouth's statement Winchester Modred took his army such phrases as 'Camlan in Cornwall' in Cornwall. However, the present County of Cornwall (Dukedom) of Cornwall which originally south of Bristol to the Thames seem likely that Modred would have a mixed force, and through almost certainly hostile territory, and in danger of being overtaken at any moment by Arthur with his cavalry.

It is far more likely that when he left Winchester Modred had already decided where he meant to fight. This would be a spot which he could reach by a fast march, with a defensive position, probably on a river, where he could dispose his forces before Arthur's army overtook him. A strongpoint nearby as a headquarters or final stronghold would be an advantage. The river Cam and South Cadbury would seem to be just about right on all counts.

But if this was the actual location of the battle how did Cam get stretched into Camlan, and how did such a simple word as Cam get confused and its location forgotten? I think that Camlan is a late version of the name, and comes from Welsh sources such as Giraldus. Other early sources give a variety of versions, as for instance:- Kemelen in Cornwall (gloss in history of events at Glastonbury), Camilan and Cambalanicus (Husser), Camblan (Matthew Florilegus), Cambula (Geoffrey of Monmouth), and Cambalanicus (Leland). The interesting point is that all these versions contain or suggest three syllables as opposed to the one or two syllables of Cam or Camel. Looking at the map one sees to the north of the Cam another river - the Alham. And on this river there is King Arthur's Bridge. We know that the battle was a long and desperate one, and battles in those days were often running fights, swaying to and fro over quite long distances. Could this one have begun on the Cam and ended in the confrontation of Modred and Arthur beside the Alham? Then it would have been properly described as the Battle(s) on the rivers Cam and Alham. But later incorrect repetition by persons who knew nothing of the actual area could have led to the loss of the plurals and the closing up of Cam-Alham into Cambalan, Camilan, Kemelen, Camblan, Camlan.

If in fact the last phase of the battle, and Arthur's fatal wounding, took place beside the Alham, the story that his body was removed thence by barge to Avalon is quite credible. Some small waterman's boat (not the mystic barge of the legends) could well have been used to carry him down the Alham into the Brue, and down the Brue to a landing point very close to the Island of Avalon.

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Supposing we divide our thinking into two opposite camps, calling them Vertical and Horizontal. Vertical Thinking would be what we do by night when we are Horizontal. Horizontal Thinking would be what we do by day when we are Vertical.

If we think Vertically when we are Vertical, then we take part in the activities of the explorer, the saint, the mystic, the poet, the artist. St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar for 37 years would demonstrate the epitome of this thought style, perhaps. While if we think Horizontally when we are Horizontal, then we are one of those who deny all knowledge of dreams: could we then be a totally virtuous Marxist?

There are of course all kinds of graduations. This is only to highlight extreme cases, but acknowledging such cases can help us to adjust our balance. The Vertical Vertical Thinker will be at the mercy of all the Horizontal thoughts he or she has excluded, so they may find themselves wrestling with demons when not at home to angels. Conversely, the Horizontal Horizontal thinker will be at the mercy of all the Vertical thoughts he or she has excluded, so they may find themselves swinging between abject depression and manically dangerous activity.

Looking at history we may detect something of these opposites  
at work and see how a check is kept on them. It was in the days  
when the triumph of Roman might was at its most Horizontal that  
voices announced the Kingdom of Heaven to be within reach of  
us all. It was in the days when Gothic vertical ambition was  
at its height that Islamic mathematical ideas started to pen-  
etrate and transform Western thinking.

Whereare we now ? Science having to admit a Principle of  
Uncertainty has reached the confines of logical, horizontal  
thought, the tide is turning once again. Let's hope we'll all  
keep afloat in our Ark !

(Now turn once, cross yourself three times and face the Sun.  
....Feeling better ? ED:)

[illegible]



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We have to thank Donald Cyr for two interesting issues of "Stonehenge Viewpoint", and for information concerning a new (for us, anyhow) publication called "Pyramid Guide" - an international bi-monthly Newsletter. (Single copy \$1. 00., annual subscription \$6.00, and for foreign airmail \$10.00. This seems to cover all such things as Pyramid Crystals, Pendulum Workshops, and even "How to Make Your Own Pyramid". It also gives notice of lectures and seminars held in the U.S.A. Write to: Bill Cox of El Cariso Publications, P.O. Box 30305, Santa Barbara, California 93105.

And for "Stonehenge Viewpoint" write to: 1421 State St. Suite 35, Santa Barbara, California, 93101.

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#### FORTHCOMING PUBLICATION.

GLASTONBURY (Ancient Avalon - New Jerusalem)  
Illustrated.

Edited by Anthony Roberts.

A compendium exploring Glastonbury's significance, past, present and future. Among subjects discussed by a number of well-known writers will be: Glastonbury's prehistory; the Zodiac; old stones; leys; Celtic myth; the Grail; the Holy Thorn; Christian symbolism and comment on the current mystical revival.

Price £2.70.

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#### DIG REPORT.

Members of this Society went to Gower again this year, both at Whitsun and over the August Bank Holiday period. Our phenomenally hot summer made work in the afternoons difficult so visits to the seashore added to the enjoyments and "a good time was had by all". Our Director has been so busy with his museum work up north, and so involved in correspondence concerning the future of the site, that he has not had time to send us a report for this magazine tho' we understand that reports have been sent to authorities concerned.

Other members of the team assure us that apart from a few small pot-holes, and some scraps of human bones (skull and vertebrae) little was actually found. Nevertheless, the local Press, after visiting the site, were able to write up two quite lengthy and not too inaccurate accounts for the "Western Daily Press".

We hope our Director will find time to give us a written report when he returns to Bristol to celebrate Christmas.

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BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ALL OUR MEMBERS !.

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