Pendragon

Mordred x Camlann (1)

Pendragon

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Pendragon investigates Arthurian history, archaeology and the mystery and mythology of the Matter of Britain. All opinions stated are those of the writers concerned.

Main theme for this issue:- Mordred/Camlann.

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Front Cover by Fred: Back Cover by Simon: Cartoons by Eddie: Interruptions by Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury. Delivery by Post Office.

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Editorial

Hands up all those who thought the revived PENDRAGON was just a flash in the pan and would fold after the first issue! Humble yourselves! Get out the sackcloth and ashes (free on application to the Secretary while stocks last). Yes, here is Issue No.2. Mind you, the main reason for the red cover is to conceal the blood from my two maimed typing fingers. Still, we've made it. Actually it was ready for dispatch over a week ago, but I withheld posting until after the AGM so a report could be inserted. At the moment of writing this I do not know whether I will still be secretary/editor/treasurer or just a fallen leaf, swept into the dust-cart of oblivion (Hearts and Flowers music).

This issue owes a very great deal to our energetic editorial team and Geoff Dando our printer. Without Them This Production Would Not Have Been Possible (fanfare of trumpets echoing up through the corridors of time from where the Pendragon stirs in his Hollow Hill). Seriously, though, whatever Anne and I have asked of Fred and Simon has met with immediate response. Thanks also to those who have contributed articles, reviews and letters. I have always argued that these make a journal much more interesting to its readers than would a series of blank pages. Grateful appreciation: well done! We are also grateful for the many kind and encouraging comments we have received.

On a serious note, it is necessary to request all you people who have not yet resubscribed to do so NOW (if you want to, that is). We can quite understand your desire to see first if the Journal was going to continue or collapse. This issue shows you that it has no intention of doing the latter. I'm sure you will appreciate, however, that PENDRAGON operates on a shoestring budget and it would not be fair to those members who HAVE resubscribed to bear the financial burden imposed by non-payers, so I'm afraid that unless your subscriptions are received by Oct. 31st (USA members Nov. 14th) no more Journals can be sent to you.

Now for a more pleasant task - saying a big THANK YOU to all you people whose generous donations have made possible this second issue and the two which are to follow in this subscription year. I cannot name you all individually here, but everyone concerned has received a personal letter in addition to the normal printed receipt.

Future themes have been suggested by several members and will be taken up - we have about five so far and coming issues will notify prospective contributors about them in plenty of time for them to sharpen their quills, prime their Papermates; de-cobweb their typewriters or beat their word-processors into submission.

PENDRAGON is YOUR Journal: its strength depends upon YOUR support - which includes suggestions and constructive criticism. So let's hear from you. (No, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, your suggestion regarding the top of Blackpool Tower is just not viable. For one thing the guard-rail's too high.)

A further sober note. Sid Birchby, for many years a pillar of strength to PENDRAGON and a source of encouragement and inspiration to me, has been seriously ill in hospital. Although he is on the mend, it may be a lengthy haul. Every member of our Society will, I am sure, wish him and his wife, Jay, good luck and good health for the future.

CAMLANN

I am Taliesin: I know good and evil.
I have been a multitude of shapes
Before I assumed consistent form.

I have become a predicting bard,
I have sung since time began,
I can speak what tongue can speak.

I speak now of a field of blood,
I sing of the final battle,
Camlann's story shall be sung again :

Let the snow fall on the hoar frost,
Gently sweeps the wind the tops of trees,
In the Calends of Winter the stags are cold.

Let the snow descend and cloak the vale;
Warriors wait trumpet call to battle,
Firm is the shield on the shoulders of the brave.

The hosts of Cymru arise with the dawn,
The men of Prydain in battle array,
Like the waves loud-roaring over the beach.

Medrawt,with frigid blood and pallid countenance,
His cheeks enclosed with armour all around,
He calls for death and brings destruction.

Medrawt the Leader, the Wolf in the Snow,
He would not retreat from the combat
Before his blade felled five battalions.

Like death his spear : killing his enemy,
Proud in the field, with wide-spreading sword,
The splendid Prince of the North :

If there is a cry on the hill,
Is it not Medrawt that terrifies ?

If there is a cry in the valley,
Is it not Medrawt that pierces ?

If there is a cry on the slope,
Is it not Medrawt that wounds ?

At the Field of Camlann I saw Arthur,
Dragon-Lord, conductor of the toil,
And brave men hewing down with steel.

At Camlann I saw the rage of slaughter,
Stallions red-shinned from brutal strife,
And after battle : bitter brooding death.

At Camlann I saw the rage of slaughter
And biers beyond all bearing,
The ravens were red from the warring of men.

Raven of Camlann, uplifting its talon,
Standing guard on the flesh of men,
Avid for blood of those I have cherished.

I have been where the hosts of Cymru were slain,
The men of Arthur, extolled in songs
When the ravens screamed for blood.

I have been in the place where Arthur was felled,
The Son of Uther, of far - reaching fame
When the ravens screamed for flesh.

In the hand of Arthur ascended the ashen spear
And Medrawt the Fierce Boar was pierced,
But powerful fell the stroke on Arthur's head.

In the conflict of sword and spear they fell,
With sharpened blades committed slaughter,
Of equal eye they fell in the struggle of battle.

Drenched with gore on blood-soaked Camlann,
Pierced by Rhongomiant,Athur's Spear
The Slayer of Hosts is gone to the Black Glebe.

Whose are the graves that lie along the river ?
Men that were generous when they lived were slain.
Short were their lives,but long the grief of loved-ones.

Ten thousand gold-torqued,well-trained,warlike,
Ten thousand proudly armed,prepared for war,
Ten thousand fiery steeds bore them to battle;
From Camlann none but seven made safe return.

Because of the King, Oaken Door of Cymru,
My heart burns in long memory :
Heaven has brought a heavy affliction.

He was our Guardian with a Long Hand,
A Swift Eagle where none dared ride :
He was our Anchor in the Desert Sea.

Neither food nor companion will bring me peace,
In the morning I will leave this body :
In words and form I am a ghost.

The Hall of Arthur is dark tonight
Without its fire, without its light :
Dead is my chieftain, myself alive.

The Hall of Arthur, dark its roof,
Gone the steadfast swordsmen
I once knew at your hearthside.

The Hall of Arthur is piercing cold,
My heart freezes with unbearable grief :
He was our Shield, a Wall to guard the Cymru.

My head is of the colour of Winter hoar,
Say that the world is at an end :
Who will rule after the Son of Uther ?

Myrddin the Wise, tell me no falsehood,
I will ask on account of the world :
Who will reign after the Son of Uther ?

Truly He will come with host and ships,
Pendragon will not hide himself for long :
Then plague nor age shall harm this Blessed Isle.

BLESSED BE ARTHUR - THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING.

This is my attempt to compose a poem in the Welsh 'Cynfeirdd' (Early) style. I have drawn heavily on 'The Four Ancient Books of Wales',William F.Skene (Edinburgh,1868) for my inspiration and models- though I hope the end-product is my own.

The Stanza form is the 'Englyn' - three lines of varying syllables, rhyming subtly in the Welsh. I have chosen to group the stanzas in threes, further compounding this Celtic feature.

It is heroic poetry,primitive,terse and vigorous, speaking in symbols: it is also aristocratic poetry,its purpose social and ceremonial - it idealises the tribe,glorifying its heroes and lamenting their death (panegycic and elegaic).

The speaker, in this case Taliesin -the 'Homer' of early Welsh poetry,often bewails his feeble condition,the brevity of life and the loss of expectations (Welsh 'hiraeth').The return of Arthur fits well into this 'longing'.

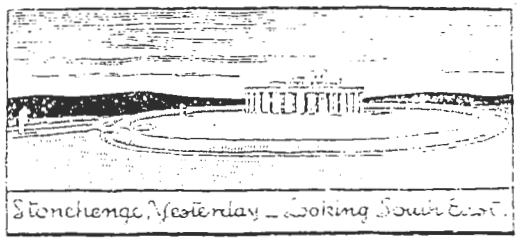
Remember : it is oral poetry that should be spoken aloud, better still - sung. I dare you! The melodic qualities of the Welsh tongue are not here to support you,however !

Fred Stedman-Jones.

STONEHENGE REVISITED

By R.M. Twist

Fifty years gone, perhaps to the very day, I revisited Stonehenge. I well remember a bright sunny day in 1938. I had stopped the car to gaze across a field at a lonely heap of stones shaped like a crown. Not a soul was in sight until a solitary AA motor-cyclist came up and offered to show me round. What a first class guide he turned out to be, and how he kindled my interest! Now here I was again in August 1988. Once more not a soul in sight. This was not surprising. It was very early indeed on a dull, grey morning. The mist had not cleared and the massive gates remained locked to the public. But I had a special permit, provided I came at a stated time, to examine one of the stones. Fifty years ago my guide had shown me the stone. On it was carved, or incised, either by a freak of nature or by Man, a rather pretty vase. If carved by Man, I had then asked myself, what did it mean? Why carve a vase in that mysterious setting? It was such an ordinary vase, after all. Now I had come back to look at it because, after years of travel and reading, after years of constant search, I thought I knew the answer. And what an answer!



Stonehenge, Yesterday - Looking South East.

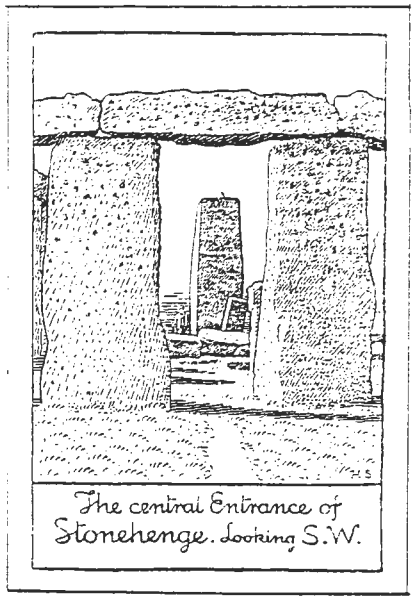
I was met by a stern-looking dog-handler who was expecting me and asked my name. The dog seemed playful. He could be different, I was told. With the dog I seemed to get on well. We all three got inside the sacred, roped-off circle. We trudged in silence through the wet grass towards my AA man's stone. What a sorry dripping sight the monument seemed in that grey light. The stones, carefully chosen for their different properties, all seemed the same - 'bluestones', greenstones, sarsens, rhyolites, dolerites, ragstones and chilmarks. We came to a halt in front of the AA man's stone. The Plan said No.28. I recognised the stone at once. This was it. But ... where was my vase? It had been just a nice ordinary vase, fifty years ago, but now, when I knew exactly what it stood for, it had become a precious vase. I had come a long way to see it, but it did not seem to be there. I stood crestfallen.

The dog-handler read me like a book. 'This stone has been vandalised', he said, 'by a Football Supporters' Club.' He named a club in the First Division. 'It had to be cleaned by sand-blasting.' I looked again, and could just make out a faint outline. Enough of the Vase remained to be measured: 16.5 inches tall, including the small, graceful neck; 12 inches wide on the high shoulder, from whence it swept symmetrically down to its neat foot.

I had seen such a vase a hundred times in my travels: I knew its secret. I had seen it in Brittany; in the Moon Temples of N.Africa. At Carthage it was the Vase of TANIT, RABAT TANIT, the Shining Face of Baal, Our Lady of Carthage .. the MOON! On a cottage window sill at Port Manech, it was the vase of ITRON

VARIA, the Lady Mary: Our Lady of the Shipwrecked on the Pointe du Raz: Our Lady of Recovery at Ploemel: of Rocamadour at Camaret (Punic name indeed), and, most pointedly of all, in the Auvergne, the Land of Black Virgins: Our Lady of the Olive Tree at Murat, the Town of the Moors! Which Olive Trees? Did the Vase contain Olive Oil? I never found out, but I did find out why the Vase was worshipped.

Soon the sun would be up: the gates would be open. On one day of the year, the sunrise at Stonehenge claims the attention of all. There is a conical Hele



The central Entrance of Stonehenge. Looking S.W.

Stone which keeps its watch on the turn of the year. It is a copy of the Sacred Stone of Emesa on the Orontes, worshipped at the Solstice. (Bede says it was replaced by that of the Baptist). Nobody bothers about the sunrise for the rest of the year, and quite rightly so. One stone marks the turn of the year: the other 84 keep watch on the days of the month, and this means EVERY day of the year. I knew, and perhaps my escort also knew, that somewhere hidden in the long, untidy grass, were other unoccupied stone holes, in concentric circles enmeshed like the cogwheels of a clock, by means of which clever chronologists are able to count a succession of lunar cycles. I had seen something similar from Ravenna, and from the MSS of Mt. Athos.

By this time the dog-handler had decided that I was not going to vandalise the stones. His job was security: his main interest was in his dog, rather than in listening to my explanation of why the Vase had been worshipped. But he was replaced by a younger man, eager enough to tell me my time was nearly up, but at the same time rather wanting to know. What it is to be young! We had time to step inside the main circle, he said. We stood in front of one of the massive lintelled trilithons. I showed him how, in the Tarhuna Hills near Leptis Magna, in Libya, such a stone hinge would have been used to house a heavy wooden lever, pulled down on a press bed by block and tackle, in order to press olives.

In the dry wadis of the Tarhuna Hills, subject, however, to torrential floodings, controlled by dams, such an oil press, or gethsemane, is to be seen every quarter of a mile. There are hundreds of them, presided over by the great Lady TANIT, as an inscription shows - only the Romans changed her name from the Punic TANIT to the Latin CAELESTIS. This Great Goddess watched not only over the trees, but also over the virgin oil pressed from the olives. And when the precious merchandise was at sea on its way to the Eternal City and elsewhere, She continued to watch over it, just as the Queen

of Sheba's Moon God watched over the camels carrying the precious incense across the Arabian desert.

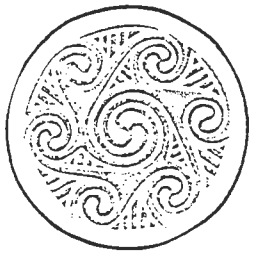
There in the Yemen, the Japan of Antiquity, the Sabaeans, who sold but rarely bought, cultivated the same wadis, controlled the same floods, built the same dams, erected the same temples (to the Moon) with monoliths tenoned and mortised like the monoliths at Stonehenge. The aristocratic families of Arabia kept within themselves the secrets of their trade, conducted in the Temple, which is where my Vase comes in.

It was time to go, the young man said. Soon the crowds would be streaming through the gates, to share in the mystery. Happy tourists! Would they too be musing about Punic or Yemeni aristocratic families? I doubt it. They would stick to their guidebooks bought at the gate. I could tell them a different story, a very good story, an excellent story, a wonderful story. The only thing is it might not be true. At Marib, in the Yemen, at the Temple of the Moon, called by the Arabs the Temple of the Queen of Sheba, the Sabaeans (some say the Punics) used three kinds of chisel to work the same stone-masonry you see at Stonehenge. But at Stonehenge they went one better, Stone was battered against stone 'because they had no tools'. Nobody laughs. 'Time to leave', said the young man.

'Perhaps I shall not see you again' I said to the Stones, as an orthodox priest says every day to his altar. The lines of a 12th century Breton bishop seemed appropriate: 'Nor would it be right to remain completely silent about the Moonstones. They are as green as grass, and like unto the jasper gem. They keep watch on the movements of the Moon, and mark the beginning of each lunation.' His source was a letter written by an Arabian King.

We turned to go. 'Don't you want to know why the Vase was worshipped?' I asked the young man, who was on about the oil-presses. The families of North Africa, who controlled the oil trade, being Semites, were not allowed to worship the Great Goddess in human form. Each family, therefore, adopted its own secret symbol: an obelisk, a square pillar, a LOZENGE, an egg stone (water rolled) or a curious bottle. And also a Vase.

Perhaps, after all, it did contain the olive oil, for one thing is certain: olive oil was used every day to polish the stone symbols.



ARTHUR'S TABLE FOUND IN SCOTLAND.

The legendary Round Table of King Arthur is buried in Scotland, according to a Burke's Peerage expert.

Mr. Harold Brooks-Baker, publisher of Burke's, said the ancient remains were almost certainly beneath slag waste on the banks of the Carron River near Stirling.

Up to £200,000 is needed to excavate the stone sections claimed to be buried on land owned by bath manufacturing company Shires at Carron.

Two American scholars made the discovery.

<From 'South Wales Evening Post', via Hazel Pember>

MORDRED THE TERRIBLE

By Sid Birchby.

With such a name, Mordred must surely be a villain: mutters from the jury of 'Morte D'Arthur ... Dread ... Judge Dredd'! Guilty by association, obviously. But let us consider the nature of the charge:

'That you, Mordred, are King Arthur's nephew, or maybe his son by his sister; that when he went abroad to defend the realm, leaving you in charge, you seized the throne and lived with Guinevere, the Queen: that at the Battle of Camlann you severely wounded Arthur who is now in intensive care at Avalon.'

Perry Mason would drive a horse - and - cart through the prosecution's case: 'A complete fabrication by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a medieval court lackey intent on boosting his monarch's supposed descent from Arthur, and with additions by rascally French writers equally intent on playing down the myth for political ends.' This may well be true. During the 12th Century, when much of our Arthurian material was written down in Britain, France and Germany, the Angevin kings of England were regarded in France as rebel Normans who by rights were subjects of their Liege Lord, the French king. Consequently, Arthurian writings are loaded with political bias.

All we know about Mordred from prior sources comes from a terse entry in the 10th Century Welsh Annals under the estimated year 539 AD, where we read: 'The strife of Camlann in which Arthur and Modred (sic) perished. (1). Little enough to go on! For all we know, they did not fight each other but were comrades in arms.

Nor are they said to be related - this is Geoffrey at his wooliest. Take him at face value:- even if Arthur did commit incest, it was unwittingly, and only with a half-sister. This is not sufficient cause for family mayhem. In primitive societies, incest did not always violate group mores, but where it did, the offence was against 'the blood' and was avenged not by the offspring against its parents but by the family group. Blood revenge, as it is called (2), is a communal affair, and not between, as in this instance, uncle and nephew.

This is also clear from folklore and its offshoots of fairy-tales and pantomime, where we hear more of Wicked Uncles than Wicked Nephews. Nephews are typically kind-hearted humble youths doing rotten things like pig-tending. Being nephews, they are well down the family totem-pole but in the end they are rewarded. This is the role of the symbolic Nephew; that ultimately he shall inherit the earth... 'Someday, my Nephew, all these pigs will be yours!'

Is Mordred the victim of a smear? Let us go back to his name. Linguists have argued that the correct Welsh form would be Modred (as in the Welsh Annals), related to the Irish Midhir or Mider. (3) Aha! we know him! There is a lot about Mider in the Irish 'Book of the Dun Cow' - king of the underworld, abductor of Etain, wife of the human King Airem - in other words, one of those demigods of whom Rutland Boughton said in 'The Immortal Hour':

'How beautiful they are, the Lordly Ones! They live in the hill, the hollow hill. They dance and they sing, and they're terrible...' (4)

So indeed they were, and far removed from Kipling's butterfly-winged fairies. Mider was certainly Lord of the sidh (fairy mound) of Bri Leith, and a powerful being. Is the Mordred/Arthur story a painted-over Celtic myth about Mider and Airem and Etain? Now you are asking me to demolish half of Arthuriana (5)

References:

1. L.Alcock: Arthur's Britain. Penguin PB 1973.
2. W.G.Sumner: Folkways 1906 Dover PB 1959.
3. H.Maynadier: The Arthur of the English Poets. Cambridge UP. 1906.

4. Also said of the Eurovision Song Contestants.
5. Trance message from Alfred, Lord Tennyson: 'Dammit, man, you discard all my dramatic values! Have you no regard for my 'Idyils'?

BOOK REVIEWS

Phoenix-like, PENDRAGON resurrects (for the umpteenth time) to prove that you can't put a good idea down. Just when one thought that 'rex quondam' was laid to rest, 'rex futurus' pops up. And it seems to be the same with commercial publications on the self-same subject. There follows two reviews, the first being:-

'ARTHUR - THE KING IN THE WEST' by R.W. Dunning (Alan Sutton 1988, £12.95) (See also Nick Grant's review below.).

Yet another book about Arthur needs to justify itself. Does it say anything new about the man or the myth? Does it contribute a powerful synthesis or resume of recent theories? Is it attractive, well-illustrated, an object to treasure? My ititial reactions to Dunning's ARTHUR are no, maybe and perhaps. Pretty decisive eh? Let me explain.

There is some discussion about possible echoes of the myth, from the Wars of the Roses down to the death of Arthur, Duke of Wellington in 1852. But of the early mythic development of Arthur, dux bellorum, I can find little essentially new. As for any figure who might be the germ of the legend, Dunning states, with finality (p26): 'There is, and can be, no absolute proof.' I can accept the first part of the statement with equanimity, but how, as a scientist, can Dunning justify the second?

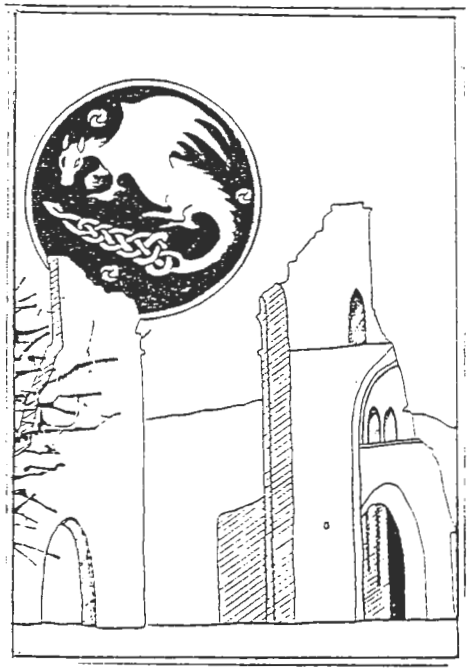
This is a West Country book - more specifically, Somerset, though Cornwall gets a chapter - and therefore does not touch wider issues such as Ashe's Riothamus theory or the nature of the relationships between the early English and the Britons. But there is a lot about Glastonbury, most of which, though fascinating in its own right, is irrelevant to what one might expect to be the theme of the book. And when we come to the claimed historical link between Glastonbury and Arthur's burial, we have a lightning tour of the evidence for and against, in a tantalising summary which suggests that if one wants clear detail then this is not the place to find it.

So, no exclusive interviews with Arthur, the man and the myth, but maybe a useful resume (but scarcely a powerful synthesis) of

recent theories. What about presentation?

The hand of the designer is manifest throughout. The book is lavishly illustrated from beginning to end by monochrome and colour photos, many by the author. In addition there are little unsatisfactory corner illustrations and fussy marginal decorations in a 'Celtic' style. I'm not sure to whom the latter are meant to appeal. Is it the middle ground of new readers who haven't rediscovered the Arthuriana of the 60s and 70s and need to be wooed away from the mystic school of Bob Stewart, John Matthews et. al. towards the old-fashioned orthodox standpoint.

Finally, a mystery - why does a book which claims to be published in 1988 bear a reconstruction drawing (of Cadbury's southwest gate) dated 1989? This takes us neatly into a work which was indeed published in 1988 and (name game fanatics might note) printed by the Camelot Press plc -



GLASTONBURY ABBEY by P. Carley (Boydell Press £16.95)

Subtitled 'The holy house at the head of the moors adventurous', this book too is written by an historian: is lavishly illustrated by monochrome and colour photos, some marginal; discusses the Abbey (naturally) and refers to Arthur's supposed connections.

There the resemblances (for me) end. I have nothing but praise for this publication, itself a treasure house of informed discussion every bit as precious as any of the Abbey's former relics. The writing is meticulous, well-referenced and, above all, fair - fair to the reader, to other historians and to the erstwhile inhabitants of the Abbey, saints and rogues alike. On matters Arthurian Carley shows this even-handedness too, and I recommend this book to PENDRAGON readers as more relevant to their interests than the former.

CHRIS LOVEGROVE

'MERLIN DREAMS' by Peter Dickinson, illustrated by Alan Lee (Gollancz £9.95)

Merlin and a female companion are high upon the moors. She lights a fire and begins the ritual while Merlin seats himself and recites the words of power. The rock beside them heaves itself up and he steps through the flames down into the cold ground, leaving the girl alone. The rock crashes down and Merlin is trapped within the earth. The girl quickly finishes the ritual and leaves. Merlin is left entombed while centuries pass; and in between waking and sleeping, he dreams...

Nine unrelated stories form the basis of this book, dealing with knights errant, dragons, unicorns, enchantresses, swords and sciopods to name but a few, all linked by Merlin's dreams and

rememberings. None of them have any Arthurian connection as such but are none the less enjoyable for that. The stories are well told and most of the characters have genuine warmth and depth. Also, in the tradition of good short-story telling, some of them have nice twists at the end that surprise.

What makes the book for me, though, is the artwork by Alan Lee. Anyone who has seen his work will know exactly the sort of standard he sets himself and the illustrations here are no exception. Whether using pencil or paint he brings a marvellous lifelike quality to any image, be it castles, forests, people or dragons, and the ones in this book are alone worth the cover price. A nice book for those long, cold winter evenings.

SIMON ROUSE

'THE CELTIC ART SOURCE BOOK' by Courtney Davis (Blandford Press £14.95)

That Courtney Davis is described as a master of Celtic Art is no typically extravagant Celtic boast as this book proves. Its pages are filled with both original black and white designs and wonderfully colourful paintings as well as motifs adapted from the 5th to 7th century Books of Kells, Durrow, Lindisfarne and St.Chad. It is from these early works by largely unknown artists that Courtney draws his inspiration but it must be said he is no mere copyist. His original designs are precisely that and he should be seen as continuing in the traditions of Celtic Art, producing paintings that have much relevance for today.

The book is divided into sections dealing with knotwork, key patterns, spirals, zoomorphics etc. with introductory notes to each chapter and additional notes on the early Celts, as well as myths and legends including Arthur, Glastonbury and Joseph of Arimathea. These are informative without going into great detail and provide plenty of access points for people new to the Celtic world who may wish to go further in their studies.

The black and white illustrations are mainly intended for other artists and craftworkers who can use or adapt them in their own work and, as such, are ideal. When coloured they are excellent tools for meditation and for inspiring new and original artwork from others.

The paintings, on the other hand, are where Courtney excels. The colours literally leap out of the page at you with a vibrancy and delicate balance that affords hours of pleasurable study and, in the case of three or four pieces, pure amazement! Each one is surely a labour of love and they are almost organic in the way the forms and interlacing patterns flow into and grow out of each other. Considering the overall quality, this book is an essential purchase for anyone even remotely interested in Celtic Art.

SIMON ROUSE.

'ARTHUR - THE KING IN THE WEST' by R.W. Dunning (Alan Sutton 1988, £12.95) (Review No.2)

There is no doubt that this book is aimed at the popular market. The writing style is straightforward, lively and direct, and the page borders are rather romantically embroidered with Celtic tracery as well as small inset photographs. The book also contains dramatic full-page photographs of subjects like the Wansdyke, Glastonbury Tor and Cadbury. However, this book is far from a rehash of the now

well-worn Arthurian material. The author has chosen instead a more interesting theme which is set out in the introduction (p 3-4): 'this book is the story of how King Arthur, the Arthur of legend, was brought to the West Country. It is the story of its [the legend's] manipulation.'

Apart from brief initial and closing chapters dealing with the historical and archaeological background to the Arthurian period and the persistence of the popularity of Arthur, the bulk of the book is devoted to successive discussions of the Glastonbury legends, other stories of Arthur in Somerset and the Cornish legends. Throughout the author stresses the potential political, religious and economic advantages involved in mediaeval localisation, embroidery or plain fabrication of various Arthurian legends in a specific place. In particular, the keen rivalry in the middle ages between the abbacy of Glastonbury and the bishopric of Wells and its likely effect on legend-making, is well brought out. The author is thus highly sceptical of there being much substance behind the legends of a Westcountry Arthur.

The narrative is fast-moving and this can lead to over-simplification of complex problems such as the Glastonbury cross.

Particularly when the author is putting forward a new argument of his own (for example his suggestion that the identification of Cadbury with Camelot may have arisen during the Wars of the Roses as a piece of Yorkist propaganda) I found myself wishing these could be explored in more detail. On the whole, however, this book serves as a good introduction to this aspect of the Arthurian legends, and is stimulating enough to encourage the reader to delve deeper into the topic. It is thus a pity that the bibliography should include only five books.

NICK GRANT

Answers to last Word Square:-

(1) ARTHUR; (2) REHONE; (3) THROWS (over-throws);
(4) HOOPOE; (5) UNWORN; (6) RESENT (re-sent).

1	2	3	4	5	6
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					

1. Dictator-king makes a point about psychic powers.
2. Seduce from the insurgent Iceni warriors.
3. Flowery part of the Old Testament but not the Holy Bible.
4. T.H.White's name for Arthur meant this.
5. Anti-Saxon initially and penultimately has nothing for the South American cat.
6. Decades when an alien entered to make the rules.

PLACE (and other) NAMES

By Eddie Tooke

The various strands of knowledge which link us to Arthur's times are very fine-spun: only when several coalesce can they support any weight of theory. Ideally we would like complete correspondence between history, archaeology, place-names, myth and legend. Even then there would be doubts. As Ben Franklyn remarked: 'Nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes.'

This is one of Arthur's most intriguing features. Shrouded in mists, this 'great and mysterious man' diffuses every light that diverse scholarship can project into his period, leaving events fuzzy and venues ambiguous. Nothing is cut and dried. The way is open for theory to run riot - and it does. Frustratingly, as philosopher Sir Karl Popper points out, it is a general law that theories can only be falsified, never verified.

Aside from intuition, inductive reasoning is all we have. It is here that originality of approach may pay dividends. Rick Plewes, in his article 'Taffy and the Morgan Index' (PENDRAGON XIX/1), has the right idea. He studies telephone directories to spot above-average groupings of 'Morgans' as a clue to past pockets of Celtic resistance.

The idea is interesting and could usefully be extended - though interpretation of results might be tricky. In earlier times it was the custom for Cornish people to give their children exotic biblical names. Zachariahs, Gamaliels, Nehemiahs and Malchizedeks abounded - clear evidence for simple-minded perusers of parish registers that the Duchy must once have been occupied by invaders from Joppa or Jericho. Others, more astute, will be quick to point out that the reason Cornwall is not simply 'Corn' proves that wall-demolition expert Joshua hadn't been near the place. (Gratuitous information: Had he done so he would have found a couple of '-horn(e)s' and a 'Bugle' to help him.)

All bible-inspired names, by the way, were not so exotic. F.J.B Macdowell (1) quotes an instance of a Cornish couple who had twins and sought their vicar's advice about names. 'You couldn't do better than look in your Bible', he told them. Mr. MacDowell does not record the vicar's subsequent reaction when asked to christen the children Eyre and Spottiswoode...

How reliable ARE place-names as a guide to Arthurian sites? Analysis of the component parts of a territorial name may lead us in the right direction - or just as probably in the wrong one. Like all methods, it best comes into its own when supported by other kinds of evidence. Even then we could be misled.

Slaughterbridge in Cornwall is a popular venue for Camlann, the 'last, dim, weird battle of the west.' A battle probably occurred there - three centuries after Arthur's time. Even so the element 'slaughter' in the name is not unequivocal proof of a conflict. Slaughterford in Wiltshire was originally Slathornford - the Ford by the Blackthorn, while in a Gloucestershire village of the same name it probably means 'muddy ford'. Again, Boarhunt in Hampshire has nothing to do with the pursuit of wild pigs - certainly not Arthur's and Cabal's legendary harrassment of the boar Troit (Troynt): it simply means

'spring near a fort'.

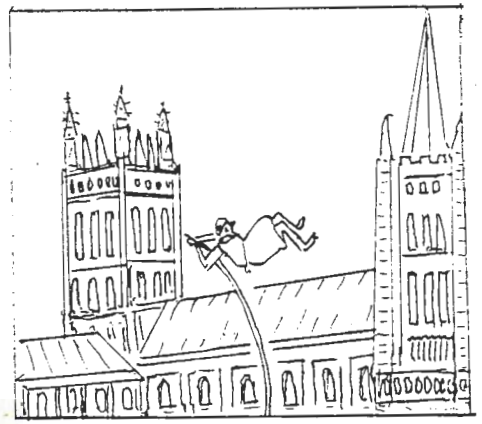
Domesday did nothing to clarify the situation. It established for posterity forms of place-names which owed more to the imaginings of the Norman scribes than to a scholarly insight into their original meanings. Proper names, too, compound the confusion. Chippenham in Buckinghamshire might be thought to derive from the Anglo-Saxon 'ceap' or 'ciapan' (trade), suggesting a market town, but Nicholas Gould (2) tells us that the name most likely commemorates its founder, a man called Cippa. One wonders, though, if Cippa himself could have taken his name from the fact that he was a trader? (Yes, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, your own town's name may indeed have had its origins in 'ceap' (chip). But I doubt very much if there's any REAL proof of your theory that the Celtic folk-hero, Conn of the Hundred Battles, settled in the Scilly Isles and started trading in computer spares. 'Scilly Conn Chip' is bad etymology. I don't KNOW why; just take my word for it.)

Some place-name meanings may seem unequivocal - but their apparent innocence could be a snare. 'Naval Rock', for instance, near Helford in Cornwall, seems to have obvious seafaring associations - but the name is derived from 'an aval' (the apple) - which establishes its Celtic origin (3).

A droll situation sometimes arises from the false interpretation locals may put on what is, to them, a meaningless name. It may turn out to be surpisingly apt. 'Forth hens dall', (blind way road), Cornish for 'cul-de-sac' became 'fore end all' - still quite a good description!

As regards Arthur, however, place-names containing 'cam' are the subject of endless speculation. 'Cam'-names in fact and fable cannot easily be linked. Cam (like Chipping) may or may not stem from a proper name. The River Camel captures the imagination - one sees the reflection of Arthur in every ripple - but it comes from the Cornish cam hayl - 'crooked estuary', obviously applicable to many rivers. It is to Ivor Snook's credit, then, that in his article in this issue he uses place-names with a high degree of dexterity in an inter-disciplinary amalgam which is very convincing. Dare anyone dispute his reasoning? I can hardly wait to see! ...

(No, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, the 'scramasax' was not so named because Arthur used it to put the Saxons to flight. It is simply a 'sword-knife' invented by the Saxons hundreds of years later. And yes, I know you're proud of your home-town and its V.I.Ps, but when Geoffrey Ashe (4) tells us that Adam of Sodbury 'vaulted the nave' at Glastonbury he didn't mean the worthy Abbot/builder was in training for the Olympics. Nobody's THAT good. Go get yourself a brain-transplant (5). Anyway, what's all this got to do with place-names? You just LOVE to see your name in print, don't you?)



References:-
(1) Old Cornwall (1940) Vol. 3/7. (2) 'Looking at Place-names' (1987), pub. Mason. (3) Old Cornwall (1961) Vol. 6/1. (4) 'King Arthur's Avalon' (1957), pub. Collins. (5) Butch Carver's 'Neuro-surgery for the Handyman' (1989), pub Eddie Tooke.
Also consulted: Sweet's Anglo-Saxon Primer and R.Morton Nance's 'A Guide to Cornish Place-names'.

Letters

Many congratulations to all concerned in the production of the STONEHENGE edition. Considering we were expecting a newsletter, the arrival instead of a strangely familiar (and, even more strangely, legible) PENDRAGON, was a positive triumph. I'm really grateful to you, Eddie, for jumping into the editorial deep-end as you have done. Congratulations to all the editorial team and a big thank you to Geoff Dando for printing and assembling the Journal ready for dispatch. (I expect you'll even get a mention in the credits one day, Geoff!) [Done, as from this issue! ED.]

The kind of shake-up we've just had has happened several times in the past - and, in the past, personnel has changed quietly and tactfully. I'm afraid the last one was rather public through circumstances beyond my control. However, I'm sure confidence will pick up again rapidly now and new activities will begin. It is heartwarming that a whole new team has already emerged. I look forward to the next issue - and the AGM.
<Kate Pollard, Bristol.>

The Gloucestershire area is far more important to the historical study of the Matter of Britain than many researchers realise. Regardless of the fact that Vortigern (a title not a name - compare with the Irish 'Taioseach') may well have been King of Gloucester, there is the likelihood that Uther Pendragon was not Duke of Cornwall, which did not then exist under that name, but Duke of the Cornovii. As an afterthought, the continued existence of the Kingdom of Dumnonia (whose army had a regiment called 'Arthur's Regiment') had been one of the uncomfortable facts that the Church succeeded for the most part in censoring from recorded history, and which has been largely forgotten in our times.

I am all for archaeological investigation of selected sites, and I draw your attention to the fort of Old Sodbury, which is impressive even today and which in the times we are interested in was clad with stone and must have presented a formidable appearance and have been worthy of occupation by a chieftain with a considerable retinue. This site has never been excavated.
<Geoff Bird, Bristol.>

You say in your editorial that the Journal was ready for dispatch over a week ago. How can this be true? You must still have been writing the editorial at the time.
<Deirdre, Chipping Sodbury.>

[Dear Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury. It has to do with morphogenetic fields, parallel universes and the Schrödinger wave-function. I'll explain it to you sometime - if you live that long. ED.]

I did appreciate your quotation from the wisdom of Jess Foster and agree that PENDRAGON must roam freely to seek for Arthur in history, fable, myth or wherever.

About the bluestones, though, there is no need to wonder why they had to be brought all the way from Wales, or to suppose, which is geologically unlikely, that they were deposited from above like the sarsens not many miles away. When the old Ministry of Works foolishly laid gravel around the stones some years ago, sharp pieces were picked up by the shoes of visitors and prostrate bluestones were scuffed by them, exposing to my sight their unweathered pattern of dark blue with white spots. When freshly cut, or deliberately kept in that condition, they would have represented the night sky. This was certainly so of the lapis lazuli of Afghanistan which, at about the time when the bluestones were brought to Stonehenge, was traded throughout the Middle East for the same good magical reason.
<Steven Banks, Salisbury.>

I was particularly interested in your comments about the Hele Stone at Stonehenge being associated with Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, whither flies the young Phoenix, having sprung from its parent's ashes [see Issue No.19/3]. The heliolatrous worship originated with Hermes Trismegistus. The Phoenix was born from a stone found in the Vale of Hebron, and the dead body of Hermes Trismegistus was found at Hebron. This may well be the key to the mysteries!
<David Pykitt, Burton-on-Trent>

As the Pendragon Society has such a long history, it might be an idea to have an article about what was happening 25-30 years ago. I'm sure this would be of interest to relatively new members as well as nostalgia-making for the older ones.

I'll try to advertise the Society in this area with some posters I'll make up from the front page of the Journal.
<Hazel Pember, Swansea >

[Nice idea, Hazel, and thanks! Kate has promised to do something on the nostalgia theme. ED.]

Reading R.M.Twist's 'Stonehenge Report', his mention of Leptis Magna reminds me that certain columns were brought from there and erected by Virginia Water after that ornamental lake was created - this was a real 'archaising' exercise, carried out at a time when people thought little or nothing of our ancient sites.

I am interested in springs and sacred water and their folklore. I don't know how many are connected with King Arthur, or his people, but there should be more than the one at South Cadbury!
<Mary Bonney, Windsor.>

****

The above is a fair selection of readers' letters. They underline several points.

(1) Pendragon membership may not be high but it is widespread.

(2) Our Society's multilateral policy on Arthur and the Matter of Britain is justified. Members have many angles of interest - and who is to say that any are illegitimate?

(3) [Arising from (1) and (2)] Members have a real need for contact by letter with each other and with this office. Keep the letters coming! We'll forward personal communications if you send a stamp.

Camlam WHERE WAS IT FOUGHT?

By Ivor Snook.

The actual location of the Battle of Camlam is a mystery. From Geoffrey of Monmouth we learn only that Mordred fled 'far into Cornwall' and that the battle took place at 'the river Cambula'. Within a hundred years after Geoffrey wrote, other writers had translated Cambula into the river Camel in Cornwall, and more exactly at Camelford. This has remained the most widely accepted location up to the present day.

However, claims for other locations have been put forward, including Camelodunum (Colchester) and Camboglanna (near Hadrian's Wall). Neither of these however seems to be possible if we accept the accounts of Arthur landing in Kent, a battle at Winchester, Mordred retreating into Cornwall, the wounded Arthur being taken to the Isle of Avalon for his wounds to be treated. Another suggestion is that the battle took place somewhere in Somerset on the river Cam. I believe that the latter is the correct location.

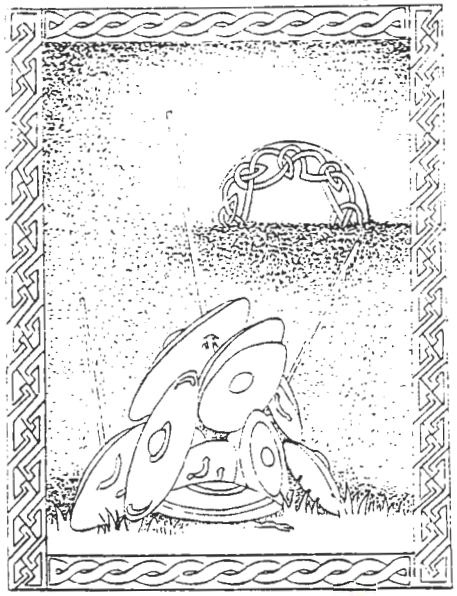
Geoffrey was not the first to mention the battle, for it appears in the 'Annales Cambriae' (a set of tables indicating the correct date for Easter over a period of years) into which someone entered a number of historical notes at the appropriate years. It is thought that these notes must have been compiled not later than AD 956 and thus antedate Geoffrey by 180 years. In one of these MS annals (Harleian 3859) the entry opposite the year AD 937 says 'Gueith Camlan<n> (sic) in which Arthur and Medraut fell.' There are two points of interest in this entry. First there is the use of the word Gueith for battle, because Gueith is the British word, and this suggests that the

information may have come from some British source: and secondly the alteration in the word Camlann, which suggests that the writer was not sure of the correct spelling. In a different MS of the Annales the entry is written in Latin as 'Bellum Camlam', with the final letter 'm' which became the most frequently used spelling in later years.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, writing in AD 1136, claimed that he obtained his information about Arthur from a 'British book' which he possessed, but that he found little or nothing about Camlam in it and had to ask Archdeacon Walter for information. Possibly his source was in the 'fables' of the British which were current at the time. William of Malmesbury, writing at about the same time as Geoffrey, says: 'It is of this Arthur that the Britons fondly

tell so many fables'. Geoffrey says that the battle was on the river Cambula, so neither he nor Archdeacon Walter had seen the Annales Cambriae, or having seen them preferred to follow his own source, whatever it was.

About twenty years after Geoffrey wrote his 'History of the Kings of Britain' a Jerseyman, Robert Wace, made a version of it in French which he called the 'Roman de Brut'. About thirty-five years later again Layamon, an Anglo-Saxon priest, made a version of the 'Roman de Brut' which he called simply 'Brut' (c. AD 1190). Both of these writers say that from Winchester Mordred took his army by ship to Cornwall. Wace says 'The battle was arrayed on the Camel, over against the entrance to Cornwall.' Why the Camel should be described as 'against the entrance to Cornwall' is a mystery. One might think that a fleet sailing west in the English Channel would have found good 'entrances' to Cornwall at the river Tamar, or Fowey, or Falmouth, without chancing the much longer and dangerous voyage round Land's End and up the Bristol Channel. Layamon, however, says 'Upon the Tambre they came together, the place hight Camelford'. Tambre can only mean 'Tamar', but if the battle took place on that river it was a long way from Camelford. It might be felt that these two statments about the location of Camlam support each other, but I feel that in fact each of them is not altogether trustworthy.



It could be that in some manner one or both writers had become aware that hundreds of years before their time there had actually been an important battle at Camelford. That battle is mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle as taking place at Galford (i.e. Camelford) in AD 823. It is also mentioned in the 'Chronicle of Fabius Ethelward', written not long before AD 1000, where, in the Giles translation, it is said to have taken place at Camelford.

At about the same time as Layamon was writing, authors on the continent were compiling their massive works about 'The Matter of Britain'. Against a somewhat shadowy background of King Arthur and his court they framed romantic tales of court intrigues, lords and ladies, love and war, the seeking of the Grail, etc. When they came to the break-up of the Round Table and the death of Arthur they located Camlam at the river Camel in Cornwall. If they had read Geoffrey they probably rejected Cambula because, as it was an unknown place which could not be located, it would not convey much to their readers. But Cornwall and the Camel were real places; they could be identified. Also the long historical association between Cornwall and Brittany was widely known, and there was even a Cornouaille in Brittany. Then too Cornwall was to be the location of the stories

of Tristram and King Mark. Camlam on the Camel, in Cornwall, would be immediately understandable and acceptable.

A curious point about the Camel location is that none of the writers noted that Camelford is only a few miles from Tintagel, so that Arthur entered into life at Tintagel, and after a long life of warlike exploits in many faraway places, finally received his death-blow just a few miles away from where his life began. If that were so it is almost impossible that British historians (or 'tellers of fables') could have missed the connection, and they would have made much of it, probably with magical or philosophical connotations.

The first direct translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth into English was made by Aaron Thompson in 1718, and in it we read that after the battle at Winchester 'From whence he (i.e. Mordred) made a precipitate flight, and ... marched in haste towards Cornwall, Arthur forthwith pursued him into the country as far as the river Cambula, where the other was expecting his coming'. If Mordred 'marched' towards Cornwall it is obvious that an overland movement is indicated, not the tran-shipment by sea recorded by Wace and Layamon. It says that Mordred marched 'towards' Cornwall, not that he reached it, but Arthur pursued him 'into that country', which could be taken to mean that they did actually meet in Cornwall.

Now that is probably correct, except that we have to ask into which Cornwall they were marching. In my article 'The Four Kingdoms' (PENDRAGON 15/4) I gave as one kingdom (or dukedom) that of Cornwall which then extended all across southern England south of the Thames and to the Bristol Channel. Mordred offered Cheldric the Saxon, in return for his assistance, Kent (which had been in Saxon hands since the time of Vortigern) and all Britain from the Humber to Scotland. The latter included Mordred's own kingdom and 'all Britain from the Humber to Scotland' would be practically the ancient kingdom of Albany (one of the 'Four Kingdoms'). Geoffrey mentions no counter offers by Arthur, but Malory, in his 'Le Morte d'Arthur', says that Arthur offered Mordred 'Kent and Cornwall during Arthur's lifetime, and after Arthur's death to have all England'. This seems to be a most curious offer, for two small counties at the opposite ends of southern England could not be much of a bait to a man who already had a kingdom larger than those two put together. But if Arthur meant the ancient kingdom of Cornwall it is a different matter, for that Cornwall was probably the strongest and most secure kingdom in all England, and at the death of Arthur the king of Cornwall would certainly be the strongest claimant to kingship of the whole country.

In William of Malmesbury's 'De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesiae' there are many interpolations by later copiers, and one of these, probably by John of Glastonbury, says that 'Mordred gave Cerdic seven provinces, Southsex, Southerei, Baroscire, Wiltscire, Dorset, Devonscire, and Cornubia'. Baroscire and Wiltscire seem to be extras, and curiously enough Glastonbury's own county Somerset is missing, but apart from that the list includes every county from Kent to Cornwall in correct order, i.e. the kingdom of Cornwall. Despite the confusion about who was making the offer to whom this seems to confirm that the Cornwall in question was the ancient kingdom and not the modern county.

So now I will make the suggestion that by clearing up the confusion of the two Cornwalls.

Mordred and Arthur marched into the kingdom of Cornwall in the direction of the county of Cornwall, and that somewhere along the line of march was the river Cambula, where the battle took place.

There is in fact another location for Camlam which fits this hypothesis, that is Salisbury Plain. In 'La Mort Artu' in the Vulgate Cycle of continental romances the battle is said to have taken place on Salisbury plain, which afterwards was covered in corpses. Sir Thomas Malory also places the battle 'upon a down near Salisbury'. He takes Mordred straight from a fight near Canterbury after which 'King Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside westward towards Salisbury: and there a day was assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Mordred that they should meet upon a down near Salisbury, and not far from the seaside'. Then occurred the meeting which ended in dispute because a knight drew his sword to kill an adder, and the battle took place immediately at that location.

That location for the battle is also stated twice in the 'Westminster MS'. In an early part of the MS Arthur is apparently asserting his supremacy over other British kings. He meets and defeats kings Nero and Lot, after which Merlin prophesies to Arthur that 'there should be a great battle near Salisbury, and Mordred his son should be against him'. Near the end of the MS the account of Arthur going westward down by the seaside and meeting Mordred upon a down near Salisbury is almost identical with the account given by Malory.

In a search for the real location of the battle the names we have give us little help. In this article I have used the name Camlam which is used in the Annales Cambriae and seems to have been the regular appellation in Welsh and British sources. 'On the Camel' arises from Wace and Layamon and some of the continental 'Matter of Britain' romances, but I cannot accept the Camel 'at the entrance to Cornwall' nor 'Camelford on the Tamar', and I have suggested that the whole implication of the flight of Mordred pursued by Arthur leads to a confrontation at 'the down near Salisbury'. Geoffrey's Cambula seems to stand on its own, with no relation to Camel, Camlam or Camelford. However in the British literature on the subject we find quite a variety of appellations. William of Malmesbury in his 'De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesiae has Juxto fluvium Cambam, and a marginal note in that work has the war at Kemeler in Cornwall. Johannes Priseus calls it Camilan. Giraldus Cambrensis has Kemelen. John Leland has Cambalan(icus), Harding on the water called Camblayn. Flores Historiarum says super flumen Camblan. One might suppose that the letter 'b' in so many of these arises from Geoffrey's Cambula, nevertheless the words seem to have a different source.

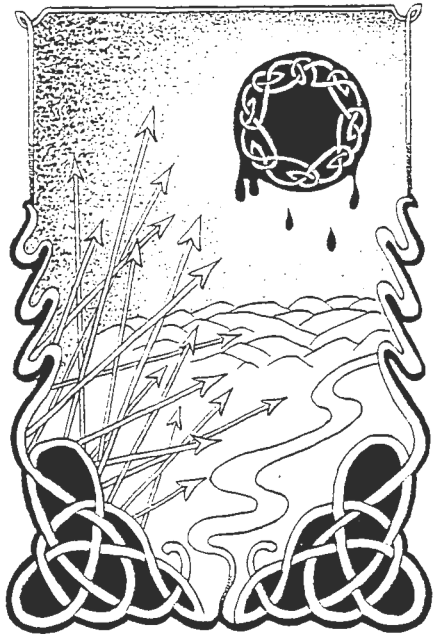
It will be remembered that after the fight at Winchester Mordred is said to have taken a precipitate flight and marched towards Cornwall. The fact that his flight is stated to be precipitate may mean that his forces were routed, or that he had decided his best chance was to get to some pre-arranged location where he would have time to put his forces in order before Arthur arrived. Thus he would be at the place where he was 'expecting Arthur's coming'. I think it is possible that he was making for Cadbury Castle. To hold this strong point would be an advantage, and if he first captured Cador's stronghold and then defeated Arthur he would be ipso facto king of Cornwall. He could have reached Cadbury by taking an ancient Roman road out of Winchester which ran almost due west, passing just north of Salisbury (perhaps that is how Salisbury got into the story) and apparently continued, passing some fifteen miles north of Cadbury, which would therefore be reached by a short deviation.

Arthur pursued Mordred, and here we have the remarks that Arthur 'went down by the seaside', which seems to be curiously irrelevant. However if 'seaside' should have been printed 'sea side' we can have the quite feasible description of Arthur not following directly behind Mordred but taking a parallel course on the seaward side from Mordred's. I think that this is what Arthur did, and his forces, hardy and battle-trained from their continental wars, reached the target first, and arrayed themselves on the River Cam, thus saving Cadbury Castle and giving themselves a secure line upon the river.

Northwards from Arthur's position on the Cam lies an area named on the Ordnance Survey maps 'Cary Moor' which could well have been an area corresponding to a down in Arthurian times. Some five or six miles north of the Cam is the river Brue, which may have been Mordred's baseline. The outline of the battle may therefore have been somewhat as follows. It began furiously in the country north of the Cam. Arthur forced Mordred's forces back and at one point struck right to the heart of his defences, and Mordred was killed. However Mordred's leaders, possibly rallied by Cheldric, gathered together from all over the field and fought vigorously. Possibly this last battle was on the river Brue, and here all the leaders, including Arthur, were killed. With no leaders, and no doubt utterly exhausted, the rank and file simply drifted away, Mordred's men probably finding safety across the river Alham, less than a mile to the northwest. If Arthur was killed near the river Brue he could well have been taken down that river in a boat to Glastonbury.

A peculiar fact is that when (or if) Arthur took up position on the river Cam he would have had a few miles away on his left, further down the Cam, the two towns Queens Camel and West Camel, and also a Camel hill. This could well have been the origin of locating the battle on the Camel, and thus have no connection with the Camelford Camel at all.

In my theoretical account of the battle it began (from the British angle) upon the Cam and ended upon the Alham. It might originally therefore have been described as the battle on the rivers Cam and Alham, or from the



Cam to the Alham. Reduced by repetition to Cam/Alham. and then further. it could easily have become Camlan. Kemelen. Cambalan. Camblan. Camblayn. names I have mentioned above. and finally to Camlam or Camlann.

It is only fair to point out that Thompson. in his translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth. uses Geoffrey's name 'Cambula' for the site of the battle. but in a topographical index to his translation includes 'Cambula. the river Camel or Alan in Cornwall'. There is indeed a river Allen between the Camel and the sea. Why Thompson should say Cambula is the river Camel OR Alan. and indeed why he should mention two rivers (being as far as I can tell the first author to do so) is rather a mystery. Where Geoffrey obtained his name Cambula is also a mystery. Presumably either he found in the 'British book' some word he could not translate. or he gave the best rendering he could of some unintelligible word in a spoken legend. At least Cambula has three syllables. as in Cam/Alham. Camlan. Cambalan. Kemelen. unlike Camel or Camlam. which have only two.

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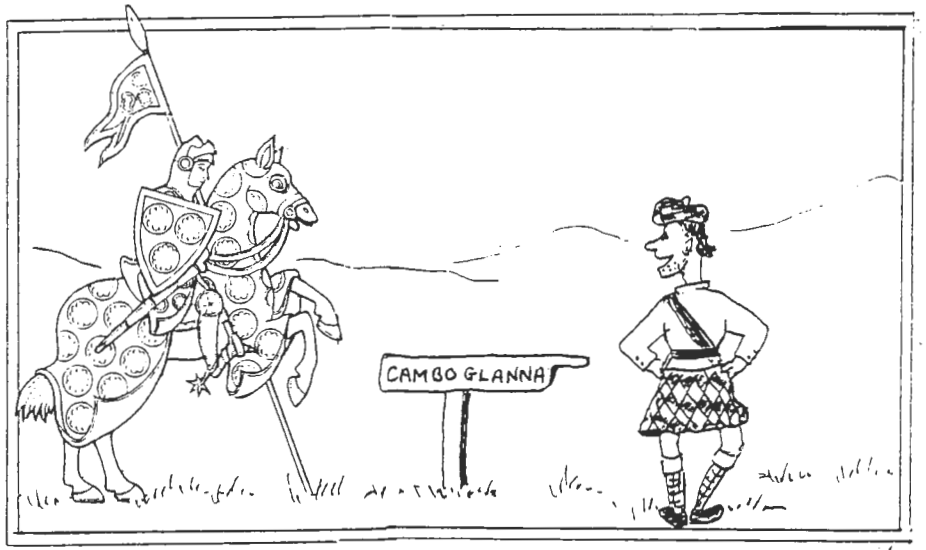
Note: I am indebted to Sid Birchby who checked the details in Thompson's British History on my behalf.



"THE HISTORIANS ARE GOING TO LOVE YOU, MORDRED — ARTHUR'S WAITING FOR YOU DOWN IN SOMERSET!"

Hear ye ..

Only about a dozen of us will be present at the AGM, which is rather a shame but understandable in view of the long distances many have to travel. Kate Pollard and Chris Lovegrove will be present, which will afford them a chance to give advice to the new production team. Unfortunately Simon Rouse will be unable to attend as he will be in Germany on 30th September. A report of the business discussed and conclusions reached will be found in loose-leaf form within.

Fred Stedman-Jones has come up with a Mastermind Quiz that will test your knowledge of Arthur (and your ability to look up what you don't know.) This should appear in our next issue and Fred is generously offering a book prize for the first correct solution opened. (Wild horses would not drag from me details of my own score!)

Mordred/Camlann Issue No.2. We can still do with more material, so let's hear from all you budding authors. (as well as those in full flower or going to seed.) Articles don't HAVE to be about Mordred and Camlann - that is just the MAIN theme. Deadline November 30th. Suggested future themes include' Rites and Ceremonies', 'Round Tables', 'Merlin's Cave' and 'What Arthur Means to Me' - but not necessarily in that order.

News of coming events will be welcome, so please keep us informed. (No Deirdre, we don't wish to know about the annual Chipping Sodbury Yorkshire Pudding Juggling Competition. PENDRAGON deals with the MATTER of Britain, not the BATTER of Britain.)

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Peter Ratazzi, for many years a member of our Society. He was a man of immense learning and was the author of "In Strangest Europe". Our sympathy goes out to his wife, Patricia, who wishes to continue his membership. We welcome her, but wish it could be under much happier circumstances.