



PENDRAGON



CADBURY

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Pendragon

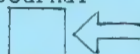
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The main theme of this and the next issue(s) is 'Cadbury'

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EDITORIAL

The magnetic scoop of the Bussard ramjet funnels interstellar gas into the reactor system and the fusion motors accelerate the spacecraft towards light-speed. Destination - a point in space where Earth once was ... Familiar star-patterns writhe and change colour as velocity increases, until V equals C in the Lorentz Transformation, the tardon-tachyon interface is breached and the ship moves back in time ... Then, at a critical point, superfast Josephson junction computers calculate the final exact map coordinates and cut the ramjet. Speed drops dramatically and the nuclear pulse rockets ease Timeship Questor to a soft landing by the mist-girt golden towers of Camelot. Eureka! Right first time!

And THAT'S the only way we're ever going to find out for certain where Arthur's capital was.

In the meantime we can only conjecture, using what archaeological and other evidence is available. This issue of PENDRAGON introduces the theme of Cadbury, perhaps the most likely candidate for Camelot. The theme will continue - probably for the next two issues - and further contributions on the subject are welcomed. Already in hand there is a piece on Iron Age hillforts from Nick Grant and another on a century-old visit to Cadbury which first appeared in Atlantic Monthly (and for which we are indebted to Dan Nastali of Kansas). Due to pressure of space, some material will be delayed, or have to appear in two parts. Apologies to the authors concerned: your pieces WILL be printed.

Forthcoming features, already in the pipeline are book reviews by Simon Rouse, Chris Lovegrove and myself, two once-more-delayed articles on our earlier theme 'What Arthur Means to Me' by Charles Evans-Gunther and Nicola Stevenson, 'An American Point of View' by Rosemary Longworth of Illinois and the third instalment of Alby Stone's 'The Fisher King and Odin'. Plus the regular features. And if that's not enough to make you tardy folk who still owe their subs. jump to their cheque books, I don't know what is. What do you want, blood?

The AGM this year will not be held in Tewkesbury as heretofore but in Bristol, home of the Pendragon Society for very many years. There's nostalgia for you! Kate Pollard has volunteered to have it at her house in Totterdown and hopes members will totter down there in large numbers on Saturday September 28th. She had intended to fix up a visit to Cardiff on the Sunday but examination of their programme of local functions for that weekend has not proved inspiring. Nevertheless, she hopes to arrange something - perhaps in Bristol itself.

Kate would like those wishing to attend to send an A5 size (9 x 6) S.A.E. in plenty of time - the sooner the better - and she will let them have an information pack round about early August with maps, timetables and details of B. & B. lodgings etc. etc. She will provide refreshments for the Saturday, so include a cheque, P.O. or what-have-you for £4.00, any surplus to be returned to members on the day. Kate's address is 21 Hill Street, Totterdown, Bristol, Avon BS3 4TW. In case of queries, phone her on (0272) 776744.

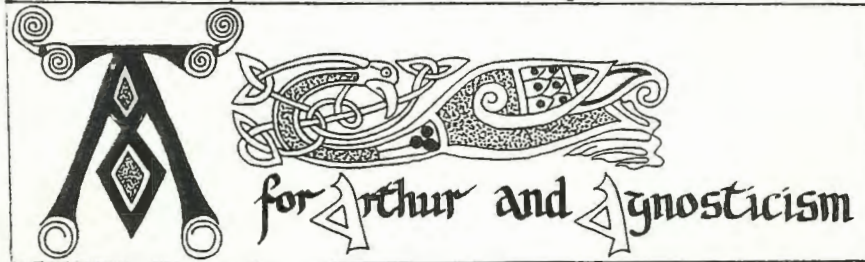
Don't delay sending until you forget it; do it while it's fresh in your mind! In 1989 12 people attended the A.G.M.; in 1990 the number was 20. Let's make 1991 a bumper year for attendance: remember it's the only opportunity (at the moment) for meeting other members and paying due homage to your illustrious officers. Not to mention electing new ones if you're not satisfied with us.

But now I've detained you for long enough. Read on ...

Introduction

Ages ago a Pendragon member asked for some behind-the-scenes Pendragon History to be written. Then at last year's AGM I found myself volunteering to research the coming of the Final Dig Report on South Cadbury and the ultimate resting place of its 'finds'. Then, in the last issue of PENDRAGON, I noticed that I was going to be 'writing a lengthy piece on the Dig which took place there (Cadbury) in the '60s', for this very issue.

A sense of urgency has been introduced. I can't write three articles and all these matters are, in any case, interwoven. So here they are, rolled into an Omnibus Edition. Readers will have to refer to 'A for Arthur' to fit it into sequence and are advised not to try and read it all in one go. It's called —



A Summary Report
by

Kate Pollard & Alex Schlesinger

Chapter 1. A Letter.

7 Feb '91

Dear Alex,

The past is that Jess and I came to live in Bristol because it was near Cadbury (for her) and a nice city (for me). But I can't remember how Pendragon transferred itself from Winchester to Bristol. You were one of the first that turned up at Alma Road to check it out. Can you remember why/how? Did you bring along Rent-a-crowd? I remember the Cadbury Naughty Hole incident. Were there lots of trips up there? Didn't Frank organise stolen cars?

Please can you fill in the Whys and Hows? I can busk the rest. It'd only take a paragraph and ten minutes.

Please could you do it in ink, NOT pencil, and keep the ash off it? Please Alex. I've enclosed a SAE to make it EVEN EASIER.

Love, Kate.

Chapter 2. A Reply.

Dear Kate,

I bet you didn't expect to hear from me again. Well I never could resist the offer of free postage — and a white envelope!

Sorry to read about Leslie Alcock's stroke. God only knows, it makes me feel a bit old ... people going down with strokes and whatever.

You ask about the early days of the old Pendragon in Bristol. It was all a very long time ago. Looking back now it really does seem like another age. Well, everything was ahead of us in those days. I must have been sixteen — just sixteen! But less fashionable.

In those days I was sort of primus inter pares of a small gang which used to meet in our cellar on a Friday night for beer and cider drinking, as well as the smoking of dreadful pipe tobaccos. Acquired tastes that I have been loath to relinquish although many have urged me to take such a step. I am not sure why my parents never suppressed this little gang. Perhaps they were too tolerant or, more likely, they had already given up.

One of the gang was Alan Male. One day in the Summer of 1963, he told me of an old lady who had moved into Alma Road. She wanted to start a society researching the Arthurian legends. Apparently she had met Alan's Dad who was warden of St. Mary's in Woodland Road. Jess had gone there one day — no doubt to say her prayers and make contact.

I remember discussing with Alan whether we should see this old lady. I had my doubts. I had visions of a shrivelled old miss, with a voice to match. Alan thought it might at least provide an evening's entertainment, and as we had nothing better to do, we cycled over to Alma Road.

Basement flats had connotations, even in those days. But we pushed the bell, and in due course heard the latch. I looked ahead expecting to see the top of my imagined little old lady's head. I was surprised and slightly disconcerted to realise that I was looking at the middle of someone much taller. I looked up — quite a long way, to see a face that was soon to be familiar.

'Miss Foster?'

'No, Mrs. Foster' came the reply with a chuckle.

Quite clearly this was going to be an evening when nothing went to plan.

Once inside, Jess apologised for having no beer, but she would make some coffee, and would we like a ciggie?

As far as I was concerned, everything was now up for re-assessment. Jess talked about a King Arthur, setting him in his historic period, and making interesting comparisons with the present.

I don't know what time we left Alma Road. It was well after midnight, and I took with me a copy of Ashe's King Arthur's Avalon. I read most of it in bed and was then unable to sleep for the rest of the night.

Within a week I had got most of the gang round to see Jess. Alan Male was as much in favour as I to form some kind of group. I can't remember the names of everyone involved. But there were Monty Darling, Will, Rog Webster, Dave Gorringer, a couple of school friends from Keynsham, and, after September, a couple of teachers from my new school at Henbury.

We called ourselves a Society, rather than a Field Club, (Jess's other suggestion). I think the choice was in deference to my own pomposity which was already in full flower.

The first Field Trip of any sort was a walk across to the Avon Gorge, to look at the Hill Forts. I remember little of that event except seeing a group of five or six wrens squabbling in a bush — an event soon supplemented by a row between myself and Gringe. I think concerning the turn-ups in his jeans — features which I

thought incongruous.

Planning the first trip to Cadbury proved more difficult, transport being the main problem. Fortunately Frank and his friend had access to a supply of cars - we never asked too many questions on this. Pete's father dealt in second-hand cars which was all we wanted to know. At that time several members had motor-bikes. So we would travel through Somerset in two or three large cars, with outriders on bikes.

We became friendly with the landlord of the Red Lion at S. Cadbury, one Basil Karslake, ex-Indian Army. Did a map of the hill and sat us all down for a briefing, with Basil pointing out the salient features with his duty cane. Jess found it easy to preside in such a world, and we were endlessly fascinated by it.

The Naughty Hole got dug at about this time. (To explain - a naughty hole is what you dig when you are sixteen, you haven't yet done your 'A' levels, know little of archaeology and have been rebuffed by archaeologists; Leslie Grinsell publically referred to Jess as 'Mrs. Dragon', which greatly amused her. It doesn't happen again, in Pendragon history, honest Guv. Kate). It happened like this. Jess made contact with some old dear, (actually a learned lady) whose name now eludes me. She had walked Cadbury for many years and had picked up loads of pottery. These we showed to Dr. Raleigh Radford who had dug at Glastonbury and Tintagel. Having at first been reluctant to meet us, he changed his mind when he saw the pot sherds which included pottery of the fifth-sixth centuries - Tintagel wares. However, try as we would, we could not interest the archaeological world in a dig there.

Meanwhile Basil Karslake had been looking around on the hilltop and had noticed a natural ridge, an area of exposed vertical rock, and something leading in underneath it. What emerged was the natural hard rock of the hill (blue lias?) overlying a soft sandstone. We dug some way in, but didn't find anything. The whole exercise was carried out on a Sunday afternoon, but news of the event spread like wildfire. I think it was the local press that got hold of it. The result was Much Trouble. But shortly afterwards, Raleigh Radford founded the Camelot Research Committee in about 1965, with Mortimer Wheeler as Chairman. This is really where Leslie Alcock enters the story. Professor Atkinson of Cardiff was on the Committee, and he nominated him second in command to direct the Dig.

Needless to say, I never attended one of these august meetings. Jess would go up to London once in every-so-often and attend these sessions at Burlington House. I think Jess had a great admiration



Sir Mortimer Wheeler

for Wheeler: they had both been formed in the same Anglo-Indian hothouse. Apparently these meetings would begin when Wheeler took his seat. He would bark his instructions at individual members of the assembled camp and then walk out, his departure marking the end of the meeting. One can imagine Jess laughing through her roll-up during the train journey home.

Beside the 'Dig' aspect of Pendragon, there was a whole social side which helped bond everybody wonderfully. New members appeared, i.e. the Turners, Chris Lovegrove, Pat Wynne-Jones, Keynsham an East Bristol contingent and others, Julie Weaver, a Mr. Parsley who bowed out with a heart attack, Majors Hinton, Harding and Woodhead, Admiral Kirk. Count Tolstoy came in later. Etc.

We explored much of South Somerset at that time, learning to read the landscape in a new way. Geoffrey Ashe was somewhat remote but turned up at AGMs and important 'dos'.

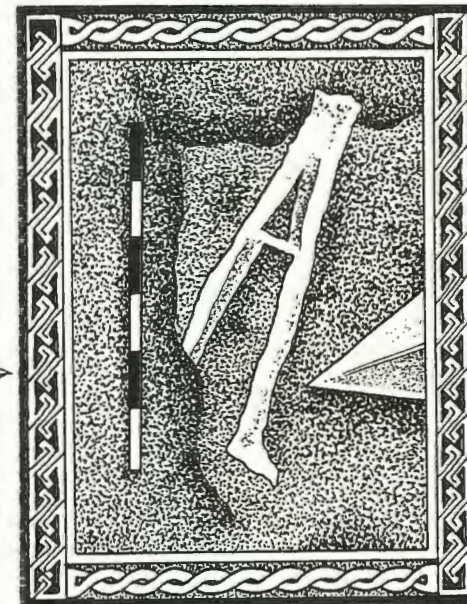
I suppose the first Dig was the high point in the early years of the Society. We were all very aware of starting something which would soon build up a far greater momentum of its own than we could ever give it by pushing it from behind. Many of us volunteered for the Dig. We were put up at Chilton Cantello House School, where we slept in hard little beds set with mattresses shaped by generations of small boys. The more professional diggers treated us with polite disdain. In 1967 the concept of 'alternative archaeology' had taken hold and was being resisted by orthodoxy. Perhaps the day of the letter 'A' best illustrates the point.

On the Dig there was a sort of unwritten rule that no-one should mention Arthur. 'Bronze Age', 'Iron Age', 'Mediaeval era', yes: 'Dark Age', no. Anyway, one sunny afternoon, Jess sat in Trench B and turned up a gilt bronze letter 'A'.

Contrary to press reports at the time, neither she nor anyone else 'headily proclaimed - A for Arthur'. What actually happened was that she chuckled slightly, turned to the person next to her, pointed to it

with her trowel and said quite quietly, 'A' for Arthur'. The awful silence which followed spread across the hill to the other trenches within moments. Lunch was taken in a silence suggestive of a recent death. This, of course, was too much for Jess, and she did leave the tent for a characteristically

semi-private laugh that was heard in Wincanton. I, for my part, spent a few moments in the bushes, and overheard a high-level conversation which evidenced the embarrassment of the finding of the letter 'A' by the digger in question. The conversation stopped when my proximity was revealed by the sound of my falling



over backwards into the undergrowth - conversants and eavesdroppers all having their own difficulties.

Despite the lack of humour, the heat of the afternoon mellowed the situation, and by evening at Chilton Cantello, some bottles of champagne had emerged. This was dished up at dinner and to our collective surprise, Leslie Alcock got up and proposed a toast to the people 'without whom this dig would not have taken place ... the Pendragon Society.' We had, so to speak, come of age.

Oddly enough, and despite our urging, Leslie Alcock decided against digging near the Naughty Hole, the place from which the Dig had been born. To us it seemed a productive place. It abounded in legends of tunnels and the 'Hollow Hill'.

The Cattle Hill Dig came later - in 1970/71. I don't know how we got involved in that one. I suspect Terry Staples might have been the link man.

But after Cadbury the Society became more academic. I suppose we were older and graver. John Michell and others liaised with the Society then and brought about its mystical era. The research we did was interesting and important but never again were the threads pulled together so effectively as they were in that first year at S. Cadbury.

Actually I've enjoyed writing this. It's given me the opportunity to remember things and people almost forgotten.

Love, Alex.

Chapter 3. Timeslip.

As in all early history, the end of Alex's account suffers from a bit of timeslip post-Cadbury. The Pendragon Society actually split in two at the end of the Cattle Hill Dig. This is because whilst the Society had been digging at Cadbury, it had been joined by John Michell in particular, and visited by the era of 'alternative archaeology' in general, as Alex wrote. So by the time the Cattle Hill Dig drew to a close, two factions had appeared in the Society which decided, fairly amicably, to go their own way. One was the archaeology faction which went off to pursue the Cattle Hill findings. More of both these factions presently, after I've insinuated myself into this story.

I should explain that although I lived in Pendragon HQ on and off throughout this period I had had nothing to do with the Society, except for the irritation of having to compete with it for the bathroom. This was because in my late teens and early twenties I was immersed for 5 years of Art School, and Art students are concerned with the immediate application of Now, and not at all with Then - unless it is the 'then' of Art History, of course. I was also training to teach, and then teaching teenagers, so was not about to join what I considered to be a Youth Club with extremely strange activities. I was also entering, and all too quickly exiting, from a marriage that couldn't handle my Art background, let alone the family archaeology. Later, having returned to Bristol and recuperating in a flat with another young woman, I one day answered enraged thunderings on the door to admit an apoplectic Alex who was apparently on a mission to recover some long-overdue books from Will. Will turned out to be the previous lessee who had done a flit leaving other overdue matters behind. I had walked right into the trap. It was a Pendragon Flat.

When Alex had rid himself of the idea that I was in the plot, he brought everyone else round and I realised I was doomed to be forever haunted by the Society. The age gap between the average Pendragon member and me was about 8 or 9 years. That age gap was shed in due course on a Carmarthen hillside. I can't really explain this phenomenon, but anyway that's how it was.

I had missed out on Cadbury. But I had played a past role in a significant incident to do with a ruined chapel. It was the ruined chapel in the woods near the river, which provided the Society's first task, and I'm referring here to the Society as it existed in the Winchester days. Despite the assertion in 'A for Arthur' as to the discoverer of the chapel, it was actually me, whilst out on a drawing trip - one of my drawings of it is in 'A for Arthur'. There was a yet-to-be-discovered chapel, Llanellen, that was to hold a future role for me.



Pendragons on Cadbury

Autobiographical details now complete, we return to the Society split. Group 1 contained archaeologists. The second group was what I may perhaps call the Geomantic fence-sitting group. The latter, of which I was a part, had wonderful camping holidays in order to survey standing stone alignments, Bronze Age burial mounds, and field systems, (real) - ley lines and landscape zodiacs (alleged). We did not make a lot of progress with the latter, but other members liaised with John Michell and helped to survey the Old Stones of Lands End. Whilst in Wales we did accumulate useful knowledge on landscape patterns and Welsh Saints. Even more importantly, we learnt survival techniques appropriate to Welsh hillsides which are alternately scorched by fierce sun, populated by particularly vicious stinging insects and sheep dogs, and drenched by flash floods. We encouraged ourselves with the thought that the Welsh Saints had also had to become proficient in respect of these.

At about that time another myth in the making - an old church site in Wales, purchased as the result of a dream, and containing an 'old, old secret' was brought to our notice and we were asked to go and look at it. Three and a half of us, Alex, Roger, the

infant Rupert, and I, packed tents and went. As a result of that visit - which coincided with the usual electric storms, freak floods etc. the Dig at Llanellen was begun in 1973 in alternating desert sun and hurricane/flash-flooding conditions. During the course of that Dig we became, as Alex says, more academic ourselves and were joined by other people from the world of Academe. That Dig ended in 1985 and history repeated itself as another factional split occurred to enable the final report on that dig to be written. It is currently going well, and we'll let you know when there's a final report.

Chapter 4 Meanwhile, back at the Camp.

Now we go back to Cadbury. 'A for Arthur' ends around the time we started getting soaked, fried and bitten at Llanellen so we now instead jump ahead to the 'Mysteries' edition of Pendragon, 1980, when we recorded a return to Cadbury on business.

Explaining the background to this necessitates picking up two past strands. You may remember Pendragon's earlier interest in the fabled cave under Cadbury. This is the first strand. The second is the importance assumed by the 'banjo' which found its way on to the Cadbury Dig with a Mark Howell, a geophysical consultant from Bristol. This instrument, was what is vulgarly called a metal detector, and was so named because of its shape. It proved to be capable of more varied and detailed location work than even its designer, Mr. Howell, thought possible, and was used in conjunction with other surveys to do much useful work in Cadbury's interior area in locating pits and postholes under Leslie Alcock's direction. It impressed itself on everyone's minds, including Pendragon's.

The third strand was provided by the appearance of Colin Bristow, brother of Nick. Nick was then an active Pendragon member who, apart from anything else, enabled us to buy our first offset printing machine and print Pendragon on it, subsequently paving the way for the move to the current A5 mag. Colin, on the other hand, is and was a geological engineer who had developed a method of detecting underground (down to 30ft) air-filled cavities using an instrument called a Telohm, by taking grid readings from it, and interpreting the collected data - A Superduper Banjo.

During his lecture-stop at Bristol University, a party of us went with him up to Cadbury, and spent a sunny afternoon working as a grid team near the area Pendragon had continually favoured for investigation. Colin's Telohm amazingly turned out to be in appearance remarkably similar to a biscuit tin. Colin operated it, various members stood in as a grid, and the first generation Pendragon children flew kites. This test run resulted in Colin's writing in Pendragon that in his opinion a high resistance feature he had noted was 'best interpreted as a shallow air-filled cavity', its origin impossible to then determine, 'but consistent with the suggested location for the entrance to the gallery which has been proposed by the archaeologists of the Pendragon Society. It is possible that a cavity was excavated at a deeper level and has then migrated upwards by progressive roof collapse. Further work in this area is clearly justified'. He then made suggestions as to a possible programme.

Agonisingly for us, however, Colin's real work called him back overseas, so he was unable to take us any further with this project. We were left with a sensitive situation: the desire to continue, with Cadbury's owner's permission; the need to acquire a Telohm and carry out the grid survey ourselves, and to find someone to interpret its results. Moreover, to interest the world of Academe in the project, without their thinking that we expected to find the Sleeping King himself under the hill. Our aims were directed towards possibly opening up new archaeological work, in the event that IF the alleged tunnel was a very old one, its original use as a storage area, or indeed anything else, might have left useful traces.

Nick and Roger borrowed a Telohm from Bristol University, ran tests and then returned to Cadbury with Christine to do some follow-up work. Alas, the problems became unsurmountable; the Telohm had been re-calibrated by its last user; the technology involved both in surveying and in interpretation was beyond us, or at least beyond us given the spare time we had available to familiarise ourselves with a new technology, which also required a computer programme to process the gathered data. By this time Glyn Daniel had given us helpful advice, Subterranea Britannica was in contact, Mark Howell of the Banjo, and his company, had offered help, and Leslie Alcock himself had corresponded with Colin. However we had to ask ourselves the question - even supposing a survey of this sort DID disclose the exact location of a tunnel running from A to B, or whatever - what then? Inserting a probe into the hill sounded like a pretty costly operation. Any excavation would be ditto, would have to deal with the probable collapse of the last vestiges of said tunnel, would be highly dangerous, would take out half the hillside, would ... It was all unthinkable.

However, that was all a long time ago. Those of us who were involved have kept the corners of those pages turned down at the edge, so to speak, because personnel, technology, time and opportunity can ultimately take a different turn.

Chapter 5. 'A' for Agnosticism

The preceding chapters have sketched in another view of Pendragon's earlier days, including the Cadbury Dig, an overview of subsequent events and some possibly unfinished business on Cadbury. The Llanellen Dig comprises another saga of its own which may be told some day if I ever have four years to spare. We have taken the measure of recording the most pithy comments, plus the ones which induced the most hysteria in the backs of the site books as a rough starting guide.

We end with a brief summary intended to bring us up to date with Cadbury - Camelot. It's slightly patronising in tone, and I apologise for that, but some newer members researching Arthur from different angles may not be familiar with archaeology in general and Cadbury in particular. It's too short to be properly informative about the Dig, but I've listed relevant papers below.

All of us who have an interest in archaeology and/or a past link with South Cadbury, await with interest the outcome of Leslie Alcock's final report. Given what is actually involved in writing a final report, I do see how one for a site of Cadbury's status could take 21 years, plus! Also that it must have its period of

development, because archaeology moves on all the time, and discoveries from other sites cause theories to be modified and reconstructions made. For those with a blank about archaeology, a short explanation follows!

Every detail on an excavation has to be considered in context; finds are evaluated in relation to levels and structures, structures in respect of other structures, the whole in the context of archaeological horizons, geology, geography and all the -ologies you can name. Not to mention history.

As far as I am aware, South Cadbury's importance still lies in its having one of the longest stratified sequences in Britain or Western Europe. This is reflected in the sequence number given to its 'Arthurian' period by Leslie Alcock - 'Cadbury 11'.

For a summary of the Cadbury 11 phase, I have turned to an extract from Geoffrey Ashe's excellent one under Cadbury - Camelot in *The New Arthurian Encyclopaedia*, updated in the 1991 edition - and abbreviated slightly.

This phase of the site may have begun c. 460 - 500 AD. Buildings belonging to it include a timber hall on the plateau, and a gatehouse reminiscent of Roman auxiliary forts. However, the most striking feature is embedded in the topmost bank: a drystone wall about 16 ft thick, encircling the entire, nearly three quarters of a mile, perimeter. This massive enhancement of the rampart incorporated pieces of Roman masonry and was bound together by a framework of wooden beams. Celtic, not Roman in style, it was a fairly sophisticated structure embodying an impressive amount of labour.

At the time of its discovery, Cadbury 11 was interpreted as an army base. Since the scale and elaborateness of the re-ortification were archaeologically unmatched in that period, the results permitted a connection with Arthur conceived as the war-leader of Welsh tradition. Over the next few years, it was widely assumed that Cadbury's apparent uniqueness was accidental, and the excavation of other hillforts would refute it. This did not happen. Reoccupation during the same period was proved in various places, but the stone-and-timber defensive work remained without a contemporary parallel in the archaeology of England and Wales. Comparable structures were found in Scotland but were markedly smaller and had no gatehouses. In a 1982 re-assessment, Alcock suggested that Cadbury was a political centre rather than a military one, the seat of a king with resources of wealth and manpower unequalled - on the existing evidence - in the Britain of his time.

Professor Alcock has written a myriad of papers on Cadbury over the years. In answer to a questioning letter from me about the future prospects of an exhibition of the finds from the Dig, Professor Alcock writes that his department has been involved for many years in the lengthy process of assessing what needs to be done in respect of the final report and the costs involved, and negotiating with agencies to fund its publication.

This was interrupted by his stroke from which he has now recovered, and we wish him renewed and continued health. Most of the finds from Cadbury are now stored at Taunton Museum.

On the issue of Arthur the 1982 paper re-states that South Cadbury's associations with 'Camelot' remain, because that is the earliest recorded name of the hill and usefully distinguishes it from the three other West Country Cadburys. Professor Alcock's excavation strategy was to be impartial as to Cadbury's historical phases of occupation. With regard to the Arthurian/Cadbury 11 phase, he has, since 1973, been an agnostic with regard to the historicity of Arthur. I think it's important to note 'agnostic' - not 'atheist'.

Alex is right; it WAS a different age. You have only to read my yellowing press cuttings of the Dig coverage to realise that: the sixties were a time when popular admiration for rising science and technology was underlaid with a desire for Adventure and Romance. Some time before AD 2000, when we feel a burst of philosophy coming on us, we could try to put into an historical perspective the reflowering of the Arthurian myth in the middle-to-end of the Twentieth Century! What was it about the 50s, 60s and 70s that provided the fertile ground? The Dig and the media circus which surrounded it have themselves added accretions. Retrospectively, how much of a hand do you consider Pendragon had in the whole process and how much was it, itself, being swept along by a popular movement?

Up to this point, this has been a factual article, so I will resume that tone and end on a practical note. One day, possibly not too far in the future, a Pendragon AGM could centre round a visit to the exhibition of Cadbury - Camelot finds and a walk round the hill's ramparts - with special attention to Rampart 'E'!

I'll check on whether the Red Lion still does food, well in advance.

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1980 A full account of the Cadbury sequence in the 1st millennium BC, *Bulletin Board of Celtic Studies*, 28

1982 Revised account of Post-Roman Cadbury.

1982 *Cadbury - Camelot. A 15-year Perspective*. Mortimer Wheeler Archaeological Lecture 1982. *British Academy Proceedings* Vol LXVIII

The Resistivity Episode:

Cavities at Cadbury, C.M.Bris-tow, *PENDRAGON 'Mysteries'* edn. Spring 1980. If you want a photocopy, send 40p and a SAE to K. Pollard, 21 Hill St., Totterdown, Bristol BS3 4TW.

Copies of 'A for Arthur' are obtainable from Anne and Eddie Tooke at £1.00 including p.& p.



One of us with Leslie Alcock

LETTERS

I had no idea before glancing at PENDRAGON XXI-2 that Deirdre had a doppelganger. The words of comfort which you have appended to the reprint of Ms. Foulkes' letter are a great relief to me, assuring me that the original Deirdre is still alive and kicking.

I have considerable empathy with Deirdre, and am glad she keeps on writing in hopes of being published verbatim. There must be thousands just as confused as her (or she, as the case may be). Isn't Deirdre a good role model for us all? I can identify with her much better than with Morgan le Fay, for example.

Yours enigmatically,
(Fred Hadley, Surbiton.)

[Ed:- No, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, the fairy queen Morgan may well have been a priestess of Isis but I don't quite see you as H.M. DEIRDRE LE FAY, walking the Sacred Path with your anagrammatically linked prince - EMIR FRED HADLEY. 'Empathy' is not derived from 'emir path'; nor does it depend upon anagrams. Just go and jump off a pyramid, will you?]

Have recently been to a university conference in the Rhineland. Managed to get in a few trips in the area and in Hesse. The area is still full of the atmosphere of the High Middle Ages with Arthurian motifs present. I would like the opportunity for a longer visit although without a good working knowledge of Middle High German it is difficult. My German just about allows me to buy a beer!
(Peter Wood, Bristol)

On 1.4.91 the Daily Telegraph science contributor, Adrian Berry, wrote an introductory comment under the heading 'Explosive era of Arthur'.

One of the astronomers named as co-author of 'The Cosmic Winter' is Prof. Victor Clube, who spoke as an astro-physicist during a London University week-end seminar in 1988. The event was billed as 'Cosmic Impacts and Mass Extinctions'. Dr. Clube mentioned, by way of an aside, that 'Cup and Ring marks found by archaeologists in Scotland might have been carved to represent comets. This idea seems naive to me but could be developed if the carvings could be dated in some way. (It is a pity so much is being made now of the ring marks known as 'crop circles', which are quite likely to be practical jokes).

Having acquired a pre-occupation with Waste Lands, actual or poetic or legendary, I am not disposed to guess how PENDRAGON will react to the many catastrophes we read about, but I suggest an early review of the book called 'The Cosmic Winter' would be a good start.
(Fred Hadley, Surbiton.)

[Ed:- Excellent idea Fred! How about doing one for us?]

Thankyou for the latest PENDRAGON - excellent as ever. I enclose a drawing I have done - 'Merlin', which you might like to use in a future issue of the magazine.
(Nigel Pennick, Cambridge.)

[Ed:- Nigel's new book, 'The Secret Lore of Runes and other Ancient Alphabets' came out in May. It will be reviewed in our next issue.]

I was particularly interested to read Beryl Mercer's reference to the principality of Leon or Lyonesse in Brittany being named

after Caerleon upon Usk in Gwent, and also Steven Banks' comments regarding the Breton Traditions relating to King Arthur. I should, therefore, like to give some of the background behind these associations.

In the old manuscripts Arthur is frequently referred to as the king of the Silures, whose capital was at Caerwent in Gwent. The territory of the Roman Republic of the Silures, which was replaced by a monarchy in the fifth century, included large parts of Gwent, Glamorgan, Herefordshire and Gloucestershire. This was to become the immediate realm of the celebrated King Arthur, but his empire extended into Cornwall and Brittany.

The Silures were a branch of the Veniti of Armorica who established themselves in South-east Wales, Cornwall and the Scilly Islands. It is not a mere coincidence that the main field of influence of the royal princes of Glamorgan and Gwent was in South-east Wales, Cornwall, the Scilly Islands and Brittany. It is also interesting to note that Caerleon, Cernyw and Gelliwig in Gwent have their counterparts in both Cornwall and Brittany. If the Leon or Lyonesse in Brittany was so named after Caerleon upon Usk in Gwent, then so must have been its counterparts in Cornwall and the Scilly Islands. It has been suggested that Arthur's connection with Cornwall has been overstated, but this may not be the case when one considers that the royal princes of Glamorgan and Gwent ruled a maritime empire extending from South-east Wales to Cornwall and Brittany. These are the very regions most associated with King Arthur and his knights.

It thus becomes obvious that King Arthur's greatest achievement was to recreate the empire of the Silures, but in the course

of time his expansionist policies created a power vacuum. His empire was threatened first by the Gewissei (Irish confederates) and their Saxon allies, and secondly by a dynastic revolution. He succeeded in breaking the power of the Gewissei and their allies, but was taken completely unawares by an insurrection raised by his treacherous nephew Medraut in 537. After Arthur's fall, his empire fell into its component parts, but he still managed to retain Brittany, which he liberated from the tyranny of Marcus Conomorus in 555 and where he died in 562. In Brittany he is celebrated as St. Armel, which is Breton for Arthmael. There is good reason for Dr. John Morris's statement, in 'The Age of Arthur', that the most important of the 6th-century emigrant leaders was probably Arthmael.

(David Pykitt, Burton-on-Trent.)

Ivor W.J. Snook, aged 80, died peacefully in hospital on Saturday 18th May, 1991. He was well known to readers of many publications (The Newsletter, Stonehenge Viewpoint, etc. etc.) for his erudite researches into the Dark Ages and their mysteries. He will be missed by all his friends and acquaintances and will be remembered for his perceptive and pleasant approach to his investigations.
(Sid Birchby, Manchester.)

[Ed:- Ivor Snook joined Pendragon in 1977 and has contributed many fine articles which have been published in our Journal. His scholarship was prodigious; members of his calibre cannot easily be spared. We still have one of his articles on Stonehenge in our files which will appear in a future issue.
All Blessings Ivor, old friend.]

I was delighted to receive and read the latest PENDRAGON and the proof of the pudding is in the cheque enclosed.

Alby Stone's article was very thorough and I look forward to the continuation/conclusion. Robert Graves of course (among others) made many connections between Bran, Arthur and Odin, and it is a subject which crops up from time to time in PENDRAGON. Nik Wright wrote an article 'Of Ravens, Gods and Men' in the Arthur edition back in 1979-80.

I was intrigued by the statement 'There are no Roman or Romano-Celtic inscriptions to Bran'. Of course I've heard this mentioned before. There was a Dark Age inscription to somebody called Camulorix Brannus in Pembrokeshire (a pillar-stone lost since 18C), which suggests something about use of the name in Arthurian times. I wondered if the name was disguised by its appearance in another form, such as Veranius. The Latin

(Continental Celtic?) name Veranius is found in the early centuries of Roman Britain (Quintus Veranius a 1st century governor of Britain, and Quintus Valerius Veranius, a contemporary potter, originally from Gallia Belgia). But these examples are not very convincing. (Chris Lovegrove. Bristol.)

[Ed:- I make no apology for including the following letter from myself in the Readers' Letters column: after all, I do occasionally read the Journal - even though it may not seem that way to other Pendragons.]

Isabel Hill Elder, in 'Celt, Druid and Culdee', gives 'Bran' as a contraction of 'Brenhin' - '... that is 'King' ... mentioned in the Triads as Bran the Blessed.' Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable notes the same contraction but regards 'Brenhin' as the Celtic equivalent of 'Brennus', the Gaulish war-chief who captured Rome in about 390 BCE.

The study of early British history is not aided by the fact that different individuals frequently appear to have the same name. Conversely, the same personage may be known by several names. For instance, the Siluric leader Caradoc (Caractacus - from Caer-vraight-tagos = king-commander) has been known as Gueirydd (justiciary) and Arviragus (from Ard-an-rhaig = king-paramount [all interpretations by Ms. Elder]). One cause of confusion is the ancient British habit of calling their VIPs by titles instead of their given names. Positive identification is therefore a chancy business.

Bran, in Welsh, is 'brenin (brenhinoedd)' which means king. One would expect a similar meaning for bran in Cornish, which resembles Welsh in many respects, but no: bran in Cornish has a rather less

dignified meaning - 'crow': raven being simply bran vras = 'big crow'. Still at least there seems to be a Bran-raven link here.

Alby Stone, in the current instalment of his excellent article 'The Fisher King and Odin', gives raven as 'corbie', from the Middle English, which neatly justifies 'Corbenoit', the castle of King Fisherman. Elsewhere, as Alby himself notes, Corbenoit is interpreted as 'Blessed Body', while the alternative name, Carbonek, comes from 'caer bennawg' - the square or four-cornered castle.

So the subject poses problems, even for scholars, and I, as a layman, merely draw attention to the above points because of their possible interest to other Pendragons who, like myself, haven't the ability to do original research but are fascinated to read the views of those who have.

(Eddie Tooke. Tewkesbury.)

[Ed:- Yes, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, adding 'n' to 'crow' COULD give the bird kingly associations, and yes again, it may be apt for Alby's 'Bran' article to appear in 'cereal' form. But though there may well be other Bran-related Arthurian sites in Britain, Caerleon-on-HUSK is not one of them. Trust you to debase an intelligent discussion.]

I feel I must tell your readers that she [Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury] is by no means sod-buried, but still chipping away as merrily as ever at Academia, thank heaven. I went to see for myself, anxious for her welfare, and other anxious readers may be interested to hear how I found her.

[Ed:- There now follows a spine-chilling description of Deirdre which the more squeamish

may like to skip. Those made of sterner stuff - read on.]

Blacker were her face and hands than the blackest iron that had been steeped in pitch; and it was not her colour that was ugliest, but her shape: high cheeks and hanging baggy-fleshed face, and a stub wide-nostrilled nose; and the one eye mottled green, most piercing, the other black, like jet, deep sunk in her head. Long yellow teeth, yellower than the flowers of the broom, and her belly swelling from her breastbone higher than her chin. Her backbone was shaped like a crutch; her two hips broad in the bone, but everything narrow thence downwards, save that her feet and knees were clumped.

In fact she resembled to a remarkable degree the Loathly Damsel encountered by Peredur in the Mabinogion, with the added feature that the right side of her brain was definitely larger than the left. I measured it (with her gracious permission) using a strip of bacon-rind she had as a book-marker, as I hadn't thought to bring a measuring-tape with me. Strips of animal-hide were in any case the traditional way of measuring the Glastonbury Twelve Hides, she reminded me roguishly.

So I am happy to report that if not exactly in the pink, dear Deirdre is as well as can be expected under the circumstances (stance) (ferunce).

(Mary Caine. Kingston.)

[Ed:- Congratulations Mary Caine for attempting to solve a puzzle that has tormented the best Pendragon minds for years: what Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury really looks like. Unfortunately it was an abortive exercise. And even worse than that. According to the Mabinogion, the Loathly Damsel was a fair-



'You MUST remember, Poppleton, you'll never make any finds until you work systematically'

haired youth in disguise. Other sources equate her with the beautiful and virtuous Lady Ragnall under enchantment, while John Matthews, in 'Gawain - Knight of the Goddess', tells us that the Loathly Damsel is an aspect of the goddess herself.

What have you DONE, Mary? A conceited Deirdre believing she has hidden beauty we could learn to live with. A Deirdre imagining herself a high priestess of Isis (see Fred Hadley's letter above) could just about be tolerated. But a Deirdre seeing herself as an aspect of the great goddess Quick! Change our name to PENDEIRDRE to appease her!

St Jude, patron saint of lost causes; intercede for us.
St Jude, patron saint of lost causes; intercede for us.
St Jude, patron saint of lost causes; intercede for us

P.S. Thanks for the fiver, Mary, anyway!!

My comments on the Raven-god [in Issue No.21/2] refer to Alby Stone's original article in 'Folklore' Vol.1001 1989. According to Donald Mackenzie ('Teutonic Myth and Legend'), Tyr was the chief god of the Teutonic pantheon at one time (pre-Odin), under the name Tiwaz. And before Tiwaz, the 'head yin' was probably a star-god named Ivalde (Wade, Vate), but we don't know a great deal about him.

Re the John Dunn Radio 2 interview with Prof. Richard Bradley: I'm a bit puzzled by the statement: 'Apparently in Neolithic times, about 6000 years ago, swords were thrown into lakes and rivers ...' But 'Neolithic' means 'new stone', doesn't it? Surely there weren't any swords as long ago as that? I'd have thought they were

'created' in the Iron Age or Bronze Age?

I enjoyed your own 'meaning of Arthur' article, and was pleased to see that quantum physics got a look in! John Gribbin maintains that 'nothing happens unless somebody is looking at it' (a bit of an oversimplification, but as you say - Bishop Berkeley would have approved!), and quantum physicists are beginning to substitute the word 'participator' for 'observer'. So I tend to agree with you that, if enough of us believe that Arthur WILL return, that belief could well become actuality. Somehow ...

Reminds me of that bit in 'Peter Pan', where Tinkerbell is dying because not many children believe in her anymore.

('The Universe is a series of agreed-upon considerations ...' L. Ron Hubbard.)

Here's another puzzling bit - puzzling to me, anyway: Mary Caine says of Arthur: 'He suffers nobly and without rancour the killing of his son by base Sir Kay ...' I think I've heard/read that Arthur did have a son called, I think, Lacheu or LLacheu, but I've never managed to locate any details about this. Could someone please tell me the source of this particular story? Also I always thought it was Galahad who was the 'spotless knight' who eventually achieved the Grail; where does Perceval come into it? (Have I been reading the wrong authors? Anyway, as I said last time, I much prefer the 'pre-chivalrized' Arthur as portrayed by Mary Stewart and Rosemary Sutcliffe ...)

I have read and enjoyed all the other contributions, though am not sparked to further comment - except to say that I do appreciate, very much, the thread of wit and humour which brightens every issue of PEN-DRAGON. Keep it up! (Beryl Mercer. Truro.)

the Fisher King: and ODIN

ALBY STONE:

NORSE Tradition and the Grail Legends.

Part Two:-

Obviously, there must have been some continuing oral tradition, and in some areas there would have been a greater respect for and knowledge of Brán than of Beli. There have been attempts to identify Brán with the Celtic god identified by the Romans with Dis Pater, the Latin Hades, from whom the Celts claimed descent, according to Julius Caesar - but this would still leave the problem of why, when it was standard practise to give both Latin and Celtic names for a god on monuments and the like, Brán's name was continually omitted. The Romans had no superstitious dread of naming gods directly, and they most certainly did not respect any Celtic customs regarding this. There are three main possibilities: Brán may not originally have been very important at all, which is highly unlikely in the face of his evident importance to the Galatae of 300 BC and his later blossoming into significance in Welsh and Arthurian tradition; or Brán had waned into a minor figure, deemed by Rome to be of little consequence and so ignored by the *interpretatio Romana*; or he had undergone a major change of name and, perhaps, of attributes. Of the later Brán, we are told in the *Mabinogion* that he was of great size; that he was associated with a cauldron that could raise the dead, but which left them bereft of speech; that he was involved in a war which left two lands wasted and depopulated; that he was mortally wounded in the foot by a spear; that he and seven others were all that remained of his army; that he made his remaining followers cut off his head, which, still living, entertained them in an otherworldly hall on an island of Grassholme; and that his head was buried as a protective talisman at the site of what is now the Tower of London. The Irish *Immram Brain*, the earliest manuscript of which dates from the eleventh century, though the story itself is evidently much older, tells of a voyage made by Brán son of Febal to the Land of Women, taking in several other wonders on the way. In itself, it tells us little of Brán, save that he was associated with a voyage to an island where time was suspended. Apart from this, we have the Welsh tradition of Brán Galed (Brán the Figgard), associated with a magic drinking-horn; the *Voyage of St Brendan*, a Christianisation of *Immram Brain*, which adds nothing but a moral tone; and a few scraps from sources such as the Welsh *Triads*, which tell us little else, but which reinforce Brán's connection with a magical vessel and strengthen his rôle as a military leader. It should be emphasised that these extant references to Brán date back to no earlier than the eighth century; and there is nothing at all to support Brán's identification with any Celtic deity known from inscriptions of the Roman period in Britain or Europe. Many Celtic divinities were associated with cauldrons or cornucopiae; boats are found in early Celtic religious iconography, but seem not to



be associated with any specific deities - though it may be worth bearing in mind the well-known link between ships and Bronze Age funerary rites. The name *Brán*, 'raven', seems at first glance to be more helpful: one god known from the time of the Roman occupation of Britain and Gaul who does have a raven attribute is Lugos, known in Ireland as Lugh and as both Lleu and Lludd in Welsh lore. Lugos, though, has almost nothing in common with the literary Brán, nor do his later incarnations in literature. All in all, the evidence for Brán existing in the Roman period under an assumed name is very slim indeed; he may well have changed function or attributes, but that would be almost impossible to discover. It seems more likely that Brán went the same way as the Germanic Tyr.

This has a second bearing on the problem of the Fisher King. Something must have inspired the resurgence of Brán in the traditions of the insular Celts, perhaps even reshaping his myth in the process. The single most important event in the history of the British and Irish Celts, after the Roman occupation, was the sudden - in historical terms - influx of large numbers of Germanic-speaking people from the fourth century onward. These Germanic-speakers - Angles, Saxons, Swedes, Danes, and so on, coming in various waves to different parts of the British Isles - brought with them their own gods. These were related, through distant ancestry and repeated contacts, but distinct by emphasis and the demands of what were only relatively minor linguistic and cultural differences. Their chief god was Odin, or Woden - and he can be shown to be the god most likely to have sparked off a revival of interest in Brán among the natives. It can also be demonstrated that the mythical exploits and attributes of Odin help to explain those aspects of the Fisher King that cannot be accounted for by reference to either Brán or Beli.

Let us now examine the Fisher King. His legend can be condensed quite easily: he is the guardian of the mysterious vessel known as the grail, a very special example of a utensil common in medieval Europe, a deep, wide dish or bowl, not unlike a cauldron (according to *Parzival*, the grail is a green, semi-precious stone; the equivalent vessel in *Peregrinus* differs from the norm in that it contains a severed human head, swimming in blood). He is an invalid, crippled by a spear-wound (a sword, in the *Queste del Saint Graal*), often described as 'through both thighs'; though it is also stated that the wound is *between* his thighs, a patent reference to the genitals. Because of this wound, his land, the kingdom of the grail, has become a barren waste. The king's suffering and the land's blight can only be healed by the coming of the king's destined successor, who must ask a particular question in the presence of the grail. Along with the grail, which most often appears accompanied by a group of maidens, the Grail Castle contains a number of other mysterious objects, including a lance that drips blood; when these objects are displayed, those present are served by the grail with whatever food and drink they desire, and the grail itself helps to literally light up the proceedings. The Fisher King is usually dressed in black, usually wears a cap or hat, and is depicted as an old man. His castle and hall are generally square (the castle is circular in *Parzival*), surrounded by a moat or river, and with a central hearth with a large fire-hood. Sometimes, there are two grail kings, one the father or grandfather of



the other, and it may be the older man who is infirm but sustained by the grail. When the grail knight first meets the Fisher King he is seated in a boat on a river, fishing with a companion.

In *Perlesvaus* and *Parzival*, the Fisher King has sinister counterparts: in the former, this rival is the King of Castle Mortal, who is responsible for a great deal of trouble; in the latter it is the emasculated wizard Clinschor, who rules a very interesting parody of the Grail Castle. The *Suite du Merlin*, which purports to deal with the early history of the grail, gives the king an evil brother prone to committing murders while in a state of invisibility. Compare also the magician Gansguoter, lord of the Castle of Wonders in Heinrich's *Dieu Krône*; and their equivalent in Chrétien's *Perceval*.

The Fisher King's name is, as noted at the beginning of this essay, given as Bron or Brons (R.S. Loomis convincingly presents 'Goon Desert', the king's brother in Manessier's continuation of *Perceval*, as a corrupt rendering of Bron), Pelles, Pelleam, and Pellinore. In *Parzival*, the king is named Anfortas, whose name does not appear to be related to either form.

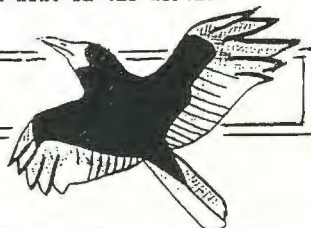
This is the crude essence of the Fisher King, stripped of the Christian trappings that came to cling to him. How does he compare to Brán? Firstly we should note that the spear, peripheral in the Brán sources, has attained an almost sacral significance in the grail legend. Secondly, the sea-fording giant has become an infirm old man, whose only marine connections are a moat, a boat, and a taste for fishing. Brán's severed head has also virtually disappeared, retained as a central motif in *Peregrinus*, and tangentially so in *Perlesvaus*, but present only in minor parts in the other versions, where it is rarely linked with the grail. The theme of the wasted land is still strong in the grail stories, of course, perhaps even more so; but it is linked specifically with the king's wound, rather than an arduous war; and it is also associated with a ritualistic question that is not found in the Brán myth. As yet, Branwen, Brán's exiled sister, for whose sake the Irish campaign was fought, has not been mentioned; but she is most profitably to be identified with the Fisher King's own sister, the widow living in the wilderness, mother of the hero Perceval. The grail, naturally, is to be equated with Brán's cauldron - but the latter has no bevy of young women for a retinue, nor does it illuminate the hall with its own light. Brán's otherworldly island dwelling has obvious parallels with the Grail Castle, with regard to structure; and there are spell-breaking incidents at both places, when one of Brán's followers opens a forbidden door, and when the grail knight leaves on the morning after his first, abortive visit to the Grail Castle - however, these are quite dissimilar. Only one grail romance, *Sone de Nausay*, has a close structural resemblance to Branwen - but in that it stands alone; interestingly, but probably fortuitously, it links the grail to Norway.

That is more or less where the resemblance ends, and even then it is apparent that there are significant points of divergence. On their own, these could be explained as inevitable corruptions due to time, and differences of context, culture, and language. One very important factor has so far been ignored: the name of the Grail Castle. It appears in a



number of variant forms: Corbenic (*Queste del Saint Graal*), Carbonek (in Malory), and Corbière (in the Manessier's continuation of *Perceval*); Cambenoye, Cambenoyt, and Cabenoyte (the *Prose Lancelot*); Malory, in Book XI of the *Morte d'Arthur*, also calls it the Castle of Corbin. These names are open to a number of interpretations. Loomis opines that it is a corruption of *cor benoit*, 'blessed vessel' (perhaps 'blessed body'), which he associates with the popular Celtic cornucopia motif. Another suggested derivation is from the Welsh *caer bannawg*, 'square (or 'four-cornered') castle'. The former seems to be an attempt on the part of Loomis to reconcile the pagan content of the grail legend with the Christian elements - it is not particularly convincing, in any case. The latter fits most readily with the descriptions of the Grail Castle. But it can be no accident that the romancers have given the castle a name that is close to the Old French *corbeau*, modern French *corbière*, and Middle English *corbie*: 'raven'. This fits neatly with Brán's own name, but is also a pointer to Odin, whose oracular ravens, Huginn and Muninn, are one reason why he was known, among many other names, as *Hrafnaguo*, 'God of Ravens'. The name of the Grail Castle in *Parzival* also points to Odin: Munsalvaesche, or Mont Sauvage, the 'Wild Mountain', probably a reference to Odin's rôle as leader of the Wild Hunt in the north.

continued



BookReview

'THE MAGICAL QUEST' by Anne Wilson. (Manchester University Press, 1988. £8.95.)

I make no apology for reviewing a book first published three years ago. Its subtitle, 'The Use of Magic in Arthurian Romance', is justification enough, whatever the gap in time.

This book, though seemingly of the John Matthews/Bob Stewart mystical camp, is rather more academic, but nonetheless exciting for all that. It asks the question 'Why are there so many apparent contradictions in medieval Arthurian Romances?' The answer, as all Pendragons of course know, is that the authors use traditional plots. And the rationale of these plots, like the closely-related fairy tales, is of a different order to that of so-called realistic novels. What, then, is this rationale?

The author's explanation is that a typical 'Magical' plot is 'a series of mental rituals through which participants bring about desires (in the mind of course) and dispel fear or guilt.' Many people have recognised the importance of such mental role-play and exorcism, from the use of modern escapist literature and films to that of traditional fairy tales. The late Bruno Bettelheim (whose integrity has recently been questioned) made such points in his 'The Uses of Enchantment: the meaning and importance of Fairy Tales' (1975).

Essentially magical plots are seen through the eyes of the chief participant making the steps or moves. 'The many characters in a plot will represent only a few characters' in the mind of the chief participant and often reappear in successive moves as doublets of each other, giving the chief participant a chance to explore a situation or relationship in a different way in order to reach a final resolution.

If you in principle accept this mental-ritual theory of Arthurian romance then you will enjoy 'The Magical Quest' as it explores the structures and resolutions of the plots of Yvain, Perceval and Gawain in their various versions. However, if you don't accept it, you may still find the author's attempt to solve the problem of Chrétien's unfinished Grail story of interest, as well as her discussion (she is an English specialist) of other literary texts as diverse as Jane Eyre, Shakespeare's *Pericles*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Treasure Island*, *Lord of the Rings* and *Mills & Boon* romances.

Chris Lovegrove.



TALKING

The Head of Bran was taken by his seven companions to Harlech, where they lived in happy enchantment for seven years, and the birds of Rhiannon sang to them across the water. Then they journeyed on to Gwailes and the Head of Bran continued to converse pleasantly with them for 80 years at The Assembly of the Wondrous Head.



Head

Here is the symbol for Summer (a Cup or Grail of plenty). The Summer Solstice has come and gone. All round the world, since time immemorial, the fullness of the year has been celebrated, often as a fire festival. It is a wiccan sabbat, of course, but it is dedicated in Ireland to Lugh and his heroic son Cuchulain. It is also the time of the Green Man - of whom more later.

CADBURY-CAMELOT:

During the early days of the Society our founder, Jess Foster, was one of the main instigators of the Cadbury dig - though this has not always been recognised by other writers. It is splendid that her daughter Kate has now given us an insight into those glorious Pendaragon days. Rummaging among old papers the other day, I found an 'Observer' colour supplement dated 1967. Inside was an article titled 'Camelot.' (Synchronicity indeed!) The author, speaking to Leslie Alcock at that time, wrote that the archaeologist believed that a Celtic British war-leader of importance and power was the last major defender of the 6th A.D. and that Cadbury was his military base. The reporter then comments, 'In that event, the Arthurian zealots who belong to the Pendaragon Society, and whose enthusiasm did a great deal to get the Cadbury dig going, will surely be satisfied that 'on the balance of probability' Cadbury Hill was Arthur's Camelot.' Further proof of synchronicity: visiting my favourite second-hand bookshop in April I was handed a copy of 'By South Cadbury is that Camelot... Excavations at Cadbury Castle 1966-70' by Leslie Alcock. (Thames & Hudson, 1972). I had been looking for it for many years! Perhaps it is time for us to remind the world that we are not just a collection of new-age dreamers: though it would be nice to think Cadbury Hill is full of gold and that every seven years a door in the hillside opens to allow Arthur and his knights to emerge and water their horses. Long may dreams and facts co-exist in the two lobes of our brains.

MAZES AND LABYRINTHS:

Talking of dreams, I was fascinated to learn that two modern mazes have been built as a result of the dreams of two clergymen. At Wyck Rissington church in Gloucestershire is a little 3x2 ft wall mosaic. This was built in 1988 to replace the now lost hedge maze known as the Mysteries of the Gospels. The original maze was designed by Canon Harry Cheales in the 1950s, as the result of a dream. In 1980 Robert Runcie gave an enthronement speech in which he used the metaphor of a spiritual maze. The Archbishop's Maze at Henley-on-Thames in Oxfordshire commemorates that vision: it abounds in Christian symbolism,

including a Roman cross within a Byzantine cross - to indicate the reconciliation between east and west that has been a vital aspect of the archbishop's work. The metaphor of the labyrinth has been used extensively in art & literature: writers from Alexander Pope to Jorge Luis Borges have made use of it. Michael Ayrtton the sculptor wrote a book 'The Maze Maker' (Solitaire Books, £3.95). He built a huge brick version of the Cretan labyrinth at Arkville in New York State. He also made several large bronzes of the Minotaur.



CYMRU-CELTICA:

I expect you will all be familiar with Celtica events in Wales. I have yet to see the Exhibition at Cardiff Museum. A comprehensive guide to accommodation can be obtained from: (Cardiff) Cardiff Marketing Bureau, 8-14 Bridge Street, Cardiff CF1 2EE. They produce guides, videos, maps, etc.; (Wales) Wales Tourist Board, Dept. DM2, P.O. Box 1, Cardiff, CF1 2XN. The events at Caerleon, 'Celts & Romans at Caerleon' is being held the weekend I write (15-16 June). Perhaps we shall have news from our Caerleon members for the next journal; the programme seems very exciting, especially an evening of Celtic Music and Theatre in the Roman Amphitheatre. Here are some other events in Wales this year:

1. Celtic Designs: June-September. Textiles at Museum of the Welsh Woollen Industry, Dre-fach, Felindre, Llandysul, Dyfed.
2. Celtic Fun Day: August 17, Welsh Folk Museum, St. Fagans; sports, games, cooking, storytelling, music-making, body-painting with woad, coracle racing and mead.
3. An Evening of Celtic Music, September 20th., Cathays Park, Cardiff. Hornpipes, harpist, Brigitte Kloareg (Breton Singer).
4. On the Trail of the Celts: ECTARC, Llangollen. Scheduled for 9th July, to last 6 months. Themes: the battle of Alesia led by Vercingetorix, European trade in 200 B.C., conquest of the Gauls, development of the Bourgoynne region.
5. Excavations at Brawdy Hillfort. 20th July-30th August, Penycwm in Dyfed. Supervised excavation, volunteers will learn excavation skills plus latest methods of archaeological work. Information: K.R. Dark, 324 Norbury Ave., London, SW16 3RL.
6. Roger Lee of Margam Country Park, near Port Talbot, believes that the rare breed of Glamorgan cattle is a direct descendant of the Pinzgauer Cattle of Austria and were brought to Britain by the Celts; experts in Britain and Austria share his opinion. There is usually a full programme of events at Margam, and if you are going west to Pembrokeshire you can call in and see the cows at the Country Park. Roger Lee, Margam Country Park, Port Talbot, W. Glamorgan, SA13 2TL.



7. Dolaucothi Gold Mines: National Trust, Visitors Centre, Miners' Way, every day, 10-6. The Trust has developed the site for educational visits, and teachers' curriculum packs are available: 'The Romans' and 'Welsh Legends and Culture'. (One of the Gold Legends is about Owain Lawgoch and the

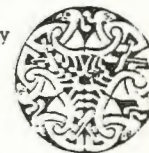
Sleeping Knights - a parallel to the Arthurian tale) Write to: The National Trust, The Kings Head, Bridge Street, Llandeilo, Dyfed, SA19 6BB. Also available from the National Trust shop: replica brooches of Taranis, Celtic god of Thunder (and Metalcraft), as found on the site. These wheel-shaped brooches have been found at Corstopitum in the Celtic North also. There seems to have been an early connection between the fire of the forge and hammering and with the sky god phenomena, blacksmiths have retained their aura of magic through the ages. Local residents have fond memories of watching the blacksmiths work at what is now my home - perhaps it was a place to be warm, when times were harder than now!

8. Celtic Crosses of Wales: An exhibition at Scolton Manor Museum, near Haverfordwest, from August 3rd-September 29th. Stone crosses from West Wales, especially the Carew High Cross. Local site-maps, souvenirs, etc., will be on sale. The organiser is: John Sharkey, 'Teg-y-Pistyll', Glanrhyi, Cardigan, Dyfed SA43 3PE. Tel: (0239)-86-610. (This name should be familiar to everyone: John Sharkey is author of 'Celtic Mysteries-The Ancient Religion' in the Thames & Hudson, Art and Imagination Series.)

9. Walking in the Footsteps of the Celtic Saints: this is the title of a 3-day sacred journey in Saint David's organised by the Wrekin Trust, 27-29th September. Based at St. Non's retreat on the clifftops, it includes walking the 'Golden Road' Stone-Age Track, unravelling a stone-age circle clock, visiting the Bluestones, dowsing, visit to Porth Clais (Arthurian associations), talk by artist Peter Daniels on the spiritual qualities of the peninsula, etc. Fascinating. Details: Wrekin Trust, Runnings Park, Croft Bank, West Malvern, Worcs. WR14 4BP. Tel: 0684 892898. I'm seriously thinking of making this journey myself.

10. The Welsh Gold Centre - Celtic Design Jewellery: Rhiannon Evans's stunning gold and silver jewellery is becoming world-famous (the Prince of Wales, Archbishop Desmond Tutu, and Jimmy Carter are clients!). She lives and works in the Welsh-speaking market-town of Tregaron (Main Square, Tregaron, SY25 6JL). Her designer-pieces feature ancient legends and mythology (Cross of Beddgelert, Deer of Cwm Iwer, etc.).

Information on Celtic exhibitions, craftspeople, etc. in Cornwall, Scotland, Ireland would be interesting to feature in future: let's have details.



FIRES, T.V. and THEATRE:

On May 5th I listened to an unusual radio play on Channel 3: 'Kingdom of Crows and Barrion.' Radio Times advertising described it as: 'the magical world of Celtic myth - a world of murder, curses and revenge, but strangely beautiful.' David Malcott's play explored the mythological roots of The Mabinogion 'to dramatise the eternal struggle between male and female. I was reminded of the themes discussed by Professor Jean Markale in 'Women of the Celts.' If you haven't dipped into this work details are: Inner Traditions International Ltd., One Park Street, Rochester, Vermont 05767 (distributed by Thorsons in this country). Cover blurb: 'In all her mythic guises - the Lady of the Night, the Rebellious Daughter, the Queen of Beginnings - woman is a powerful force. Reaching her is a magical act accomplished by a man who loves, who has overcome his repugnance, and is resigned to annihilation in order to win all. This is the new man who emerges in Celtic myth & legend.' In Arthurian legend also, this was brought out fully in the 'Morte d'Arthur' production at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith last year.

Another 'Arthurian' production at the Lyric in February was Christopher Hein's 'The Round Table.' Written in East Germany in 1989 it is an allegory which links the futile quest of the Knights of the Round Table to find the Grail with the abortive efforts to see Communism as a panacea for mankind's problems. John Peter of the Sunday Times had little patience with the premises of the play: 'it's as clear as a glass of schnapps that this is the crumbling communist regime of poor old comrade Honecker: the play reminds me of a snake slithering out of its hiding place: you know exactly what its tail is going to look like, but it takes a long time to emerge,' and 'the wife of one of the knights is sleeping with Mordred, a surly youth who is understandably fed up with the whole mythological set-up.' The play was produced by the Cracked Mirror Company.

On June 2nd we had 'Knightriders', the cult film which depicts 'Billy' the leader of a gang of bikers, a modern reworking of the Arthurian legend in response to the cultural drop-out of the 60's. Billy tries to raise his friends to observe old-fashioned codes of honour in their medieval jousts on motor cycles, wearing armour and carrying lances, battle axes, maces and broadswords. Inevitably, the forces of 'evil' are only too ready to destroy their ideals. Interesting but overlong, I thought.

The opera 'Gawain' by Sir Harrison Birtwistle opened at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden on May 30th; it is his third full-scale opera. I have analysed several interviews with the composer, in newspapers and on t.v., and studied a number of the first-night reviews: it is from these sources I make my report. David Harsent has written the libretto which has received much praise and (Sunday Times) 'Jungianly.' Gawain is led to self-knowledge (individuation) with dire consequences for the Court, with its enervated, polite conventions. Arthur is a troubled figure desperately keeping up the status quo; his Court is crumbling. There are mysterious women: Morgan (who opens the opera and remains a commenting presence throughout - though invisible to the other characters) and Lady de Hautdesert (whose role is to tempt the hero). Harsent is careful to draw out the opposing forces of Christian faith and pagan sorcery. Beyond the Court lies the untamed menacing world which Gawain explores, exposing himself to its perils to fulfil his pledge. Asked why he had set this story to music, Birtwistle said, 'In order to have the horse image! He also said, 'Subjects are chosen to give dramatic life to the music I want to compose.' This is important, because the libretto, written in modern verse, is servant to this wish. A Description of the Passing of a Year, 36 lines of verse become 8 pages of the libretto. The opera is not a setting of the original romance but of a specially devised poetic libretto. Critics vary as opera critics do - in their evaluation of the balance between the music and its theatrical expression. The Sunday Times: 'the music is Brucknerian, slow-paced, expressionistic and unrelentingly atonal. The Independent: 'I do not think the work as a whole will ever live up to its score.' Observer: 'Gawain packs a terrific punch, his music takes possession of the action instead of merely illustrating it.' I think these comments will enable us to understand the implications of: 'a memorable image is the entry of the Green Knight on his mighty horse,' 'the decapitated head, held aloft, sings to an astonished court' and 'the laser-cone green chapel is something to bring the kids to see.' But: 'the long masque gradually descends into anti-climax, in spite of the quality of the music: Gawain's Journey music is overwhelming



in its power: a snowbound landscape is wonderfully evoked' and 'Composer and librettist have failed to think consistently in terms of live theatre.' I look forward to reading a first-hand review by one of our musical buffs.

SITES, EXHIBITIONS, COURSES:

Lindow Man, Manchester: The 'Lindow Man' Exhibition is now back at Manchester Museum from March 26th-September 21st. Contact: The University, Manchester M13 9PL. Tel: 061-275-2634. Kate Pollard reviewed Anne Ross and Don Robins' book: 'The Life and Death of a Druid Prince' (Rider, £14.95, 1989) in Pendraagon XX/1.

Camelot Adventure Theme Park: I am not suggesting this venue as a serious Arthurian 'site' but, if you are travelling north and the kiddies want some fun, there's King Arthur's Opening Ceremony, 'Merlin's Magic Show,' jousting tournaments, 'King Arthur's Grand Parade,' Royal Falconers, Medieval Entertainers, and the 'Dragon Flyer' and 'Kingdom in the Clouds.' Further information: (0257) 453044, or write: Camelot Adventure Theme Park, Guest Care, Charnock Richard, Chorley, Nr. Preston, Lancs. PR7 5LP. (You have been warned!)

Power of Wales Centre: Llanberis, Gwynedd, LL55 4UR. Tel: (0286) 870636. Merlin is your guide to 'a fascinating journey through time to reveal to you the power of Wales.' This is done metaphorically and factually. With animated models, films, slides and special effects Merlin recounts the history of Wales down the centuries: Celts, Druids, Romans, St. David, The Princes, David Lloyd George, and takes you on a visit underground to see the largest pumped storage power station in Europe. Located on the A4086 at the foot of Snowdon.

Hereford; Mappa Mundi Exhibition 1991: At Hereford Cathedral, Mon-Sat. Winter; 11.30-12.30, 2.30-3.30. Easter to October: 10.00-4.15. Hereford Cathedral, 5 The Cloister, Hereford HR1 2NG.

Hereford Three Choirs Festival 1991: 18th-23rd August. Concerts in the Cathedral and other venues. Details: Hon. Assistant Sec., (Press & Publicity) Elizabeth Dibben, 3 Orchard Close, Bodenham, Hereford HR1 3JJ. Tel: (056 884) 624.

Herefordshire Secret & Sacred: Sunday 15 September-Saturday 21st September. Based on the Celtic kingdom of Archenfield or Erging, a cradle of the sacred teachings of Celtic Christianity - tales of Arthur abound - Knights Templars were initiated there. A holiday of discovery based at Poulston Court in a bend of the River Wye. Details: David Middleton, Merry Cottage, Grafton, Hereford HR2 8BL. (0432 276966). Visits to hillfort of Aconbury, Norman church of Kilpeck, Llanton Abbey, Arthurian sites, Templar sites, Hereford (Mappa Mundi exhibition), Castles in the Monnow valley. Evening lectures on Arthurian and Templar themes.

Stone Circles, Crop Circles and Other Magical Sites:

A Summer pilgrimage, led by David Furlong and Hamish Miller, author of 'The Sun and the Serpent' (on the St. Michael Line). This includes talks but is mainly practical. Visits to Pershore Abbey, Tewksbury Abbey, Gloucester Cathedral, Glastonbury and Stanton Drew, dowsing on the Malvern Hills, Avebury, Silbury Hill, West Kennet Long Barrow, a crop circle. Includes full board and accommodation, travel to sites, entrance fees. Details from: New Age Publications Ltd., Runnings Park, Croft Bank, West Malvern, Worcs. WR14 4BP. Sunday 11th-Friday 16 August.

The Tempest Seminars: The Phoebus Cart Theatre Company has been performing Shakespeare's play at unique sites: the Rollright Stones, Corfe Castle and the site of the Globe Theatre, London. Peter Dawkins, an authority on Shakespeare and Western Wisdom Traditions, has been holding a series of parallel Seminars to reveal the 'hidden' knowledge, inner meanings and transformative power of this mystical play. 'The last of these are at the Globe on 6th and 7th July. Contact: The Secretary, Roses Farm, Epwell Road, Upper Tysoe, Warwick CV35 0TN, or ring: Ticketmaster, P.O. Box 43, London, WC2N 4NX (071-379-4444). I found this information at the Rollright Stones when I visited them this month.

BOOKS:

1. The Elements of the Druid Tradition, Philip Carr-Gomm, Element Books. £4.99. Published 30th May. By the founder and chief of the Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids.
2. The Arthur of the Welsh, Ed. Rachel Bromwich. Mentioned last time. June 1991, University of Wales Press. £27.50.



(Mappa Mundi)



3. 'The Household of the Grail,' by John Matthews. Aquarian, 27.00.
 one of John's anthology volumes which examines the work and writings of key figures in the Grail quest - ancient and modern. Excellent editorial comment and valuable biblos.

THE GREEN MAN:



I would like to retract the rather glib dismissal I made of the Omnibus documentary 'The Green Man' shown on T.V. last November. I have watched it several times since and, within the limitations of the programme length and format, it was an honest attempt to present this formidable icon to the public. As the Producer, Julian Henriques wrote: 'The Green Man seems to be assuming new relevance in this age of ecological awareness, he is an ambiguous and surprising character who has appeared over the centuries as a pagan god and a leafy Christian symbol of vegetation. Like life and art he is essentially a mystery.'

I have been reading 'Green Man-the Archetype of our Oneness with the Earth' with great enjoyment. It is by William Anderson, photographs by Clive Hicks. They appear in the Omnibus film, tracking down green men in churches. Details: Harper Collins, 1990. The ISBN classifications are: 1. Green Man (tale), 2. Archetype (psychology), 3. Christian Art and Symbolism. There you have it; it is all of these and more, much more. It is a wise and cultured work, full of human insight.

I was delighted when the Wrekin Trust recently sent me information of the following course (which I have already booked): 'The Green Man - A day's search for the Green Man, the Gothic and the Grail in Winchester.' Date: 19th October, Fee: £37 (includes lunch), Venue: King Alfred's College, Winchester. (Pendragon Society was formed in Winchester). Tutors: William Anderson & Clive Hicks. Morning: A richly-illustrated introduction to the subjects of The Green Man and The Arthurian Legends with which Winchester has strong connections. Lunch. Afternoon: To the Cathedral returning to the College for a final session. You'll have to hurry, it's booking up fast, the archetype is blowing in the wind: Wrekin Trust, Runnings Park, Croft Bank, W. Malvern, Worcs. WR14 4EP. Tel: 0684 892898. They can also supply the book, post included: £16.25.

Pendragon XII-2 (Dec. 78, Midwinter issue) was titled 'The Green Man'. It linked two themes: Gawain & the Green Knight' and 'Green Men & Severed Heads.' Sadly, it also announced the death of Jess Foster on Jan. 28th, 1979. In that issue Tim Porter tells how he came to write his 'Sir Gawain' folk opera in the mumming tradition. In 1976 Tim formed the Green Branch, the Company which performed his works-mainly in the West Country. In the programme for 'Gawain' - which was performed with 'Robin Hood & the Turkish Knight' - Tim wrote, 'Arthur's knights struggled to preserve Britain's heritage in a barbarous age, and to transmit it to those who came after. The Green Branch has more peaceful methods (music & drama) but our aims are similar. We state, without pretending to understand, certain essential themes which too often go unregarded in this strange century, when 'myth' has come to mean 'untruth' - the exact opposite of its actual meaning. In 1978 the 'Wodwose' or Green Man was adopted as the company emblem (above right). They stated, 'Our emblem serves as a reminder of Britain's ancient heritage, which constantly takes new shapes, but which always remains alive.' We honour the memory of Jess Foster and treasure the work of the Green Branch.

Robin Hood: Tim's opera continues a long tradition; in 1473 Sir John Paston wrote of one W. Woode, an amateur actor he had engaged 'to pleye Seynt Jorge and Robynhod and Shryff off Notynham.' A fragment of the play exists. In it Robin Hood engages in a series of sporting contests - competing at archery, stone throwing, wrestling and he beheads his opponent in a sword fight. (Shades of Errol Flynn and Douglas Fairbanks). A protestant polemicist of the sixteenth century deplored the popularity of Robin Hood plays which led, in his view, to 'leyness and ribaldry.' Since then we have had many versions, played in various styles: Douglas Fairbanks (acrobatically); Errol Flynn (handsomely); Richard Greene (apt name-gentlemanly), young Mr. Connery (hauntingly, aided by Glannd singing 'Herne', 'Darkmere', 'Strange Land', and 'Ancient Forest' - Robin goes back a long way). Two more films are imminent, one with Patrick Bergin and Uma Thurman, a Maid Marion of the 90's with guts and character. As Barry Norman put it, 'Poll tax payers don't half need Robin Hood now!' Clad in Lincoln green, armed with bow & arrows, horn slung from his shoulder; roaming the greenwood of Sherwood Forest with his Merry Men.. this is 'the old Robin Hood of England,' as Shakespeare called him and as we know him today. But, did he ever really exist? One place where they have ideas about this is: the Visitors Centre in Sherwood Forest, or relive his adventures at 'The Tales of Robin Hood' Nottingham.



Contact Nottinghamshire County Council Tourism, Trent Bridge House, Fox Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 6BJ. Tel: (0602) 824215.

EXCHANGE JOURNALS:

1. Quondam et Futurus, has now merged with 'Arthurian Interpretations' to create a quarterly journal for 'juried full-length scholarly essays on the Arthurian legend, as well as current professional news.' It is now published by the English Department of Memphis State University, Memphis, Tennessee 38152. It has emerged as a well-produced journal, and this first issue (under the title 'Quondam et Futurus' No.1.) contains some very interesting articles. In particular I enjoyed 'What Tennyson really did to Malory's Women' (Maureen Fries) and 'Imprisoned in the Phallic Oak: Marion Zimmer Bradley and Merlin's Seductress' (Karen E.C. Fuog). It is good to have an Arthurian based journal on a par with P.M.L.A., etc.

2. 'Earthpulse' has also changed its name, it is now 'Mystical Realms'.

Sharon Dunlop has moved to Myrtle Cottage, Fore Street, Sidbury, Sidmouth, Devon EX10 0SD. She also runs a book service under the same name (SAE).

CIRCLES:

I have been busy pursuing my studies of the Whiteleaved Oak Pecagon circle. Visits to Hordley (Shropshire), Field (Staffordshire) and Goring (Oxfordshire) are to be followed up with expeditions to Llandovery and Llantwit Major soon. An exciting development is the possibility that this circle is one of three, interlocking to form a triskele with a shield-shaped 'holy' centre which includes Avebury. More of this later. I hope to begin writing something up this Autumn.

Drop Circles:

A cool appraisal of this manifestation is presented by Jenny Randles in exchange journal 'The Wild Places' No.2. Gloucestershire Earth Mysteries No.11. carries three articles. 'Round and Round in Circles' by D.P. Sullivan, claims to be an 'update on the bizarre corn circle formation in Britain during the summer of 1990.' The writer quotes Colin Andrew, 'It is as if a great universal finger has written on the fields of Southern England.' I know very little about these matters, but this article made me sit up when I read, 'According to the local press, between May and Mid-July 1990, 80 formations, mainly circles, had appeared in two square miles of country between Jaine and Devises' and 'No one was prepared for the complexity of patterns which appeared in Hampshire and Wiltshire this year.' These areas are in the 'shield' at the centre of the Triskele I have mentioned in relation to my own studies. Probably just coincidence?

Another aspect that interested me is the appearance of 'Key' or 'Finger' shaped symbols stretching out from three of the rings at the complex formations which appeared at Alton Barnes (Wilts) on 14 July 1990. They resemble the finger-like extensions of the St. Michael forces dowsed by Hamish Miller on Glastonbury Tor and illustrated in his book 'The Sun and the Serpent.' This book is reviewed in the same issue of 'Gloucestershire Earth Mysteries' - not too favourably.

KING ARTHUR THE SECOND:

I have been researching the possibility of Arthur's return, not as his fleshly self but in the persona of a claimant to the British throne, born in the line of succession to our royal dynasties. The most obvious example is Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII, but there are two more Arthurs, who might have been king. In studying these matters I have looked at the birth dates of our monarchs and related them to their astrological sun-signs, (only for fun, I'm not trying to make an esoteric case) the results are interesting. All this next time; I'm getting sleepy so I'll turn my face to the wall for a while.

By the way, no one seems to have taken me to task for calling the five birds in last Talking Head 'the birds of Rhiannon.' There were three in the original tale!



HEAR ye

RUMOUR-TISM & ARTHUR-WRITERS

Our live-wire Cornish correspondent, Beryl Mercer, sends a clip from The Western Morning News of May 20th. Once again the indefatigable Professor Norma Goodrich of the U.S. - discoverer of the Round Table at Arthuroon and Arthur's grave at Arthuret (near Greta) - has managed it. She has located the burial place of Queen Guinevere! The whereabouts of her grave has long puzzled the rest of us but not any more. Neither at Tintagel nor at Glastonbury is Arthur's worthy consort buried but in Meigle churchyard on Tayside. Exasperated Professor Thomas, head of Cornish studies at Exeter University, pooh-poohs the idea. 'Nonsense', he says, 'there is no such person as Guinevere, she never existed. This stone is in fact a well-known Pictish stone.'

So there we have it; the stone is Pictishious and Gwen is fictitious. Or is she? One reads of this scholarly dispute with mixed feelings. Either way Tintagel and Glastonbury lose out. (See also page 31)

REFERENCE LIBRARY

Member Sue Newland has inaugurated the Green Dragon Library at her home in S. Herefordshire. She has books on such subjects as Celtic/Druoidic history, myth and religion, art, Celtic Christianity and Saints, Glastonbury, Ancient Wisdom, Earth Mysteries, Gaia, the Grail, Cosmology and Folklore to name but a few. Write (SAE please) or phone for details of times and charges, study weekends etc. to: Green Dragon Library, 1 Fairview, Three Ashes, Herefordshire HR2 8LU. Tel: (St. Weonards) 09818 505.

Sue says she eventually seeks the development of a cultural centre within an organic community; like the Celtic saint foundations based on study, herbalism, arts and crafts, husbandry and worship. She is seeking funding/sponsorship from like-minded people to set it up.

ARTHURIAN REVIVAL

The Age of Arthur seems set to return - if the widespread and growing interest in our Pendragon proves anything. We have radio and TV programmes, the Carling Black Label 'Lady of the Lake' advert., and the Mobil involvement with the dig at Tintagel, having given Arthurian names to their latest oil-fields. But now [fanfare of trumpets!] -

'THE CAMELOT CHESS SET' [ta-raa!]

Made in fine pewter and comprising rather nicely sculpted models of Arthurian personages, it will set you back a mere £456.00 - £14.25 per piece, the chessboard/cabinet being free when you've bought them all.

The Camelot Chess Set is supplied by Danbury Mint of Cox Lane, Chessington, Surrey KT9 1SE. (CHESS-ington? That's GOT to be an arcane coincidence! Why, even the postcode starts with KT - the chess abbreviation for Knight!)

A more significant point, which will have escaped the manufacturers but will immediately register with Pendragon members, is the tacit support it gives to Malory's site for Camelot - 'WIN-CHESS'-ter. Reserve your set NOW. How can you lose?

[Note by Anne: 'No, Eddie, you're NOT getting one for Christmas. Just stick to learning Snakes and Ladders ...']

Exchange Journals

CAERDROIA - Editors Jeff and Deb Saward. 53 Thundersley Grove, Benfleet, Essex SS7 3EB. Mazes and labyrinths. Yearly. Write for details with SAE, or phone 0268 751915.

DRAGON - Editor Charles Evans-Gunther. Dragon, c/o 9 Earls Lea, Flint, Clwyd CH6 5BT. North Wales. Arthurian and Dark Age matters. Four issues for £4.50

FOLKLORE FRONTIERS - Editor Paul Screeton. 5 Egton Drive, Seaton Carew, Hartlepool, Cleveland TS25 2AT. Contemporary legends, urban belief tales. Four issues for £4.00

GLOUCESTERSHIRE EARTH MYSTERIES - Editor Danny Sullivan. GEM Magazine, 49 Moored Road, Leckhampton, Cheltenham, Glos. GL53 0ET. Three issues for £5.00

MERCIAN MYSTERIES - Editors Bob Trubshaw and Paul Nix. 12 Cromer Road, St. Ann's, Nottingham NG3 3LF. Four issues for £5.00

NORTHERN EARTH MYSTERIES - Editor Rob Wilson. 40b Welby Place, Meersbrook Park, Sheffield S8 9DB. Three issues for £2.95

THE BRISTOL TEMPLAR - Editor Julian Lea-Jones. 33 Springfield Grove, Henleaze, Bristol BS6 7XE. Local history. Membership with monthly meetings and 4 journals p.a. £8.00

QUONDAM ET FUTURUS: Quarterly for Arthurian Studies. Mildred Leake Day, editor, 2212 Pinehurst Drive, Gardendale AL 35071. Overseas subscriptions \$20.00, by first class airmail. An 'Independent newsletter' sharing Arthurian news from several Societies, Academies and Universities in America. Academic and literary emphasis. Board of directors includes Valerie Lagorio, University of Iowa.

THE WILD PLACES: Editor Kevin McClure. 42 Victoria Road, Mount Charles, St. Austell, Cornwall PL25 4QD. New Age research, Myths, UFOs, Wicca etc. etc. Single issue £1.75: 4 issues £6.00

LETTER TO WESTERN MORNING NEWS

'I can't altogether agree with Professor Thomas's alleged statement that Guinevere never existed ... Her name, a corruption of the early Gwynhwyvaer, is genuinely Celtic and might hint at the existence of a prominent woman of that name sometime in post-Roman Britain. Whether she was actually linked to the historic Arthur is an unanswerable question.

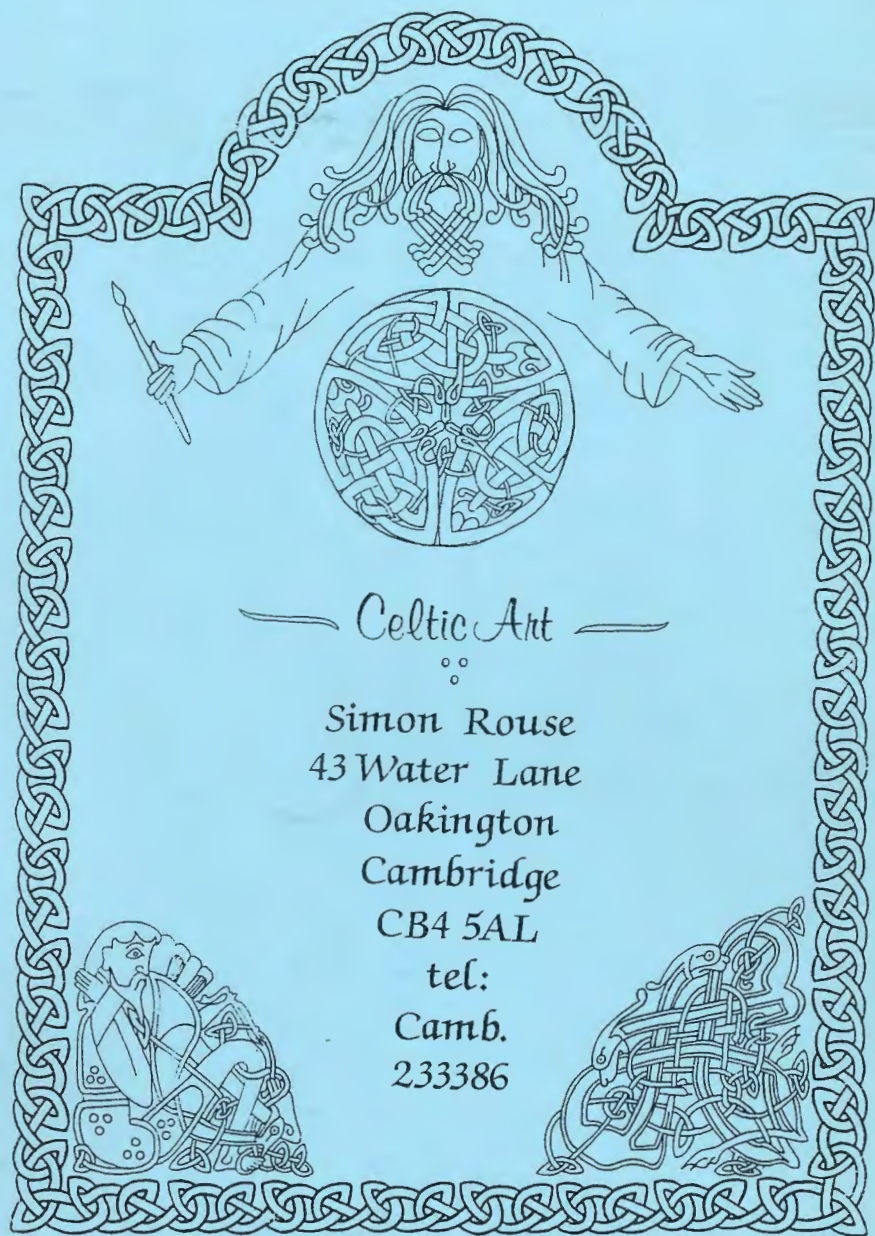
'Nor can I agree with your statement that Tintagel has always been traditionally identified as Camelot. No serious student of Arthurian fact or myth has ever done so: South Cadbury Castle in Somerset is usually suggested as the site of Camelot. In Arthurian lore, Tintagel has only ever been the birthplace of Arthur ... Writer, Craig Weatherhill, shares Prof. Thomas's exasperation that Burke's Peerage should give credence to Prof. Norma Goodrich's 'unfounded claim' to have found Guinevere's grave. (See 'Hear Ye

[Ed: Despite academic conjecture, it can be asserted that the tip of Pedigree Chum found by a legend-laden cairn in Breconshire did not come from the grave of Arthur's hound Cabal but from Tesco. Scholarly argument that 'Cabal' is sometimes called 'Cafal' (horse), thus establishing a link with dog food, is invalid.]

MYSTICAL REALMS

(was Earth Pulse)

Contact Network / Magazine investigating stone circles, sacred sites, leys, geomancy, dowsing, mazes, electromagnetism, wells, crop circles, the paranormal. Includes personal contact lists, titles, book reviews, organisations to contact, books for sale, forthcoming field trips and much more! Yearly subscription £5.00 for four issues. Contact Sharon Dunlop, Mystical Realms, Myrtle Cottage, Fore street, Sidbury, Sidmouth, Devon EX10 0SD. for details



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Commissions Welcomed