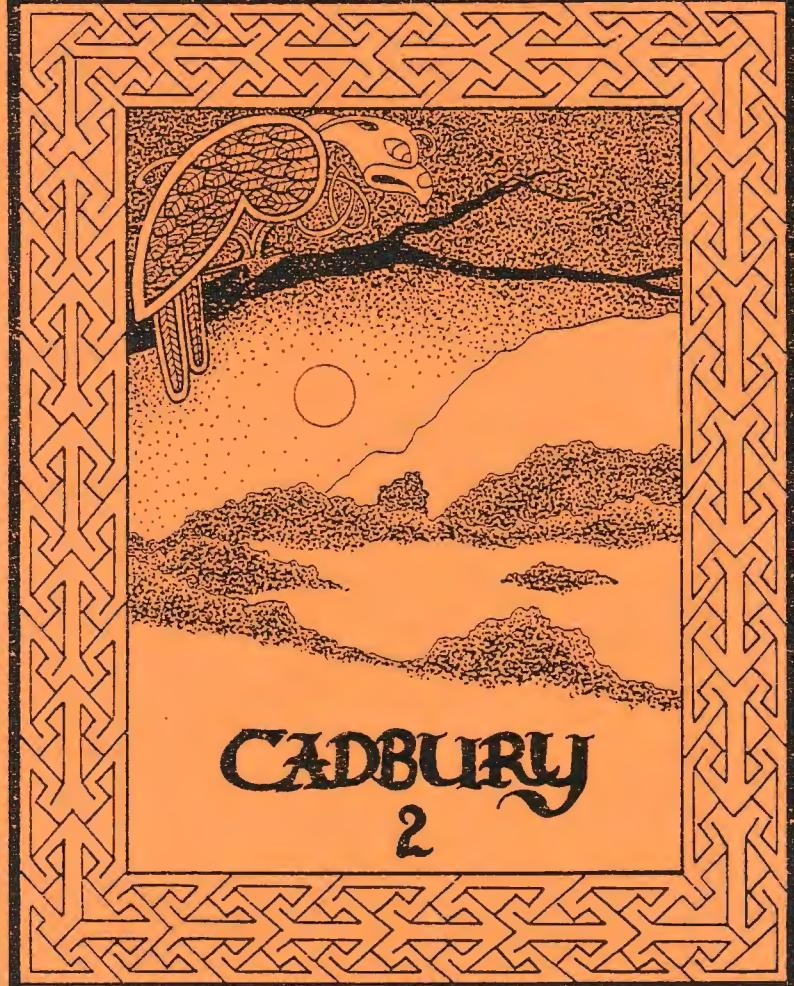


PENDRAGON



Pendragon

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Pendragon investigates Arthurian history, archaeology
and the mystery and mythology of the Matter of Britain.
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Main theme for this issue - Cadbury.

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EDITORIAL



There has been a meagre response to the announcement in our last issue about the 1991 Pendragon AGM. This is to be held in Bristol on 28th/29th September. A mere handful have so far promised to attend. If you're not among them, this is your last chance! We've managed to get the Journal out earlier than usual (not an easy task with the intervention of summer holidays) to remind you about this event in case you have overlooked or forgotten it.

Kate Pollard, at whose house the AGM will take place, will despatch the necessary details to you if you notify her in time - WHICH MEANS NOW. Send her a cheque for £4.00 to cover the cost of the refreshments she is providing. (Any surplus will be returned on the day to those attending). Her address is:- 21 Hill Street, Totterdown, Bristol BS3 4TW. Tel: 0272 776744. An A5 size SAE is required. (That's about 9 x 6.5 inches for you non-technical types.)

Slight changes have had to be made in the AGM arrangements: these have been notified to those who have already responded. People arriving on the Saturday will be welcomed by Kate. B&B arrangements can be made locally. The AGM proper, however, will commence at 1.00 pm on Sunday, in order to give everyone who can only spare the one day time to get there. It is anticipated that interesting talks etc. will take place during the weekend to brighten the proceedings.

Pendragon members, being spread around all over Britain (not to mention America, Australia, Europe and South Africa), have little opportunity of meeting one another except at AGMs and it would be nice to get a good attendance. Election of officers will also take place, so if you don't like what you've got you've only yourself to blame if you don't toddle along to change matters. Try to make it. A lot of hard work goes into the running of the Society and its Journal and it is encouraging to meet members, to listen to their views and to know that (sob) they really care. (Thanks for the loan of the nice large hanky, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury: I wonder if Ysbadden has missed it yet from his dirty linen basket?)

This issue, as you will see if you bother to read on, continues the Cadbury theme, (though I expect some of you will have been astute enough to guess that from Simon's wonderful cover). We have some material left over on the same topic for the Winter edition and the promise of another two articles. More, however, would be welcome. The last two issues have been 32-pagers: it would be nice if we could maintain this size. Or perhaps you have some Christmassy (or Pagan!) items that you feel might interest other readers? Send them along. We promise to peruse every manuscript thoroughly before dropping it into the WPB. Local newspaper cuttings on Arthurian or associated themes are also very welcome.

CORN CIRCLE UPDATE

(No, 'Cerealogist' of Swindon, I don't REALLY think wind spirals or electromagnetic vortices are likely to have caused the words 'Kilroy was here' to appear in a Chipping Sodbury cornfield. But keep up the investigations.)

EARLY DEFENSIVE SITES

The High Hills: South Cadbury and the Post-Roman Reoccupation of Iron Age Hillforts

by NICK GRANT

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASPECTS

In the 1960s, excavations at, amongst others, the Iron Age hillforts of South Cadbury and Cadbury Congresbury in Somerset and Welsh sites including Dinas Powys and Coygan Camp uncovered significant Post-Roman phases of occupation dating to the 5th and 6th centuries A.D. Since this time the phenomenon has received a great deal of attention; more sites have been identified, and models have been put forward to explain the occupation of fortified sites in the 5th and 6th centuries, and classify these.

It seems clear from documentary sources - historical and semi-historical chronicles, heroic poetry, saints' lives - that from at least the 6th century many fortified sites were in use as the strongholds of chiefs and princes, purely localised centres of power from which petty despots, together with their personal retinues, exercised control over the surrounding area. The military significance of these forts seems to have been private and limited. By this time political authority in the Celtic west had completely fragmented and few individuals would have been in any position to attempt any wider strategic defensive design. This picture is supported by excavation evidence. Fortified sites with evidence of 6th century occupation are typically small in size - usually less than one hectare being enclosed - and located in often inhospitable sites making maximum use of terrain and siting for defensive purposes.

These little strongpoints were not the only fortified sites occupied in the Post-Roman period. It is possible to identify a group of much larger Iron Age hillforts, including South Cadbury, across southern England that were certainly or probably reoccupied in the 5th and 6th centuries. The Table and Map list the best-attested examples, but there are many other sites that have yielded Late Roman material and potentially fall into this group. These sites do not fit the model outlined in the previous paragraph on size alone, normally occupying between 3-8ha in area. Clearly a different explanation must be found for this settlement type. We are hampered by the paucity of written

material for the 5th and early 6th centuries, but the 6th century writer Gildas may supply a clue to the appearance of this phenomenon. Describing the Germanic invasions, Gildas states (Chapter 25) that some Britons 'held out ... in their own land, trusting their lives with constant foreboding to the high hills, steep, menacing and fortified, to the densest forests, and to the cliffs of the sea coasts'. Many of the reoccupied hillforts are too large to be effectively defended against sustained military attack, but were quite probably adequate for short-term use by fugitives or refugees when Germanic raids reached the area. This may be what Gildas is implying.

If these reoccupied hillforts can be accepted as forming a recognizable settlement group, arising in common from the political and social instability of the period, South Cadbury, was on all the evidence we have (summarised in the Table), at the very peak of this group. Whilst it is true that South Cadbury has been investigated archaeologically more than most hillfort sites (about 6% of the interior has been excavated), sufficient large-scale excavation has taken place at other sites (Danebury; nearly 25% of the interior excavated, Crickley Hill; nearly 50%, Cadbury Congresbury; about 5%) to make comparisons valid.

Firstly and perhaps most significantly, South Cadbury was subject to a systematic and full-scale refortification c.500AD, being provided with a timber and stone rampart with a gate-tower. No other site in Southern England can match this, either in terms of the thoroughness of the refortification, or in the area enclosed, 8ha in the case of South Cadbury. Some hillforts saw their defences refurbished, but apparently in a rather slight fashion. The defences of Cadbury Congresbury were subject to a partial refurbishment in the mid-5th century, but this rampart was already in decay by the 6th century. It appears too that the redefended area was only about half that of the Iron Age fort. The ramparts of Liddington and Danebury may have been heightened somewhat in the Post-Roman period, but full-scale reconstruction did not occur. Crickley Hill was not refurbished at all; its chief was content with its collapsed Iron Age rampart and a timber palisade.

Secondly, a high status building, a feasting hall, was discovered at South Cadbury. A substantial framed house (perhaps a step down from the South Cadbury hall?) has recently been found, along with other buildings, at Crickley Hill and a range of rather enigmatic structures were found at Cadbury Congresbury. However, in the main, identifiable structures (of any type) of this period are most rare.

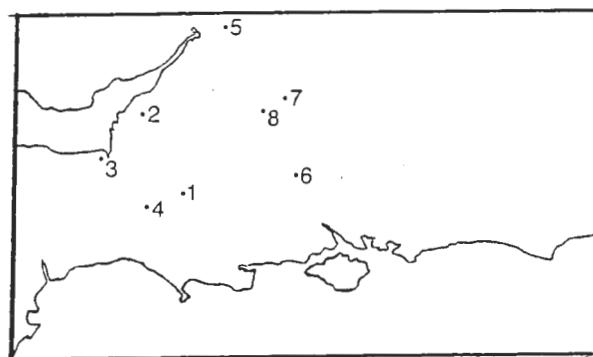
Thirdly, finds of high status imported Mediterranean and Gallic pottery of a wide range were made in relative abundance at South Cadbury. This material (A, B, D and E ware) is the chief dating agent for the 5th and 6th centuries, but is still uncommon. The pottery assemblage is matched by that from Cadbury Congresbury but remains uncommon from other southern English hillfort sites.

South Cadbury was clearly able to obtain quantities of this material when other settlements were not.

In short, South Cadbury, being a permanently occupied, well defended and maintained, large high-status settlement clearly datable to the 5th and 6th centuries is a most unusual site. It must have been the military base of someone powerful, wealthy and well-connected, and able to call on significant resources. There is a certain amount of documentary evidence to suggest that armies at this time, even those of kings, were numbered in hundreds rather than thousands. This accords with the small size of the forts described in the first two paragraphs. Straying into the realms of numbers-juggling, the perimeter of South Cadbury is about 1200 yards. The early 10th century document 'The Burghal Hidage', which lists the Anglo-Saxon forts and towns forming a system of public defence initiated by Alfred the Great against the Viking invasions, envisaged, it has been calculated, that every 5½ yards of town defence would be defended and maintained by 4 men. If anything like the same standards were applied in the 6th century, South Cadbury might have been manned by about 870 men, a very large force at this time. The likelihood is that South Cadbury played some significant role in the history of the period that we are at present unable to fully pinpoint.

Booklist

Alcock, Leslie: Arthur's Britain (1971).
 Alcock, Leslie: By South Cadbury Is That Camelot (1972).
 Burrow, Ian: Hillfort And Hill-Top Settlement In Somerset In The First To Eighth Centuries A.D. (1981).
 Cunliffe, Barry: Danebury. Anatomy Of An Iron Age Hillfort (1983).
 Dixon, Philip: Crickley Hill 1969-1987 in Current Archaeology, 110, July 1988.
 Driscoll, Stephen T., and Nieke, Margaret R. (eds.): Power And Politics In Early Mediaeval Britain And Ireland (1988).
 Fowler, P.J.: Hill-Forts, AD400-700 in The Iron Age And Its Hill-Forts ed. by Margaret Jesson and David Hill (1971).
 Winterbottom, Michael (trans): Gildas. The Ruin Of Britain And Other Documents (1978).



IRON AGE HILLFORTS
REOCCUPIED IN THE
POST-ROMAN PERIOD
IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND. (numbered as
in table)

Name And Location	OS Reference	Area Within Defences	Defences	Early Christian Occupation Phase Finds
South Cadbury (1 on map)	ST622852	8.0ha	Bank, ditch and entrance rebuilt	Hall and ancillary structures A, Bi, Biv, & D ware Saxon buckle, knives, Late Roman pottery
Cadbury Congresbury (2)	ST440650	3.5ha	Bank and entrance refurbished	5 to 8 structures of uncertain type A, Bi, Bii, Biii, & D ware, brooches, iron slag, stonework, Late Roman pottery
Cannington (3)	ST247405	1.8ha	No evidence	No evidence
Ham Hill (4)	ST478170	85.2ha	No evidence	No evidence
Crickley Hill (5)	SO928161	3.6ha	Bank not rebuilt, new palisade added	7 buildings inc. framed house, 14 sunken huts Bii ware, Saxon shield boss
Danebury (6)	SU324377	5.3ha	Rampart heightened, ditch recut?	No evidence
Liddington (7)	SU209797	3.0ha	Rampart heightened?	No evidence
Oldbury (8)	SU049693	4.8ha	No evidence	No evidence

IRON AGE HILLFORTS REOCCUPIED IN THE POST-ROMAN PERIOD IN SOUTHERN-CENTRAL ENGLAND

Victorian Cadbury

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE

By Edward Strachey. Atlantic Monthly, Jan. 1894.
(Sent by member Dan Nastali of Kansas)

'DOWN TO TOWER'D CAMELOT'

The squire was from home for a day or two, on business. When he came back, he asked the ladies, 'What have you been doing while I was away?' They answered, 'We took Mr. Foster to Camelot, to convince him that it was Cadbury in Somersetshire, and not Winchester, which he declared Caxton to have said it to be.'

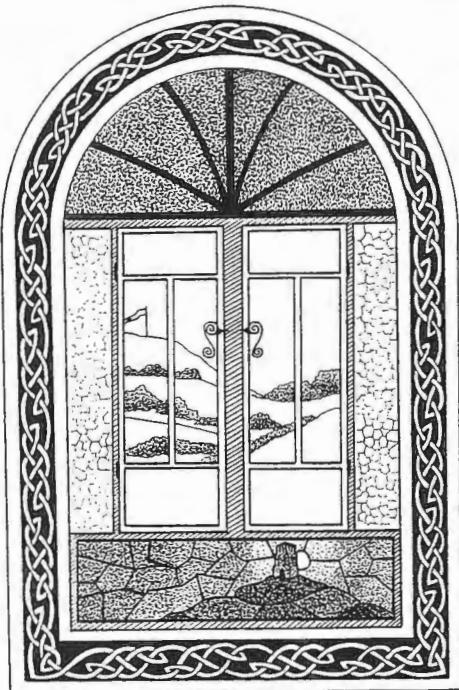
SQUIRE. Caxton was a wise as well as a good man, and his knowledge was great: but even he did not know everything. In the Introduction to the Globe Edition of *Morte Darthur* you will find the reasons for holding that King Arthur's Camelot - probably from Camelus, the Celtic god of war - was the Cadbury castle you saw yesterday. But perhaps you are already convinced that you had seen the true Camelot, and that Arthur really held his court there?

FOSTER. Certainly. I felt like Mopsa, who loved a ballad in print, because then she knew it to be true.

SQUIRE. I should like to hear your account of the expedition. I know you keep a journal.

FOSTER (fetches a notebook, and reads from it). 'We got to Sparkford at about one o'clock on a day of terrible midsummer heat; from there we drove to South Cadbury, about two miles off. The drive was across a plain: in fact, the end of the great valley which runs up from the sea, roughly speaking, bounded by the Mendip range on one side, and the Polden Hills, parallel to Mendip, on the other, and the beginning of the downs which join on to the system of Salisbury Plain, shutting in the valley at right angles to Mendip and the Polden Hills.

In this great trench are islands; near the sea, such ones as Brent Knoll; further up, Glastonbury Tor; and furthest from the sea, and just under the downs, lies Camelot. As we drove, we could see, looking towards our right, the downs bounding the horizon with their characteristic slopes, the flat tops and steep sloping sides and



general plainness of surface which give to downs an individuality among hills. Along their ridges were to be seen scars on their sides showing old encampments. Close under these downs stands Camelot, a long, regularly sloped hill, quite isolated, its top at a distance looking nearly horizontal, while the two ends present a slope of about the same angle: the side towards us was thickly wooded, and so no ramparts were to be seen. At South Cadbury, a pretty village, with its little church and pollard poplar trees round it, we began our walk.

A narrow lane, with steep banks, leading out of the highroad, and called Castle Lane, began to go up the hill. After a short distance we reached a gate: here the lane widened, and seemed to go straight up the hill in a broad ditch. A short way up, roads branched to right and left; on the one to the left was a gamekeeper's cottage. The branching roads were, in fact, the first ditches at the top of the first slope of earthwork. Before telling of our ascent to the fort, I will describe the general lines on which the defenses are made, as this will simplify the account I am going to give of the details.

Imagine to yourself a plain out of which rises a hill, two hundred feet high, of regular shape on the northern side; a slight slope up from the plain suddenly turns into a steep rampart of about fifty feet, so steep that we, like Camden, found it easier to run down it than walk. Gaining the top of this first rampart, you find yourself on a narrow edge, sloping steeply down to a ditch, a slope of perhaps ten feet; from the bottom of this ditch rises the second rampart, of about the same height as the first, which again ends in an edge sloping down to a second ditch, from which rises the third rampart, like the second, but not so high as the first and second, though as steep; this, too, has its ditch, and from it rises the fourth and last rampart. The top of this one is embanked about ten feet above the nearly flat top of the hill. This is a space of some twenty acres, and at the eastern end enters the roadway leading up from the bottom to where I have said we first began to climb, the roadway cutting through ditches and ramparts. This entrance was, no doubt, protected by the iron gates which still live in tradition.

So the road enters the oval top of the hill at the eastern end. Opposite, at the western end, another road just like this one comes up from the bottom; a little to the north of the western gate the ground rises in a knoll, called Arthur's Castle, and is the highest part of the hill, being five hundred feet above the sea. It has steep sides, which seem partly the result of art, and partly natural.

One could not help being struck by the simple earth walls and their primitive strength, and feeling how different must have been the people who lived here in rude strength from the gorgeous images of the Camelot of Malory. How entirely the life here must have differed from the mediaeval surroundings from which he drew his color! And we could not help wondering who were the people who began to make a fortress out of the hill, and what were the names of those who had brought these earth mounds and ditches to such perfection of strength. Strange that the genius that planned and the energy that executed should have left only the work accomplished, and no record of those by whose might it was framed! Strange that a people so great, who could carve the everlasting hills into citadels, and whose mounds and ditches have survived 'the drums and trampings of three conquests' should have left no

name even in the histories of nations now dead!

'But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana: he is almost lost that built it.'

The greater part of the hill is wooded. This, unfortunately, hides the ramparts and ditches, except at close quarters, but then they are seen clearly. We made our way up through the eastern entrance, walked across the oval top, and went out at the western gate down the hill to the bottom, where we found a wall below the last rampart shutting in the hill from the fields round.

We then circled round the northern slope inside this wall, in search of the Wishing Well. After going a little way, the squire's daughter saw a cow -

SQUIRE (interrupting). And you all ran for your lives. I suppose?

FOSTER. No, we did not. The young lady only availed herself, as her father would have done, of the opportunity for the exercise of the higher criticism, as you will see if you let me go on. - 'saw a cow on the top of the first rampart above us (here not very high), and thought this might indicate water. We went to the place only to find a muddy pool, and were thinking of going on farther, when the other lady of the party, her sister-in-law, noticed, a little to the right of the pool, a few steps above it, a small inclosure some twenty feet square, made by a low, dry wall: going into this, she found the well. The second rampart slopes up at the back of the little inclosure, making one of its walls: in its side, on the ground, is the Wishing Well.'

A block of stone, about four feet long, has been hollowed out into a circular arch, the inside of which is cut into a scallop shell: this block might be the top part or roof of a semicircular niche, though here it rests on no pillars, but on the ground, so the opening is only some two feet high and three long; the surface of the water was about a foot below the ground, in a little basin built, apparently, of brick, on the same plan as the scalloped roof, - that is, in front straight, the back a half-round. The water was of crystal clearness and of icy coldness. Although the shape of the stone was evidently not very old, possibly of the time of Queen Anne, as it is sometimes called Queen Anne's Well, still here it seemed a living thing of the past. The soft gurgle of the spring, as it ran away in some hidden channel, heard only when one bent close to the water, made one feel it was thus that this spring ran when those ramparts over our heads, now slumbering in peaceful decay, had resounded to the busy life of a capital city of the old British kingdom, or had echoed to the battle cry of a mightier race, the torrent of whose conquest this citadel had stayed, but not arrested.

(To be concluded)



'She says - can we give her a lift to the A.G.M.?'
(from 'The Faerie Queene': via F.S-J)

book & Reviews

'NEW LIGHT ON THE ANCIENT MYSTERY OF GLASTONBURY' by John Michell. (Gothic Image £9.95)

Ah, Glastonbury, the Ancient Avalon, heart chakra of the world! John Michell's new book will interest anyone who has been touched by the strange, powerful magic that pervades Glastonbury and its surrounding landscape. As the site of the first Christian foundation in Britain and with its history stretching back thousands of years before that, it is no surprise that Glastonbury plays so large a part when we are dealing with the sacred sites of our islands.

John begins his journey in prehistoric Glastonbury, in a Somerset Elysium where the number twelve looms large. It governed everything the Celtic tribes did, from their laws and religion to music. The land was divided into twelve parts, corresponding to the twelve zodiacal signs, with each division administered by a king, the kings making up a council of twelve, each representing and claiming descent from one of the original twelve gods who ruled the world. They spent their year travelling around their sacred landscape celebrating each of the twelve Celtic festivals at a different site. The famous (or infamous) Glastonbury Zodiac makes its appearance here too, the natural contours of the land having been gently sculpted by these twelve-tribe nations into a physical embodiment of the heavens.

In the first chapters of this current work John expounds on some of the subjects touched on in his 'New View Over Atlantis': the Chinese art of feng-shui, the St. Michael line, stone circles and the Glastonbury Tor maze. With each of these as a separate part of a complete puzzle they provide a fascinating insight into what life was probably like around the Isle of Avalon leading up to the time of Joseph of Arimathea's landing on Wearyall Hill and the foundation of the wattle church on the site of the present Abbey ruins. As he points out in chapter eight though, there are no records of Glastonbury life before the Middle Ages but even so there is enough information from comparative cultures and archaeology to provide a reasonable and convincing picture of what life could have been like for the local inhabitants. The Druidic college on the Isle of Avalon provided the base for learning and the fountain of knowledge for the people of the area, with its most famous pupil Jesus having passed through with his uncle Joseph during his hidden years. It is legends such as these that stem from, as well as others that have attached themselves to, Glastonbury that combine to give the place its aura of sanctity that has been recognised by succeeding peoples right up to the present day. It is also a testament to the power of Glastonbury that it has become a symbol of hope for the future as we enter the dawn of a New Age.

The second part of the book is entitled 'The Christian Revelation' and it encompasses some of these legends and the coming of Christianity to Britain. The chequered history of the old church and Abbey, the monks' 'discovery' of the grave of

Arthur and Guinevere, and the excavations and motivations of Frederick Bligh Bond are amongst the other themes covered in this section. The chapters on the foundation pattern of Glastonbury Abbey and Stonehenge, and the geomantic principles involved in constructing the New Jerusalem on Earth are particularly exciting. I am not fully versed in the arts of gematria or geometry but these foundation patterns have an almost unconscious 'truth' to them and it feels completely 'right' that ancient structures were definitely built according to some divine plan. Having said this, though, I still have nagging doubts about the physical existence of the Glastonbury Zodiac although I retain an open mind on this and am willing to be convinced that it does, in fact, exist!

As our journey continues we arrive in the present century where Mr. Bligh Bond comes across as a rather sad figure and one is only left to wonder what else he might have discovered had he been allowed by the church authorities to continue his excavations, with or without his psychic friends.

John's 'View Over Atlantis' is currently considered a classic in its field and I feel sure that in years to come this 'New Light' will join that other work and be held in the same esteem. His research and insights are both extensive and rewarding and his writing is particularly lively. For anyone who has not yet visited Glastonbury, I would recommend that they take a copy of this book with them when they go, and experience the magic of 'the holiest erthe in Englande' for themselves.

Simon Rouse.

'CELTIC ART IN THE NORTHERN TRADITION' by Nigel Pennick.
(Published by Nideck. £1.95 plus 20p p.& p. from 142 Pheasant Rise, Bar Hill, Cambridge, CB3 8SD.)

Nigel Pennick will need little introduction to Pendragon members for, over the years, he has written many articles, pamphlets and books, a good number of them published by himself under various imprints. 'Celtic Art' is the latest in this line and also his first self-published work for over three years.

Running to 30 black and white pages, it is packed with illustrations combining original forms of knotwork with more familiar material from the usual sourcebooks, providing particularly suitable borders for Nigel's own accomplished artwork. Each illustration is full of symbolism, in particular the series of ten pieces representing the year cycle. As well as notes accompanying each illustration there is an introductory page on The Celtic Tradition, the sentiments of which I agree with whole-heartedly; that the tradition of Celtic Art is very much a living tradition and that 'modern' Celtic Art is every bit as valid as the so-called 'authentic originals'.

This excellent little booklet goes some way in confirming this, with Nigel's amazing depth of knowledge of all things esoteric underlining every page. 'Celtic Art in the Northern Tradition' is No. 1 in the Ogygia Series and I, for one, look forward to future editions. More power to your elbow, Nigel.

Simon Rouse.

'MYSTICAL CHRONOLOGIES' by Paul Smith. (Amended edition 1991.) Available at £2.30 (incl. p & p) from the author, 301 Shobnall Street, Burton-Upon-Trent, Staffs. DE14 2HS.

Longtime member and sometime contributor to PENDRAGON, Paul Smith brings a considerable wealth of research to this publication, the result of many years' obsession with getting at the truth behind various assertions.

In any attempt to separate fact from fiction, and credibility from credulity, historical precedence and primary sources are essential. Paul attempts to establish the former and, wherever possible, consult the latter. He examines eight areas, some obviously inter-related. Starting with the evolution of early Christianity, he then traces Freemasonry from the 14C and the Rose-Croix from the 16C. The final four sections tackle Shugborough Hall, Thomas Wright, Et in Arcadia Ego, and Rennes-le-Chateau; all comprising an area of investigation with which PENDRAGON has concerned itself in the past.

For your average Arthurienthusiast, section 4 deals with Glastonbury from the 11C and with the development of the legends as the familiar elements were introduced.

CHRONOLOGIES assumes some knowledge from the interested reader. Typically, an entry will have details of a first publication by a particular author, with perhaps a key passage or a critical comment; or the whereabouts of a key figure. There are also various addenda with material not easily lending itself to a chronological approach.

I cannot comment on areas I have not studied, but those I have are certainly enlightened by this particular lay-out. This 56-page illustrated databank is well worth the outlay if you are a serious student of mysteries, with or without a capital M.

Chris Lovegrove.

'THE SECRET LORE OF RUNES AND OTHER ANCIENT ALPHABETS' by Nigel Pennick. (Rider £9.99)

'Like language, the alphabet is a metaphysical description of reality ... The most important function of magical alphabets is to enable the seeker to experience transformative processes. They provide a series of accessible images of a reality that sometimes cannot be comprehended by any other means.'

Nigel Pennick, in what must be one of the most comprehensive works of its kind, deals thus with the philosophy behind 'magical alphabets'. They are symbols that can have a transforming effect on one's consciousness and it is this inner transformation that is the aim of Nigel's book. The 'magic' consists in the effect of the symbols on the MIND - not directly upon physical objects.

This is something I have not seen stressed to any extent in works by other authors in the field - even Bligh Bond. It is important because it lifts rune-magic, writing and rituals out of the realms of possible hocus-pocus. They become as respectable as mathematical formulae - which quantum physicists now generally regard as the nearest we can get to defining the physical universe. Symbols are for psychology what mathematics is for physics: both are metaphorical; representative of, but not identical to, an enigmatic reality. They may link our physical world with a more vital state of being (as above, so below) by opening the channel of our understanding. Another point well-made is that it is wrong to believe that the modern world is but a degenerate reflection of a former golden age .. the past is the repository of errors as well as truths.'

This excellent book analyses many ancient alphabets and magical beliefs. I have just one tiny quibble: a work that runs to a glossary, eight appendices and an extensive bibliography, surely deserves an index?

Eddie Tooke.

[The following two contributions arrived too late for the 'What Arthur Means to Me' edition. They are markedly different and thus portray clearly the multiplex appeal of Arthur. Both approaches - in fact ALL approaches, whatever their frame of reference - are equally legitimate.]



[Charles Evans-Gunther, an old member of Pendragon, has always been very supportive, especially during the traumas we experienced a couple of years ago. He is also editor of DRAGON magazine which, unlike PENDRAGON, concerns itself mainly with the historical aspect of Arthur (as may be deduced from this forthright article!) Many subscribers to PENDRAGON also take DRAGON and we can sincerely recommend it. Why not contact Charles? His address is on our Exchange Journals page. Ed.]

I came across Arthur for the first time, like many others, as a child - with King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, and maybe Lancelot on TV. But it was the reading of Geoffrey of Monmouth and the Mabinogion that began my interest in the real possibilities. This was soon boosted by the TV series 'Arthur of the Britons'. My interest increased when I worked at the Clwyd Library Headquarters, one of a number of jobs before I settled down to being a graphic designer. There I discovered the Arthurian Collection, which consisted of a large number of books concerning history, literature and other fields of Arthurian studies. Eventually I became roped into starting an Arthurian club ten years ago and published the first issue of DRAGON in February 1982. The rest, as they say, is history.

Answering the question 'What does Arthur mean to me', I feel I must begin by reversing it and saying 'What Arthur doesn't mean to me'. It is easier this way. Arthur has nothing to do with mysticism, religion or spirituality, is not the classical hero, has nothing to do with the Holy Grail, Round Table, Knights in armour, chivalry, Knights Templar or Cathars, has no symbolic relevance, doesn't stand for some sort of kingship, defender of England or Britain, past, present, or future, and is most certainly not Welsh. Now let me explain. All of the above are very interesting - even fascinating - but they have no real relevance to Arthur. What has happened is that an idea has been grafted on to a name by various people, for various reasons and at various times. To go through all the different aspects would take a book.

I am openly against the covering-up of any possible reality with masses of dross, such as chivalry, religion and patriotism. The search for Arthur must be done in the context of his time-period and not trying to fit him on to a Westernised Cabalistic Tree of Life or changing him into a saviour of England against evil enemies (remembering that the Romano-Celts also looked on the Anglo-Saxons as demons in much the same way as the chivalric English looked on the medieval Jews). May I say that to make Arthur into some aspect of a philosophy, religion or mystic ritual is, to me, repugnant. Have we not yet grown up enough to throw away all the past grossness and learn to live life. What need is there to look backwards for beliefs, rehashing what may or may not have been a pre-Christian faith, or equally to look to other cultures or religions to find the truth when all the time you have the answer within. People have tried to Paganize Arthur, Christianize Arthur and to make something out of nothing. Our inner history is there (is here) all the time and we should have no need to contrive beliefs based on 5th or 6th century warriors or, come to that, long dead beliefs.

But what does Arthur mean to me (the reader may be asking)? Well my only interest in Arthur is to find out about whether he existed, what he did and why; for from some obscure Dark Age name has been spawned so many things from magnificent literature, beautiful art, grandiose opera, hundreds of books, thousands of theories to the grotty spin-offs, such as Arthurian Tarot Cards. The mere search is to me not dry historical research but the wonder of finding the truth of who Arthur might have been. The result may be let-down and the fact, far from being some stupendous discovery, may turn out to be rather less than one may expect, but the thrill of the hunt may actually be as pleasurable as making the catch. Finding out about the Dark Ages and bringing our past to life is fascinating to me even though it may have little consequence compared to the need for an improved environment or the necessity to change people's attitude to life: it is an enjoyable pastime.

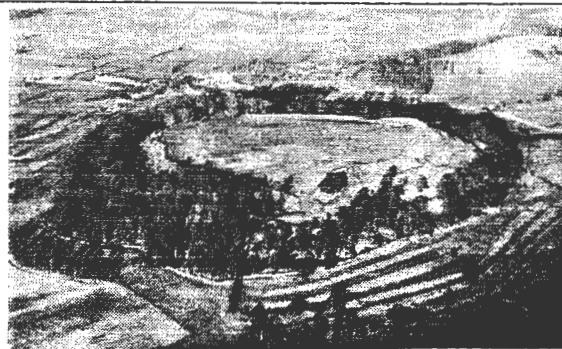
Arthur is likely to have been a petty warlord who for a short period of time held at bay an enemy who was threatening the peace of a people. Who he was, who the enemy were and who the people were he was protecting is part of the study to discover the origin of Arthur. What may have started out as a poem praising a warrior who fought a series of battles in a small area of England (only in geographically modern terms) grew, when a hero was needed, and changed this Arthur into the King of the Britons, Emperor of Europe, High Priest of Chivalry and Jesus-like saviour ready to rise again from the dead. To me Arthur was the Dark Age warrior - no more than that, while it is the search for that warrior and what life was like in the time he lived that fascinates me. What came later means less to me and though it is interesting I think that such writers as Geoffrey of Monmouth and the like tell you more of their own time than of Arthur. Writers have weaved their beliefs and prejudices into the study of Arthur in the same way that others have done to Jesus, who has been everything from Marxist revolutionary to an alien from the planet Venus. If a person wants to make Arthur into a chivalric knight or religious symbol all well and good but it is subjective, and I'm sure that they could be doing something better with their lives.

Theory-wise. I believe that Arthur fought a series of battles, however small, against Angles who had moved into central England (once again a modern term) in the 5th century. These may have been the Middle Angles and Arthur may have been either a mercenary or tribal leader who lived also in central England - how far east and how far west is another question. The defeat of the Middle Angles led to a peace-treaty which lasted for some considerable time and was only really dissolved by the movement of the Mercians from the north into Middle Anglian territory, pushing the inhabitants south and making them part of the Mercian domain. I do not believe that Badon had any importance in the life of Arthur and that this and other battles were added to his honours when a bard (probably of a later age) composed an elegy about the warrior. Camlan is genuinely connected to Arthur but I do not believe that his enemy was Medraut - but if he was, it is strange that both men were considered heroes for many years to come. It is more possible that both died in the same battle. This battle may have been part of a civil war - but who was their enemy (Maelgwn Gwynedd?).

The stories of Arthur moved steadily west, north and south as the movement of the Anglo-Saxons increased. By the end of the sixth century stories were being told in Scotland and by the seventh in Wales. After that Arthur grew from warrior-peacemaker into hero, slayer of giants and eventually lord of Britain, mainly to suit the time in which the tales were being told. To the 9th century Welsh he was a patriotic leader fighting the evil Saxons (while still growing in a folk lore sense), by the 12th he was a Norman-style king growing into an Alexander or Charlemagne and eventually he changed into the guardian of chivalry. Since then he has reflected the age in which the author, writing about him, lived. By the nineteen-seventies, with the TV series 'Arthur of the Britons', he had become a guerilla leader on the same lines as Che Guevara. Today, we should be mature enough to try to find out the real Arthur without adding to, reflecting our age, promoting patriotism or converting him into some mystico-psychological aspect.

Finally, to me, Arthur is a hobby, maybe even a passion, but the study is not the be-all and end-all. There are more important things than Arthur. When I find the study of Arthur and the Dark Ages is taking over my life or becoming too serious, as compared to really important things, I will throw it aside. But I do enjoy making the search for Arthur and I have no intention of stopping at the moment. Meanwhile, I'll get on with real life, making a living, enjoying myself and becoming one with that which I am.

The founder of the Pendragon Society, Jess Foster, supplied the driving force which initiated the historic archaeological dig at South Cadbury in Somerset in the late sixties.



(But for Nicola, Arthur has an entirely different attraction)



WHAT ARTHUR MEANS TO ME

By Nicola Stevenson

Ever since I became involved with him, Arthur has meant solace in a mad world; something to cling to; something to relish; something to be taken out and enjoyed in rare private moments.

I'm not very academic. My interest has stemmed from different sources - earth mysteries, mythology - history even. But gradually Arthur took over as my one main enjoyment.

Any mention of Arthur, Camelot, Lancelot etc. - the heart starts pounding, ears start flapping; I go into a trance. (Very inconvenient at times!)

Every book I have on Arthur is treasured, taken out and read over and over again. New books are pounced on with squeals of delight: I get strange looks from shop assistants!

My ultimate ambition is to own a house large enough so I can have a room solely devoted to my books etc. on Arthur. I don't think that's likely until I'm about 90, but I can dream ...

Perhaps when my children have grown up and flown the nest, I will be able to become more involved and visit all the places associated with Arthur.

But until then I shall carry on scaring booksellers - and going into trances!



Where did Arthur die? Possibly in an ancient French kingdom he was defending against barbarians. Such is the view of Cornish author/historian Craig Weatherhill, as expressed in an interview with Western Morning News. Avalon, he says, was, in fact in Burgundy, though Arthur's body may well have been borne back to Glastonbury and buried there. His birthplace, however, in line with West Country tradition, may have been the Royal citadel at Tintagel.

Like Geoffrey Ashe, but independently, Craig Weatherhill suggests that Arthur was the British High King Riotamus. The legend of his return may have its origin in Brittany rather than Britain, the Bretons expecting him back from his battles in central France. In fact he was defeated by overwhelmingly powerful enemy forces and retreated to Burgundy.

As for the legend of Excalibur being thrown into the lake, Weatherhill considers that this was a symbolic act to mark the king's death. The custom was a pagan one and the sword was received by the Goddess of the waters. He does not think that Loe Pool and Dozmary are realistic venues for this act.

The local legend that the battle of Vellan-Druchar took place at St. Buryan 'is almost certainly true'.

Craig Weatherhill has a book in preparation with the tentative title 'Arthurian Cornwall', to be published by Alison Hodge. It should be worth a read.

(Via Beryl Mercer)

Rosemary Longworth Arthur. An American Point of View

Although Americans grow up hearing stories about King Arthur and his knights of the round table, few of us have knowledge of the 'real' Arthur. I first really 'met' Arthur in 1976 when I took an English literature course at the local college. One of the assignments was Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. While reading the long, involved story, I noticed a footnote that said there probably was an historical Arthur who had lived during the 5th and 6th centuries - actually centuries before Malory wrote his tale. It made me wonder what kind of charisma did this Arthur have? What deeds did this man do that inspired so many stories so very long after his lifetime? I was consumed by curiosity over Arthur's popularity. As a genealogy researcher, I learned long ago that there is usually a grain or two of truth in every myth or legend on a family tree. So I resolved to find the 'real Arthur'.

That same year we moved to Flagstaff, Arizona, and I was fortunate enough to be able to then use a large library at the local university. Then I was quite surprised to find that there was a wealth of literature about this Arthur - all written after his lifetime, however.

I discovered that Great Britain, always cherished in my Longworth mind as a bastion of pure-blooded Anglo-Saxons, is actually a conglomeration of Pictish, Celtic, Roman (yes-Roman!), Anglo-Saxon, Viking, and Norman ancestry. Because of this discovery, I now see Great Britain as having the most fascinating history and ruins on earth.

Somewhere along the way I decided to write a book about Arthur and his relatives and the way I think they really lived. But 20,000 words later, I still had not found the real Arthur, because there is still disagreement among archaeologists as to the way things really were. (Arthur's people left no written records except a few accounts by clergy.) Since the early Christian church was radically anti-pagan, they would have us picture Arthur as an upright Christian fighting against pagan Saxons. I find it difficult to believe that Christianity had totally uprooted centuries-old paganism after a mere five centuries - albeit Christians were proselytizers who didn't take 'no' for an answer. I see Arthur as a Romano-Celtic chieftain, blood kin to a family of clan leaders who, by blood, were descendants of old Brython and Roman families. Rome had left Britain to fend for itself. Saxons were immigrating at an alarming rate. For a little while, one strong, charismatic leader welded the British remnant together to fight a common foe. Several battles were fought. The Saxons thought twice about further land-grabbing and stayed in the south and east of England. Then, being at least in his forties - maybe

older, this battle-scarred chieftain had a new problem: a bastard son or a nephew (maybe both) decided that it was time to take over the reins. Now it was Arthur's own force divided and fighting. At one last battle Arthur faced Mordred and, wounded and weary, he fought savagely enough to kill the younger man. But he himself received a mortal head-wound. Not knowing what else to do, his few faithful men took him to Avalon, or Glastonbury, an island sanctuary of the old religion and the new. Arthur's men threw his sword into the water so that for the time being no one could claim to have taken up Arthur's sword. Having that sword would have conferred leadership upon a man, and there was obviously nobody there worthy to lead the British. (It was a good sword, probably gotten from a watery cache of weapons - perhaps near Avalon itself, since legend says that the lady of the lake gave the sword and a magic scabbard to Arthur.) Arthur's men knew that even if he lived, Arthur would never be able to fight again.

Morgan, one of Arthur's half-sisters, and the other women with her had chosen the only life possible for independent women in those days: they had joined a religious order and were living on the island of apples. The island seems to have been a religious center long before Christianity was brought to Britain and forced on its people. In literature, Morgan (correct spelling: La Fey) seems to have been torn between paganism and Christianity. She is said to have been educated in religion, medicine, astrology (then called the 'mathematics of the stars'). She could not cure Arthur's head wound, so she gave him medicine for pain and sat beside him till he died. Then, because Arthur was probably neither truly pagan nor truly Christian, he was entombed in a sacred oak tree and probably buried secretly. If Guinevere (possibly the second wife by that name) was actually buried in the oak with him, she was probably murdered at his death because she had cuckolded him with Mordred.

Since it was imperative that the Saxons should not find out how weak and unorganized the British really were, the story went out that Arthur was recuperating from his wounds - sleeping a lot. Evidently the Saxons believed the story. Passions cooled: people died. Eventually Briton and Saxon coexisted and even mingled. There came a time when the religious women of Glastonbury were outnumbered by the men and it became Glastonbury Abbey. Avalon and its importance became a dim recollection, a myth. Arthur's secret grave was forgotten by most. The few who knew the secret may not have really believed it. Eventually the grave was found and restored to honor to give the Abbey a much needed boost. During the birth of protestantism, the Abbey was despoiled and the grave was lost again. Even the lead cross, placed there to mark the spot centuries earlier, was carelessly handled and probably thrown out or melted down, its significance unrecognized.

I may never finish the research on Arthur OR my book. The controversy about Arthur continues, so do the discoveries. Although the search for the real man is fascinating enough to continue, I'm not sure that I really want to find him - the myth is so grand.

Learning about Arthur has caused me to learn about Great Britain. It has given me a sense of pride in my family name 'Longworth' and a great store of knowledge about my ancestral country. I feel a connection between myself and the land and people of Great Britain. My life is richer because of it.

LETTERS

Synchronicity I can accept but coincidences - NO. In my letter to PENDRAGON 21/3 I asked if anyone knew any details regarding Llacheu, son of Arthur. While browsing through back-numbers of P. (actually searching for that photograph of you pulling sword from stone, in the hope of getting some idea of what you look like), I found, in the same issue (P. 18/4, Winter 1988) an article headed 'Llacheu, the son of King Arthur', by David Pykitt. So THAT was where I originally read about him!

However, David's article doesn't really tell me as much as I still want to know. Who was Llacheu's mother? Who were the warring factions at the battle of Llongborth, and why did Arthur kill him - or at least consider himself responsible for his son's death? Should one assume that the story of King Athruius of Gwent is very different from that of (King) Arthur of Tintagel and Camelot?

Another instance of synchronicity in the latest Pendragon is David's letter on p.15. I don't know what the Breton equivalents of Caerleon, Cernyw and Gelly-weg are, but the Cornish ones are obviously Carlyon, Kernow (meaning 'Cornwall'), and Kelliwic. The last-named (also known as Castle Killibury or Kelly Rounds) is an Iron-age hill-fort in the Wadebridge area (believed to have been one of Arthur's strongholds).

If Arthur is tentatively identified with Athruius of Gwent and Arthmael of Brittany, and if, as some believe, there was more than one Merlin-figure (Myrddin, Suibhne etc.) - it really makes one wonder what the hell is going on - or rather went on - in the Dark Ages? Perhaps two or three parallel universes got tangled up around that time ...?

I enjoyed reading the Cadbury piece by Kate and Alex - it reminded me of some of the wild enthusiasms which swept science fiction fandom in the 60s. It also made me wonder (not for the first time) why I didn't discover, or get involved with, the Pendragon Society when I lived in Bristol (Nov. 1965 - Nov. 1970)!

Incidentally, I noticed that, in his 'Cymru-Celtica' piece, Bran Stedman-Jones mentions (item 7) 'Dolaucothi Gold Mines' - which at once reminded me that there used to be a 'Dolcoath tin mine' in Cornwall ... Is the bearded head drawing at the top of Fred's column a representation of the one to be seen at Bath? I remember becoming quietly hysterical when I first heard the guide describing it as 'a male Medusa' ... I wonder if they still do? (Beryl Mercer, Truro.)

Thanks for PENDRAGON. If Deirdre infiltrates much more she'll become the Rupert Murdoch of the Arthurian world!

It's all go here of course - a new Arthurian/Zodiacal calendar, a whole new set of cards, and the Winchester show. Courtney has produced 12 paintings we call 'The Round Table Zodiac'. The concept is very exciting - at least to me. It is to identify the Round Table with the 'Wheel of Life' - Buddhist style, and to co-opt each of the 24 knights to represent the opposing characteristics of each of the sun signs - like opposite poles in an electrical field, only these poles generate motivation and creativity. It's a bit astonishing how easily each pair of knights falls into place as representative of the opposite attributes. It is this flexibility that makes the Arthurian legends such a natural vehicle for advancing these various concepts.

Keep up the good work. Won't be able to make the AGM though: we'll be in the States.

(I. Forrester Roberts, Glos.)

I was intrigued by your article in issue No.21/2 - your contribution to the series 'What Arthur Means to Me'. I found it particularly important to mention the aspect of getting an idea and then trying to get everything to fit that idea. I know that this is so easy to do but feel strongly that it shouldn't be done. Unfortunately, this does happen very often and even with the most reputable author or researcher. However I wouldn't agree with the use of Arthur as symbolism or mysticism. There is so much to learn and I feel that looking backwards to Arthur for these reasons is, in my mind, unacceptable. Nevertheless the right to disagree is equally important and I must respect your right to your beliefs.

What a fascinating piece by Kate! I found it very interesting and revealing, but also humbling to find out how much PENDRAGON has done to promote Arthurian and Dark Age research. DRAGON is certainly the younger cousin to PENDRAGON in more ways than one.

Turning to 'Letters'. I found the comments by David Pykitt interesting and would dearly like to know where he gets his information from. What are these 'old manuscripts' which refer to Arthur as being a king of the Silures, that Mr. Pykitt is talking about? I would like to know his sources because I have never come across any reputable manuscripts that connect Arthur with the Silures, a tribe that would have disappeared by the time of Arthur. Few of the Celtic tribes were left as tribes by the end of the Roman period - they had become something else by that time. I would appreciate any info. on this.

Another letter is from your goodself. Caradoc-Caractacus was not a Silurian but a Cat-

uvellauni. He got support from tribes in the area that is now Wales in his combat against the Romans but he wasn't actually from Wales. Also where do you get the titles from and the translation of his name? Caractacus doesn't mean 'king-commander' but has its roots in 'cariad' - love - and is often translated as 'amiable'. Equally Bran is not from brenin (plural brenhinoedd) but means 'crow'. The importance of Bran is more than the meaning of his name.

Beryl Mercer surprises me in not being able to find anything out about Llacheu ap Arthur - there are references in Rachel Bromwich's *Trioedd Ynys Prydein*, which is bilingual. Llacheu also appears in *Culhwch* and *Olwen*. Tradition does have it that he was killed by Cei (Kay) I believe, but I am writing this at work and don't have access to my books. (If I have any more to say I'll put something in later).

As always I look forward to reading PENDRAGON and wish continued success with the magazine. You seem to be doing fine. (Charles Evans-Gunther, Clwyd.)

[Ed:- Thanks for the good wishes, Charles. Regarding Caradoc, Ency. Brit. refers to him as 'the Silurian King' as do several other sources. I merely referred to him as the Silurian leader, which he was - whether or no he was born in Wales. Regarding the source of his name, as I have already said in my letter, I got these (and the Bran interpretations) from Isabel Hill Elder's book 'Celt. Druid and Culdee' and cannot add to this or otherwise vouch for their validity.

'Caractacus' from 'Cariad'? Maybe - but I should hesitate to have any hard-and-fast ideas about this or any other etymological matter. There are too many variants, as the great

Cornish place-name expert, R. Morton Nance, admits in the preface to his 'Guide to Cornish Place-Names'. Caractacus may well have been 'amiable' but he was also known in Rome as 'the car-borne British King' - referring to his war-chariot. In view of his stature as a great leader, his chariot may well have borne decorations - if for no other purpose than to identify him in the turmoil of battle. So why not derive his name from the Cornish 'Caryach' (carriage) and 'tacla' (to garnish, deck or array)?

If we use the Celtic version of his name, Caradoc, there seems an even closer correspondence, 'Car a don' meaning literally 'car by borne' or 'car on borne'. Still, as I said in my letter, I don't profess to be an authority on such matters. I much prefer a ringside seat - watching the heavyweights slog it out!)

I read as much as I can and have several books on our hero, but I wondered if it were at all possible to print a top ten of books that you and other well-versed Pendragons would consider vital for increasing enjoyment and knowledge of Arthur. I would be very grateful.

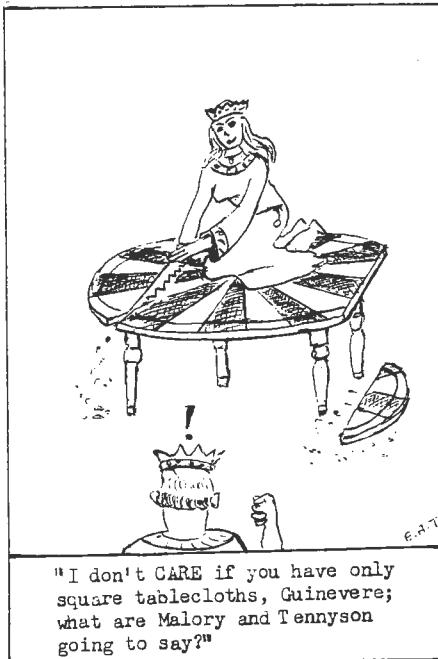
Nicola Stevenson, Broadstairs.)

[Ed:- Not an easy task! I wrote back to Nicola suggesting she gets a copy of Cavendish's 'King Arthur and the Grail' which has a bibliography of some sixty books. Much depends of course on one's approach to Arthur. My friend Charles Evans-Gunther (letter above), for instance, would be highly unlikely to choose the same ten as myself. What do you folk out there think? If you care to send me the names of YOUR ten preferred books I will pass them on to Nicola and publish those most frequently occurring in your lists for the benefit of other newish members.]

Again I have been in England without, alas, making my way from Salisbury to see you and other Pendragons! It was a short sojourn and I had much to do, without a car. So much for excuses; now to extend greetings, and enclose a contribution. (See Steven's article in this issue.)

It gave me pleasure to find firm evidence of Tristan and Isolde in the Town Hall of Bruges, a place frequented by merchants rather than nobility. In the enclosed print you can just see, under a glass, the top of the flask in his left hand. Her hands appear to be broken off. I suppose the corbel was removed from its position in the Hall to avoid further damage. I have chosen the Germanic variants of the names simply because in Bruges they speak Flemish, and for good reason dislike French.

(Steven Banks, S.Africa.)



A Corbel in Bruges

by Steven Banks

In the Autumn of 1989 I went on a tour of eastern France and found some indirect evidence that medieval Arthurian romances were known among the mercantile classes in cities such as Troyes, where international fairs used to be held. My theory was that the life-style of chivalry filtered down to merchants through trade in silks and satins with the nobles who frequented courts such as that of the Counts of Champagne. (1)

Now early this year I toured in Flanders, with the intention to learn something about life in the medieval clothworking cities of Bruges and Gent. Reading it up beforehand I found that Bruges was also in the Middle Ages a venue for international trade fairs, and that there the Counts of Flanders held court.

On the tour we admired the late 14th century gothic Town Hall, from which the Aldermen of the Gilds governed Bruges. Entering, we looked up at the lofty vaulted ceiling, its ribs stopped by rows of corbels on the walls, carved with various scenes in high relief.

Our local guide was telling us of these when he said 'and there is one of Tristan and Isolde', at which I pricked up my ears and in due course asked to be shown it, where displayed in a side room.

The corbel shows the ill-fated pair gazing at each other after drinking the love potion meant for Isolde and King Mark, her intended husband. They sit on the deck of the ship in which Tristan is conducting her from Ireland to Cornwall: one can see the line of a bulwark behind their heads, and waves beyond. The flask is in Tristan's left hand. It had to be his left hand of course, poor man. Behind his right shoulder is Isolde's lady-in-waiting, to whom was confided the love potion by the Queen of Ireland, her mistress's mother. How was she to think that the innocent pair would be thirsty and drink from the flask?

The story of Tristan and Isolde originated among the Celts. In the Early Middle Ages it was taken into the Arthurian corpus and romanticised so that the lovers follow the call of duty, she to marry King Mark and he to pursue a life of adventure, only at last to be buried in the same tomb. (2) The sad story can still remind us of any young woman dismissing her love and going off to tend an ageing parent; or any young man leaving his girl, to fight for his country. No doubt the tale was equally prevalent among the merchants and courtiers of medieval Flanders.

(1) Pendragon Vol. XX/2, pp. 13-14.
(2) Medieval Literature, W.T.M. Jackson, Cailier Books 1966, p. 51 et seq.

(Steven supplied a photograph of the corbel with his article but unfortunately it did not copy clearly. This rough sketch gives the general idea.)



The Fisher King And Odin:

- Norse Tradition and the Grail Legends - :: ALBY STONE ::

Part Three:-

A close look at Odin reveals a striking resemblance to the Fisher King. In Odin's stronghold, *Valhöll* ('Hall of the slain'), there is a cauldron called *Eldhrimnir* ('Fire-sooty'), which provides food for the dead warriors gathered there. This vessel is used to cook a boar that returns to life every evening. Odin's warriors are served by the *Valkyrja*, warrior-women who choose those who die in battle. Odin himself does not need food - all he requires is wine. It is tempting to see an immediate parallel here with events at the Grail Castle: the rejuvenating, life-sustaining vessel providing choice pork, served to those present by supernatural women; the lord of the hall, not eating, like the old king who is sustained by a single communion-wafer - that is, food for the spirit rather than the flesh - each day. The brilliant light emanating from the grail is reminiscent of the luminous swords provided, by Odin, to illuminate Asgard, according to the *Skáldskaparmál* section of Snorri Sturluson's *Prose Edda*, for which parallels exist elsewhere in Norse literature. Odin also had another hall, *Gimlé* ('Fireside').

Odin was said to have hung on the World Tree for nine days and nights, pierced by a spear, in order to obtain the secret of the runes. He also possessed a magic spear of his own, *Gungnir*, whose thrust was unstoppable; hence Odin's nicknames *Hnikar* and *Hnikuð* ('Spear-thrust'). Odin reputedly initiated battles by hurling a spear over the assembled warriors. Indeed, the spear was the most potent symbol of Odin's cult; and it is known that those who did not die in battle could gain entry to Valhöll by being stabbed with a spear at their death. *Gungnir* may or may not have been the spear that wounded Odin on the World Tree, and there is no record of it dripping blood or bleeding itself: but the magical practice of 'activating' runes by smearing or painting them with blood, attested in a number of sources, may be relevant to this, if it is allowed that Odin's spear-wound may have provided the blood that was used at the runes' inception. One of Odin's more curious nicknames is *Jálk*, 'Gelding': there is no extant mythical episode to account for this, but it may be linked to Odin's proficiency at the magical art *seiðr*, which was supposed to be a feminine domain, shameful to men. Compare this with *Clinschor*, the eunuch magician of *Parzival*, who came to the art of sorcery because of his castration; and also the genital wound of the Fisher King - who is said explicitly, in *Parzival* again, to be wounded in the scrotum.

Odin is also associated with an oracular severed head, that of *Mimir*, who owned the well at the root of the World Tree. Odin preserved the head with herbs, and consulted it regarding the future. It has been claimed that this myth was borrowed from the Celts, specifically from the mythology of *Brân*; but in view of the existence of very similar traditions and practices among the shamans of northern and central Asia, that idea is highly suspect. A common source is much more likely.

The Fisher King's connection with boats is also explicable by reference to Odin. *Brân*, we know, was so large that no building could contain him, nor any boat - thus, he waded across the Irish Sea (then composed of two rivers, according to the *Mabinogion*; *Brân* helps his army cross a third by laying himself across it like a bridge), towing his army in their vessels behind him. Odin, on the other hand, appears in several Norse myths as a ferryman - in the *Edda* poem *Harbardsljoo*, and in *Völsunga Saga*, for example. In the latter, Odin the ferryman takes a corpse from the man who was carrying it, but disappears before the bearer can embark; this can be compared to the ferryman in *Dív Króna* who takes corpses as payment, but, later, refuses to carry *Gawein*. This is Odin in his rôle of psychopomp, the god who conducts the dead to the other world; it should be seen in the context of ship-burials and similar Scandinavian funerary practices. This certainly makes better sense than the vague and unconvincing attempt of Loomis to explain away the Fisher King's 'messing about on the river' by claiming him as a Celtic sea-god.

There is also an element of Odin's myth that has a direct bearing on the frequent duality of the grail king, and the king's sinister mirror-image. According to the *Gesta Danorum* of Saxo Grammaticus, Odin had a double, a mischief-maker named *Mitophyn*, who took Odin's place and thereby managed to create havoc. A similar incident occurs in the *Ynglinga Saga* section of Snorri's *Heimskringla*, except that there Odin's place is taken by his two brothers, *Vilje* (*Váli*) and *Vé*. In mythological terms, these last two are effectively aspects of Odin himself (see the *Gylfaginning* section of Snorri's *Edda*, where Odin appears in triplicate), seemingly developed in accordance with the Indo-European predilection for triple ancestors accounting for the three classes of society - priesthood and sovereign; warrior aristocracy; peasants, artisans, and merchants. These brothers of Odin are almost certainly a late rationalisation, added to the historicised Odin to account for the three estates, possibly to fill the gap left by the diminished *Tyr* in a tradition which held dim memories of a brother, equal to and rivalling Odin himself. This brother would have been a twin, almost certainly: virtually all Indo-European cosmogonies exhibit vestiges, at least, of the 'cosmic twins' or a similarly-divided being as a central figure in the process of creation; and echoes of this are found in a number of Indo-European foundation legends. As noted earlier, this has invariably led to one 'twin' being retained and elevated at the expense of the other, with the predominant figure acquiring aspects and attributes of the other. It is generally acknowledged that such a process occurred with respect to Odin and *Tyr*; and it has been suggested that something of the kind probably happened with regard to *Beli* and *Brân*. If so, then a weakening of the relationship would have been likely - thus, *Tyr* became Odin's son; *Brân* became Beli's grandson. The passage of such a theme into Arthurian literature may well have been subject to unresolved tensions generated by varying or conflicting traditions surrounding the source-material, hence the complexities of the multiple and mirrored Fisher King.

Traces of Odin's cosmological attributes - and thus those of the dyadic sovereign divinity common to Indo-European myths - are easily discernible in the grail legends. As a god connected intimately with the rule and manipulation of fundamental cosmic laws, 'Odin' should be associated with the *axis mundi*, the central point of the cosmos. And indeed he is. The World Tree is characterised as his horse - *Yggdrasill*, 'steed of the terrible one' - and Valhöll is at its foot. Valhöll itself is, like the Grail Castle, a model of the cosmos, as well as its centre (see *Perlesvaus* for an explicit reference to the Grail Castle as the centre of the world). Now the *axis mundi* is, in Indo-European tradition, dual: there are two central points, one representing the secular

rulership, the other for the sacral governance. Each is an *alloform*, an alternative version, of the other, and their functions, though differing in scope, are qualitatively the same. A particularly good example of this duality can be found in ancient Irish tradition, where Uisnech was the druids' centre, and Tara that of the kings. The resemblance to the Grail Castle and its reflection is clear. In *Parzival*, Clinschor's castle contains a strange pillar - a common representation of the cosmic axis - from which Gawain can see the world turning about him. The grail itself bears all the hallmarks of the cosmic axis: in particular it resembles the bounteous 'world-mills' of Norse legend, and the *Sampo* of the Finnish epic *Kalevala*. Something of this complex duality is hinted at by the Fisher King and his rival in the German grail romances. In *Parzival*, the king's name is Anfortas; in *Diu Krône*, his double, lord of the Castle of Wonders, is called Gansgouters. Compare the latter with *Gautr*, *Gapt*, and *Geat*, names for Odin among the Swedes, Ostrogoths, and English, respectively; and with *Guodan*, a version of Odin's name known from pre-Christian Germany (*Anfortas* has been derived from Latin *infirmitas* by one authority; however, it seems to be patently the same name as *Gansgouter*, though the name seems to have undergone a transformation analogous to the rendering of Welsh names into Irish. Perhaps there is a clue here to the routes taken by the myths on their way to the romancers). It needs to be emphasised that the physical cosmos is an *alloform* of its social and religious counterparts. In the earliest Indo-European myths, these appear to have been indivisible.

This is by no means an exhaustive study: there are other aspects of the Fisher King, and the grail legends as a whole, that could be explored and compared in this way. The adventure of Perceval with the Red Knight, for example, could be fruitfully analysed with reference to the cult of Odin. It would help to account for the one essential aspect of the Odin mythology that is absent from the trappings of the Fisher King - his one-eyedness. A black, one-eyed giant does appear as ruler of a castle in *Peredur*, and one-eyed men are not unknown in other grail romances; but they are always on the fringe, without any real textual significance. Again, the perennially-vexing Question Test may be illuminated in this way. Odin is a lover of riddles, often posing them, often answering them, though usually in an evasive manner. Indeed, his visitors seem to be expected to ask questions; and Gylfi's visit to Valhöll, recounted in Snorri's *Edda*, ends in a manner not unlike that of 'failed' visits to the Grail Castle.

(To be concluded)

(Advert.)

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Saturday, 9th November

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Write to: Psychic Questing Weekender, PO Box 189, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 1NF for fuller details.

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 Wales and the Head of Bran continued to converse pleasantly with them for 80 years at The Assembly of the Wondrous Head.'

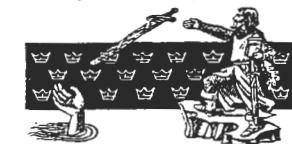
head



Symbol of the Autumn season. The Equinox is a time of balance, a time to give thanks for the harvest and to prepare for winter. The last sheaf is burned, buried or stored for next year's Imbolc fire. We celebrate the Prince of Light at Michaelmas, the tamer of the Dragon Powers, he who brings chaotic energy into order. (That's why we hold our A.G.M. at Michaelmas :)

FILM, T.V., AND RADIO:

'*Arthur the King*.' A welcome repeat broadcast of this seven part epic has appeared on Radio 4 at a time when most people are still out of their beds (4.0.p.m., Sundays), August 4th - September 15th. The short quotations introducing each episode in the Radio Times are well chosen from the script: *Tristram...* 'Sir Tristram, at this Round Table we stand equal in honour and oath. Through this unbroken circle courses the blood of our body of chivalry. Break oath and we bleed, each one of us,' and *Lancelot...* 'Farewell Sir Lancelot! Find the Grail while your lady and all her thoughts turn grey, and as you ride... consider how love comes and goes.'



'*King Arthur was a Gentleman*.' This film, starring Arthur Askey, literally came from the Dark Ages of 1942, when we were beset by the powers of evil from over the waters. Radio Times: 'Gainsborough Studio's army farce, with Arthur Askey rounding up Germans with a sword he thinks is Excalibur.' It was featured on Channel 4 on Thursday afternoon, 18th July. Arthur, the eternal 'little' man, obsessed with the stories of King Arthur, joins the fusiliers with his friends Lance and Gwennie. Posted to the Vale of Avalon, he finds a sword which he is convinced is Excalibur. Posted to what looks like Arizona, he captures three Germans crying 'Berlin or bust!' As the location of the fighting moves to the Cheddar Gorge then the Rhondda Valley - which we are told is 20 miles south of the Russian flank - he finds time to do a tap dance and lead a chorus of that well-known Arthurian song... 'Give me a girl, give me a horse, give me a sword.' Told by his friends that the sword is a hoax he throws it away into a nearby lake and... yes, you've got it... an arm clad in samite receives it back into the watery depths. With Arthur Askey aged about 24 and lines like, 'Where's she phoning from Mansfield? I spent a week there one afternoon!' it's no wonder the heroine was able to ignore the disparity in their stature and, standing him on a stool, gush out, 'Oh, Arthur, where have you been? The whole army's out looking for you!' I enjoyed every minute and only regret that I didn't have a spare video tape to record all 110 minutes. I think the Society should beg ITV to give it a repeat showing.

'*Outside Time*.' This four-part series was presented on T.V. 4 on Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m., August 13th - September 3rd. The programmes explored Celtic myths as recorded in the *Cainc y Mabinogi* - known in English as the *Mabinogion*, and introduced the early King Arthur. The half-hour presentations left one wishing for more and

I'm glad to advise you that there is a booklet which accompanies the series. Send a cheque or postal order for £2.00 payable to Outside Time, P.O.Box 4000, London W3 6XJ.

The four programmes covered the four Branches of these Welsh tales: The story of Pwyll and Rhiannon his wife; The Cauldron of Rebirth, the unhappy story of the marriage of Branwen to Matholwch, King of Ireland; The story of Pryderi and Manawyden, two survivors of Bendigeidfran's ill-fated Irish expedition; and, in programme 4, Arthur seeks the guidance of Merlin the Cyfarwydd and an alternative hero-Manawyden is introduced.

EVENTS, COURSES, EXHIBITIONS:

It is a little disappointing that we have no contributions or information about the Festival of Myth, Legend & Folklore at Edinburgh (5-10 August) or the *Celtica* events at Caerleon (15-16 June). Pendragon members certainly attended both events. Can we once more stress that this is YOUR journal, and the more who contribute the better it will reflect the Society's interests and experience. Having got that off my chest here's news of some more activities that might interest you.

CELTICA, 1991: The *Celtica* Newsletter, 'Newyddion', for August records the World Harp Festival at Cardiff and the 'Celts in Wales' Exhibition as being wonderful successes. I had hoped to review the latter, but - because we are bringing this issue out early - I have still to get to Cardiff, I shall do so before it closes. A friend tells me it is excellent, and the Guidebook well worth the getting. I am going to see the Druid Prince (Pete Bog, or the Lindow Man) at Manchester University Museum tomorrow. More news in our Yule edition.

1. Art of the Celts. 22-29 November. This Course will be held at Plas Tan y Bwlch, Snowdonia National Park Study Centre 'for those who have been fascinated by the ancient interlacing patterns of knotwork, spirals, abstract representations and their symbolic meanings this is the course par excellence. It aims to investigate the traditional art of the Celts and visit the best modern Welsh artists working in Wales.' Contact: Margaret Griffith, Plas Tan y Bwlch, Maentwrog, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Gwynedd LL41 3YU. Tel: 076685324. Course organiser: Ann Garrod.

2. On the Trail of the Celts. ECTARC, Llangollen, 9 July-31 Oct. I have listed this exhibition before, but have now seen it. It is quite a simple display, obviously designed for touring. Worth visiting if you are in the area but not worth a long journey. The *Celtica* Newsletter mentioned above has a useful summary of areas covered by this display. I picked up a very useful booklet there, however, which lists Archaeological Sites in Burgundy, it is published by The Board of Antiquities of Burgundy. Phone Sharon Thomas at ECTARC if you are going to be in that area, she might send you one. Tel: 0978 861514.

NORTHERN EARTH MYSTERIES, 11th Annual MOOT: in conjunction with Mercian Mysteries, Saturday 26th October, 10a.m.-9 p.m. Sherwood Community Centre, Mansfield Road, Nottingham. Cost £6.50. For information to: Rob Wilson, 40B Welby Place, Meersbrook Park, Sheffield S8 9DB. Illustrated talks on the following topics: England & Wales as a Landscape Temple; Sacred Sound; Old Stones of Nottinghamshire; Earth Mysteries of Japan and The Quest for the Omphalos. The last by Bob Trubshaw of Mercian Mysteries.

CELTIC SHAMANISM, Bath. Arcania are advertising a repeat of the four weekend courses by John & Caitlin Matthews, to be held around the four sacred Celtic Festivals in 1992. Information: Arcania, 17 Union Passage, Bath BA1 1RE.

THE J.R.R. TOLKIEN CENTENARY CONFERENCE: This event will include the 23rd Annual Mythopoeic Conference and Oxonmoot. Keble College, Oxford, August 17-24, 1992. The number of places is limited. Contact: P&T Reynolds, 16 Gibson Green, Heelands, Milton Keynes, MK13 7NH. (Keble College is a Gothic curiosity worth visiting in its own right.)

'CYMBELINE' - WALES ACTORS' COMPANY; this production is being presented at castles around Wales. Dates, venues: Wales Actors Co., 2 Tai'r Fforest, Nelson, Treharris, Mid Glamorgan. Tel: 01493 451084.



THE TAROT-Symbols of the Self. Another Arcania Course, led by Mary Greer whose workbook 'Tarot Transformation' (Aquarian Press) is an excellent guide to using the symbolism of the tarot as an aid to self-understanding and personal development. A most attractive personality, Ms. Greer M.A. is a professor and administrator of a college in San Francisco. I think she would be surprised to hear her area of psychological expertise labelled as 'grotty.' 5th-6th October, Bath.

BOOKS:

1. The Celts. Ed. V. Kruta, etc. Thames & Hudson, 1991. £45.

The most complete assessment of the Celtic civilisation ever. The book accompanies a major Exhibition 'I Celti' - at the Palazzo Grassi in Venice (open till 8th Dec.) which brings together over 2,200 works from 200 museums in 24 nations. 'The definitive record of a people who, in great part, ARE Europe.' Over 1,100 illustrations, 800 in colour. ISBN 0 500 015244.



2. Mazes. Adrian Fisher & Diana Kingham. £1.95. (Shire Album No. 264.) 1991.

Adrian Fisher of Minotaur Designs, Director of Britain's 1991 Year of the Maze and Dr. Kingham, a specialist in period gardens, have combined insights to produce an excellent well-illustrated guide - which contains a comprehensive list of mazes and labyrinths open to the public in the U.K. and the Republic of Ireland. Good value.

3. The Queen & the Cauldron. Nicholas Gold. Old Byland books. Nd. c.1990.

Dr. Gold has distilled 15 years enthusiastic amateur research into this work, which he describes as an effort to 'synthesise one person out of the quasi-historical hero of the Welsh legends and the apparently mythical monarch of Camelot.' He deftly examines sources and historical background and his scholarship is leavened with touches of dry intellectual humour. The myths have been given as much consideration as the more conventionally historical sources, 'because Arthur's activities, even the search for the Grail and the extraction of the sword from stone, were logical responses to 6th problems.' The author observes astutely, 'mythology can assist us to see (the problems) through Celtic eyes; history and mythology together produce a coherent story of real people doing rational things at datable times and in identifiable places.' Privately printed and published, contact: Old Byland Books, Old Byland Hall, Helmsley, Yorks, YO6 5LG.

A refreshing view of Arthurian themes by someone who knows his way around the sources but is not bogged down by 'authorities.'

4. Will the Real King Arthur Please Stand Up. Ronald Miller. Cassell, 1978.

Not a new work but recently discovered. Simon's journey to Brittany led me to look up material on the legends of that Celtic outpost. Miller explores the peninsula, digging up all sorts of customs and beliefs from the past and keeping a weather eye open for Celtic Saints and King Arthur. A traveller's book, without pretensions. His last chapter - Slow Train to Avalon - ends with:

'All kinds of Arthur still live in those wonderful stories about him, from the triads through Chretien de Troyes, Malory, Tennyson, Scott, Binyon, Comyns Carr, Symons, Hardy, Masefield, Charles Williams, Alfred Duggan, T.H. White and Rosemary Sutcliffe with her beautiful theory about how Arthur got his horses. Enigma Arthur may be but we still write about him 1500 years after his death. We love him, warts and all.'

5. King Arthur through the Ages. Eds. Valerie Lagorio & Mildred Leake Day. 2 vols. Garland Pub. Inc., New York & London, 1990.

33 essays, chosen by these eminent Arthurian scholars to introduce new ideas for research, feature new critical approaches and embrace a wide survey of Arthuriana. Vol. 1. The Medieval Past, Vol. 2. Post Medieval to the Present. Some titles: Arthur and the Saints; Criticism of 'Gawain and the Green Knight'; the Works of Tennyson, Swinburne & William Morris; Wagner's 'Tristan'; The illustration of Arthurian Romance, Charles Williams' Arthurian poems; Treatment of the Legend in Films and Comic Strips. The final essay, by Freya Reeves Lambides 'Avalon to Camelot' is a fascinating review of the history of the journal of that name, founded in 1983 in the U.S.A. She quotes her readers, 'who are willing participants in what may be called 'The Living Arthurian Tradition' - a continuity of themes, characters, symbols, stories and values which remain vital in spite of the changes in the culture which embodies them.' She quotes a 28 year old



graduate student member who, with simple eloquence, declares what many of our members also believe implicitly: 'Once a man leaves a legend, that legend develops a life of its own, separate from a historical person... King Arthur is not a historical character then, but a mighty dream and vision, one that still convinces many that Right makes Might and not the other way round, and that it is better to fight injustice and oppression than to merely accept it. This is the vision of Camelot that I try to bear into the 21st century.'

This compendium is worth ordering from the library lending service.

WHAT ARTHUR DOESN'T MEAN TO ME:

Like the Rorschach Blot of psychoanalytical fame this topic seems to tell us more about the writer than about Arthur. The current entry explains why the proposed merger between 'Pendragon' and 'Dragon' did not take place in our Dunkirk year, 1989. Kate Pollard, in a letter to 'Dragon' (Vol.3 Nos. 4/5) thanked the Editor and his members for their help and encouragement and said: 'We do admire and feel closely allied to 'Dragon', it's just that our members are an obstinate bunch! Pendragon has had a different beginning and development from 'Dragon' and its membership is quite fierce in its desire not to have a central belief system... many who have been worried about this... have split away in factions or joined 'Dragon' or both. I personally think that both 'Dragon' and 'Pendragon' have a lot to offer in the Arthurian field.' You can't say fairer than that, especially as 'Pendragon' was celebrating its 30th birthday that year!



KING ARTHUR'S PRAYER:

I mentioned Mr. Reg. Cooper-Wright's work and his efforts to establish a King Arthur Day in Pendragon XXI/1. His prayer may not be to everyone's taste but I think it is a sincere expression and worth the hearing. I originally saw it as an enclosure in a copy of 'Dragon' and wrote to Mr. Wright for permission to publish it:

'Arthur, once and future King, revered is thy name, thy time will come, thy way will be done, on earth as it is in Avielon. Teach us each day, what we should say, and forgive us for forgetting, as we forgive those who forget thy name. The truth of thy story, will live on in glory, forever and ever, Amen.'

BITS AND BOBS:

Royal Astrology: There is no space to speak of 'King Arthur the Second', as I mentioned in my last conversation - it can keep till Yule. An offshoot of my research led me to list the birthdates of our monarchs (plus the Black Prince & Prince Charles). They were scattered broadly across the zodiac except for two noticeable clusters: 10/40 were born under Gemini, 7/40 under Scorpio. Geminians are considered to be eloquent and persuasive, full of restless energy, swinging in moods, above all dual personalities (public & private images?). Scorpio is the strongest sign of the zodiac, a sign of power. A much maligned sign, nobody can be more loyal, faithful and constant, and Scorpions have phenomenal powers of endurance and recuperation. Prince Charles is a cusp Scorpio. So what? Nothing, only I'm a Geminian myself!



More Synchronicity: Browsing my old colour supplements again I found the Sunday Times, June 18, 1989. It contained two articles: (a) 'How Lovernios Died'. This is a well-researched article on the Lindow Man, with excellent coloured reproductions. (2) 'Something in the Water.' An interesting account of the water contamination at Camelford (and Tintagel) in July 1988 when Arthur's country indeed became a Wasteland. And... no sooner had I mentioned Robin Hood than the Sunday Times produced a 'Hoodunnit' competition with poster and clues based on the legend. What Pendragon does today, the Times... etc.

The Song of Camlan: I know it's a long time since the Camlan editions but in the 'Queen and the Cauldron' Nicholas Gold writes (pp.135-6)... 'In the tenth century codification of Welsh Laws it is decreed that whenever the bard sings to the queen in her bedroom he is to sing her the song of Camlan - perhaps to remind her what happens when queens go off the rails. So we know that there were poems about Camlan in the repertoire 400 years after the battle.' Which reminds me: at Whitland in West Wales, the Hywel Dda Memorial Gardens and interpretive centre has been opened, to commemorate this great Welsh king and lawgiver. Open Easter to beginning of September.

Tel: 0994 240867.

I hope to meet as many Pendragons as can make it to the AGM, I'm sure we can all spare a day away from the cares of real life to share things Arthurian once a year.

Hear Ye

Necessarily abbreviated details of the LNCI (Loch Ness Ceremonial Invocation) appeared in 'Hear Ye' (PENDRAGON 21/2). A further communication has now come from the Company of Avalon Society.

A major object of the Society is to explore ways and means for mutual cooperation between the 'magic/occult/esoteric minded', and the 'mundane/objective/exoteric minded'. Enquiries regarding the Society should be addressed to COAS Preceptory, c/o 3 Dorchester Road, Horfield, Bristol, BS7 0LA. (The Preceptor, incidentally, is Pendragon member Geoff Bird.)

Of interest to many Pendragons will be the COAS view of Arthur: 'King Arthur, or Artyr, of myth, legend and ballad, is not, from a transphysical viewpoint, a localised tribal warchie - Celtic, Saxon or otherwise. Arthur Pendragon is not, never has been, nor ever will be, the sole property of an intellectual elite, who by over-analysis and left-brain logistics, have mirrored the actions of Set, and 'murdered' Osiris thereby... Arthur is but one of many names for the manifestation of a Divine Principle which at certain times has entered onto the Plane of Human Consciousness, and from thence onto the Earth Plane and objective expression. This Divine Principle is the Power of Unity embodied in form, as an Avatar, in times of great need, such as those prior to a Planetary Initiation of Consciousness. Such an Initiation is imminent. The Isis Principle on the Plane of Human Mind - the Creative Imagination - combined with the Centre of Inspiration, will restore that which is sought in the 'West'. The Dragon King in all His Power will return from His Resting Place - He must be 'called', or invoked, in such a way that He will 'hear' the 'call'. The LNCI [to be held in September] is intended to be part of the process, worldwide, and on many levels, that is preparing for the Return of the King - 'the White Rider'.

Overlooking the (for me) rather off-putting super-abundance of capital letters in the above passage and the use of terms a layman might find obscure, one can sympathise with the Society's goals, which stress the 'paramount need for social, national and global unity'. The 'increasing levels of relationship break-ups, crime, armed conflict, and environmental crises' certainly do 'demand a Unity that will transcend present limits of human consciousness.' As for the efficacy of the magical methods proposed to achieve this, many may have their doubts. But given our increasing awareness of the objectivising powers of the human mind, who is to say they won't work? Psychic development courses are available.

A welcome addition to our Exchange Journals page is Meyn Mamvro ('Stones of the Motherland'). The current edition (Summer 1991) concentrates on Arthur in Cornwall - and a very interesting read it makes. I strongly recommend it to all Pendragon members. Send Cheryl Straffon £1.60 (inc. p. & p.) for your copy. Her address is 51 Carn Bosavern, St. Just, Penzance, Cornwall TR19 7QX. This issue has proved so popular that Cheryl tells me they have just had to have a reprint done. So don't delay!

Visiting Tintagel? Be sure to call at King Arthur's Cafe. Their menu includes a culinary delight - Excaliburger and Chips! (Anne)

[Yes, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury; I suppose there ARE Mordred-ful dishes around but off-hand I can't think of any. And no; I haven't seen Galahaddock served in Tintagel fish restaurants. But thanks to you I'm sure it will be.]

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 Sreeton. 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 Moorend 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 £6.00. Single copies £1.75.

MEYN MAMVRO (Stones of our Motherland) - Editor Cheryl Straffon. 51 Carn Bosavern, St. Just, Penzance, Cornwall TR19 7QX. Earth energies, ancient stones, sacred sites, paganism, leypaths. Cornish prehistory, legends and folklore. Four issues £5.00; single copies £1.50.

NEWS LOCUM - Editor Beryl Mercer, Amber, Short Cross Road, Mount Hawke, Truro, Cornwall TR4 8EA. News and views of the paranormal. 4 issues £5.00. Cheques to Beryl Mercer (or equivalent in first and second class stamps).

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, Univ. 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. Four issues £6.00; single issue £1.75.

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