

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 - Arthur in Europe

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EDITORIAL

To avoid the customary panic as PENDRAGON publication date looms near, work on the Journal tends to start earlier and earlier. This issue, in fact, was begun on January 25th, when Burn's Night makes its annual macho appearance (not to confused with a Byrne-JONES knight whose appearance is anything but macho).

Reference to Burns is timely because it was, of course, the great poet/philosopher who observed: 'The best laid themes o' mice and editors gang aft a-gley'. (All right, so the Mickey Mouse THEME Parks did NOT gang a-gley; though, as Burns would have said, 'That Disney count'.) The 'Arthur in Europe' theme, then, has evoked a rather less than massive response from readers. Obviously we have 'wee, sleekit, cow'rin' tim'rous beasties' among us who shun the lurid glare of PENDRAGON publicity.

Never mind, all is not yet lost: the theme will continue in our next issue. In fact we had so much material on other aspects of Arthur that a lot of it has had to be left over.

The 'Arthur in Europe' theme, then, remains open. Also in the pipeline is a 'What Merlin Means to Me' theme, which should evoke some interest. Nigel Pennick has sent in a fine cover design for that edition when it appears.

[Thank you, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, for the 'Arthur in Germany' offering from your 'Did Arthur Fly To Europe Research Organisation And Folklore Society' or D.A.F.T.E.R. O.A.F.S. For your information, however, Arthur only flew AFTER his death, when he haunted the Cornish cliffs in the body of a chough or crow. Unlike Daedalus, Merlin did not equip his protégé with feathered wings. You've got it wrong as usual. I never did think much of Europe-pinions anyway. And no; Baden-Baden is NOT the place where Arthur-Arthur fought his greatest battle-battle. Ed.]

Now Arthur may or may not have been in Europe but there's evidence that the king and his knights were Russians; early descendants of a displaced band of warriors known to history as the Sarmations. They came to Britain as foederati in Roman times and helped defend Hadrian's Wall - giving birth to the Celtic legends.

A news item which appeared some years ago in the American newspaper 'The Arizona Republic' has just been unearthed and sent in by member Rosemary Longworth. Researcher Dr.C. Scott Littleton of the Occidental College in Los Angeles studied the work of French anthropologist George Dumezil who became friends with a Soviet-Turkish people called the Ossetes in the northern Caucasus who have preserved a tradition going back to the pre-Christian era. In this tradition, a band of heroes, the Narts, had a leader, Batradz, whose death was very similar to that of the British Arthur - mortal wound; sword thrown in water by a companion after two failures to do so ... and so on.

A Dr.James Mallory(!), discovered that there had apparently been Sarmations in Roman Britain. Subsequent commanders of this warband, says Littleton, were given the title 'The Artorius'.

In the summer 1981 edition of PENDRAGON John Brooke rejects this theory on historical, political and logistical grounds: the Sarmations were cataphracti (cavalry) and a large body of them would not have been needed on Hadrian's Wall. Nor, for security reasons, would this have been permitted by the Romans. Additionally, there is no record of them being there.

In an editorial note, however, Chris Lovegrove quotes various sources to show that a large body of cavalry WERE sent to Britain by Marcus Aurelius and so 'John Brooke's refutations may not necessarily be the last word.'

So there the matter rests - unless some reader has more up-to-date information to impart.

Just before we leave the Matter of Russia, however; a word to those whose subs. are now due - DON'T FORGET TO SEND YOUR CHEKHOV.

THE CADBURY'S WHOLE NUT CASE CHRIS LOVEGROVE

One Midsummer's Night many moons ago I was one of a number keeping vigil on a cold dark hill in Somerset. If someone had asked us what we were doing, we would half-smilingly have said we were waiting for a hidden gateway to open and King Arthur and his Knights to appear. Though we would have denied any taint of superstition there can't have been many who didn't strain at any sight or sound as a possible Portent or Sign that something unusual was afoot that night.

Despite the fictionalised account of that vigil in Geoffrey Ashe's *THE FINGER AND THE MOON*, to my knowledge nothing much did materialise (though my coat disappeared, I wouldn't attribute that to anything but carelessness). At this distance in time I occasionally wonder what possessed us (in a manner of speaking) to embark on such a venture.

My first visit to South Cadbury must have been around 1965, in a minibus with other A-level History students. An enthusiastic teacher had driven us down, on a trip which was also to include the Cerne Abbas giant. The contrasts with Tudor and Stuart political history couldn't have been greater. Instead of, say, Henry VIII so bothered about an elusive male heir that he resorted to elaborate codpieces to bolster his macho image, we were here faced by a rude, self-confident, full-frontal colossus. Conversely, at Cadbury the discredited late medieval figure of Arthur, king and warrior, was replaced by a void, a monumental nothingness, a photokit picture which would never be properly assembled because there were no witnesses.

Two years later I was a student hitch-hiking round the West Country during a summer vacation. Tintagel was on the projected itinerary, as was the Cadbury dig, now in its second year. Like many before and since I trudged along the lane to South Cadbury village and up the deep track to the interior of the hillfort. Instead of the handful of pimply schoolboys and herd of cows from yesteryear, a great throng of visitors seemed to be entering or emerging from a white marquee like the angels on Jacob's Ladder. Stepping into that giant tent was, I now know, the start of a Big Adventure.

Words commencing with upper case letters now entered my life, via Mrs. Dragon herself. Jess Foster, breathing smoke from a cigarette second cousin to Vesta's perpetual fire, accosted me (as she did everyone else) enthusing about matters Arthurian, Celtic-mystical, historical-archaeological and very probably everything else on Polonius' list. She very kindly found me overnight accommodation in the village itself and waved dramatic aerial photographs of the mysterious Tor Maze in front of my eyes. Like a feaster in the Arthurian timber hall later found on the summit of the hill, the dimensions of which couldn't have been much different from those of the marquee, I was immediately enthralled by the tales. I never did get to Tintagel that year but, back in Bristol, I was sucked inexorably but not unpleasantly

into the Pendragon vortex.

The next year (I think) I was advised to write to the dig director Leslie Alcock to offer my services as a keen but 'inexperienced' digger. I was rejected, probably because I was too late, but being in the Pendragon Society was already making one a little paranoid. Nevertheless there was a Pendragon contingent there, and I got in to dig by the back door, as it were. Or rather, by the southwest gate. I think I may have found something Neolithic. We also got to dig an unofficial trench down by the steep bit south of what was marked on old OS maps as King Arthur's Palace. Also another bit which may or may not have been the Naughty Hole. The Director took one look at a couple of limestone flags we'd uncovered, muttered the magical incantation 'Natural', and that was that. No hidden gateway into the Hill.

Back in the marquee, surplus pot from the official dig was eventually left in an unmarked cardboard box for visitors to guiltily purloin. Water-smoothed pebbles were also available, and dangerous experiments with home-made slings were conducted by members using the Iron Age slingstones from behind the marquee into the undergrowth of the north ramparts. Here, no doubt, future archaeologists will uncover them, together with the bones of stray visitors to the dig.

The next year (1969 I think) we were mostly concerned with our own Roman dig at Cattle Hill, not far from Cadbury itself. We had commenced this in 1968, but in 1970 Cattle Hill was visited by the Big A himself (A for Alcock) and his acolytes. What preparation there was for this near-royal visit! Afterwards the Oracle suggested we look for 'sub-Roman' features (a codeword for 'Dark Age' or 'Arthurian'). We did indeed find a shallow trench of indeterminate use, but this didn't stop Praetorian Guard members of the society from knowingly interpreting this as evidence that Arthur himself stayed at Cattle Hill. After all, why would He want a windy hilltop at Cadbury when He could have stayed in a nice warm Roman villa? It seemed churlish to point out that the building was already in ruins by the end of the 5C. Maybe because of comments like this some members formed a breakaway group to officially manage the Cattle Hill dig, leaving the rest on a more ethereal plane. Some, like me, tried to keep a foot in both camps, a little difficult admittedly with one foot in a trench and the other above my head.

After the official end of the Camelot Research Committee excavation, most of the site returned to its pre-1966 state: wooded ramparts and grassed-over cow pasture. Looking at the site on later visits, with its former moonscape of storage- and post-holes obliterated by a new covering of topsoil, it is difficult to convey to non-participants the excitement and thrill of those unique years. Before the dig there was a mystic feel to the place, captured by evocative placenames like Queen Camel and King Arthur's Hunting Causeway, enhanced by views of Glastonbury Tor and the Somerset Levels and the walk up the sloping overhung northeast gate. It is much the same for modern visitors. But for Those Who Were There there is a bedrock of common experience: of having observed the foundations of the feasting hall, the remains of the Arthurian-period gateway, the drystone walling of the Dark Age bank. And of knowing that if Arthur really existed, he too might have seen some of this.

And if he didn't, then it still beats sitting on a cold hillside, wondering what caused that shiver up your spine. And wishing you knew what happened to your coat.

Artus ba Breizh

[Simon sent this in as a personal letter, following the holiday he and his wife Anne spent in Brittany last year. Its interest is such, however, that I decided - with his permission - to use it as an article. Ed.]

We had a marvellous time in Brittany, where the Arthurian tradition is very much alive and well, even more so than in Wales or the West Country. We visited about six or seven sites with an Arthur connection along with quite a few dolmens and menhirs. The weather was pretty changeable but the two sites we had hired were on fairly high ground anyway so we tended to attract any low cloud that was around. We did have two really hot days, though - the days of arriving and leaving! Never mind, we still saw a lot of the country.

As we arrived at St.Malo we took the opportunity of going to Mont.St.Michel which is every bit as spectacular as its Cornish namesake. Provided you had enough food you could defend this site forever. The surrounding landscape is very flat so the mount itself becomes even more prominent. The next two sites we visited were both in the Forêt de Huelgoat in west central Brittany. The forests here are what they must have been like in Britain before modern farming methods cleared the land. There is so much oak and elm, not to mention lots of other species, it was wonderful to walk through them. Everywhere is so silent too, the country being underpopulated if anything. The only sounds as you walk through the forests are birdsong, the wind rustling the branches and the sound of a bubbling stream, and it makes the place a real paradise. It was hard to drag ourselves away sometimes. The two sites were the Camp D'Artus and the Grotte D'Artus. The Camp is an iron-age hillfort much like iron-age hillforts everywhere, but the Grotte is a 'natural dolmen'. Massive stones have fallen down the hillside to rest with one landing on top of the others to form a capstone. It forms a cave and provides a good place to shelter, and is very picturesque. There is an excellent creperie in the forest too which makes it an even more attractive place to visit.

For our first week we were based more to the west of the country so we had to wait until the second week to see any more Arthurian sites. As I mentioned, though, we did visit a few stones. One in particular, near Brennilis, was a burial chamber with an upright stone inside it, something which we hadn't seen or heard of before. It had recently been excavated; in fact we met one of the guys who did it while we were there, and the power emanating from the site was phenomenal. I'm not particularly sensitive but I was really tingling when inside the chamber. One thing about the standing stones in Brittany - they are enormous! Two we came across were absolute giants, as big, if not bigger, than the trilithons at Stonehenge. Both these had strong energy fields so maybe size does have something to do with the amount of power needed at a site as well as the type of stone. I'm thinking of the difference between the energy at Avebury and the Rollrights where the sizes of the stones are very different.

The highpoint on our Arthurian trail was in the Forêt de Paimpont. This once vast forest stretched halfway across Brittany but is now a shadow of its former self. It is the forest of Broceliande where Merlin was trapped by Viviane and is rich in legend. We stopped first at the church of St. Onenne at Trehorenteuc where the walls of the church are covered with Arthurian paintings, a large mosaic on the west wall and some marvellous stained glass. You might be familiar with the mosaic

but I had only seen a black and white photo before so I was really amazed by the vibrant colours. The paintings had been done in the 1940's. I think, and portrayed various aspects of the Grail Quest. It is a lovely little church and a place I had wanted to see for a long time. Further on into the forest and we tried to find the Fontaine de Barenton, a spring said to have been the spot where Viviane actually did the dirty deed. There are a number of paths through the forest and the spring proved difficult to find. We did find it, with help, although I think we should have heeded the omen as we entered the forest outside Trehorenteuc. As I said, the forest has been extensively felled and a lot of the outlying area has recently been burnt and cut down. If ever a place resembled the Waste Land, this was it! It was almost as if the arch magician was trying to tell us something. Still, the spring itself is a very peaceful spot and the nicest place of the Forêt de Paimpont that we saw.



THE FOREST OF BROCELIANDE

We journeyed a little further up the road to the Chateau de Comper, where Lancelot was brought up by the Lady of the Lake. This too is in a lovely setting with the lake stretching out for a long way, the line of vision ending in trees once again. The water was perfectly still and it was not hard to imagine a hand holding a sword emerging from the water. We also had an unexpected bonus at the Chateau, too. It is the Centre De L'Imaginaire Arthurien, and has exhibitions during the summer months. This year's was 'Excalibur' and was really excellent. There were various stands showing different aspects of the Arthurian legends, Celtic myths and history, a lot of Gustave Dore's illustrations for Tennyson's 'Idylls' and, best of all, props and stills from John Boorman's film. Arthur's, Mordred's, Merlin's and Morgana's costumes were there as well as Excalibur and, conveniently placed out of reach, the Grail. Two films were also part of the exhibition: one to do with the forest itself and one of John Boorman, filmed last winter at his home in Co.Wicklow, talking about the film and his interests in myth, legend and spirituality amongst other things. It was most illuminating and a great exhibition, and all for only 20 francs (2 quid). It would seem that these exhibits are yearly - 1990's was called 'Arturus Rex'.

Something else that happens each year, in many places throughout Brittany, are what's known as 'son et lumiere' spectacles.

(concluded on p.10)

book Reviews

RENNES-LE-CHATEAU: ITS MYSTERIES AND SECRETS by Lionel and Patricia Fanthorpe (Bellevue Books 1991. Paperbound, 256 pages. £9.95 from Enterprise House, Ashford Road, Ashford, Middlesex TW15 1XB).

For about twenty years now the pages of this journal have touched on the enigmas associated with a small Pyrenean habitation in southern France. Some readers have questioned the need for PENDRAGON to interest itself in this now infamous village which has no direct relationship with Arthurian concerns. Others have argued that the ripples spreading out from here to engage in the so-called Matter of France have strong parallels with our own Matter of Britain, the corpus of native myth and legend which reached its zenith of popularity in the middle ages.

The core of the Rennes mystery is its sometime parish priest Berenger Sauniere and his acquisition of enough wealth to build edifices beyond his expected means. The more one delves into the whole story the more one uncovers ambiguities and conundrums stretching through the centuries. Alchemists, Baphomet, Cathars, Druids, Elixirs and Freemasons all seem to be involved, suggest the authors, right through to Rosicrucians, Templars, Visigoths and Zoroastrians, with every other arcane believer in between.

I've tried very hard to like this book, particularly its virtue of leaving no stone unturned. But it's hard not to be intensely irritated by its faults, chiefly its many unsupported statements, unattributed quotes and uncritical acceptance of all theories as being of equal consideration. This is not designed as a scholarly book, but it bends too much towards a von Daniken style with its rhetorical questions of a patently fantastical nature. Unlike von Daniken, however, it is not so entertainingly written: the indigestible assemblage of facts and speculations can only make sense to someone who has already prepared a cross-referenced card-index.

It is hardly spilling the beans to reveal that the authors' tentative conclusion is that the secret of Rennes might be an 'artefact which enables human beings to contact Gaia' or even that the Rennes Area might be a 'doorway to the invisible'. But being Christians (Lionel Fanthorpe is an Anglican priest) the authors insist that Gaia is of course subordinate to the Trinity. I find this almost religious environmental message surprising in a supposed history of intrigue and naked power-seeking.

There are signs that the Fanthorpes believe there is a genuine mystery here, even if only of the human kind, because they are happy to laugh at the more ludicrous theories that they pretend they are prepared to entertain. They are also generous in their praise of other researchers, including our own Paul Smith (one of whose 'mystic chronologies' is included in an appendix). Among other positive aspects of this book are the many photographs and line drawings, including reproductions of the key coded texts allegedly found in the church of Rennes, and a select bibliography of relevant titles.

In their introduction the Fanthorpes say that exploring and researching the Rennes mystery can be compared to peeling a gigantic onion - from the inside. For my taste, their book is also like peeling an onion, but from the outside. And when you get to the middle, there is nothing there.

Chris Lovegrove

'Dictionary of Celtic Myth and Legend.' Miranda J. Green. (Thames and Hudson, 1992.)

This beautifully produced book sets out to embrace all aspects of Celtic pre-Christian religion and myth which are evidenced by archaeology and literature between 500 B.C. and 400 A.D., in Britain and Europe.

In over 400 copiously-illustrated entries Dr. Green examines the divinities, festivals, holy places, legendary heroes, mythological beings, religious concepts and practices, sacred animals, rites and symbols of the pagan Celts. It's got everything you want to know about the bonfires of Beltane, the rites of head hunting, the horned god, the mysteries of the otherworld, the Gundestrup cauldron, sacral kingship, etc. etc. Cross-references direct the reader to other entries with further or related information and every article has its references to what seems to be the whole corpus of up-to-date international archaeological and literary research.

Mythological topics are included but there is no 'contamination' by speculative 'new-age' ideas or 'mystical' interpretations: this is scholarship at its purest and best, looking four-square at the evidence and presenting it in a highly readable, information-packed style.

As I have mentioned previously, Dr. Miranda Green has a lyrical way of acknowledging her gratitude for help: this time she thanks 'Stephen, whose encouragement acted as my Cauldron of Regeneration!' At £16.95 it may seem a luxury - Thames and Hudson usually produce a paperback edition after a few years - but I don't see how any Celtophile can do without it. Have an extra birthday this year!

F. Stedman-Jones.

'The Encyclopaedia of Arthurian Legends,' Ronan Coughlin. (Element Books, 1991.)

In his introduction Mr. Coughlin states the aim of his book: 'to provide a detailed 'who's who' and 'what's what', and 'where's where', covering all the different strands of the Arthurian legends. Something which no other book has hitherto achieved.' He sets out to cover the following aspects: the heroes and heroines of the main romances: Arthur's family; the chief place-names of the Arthurian tales and Grail romances; historical topics relevant to the legend; theories about the legend, including a number of unorthodox ones. Modern Arthurian literature has mostly been set aside. How well has he succeeded?

In the foreword John Matthews writes. 'the question I am most frequently asked is, 'What book should I read first to give me an overview of the



The shield of a British warrior



Stone cult-pillar from St Goar, Pfalzfeld, Hunsrück, Germany



legends?' That book has now arrived. [It] gives brief entries on all the major themes and characters of the legends.' Who am I to argue? The book has 8 maps, 12 full-page black and white illustrations by Courtney Davis, and many family trees. Sources are listed and there is a useful bibliography. Price £10.95. A copy is now permanently installed on my reference shelf.

It is pleasant to know that all three gentlemen mentioned are members of our Society.

F. Stedman-Jones.

'An Arthurian Dictionary,' Charles and Ruth Moorman. (University Press of Mississippi, 1978.) ISBN 0-87805-084-1 Pbk.

This smaller work may not be so easy to get but it complements Mr. Coughlan's Encyclopaedia well. The authors intend the dictionary to be 'a ready reference manual designed for student use, of the characters, places and topics connected with the legend of King Arthur from its first written appearance through Malory.' It has an excellent introduction and bibliography, and a preface by Geoffrey Ashe, where he includes information about the Camelot Research Committee of 1966-70.

F. Stedman-Jones.

ARTUS BA BREIZH (cont. from p.7)

These things are 'sound and light' shows, the lights being fireworks and a lot of them have Arthurian themes. We visited the Forteresse de Largoet near Elven and the shows were scheduled to take place later in the week (unfortunately when we were coming home). The Forteresse is all that is left of a keep and tower, set on a small lake but with all the banners and stalls set up looked very medieval. This year's theme was 'Tristan and Yseult' and last year's was 'Launcelot of the Lake'. It might possibly be Arthurian in nature every year at Elven, I don't know. I have a photo of one of these and it does look really spectacular.

We came across an interesting tipple too. Something called Cervoise Lancelot, which is 'biere ancienne, bretonne' and is mighty fiercesome stuff. It's like a cross between mead and Carlsberg Special Brew and so cloudy that you can't see your fingers through the other side of the glass. Not something you can drink a lot of but interesting to try all the same. It has a beautiful label on the bottle, which we kept.

While in Quimper we found a very interesting shop called Ar Bed Keltiek. It sells Celtic books, music, T-shirts, posters, pottery, in fact anything Celtic you can think of. Needless to say, a man could go crazy in there! They could be a good outlet for Pendragon so I'm going to send them the last few issues and some info to see if they would be interested in selling them. The interest is certainly there judging by all the events happening. Their address is - Ar Bed Keltiek, 2, Rue de Roi Gradlon, Quimper, Brittany.

They have two other shops too, so I'll let you know if anything happens here. I have another address for a shop in Morlaix, which we didn't visit, but this could be good too. The advert states that it sells Breton and esoteric books and 'musique celtique'. Their address is - Ker Ys, 20, Place Cornic, 29210 Morlaix, Brittany.

I'll see how I get on with the Ar Bed lot first, though (that's assuming they can understand English!).



A RETURN TO BASICS ROBERT MOORE

Even those with a casual interest in the legends of Sub-Roman Britain cannot fail to see the substantial interest in Celtic matters current today. Sadly, the bulk of this material will do the future of Arthurian research little good. These works treat Arthur as predominantly mythological - the esoteric elements of the legends regarded as more important than the question of his historical existence. It doubtless marks yet another shift in the Arthurian perspective - from warrior-hero, Plantagenet propaganda vehicle, mediaeval role-model to 'hippy-king'. Numerous contemporary pagan beliefs - probably alien to the historical Arthur - have been 'grafted' on to the myth of the Dux Bellorum. This will only succeed in scaring away yet more orthodox archaeologists (who have always regarded Arthur as mildly subversive - and have even more reason to do so today!).

Some of these unorthodox concepts are interesting, and could be a springboard for legitimate research. But the majority of them forget that Arthur was probably - like most nobles/heroes of that time - a nominal Christian. He was doubtlessly too busy fighting Saxons and Picts to muck about with magical rituals - Christian or Pagan! Religion, as is well known, had little influence over the morals of the average British noble. It seems somewhat unlikely that this social group fretted much over the spiritual dimensions of Albion!

Although there is evidence that the Celtic British church was hostile towards him, there is not even a slight indication from near-contemporary writers of pagan scandal. Of course, the 'Mabogogic' Arthur fights giants and has magical dimensions, but those stories are probably earlier tales, where the popularity of Arthur and his better-known warriors has resulted in them displacing previous mythical champions. We must remember the 'Arthurmania' prevalent in pre-Norman Wales and post-Norman Britain. So much the better if traditional material acquired an Arthurian flavour! And it is these tales which appear to be the main source for a belief in a 'magic' Arthur. It would be a pity if an over-reliance upon this material by Arthurian enthusiasts resulted in a distortion of our (already unclear) view of Arthur and his times.

He doubtless had beliefs - normal for that period - which we would find strange. Like any warrior of his times he no doubt evoked the protection of supernatural beings upon going into battle. Why else did he carry an image of the Virgin upon his shield? He appears to have followed a version of Christianity similar to the early Irish - a 'designer' Christianity which 'adopted' numerous pagan customs and traditions. But his 'magic' was Christian mysticism. Surely if there had been even a hint of paganism early records would have condemned him for it!

It would be sad if the mystery of Arthur became entangled in an impenetrable web of unnecessary mysticism, unsupported by the root tradition. This tradition states that he was an influential and efficient war-leader. It is wrong to invest a probable, historical figure with demi-god status. It also seems hard to accept that a 'duke of battles' would have had any 'sacred obligations to fulfil': functions probably only performed by 'others more noble than he' (to paraphrase Nennius). Let us, then, return to a view of Arthur rooted more in history than mythology. Let's try and find out the truth about the legends - and not let the legends dictate that 'truth'! Once we have the historical facts about Arthur, then - and only then - should we speculate about the

belief-systems prevalent in that age. Wild speculation about heroic-age magic is fine for role-playing games and heroic fantasy, but doesn't do wonders for factual history!

[As Voltaire observed, however, ancient history is no more than a fable agreed upon. PENDRAGON's brief is to study ALL the colours of the Arthurian spectrum. Polarised light can limit our vision. The poet Homer helped archaeologist Schliemann find Troy. But what do other members think? ED.]

BOOK REVIEW

THE REBIRTH OF NATURE by Rupert Sheldrake (Rider : Random Century Group Ltd. 216 pages Pbk. £7.99).

A good theory should explain as much as possible, as economically as possible and contradict no known facts, and this can certainly be said of Rupert Sheldrake's theory of morphogenetic fields.

Dr. Sheldrake's first book 'A New Science of Life' brought from the prestigious science journal, Nature, the comment: 'Infuriating ... the best candidate for burning there has been for many years'. It is, perhaps, symptomatic of a swing away from a purely mechanistic outlook that Nature has this to say about Sheldrake's present work: 'A new window into biology ... I enjoyed this book'.

Morphogenetic (form-creating) fields are held to be the organising principle behind evolution, invisible templates which mould and govern the universe. Morphic resonance is the method by which forms influence each other - just like tuned circuits in radio receivers. The fields are instrumental in preserving the uniqueness of the different species and controlling their evolution but are themselves subject to reciprocal influences. The fact that morphic fields are intangible should worry science less than Pauli's Exclusion Principle - a mathematical abstraction on which the very existence of the universe depends.

It is impossible adequately to sum up a book like this in a short review; the theory has multiple implications. Gaia is no longer a bygone myth but a very credible, modern concept. It would not be overstating the importance of Sheldrake's work to say that it provides a firm scientific basis for a new animism. The earth is a living, conscious entity. A purposive soul or animus informs the whole of nature from mountains to microbes; from conifers to constellations. And Rupert Sheldrake assures us that his theory is a testable one.

'The Rebirth of Nature' has such intriguing chapter headings and sub-headings as 'Rituals and Morphic Resonance', 'Souls and Fields', 'The Power of Prayer' and so on. Dr. Sheldrake's style is lucid, his arguments logical, and his text is interspersed with quotations and intriguing bits of information. Did you know, for example, that Revelation 8.10-11 states 'there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp ... and the name of the star is called Wormwood ... and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.'? Not a bad description of the disaster at Chernobyl, one would have thought. Especially as 'chernobyl' means 'wormwood' in Ukrainian ...

Buy, beg, borrow or steal this book. But READ IT.

Eddie Tooke.

We wish good luck to new member Emily Floyd with her A level study topic - Arthur and the Holy Grail at Glastonbury.



REX FUTURUS

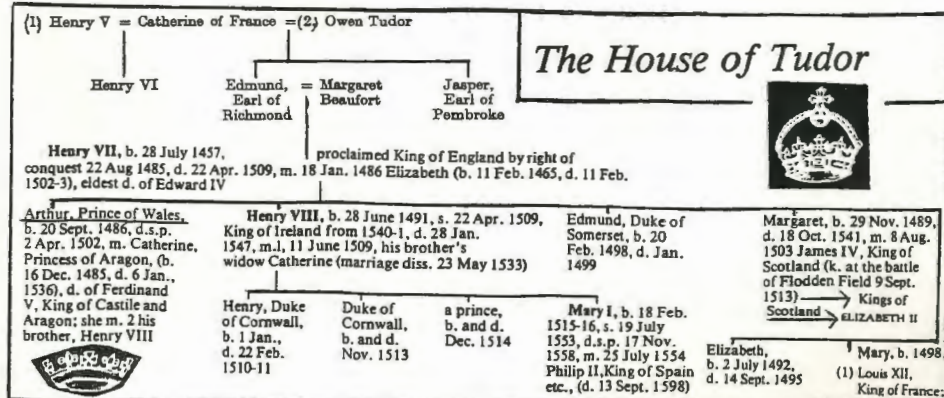
Part 2 - Arthur of Wales

I'm glad you could join me again at Worcester Cathedral today; the Spring sunshine lights the windows of the high altar beautifully. Let us explore this bay just to the south. This chantry chapel is built in Purbeck marble and that is the original door from 1504. What a shame it is all so badly mutilated: Edward VI's commissioners did this, I'm afraid. You can still make out the carvings though: apostles and saints, falcons, portcullises and roses - Tudor roses. Those are the Prince of Wales's feathers; see - the stone reredos has a prince being carried to heaven by angels.

This simple granite tomb has an inscription; it reads:

'Here lyeth Prince Arthur, the first begotten sonne of the righte renowned King Henry the Seventh, which noble prince departed out of this transitory life att the Castle of Ludlowe in the seventeenth yeare of his father's reign and in the yeere of our Lorde god on thousand fyve hundred and two.'

This monument commemorates the greatest hope of the new Tudor dynasty: it also commemorates the loss of King Arthur II.



Owen Tudor must have been a dashing fellow. He captured the heart of Henry V's widow, Catherine of Valois, and they were married secretly. There is a story that Catherine, eager to meet her in-laws, received Ivan and Hywel his cousins from Anglesey at court. As they only spoke their native British she was unable to converse with them but she liked them well and declared that they were the godliest dumb creatures she had ever beheld.

In 1452 Henry VI conferred earldoms on Edmund and Jasper, his step-brothers, and parliament confirmed their legitimacy. Edmund, Earl of Richmond, made a very important marriage in 1456, with young Margaret Beaufort. She was descended from John of Gaunt and soon to become heiress of the Lancastrian claim to the throne. Edmund died the following year and two months later his son Henry was born, on 28th July 1457, at Pembroke Castle. Jasper had taken his sister-in-law there for safety. In Wales there were prophecies: 'Jasper will breed for us a dragon, the hope of our race.'

Henry VI and his son were killed at Tewkesbury in 1471, which made Henry Tudor the Lancastrian heir. Realizing his nephew's importance and danger, Jasper took him to Brittany where they found refuge with Duke Francis II. They remained in exile for thirteen years during the reign of Edward IV until Richard of Gloucester assumed the throne. In 1483 Henry was proclaimed king in Rennes and contracted to marry Elizabeth of York, Edward IV's eldest daughter. Richard coerced Francis to banish Henry but he moved to Paris and the protection of Charles VII of France.

On 1st August 1485 Henry and Jasper sailed from the Seine with 2000 men; they landed at Milford Haven and began the long march to Bosworth. Richard scorned his rival, calling him a 'milksoy', brought up like a captive in a cage in Brittany', and vowed, 'I will die King of England.' On 22nd August Richard's naked body was carried to Leicester for burial; for once there was no massacre after the battle. Henry of Richmond was king. He based his claim upon his right of conquest and delayed his marriage until this had been established. The red dragon that floated over Henry's army at Bosworth and on his triumphal entry into London became a supporter to the royal arms.

The Venetian ambassador wrote to his government, 'The Welsh may be said to have recovered their former independence for the most wise and fortunate Henry VII is a Welshman.' The English poet Layamon had told his countrymen that every Briton still looked forward to the day when Arthur would return. Over thirty bards kept Welsh national fervour aflame during Edward IV's reign; they promised their people a deliverer from oppression. Henry was hailed as the 'Son of Prophecy' (Mab Darogan) - the true heir of Brutus, Cadwalader and Arthur. His marriage united the houses of York and Lancaster and doubled the Welshness of his line - for Elizabeth of York was descended from Llewellyn the Great. Genealogists traced the king's descent from the Welsh princes, but he was one quarter French and half Plantagenet, too. His aim was to unite his people in one strong kingdom and this he achieved: his dynasty reconciled England and Wales after a thousand years of conflict.

Henry's Welshness was prominently displayed in the symbolism of his heraldry, court pageantry and ceremonial, for which he had great flair. He fashioned a coat of arms that showed Brutus, Belinus and Arthur in one quarter. In 1491 he commissioned Verard



of Paris to print a 'Lancelot' on vellum, with woodcuts and miniature paintings of Arthur and the Round Table, Galahad and the Holy Grail. (Lancelot was depicted with the head of his grandfather Owen Tudor). He kept a Welsh harpist at court and celebrated St. David's Day.

The king was a cultured man, like his intelligent bluestocking mother who was a generous patron of religion and education. She founded Christ's College at Cambridge and her arms are over the gateway still. The magnificent Gothic chapel in Westminster Abbey which houses the tombs of Henry, his wife and mother has been called 'the most beautiful chapel in all Christendom.' Apart from the beauty of its architecture, it is filled with Tudor symbolism and a stone dragon watches over them. William Caxton published Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur' in 1485, the year of the king's succession, calling it 'a noble and joyous book.' Wonderful timing: just as Tudor propaganda was presenting Henry as the restorer of the true 'British' monarchy, rooted in a heroic past, this book arrived to give the story a new prestige.

Malory's Camelot is most often Winchester and in that very city on 28th September 1486 Henry's heir-apparent was born and baptised Arthur in the cathedral. The king had stage-managed it so that Elizabeth bore her son in the ancient capital of the country's legendary - and Saxon - past; where King Arthur's Table hung for all to see in the Great Hall of the castle. Henry fully intended that there should be an Arthur II and that the prophecy of the King's Return should be literally fulfilled. All the king's hopes for his dynasty were centred on his infant son.

Church bells were rung throughout the land, bonfires blazed and Te Deums were sung. Poets were quick to praise the birth: John Skelton wrote 'Prince Arturis Creacyoun' and Bernard Andre, the poet laureate, wrote 'De Arturi principis creatione.'

On November 1489 Arthur was created Prince of Wales, 'with the assent and advice of the peers in parliament assembled.' There was a splendid investiture ceremony three months later. On Friday 26th February 1490 the little boy of three and a half was rowed in the royal state barge from Kew to Westminster in a splendid procession of boats, while the crowds cheered all along the banks. Bishops, peers, knights and the Lord Mayor of London greeted the prince who was escorted into Westminster Hall riding on horseback. Trumpets blew, minstrels sang and knights were dubbed. Garter King of Arms compared Prince Arthur's arrival down the waters of the Thames to the return of Arthur from the Isle of Avalon.

Prince Arthur had next to learn to govern his Principality. Henry revived the Court and Council of the Marches of Wales, which had been in abeyance during the wars. Young Arthur was now its nominal head and in 1501 the prince took up residence in Ludlow Castle with his own court and officials. Ludlow was the principal fortress of thirty-two that guarded the March. It became the 'Windsor of the West', a centre of power and culture and the king made regular visits to his son there.

When Arthur was one year old Henry began overtures to provide him with a suitable wife. To consolidate his throne and to gain prestige



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in Europe the king aimed high: he arranged that Arthur should eventually marry Catherine, the younger daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain - the patrons of Columbus. Negotiations went on for thirteen years before a formal betrothal took place at Woodstock in October 1499. This was followed by a proxy marriage with the Spanish ambassador at Bewdley. It was a great coup for Henry. The British Library has a letter written from Ludlow in November 1499 by Arthur to Catherine, in Latin. It begins, 'Most illustrious and excellent lady, our dearest betrothed.' Arthur was thirteen!

Catherine's ship and escort reached Plymouth on 2nd October 1501, long overdue, and Henry and Arthur rode to meet her at Dogmersfield. Arthur's Guinevere was almost sixteen, tall, attractive, with a fair complexion and red-gold hair. She was well-liked by everyone and had been expertly trained for royalty. On the 14th November 1501 the bride was escorted to St. Paul's Cathedral and down the aisle by the rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old Duke of York - later to become Henry VIII and her second husband. The wedding was spectacular and magnificent, the streets were elaborately decorated, bells rang and wine flowed freely. Catherine danced, but not with her husband, and Prince Henry was so energetic that he had to take off his doublet and dance in his shirt. The bride and groom were ceremoniously bedded at Baynard's Castle. Celebrations went on for a week, with pageantry, jousting and feasting. No doubt the king's cup ran over!

Before Christmas the young couple rode away along muddy roads through Abingdon, Woodstock, Kenilworth and Bewdley. By the next year they reached Ludlow where they were received with acclaim: the people of Wales had been sent the future king and queen of their land. Feasts and tournaments continued for a month. For three months Arthur ruled his court in the west before the 'sweating sickness' struck. Catherine was ill first: she lay abed for weeks struggling with a high fever. Then Arthur fell ill, and on April 12th 1502 he died. The chroniclers called it a 'consumption'; it was probably flu. The prince was sixteen - a dangerous age for royal Arthurs!

He lay in state at Ludlow Castle for three weeks before his funeral cortege set out across Clee Hill, through the Wyre Forest and down the Severn Valley to Worcester. Catherine was too ill to leave Ludlow. The sumptuous carriage and the procession of black-draped horses and riders carrying torches were led by Griffith ap Rice bearing Arthur's banner reversed. It was atrocious weather, a contemporary observer wrote. 'It was the foulest, cold wyndie and rainy day, and the worst waye I have seen, yea, and in some places they were fain to take oxen to draw the charre, so ill was the way.'

Arthur's heart was placed in the chancel of St. Lawrence's church at Ludlow, sealed in a silver box. The box was later stolen but it is believed that the heart was reburied and still lies there.

VII's hopes were shattered: he never showed the same interest and pride in his second son. Henry was not hailed as a bardic son of prophecy as his father and brother had been - he never even visited the Principality. The following year the king lost his wife and the court became a sombre place. He died on 21st April 1508: his last command was that Henry should marry Catherine, the Dowager Princess of Wales. The young king obeyed within six months: he adored his young queen.

It is easy to forget that Catherine and Henry were married for twenty-four years and she bore him at least six children, of which only one - Mary - survived. The 'King's Great Matter', to beget a son, led to the break with Rome and the annulment of the marriage

in 1533. Catherine lived for three more years, always insisting she was still Henry's wife and queen. She is buried in Peterborough Cathedral.



The events of the Wars of the Roses are enacted in Shakespeare's 'Henry VI' plays. 'Richard III' ends with the Battle of Bosworth and Henry's hope for peace. In 'Henry VIII' Catherine appears as the focus of the king's quarrel with Cardinal Wolsey. In Act 2, scene 4 her trial is presented and she defends her position as queen with fine eloquence and feeling. The king remains silent.

Before we part, let us make a short journey to the Priory Church of St. Mary and St. Michael on the Malvern Hills. This church is famed for its magnificent fifteenth century glass. Here, in the north transept window in a glorious golden radiance - we can see Prince Arthur, dressed in armour and kneeling at prayer under a canopy of state. Before him is an open book on which rests a sceptre: the sceptre that he might have held at his coronation as King Arthur.

Shall we meet once more at Worcester in June for our last journey in search of the king who might have been?

WHAT'S ON IN SOUTH SOMERSET

2nd May. Jack-in-the-Green Festival. Horsington 12 noon-10pm. <J.Sansom (0963) 70178>. 'A youth or boy moves about concealed by a wicker framework covered with leaves or boughs as part of the chimney-sweeps' revels on May Day. An old English custom now dead.' - Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase & Fable.

[Obviously not quite so dead as Brewer's believes! It could be fun if you're in the neighbourhood at the time.]

7th June. Leland Trail 3rd Section. Wildwalk. Meet at 10am. at the Rangers Office, Ham Hill, where transport will be provided (Cost £1). (0935) 75272 Ext.2502.

27th June. Churches, Cadbury and Camelot. Wildwalk. Meet at 12 noon in layby 100 yds South of Castle Road, South Cadbury. Bring a Picnic. (0935) 75272 Ext.2502.

EARLY ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND. A weekend course put on by the University of Oxford to be held at Rewley House, Oxford, from 10th to 12th April 1992. Fees: Residential - single £95.15, shared £83.75. Non-residential with meals - £52.75, without meals £28.35. 'The conference will explore current perceptions of the character and origins of early Anglo-Saxon England.' 11 lectures, including a look at written evidence of the fifth and sixth centuries. Contact the Archaeology/Local History Course Secretary, Oxford University Dept. for Continuing Education, Rewley House, 1 Wellington Square, Oxford OX1 2JA.

[No, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, you wouldn't be welcome. The conference is at Rewley House not un-Rewley House.]



Arms of Henry VII, first Tudor king of England, once Earl of Richmond.

LETTERS

I caught something on the local radio news before Christmas to the effect that Glasgow University are doing a two-year blitz on the Cadbury dig finds to report finally on the Alcock dig. Perhaps Kate's promptings were instrumental after all!

David Pykitt's article on Arviragus contains various assertions, some of which I would query - such as how it was known that there was a stone temple at Cadbury (only surmised by the Alcock excavations) with two statues, (reference is made to John Whitehead's 1959 publication).

'Victorian Cadbury' was fascinating and seemed to show that speculation about the hillfort had not substantially changed between 1894 and 1966 when the dig started.

The book reviews struck a chord with me - especially Andy Collins' publication, which I see you had as much trouble with as I have had with past efforts of his. Psychic archaeology is an area that is fraught with interpretive problems and seems to beg more questions than it purports to answer.

The Wild Hunt and Rex Futurus are articles in the old PENDRAGON tradition: looking at well-trowelled subjects but with new eyes.

(Chris Lovegrove. Bristol.)

[See David's reply to Chris below.

There's more information about the dig in 'Hear Ye'. Ed.]

My thanks to Fred and Charles for their attempts to aid me in my 'search' for Llacheu. Fred cites nos. 4 and 91 of the Welsh

Triads; unfortunately he doesn't say which version. The only one I have is that compiled by the much-maligned Iolo Morganwg, in which 'Llecheu' (sic) 'son of Arthur' is mentioned in no. 70, as one of the 'three naturalists of the Isle of Britain'. He is also mentioned in the glossary as 'the Lohot who is found in 'The High History of the Holy Grail' where he falls victim to Sir Kay's envy.' The Grail book is not mentioned in the bibliography, but I assume it is the one listed in Richard Cawendish's 'King Arthur and the Grail' as 'a translation by S. Evans of 'Perlesvaus'').

Thank you, I have now found L. in The Dream of Rhonabwy', and Gwydre in 'Culhwch & Olwen'. I have also heard, vaguely, of Anir (Amr), but can't add anything to your brief mention. (Haven't had time to re-read Nennius!) As you say, there seems to be no mention of Llacheu being killed by Arthur: and (as you also say), since there is no 'official' Life of Arthur, we shall probably never get to the bottom of the matter of his progeny (if any). In Morganwg's Triads, even Mordred ('Medrawd') is listed as 'the son of Llew, son of Cynvarch' (nos. 21, 100).

It seems to me that Arthur is regarded as 'fair game' in the matter of endowing him with offspring (Rosemary Sutcliff 'gave' him a daughter, Hylin, in 'Sword at Sunset', and as reported in the last issue of PENDRAGON, Susan Cooper 'gave' him a son, Bran, in 'The Grey King' - 4th in the 'Dark Is Rising' sequence). However, all these writers display a degree of careful foresight (or craftiness!) inasmuch as most of the 'children' pre-decease Arthur; this means that there is no-one to claim the succession after Arthur's 'death'. Llacheu, Gwydre and Anir are, apparently,

all killed; Hylin dies of fever in infancy; Bran is taken forward into the 20th century by Guinevere, with Merlin's assistance. And Mordred is killed at Camlann.

The rule seems to be that one may endow Arthur with as many children as one wishes - as long as all such children are killed off before their father, so as not to make complications over the succession! But this kind of 'embroidery' gives the unfortunate impression that Arthur was some kind of 5th century Casanova or Don Juan, wenching around all over the place and littering (mot juste!) Britain with love children.

Perhaps he was more like Uther Pendragon than Mary Stewart realised ...

(Beryl Mercer. Truro.)

I have just been enjoying again your odd ode to the Dragon [December issue]. I am urged to write because you are probably unaware of my one-time close contact with deceased dragons.

In the 1920s, way into the 30s, Dragon's Blood and Toenails were common, occasionally requested in chemist shops of those days. The blood came from the East Indies mainly and the toenails from Persia - for the best specimens. I have sold quite a bit of Dragon's Blood and was still using lots of finely powdered toenails in the 1960s.

Dragon's Blood was a dark red, fine powder sold by the ounce, often for colouring varnishes and lacquers. It is possible that it was also taken internally for diarrhoea etc. as an astringent. The Toenails looked like the clippings from a giant's big toe - hard, dry, horny, moon-curved strips. They were the dried gum which exuded from a plant of the

pea family. Just as opium, rubber and Dragon's Blood (from a species of palm) are plant exudations. The toenails are actually Tragacanth - in very widespread use for many years (thousands) until replaced by modern synthetic chemicals. Today you buy it as Dr. Wernets or Steradent powder for holding dentures in place.

(Ken Newberry. Bredon.)

[What Ken, a retired pharmacist friend, may not appreciate is that it is *PRECISELY* because Dragons were bio-degradable (as I mentioned in my 'ode') that substitutes had to be found for their claws and blood. Elderly dragons, of course, used tragacanth to keep their own dentures in place - a special fireproof version known as Mon-steradent. Ed.]

In reply to Chris Lovegrove's letter in the current issue of PENDRAGON, I was quoting from the enclosed extract from John Whitehead's book [see below], which was published in 1959 and prior to the archaeological excavations at South Cadbury Castle. Therefore John Whitehead would not have been aware of the discovery of the evidence for the massacre of the inhabitants of the hill-fortress, as part of a Roman police action to put down a rebellion by the order of Julius Frontinus some time after AD 70.

With regard to the stone temple erected by the Romans at Cadbury, it is not clear as to whether or not John Whitehead is continuing to quote from Boece. I would prefer to think that he is. Therefore, it is most interesting to note from Chris's letter that the evidence of the archaeological dig suggests that there may have been a stone

temple at Cadbury. I understand that there is going to be a further dig and hope that this will reveal further evidence.

'A curious incident is now recorded by Hector Boece, in his 'History and Chronicles of Scotland', which cannot be reconciled with anything in other narratives. He tells of Vespasian laying siege to Camelot, and capturing there a royal crown and magnificent sword, which weapon he used for the rest of his life. The picture of a revolt at Camelot is entirely contrary to what appears to have been the real situation, one of settled order under strong Roman domination; it seems that a misrepresentation has arisen from the use of a metaphor, and that Vespasian's so-called spoil was a sword of the same category as Arthur's Excalibur, and the crown likewise. In other words Vespasian either embraced or appeared to embrace privately the new creed; around this has been built the misconception of a revolt. This suggested interpretation is the more probable seeing that his senior, Aulus Plautius, was also inclining in that direction. It indicates a beneficently sympathetic attitude towards a conquered people.'

'At the same time, less happily, the Romans began to introduce law officers, and erected a stone temple at Camelot with two statues in it, the one of Victory and the other of the emperor Claudius. This tactless emphasis on victory carried with it the unpleasant indication that the country's lot was to be 'Britain for the Romans', instead of 'the Romans for Britain'.

Ref.: 'Guardian of the Grail - A New Light on the Arthurian Legend' by John Whitehead

(Jarrolds Publishers <London> Ltd., 1959).
(David Pykitt. Burton-on-Trent.)

Beryl Mercer is correct in believing Sleipnir to be Odin's horse; but the name Yggdrasill means, literally, 'Steed of Yggr' - Yggr (meaning either 'the Terrifier' or 'the Fearful One') being one of Odin's many nicknames or titles.

In his Edda, Snorri Sturluson writes (concerning Yggdrasill) that 'Nidhogg gnaws at the root from below' - this is the root that leads to the well Hvergelmir; Nidhogg is thus located beneath the tree, rather than at its foot. There is a good deal of circumstantial evidence for Valholl being at the foot of Yggdrasill, but it also depends on identifying the tree Laerad as the World Tree under another name (or as a reflex of it), an idea supported by Grimm's 26, which places Hvergelmir below Laerad. Snorri says that a goat and a hart stand on Valholl's roof eating this tree's foliage, which seems to relate in some way to the four harts that eat from Yggdrasill. Incidentally, these four harts have the same names as the four dwarfs who are said to hold up the sky, and whose names refer to the four directions (Laerad's goat and hart also have dwarf names).

But what are the 'Plains of Hela' Beryl mentions? Presumably, this is a misinformed rendering of Niflhel, the land of the dead ruled by the goddess Hel, in which case it, like Nidhogg, lies beneath one of Yggdrasill's roots. It would appear that Beryl's sources have attempted to provide Norse myth with a version of the Elysian Fields (in any case, Odainsakr fits the part well enough).

In The Fisher King and Odin I have deliberately refrained from

mentioning the pescheor/pecheor debate. Basically, I regarded it as unimportant (in the context of these researches, that is) that the king's title should be subject to wordplay that is, after all, fairly typical of medieval romance as a whole. I used the term 'Fisher King' as a generic to denote the kings in the Grail Castle rather than to display my allegiance to any particular interpretation of the title. Pescheor ('fisher') seems apt enough as a Christian reference; as does pecheor ('sinner') in the light of Anfortas. As it is, however, the meaning of Chretien's Roi Pescheor is certain; and, of course, the king does fish!

On the other hand, pecheor might be allowable as an oblique reference to the ergi that accompanies Odin's use of seidr, a magical (shamanistic) technique that was supposedly the domain of women. Generally translated 'shame', ergi strictly refers to the 'women's role' in homosexual intercourse. Medieval Scandinavian law viewed this as a crime (although the penetrative role was not). This is interesting in the light of Odin's nickname Jalkr, 'gelding'; and the genital wound of the Fisher King. [See my 'Wyrd: Fate and Destiny in North European Paganism' for further details (a shameless plug!)].

(Alby Stone. London)

I read with interest Fred Stedman-Jones's letter in reply to Beryl Mercer, and I would like to make the following comments in order to clarify matters.

According to the Welsh Triads, Geraint ap Erbin was one of the Three Fleet-owners of the Island of Britain and he commanded a fleet which was

moored on the Severn Estuary. Porth Ysgewin yg Gwent, i.e. Portskewett in Gwent, is mentioned in the Welsh Triads as one of the 'Teir Prif Porthva Ynys Prydein' (Three Prominent Ports of the Island of Britain). As Porth Is-Coed (Port below the Wood), now Portskewett, is recorded as the chief port of Gwent lying on the Severn Estuary, then it can be none other than Llongborth, the war-ship port where Geraint Llyngesog (the Fleet-owner) died in battle resisting an incursion by the Gewissei (Irish Confederates), their objective being Arthur's principle court at Gelliwig in Cernyw, Gwent.

A martyrdom was raised to the honour of Geraint at Merthyr Gerein (Martyrium of Geraint), a place in the parish of Magor on the Caldicot Level, near the Severn Estuary, in Gwent, which is mentioned in the Book of Llandaff. Merthyr Geryn is mentioned in the Valor of 1535 and presumably refers to the same place. According to the late Thomas Wakeman, the chapel 'De Ecclesia de Marthegeyrn' stood near the Upper Grange Farm in the parish of Magor, but its remains have been removed many years.

There is a tradition mentioned in the Vulgate Cycle that a certain Lissanor of Canparcor-entin (Quimper in Brittany) was the mother of Llacheu, but it is generally accepted that Gwenhwyfar was his mother.

In my article entitled 'Llacheu, the son of King Arthur', I stated that Llacheu died fighting at the Battle of Llongborth, but on reflection I do not see how this can be. Arthmael was born in 482 and the Battle of Llongborth was fought in 508. It is, therefore, impossible for Arthmael to have had a son who would have been of fighting age at the time of the Battle of Llongborth. I am now in full agreement with Fred when

he says that Llacheu was killed by the seneschal Cei. It would be interesting to ascertain the circumstances which led to the untimely death of Llacheu.

I would also like to point out that you have missed out a line of the text of my reply to Charles Evans-Gunther, namely the fifth line of the sixth paragraph: David Williams in 'The History of Monmouthshire' (1796): Dr. William Owen-Pughe in 'The Cambrian Biography' (1803), etc.
(David Pykitt. Burton-on-Trent)

[Sorry, David. Due to the rush to get the Journal out before Christmas I didn't give your contribution to Anne to proof-read as usual.

No. Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, I DON'T need you to proof-read for PENDRAGON. When I asked you to review Dickens's 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' you didn't even notice he'd left the end bit out... Ed.]

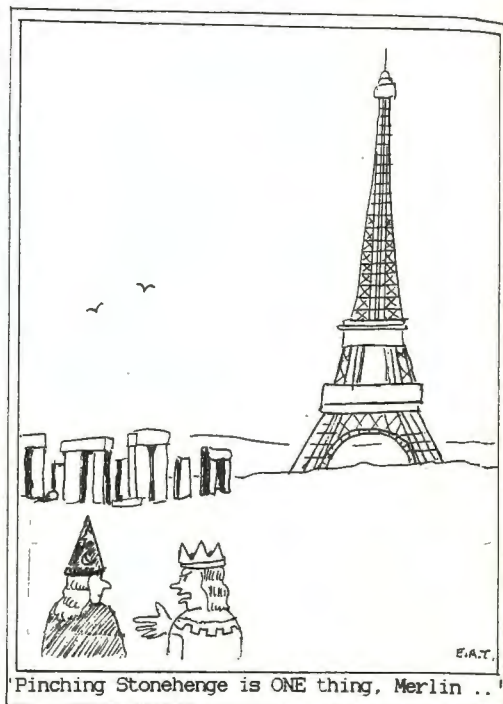
Robert Graves (as usual) has a few words to say about the Wild Hunt in 'The White Goddess' [see PENDRAGON No22/1: article by Beryl Mercer], referring to the dogs as Gabriel Hounds (I believe they're also called Gabriel ratchets, aren't they?) [Yes - also Gabbie ratchets, and Yell hounds. B.M.]

Ref. the Green Man: in a recent newsletter of the Folklore Society there is a mention of a carving of same (or Wild Man) in a ruined abbey. This is bound to produce some interesting comments, which I'll forward.

Did you see the 'ghost story for adults' called 'The Green Man' with Albert Finney - it had some pretty good bits, especially the vicar (who wore red tennis shoes) attempting to quiet the tree spirit ...

Lastly, ref. Romans - has anyone mentioned the Ermine Street Guards? I'm an overseas member!

(Mary Long. Illinois, via Beryl Mercer.)



Pinching Stonehenge is ONE thing, Merlin ..

A supporter of traditional Arthurian mythology has fallen from grace. He intends to take in vain the name of our sacred symbol, the Round Table itself!

I attended a meeting of London Earth Mysteries Circle to hear Peter Quiller in person. I had hopes he would distil a few drops of wisdom as postscript to 'Merlin Awakes'. He started by recapitulating his first revelation, 'light energy' at 3 a.m. in his own bedroom.

Quiller had come to talk about his new book, probably to bear the title 'The Quest for the Round Table'. He started his quest in Winchester, would you believe, but decided the local table was a fake. Other well-known sites were visited, but all in vain. Finally a book on Feng Shui led the pilgrim to the British Museum, and there it was - a geomantic compass with no Fe, O₄ at all: just mathematical tables in a perfectly round format. Please do your best! WARN THE MEMBERS!
(Fred Hadley. Surbiton)



VERLAMIO:

Our 1992 first edition opens with very exciting news. The 2000 year-old ritual burial site of an Iron Age Celtic King is being excavated at St. Albans even as I write. The Verulamium museum team led by Roslind Niblett claim that it is the largest Iron Age tomb found in Britain. Gifts and sacrifices surrounded the cremated remains of the king and included a chainmail shirt made of thousands of iron rings. The gateway was flanked by sacrificial burials of six heads of horned oxen and three human skeletons. The complex was constructed between AD20 and AD40, just before the Roman invasion. More news is eagerly awaited. And ... what better news to accompany such a find than that Dr. Miranda Green's 'Dictionary of Celtic Myth and Legend' (reviewed elsewhere in this journal) has just been published. A fine kick off for Celtic archaeology.



OUT AND ABOUT:

'Roman and Ancient Britain': Past Times, in conjunction with Hilton Hotels, present a Heritage Weekend based on their Portsmouth Hotel, between June 5-7. They invite you to 'discover our country's Roman past with two leading archaeologists, Bryn Walters and Peter Johnson, co-founders of the Roman Research Trust'. The itinerary includes talks and visits to Porchester Castle, Fishbourne Palace (built in AD70 for Cogidubnus after the Roman invasion), Bignor Villa and Danesbury hillfort, with a visit to the Iron Age museum at Andover. On Saturday there will be a Roman Banquet and two Ermine Street guards will talk about their armour and weapons. Price: £140. Write: Past Times, Wootton Business Park, Abingdon, Oxon OX13 6LG. Telephone: (0923) 246464.

'St.Fagan's Celtic Village': A Celtic settlement is now being constructed within a palisade at this open-air museum of buildings from Wales. The complex is under the expert eye of Dr. Peter Reynolds of Butser Hill Ancient Farm and all the structures are based on excavated examples from Welsh Sites. The settlement is scheduled to open to the public on Saturday 11th April, and there will be a programme of events on a Celtic theme on that day. The settlement will then be manned throughout the summer and there will be a regular programme of demonstrations involving museum staff and outside groups. These will include cornmilling, weaving, pottery, story-telling and drama-related activities. Contact The Marketing Dept., Welsh Folk Museum, St. Fagans, Cardiff CF5 6XB.

'The Coracle Society': As I mentioned last time, this organisation is also based at St.Fagans. Its activities include publishing a newsletter, organising events, demonstrations and exhibitions, collecting an archive and arranging talks and lectures. Membership is open to anyone who shares the aims of the Society. Subscriptions are £5.00 per annum: send cheque to 'the Coracle Society' (above address). Cheques made payable to 'The Coracle Society' also.

The Way of Merlin': This is the title of a two-day weekend workshop to be given by R.J.(Bob) Stewart on Sat.30th and Sun.31st

May at Arcania Workshops, Bath. The Way of Merlin is defined as: 'Your true self and the land are one.' The workshop will include exploring a technique of concentration based on the cycle of the Four Elements, building and enlivening Sacred Space, the realms of totemic beings and creatures, as well as the rich images associated with the Way of Merlin. Fee: £59 (non-residential), Course No.253. Contact: Arcania Workshops, 17 Union Passage, Bath BA1 1RE. (0225) 311028.

CELTIC ARTS AND CRAFTS:

'Dryad Graphics': Miranda Green's book 'Dictionary of Celtic Myth and Legend' has a fine frontispiece drawing entitled 'The Celtic Mandala'. It is a symbolic illustration of the Celtic Year, with its seasonal cycle, in the form of a wheel. It incorporates many motifs found in Celtic art and mythology, such as the stag, the bull, birds, the solar wheel, oak leaves and the Tree of Life. The Mandala is the work of Jen-Delyth, a Keltic artist who grew up in Wales. She has now married and lives in the USA, but her parents act as her British business managers. Send 50p to: Dryad Graphics, Lower Mill Cottage, Hill End, Llangennith, Gower, Swansea, W.Glamorgan SA3 1HU. (0792) 386666. In return you'll get a catalogue of cards, stationery, silk-screened T-shirts, window prints - all bearing Jen-Delyth's delightful Keltic designs. The Mandala is available, too, size 19 by 19 (inches), and it comes with an 8-page booklet describing the philosophical and mythological framework of the symbols used and their meaningful position within the Mandala wheel. Both Simon and I are delighted at finding this contact for quality goods bearing Keltic symbols. The two roundels are Jen-Delyth's designs.



'Angus Rock Art': This business was founded in 1989 'to help promote an awareness of the monuments of the Picts and early Scots through exhibitions of photographs and life size replicas.' The Picts were the native people of Caledonia and their art survives in the sculptured stone monuments scattered through the east and north of Scotland. There is a fine collection in the national museum at Edinburgh. Angus Art offer a range of eight or so replicas of stones from Kirriemuir and Rossie Island, Montrose. They are manufactured under licence from Angus District Council, who own the originals. Cement is recommended for the garden and fibreglass for indoors and the designs are interlaced with crosses, horsemen, stags, angels and gods. The best way to look at them is 'sideways to the sun'. Send SAE to: Angus Rock Art, 'Freetown' Aberlemno, Angus DD8 3PE. Tel: 030-783-381. I should warn you, they are not cheap but they are something special.



Stuart Littlejohn: This artist's work will probably be known to you through his designs of covers for John Matthews' 'Taliesin' and R.J.Stewart's 'The Underworld Initiation'. Another example is the cover of John and Caitlin Matthews' 'The Ladies of the Lake', which has been recently published. Not yet published is 'Goddess Icons' which will feature Stuart's paintings of Celtic goddesses together with meditations by Caitlin Matthews. Mr. Littlejohn is available to discuss original commissions and several of the above originals are available for purchase. It would be good if his work could be made available in cheaper print form, as prices for original artwork of this quality are necessarily high. Stuart Littlejohn, 1 Gosses Cottage, Sandford, nr.Cred-don Devon EX17 4NH.

MEDIA, TAPES AND MUSIC:

'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight': The only Arthurian broadcast that I am aware of since the



last edition is a reading of this poem in five episodes on Radio 4 beginning 30th December, 1991. Described as 'One of the masterpieces of medieval alliterative poetry, set in the court of King Arthur', it was translated by Brian Stone, abridged and produced by Amanda Hancox. Made in stereo, it could probably be obtained from the BBC. I only heard two episodes: I prefer the original.

Robin Williamson Productions': These are, in fact, tapes of one who might best be termed a modern bard. As I write, Robin is in the U.S.A., his work is becoming well-known in this country and abroad. There are many titles available in his collection of music and story-telling. Titles include: Music for the Mabinogi, Five Celtic Tales of Enchantment, Five Bardic Mysteries, Five Legendary Histories of Britain, Five Celtic Tales of Prodigies and Marvels. Write to Robin Williamson Productions, BCM 4797, LONDON WC1N 3XX.

'Wrekin Trust Cassettes': Although the Trust is in a period of dormancy, it is continuing to run a mail-order service for books and cassettes. The Conference Cassette list has 261 recorded talks of major events and speakers featured in past Wrekin Trust activities. The areas covered are wide in their appeal, but the following may be of interest to our members: 'The Five Changes of the Grail' - John Matthews; 'The Waters of Life' - Caitlin Matthews; 'London's Sacred Sites' - Nigel Pennick; 'Sophia, Goddess of Dazzling Darkness' - Caitlin Matthews; 'The Mysteries of Chartres Cathedral' - Frederic Lionel. Cassettes cost £5, from Conference Cassettes Ltd., c/o Wrekin Trust, Runnings Park, Croft Bank, West Malvern WR14 4BP. Tel: (0684) 892898.

EXCHANGE MAGAZINES:

'Meyn Mamvro' No.17, Winter/Spring, 1992: This edition contains a five page article: 'Goddesses and Gods of the Celts' by its editor, Cheryl Straffon, with bold artwork of a goddess and Cernunnos by Barry Millard. I have a feeling Cheryl is going to enjoy Dr.Miranda Green's new work. (No, I'm not getting a commission!)

'News Locum' Summer, 1991, reports that crop circles are now beginning to appear in Japanese rice fields, and speculates, 'Are Rice circles twice as nice circles as Corn circles?' In the same journal's Winter 1991 edition the same contributor tells us that a crop circle was discovered in a field of spinach somewhere in France. This prompts him to add, 'There was no mention of an adjoining Olive grove, but I do wonder if the local inhabitants weren't 'pop-eyed at the discovery!' (I know what you're thinking, but it wasn't our worthy editor!)

'Mercian Mysteries' No.10, February 1992. This number includes an Index to issues 1 to 10, which is an excellent idea. A new series is 'Prehistory: the Literary Dimension, Part 1,' by Alison Skinner. It details the work of novelists in this field, and is a useful reference. Bob Trubshaw's 'Heart of Albion' Press has a revised catalogue out; it includes a forthcoming work by Alby Stone: 'A Splendid Pillar - the Axis Mundi in the Grail', March 1992, A5, card covers, 42pp, 7 illust. £2.95. 'An original and inspirational study of the axis mundi (or sacred centre) motif in northern lore and the Arthurian romances.' Heart of Albion Press, 2 Cross Hill Close, Wymeswold, Loughborough. LE12 6UJ. Please add 25p for post and packaging).

'Dragon' Vol.3.No.12. Charles Evans-Gunther writes, 'I had the good fortune to be at the last Pendragon AGM at Kate Pollard's house in Bristol.. and was very impressed by their professionalism, organisation and camaraderie. It was also excellent to be able to put faces to the names that so often appear in their magazine.' (We've told you so ourselves - what about joining us next



AGM?) Two interesting articles in this edition are: 'Arthurian Warfare' by Chris V. Gidlow, and 'Arthur the Great' by Charles himself. We look forward to increased contact and co-operation with DRAGON.

PENDRAGON IMPRINTS:

A progress report. To date I have heard (second-hand) that two members are hoping to submit original research for publication. Next June you will receive, gratis, a facsimile copy of the first volume ever of 'Pendragon'. Dating from 1966-67, it contains some fascinating glimpses of the Bristol-based society that gave birth to what is now surely the longest-living Arthurian group. Much of the material is about the Cadbury Dig, and it is just 24 pages. I hope to be able to tell you of further ventures in the pipeline next time.

BOOKS:

'Tintagel & the Arthurian Mythos': this work, by Paul Broadhurst (co-author of 'The Sun and the Serpent', and of other works) is to be published this summer in a special limited edition by Pendragon Press of Launceston, Cornwall. The book asks 'why should a remote spot like Tintagel have created such a unique place for itself in the annals of Britain's magical heritage?' and sets out to answer this question. This first edition will be bound in dark-green simulated leather, with gold-blocked cover and spine, with illustrations printed in sepia. It will cost £26 and be limited to a thousand copies. Leaflet from: Pendragon Press, PO Box 888, Launceston, Cornwall PL15 7YH.

BOOKS OF THAMES & HUDSON: for the past twenty years I have looked forward twice a year to receiving the lists of this splendid publishing firm. Every book is by an expert in the field and the standard of printing, illustration and presentation is superb always. Their current catalogue contains much that is of interest. 'Celtic Design - Animal Patterns': This is the third in this useful series by Aidan Meehan. Also published at £5.95, it has over 400 illustrations and teaches you how to construct motifs from griffins to greyhounds. First tracing the development of zoomorphic decoration, it then sets out to illustrate their construction methods and suggests exciting variations.

'Art of the Celts' from 700 BC to the Celtic Revival. Lloyd Laing and Jennifer Laing. This is a volume in their popular 'World of Art Series'. With 212 illustrations, 22 in colour, all for £6.95. 'The entire spectrum of Celtic art, with all its vibrancy, magical power, intricate pattern and ambiguity, is revealed in this timely book.'

'Mythic Ireland': by Michael Dames ('The Silbury Treasure' and 'The Avebury Cycle' man). Dames walked through all four provinces of Ireland visiting in each a 'focal mythical site' then further sites that 'spiral off' from these centres. He also surveys Ireland from its 'Mide' or centre, its axis. The traditional sacred locales take on contemporary relevance as the concerns of myth - conservation and recurrence - provide models for the future. Photographs, engravings, maps that reveal the sacred places of pagan and Christian legend. 150 illustrations, £14.95.

'Atlantis': A new book in their 'Art & Imagination' series, by Geoffrey Ashe. The island continent that vanished beneath the sea is a haunting theme and has been a central belief in esoteric schools of Western mysteries. 116 illustrations, 16 in colour. £6.95.

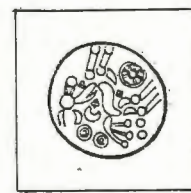


BOOKS BY JOHN MATTHEWS:

John writes books faster than most of us can read them. His latest works have explored the bardic and shamanic aspects of Celtic lore - 'The Celtic Shaman' (Element, £8.99) presents techniques and methods derived from Celtic sources - as a plan for self-tuition for those interested in Celtic mythology and Western Mysteries. His earlier book 'Taliesin, Shamanism and the Bardic Mysteries in Britain and Ireland' (Aquarian Press) has been followed by 'The Song of Taliesin' (Stories and poems from the Books of Broceliande) (Aquarian Press, £7.99). I liked this very much; the traditions are told vividly and accompanied by original writing of considerable imaginative power. A glimpse of the chapters will reveal the feast: 'Ogma, the Search for the Letters; The Fall of the Great Trees; The Salmon and the Crane; Culhwch's Day.' I'd have liked this in green simulated leather, gold blocked and numbered!

DOCTOR DEE AND THE ANCIENT TREASURES:

In this time of recession the thought of winning the pools is the dream of many. Here is an alternative idea for becoming rich overnight. Sorcery has always been linked with treasure-hunting and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I Dr. John Dee was a scholar who also ventured into the magic arts. He tried alchemy first, hoping to turn dross metal into gold, but in 1582 he met up with a dubious young man named Edward Kelly. Kelly had already had his ears cropped for coining money. This young man produced a parchment which he claimed to have discovered in Wales by the aid of a spirit. Dee decoded the cypher, then translated the Latin and found that it was a catalogue of treasure buried by 'Gordano' and other 'chiefs' of the Arthurian period - on both banks of the Bristol Channel. If you don't believe this story you can go to the British Library and see a manuscript in Dee's own hand (Sloane Mss 3188 fols 8687) which lists the treasure sites: 'Gilds cros, Branxes Suters croces, marsas got cross, Huteos cros, Fluds grenul, mons mene, Mnnr Merse, Mountegles arnit, etc.' All the sites are close to landmarks such as crosses, hills and trees. Before you reach for that shovel it is well to remember that buried hoards are often guarded by dragons, demons and spirits! Good hunting! I'm off to Mnnr Merse!



REX FUTURUS - Amendments to Part 1.

May I use your columns to make some minor amendments to my article 'Rex Futurus, Part 1'? Arthur was murdered in 1203, not 1103, of course. He was held captive at Rouen from 1202 but by late 1203 there were rumours he was dead. In response to John's overtures for peace Philip of France would reply, 'First produce Arthur.' Ten years later it was reported that John had actually killed his nephew himself but this was never proved.

The title and lands of the Earl of Richmond were held by the counts and dukes of Brittany, not Normandy as printed.

Accounts differ as to whether Richard declared Arthur or John as his heir at the time of his death in 1199. He had certainly favoured Arthur earlier in his reign.

Arthur is mentioned 34 times in Shakespeare's 'King John'. Act 2, scene 1 (line 311) has a noble ring: 'Proclaim Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.' It was not to be, unfortunately. (F. Stedman-Jones)

CELTIC EXHIBITION IN VENICE

nicholas gold

Between June and December 1991 there was an exhibition entitled I Celti in the Palazzo Grassi in Venice. The idea behind it was that, as Europe becomes more unified, we Europeans should become more aware of the first people to have spread themselves over the entire continent and to present the Celts as significant contributors to European culture. Although the Celts were rightly acclaimed as the first Europeans, visitors were constantly reminded that the Romans had defeated them and the Celts' victories over the Romans tended to be glossed over. The walls were covered with maps, unhelpful and rather childish designs and a lot of explanation, all of which was in Italian.

The emphasis was on central Europe before the birth of Christ so those of us more familiar with later and western items would find most of those on display quite new to them. It was however like meeting relatives of old friends as most of the pieces had the same features although I could see clear Roman and Greek influences on some of them and thought that I detected Egyptian motifs and elephants on one vase. The Celts used very few patterns in their ornament and yet were able to keep their art fresh for over a thousand years. Undoubtedly the best section was the jewelry, which was displayed at shoulder height in thirty black pillars each with a plain glass panel on one side and a magnifying glass on the other. The metal work was intricate without being fragile, boisterous without being brash and personal in a way that modern jewelry is not. Each piece had been made by a craftsman, who had enjoyed making it, especially for his patron, who must have revelled in wearing it.

I was surprised how many of the swords, iron ones too, had been bent double and at two examples of chain mail, a most unceltic device, being included. Several animals appeared among the decorations with boars and horses being the most common. As one of the possible meanings of Arthur's name is Bear, I was disappointed that there were no recognisable bears. There was a magnificent 3rd century BC conic helmet with a flying eagle crest from Ciamesti and another helmet with a chain attached to its apex. The heads which went inside them cannot have been very large but the hand grips of the swords looked suitable for modern hands - unlike those of the Vikings which are consistently too small. There was a pathetic shoe preserved because it had been lost in a salt mine, which might have fitted a ten year old child. It may well have been that a ten year old child lost it. It was one of the very few exhibits which dealt with the Celts as people rather than as show-offs and brawlers. The climax of the exhibition was an exact replica of the Gundestrup Cauldron (the real one has remained in Denmark for a bicentenary) and this led on to the Holy Grail, which, since it continues to intrigue, reminds us that the Celts are still with us.

For the ten thousand lire entrance fee (approx £4.50) we were each given a short bilingual guide without pictures and for fifty thousand lire there was a lavish catalogue, similar in size to a telephone directory and in illustration to the Sunday Magazines, much like that which accompanied 'The Work of Angels' at the British Museum. It was probably good value even for those without competitive coffee tables but as I was travelling by bicycle I had to go without.

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but useful bibliography of
source books.

If you're interested, write to
Somerset County Council, Taunton
Tourist Information Centre, The
Library, Corporation Street,
Taunton TA1 4AN. Tel: Taunton
274785.

Sending an A5 size SAE would be
courteous (and therefore in the
best Arthurian tradition!)

PENDRAGON ADVERTISEMENT RATES

£12.00 per page and pro rata (minimum 1/4 page). Copy of
Journal with advert. in:- £1.00 extra.

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rata (minimum 1/4 page).

Charges are for camera-ready adverts. on A4 size paper
(reducing to A5). Line drawings accepted but no photographs.

Exchange Journals

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.

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

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

FOLKLORE FRONTIERS - Editor Paul Screeton. 5 Egton Drive, Seaton Carew, Hartlepool, Cleveland TS25 2AT. Contemporary legends, urban belief tales. Four issues for £5.00.

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, ley paths, 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.

RUNESTAFF - Pagan knowledge, geomancy, ecology and associated topics. Sporadic publication. No advance subscriptions. SAE to RUNESTAFF address for notification when next issue is ready. Current issue 75p. Cheques/POs to NIGEL PENNICK at 142 Pheasant Rise, Bar Hill, Cambridge CB3 8SD. Phone: 0954 780 932.

SILVER WHEEL MAGAZINE - Journal of the Native British Tradition: shamanism, Pagan thought, issues and instruction, folklore, herbalism etc. Subscription £6 per year, or sample issue £1.75. Please make cheques payable to Anna Franklin, B6 Deveron Way, Hinckley, Leics. LE10 0XD.

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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The Western Morning News tells us that a nine-day festival of music, drama, arts and crafts is being organised by Tintagel Traders Association. King Arthur, says the news item, could ride again as part of the festival. Programme begins Saturday May 16th and could become an annual event.

Experts at Glasgow University are to re-open their files on Cadbury Castle, excavated over 20 years ago. English Heritage are funding a resurrection of the project, a detailed record of whose findings was left unfinished due to lack of cash. The signs are that Cadbury Hill will be the front runner for Camelot. The Cadbury finds will be housed in Taunton, Somerset. (Pendragon founder-member Kate Pollard has been pushing the authorities to make this happen for a long, long time.)

A finely preserved Roman mosaic lies buried at Woodchester in the Cotswolds. A 1.5 million piece replica of this will be on display at the Victoria Rooms, Queen's Road, Clifton, Bristol 16th April - 9th May 1992. Details from The Great Orpheus Pavement, c/o 36 Whiteladies Road, Clifton, Bristol BS8. Phone (0272) 731173. Profits to Cancer and Leukemia Trust.

A signed, limited edition of Paul Broadhurst's 'Tintagel and the Arthurian Mythos' will be launched in Tintagel this summer. Application form and details from Pendragon Press, [not US I'm afraid!], PO Box 888, Launceston, Cornwall PL15 7YH.

Mind, Body, Spirit Festival for 1992. Royal Horticultural Hall, Greycoat Street, London SW. 21st-25th May. Enquiries - MBS Tickets, Amica House, 170 Campden Hill Road, London W8 7AS. Phone (071) 938 3788.

New Life Workshops - Manifestation, Healing, Journey into Past Lives etc. etc. For pamphlets contact New Life Promotions, Amica House, 170 Campden Hill Road, London W8 7AS. Phone (071) 938 3788.

Tartarus Press of 51 De Montfort Road, Lewes, East Sussex BN7 1SS announces the publication of the hitherto unpublished chapters 5 & 6 of Arthur Machen's 'The Secret Glory'. Limited edition of 250 copies at £20 + p.& p. Ambrose Metrick obtains The Cup and performs 'The Marriage of the Cup.' Contact Tartarus Press first: no copies may be left.

Contact University of Avalon, 8b Market Place, Glastonbury, Somerset BA6 9HW, or phone (0458) 833933 for courses on Arthur, Gwennhwyfar, Mythic Matter of Britain, Runes, Shamanism etc. A Grail Quest: 10-day tour of sites connected with Arthur, Merlin, Vivienne and Gwennhwyfar in Britain and Brittany.

Penhow Castle, Gwent, Wales. 'Oldest lived-in castle in Wales ... Lose yourself in the past'. Phone - (0633) 400800.

Simon tells me he has noticed a range of delphiniums called 'Arthur', 'Guinevere', 'Lancelot', 'Galahad', 'Astolat' etc. The flower of British knighthood obviously!

Apologies to Fred Stedman-Jones. I noticed too late that I had omitted his name from his book reviews in our last issue.

It was with deep regret that we heard of the death in a nursing home of Pendragon member Mary Bonney. Mary was an extremely supportive contributor to our letters columns and her charm, humour and gentle scholarship were always apparent. She will be sadly missed. On the Society's behalf a small contribution has been made to a charity of her sister-in-law's choice.



Why not wear a PENDRAGON T-shirt this summer? Simon Rouse's
 striking design (actual size 14 inches by 9) is certainly an
 eye-catcher. The T-shirts come in 4 sizes, small, medium, large
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