

pendragon



EDITORIAL

*Does the land wait the sleeping lord or is
the wasted land that very lord who sleeps?*
(David Jones: 'The Sleeping Lord')



he response to this theme has been splendid, our thanks to all contributors and especially to our two guest writers, Dr Russell and Mr Edwards for their splendid pieces. Thanks also to Diarmuid O Breaslain, Editor of *The Celtic Pen* for allowing us to reproduce Mr Edwards' article and for writing to the author in Greece, from whence permission came winging speedily. We have added a number of excellent new exchange journals to our list, as you will see, and *Celtic Pen* is highly recommended.

This edition of *Pendragon* comes to you a little later than usual, blame the hot summer, our holiday, the printers' holiday, my son's graduation and the vastly expanded content of the magazine. There are four extra pages this time and the use of smaller print means that you are getting about 25% more for your sub. Newsprint has risen 30% in price this year, so it is important that we boost our circulation. With this in mind, we are enclosing one of our new leaflets, hoping that you can pass it on to someone who might be interested in joining or leave it in a prominent position where Arthurianophiles are known to pass.

We send our warmest good wishes to Eddie Tooke, who is recovering from a recent operation. I'm pleased to say that he sounds as chirpy as ever on the telephone and I knew all was well when *Tavas yn Gruth* (have you worked out what it means, yet?) fell through the editorial letterbox on time, calculated to the word to fit its allotted space exactly - together with a cartoon which is well up to the Tooke standard. We wish you a speedy recovery and continuing good health, Eddie.

Helen Hollick's book is well and truly launched and is reviewed within, she appeared on the Jamesons' show on August 11th and will be at the Cardiff Arthurian Day on October 8th. The enclosed leaflet illustrates what an interesting programme of activities has been arranged by the Welsh Academy and the College of Drama is a comfortable and spacious venue. We hope to put faces to names and to meet up with new members as well as greeting old friends. Why not write for the brochure today?

Our next theme is 'Arthur in Wonderland': just let your imagination loose on 'that one! We've got some good material already but there's room for more. A black X in the box on the bottom of this page means that your subscription runs out with this issue, a red X means it ran out after the last magazine and we are doing our best to lure you back into our fold.

No.XXIV/4 will appear at the beginning of December, to enable us to write up the Arthurian Day activities and to report on the AGM which we shall hold that day; I think we can safely promise you another jam-packed edition.

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SLEEPING LORD EDITION

CONTENTS

4. The Sleeping Lord Map.....Charles Evans-Günther
5. Not Dead but Sleeping.....Chris Lovegrove
10. The Sleeping Hero in Celtic Tradition.....Thornton B. Edwards
12. H.G.Wells & the Sleeper King.....Prof.W.M.S.Russell
14. A Grave for Arthur.....Various Authors
15. Europe's Sleeping Heroes.....Fred Stedman-Jones
19. The Big Deal.....Geoff Roberts
20. Arthur the Bear.....Charles Evans Günther
21. King Arthur's Labyrinth.....Charles Evans-Günther
22. Welsh Lullaby.....Marilyn Stedman-Jones
30. The Light of Logres.....Pamela Constantine
31. Tavas Yn Gruth.....Eddie Tooke
23. Letters.....32. Book Reviews.....28. Book Views
9. Booksearch.....31. Cartoon, Eddie Tooke
37. Talking Head..27,43,44 Adverts..42 Exchange Journals

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The Sleeping Lord



NOT DEAD BUT Sleeping Chris Lovegrove

Whatever happened to Toby the dog? You remember, he's the only live performer with a ruff in the Punch and Judy shows. He doesn't seem to have been around for a great many years, but I do recall him showing complete indifference to the coxcomb and all his crew who strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage.

Young animals, like their human counterparts, do have imagination however, and can suspend their critical judgement to chase balls, fetch sticks and the like. But we have the capacity, into our dotage, to believe several impossible things before breakfast. This results in the temporary acceptance of puppets such as Mr Punch as living beings. Indeed, in the stories of Pinocchio and Petrouchka the marionettes even have an existence quite separate from their animators.

Animation

In some deeply religious societies representations which are subject to veneration can, it is claimed, take on a life of their own. In several Christian communities icons of the Madonna, statues of the saints and images of Jesus are said to nod, to weep or to bleed (1). This kind of belief is of course of a different order to that afforded to puppets, but at times some examples of ill-informed superstition have much in common with folk belief.

One reasonably well documented case of an apparent belief in animation comes from the Isle of Lewis.

In the spring of 1831, the inroads effected by the sea,, uncovered a small subterranean stone building like an oven, at some depth below the surface.

A peasant ... proceeded to break into it, when he was astonished to see what he concluded to be an assemblage of elves or gnomes upon whose mysteries he had unconsciously intruded.

The superstitious Highlander flung down his spade, and fled home in dismay; but incited by the bolder curiosity of his wife he was at length induced to return to the spot, and bring away with him the singular little ivory figure, which had not unnaturally appeared to him the pigmy sprites of Celtic folklore. These are the famous Lewis chessmen, seventy-eight in all. No more than about



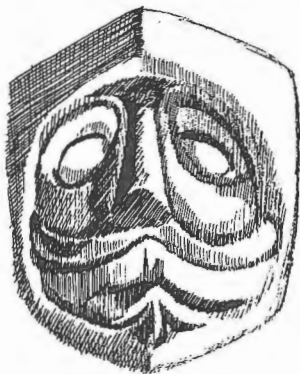
Isle of Lewis Chesspiece: King enthroned.

four inches high, with bulbous eyes and glum looks, they are now housed in the British Museum and the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland. The splendid little figures are dated to the 12th century because of their decorative features, but the account of the discovery quoted above was published twenty years after the event, and already is starting to show some embroidery in its narrative details (2). For example, how can we be sure that the excavator actually believed he had interrupted a fairy gathering?

Closely related to a belief in the animation of artificial figures is that of features in the landscape. The notion that Arthur's Stone in Gower moves of its own accord, going down to water to drink, can be paralleled in several similar tales in Britain and elsewhere.

.. This class of folklore is the mirror image of petrification stories, such as that of the Witch of Wookey Hole, turned to stone by a Glastonbury monk, or that of Stanton Drew in Avon where, as John Aubrey noted in 1664, the monument was called the Wedding because "a bride was going to be married, she and the rest of the company were metamorphosed into these stones" (3).

Stones, whether standing or recumbent, metamorphosed or not, require a huge stretch of imagination (and perhaps the effect of either moonlight or moonshine!) to transform them into living beings. Nevertheless, the desire to give credence to *animation*, imbuing the inanimate with life, has a long pedigree, from the broomsticks



Romanesque Corbel, Bristol Cathedral

of the sorcerer's apprentice through medieval tales of the golem back to the creation of Adam from red clay. And this is to quote only from the Judaeo-Christian tradition.

Re-animation

Giving life back to the dead, or re-animation, seems also to fulfil a human need, though the circumstances are of course different. When Jesus said of Jairus' daughter *She is not dead, but sleepeth*, the synoptic gospels all record that the mourners *laughed him to scorn*. Jesus' injunction against reporting her raising from the dead means that we will never know how the mourners would have reacted to this apparent miracle.

However, in St John's gospel the raising of Lazarus is not only the impetus for an increase in Jesus' following but also for the conspiracy to apprehend him. St John seems to be unconsciously reiterating a belief that re-animation, being unnatural, brings on dire consequences.

Dire consequences also await those disturbers of would-be saviours who are not dead but sleeping. There are several British legends of Arthur asleep in a cave, waiting for the call to wake him from his hibernation, and they seem to neatly divide into three categories.

Let us eliminate sites where there is no extant legend, eg King Arthur's Cave in the Forest of Dean, *Ogof Arthur* in Anglesey where he merely sheltered, and an unlocated cave in Merioneth. The first category then consists of caves where Arthur and his knights are simply said to be sleeping. The prime example of this is *Cadbury Castle* in Somerset. A Pendragon survey in 1973 indicated what could be "a shallow air-filled cavity within the Inferior Oolite and not in the underlying Yeovil Sands" (4). But no protective gates were evident, as folklore

would lead us to expect!

The second category of sites has more detailed stories associated with them.

How can you find these sites? Well, it first helps if you are a Welsh shepherd or a shepherd boy. Next, you must be good at rock-climbing. Alternatively, look out for a mysterious horseman, or an Englishman if you are crossing London Bridge; if you are lucky, they will lead you into a wood and draw aside a stone, possibly under the stump of a hazel tree. In the entrance leading to the cave look out for a bell (or even two) hanging there, but avoid contact, at your peril.

In the cave you will see sleeping soldiers, probably King Arthur (or at least his crown) and, often, treasure. Sometimes you will be able to remove some of the treasure without difficulty, but you will almost certainly brush against the bell. At this the warriors will rise and shout, *Is it day? or Are the Cymry in need?*

Don't panic! The correct response is: *No, sleep thou on, or Not yet, sleep on*. If you do reply correctly, they will return to the Land of Nod, and you can leave safely. If they don't you could try running, but if you are not fast enough they will remove your ill-gotten gains, beat you within an inch of your life, and you will remain a cripple and in ill-health for the remainder of your days.

Even if you send them back to sleep, you will squander what you have taken and have to return for more, and then something will definitely go wrong. Or you will be forbidden by the stranger to tell anyone, and then forget where the cave is anyway. Whatever you do, do *not* attempt to take the crown: you won't like what will happen next...

You can try to find Arthur in suspended animation in a cave near *Caerleon* or at *Craig-y-Ddinas* (both in South Wales) or near *Snowdon* or by *Marchlyn Mawr*, a lake five miles to the north. If you try *Ogo'r Dinas* in Dyfed, you might discover not Arthur but *Owain Llawgoch* and his men waiting for the call (5). But not if you are a casual intruder. For what is striking about this category is the fact that the sleepers must not be woken before their time or disaster will befall the curious or greedy mortal. And...for the Welsh, that time has yet to come.

Grasping the Nettle

The third and last category requires a rather different approach. Ideally, your occupation is that of farmer, potter or horse-dealer. Having horses you have not been able to sell at market is definitely a wise move. Being

able to knit is a bonus, and then all you have to do is drop the ball of wool and it will find the cave. However, a stranger will usually accost you, and offer to buy your horse or horses, eventually taking you into the cave with the sleeping knights. The trick is to show no fear. If you grab the money and run, you will never find the site again (Alderly Edge in Cheshire). If you fudge picking up either a sword or a horn, the sleeper will wake. If you run at this point, a voice (as at *Richmond* in North Yorkshire) will call

*If thou hadst either drawn
the sword or blown the
horn
thou'd'a been the luckiest
man
that ever yet was born!*

If, however, you choose to blow the horn first to wake the sleepers, you will then show a lack of courage and then a voice (as in the *Eildon Hills* south of *Melrose*) will prophesy

*Woe to the coward,
that ever was born,
who did not draw the
sword
before he blew the
horn!*

You are then unlikely to survive the next few hours. On the other hand (as at *Sewingshields* in Northumberland) you might find not just a sword and a horn, but also a garter. Beware just drawing the sword to cut the garter and forgetting to blow the horn. This time Arthur will say (in perfect dialect)

*O woe betide the evil day
on which this witless wight was
born,
who drew the sword,
the garter cut,
but never blew the bugle horn.*

The warriors will return to sleep, and the chance will be lost as far as you are concerned.

The common factor that binds these North British sites together is not a taboo against waking the slumberers, as in the Welsh examples; on the contrary, it is imperative to rouse them, first by proving your courage in drawing the sword, secondly in showing your ability to use it, and lastly in blowing the horn. *The time is now!* is the clear message (6). Guardians?

In practice, folk belief is not always so easy to categorise neatly. Often, the concepts of animation, petrification and re-animation are confused, or found interwoven with tales of credulity or cupidity. In the

Gower peninsula, home of Arthur's Stone, a complex tapestry of motifs can be discerned in the following sequence of stories:

Somewhere around Llanrhidian is a cellar full of money, blocked by an iron door...Once upon a time a learned priest discovered in an old book (some versions say in a dream) where the cellar was and how to open it...

He went into the woods and found the great door in a cleft in the limestone. The door opened to a certain tune on the harp...

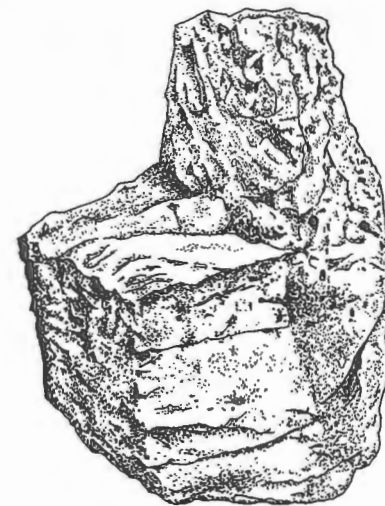
Two terrifying gnomes guarded two large heaps of gold. The harp music was lulling them to sleep so the priest kept on playing till both gnomes slept soundly. The priest was forbidden to go in so he persuaded the manservant to go and take as much as he could carry from each pile...

The priest, greedily excited, stepped to look and as he removed his foot the iron door swung closed with a bang loud as thunder and could not be opened again. (7)

Nearby is *Llanelen*, an archaeological site with which *Pendragon* has been involved for over twenty years (the final report is in preparation). This in essence is how I remember the owner originally recounting how he acquired the site:

In a dream he saw some men dressed like monks sitting on a hillside. One said, Look after this church. But there was no church visible.

Some while later, a farmer tried to burn a yewtree which might have been poisonous



Stone Chair Rock, Llanelen

for his livestock. He killed the yew, but that night his wife died. In distress, he placed the property on the market, and the present owner bought it after he recognised the place of his dream

Memory is subjective, and can be highly selective. There is little doubt that I retained aspects of the story that were significant to me. But a variant of this story came our way from Pendragon member Patricia Villiers-Stuart:

I happened to be told such a strange story about the Gower Peninsula the other day that I'll relate it just in case it has anything to do with your site.

It seemed to start with a boy miner who had a dream about finding treasure under a yew tree. Eventually he left the mines and became relatively well off as some kind of trader. He decided to buy the place of his dream.

He went there and found it was for sale but the yew tree was partially burnt; the owner explained that he thought it was getting in the way and he had tried to burn it down but it wouldn't burn properly.

The man bought the field or area, I'm not sure of size, and digging the yew tree he came across a group of little stone men sitting in little stone chairs! (8)

The yew is still there, but burnt and dead. One estimate makes it 450 years old. A golden-yellow fungus, Sulphur Polyporus, grows in overlapping shelves in the hollow trunk. Farmers never fenced off the yew but always picked any branches from the ground. Apparently it was the partly dried leaves that were dangerous to livestock. At the base of the tree is a large piece of limestone in the shape of a throne.

It doesn't take a genius to suspect that there is a connection between the Llanrhidian gnomes and the Llanelen stone men. The two places are quite close, with an Iron Age hillfort separating them. Llanelen is indeed "somewhere near Llanrhidian" and so the differing accounts may possibly refer to the same site.

In a recent conversation the owner confirmed the substance of his story, which he includes in slide shows (one of these may be where Patricia Villiers-Stuart's informant heard it). When he was a boy miner an older colleague told him about the site, and he then went into a reverie (not a dream) in which the guardian dwarfs wore a strange kind of dress.

This is the closest I have got to collating the tales. Elements of animation, petrification and re-animation are all hinted at, but never made explicit. Interestingly, the dire consequences met within some of

the Arthurian cave legends are also present. In Easter 1973 a Pendragon reconnaissance party spent most of the following night sheltering from a violent thunderstorm. In the summer, after a few days digging, "the worst storms in living memory" forced members of the Society to decamp. But Pendragons are not cowards, and they grasped the nettle, both metaphorically and literally! Having persisted they have now come up with results of unique archaeological significance.

But what about the stone men? We may do well to bear in mind the recent tradition that has grown up around the Lewis chessmen lodged in the British Museum: *It is said that the guards who take the guard-dogs round at night cannot get them to pass the Celtic chessmen. They bristle and drag back on their haunches. So perhaps the Highlander's superstition can be excused. (9)*

There are no legends of dogs at Llanelen. But we might expect that visitors' dogs would long ago have sniffed out any likely gnomes, whether animated or not. That they haven't might only suggest that they are somehow related to Punch's indifferent dog, Toby.



Isle of Lewis chesspiece: Queen,
Back of throne showing decorative panel.

Notes and references

- (1) *Phenomena: a book of wonders* by John Michell and Bob Pickard (Thames and Hudson 1977) has sections on "Images that Weep and bleed" and "Images that come to life". Ewa Kuryluk's *Veronica and her Cloth* (Blackwell 1991) is a more wide-ranging academic discussion than its title suggests.
- (2) Quoted in Michael Taylor *The Lewis Chessmen* (British Museum 1978).
- (3) Quoted in L V Grinsell *The Megalithic Monuments of Stanton Drew* (privately published 1994).
- (4) C M Bristow "Cavities at Cadbury" in *Pendragon XIII/2*, 2-5 (1980).
- (5) Marcus Claridge "Owain the Red Hand" in *Pendragon XXIV/1*, 8-9 (1994).
- (6) Arthurian cave-legends are conveniently collected in Geoffrey Ashe's *A Guidebook to Arthurian Britain* (rev edition Aquarian Press 1983).
- (7) The Llanrhidian iron door tale is retailed in Roger Jones' *Gower Facts and Fables* (published privately, nd). Images that avert evildoers ("apotropaic images") are discussed in C S Farson's *Talismans and Trojan Horses: guardian statues in ancient Greek myth and ritual* (OUP 1992).
- (8) Quoted in Kate Pollard's "The Alternative Dig Report" in *Pendragon XV/1*, 10ff (1982).
- (9) Katherine Briggs *A Dictionary of Fairies* (Allen Lane 1976) 74.



In our last edition we took up Morgana le Fey's suggestion and offered readers a column to advertise books sought and for sale. You were not slow to respond this time, so here we go:

Tim Harris: I do have a number of books that I would like to get hold of, a list of which follows: *The Grail Legend*, Jung E. & E. von Franz (Hodder & Stoughton 71, Putnam 70); *Perlesvaus (The High Book of the Grail)* transl. N. Bryant (Brewer/Rowman & Littlefield 78); *The Tale of Balain* transl. D.E. Campbell (Northwestern U.P. 72); *The Knightly Tales of Sir Gawain*, Louis Hall (Nelson 76); *Trioedd Ynys Prydein - the Welsh Triads*, Rachel Bromwich, (U. Wales P. 1978); *The King Arthur* Phyllis Ann Kerr (Chaosium Inc. 83); *The Secret Tradition in Arthurian Legend*, Gareth Knight (Aquarian 83); *The Mystic Life of Merlin/The Prophetic Vision of Merlin* (R.J. Stewart, Arkana, 86).

Sharon Jones: I would like your advice on how

to purchase a copy of *Sword at Sunset*, Mary Stewart.

Susan Gaitley: I am trying to purchase: *Emperor Arthur*, G. Turton (68); *Artorius Rex*, John Gloga (77); *Conscience of the King*, Arthur Duggan (1950). Susan says: reading lists for new Arthurians usually list Stewart, Sutcliffe and Bradley (which I know are brilliant) but could I recommend a few lesser known novels: *King of the Lordless Country*, Roy Turner; *Hawk of May*; *Kingdom of Summer*; *In Winter's Shadow*, Gillian Bradshaw; *The Crimson Chalice*, Victor Canning. Also, has anyone got videos of *Arthur of the Britons* (repeated on tv few years back) which they could copy for me?

Lastly, how does one find out new fiction publications on an Arthurian theme, my list only goes up to the 80's.

Helen Hollick: I have one Arthurian book that needs a home and several Rosemary Sutcliffe novels that I am still attempting to track down. If any one would like *Arthur and the Britons in Wales & Scotland* by W. Skene (ed. Derek Bryce, Llanerch Press) one can be purchased for a minimum of £5, including p&p. Money will be donated to Waltham Forest Dyslexia Assoc. The Rosemary Sutcliffs not in my collection are: *Chronicles of Robin Hood*; *Armourer's House*; *The Chief's Daughter*; *Shifting Sands*; *Eagle's Egg*; *Bonnie Dundee*; *Simon*; *The Truce of the Games*; *The Changeling*. and her biography *Blue Remembered Hills*. I'd like to, one day, have all her novels on my bookshelf.

Pamela Constantine: Do you happen to know if Mary Stewart's trilogy of Arthurian novels is available today - *The Crystal Cave*; *The Hollow Hills* and *The Last Enchantment*? Or a source of secondhand copies? From quoted extracts I've seen, it is quite the finest Arthurian writing I've ever come across.

Ramon Guinovart: is finding it hard to locate a copy of Chris Barber's *Mysterious Wales* (David & Charles 82 and Granada 83). It is an irony that Chris, a member of our Society, has no copies left and has to search second hand shops for them himself. This Ramon cannot do as he lives in Spain. Can anyone help?

*Well, that's the list. If members can help or wish to sell any books, whether listed here or not, please write and I'll put you in touch with the seeker or publish your offer. In answer to Susan Gaitley's question: get a copy of the paperback *The Pendragon Chronicles* ed. Mike Ashley, Robinson Publishing, London, £6.99, ISBN 1 85487 014 9. It has 16 Arthurian stories and an interesting and useful classified bibliography of '100 Years of Arthurian Fiction' up to 1989.*

The Sleeping Hero in Celtic Tradition

Thornton B. Edwards



The motif of the national hero asleep in a cave from which he is waiting to rise is not confined to the Celtic nations alone. Similar legends exist elsewhere. In Brazil there is Sebastiano, in Greece there is the Emperor Constantine waiting to redeem Constantinople from the Turks. King Marko and Barbarossa are other sleeping warriors. Yet the Brythonic and Goedelic traditions are clearly distinct. This is because of three basic reasons: their common Celtic heritage, their common subjugation and especially their common Christian background. This is significant since the Celtic sleeping warrior shares many characteristics with the coming Messiah.

Arthur

In both Celtic traditions there are two discernible strands: an older original



Celtic strand and a later tradition which is often intermingled with the former. In the older tradition the central figure of Brythonic legend is Arthur. In many senses he is depicted as Christ-like. One anonymous quote in 'Annales Cambriae' states that at the Battle of Badon he carried the cross for three days and nights to bring victory. Like Christ, his last battle of Camlan (an anti-type of Calvary) meant the overthrow of the enemy - Medrod/Modred (Satan). Moreover, the final death does not come. The word most often used to describe Arthur's 'death' is not 'marwolaeth' (death) but 'ymadawiad' (departure). Legend asserts that Arthur did not really die.

After being mortally wounded by an arrow at Bwlch y Saethau, Arthur was taken to Morgan the enchantress to be healed; and he was led in a boat to Ynys Avallion (the Isle of Apples). Here there may well be a parallel between this land and Emain Abhlach (Emain of the Apples) in Irish tradition - a paradise which Bran had searched for. Henceforth, just as Christ was entombed before his resurrection, so Arthur was believed to have stayed in a cave to sleep until his return. Many of these 'ogofeydd Arthur' (caves of Arthur) have been located in different places in Wales e.g. Pontneddfechan and Ystradfydwg. In Scotland there are caves and in the north of England too (one must remember that the 'Old North' was originally Celtic). Likewise at Cadbury Castle, Somerset, another cave exists. Again it must be pointed out that much of the West Country originally belonged to the old Celtic Kingdom of Dewnans before it was

limited to its present 'duchy' size of Kernow (Cornwall). Even in Brittany the grave of Arzhur is believed to be under a 'dolmen' at Tre-beurden.

Of all these sites the most famous is Glastonbury. Here, to dispel those 'subversive' legends, Henry II exhumed two corpses supposed to be Arthur and his queen Gwenhwyfar. Yet the legend survived.

In 'Englynion y Beddau' (c. 1250) it is written that Arthur's grave will not be found until Judgement Day. The Cornish Arthur was more difficult to exhume. For the Cornishman believes that Arthur's spirit now resides in the body of the Cornish chough. Interestingly, this bird is known in Welsh as 'brân Gernyw' (the crow of Cornwall).

Goedelic Tradition

In Goedelic tradition Arthur is relegated to a minor champion. The principal subject of prophetic legend in Irish lore is Fionn Mac Cumhall. Like Arthur (with Medrod) and Christ (with Judas), Fionn 'died' at the hand of his friends - his own Fianna at Brea. While still mortally wounded he threw a flat stone into the ford Áth Liag Fion which, according to prophecy, will be found on a Sunday morning. This is reminiscent of how Arthur instructed Bedwyr to throw his sword 'Caledfwlch' back into the lake. Indeed, it is interesting that in Irish mythology this sword occurs as 'caladcholig' or 'caladbolg'. Yet it is the sword of Fergus Mac Roth (Fionn's sword was Mac an Lúin).

In Irish mythology Fionn also sleeps in a cave waiting to rescue his people (cf. Fingal's cave in Scotland). In the Irish tales in particular, Christian embellishments are apparent. Peter Berresford Ellis talks of 'an odd Christian veneer' which is often seen. For example, in 'Immram Brain' (Voyage of Bran Mac Febal), an interpolation by a Christian scribe talks of Christ's coming as a redeemer. Other messianic parallels can be seen in the person of Nera, Ailill's warrior who was captured protecting Cruachan. He will be released on Judgement Day. Likewise an Armageddon is to be seen in the Valley/Dike of the Black Pig between Drogheda and Bandon where the Irish will defeat their enemies at the greatest of battles. Moreover, Mongan is depicted as a reincarnated Fionn - but the ultimate redeemer is yet to come.

Two strands of a later tradition are also detectable in Welsh legend. For instance, later embellishments are seen in the Arthurian tales. John Rhys includes the legend of a shepherd disturbing Arthur's cave in Snowdon and leaving terrified without the treasure. J. Mac Dougall tells an almost identical legend about the Fians (Finglians) who slept at the Smith's Rock in the Isle of Skye. Even Merlin becomes enclosed in a cave for love.

Y Mab Darog

In Wales other figures usurped Arthur's position as 'y mab darogan' or 'son of prophecy'. This title was applied by the 'brudiwr' (prophetic poet) in their 'canu brud' (vaticinary verse) to Owain Llawgoch (whose cave was at Llandyble) and Llywelyn ein Llyw Olaf. Indeed the poet's function was often prophetic and political. In Irish, for instance, the word 'file' (poet) is related to 'féili' (forecaster) and a cognate with Welsh 'gweld' (to see) -

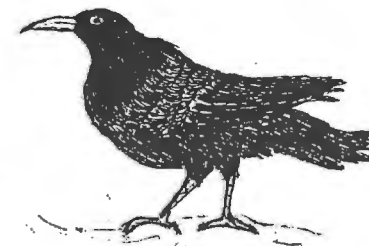
hence a 'seer'. Even the storyteller, as Robin Gwyndaf explains, had a similar role. 'Cyfarwyddwr' means 'director', 'Instructor'; and the task of the 'ystoriwr' was to convey 'ystyr' (meaning). Owain Glyndwr was actually acclaimed in his own life-time. Similarly, the 'Cronical Glyndwr' writes that he did not die; and even today his name has strong connotations - such as in the equally elusive Meibion Glyndwr (Sons of Glyndwr).

Apart from Owain other persons were regarded as the 'mab darogan' or 'daroganwr'. The most tragic was Harri Tudur, the Antichrist of Welsh prophecy who repaid the Welshman at Bosworth with the Act of Union and massacre of An Gof and 2,000 brother Cornishmen at Blackheath.

The later Irish legends also show a definite historical element. The prophecies of Fionn are echoed in Gerald (Gearóid Iarla) Fitzgerald, 3rd Earl of Desmond (1525-86). He waits in a cave under Lough Gur, riding his stallion every seven years. He too will rise. There is conflation and assimilation with almost identical legends of the Earls of Kildare, the O'Donnells of Ulster and Dónan Ó Donnchú. Dr Dáithí Ó hÓgáin believes these legends to be borrowed from the European legend of Emperor Frederick II. Maybe it is vice versa. Could the European legend have borrowed from the earlier Celtic legends of Arthur and Fionn?

The Chough

To close, I would like to return to the Cornish equivalent of the sleeping hero - the chough or 'palores'. Dr. Pat Monaghan in 'Operation Chough' writes 'with respect to its current



The Chough

distribution in Britain, the chough can truly be said to be the bird of the Celtic Fringe'. He is right. If we look at tale map we see that it is not found in England but only in the Celtic nations - and only in those parts where the culture is not dormant: in the Irish Gaeltachtaí, the Scottish Gaidhealtachd, the Welsh Fro Gymraeg, the Brezhonegva in Brittany and even in the Isle of Man. Ironically, it no longer exists in Cornwall. Attempts have been made to reintroduce it from elsewhere e.g. Morocco but with little success. To stay it must return by itself. When? In the wake of the new Cornish revival maybe quite soon. For the chough, like the sleeping hero, will wake only when 'the time is ripe' - perhaps when the voices that wake him will all speak a language he understands - a Celtic language!

'Gobeithaw a ddaw ydd wyf'
'My hope is on what is to come'.
Siôn Cent, fl. early c15th



H.G. Wells And The Sleeper King Prof. W.M.S. Russell



H.G. Wells (1866-1946) may not be an author who immediately springs to mind in connection with Arthurian tradition, but the following article by Professor W.M.S. Russell reveals some surprising associations in Wells's works. Best known for his seminal science fiction and the later almost Dickensian novels, Wells spanned the Victorian and the atomic ages. As novelist, prophet, popular educator and world reformer, he became the most influential author of the first half of the twentieth century, with over 100 books to his name such as *The Time Machine* (1895), *The History of Mr. Polly* (1910) and *The Shape of Things to Come* (1933). "However, it is to two of Wells's lesser known, though praiseworthy, works that Professor Russell introduces us.

H.G. Wells wrote *When the Sleeper Wakes* in 1897-8. In his own words, he "scamped the finish", in the hope of a quick sale, because he was suffering from kidney disease and feared he might be unable to earn for some time. The whole book gave him great trouble, and even after rewriting it in 1910 as *The Sleeper Awakes* he was never satisfied. In the preface to the revised version, he described it as "one of the most ambitious and least satisfactory of my works". Whatever its faults, it shows Wells at the height of his powers as a prophet: "television, broadcasting, aeroplanes, phonetic spelling, urban walkways - all these are described in convincing detail". (1) Personally, I find it the most exciting of all Wells's novels.

The two versions are identical in respect of the points I shall mention, so I need not distinguish them. The story begins with the Sleeper racked by insomnia, the result of drugs taken to keep awake and write a progressive pamphlet under pressure. He falls into a trance, and wakes two hundred and three years later to a changed world. So far it is the venerable motif of Magic Sleep extending over Many Years. This goes back at least to the story of Epimenides of Cnossus in Crete, who was sent to fetch a sheep, turned aside for a nap in a cave, and woke up after an interval ranging in different accounts from forty to sixty years. Epimenides was probably a real person flourishing about 600B.C.; the story of his sleep was first recorded by Theopompus in the 4th. century B.C.

Wells's Sleeper has been used as titular

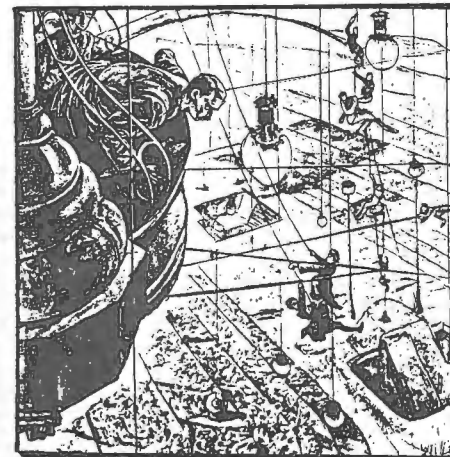
owner by the manipulators of a giant multinational trust, which has grown until, by the time he wakes, he is "Master almost of the earth". The trust is administered by an unscrupulous oligarchy, who keep the people enslaved in a vast Labour Company. When the Sleeper wakes the oligarchs try to dispose of him, but the people revolt. The revolution succeeds, with the backing of a discontented oligarch called Ostrog, who is out to become dictator. While Ostrog is consolidating his power, he tries to keep the Sleeper amused; luckily the amusement that attracts him is learning to pilot an aeroplane. Eventually, the sleeper realises what Ostrog is up to, confronts him, and drives him into flight from the capital, London. The dictator comes back, with barbarian troops from Africa, to attack the democracy the Sleeper is setting up. This is, I believe, the kind of specific forecast Wells often got as a fruit of his sustained imaginative efforts to envisage the future. For, thirty-eight years later, the rebel general Franco attacked the Spanish democracy with Moorish troops from Africa, whose barbarian proclivities included castrating the bodies of the loyalist dead. In the Wells novel, with folktale simplicity, the Sleeper takes his aeroplane up to engage Ostrog's air transports single-handed. He wins the battle, but crashes to his death.

Now imagine Wells, ill, anxious, finishing his work, like the Sleeper himself, under pressure. In these conditions, as he came to conclude his story, I believe this, in many ways, most English of writers returned, quite

unconsciously, to the root legend of English literature. The groundwork of association was already laid at the beginning of the novel, when the Sleeper forced himself to keep awake for a battle against social injustice. Just so did Beowulf keep vigil to meet and overcome the monster Grendel. Near the end of the Old English epic, the old king goes out alone to fight the Firedrake that is destroying his people. "You soldiers", he tells his men, "may watch from this hill. It is not your business nor any man's but mine to measure strength with the monster". (2) As the Sleeper, too, goes out to slay a monster and die, he "would let no other man attempt it", saying: "he who takes the greatest danger, he who bears the heaviest burden, that man is King".

Beowulf is not the only hero associated with Wells's Sleeper King. The Sleeper is first introduced, and falls into his trance, in the neighbourhood of Boscastle in Cornwall. We are here in Arthurian country, within a few miles of Tintagel, where Arthur was conceived (according to Geoffrey of Monmouth), and Camelford, where he died in battle (according to Leland and others).

True, there was no castle at Tintagel in the Dark Ages, and Geoffrey probably picked on the place because a castle had just been built there (in the 1140s) by his patron's half-brother, Reginald, Earl of Cornwall. True, the location of Arthur's last battle at Camelford was the result of misreading an inscription. (3) True, when Robert Hunt visited Tintagel and Camelford in 1863, he "sought with anxiety for some stories of the British king, but not one could be obtained". (4) But, for all that, the legend of Arthur has long been important in



Cornwall, and especially the legend that Arthur is not dead. In 1113, a Frenchman visiting Cornwall got into trouble for referring to his death. About 1300, the Cornish were still reported to be expecting Arthur's return. They apparently supposed he was living meanwhile in the form of a bird, and a Victorian gentleman who shot at a raven near Penzance was warned by a local he might have shot King Arthur. The twentieth-century Federation of Old Cornwall Societies chose as its motto: "he is not dead, King Arthur". (Is it too far-fetched to connect the Cornish conception of Arthur as a bird with the Sleeper's triumph and death as an aviator?)

In any case, when Wells cycled with his wife Jane to Cornwall in the summer of 1895, he might well have had Arthurian associations: and whatever the local folklore, or lack of it, Boscastle was in a thoroughly Arthurian neighbourhood for a literate Victorian. In most parts of England and Wales (and also on the continent), the legend of Arthur's survival takes the more familiar form of his sleeping in a cave, until the day when he awakes to save his people. When some Victorian antiquarians visited Cadbury Castle, an old man asked them: "Have you come to take the king out?". This is the folktale motif called *Kyffhauser*, after the sleeping-place of the Hohenstaufen Emperor Friedrich 1 Barbarossa in a similar legend. It fits Wells's Sleeper King like a glove, and thus connects him with a Celtic as well as a Germanic hero. There is no evidence that either Beowulf or Arthur was a conscious association to the Sleeper in Wells's mind. However, three decades later, Wells returned, this time consciously and explicitly, to Cornish legend, in *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham* (1930). This is a comedy about a foolish and ineffectual don who dreams he is a Fascist dictator. Parham's dictatorship is eventually challenged by an industrial chemist and a millionaire, who raise to the surface the lost land of Lyonesse, between Land's End and the Scillies, and build there a giant chemical factory. The legendary land of Lyonesse, reputed to contain one hundred and forty churches, was supposed to have been submerged in the exceptionally high tide recorded for the year 1099. There are in fact signs of subsidence in the neighbourhood. Such legends are found in other parts of Cornwall, and in several places in Wales. F.J. North, who studied the Welsh legends, showed they were probably echoes of losses of small settlements in real inundations in the Bronze Age or Neolithic, post-dated and magnified in medieval folklore. (5) Lyonesse was connected with Tristan in medieval Arthurian literature; it seems to have been

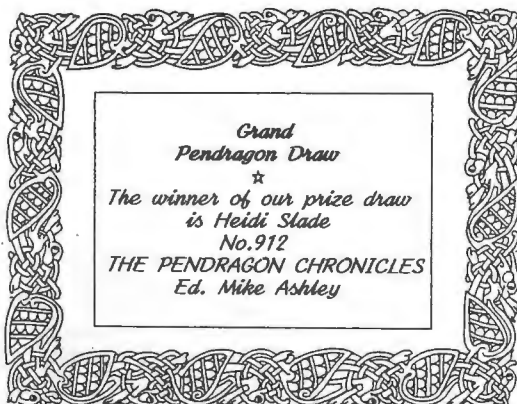
Tennyson who finally located Camelot there.

As a young man, Mr. Parham had tramped "by Land's End and along here and so on to Tintagel" with Tennyson's Morte d'Arthur in his knapsack. At Land's End he had mused: "I looked across at the sunset and I dreamt of the lost cities and palaces of Lyonesse until almost I could see them, like a mirage, glittering under the sun". But now, there are no "cities or palaces or knights", and "instead of King Arthur and his Table Round", there are his enemies, who turn out to be the usual Wellsian technologists, representatives of sanity and a bright future for mankind. If one last detail were needed to link together the two novels, the Cornish settings, and the Arthurian legend, it is surely the name of the industrial chemist who foils Parham, but dies in this last battle - it is *Camelford*!

Notes:

- (1) J.R. Hammond "An H.G. Wells Companion" (London 1979).
- (2) Beowulf: Trans. David Wright (London, 1970).
- (3) Inscription on the Slaughter Bridge Stone.
- (4) R. Hunt "Popular Romances of the West of England" (London 1916).
- (5) F.J. North "Sunken Cities" (Cardiff 1957)".

(This article is an edited version of Part 1 of his essay "Folktales and H.G. Wells", published in The Wellsian No.5 (Summer 1982), by Professor W.M.S. Russell, M.A., DPhil, CBiol, FIBiol, Emeritus Professor of Sociology, University of Reading. Our thanks to Eric Fitch for gaining Professor Russell's permission to print his essay and for his skilful editing and introduction.)



A GRAVE FOR ARTHUR



*Bedwyr's grave in Allt Tryvan,
A grave for March, a grave for
Gwythur,
A grave for Gwgaun of the
ruddy sword,
Not wise a grave for Arthur.
Black Book of Carmarthen*

*And I will fare to Avalun, to the
fairest of all maidens, to Argante the
queen, an elf most fair, and she shall
make my wounds all sound; make me
all whole with healing draughts. And
afterwards I will come again to my
kingdom and dwell with Britons with
mickle joy.*

Layamon

*Yet some men say in many parts of
England that King Arthur is not dead,
but had by the will of Lord Jesu into
another place; and men say that he
shall come again, and he shall win the
holy cross. I will not say that it shall
be so, but rather I will say, here in
this world he changed his life.*

Malory

*Arthur the Great is asleep,
His warriors around him
With their hands on their swords,
When the day comes in Wales,
Arthur the Great will arise
Alive - alive from his grave!
Bedwyr Lewis Jones*

*And nobody knew what happened to
Arthur. Some say he was taken to the
isle of Avallach by Modron and that
he is waiting there until the time
comes to resume his leadership of
the British armies. Others say that he
lies sleeping in a cave somewhere in
a mountain until a messenger comes to
wake him with the news that his time
has come again. But the more
sceptical say that he is really dead,
and that they have seen his tomb in
Glastonbury Abbey.*

Jean Markale

Europe's Sleeping Heroes Fred Stedman-Jones



There are many legends told of heroes who lie asleep in hidden places awaiting the call to return, when they will free their people from tyranny and usher in a new age of peace and prosperity. It is the most widely known of the marvellous tales that cluster around the memories of great men and it is found in all ages. It seems natural that people of all times resist the idea that a great leader has been taken away from them by death for heroes bridge the gap between the gods and man, they are the secular version of the saints. How can such figures die? Surely they may still intercede on our behalf?

The Romance literature takes Arthur (and Ogier) away to Avalon, a happy Otherworld from whence they may or may not return to the world of men some day. The later, more robust, folk tradition insists on the assurance of a bodily return of the hero, possessed of all his legendary powers. In the folk versions the hero sleeps not in a distant land of the imagination but literally underneath the ground in clefts and caverns, one step away from the mortals he protects. He may sometimes be visited, though such boldness demands a stout heart and a quick wit; the mighty and their motives are often unpredictable.

Sometimes there is reference to a treasure and this may be a reflection of the fact that important leaders possessed great riches in their lifetime on earth. There may be other explanations, however, these riches may be metaphorical. Geoffrey Ashe has written, 'the motif is mythical in inspiration but applies itself to a real person'. (1) It has been suggested that such 'wealth' was originally linked to the god or spirit of the site and that the sites were originally more important than their human inhabitants.

Some interesting arguments have been put forward for this hypothesis:

1. Barbarossa was said to rest in a cavern in the Kyffhauser mountain in Thuringia, a place of great significance to his people, which may explain why the Emperor was not expected to return from Asia Minor where he was drowned in a river in 1190 whilst on crusade.
2. Some mountains contain more than one hero, so it may be a case of ANY hero who is of sufficient status to match the importance of the place. The Blanik Mountain in Bohemia

housed both King Wenzel and Ulrich von Rosenberg, and another story claimed it was neither but the Knight Toymir who watered his horse in a nearby stream each night. Barbarossa shared the Kyffhauser with the Emperor Otto and with the objectionable Marquis John.

3. Charles the Great succeeded Woden in the Odenburg and the riders who came forth from the Donnersburg at night were clearly Thor's followers. The hero has become assimilated with the ancient ruler of the 'hollow hill', a location which was originally the kingdom of the dead, the Otherworld.

4. In some versions the Sleeper is unidentified, there is only a vague story of some great person within the cave or mountain. In West Gothland the Giant's Path led to an underground chamber where a man lay sleeping on a stone slab. His name and story were unknown, but when a bell tolled in Yglunda Church he turned and sighed. The Devil's Den on the Isle of Man led to an underground hall in which a great prince of unknown identity slept, bound by spells for 600 years. Once a man found his way into the chamber and saw a giant in magic sleep with a book and a huge sword beside him.

The cave at Llandybie (2) is of considerable interest in this connection for it was said to contain Owain Llawgoch, an historical Welshman of the 14th century; King Arthur; Owain Glendower; and a HAIRY MAN - whose claim may be the oldest of all. Readers will recall that in 1813, during the course of quarrying at Craig Derwyddon, quarrymen broke through into a cave 30 feet below the surface of the limestone rock and found 12 skeletons of unusually large stature, laid out in what seemed to be a ritual formation on a bed of fine sand. (3) This find was made before

true archaeological studies had begun and all that is left are newspaper accounts and some notes made at the time. It was almost certainly a prehistoric site, a Cave of Ancient Sleepers. What were their beliefs? And why were they buried in a distinctive grouping? We can only speculate.

Norse tradition held that aged heroes who were dissatisfied with the world sometimes shut themselves up in a hill. Another ancient custom was that of slaughtering a man's retinue to keep him company and maintain him in the afterlife. Perhaps this was sometimes done voluntarily, or perhaps poison replaced the blade? or even willpower? One last dark thought before we end our speculation: there was also an ancient custom of killing a man so that his shade could guard a buried hoard of treasure!

In the Eildon Hills, a place always associated with the supernatural, the sleeper is variously described as Thomas the Rhymer or King Arthur - whose dates lie seven centuries apart. This relocation is illustrated even more significantly at Mount Etna in Sicily. When the Normans took the Arthurian stories to that island Arthur was moved into a hidden valley on the slopes of the volcano, where he was occasionally visited by lost travellers and where he had the power to summon those about to die. Interestingly, this written account, to be found in the *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury (1211) is the first we have of Arthur in the role of the Sleeper in the Hollow Hill.

In Gervase's account a groom of the Bishop of Catania follows a stray horse among the recesses of the mountain and comes upon a palace where the king is lying on a bed. Arthur's wounds break out afresh each year. Another version, *Dialogus Miraculorum*,



involves the Dean of Palermo, whilst a 13th

century poem takes three Breton knights to Etna to learn the truth about Arthur. Etna seems an ideal location for an otherworldly kingdom, no one could deny that it is both hollow and infernal.

Another aspect of our theme is that of the Sleeping Princess of folktale - Snow White, Sleeping Beauty, Briar Rose - the virgin female on the brink of womanhood whose sleep is a period of preparation, a symbolic separation leading to initiation. This is paralleled in saga by Brunhilde, who lay enchanted on the Hindfell Rock - a true omphalos - surrounded by a ring of fire. Only a hero brave enough to pass through the fire could rouse her from sleep. It was Siegfried who awakened her with a kiss. The awakening of the female to love and maturity causes the castle and its lands to be restored to their former beauty, the Wasteland becomes fertile again. 'It is the cycle of the seasons, periods of sleep and awakening, the days and nights of Brahma'. (4)

Sleep may destroy time. There are many stories of people who visit fairyland or the otherworld and remain there for what seems a short time, only to find on their return that many years have elapsed and all who knew them are dead: the Rip Van Winkle syndrome. There are also accounts of sleepers that have been presented as historical fact. Pliny relates the story of Epimenides the Gnosian who lived at the time of Solon. Whilst tending his sheep one hot day he retreated into a cave and fell asleep for 40 years. On awakening he sought his little brother only to find that he was now an old man. Epimenides lived to be 289 and after his death he was revered as a God and honoured by the Athenians as one of the Seven Sages. In the 'historical' tales the sleeper seems to experience some kind of initiation into a greater awareness, he often returns with a message or a mission.

The perfect example of this is the story of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. 'The Golden Legend', a medieval collection of saints' lives, tells how these Christian heroes refused to abandon their faith during the Diocletian persecutions of 250 AD. They hid in a cave on Mount Celion where they were walled in and fell asleep. Centuries later, in the reign of Theodosius II, a workman discovered the cave. They awoke ravenous and sent Malchus to town to buy bread where his ancient coins aroused suspicion. They were taken before the Emperor who listened to their story with joy: as legendary heroes issue forth to defend their lands so these Christian sleepers had emerged at a most opportune time to defend their faith. A dangerous heresy was abroad in Ephesus denying the resurrection of the dead. The Sleepers presented themselves as living witnesses of the truth of the Christian

teaching on resurrection and then bowed their heads and died. They were taken back with honour to enjoy a second sleep in the sanctified cave.

William of Malmesbury recounts a curious sequel in which Edward the Confessor of England had a vision of the Seven Sleepers in which they lay on their left sides. Wise men were sent to Ephesus and the cave was opened, when it was seen that the sleepers had indeed turned over. This was interpreted as an evil omen which threatened disaster to the city.

A Mohammedan version of the story exists in which the sleepers only rest for a hundred years and awaken to foretell the coming of the Prophet. A charming addition is that they have a dog with them who is one of the ten animals allowed into the Islamic heaven. Islamic teaching tells of three signs that will announce the coming of the Antichrist: There will be tall buildings every-where; women will appear half-naked; inferior persons will lead the nations - which seems a particularly ominous prophecy at the present time! When these signs appear the faithful should turn to the Chapter of the Cave in the Koran - which includes a reference to: **sleepers in a cave!** (5)

To return to our theme that parallel stories of slumbering heroes appear all over Europe, it has been pointed out by several writers (6) that the Teutonic areas have the longest list, the Fatherland has never lacked its stalwart defenders. There now follow some details of the stories attached to these sleeping lords of the European continent.

Charlemagne: Charles the Great is seated on his throne in his vault at Aachen, or in the Odenberg (the abode of Woden) or in the Unterberg near Salzburg - crown on head, sword at side - waiting for the time of the Antichrist when he will awake and burst forth to avenge the blood of saints. Strangely, he was thought of as a great enemy of Islam, whereas most of his wars were fought against the Saxons. In the 11th century it was claimed that he had reigned in Jerusalem and would return to lead a Crusade. As late as the Renaissance there were prophecies of a 'Second Charlemagne' who would visit the Holy Sepulchre and conquer the whole world. Lawless stragglers from his armies were thought to live underground in Upper Alsace and to ride out every seven years. Seven is a significant number in these tales and Charlemagne himself starts in his chair every seven years.

Diedrich: also slept in Alsace, his hand on his sword-hilt, his gaze turned eastward, watching for the Turks to come to the Rhine to water their horses when he would ride out to drive them back to their own lands.



Ogier the Dane: or Olger Dansk, one of Charles the Great's Paladins, is claimed by both Denmark and France. He sleeps in a vault below the Castle of Kronberg with his warriors. When they move in their sleep the clashing of their armour is heard at night by passing wayfarers. Every seven years Ogier strikes the floor with his iron mace. From France he was taken to Avalon by Morgan le Fay, where he remained - wearing a crown which made him forget all that he had loved in his lifetime. When the Paynims attacked France the spell was broken and he returned a while to save Christendom. He waits in Avalon still, for the call that France shall need him again.

The Three Tells: representing the founders of the Swiss Federation, slumber at Rütli in Switzerland, near where they swore to free their people from foreign tyranny. The ubiquitous shepherd found his way in to their resting place and was asked the time. His reply 'Noon' sent the heroes back into their slumbers, since when, presumably, they have not needed to awaken again..

Don Sebastian: of Portugal was defeated at Morocco in 1578. The Portuguese refused to believe that he was dead, even when the Moors returned his body. After Spain annexed Portugal the story arose that Sebastian lived and was reigning in the mysterious Island of the Seven Cities and would return to drive out the Spaniards. In 1825 *The Times* reported that the old belief was still active in Portugal and in Brazil. (It might have been interesting if Brazil had played Spain in the World Cup!)

Ulrich von Rosenberg: fell at Litic. He arrived at the Gates of Heaven with his soldiers but they were turned back by God himself - who ordered them to keep watch on Bohemia from the Blanik until they should be needed to defend their country's sacred soil. A noble commission, indeed.

Other sleeping heroes include Siegfried: the German hero who slept in the Geroldseck; in Spain the defeated Moors looked for the return of Alfatimi who would appear on a green horse and destroy the Christian armies of Spain. In Norway the expected deliverer was Olaf Tyggvason and in Sweden Olaf Redbeard. In Spain Boabdil el Chico, the last Arab King of Granada, lies spellbound in the mountains close to the Alhambra. Similar stories are told of Prince Marko in Serbia, King Matyas in Hungary, King Sebastian of Poland and King Lazar of Serbia.

The motif of Seven, mentioned earlier, is prominent in many of these tales: Charlemagne starts in his sleep, Ogier beats his iron mace on the floor and Olaf Redbeard blinks his eyes at the same intervals of time. It has been suggested that the seven refers to the repose of the earth through the seven winter months. (6) Europe's most famous sleeping lord has six companions to share his vigil:

Frederick Barbarossa (Redbeard) and his knights sleep in the Kyffhauser Mountain in Thuringia in a cavern which is brilliantly lit by magic. It is adorned with gold and jewels and flowering trees. Down the centre runs a pure stream over sands of gold. The Emperor sits at a stone table into which his beard has grown, when it has wound itself thrice round the table the sleepers will emerge to release Germany from its bondage and raise it to the first place among the kingdoms of Europe. People still expected Frederick's return in the 11th century, claiming that Prester John had given him a potion to keep him young and a ring to make him invisible. In the 15th century it was claimed that he would live until the end of the world when no more ravens fly, for 'there has been and shall be no proper Emperor but he'. He will emerge to inaugurate the Millennium and when he comes he will hang his shield on a withered tree which will sprout green leaves as a sign that a better age has dawned for mankind.

The Hungarian Prince Racoczi died in 1735 after a futile eight-year struggle to free his country from Austrian rule. Soon after word was spread about that he had not really died and that he was waiting 'till foals are born with teeth and crucifixes move'. He would then return to lead his people again.

This story of the rejection of the news of the death of a famous man is mirrored throughout history down to our own times: Robert the Bruce, Richard II, James IV of Scotland, Drake, Napoleon, Lord Kitchener, J.F. Kennedy and Hitler. The legend has become fragmented, the hero may be taken to a secret place to rest and to be nursed back to health. It was said that Kennedy was being kept alive until future medical skills could revive him.

Geoffrey Ashe has written that the old pattern awaits its time, 'its spark may smoulder and relight again at any time'. (7)

Hitler: was steeped in the legends of the Germanic people. His imagination was fuelled by the old tales of heroes such as Siegfried of the Nibelungenlied who slept in the mountains of Geroldseck ready to fight for the Fatherland. This motif of the sleeping hero played an important and sinister part in the propaganda of the Nazis. The sleeper was Germany itself, the Titan that would awake to conquer the world and bring in the Golden Age of a Thousand Year Fourth Reich. 'Germany Awake!' was the Nazi's favourite slogan, it was embroidered on their banners.



The first party anthem had a sinister refrain:

'Rage! Rage! Rage!.. The alarm bells sound from tower to tower...The sleepers call from their chambers...The dead call from their graves...Germany awake!...Woe to the people that today dreams on!...Germany awake!'

It is small wonder that a perverse hope arose that the Führer had survived the holocaust of 1945 but the Allies were diligent in their refutation of this chilling possibility.

In AD 82, in pre-Christian times, a Roman official named Demetrius visited Britain and his report was recorded by Plutarch. The Britons told Demetrius of a beautiful island that lay far out in the Atlantic, where an exiled god was guarded in a cavern surrounded by his attendants. Unfortunately Plutarch does not tell us the name given to this god by the British nor the details of his story: instead he looks for parallels in the mythology of his own people. He tells the myth as that of Cronos the

Titan who was banished by the aggressive Olympians under Zeus to an Elysium in the West.

In 1809 William Blake wrote, *'The giant Albion was Patriarch of the Atlantic; he is the Atlas of the Greeks, one of those the Greeks called Titans. The stories of Arthur are the acts of Albion, applied to a Prince of the fifth century.'*

Albion is Britain and in this statement Blake points us to the mythic pattern which underlies the Arthurian saga: Arthur once ruled over a Golden Age, the time of Camelot when Britain was the fair Land of Logres but he has now passed from our reach. He lies in sleep but the hope is that he will awaken to 'build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land' - to quote Blake again.

We have reached the crux, the basis on which all the stories of the Sleeping Lords are built. A persistent pattern occurs in the world's mythologies, a rhythm of emphases of which the dream of the Golden Age is part. The vocabulary varies but the sub-themes describe four stages or ages in mankind's existence:

Creation: Man's Edenic existence, where order has been created out of chaos, a paradise where nature and men live in fullness and concord together, where love and joy predominate.

Fall: The ideal world falls apart, there is exile from paradise, frustration, discord, envy, oppression, barrenness and death.

Trial: The Hero, the true man, emerges. His individual life is later obscured by pre-existing story-patterns which include supernatural and fantastic elements. He is the leader, the guide, protector and guardian who heads the struggle against injustice and evil. Although he seems to lose the conflict (so do we all) there is hope.

Restoration: The hero returns, resurrection occurs and with it a return to order and veridancy. Alien forces are redressed and the forces of life are victorious. A new Golden Age is inaugurated, Paradise is regained.

The first and last stages are the periods we never actually experience except by token or by expectancy; the middle stages are the period we are always in. It is often said that the modern age has no myth to live by, what we have are partial or fragmentary myths. Samuel Beckett's play *Waiting for Godot* is a parable of life that has broken down somewhere in the Trial stage; the characters await the figure who will help them to move on to a better life, or any life that has some meaning.

The appeal of Arthur for us today is that he fills the Hero Pattern splendidly and his legend

offers the hope of a satisfactory completion of the Four Stages - on the sacred soil of Albion, not on some Golden Cloud or Blessed Island in the far far West. His myth is complete in itself.

Notes & references

- (1) *King Arthur: the Dream of a Golden Age* by Geoffrey Ashe (Thames & Hudson 1990, Art & Imagination series). An excellent treatment of the Arthurian perspective with special emphasis on our present theme, 120 illustrations. (2) *Pendragon XXIV/1* (1994), "Owain the Red Hand" by Marcus Claridge. (3) *The Legends & Archaeology of the Gwenlais Valley* by Jan Fry (Pantlyn Publishing Co.). (4) *Fairy Tales - Allegories of the Inner Life* by J.C. Cooper (Aquarian Press 1983). (5) *The Mystical Way & the Arthurian Quest* by Derek Bryce (Llanerch Press 1986). (6) *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* by S. Baring-Gould (Longmans, Green 1894) and *Arthur of Britain* by E.K. Chambers (Sidgwick & Jackson MCMXXVII). (7) Ashe, *Ibid*.

THE BIG DEAL

Then one day there'll be
this knock at the door,
See, and they'll open it
And there'll be this man
Nobody's ever seen before -
In uniform or a top hat,
Maybe with a beard -
And he'll say, like I'm
telling you,
"I am given to understand
There is a boy living here..."
That'll be me -
And when I come into the room
He'll go down on one knee
And kiss my hand
And say, "At last
Your destiny has fulfilled
itself Sire."
And I'll say
"I knew -
I knew all along!
I always knew."

And they'll say, "Goodbye."
He'll say
"We always did our best for you son,
And she'll cry.
And we'll go out
The back way to avoid
The reporters and such;
And I won't even look round
When they shout
"Tata, Arthur!"

Geoff Roberts

Arthur The Bear Charles Evans-Günther

A Lecture given by Dr Anne Ross at Library HQ, Shire Hall,
Mold, 7.30pm, 28th April 1994.



The audience at this fascinating lecture consisted of around 50 people from many walks of life. The lecture was introduced by Gwyn Williams, Clwyd County Librarian. Dr Ross began by telling us the reasons for her interest in folklore and her introduction to things Arthurian by Kenneth H. Jackson at Edinburgh University. She mentioned that it was a tale told about a golden knight that haunted a site near Mold and to the subsequent discovery of a golden petrel in a barrow at Bryn yr Ellyllion which led to her awareness of the possible links between folklore and archaeology.

Dr Ross then went on to introduce us to Arthur by mentioning various sources - the Gododdin, Culhwch and Olwen and Geoffrey of Monmouth, amongst others. However, the main emphasis of this lecture was devoted to the derivation of the name of Arthur. She pointed out that 'Art' in Gaelic and 'Arth' in Welsh meant bear and these elements were not unknown as parts of names throughout the Celtic world. In the pre-Roman period, during Roman times and the Middle Ages bears existed in Britain and were both feared and respected. (Some survived in Scotland as late as the 17th century!) There was a strong magic power in bears and a man who could defeat one of these beasts was considered a very powerful warrior. In Roman times the bear was exported, along with hunting dogs, to Rome and the arenas.

In Celtic Europe the bear was respected as a deity and there are a number of names of bear gods and goddesses that have survived - Artos, Artio, Andarte. Dr Ross went on to illustrate the importance of the bear by showing us a collection of interesting slides, a good few that I personally had not seen before. (I would have welcomed more time to study these images in greater detail.) There were about 34 slides illustrating the Celtic fascination for bears, showing bear deities and images of bears connected with other deities or warriors. There were bears in all shapes and sizes, with Continental, Irish and British examples.

What about the real Arthur? Dr Ross rightly made comparisons with the Gaelic hero Finn McCool, showing how the Fianna were not only defenders of the people but how they grew into fighters of things supernatural

before they finally died in a civil upheaval. The evidence for Arthur is not at all clear. There is no mention of Arthur in Gildas or Bede and the only Arthur mentioned by Adamnan is the Arthur son of McGabran. Dr Ross compared the search for Arthur with the unwrapping of a huge parcel covered with layers of lovely wrapping paper. These are stripped off, one by one, like Russian Babushka dolls, only to discover that the tiny box within is quite empty. The speaker suggested that, while it may be possible that future archaeology may turn up some evidence one day, or that a textual find like the Vindolanda letters might be found, it is more likely that the wrappings are more important than the present inside.

The lecture was followed by a question and answer session, some of which had me squirming in my seat, but I managed to keep my comments to myself! The theories of Phillips and Keatman came up, inevitably, but Dr Ross preferred not to comment because she had not read their book. Fred Stedman-Jones, who was present, suggested that these authors might have undermined their credibility somewhat by the recent publication of their latest 'discovery': that Shakespeare was a spy! Dr Ross expressed a wish to keep an open mind about Arthur, though she considered the possibility of a Northern Arthur more realistic than an Arthur in Shropshire. She pointed out a number of sites with Arthurian connections in Scotland. Some of these, like Edinburgh Castle, have been proved to have been used during the Dark Age.

There were other questions: about Finn, the symbolism of the bear and the boar and about place names, before the evening drew to a halt. Even after most of the audience had left Dr Ross was kind enough to talk individually to folk who had further questions. A most enjoyable evening, it clearly demonstrated how difficult it is to separate the possible historical fact from the world of folklore and literature. It was also good to see again how many people are deeply interested in Arthur. My enjoyment was completed by an animated chat afterwards in the bar at Theatr Clwyd with Fred and his wife Marilyn. By the way - thanks Fred, once again, for the lift home.

Charles W. Evans-Günther

KING ARTHUR'S LABYRINTH

"A boat ride across a thousand years"

by CHARLES W. EVANS GÜNTHER

On 11 Monday, 25th July I had an opportunity to visit King Arthur's Labyrinth at Corris, on the A487 between Dolgellau and Machynlleth, in Gwynedd. This was thanks to BBC reporter Stuart Robinson who had been asked to do a report on this new attraction and was looking for someone with some knowledge about the Arthurian scene to help. I had been interviewed by Stuart a few years ago, in connection with the Arthurian Collection at the Library Headquarters in Mold, Clwyd. Stuart had remembered me and gave me a phone call a few days previous to the visit.

The day began with a train ride from Flint, my home town, to Colwyn Bay where Stuart was waiting and then we travelled to Corris by car. During this period we discussed the Arthurian scene and wondered what we would see at King Arthur's Labyrinth as we passed through the changing scenery of the Snowdonia National Park. Would it be knights in armour, round tables, the Holy Grail and Excalibur?

It took a little under two hours to reach Corris and the collection of polygonal buildings that is Corris Craft Centre, at the heart of which is the Tourist Information Centre and the Crwybr Restaurant. The campus is set in beautiful surroundings between Corris Uchaf and Corris itself. Having followed the signpost we found the office, reception and shop of King Arthur's Labyrinth where we were met by Ian Rutherford, Director of the Labyrinth, and Jeannette Hodson, Director of Pendragon Consultants Ltd. My first impression was rather apprehensive after seeing the illustrations introducing the Labyrinth at the office (see enclosed leaflet). Was this a sample of what was to come?

We donned helmets, no, not battle helmets - hard hats, and walked to the entrance of the old Braich Goch Slate Mine. A short distance into the tunnel was a boat which took us on the first leg of the "ride across a thousand years". Through the watery tunnel and under a waterfall, which was thankfully urned off just before we reached it. The boat travelled to the accompaniment of medieval music. About a hundred or so metres into the mine we reached the end of the boat ride and from there we entered the labyrinth of legends. Guided by the voices of the bard Taliesin talking to a young girl we came to the first tableau depicting the boy Myrddin Emrys discovering the red and white dragons fighting and foretelling the birth of Arthur. From there we met Rhitta of the Beards and were told the story of the giant who demanded Arthur's beard for his cloak but eventually lost his own. Moving along we came to the disclosure of Bendigeidfran's head by Arthur and from there we went into a low doorway, followed by a tunnel and through a corridor of banners to the tableaux depicting the Battle of Camlan, the Sword in the Lake and Arthur being transported by boat to Avalon. The penultimate scene proved to be just a sound track of a storm with flashing lights to depict the flooding of Cantre Gwaelod but a small tableau just around the corner told of the finding of Taliesin. The final scene showed the legendary cave of the sleeping Arthur and the commentary told of its chance discovery. From there we returned to the boat and back out of the mountain.

All in all, I was surprisingly impressed by the tableaux. There were no knights in armour, round tables or Holy Grails, though there was an Excalibur. The life-sized models were dressed in costume which could well have been worn in the sixth century. There was little in the way of armour though a good few round shields were dotted about the place. In general it was a good experience. The legends covered, apart from Excalibur and the boat to Avalon, have a strong Welsh flavour often neglected from Arthurian material, but not here, was the story of how Arthur removed the head of Bendigeidfran, said to have faced east to protect Britain from invasion, from the White Hill in London because he, pigheadedly, felt that he was the only legitimate king to protect Britain. The Rhitta Gawr tale of collecting beards to make a cloak is also not so well known. Of the tableaux, in my opinion, only the Cantre Gwaelod one fell down. I stood there waiting for something to happen but most of the cavern remained in almost total darkness. But do not let that put you off, the rest of the scenes are very good indeed and I was particularly impressed both by the Head of Brân and Camlan.

If you are going to the Labyrinth to seek the historical Arthur do not expect too much, though



visually these scenes are historically accurate – costumewise. This, however, is a place for tales – a place for storytelling. It depicts legends not history but it does not pretend to do otherwise. I was impressed by what I saw. I was also impressed by what the director and manager had to say about their enterprise. It had been open for three weeks and they had already had over a thousand visitors. When we were leaving I noticed the car park was chock-a-block.

King Arthur's Labyrinth is well worth a visit if you are in the area or touring Wales. At £3.50 for adults, children £2.50 and pensioners £3.00, it is very good value. But there is more. The campus has a playground and a series of shops, including a candle studio, jeweller, leather goods, wooden toys, a pyrographer and pottery, plus a restaurant and the usual facilities. Beyond the campus is the Corris Railway Museum, further down the A487 is the Centre for Alternative Technology, near Machynlleth. There are also a number of Arthurian and legendary sites. These include Carn March Arthur, Llyn Barfog, the Pulpit Stone, Grave of the Bandits of Dinas Mawddwy and a place called Camlan – Arthur's last battle?

(Special thanks to Stuart Robinson and the staff of **King Arthur's Labyrinth** for showing us around and feeding us on sausage rolls and sandwiches.)

(Ed: Also within striking distance is **Bedd Taliesin** (Taliesin's Grave) a Bronze Age cairn, long opened and not, alas, the grave of the sixth-century poet. Ref: 'Exploring Wales', William Condry (Faber), an informative chatty guide and a boon companion to the wanderer in Wales.)

WELSH LULLABY

Isht now cariad,
Stop your crying
You'll wake our Arthyr
asleep and lying
In the dark cave in the
mountain.
Isht now cariad
And Mam will tell you
The story of Arthyr,
our King and his men,
Who will come when our country
needs them again.

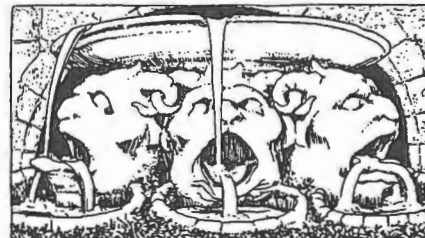
There, there, my Cariat,
How soundly you're sleeping
No cares and no worries
To harm you just now.
But remember, boy bach,
If our country's in peril
The Bear in that hill
Will wake up and growl.

With his men he will ride
Through the valleys, o'er
mountains,
With his warriors he'll guard
Every shore, every cwm,
So babies like you
Can sleep soundly and safely
Tucked up in your cot
In your own little room.

Marilyn



LETTERS



FANMAIL

♦ From Dan Nastasli, Kansas City, USA.

I congratulate you all on the continuous improvements to the magazine – in content, design, news, etc. I'm particularly happy to see that Charles Evans-Günther has found a regular forum for his expansive knowledge of Dark Age Britain and his good sense in reviewing the work of others.

You continue to be my prime source of information on new Arthurian publications in Britain, so I appreciate your providing publishers' addresses and other sources whenever possible. I also enjoy reading about radio, television, stage and other Arthurian productions. Keep up the good work and best wishes.

Thank you for those appreciative comments, Dan. Readers may think this is a very egotistic choice of letter to start our column but we just felt like giving ourselves a pat on the back. Why? With thirty members' subs. outstanding at the time of going to press it makes us feel good to know that we have as many letters expressing how much the magazine is valued by our readers. Some members just put a cheque in an envelope without any greeting at all. Pardon us for spoiling ourselves, just this once!

CONTRIBUTIONS

♦ From Tim Harris, St Albans, Herts.

I have been thinking about what possible contributions I could make to the Journal. I have been reading a lot about the Holy Grail recently and the characters particularly concerned with it, but there are people in the Pendragon Society who are eminently more qualified to write about this than me. Maybe you could suggest something. My main area of expertise is in writing fiction and I was one day hoping to write an account of the lives of Sir Balin and Gawain. I greatly look forward to the proposed AGM in October and, of course, the next edition of the Pendragon Journal.

♦ From Neil Rushton, Netley Abbey, Hants. Wonderful journal – thank you. The scholarship is of a very high standard, so high in fact that I haven't yet plucked up courage to submit an article. I do, however, have a piece concerning the links between the Matter of Britain and pagan ritual almost completed which, hopefully, you might print some time in the future. Meanwhile, do keep us updated with the various desecrations currently being perpetrated by the government planners on our behalf on the roads throughout Myrddin's Precinct. Looking forward to the Autumnal issue.

These extracts have been chosen to encourage all our readers to pick up their pens, typewriters or word-processors and to start writing. If those of us who write regularly for Pendragon were 'experts' we would be earning our livings at it, instead of squeezing time from busy lives to share a few Arthurian thoughts with others of a like mind. PLEASE send us your contributions: comment, news, reviews, letters, poetry, articles and FICTION. (We are planning a special anthology of poetry and fiction to mark our 35th year.) One of the most modest first-year students I ever taught turned into Willy Russell; but not overnight! To illustrate the point, our next contributor claims to be an enthusiast not an expert:

OPINIONS

♦ From John Ford, Watford, Herts.

Thanks for another brilliant edition, how do you pack so much information in? As a new member I do not know how I got on without your reviews, previews & events coming up. Already I am looking for a hotel in Cardiff in October.

I have just finished reading *Journey to Avalon*. Although I enjoyed the book and learned some interesting facts I am afraid I could not agree with the conclusions: as a simple layman who is an avid Arthurian I cannot believe the Arthmael theories.

My Arthur is a leader of men who fought off a barbarian invasion and gave this island enough breathing space so that, when the inevitable happened, cultures were blended together, not smashed apart. I cannot believe that a man who spent his life trying to save his island, his people, his culture – who sacrificed all and risked all, would move across the water and turn his back on Britain when the country was collapsing in anarchy without him. That's not the sort of Arthur I believe in.

Would he have been held in such esteem by his fellow countrymen if he had walked away? I think not, the only songs the bards would have sung would be similar to Brave Sir Robin

from Monty Python's *Holy Grail*, (something about chickening out and bugging off). On the positive side, I was pleased at the way the authors dealt with alternative theories. Many authors dismiss the sites or theories that they do not believe in in one or two lines. These authors do not believe Cadbury was associated with Arthur but the difference with this book is they explain why! Well done..

This seems a perfectly viable approach: that of the Man in the Street. Experts can argue from documents and holes in the ground but it is reasonable to ask: what sort of man was Arthur? Is it likely that he would have taken this course of action? Human nature doesn't change that much over the centuries. We look forward to meeting you, John.

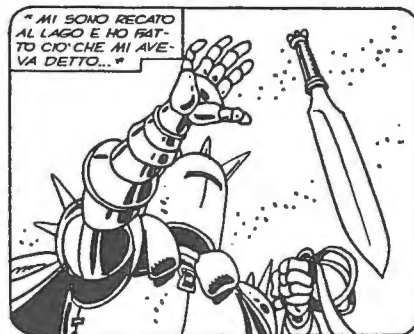
IOLO MORGANWG

♦ From David Pykitt, Burton on Trent, Staffs.

Many thanks for your letter together with the latest Pendragon Magazine, which maintains its usual high standard. I attach hereto a list of my comments on Charles Evans-Günther's review of 'Journey to Avalon'. It would appear that Charles is still haunted by the ghost of Iolo Morganwg. Chris and I are most certainly not influenced by the work of Edward Williams. The identification of Arthur with Arthwys ap Meurig had already been made by Llewelyn Sion of Llangwylid (1540-1615), long before the time of Iolo Morganwg (1757-1826).

Whilst Chris and I welcome constructive criticism, we can well do without facetious remarks about our research having more holes than a colander. A colander, of course, does have its uses. It separates the wanted from the unwanted. This is precisely the approach that we have taken in order to produce what we consider to be the most convincing solution yet to the mystery of King Arthur.

David has sent us two separate letters of further argument in favour of the Arthwys theory whilst Charles has provided us with



another page of detailed counter-arguments. To print all this material in this edition would have crowded out our present theme. We shall hold this material over to give members a chance to read the 'Journey' for themselves. Chris Barber will be giving a slide-lecture on the Arthwys case at Cardiff on Oct. 8th, and there will be an open-forum later 'Arthurian Question Time' when it should be possible for debate to take place on this and other Arthurian matters of interest to those present. Why not come along for the day?

GLASTONBURY

♦ From Paul Smith, Burton on Trent, Staffs.

I am very impressed with the high-production value of the Newsletter: it is a pleasure to receive it, it really is. By far the best "amateur" offering on the market!

Regarding Chris Lovegrove's angle on Glastonbury, my opinion is that the historic allegations are totally mythic - if they were fabricated by King and Bishop, as seems obvious to me, dissension would have been regarded as treason and the penalty for that was the death sentence!

I included the last two entries in the Chronology as a balance, I suppose, in opposition to all the historical contradictions in the detail which the historians referred to, which some people (including me) see as evidence for fabrication.

I see the whole Glastonbury thing relating to Arthur and Joseph or Arimathea as the best example in Britain of Traditionalist Right-Wing Catholic thinking (ie. Royalist Religion). Remember, Arthur at the Battle of Badon, carried the image of the Virgin Mary on his shield (according to one source).

Who will come charging with sword and lance next in response to Paul's Glastonbury challenge, we wonder? He has recently published his Rennes-le-Château Chronology, (inquiries: send an SAE).



VIRGIN ON SHIELD

♦ From Helen Hollick, Walthamstow, London.

Arthur's moaning at me to hurry up. He's about to ride out to hack at a few Picts and he's finding it hard to control his over-excited horse and men any longer...this scene is also my explanation of carrying the image of the Virgin on his shield...in my story, it's...no, you'll have to wait!

Helen's book The Kingmaking is now well and truly launched. You'll find Chris Lovegrove's review herein and a VERY special offer to our readers on the back cover of this journal. Helen will be at The Arthurian Day at Cardiff on October 8th, to sign copies and to take part in a discussion with fellow-novelists Robert Holdstock and Stephen Lawhead - on how they use Arthurian material in their fiction.

Part 2 of Helen's trilogy is due out next year and the third part the year after.

ARTHUR - KING OF KINGS

♦ From Rosemary Longworth, Simpson, Illinois.

My computer printer is broken down, so my writing wings are clipped at present. I'll be forced to resolve the problem soon, because I have a real difficult time on my typewriter after having been used to the computer keyboard.

I'm re-reading "King Arthur. King of Kings" by Jean Markale, and would like to submit an article on that in the near future. He was the greatest living authority (in France) on things Celtic during the 70's. Don't even know if he is still around. I have ordered a copy of his book "Women of the Celts" through the library where I work sometimes, and hope it's still in print so I can finally put it in my "Celtic collection". Like all true Arthurian nuts, I have a nice little collection of Arthurian/Celtic books. My best to you, your wife and all the Pendragon members.

We look forward to receiving your article,

Rosemary, best wishes to you. 'King Arthur, King of Kings' by Professor Markale is currently available in this country as a paperback under the title 'King of the Celts': Inner Traditions Ltd, Rochester, Vermont. ISBN: 0-89281-452-7, (Pbk) 1994. £14.99. 'Women of the Celts' is published by the same firm: ISBN 0-89281-150-1 (Pbk). 1986. It was Distributed in Britain by Thorsons during the 80's.

TRIPOS

♦ From Nick Grant, Reading, Berkshire. Thanks for the latest Pendragon magazine - another interesting and stimulating edition.

1. I enclose another book review, 'Lives of the Saints', a very scholarly study which will be of interest to those, like myself, with an interest in the West Country in the Post-Roman period. This book is available from the Devon and Cornwall Record Society, 7 Cathedral Close, Exeter, Devon, EX1 1EZ. I have just spent a week in Devon walking and exploring ancient sites, so I was reminded of this theme.

Nick's review of this book appears in this issue.

2. I read Norma Lorre Goodrich's 'King Arthur' just a couple of months ago - I think the American paperback version appeared only recently in the UK. I found it one of the most far-fetched and credulous books about Arthur yet. However, it will be interesting to see what sort of discussion is generated in the letters section.

Charles Evans-Günther's review of this book also appears in this issue, with details of publisher, etc.

3. Talking of far-fetched books, I can assure Geoff Bird that I had no knowledge - and still haven't - of the 'controversial events' Phillips and Keatman were involved in when I wrote my critical review of their book for Pendragon XXIII/3. What were they? - it sounds intriguing.



TRISKELES & GRAILS

♦ From Fred Hadley, Surbiton, Surrey.

1. I wrote a year ago asking you to keep the Exchange Journals page going. Not only have you done so but you have a much improved selection of contributors. I am subscribing to two of the newer titles.

We have added even more with this edition; it could be an expensive proposition to send for samples of them all. We'll bring a selection to the AGM for members to pore over and make their own decisions.

2. I am intrigued by the logo on the front page, comprising three interlocking circles. If I had time and space I would quote Nigel Pennick on the subject of the triskele, which he thinks of as a three-legged swastika. Would it not be more memorable to call the new logo, which is wonderfully symbolic, a tricyclic representation of harmonious integration?

That sums up neatly what we had in mind in using the device to illustrate the wholeness of our approach to Arthurian studies. The three areas are harmoniously interlinked and mutually supportive, not just three different ways of looking at Arthurian studies. This is, and has long been, a central tenet of the Pendragon Society.

3. I delayed writing until I heard what Graham Phillips had to say on the subject of 'New Research on the Holy Grail'. In the light of the letters in the current Pendragon (p.22) I need say very little. Phillips is a very good speaker, forceful and assured. He follows the Glastonbury line on the meaning of the Grail, but adopts the trappings supplied by Messrs Baigent, Leigh and Lincoln in their version of the 'Holy Grail'. Messrs P & K have no good opinion of Glastonbury's claim to authenticity: I still have no good opinion of Messrs P & K's claims!

The work referred to is, of course, 'The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail' (Jonathan Cape, 1982).



ARTHUR CARACTACUS

♦ From Eric Ratcliffe, Stevenage, Hertfordshire.

Many thanks for your letter, I had thought that Pendragon had ceased issue. I kept several back numbers, some with my own contributions, in e.g. the 'Helena' issue. I'm glad to see it again as apart from the Ley Hunter I don't think there is anything quite like it. My magazine commenced as at least 50% Celtic/Arthurian poetry in content, but in order to keep up poetry standards I had to allow in poems not on that theme, also reviews.

There are literally hundreds of theories about Arthur. My own is that he was Caractacus in the first century which is the reason why one cannot spot him properly in the fifth century. Thus he was fighting Romans and not Saxons and accounts for Gildas not mentioning him, who therefore was not contemporary. I wrote a lot about this in some early issues, which Chris Lovegrove disbelieved and I cannot blame him!

We have arranged an exchange with Eric's journal 'Ore' and shall be printing a review by him next time. We shall also be looking up the early issues he mentions; it is good to welcome past members back into our circle as we expand our membership.

ARTHUR IN THE NORTH

♦ From Steve Sneyd, Huddersfield, W.Yorks.

1. In your last journal there are one or two mentions of the wish for more information on Arthurian legends in the North. One book that has a great deal about legends of Arthur and Arthurian figures in Cumbria is Guy Ragland Phillips's 'Brigantia: a mysteriography', 1976, Routledge & Kegan Paul). It is a wonderful 'dipping-in' book, full of material on many aspects of Northern lore/legend as he rambles towards 'proving' his thesis of a 'Belinus Line' or master North-South ley/routeway.

There are a scattering of items of Northern Arthurian matter in various of Jessica Lofthouse's books on Yorkshire, the North-West, the Borders, etc. And Philip Ahler's 'Myths and Legends of Huddersfield' looks at the stories which associate Uther Pendragon with Castle Hill here at Almondbury (there is a folktale of a battle between a Captain Hudder and a Captain Almond, the suggestion being that Captain Almond was a leader of Alemmanic foederati who had seized Castle Hill, and Captain Hudder was Uther...this may well be a 'back-formation' of folk-etymology from the names Almondbury and Huddersfield; on the other hand, there WERE Alemmanic foederati in Britain and no other convincing

explanation of the Almond element in Almondbury than a derivation from Alemanni has been suggested.

We are very pleased to have renewed contact with Steve Sneyd. His 'chapbook' of Arthurian poetry, 'What Time Has Use For' is to be republished soon and details are given in our Book View section. Steve is writing a revised version of his article 'The Once & Future Poem' for us: first published in 'Ore', it is an expert overview of Arthurian science fiction poetry, mostly American. Steve has also sent us some of his poetry for inclusion in our projected 35th Anniversary anthology of original creative writing. All members are invited to submit work for consideration, preferably before November.

'Brigantia' is a lovely book and it was with enormous joy that I discovered a second-hand copy in Moreton in Marsh three years ago: the local library copy is now free for others to discover!

2. As a Chandler enthusiast for many years, must try to spot the Percivian pattern in 'Farewell My Lovely'. I had vaguely wondered if the title 'The Lady in the Lake' used by Chandler was Arthur-inspired, but never thought any further about such connections... the issue has also set me thinking about elements of 'The Long Goodbye' - fascinating. (As a further evidence of such patterns in modern writing, just been reading about the use of gnostic/tree-of-life imagery/structure in P.K.Dick's SF novels - had been reading and re-reading them for years and missed that layer of meaning utterly).

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We thank Alfredo Castelli, Sergio Bonelli and Giancarlo Alessandrini for their generosity in allowing us to illustrate these pages with images from 'Il Cavaliere Verde' a Martin Mystere Comic Book Special: more details may be found in our Book Views section.



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Book Views

This column aims to keep you in touch with interesting publications for which we have not found space to write a full review as yet. It is also meant to put you in touch with publishers' lists and privately printed publications, etc.

▼ SOME TITLES :

1. *Time Travel*, Jenny Randles (Blandford). Inspired by J.W. Dunne's classic, study, she looks at every conceivable possibility of time travel, fact & fiction. Fascinating. July 94. Hbk £14.99, Pbk £8.99.
2. *The Lost Gods of England*, Brian Branston (Constable). Now available in attractive paperback format. Aug. 94. £6.95. The Anglo-Saxon gods, including folklore remembrances.
3. *The Jack in the Green*, Roy Judge (Folklore Society). The May Day wicker man and his connections with the Green Man & Green Knight. Hbk £14.00.
4. *And Shall these Mute Stones Speak?*, Charles Thomas (U Wales P). The inscribed stones of Demetia (Dyfed) and Dumnonia (Cornwall, Devon & Somerset). The author treats the stones as prime documents. Important work. Hbk £35.
5. *Rutland Boughton & the Glastonbury Festival*, Michael Hurd (Clarendon). The creator of 'The Immortal Hour' (1922) and the Glastonbury arts festival in 1914. Boughton planned a cycle of music-dramas on the Arthurian legends. Hbk £45.
6. *The Dragon & the Griffin*, Aidan Meehan (Thames & Hudson). The seventh in this series of Celtic design manuals. Pbk. £5.95.
7. *The Chronicles of King Arthur*, Andrea Hopkins (Collins & Brown). A distillation of the myths and stories from medieval sources, woven into a chronological sequence. Brief historical notes and biographies. Illustrated in colour throughout. £19.99. A good present.
8. *The Druids*, Peter Beresford Ellis (Constable). A well balanced look at the Classical & native sources and the archaeological evidence. A valuable, well-written book. July 94, Hbk £16.95. Revue next edition.
9. *The Book of Deer*, R. Elsworth & P. Beresford Ellis (Constable). The first in Constable's 'Library of Celtic Illuminated Manuscripts'. A study of a 9th century gospel-book from Scotland (now at Cambridge) with marginal notes in the earliest form of Scots Gaelic. (See article in *Celtic Connections* No.6.) A series you will want to collect. Pbk. £6.99.

10. *The Holy Grail - its origins, secrets and meaning revealed*, Malcolm Godwin (Bloomsbury). Beautifully produced book with maps, photographs, original artwork. Hbk £14.99. (We intended to review this book but John Matthews tells us that work of theirs has been used without permission and possible copyright infringement is being looked at.) We'll wait.

▼ BOOKS BY JOHN & CAITLIN MATTHEWS:

John & Caitlin are anxious to assure their readers that they do not write in their sleep, 'it's just an illusion aided by slow production!' Their Hallowquest Newsletter will keep you in touch with their books, courses and lectures: the current edition (No.18) has a long list of special offers on their books (valid to November only). Sub. (4 issues) : £3.50 (UK) or £10/15 dollars US/ 16 IRCS (Overseas). They are planning that one of them will be at Cardiff for October 8th and John says he is hoping to find time to write us some revues. Books appearing in September will include: *The Encyclopedia of Celtic Wisdom*; *From the Hollow Hills*; *A Celtic Shaman's Pack*; *King Arthur & the Grail Quest*; *Merlin Through the Ages*; *The Unknown Arthur*; *Singing the Soul Back Home*; *The Celtic Book of Days*.

▼ LISTS AND CATALOGUES

1. *The Arthurian Collection Catalogue*, Mold Library: The eagerly-awaited Arthurian Collection Catalogue is to be published in the very near future. We understand it will cost about £15, but it should prove to be a valuable resource to Arthurian scholars and enthusiasts alike and enable visitors to the library to prepare themselves so as to make maximum use of their time. (You will find *Dragon* and *Pendragon* filed there).
2. *The Strathsay Bookshop* : Catalogues of Celtic & general mythology and folklore, religions, spiritual teachings, alternative therapy, philosophy & psychology, etc. A useful reference to books available in these fields: 8 Dunkeld St, Aberfeldy, Perthshire, PH15 2DA. Tel: (0887) 829519.
3. *Shire Books*: have just celebrated their 20th year and 70th title of Archaeology publishing. You will know this inexpensive series of books

already, most probably; titles include: *Celtic Crosses* and *Celtic Warriors*, together with Prehistoric, Roman, Anglo-Saxon and Medieval books. For regular mailing list write: Shire Publications, Freepost AHE 135, Princes Risborough, Bucks, HP27 8BR.

4. *Countryside Books*: Catalogue of books on local history, genealogy, legends, ghosts, walks, tales, villages - covering most English and Welsh counties: Local Heritage Books, Highfield House, 2 Highfield Ave, Newbury, Berks, RG14 5DS.

5. *The Bodleian Library, Oxford*: Publish a list of over a thousand 35mm. colour transparencies available from stock, filmstrips and slides. The catalogue is also a guide to themes contained in the manuscripts. There are a number of Arthurian titles and prices are reasonable. A good resource for slides for lectures. Main catalogue £3, supplement 50p extra: The Bodleian Library, Dept. of Western Manuscripts, Broad Street, Oxford, OX1 3BG.

6. *Anglo-Saxon Books* : A small but very interesting list of books, it contains *Anglo-Saxon Runes*; *Beowulf*, text & translation; *Verse Charms*, *Maxims & Heroic Legends*; *The Battle of Maldon*; *Spellcraft* by Kathleen Herbert (a lovely book), and other titles: Anglo-Saxon Books, 25 Malpas Drive, Pinner, Middlesex, HA5 1DQ. Tel: 081 868 1654.

▼ SMALL PRESS PUBLICATIONS:

1. *An Introduction to The Old English Language and its Literature*, by member Stephen Pollington (Anglo-Saxon Books, above). This booklet contains the adapted text of a talk given by Stephen to The English Companions (a historical/cultural Society) in February, 1994. It is quite fascinating and most persuasive in making you want to find out more, much more, about the language of our English ancestors. £2.95. ISBN 1-898281-06-8.

2. (a) *In Search of Old Devonian* and (b) *The Languages of the North*. These are the titles of two booklets published by Joseph Bidulph, who runs the Languages Information Centre from 32 Stryd Ebeneser, Pontyprodd, CF37 5PB. (We are now exchanging journals with his *Hrafnoh*, see list later). Mr Bidulph publishes many booklets on out-of-the-way languages, from Etruscan to Esperanto and these two booklets contain fascinating information about (a) the old Celtic language of South-West Britain, circa 700 AD. and (b) a portrait of the Northumbrian dialect of early English and of the Celtic, Norse and other tongues once used in the North of England. There is an antiquarian charm to this work which is very appealing. Send for lists.

3. *The French King* by Eric Ratcliff (editor of

ORE). Subtitled *Commius & the Legend of Lear*. A legendary poem, price £1.80 post free, (see address under 'Ore' in Journals list)

▼ *Martin Mystère* : This is a monthly series of 94 page comic books, published in Italy, featuring the investigations of Martin Mystere into paranormal mysteries which he presents on tv. Paolo Bianconi sent me a copy of a 'Speciale', these are published annually and are accompanied by a small 'Dizionario dei Misteri.' The title is *Il Cavaliere Verde* (The Green Knight). I wrote to Alfredo Castelli, the Editor of what is a large publishing firm with ancillary goods produced under licence - 140,000 copies are sold monthly in Italy. Alfredo sent me a box of these adventures, including ten free copies of the Arthurian adventure. I intend to write a feature on this series next time, but, in the meantime, Alfredo wishes to subscribe to *Pendragon* and to establish contact, including publicising us in his advertising. A knowledge of Italian is necessary to understand the adventure : any reader who has some Italian should contact us. We thank Alfredo for his interest and generosity and for allowing us to print images from *Il Cavaliere* :

Credit: Martin Mystère created by Alfredo Castelli (c) by Sergio Bonelli Editore. Illustration by Giancarlo Alessandrini.

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The Light of Logres

PAMELA CONSTANTINE

King Arthur is said to lie sleeping in many places of the world. The Grail is similarly reputed to lie below ground here and abroad. These in essence more truly rest in the nature of humankind, like so many buried qualities of our trueness, to be drawn into the light of consciousness once more.

Symbols cannot replace essence. King Arthur's earthly atoms may be reclining beneath the soil of Wales, France or Glaston, and the Grail likewise; but their essential meaning waits to be woken in each one of us as we respond to the reality behind the example.

It has been said that if King Arthur was historically active in 500 AD then he could scarcely have been active in the various districts that claim him hundreds of years later. This is true. Historically, he could not. But the fundamental amalgam of spiritual qualities he embodied and made uniquely his is not restricted by time: qualities to which all might attain when the race really matures.

Why, then, should we not accept King Arthur in this greater sense: a being of individual worth, at work across the centuries to the measure that his essential nature has awoken in the minds and hearts of other dedicated people?

King Arthur does exist. He only sleeps in human consciousness until the Arthurian qualities of valour, chivalry and respect for the feminine, reawaken in human realms.

And since such a spirit is all-giving, why should we not also become as he, with our twelve good knights of vital quality to round out our nature in genuine human service, so to lift human consciousness back into the light of Logres again?

Some might say that this is already taking place, as humanity moves towards its coming of age with the ushering-in of the twenty-first century. True, the number is small - but history demonstrates that it has always been the few, joined as one, who turned the destiny of nations.

Surely we have all, just when the nadir of despair concerning the state of human nature, been revived by news of some deed of derring-do, some act of great selflessness

or bravery, some extraordinary achievement of love and kindness demonstrated by a seemingly ordinary individual? Oh yes, Arthur's spirit lives on!

For those with eyes to see, the 'knights of old' are being reborn through the hearts and minds of all who are active in their concern for the manifestation of a true humanity, living with commitment to an order of greater justice, compassion and loving kindness.

The light of Logres was not annihilated when human consciousness sank into the long night of the soul. Dawn has broken. We journey on to race adulthood - the Arthurian level of all mankind!

REINSTATEMENT

Say, who shall give the signal
To wake the sleeping braves
And summon the chivalrous company
A-dreaming in their graves?

Only a youth of noble heart
Can do this noble deed,
For only the soul's urgent trumpet
Will the hosts of Arthur heed.

Then - up from the cold and
 cleaving dust
Shall the deathless knights arise
On starlight steed and muffled hoof
Ere dawn is in the skies:

Their mounts shall be as strong as
steel
Yet fine as ocean spray,
And thus they shall enter man's
slumbering heart
Before the break of day:

And there in the legendary cave
Where they have come to dwell,
Shall inspire the search for Logres
And the long lost Citadel.

Pamela Constantine

**TAVAS yn Grŵth
EDDIE & TOOE**



Etymology, or Eddie-mology (as it is known in its purer form), can open doors to prehistory, it can also close them.

Take, for instance, the hill overlooking Edinburgh known as Arthur's Seat. One can imagine our great king surveying his far-flung realms – as did the Norse god Odin from Hlidskialf, his seat in high heaven. (No, Deirdre of Chipping Sodbury, Edinburgh was not originally called ODINburgh but EDWINburgh, after its founder the Northumbrian king, Edwin. And no; I've no idea whether the king once held Druidic beliefs. Dickens' novel *The Mystery of Edwin Drui*d may enlighten you.)

Sadly 'Arthur's Seat' is merely a corruption of Ard-na-said, 'the height of the arrows', and was just a convenient vantage point from which the archers could operate.

Another interesting case is that of Phoenix Park in Dublin. How tempting it is to associate the chalybeate spring in Dublin's park with the similar iron-bearing spring which occurs in the effigy of the Phoenix in the Glastonbury Zodiac – the Chalice Well. But no, the Irish 'Phoenix' comes from the Gaelic 'fionn-uisge', which simply means 'clear water'. Frustrating, isn't it?

Mention of the Glastonbury Zodiac, associated by Katherine Maltwood with various characters and events in the Arthurian ethos, brings us to the subject of Royal Sleepers. The notion of dead or sleeping god/heroes who lie waiting to return when needed transcends national and religious boundaries, and we have a link between Celtic and Teutonic myths, inasmuch as the 'good and beautiful' Norse sun-god Balder, like Arthur, was slain but may one day come back to the world of men.

As a point of interest it is not generally known that Balder, the summer sun-god, was not always beautiful. Indeed he received his name due to alopecia which caused his hair to fall out at birth. After fruitless - and hirsuteless - consultations with Asgard's top trichologists Balder sought the verdict of Star Signs. His birth date fell on the cusp of Aries (the Ram) and Taurus (the Bull) and they foretold that his hairless condition would correct itself by mid-summer. It did, and Balder's cure was naturally enough attributed to Aries/Taurus

- which, in the fullness of time, became corrupted to 'hair-restorers'. (Go back to sleep 'Snorri' Sturluson - your Prose Edda has given way to the Prose Eddie!)

There are other connections between Celtic (Druidic) beliefs and Teutonic legends. Mistletøe features prominently in both. To the Druids it was a magical plant connected with life and healing that grew between earth and heaven, having no ground roots of its own. To Balder it eventually meant death, being the only entity that could harm the otherwise invulnerable god.

When the evil god Loki persuaded blind Hodur to shoot at Balder 'for sport' the beloved god fell dead and was taken to the realm of Hela. In vain did Hermod ride Odin's eight-legged horse Sleipner for nine days and nights to the nether regions to plead with Hela's queen Urd for Balder's return. In Hela Balder had to remain - at least until after Ragnarok, the Doom of the Gods.

Hermod's hurried dash, however, has never been forgotten, surviving in the term 'Bälderdash' – a word PENDRAGON readers won't use to describe this column. If they know what's good for them...



"Come now Arthur - that's not quite sportsmanlike, is it?"

BookReviews

THE KINGMAKING

Helen Hollick
Heinemann 1994 £9.99 (limp)
ISBN 0 434 00068 X

Why does the Arthurian legend attract so many women writers? Rosemary Sutcliffe, Catherine Christian, Marian Zimmer Bradley, Mary Stewart, Andre Norton, Vera Chapman, Susan Cooper, Joan Aitken and Jane Curry (to name but a few) have all mined that rich seam, producing gems in various genres including fantasy, historical fiction and children's literature. Will the work of the latest exponent, Helen Hollick, provide an answer?

Book One of *Pendragon's Banner* in its 600-plus pages charts seven years of Arthur's life, from 450-457 AD, and ranges from Greater to Lesser Britain, from Gwynedd to Kent. The opening pages begin slowly, full of euphonious alliteration and lyrical descriptions. Like a musical composition, the structure is well defined. For example the novel begins with a public recognition of Arthur's paternity and ends with his acclamation as de facto ruler of Britain by victorious troops. In addition, each half begins in Gwynedd, finds its way to Brittany and ends in the southeast of Britain.

The story is well plotted, and the action carefully paced. The effect is like reading pages from a journal or watching scenes from a subtly-edited film. After the initial establishment of the main characters in their setting, the build-up to each climax is inexorable. And whether or not you know the literary, historical or legendary background of the story, there are surprises at every turn, from the neat solution to the tradition of the two Guineveres to the suggested origin of Cerdic.

But the key to good novels is whether you believe in the characters as people, and whether you care what happens to them. Is this the case with *The Kingmaking*? Certainly some of the male characters are recognisably still with us, a millenium and a half later, and Arthur's misogyny is given a psychological basis which sadly rings true (though there are signs of the New Man there). But it is the women of this book that leap out of the pages: the pious Igraine, the insufferable Branwen, the scheming Rowena, the cruel Morgause, the pathetic Winifred. And finally the brave Gwenhwyfar, who more than any other must represent not just Everywoman but the writer's personal ideal of the rounded individual.

There are some weaknesses, I feel. Producing a racy vernacular which avoids contemporary colloquialisms and yet gives a sense of another time is never easy, and the attempt to do this here is not always successful. Also, while much of the bloodthirstiness and violence inevitable in troubled times is vividly recreated, the language of the warriors is rather mealy-mouthed. But given that Stevenson complained about his inability to reproduce pirate's oaths for the Victorian readers of *Treasure Island*, this fault is readily forgiven!

The stereotypical male is said to be absorbed with things and the female to be attracted by personal relationships. But stereotypes tend to deny us our individuality and limit our potential for change. Helen Hollick displays an interest in both the nuts and bolts of living in the historical period she has chosen and in the personalities she has created, as any good writer should, and in so doing renders largely irrelevant the question posed at the beginning.

Better enjoy *The Kingmaking* for what it is: a jolly good read!

Chris Lovegrove



KING ARTHUR

by Norma Lorre Goodrich
ISBN 0-06-097182-7
Perennial Library Edition, Harper and Row, 1989, £9.99
(Paperback of Franklin Watts, Inc. Hardback 1986)



The overall appearance of Norma Lorre Goodrich's 'King Arthur' suggests that this is not an academic's book but rather intended for the popular side of the market. The maps are trendily produced but not always accurate, and the cover - although I have no idea whether Professor Goodrich approves of it - tends towards fantasy, featuring a Tolkienesque gentleman wearing a somewhat oriental-looking helmet. I don't consider this the cover of an historical work. But let us leave aside the book's appearance and touch briefly on its contents.

I am always fascinated by the different ways authors can read Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae*. Compare Goodrich to Geoffrey Ashe who pinpoints Arthur's career by using dates gleaned from the hero's French expeditions, while Goodrich passes over these episodes without giving them any importance. Instead, using both the *Historia* and later French romances like the *Sone de Nausay*, she focuses on British sites traditionally thought to be in the south and relocates them in the north of England and in Scotland.

Arthur's capital, according to the *Historia*, was the City of Legions which Geoffrey identified as Caerleon upon Usk in South Wales. However, Goodrich is convinced that it was Carlisle, as good a guess as any since a city of legions could be any place where the Roman army had been. Meanwhile, Gildas called one place "legionum urbis"; the Welsh Annals recorded an "urbs legion", and Bede spoke of "civitas legionum," "Legacaestir" or "Carlegion" - all of which were modern Chester. Nevertheless, Geoffrey must have known of Carlisle since it had been re-established as a city by William II in 1092. Goodrich also places all of Arthur's battles, mentioned in the *Historia Brittonum*, north of York - in areas around Edinburgh, Stirling, Carlisle, Binchester and Glasgow, locating the Battle of Badon at Dumbarton. (I do not intend to discuss these sites because many eminent scholars have already attempted to do so without much success or agreement.)

One of the most interesting places in the Arthurian legends, though not in history, is Avalon. Searching for an actual site for this legendary isle, Goodrich provides a list of islands, originally suggested by Sir John Rhys, and eliminates them one by one. In doing so she dispatches sites which deserve further study - for instance Gwales (which is remarkably similar to the Galces of the *Sone de Nausay*) and Bardsey where tradition has Merlin (more correctly Myrddyn) taking the Thirteen Treasures of Britain for safety. Eventually, using evidence mainly from the *Sone de Nausay*, she picks the Isle of Man. She also says that when Geoffrey spoke of Norway he was mistaking it for the Isle of Man. I find this hard to accept since Olaf I had spent his youth at the court of Henry I and when he became King of Man he continued his friendship with England. In 1134, Olaf invited monks from Furness to set up an abbey at Rushen. Geoffrey, being a religious man and a scholar at Oxford, should have known of this and would have been able to differentiate between the Isle of Man and Norway.

Despite all her assertions, Goodrich makes some surprising mistakes. While discussing Badon she says it cannot be Bath, which is Caerfaddon in Welsh, because it is spelled with an *fa* rather than a *ba*. In fact the "b" in Welsh can mutate to "f" and therefore Bath can be equated with Badon. She also ignores the fact that Bath is called "Badonis" in the *Historia Brittonum* and "aet Badon" in the *Cartularium Saxonicum*. In another claim that could make one cringe, she says Somerset was near Carlisle because Somer sounds like Cymry, meaning the Welsh of Cumbria. But there is no soft "c" in the Celtic languages, and Cymry is pronounced "Kumri" never "Sumri." She goes on to say that Arthuret, the site of a battle near Carlisle, means "Arthur's Head"; yet in its earliest forms it is *Ar(f)derydd*, *Artmerid* or *Arderyd*, none of which has any link with the name Arthur. Finally, Goodrich connects Galloway with the French for Wales, "Galles," ignoring its origin as "*Gall Ghaidhil*" - the Foreign Gael.

I must admit that I am not against an Arthur in the North. It is the mistakes in Goodrich's text that disturb me. There were Arthurs beyond Hadrian's Wall - Arthur son of Breinne Britt, Arthur Bicoir's son and Arthur the son of Aedan of Dalriada - and any one of these could have started a tradition in Scotland. Whether everything connected with the legends of King Arthur can be translated into history is a matter of faith. Does the reader believe in King Arthur of the Knights of the Round Table and the Holy Grail or Arthur the Dark Age warrior? For Goodrich it seems to be the former because, when discussing Lancelot (whom she calls a king of Scotland), she speaks of his being legend rather than fact - and I find this very revealing - such allegations are as wrong as they are unthinkable!

Charles Evans-Günther

CELTIC MYTHS, CELTIC LEGENDS

by R.J. Stewart

Blandford, 1994. £15.99 hdbk.

ISBN 0 7137 2423 4

176pp, 11 colour plates, 40 line drawings

A companion volume to this author's earlier 'Celtic Gods, Celtic Goddesses' (Blandford), it also contains specially commissioned colour plates by Courtney Davis.



Bob Stewart is well known for his many works on the magical tradition in folklore and especially for his system of inner development based on the native British archetypal energies. Interesting as these are, I feel that the direct approach of this book gives a more powerful insight into the Celtic tradition and ethos.

We are presented with ten tales from the Celtic tradition of story telling and the author declares that his aim is to avoid the "romantic tendency" and "to balance the emphasis on beauty, romance and inspiration" traditionally perceived in Celtic material with its obverse of "battles, vengeance and cruelty". He draws his material from a variety of sources, including saga, folklore, ballads, 19th and 20th century retellings and one is the author's own invention. Two major themes are emphasised in the narratives: the multifaceted nature of the great goddess and the equally diverse behaviour of the hero figure, who may be saint, madman, fool or lover.

A good test of the power of a story is to read or, preferably, tell it aloud. Written language is not necessarily effective in this challenging context. Besides coming 'alive' when spoken, the language should capture the background of the people represented, their customs, beliefs, social codes, the hundred and one subtleties that say 'this is a tale arising from the Celtic experience not from the Anglo-Saxon'. We may be one race now, but we haven't always been! Stewart recognises this in his 'afterword' where he says, "accurate academic research and translation is of great value but the Celtic tradition is also found by feeling, through an imaginative quality, which is earthy and vital".

This FEELING is the true 'romantic' element in Celtic myth and legend and because the author captures it vividly in his language (his own or that chosen for the retellings) he passes both tests.

Each tale is introduced by a short note and Bob Stewart's encyclopedic knowledge places the story exactly for the reader. The notes are concise, interesting and full of insight. That of the 'Wooing of Etain' reminds us that one of the best readings of this tale is 'The Immortal Hour', a drama by Fiona Macleod (Wm. Sharp) set to music by Rutland Boughton. (This, in turn, reminds us of the forgotten vision of Glastonbury as a British Bayreuth and the book that has recently been published on Boughton and his hopes for a British mythological opera cycle).

A brief look at several of the tales chosen may give some indication of the richness and variety of this collection.

'The Tale of N'Oun-Doaré' from Brittany illustrates the motif of animal and spirit helpers who come to the aid of a naïve young man bent upon a seemingly impossible quest. 'The Marriage of Sir Gawain' is printed in its ballad form, complete from Percy's 'Reliques', while 'Red Shield Warriors' is from the oral tradition of Scotland, recorded from the words of a Gaelic story-teller. 'The Boy Merlin' is quoted from Geoffrey of Monmouth while 'Merlin and Nimue' is the author's own. Ironic and witty, it pokes fun at the early Christian saints, and there is a splendid scene where Merlin first discovers Nimue as she is bathing naked in a stream by falling in beside her. They then shift effortlessly between various languages until they shock themselves by finding they have begun to speak in Anglo-Saxon. Immediately they revert to Welsh, 'the blessed angelic tongue'.

The tale that achieves the highest pitch of poetic feeling and has the fullest and most fascinating note, 'Tam Linn' which is retold from the ballad. The amazing energy locked up in this primal tale is captured most powerfully. The Dark Queen, the goddess in her most destructive aspect, comes from deep down in the human consciousness and Bob Stewart raises her with the power of the Angel of Death in Denis Wheatley's 'The Devil Rides Out'. Using the imagery of the Three Curses, he frightens the daylight out of us. Imagine the besieged lovers - surrounded by eternal darkness - listening to the eerie cry of an owl 'within which is the voice of a young girl'. Read this at Hallowe'en by the light of a flickering candle or the dancing light from a fire - I dare you. This 'first plunge' into Celtic Myth and Legend ends with a reading list and a plea for others to join in the task of preserving and recreating these myths and legends into the next century. Buy it and keep it next to John Matthews's 'The Song of Taliesin' on your bookshelf: and, on a personal note: may I beg both these authors to give us much more of their own creative writing based on the corpus of Celtic and Arthurian myth and legend?

F. Stedman-Jones

NICHOLAS ROSCARROCK'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS:

Cornwall & Devon.

Ed. Nicholas Orme

Devon & Cornwall Record Society, 1992.

£13 inc. postage.



Nicholas Roscarrock (c.1548-1632) was a Catholic scholar from Cornwall who wrote a vast manuscript dictionary of British and Irish saints in the early 17th century. This work has never been published in full, but this book edits and prints those sections relating to saints honoured in Cornwall and Devon, mostly the Celtic saints of the 5th-9th centuries AD. Although Roscarrock drew extensively on earlier Cornish writers, he also utilised his own local knowledge and his Cornish contacts. He has preserved some unique written and oral traditions about the Celtic saints of Cornwall and Devon as these stood during the period when the Catholic religion gave way to the Protestant faith in England. The rituals and ceremony involved in the populist veneration of saints and their images were to be swept aside by more sceptical, rational beliefs.

This edition is a model of its kind. In addition to Roscarrock's text, full and scholarly discussions are provided by Nicholas Orme of the background to Roscarrock's work. Thus there is a biography of Roscarrock, an analysis of his work, a discussion of the early sources for the activities of the Celtic saints, detailed historical notes for each saint and their cult, and a series of appendices relating to Roscarrock's work. There are also 17 plates. In fact these analytical sections make up approximately three-quarters of this book, and ensure that it forms an important study of the Celtic saints in its own right.

What picture of the Celtic saints can we gain from Roscarrock's work and Orme's analysis? Although in the medieval period the saints were honoured, and their intercessory powers valued, local people really knew very little about the saints as people. They often did not know when their saint lived, where they came from, what they did, or even whether they were male or female. In some cases, the activities, attributes and legends of some more well-known saints (usually from Wales, Ireland or Brittany) were appropriated for the local saint, particularly if the names bore some resemblance. St Piran, associated with Perranzabuloe, appears to have been an important, probably native saint, but by the 14th century he had been identified with the Irish St Ciaran of Saighir (who probably never came to Cornwall) and that saint's life used to provide details for a life of St Piran. Sometimes information was simply manufactured. A Welsh legend about the numerous children of King Brychan of South Wales, all of whom became saints, was used to provide a background for 24 obscure saints honoured in north Devon and Cornwall. Never mind that Welsh lists of the children listed an almost entirely different set of names. Roscarrock professed himself baffled at this discrepancy!

One of the saints Roscarrock was able to provide a unique tradition about was St Endelienta, a patroness of his own parish church at St Endellion. She lived quietly at a retreat called Trentinny in the parish, with a cow, which was eventually killed by a local lord after wandering on to his land. On hearing of this, Endelienta's godfather King Arthur impetuously slew the local lord, whereupon he was revived from death by Endelienta. After her death, she was buried at the top of a hill, where in due course a church dedicated to her honour was later built. This is not of course history as such. However, this picture of a Celtic saint as originally an obscure local hermit, later believed to have performed miracles and commemorated by a church dedicated to them is probably more authentic than the picture presented in the better-known saint's lives. These often have the saint born of a royal family, travelling between Wales, Ireland, Cornwall and Brittany (and sometimes Rome), founding numerous monasteries, challenging secular rulers, and possibly suffering martyrdom.

The early history of Celtic Christianity is shrouded in mystery. Very few of the cults of the Celtic saints can be definitely attested prior to the 10th century, and many are not recorded until the medieval period. Often we can demonstrate no more than that our sources for the activities of these saints are wholly untrustworthy. Nevertheless, we know from the fact that their names survive in place-names formed during the Early Christian period, that the saints must have formed an important influence on the Christianisation of Devon and Cornwall between the 5th and 9th centuries. Any reader with an interest in this topic will find this book fascinating and authoritative.

Nick Grant

(This book is available from : The Devon & Cornwall Record Society, 7 Cathedral Close, Exeter, Devon, EX1 1EZ,)

OUR MAN IN CAMELOT

by Anthony Price
Grafton/Harper Collins Pbk. £4.99

When a U.S. air force plane crashes on a routine flight from a British base, taking its ace pilot with it, the CIA suspects foul play and hastens to investigate: what it finds is a puzzle.

It appears that the dead man was researching certain aspects of Arthurian history and in particular a battle that took place around 500 AD. What is more, it now seems that the Russians are interested, too. Undercover CIA agents are soon trying to enlist the help of Dr David Audley, top British intelligence officer and eminent historian, in their attempt to discover the connection between Arthur, the KGB and the Battle of Badon.

I was in my local library when the word Camelot caught my eye so I picked the book up with some excitement. An Arthurian book I had not heard of!

When I read the above on the back of the book the disappointment started creeping in: Arthur, the CIA and the KGB - whatever will they think of next? Nevertheless, I put it in my bag thinking it might be good for a laugh - I was in for a pleasant surprise.

The central character is a CIA American agent who has no knowledge of Arthur, other than the film Camelot, yet he has to find Badon. He is sent to Britain to investigate the strange death of a pilot who spent all his spare time seeking Arthurian sites and the rumour is that he had found Badon.

The author examines the Arthurian literary canon, including Bede, Gildas and Nennius and comes up with his own theories. (Because it is a work of fiction he is not subject to the usual reviews that would have pulled his ideas apart: so take note Messrs Barber, Pykitt, Phillips and Keatman - write it as a novel next time!)

There even appears a previously unknown copy of Bede, with an extra page which would solve the whole Arthurian mystery. (If only!)

This is a very interesting book with many twists and turns, full of Arthurian theories, both fact and fiction: a good, light-hearted alternative to a night in front of the tele. To tell you more would spoil your enjoyment but if you want a light-hearted read on Arthur with an unusual setting GET IT.

John Ford



SOURCE

The HOLY WELLS Journal

SOURCE is a quarterly journal devoted to the appreciation, study, history and conservation of Holy Wells throughout the British Isles.

Newly revived in A4 format of approx. 32 pages the first issue due mid/late September will contain, as well as a central feature on St Winifred's Well, Holywell, articles by Janet & Colin Bord (*Mysterious Britain, Sacred Waters* etc.), Nancy Edwards (ed. *The Early Church in Wales and the West*), and Miranda Green (*The Gods of the Celts*).

Subscriptions: £8.00 for 4 issues - £2.25 for sample.

Pen-y-Bont, Bont Newydd, Cefn, St Asaph, Chwyd, LL17 0HH.

CELTIC CONNECTIONS

A regular quarterly journal dedicated to all aspects of Celtic culture, especially the arts and crafts. It covers Wales, Scotland, Brittany, Ireland, Isle of Man and Catalonia.

Subscription is £5.50 for four issues U.K. Overseas £9.00. Sample copies £1.50 U.K. & £2.10 Overseas. Cheques & I.M.O's in U.K. Sterling only and made payable to:

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★ PENDRAGON

This is the title of a new musical theatre drama which is being performed at the Edinburgh Festival by the National Youth Musical Theatre between 15th- 28th August. The work of this organisation is renowned and the young people taking part audition from all over the country, their past shows have toured all over the world. They are supported by Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber. This production is described as 'a thrilling new exploration into the deeper and darker regions of Arthurian legend: full of visual, musical and magical splendour.' The scenes range from the Court at Caerleon, Merlin's Cave, the Battlefield, the Shores of Lake Avalon, the Lair of Morgan Le Fay, Hell, the Dwelling of the Loathly Lady. Contact: George Square Theatre, Edinburgh: Box Office 031-650 2001. For information about the NYMT's work write: 2 Bow St, Covent Garden, London, WC2 7BA

★ BOUDICCA

In May the Duchess of York was considering playing the role of the Queen of the Iceni in a Ken Russell film. The Sunday Times reported that she was studying the script, 'in which Boudicca is flogged naked and her women warriors march into battle clad in just woad paint'. Her office confirmed she was interested. The main problem was 'finding space in the Duchess's schedule to film the scenes', said an aide. Obviously an equity card is not a problem as it is to so many young trained actors I know.

★ THE MAGIC OF STORY

This is the title of a residential weekend course led by Caitlin and John Matthews at Hawkwood College on 9th-11th December. 'Prepare to be surprised and delighted, we plan to let our imaginations out of their attics with the help of story: telling it, listening to it, entering and living it. If you enjoy story telling, music, song, craft, meditation, ritual and a great deal of hilarity, then you're already one of the Company of Hawkwood'. Send SAE for information: BCM Hallowquest, London WC1N 3XX. With John and Caitlin will be Anne Lister whose workshops in the UK and Europe are very popular for their fun and vitality. Anne

has joined us recently and we hope to be able to offer members a specially designed workshop with her in the future. For details of her 1994 programme send SAE or 2IRC's to: Anne Lister, 34 Nightingale House, Thomas More St., London, EC1 9UA.

★ ARTHURIAN ROUNDABOUT

3D: (ITV, 7.30 pm, 23rd June) included a 10 minute feature on forty year-old Arthur Pendragon the self-proclaimed reincarnation of King Arthur and the Radio Times printed a coloured photograph of him, backed by a picturesque ruined castle. He claims no benefits because he says he already has a full-time job as King of England, campaigning for 'truth, honour and justice'. What worries me is that there is a lady living at Glastonbury who also claims she was King Arthur in a former life and says that the energy field of Glastonbury is definitely where she wielded Excalibur. Both should be worried by the knowledge that there is a cruiserweight boxer fighting under the name of 'King Arthur Williams'. It might be a good way to resolve the problem: ten rounds in the ring together?

Wales on Sunday: carried a double-page spread 'On the Trail of King Arthur' on Sunday, July 17th. It was quite well done, with coloured pictures and a presentation of various theories about the legends. It also announced that shooting of the movie *First Knight*, starring Richard Gere and Sean Connery, would begin in North Wales in August. Also, that *Excalibur*: the Search for Arthur, made by Teliesin (Pendragon XXIV/2), would be presented on Welsh S4C this autumn and in English on BBC2 early next year. Presented and written by historian Prof. Alf. Gwyn Williams, *Excalibur* will be shown in three 50-minute programmes. It will also be featured at the Welsh Academy Arthurian Day, October 8th, (leaflet enclosed) with the Professor himself present to launch the book and the film.

The article mentions that the Pendragon Society, 'formed in 1959, which publishes a quarterly magazine that goes round the world to fans of Arthur', will hold its AGM on the day. See you there?

Sea-Dragons: Chris Lovegrove tells me there is



an exhibition at Bristol Museum under this name featuring ichthyosaurus fossils. One is named *Grendelius* after Beowulf's aquatic adversary, while another, with a lower jaw unusually shorter than its upper, is called *Excalibosaurus*. Both come from the south-west. Helen Hollick may well be right about the reality of dragons on the beach (Pendragon XXIII/3).

Holy Grail Bus Tour: Chris has also sent a cutting telling of the journey of the 'Holy Grail' of Valencia which is carved from agate. In 285 St. Lorenzo, who was roasted to death on a gridiron (reputedly telling his torturers: "I am cooked on that side; turn me over") passed the Grail to a young Spaniard serving in the Roman legions. In 1430 King Alfonso V brought it to Valencia where it is kept in the cathedral. In June it was taken on an 800-mile pilgrimage in a chalice-mobile, escorted by a para-military police escort and 20 coachloads of devotees who each paid 7,000 pesetas (£34) for the privilege of accompanying it. The cathedral chaplain has no doubt about its provenance as the Cup of the Last Supper and claims that the quarry from where the stone came is in Syria and was in use in Christ's lifetime.

Nanteos Cup: Readers of my research on this British claim for the Cup of the Last Supper may be interested to know that Chris Barber and I are planning to publish a short book about the Cup during the next year. We'll keep you informed.

Merlin at the Royal Welsh Show:

SWALEC, the Welsh electricity company, commissioned an animated model of Merlin to advertise their harnessing of power in July at the Builth show. The Cardiff-based firm Stage-

works created this figure which can move and talk. He looks a little like Michael Hordern; no bad choice!

A Seat at the Round Table:

A letter to the Daily Mail on May 26th set out to answer the question: How many seats would be required at a modern King Arthur's Round Table to accommodate all Britain's knights today? Apparently there are about 4,000 of these privileged persons so it would take 159 Winchester-type tables (seating 25 people each) or one with a circumference of 9,000ft and a diameter of 2,867ft. How's that for useless information?

Hereford's Round Table: On January 6th a large oaken Round Table was presented to the people of Hereford and installed in All Saint's Church in the City Centre. Specially commissioned by a group of young people at their own cost, this group called *Transition* intend the table to be 'a symbol of truth, justice and equality; a focus for social harmony; a meeting place for groups and a community forum where young and old can meet to build bridges and understanding'. We are proud to include Nigel Sturgeon, a leading member of this team, in our membership and hope that some of us may be able to meet at the Table soon in this old city and hear from Nigel and his friends about their hopes that 'ideas and projects which evolve as a result of young people taking part at the round table meeting place will help resolve many of the city's problems.' These young folk are not playing at being knights but using the Round Table archetype as true 'Arthurians'.

Arthurian Names: We have been featuring organisations, products etc, with Arthurian names. Here are a few more:

Avalon Scientific, healthcare and pharmaceutical products, Manchester. Also in Manchester are **Pendragon Consultants**, marketing and management consultants, the firm responsible for King Arthur's Labyrinth at Corris (see enclosed leaflet and article).

You will all know about *Camelot consortium*, who won the contract to run the first National Lottery since 1826. Their licence expires in 2001, by which time they expect to turn over £32 billion! Elizabeth 1st organised a lottery to pay for her fleet and lotteries helped pay for Westminster Bridge and the British Museum as well as the War with America in the C18th.

★ OUT AND ABOUT

King Arthur in Shropshire: Following on from Phillips & Keatman's book, Shropshire County Council have produced a large glossy leaflet titled 'On the Trail of King Arthur in Shropshire'. The visitor will need to select from it what seems 'Arthurian' but it also contains much information about places to visit in the county and is attractively produced. While

you're writing also ask for:

The Shrewsbury Quest: This is a new visitors' centre opposite Shrewsbury Abbey, in fact on the site of some of its buildings. The medieval monastery is brought to life: you can hear the monks at vespers, create your own decorated manuscripts in the scriptorium, work in the medieval garden or play ancient games of skill in the cloisters. There is a trail of clues to solve a Brother Cadfael mystery and you can visit his workshop and herb garden. Mon-Sat. 10.0-5.0; Sun. Noon-5.00. Address: 193 Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury, SY2 6AH. Both leaflets free from: The Square, Shrewsbury, SY1 1LH. Tel: (0743) 231377/350761.

Hawkstone Park: Also in Shropshire. Centered around the ruins of Red Castle, (Arthurian stories) there are intricate pathways, arches and bridges, towering cliffs and follies, the Grand Valley, a hermitage and grotto cut into the red sandstone. 'A Land of Magic and wonder'. There are three set walks through the park, tea room, bookshop, gifts, hotel. 10.00-6.00

Tel: 0939 200300, Hawkstone Park, Weston-under-Redcastle, Shrewsbury, Shropshire SY4 5UY.

Warwick Castle: Near Stratford, rises from the River Avon. This is everyone's idea of a great English medieval castle. Dungeon, torture chamber, armoury, staterooms, banqueting hall. In the undercroft the household prepare for the Battle of Barnet: sharpening swords, sewing banners, polishing armour, preparing cannon and the 'Kingmaker' Earl of Warwick trains his guard. Special events: 3rd-4th September, Grand Medieval Tournament; 22nd-30th October, Arms & Armour Week. Write for leaflet: Warwick Castle, Warwickshire, CV34 4QU.

Mythic Garden II:

A summer exhibition at Stone Lane Gardens, Chagford, Devon, until September 25th. Sculpture and design, inspired by nature, myth and folklore in a Dartmoor setting of water gardens, birch and alder groves. Daily 2-6. I have seen a picture of a wonderful wicker dragon sitting on a lawn.

Snowdonia: Christian & Cultural Heritage: A 24 page brochure which describes the historic churches and chapels in this beautiful area; indispensable if you are touring there. Mabinogion sites are listed and there is a useful short bibliography. Copies from: Elwyn Vaughan, South Gwynedd Leader Network, Parc Busnes Penamser, Porthmadog, Gwynedd, LL49 9GB. Phone: 0766 512300.

Roman Chester: A new Experience Centre: Roman Chester 45-415 AD., 'step aboard our Roman Galley and sail back in time to revisit the Streets of Roman Chester'. Explore the original site, visit the museum of Roman and Anglo-Saxon artefacts. Shop, souvenirs. Mon.-



Sun. 9.0-6.0. Contact: Dewa Roman Experience, Tel: 0244 343407.

Flag Fen Bronze Age Excavations: 1000 BC., 3000 year-old man-made timber 'island', guided tours. Collection of over 300 items of Bronze Age weapons, jewellery, etc. Animals and buildings in re-created Bronze Age landscape. Museum, video, coffee shop, gifts. 11.0-5.0. Flag Fen Bronze Age Excavations, Fourth Drove, Fengate, Peterborough, PE1 5UR. Tel: (0733) 313414.

West Stow Anglo-Saxon Village:

A unique reconstruction of part of an early A/S settlement on the site where it was excavated. The aim of the continuing reconstruction work is to test the theories about the construction of Anglo-Saxon buildings. Taped guides enable you to sit quietly and experience a deep sense of life in the Dark Ages. Craft courses and demonstrations are held regularly, with the houses populated by people in costume. Visitors' centre and 125 acre country park, 10.0-5.0. West Stow Country Park and Anglo-Saxon Village, The Visitor Centre, Ickingham Rd, West Stow, Bury St Edmunds, IP28 6HG. Ring for details of events, Tel: (0284) 728718. Examples are:

23rd-27th Aug: Story Telling Week with Battle of the Bards; 28th-29th Aug: Saxon Market; 11th Sept: Ancient Crafts course.

Chysauster Ancient Village: A Celtic settlement, oldest street in England. Life in Cornwall 2,000 years ago. 10.0-6.0. (0736) 61889.

English Heritage Events: A full programme throughout August: Kenilworth, Rievaulx Abbey, Dover Castle, Kenilworth Castle, Battle Abbey, Corbridge, Old Sarum, Warkworth, Richmond Castle. Tournaments, archery,



Romans and Celts, Alfred and Vikings. English Heritage Diary: 429, Oxford St, W1R 2HD.

Isle of Avalon Tours : The University of Avalon welcomes you to participate in a magical journey into the Ancient Mysteries of Glastonbury, Avebury, Silbury Hill, West Kennet Long Barrow, Wayland's Smithy, Uffington White Horse. Sept. 3rd-10th. 7 nights. Univ. of Avalon, 2-4 High St, Glastonbury, Somerset, BA6 9DU.

10th Bosworth Medieval Fayre : Park St, Market Bosworth, Sat & Sun, 13th-14th Aug. Handmade crafts sold by makers in medieval costume. Medieval entertainments, knights duelling, birds of prey. 10.30-6.0. Information: 0533 - 394366.

Northern Earth Moot : A day of illustrated talks on the mystery of our historical landscape. Bradford University, Theatre D, Richmond Building. Sat. Oct.22, 10.0-6.0. Inquiries: 10 Jubilee St, Mytholmroyd, Hebden Bridge, W.Yorks. HX7 5NP. Tel: (0422) 882411.

Arthurian Centre, Brittany : At the heart of the Forest of Brocéliande in the Castle of Comper. Conferences, Celtic library of reference works and pictures. Centre de L'Imaginaire Arthurien/Chateau de Comper-en-Brocélande, 65430 Concoret, Breizh/ Brittany. Tel: 97. 22. 79. 96.

★ ARCHAEOLOGY

Archaeology in Action : This 16 page supplement appears in Current Archaeology, Number 138, available now. Vol XII No.6. Names & addresses of over 500 archaeological organisations, including sites, courses, etc. 9 Nassington Rd, London, NW3 2TX. Tel: 071-435 7517.

Otzi the Iceman : The Daily Telegraph reported in June that about 4% of people in Britain, Denmark, Germany and Iceland are descended from the 5,300 year-old iceman found in the Alps in 1991. This was based on genetic research by Dr Brian Sykes. The Sunday Times followed this up by claiming that scientists had 'proved' that there is a 200 generation link between Otzi and Marie Mozely from Bournemouth. She shares more genetic characteristics with him than any other person examined. Originally from Cork in Ireland, Marie said, 'Obviously he was an Irishman who came to grief while travelling across Europe'.

Boxgrove Man : The title of the 'oldest European' is claimed for Boxgrove Man. Only one bone has yet been found, near Chichester,

West Sussex. It is said to be 500,000 years old. The size of the tibia suggests a height of 6ft 3in. Further excavations are planned and it is hoped that more of the skeleton will be found.

The Cerne Abbas Giant : Rodney Castledean has spent two years studying this chalk figure with a science-teacher colleague who has built an electrical apparatus similar to that used by the police to search for bodies. Castledean says that the figure originally had a cloak or animal skin over the left arm, and may have carried a severed head in the left hand. There are many examples in the Romano-British period of naked warriors carrying a club and head, he says. This sounded familiar, so I looked up my copy of T.C.Lethbridge's *Gogmagog* where, lo and behold, on page 78 is a sketch showing old Cerne with lines drawn from air photographs, 'which must almost certainly be a missing cloak'. So, what's new?

★ ROADWATCH

The Grey Man of Ditchling : A 500ft giant chalk caricature of John Major appeared on the Sussex landscape, complete with 90ft under-pants and a bobble hat, at the time of the Tour de France cycle race. Landscape artist Simon English carried out Steve Bell's cartoon design in crushed chalk and whitewash with some Friends of the Earth. The aim was to protest against plans for a motorway between Eastbourne, Sussex and Honiton in Devon.

Roundhead Roadies : This is the term coined by Terence Brady in *Country Homes Magazine* in March. He pointed out that 'a Civil War is raging but the Cavaliers are proving no match for the Roundheads. The victorious yellow helmeted pvc clad armies swarm everywhere and the battlegrounds repeat history: Winchester was lost to the roundheads in 1642 and again in 1992; Twyford Down must as surely fall as Newbury and Basingstoke did in 1645'. He warns us that Stonehenge may be in danger if plans to build a trunk road around the site go ahead, including a tunnel or escarpment. The Times for July 7th announced that the first truly comprehensive archaeological map of the Stonehenge area has been produced by computer and that English Heritage sees it as its sharpest weapon against the Transport Department's plans to upgrade the A303 and build a trunk road around the site. The master map now reveals the exact consequences of alternative road development plans on the historic landscape. Another source quotes overheard questions from visitors to guides. My favourite is, 'How did they manage to get the stones across the road?'

Solsbury Hill and Batheaston are reported almost daily in the press and on tv, Wychbury seems safe for the foreseeable future. I have no news from Gwenlais. Terence Brady gives the

following advice at the end of his article: 'If you don't want to see the beauty of our fair land being desecrated and Jerusalem builded here in tarmac and concrete then get out there and lie down in front of your M.P.'

★ ARTS AND CRAFTS

Legends of Love : 'The romances of old, celebrated throughout the ages' have now been made available in porcelain in a new limited plate collection from Royal Worcester. The first in the series shows Robin and Marian in Sherwood Forest; further plates will include Lancelot and Guinevere. 'We see King Arthur's bravest knight declare his love for the beautiful Guinevere against the dramatic backdrop of the mystical kingdom of Camelot'. Splendidly romantic. Issue price £19.75, write for brochure: Legends of Love, Compton & Woodhouse, Arundel House, London, N15 4BR. Arthurian Sculpture : These I can recommend, having met Pendragon members Rodney and Eleri Munday at the NEC Birmingham where their work was on display. Individually produced pieces for house and garden in a variety of resin-bonded finishes, marble, stone and bronze. Arthur, Guinevere and Merlin plaques, Green Man Fountain, Round Table Paperweight, etc. Write: Rodney Munday, Camwell Hall, Much Hadham, Herts, SG10 6BB. Tel: 027984 2154. Rodney's characterful plaque of King Arthur appears on our Contents page.

Black Dragon Crafts : Also a Pendragon member, Annie Wealleans produces high-quality leather goods and a range of jewellery based on her unique silver plated *Celtix* beads. These are engraved with intricate Celtic knots and are also available separately, so you can design your own pieces. See advert inside back cover. Bryn Talog, Pencader, Dyfed, SA39 9BD. Acres Wild : Images from the ancient myths of Britain and Ireland. Wall hangings, cards, posters, prints and oracles depicting: Herne, runes and oghams, dragons, Celtic goddess figures, the Green Man, Celtic borders, etc. There is a Natural Year Wheel Calendar poster. Commissions accepted for letterheads and stationery with a Celtic theme. Leaflet: The Maples, Norwich Road, Carleton Rode, Norfolk, NR16 6RX.

Pictures in the Fire : Chris Swift is an accomplished pyrographer who is willing to undertake design commissions, including Celtic patterns. We have her Celtic finger-plates on our bedroom doors and they are much admired by friends. Write: 26 Oxford Rd, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 6DT. Tel: 021 608 5500, (24 hours).

Courtney Davis : Courtney is busy setting up a new business organisation and will be advertising under a new trade name soon. We'll keep you posted about his work and his new catalogue.

Hilary Rushmer-Celtic Harpist : Hilary's advert appears on our inside cover. She is internationally known as an artist on the Celtic harp and her three cassette recordings *Skylark*, 1, 2 and 3 and her Compact Disc *Celtic Mist* are much admired. (I edit Pendragon to their beautiful sound.) The tapes are £7 each, including p&p and the CD compilation is £13.50. The latter comes with an interesting booklet about the history and folklore of the individual pieces. Write: 5 Orchard Rd, Lymm, Cheshire, WA13 9HH.

★ IONA OF MY HEART ★



his year we saw John Smith laid to sleep among the martyrs, kings, chieftains, warriors and druids of his race. The Celtic Cross of Saint Martin which stands guard over them is ringed by the Sun-Circle of eternal life. It reminds us of Saint Columcille's words on the eve of his death:



Unto this place, small and mean though it be, great homage shall yet be paid, not only by kings and peoples of the Scots, but by rulers of foreign and barbarous nations and their subjects. In great veneration, too, shall it be held by men of other Churches.

Whether you are Christian or not it is good to make a pilgrimage to Iona in June on Columcille's Day. Climb up on to the hill of Dun I, away from the visitors, and look west where the hermitage of this great enlightened spirit once stood. There you may make peace with yourself and your god-s and reaffirm the purpose of your life.

*The peace of God, the peace of men,
The peace of Columba kindly,
Upon my body that is of earth
And upon my soul that came from on high.*
(Carmina Gadelica)

EXCHANGE JOURNALS

BEAUMAINS - Arthurian 'Pendragon' role-play; specialist gamers' magazine. Editor, Gareth Jones, 69 Atherley Rd, Shirley, Southampton SO1 5DT. £2 in UK. (A4 format)

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. **CELTIC CONNECTIONS** - Editor David James, Tamarisk Farm, West Bexington, Dorchester, Dorset DT2 9DF. Quarterly. All aspects of Celtic culture, especially the arts and crafts. Sample £1.50, add 60p overseas Subscription £5.50 Cheques: 'David James.' (A5 format)

THE CELTIC PEN - Editor Diarmuid Ó Breasláin. Covers all aspects of literature - early to modern times - of the 6 Celtic languages. Primarily in English, also features inter-Celtic translations. £5 for 4, back issues £1.25 each. Cheques: 'The Celtic Pen', 36 Fruithill Park, Belfast, 11 8GE, Ireland.

DALRIADA - Covers all aspects of Insular Celtic culture, traditions and beliefs - ancient and modern. Also, a Celtic Heritage Society and extensive database archive. Sample £1.75. Four issues £6. Clan Dalriada, Dun-na-Beatha, 2 Brathwic Place, Brodick, Isle of Arran, Scotland, KA27 8BN (A5 format)

THE DRAGON CHRONICLE - Dragonlore & tradition, folklore, paganism, magick & environmental issues. Sample £1.50. Annual sub £5. Single £1.50. PO Box 3369, London, SW6 6JN. (A5 format)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE EARTH MYSTERIES - Editors Danny Sullivan & Jo-Anne Wilder. GEM Magazine, P.O.Box 258, Cheltenham, GL53 1HR. Three issues £5.75. Covers issues wider than name suggests. (A4 format)

GWENVA - Celtic Culture & Traditions of Europe: Music, History, Legends, Ancient Sites. Written in the Catalan language. Editor: Ramon Guinovart, Ventura Plaja 27-29 E1 08028 Barcelona, Catalunya, Spain. (Don't write 'Gwenva' on envelope). (A4)

HRAFNHOH - (Raven Spur) Poetry, heraldry, topography, surname-studies, dialect, language & literature. Irregular. £5.25 for 3, Single £2. Editor: Joseph Bidulph (Languages Information Centre) 32 Stryd Ebeneser, Pontypridd, CF37 5PB. (A5) **MERCIAN MYSTERIES** - Alternative studies of past and place in the Midlands. Quarterly, A4 format. £7.00 for 4, £2.00 for sample. From: 2 Cross Hill Close, Wymeswold,

Loughborough, Leics, LE12 6UJ. (A4)

MEYN MAMVRO - (Stones of our Motherland) Editor Cheryl Straffon, 51 Carn Bosavern, St. Just., Penzance, Cornwall TR19 7QX. Earth energies, ancient stones, sacred sites, Cornish prehistory and culture, legend folklore. Sample £1.70, Annual sub £5 (A5) **NORTHERN EARTH** - Earth Mysteries, Antiquarianism and Cultural Traditions. Editor: John Billingsley, 10 Jubilee Street, Mytholmroyd, Hebden Bridge, W. Yorkshire HX7 5NP. 4 issues £5.00, single £1.50. (A5) **ORE** - Editors: Eric Ratcliffe (Managing), Brian Louis Pearce (Advisory). Irregular 2-3 annually. Longstanding journal of poetry, articles, reviews - often biased to Arthurian and New Age thought. No.48, 188pp. £2 post free, 7 The Towers Stevenage, Herts, SG1 1HE. (A5 format)

THE RENNES OBSERVER - Journal of the Rennes Group: The Mystery of Rennes le Chateau and its priest Saunière. Meetings, visits. Editor: 4 Huntington House, St Paul's Ave, Willesden Green, London NW2 5SR. Send £2. (A5 format)

THE ROUND TABLE - Journal of Poetry and Fiction edited by Alan Lupack and Barbra Tepa Lupack. Strong Arthurian interest, including special editions. Editors: The Round Table, Box 18673, Rochester, New York, 14618, USA. (Inq: Enclose IRC) **THE SHARKTI VANGUARD** - Non-profit-making imprint aiming to re-create ageless values of beauty, truth & love: associated by many with the Arthurian myths. Quarterly journal: The Sharkti Laureate, 104 Argyle Gardens, Upminster, Essex RM14 3EU. Cheque (£5) to 'P. Page.' (A4 format)

SILVER WHEEL MAGAZINE - Journal of the Native British Tradition, Craft/Shamanism/Druidry. Articles, poetry, path-workings. £1.75 sample, £6 four issues. Published at the fire festivals. Cheques: 'Anna Franklin', Windrush, High Tor West, Earl Shilton, Leics. (A4 format)

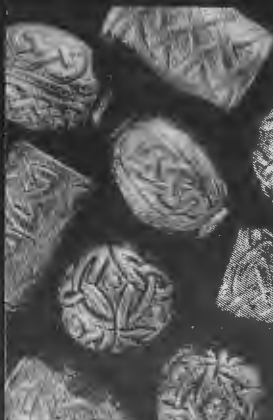
TRADITION - Editor Paul Salmon, Tradition, PO Box 57, Hornchurch, Essex RM11 1DU. Quarterly publication devoted to traditional custom and culture. One year's subscription (4 issues) £6.00. Cheques payable to 'Paul Salmon.' (A4 format)

WISHT MAEN - Editors Tracey Brown and Phil Roberts. Devon Earth Mysteries, Legends, Folklore, Ancient Sites, Earth Energies. £7 for 3 issues: Condors, Exeter St, North Tawton, Devon, EX20 2HB (A5)

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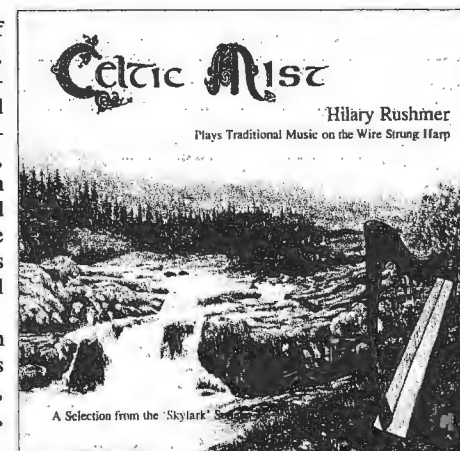


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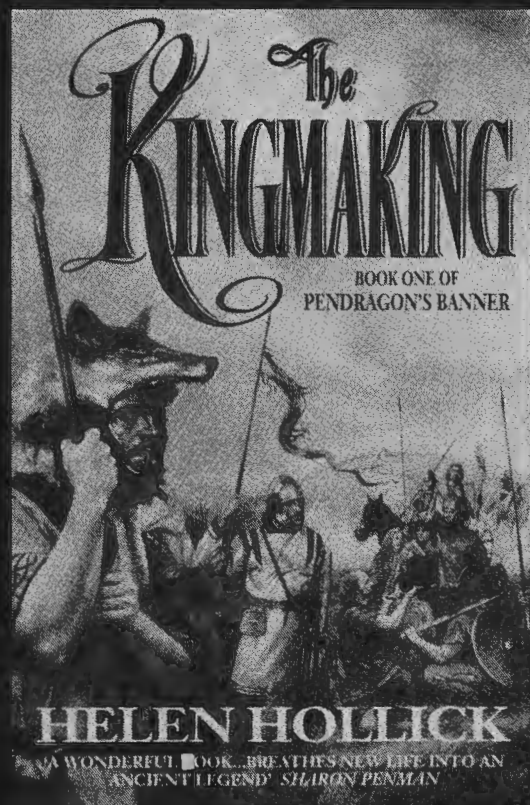
resonant sound distinctive of such harps. The Welsh, Scottish and Irish melodies range from the more popular tunes such as 'The Ash Grove' to the Hebridean lullaby 'Dream Angus' and slow Irish airs such as 'Blind Mary'. Her music has been heard throughout the United Kingdom and overseas featuring on both BBC and RTE

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