

- KATE -

SITE OF KING ARTHUR'S TOMB  
IN THE YEAR 1191 THE BONES OF  
KING ARTHUR AND HIS QUEEN WERE  
SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND ON THE  
SOUTH SIDE OF THE LADY CHAPEL  
ON 10 APRIL 1270 THOSE REMAINS WERE  
REMOVED IN THE PRESENCE OF  
KING EDWARD I AND QUEEN ELEANOR  
TO A BLACK MARBLE TOMB ON THIS SITE  
THIS TOMB SURVIVED UNTIL THE  
DISSOLUTION OF THE ABBEY IN 1537.



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P E N D R A G O N

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One morning in May readers of "The Guardian" opened their newspapers to see a photograph of Glastonbury Abbey ruins under a large heading announcing that "ARTHUR DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE". It transpired that a Dr. Robert Dunning, County Historian, had just published a book in which he asserted there was no evidence worth a groat to show that Arthur had ever been buried at Glastonbury: he reckoned the monks, in 1190, mounted a Public Relations exercise to raise funds and entice pilgrims to the Abbey. The "Daily Express" printed a similar article and some of us seized our typewriters in the hope of initiating some correspondence and stirring up controversy. However, editors did not rate Arthur, nor even Glastonbury, to be of any general interest at this time and no letters were printed.

What we had intended to argue was that Dr. Dunning's research was as superficial as Sir Thomas More's was on poor King Richard III, though not so slanderous. With belligerent Welsh princes still nursing Arthurian traditions and aspirations to the throne the English King had very good reasons for wanting to see Arthur finally buried for good. The Church, having suffered him as a pestilential thorn for a very long time, was bound to seize on a heaven-sent opportunity to get rid of him for good; to demonstrate that his bones lay in the good ground at the Abbey and that thus he had been reconciled in the end to authority, and gathered into the loving and forgiving bosom of Mother Church --well, for the dissenting populace he could never be more dead than that. A splendid re-burial with pomp and circumstance was an exercise in which Church and Court could join in perfect harmony.

It is true that, after long years of searching, Dr. Ralegh Radford, in 1962, finally found the shallow grave between two "pyramids" described by the monks of 1190. (Even the later burial site was destroyed at the time of the Reformation). We hoped, when even Television had taken note of Dr. Dunning's book, that Dr. Radford would appear on a subsequent programme to describe his excavation of the original cavity with its "pyramids"; but it seemed that Dr. Radford was not available and this has become more understandable in view of another unhappy little coincidence which gained publicity almost at the same time.

Some years ago, it seems, Dr. Radford was the Director of another excavation in Somerset when some rimmed sherds were discovered and identified as rare and unusual imported pot from the continent. A local potter, now retiring from business, has confessed that, at the time of this dig he was so sorry for the young diggers who seemed to be having no luck that he "planted"

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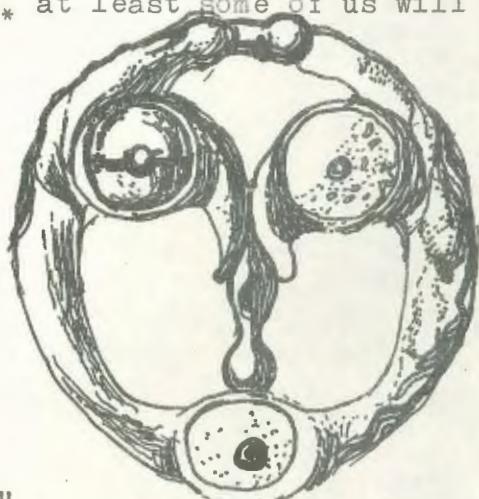
\*\*\*\*\*  
\* some broken fragments from his own kiln on the site: these were \*  
\* the sherds recorded as being of unusual interest.  
\* Now this is hard. Dr. Radford has had a long and dis- \*  
\* tinguished career as an archaeologist. There are sites almost \*  
\* all over England where, if you ask for the leaflet or booklet \*  
\* describing the monument or monastery that you happen to be vis- \*  
\* iting, the chances are that you will find the history of the \*  
\* building has been written by Dr. Raleigh Radford. He was largely \*  
\* responsible for assembling the various bodies that became The \*  
\* Camelot Research Committee, and he worked tirelessly to help \*  
\* raise the money necessary for the Cadbury dig. He acted as a \*  
\* most tactful Chairman at all the many meetings held by that \*  
\* Committee. He is one of the nicer archaeologists, and more open- \*  
\* minded than most. Such things shouldn't happen to a nice guy \*  
\* at the end of a long and useful life. Mr. Trehearne, for in- \*  
\* stance, managed to write a whole book about Glastonbury without \*  
\* mentioning Dr. Radford's name or giving him credit for any digs \*  
\* there at all. Perhaps it did not occur to him that such an \*  
\* omission not only diminished his own stature but also detracted \*  
\* from the validity of his book.

\* In November this year a new book about Glastonbury will \*  
\* appear from Zodiac House (Tony and Jan Roberts) with contribut- \*  
\* ions from Kenneth Knight, John Michell, Mary Caine, Tony Roberts, \*  
\* and others. A Party to launch this publication is being organ- \*  
\* ised by Patricia Villiers Stuart. It will take place on Dec. 3rd \*  
\* at the Institute of Contemporary Arts at Carlton House Terrace \*  
\* in London. We wish the enterprise every success and hope that \*  
\* at least some of us will be able to be present.

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#### ECHOES OF CADBURY

By Patricia Villiers-Stuart.



" bronze pendant embellished with white paste or coral studs." I "  
" had just been reading a book by Paul Poesson, "Le Testament de "  
" Noe", concerning Druids, the Breton heritage and geometry. The "  
" author says he had often puzzled over the role played by the "  
" sacred mistletoe. Then one Christmas Day he looked up at the "  
" mistletoe hanging over the dining table (the true French put "  
" eating before kissing it would seem) and he noticed that each "  
" little pearl-like globe had a tiny black dot in the middle. He "  
" examined this under a microscope and its exact composition was "  
" revealed. It was a little black square and opposite each side "  
" were four black arcs, giving a perfect demonstration of the "  
" squaring of the circle. If for this reason the mistletoe ass- "  
" umed such importance, as being the visual application of a "

It was during a visit" to Pendragon H.Q. that" I made this possibly interesting connect- " ion. I was looking at" a coloured photograph of some of the Cadbury "finds", and one was" listed as "Celtic" "

" basic doctrine, what would be more likely than to have it  
" reproduced in ornaments. So I suggest that the anonymous  
" pendant could well be called "The Mistletoe Pendant". A  
" romantic find for Cadbury !



Thanks to Mr. John Williams of Abergavenny we now have a long and comprehensive list of Arthurian Place-Names all over Britain. What we should like now is some photographs or (better still) slides depicting these sites. Here are a few of them and we hope that some members may be going on holiday and taking their cameras with them.

ANGLESEY, Holyhead. Coetan Arthur (Arthur's Quoit) On side of road to Trearddur Bay (perhaps Hamlet of the Ploughman Bay). Has 4 Scemb lines one which goes to a standing stone at Llanfaethlu and then to Maen Arthur. Ref. SH.250.808.

Caernarvonshire. Beddgelert Buarthur (Arthur's Bow). Rock 2 miles east of the village on high rocky ground. On 5 Scemb lines 1 line connected with  $70\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 line connected with  $23\frac{1}{2}^*$  while 1 line goes North to Stone Circle near Ffynnon Cegin Arthur (Arthur's Kitchen Well) This line goes through Yr Arddu (The Ploughman) and Clogwyn du'r Arddu (Black Cliff of the Ploughman) which are Scemb lines focal points. Ref: SH.618.477. This indicates the connection between Arthur and the Ploughman which could have been another name for the Great Bear.

Denbigh. Moel Arthur. A mountain fort at 1494 feet 6 miles east of Denbigh on the steel mountains above Clwyd Valley. Just to the West is Glyn Arthur and just to the North is a standing stone which is on Scemb lines one of those which goes to Mowl Arthur. Ref: SJ.145.660.

SCILLY ISLES, Great Arthur. A small island with tumuli which are in a direct alignment with a stone circle and tumuli on nearby St. Martin's Island. Ref: SV.941.136.

BRITTANY lla Grande. Between Tregastel and Trebarden in Brittany. A granite cross marks the tomb of Arthur and there lie the Knights of the Round Table. "Buried in granite tombs their heads turned respectfully towards their chief and forming around him the rays of an immense circle."

SCOTLAND, Dumbartonshire. Arthur's Castle or Castrum Arthur. Ref: NS.400. 744.

IRELAND, Cork. Fort Arthur. Near Drondough at the mouth of Bandon River. National Grid. Ref: W.608.470. This is an ancient earthwork which is the focal point for 5 Scemb lines and there is  $23\frac{1}{2}^*$  between two of these. Stone Circles and Standing Stones are in this locality.

(Note: This typewriter has no degree symbol so \* is used instead. References are to One Inch Ordnance Survey Maps. These are just sample sites taken an random from the list compiled by Mr. Williams.)

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SIR GAWAIN'S HORSE

By Sid Birchby.

When Sir Gawain set out in search of the Green Knight, he needed all the help he could muster. The previous New Year's Day, at Ca melot, he had chopped off the Green Knight's head, only to be told, as the strange visitor picked up his head and rode away: "I charge you to come to the Green Chapel next year, and receive such a blow as you have dealt."

Now this is the whole point of the story, because Gawain does not have his head chopped off. His ordeal is really a test of his resistance to temptation by the Knight's lady, who is secretly Morgan la Fay. She has set up the whole enchantment of the apparently headless knight in order to spite Guinevere and the Court of Arthur. Gawain's virtue defeats her, for after her greatest efforts, his only lapse is to take from her a girdle of green silk which she says will protect the wearer from injury. He wears it at the duel, and receives a minor neck wound. But for the slight failure of virtue, he would have been unharmed, and this is what the original charge upon him fore-shadows: "Receive such a blow as you have dealt, as you have deserved."

But, of course, when Gawain sets out on All Saints' Day to seek the Green Chapel, he does not know this, so he takes his red shield with a golden pentangle on it, not so much to repel spirits as to symbolise moral perfection. He also takes his horse, named Gryngole, and in my opinion this name is given by the anonymous poet for a particular reason, because it is another moral weapon for Sir Gawain to take.

The poem of the Green Knight was written quite late to be an Arthurian source, probably by Hugh Massey, in the 14th. Century. The Masseys are an old Cheshire family, and the poem is written in the local dialect. Also we read how Gawain rode North from Camelot, through Wales and over the Dee. The Green Chapel seems to have been somewhere in the hilly part of Cheshire near Wild Boar Clough. Not far away is the rocky cleft called Lud's Church, which ends in a cavern by the statue of a woman, probably now vandalised, alas. It may well have been Morgan la Fay.

In such a remote landscape, it seems, a late-medieval poet re-stated the legends believed by his countryfolk in the fashionable Arthurian mode, and so "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight", although not an original Arthurian source, becomes an unique treasure of Arthur for those who enquire into the Matter of Britain.

The name of Gawain's horse has a curious history. It first appears in 12th. Century French as a kind of horse. But Chaucer, in "The Merchant's Tale" (circa 1386 and contemporary with Hugh Massey) makes a passing reference to something being "as tricky as the Boat of Wade", and an edition of Chaucer dated 1598 says that this boat had a name: Gryngole. This is the same as Gawain's horse.

Wade was the hero of tales that flourished in England for almost a thousand years. He was the father of Wayland the Smith, both giants of the Northern myths. He is also mentioned in Caxton's edition of Malory, where someone is said to be "as wyghte (active)

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as ever was Wade or Launcelot". He bestrides all myths that  
ever came to Albion, and may well be the Giant Albion himself.

Gryngole as a word probably comes from the Celtic, via Normans  
and Bretons. In the modern Breton dialect, gwenn = white, or  
pure, and gallout = power or capability. Sir Gawain rides a  
white horse, a symbol of the power of purity akin to that of  
the unicorn, because moral purity will help him best against  
the wiles of Morgan la Fay.

This is not surmise, but one of the traditional meeting-points  
with folk-lore that Hugh Massey must have encountered, because  
there is a very definite association in Celtic myth between the  
white horse and virginity. The region of Cheshire in which he  
lived remains to this day a march-land between Celtic Wales  
and Anglian Mercia: a land where two traditions meet.

The Celtic goddess Rhiannon is named from the Welsh word for a  
virgin, rhiannedd. She rides a white horse and comes to show  
mortals the way to another world. In the other tradition, she  
is Hela, queen of the Norse underworld. The two met on the Welsh  
Marches, in the legend, recorded by Walter Map, the 13th.Cent-  
ury courtier of King Henry 2nd., of King Herla, who visited the  
world of Faery and now rides the land, not daring to dismount  
from his horse, because he would crumble to dust. In Welsh,  
hela means "to hunt or collect". Walter Map says that King  
Herla was seen in his day (1154 AD) "plunging into the River  
Wye, near Hereford" by many Welshmen. He was leading many per-  
sons "who were known to be dead..."

There is little doubt that Gryngole was a white horse, al-  
though an entire book has been written suggesting that Arthur's  
knights rode black horses: S.G. Wildman ("The Black Horsemen",  
London, 1971) writes: "The thesis of this book is that the name  
'Black Horse', given to an inn, is originally connected with  
the stories of King Arthur and his knights."

Well, perhaps they were. If the historical Arthur had mounted  
followers, as some think, and if his Twelve Battles were more  
like commando raids, as may well be, then white horses would  
be far too visible to the enemy. However, the persistent white  
horse/purity tales arise on the level of allegory, and are too  
wide-spread to be dismissed: Gawain, Rhiannon, Lady Godiva, the  
White Lady of Banbury, and others.

The explanation is simple. White horses would be too visible on  
a raid, but Lady Godiva and the others ride them because they  
are meant to be seen by onlookers. There is something more  
than the colour about them, almost a spectral quality, that  
seems to come across at the right time and place.

I can show this best by an example. On the evening of Oak Apple  
Day, 1976, I watched the procession in Castleton, Derbyshire:  
dancing, a maypole, and a great garland of lowers shaped like a  
dome. This is carried round the village and then hauled onto the  
church tower by a rope. Crowds of visitors fill the streets,  
whether from curiosity, or to commemorate the restoration of  
Good King Charles, or from a lingering folk-memory of the earlier  
Maytime gestival, one cannot say. Perhaps the last. In a field  
near the car park there was a white horse cropping the grass.  
As dusk fell, it seemed almost to glow, and many of the depart-  
ing visitors looked at it with a curious expression, as if it  
meant more to them than just a horse.

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The other-world feeling about a white horse is very strong at dusk, of course, but it also exists in the daytime. There is nothing very pure about a horse, white or otherwise, but there is a sense of rarity and magic, as if it were the next best thing to a unicorn. This, I suggest, goes a long way to explaining its importance in legend. It is a swift and unearthly steed that carries its rider to a place where passions and emotions no longer exist. Perhaps it is the other-world of Rhiannon, at the end of life's journey, or the world that the White Lady brings down to earth every Maytime.

At all events, Gawain's horse was no ordinary one. It had a magical name, and it was meant to remind him of his knightly vows, and to help him keep them. On the whole, he didn't do too badly with it. We are not told if the pentangle on his shield was of any use, but Grymgolet took him safely to the Green Chapel and home again.

TWO BOOKS FROM FRANCE.

## CRUSADE AGAINST THE GRAIL

\*\* "Le Secret des Cathares" by Gerard de Sede. (J'ai Lu.)

French books are difficult to obtain in this country and there appears to be no immediate prospect of a translation, so a lengthy review seems to be called for. This one carries so much material that it is difficult to summarise, but it helps if one can set the scene and bear it constantly in mind. The centre of it all is the Chateau de Montsegur which is in the heart of the Languedoc country. This was once the heart of the Visigoth empire. The capital, Toulouse, was the home of Raymond VI, Count of Toulouse who did all he could to protect the Cathares. He and most of his companions were descendants of Visigoth landowners. The Grand Master of Montsegur was Ramon de Perella.

When there were Cathars in plenty in Germany, Italy and elsewhere why did the Church pursue such a determined and vindictive drive against the little group at Montsegur, asks de Sede, and replies that it was, in fact, a crusade against the Grail; that Montsegur was a "Temple of the Sun"; its architecture indicated the four cardinal points, the two solstices and much, much more besides. Totalling up these alignments, de Sede gives a Table which represents what he calls the Zodiac of Montsegur and he explains that it was of the utmost importance to the Cathars to have such a solar temple. They were the inheritors of the Manichean tradition and the Manicheans prayed seven times daily with their faces towards the sun. The Cathars did the same though they gave their prayers Christian content and followed the Apostle John.

"Tant que vous avez la lumiere

Croyez en la lumiere

\*\* Et vous deviendrez Enfants de Lumière."

\*\* The Castle was not primarily for protection --there were many \*\*  
\*\* others --but it was the home of the Grail, the place of Init-  
iation, the repository of all the secrets. After years of        \*\*

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persecution, torture, tremendous heroisms and self-sacrifices,      \*\*  
they were finally betrayed. It was the Queen Regent of France,      \*\*  
Blanche de Castile, who gave the order to "Chop off the Head of      \*\*  
the Hydra." Men, women and children were led away, holding hands      \*\*  
and singing hymns, to be ceremonially burnt at the stake.      \*\*

(Incidentally, elsewhere in the book de Sede suggests that those      \*\*  
who had achieved the highest degree of Initiation -- the Pures --      \*\*  
could raise consciousness out of the physical body and were there-      \*\*  
fore able to suffer burning at the stake without experiencing      \*\*  
physical pain. If anyone is inclined to doubt this, he says, he      \*\*  
would remind them of the Buddhist monks in Vietnam in later days.)      \*\*

But three, possibly four, men were hidden in the lower dungeon      \*\*  
and were able to escape down the mountainside, taking with them      \*\*  
the precious Grail. Their passage through the mountains has been      \*\*  
traced from one cave to another where they left graffiti on the      \*\*  
walls to indicate that the Grail rested there.      \*\*

de Sede recounts the story of Flegetanis and Kyot which we have      \*\*  
heard before and outlines the connections between the latter and      \*\*  
Wolfram d'Eschenbach, author of "Parsifal". "The questions which      \*\*  
we pose ourselves are the same as those that a German writer of      \*\*  
25 years of age, Otto Rahn, asked himself when he left his own      \*\*  
country in 1929 to spend five years in the county of Occitane,      \*\*  
searching the libraries, questioning the elder peasants who so      \*\*  
faithfully preserved the traditions and legends, climbing the      \*\*  
mountains, crawling into the deepest caves, meditating deeply      \*\*  
before the sacred site of Montsegur. In 1933, as a result of these      \*\*  
researches, an astonishing book appeared entitled, 'The Crusade      \*\*  
Against The Grail'.      \*\*

Rahn's book draws attention to the similarities between Wolfram's      \*\*  
'Parsifal' and the Montsegur scene. In Wolfram's work, Parsifal      \*\*  
goes to see his uncle the hermit Trevrizent who lives near the      \*\*  
Fontaine La Salvage, in a grotto which houses an altar. Geograph-      \*\*  
ically, near to Ussat-les-Bains there are two grottoes, one called      \*\*  
the grotto of the hermit, and the other which contains a huge flat      \*\*  
stone which is known as the Altar. Rahn concludes that Wolfram was      \*\*  
familiar with the terrain. Again, in 'Parsifal', there is the      \*\*  
Forest of Bricilgan which surrounds the Chateau of Monsalvage.      \*\*  
Close to Montsegur is a wood called Priscilliens.      \*\*

"First," writes de Sede, "the name and the personage of Parsifal      \*\*  
warrants a pause for thought. We have said that the Adepts of the      \*\*  
religion of Zoroaster, ancestor of the Manicheans, who are also      \*\*  
ancestors of the Cathars, called themselves Parsees -- a word which      \*\*  
means Pure. The word Cathar is also a translation of the word Pure      \*\*  
and is therefore identified with the word Parsee, so that the word      \*\*  
Parsifal is the best one could choose for an undercover name for      \*\*  
a Cathar nobleman... Wolfram gives the first King of the Grail the      \*\*  
name of Parilla and one knows that the Lords of Montsegur were      \*\*  
called Perella. Much later, when Wagner was composing his opera,      \*\*  
it was to Montsegur that he went to meditate and he wrote in the      \*\*  
script that the Chateau of Monsalvat should be shown as being in      \*\*  
mountainous country similar to that of the ancient Visigoth country."      \*\*

The Visigoth Kings possessed a relic which they called the Emerald      \*\*  
Table. They considered it immensely sacred and hid it jealously.      \*\*  
When they were forced to leave Occitane they took it to Spain with      \*\*  
them. Obviously this was not an emerald, but it was a green stone      \*\*  
of some kind..... It is permitted to think that this mysterious      \*\*  
green stone that fell from the sky might be a meteorite. The      \*\*  
Ancients were familiar with meteorites... They believed that they      \*\*

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\*\* were sent by the gods...The stone known as the Kaaba, in Mecca, is also a meteorite. They say that some such meteorites, in the course of their fall, throw out a green light which is so brilliant it eclipses the light of the moon."      \*\*  
\*\*

de Sede maintains that the Cathars had little or nothing in common with the Templars but that they were closely allied to the Brotherhood of the Rose Cross. Most historians assert that the Rose-Cross was born in 1614 at Tubingen but de Sede says there is good reason to believe the foundation was much older than this. In a book called "Dictionary of Occultism" by Julien Tondrian, Doctor of Letters and Philosophy, Laureate of the National Centre for Scientific Research at UNESCO, there is a note: "Rose-Cross Movement, possibly started by Raymond VI, Count of Toulouse in the 12th Century." And another author, H. Spencer Lewis, gives this pre-history of the Order:  
"At the end of the 8th Century of our era, some pilgrims found themselves in the Holy Land, and discovered that there existed there a Secret Society consecrated to the sciences and to the establishment of the brotherhood of man. On their return, they revealed the existence of this Society to the Count of Toulouse, and the other knights of Occitane. These delegated one of their number, Arnaud, deeply versed in philosophy, to go East and make contact with this Society. Arnaud succeeded in his mission and wrote to those who had commissioned him: 'This Society is composed of men studious and silent, dressed in white vestments as symbolic of the purity of their hearts, and who master with diligence the laws and powers established by God'."      \*\*

On his return, writes Spencer Lewis, in 808, Arnaud founded the first Rosicrucian Lodge in Europe in a monastery close to Toulouse. Its ruins can still be seen...In the 12th century the archives of the Rose-Cross were held by the historian Phonaire, and were preserved in a dungeon at Toulouse --that is to say, in the Chateau of Narbonne, residence of the Counts of Toulouse. ...If Spencer Lewis is correct, the Order of the Rose-Cross is much older than is generally supposed. The Society of the "Men in White" -- the 9th Century could well have been a Manichean Society. It was said that Mani, founder of the faith, lived in the 3rd Century and his followers were dressed in white. de Sede points out that few Cathars lived in Albi, yet they were most frequently known as Albigenses in spite of the fact that their Parfaits dressed in black.      \*\*

It is from the vernacular of the Languedoc countryside that the word Grail originates. Gresal or Greal means a stone vase. The same dialect provides the origin of the Christian development --Lo San Greal -- but this, de Sede reminds his readers, is the Grail of the hermetist.      \*\*

There is much, much more contained in this book but one aspect should be of interest to Bristolians. Because of Concorde (whatever our views on that may be) Bristol is closely allied to Toulouse and many of its citizens now live there. For those who have an interest in heraldry, the armorial arms of that city are not only interesting but are, in some aspects, unique. A few final quotes from de Sede, and I retain the French words here and there where my dictionary fails me:      \*\*

"These arms should be blazoned -- that is, read -- in the following fashion. "De Gueules a la croix clechée et pommelée d'or."      \*\*

"Gules: The colour red. The name comes from the Persian word Gul      \*\*

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which signifies the rose. Croix clehee: It is said of the cross of Toulouse that the four extremities are made like keys. In fact, this cross is unique in heraldry. It indicates that the arms are "arms with a key", possessing a secret sense. This sense is given quite simply by the phonetic reading. Rose (Gules) Cross.

Rene Nelli, one of the best specialists in Catharism, wrote: "The Cathars have here and there reproduced, in graffiti, the cross with 12 branches and 12 pearls called commonly the Cross of Toulouse, or of the Languedoc,

which is not without analogy to the ancient Manichean cross as represented in the MSS. of Tourfan: this Manichean cross carries a rose in its centre and constitutes thereby the authentic Rose-Cross."

There is a myth concerning the foundation of Toulouse. "It was founded 1273 years before our era under the benevolent aspect of Mercury, signifying science. Her first king was called Aquarius and her first bishop was Saint Saturnin. The explanation for this is given as 1) Placed under the sign of Mercury (Latin name of Hermes) Toulouse is a "hermetic city".

2) One finds in the horoscope of the town Mercury and Saturn in the house of Aquarius.

During the war the Nazis sealed off Montsegur and refused to allow the local people to go near it. That did not prevent them from carrying out extensive investigations themselves. There is much more in this book. It was brought to us by our member, Nick Wright, who visited Montsegur this summer and told us it more than lived up to its reputation. Photographs taken by Nick show the Chateau on its pinnacle of rock just as in the illustration in the book. We are grateful to him for giving us all this information.

Jess Foster.



Montsegur.

"Nos Ancetres Venus du Cosmos" by Maurice Chatelain.

Editions Robert Laffont, 6 Place St. Sulpice,  
Paris Vle.

(This book was brought to us by Patricia Villiers-Stuart, and the review was written by one of her friends. We are grateful to both. Also, we understand that an English version will probably be available before long.)

\*\* Maurice Chatelain is a French engineer specialising in communications. He became an America citizen and worked on nearly all the NASA space programs. He was in charge of the construction of the communications system on the Apollo moon spacecraft. After completion of the successful missions, Chatelain retired from NASA, but he still had access to computers and equipment. \*\*

The project he set himself was to crack the secret of the calendar of the Mayas. The first step of the project was to make a list of similar unsolved problems of antiquity that have long been puzzling scientists. He collected all the data available and began feeding it into computers. The results were so startling that he felt he must write a book.

For example, the Cheops pyramid, the Chephren pyramid, the ziggurat of Babylon, Chartres Cathedral, an obscure monument in southern France constructed by the Templars, and the temples of Teotihuacan and Tiahuanaco are all constructed in similar proportions. Among other things, there is a constantly recurring ratio of 264/288. It is impossible to attribute this to chance. There are so many similarities between these monuments, and the similarities are so extremely precise, that the only possible conclusion is that they all derive from a similar source.

\*\* Although he is not free to talk about everything that happened at NASA, there is one thing he feels he must say: every single Gemini and Apollo was tracked by UFO's, which sometimes \*\*  
\*\* came so near that the American space pilots took many pictures of them. The only aggressive action took place with Apollo 13, which was carrying a miniaturised nuclear bomb Americans wanted to explode on the moon to measure its infrastructure by seismographs. UFO action destroyed precisely that part of Apollo 13 carrying the nuclear bomb and only that part. \*\*  
\*\* Apollo 13 was heavily damaged and unable to complete its mission, but returned to base safely with no casualties among pilots.

Among the cuneiform tablets found in the library of Assurbanipal in Nineveh is an enormous number that has puzzled scientists ever since the library was discovered in 1875. The Sumerians were the first people to divide the day into 24 hours of 60 minutes and 60 seconds. They also had a remarkable knowledge of astronomy inexplicable without telescopes. They had been conquered by the Assyrians, and Assurbanipal had taken their sacred number back to his library: 195,955,200,000,000.

\*\* When Chatelain fed this into the computer he found that it represented precisely the number of seconds in 240 cycles of the precession of the equinoxes. The length of each cycle of the equinoxes is approximately 26,000 years. \*\*

THE STORY OF FRANK (Continued)

By Capt. Stephen Banks, R.N. :+:

:+It was one evening early in June, after coasting uneventfully, :+ to the usual point of departure for Britain, that we turned away from the land. At first the horizon was clear, and our :+pilot grunted with satisfaction as he sighted a familiar star setting on our port bow, but then luck deserted us. The sky :+ clouded over, and a howling gale blew up from the west. Brisk- :+ly the pilot ordered the steering gear to be double manned. At first we tried to row on our course, but the movement of the :+ ship increased, the oarblades missed the water, the rowers :+toppled backwards, so that all we could do was head into wind :+ and ride it out.

At last the darkness began to lift, and at the same time we heard a watery booming noise ahead. I saw the pale wet face of the man on the thwart next to me, as he whispered, "We are lost ! It is the edge of the world, and we will fall over it". I turned to look at our pilot and was relieved to see him speaking confidently, first to Cerdic, then to the stroke oarsmen. They passed the word forward to us, "It is the waves beating on the cliffs of Britain --soon you will see land." We pulled heartily at the oars, our cramped limbs easing, our clothes drying out.

Our pilot took us along the coast, then leaving a large island on our left we passed two inlets before rowing up a third one and landing. About forty warriors made a show of opposition, and a few men fell on both sides before they retired in good order, no doubt to spread the word that Saxons had arrived in force. We took one prisoner, a fiery young man who gave great trouble before he was securely bound.

That evening we camped on the beach at the mouth of a river of sweet water which our prisoner told us was called Glein, and Cerdic held a council with his captains, chief of them being his son Cynric. It was decided that the next day we should press on into the interior with the object of taking a large fort, about two days march away, before the garrison

:+ :+ :+ :+ :+ :+ :+ :+ :+ :

could be reinforced.

:+ Just up from the river mouth we passed the ruined warves and :+  
warehouses of a small port, from which a good gravel road led :+  
to the north west. Later we came to call this road the Cloven :+  
Way, because after one day's march it passed over a saddle be- :+  
tween two low hills. It was just short of this saddle, on ris- :+  
ing ground in a defensible position, that we made a watchful :+  
camp for the night, with no fires and each man fully clad, his :+  
weapons by his side. With the dawn we were on our way, and an :+  
hour later, with the sun just up, the incident happened which :+  
I will never forget. The road here has an oak wood to the south, :+  
its edge only a few paces from the gravelled track. For some :+  
reason I looked round, and there, just clear of the trees, I :+  
saw a horseman. He was clothed in heavy brown leather coat and :+  
breeches, with steel plates protecting arms, chest, belly and :+  
thighs. A Roman parade helmet was on his head, and the scabb- :+  
ard of a heavy curved sword swung from a baldric covered with :+  
purple silk. The sight of this formidable adversary had an in- :+  
stant effect on me: my right hand went up to pluck one of my :+  
axes from its holster, and to throw it in one practiced move- :+  
ment; but as I did so the horseman's eyes, of a strange wild :+  
flecked brown, fell on me. The glare in them checked my arm :+  
for an instant so that the axe whirred past the head of the :+  
horseman who, unharmed, turned into the wood and was gone. That :+  
was the first, but not the only time, that I met Artuir, the :+  
battle leader of the Weala, and our much respected enemy. :+  
Of course I wanted to go and recover my precious axe, but :+  
this was not permitted and we marched on, less than two hun- :+  
dred men in the heart of hostile territory :+  
:+



:+ The sun was half way down the sky when the ground dipped :+  
gently away in front of us, and there, like a round Weala :+  
brooch hinged to its pin, lay the fort on the river bank, at :+  
a place we now call Duntun, the town of the old castle. Our :+  
prisoner, with his previous questionings in mind, told us :+  
that the river was called Dubglas, but for some reason we :+  
came to call it the Avon which simply means river in his :+  
language.

:+ Keeping below the skyline we gazed at the Dun, noting the :+  
harbour between the arms of the rampart, the central mound :+  
with a circular building on it, perhaps a temple, and a :+  
pattern of huts on the flat space between rampart and mound. :+  
:+

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Beyond the Dun we could see the fresh green of cornfields, and a village on a shallow hillock, with a bank and ditch along the contour of the slope. There was the good land for us, we thought, but it would never be ours unless we took the protecting Dun in the valley. Cerdic knew that as well as anyone, but his decision to attack that very night we did not expect. It was reasonable enough, though, with our supplies running low, and still some element of surprise in our favour.                   :+:

Our bards say very little about the attack on the Dun because it was a failure: the Weala celebrate it as one of Artuir's victories. Indeed, without his presence among the defenders we might easily have won. Cerdic ordered the men of his own ship, which included me, to assault from the north east, where a waning moon was up. The steep slope of the rampart was crowned with a vertical revetment and breastwork behind which we had seen from the hill a wide fighting platform. The height looked to be such that one man could climb on another's shoulders and hoist himself up over the breastwork, so we spread out in pairs to do just that. Each of us paired with the man who had rowed at the same oar aboard ship. Our lieutenant, a young warrior well trusted by Cerdic, raised and pointed his sword; we prayed to Thor and scrambled up the steep bank. The idea was for us to draw the defenders, and when Cerdic heard the noise of battle he was to lead the main assault from the south side, out of the shadow cast by the moon. This went well enough, but Artuir must have anticipated his plan of action, and kept back the necessary reserves, because everywhere we found ourselves hemmed on the fighting platform by the Weala. It was hot work and Artuir seemed to be in two places at once, the brass dragon on his helmet gleaming, his great curved sword raised to strike and strike again. His strategy was to cut us up into small groups pinned against the breastwork, and destroy us piecemeal. Cerdic saw that this was succeeding, so he raised his iron standard and ordered his trumpeter to sound the rally. This called us to surround our leader, therefore we fought our way along the circumference of the fighting platform towards him. Cerdic ordered us by ones and two, as we became disengaged, back over the breastwork and away to assemble at our last camp. He, with Cynric and the rest of his bodyguard, was the last to go, leaving thirty-five dead or dying.

Such was the first battle on the river Dubglas, and there was nothing for it but to retreat through the badlands to our beachhead. The local people had damaged but not destroyed our ships, and had not found the cache of stores, including the valuable seed-corn, which we had buried. We repaired the ships, restowed everything and three days later set off to the west. After some days we found a headland and there we settled for the winter, raiding by land and sea for food and women. You may ask why more effort was not made to dislodge unwelcome neighbours as ourselves. Later we learned how disorganised and demoralised the Weala were, so that Artuir was like a meteor across their sky, once and for all, never to be forgotten.

Since then there has been nobody and nothing to stop us, and soon I will die content to know that my son Codda has been able to settle his warband at a ford on the Wlye. Thinking over an eventful life, clearer than anything I remember that meeting with Artuir by Fritham Wood. I wonder if anyone found that axe of mine.                   :+:

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## HELENIC CRUISE, 1976

\* 11 \*

By Jose Chapman.

\* 11 \* The Golden Age of art and philosophy becomes a reality \* 11 \* when one is standing on the spot, so to speak, where it all happened. Even the Greek myths and Mystery Religious cults were seen in a new light when explained by one of our eminent lecturers, the Very Rev. Anthony Bridge, Dean of Guild- \* 11 \* ford.

He said that the Initiation rites of the Greeks -- sometimes quite terrifying -- were similar to the shock treatment used in modern psychology, and if successful would lead to 'Re- \* 11 \* birth'. The mass hysteria of some Revivalist meetings can also have the same effect. Perhaps this link with the psyche is the cause of man being drawn so strongly to this magical part of the world. Certainly we had a healthy respect for the Gods and Goddesses when we realised that they personified \* 11 \* our own inner urges and frustrations !

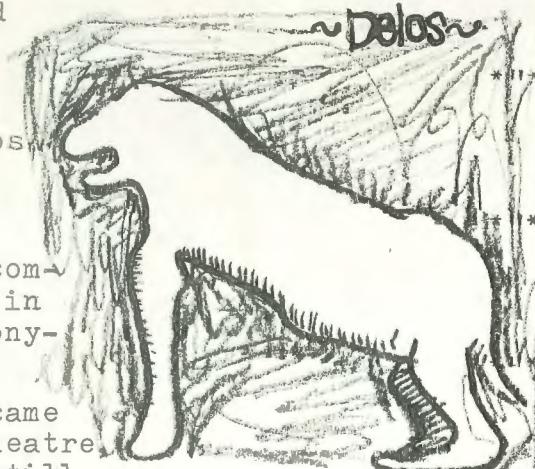
Having left Italy, Yugoslavia and the olive groves of Corfu behind, the experiences which would appeal, I think, to all \* 11 \* Pendragons, began at Delphi. The ancient Greeks believed \* 11 \* that Delphi was the point where earth touched the divine, and we could well believe it as we travelled by coach 2,000ft up the winding passes of awesome Mt. Parnassus. No wonder the \* 11 \* ancients believed that thunder was the mighty voice of Zeus, \* 11 \* calling from the mountain peaks.

From the village of Delphi we walked up the Sacred Way -- the scent of honeysuckle a welcome compensation for the stiff climb. This Way has been used by pilgrims since 500 BC. They, \* 11 \* came to consult the famous oracle presided over by the priestess Pythia. We saw the remains of this, and the imposing Doric temple of Apollo. Apollo embodied \* 11 \* the spiritual qualities of moral good, harmony and beauty, and we \* 11 \* were interested to hear that wherever he is worshipped Dionysos, God of wine and revelry, will \* 11 \* eventually make his appearance, and be instrumental in the down- fall of man ! Possibly we could compare the appearance of the snake in \* 11 \* the garden of Eden to that of Dionysos in Greek legend.

At the end of the Sacred Way we came to the renowned rock-hewn amphitheatre, most wonderfully preserved, and still \* 11 \* used for the performance of Greek plays.

Another climb brought us to the gymnasium and stadium used for the Pythian games, which were held to commemorate Apollo's victory over Python.

\* 11 \* Our ship was next piloted through the narrow Corinth canal, \* 11 \* and bordered as it was by high banks which plunged us in deep shadow, it seemed, when we came out into the Aegean sea, that we had entered a world of sparkling clarity, warmth and



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colour. The ship sailed south to Crete where we went back 4,000 years in time to visit the palace of Minos at Knossos. \* \*\*\* The professional archaeologist has criticised the reconstruction (painstakingly done by Sir Arthur Evans) of this extraordinary place, with its sinister labyrinth constructed for the half-man half-bull Minotaur monster -- but for the ordinary layman the \* \*\*\* frescoes, columns, throne rooms, amazing plumbing and labrynths, come alive, thanks to his efforts. \* \*\*\* After Crete we visited Rhodes \* \*\*\* with its bustling shops, stalls, and the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, built by the Crusaders. A coach trip across the \* \*\*\* island brought us to Lindos, a beautiful unspoilt village of one-storey whitewashed cottages, surrounded by turquoise sea and dominated by the Doric temple \* \*\*\* of Athena, which is reached by a steep ascent. \* \*\*\*

Our ship sailed on to the fishing village of Bodrum on the Turkish coast, and then to the island of Kos. Here we saw the partial ruins of the 4th century BC Asclepeion, sanctuary of \* \*\*\* the God of Healing, with medical school attached. Set in \* \*\*\* idyllic surroundings, with distant views of the sea, this made a perfect health cure centre. Hippocrates practiced here, and all medical care was free. Was this the world's first \* \*\*\* National Health Service, I wonder ? Healing herbs grew in \* \*\*\* abundance around the buildings and grow there still, scenting the air delightfully. \* \*\*\*

The island of Patmos brought us back to the Christian age, and we made our own pilgrimage by walking for fifty minutes up the \* \*\*\* hillside to the cave where St. John had his Revelation, and also to visit the Byzantine monastery of the Apocalypse, built into the living rock, and still run by Greek Orthodox monks. \* \*\*\* The eye and mind were dazzled by the rich mosaics, precious \* \*\*\* lamps, ikons and illuminated manuscripts -- famous the world \* \*\*\* over yet housed, quite simply, in this peaceful monastery. \* \*\*\*

We sailed on to the small town of Kusadasi on the Turkish coast, and then were driven to Ephesus where classical and \* \*\*\* Christian traditions merge. The past came alive as a reading from the New Testament was given on the spot where St. Paul was said to have addressed the Ephesians. The enormous amphitheatre is still intact and excellent excavations are in \* \*\*\* progress, carried out by a team of German archaeologists. \* \*\*\* Legend has it that the Virgin Mary died at Ephesus, having been brought to live here by John (the 'Beloved Disciple') after the death of Jesus. \* \*\*\*

\* \*\*\* We passed through the Dardanelles and had an interesting overland trip to Troy --but on arrival our powers of imagination were strained to the utmost ! Even the keenest Pen-dragon would find difficulty in making sense of the many \* \*\*\* cities, built one on top of another, with little more than \* \*\*\* a stone wall here and there. However, one responded to the spirit and wild beauty of the place. \* \*\*\*

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Istanbul was a disappointment, for, in spite of its famous skyline it is a dirty, bedraggled place -- the Mosques are its main attraction, particularly the vast and ornate 'Blue Mosque' and also the Topkapi Seraglio -- complete with Harem ! \* 11\* Happily back in the lovely Aegean ocean, we called at the un-spoilt island of Chios. After a hair-raising journey up the mountains we were given a most hospitable welcome at Nea Moni, \* 11\* a tiny Byzantine monastery now run by nine nuns. It is a haven of tranquility where the past is truly present. Having no electricity, what is left of the priceless mosaics which cover walls and cupola of the tiny chapel sparkle by candlelight: \* 11\* surely the only light to bring life to such treasure. \* 11\*

Mykonos, for all its picturesque charm, is not the island to attract the dedicated archaeologist for it has no lost cities \* 11\* or temples to unearth. However, the sacred island of Delos \* 11\* is another matter, reflecting as it does, the Golden Age of Greek architecture. The Terrace of Lions still stands, and there are the remains of many streets, houses and mosaic

\* 11\* floors. Only a team of French archaeologists is allowed to sleep on the island, and it has a strange and secretive atmosphere. Apollo is said to have been born and worshipped here, but as at Delphi, along came Dionysos and his cult to distract the peace. The scent of wild flowers and herbs and fresh sea breezes apparently drove the revellers to a state of frenzy as they drank their wine and danced madly round the island... The flowers and herbs and breezes are there to this \* 11\* day, but we saw no ghostly revellers ! \* 11\*

Our cruise finished at Athens. The magnificent National Museum of Archaeology there has treasures that are overwhelming. \* 11\*

(Any novel readers who are interested in this article, and have not yet read them may like to have two suggestions offered to them. One is Michael Ayrton's story, "The Maze Maker"-- all about the Labrynth, of course -- and "Levkas Man" by Hammond Innes which is all about the Aegean islands, archaeology and academic skullduggery.)

\* 11\*\*\*\*\* \* 11\*\*\*\*\* \* 11\*

+/- FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE +/-

Has the Pendragon Society ever paid attention to the status of the Arthurian tradition in other districts than Somerset +/- and Wales ? If not, there is a great deal of work to be done, or so it seems to me, on such things as the Arthurian legends of Lancashire and Cheshire. A whole book could no doubt be written on the 'Sir Gawain' poem alone.... Manchester, of course, is traditionally the place where the wicked giant Sir Tarquin was defeated by Lancelot. Several of Arthur's twelve battles are identified with places in the Preston area, and there is an alleged lake after which Lancelot "of the Lake" is said to have been named. ... There is a certain amount of evidence of very old Celtic myths persisting in folk-lore in the region. Manchester seems anciently to have been something of a border area, perhaps a neutral trading zone between the Brigantes of Yorkshire and

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the Cornovii of Cheshire. By chance or design it is situated at the confluence of three rivers, the Irk, Irwell, and Medlock, and they were the boundaries of the medieval township, if not of the Roman one, and its Celtic predecessors.....

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From Sid Birchby of Didsbury, Manchester.      +/+

Editor: The small Task Force in Bristol has not the time or facilities to go further afield than it does at present, but we go on hoping to hear from members who live in other parts. +/+ Derek Brown has sent us two articles for 'Pendragon' about +/+ Northumbrian legends. May we hope to hear from others ?

At Beltane, May 1st., some members of the Pendragon Society +/+ and of the British Language League, went to Minhead in Som- +/+ erset. The aim was to see the hobby-horse which is a survival of our pagan Celtic past. The local populace is plainly embarrassed by the whole thing. The horse has to be dragged out for the sake of tradition, but it is very un-English. +/+ English Thunor and Woden might be O.K. but British Epona, or Merlyn, the pony, are not really acceptable. Why are modern Britons so embarrassed by the fact that their national origins are so obviously Celtic ? The author of +/+ 'Frank' tries to turn Cerdic into some sort of Wagnerian hero. Cerdic may have been a typical Saxon with blue eyes, large moustaches etc, but this description fits, exactly, the classical description of the Celts.....Modern archaeology shows that the Britons survived the English conquest. +/+ +/+ Modern Britons have not yet adjusted.

From Bob Craig, of Weston, Somerset.

Editor: Bob looks like being in trouble with the Race Relations Board. I doubt if the citizens of Southall and Bradford are at all conscious of being descended from Celts any more than the Cockney or the Geordie. Go to East Anglia and there isn't a Celt in sight. Indeed, the Celtic areas in +/+ Britain are still as clearly defined as they were centuries ago. They made room for the Norsemen, Danes, Saxons, Normans, and are now trying to make room for the Asians, Africans and West Indians.      +/+

You raise the question of the content of 'Pendragon'. I enjoy speculative thought, but I think the value of the journal would be greatly increased if you exerted more rigid editorial control. Consider the report on the Llanellen excavation. Excavation destroys evidence and the only reason the archaeologist does it (other than rescue missions) is to answer questions. Nowhere in this report is there a statement as to the questions to be answered and the answers found. Why this excavation ? Some of the material seems more than a little naive. Consider "Except Seven". Any Irishman could write a similar paper around three. Any anthropologist interested in the American Indian could write a similar paper around four Etc. etc. In other words it says nothing. Some where you mention the Institute of Geomantic Research. In fairness to your readers I trust you will also report the comments of the noted editor of ANTIQUITY in the March 1976 issue on this. In commenting on Dexter's book you say, "It would seem...that the idea of Fairs being of Christian origin

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is erroneous...." Who in the world ever thought they were ?  
Market days must go back to the dawn of civilisation. Certainly they were a regular feature of American Indian life in  
+/+ Mexico and Central America. Why waste your time tilting at a straw man ? Leave that to an ignoramus like von Daniken. Or Berlitz. Michael Pollard says, "the Gaugelins are showing, scientifically, evidence for the link between man and cosmos." But his article strongly indicates that they are showing no such link. Note that he does not discuss two points: 1) What is the statistical chance that any one would show these particular planets in his horoscope and 2) What adjustment has been made for the movement of the heavens in the 2000 years since Babylonian astrology ?

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From Philip Rasch, San Pedro, Calif:

Editor: So someone actually reads our magazine ! How splendid ! We sometimes wonder.... We have been guilty of discovering the obvious and dodging the issues. Apologies: we will try to do better. At the same time we would like to point out that though the magazine is intended for all members, and open to all members, articles and book reviews tend to be written, year after year, by the same hard-working people who run the dig, mount the exhibitions, answer the letters, organise the meetings etc. etc.... There is an obvious remedy and we issue an appeal here and now.

We did not see what the editor of ANTIQUITY had to say about Geomantic Research, but we can guess. We know what members of ANTIQUITY have said for years about Professor Hawkins and Hoyle. At least Prof. Atkinson should be given full honour for coming out into the open (actually, the pages of The Times) to admit that he thinks Hawkins and Hoyle have a valid case, and there is more to Stonehenge than he previously thought. We all know the things that were said about Geoffrey Ashe when he started to write about Arthur until, five years later, Prof. Loomis actually wrote, "We know that Arthur was a West Countryman..." from which moment, apparently, Arthur became a historical character. When John Michell was researching Old Straight Tracks (for the publication of 'The View Over Atlantis') he invited various archaeologists to help him confirm or refute the possibility of leys. The only one who bothered to reply to his request wrote: "The shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Q.E.D." Which is rather what one would expect from a pert little schoolboy. Maybe a time will come when Dr. Glyn Daniel will think he knows enough about how the ancients lived, and what they made, and will give his attention to the more pressing problem: what they thought.... But no doubt we'll all be a lot older by then. Still, The Times actually printed a favourable review of Tony Roberts' book recently, and if the next one -- due out in November -- receives a favourable review, perhaps even Geomantics will acquire a mantle of respectability.

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#### NOTE

+/+ The County Librarian at Mold, North Wales, has compiled an Arthurian Catalogue of more than 1,000 titles in English, French, Spanish and Dutch. A copy of this catalogue has been sent to us by Tony and Jan Roberts. It is too heavy to send out by post but members are welcome to make what use of it they can.

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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE KABBALAH

Part 3 (of 3 parts)

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By R.A. Gilbert.

To treat of a Christian Kabbalah is in one sense a paradox, for the Kabbalah is essentially Jewish, having been born within Judaism for the consolation of Israel in the time of the Greater Exile. Even so, Kabbalistic texts have within themselves sufficient ambiguities to justify drawing from them doctrines of the Trinity, of the Fall and Redemption of Mankind and of the Power of the Divine Word that is God.

From the time that the Kabbalah came to the knowledge of Christian Europe in the Fifteenth Century, there have been many students of its doctrines, both scholars and mystics, who have sought to demonstrate that those doctrines are not only compatible with Christianity but give it dogmatic support. That the supernal triad of the Sepher Yetzirah can be seen as the Christian Trinity, that the fourfold interpretation of the Torah expounded in the Zohar exactly parallels the fourfold exposition of scripture in Scholastic Christianity is undeniable, but it is most unlikely that the authors of those texts intended them to be seen in such a light. Most probably, some Christian ideas crept into the Kabbalah via Neoplatonism and it is even possible that specifically Trinitarian ideas were absorbed into the Zohar with the aim of forestalling attempts at conversion by Christian missionaries. If the latter was the case, it misfired sadly, for orthodox Jewish scholars looked with disfavour on such elements of Zoharic doctrine while Christian scholars from Pico de Mirandola and Reuchlin at the height of the Renaissance down to Henry More and Knorr von Rosenroth at the close of the seventeenth century seized upon them as the very weapons with which to bring the Jews to the light of Christ.

This point should not be forgotten: that Christian scholars saw the Kabbalah primarily as a means towards the conversion of the Jews. It was this, and not philosophical speculation or mystical ardour that initially fired their enthusiasm, although the utter failure of their missionary efforts led in time to their viewing the Kabbalah in other lights. In their turn these other more esoteric approaches gave birth to the bizarre fantasies of Eliphas Levi, who claimed to see in the Kabbalah a Universal Doctrine containing the synthesis and summation of all religions and these nonsensical speculations of the last century have become enshrined as Occult Truths.

But the mephitic swamp that passes for the mind of the occultist is not our present concern and we must consider instead the possible progress of the Christian scholar once he had abandoned the Kabbalah as a weapon for theological disputation. He could follow the path of many of the later Jewish Kabbalists and indulge in hair-splitting textual analysis and in the barren gymnastics of Gematria, Notarikon and Temurah, or he could seek a more fruitful path such as had been found by the Hasidim --the path of the mystic, which is the only path for a true understanding of the Kabbalah in either a Jewish or a Christian light.

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Meditation on the symbolism of the Kabbalah, and in particular on the symbolism of the Sephirotic system in all its ramifications, can lead the mystic on the path of Divine Union, and such meditation undoubtedly lies behind the writings of mystics as diverse as Jacob Boehme, Saint Martin and William Blake. To what degree they were influenced by the Kabbalah has been, and still is hotly disputed, but this matters far less than the fact that others did and still can follow in their footsteps. As heirs of the Western Tradition we are better suited to contemplation of the Sephirotic Tree than to the seeking of mandalas from Vedanta or from Tantric Buddhism. How we proceed depends on personal choice and ultimately matters little since the end of the path is the same -- God, and Him only.

It is beyond the scope of this introductory essay to go deeper into Kabbalistic doctrine and symbolism, but I give below a short reading list for further study, together with a diagram of the Tree of Life. On this are placed, with their appropriate sephira, ten of the symbols of Christ drawn from the New Testament. The selection and attribution of these symbols was a personal exercise which proved to be of great value. It is included purely as an example of what can be done through meditating on the Tree and should not be seen as having any dogmatic significance in itself.

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Suggested further reading: (The dates given are those of first publication; most are still in print either in this country or in the U.S.A.)

ABELSON, J --Jewish Mysticism. 1913.  
MATHERS, S.L.M. - The Kabbalah Unveiled. 1926 (A translation & commentary of a part of the Zohar not included in the edition below.)

SCHOLEM, G -Major trends in Jewish Mysticism. 1955.  
"      " On the Kabbalah and its Symbolism. 1965.  
SPERLING, H. & SIMON, M (trans.)-The Zohar. 1933. 5 Volumes.  
STENRING, K. (trans.)-The Book of Formation, or Sepher Yetzirah. 1923.

WAITE, A.E. - The "oly Kabbalah. 1929.  
For occult interpretations the following are useful:  
FORTUNE, D.-The Mystical Kabbalah. 1935.  
CROWLEY, A.- 777Revised. 1955. (Contains tables of Kabbalistic and other correspondences. The author was, in fact, S.L.M. Mathers, but Crowley took sole credit himself.)

To avoid utter confusion the student is advised to avoid the following:  
SUARES, C.-The Cipher of Genesis. 1972. (also other works by this author.)  
WESTCOTT, W.W. (trans.)-The Sepher Yetzirah. 1893.

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NOTICE

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\* WE HOPE TO BE AT LLANELEN AGAIN FOR AT LEAST TEN DAYS OVER  
\* THE AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY PERIOD (end of August, beginning of  
\* September.) WILL VOLUNTEERS PLEASE SEND IN THEIR NAMES AS  
\* SOON AS POSSIBLE. The dig was resumed at Whitsun and a re-  
\* port to cover both visits will be in our November issue.  
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"+"      "+"      "+"      "+"      "+"      "+"      "+"      "+"  
"+" Yet oddly, many years later, it seems that in Thrace --  
(Thrace ? Haven't we been here before, not so long ago ?)      "+"  
--and in the countries around there, a Society of women be-  
gan to spread an influence out of all proportion to its size.  
The cult was given the ridiculing name of Collyridians. Their  
prayers, it seemed, were directed chiefly towards Mary, the "+"  
Mother. She had known trouble and anguish of mind. She had  
been rejected and ignored. She was not so unreachable as God,  
or even her Son, and she could be appealed to as an intermed-  
iary for ordinary human mothers when they were in trouble.  
"Please, Mary, help me !"  
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"+" The Establishment labelled these women heretics and fought  
off the cult. Everyone knew what St. Paul thought of women  
anyhow, and what their place in society should be. Yet once  
more the female element infiltrated the masculine (God the "+"  
Father, God the Son) Faith. We have been told that Arthur went  
into battle carrying a shield with the image of the Virgin Mary  
on it. It would be interesting to know if he was deliberately  
hoisting an heretical flag or if the Collyridian heresy had "+"  
already gained respectability.  
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Once again Geoffrey has opened up an avenue of new/old ideas.

"+"      "+"      "+"      "+"  
"MEGALITHIC SOFTWARE", by L.B. Borst and B.M. Borst.  
Published by Twin Bridge Press,  
Williamsville, New York.  
"+"

"+" Thanks to the generosity of Professor and Mrs. Borst this  
Society has received a copy of this stupendous work which  
has already cost its authors something like £4,000 they say.  
We understand that the price in this country is £15 but --  
"+" as it appears to have been printed privately --we are not  
sure if it is generally available. We hope that members will  
ask for it at their various libraries and help to create a  
demand.  
"+"

"+" Software is defined on the back cover as covering "Languages,"  
codes, theorems, propositions required to program computers."  
The book is copiously and beautifully illustrated. The proper  
understanding of it requires a great deal of mathematical  
skill which, alas, is not the gift of the little Task Force "+"  
in Bristol, but we will gladly lend it to any member who is  
willing to pay the postage.  
"+"

"+" The book came to be written because the Borsts were not the  
usual American tourists who can "do" Canterbury Cathedral in "+"  
a half-hour canter; they chose to talk to their guide who  
pointed out an oddity of the plan. The nave, choir and Trinity  
Chapel were not in a straight line but were at small angles to  
each other. Such a phenomenon can occur when successive parts  
of a building are aligned on a celestial object which has "+"  
precessed between the building of one part and the next.  
"+"

"+" Investigating this hypothesis led Prof. and Mrs. Borst to date  
the plan of the cathedral to megalithic times. They therefore "+"  
proceeded to analyse other megalithic monuments and discovered  
many cases of the use of the unit-side right-angle triangles  
and other geometric patterns. They then returned to cathedrals  
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and found that many of these conformed to patterns although their findings were inconclusive with regard to the megalithic origin of these patterns:

"+" "Since there is such similarity in the patterns of these Norman churches, and certain other periapsidal churches as well, we cannot exclude a medieval origin. We have found no English megalithic monuments which conform to this fundamental pattern of two superimposed isosceles triangles with a common apex."

Their investigations then led them to read patterns where they found many examples of isosceles and Pythagorean triangles based on measurements approximating to the megalithic yard.

It is sad that a book about religious monuments should have to conclude: "Little can be said about megalithic religion. Our geometric studies are unlikely to illuminate the relation of man to gods."

On the cover of this book is a promise: "Part 11 will follow what seems to be a uniform mathematical culture throughout Europe to the Holy Land and to Asia." We wish Prof. Borst and Mrs. Borst good luck on their travels.

Colin Walls.

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"+" NORTH COUNTRY FOLKLORE by Jessica Lofthouse.

Anybody who has travelled on the A1 or M6 knows that the North, like the South, is a big place. Jessica Lofthouse's book is mainly concerned with the North-West (Lancashire & Cumbria) and the places she describes are largely unknown to me. However, the material that she covers has that combination of the strange and the familiar that make legends and folklore of whatever region so constantly fascinating. Her survey is fairly exhaustive, and includes chapters on Boggarts, Witchcraft, Ghosts, Giants and Buried Treasure, Nature Spirits and Standing Stones. She clearly knows Lancashire & the Pennine Dales so well that one feels that there can be no haunted house, no devil's bridge, no domestic bogey or haunt of the fairies that does not appear on these pages.

She also has a chapter called 'Legends in their Own Times' which includes a section on the places associated with Arthur. The Round Table at Penrith and Pendragon Castle are here, & Arthur's adventures near Carlisle are mentioned; she briefly discusses the claims of Lancashire to the site of one of the historical Arthur's battles -but this is not really her strength and the book is much more interesting when she is simply recounting the legends and stories she has collected without trying to 'interpret' them or link them to historical events. This chapter contains one of her infrequent references to the North East in which she relates the 'Sleeping Knights' legends from Sewingshields Crags and from Richmond, but other Arthurian sites from Northumberland, Durham and Yorkshire are not mentioned, clearly because of her lack of knowledge of the area. I personally found the book better read in small doses and accompanied by a large-scale map, but anyone who knows the North West well cannot fail to be totally fascinated. The book also contains numerous atmos-

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-pheric drawings by the author.

I found myself on more familiar ground with "LEGENDARY

"+" CASTLES OF THE BORDER by Marc Alexander.. This contains legends from 24 castles on both sides of the border, and some superb photographs. Sewingshields and the Sleeping Knights are here again, also Dunstanburgh, and it is interesting that the author has seen that the two legends are linked - with their theme of underground caverns, enchanted sleep, swords and horns - even though the Dunstanburgh story does not mention Arthur by name. "+"

## North Country Folklore- Jessica Lofthouse (Robert Hale)

£3. 75.

Legendary Castles of the Border -Marc Alexander (The Pacific Press, Crooks Cottage, Gilsland, Cumbria.) 50 P.

Derek Brown.

~~14~~ MOTHER SHIPTON— Her life & True Prophecies, those fulfilled and those yet to be.

"+" West Country Editions, 94 Walcot Street, Bath. Price 60 P. "+"

Mother Shipton lived from 1488 to 1561 and during the course of her life uttered many prophecies in rhyming couplets.

"+" These were first published in 1641 and others were added as late as 1862 such as the famous "Carriages with <sup>one</sup> horses shall "+"

And accidents fill the world  
with woe

"+" which seemed to prophesy the motor car. This book is basically a re-publication of the legend as it stood in 1916, together with a useful introduction by John Michell. "+"

Colin Walls.

THE WITCHES' ALMANAC Publishers Grosset & Dunlap.  
New York \$1.50

This carries an astrological calendar, detailed predictions for the year beginning March 21st, 1976, some book reviews and a number of good articles on subjects as diverse as The Horse in myth and Folklore, Ptolemy, Dragons and Lyonesse. It is good to see that these are written by our British friends Tomy Roberts, Paul Screeton, Joy Farren and others. It came to us from Zodiac House, 7 Hugon Road, Fulham, London if any of our readers wish to obtain copies of their own.

"+" The calendar gives the phases of the moon and short pieces of advice. "Trust the wind", "Wear violet garments". The predictions go into considerable detail. For fire signs your current advice is "Frazzled nerves are bad for your health - "+" let off steam" -- "Shriek before you freak". If that sort of advice doesn't freak you out you will find this advice both useful and entertaining. "+"

Colin Walls.

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"PROVOCATIVE NONSENSE" by Donald Cyr. (Inquiries to: Annular  
Publications, 1421 State Street, Suite 35, Santa Barbara,  
Ca. 93101, U.S.A.)      "+"  
"+"

Donald Cyr is the Editor of "Stonehenge Viewpoint" which arrives regularly and is always welcome in Bristol. His latest publication is a long article entitled "Provocative Nonsense", the point of which seems a trifle obscure until a little detective work is carried out. It appears that Dr. Krupp, Ph.D. Acting Director of Griffith Observatory, gave a course of lectures earlier this year, the last of which was on "Observations of the gods and other phantasies" amongst which he included Velikovsky, the Glastonbury Zodiac, ley lines and assorted ancient astronauts. Cyr, in a friendly dispute, chides Dr. Krupp for not having a more open mind and at the same time praises him for having admitted them for discussion. Cyr introduces his own belief in the Vailian theory of an ice canopy which once existed above the earth. Space here does not allow of further review here but it should be fascinating reading for any of our members who are interested in the subjects mentioned. A copy can be borrowed from Bristol.

1. W. J. Snook.

PRESCELLY VISIT

At the close of this year's Whitsun dig on Gower, a small party set off to the Prescelly Mountains on the far western part of S.\*\* Wales. The purpose of the visit was manifold, and one of our main objective was to investigate a find of unusual egg-shaped \*\* stones with crystalline interiors which had been found by farmers on the top of Mt. Hermon near Llanfyrnach. Also we were interested in megalithic activity in this area: it is dotted \*\* with Standing Stones, Cairns, Tumuli etc, some bearing evocative names such as 'The Grave of Arthur' (Bedd Arthur) and The Grave \*\* of the Beastie" (Bedd Afanc). The Prescellys are, of course, the reputed source of the famous Stonehenge Bluestones. As space in this issue is limited, a more detailed report will \*\* appear in our next issue, including the findings of the British Museum who were offered a sample of the Mt. Hermon "dragon's \*\* eggs". We are still awaiting this as we go to press.

Michael Pollard.

## ENGLISH MONUMENTAL BRASSES & BRASS-RUBBING

ENGLISH MONUMENTAL BRASSES & BRASS RUBBING A TWO WEEK COURSE  
ON THE HISTORY OF MONUMENTAL CHURCH BRASSES AND THE ART OF  
BRASS RUBBING.

Will be held from July 19th--30th, 1976.  
Queen Elizabeth College, Campden Hill Toad, London, W8 7AH.

Course Leaders: Mrs. Chauncey Catto, Mr. Leslie Newman, and Dr. Fred Armitage. A fee of £3.00 per session is inclusive of the use of facsimiles and material for rubbing.

This information has only just reached us. As time is short anyone interested should, we suggest, resort to the telephone.

\* \* \* \* \*

\*\* Illustrations in this issue by Christine Bristow and Christopher Lovegrove. Cover by Catherine Pollard.

