Michael Peyron's working papers : part V

This section is based on the surviving notes used by Professor PEYRON in his HUM 5358 course, "From Orality to Literacy", taught at Al-Akhawayn University, Ifrane (AUI), during the spring of 1998.

contents:

1) Introduction to HUM 5358: from Orality to Literacy
2) The marks of orality in the Welsh epic "Gododdin"
3) Communicative strategies in oral literature: Gaelic-inspired language and devices
4) Markers in oral tales: Moroccan Ayt Warayn dialect
5) General considerations regarding the passage from orality to literacy

1) Introduction to HUM 5358: From Orality to Literacy

Oral literature is one of the most enthralling fields of research, especially in a country like Morocco where, given the numerous segments of the population living in rural areas that still resort to the vernacular, there is ample scope for further endeavours in this domain.

Unfortunately, the subject compares rather unfavourably with more fashionable, glamorous disciplines such as socio-linguistics, anthropology and computer technology. Worse still, it rates fairly low on the intellectual plane, being dismissed by the ill-informed as too superficial to warrant scientific research, a point often raised by students attending my Oral Literature seminar at the Faculty of Letters, Rabat (1984-1988).

This negative attitude stems from misapprehensions and other conventional wisdom concerning a speciality that is not, from the outset, enshrined in the noble art of writing. Thus, in today's society, where success in written exams is perceived as the ultimate criterion, or, more to the point, as a passport to a job, oral literature is automatically disqualified from serious consideration. In the words of one critic, it is seen as, "an inexact science (and) suffers from falsifications and other debasements" (Briggs 3).

In this connection, one should bear in mind that the serious study of oral tradition is, in most countries, a comparatively recent phenomenon dating back, at the earliest, to the late 18th century. In most cases it has been sparked off by a set of circumstances, usually associated with the onset of modernity, such as rural exodus, compulsory education and the intrusion of the market economy. This has provoked a sudden awareness that something infinitely precious was, as it were, slipping through their fingers: "Intelligent people only begin to value their cultural inheritance highly when it is in danger of disappearing for ever" (Marshall 11).

And yet, a society, however pure its intentions, is often its own worst enemy as regards the preservation of oral culture. The social conditions that prevail prioritise the acquisition of a so-called “standard” education, seen by most to be the prerequisite to playing a useful role in a society where full emphasis is placed on literacy, thus curtailing proficiency in oral retention. So much so that a shame complex will be observed in those individuals, generally country-dwellers, who remain illiterate. Awkward situations will arise when their own cousins, now second-generation urban wage-earners, will refer to them as “country bumpkins” in the course of visits to their home patch.

In a word, these factors, to which one must add the negative influence of television, cell phones and other aspects of information technology, are totally opposed to the preservation of oral culture.

However, many researchers have belatedly awoken to the fact that the sum of conventional lore contained in the collective memory of semi-literate rural populations is not to be derided. Far from it. Actually, it amounts to a treasure-trove, something to be cherished and safeguarded, constituting as it does a sizeable proportion of the national heritage. The older these stories, the deeper a people’s roots, and the greater the awareness of a shared past experience. Thus is revealed:-

> “A world of pre- and non-Christian thought, an array of beliefs and superstitions, as well as practices, which in many cases may be said to go far backward in time and not infrequently to reflect a way of life unquestionably ancient, or at least not to be explained in the light of modern culture. (…) the eating and drinking taboo, the speaking taboo, name avoidance, and so on.” (Wimberly 273)

Despite their age, the sheer timelessness of some of these fables somehow guarantees that they retain their appeal in the present-day context, this factor having no doubt contributed to their survival: “The ideas of later ages have entered into and coloured these primitive stories; comparatively modern social customs and names jostle those of a remote antiquity without any feeling of incongruity.” (MacCulloch 3)

Meanwhile, a serious appraisal of the genre has revealed an interesting fact which upsets the standard notion whereby oral tradition plays second fiddle to recorded history: “Local anecdotes, handed down from father to son, sometimes throw a revealing light on historical events, and an observation of the processes of oral transmissions may well make us wary of written reports”. (Briggs 3)

In other words, despite the well-known drawbacks of orality (hyperbole, distortion and time-collapsing), it may well prove to be more reliable, in some respects, than the written word.

While Morocco can in no way be described as virgin territory as far as folktale collection is concerned, much of what has been culled dates back to the Protectorate period when travel to remote areas was restricted, with the result that there remain many practically untapped reservoirs of oral literature out there. This has proved a source of inspiration to me for the past twenty years or so as I have collected poetry, proverbs and tales from the Eastern High Atlas region between Midelt and Imilchil, an area which came under western influence as late as the mid-1930s.

This is where you come in. The time is ripe for young Moroccans like you to play a more active role in the preservation of your country's cultural heritage. Rather than embarking upon a Chomsky- or Applegate-inspired linguistic study of your own particular dialect, take the trouble to record and note down a representative sample or local oral tradition to which you readily have access. It is no easy task. As one folklorist points out:-

> "Amateur collectors often experience difficulty in unsealing reluctant lips… There is a need to understand the mentality and language of the country people you are interviewing with a tape-recorder; (they may display) timidity lest they be laughed at by superior persons." (Marshall 14)

For this reason, I do not subscribe to a view commonly held among anthropologists, namely, that researchers must distance themselves from the people or phenomenon they are studying so as to avoid emotional involvement, as this supposedly blunts their powers of perception and critical judgement. Quite the contrary, I fail to see how one can obtain a true insight into an oral culture without close personal commitment, involving some sort of rapprochement with the subject-matter. That a feeling of friendship and/or affection should creep in somewhere along the line need not detract from the validity of one's findings. This explains why one's personal approach to collecting oral material should be based on an initial, confidence-building exercise, involving an important requisite, i.e. acquisition of a working knowledge of the language concerned (Gaelic, Norse, Serbo-Croat, Tamazight, Urdu, or whatever). This will greatly reduce reliance on an interpreter, while establishing friendly contact with the group of people concerned.

A final word concerning the collection of oral literature: the authenticity factor. Before going out there with your tape-recorder and/or lap-top computer, you must immerse yourself in the existing corpus that has been published on your area of research. This extensive perusal of available material will give you a precise idea of what to look out for and, hopefully, enable to spot any tale or poem that is not a *bona fide* item of local lore. As in the case of a certain *Thousand and One Nights* tale which was once related to me by a literate informant from the Taza area, whereas he had merely memorised the story from his readings of the previous week! To allay suspicions that a document may not be the genuine article, students should provide full particulars as to time and place of recording, together with name, age and degree of literacy of the narrator. When it comes to publishing your first article, these details, not to mention the consistency of your phonetic transcription, the care with which you have presented your material, and the clarity of you discourse, constitute some of the criteria upon which critics will base their evaluation of your work.

Michael PEYRON

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2) The marks of Orality in the "Gododdin"

This pure gem, attributed to the North British bard Aneurin (approx. AD 500-550), relates the last forlorn sortie by the warriors of Mynyddawg, king of Strath-Clyde, against the Angles at Cattraeth (Catterick) in Yorkshire. As with most heroic narratives in their original oral form, probably recited in rhythmic prose,[1] it was actually committed to paper some 250 years later.[2] The poet makes use of well-tested devices, such as hyperbole and inconsistency in the praise he lavishes on the dead heroes, while displaying close interaction with his subject-matter. In many ways, it bears some resemblance to another well-known Welsh heroic tale, "How Culhwch won Olwen".[3] In the event, even if the expedition was a total failure, thanks to the poem, it stands for posterity as a glorious, timeless monument to desperate Celtic bravery.

► Hyperbole

There are references to "five times fifty" (250) adversaries killed by a single warrior. Also, "of the men of Deira (Yorkshire) and Bernicia (Berwickshire) a hundred score (2000) fell and were destroyed in a single hour." In proportion to their strength (approx. 300 men) '*seven* times as many English they slew.' Observe, too, the boastfulness which characterises the traditional warrior's exploits; "great were their vaunts."[4] One of the reasons for this exaggeration is that truth is usually a casualty in the oral culture represented by the present poem, together with a "belief system" allowing inconvenient portions of the past to be forgotten or embellished.[5]

► Inconsistencies

A close examination of the text reveals discrepancies in death toll among the Angles, the actual strength of the British war-band, not to mention the number of survivors. The expedition is variously described as numbering "three hundred men", and later "three men and three score and three hundred", which gives a total of 363.

As to survivors, we have a glaring inconsistency: first, "none escaped but three", whereas, through accurate computation, we actually arrive at four: "two war-dogs of Aeron and stubborn Cynon (Conan); and I too, streaming with blood", the last referring to bard Aneurin (Aneirin). Later, however, in keeping with the atmosphere of gloom and irretrievable disaster, we learn that "but for one man, none came back", with which conclusion Jean Markale appears to agree.[6]

► Inevitability of doom and waste

The bard creates an atmosphere characteristic of the spirit of elegy, a term signifying "lament for the dead." Despite the brave face he puts on things when praising the matchless valour of his fallen heroes, he cannot conceal the full extent of the disaster that has affected his people: "the inevitable meeting with death overtook them (…) and the costly, when paid for by the fight at Cattraeth."

► Interaction between bard and subject-matter

Aneurin addresses individual warriors by name,[7] praising some for past munificence or heroic deeds, as with "Rhufawn the Tall, who gave gold to the altar, and gifts and fine presents to the minstrel."

► Prestigious British warriors

In typically Celtic fashion emphasis is laid equally on their colourful appearance (“gold necklaces”, “blue armour and shields”, “bright mail-coats and swords”) and on their prowess in battle (“feats of sword-play, “strong in strife”).

► Notions of honour and sacrifice

The bard extols the matchless courage typical of all Celtic warriors “reckless of their lives”, based partly on Dutch courage, “ in accordance with the honoured custom”, and on prevailing philosophy: better death than dishonour:-

> “He would sooner the wolves had his flesh than go to his own wedding, he would rather be prey for the ravens than go to the altar;[8] he would sooner his blood flowed to the ground than get due burial, making return for his mead with the hosts in the hall.”

This could be visualised as a prerequisite for a fresh existence in the Hereafter. For example, “may their souls get welcome in the land of Heaven, the dwelling-place of plenty.”

► Key word > “mead”

Here we should emphasize the close link between heroic feats and prolonged poetic celebrations based on mead: “for a year many a bard made merry.” This factor is perceived as instrumental in causing disaster, since clear-headed warriors would undoubtedly have hatched a more cautious battle-plan, allying stealth with cunning. Partaking of mead (or hydromel), however, was central to Ancient British culture, and while the poet praises the pleasant nature of his beverage made of honey and water fermented and flavoured, he somewhat tardily confesses that it was the cause of their ruin. This is apparent from the following dichotomous presentation of the phenomenon:-

“feast” ---------------------------- “poison”
“sweet yellow--------------------- “ensnaring”
“choice drink--------------------- “lives were payment”

► A later version of the “Gododdin”

For the second version of this epic we are indebted to Thomas Gray (1716-1771), a specialist of the elegy, who put his poetic skill to the arduous task of doing justice to the “Gododdin”. The result is, in many ways, the kiss of death, as far as the original is concerned. The rhythmic prose of the Ancient British epic goes clean overboard as it is subjected to the classic late-18th century norm of successive rhyming couplets, of which an extract follows:-

> “To Cattraeth’s vale, in glittering row,
> Twice two hundred warriors go;
> Every warriors’ manly neck
> Chains of regal honour deck,
> Wreathed in many a golden link;
> From the golden cup they drink
> Nectar that bees produce,

Or the grapes exalted juice.
Flushed with mirth and hope they burn,
But none to Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
Bursting through the bloody throng,
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall!"[9]

Among the various liberties taken with the original, at least three discrepancies will strike the most casual reader. The three hundred odd warriors are now "twice two hundred"; none of them would return *to* Cattraeth's vale, but rather return *from…*; Gray suggests that three men made their way back to tell the tale. Given the hyperbole that surrounds the Welsh language version, this is perhaps but a small price to pay. No matter, it was in this guise that it was served to 19th century American and British readers, in its final literate form, the evolution from orality status being thus completed.

NOTES

1 All original Gododdin quotations taken from translation in K.H. Jackson, *A Celtic Miscellany*, Harmondsworth: Penguin's, 1980 (1951), (pp.249-251).
2 N. Chadwick, *The Celts*, Harmondsworth: Penguin's, 1981 (1970), (p.285).
3 J. Gantz, *The Mabinogion*, Harmondsworth : Penguin's, 1981 (1976), (pp.134-176).
4 Cf. M. Peyron, «La Saga des Aït Bou Slama», *Études & Documents Berbères*, n°14/1996 : 75-95.
5 J. Ong, *Orality & Literacy*, London & N.Y.: Routledge, 1982, (pp.49-50).
6 Cf. J. Markale, *L'Épopée celtique en Bretagne*, Paris: Payot, 1985, (p.80).
7 This writer has in his possession a similar elegiac poem sung in *dariža* by an Ayt Warayn bard, "The day of Bou Aawad", which relates a desperate battle prior to the occupation of Tahalla, Middle Atlas, *circa* 1925. A Berber poet laments thus the passing of a prominent warrior:-

"O Si Muhammad, you who were ever in the forefront of battle,
Or prominent in counsels of the tribe, where are you now?"

8 In similar vein, a short poem (*tamawayt*) from Ayt Hadiddou (Moroccan High Atlas) runs thus:-

"Would that I could travel, be devoured by wolves, and
Torn to pieces by vultures rather than endure this life of tribulation!"

Cf. M. Peyron "Further research on *timawayin* from Central Morocco", *Journal of North African Studies*, London: Frank Cass, summer 1997, p.77.
9 Quoted by T. Bulfinch, *Mythology, The Age of Chivalry*, N.Y.: The Modern Library, 1858, p.441.

3) Communicative strategies in oral literature: Gaelic-inspired language and devices

We provide below a rich and varied linguistic hotchpotch that is of the very essence of oral literature. First comes an assortment of appropriate opening phrases of the kind one can expect to find at the beginning of a folk-tale. This is followed by a similar miscellany of closing sentences. Observe how some of the material reflects specific patterns, obviously handed down over the centuries and learned by rote, based on elaborate formulae, repetition, or opposition and contrast. In others the story-teller relies on irony, candid speech and an inspired, racy style of narration, alliteration and/or assonance, to capture the audience's attention. There are opening sentences that betray a casual, outspoken vagueness on the part of the narrator, possibly enhancing the overall atmosphere of other-worldliness, mystery, make-believe and superstition that surrounds some of these stories involving fairies and mermaids. Other openings contain references to historic characters and place-names that situate the tale in time and space. At this point, you should attempt to differentiate between those openings that sound authentically oral, and finer exercises in stylistics that smack of literacy. Note, too, how a proverb or saying, aimed at driving home some important point, will appear just as readily at the start of the tale as its end.

Thematically speaking, these tale openings and endings highlight the supreme importance of religion in Scottish/Irish society, based on the unavoidable figure of the priest, together with an intense awareness of a rich historical legacy, as is obvious from references to kings and heroes. There also comes across an undying confidence in ultimate Divine Justice, not to mention a warmth in human relations typical of close-knit societies, where the *ceildih*, or guest evening, was (and, to a certain extent, still is) one of the corner-stones of social life.

The third section depicts some of the mannerisms that characterise English as spoken by Scots and Irish country-folk, Hiberno-English as it is sometimes called. Any ale that carries a representative sample of these colourful expressions has, in all likelihood, been collected from an oral source. Simple openings such as "well", or "now", or the abusive recourse to inversion, faulty use of the past tense or progressive form can be justified in terms of achieving authenticity. As to the deviousness apparent in interrogative forms like: "Might it be to Dublin that you would be going?", or, "Twouldn't be a postage stamp that you were looking for, would it?" (this to a stranger asking his way to the post office) merely reflects centuries of suspicion vis-à-vis an invading power, when careless talk might have dire results. Some semantic shifts are interesting, a particular verb (for example "to be disappointed", or "to mind'), not having the same significance along the Celtic fringe as they would in parts of the British Isles where more standard forms of the Queen's English prevail.

1/ Getting started

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was too, when the streets were paved with penny leaves and houses were whitewashed with buttermilk and pigs ran round with knives and forks in their snouts shouting: "Eat me, eat me!" there lived a King of Ireland… (Tale "The King of Ireland's son", Galway)

There once lived a Munachar and a Manachar, a long time ago, and it is a long time since it was, and if they were alive now they would not be alive then. (Cumulative tale "Munachar and Manachar", Ireland & Scotland)

Och, the likes of Dan – the heavens be his bed! – never was known afore, nor will his likes ever be seen again as long as there's a bill on a crow. (Tale "Daniel O'Connell", Donegal)

There was once a king, but I didn't hear what country he was over, and he had one beautiful daughter. (Tale "Mac Iain Direach, West Highlands)

Och, I thought all the world, far and near, had heard o' King Toole – well, well, but the darkness of mankind is untellable! Well, sir, you must know, as you didn't hear it afore, that there was a king… (Ireland)

The night seemed fine as Alexander, King of Scots, came riding along the coast of Fife… (Tale "The hermit of Inchcolme")

It was a wicked winter night long after the death of Queen Anne. (Tale "The brood sow and the border gypsy, Cheviots)

Now as to Brigit she was born at sunrise on the first day of the spring, of a bondwoman of Connacht. And it was the angels that baptised her… (Tale "Saint Brigit", Ireland)

Well, I can ell you what was told to me by a parish priest, an it happened to a man he knew, so it must be true. (Tale "Fairy property", Galway)

Old thorns and old priests should be left alone: there's power in the pair of them if they want to use it. (…) Anyhow, there was this fellow one time… (Tale "Old thorns and old priests, Armagh)

There were five hundred blind men, and five hundred deaf men, and five hundred limping men, and five hundred dumb men, and five hundred cripple men… (Tale "The leaching of Kayn's leg", Argyll)

This man, he was very poor, and he was getting it very tight to live, with a wife and family. (Tale "Coals on the Devil's hearth", Femanagh)

I remember hearing Brian telling this story – somebody told it to him. (Tale "Saved by the priest", Tyrone)

Some people say that the man in this story lived in the far north; others put him in the Borderlands. The place does not matter, the foolishness does! (Tale "Geordie Dick of Greystones Mansion", Scotland)

There are people who will tell you slyly that if there had been no God, men would have found it necessary to invent him. (Tale "The weavers of South Uist", Hebrides)

So beautiful are the Uists, Benbecula an Eriskay that it seems hard to believe that the Holy Christ and his Mother never walked there. (Tale "The shrinking of the porridge", Hebrides)

There's so many a tale of mermaids and mermen round the Scottish coast that it must seem to even your hardest-headed sceptic that there is some knuckle of truth behind them. (Uist, Herbrides)

In the days when the town of Arbroath was called by its ancient name of Aberbrothock (for the Brothock Burn on which it stands) there was a good Abbot there. (Tale "The pirate of Inchcape Rock", Scotland)

Years and years ago, when Fionn MacCool in Eirinn and Fionn Gall, a brother giant in Scotland, were building the Giant's Causeway, (…) there lived in a glen in Antrim a young man named Hugh. (Tale, "The captive princess", Ireland)

What Irish man, woman, or child has not heard of our renowned Hibernian Hercules, the great and glorious Fionn MacCool? (Irish legend of Knockmany)

In days gone by, ghost stories was very common, only that the tellers of these tales, they're gone, dead and gone now. (Tale "Ghosts along the Arney", Ireland)

Off the north-west corner of the island of Stroma there spins a dangerous whirlpool called the Swelkie. It was not always there, anymore than the sea was always salt; and thereby hangs an ancient tale. (Tale “The magic quern”, Orkneys)

Matthew Gilmour was a Glasgow man, middle of everything… age, height, colouring and income. (Scots tale “Ninian MacSkimming’s come-uppance”)

My grandfather, Andrew Coffey, was known to the whole barony as a quiet, decent man. An dif the whole barony knew him, he knew the whole barony, every inch, inch and dale, bog and pasture, field and covert. (Ireland)

Oh, he’s a rare clever fellow, is the Russet Dog, the Fox, I suppose you call him. Have you ever heard the way he gets rid of his fleas? (Tale “The Fox and the little Bonnach, West Highlands)

Katie Jack of the Black Isle was, for the most part, a well-tempered woman, but she had two staws at local men who in different ways got her dander up… a big-wig (…) and a small-wig, who thought he was a much bigger one. (Tale “The revenge of Katie Jack”, Scotland)

One fine day in harvest – it was indeed Layday in harvest, that everybody knows to be one of the greatest holidays in the year – Tom Fitzpatrick was taking a ramble… (Southern Ireland)

It was ever a matter of regret to Lady Stewart of Lorn that although she had three handsome daughters she had never given her husband a son and heir. (Tale “The Lordship of Lorn”, Scotland).

It was all of seven years since the Forty-five and the bruised establishment in the south had studded the Scottish Highlands with a network of forts, designed to pin down any further flutters of rebellion… (Tale “The debt collector’s retreat”, Scotland)

They were proud men in past days in the Highlands. And none prouder than the clan chiefs with eyes like eagles looking out from above the pinch-bridge of great beaks to the mountains and firths to the effete lowlands, and they were wary against invading authority. (Tale “The debt collector’s retreat, Scotland)

> O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
> Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
> And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
> He rode all unarm’d, and he rode all alone.

(Opening lines of ballad “Lochinvar”, by Sir Walter Scott)

This last instance is a somewhat controversial example of how genuine Celtic orality can be transformed to suit the literary exigencies of the Romantic movement.

2/ Closing formulae & suitable endings

And that was the last of him. Never was seen or heard of from that day to this one. (“Fairy Tales”, Fermanagh)

…and that’s the end of my story and all I’m going to tell you. (Tale “The King of Ireland’s son”, Galway)

So that’s the finishing of my story! (Tale “The soldier in the haunted house”, Kerry)

There now, you have the whole of it! (Tale “The castle’s treasure”, Ireland)

There now you have it as I got it, and if ye don’t like it add to it your complaints!” (Tale “Saint Patrick and Crom Dubh”)

There now is the story for you, from the first word to the last, as I heard it from my grandmother. (Irish tale “Paddy O’Kelly and the Weasel”)

“Tootle-oo to you,” she said. “But you’ll be seeing me again.” And the curlew fluted once more. (Compton Mackenzie, *Whisky Galore*)

It’s asleep he must have fallen, for when he awoke he lay on the hill-side under the open heavens, and his horse grazed at his side. (Tale “Andrew Coffey”, Ireland)

So O’Toole got the last of then property of the McAndrews, and there was nothing left for them but to go and beg. (Tale “The McAndrew family”, Ireland)

From that moment to his, the ancient quern has spun on, and if you would see the place where it lies under the water, still churning out salt which savours every pool from Cathay to the Atlantic, then you must venture out to the Orkney whirlpool called the Swelkie. If you dare! (Tale “The magic quern”, Orkneys, Scotland)

And so the Five Sisters of Kintail took the old man’s advice and have stood there ever since, always beautiful, always admired and always waiting. (Tale “The Darlings of Duich, West Highlands)

Away and away, till eye could see it no longer, and Connla and the Fairy Maiden went their way on the sea, and were no more seen, nor did any know where they came. (Tale “Connla and the Fairy Maiden”, Ireland)

I heard after that many a one saw what we saw. There is many an old person still about this country who minds it well. They will not forget it till the day they die. (Tale “Many a one saw what we saw”, Dublin)

But, come to think of it, it was maybe just as strange a thing to see a dugong in these cold Hebridean waters as to see a mermaid. (Tale “The sceptic and the Merwoman of Uist”, Hebrides)

They never came back. Maybe they got too fat, like the cattle. As for Donald O’Neary, he had cattle and sheep all his days to his heart’s content. (Tale “Hudden and Dudden and Donald O’Neary”, Ireland)

And do you know? They may be looking for it yet, while the land they left, stone-free, blows rich with golden corn, and lies peaceful, with quiet cattle grazing there. (Tale, "The wild men of Lochaber", West Highlands)

And remember this: never ask a cat a question. She might answer back. And, troth, if she did, it is seven years of cruel luck you will have brought on your shoulders. Aye, indeed. (Tale "Never ask a cat a question, Dublin)

So the doom of the priest was fulfilled – evil was his youth and evil was his fate, and sorrow and death found him at last, for the doom of the priest is as the word of God. (Tale "The doom", Galway)

"Och! och! 'twas I that was there, and the king is the child whose life I saved; and it is to you that life thanks should be given." Then they took great joy. (…) He returned home to his wife, and they set in order a feast; and that was a feast if ever there was one, oh son and brother! (Tale "Conall Yellow-claw", Scotland & Ireland)

To finish this sub-section, here are some similar instances, but in verse:-

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man, set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

(From an ancient pibroch – lament on the bag-pipes – belonging to Clan MacDonald, by Sir Walter Scott)

Listen, then, to my pibroch,
It tells the news and tells it well
Of slaughtered men
And forayed glen,
Campbell's banners and the victor's joy!

(End of ancient pibroch recording the Glencoe massacre)

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby, ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

(Closing lines of ancient ballad, Sir Walter Scott)

But ane and a' agreed tae this;
While perfect rock is perfect bliss,
And ringing axe is music sweet,
The simpler joys are hard tae beat.

(Hamish MacInnes, *Call-out*)

3/ Hiberno-English forms

God save all here! (form of greeting, when entering a room, for example)

It’s the great traveller you are! Maybe you’ve learnt something on the road? (typical inversion built around ‘is it’, or ‘it’s’, together with 2nd and 3rd person singular)

It’s at church you ought to be this day, instead of working here at home.

Andrew Coffey, it’s burning me you are! Andre Coffey, it’s the death of me you’ll be!

Is it going to burn me out you are?

Is it fearing I won’t pay you, you are?

Is it fighting you’ve been?

Oh, Conall, is it you that are here?

That happened for a fact. (very widespread, especially in Ulster)

That’s a fact!

Well, if there’s any gold to be got, it’s under the castle it is.

She’s a warrior right enough. I mind fine when she first came to the island from Mull. (mind = remember)

Do ye mind the time yer father spoke ugly to her down by the cross-roads?

I mind the time I was in the cancer hospital in Manchester.

I am after breaking my heart riding this ass of a horse. (‘after’ + gerund)

You’re after having had quite a few drams, George!

You’re after forgetting about summer time.

Now what would ye be after charging me for a sizeable piece? (use of conditional, to mark diffidence)

There’d be no chance that you’d be a young man looking for work?

Which Macroon would you be wanting?

Well, I was coming along the road convenient to Drumargy lane. And I seen this light. (abuse of Past tense)

Follow your hand, I’ll not meddle with you from this out. (= from now on)

I’m told the Minister has a terrible cold on him. (to have + on)

What’s the trouble that’s on you now?

How do you know but that I might not be in the grave before you? (use of 'but that' to express remote possibility)

Heardst thou ever the like? (archaism)

Oh, the breaking of the dog's foot on you!

By the holy crows, we must celebrate the *rèitach* (betrothal) in style!

Level your pistols and make smithereens of 'em!

It's not the real Mackay! *A dhuine, dhuine* (O man, man), still, it's better than Joseph's ginger- ale…

Ach, man, it's very noticeable to us in Inverness the queer way the English speak their own language!

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4/ Markers in oral tales: Ayt Warayn dialect

The markers in question used by tale-tellers, consist of various formulae, often redolent with repetition, performing specific functions or creating the required atmosphere in oral narratives. The following markers are taken from different oral prose items collected by the present writer in the Arabic-tainted Berber dialect as spoken in the Ayt Warayn area in the 1980s: chiefly from tales *bu tilettet* and *ɛemmi lmerrakši*, together with two accounts of resistance to colonial penetration.[1]

► Opening formulae

In stark contrast with the present period, these enable the narrator simultaneously to start his story and introduce his audience to the land of make-believe.

ttuġ zzman, ttuġ lhal, alziy illa lxir ečč ušwan
ad ilint tišbaš nnex yint ilfan
(Long ago in a time of plenty when you could eat your fill,
When our reserves of fat were the size of wild boars…)

inn aš: yufa lhal iğ uterraf ġers išt n tmeṭṭut
(There was, once upon a time, so they say, a cobbler who had a wife…)

► Temporal markers

These formulae either situate an event at a specific period of time, or mark a certain period that elapsed between one event and another.

x luwwel qqaɛ yufa nneġ lhal di lweqt nn nzdeġ dg 3yn lhelluf
(In those early days it so happened that all of us were encamped at Aïn Hallouf.)

iwa, neqqim din, a sidi, ur as ttiniġ, d aseggwas ula d ɛamayn…
(Well sir, I can’t tell you how long we stayed there, perhaps a year or two…)

bhal lila, bhal ġedda, bhal hedd lɛam hedd, lɛam lahur.
(Like today, like tomorrow, like this year, like next year.)

iwa ya sidi, sawaln men henna lhenna, men henna lhenna, men henna lhenna, alziy as inna wxennus…
(Well, sir, they discussed about this and that, this and that, this and that, until the young man said…)

irah yiṭ idwel
(Night went by, then came another night)

zri ya hal, dwel d ya hal!
(Go away, O time, come back, O time!)

This last is a widely-used oral device to denote the passage of time – anything up to several years, for instance.

► Spatio-temporal markers

These formulae are generally used in picaresque situations where the protagonist indulges in protracted wanderings.

henna, henna, henna, henna, iffeġ tamurt, iffeġ tamurt, iffeġ tamurt…
(He rode thus for a long, long time and left the country, left the country…)

ittatf tamurt, itteffeġ tamurt, ittatf tamurt, iteffeġ tamurt, immiraw aked išt n tmeṭṭut…
(He crossed one country, then another, then yet another until he met this woman…)

trah, tamurt tmeɛn itt, tamurt tarżem as…
(She departed, one country absorbed her, another country released her…)

► Boundary markers

These usually announce a fresh narrative cell, heralding some significant action. The form *ikker* (lit. ‘he got up’) is a favourite.

ikker iǧ uryaz iwi sin tsednan
(There was this man who married two women...)

iǧ wass tekker lgirra isiwl lbarud
(One day war began and the guns spoke)

ikker iffeġ wenn ġa iffeġ i wenn ġa itsall
(Then came out the person whom he was destined to question)
tekker mann ġa tiy mann ur tegg, many ġa tiy mann ur tegg?
(So, what was she going to do, what was she not going to do?)

ggur itsall, iggur itsall, iggur itsall ġassa lzga isall iǧ uryaz
(He went on questioning people, he went on questioning people, until he met a certain man)

iwa, fiɛlen, ikker netta, ikker ġr uyyis, iserž uyyis, inya x uyyis, ired ihrawn ns, x tneɛš g iṭ indeh, irah…
(Well, actually, he got up and went to his horse, saddled it, straddled it, slipped on his clothes, led it off by the bridle on the stroke of midnight and moved off…

futen d lweqt nn aked sbah…
(By that time it was morning…)

► Recapitulation

a memmi, neččni ha mism iyi irsar, ha mism iyi itsar…
(O my son, this is what happened to me, this is what happened to me…)

ur neǧǧi mani wr nsall, mani wr nšuš
(In our search we left no avenue unexplored, no stone unturned)

► Rhetorical devices

maynn ittegen nettan ɛemmi lmerrakši?
(So what d'you think he did, our uncle from Marrakesh?)

trah d nettat išt n temġart, man tegg?
(An old woman came by, what was she doing?)

nzgi d tiweṭ ɛemmti tufit id meṭlan, tzrit maynn tiya?
(When my aunt arrived her husband had already been buried, d'you know what she did?)

nitni sersen lqašli, haten tin ha!
(They were setting up outposts, there's one of them, up there!)

iwa sidi, nnhar tali, mayn asn ifellesn lqadiya?
(Well sir, in the final analysis, what ruined their hopes?

► Descriptive devices

ay yin lbarud žar asen, txelleq lmut aggin ad, txelleq lmut aggin nneġ…
(They fought a battle, death struck on their side, death struck on our side…)

iwa, txelleq lmut dag nneġ ass x umas d dag sen…
(Well, death struck in our ranks, in their ranks…)

iwa, merra reżn anneġ, merra nerż iten.
(Well, sometimes they inflicted losses on us, sometimes we inflicted losses on them.)

wenn ġa ymmutn immut, wenn ġa ytertetsen iterts…
(he who was fated to die had died, he who was fated to suffer wounds had been wounded…)

wenn immutn immut, wenn rwellen irwel…
(The dead ones were dead, the fugitives had run away...)

behra iffeġ inn as uderrab: "ax aš!"
(As soon as he came out a rifleman shot him)[2]

tfušt wass nn ixelleqn lbarud di bu ɛedli.
(That day, by the light of the sun, was fought the battle of Bou Aadli.)

ur ġer niufi lhal ġir lbaɛt iferdiyin.
(In those days we hasd but few modern weapons.)

► Name taboo

If you mentioned the word 'monkey', 'Jew', or 'dog', you were supposed to apologize top the audience. Example:-

sir a teččet aked iytan, haša lɛabad!
(Go and eat with the dogs, if you'll excuse my saying so!)

► Personal touch

lmuhimm, ad aš nniġ mams tsar…
(In a word, I'll tell you how it happened…)

tura aseggwas nn suleġ ɛqleġ, tella d amzwar unebdu, illa da lheč, lheč iqteɛ abrid…
(Now I remember the time of year, it was early summer and the track was overgrown with grass…)

ithedden lqadiya, tura, at t tsellemt, ad awn ɛawdġ…
(Things calmed down, and now, listen, I'll tell you about it…)

► Closing formulae

aha temda thažit inw ul amdan irden t temzin ula nečč it d amssas!
(And now my tale is told but wheat and barely are still plentiful and never shall we eat without salt!)

iwa safi, immut wawal!
Well, that's all, there's nothing else to say!

To conclude, there is a remarkable consistency in the way these assorted devices and formulae, contributing to give this genre its specific flavour and making it all the more attractive to the audience, are used throughout the corpus of oral tales we collected in the Ayt Wayrayn area. The efficiency of each tale as a successful exercise in oral performance hinges upon their correct and proper use by the tale-teller.

NOTES

1 Material taken from the following sources, all by M. Peyron:- "Réhabilitation d'une mere calomniée et injustement punie; conte berbère dans le parler warayni des Ighezrane", *Littérature Orale Arabo-Berbère* 18 (1987): 65-86; "Une version berbère d'un conte de 1001 Nuits: ɛemmi lmerrakši, *Langues & Littératures*, Fac. des Lettres, Rabat, XI (1993) : 99-110; "La saga des Aït Bou Slama", *Études & Dovcuments Berbères*, 14 (1996) : 75-95 ; *Women as Brave as Men : Berber heroines of the Moroccan Middle Atlas*, Al-Akhawayn University in Ifrane, 2003.
2 Lit. said to him/rifleman/take/that.
3 Lit. fighting/was/drinking/(all).

5) General considerations regarding the passage from orality to literacy

Introduction

Students of oral literature should not allow themselves to be discouraged by suggestions that folk-lore is fake lore.[1] This stems from a snotty attitude vis-à-vis oral tradition, rather like equating country folk with "country bumpkins". Rather, modern literate man should regret that the marvellous faculty of memorisation or oral retention of a rich heritage, has, with time, become atrophied because of the overriding need to acquire full literacy.[2]

One of the chief characteristics of an oral tale is its changing silhouette. While remaining, to all intents and purposes, a faithful copy of the original, oral discourse is often considered to indulge in "weaving and stitching",[3] so that the numerous re-tellings result in embellishments and modifications; it "gets changed, shaped, altered by omissions; overloaded with additions, and embroidered with detail as it is handed along from generation to generation and from place to place."[4] This has happened to texts at various times and to varying degrees throughout the history of oral transmission, till they were at last enshrined in writing. There are instances, however, of oral transmission hardly altering with time, as in the case of Middle Atlas Berber tale "Ali Woullouban", of which this writer has found a version, collected by Arsène Roux in the late 1920s, which bears a 90% resemblance to a later version gathered in the 1995. Thus, after 70 years had a tale undergone little or no transformation.[5] In the end, of course, this material gets recorded in writing, this being the last stage of the passage to literacy.

Chains of transmission

The transition from orality to literacy, however, is usually a lengthy, protracted process. This is certainly the case with early heroic tales such as "Gilgamesh" and "Beowulf". The former, probably the world's most ancient epic, after existing in purely oral form, was composed on clay tablets in the Sumerian age and then vanished from sight, only reappearing in the 20th century thanks to the archaeological endeavours of Campbell Thomson and Samuel Kramer.[6] The latter, typical of the dragon-slaying theme, though the hero ultimately passes away, is "the first large poem in English to survive this transplanting from an oral to a literary mode",[7] and probably started life in oral form among 5th or 6th century Anglo-Saxons prior to their invasion of the British Isles, although the events it describes take place in southern Scandinavia..

Other attempts to ennoble oral literature have resulted in some stirring stuff. There immediately comes to mind the controversial manner in which, in the second half of the 18th century, James MacPherson re-visited the Ossian (Oisin) epic, the roots of which go back to the legends of Fionn MacCool in the pre-Christian days of Hibernia.[8] Admittedly, MacPherson took such liberties with the original material, dressing it up with all the fine phrases and miscellaneous devices of the Romantic Period that he has been branded a forger by certain critics. His merit, however, lies in making these texts available to so many scholars of the period ; "*le cycle de Finn, ou des Fenians, exploité et défiguré par McPherson, allait devenir le livre de chevet des grands romantiques. Par là, la tradition des anciens bardes rejoignait quand même Châteaubriand.*"[9] In this context, the way Fitzgerald translated and adapted the quatrains of Omar Khayyam according to the canons of contemporary English poetry provides a striking parallel.[10]

A similar process had no doubt occurred at a much earlier period to the oral material that was later arranged into the *Iliad* and *Odyssey,* with some 500 years elapsing between the original recitals of heroic poems and their eventual stitching together into overall epics. "The entire language of the Homeric poems (was) not an overlaying of several texts but a language generated over the years by epic poets using old set expressions which they preserved and/or reworked largely for metrical purposes."[11]

In the course of time and in a classic case of oral diffusion, the Homeric material travelled north-eastwards, surfacing in Ulster around the 1st century AD as the "Cattle-raid of Cooley" (*Táin Bó Cualnge*), often referred to as the "*Iliad* of the Gael".[12] Hardly less praiseworthy, though essentially local in inspiration and initially oral in form, are the Icelandic sagas of the early Middle Ages, which tell of a harsh, simple, feud-ridden life in that sub-Arctic land peopled by Norwegian and Irish immigrants.[13]

The "matter of Britain"

Strangely enough, of all those who have played a significant role at the cross-roads between orality and literacy, none are more deserving than the bards of Wales, Cornwall and Brittany, who, during the Dark Ages (*circa* 500-750 AD) and well beyond, were able to maintain in circulation a corpus of oral tales, a curious mix of "myth, folklore, history and pseudo-history of Celtic Britain (…) creating a dreamlike atmosphere by telescoping Saxon- and Norman-dominated present into misty Celtic past of has been and never was."[14] This material, common to the Welsh and Bretons, known to scholars as *la matière de Bretagne*, broadcast far and wide through medieval France by Breton minstrels,[15] retold and embellished by Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth in his mythological *History of the Kings of Britain*, was to nurture the Arthurian epic which, after formal treatment at the hands of Chrétien de Troyes,[16] finally took shape in written form in England and Wales during the 12th century. The legends of King Arthur eventually acquired the proportions of a national myth, with the emphasis on chivalrous values of bravery, steadfastness, purity and succouring the weak that (strangely) was to serve as an ideal for the English during the Hundred Years' War, whereas they had their origins in an obscure Celtic past.[17] Here it must be repeated that certain famous episodes of this cycle, such as the deeply romantic “Tristan and Isolde” and the all-encompassing Grail legend, undoubtedly have partly Welsh origins – respectively “How Trystan won Esyllt”[18] and “Peredur son of Evrag”.[19] However, other Welsh tales (and some Irish ones for that matter), can be traced back to Greece, attesting to ancient trade-links between the Celts and the Mediterranean region.[20]

Christian/Muslim interaction

Simultaneously, their French opponents derived equal chivalric and spiritual inspiration from a *matière de France*, including the “Song of Roland”,[21] “Huon of Bordeaux”, “Ogier the Dane”, and many other Frankish legends, initially attributed to Bishop Turpin, but elaborated some two centuries later, usually focussing on earlier heroic battles against the Saracens in Spain, and surrounding an idealised Charlemagne.[22] These famous *chansons de geste*, of course, were part of a plan to uplift the mind of crude, loutish knights away from plunder and rape, urging them rather to succour damsels in distress, which philosophy would later help bolster them during their ill-fated crusades in the Holy Land.

Likewise, as a result of Christian and Muslim being at each others’ throats for so long, a rival, oral-derived literature had sprouted on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. This time, however, the villain of the piece is the Christian, as in “Sidna Aelqman” and the “Poem of the *Y*oung Camel” (*ahellel n-ubaɛr*, in Tamazight), of which the present writer has both Arabic and Berber versions in his possession. Interestingly, in the former, the elderly warrior Aelqman is the exact counter-part of Charlemagne. Just as the Frankish monarch marries Bramidoine, widow of Marsile, the defeated Moorish king of Saragossa at the close of the *Chanson de Roland*,[23] so does Aelqman take for bride the Christian Shoumisha, whose husband he has just killed in single combat.[24]

Such situations are merely symptomatic of exchange between cultures, which, when it does not occur at sword-point, allows a considerable fund of oral lore to change hands. This undoubtedly occurred through the medium of Muslim Spain, whose Jewish and Moorish musicians used to visit regularly what is now south-west France. The *Fin’ Amor* tradition of Provence, which is no doubt largely native in inspiration, also owes much to Moorish love poetry with its insistence on courteous treatment of damsels, and/or to the influence of Plato and Ibn-Rochd.[25] Some of this would have arrived from the Maghrib, many Imazighen having settled in Spain, given that the survival to this very day of Berber courtly love, at any rate in Morocco, and in oral form, has been amply documented.[26] Much of this, also, came from the east (Baghdad), via al-Andalus, where this poetic material was being imitated.[27]

Who saved classical learning from oblivion?

At this point, it appears relevant to raise a parallel problem. Among both Oriental and Western academics[28] there is a certain school of thought which contends that, had it not been for the Arabs, who translated the material, the sum total of Latin and Greek thought would never have reached the west, before and at the time of the Renaissance. Now, to the present writer, this statement appears too sweepingly categorical to be taken at face value.

That Europe is indebted to those Arab scholars, who took the trouble to read Plato, Aristotle and other Greek philosophers, for the translations that were thus made available, there is little doubt. To claim, however, that following the barbarian invasions of Europe nothing had been saved of the rich classical heritage of Ancient Greece and Rome is to downplay, nay, to ignore completely, the contribution of Irish bards and monks. This is a comparatively little-known phenomenon. Towards the end of the Roman empire, with barbarians knocking at the gates, there occurred a forced emigration of Gaulish scholars to Ireland. They brought with them "a learning that was still to the full extent the best tradition of scholarship in Latin Grammar, Oratory and Poetry, together with a certain knowledge of Greek – in fact the full classical lore of the 4th century."[29] They found in the Emerald Isle a challenging state of intellectual ferment with "traditional oral schools"[30] that continued to flourish side-by-side with monasteries whose Irish monks, also products of the native oral learning, but fluent in Latin, were committing to writing important oral works, and painstakingly copying in long-hand the bible and great philosophical works, for they were among the few left in Europe also to have a command of Greek. Thanks to this injection of knowledge and unbridled intellectual activity, Ireland became a sanctuary of arts and letters that allowed of a fusion of classical and vernacular literature, unique in Europe, that produced some priceless master-pieces, such as the beautifully illuminated *Book of Kells*, and was ultimately to have lasting effects on the British Isles in general and English literature in particular, in terms of enrichment, freshness, inspiration and refinement of thought. This "Golden Age" of enlightenment and literature was to last some 400 years, with the benefits of this learning broadcast far and wide, throughout England and Europe by generous Irish scholars. This continued until the 9th century, when it was unfortunately snuffed out by the Viking invasions of, mostly from Norway which is referred to in oral tradition as "Lochlann",[31] when many monasteries were sacked by Norse raiders, although some of the written material and nearly all the oral material has survived. Thus to claim that the Arabs alone saved classical learning for the west falls short of the truth; in fact, a recent book by Thomas Cahill provides convincing evidence of a somewhat different version – *How the Irish saved Civilization*.[32]

Motifs of oral tradition: anathema to the literary process

Before committing an oral text to writing, let us see what we are losing. We are expected, for the sake of *belles lettres*, to throw overboard the very devices that characterise orality, and constitute its strength, such as tedious repetitions, redundancy. "In oral delivery, though a pause may be effective, hesitation is always disabling. Hence it is better to repeat something, artfully if possible, rather than simply stop speaking while fishing for the next idea."[33]

In order to stay focussed and maintain momentum and rhythm, it is also helpful to move one's arm or body, as does the Kirghiz bard reciting an epic poem belonging to the genre known as *manas*.

Oral cultures grant relative attention to plants and animals, but only to those that are useful; the rest are catalogued as "unimportant generalised background".[34] Hence for Moroccan Atlas Berbers, the term *agdid n-waman* ('water bird') will apply just as well to a Sandpiper as to a Dipper; when showed photos of the Great Spotted and Green Woodpecker, a Berber who lived at the foot of a cedar-covered hill was unable to give this writer separate names for the two birds. This shying away from precise data is fairly typical of people in a region of massive residual orality, whereas cut-and-dried definitions are precisely one of the hallmarks of literacy.

Metamorphosis, also referred to as transmigration or shape-shifting, is present in most tales of witch-craft and magic in the Maghrib and Celtic regions.[35] As is the notion of the life-token, such as a loving plant springing from the lovers' grave, a widespread motif with examples in Deirdre (Ireland), *kan ya makan* (Morocco), etc.[36]

Another typical trait is the name taboo.[37] This involves addressing people in a certain way, especially formidable characters such as giants and ogres; in Berber tales, for example, flattery is of the essence. Also you should greet an ogre before he greets you; otherwise he will be entitled to devour you on the spot…

All this is based on the memory, a faculty that oral persons keep alive through constant exercise. However, the moment they embark on the road to literacy, they begin to lose their previous skill, for writing destroys the memory as it precludes need for memorisation.

From the above we may infer that both orality and literacy contain inherent yet totally incompatible skills. What we consider today as literacy, perceived as a cause for pride in the modern world, is the end-result of a long-drawn-out process with continual interplay between the spoken and written word. While deriving satisfaction from the state of literacy, we should never look down on those who still thrive in an oral society. We should envy them for their skill at memorisation and recital, allowing as it does so many gems of orality to survive.

Michael PEYRON

NOTES

1 K.M. Briggs, *A Sampler of British Folk-tales* (1977), p.3.
2 S. Marshall, *English Folk-tales* (1981), p.11.
3 J. Ong, *Orality & Literacy* (1982), p.13.
4 S. Marshall, *op. cit*., p.25.
5 Cf. Roux archive, file 56.3.5., *H. Stroomer & M. Peyron, Catalogue des archives berbères* du « *Fonds Arsène Roux* », Köln : Rüdiger Köppe Verlag, (2003), p.60.
6 N.K. Sandars (ed.), *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, Harmondsworth: Penguin's (1985); cf. also Y. Blanc, *Enquête sur la mort de Gilgamesh*, Paris : Éds. du Félin (1991).
7 M. Alexander (ed.), *Beowulf*, Harmondsworth: Penguin's (1986); cf. also H.A. Guerber, *Middle Ages: myths & legends*, London: Senate (1994), pp.1-17.
8 J. Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales* (1962), p.244; J. Markale, *Les Celtes et la civilisation celtique*, Paris: Payot (1981), p.191; T.V. Rolleston, *The illustrated guide to Celtic Mythology*, London: BCA (1993), pp.75-89.
9 J. Markale, *op.cit*., (1981), p.192.
10 C. Grolleau, *Les Quatrains d'Omar Khayyam*, Paris: Ivrea (1996), pp.22-23.
11 J. Ong, *op. cit.*, p.19.
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13 The best-known of these Icelandic hero-tales are "Egil's Saga", "Njall's Saga", "Laxdaela Saga", and "The Saga of Grettir the Strong"; all are available in Penguin's paper-back.
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15 Y. Brekilien, *La Mythologie celtique*, Marabout université (1981); G. Jones, *Welsh Legends & Folk-Tales*, OUP: Puffin's (1982); J. Markale, *L'Épopée celtique en Bretagne*, Paris: Payot (1982); R. Barber, *The Arthurian Legends*, Woodbridge & Rochester (NY): The Boydell Press (1991), p.45.
16 A. Hoog (ed.), *Perceval ou le Roman du Graal*, Paris : Gallimard (1974); J.-P. Foucher (ed.), *Romans de la Table Ronde*, Paris : Gallimard (1975); Chrétien de Troyes, *Arthurian Romances*, (trans. D.D.R. Owen), London & Melbourne: Everyman (1987).
17 Cf. P.M. Matarasso, *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, Harmondsworth: Penguin's (1975) & J. Cable, *The Death of King Arthur*, Harmondsworth: Penguin's (1982); J. Markale, *Le Graal*, Alençon: Retz-Poche (1989); A. Hopkins, *The Chronicles of King Arthur*, London: BCA (1993); M. Godwin, *The Holy Grail: its origins, secrets, & meaning revealed*, London: BCA (1994).
18 G. Jones, *op. cit*., p.134-137.

19 J. Gantz, *op. cit.*, pp.217-257; J. Markale, *op. cit.* (1982), pp.182-210.

20 In particular "How Kulwhch won Olwen", which is an embellished Welsh re-telling of "Jason & the Golden Fleece" and also one of the distant sources of the Grail lengend; G. Jones, *op. cit.* pp.85-133; J. Gantz, *op cit.*, pp.134-176; J. Markale, op. cit. (1985), pp.137-151; T.W. Rolleston, *op. cit.*,122-125. The fabled Brendan voyage is no doubt inspired by Odysseus and his wanderings after the fall of Troy; cf. G.O. Simms, *Brendan the Navigator*, Dublin: O'Brien Press (1989).

21 J. Bédier, *La Chanson de Roland*, Paris : Union Générale d'Éditions (1982).

22 T. Bulfinch, *Mythology*, N.Y.: The Modern Library (1863), pp.595-778; H.A. Guerber, *op. cit.*, pp.162-240.

23 J. Bedier, *op. cit.*, p.331.

24 For a Tamazight version, cf. A. Roux, *Proverbes, contes & légendes des Beni Mtir*, Rabat, 1942.

25 R. Nelli, *Troubadours & trouvères*, Paris : Hachette (1979), pp.15 & 27.

26 M. Peyron, 1° *Isaffen Ghbanin/ Rivières profondes*, Casablanca: Wallada (1993); 2° "Further research on *timawayin* from Central Morocco", *The Journal of North African Studies*, vol.2, n°1, (summer 1997) pp.72-80.

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28 Among these are De Lacy O'Leary, *How Greek Science passed to the Arabs*, available on:-
http://www.amazon.com/How-Greek-Science-Passed-Arabs/dp/818750245
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30 T.G.E. Powell, *The Celts*, N.Y.: Praeger (1958), p.61.

31 Cf. story "The High King of Lochlann and the Fenians of Erin", in H. Glassie, *Irish Folk-Tales*, Harmondsworth: Penguin's (1987), pp.245-255.

32 T. Cahill, *How the Irish Saved Civilization: The Untold Story of Ireland's Heroic Role from the Fall of Rome to Medieval Europe*, N.Y.: Nan A. Talese/Doubleday (2005); cf. http://allaboutirish.com/library/bookrev/rev-saved.htm

33 J. Ong, *op. cit.*, p.40.

34 *Ibid.*, p.52.

35 Wimberly, *op. cit.*, p.34

36 *Ibid.*, pp.42-43.

37 *Ibid.*, p.88. For example, among the Imazighen, it is unsuitable to mention the word *uššen* ('jackal') in the morning; you should say *war iberdan* (lit. 'he who has no paths').

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