Shaping idealisms : studies in Middle English romances and the literature of the Medieval Revival

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‘Towards National Identity. Literary Manipulation in the Arthurian Section of Layamon’s *Brut*’, in: *Amsterdamer Beiträge zur Älteren Germanistik* 48 (1997), special issue: Ludo Jongen and Sjaak Onderdelinden (eds.), *“Der muoz mir süezer worte jehen”. Liber Amicorum für Norbert Voorwinden*, pp. 19-30.

TOWARDS NATIONAL IDENTITY
Literary Manipulation in the Arthurian Section of Layamon's Brut

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Layamon (Laȝamon, Lawman) wrote his vernacular verse chronicle, the *Brut*, in the last decade of the 12th century. Almost one third of the work (5067 lines out of a total of 16095) was devoted tot he story of King Arthur. Layamon's English chronicle was a 'translation' of a somewhat earlier, also vernacular verse chronicle, Wace's French *Roman de Brut* of 1151, itself a 'translation' of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin prose chronicle of ca. 1135, *Historia Regum Britanniae*.[1] Although all this seems to suggest a distinctly literary tradition, I should like to contend in this paper that Layamon's manipulations of his material and his style in selected details belong to the repertoire of the oral tradition rather than to the learned literary style. As in the later Middle English romances, the apparent literariness of this text is achieved by devices going back directly to essentially oral conventions. It is, in that sense, a transitional text, as many of the later Middle English romances also are. The images and symbolic aspects in these texts have that characteristic blatancy, and even the tendency to reductive generalization, that can only be properly understood from the point of view of the immediate impact that such images and symbolic allusions must have in oral story-telling if their pattern and significance is to come across at all to listening groups of diverse composition. That tendency does not only result in images and symbolic techniques of an oral nature, but also to a preference for drawing on the conventional stock of oral imagery.

It is from that angle that I should like to discuss some representative episodes in the Arthurian part of Layamon's *Brut*. A lot more could be said about Layamon's literary and rhetorical manipulations of his audience, some of which are overt, some quite subtle. Most attention is usually given to the strikingly rich similes which are very carefully placed and patterned in particular episodes. W.R.J. Barron noticed that these extended similes tend to be crowded together in the episode of the domestic wars against the Anglo-Saxon invaders.[2] The best-known example is the string of animal images in ll. 10608-52, in which King Arthur is likened to a wild boar, a lion, a wild wolf, pitted against the Saxons who are likened to pigs, goats, the famous steel fishes (of their dead bodies in the river Avon), and hunters in flight from their own

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[1] J. Burke Severs (ed.), *A Manual of the Writings in Middle English 1050-1500*, New Haven (Connecticut): The Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, 1967, 39-43.

[2] W. R. J. Barron, *English Medieval Romance*, London: Longman, 1987, 135.

quarry.[3]

On the more subtle level there is the very carefully manipulated *structure* of the Arthurian part of the *Brut*: a division of the story into three major parts, marked by the Wedding to Wenhaver at the end of the first part, and the Second Crown-wearing feast in Caerleon at the end of the second. Each of these three parts does not only have different enemies: the Saxons and domestic rebels in part one, the northern kingdoms and France in part two, the Romans in part three (and the transition from Germanic to Romance opponents falls exactly in the middle of the whole Arthurian story as it is told here), but also a different spirit and approach in each part. In the first part King Arthur's generosity and honour are offset against the perfidiousness of the Anglo-Saxons and the rebels at home. In the second part, the wars of expansion, King Arthur's power is central, with emphasis on his idealistic type of kingship. In the third part, the war against the Romans, the emphasis shifts to individual qualities. The narrative consists of a series of adventures of individual heroes: first King Arthur himself, against the giant of Mt St Michel (ll. 12082ff.). then Gawain (ll. 13118ff.), Beof of Oxford (ll. 13255ff.), Cador (ll. 13407ff.), and King Guitard of Poitou (ll. 13486ff.), leading up to the decisive battle against the emperor Lucius, which also contains more description of individual actions than the battles in the earlier parts. Then, at the end of part three, the success-story is broken off by Fate. At this point King Arthur, apparently, embodies all the forces that caused the Fall of the Roman Empire, but Fate does not allow him to remain to boast or profit from it afterwards. The story of Mordred's treachery in Britain and King Arthur's tragic end is added as something like a *coda* to the whole structure. Its beginning is marked by the second dream. The theme of treachery is picked up again from part one: Mordred is said to ally himself with the Saxons again, traitors like himself. In a chronicle concerned with British/English national identity, this is a clear propagandist manipulation, it seems to me.

The general claim that Layamon is manipulating the chronicle-material into something approaching a national epic is, perhaps, served best by taking a closer look at a few smaller details. W.R.J. Barron posited already in 1980 that the nationalistic and dynastic element in Layamon had been derived from Geoffrey of Monmouth's unifying thread, but was given thematic significance by Layamon's own emphases. He further claimed that, although Layamon was writing *pastiche*, he was giving his version of Arthurian literature the earnest, and the moral

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[3] The Modern English translation used here is *Lawman: Brut*, trsl. Rosamund Allen, Everyman's Library, London: Dent, 1992. Original quotations are taken from *Laȝamon: Brut, edited from British Museum MS. Cotton Caligula A.IX and British Museum MS. Cotton Otho C. XIII*, eds. G. L. Brook & R. F. Leslie, Vol. II: text (ll. 8021-end), Early English Text Society 277, Oxford University Press, 1978.

concern, of a national epic.[4] I should like to select three scenes to illustrate how such manipulations work, each very different from the other.

My first demonstration is from a scene in part one, from the campaign against the Scottish collaborators, after the defeat of the Saxons, and before the conquests of the surrounding countries (ll. 10800-11020), specifically Layamon's descriptions of the Scottish lakes. This scene of the lakes is one that Layamon took over from Wace and from Geoffrey of Monmouth, who may have derived it, as Rosamund Allen points out, from *The Marvels of Britain* attributed to Nennius.[5] But the details have been manipulated by Layamon: he even transposes the third lake from its original position in Monmouth's *Historia* in Wales to Scotland. In Layamon's retelling the scene runs as follows:[6]

> This is an uncanny mere set upon middle earth,
> With marshland and reeds and the water is very broad,
> With fish and with water-fowl, with fiendish creatures!
> The water cannot be measured; vast sea-monsters swim round within it;
> There are elvish creatures playing in the terrible pool;
> There are sixty island stretching down the long water:
> On each of the islands is a rock both high and strong
> Where eagles make their nests and other huge birds;
> The eagles have a certain custom in the reign of every king
> Whenever any invading force comes flocking to the country:
> Then all of the birds fly far up into the air,
> Many hundred thousands of them and create a huge contention;
> Then the people know without doubt that a great trial is to come to them
> From some kind of people who propose to visit that land.
> For two or three days this sign occurs in this way
> Until unknown men journey to that land.
> There is still one more marvel to mention concerning that water:
> There flow into that mere on many a side
> From dales and from downlands and from deep valleys
> Sixty different streams, all gathered together,
> Yet out of that mere no man has ever found one
> Which flows outwards there, except at one end
> A normal sized brook which discharges from the mere
> And trickles very tranquilly down to the sea.
> (ll. 10848-71)

And after an interruption, when the King of Ireland comes to the Scots'

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[4] W.R.J. Barron, 'Arthurian Romance: Traces of an English Tradition', *English Studies*, 1980, 2-23; the points are made on pp. 6 and 8.

[5] *Lawman: Brut*, trsl. Rosamund Allen, 447.

[6] *Lawman: Brut*, trsl. Rosamund Allen, 278-82.

rescue but is defeated by Arthur and Howel, the latter return to the lake where the Scots still lie, hiding themselves and perishing, until priests, monks, and the women beg Arthur's mercy and achieve peace. Then Arthur turns his and Howel's attention to the lake again:

Then Arthur called out, most admired of kings:
'Howel, my own cousin, the man I love the most,
Listen to my words, about a most famous marvel
Which to you I will recount by my own true account:
At this mere's end where this water leaves
Is a little tiny pool which people wonder at:
It is in its length sixty-four handbreadths,
Measured in its width it is twenty-five feet;
It is but five feet deep; it was dug out by elves;
It possesses four corners and there are four kinds of fish in it,
And each fish is in its area, where it finds its species,
Nor can any reach the others except for those which match its type;
No man was ever created who was in any skills so far advanced,
No matter how long he might live, who might ever understand
What it is that stops one fish from floating off to the others
Since there is nothing between except just pure water.'
Then Arthur, most admired king, once again continued:
'Howel, at the limit of this land, close to the sea shore,
Is a loch extremely vast; its waters are unpleasant,
And when the sea is surging as if madly raging
And spills over into the loch in huge quantities,
Even so there is no more water added in the mere:
But when the sea gushes out, and the earth shines with moisture,
And it's gone back in, into its former gulf,
Then the mere swells up and the waves grow dusky,
Waves are spilling out there, enormously huge ones,
Flowing out on the land so people instantly get fearful;
If any man comes by there not knowing anything about it,
To see the strange sight beside the sea shore,
If he turns his face towards the mere there,
No matter how low born he is, he'll be very well protected,
The water will slip by him and the man will stay there gently,
According to his desire he remains there very quiet,
So he's not any way damaged by he action of the water.'
(ll. 10969-11002)

About the reasons for the interpolation of this travel brochure material, or rather these bits of folklore, there has been a considerable amount of speculation. The fact that Loch Lomond, the first lake, has been placed 'mid fenne' (MSS Caligula and Otho, l. 10849: 'in a fenland'), and the specific mention of 'nikeres' (MSS Caligula and Otho, l. 10851: 'sea-monsters'), have been interpreted by Dorothy Everett and Roger

Sherman Loomis as possibly intertextual echoes of Grendel's mere in *Beowulf*.[7] That would bring into the picture the traditional epic hero's descent into the Underworld, whereby King Arthur's status would be enhanced to that of an epic hero. The approach to the Underworld, both in Germanic and in Celtic heroic literature, is through water. That is an attractive enough suggestion, I think, even if Arthur does not actually penetrate this marvellous world, unlike the Germanic hero Beowulf or a number of Irish heroes.[8]

W.R.J. Barron preferred to see these lakes as 'realistic' details, which, in his view, serve the national-epic Englishness of the narrative.[9] Again, an attractive suggestion. Yet, it has always struck me as typical that in texts like these there is never any real differentiation between danger and evil. The uncanny always spells both, without distinction. Nothing is ever just dangerous, all opposition is always evil as well. So I tend to be suspicious of any 'gratuitous' inclusions of uncanny details. Angus Fletcher also reminds us, quite convincingly, that fairy-lore and many 'magical' details in medieval literature derive from demonology rather than from diluted echoes of a possible mythological origin.[10] And since Rosamund Allen also finds parallels between those lakes and homiletic material: the *Visio Pauli* and the *St Michael's Mass* from the Blickling Homilies, and the *St Patrick's Purgatory* from the *South-English Legendary*, I think there is reason to assume that this folkloristic material could very well have served an emblematic, very nearly allegorical purpose.[11] The eagles of Loch Lomond may very well represent the Pictish and Scottish war-leaders brawling among themselves and calling foreign invasion down upon themselves. The many streams filling the lake riotously and the single stream flowing calmly down to the sea may symbolize the benefits of a united Scotland under King Arthur. The four kinds of fishes sharing one tiny pool at the mere's end (ll. 10973-74) without intermingling, an early manifestation of *apartheid*, is so beyond comprehension that, as an emblem, it might justify the attempt to bring different nations together in one country. The peculiarities of the last lake might suggest that the common people are not, or should not be, threatened by the great turmoils of state.

I am more than half-serious about this, because in my view Layamon

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[7] Dorothy Everett, *Essays in Middle English Literature*, Oxford, 1955, ch. II: 'Laȝamon and the Earliest Middle English Alliterative Verse', 23 and 36; Roger Sherman Loomis, 'Layamon's *Brut*', in *Arthurian Literature in the Middle Ages*, ed. R.S. Loomis, Oxford, 1959, 110.

[8] A list of these heroes is given by Laura Hibbard, 'The Sword Bridge of Chrétien de Troyes and its Celtic Original', *The Romanic Review* 4 (1913), 166-90, 167n.

[9] W. R. J. Barron, 'Arthurian Romance: Traces of an English Tradition', 9.

[10] Angus Fletcher, *Allegory: The Theory of a Symbolic Mode*, Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1964, chs. 3-4.

[11] *Lawman: Brut*, trsl. Rosamund Allen, 447-48.

is too much in control of his writing to include merely gratuitous details. For me the purpose of this inclusion of marvels has more to do with an attempt to capture the character of Scotland. In the same way that, later on, the Giant of Mt St Michel is interpolated in the beginning of the Roman campaign, and clearly contains a lot of suggestions about the implications of that campaign (in a symbolic way), so here we get a picture of a slippery, deeply ambiguous land. Only a little later, some sixty lines further on, ll. 11073-84, we are told of the two brothers born from the Scottish queen: the faithful Gawain and the traitor Mordred, the source of chaos, another ambiguity. Arthur then leaves for Cornwall, an unambiguous land from which only good things have come: Igerne, Cador, Wenhaver, the Round Table. Whichever of these readings one might prefer, it is clear that this combination of historical 'fact' with pieces of folklore is an attempt to write *national* history, not just history, but specifically national - a propagandist search for identity, capturing the spirit.

Moving on to something completely different, my next illustration is Arthur's second dream, an original addition by Layamon, according to Loomis.[12] This dream comes after Arthur's successful defeat of the Roman emperor, at the end of the third part, when, at the height of his career, King Arthur is ready to capture (or recapture) Rome. Then Fate strikes. In the later versions in the romances (the Middle English Alliterative *Morte Arthure*, Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur*) the rebellion at home is a punishment for Arthur's Pride marching on Rome is a bridge too far. But here in Layamon it is a stroke of Fate: Arthur's fall is not a fall after pride, but the result of treachery, a main theme of Layamon's, as Derek Brewer also argued.[13] Mordred has entered into an alliance with the Saxons, as I mentioned earlier, the notorious traitors in this account. If the imagery of the lakes was emblematic and, as I believe, metaphoric, the images of this second dream are clearly metonymic; it seems to me that their full symbolic power is called into action.

I dreamed someone had lifted me right on top of some hall
And I was sitting on the hall, astride, as if I was going riding;
All the lands which I possess, all of them I was surveying,
And Gawain sat in front of me, holding in his hand my sword.
Then Modred came marching there with a countless host of men,
Carrying in his hand a massive battle-axe.
He started to hew, with horrible force,
And hacked down all the posts which were holding up the hall.
I saw Guinevere there as well, the woman I love best of all:

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[12] Roger Sherman Loomis, 'Laȝamon's *Brut*', 107.

[13] Derek Brewer, *English Gothic Literature*, MacMillan History of Literature, London: Macmillan, 1983, 12.

The whole roof of that enormous hall with her hands she was pulling down;
The hall started tottering, and I tumbled to the ground,
And broke my right arm, at which Modred said 'Take that!'
Down then fell the hall and Gawain fell as well,
Falling on the ground where both his arms were broken,
So with my left hand I clutched my beloved sword
And struck off Modred's head and it went rolling over the ground,
And I sliced the queen in pieces with my beloved sword,
And after that I dropped her into a dingy pit.
And all my fine subjects set off in flight,
And what in Christendom became of them I had no idea,
Except that I was standing by myself in a vast plain,
And then I started roaming all around across the moors;
There I could see griffins and really gruesome birds.
Then a golden lioness came gliding over the downs,
As really lovely a beast as any Our Lord has made.
The lioness ran up to me and put her jaws around my waist,
And off she set, moving away towards the sea,
And I could see the waves, tossing in the sea;
And taking me with her, the lioness plunged into the water.
When we two were in the sea, the waves swept her away from me;
Then a fish came swimming by and ferried me ashore.
Then I was all wet and weary, and I was sick with sorrow.
And upon waking, I started quaking,
And then I started to shudder as if burning up with fire,
And so all night I've been preoccupied with my disturbing dream,
For I know of a certainty this is the end of my felicity,
And all the rest of my life I must suffer grief.
(ll. 13984-14020)

This is not just an attempt to 'imagine' Mordred's treason and its results, but a pretty exact symbolic analysis, suggesting strongly what value-judgments we are to make. Gawain, Arthur's symbolic sword-arm, his right-hand man, is where he should be: protecting Arthur and the realm, wielding Arthur's sword. When both of Gawain's arms are broken, that means that Arthur's right arm is broken, so that he is left left-handed to wield his sword (and has no shield-arm left). Mordred brings in the foreign battle-axe. The ambiguous brothers strike again! Mordred's treason is differentiated from Guinevere's: he is hacking at the foundations of Arthur's kingship and the realm, whereas she is pulling down the roof, Arthur's and Gawain's position. Mordred is then killed when it is already too late and the damage has been done.

Arthur's assessment of his own fatally lost condition continues with another set of images of his rise and fall. After he has risen to a position above the grisly beasts (himself, morally, and the country with him), a beautiful lioness carries him into the sea, and a fish back again.

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Whether the lioness suggests kingship, or Pride (the Lion of Pride), or simply Guinevere, she carries Arthur into an element foreign to himself, from which he is brought back by creatures *not* foreign to it. The sea usually represents chaos, life not under control and order, life as urge, here possibly Arthur's death and his 'rescue' by the elves of Avalon. So: if an Arthur is ever to return to Britain, it will be forces of chaos that will bring him back; or: when chaos reigns in the land, that will always bring an Arthur back. When Piero Boitani said about Layamon's *Brut*: 'the choice of subjects is heroic and tragic; the intention is to celebrate', that is precisely what we have here.[14] The 'translation' of political events into images of nature creates a universal naturalness for these events.

The final illustration shows a third kind of manipulation. Again a scene of which the particular rendering is Layamon's own: the final battle and its immediate aftermath, at the end of what I called the *coda* to the Arthurian part, the very end of King Arthur's reign. The manipulation here is not through the use of Germanic or Celtic or Breton folklore (apart from the elves of Avalon), but is purely rhetorical in the Latin manner: repetition, abbreviation, shifts in register. How much of this belongs to the stock-in-trade of the oral storyteller is hard to say. First the battle itself is given like this:

Arthur went to Cornwall with his enormous army.
Modred heard of this and moved up against him
With an enormous host: many there were fated.
Upon the River Tamar they approached together:
The place is called Camelford may that name last for ever!
And at Camelford sixty thousand were assembled,
And many thousand in addition; their leader was Modred.
Then Arthur the powerful rode to the place
With an enormous host; however, it was doomed!
Upon the River Tamar they encountered each other,
Raised their battle-standards, rushed together there,
Drew their long swords, laid into helmets:
Sparks started out, spears were clattering,
Shields were shattering, shafts were splintering:
In all parts of that vast host all the men were engaged:
The river Tamar was in flood with a great tide of blood.
No one in that battle could recognise any warrior,
Nor see who did less well, nor who better, so confused was the conflict,
For each man struck forcibly, whether he was knight or squire.
Modred was there slain and deprived of his life days,
And all of his knights were slain in the fight;

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[14] Piero Boitani, *English Medieval Narrative in the 13th and 14th centuries*, trsl. Joan Krakover Hall, Cambridge University Press, 1982, 41.

There were slain all the sprightly
Courtiers of Arthur, the high and the low,
And all of the Britons of Arthur's Round Table,
And all those whom he fostered from numerous kingdoms.
And Arthur was badly wounded with a broad halberd;
Fifteen appalling wounds he had on him:
Into the very least of them two gloves could be thrust!
Then there were no more who survived the battle,
Out of two hundred thousand men who lay there hacked apart,
Save King Arthur alone, and of his knights just two.
(ll. 14235-65)

This translation, like any others I know, fails to render the insistent, almost obsessive, repetition of the word 'unimete' (immense, immeasurable). Compare the following lines from MS Caligula with the translation above:

14235 Arthur for to Cornwale mid unimete ferde
Modred that iherde and him to3eines heolde
Mid unimete folke. Ther weore monie vaeie.
[...]
14242 Tha thider-ward gon ride Arthur the riche
Mid unimete folke, vaeie thah hit weore
[...]
14249 Ther faht al to-somne folc unimete.
Tambre wes on flode mid unimete blode.

By repeating the innocuous word 'unimete' five times in fifteen lines, a very special effect is created of a nation divided against itself: the movement is from one immeasurable army to the other equally immeasurable army; when they clash, they are still or again immeasurable, and so is the bloodshed. This, to me, spells Civil War. And it spells it the more powerfully because it does not label the battle as such, but *shows* instead the nature of a civil war: massive but indistinct, in its beginning, its conduct, its damage.

This is *not* a heroic, honourable battle, as the next lines show: there are no champions to highlight the honourable sentiments in speech or individual heroic action; there is not even a distinction any more between knights and common soldiers. Again the original shows this more clearly than the translation:

Mon I tnan fihte non ther ne mihte ikenne nenne kempe
No wha dude wurse, no wha bet, swa that withe wes imenged
For aelc sloh adun-riht, weore he swein weore he cniht
(MS Caligula, ll. 14251-53)

There is no glory for anyone in this kind of war.

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In the lines immediately following, the devices of abbreviation and amplification are used with particular effect. The traitor Mordred is literally insulted by denying him a death-duel: he is made to die anonymously, ignobly (ll. 14254-55) - a technique Layamon had also used for the emperor Lucius, who was also killed anonymously in his battle (ll. 13892-96). King Arthur, on the other hand, is given a particularly glorious set of death-wounds, so that the balance of our appreciation is further tipped. In 7 lines (14256-62) he is not only shown in his whole impressive entourage of courtiers, knights of the Round table, and trainee knights from many other kingdoms, but also the details of 15 wounds (3 times 5) and *two* gloves that could be thrust into them, subtly refer to Christ's 5 wounds and the hand that Thomas was invited to thrust into one, and that 'heightened' by 2 or 3 times that scale.

The next scene then shows a change in register to what Derek Pearsall has called Layamon's 'ceremonial and ritualistic' character.[15] Arthur's handing over of his kingdom is presented in the language of a formal abdication and conferment:

Arthur was mortally wounded, grievously badly;
To him there came a young lad who was from his clan,
He was Cador the Earl of Cornwall's son;
The boy was called Constantine; the king loved him very much.
Arthur gazed up at him, as he lay there on the ground,
And uttered these words with a sorrowing heart:
'Welcome, Constantine; you were Cador's son;
Here I bequeath to you all of my kingdom,
And guard well my Britons all the days of your life
And retain for them all the laws which have been extant in my days
And all the good laws which there were in Uther's days.
And I shall voyage to Avalon, to the fairest of all maidens,
To the Queen Argante, a very radiant elf,
And she will make quite sound every one of my wounds,
Will make me completely whole with her health-giving potions.
And then I shall come back to my own kingdom
And dwell among the Britons with surpassing delight.'
(ll. 14266-82)

The solemn ritualistic formality is striking: this is shown to be more important than the destruction. The internal division is charmed away, 'overcome', by this dynastic emphasis. And the hope which this dynastic handing-on carries is expressed in the addition of the elves and Merlin's prophecy, with another shift of register, now to charm and incantation:

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[15] Derek Pearsall, *Old English and Middle English Poetry*. The Routledge History of English Poetry, Vol. I, London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1977, 111-12.

After these words there came gliding from the sea
What seemed a short boat, moving, propelled along by the tide
And in it were two women in remarkable attire,
Who took Arthur up at once and immediately carried him
And gently laid him down and began to move off.
And so it had happened, as Merlin said before:
That the grief would be incalculable at the passing of King Arthur.
The Britons even now believe that he is alive
And living in Avalon with the fairest of the elf-folk,
And the Britons are still always looking for when Arthur comes returning.
The man has not been born of any favoured lady,
Who knows how to say any more about the truth concerning Arthur.
Yet once there was a prophet and his name was Merlin:
He spoke his predictions, and his sayings were the truth,
Of how an Arthur once again would come to aid the English.
(ll. 14283-97)

Very telling is the sudden change, in the very last words, from 'Bruttes' (the British, the indigenous Celtic inhabitants, used throughout for King Arthur's people) to 'Anglen' (the English). Piero Boitani commented that, since this text was written after the Norman conquest of Britain in 1066, the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants are now merged together (by Layamon) into a celebration of 'the indigenous element'.[16] W.R.J. Barron specified this in his analysis, in which he claims that the hope of an Arthur's return is, in this line, extended to the English, actually Arthur's bitterest enemies in this story. Layamon (himself an Anglo-Saxon) is blurring the historical identities in order to reconcile his readers to contemporary reality. Earlier in his analysis he had characterized the spirit of Layamon's rendering as a psychological relief for the English (Anglo-Saxons) for the memory of their own recent humiliation (by the Normans) by identifying themselves with ancient tradition rather than with actual Anglo-Saxon history: the seed of Brutus shall once again rule Britain.[17] Thus Layamon's literary manipulations in the Arthurian section of his *Brut* show his engagement in Britain's complex national identity. Or as Derek Brewer put it much more elegantly: For Geoffrey of Monmouth it was almost history; for Layamon it becomes almost national epic.[18]

If the 'an Arthur' of the last line does indeed refer to Layamon's own days and the hope of the succession of King Richard I by King Henry II's grandson Arthur of Brittany, as J.S.P. Tatlock assumed, that only

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[16] Piero Boitani, *English Medieval Narrative*, 41.
[17] W. R. J. Barron, *English Medieval Romance*, 137 and 133.
[18] Derek Brewer, *English Gothic Literature*, 16.

adds extra piquancy to the facts, but that is another story.[19]

[19] J.S.P. Tatlock, *Legendary History of Britain*, Berkeley, 1950, 504-5.