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2003.**

(Inner side of cover – free)

Henry Jones

(Handwriting)

New Hawen, Connecticut

April 3, 1898

Last night I experienced a vision.

I was in my study, preparing a gloss of Wolfram von Eschenbach's Parsifal for professor Zeiler's vernacular lit. seminar. I was sipping claret and a half-filled glass sat before me on my desk. I had reached the place in the narrative where Perceval, the holy innocent first beholds

"a thing called the Grail,

which passes all earthly

perfection"

- when all at once the room seemed to grow brighter. At first I thought it was a surge in the gas line; then I

Here is the Book of thy Descent,

Here begins the Book of the Sangreal,

Here begin the terrors,

Here begin the miracles.

Perleवास

remembered that at Mary's insistence we were living in a modern building, lit by electricity.

It was my wine glass that was glowing – shining with a light more incandescent than a dozen electric bulbs. And then before my eyes (and I had not drunk to excess), the vessel rose from the table and began to flicker. One moment it shone like the full moon and seemed to have a row of pearls about its rim; then in the blink of an eye it turned to tarnished metal and in place of the pearls appeared writing; in the next instant it looked to be made of wood. And the room was filled with a voice that roared like a

tornado and yet whispered like a lover's secret; and it said "Henry Jones, as knights of old sought this treasure, so shall you!" and then – the entire incident could not have lasted ten seconds – the room was silent and my glass was a glass once more.

Now, I am not a religious man nor I am given to belief in "signs and wonders" But I cannot deny what my eyes saw, nor what I heard with my own ears, There is no question in my heart that I have received a calling. I have been sent upon a quest. I, Henry Jones, have been granted an opportunity to find that prize of the centuries, that shining object of man's

*spiritual yearning since the time of
King Arthur – the Holy Grail.*

(Drawing of vision)

*From this day I devote my life,
my fortune and my scholarly efforts to
the fulfilment of this awesome
commission. I shall find the Holy Grail
if it takes me a lifetime, and this book
shall be the record of my quest*

Would that I prove worthy!

*I **will** underline the specific elements of
the description that I believe are most
pertinent.*

(written diagonal)

New Haven, Connecticut

September 17, 1898

How to begin this search? Where to start? The Grail has been hidden, guarded and protected since the day, where Joseph of Arimathaea caught the sacred blood of the crucified Christ. I must take one step back and first of all research all material for the building, in which the Grail is kept.

Throughout the various legends from the middle ages, it was found in the castle of the Grail, where a wounded king was kept alive only by its presence.

I believe that by finding the Castle of the Grail, the Grail itself will be within

range. Therefore I will use the following pages of this diary to compile my thoughts and facts about the Castle of the Grail.

Chrétien de Troyes describes it as a enormous castle with a high, square tower.

It is said to be on top of a mountain called Muntsalvach – which means Mountain of Salvation.

The Mountain of Salvation must be a symbol for a place in which salvation shall be given and where else could salvation be found than in a church or in a temple? – Yes, the Grail must be located in a temple, there can be no doubt about it.

New Haven, Connecticut

Dezember 14, 1898

Mary Anna and I are expecting a baby and since it's impossible to foresee if it's going to be a boy or a girl, the idea of calling it Junior entered my mind. I am full of joy and can hardly wait to welcome our newest family member.

None the less I can not extricate myself from the quest I have been sent upon.

The questions that keeps occupying me is; what would the Grail temple look like and where can it be found?

The most basic concept of the human imagination is the circle. It figures in earliest cave paintings, and it is carved

on the standing stones where man worshipped, themselves set up in circles.

In the middle Ages the sky was seen as a dome, in which the constellations moved, circling the earth and, in the zodiac, acting upon the fates of those below.

The same concept can be found in the three tables associated with the Grail: the Table of the Last Supper, the table at which the guardians of the cup first sat and the Round Table of King Arthur and his knights. According to tradition, all three were round, and those who sat at them were dedicated to the seeking of spiritual wholeness.

The Round Table was designed as a circle to echo the circle of the heavens, with the Grail as its mystic centre. So based on the assumption that the Grail temple was build in the Middle Ages after the Grail was found by knights, it has to be circular.

Unfortunately the idea of a circular temple is far from unique and even if the Grail temple is has the shape of a circle, it's not said, that it's a known one. Just as well it could be hidden somewhere under or in another building. The history of the Grail temple is a complex one, involving many different images, among them that of the earthly Paradise.

(drawing of Takt-i-Taqdis)

*(3dimensional drawing of Takt
- page 82, Matthews)*

New Haven, Connecticut

June 1, 1899

It's a boy! Henry Jones, jr. was born today and today was the day where I found the answer to my questions: In 7th-century Persia the Sassanian king Chosroes II built a temple worthy of housing the relic of the True Cross which he captured from Jerusalem. Its modern name is Takt-i-Suleiman, but he named it the Takt-i-Taqdis, or Throne of Arches (it had twenty-two arches).

If Chosroes II really was in possession of the True Cross, the Takt could indeed have been the temple in which the Grail was once accommodated.

(Double spread: Silver certificate)

*What better place than this spiritual no-man's-land, between this world and the next, at a slight remove from reality but still historically attested to, for the earthly home of the grail, sometimes called lapis exulis, which has been interpreted as the wish for Paradise? It is precisely here that Wolfram places it, by inference if not in actuality, by making the eventual guardian of the Grail Prestor John * said to be 562 years old!*

The Grail is flooded with spiritual light and shines out of those who seek it.

The true and proper home of the Grail is Paradise, the perfect realm of the spirit where the Priest King John, its last guardian reigns benignly from his castle within the garden of Earthly Delights.

One of the meanings attributed to the words Lapsit exillas, used by Wolfram Von Eschenbach to describe the Grail is the "stone of exile" (from Paradise) and by extension the "wish for paradise" .

New Haven, Connecticut

November 3, 1899

A certain Bishop Hugh of Jabala first brought news of Prester John to Rome in 1145, with an account of a successful campaign made by him against the Muslims – a fact which created a considerable stir in the west, more used to hearing of defeat at the hands of the Islamic forces. But it was not until 1165 that the west became directly aware of the great Christian ruler. In that year a letter was delivered to Pope Alexander III, which began ‘Prester John, by the grace of God king over all Christian kings, greetings to the Emperor of Rome and

(Drawing of Prestor John – seen in Matthews, page 27)

The King of France, our friends.’ It went on to describe in detail ‘the position, the government, of our land, and of our people and beasts’.

But who was Prester John, and what was the origin of the letter? Various theories have been advanced, but there is little evidence to connect him with any single historical character.

There is evidence also, in the form of an anonymous account written some time after the letter, that suggests a connection between Prester John and the Apostle Thomas, who is supposed to have travelled to India as a missionary not long after the crucifixion, and there founded the

Nestorian Church, a breakaway sect of early Christians who established colonies first in Syria and then later in India and China. This contact with the Nestorians may also have resulted in Prester John’s realm being identified with India.

To travel all these countries will cost a fortune and what’s even worse is, that it won’t be possible to take Mary and Junior with me before he grows older.

(written diagonal)

New Haven, Connecticut

February 28, 1900

The circular shape of the Grail temple have led my thoughts into another direction that could prove useful:

The circular shape of the skull contains the consciousness and vital force, which is also symbolized by the genitals (when the Fisher King is wounded he loses his life force).

A Tibetan skull mounted and provided with a lid is used as a ritual object symbolically containing human blood or other vital substances of the body. The aim of the meditator is to attain nirvana by renouncing attachment to life and all desire (symbolized by the use of the skull).

(written vertically)

(Drawing of Stone face)

Tibetan skull mounted and provided with a lid is used as a ritual object.

Grail quest is the death of the physical body and the rebirth of the spirit into everlasting life.

Western, Massachusetts

August 24, 1900

In a sleeping car aboard the Lakes Flyer, returning home from the conference of the Association of American Medievalists. I am anxious to be home with my wife and my infant son. Never again will I be such a naïf as to believe that a document certifying one as a doctor of something-or-other represents an automatic conferral of dignity and respect.

My conference paper was greeted with embarrassment, scepticism and ridicule. My colleagues are unanimous in their belief that the Holy Grail is a fairy tale; that I would

better serve scholarship by studying the inventories manorial states or the effects of the Black Death on the development of cities – worthy subjects, I suppose, if one wishes to be an academic drudge, if one possesses no imagination, no inner life, no... vision. But I am heartened by the knowledge that Schliemann was likewise mocked when he set out to find the ruins of Troy. Toujours L'audace!

What poses me more of an obstacle than the scepticism of colleagues is the sparse and contradictory nature of existing accounts of the Grail. There is no certainty as to what it looks like or

even what it is. The primary legend, of course has it as a wine cup – the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper, in which Joseph of Arimathea caught his blood when he was crucified. Yet the word grail or graal could mean “a wide-mouthed shallow vessel” – not a cup but a bowl. In some accounts it is not a vessel at all, but a stone. Indeed, Wolfram calls it Lapsit Excellis, by which he may mean Lapis ex coelis (stone from heaven) or perhaps Lapis Exilis, the “philosopher’s stone” of the alchemists, by which all things are possible.

Chretien de Troyes (late 12th Century) is the earliest author to use

the word “grail”. Chretien’s Grail is “of pure gold and richly set with precious stones”. From it streamed such pure light that “the luster of candles was dimmed”.

Wolfram von Eschenbach, a generation later, describes it as a stone fallen from heaven, carried on a piece of green silk. Wolfram maintains he heard the legend from a minstrel named Kyot or Gyot; who found it in Spain in a book by a Jewish astrologer, written in a “heathen tongue” (probably Arabic or Hebrew). Robert the Boron and other 14th century writers offer no specific description but clearly have it as a

cup, not a bowl. They tell us that it appeared in a vision to King Arthur and his knights, covered with a cloth of white velvet. It seemed to “glow with its own light”. It gave off “a pleasing fragrance”. And dispensed food to the company.

Sir Thomas Malory, a century later, speaks of the vision but the white cloth is described as silk, not velvet. Maddeningly, Sir Thomas offers no description either; but maintains that Sir Galahad found the grail on a silver table, contained in a chest covered with precious stones.

*Such a bundle of contradictions!
Such an abundance of confusion!*

Chicago, Illinois

March 14, 1901

The contradictions still seem impossible to overcome. Being in Illinois anyway, I visited the library of the University of Chicago where I spent the last five hours, studying and hoping to get a few questions answered but, whenever I think I have found information that could support me in my quest, I find myself even more confused than before.

Here, the alchemist walks through a landscape rich with the bounty of nature, which he hopes to draw forth and store in the vessel.

The familiar theme of quest recurs in the Livre du Cueur d'Amours Espris in the search of the Heart (symbolized by the knight Cueur) for Grace, a lady of great beauty. It is set in the same sort of mysterious world through which the Grail knights roamed, and Cueur and his companion, Desire, undergo many adventures, among which is their discovery at night of a murky stream. Cueur drinks from it and pours some water back from the cup onto the stone, whereupon a terrible storm breaks. It is not until the next morning that Cueur reads the message on the slab, which promises misfortune to him who drinks, and warns of the effect of pouring water on the stone. As in the story of the spring of Barenton, the theme is one of transformation, in both instances caused by the application of water.

(Drawing of crucifixion mandala)

Flemish 12 Cent.

Time stands still in this Christian mandala, as the old and new dispensations Christianity and Judaism assemble to witness the redemptive sacrifice. Ecclesia (the Church) raises her cup to catch some of the grace-bestowing blood, while Synogoga (the Synagogue), riding on an ass, bows her head. Next to her is the lance which pierced the side of Christ.

(“Venice Map”)

*Greek or Roman columns**

According to The Mabinogion, the Grail temple is said to be hidden deep in a canyon beyond rock obstacles, which are supposed to make the entrance unreachable for anyone except the true pilgrim. Here Pryderi found ->

*The path of the Grail is inextricably bound up with sacrifice: the blood of the victim contained in the cup, which becomes the means of healing. Lycurgus, in a fit of madness, killed his son Dryas, whom he mistook for a vine stock, and his country became barren in mourning. It was only when Lycurgus *himself* was brought to his death that the land flowered again"*

The theme of sacrifice is shown by that of spiritual attainment, whether through inbibing blood or the sacred drink of Eleusis from the Kernos. Each of its 8 cups contained one of the elements of the divine draught.

A fountain with marble stone around it, and a golden bowl fastened to four chains, the bowl set over a marble slab and the chains extending upwards so that he could see no end to them

....

he walked over to the bowl grasped it, but as soon as he did so his hands stuck to the bowl and his feet to the slab he was standing on, and his speech was taken so that he could not say a single word. There he stood.

(Triangular floorplan)

Detail of the decorated style of capitol using a naturalistic leaf or vine ornament

The Grail became firmly entrenched in the imagination, the triangular shape with a round tower at each corner symbolizing the Trinity, God the Father, son and the Holy Ghost.

Kind of a corbel arching.

(Double spread with the Sainte Chapelle)

The particular types of columns invented by the Greeks and Romans together with the lintels, caps and bases over them.

Drawn by me at the temple of Takt-i-Taqdis

As long as it remained on earth, the Grail required a home and because of its spiritual nature that place was naturally a temple.

Note Takt-i-Taqdis with its numerous arches laid out in a particular order.

The Dome of the Grail ground plan.

18th C.

The Grail is flooded with spiritual light and shines out to those who seek it. However like the treasure at the base of the rainbow, it remains beyond mans grasp.

Decoration of the top of this dwelling (not?) seen (elsewhere?)

The Grail is the spring of life, the vessel containing the promise of immortality. Symbol of the soul's thirst for God. A Cornocopia, the horn of plenty and of physical renewal.

In Greek myth the star represents Uranus because he was castrated. , drops of blood formed themselves into stars and were dissipated into rivers and streams.

Takt-i-Taqdis (or elsewhere in the far east)

Date, Spring 1905

I have managed to visit my old friend Muhammad Ali al-Jawf in Baghdad after all and will stay here for a month.

Shown on the previous pages are some sketches of the Greek and Roman columns I made at the Takts-i-Taqdis or better said; what is left of it.

One can only imagine how incredible this temple was centuries ago.

I also made drawings of the medieval engraving of the Great Shrine that used to house the Crown of Thorns at the Sainte Chapelle in Paris and the Chapelle itself, since the arches of the Takt somehow reminded me of them.

(Iron cross)

Based on Maltese design.

Very similar stained glass window.

Shows detail of front face of a church which has four bell capped pillars joined by Norman arches - steps behind leading to upper gallery.

A. Shows detail of cross

B. Bell capped pillars

(Double spread with paper fragment)

This very quick sketch map was made by me during the last days of the month.

many obstacles are apparent here

I suspect a lake or dam will protect the entrance to the final pathway but this will only be evident when the stone wall has been breached

This fragment is kept with many papers and maps.

This sketch is the same size.

I found this fragment in one of the books and amongst the papers and maps in the old trunk. I'm sure there is a connection with my previous discoveries which could well be a key.

Note I could say the design is repeated. What about the base???

(Double spread with Wilderness and Wanderings)

XVIII

This Wilderness of the Wanderings

X

On coming in from Alexandria. This old map may be of help- topography could have altered.

XXXII.

This could be an obstacle

The number must have some reason of time or space

Route taken at the last attempt.

This is 18.

could easily have a sing (singular or single?) particular reference

*Aboard the SHIPS NAME or TRAIN
August 3, 1905*

I'm on my way to Europe and finally have the time to write down all the adventures I have experienced on my trip to the far east.

When I told al-Jawf what made me so interested in the Takt and the rumours that are connected to it, his first reaction was a long and hearty laugh – which I'm starting to get used to. But to my surprise he didn't laugh because of my quest, but because an "infidel man" had been sent upon such a quest. Anyhow he promised to help me with compiling the information needed, to fulfil my search and when I

came back from the Takt, he had done true wonders!

Al-Jawf had been able to connect to a merchant, that was supposed to have some old scrolls of papyrus, together with some forbidden books, stored in a trunk. The merchant – a strange looking, little man with full beard – didn't even tell his name, let alone any information where he got the content of the trunk from. During our meeting he seemed very nervous and - even though I paid him the large amount he asked for - only allowed us to have a look at his treasure for one single hour. Unfortunately most of the books and papyrus scrolls were written in

Arabic and even with al-Jawf's help I was only able to examine a fraction of what was in the trunk.

Anyhow I was able to make out a few maps and scrolls in Latin, which – although they seemed to be written in the 12th and 13th century – only mentioned the crusades on a side note. In return a “hidden temple that houses the treasure of God”, “on coming in from Alexandria” “the holy brotherhood” were mentioned now and then. I have not a clue yet, if this will help me in any way or even if the scrolls were truly from the time of the crusades.

Anyhow I quickly copied two maps, a stained window and a fragment with the upper part of some sort of cross that was found in most of the Latin scrolls.

I made some speculations on the maps, based upon the current state of information regarding the location of the Grail temple. The window is giving me headaches: it was hardly more detailed than my sketch and the only thing important on this picture are obviously the Roman numbers.

But I'm making progresses and with a little luck, I'll find new friends in Europe who are willing to help me the same way as al-Jawf did.

Las Mesas, Colorado

October 29, 1905

I have been able to identify one of the maps: it must be centre of Prester John's homeland, as described by himself in the year 1122. He lived in a great city with walls thick enough to drive two chariots abreast along the top of them. Through the city runs the river Physon which rises in Paradise; and a short way beyond the walls is a mountain, on top of which stands the church of St Thomas the Apostle. Thies mountain is surrounded by a lake.

Only at certain times – a week before and a week after the Saint's feastday – do the waters sink, permitting access to

the central shrine, where hangs a silver vessel from chains in the roof. In this vessel is the uncorrupted body of the Saint, which at such times is lowered from its place and the body placed in a chair – from which position, at the height of the Mass, St Thomas himself dispenses the Host from a golden dish. Those who were true believers benefited from the Eucharist; but if any heretic partook, they either repented or fell dead.

Yet another interesting point is, that Prester John is said to be the son of Feirefiz – the half brother of Perceval – and Response de Schoye.

Las Mesas, Colorado

November 14, 1905

The seeds I planted on my European journey this summer are beginning to bear fruit; received today a most interesting letter from Marcus Brody, a young scholar I met at Oxford. He informs me that the abbey of Cantaney on the coast of Brittany is in possession of some old Irish manuscripts, one of which is said to refer to the Grail, and as a genuine object, not a legend. I cannot wait to return next year to confirm!

At last I feel that my Quest has truly begun. When I think of the single minded dedication of the knights of

King Arthur's court, who seem to have interrupted their own pursuit of the Grail only to slay the occasional dragon or to rescue a castle full of maidens now and then, it is plain that not one among the lot of them was ever troubled with the necessities of supporting a wife and young son.

To be fair, I have no dragons to contend with on my quest only the occasional snake. Right now Junior is sulking in his room, to which he has been banished after bringing home a rather large specimen, which somehow found its way into my desk drawer. He is quite an intrepid child when not hunting rodents in the cellar or

running with the Indian children from the reservation, he is usually finding some trouble to get into. Yet he is smart as a whip already he can count to twenty in Latin and Greek (and swear resoundingly in Navaho) and I am confident that I can make a scholar of him.

*Auberge d'Ecume
Cantaney, France
July 8,1906*

Brody was right. The abbey here is a treasure trove. Finding the item in question took some digging, but with such results! The Grail is genuine, and before on this very afternoon was

proof; a fragment of verse written by a survivor of the Vikings sack of the monastery of Iona. The Grail was actually in the possession of that holy community for three centuries after the time of King Arthur, brought there by Galahad after Saxon raids and Mordred's treachery had destroyed Camelot.

*But after then, Where? Could the Vikings have taken it to Norway? Might they have lost or discarded in one of their subsequent raids? They roved as far east as Russia and as far south as Africa.
I dare not believe that it was lost at sea!*

*Fragment in Old Irish found in abbey
of Cantaney, Brittany, 7/8/06,
attributed to survivor of the sack of
Iona by the Vikings in the ninth
century. Obvious Anglo Saxon
influence, but parchment, ink and style
of illumination seem to indicate
authenticity.*

*Their ships like sharks, like shades of
Satan,
Rumbled like whales that walked on
water:
Their thirst axes, slaked on our blood,
Ran with red in the endless night.
And the holy books they set to the
torch,*

*Throwing words and manuscript alike
on the flame:*

*The word and the flesh to perish
together..*

...the Cup of Our Lord

*Carven of wood from the tree of peace
On slaver of silver, on samite of
emerald,*

*Borne to our house by Galhaut the
Pure*

*In the days of Arthur, when fair Logres
fell,*

*This holiest of relics they ravished
away to their land of darkness where
the Devil is lord.*

*Of identity of “the Cup of Our Lord,”
There can be no doubt! “tree of
peace” would seem to imply that it is
made of olive wood. The “salver (tray)
of silver” and “samite (silken cloth)
of emerald” are identical with the
silver table and green cloth described
by Chretien and others. “Logres” is
Britain; while “Galhaut” is none other
than Sir Galahad himself!*

*Mary just returned to my room
with junior, who by now must have our
innkeeper, M. Roland de Haie,
confirmed in his belief that Americans
are savages and quite untameable at*

*least when armed with a slingshot. We
shall have to find new accommodations
tomorrow. Fortunately Mme. De
Haie’s cat seems none worse for the
encounter, and we shall not have to
pay damages for our landlord’s
priceless thirteenth century vase which
by its cross section cleanly proved to
be of considerably more recent origin
and of no value whatever.*

Gasthof “Trübselig”

Klassenheim, Austria – Hungary

July 16, 1906

*Acting on information from a monk at Cantaney that the castle here contained artifacts relating to the Grail legend, I traveled here to see for myself. There is an **engraving** in the chapel by a Franciscan friar, with an interesting legend connected to it, **that I will refer to later.***

St. John the Evangelist looks up at the crucified Christ, whose wounds are located on the Kabbalistic Tree of Life. The Tree is made up of ten Sefirot, or Divine Attributes, which together form a system of universal attribution. Here

(Drawing as seen in Matthews page 38)

16th century

two of the Sefirot correspond to Christ's wounded side: Tiferet in the centre and Malkhut at the base of the Tree. Tiferet is the Heart of Hearts, the essence: Christ's blood too contains the essence of His spirit, the Heart of the universe. Malkhut represents the presence of the divine in matter, and is here illustrated by a cup, in which the blood of sacrifice is given for man's redemption. The aim of the magically oriented Kabbalist is to perfect the design of the Tree by redeeming Malkhut, at present exiled from God. On the perfected Tree, Malkhut, the cup, will be transposed to the invisible Sefirah of Daat, spiritual perfection

(located below Hokhmah, the eye of God, and Binah, the horn of plenty), thereby entering the sphere of God and symbolizing the redemption of mankind. This is precisely the object of the Grail quest.

But back to the friar: Local tradition has it that the friar received his account of the Grail from a knight of the first crusade who claimed that his brothers had actually found the holy relic somewhere "in a canyon deep in a range of mountains."

The scholar, the logical man within me, insists that this tale is pure rubbish. The Franciscan order was

founded more than a century after the first crusade: and the style of the engraving clearly indicates that it could not have been rendered any earlier than the mid-13th century meaning that this knight must have been more than 150 years old. But the dreamer, the spiritual man within me, hears such a tale as a confirmation of its truth that the Grail does indeed confer eternal life on the one who fulfils its quest!

Am now soaking in an ancient cast-iron bathtub in the village inn. What an exhausting trip by mule drawn cart, up the mountain to the castle and back again!

I think of my son, deceptively sleeping the sleep of the innocent in our room down the hall, and pray that he shall never have to undertake so arduous a journey.

But then again: who am I to complain? I have been given an opportunity, that many others wouldn't even understand and now that Junior's age allows to have my family with me, I feel happy. Besides these small adventures also bring a lot of joy.

(Letter from Ali al-Jawf 1909)

Las Mesas, Colorado

December 5, 1909

It pleases me to see, that al-Jawf still thinks of me. Today I received this letter from him and I must admit that his good nose for lost documents amazes me. The information he gave me fit perfectly into the theories I made during my last stay in Baghdad. Of course the oasis and the river could have dried up in the meantime, but the dessert would still be there.

Unfortunately there are plenty of desserts spread all over the planet.

*(Telegram from Codirolli 1912 on both
pages)*

Las Mesas, Colorado

February 22, 1912

Can it really have been three years since my last entry? Could academic obligations, lack of funds and the responsibilities of fatherhood truly have kept me so long from pursuit of my quest?

Necessity may have required me to devote these years to more conventional scholarship and to my teaching duties, but I have not by any means forsaken my sacred affirmation. It seems I am not the only scholar in pursuit of this 'fable', There are other 'crackpots' who share my passion, and still others who, though sceptical,

never the less indulge my unconventional interest and keep me appraised of new discoveries concerning the lore of the Grail. Perhaps there is more romance in their souls than they would care to reveal to their respective institutions. Besides young Brody at Oxford, there is Staubig in Germany, the imminent Byzantine scholar Codirolli at Bologna, even an Arab in Baghdad who has been so kind as to pass along relevant information to this 'infidel'. Must arrange to meet them all on my next sabbatical.

Today I received a cable from Codirolli, occasioning this long

overdue entry. I am most eager to see the journal of this Paolo of Genoa he is bringing on his lecture tour. He is to sail on the maiden voyage of this new luxury liner Titanic that has been so much in the news this winter. I am envious!

Las Mesas

May 19, 1912

What a tragedy: The Titanic has sunk and hundreds of people froze to death or drowned. But worst of all has been Mary's tragic death, a blow from which neither I nor junior have yet recovered. I fear I am unfit to raise a son alone Junior grows wilder and

more undisciplined by the month Yet my heart will not admit any other woman to take Mary's cherished place.

Las Mesas

May 22, 1912

*Codirolli is a marvel. Not only did he survive the sinking of the 'Unsinkable' and the loss of the Paolo manuscript to Mr. Davy Jones; he has descended upon this forsaken patch of sand and presented me with a document **and another manuscript** he found in Constantinople that may have an even greater bearing on my quest! Codirolli is lecturing on the west coast and will be taking the parchment with*

him when he returns this way next month. But in the meantime he left it here for my to make a facsimile copy.

The parchment was found among other documents in a tin box secreted in a wall of the great basilica of St. Sophia, and would appear to date from the mid- 13th century. The picture seems to represent a stained glass window, but the significance of the Roman numerals quite escapes me. They may have some connection with the writing on the reverse side of the parchment in the Coptic alphabet of the early Egyptian Christian church, but the sense of it is not Coptic, and it appears to be some sort of cipher.

What led Codirolli to infer its connection to my quest is the drawing at the top of the enciphered page. Though crudely rendered, it is a drinking vessel of some kind and on it is written in good Aramaic - the language of Judea at the time of Christ - 'father, son, holy ghost.'

I have little hope of finding intact the stained glass window I have depicted elsewhere. In all likelihood it has long since been destroyed. But the cipher may provide a clue perhaps to the location of the sacred relic itself.

What amazed me about the manuscript, is that it contains some decorative scrolls with exactly the

same shield as in the drawing of the parchment. Both drawings show the cross that I saw the first time on the Latin scrolls from the Persian merchant, and this time even the base can be seen!!! I need to find out more about that strange cross, that I have never seen before I begun my search. I suppose it to be an early Christian symbol as used by the orders of knights in the Middle Ages, but it wasn't used by the known orders.

The only solution for this would be the "holy brotherhood" – as mentioned in the Latin scrolls from the trunk of the merchant. There seems to be a connection between the parchment, the

manuscript and the Latin scrolls. I'm confident that I'm on the right way. On the following pages I copied what I think is important to me.

(Coptic and Aramaic text or picture?)

(Double spread with Venice window)

part of stained glass window in venice 14th C.

a part of the Franciscan friar's manuscript mentions the knight of the Grail... possible link?

note the crosses on the shield

words in latin. note fig 7...marker?

Part of a decorative scroll in a 14th Cent. Manuscript with a note beside this particular number 3.

in another section of the same manuscript, this number 7 is marked

in stone.

12th Cen.??

upper floor supported by stone lions

On a window in Venice This knight appears with shield quartered showing the Cross.

Codirolli is an elegant old gentleman, and he seems to have led quite an adventurous life, assuming that the stories he told on that vigorous evening last week were more than just the wild exaggerations of a Baron Munchausen. I admit I was almost as wide-eyed as Junior when he was telling his tales. Unfortunately my son tends to be overly excited by stories of high adventure.

Certainly it was Codirolli's recounting of his escapade in the Sultan's harem and his escape down a rope made of – but I am becoming indiscreet - that inspired Junior to steal that Spanish cross this afternoon. I fear he may too

*rash ever to make a good scholar- but perhaps it is just his youth **and I can only pray that the loss his mother won't make him become a rowdy.***

But back to my own adventures: This is the second time that I find a window with strange Roman numbers, combined with that cross. I will use the next days by studying the windows of the Middle Ages. It should be possible to find out where these windows are (or were) as well as the meaning of those numbers.

(Double spread with the two praying knights)

I found these two knights in an ordinary encyclopaedia. I suspect that they make out the upper part of the stained window from Codirolli's manuscript.

The two knights appear opposite each other

Of course the location of the window wasn't mentioned with one single word.

Patras, Greece

February 10, 1914

It seems like wherever Junior makes his appearance it causes some kind of adventurous trouble. I knew that his imagination is beyond good and bad, but this time I have been infected by his enthusiasm. While I allowed him to travel to London for one last vacation before school, it ended up with the investigation of an ancient Greek bowl, that had been exchanged for a fake. I am upset, that I act like a child for Christmas, as soon as someone mentions an old vessel. But since I had plans to visit Constantinople anyway, my journey to Europe wasn't in vain.

Constantinople, Turkey

June 27, 1914

I have finally come to Constantinople, where Codirolli's parchment was found in the basilica of St. Sophia. Though I doubt to make similar discoveries in the period of my stay, I was able to meet a scholar called al-Musafir who – in exchange of Dollars of course – would be willing to connect me with a “man who would give me some interesting information about the location of the cup of Jesus”. Though I doubt, that this will be of any help, I agreed. Right now I'm willing to clutch at a straw.

Constantinople, Turkey

June 30, 1914

Just as I believed: al-Musafir's informant was of very little help, if any. What he sold as a hint, that would help me no matter how stuck I would be at the moment, turned out to be nothing but blather. According to him the Grail is located "near the source of a river which he reached after traveling south from an oasis". Considering that information, finding the Grail is kiddies play! But right now we have better problems to take care of: the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand has been shot together with his wife in Sarajevo and I fear that Europe is no

longer safe.

Nanking, China

October 18, 1914

Because of his fascination of Eastern cultures, I have allowed Junior to come with me to China. What a wrong decision. It is really impossible to go anywhere with him without getting in some sort of trouble and it wasn't even worth it: while the Chinese mythology is full of daemons, dragons and other fabulous beasts, the Grail lore seems to be completely unknown in this part of the world.

Delhi, India

December 16, 1914

I have been able to meet Prince Kasim, who has kindly offered his library for further studies. Finally I have the time to do some research on Prester John's homeland, which often was associated with India. Though I can hardly believe, that in this country there was ever an abundance of wine, bread, meat, and of everything that is good for the human body and inside the palace there is water and the best wine on earth, and whoever drinks of it has no desire for worldly things, and nobody knows where the water goes or whence it comes, but the palace comes

close.

(Map of India)

(Newspaper article form 1915 plus text)

Philadelphia

August 19, 1916

It has been a bleak year in every respect. First the European war, which again has occasioned the postponement of my long anticipated year of research. Then came my estrangement from Junior, which has caused such grievous injury to my spirit that I can hardly speak of it even in this private journal. And now, here at my conference, ridicule heaped upon scorn.

God, grant me the strength of will to continue this quest! Sometimes my resolve almost fails me. This week I gave two brilliant papers on

mainstream topics in medieval literature: yet everywhere I went it was “Here comes Sir Galahad” and “Heard you were at the North Pole seeking the historical Santa Claus,” and “Have a chair Jones, We’ve saved the Siege Perilous for you!” This last from Carruthers, who is still smarting from that little comedy in San Francisco two years ago when he was boasting about his acquisition of a “genuine 15th – century Inca funeral urn” from some antiquities dealer in Bolivia. I am sure I embarrassed him when I pointed out the tiny inscription just under the lip, the one that said “Made in Japan.”

And the other day he returned the favour. Blast it to blazes! I should be oblivious to such condescension – God knows I’ve subjected myself to it long enough – but I had to resist the urge to land him one on that smug little grin of his. Right. Henry Jones, the white hope of Las Mesas. Perhaps I am not worthy of finding the Grail after all.

*Aboard the steamer George S
Pilkington*

The North Atlantic

June 29, 1920

At last I can resume my research in earnest! Can it really have been

six years since I last saw the Old World?

The Great War is over, Europe is unlocked once again, and I have a year to poke around in ruins and libraries before I resume my duties – at Princeton! My “legitimate” scholarship has gained sufficient recognition that I have been granted tenure at that distinguished institution, despite what the academic community regards as my fanciful obsession. I am not sorry to leave Four Corners. I have appreciated the solitude of the desert, but it is too far from the mainstream of medieval scholarship and it contains far too many memories of Mary.

And of Junior. He truly loved Colorado, for all he decided that the state wasn't big enough for the both of us: and he systematic explorations of the old Anasazi ruins during the year before he left home gave me hope that I had indeed raised a scholar.

I have no idea where my son is. I pray that he is alive, healthy, and not in prison. It still breaks my heart that he scorned the opportunity for a university education – not to mention his own father – for a life devoted to dissipation and ruin. Wherever he is, I assume he is at this moment galloping across open country on horseback, tearing about in an automobile, or

*getting some young girl in trouble.
(Just this evening on the promenade
deck I was talking to a young lady I
met at Dinner with my own thoughts of
romance – until I realized that this
woman who spoke so frankly of female
emancipation, speakeasies, and the
scandalous theories of Dr. Sigmund
Freud was a girl of the same age as
Junior. It made me feel very old)*

Oxford, England

July 14, 1920

*I am in my element. I have spent
the past ten days combing the
Arthurian collections in the British
Museum in London and the Bodelian*

*library here.. Marcus Brody has
become an antiquarian and has been
most useful. He has introduced me to a
number of scholars who are
supportive of my work. One is a young
German Jesuit, Brother Matthius, who
despite the understandable British
hostility toward the Hun”, is well
regarded in university circles here.
Matthuis is a student of the life and
works of Abbess Hildegard of Bingen,
the celebrated 12- century religious
poet, visionary and musical composer:
and he informs me that certain rare
manuscript of the abbess’s book of
visions contain Grail references.*

Unfortunately Professor Hawken

died in the influenza epidemic last winter, but I have been allowed to see the Abergavenney manuscript. Hawken was not interested in Grail lore and spoke of hermit's vision only in passing. We are off to Wales tomorrow to make further investigations.

Nanteos, Wales

July 19, 1920

Marcus had heard rumours about a wooden cup, that – according to the legend – was saved by seven monks who fled to Wales during the devastation of the Abbey of Glastonbury. In contrast to the cup of Iona, this one – also made from olive

wood – is still present and – again like the cup of Iona - it is said to be used during the last supper.

According to the same rumours people drank from it in the hope of being healed and indeed many seem to have found cures.

It is now locked away, but Marcus and brother Matthius were able to make a special arrangement, that allows me to examine this cup.

I was also told that Richard Wagner came to see it in 1855, and later wrote his great drama of the Grail, Parifal, inspired perhaps by the sight of this cup.

Nanteos, Wales

July 23, 1920

I don't know from what century this Nanteos cup is supposed to be from, but I'll eat my hat if this is the holy Grail.

It is a beautiful and old cup, that has suffered badly from the abuse of the centuries, but I wouldn't suggest it to be older than seven- or eight hundred years. I will draw it into my notebook, to make sure that whenever I find a description of the Grail that fits to this drawing, I'll know better than to waste my time any further.

(Drawing of the Nanteos Cup)

“ The Purple Dragon ’

Mochdref, Wales

July 27, 1920

Eureka! Just when I was beginning to suspect that this Welsh excursion was a wild goose chase, we stumbled upon this village. A local folk legend has it that the poet Taliesin, whom the chronicles speak of as a pupil and companion of Merlin, came to this valley after the death of Arthur and the breaking of the fellowship of the Round Table. The natives were most avid informants once I had proved my worthiness by quoting some of Taliesin’s verses to them (and by matching them drink for drink in the

common room of the inn.)

Taliesin’s was reputed to be a shape – changer, and one of the local traditions is that the poet would often take the form of an eagle and observe the knights disporting themselves. On occasion he is said to have gazed upon Sir Perceval in his hermitage (NB: Not Galahad, as in the later accounts.) after he had fulfilled the quest of the Grail:

And of the sacred relic the bard sang a verse that I have translated.

To my embarrassment, I woke this morning with an axe-blade in my skull, on a straw cot in the local jail. I will admit to having had a bit too much

to drink last night, but only the solemn confirmation of a dozen witnesses convinces me that I indeed ended the evening standing on the bar of “The Purple Dragon,” roaring out a medley of Yale college songs. It did not make matters any easier that it took Brody most of the morning to find his way there to pay my fine. How a man who can smell out a rare manuscript with the instinct of a bloodhound can get lost in a village of twenty houses is a mystery known only to the creator.

*I wrote down the verse fragment in the Welsh language attributed to Taliesin, sung by a shepherd and folklorist at Mochdref, Wales **on the following page.***

...Silver as the foam of the sea,
Bright as the mirror of Bronwyn,
Fragrant as the flesh of Bladeuwedd,
Mighty as the sword of Bran:
Carven with the spells of blessing
In the shrouded tongue of the East,
This vessel, the coracle of God
Drives out the old before the new.*

(Translated by H.J. 7/31/20)

*NB: A coracle is a round boat such
as are still employed by fisher folk in
Wales and western England: and thus
Taliesin's verse would seem to support
the theory that the Grail is a bowl, not
a cup.*

*The native Welshmen tell me that this
word would be more accurately
rendered as "frothy" or "crystalline"
or "luminescent." In many cases it
describes a quality of appearance and
should not be taken as a reference to
the metal silver.*

*(Double spread of the picture in which
Josephus gives a bowl to King Alain)*

This picture from the 15th century supports the bowl theory

Josephus, here giving the Grail to King Alain (who was converted to Christianity and became the third guardian of the Grail), was the son of Joseph of Arimathaea and it was he, according to the Grail legends, who had been the first Bishop of western Christendom, and therefore the founder of an early branch of Christianity distinct from the established Church.

(Double spread with map of the mountain road)

It is possible to see behind the story of Taliesin echoes of a mystery religion in which a sacred vessel played an important part---

Perhaps like the ritual depicted on the walls of the Villa of the Mysteries at Pompeii (second century AD)

where the initiate was offered a cup prior to undergoing tests which, if successfully completed, would impart to him the tenets of the inner life.

Possibly an alternative feast echoing that partaken of by the Grail Knights. i.e. Kernos.

map of the mountain road

Depth of the rock here is almost unpassable

wall of rock that confronted us during our progress up the mountain road beyond the first overnight stop.

(plus Hitler's autograph)

Dornbirn, Austria – Hungary

September 2, 1920

Brother Matthius is on his best way to ruin my body with his attempt of saving my soul. After he heard about the incident in Mochdref, he insisted to show me the joy that can be found within God's creation and that my "excessive drinking" is nothing compared to the "true inner peace". Since I couldn't risk to lose his goodwill, I agreed to experience the "pleasure of letting God take care of you". If only I had asked what exactly was meant by that:

Instead of praying or something alike, Brother Matthius wanted to walk from

Kempton, Southern Germany to Sankt-Gallen, Switzerland without any rations.

What I first believed to be bad humor, soon proved to be even worse reality: we've been on our hiking trip for two days now and won't reach Sank-Gallen until tomorrow evening. I have just finished three hours of hard work on a farm to earn our dinner. The first meal today and I am far from experiencing any pleasure.

I can only hope, that the manuscript, that Brother Matthius will represent to me in Sankt-Gallen, is worth the sacrifice.

Sankt-Gallen, Switzerland

September 4, 1920

*It is as Brother Matthuis
Promised. The library of this ancient
abbey contains a volume by Abbess
Hildegard of Bingen, in her own hand,
in which she recounts a vision of the
cup of Christ!*

*The incident is dated 1163. There
exists a published Book of the visions
of St. Hildegard, compiled by the
sisters of her convent: but the last
revelation in that volume dated 1155.
The Abbess is known to have lived until
1179, and the St. Gallen codex clearly
represents visions of the last 24 years
of the celebrated mystics life. I perused*

*it carefully but found no other
references to the Grail.*

*I have excerpted Hildegard's
description of the Grail in this
notebook, but I remain puzzled by two
features of the manuscript. Across the
bottom of the page in which this vision
is recounted appears a line of music
with the annotation PER HOS
SONOS SEPULCRUM APERIES- "by
these tones shall you shall open the
tomb." The Abbess was a noted
musician; but this is the only place in
this particular codex where a musical
reference appears "Sepulcrum"
probably refers to the Holy Sepulchre
in Jerusalem. I have copied the music-*

‘Neumes,’ – I believe the medieval notes were called – and the master of the chapel here has graciously transcribed them into modern notes. But for now their significance remains a mystery, much like the Coptic cipher in Codirolli's Constantinople parchment. (I look forward to seeing the old reprobate in Bologna, but I first must make an unscheduled Rhine journey to Bingen.)

The other oddity is a cluster of illuminations that appear on the following pages: Twelve medieval images, in three groups of four each, rendered in an individualized style that is far more

characteristic of fifteenth rather than of Twelfth – century art. Upon close examination, the parchment page on which these drawings appear proved to be of an entirely different quality and provenance – than the rest of the codex – as if the volume had been rebound and the new leaf added at some time after the manuscript was written. I reproduce these drawings here, though their relevance, if any, to the object of my Quest must for now remain obscure.

*(Double spread of Mysterious
drawings)*

*Account of a vision of Abbess
Hildegard of Bingen, found in a
manuscript in the library of the
Benedictine abbey of St. Gallen,
apparently in Hildegard's own hand.
(Translated from the Latin and
excerpted by H.J. 9/2/20)*

*“On Good Friday (of the year 1163), I
was in chapel at the hour of
Matins...And of a sudden it seemed
that the chapel was filled with a light
brighter than the day, though outside
was darkness... And I was visited by
the Holy Ghost and granted a vision of
Our Lord on the cross... And by his
side stood Joseph of Arimathea, who*

*held a chalice of brass to catch our
Saviour's blood, and on it was
inscribed as it seemed in the Greek
language, the words “ Take ye, this is
my blood.” ...*

(written diagonal over double page)

(Tunes to open the grave

*(Raiders March) – which strangely
reminds Henry of Junior)*

(More text about the strange notes)

Bologna, Italy

September 29, 1920

Bingen was a bust. There was nothing in the voluminous manuscripts of Abbess Hildegard that yielded a clue to the musical notes in the St. Galen codex; and seeing the devastation wrought in the Rhineland by the war was dismaying. But what a journey this has been! A few more findings such as these and I may discover the Grail before I must return home!

Codirolli continues to amaze me. He is past seventy, but his energy is equal to that of a twenty year- old. Right now

he is out carousing somewhere, leaving me to pour over the fruits of his remarkable labours of the war years. Hostile borders have been no barrier to him nor has revolution, as he was able to slip into Constantinople (or as we now must call it, Istanbul!) and Russia (or as we now must call it, the Soviet Union!!) and bring out some of the most amazing items.

I have before me a parchment, this wonder obtained from the ruin of Kaffa, in the Crimea. It is a testament written in good Byzantine Greek by a Jewish physician who was in attendance at the death of a Franciscan friar in that city the year

1267. As it happens, in one of those happy accidents of scholarship, this was the same Franciscan who painted the Crucifixion I saw so many years ago at Klassenheim – the friar who was said to have met a crusading knight who claimed that he and his brothers had found the Grail!

The physician relates that the friar was sick at heart and fearful of damnation because he “had known for years of the location of the Holy Grail and failed to restore it to Christendom for fear he was not worthy ‘to feel the breathe of God and live, to tread upon {?} the word of God and be saved, ore to walk the path of God and not tumble

into the abyss.”

I have no clue as to the meaning of all this, but I must believe that to one armed with the proper knowledge it provided directions to the location of the Grail!

Also before me is a translation of another of Codirolli’s findings, a much older account of a Byzantine merchant which offers yet another confounding description of the item. Its provenance – Russia _ and its date – the mid-10th century imply a connection with the fragment I found at Cantaney that refers to the Vikings having stolen the Grail from Iona From Kiev, with all the trading and raiding that was going

on during those centuries it could easily have made its way south to where it could have been found by the knights of the first Crusade.

Excerpt from the journal of Byzantine merchant in Kiev, early 10th century, Translated by G. Codirolli and shown to me 9/29/20

“...And though the Kingdom of Rus is pagan there are many Christians among its people, and Jews and Saracens as well. And in the market a man, knowing me to be Christian, offered to sell me a chalice, which he said was the holy cup that caught the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. But I have been to Jerusalem, and to

Antioch, and many liars and charlatans have tried to sell me bones of saints and pieces of the Cross and fragments of Christ’s garments. And the cup he had was plain, of base metal and with no ornamentation, and surely could not have been the glorious Cup of Our Lord...”

Bologna, Italy

October 7, 1920

Codirolli offered me to stay for another week or two, which I agreed to gratefully. His collection of old manuscripts and books puts mine to shame. Once again I found a most interesting window, but this time the date and location were mentioned!

*(Double spread: Invented page from
Magnoli; Italian Window and drinking
peacocks)*

12th century

*Stained glass panel from Châlons-sur-Marne cathedral,
France.*

*Ecclesia bears the chalice of the Mass, the ultimate symbol
of eternal life, brought by Christ's blood.*

Upper part of stone relief.

*A cornucopia, the horn of plenty and of physical renewal,
is the link between the longings for immortality and the
reconciliation of man's dual nature (symbolized by the two
peacocks drinking from the higher spiritual cup) in the
resurrection.*

(Double spread with drinking stag)

Sketch made on site.

Stone relief, Italy 9th 10th Cent. AD

Inscription

The Grail is the Spring of life, the vessel containing the promise of immortality. From it drinks the stag - symbol of the soul's thirst for god.

14th Century Windows,

Christ redeemed the sin of Adam; new light and life is contained by the "Grail-as-Chalice" image

Bologna, Italy

October 12, 1920

Yet another window, that I found in one of Codirolli's amazing collection. Judging by the style, it is clear to me, that this window must be either from the same artist as the one on the parchment, that he presented to me in Las Mesas and / or from the same window!

As usual, when things get important, no date or place could be made out, but Codirolli and I both agreed on the 14th century.

Since the previous window is clearly said to be found in France, I will start off to France in a few days and

hopefully find that mysterious window. But before that, I will re-visit Germany where I will study the life of Wolfram von Eschenbach and have a good time with Staubig.

Paris, France

December 8, 1920

I suppose I'm on the right way: During the last days I spent my time in the libraries of Paris and in an old and hardly readable manuscript discovered the legend of Chateau de Vincennes—which is said to have been

“the castle which has the {...} stone {...} God”.

Chateau de Vincennes, France

December 9, 1920

As luck would have it, this castle is just outside of Paris.

This could indeed have been the inspiration for the castle of the grail as Chrétien de Troyes described it (enormous castle with a high, square tower) and therefore I made a sketch of the floor plan on the opposite page.

But the word "stone" fits better to Wolfram von Eschenbach's description of the Grail. If not the Grail itself, maybe a meteorite with engravings or some sort of stone with engravings of heaven – hidden within these walls – inspired him.

(written vertical)

(Drawing of Black stone)

There is still another stone that could have influenced Wolfram's conception of the Grail. This is the Black Stone, sacred to the Islamic religion, which stands at the centre of Mecca. Like the emerald which fell to earth, the Black Stone was believed to have been a meteorite which fell out of the sky in the distant past.

It became an object of worship until the time of Mohammed.

Paris, France

December 10, 1920

What a night!

Just when Chateau de Vincennes seemed to be yet another bust, I found one of the stones in the very middle of the square tower to be a little lower than the other stones (marked in my map of the floor plan).

Suddenly I understood: the text in the manuscript isn't referring to the "stone of God" itself, but to "a stone that leads to God"! When I kneeled down to tie up my laces, I knocked on that specific stone with my umbrella to hear that there's a hollow room beneath it. Now I'm sure that Junior would just

break up the floor and run with whatever he would find within the hollow, but in my age I wouldn't get very far with it, so I had to think of something else. In that case a huge trunk enabled me to hide in the castle until the other tourists were gone and the doors were shut. The beating of my heart was as loud as a galloping horse, but I managed to "borrow" the sword from one of the knights armor and use it like a crowbar. Beneath the stone was a small wooden box that was almost completely rotten and in it a piece of paper that had once been a scroll. I carefully put the stone and the sword back in place, but kept the

document for further investigation.

Then I went back behind the trunk, where I spent the rest of the night, so I could act like a usual tourist in the morning.

There wasn't much left of the scroll itself. In fact I was only able to make out a few words in Spanish, but what words: "Santo Caliz" and "Huesca"! At least I never carried out my investigations in that direction and since time allows to do so, I will follow this path.

Maybe it is hidden somewhere in the Pyrenees.

Huesca, Spain

December 19, 1920

People here talk about the Grail lore with the same matter of course as of their last birthday. The Grail was here!!!

According to their stories, it was St. Laurence who brought it to Huesca, where it was kept until the beginning of Moorish invasion in Spain. It was then hidden in several caves in the Pyrenees.

I'll make a map on the next page to keep track on things.

(Map of Pyrenees)

Barcelona, Spain

January 2, 1921

I been studying maps, maps and maps again during the last days and today I was rewarded for my efforts.

I found the Sierra de la Pena, where the monastery of San Juan de la Pena is hidden in the mountain!!! Exactly as it is described in The Mabinogion.

Have I finally found the hidden temple of the Grail? Will it still be there? I'll be on my way as soon as I find a possibility to get there.

San Juan de la Pena, Spain

January 4, 1921

What was once the sacred house of the Holy Grail is now a ruin.

(Drawing of San Juan de la Pena)

But I'm hard on its heels: The Mayor of la Pena was kind enough to let me study the archives of the city. In a document – dated from December 14, 1134 – I found the following words:

“En un arca de marfil está el Cáliz en que Cristo Nuestro Senor consagró su Sangre...” (written diagonal)

- which I translated to: “In a shrine (made) of ivory is the cup in which Christ, our Lord, sacred his blood...”

Valencia, Spain

January 9, 1921

*I had almost finished my studies in la Pena, when the Mayor came back, took a look at the documents I had read and asked if I was interested in the history of the “Santo Caliz de Valencia”. I could hardly believe, what I had just heard. He confirmed that the cup mentioned in the documents, had been brought to Valencia during the 15th century and would still be there in the “Capilla del Santo Caliz” – recently built inside the Cathedral of Valencia!!!
And here I have been waiting patiently during the last two days.*

I can only imagine how Junior would handle this situation, but instead of taking the risk and getting arrested, I introduced myself as the historian who I am and asked if I were allowed to inspect this cup. – Of course I weren't and it was first when I proved my knowledge of Christian history, that a telegram was sent to the Archbishop – Salvador Barrera – in which I was mentioned together with my desire. I have little hope, that there will be a respond during the next days, but if necessary I will stay here for the rest of the year. I won't give up, now that I'm finally at the end of my quest.

Valencia, Spain

January 25, 1921

I have finally been allowed to inspect the Valencia Chalice, but I may not touch it. I write my notes as I examine it.

It is a set of three pieces put together into one chalice: a cup (on top), a body or base and a foot.

The upper piece is a cup, carved out of a big gem of agate either made in Egypt, Syria or perhaps Palestine from the 4th c B.C. to the 1st c A.D. It has been broken into two pieces once, but has been repaired since.

The body is made of gold as well as the stripe and four arteries – covered with

27 pearls, 2 emeralds and 2 rubies – on the foot. The golden parts are obviously of much younger date than the cup and the foot and I suspect them to be attached to the cup in the Middle Ages – maybe 12th century.

The foot - another cup in reversed position, made of similar material as the upper cup – has an inscription in Cuficus Arabian inscription, that I have to translate yet. Here it is:

(Cuficus Arabian inscription)

15mm

(Drawing of Chalice of Valencia)

Aboard of the SHIPS NAME

February 1, 1920

I'm on my way to the holy land where I will do my last attempt in fulfilling this quest. As a side note – and to keep track on things – I should explain why the “Grail from Valencia” was the worst setback in all these years.

The first thing that made me skeptic, was the base: as stated above, it couldn't be older than 800 years. Of course it could have be attached to the cup(s) later, but there was more.

Second was the strange inscription, that I was able to translate to “ALBST SLJS” which again would come close

to “Al-Labsit As-Siljs”.

There is no doubt that this is the Grail that Wolfram von Eschenbach referred to by describing it as “lapis exilis”.

Now why would someone write “philosopher’s stone” on the philosopher’s stone?! I don’t write “umbrella” on my umbrella neither, since it’s obvious.

But what really opened my eyes was the little cross section, that were visible on the upper cup (I know that other scientists make fun of the “Henry Jones method of dating artifacts,” but it works). I didn’t see it during the first day, since I wasn’t looking for it. But on the second day of my examinations I

brought my magnifying glass and there it was: the cup was from the same century as the body. The sexton who guarded the vessel during my studies, was obviously very surprised when I suddenly stood up, said thank you and left the building.

I don’t know if this false Grail was made by the Church to fool its members, or if it was made by someone else, with the intention to sell it for a large amount of money, and it is not my job to clear this up.

I will now follow the clues I found in the secret trunk years ago.

Aboard of the SHIPS NAME

February 3, 1921

I'm starting to get bored, but at least I had the time to re-read this notebook and sum things up:

When I visited al-Jawf, I neglected some hints, that I will now investigate more detailed. "On coming from Alexandria", "hidden temple that houses the treasure of God" and "the holy brotherhood".

Alexandria is located in Egypt, but "on coming from", written in Latin, must mean that someone was on his way (back?) to Europe, which is why I will leave the ship in Antalya, Turkey, and travel to the holy land when I'm

done with my researches there and at the Balkans.

Istanbul, Turkey

March 26, 1921

Why didn't I think of it earlier? Who else than the Templars could be the holy brotherhood? How would a knights order of only nine people protect the pilgrims of the holy land? Was their original intention a different one, than the official? Was the Grail maybe hidden within the walls of King Salomon's temple and if so, did they find it? I would make sense:

(Gulf of Aqaba)

For here we have all the elements of the Grail story: the temple on top of a mountain surrounded by water, the vessel containing a sacred relic; miraculous events which take place regularly at the same time; the blessing received by those who are true adherents, and the dire effects upon those who are not.

Even the twelve monasteries around the lake are reminiscent of the Round Table with its (originally) twelve seats.

The vessel surrounded by chains recalls the magic bowl in the Yvain story, which caused a storm when water from it was poured over an emerald.

Now the question is, where did they hide the Grail after the fall of Jerusalem in 1187? Was it “hidden in a temple”? I sketched a map of the area that was controlled by the Templars during their most powerful years. If it is hidden in this area, I have to find further clues where exactly, which is why I have decided to start of to the holy land tomorrow and carry out my studies in Jerusalem.

Of course the temple that are mentioned in the scrolls could also be the ruin of what was once King Salomon’s temple. Though not much is left from this glorious temple, I made a drawing of what it might have

looked like.

(Drawing of temple of King Salomon as in the CG Diary)

Jerusalem, The holy land

April 5, 1921

What would be a better place to observe Eastern than this? I have visited the typical places where tourists and pilgrims go and though I came to study the history of the Templars, I feel that a little break these days won't hurt. I have plenty of time left until my duties at Princeton, and I will take be on vacation until the libraries and museum open up again after the religious holidays.

Jerusalem, The holy land

April 10, 1921

The museums in this city hold some remarkable collections. I found a wonderful engraving, showing the Mother of God, that I copied on the next page.

*(Double spread with the mother of
God)*

In the Quest del Saint Graal at the moment when Galahad enters Sarras with the Grail, the text refers to the Mass of the Mother of God being sung in the cathedral. Specifically to "Mystery of the Grail." Possibility of a Marian Grail cult at Glastonbury cannot thus be ruled out.

The Omphalos in Jerusalem.

Stone

Representing the centre of the Christian world as a vessel containing a stone.

cross of Christ was placed and I simply had to draw this sacred stone. Though

Jerusalem, The holy land

April 14, 1921

Since I'm here already, I went to see the Church of the holy Sepulcher which is said to be build on exactly the same place as the crucifixion took place. A gigantic building that has destroyed and rebuild again and again. Never in my life have I seen a building with such an incredible mix of various styles.

According to the legend the Omphalos of Jerusalem is said to be used to build the church. The Omphalos was the stone on which the

its look is pure speculation, I tried to match the style of this time area.

But back to the Templars:

As I wrote already, they lived on the ruins of King Salomon's temple. A British expedition from 1874 found several proves of Templar activities in the subterranean vaults. I can hardly believe, that any pilgrims were in need of protection in the subterranean vaults!

I have been allowed to examine these vaults in a few weeks and maybe I can find some hints that have been

neglected from the previous expedition.

What I need now is a good lamp!

Jerusalem, The holy land

May 11, 1920

I am currently crawling through the subterranean vaults beneath the temple of Herodes. Besides of some Christian symbols, that have been scratched into the walls, I found the seal of the Templars – two brother riding one horse to illustrate their rule to be unpropertied – so there can be no doubt of their (temporary?) stay here. As far as I can see in the glow of my lamp, I look as if I would work in a coal mine.

There's a rock obstacle in front of me, that looks as if it came from a collapsed shrine but it seems impossible to overcome. I'll have to look from the other side.

(written vertically)

(Drawing of rock slide)

The Grail is flooded with spiritual light and shines out to those who seek it.

The true and proper home of the Grail is Paradise, the perfect realm of the spirit where the Priest King, John, its last guardian reigns benignly from his castle within the Garden of Earthly Delights. One of the meanings attributed to the words "lapsit exillas," used by Wolfram von Eschenbach is the "stone of exile" (from Paradise).

Unpassable.

(Drawing of Templar seal)

Jerusalem, The holy land

May 13, 1921

After five hours of crawling and creeping through the “underworld” of Jerusalem, I gave up. My knees still hurts and I found nothing of interest. I will use the remaining time to visit the museums and libraries of this city, before I set out for the United States again –after a long promised visit in Chetfield.

*Aboard the steamer Atalanta
The North Atlantic June 21, 1921*

*Midsummer day. The Atalanta is steaming westward across a perfectly calm sea, bearing me home from what I must on balance consider a failed voyage. The heady successes of the summer months have been overshadowed by the three subsequent seasons of false trails, blind alleys and near misses – in Italy, Germany, The Balkans, **France, Spain**, Turkey and the Near East. I will not say that the year was without its joys – the Holy Land was a precious experience, to say nothing of my encounter with Lady E.! – but as regards my quest, everything*

after Bologna was disappointment and frustration.

*Yet I have Princeton to look forward to, new adventures in scholarship and future opportunities to return to the Old World. I am only forty-five, and I have Codirolli to look at as an example of what can be accomplished at an advanced age. The search for the Grail is a lifetime quest. I was summoned to this mission two decades ago, and I can only believe that I have been chosen by some higher power to fulfil it, **but for now I have to let it go. Maybe, one day, I'll have the energy and start it over.***

*(Double spread: Letter from Lady E.
1923)*

*(Drawing of map with no names on
both pages)*

Princeton, New Jersey

June 19, 1923

As Sherlock Holmes might say, I am back on the case. Since receiving Lady E's letter earlier this week, I have been constructing a map, based on all the accounts I have gathered of the rout of the Grail.

How fragmentary they are! The Burton tidbit Lady E. recounts to me speaks of traveling "eastward from the city" – but which city? The legends of Klassenheim had to "in a canyon in the midst of a range of mountains? And al-Musafir's informant placed it near the source of a river which he reached after traveling south from an oasis" –

but which river; which oasis? "Oasis" implies desert – but which desert?

Yes, it seems there is useful research I can do in New Jersey. I must scour every atlas, ancient and modern, until I find a map that matches mine.

As for lady E. – who would have believed she would remember me so fondly? I am feeling like a schoolboy!

Princeton, New Jersey

August 4, 1923

Being excited and making progresses are not necessarily the same. I've have tried hard, to find a matching map, but it was simply impossible. It could be anywhere and I don't even know, if my map is accurate. Maybe I should make yet another version of it.

Anyhow; considering the information I have, there was a "holy brotherhood" if not the Templars, than maybe a splinter group of them, who exchanged the paw cross for the mysterious cross I saw on the window from Codirolli's parchment and on the Latin scrolls from the trunk.

This cross was obviously visible on the shield of this order of knights.

At least I know what to look for now. I will study the different types of shields used in the crusades. Maybe the library of Princeton will gain me some information from documents I weren't able to study before.

If I'm right with my speculations the Grail must be hidden somewhere in a canyon of the holy land. Somewhere close to a dessert, eastwards from a city. I must find that city and there can only be one way to do so: finding the knight who is shown on the window from Codirolli's parchment. But first of all a map of the possible area.

*(map of the Holy Land on both pages
as in Magnoli's prop)*

(Double spread with map with no names)

Western coast of an unknown desert. Nearby is a city mentioned by the knights.

canyons and mountains.

Due East from the great Oasis, three days south to the foothills of ?

Two days across the Salt desert to the pinnacle rock that is North East to the plain and these two peaks pass to the Canyon of the pinnacle rock

(Double spread Melchizadek)

The only really significant medieval texts to succeed Wolfram were the anonymous Perlesvaus C1225

In particular there is the statement (mysterious) that the Grail undergoes five (5) changes in shapes of which only the fifth a chalice is named.

Malory, who is the last of the true medieval romancers wrote what is probably the most famous Arthurian work; but his concerns were very different from those of his predecessors.

Note: the same style of chalice on the knights shield as the one found in the temple by me.

Window Melchizadek foreshadows Christ in his offering wine as the token of his peoples blood. He, like the guardian of the Grail, is a priest and a King. St. Paul says of him that he is without father or mother or even genealogy and had neither beginning of days nor end of life

(Double spread with Defender of Faith)

Window detail detail from the Nave

the two Knights appear opposite each other.

Once again we see the habit of following the Eastern sources and rituals by placing the two knights in a Christianized framework.

Maltese symbol

Turkish Crescent.

Only three succeed in finding the Grail.

This is one of the participants.

note: design of breast plates,

Defender of the Faith

Probably 15th Century

Princeton, New Jersey

November 5, 1923

I have been very diligent for the past months here at Princeton. Besides of some remarkable drawings of knights and their shields, that I found here, I got my suspicion confirmed, that the two knights from the encyclopedia are in fact from a window of an unnamed church! Where else could the mysterious knight be buried than within a church?

The beautiful painting from the 15th century that I copied on the opposite page, has an interesting detail: the cross that Ecclesia holds in her left hand, reminds astonishingly of the mysterious cross from the shield.

(Crucifixion painting)

Princeton, New Jersey

June 6, 1924

Giving lectures has kept my too occupied for a long time, but finally I enjoy my well-deserved holidays. A new colleague – Dr. Parish – has proved to be helpful. He caught me while I was copying the drawings of the knights and their shields in the lecturer's room and offered his help on medieval shields. My first reaction was a little rough, since I didn't feel very comfortable with the situation, but after some months I plucked up courage and asked him if he had ever seen the mysterious cross before – which, unfortunately, he denied.

But today I received his telegram in which he attracts my attention on a legend I haven't heard of before: Sir Galahad's shield.

At least I know how to spend my holidays.

Insert: Eastern Telegram, in which Dr. Parish mentions the shield of Sir Galahad.

Princeton, New Jersey

September 6, 1924

It was not until Dr. Parish gave me a tip which books I should read, that I finally found something on the shield of Sir Galahad. How embarrassing!

But now that I know where to look I can finally put together the essence of this legend:

It starts forty-two years after the crucifixion. Joseph of Arimathea was sent to Sarras, where his son Josephus made a shield for King Mordrain of Sarras, which should help him in defeating a mighty enemy. Visible painted on the shield, was the cross with the bleeding Christ, which

vanished after the shield caused a miracle. Josephus and his father traveled to England, but were put in prison there, after which King Mordrain and his brother-in-law, Nascien, came from the holy land, freed the and brought Christianity to England. Josephus left the shield in England to serve the awaited perfect knight: Sir Galahad.

The similarity of this legend compared to the Grail lore is amazing. According to the latter, Joseph of Arimathea brought the Grail to England where he founded the first church. And it is – depending on the

version – Sir Galahad who finds the Grail.

Throughout the crusades many orders of knights had some sort of cross on their shield, but maybe the holy brotherhood – supposed they were an order of knights at all – used this legend as a foundation to create their shields. But maybe their wasn't more than one single shield. I have only been able to find this cross on a shield once. Could this shield be the legendary shield of Sir Galahad? Would it point towards the lost location of the holy Grail. Could an inscription on this shield be the answer to all my questions?

Princeton, New Jersey

October 15, 1926

I am a broken-hearted man. Today I received a message, that Codirolli died an unnatural death. I will study all journals, that I can get into my hands, to find out more.

Magnoli paper article China Trek

Found in the same journal as Codirolli's obituary

(Newspaper article from 1927)

Princeton

May 29, 1927

The news out of Egypt has held me in thrall all this spring. I have haunted cable offices and made daily phone calls to the wire services in New York, anxious to receive every tidbit of news about Hawe's discovery as it becomes available. While everyone else in the world seems to be ecstatic over this Lindberg fellow, it is the papyrus unearthed at Kozra that has claimed my undivided attention. If the scroll is authentically "the gospel according to Joseph of Arimathea," then its description of the Grail could be the authentic one.

And even if it isn't, it may prove to have some connection with Codirolli's Coptic cipher.

Poor Codirolli! My urgent desire to get to Egypt and examine the Hawes papyrus is mitigated by his senseless death last year in Rome, an old man beaten to death in the street for making an obscene gesture at one of il duce's Fascist bully-boys. I have lost a good friend, an invaluable colleague, and for now, at least, my taste for travel as well.

Ironically it was the same journal that carried the news of his death that brought me my first news of Junior in more than a decade. At least

I assume that the "Dr. Indiana Jones" spoken of in connection with the Ravenwood expedition in Sun kiang is my son! I am gratified to learn that he is alive and has earned his doctorate – but Indiana??

It was our dog's name in Las Mesas. The boy continues pointedly to wound me. I wrote him a letter in care of Ravenwood at Chicago addressed to Dr. Henry Jones, Jr., but I have yet to receive a reply.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

October 2, 1928

Have seen the Hawes papyrus at last. I have nothing to add to the controversy over its genuineness, about which only a theologian would care. It is clearly of great antiquity and of interest of historians whether or not it is really and eyewitness account of Joseph of Arimathea. It is a transcription and a translation in any case: Joseph would have written in Aramaic or perhaps Greek, certainly not Coptic, which did not exist as a written language until perhaps 200 AD. Only when I find the object of my quest will I be able to attest to the

accuracy of the author's description.

Do I sound discouraged?

Perhaps I am, after all these years of false hopes, flimsy discoveries and disappointments, Perhaps I am. The search for the Holy Grail is the search for the spark of the divine in all of us. But Just now I feel all too mortal, and I fear I have wasted my life in pursuit of a chimera.

Salisbury, England

September 17, 1930

I am shivering, but neither from cold nor from fear.

I write this entry in a cell that has graciously been lent to me by one of the canons of the Cathedral, where in a secret alcove high up in the buildings' stonework a badly damaged copy of a diary of St. Anselm was found this summer by a mason making repairs. Brody advised me by cable last month of the discovery. How the manuscript came to be here instead of Canterbury, where Anselm was archbishop, I do not know; but it appears to have been hidden away

because of one very un-Anselmlike visionary lacuna that some priest may have adjudged "Satanic." Thank God this did not destroy the manuscript utterly!

*The passage seems to date from the period of the great theologian's exile from England. In the midst of a typical philosophical discourse on the nature of God the father, Anselm broke off and wrote the words *EQUESTRI SEPULCRUM IN (obscured) REGINA (obscured) DALMATIAE* – "the knight's tomb in (the crypt of?) Queen (her name?) of Dalmatia."*

*Below this sentence is a crude
representation of a wine cup
surrounded by a nimbus over which
are written the words CHRISTI CALIX
– cup of Christ. I have copied
everything on the next double page, so
it can be easily found, when I need to
look it up. I'm confident, that I won't
be able to remember these strange
sentences and instead of learning
everything by heart, I rather write it
into this notebook.*

(Double spread with three trials)

In the margin next to these words are two drawings of a mechanical device resembling a pendulum, and a man, seeming to walk on air.

(Third trial drawing from CG Diary)

(mechanical device from CG Diary)

(Double spread third trial)

The path of the Grail is inextricably bound up with sacrifice.

Each of the 8 cups contained one of the elements of the divine draught.

The breath of God, the word of God, the path of God – the same enigmatic words that were spoken more than a century and a half after St. Anselm’s death by the Franciscan friar who knew the location of the Grail – spoken as if they were tests of some kind that he unworthy to pass.

Suddenly everything begins to connect; Both Anselm and the friar refer to these three tests, the Burton fragment refers to “passing the three trials, the lost journal of Paolo of Genoa refers to the Grail as being guarded by “lethal protective devices, the drawing in the Anselm Manuscript certainly

could be some sort of lethal contraption! Abbess Hildegard in her vision of the Grail heard musical notes “by which you shall open the tomb.” St. Anselm here speaks of the Grail in connection with “the knight’s tomb in the queen of Dalmatia” –the Latin name for the Yugoslavian coast.

“The knight” could be the knight of the first crusade who told the friar where the Grail was to be found.

The knight’s tomb in the queen of Dalmatia! I am of to Paris tomorrow, from whence I take the Orient Express to Belgrade!

Split, Yugoslavia

November 4, 1930

This was the rash voyage I ever made and I would have saved lots of money and time in not doing so. There is absolutely nothing that points towards any queen, nor the Grail nor any hidden temple (how should it? The next mountain forty miles away) and if it wouldn't keep me from repeat such a stupid thing, I would most certainly not mention this bust with a single word. This was quite a lesson first to think and second to act.

I will make the best out of it and visit the remarkable old town of Dubrovnik before I leave again.

(Drawing of sword from the CG Diary)

(Probably!!!) the second page of spread 14 on which the extra spread is glued)

It seem like all these years of traveling and research have damaged my notebook to a degree, where it starts to fall apart. Since I don't like the idea of giving it to strangers to have it rebound, I decided to glue the pages back into the diary again, but I fear that this will not be the last page.

Fortunately I found some brilliant leather conditioner for the cover, which is also slowly falling apart. It is called Pecards and has been produced since 1902, which is why I don't understand that I never heard of it before.

(Double spread: Letter from Staubig)

Princeton, New Jersey

October 1, 1932

Letter came from Staubig today. How ironic that the Book of Spells of Merlin should turn up in Dubrovnik! I would be more excited about his discovery were it not for my bitter

Disappointment of two years ago when I failed to find any trace of the Grail in Yugoslavia. The Merlin account of the Grail provides some connection – The Aramaic inscription is identical to the one described in the Kaffa parchment – but it leaves me no closer to finding the item that has now eluded me for thirty-four years. What does it look like? I now have ten descriptions of the

*Grail, each one unique. Where is it located? I have **some** almost useless maps and a cryptic reference to a knights' tomb "in the queen of Dalmatia" that may be opened by a musical phrase. Danke schön, Herr Staubig, but unfortunately your discovery comes under the heading of too little, too late.*

News of Junior continues to reach me through the popular press, most recently from Indo-China where he is apparently in pursuit of a jade idol – "The demon monkey of Laeng-Tran" – that is said to possess some sort of occult power. I simply can't understand his obsession with such

fanciful nonsense. My God, what will he be after next? The lost cities of Cibola? The ark of the covenant? How could I have raised such a son?

And why must he insist on going by that ridiculous name?

New York

December 9, 1937

What a fool I have been! I ~~hold~~ ~~the~~ have held the key to the Grail in my hand for more than seven years and have failed to recognize it!

*Not Yugoslavia but Venice. The cryptic reference in the Anselm manuscript should be reconstructed as, **EQUESTRI SEPULCRUM IN URBE***

REGINA MARIS DALMATIAE – “The knights tomb (is) in the queen city of the Sea of Dalmatia” - that is the Adriatic. Venice- the Queen of the Adriatic- is where I will find the knight’s tomb. And within the tomb is to be found a “marker” that locates the Grail!

How I came by this knowledge is a tale too long to relate in detail in my excitement of the moment. I am in a luxury suite in the Prague Hotel, provided by one Walter Donovan, a wealthy industrialist and collector of antiquities who has long been a benefactor of scholarly institutions and museums. He is in possession of the

friar's chronicle- the friar, the one who died at Kaffa, the one who learned of the Grail's location from the 150-year-old-crusader, et cetera, et cetera – and, more astonishingly, of an incomplete stone tablet which the three brothers left as a “marker” to seekers of the Grail. Donovan has allowed me to make a rubbing of the partial inscription on the tablet; but according to the friar's account, a second “marker” that may lead to the Grail is buried with the knight's brother.

The knight's tomb!

My insight concerning Venice I have kept to myself! Donovan is as anxious to find this second marker as I

am; he has a great deal of money to spend on the project, and tonight he has asked me to lead his research team. As soon as I can extricate myself from my obligations at Princeton, I am to sail, no, fly – to Berlin to meet with Dr. Schneider, who will be working on the project with me. I do not intend to mention Venice until I am ready to depart. Donovan may well have this Schneider begin the investigation without me. (I've never heard of any Schneider, must ask Staubig if he knows him.) Besides, it will be rather embarrassing if I am proven wrong.

But I am right. This time I am sure of it.

*(drawing and translation of the grail
tablet on both pages)*

June 4, 1938:

I'm finally on my way to Berlin by airplane. Unfortunately I wasn't able to extricate myself from classes at Princeton earlier, so it proved useful not to tell Donovan about Venice before last week. To my surprise does he own an apartment in Venice which he offered to Dr. Schneider and me for the time of our investigations.

I will meet him in Berlin and together we will travel to Venice.

Staubig has never heard of him before and I'm not willing to give information - which took me 40 years of my life to compile - to unknown persons, now that I'm about to reach

the last steps of my quest.

Berlin, Germany

June 7, 1938

Dr. Schneider had himself excused, since he won't be able to join me until next week. Unfortunately the next departure for Venice is in five days, so I agreed to meet him there. It's obvious, that he tries to be ahead of me, but I'm confident, that this is not possible without this diary.

I spent the last days with researches at the libraries of Berlin and could hardly believe my eyes, when I found this picture in a book about churches and cathedrals of Venice:

(Double spread Venice library)

While not shown in my drawing, this is the room that contains the stained window I traced into my diary 26 years ago. It is found in the church of St. Barnaba in Venice!

According to the book, the knight is no one else but Sir Richard and it is clear that the crosses on the shield are the same as on the stone tablet. This proves that his shield is the second marker and here is where the tomb of the Sir Richard is to be found.

I can hardly wait to come to Venice and open the tomb with the strange tunes found in manuscript of Hildegard of Bingen.

Maybe the second marker will finally

deliver me the starting point for my maps. All I need is the name of a town or city. I am so close of ending this quest, that it makes me crazy to wait here, while Dr. Schneider is researching the history of Venice and its meaning during the crusades. Though it seems impossible to find – let alone to open - the tomb without me, I feel unwell with the fact that Venice is out of reach for me at the moment.

(Map of Venice)

June 13, 1938

I'm sitting in the Boat bringing me to Venice. I has been a tiring voyage to get here, but I can finally see the first islands with their small buildings and places. What a beautiful city. It is almost dark and I fear that all churches are closed by now, so I'll have the pleasure of a bath, something to eat and a nights time of sleep before the "great event". I have drawn a small map of Venice to make it easier for me and Dr. Schneider to find the church of St. Barnaba tomorrow.

Taped pages (six pages):

Castle Brunwald

June 16, 1938

How naive can a man be? I was shadowed, seduced, betrayed and kidnapped and I should have known it right from the beginning.

Dr. Elsa Schneider, a charming and attractive Lady in her early twenties, awaited me at the dock in Venice. I was blinded by her beauty and her knowledge about the Grail story, the crusades and the legends of King Arthur and I showed off a little with my diary and all the clues I've followed during the last 40 years. We spent a wonderful evening in a little restaurant close to the Piazza San Marcus and I

told her about a "big hint" I suspected to find in the church of St. Barnaba according to the tomb of Sir Richard. Later, after a walk through the streets of the city, we found a saloon and had a drink or two before we went back to Donovan's apartment, where I had left my suitcase.

The apartment is furnished nice and spacious and equipped with several extra together with well assorted wine shelves. The latter was used to a certain degree and I was about to sum up the amount I would pay Donovan to get it filled up again, when suddenly Elsa lost her balance and fell into my arms.

Being the gentleman that I am, I helped her to get back to her room, when... one thing led to another.

It must have been early morning when I woke up to hear her speaking in her sleep: “Ja, Herr Vogel. Ich kümmere mich darum. Herr Jones wird den Gral für uns finden.”

Suddenly everything became clear to me: It is nothing new that Hitler is interested in relics and everything alike and I supposed Elsa to be a German spy with the mission to find the Grail. I stupid as I was, I had shown her my diary.

I laid awake the rest of the night, since I couldn't move without waking her up

and I couldn't risk to be withdrawn from circulation as long as I had the diary in my possession.

The very next day, she insisted to visit the church of St. Barnaba, to find that “clue”, which I had to agree to if I didn't want to reveal myself.

When we reached the church she realised that the window was the same as in my diary and I started to act as if I were studying the room, while I thought about how to get rid of her.

After some minutes I asked her if she could fetch an old map of the city from the map room of the church, that by coincidence had been converted into a library.

*As soon as she left me, I stole away,
out of the church heading for the next
post office, where I sent my diary as
far away as I could: to Junior.*

*Right after that I went back to the
church, in the hope that my absence
hadn't been noticed, but even before I
reached it, some German speaking
gentlemen with the look of a cupboard
caught me up and I was kidnapped to
this castle where I'm prisoned now and
where I have to write on this terrible
paper instead of my diary.*

*I hope for God's sake that Junior
received it and that he either throws it
into the next chimney or – and that
would fit his reputation even better –*

*is about to find the grail and get it out
of harm's way.*

Train to Iskenderun, Turkey

June 29, 1938

My notebook is finally back in my possession and apart from a quite special signature I would gladly miss and some pages that were ripped out(!) it looks as always.

Alexandretta is the name of the city I have been searching for so long.

Junior was able to open the knights tomb and read the inscription on Sir Richard's shield before it went the way of the dodo – as he described it later.

Though Alexandretta was completely destroyed during the crusades, the current city Iskenderun was built on the ruins.

Junior came to Castle Brunwald to free me and that was the moment where things went completely out of control: it was less than one hour after Junior came “flying” through my closed window, when three people were shot and thanks to Junior's unfounded trust in Elsa we were bound up like meat stock. But the biggest surprise – apart from Junior being so stupid to bring my notebook with him – was Donovan, who unrevealed himself as the worst rat I've ever met.

Castle Brunwald was set on fire (oops!) and I found myself in the sidecar of a motorcycle in the middle of a daring race, were Junior proved

himself to be a brilliant knight.

After a little trip to Berlin – where I obtained the signature mentioned above, we continued our voyage via zeppelin, where Junior made an excellent entrance as ticket inspector.

Just when we thought that things had calmed down again, we escaped the zeppelin with a small airplane, in which we were shot at. This is the first time that people were actually trying to kill me! Our flight went on by car, but only for a very short time. All this took place in a period of only two days and alone the thought of what the Grail temple might look like after Junior's appearance, gives me the creeps. At

least he can't destroy the train he insisted to use.

I don't know about Marcus, but I hope he's alright. He will probably wait for us with Salah, a friend of Junior, at the railway station of Iskenderun and together we will try to save the Grail from the army of darkness. I can only hope that we are worthy to "feel the breathe of God and live, to tread upon the word of God and be saved, and to walk the path of God and not tumble into the abyss."

Epilogue

Princeton, New Jersey

September 4, 1938

I have considered to destroy this notebook for fear of it falling into wrong hands again, but now that it is impossible to gain access to the Grail, even if one would know where to look for it, I keep it as a memento for me and a warning for those who seek to find the Grail.

I have spent forty years of my life to fulfil a quest that was planned from a higher power and I have been rewarded plenty. Wolfram von Eschenbach was right, when he claimed, that the Grail could only be

found through true love and that is why I failed in reaching the goal of my quest through all these years. It was only when I laid on the floor of the Grail temple, after I was shot by Donovan, that I could let go. My only concerns were with Junior on his way through the traps of this temple. And that was when I – through Junior – reached the Grail. I can not explain the experiences I made, but it was as if I was with him all the time. I remember Marcus and Salah starring at me with a strange expression of worries when I said, that in Latin Iehova starts with an “I”.

Now that I’m back where I belong, I physically feel as if I were yet in my early thirties, still psychical I am the same as always.

Marcus complained about insomnia before he started to work up to twenty hours a day. Yet I have never seen him as brilliant as now.

Junior is of to China and he still insist on that ridiculous name, but our relationship hasn’t been this cordial for decades and I hope it won’t take further twenty years, before we have the next drink together.

(Double spread De Baron)

Robert de Baron was the first of this ??? writers to add significantly to the Corpus and by the time his Joseph d'Arimathie appeared in about 1190

The Grail had become firmly identified as the cup of the Last Supper and the vessel in which Christ's blood had been caught.

Seen at the same time as the window illustration

Cup held by knight at the 2nd (Pillar?) from Left

Drawing I made before passing through the rock obstacle at the far end of the valley. You can go ten or eleven paces.

rocks

The Grail had many precursors and takes many forms before it becomes identified with a chalice.

(Last page: drawing of the Grail)

The holy Grail