

HISTORY OF THE PACT WITH THE GODS.

Volume I.

**CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES
OF THE GREAT BATTLES
OF META-HISTORY.**

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"Little by little we forget our myths and our legends.
While forgetting them, we cut ourselves off our roots
And so we lose part of our identity.
Myths and legends,
As long as we are in the right attitude
By discovering them under the veils of poetry,
Explain the world, the life, the human nature,
Its disorders and its huge possibilities.
Sing harp of the heart!
Tell the quivering of virginal water,
The glory of the Goddess, Mother of the waves
And the convulsions of the birth of the world."
Peter Duchene.

ODE FOR THE HIGH-KNOWERS.

Half of Mankind's woe comes from the fact that, several thousand years ago, somewhere in the Middle East, peoples through their language conceived spirituality OR MYSTICISM....

-Not as a quest for meaning, hope or liberation with the concepts that go with it (distinction opposition or difference between matter and spirit, ethics, personal discipline, philanthropy, life after life, meditation, quest for the grail, practices...).

-But as a gigantic and protean law (DIN) that should govern the daily life of men with all that it implies.

Obligations or prohibitions that everyone must respect day and night.

Violations or contraventions of this multitude of prohibitions when they are not followed literally.

Judgments when one or more of these laws are violated.

Convictions for the guilty.

Dismissals or acquittals for the innocent. CALLED RIGHTEOUS PERSONS...

THIS CONFUSION BETWEEN THE NUMINOUS AND THE RELIGIOUS, THEN BETWEEN THE SACREDNESS AND THE SECULAR, MAKES OUR LIFE A MISERY FOR 4000 YEARS VIA ISRAEL AND ESPECIALLY THE NEW ISRAEL THAT CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAM WANT TO BE.

The principle of our Ollotouta was given us, long time ago already, by our master to all in the domain; the great Gaelic bard, founder of the modern Free-thought, who is usually evoked under the anglicized name of John Toland. There cannot be, by definition, things contrary to Reason in Holy Scriptures really emanating from the divine one.

If there are, then it is, either error, or lies!

Either there is no mystery, or then it is in any way a divine revelation!

There is no happy medium...

We do not admit other orthodoxy that only the one of Truth because, wherever it can be in the world, must also stand, we are completely convinced of it, God's Church, and not that one of such or such a human faction ...

We are consequently for showing no mercy to the error on any pretext that can be, each time we will have the possibility or occasion to expound it in its true colors.

1696. Christianity not mysterious.

1702. Vindicius Liberus. Response of John Toland to the detractors of his "Christianity not mysterious."

1703. Letters to Serena containing the origin of idolatry and reasons of heathenism, the history of the soul's immortality doctrine among the heathens, etc. (Version Baron d'Holbach, a German philosopher).

1705. The true Socinianism * as an example of fair debate on matters of theology *.

To which is prefixed Indifference in disputes, recommended by a pantheist to an orthodox friend.

1709. Adeisdaemon or the man without superstition. Jewish origins.

1712. Letter against popery, and particularly against admitting the authority of the Fathers or Councils in religious controversies, by Sophia Charlotte of Prussia.

1714. Defense of the Jews, victims of the anti-Semite prejudices, and a plea for their naturalization.

1718. The destiny of Rome, of the popes, and the famous prophecy of St Malachy, archbishop of Armagh, in the thirteenth century.

Nazarenus or the Jewish, gentile, and Mahometan Christianity (version Baron d'Holbach), containing:

I. The history of the ancient gospel of Barnabas, and the modern apocryphal gospel of the Mahometans, attributed to the same apostle.

II. The original plan of Christianity occasionally explained in the history of the Nazarenes, solving at the same time various controversies about this divine (but so highly perverted) institution.

III. The relation of an Irish manuscript of the four gospels as likewise a summary of the ancient Irish Christianity and what the reality of the keldees (an order half-lay, half-religious against the last two bishops of Worcester) was.

1720. Pantheisticon, sive formula celebrandae sodalitatis socraticae.

Tetradymus.

I. Hodegus. The pillar of cloud and fire that guided the Israelites in the wilderness was not miraculous but, as faithfully related in Exodus, a practice equally known by other nations, and in those countries, not only useful, but even necessary.

II. Clidophorus.

III. Hypatia or the history of the most beautiful, most virtuous, and most accomplished lady, who was stoned to death by the clergy of Alexandria, to gratify the pride, the emulation and even the cruelty, of Archbishop Cyril, commonly, but very undeservedly, styled Saint Cyril.

1726. Critical history of the Celtic religion, containing an account of the druids, or the priests and judges, of the vates, or the diviners and physicians, and finally of the bards, or the poets; of the ancient Britons, Irish or Scots. In plus with the story of Abaris the Hyperborean, priest of the sun.

A specimen of the Armorican language (Breton, Irish, Latin, dictionary).

1726. An account of Jordano Bruno's book, about the infinity of the universe and the innumerable worlds, translated from the Italian editing.

1751. The Pantheisticon or the form of celebrating the Socratic-society. London S. Paterson. Translation of the book published in 1720.

"Druidism" is an independent review (independent of any religious or political association) and which has only one purpose: theoretical or fundamental research about what is neo-paganism. The double question, to which this review of theoretical studies tries to answer, could be summarized as follows: "What could be or what should be a current neo-druidism, modern and contemporary?" "Druidism" is a neo-pagan review, strictly neo-pagan, and heir to all genuine (that is to say non-Christian) movements which have succeeded one another for 2000 years, the indirect heir, but the heir, nevertheless! Regarding our reference tradition or our intellectual connection, let us underline that if the "poets" of Domnall mac Muirchertach Ua Néill still had imbas forosnai, teimn laegda and dichetal do chennaib 1) in their repertory (cf. the conclusion of the tale of the plunder of the castle of Maelmilscothach, of Urard Mac Coise, a poet who died in the 11th century), they may have been Christians for several generations. It is true that these practices (imbas forosnai, teimn ...) were formally forbidden by the Church, but who knows, there may have been accommodations similar to those of astrologers or alchemists in the Middle Ages.

Anyway our "Druidism" is also a will; the will to get closer, at the maximum, to ancient druidism, such as it was (scientifically speaking). The will also to modernize this druidism, a total return to ancient druidism being excluded (it would be anyway impossible).

Examples of modernization of this pagan druidism.

— Giving up to lay associations of the cultural side (medicine, poetry, mathematics, etc.).

Principle of separation of Church and State.

— Specialization on the contrary, in Celtic, or pagan in general, spirituality history of religion, philosophy and metapsychics (known today as parapsychology).

— Use in some cases of the current vocabulary (Church, religion, baptism, and so on).

A golden mean, of course, is to be found between a total return to ancient druidism (fundamentalism) and a too revolutionary radical modernization (no longer sagum).

The Celtic PAA (pantheistic agnostic atheist) having agreed to sign jointly this small library **, of which he is only the collector, druid Hesunertus (Peter DeLaCrau), does not consider himself as the author of this collective work. But as the spokesperson for the team which composed it. For other sources of this essay on druidism, see the thanks in the bibliography.

* Socinians, since that's how they were named later, wished more than all to restore the true Christianity that teaches the Bible. They considered that the Reformation had made disappear only a part of corruption and formalism, present in the Churches, while leaving intact the bad substance: non-biblical teachings (that is very questionable in fact).

** This little camminus is nevertheless important for young people ... from 7 to 77 years old!
Mantalon siron esi.

1) Do ratath tra do Mael Milscothach iartain cech ni dobrethaigsid suide sin etir ecnaide 7
fileda 7 brithemna la taeb ogaisic a crech 7 is amlaidsin ro ordaigset do tabairt a cach
ollamain ina einech 7 ina sa[ru]gad acht cotissad de imus forosnad [di]chetal do chollaib cend
7 tenm laida .i. comenclainn fri rig Temrach do acht co ti de intreide sin FINIT.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

There can be no objective and neutral history, because all history necessarily proceeds from a selection of facts in the daily life of peoples or individuals. There is nowhere in the world neutral and objective history. The objectivity or neutrality of a historical narrative is at best an illusion at worst an intellectual swindle because it always proceeds from a dominant ideology and this up to in its stated willingness not to choose. The reality is that there are always choices or no choices, made, therefore a dominant ideology at work. The societies where ideologies prevail the most are precisely those where there is such a dominant ideology that its actors, including in good faith, feel that there is none, and that propaganda no longer needs to be sustained because its message has been internalized, has risen to the rank of obvious self-evident fact. And in this field all advertising is propaganda. We will therefore call mytho-history or, more exactly, meta-history in what follows the dreamed or fantastic history of Celts, which has only a more or less distant relation to historical reality but which nonetheless has had as many consequences in their psyche as biblical myths.

During an investigation carried out in 1883, the great French specialist d'Arbois de Jubainville indexed nine hundred fifty-three manuscripts preserved in the libraries of Great Britain and Ireland. But according to his own evaluations, it is more of the double than we should count in British Isles [what therefore makes to us approximately and if we count well, roughly speaking 2.000. Editor's note] Forty go back to a time former to the 15th century, seven are dating back to the 11th century. The others are distributed between 15th and 18th century. Many continental manuscripts deliver to us also Irish glosses, written on Latin texts. Saint-Gall, Würzburg and Milan glosses, which are among most abundant, date back to the seventh and ninth centuries.

They belong to the documents which Celtic philology uses very often. But, apart from some exceptions, all the legends are contained in manuscripts which never left the islands. It is even possible to say that the major part was transcribed in some large manuscripts, the Lebor Laignech (Book of Leinster), the Lebor na hUidre (Book of the Dun Cow), the Leabhar Buidhe Leacáin (Yellow Book of Lecan), the Leabhar Bhaile an Mhota (Book of Ballymote), the Book of Fermoy. Compilations made at all times of the Middle Ages and that the chances of History saved from the destruction. The case of the Welsh manuscripts is a little different, because they are not found on the continent. And, if there are several which reach the venerable age of the oldest manuscripts in Ireland, most of them are recent and do not go back beyond the 17th century. A small number only contains accounts of legends or allusions to mythology: the black Book of Carmarthen, the Red book of Hergest, the White book of Rhydderch (which dates all the three to the 14th century). The great accounts of the Mabinogion are similar, except for some variants, in the Red book and the White book. The Welsh texts which form what it is agreed to call the four branches of Mabinogi, if they are not much later than the accounts in Ireland (the two main manuscripts date back to the 14th century) are of much more refined craftsmanship. The style is clear, elegant, the language is very polished, at the same time as very flexible. We feel a development and a composition very thorough, even sophisticated, contrary to what occurred in the transcriptions of Irish legends. Moreover, the context is Christianized. It is no longer some myth almost in a pure state as in Ireland, they are mythological topics used again in literary works, and that therefore forms a basic difference. All the pre-Christian religious coherence of the topics and of the characters is particularly missing.

The former Celtic deities in them are euhemerized or heroized. The great Irish god-or-demon Manannan has as equivalent Manawyddan who is only a craftsman, the druids never appear again, the three Indo-European basic functions are no longer consciously organized in them. Everything suggests that the emergence of this brilliant medieval Welsh literature is due to the continental influence which will prevail during all Middle Ages thanks to the Norman barons and their descendants. It was even thought that, taking into account the respective dates of the manuscripts, the works of Chrétien de Troyes could have been used as a model or base for the Welsh romances, of which some would be only translations. But the continental influence could be only exerted on the form, not on the content and, in the Celtic field at least, the date of the transcription of an account is always much more recent than that of its design. What makes the essential difference between the Celtic myth and the Arthurian legend, it is especially that the non-Christianized myth, survived in accounts which Ireland did not export. Whereas the Arthurian legend, Christianized with excess, and which did not have,

by virtues the Welsh texts themselves, no chance of great distribution, was handed down to all medieval Europe. There is indeed an Irish myth, which is expressed in accounts the origins of which are Indo-European and former to Christianity. It is the case particularly of all the mythological or epic accounts copied by monks after the Christianization of Ireland. These old Gaelic accounts, the transcriptions of which are contained in manuscripts dating back from 11th to 15th centuries, tell the adventures, the feats, and often even the death, of the god-or-demons and of the great heroes of the ancient pre-Christian tradition. In spite of the written handing down, they are marked by orality: the language is antiquated, the vocabulary is rich, but the sentence is hard, unaffected, nor meticulousness. The characters too are some "figures" with strongly marked, purely pagan traits. The style of the legendary accounts reveals the written handing down as a late and abnormal state of Tradition. These accounts were intended for the recitation and not for the reading. And if they were transcribed, it is because they had no longer any religious importance, after Ireland's easy conversion to Christianity. They were only *figmentica poetica*, "poetic fictions" according to the word of a transcriber. But they also told the doings of characters who belonged to the history of Ireland. It did not matter that it was authentic or mythical, and it is well in this way the monks viewed them and dealt with them, concealing, for the good reputation even of their heroes, all that appeared to them irreconcilable with the precepts of the Gospel. But they omitted to cross out or to change many details and episodes which seemed to them insignificant. Starting from the Middle Ages Irishmen therefore carried out, in their scriptoria, the written handing down of an important legendary collection.

However, it is frequent and inevitable that we have, of the same account, several versions, dating back each one to time - or giving a different aspect of the account - and several drafting of each version. Let us add that many mythical topics survived in the folklore, and we will have given a rather exact idea of the richness of the insular literature as well as of the difficulties of its study. It is possible to say that, currently, most parts of Irish legends were published. At the beginning of the 19th century, notwithstanding the use of printing, traditionalist scholars still copied manuscripts, and there is so to speak no hiatus between the handwritten tradition and the first serious philological work of the 19th century. There are antiquated texts like the *Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann* "the Death of the Children of Tuireann" which are known only by manuscripts of the 18th century and of the 19th. The language and the spellings were renovated. They do not dissimulate the antiquity of the content. The problems aroused by the Arthurian texts are less serious in that they are written in great extension languages, German, French, even Italian. But the difficulty here is to know why the topics were taken up and developed in a literary work, how they were borrowed or handed down, and what meaning or importance is attributed to them. The central theme of the Arthurian romances is indeed the quest for the holy grail, and there are many researchers who hardly think of considering the Celtic origin of it or who, often, consider it only as a secondary assumption. The Arthurian texts are, however, not explained outside the change of Celtic mythological topics into European literary topics, and the Holy Grail symbolism was annexed by the Christian esotericism. It may be assumed that the influence of the Breton and Welsh storytellers was decisive at a time when the ducal court of Brittany, of French language, was in ongoing relationships with the main courts in Europe, from Anjou to Champagne and from England to Germany. It should also be supposed that the handing down was former to the decline of the Breton bards, which was achieved for a long time about the middle of the 15th century. That brings back us around the 11th 12th centuries. The names of Marie de Champagne, Chretien de Troyes, and Wolfram von Eschenbach, alone give an idea of what the Celtic influence could be. Because of their origins, the Arthurian texts will form one day an inexhaustible mine of invaluable information which will supplement or confirm insular information. The same does not apply the famous triads of the Island of [Great] Britain of which some neo-druidic colleges (not to say all) make in a way their catechism. It is a collection with dogmatic intention worked out at the beginning of the 19th century by Edward Williams, known under the pseudonym of Iolo Morgannwg, and published under the Welsh title of *Cyfrinach Beird Ynis Prydain*, then of *Trioedd Barddas Ynys Prydain*. These allegedly traditional triads are the result of an incredible syncretism of Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist Christianity, of Scottish freemasonry, of unverifiable popular beliefs, of elementary notions borrowed from Hinduism and Buddhism; at least of what was known of them about 1800; and of speculations of the "esoteric" genre in fashion at the time. There is in these triads absolutely no serious base, no reference to a genuine druidic tradition.

What are, as a whole, the most characteristic traits of the so varied literatures we have just studied? To try to determine them, it is to seek the formula which summarizes, from the eighth to the twentieth century, the successive states of the Celtic soul. This attempt, in advance, is therefore doomed to failure. If the formula becomes general enough to contain all the ideas or the ways of expression of Celts, it has no longer something or almost nothing, then, which distinguishes it from similar formulas characterizing, in their way, other peoples and other cultures; it resembles these legal texts, which after being successively amended to give satisfaction to various speakers, mean hardly only vague and indifferent things. If the formula is, on the contrary, precise at the point to clearly oppose the Celts to all the other peoples in Europe, we can then be sure that it is false. Or that it summarizes only a genre or an aspect of this infinitely varied whole which is the expression of a soul. For the French Ernest Renan, Celtic race was characterized by its inclination towards ideal, sadness, fidelity, *bona fide*, delicacy. Matthew Arnold too, defines the Celtic spirit by saying that it is always ready to react against the despotism of facts, that Celtic literature is characterized by the style, the melancholy, and the nature feeling. These famous judgments are of the time (1860-1867) when the Ossian by Macpherson; and the poems of the former Welsh bards who cry more defeats than they sing victories; were the only genuine or "forged" (invented trickery) literary monuments that translations had made available. He would be necessary now to add to it the enormous mass of the Gaelic sagas, as well as the interpretations and the comments which renewed the study of Celtic literatures. Henceforth we would perhaps put forefront the vigor and the splendor of this cycle of fighters "busier" as wrote the French J. Loth, "to dispatch their enemies in the other world than to dream about it". Moreover undoubtedly we would not leave aside one of the essential components of the Irish epic, namely this singular forgetting of the human status and of its destinies, called cheerfulness. The value of the Celtic literatures, especially of the Irish literature, was very discussed. The satire of the Irish society at the end of the 18th century was made besides, not without passion, by Brian Merriman, in "the Midnight Court". We can say, in the defense of R. Atkinson, that he did not know, in 1896, the rest of the popular poetry from the 9th to the 11th century, that Kuno Meyer brought to light at the beginning of the 20th century.

And we can add, in the excuse of J.P. Mahaffy, that the Irish literature cannot be parallelized with the Greek literature. But neither one nor the other took into account the fact that at the time when Ireland offered already an epic and lyric literature, France for example was still at the "Cantilena de Sant Eulalia" and at the "Life of saint Leodegar". And that only Scandinavian literature could, for the date, been parallelized with Irish literature. Breton literature had more chance; nobody denied the influence that, through the cycles of the Round Table and of Tristan, it had on the European literature. On the other one only begins to suspect that the literature of the "Visions" (Aislingi) of which during the Middle Ages the distribution was so large, had its origin in Ireland. [This literature of the aislingi or visions being crammed with fragments of Celtic myths relating to the voyages or adventures in the other world, more or less distorted by the dominant ideology of then, Christianity, it is of greatest interest for the historian of religions. Editor's note.].

It seems therefore that the Celtic race brought its share to this complex whole of feelings and ideas of which was formed, during the centuries, European civilization. I would be therefore happy if this little book could cause some workers to clear the field, on so many points still uncultivated, of the study of pre-Christian Celtic spirituality.

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE GREAT BATTLES OF THE CELTIC META-HISTORY.

What struck the scholars some time ago it is the existence in Irish legends of two great battles implicating the gods, and having taken place not far one from the other, in a few years of interval. Some authors therefore were to think that there had been splitting in two of the same initial battle, historical or mythical. SUCH IS NOT OUR OPINION. WE THINK INDEED THAT THERE WERE QUITE TWO GREAT DIFFERENT BATTLES IN THE CELTIC META-HISTORY and that the feeling it was a splitting in two of the same initial battle is only the result of the evolution that the medieval Irish bards inflicted on the original pan-Celtic myth. There were well in the Celtic meta-history two battles, one being besides the consequence of the other. An earthquake is always followed by aftershocks intended to perfect the rebalancing of the tectonic plates. The three tectonic plates concerned being the human beings the gods the demons (to make short).

THE OCCULTATION OF THE GODS. Each one of these three moving plates was well to find its place. The first of these great mythical battles is therefore that which brought the men and the gods against each other (of which Gaelic victories in Tailtiu and Druim Ligen over the Tuatha Dé are only a pale imitation besides) and which caused that the gods, for better or for worse withdrew into another world by giving up this one to human beings. This first battle is called Cét-chath Maige Tuired ("First battle of the plain of stone pillars") or Cath Maighe Tuireadh Cunga ("battle of the plain of the stone pillars in Cong") or Cath Maighe Tuireadh Theas ("battle of the plain of the stone pillars in the South"). It brings the Fir Bolg Gauls against the gods of the Goddess (Toutai Devas).

THE INSTALLATION OF A (RELATIVE) DUALISM. The second battle of Mag Tured is also known as Cath Dédenach Maige Tuired ("Last battle of the plain of stone pillars"), or Cath Tánaiste Maige Tuired ("Second battle of the plain of stone pillars"), even Cath Maighe Tuireadh Thúaidh ("battle of the plain of the stone pillars in the North").

This second battle can only be an aftershock but an aftershock in the seismological meaning of the word, of the first one. Due to the fact that the Toutai Devas known as Tuatha Dé in Gaelic, having found themselves relegated or exiled in another world....ALREADY OCCUPIED BY THE GIGANTIC ANGUIPEDIC WYVERNS who are known as Fomoiré in Ireland; THEY HAD TO FACE THEM TO HAVE THERE A PLACE "UNDER THE SUN." This meta-historical process was particularly emphasized by the Irish folklore which conveys it, in a rather picturesque way, in the form of a gigantic conflict having taken place between gods and demons. It is up to each one nevertheless to form one's opinion, our only religion being that of truth! Below consequently, a rapid overview of these two famous battles such as they were transposed in their history by the incorrigible but likable bards of the green Erin. N.B. The same intellectual phenomenon took place besides a little everywhere in Western Europe when the Celts discovered some great megalithic sites as in Carnac (Brittany): their bards of the time saw in them some vestiges of the great and titanic battles of long ago, implicating one (or several) supernatural forces (some gods some demons).

THE FIR BOLG GAULS.

"Novissime venit Damhoctor et ibi habitavit cum omni generate suo usque hodie in Brittannia" the British Nennius writes. Then the Viri Bullorum, in other words, the Fir Bolg, and the Viri Armorum, in other words, the Fir Gaileoin, as well as the Viri Dominiorum, in other words, the Fir Domnann" the Irish Nennius specifies.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 1. The chronology adopted here will be, as we have already specified, that of the non-Irish version of Nennius: Partholon, Nemet, the three sons of a king of Spain (the Milesians ancestors of the Gaels), and Dom Hoctor. The Irish version of Nennius removed the settlement of Dom Hoctor and replaced it with that of the Fir Bolg Gauls (Viri Bullorum, Viri Armorum, and Viri Dominiorum). What produces among our Irish friends:

- a) Occupation by the Fir Bolg Gauls.
- b) Occupation by the gods of the goddess Danu (bia) after their victory over the Fir Bolg Gauls.
- c) Repelled invasion of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomoiré.
- d) Victorious invasion of the Gaels who repel the gods.

Although a minority we will keep for our later works the non-Irish chronologies, BECAUSE THEY SEEM TO US MORE LOGICAL AND MORE IN CONFORMITY WITH TRADITIONAL HISTORY: the invasions of Gaelic language are indeed FORMER to those of the Belgian Gauls (of the Fir Bolg). Although.....

BOOK OF CONQUESTS OF IRELAND.

As we will have the opportunity to see further in a forthcoming lesson, the book of conquests of Ireland or Lebor Gabala Eirenn is an apocryphal compilation made of odds and ends, in prose and lines of verse, that we recommend in no way to our faithful readers; but of which two elements seem more genuine: the two battles of Mag Tuired. The whole is collected in a score of manuscripts ranging from 12th to 18th centuries in the Lebor Laignech (book of Leinster), the Leabhar (Mór) Leacain (great book of Lecan), the Leabhar Bhaile an Mhóta (book of Ballymote)... Not forgetting the version due to the hand of the Franciscan monk Micheal O'Clairigh (Michael O'Clery) which keeps a little to itself but that we cannot draw aside because it seems well to have had access to no longer extant sources. This story of successive invasions having contributed to making Ireland of today can seem a priori suspect (and it is) but we find nevertheless rather strangely, do not forget it, the same thing on the Continent.

"Drasidae (sic) memorant re vera fuisse populi partem indigenam, sed alios quoque ab insulis extimis confluisse et tractibus transrenanis, crebritate bellorum et adluvione fervidi maris sedibus suis expulsos" (Timagenes, quoted by Ammianus Marcellinus, Rerum Gestarum Libri or Res Gestae "Roman History," book XV, chapter IX, 4).
"The druids [Latin drasidae] affirm that a portion of the people was really indigenous to the soil, but that other inhabitants poured in from very remote islands on the coast and from the districts across the Rhine, having been driven from their former abodes by frequent wars, and sometimes by a tidal wave" [literally: by the flood of a raging sea].

"The forest of the Tartessians, in which it is said that the Titans waged war against the gods, the Cynetes inhabited, whose most ancient king Gargorix, was the first to collect honey. This

prince, having a grandson born to him, the offspring of an intrigue on the part of his daughter, tried various means, through shame for her non-chastity, to have the child put to death; But he, being preserved by some good fortune, through all calamities, came at last to the throne from a compassionate feeling for the many perils that he had undergone. First of all, he ordered him to be exposed, that he might be starved, and, when he sent some days after to look for his body, he was found nursed by the milk of various wild beasts. When he was brought home, he caused him to be thrown down in a narrow road, along which herds of cattle used to pass; being so cruel that he would rather have his grandchild trampled to pieces than dispatched by an easy death. As he was unhurt also in this case, and required no food, he threw him to hungry dogs, that had been exasperated by want of food for several days, and afterwards to swine, but as he was not only uninjured, but even fed with the teats of some of the swine, he ordered him at last to be cast into the sea. On this occasion, as if, by the manifest interposition of some deity, he had been carried, amidst the raging tide, and flux and reflux of the waters, not on the billows but in a vessel, he was put on shore by the subsiding ocean; and, not long after, a hind came up, and offered the child her teats. By constantly following this nurse, the boy acquired extraordinary swiftness of foot, and long ranged the mountains and woods among herds of deer, with fleetness not inferior to theirs. At last, being caught in a snare, he was presented to the king; and then, from the similitude of his features, and certain marks which had been burnt on his body in his infancy, he was recognized as his grandson. Afterwards, from admiration at his escapes from so many misfortunes and perils, he was appointed by his grandfather to succeed him on the throne. The name given him was Habis; and, as soon as he became king, he gave such proofs of greatness that he seemed not to have been delivered in vain, through the power of the gods, from so many exposures to death. He united the barbarous people by laws; he was the first that taught them to break oxen for the plow and to raise corn from tillage; and he obliged them, instead of food procured from the wilds, to adopt a better diet, perhaps through a dislike of what he had eaten in his childhood. ...By him the people were interdicted from servile duties, and the commonalty was divided among seven cities. After Habis was dead, the sovereignty was retained for many generations by his successors" (Justin, epitome or summary of the philippic and universal histories by Pompey Trogue or Pompeius Trogus, book XLIV chapter IV).

"The Celts who dwell along the ocean venerate the Dioscori above any of the gods, since they have a tradition handed down from ancient times that these gods appeared in their country coming from the ocean. The country which skirts the ocean does not bear a few names which are derived from the Argonauts and the Dioscori..." (Timaeus, Greek historian quoted by Diodorus Siculus. Historical Library. Book IV, chapter LVI).

Before moving on to the study of the texts themselves, again a few notes to clarify their difficulties.

Remind of the abbreviations. First battle of Mag Tured or Cath Maighe Tuireadh I = CMT I. The first version of the second battle of Mag Tured or Cath Maighe Tuireadh II = CMT II. The second version of the second battle of Mag Tured or Cath Maighe Tuireadh III = CMT III.

But let us return to our sheep. According to all these apocryphal texts, after the coming out of the children of Nemet/Hornunnos, the country remained deserted and uninhabited during at least two hundred years.

Henry Lizeray/ Mícheál Ó'Cléirigh (c. 1590 - 1643). Chief author of the annals of the four masters. A copy of his almost modern Irish version (1631) of the Lebor Gabála Érennn, manuscript referenced 23K32, is still in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin.

Leabhar Gabhála. The Book of the Conquests of Ireland.
The Recension of Mícheál Ó Cléirigh. MS. 23K32, RIA.
Translation in french Henry Lizeray and William O'Dwyer.
Translation in english R.A.S. Macalister and Eoin Mac Neill (Dublin, Hodges, Figgis & Company - 1916).

OF THE CONQUESTS OF IRELAND AS FOLLOWS..

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CHAPTER V. THE CONQUEST OF THE FIR BOLG

Now the land was deserted for the space of two hundred years after the departure of the thirty men we have mentioned, till the coming of the descendants from about ten of these chiefs, the Fir Bolg Gauls. As for their genealogy what we can say is that they were of the children of the Nemet/Hornunnos by descent, for Semiviso, son of Ercolanos, son of Bivannos, son of Stannos, son of the Nemet/Hornunnos, was the chief of one of the third company of nine men of the clan of the Nemet who could go from Green Erin after the destruction of the Tower of Cunanos, and who landed in Greece. They were there till many and divers were their children and their septs. After they increased thus, the Greeks did not allow them to be with their own people ; but then they imposed servitude on them. This was its amount, to make clovery plains of the stony rough-headed hills with the clay from elsewhere, after bringing it to the places in which they were ordered and commanded to put it. Tired, weary, and despondent were they from this ; so that this is the counsel they discussed among themselves, to escape from the intolerable bondage in which they were. Then they make canoes and fair vessels of the skins and rope bags for carrying the earth till they were sound and seaworthy. They went in them thereafter, in quest of the fatherland from which their ancestors had gone. Their adventures on the sea are not related, save only that they reached the homeland of their ancestors in one week.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 2.

Very few really historical elements in all these considerations if we want to remind well of the fact that the initial cradle of the Celts, Litavia, was somewhere in Central Europe. Fertilizing a soil by spreading above, for that, another soil like marl, as manure, seems well, on the other hand, an agricultural technique indeed discovered by Greeks, Gauls and [Great] British according to Pliny on this subject. Could it be therefore that this detail about Fir Bolg was borrowed from him???

Pliny. Natural history. Book XVII. Chapter IV.
The eight kinds of earth boasted of by Gauls and Greeks.

There is another method, which has been invented both in Gaul and [Great] Britain, of enriching earth by its agency, * * * * that kind known as marl. This soil is looked upon as containing a greater number of fecundating principles, and acts as a fat in relation to the earth, just as we find glands existing in the body, which are formed by the condensation of the fatty particles into so many kernels. This mode of proceeding, too, has not been overlooked by the Greeks; indeed, what subject is there that they have not touched upon? They call by the name of leucargillon a white argillaceous earth which is used in the territory of Megara, but only where the soil is of a moist, cold nature.

It is only right that I should employ some degree of care and exactness in treating of this marl, which tends so greatly to enrich the soil of the Gallic provinces and the British islands. There were formerly but two varieties known, but more recently, with the progress of agricultural knowledge, several, others have begun to be employed; there being, in fact, the white, the red, the columbine, the argillaceous, the tufaceous, and the sandy marls. It also has one of these two peculiarities, it is either rough or greasy to the touch; the proper mode of testing it being by the hand. Its uses, too, are of a twofold nature—it is employed for the production of cereals only, or else for the enrichment of pasture land as well. The tufaceous kind is nutrimental to grain, and so is the white; if found in the vicinity of springs, it is fertile to an immeasurable extent; but if it is rough to the touch, when laid upon the land in too large a quantity, it is apt to burn up the soil.

The next kind is the red marl, known as *acaunumarga*, consisting of stones mingled with a thin sandy earth. These stones are broken upon the land itself, and it is with considerable difficulty during the earlier years that the stalk of the corn is cut, in consequence of the presence of these stones; however, as it is remarkably light, it only costs for carriages one half of the outlay required in using the other varieties. It is laid but very thinly on the surface, and it is generally thought that it is mixed with salt. Both of these varieties, when once laid on the land, will fertilize it for fifty years, whether for grain or for hay.

Of the marls that are found to be of an unctuous nature, the best is white. There are several varieties of it: the most pungent and biting being the one already mentioned. Another kind is the white chalk that is used for cleaning silver; it is taken from a considerable depth in the ground, the pits being sunk, in most instances, as much as one hundred feet. These pits are narrow at the mouth, but the shafts enlarge very considerably in the interior, as is the case in mines; it is in [Great] Britain more particularly that this chalk is employed. The good effects of it are found to last full eighty years and there is no instance known of an agriculturist laying it twice on the same land during his life.

A third variety of white marl is known as *glisomarga*; it consists of fullers' chalk mixed with an unctuous earth, and is better for promoting the growth of hay than grain; so much so, in fact, that between harvest and the ensuing seed time there is cut a most abundant crop of grass.

While the corn is growing, however, it will allow no other plant to grow there. Its effects will last so long as thirty years; but if laid too thickly on the ground, it is apt to choke up the soil, just as if it had been covered with cement [in Latin *signinum*]. The Gauls give to the columbine marl in their language the name of *eglecopala*; it is taken up in solid blocks like stone, after which it is so loosened by the action of the sun and frost, as to split into slivers of extreme thinness; this kind is equally beneficial for grass and grain. The sandy marl is employed if there is no other at hand, and on moist slimy soils, even when other kinds can be procured. The *Ubii* are the only people that we know of, who, having an extremely fertile soil to cultivate, employ methods of enriching it; wherever the land may happen to be, they dig to a depth of three feet, and, taking up the earth, cover the soil with it in other places a foot in thickness; this method, however, to be beneficial, requires to be renewed at the end of every ten years. The *Ædui* and the *Pictones* have rendered their fields remarkably fertile with the aid of limestone, which is also found to be particularly beneficial to the olive and the vine.

Every marl, however, requires to be laid on the land immediately after plowing, in order that the soil may at once imbibe its properties; while at the same time, it requires a little manure as well, as it is apt, at first, to be of too acrid nature, at least where it is not pasture land that it is laid upon; in addition to which, by its very freshness it may possibly injure the soil, whatever its nature may be; so much so, indeed, that the land is never fertile the first year after it has been employed. It is a matter of consideration also for what kind of soil the marl is required; if the soil is moist, a dry marl is best suited for it; and if dry, a rich unctuous marl. If, on the other hand, the land is of medium quality, chalk or combine marl is the best suited for it.

The localization of the starting point of the migration, placed in Greece by the medieval transcribers doesn't matter in fact, since they are fictitious and as non-historical as the Bible. The majority of the scholars in search of documentation do not seem to have read the Book of Conquests with sufficient attention since they fell headlong in the trap.

As we have already had the opportunity to see, some Gaelic bards (may the gods have pity of their soul) have thought it was a good thing to cling themselves at all costs to Hebraic myths

and therefore have added that it is at the same time as Gaels, the progeny of Goidelos Glastos, son of Neleus, son of Fenius Farsaid, left Egypt, to settle more in north, in Scythia and that the sons of Israel went away to research the Promised land.

Different were their tribe names at that time as they came, namely, Gaileoin Gauls, Fir Bolg, and Fir Domnann ; nevertheless, though various and dissimilar were their names, their mutual friendship was very close ; for they were all of one race and one origin. Five chiefs were in authority over them : Slanicos, Roudiorix, Gannos, Genaunos, and Senogannos, the five sons of Dallos, son of Lottios , son of Vortextos, son of Trebatios.... son of Semiviso, son of Ercolanos, son of Bivannos, son of Stannos, son of the Nemet/Hornunnos , son of Acnomanos, etc. Now Gaul was the nickname of Slanicos and his people ; that is, the third who used to surpass the other two thirds in valor and in equipment ; so that from the valor (gal) they took the name. Fir Bolg, again, is the name of Gannos and Senogannos with their people ; to them the name Fir Bolg properly belongs, for it is they who were carrying the earth in the bags (bolg). And Fir Domhnann, from "digging the earth" was it said ; that is the men who used to deepen (doimh-nighim) the earth. To Roudiorix and to Genaunos with their people was the name applied. And it was in Inbher Domhnann they took harbor. However, it is correct to call them all Fir Bolg in general, for it is in the bags for carrying the earth they came over the sea to Green Erin, and they are one immigration and one race and one kingdom, though they came on different days, and landed in different creeks. These are the creeks. Slanicos, their chief prince and elder, reached the land in Imberon Slanici (the estuary of Slanicos). Saturday on the Calends of August, so far as regards the day of the week ; so that from him the creek took its name, a thousand men his tale. Senogannos and Gannos in Imberon Dubliglasti (in the estuary of the river Dubhghlas) ; a Tuesday they landed, two thousand their tale. Roudiorix and Genaunos landed in Imberon Dumnonas (the estuary of Domhnann) as we have said, the following Friday ; two thousand, moreover, was their tale. They came together thereafter in Uxonabelcus in Meath, and they divide the land there in five parts.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 3.

There are still very few really historical elements in all that, except the organization in four parts (+ one: the center) of the territory. The Celtic people perhaps indeed always dreamed of organizing their territory in this way: a central province dominating four peripheral provinces. But historical Ireland never experimented in the facts on the ground such a division of the territory in four provinces plus one, which seems much more mythical than another thing. At any time in green Erin, there were really five kingdoms simultaneously. At any time Ireland was really de facto quite divided into five kingdoms. And it is possible that the central region was not established in a separated kingdom around the hill of Uxonabelcon (Uisneach) in the County Westmeath (currently IarMidhe) only thanks to the action of Niall of the nine hostages (Niall Noigiallach). The first ard ri or king of the kings authentically historical, of whom the Ui Néill are the descendants.

On the other hand, we find exactly the same kind of quadripartite division of the country to the other end of the world, in Asia (current Turkey) with Galatians. All is there, including the role of the druids (dikastes in Greek or high priests of Cybele like Aiorix's brother in - 163).

Strabo. Book XII. Chapter V. "The three tribes spoke the same language and differed from each other in no respect; and each was divided into four portions which were called tetrarchies, each tetrarchy having its own tetrarch, and also one druid [Greek dikaste] and one military chief [Greek stratophylaks] , both subject to the tetrarch, and two subordinate commanders [in Greek hypo-stratophylaks]. The Council of the twelve Tetrarchs consisted of three hundred men, who assembled at Drunemeton, as it was called. Now the Council passed judgment upon murder cases, but the tetrarchs and the druids [Greek dikastes] upon all others. Such, then, was the constitution of Galatia long ago, but in my time the power has

passed to three rulers, then to two; and then to one, Dejotarus, and then to Amyntas, who succeeded him."

The concept of a division in five, with four quarters and a center (the famous hub or nabelcon. Editor's note) can nevertheless be independent of the real borders. For the druids indeed, the world was defined by five cardinal points and not four: north, east, south and west, but also... center.

As we can see in this text, among the Celts of Asia the center of the territory, as among the Carnutes south Paris, was marked by a great shrine in the forest, an idea of which we find a distant echo in the legends dealing with Vindosenos/Fintan and telling us about the branchy tree of Uisneach (in fact an ash apparently and not an oak as among the Celts of the Continent or of Asia).

The only difference it is that in Ireland there was also on the hill of Uisneach in addition to this vegetable formation, a megalithic monument called Aill Na Mireann. It is besides there, according to the legends running in Ireland, which sat the second person of the triad of fairies protecting the country. Thereafter this stone was supposed to be the grave of the goddess-or-demoness Iveriu.

Not to forget indeed that formerly for our ancestors the earth was regarded as the physical materialization of the body of a goddess (it would be time to remind of this after Chernobyl and Fukushima); the rocks were her bones, ground her flesh and the rivers her veins. And the two Beltene's fires which shone like some lighthouses in the night were her eyes.

Let us note lastly that if we translate the Gaelic word coiced by the province, it also designates in fact the army of the province in question. Four provinces for example is an expression meaning the four provincial armies, the coalition formed by the joint mobilization of each army of the four great provinces of Ireland, generally united against a fifth one, Ulster, which in our legends always keeps a little itself to itself. Perhaps because of its still not Gaelic, and perhaps speaking P Celtic language, at least at the origin, strong Celtic component. Ulaid do not consider themselves really Irish. For them Irishmen they are the others. Themselves are Ulaid and that's all. Let us retain from all this therefore that the names of certain territorial units, like the Celtic corios or the Romano-British pagus, are also names of military formations.

The share of Slanicos first, from Imberon Colptas (the estuary of Colptha) to Comberon trion nuscion (the Meeting of the Three Waters) ; of Gannos next, from the Meeting to Belca Cunogelastis (the way of Conglas) ; Senogannos from the way of Conglas to Lomenacon (Luimnech) ; Genaunos from Luimnech to the Droghais ; Roudiorix from the Droghais to the Boinne River. Of the aforementioned matters was this spoken ; Tanaidhe Ua Maoil-Chonaire, the learned, composed this song :Ireland home of combats....

Editor's note. Here a long poem difficult to translate is inserted which does not teach us anything new.....

These are the names of the wives of the aforesaid chiefs ; Vatua wife of Slanicos, Andera wife of Gannos, Aiuisssta wife of Senogannos, Cnouca wife of Genaunos, and Livabena wife of Roudiorix. To commemorate them this was said :

Vatua wife of Slanicos, was not distorted ;
Andera was the wife of Gannos with valor ;
Aiuista wife of Senogannos of the spears
Cnouca was the wife of handsome Genaunos.

Libavena wife of Roudiorix after humiliation,
Took along all her people with her.
Roudiorix, lord of wiles,
I prefer to think that Vatua was his wife.

Of the kings of the Fir Bolg of the time they spent in the kingship and of their deaths.

Now no one called "king" took the kingship of the chief rule over green Erin till the Fir Bolg Gauls came into it. These gave the kingship to their elder brother, that is, to Slanicos so that he was therefore the first king appointed over the country. One year had he in the kingship till he died in his residence and he is the first dead of Ireland of the nobles of the Fir Bolg Gauls. Roudiorix his brother, two years in the kingship, till he died in the Brugh on the Boinne River. Gannos and Genaunos four years had they in the kingship till they died of plague in Fremhann of Meath.

Senogannos five years, till he fell by the hand of Fiacha of the whitehead, son of Stannos, son of Dallos, son of Lottios.

Fiacha Cendfhionnan five other years, till he fell by the hand of Rindalis son of Genaunos.

White-headed (cend-fhionna) were the kine in the time of King Fiacha.

Rindalis, son of Genaunos, son of Dallos, six years, till he fell by the hand of Odbogenos, son of Senogannos, in the battle fought near the river Crappon. It was in the time of that Rindallis that iron heads were put on spear shafts, for they used only to be headless [fire-hardened] shafts that were in their hands before then.

Odbogenos four years had he in the kingship, till he fell at the hand of Ivocatuos son of Ercos, son of Rindalis, son of Genaunos, in the plain of Moritamna. In the time of this Odbogenos knots and knobs came into existence on the trees, for smooth and straight were the woods till then.

Ivocatus, son of Ercos, ten years in the kingship, till he fell at the hands of the three sons of Nemet, son of Badra, of the children of the goddess Danu bia (Tuatha De Danann) ; Cesarb, Luamh, and Luachra were their names, as is related below.

Now good was that king Ivocatuos son of Ercos ; there was no rain in his time but only dew.

There was not a year without fruit. Falsehood used to be expelled from the land in his time.

By him were first made right judgment, that is, just law, there.

Of the length of reign and the deaths of these kings, it was said ; Tanaidhe Ua Maoil-Chonaire [composed it] :

The Fir Bolg Gauls were here a while,
In the great island of the sons of Mil ;
Five chieftains they brought from yonder ;
I have their names.

A year for Slanicos, this is true,
Till he died in his fine mound ;
The first king of the Fir Bolg Gauls of long spears,
Who died in the island.

Two years for the red Roudiorix,
Till he died in the Brugh of cold winding sheets ;
Four to Genaunos and Gannos,
Till plague slew them in Freamhainn.

Five years of Senogannos who was gentle,
Till Fiacha son of Stannos slew him ;
And five others, it was through his fighting,
Was Fiacha of the whitehead.

Fiacha of the whitehead beyond all,
His name shall endure to the Doom ;
White-headed all, without reproach,
Were the kine in his presence.

Till he fell at the hands of the red Rindalis,
He obtained six [years] with a free host ;
The grandson of Dallos fell thereafter,
Near Crappon River at the hands of Odbogenos.

Four to Odbogenos the noble,
Till the battle of Moritamna of chiefs ;
Till he was slain without distinction,
By the son of Ercos, by lofty Ivocatuos.

In the time of Odbogenos then,
Came knots through trees ;
The woods till then
Were smooth and very straight.

Ten years to Ivocatuos son of Ercos,
He did not find the brink of weakness,
Till there slew him on the plain,

The three sons of Nemet son of Badra.

The names of the three sons of Nemet then,
Ceasarb, Luamh, and Luachra ;
By them was wounded the king by a spear,
Ivocatuos, son of Ercos, I speak of.

After that came the children of the goddess Danu (bia)
On the Fir Bolg Gauls who were the lasting tribe ;
Through wizardry they snatched in the field
Their kingship from the Fir Bolg Gauls.

There is no record that forts were dug, or plains cleared, or lakes burst, in the time of the Fir Bolg Gauls. The books say that of the remnant of the Fir Bolg Gauls are the Gabraidhe of Suca in Connaught, the Ui Tairsigh of Leinster in Ui Failghe, and the Gaileoin of Leinster, etc.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 4.

Is this fifth "conquest" of Ireland, the conquest of the Fir Bolg Gauls, as mythical as the four first? That is the question that can be asked?

The episode of the escape out from Greece on goatskin bottles (the much talked-about sacks) is a false explanation, due to the word resemblance between Bolg < Bulga (bag, sack) and Bolg (Belgians, unless it was the Volcai, the Volcae).

The same literary process is applied to the Fir Domnann Gauls and to the Fir Gaileoin, and, of course, it is not that! Let us note finally that it is less an invasion than a return, because the Fir Bolg Gauls are the descendants of the children of the Nemet/Hornunnos, exiled in Greece [according to the monks having transcribed again this myth].

The Fir Bolg Gauls form apparently a transition between the sacredness of the Nemet/Hornunnos and the divinity of the Toutai Deuas (of the Tuatha Dé). With them the creation part itself ends, and we come to the problems of military or political organization. The division of the country in four (or five) provinces, each one ruled by a king, that of the center being the fief of the supreme king, the king of kings. It is perhaps a traditional druidic design of the organization of territories.

THE CONQUEST OF THE CHILDREN OF THE GODDESS DANU (BIA).

Henry Lizeray/Micheal O'Cleirigh.

We have removed from it all is concerning the origin of the Toutai Devas and the operating process of their society; which will be studied later on. That our readers know only that as for this origin of the Toutai Devas, it is rigorously in conformity in this manuscript with the dominant and somewhat complicated ideology, at the time, i.e., a hyperborean origin in the broadest sense of the word: some islands north of the world.

"The Children of the Goddess Danu (bia) were in the northern isles of the world, learning lore, magic, druidism, wizardry and cunning, until they surpassed all the specialists in the arts of heathendom. The four cities in which they were learning lore science and diabolic arts were Falias, Gorias, Murias and Findias (Cath Maige Tuired)".

N.B. Cath Maige Tuired, or more exactly Cath Maige Tuired an scel so sis ocus Genemain Bres meic Elathain 7 a righe, is a sixth century manuscript which, according to the state of its language, seems to be a compilation of materials going back to the ninth century, composed in the 12th century, and containing many strictly incomprehensible passages.

AND

"As for the children of the goddess Danu (bia), they prospered till their fame went abroad over the lands of the earth. They had a god of wizardry of their own, Ivocatuos Ollater, called the Dagodevos (Dagda), for he was a god of all trades. They had bold, hardy chiefs, and men proficient in every art and they determined one day to go to Green Erin. Then set out those daring chiefs, representing the military prowess of the world, and the skill and learning of Europe. They came from the northern islands to Dobur and Indobur, to the Sidh of . . . ?.... and Genaunos' well. There they stayed for four years. At their coming to the country Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, son of Echtach, was king over them (Cath Maige Tuired Cunga).

N.B. the Cath Maige Tuired Cunga is a manuscript of which a part goes back to the 14th century, others to the 15th century.

!----- !

Of the adventures of Ivatos, son of Biuotacos, son of Iariponalis, son of the Nemet/Hornunnos and of his seed, from the time when they left their country after the destruction of Conainn's tower till they returned as the children of the goddess Danu-bia (the Tuatha De Danann) to Ireland, against the Fir Bolg Gauls. Of the number of their kings, of the length of their reigns, and of their deaths, together with the genealogy of some of them. As for Ivatos son of Biuotacos son of Iariponalis son of the Nemet/Hornunnos, after his leaving their homeland with his people after the conquest of the tower before described, they settled in the northern islands of Greece. They were there till numerous were their children and their kindred. They learned druidry and many various arts in the islands where they were, what with sorcery, magic, enchantments, and every sort of gentilism in general, till they were knowing, learned, and very clever in the branches thereof. They were called Toutai Devas; that is, they considered their men of learning to be gods, and their husbandmen or farmers non-gods ??? so much was their power in every science and every druidic occultism besides. Thence came the name, which is Toutai Devas (Tuatha De), to them.

These were the cities where they were being instructed; Falias, Gorias, Findias, and Murias. They had an instructor of learning in each one of these cities. These are their names; Morfesa in Falias, Esras in Gorias, Uscias in Findias, and Semias who was in Murias.

From Falias was brought the Lia Fail, the Destiny stone (which Lug had in Temair or Tara); this is what used to scream under every king who took the sovereignty of Green Erin, from the

time of Lug Long-armed to the time of the birth of Christ, and it has never screamed thereafter under any king from that out ; for a demon dwelt in it, and the powers of every idol ceased at the time of the birth of the Lord, who was born of the Virgin Mary.

From that stone our homeland is called island of Destiny , as Cinaeth O Hartacain proves, having said :

The stone on which my heels stand,
From it is named the island of Destiny ;
Between two strands of a mighty flood,
Green Erin altogether is called island of Destiny.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 5.

Non-gods their husbandmen or farmers. What is this to say?? The Gaelic text, however, seems categorical in this respect. Undoubtedly a trace of former glosses less and less well understood.

Christ and the Virgin Mary. All this passage is passably hostile to the gods of paganism thus evoked, sorcery magic enchantments. Is it needed to specify that it is an obvious Christian interpolation?? A typical case of replacement of a religion by another one, or of replacement of a superstition by another one (the Virgin Mary, etc..).

The island of destiny. One could not better say that the supreme god of ancient Ireland was the fate and its auxiliaries or second causations the gessa.

From Gorias was brought the spear that Lug had ; no battle was maintained against him who had it in his hand. From Finias was brought the sword of Nuadha ; none used to escape who was wounded by it. From Murias was brought the cauldron of the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt ; none came from it unsatisfied.

After they completed their learning, they went between the Athenians and the Philistines, so that they dwelt between them. Now there arose battles and fighting between those tribes after that, so that they were malicious and evil-disposed one to the other. Many battles were fought between them on both sides, and it is against the Athenians they used to be won, till all their warriors save a little remnant were exhausted. Then the Children of the Goddess (Toutai Devas) join in friendship with the Athenians, so that they formed through sorcery (druidry) demon spirits in the bodies of the heroes of the Athenians who were slain, so that they were fit for the battle ; so that they used to encounter them [the Philistines] again. The Philistines thought it immensely astonishing to see the men they used to slay fighting with them the day after. They related that to their druid. Their elder gave them advice, saying, "Take (said he) pegs of hazel and of quicken to the battle on the morrow ; and if yours be the victory, thrust the pins in the backs of the necks of the men who shall be slain tomorrow ; and if they be demons, heaps of worms will be made of them."

They do so. The Philistines are victorious, and they thrust the pegs in the backs of the necks of the warriors they slew, and they were worms on the morrow. Thence the strength of the Athenians is humbled, and the Philistines were powerful. Then they remember the hostility and unfriendliness from the Children of the Goddess (Toutai Devas) against them, the confederacy they had made with the Athenians against them ; so that this is what they resolved therefore, to assemble to attack them to revenge their spite against them.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 6.

Athenians and Philistines. Geography, of course, completely whimsical and due to the Christian under-culture of the Middle Ages. Moreover the Philistines were perhaps as Sea people, some Aryans (at least for some of them) but druidism was unknown among them..... Apparently in this legend it is not proceeded as with vampires, the stakes are out of the wood of hazel trees or rowan trees. Moreover they are not knocked into the heart but into the nape. We wonder well where the Irish bards of the Middle Ages were to seek that.

When the Children of the Goddess (Toutai Devas) knew that, they went in flight before the Philistines till they received patrimony and land in Dobar and Iardobar in the north of Scotland. Seven years were they in that place. Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd being prince over them. This was the counsel decided by them at the end of that time, to attack Green Erin against the Fir Bolg Gauls, as they were populous ; for to reach there was theirs by heredity.

When they arrived at this resolution, they set out on the sea ; and their adventures thereon are not related till they took harbor on the coast of Ireland ; a Monday in the Calends of May particularly. They burn their boats and ships thereafter, in order that the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomoraigh should not get them for their service against them ; and further, in order that they themselves should not have them to flee therein from Ireland if it was against them the Fir Bolg should be victorious. Thereafter they make a great darkness around them, till they reached the mountain of Cunomagenon Reni (Conmacne Rein) in the Connaught without the Fir Bolg Gauls perceiving it.

He who was king of the Fir Bolg Gauls then was the Ivocatuos son of Ercos we have mentioned above. Talantio, daughter of Maghmor king of Spain, was the wife of that Ivocatuos and....

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 7.

Thereafter they make a great darkness around them. This story about smoke is undoubtedly only a distant memory, misunderstood and distorted, of the fifth element of the Celtic nomenclature. That which corresponds to the Indian akasha, namely the fog, which is also one of the means through which the Other World appears to men in this world.

Talantio. Or Tailtiu. Quite a mysterious Fir Bolg princess. Magmor means "the large plain." Its name is therefore one of the designations of the Earth. Perhaps the land cultivated after the clearing of a plain (Mag-Mor). Mention of Spain is, of course, in this case, an aberration unless his author wanted through that to make him a king of the other world. Talantio/Tailtiu would be in this case one of the goddesses worshiped by the Fir Bolg Gauls and with whom there was each year a ritual hierogamy on behalf of the kings having historically existed. Continental equivalent Rosemartha.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE PLAIN OF STANDING STONES. CATH MUIGE TUIRED CUNGA.

Manuscript H.2.17 of Trinity College in Dublin that the French d'Arbois de Jubainville presents as follows in his try of a catalogue of Irish epic literature.

"It is a collection of fragments forming 91 pages of which the first 82 are out of paper. Part of this manuscript is, of course, not former to the 17th century, some parts go back to 15th, and finally other parts can go back to 14th."

!-----!

Now, on the arrival of the Children of the Goddess Danu (bia) a vision was revealed in a strange dream to Ivocatuos son of Ercos. He pondered over it with much anxiety, being filled with wonder and perplexity. He told his druid, Cesard, that he had seen, a vision. What was the vision? asked Cesard.

'I saw a great flock of black birds,' said the king, 'coming from the depths of the Ocean. They settled over all of us, and fought with the people. They brought confusion on us, and destroyed us. One of us, methought, struck the noblest of the birds and cut off one of its wings. And now, Cesard, employ your skill and knowledge, and tell us the meaning of the vision.' Cesard did so, and by means of a ritual and the use of his science the meaning of the king's dream was revealed to him; and he said:

'I have tidings for you:

Warriors are coming across the sea,
A thousand heroes covering the ocean;
Speckled ships will press in upon us;
All kinds of death they announce,
A people skilled in every art, a magic spell;
An evil spirit will come upon you,
Signs to lead you astray (?)

.....

They will be victorious in every stress.'

'That,' said Ivocatuos, 'is a prophecy of the coming of enemies from far distant countries.'

As for the clans of the Goddess Danu (bia), like we have already seen, they all arrived on the spot, and immediately broke and burnt all their ships and boats. Then they proceeded to the Red Hills of Rian in the east of Connaught, where they halted and encamped. And at last their hearts and minds were filled with contentment that they had reached the land of their ancestors.

Now it was reported to the Fir Bolg Gauls that a company of foreigners had arrived in their kingdom. That was the most handsome and delightful company, the fairest of form, the most distinguished in their equipment and apparel, and their skill in music and playing, the most gifted in mind and temperament that ever came. That too was the company that was bravest and inspired most horror and fear and dread, for the children of the Goddess surpassed all the peoples of the world in their proficiency in every art.

'It is a great disadvantage to us,' said the Fir Bolg Gauls, 'that we should have no knowledge or report of where yon host came from, or where they mean to settle. Let Srengos set out to visit them, for he is big and fierce, and bold to spy on hosts and interview strangers, and uncouth and terrifying to behold.'

Thereupon Srengos rose, and took his strong hooked reddish-brown shield, his two thick-shafted javelins, his death dealing (?) sword, his fine four-cornered helmet and his heavy iron club; and went on his way to the Mountain of Rian.

The Children of the Goddess saw a huge fearsome man approaching them.

'Here comes a man all alone,' they said. 'It is for information he comes. Let us send some one to speak with him.'

Then Bregosos, son of Elatio, went out from the camp to inspect him and parley with him. He carried with him his shield and his sword, and his two great spears. The two warriors drew near to each other till they were within speaking distance.

Each looked keenly at the other without speaking a word.

Each was astonished at the other's weapons and appearance. Srengos wondered at the great spears he saw, and rested his shield on the ground before him, so that it protected his face. Bregosos, too, kept silent and held his shield before him.

Then they greeted each other, for they spoke the same language—their origin being the same—and explained to each other as follows who they and their ancestors were.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 8.

Cf. Diodorus of Sicily, book V, chapter XXXI. 'It is a custom of theirs that no one should perform a sacrifice without a "philosopher"; for thank offerings should be rendered to the gods, they say, by the hands of men who are experienced in the nature of the divine, and who speak, as it were, the language of the gods [they are homophonon in Greek], it is also through the mediation of such men, they think, that blessings likewise should be sought.'

SRENGOS.

My flesh and my tongue were gladdened
At your pleasant cheerful language,
As you recounted the genealogies
From the Nemet/Hornunnos downwards.

BREGSOS.

By origin our two peoples are as brothers;
Our race and kin are descended from Semivisos

SRENGOS.

This is the proper time to bear it in mind,
If we are, in flesh and blood,
Of the same distinguished race as you.

BREGSOS.

Humble your hubris,
Let your hearts draw nigher,
Be mindful of your brotherhood,
Prevent the destruction of your own men.

SRENGOS.

High is our temper,
Lordly our pride and fierce
Against our foes;
You shall not abate it.

BREGSOS.

Should our peoples meet,
It will be a gathering where many will be crushed;
Let him who will bring entertainment,
'tis not he that will amuse them.
Remove, your shield from before your body and face,
That I may be able to give the Toutai Devas
An account of your appearance.

'I will do so,' said Srengos, 'for it was for fear of that sharp spear you carry that I placed my shield between us.' Then he raised his shield.

'Venomous,' said Bregsos, 'are those spears, if the weapons of all of you resemble them, show me your weapons.'

'I will,' said Srengos and he thereupon unfastened and uncovered his thick-shafted javelins. 'What do you think of these weapons?' he said.

'I see,' said Bregsos, '
'Huge weapons, broad-pointed, stout and heavy, mighty and keen-edged .
Woe to him whom they should smite,
Woe to him at whom they shall be flung,
Against whom they shall be cast;
They will be instruments of oppression.
Death is in their mighty blows,
Destruction in but one descent of them;
Wounds are their hard plying;
Overwhelming is the horror of them' .

'What do you call them?' said Bregsos.

'Battle javelins are these,' said Srengos.

'They are good weapons,' said Bregsos,

'bruised bodies they mean, gushing gore, broken bones and shattered shields, sure scars and present plague ??? Death and eternal blemish they deal, sharp, foe-like, and deadly are your weapons, and there is fury for fratricide in the hearts of the hosts whose weapons they are.

Let us make rather a compact and covenant.'

They did so.

Each came nigh to the other, and Bregsos asked: 'Where did you spend last night, Srengos?'

'At the hallowed heart of the land, in the fortress of the kings in Temhair (Tara), where are the kings and princes of the Fir Bolg, and Ivocatuos, the High-king. And you, whence come you?'

BREGSOS.

From the mountain, from the crowded capacious camp yonder on the mountain slope where the Children of the Goddess and Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd their king are, who came from the north of the world in a cloud of mist and a magic shower to the land of the west. (However, he did not believe that it was thus they came.)

It was then Srengos said: 'I have a long journey, and it is time for me to go.'

'Go then,' said Bregsos, 'and here is one of the two spears I brought . Take it as a specimen of the weapons of the Toutai Devas.'

Srengos gave one of his javelins to Bregsos as a specimen of the weapons of the Fir Bolg Gauls.

'Tell the Fir Bolg,' said Bregsos, 'that they must give my people either battle or half of the land.'

'On my word,' said Srengos, 'I should prefer to give you half of the land than to face your weapons.'

They parted in peace after making a compact of friendship with each other.

Srengos went on his way to Temhair. He was asked for tidings of the people he had gone to parley with and he told his story.

SRENGOS.

'Stout are their soldiers,
Manly and masterful their men,
Bloody and battle-sure their heroes,
Very great and strong their shields,
Very sharp and hard of the shaft their spears,
And hard and broad their blades.
Hard it is to fight with them;
'tis better to make a fair division of the land,
And to give them half of the land as they desire.'

'We will not grant that, indeed,' said the Fir Bolg Gauls, 'for if we do, the land will all be theirs.'

Bregos reached his camp, and was asked for a description of the man he had gone to parley with, and of his weapons.

'A big, powerful, fierce man,
With vast, wonderful weapons,
Truculent and hardy withal,
Wiyout awe or fear of any man.'

The People of the Goddess said to each other: 'Let us not stay here, but go to the west, to some strong place, and there let us face whomsoever comes.'

So the host traveled westward over plains and inlets till they came to the plain of the niece (Mag Nia), and to the end of Black Mountain, which is called Sleibo Belgitani (Sliabh Belgadain).

On their arrival there, they said: 'This is an excellent place, strong and impregnable. From here let us wage our wars, and make our raids, here let us devise our battles and troops.'

Their camping there is mentioned by the poet in the lines: 'From the Mountain of Belgadain to the Mountain—lofty is the mountain round which we wage our contests. From its summit the clans of the Goddess laid hold of the country.'

It was then that Bodua and Macha and Mara Rigu/Morrighu/ Morgan Le Fay went to the Knoll of the Taking of the Hostages, and to the Hill of Summoning of Hosts at Temhair (Tara), and sent forth magic showers of sorcery and compact clouds of mist and a furious rain of fire, with a downpour of red blood from the air on the warriors' heads and they allowed the Fir Bolg Gauls either rest or stay for three days and nights.

'A poor thing,' said the Fir Bolg, 'is the power of our druids that they cannot protect us from the sorcery of the Children of Goddess.'

'But we will protect you,' said Vatacos, Gnathach, Ingnathach, and Cesard, the druids of the Fir Bolg Gauls and they stayed the sorcery of the clans of the Goddess.

Thereupon the Fir Bolg gathered, and their armies and hosts came to one place of meeting. There met the provincial kings of Green Erin. First came Srengos and Sembados and

Sitobruccos the three sons of Senogannos, with the people of the provinces of Curoi. There came too, Esca, Ecco, and Cirpos with the hosts of Conchobar's province; the four sons of Gannos with the hosts of the province of Ivocatuos son of Luchta; the four sons of Slanicos with the army of the province of the Gauls ? (Gaileoin;) and Ivocatuos, the king of these kings, with the hosts of Connaught. The Fir Bolg Gauls, numbering eleven battalions, then marched to the entrance of the plain of the niece (Mag Nia). The people of the Goddess (Toutai Devas), with seven battalions, took up their position at the western end of the plain. It was then that Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd proposed to the people of the Children of the Goddess to send envoys to the Fir Bolg Gauls: 'They must surrender half of land, and we shall divide the island between us.'

'Who are to be our envoys?' the people asked.

'Our poets,' said the king, meaning Carioprixos, Aaios, and Edannos.

So they set out and came to the tent of Ivocatuos, the king of kings. After they had been presented with gifts, they were asked the reason of their coming.

'This is why we are come,' they said, 'to request the dividing of the land between us, an equitable halving of Ireland.'

'Do the nobles of the Fir Bolg hear that?' said Ivocatuos.

'We do,' they replied, 'but we shall not grant their request till doomsday.'

'Then,' said the druids, 'when do you mean to give battle?'

'Some delay is called for,' said the Fir Bolg Gallic nobles, 'for we shall have to prepare our spears, to mend our mail, to shape our helmets, to sharpen our swords, and to make suitable attire.'

There were brought to them men to arrange those things. 'Provide,' said they, 'shields for a tenth, swords for a fifth, and spears for a third part. You must each furnish what we require on either side.'

'We,' said the envoys of the clan of the Goddess to the Fir Bolg Gauls, 'shall have to make your spears, and you must make our javelins.'

The Toutioi Devas were then given hospitality till that was done. (However, though it is said here that the Fir Bolg Gauls had no spears, such had been made for Rindalis, grandfather of their present king.) So they arranged an armistice till the weapons arrived, till their equipment was ready, and they were prepared for battle.

Their druids went back to the Children of the Goddess and told their story from beginning to end, how the Gauls would not share the land with them, and refused them favor or friendship. The news filled the Toutai Devas with consternation.

Thereupon Roudios with twenty-seven of the sons of courageous Mil sped westwards to the end of the plain of the Niece to offer a hurling contest to the Children of the goddess. An equal number came out to meet them. The match began. They dealt many a blow on legs and arms, till their bones were broken and bruised, and fell outstretched on the turf, and the match ended. Cairn of the Match is the name of the cairn where they met, Valley of the cairn of the match (Glen Carn Aillem) the place where they are buried.

Roudios turned eastward, and told his tale to Ivocatuos. The king was glad of the killing of the young soldiers of the clan of the Goddess, and said to Fathach : 'Go to the west, and ask of the nobles of the people of the goddess how the battle is to be fought tomorrow —whether it is to be for one day or for several.'

The druid went and put the question to the nobles of the children of the Goddess , that is, Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd , the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, and Bregos.

'What we propose,' they said, 'is to fight them with equal numbers on both sides.' Vatacos went back, and reported to the Fir Bolg Gauls the choice of the Children of the Goddess. The Fir Bolg were depressed, for they disliked the choice of the Toutai Devas. They decided to send for Vindosenos/Fintan to see if he could give them some counsel. Fintan came to them. The Fir Bolg Gauls had entrenched a great fort. (It was called Cunartacorate the Fort of the Packs, from the packs of dogs that preyed on the bodies of the dead after the battle, or Crouartacorate the Fort of the Blood Pools, from the pools of gore that surrounded the wounded when the people came to see them.) They made a Well of Healing to heal their warriors from their wounds. This was filled with herbs. Another entrenched fort was made by the people of the Goddess. (It was called Vorandorate the Fort of the Onsets, from the onsets directed out of the battle.) They dug a Well of Healing to heal their wounds.

When these works had been finished, Cerpos asked: 'Whence come you, and whither go you? The care of tomorrow's battle be yours. I will lead the attack with Moccarnos and his son Roudios, Lagios and his father Senacos' 'We will meet them with four battalions,' was the reply. Six weeks of the summer, half the quarter, had gone on the appointed day of battle.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 9.

First part of our comment: the psychoanalytical part.

Genesis 32, 24-32. That night Jacob got up and took his two wives, his two female servants and his eleven sons and crossed the ford of the Jabbok. After he had sent them across the stream, he sent over all his possessions. So Jacob was left alone, and a man wrestled with him till daybreak. When the man saw that he could not overpower him, he touched the socket of Jacob's hip so that his hip was wrenched as he wrestled with the man. Then the man said, "Let me go, for it is daybreak."

But Jacob replied, "I will not let you go unless you bless me."

The man asked him, "What is your name?"

"Jacob," he answered.

Then the man said, "Your name will no longer be Jacob, but Israel, because you have struggled with God and with humans and have overcome."

Jacob said, "Please tell me your name."

But he replied, "Why do you ask my name?" Then he blessed him there.

So Jacob called the place Peniel, while saying, "It is because I saw God face to face, and yet my life was spared."

The sun rose above him as he passed Peniel, and he was limping because of his hip.

Therefore to this day the Israelites do not eat the tendon attached to the socket of the hip, because the socket of Jacob's hip was touched near the tendon.

Short analysis of this Hebraic myth according to Doctor Ruth Scheps.

On the nature of this combat, the comments are numerous and divergent. The only certainty concerns the singular character of this conflict between the human one and the divine one: it often happens that God and the Man are in disagreement and express it on both sides by the anger or the case of conscience. But the hand-to-hand which takes place at Yabbok is a single phenomenon.

Unique fight, but with many dimensions, attested by the innumerable questionings and comments which it caused: should it be regarded as reality or fiction? Historical, prophetic or simply dreamlike?

But who is therefore this adversary with a behavior as mysterious as paradoxical, who appears without any warning, wrestles all night, but ends up losing one's grip, wounds Jacob then blesses him? In chapter XXXII it is initially question of "a man" (ish), then Jacob speaks about a divine being (elohim). The Freudian psychoanalysis would undoubtedly see there a superego, in turn persecuting or idealized. But for the majority of the sources of the Midrash and of the Zohar, it is with an angel that Jacob dealt – a malakh, a word which means at the same time angel and divine or from the divinity, messenger. And indeed this angel will appear

carrying essential messages as much for Jacob that for all his descent and beyond for any human being.

For the Catalan rabbi of the 13th century, exegete of the Bible and of the Talmud Moses Nahmanides, near to the literal sense, the wrestle is real since Jacob is wounded there. According to Maimonides, it is rather a prophetic vision, because it is said at the end of the account that it was an angel, and for Maimonides, the body figures that take on the angels, exist only in the mind of the one who sees them. Finally, many interpretations make this wrestling a universal symbol of the inner struggle against all that blocks the creative achievement of the being: darkness, chaos and evil forces... Several elements of this Hebrew myth suggest that this inner wrestling takes place in a dream: its extraordinarily elliptic nature (as so only its most outstanding events had been memorized); the fact that Jacob remained alone in the night and that his adversary appears suddenly coming from nowhere; finally, the paradoxical attitude of the angel, who wounds Jacob before blessing him.

It is therefore probable that Jacob had to fight not only against his adversary, but especially against his own fear and his own anger. The physical fight of Jacob would have therefore come to confirm his inner fight and to emphasize its ambivalence, since Jacob will stand out from it at the same time bodily dislocated (by the dislocation of his hip) and again with a joint in his name, become Israel.

Elie Wiesel, as for him, prefers to see in his adversary the guardian angel of Jacob himself; this one would fight then against the "ego, in him, who doubts his mission". And in a completely different field, here how the great Parisian poet of the 19th century who was Charles Baudelaire, describes the two antagonists of this fight such as Delacroix pictured them: "The natural man and the supernatural man fight, each one according to his nature, Jacob leaned forwards like a ram and tensing all his muscles, the angel taking part obligingly in the wrestling, mild, as a being who is lucky to overcome without effort of his muscles and not allows anger to distort the divine shape of his limbs."

After these some remarks on the nature of the fight fought by Jacob and on the identity of his adversary, I would like to deliver to you my vision of their dialog, because it is in my eyes as important as the fight itself.

If we suppose, in agreement with the text and all the tradition, that the antagonist of Jacob is a divine emanation, we must also suppose that he is omniscient, therefore that he knows the name of Jacob. However he asks it to him... Why? My hypothesis is that it is to make him become aware of the fact his name Yaakov (the one who lags) is from now on inadequate since he went out victorious from a fight against more powerful than him. Therefore he announces to him immediately after that from now on he will be called Israel, the one "who fought victoriously against God" according to the most current translation. Jacob in turn asks his adversary what his name is. There it is not a mere rhetorical question, because Jacob is really unaware of this name. But as an answer, his antagonist asks him another question: "Why do you inquire about my name?" Then he blesses him.

Two things seem to me particularly significant here: on the one hand, the angel does not bless Jacob when this one requires it (while saying to him, in the line of verse 27: I will not let you go unless you bless me) but a little later, after to have revealed him his new name, as to show that the transcendence does not have to yield to all the human desires. But in addition, the desire of Jacob to know the name of his adversary is nevertheless satisfied and he admits it in the line of verse 31: "raiti Elohim panim el panim" (I saw a divine being face to face)... In the final analysis, in this shock of combativeness, each one saves the face if I dare to say, and none is sacrificed; the bodies lose their grip and the grip made way to the dialog between two separate beings. But at the same time, each one goes out of this fight deeply changed in the eyes of the other:

Here therefore a first benefit after that hard-fought struggle: Jacob managed to overcome his ambivalent feelings towards the angel in order to see in him only a source of blessing.

This dynamic of the feelings and emotions is, in my opinion, one of the beautiful lessons of this text: as Jacob each human being is able to evolve in so far as he does not refuse to face the adversity by giving of oneself and implying oneself through one's word. Besides in the eyes of Catherine Chaliel, this fight signs "the birth certificate of a word which seeks to speak with the other men, even to most hostile".

But to be heard i.e., to be beneficial, this word requires that each interlocutor is aware of the otherness of the other: it is by admitting the nature radically other i.e., transcendent of his

adversary that Jacob reaches himself a level of being higher, indicated by his new name Israel. And this gain of consciousness is got at the same time by the word and the fight accepted without vainglory but without weakness either. A fight which, we saw, takes place primarily inside the human soul/mind tormented by its contradictions and whose outcome, when it is happy, is open to true dialogs and true evolution.

From this wrestling, Jacob therefore comes out doubly transformed: he uses from now on a new name, Israel, which will constantly point out to him (and will point out to us) his feat of a man facing the transcendence. And in addition his wound to the hip will be not less constant mark of his vulnerability.

Therefore goes the human unceasingly torn between hubris and humility, between strength and weakness, between Israel and Jacob... Any human victory is won by being wounded and any healed wound hardened."

What is written by Doctor Ruth Scheps in connection with the Hebraic myth of the fight of Jacob/Israel can very well be applied to the Celtic myth of the fight of the Fir Bolg against the Tuatha De Danann or people of the goddess Danu (bia) . Excepting this difference that in the case of the Fir Bolg their adversary is to be undoubtedly situated on the level "angel" and not on the level "Supreme Being." And that in the eyes of the authors of the Book of conquests, rather strangely, it was more a collective confrontation than a simple duel (in fact a lot of duels). Nonetheless, the reality is that Fir Bolg too, are, in fact, a metaphor of Mankind in fight against itself or against what exceeds it.

Second part of our comment.

Reminders of the warlike technique of the ancient Celts. The texts on this subject are very clear (Diodorus of Sicily, Book V, chapter XXIX).

"It is also their custom, when they are formed for the battle, to step out in front of the line and to challenge the most valiant men from among their opponents to single combat, brandishing their weapons in front of them to terrify their adversaries. And when any man accepts the challenge to battle, they then break forth into a song in praise of the valiant deeds of their ancestors and in boast of their own high achievements, reviling all the while and belittling their opponent, and trying, in a word, by such talk to strip him of his bold spirit before the combat. When their enemies fall, they cut off their heads and fasten them about the necks of their horses; and turning over to their attendants the arms of their opponents, all covered with blood, they carry them off as booty, singing a paean over them and striking up a song of victory, and these first fruits of the battle they fasten by nails upon their houses, just as men do, in certain kinds of hunting, with the heads of wild beasts they have mastered. The heads of their most distinguished enemies they embalm in cedar oil and carefully preserve in a chest, and these they exhibit to strangers, gravely maintaining that in exchange for this head someone of their ancestors, or their father, or the man himself, refused the offer of a large sum of money. And some men among them, we are told, boast that they have not accepted an equal weight of gold for the head they show, displaying a barbarous sort of greatness of soul; for not to sell that which constitutes a witness and proof of one's valor is a noble thing, but to continue to fight against one of our own race, after he is dead, is to descend to the level of beasts."

The painstaking and worthy of current ethnographic method, presentation, that Posidonius made, delivers to us the essential to comprehension, elements. As this observer notes it down appropriately, the habit in question is considered tantamount to that the hunters have to preserve or exhibit skulls of the wildest or most splendid animals, that they killed. The human cranium therefore appears especially just as a trophy, in the hunting sense of the word. It is the witness of a feat of arms, the most realistic witness that can be imagined, because it is a very part, most expressive, of the victim. This evidence function before everything is confirmed by two facts. On the one hand, among Scythians, as among Celts, the head brought back then shown to the chief is a guarantee of the reward; so the cavalymen under Labienus, who killed Induciomarus, brought back the head of the latter to Caesar. Moreover, among the two peoples also, the skulls are preserved at home by the warrior who therefore got them and are shown to the foreigners, i.e., to those who do not know his worth in the fight. This type of trophy therefore has nothing to do with spoils, it has a personal value, but it is not

marketable. It does not enter the collective trophy also directly, insofar as it shows an almost individual relationship of the warrior with the enemy and, beyond even, with death. The custom to cut off the head of the corpse of the overcome enemy is therefore a memory of old times (among the Celts until the beginning of the fourth century) when the battle was only a mass of single combats between warriors.

When the fight had still the characteristic of an individual confrontation, each warrior choosing in the enemy rows an adversary of his rank, another technique inspiring dread was then used. The warrior moved to challenge his adversary while flaunting his glorious past and that of his ancestors. The panegyric that the soldier outlined of his own history, in what concerns the form, was not without boastfulness. But as it is extremely probable that the feats of arms mentioned were to be true, the lengthening of the list and the instillation into the mind of the adversary of macabre details were to destabilize the unlucky listener.

Third part of our comment. Traditional locations of this first battle of Magos Turation (Moytura): Carrowkeel and Glen Mo Aillem in the county of Donegal are, of course, ultra-whimsical. It is indeed a mythical battle between men and gods and not a historical battle between human beings only. Celts arriving little by little in Far West, discovered these gigantic megalithic monuments very impressive for them, and like in Carnac in Brittany their bards reused this scenery to make it the scene of their great national dramas.

The subtitle is added by the editor.

THE VICTORY OF THE FIR BOLG GAULS OVER THE GODS OF THE GODDESS DANU (BIA) OR TUATHA DE DANANN IN GAELIC LANGUAGE.

The hosts rose on that day with the first glimmer of sunlight. The painted, perfectly worked shields were hoisted on the backs of brave warriors, the tough, seasoned spears and battle javelins were grasped in the right hands of heroes, together with the bright swords that made the duels dazzle with light as the shining sunbeams shimmered on the swords' graven grooves.

Thus the firm, close-packed companies, moved by the compelling passion of their courageous commanders, advanced towards the plan of the Niece to give battle to the men of the Goddess. It was then that the great Fir Bolg Gallic poet, Vatacos, went forwards in front of them to describe their fury and spread the report of it. He had raised up and planted firmly in the midst of the plain a pillar of stone, against which he rested. This was the first pillar set up in the plain, and Vatacos's Pillar was its name thenceforth.

Then Vatacos in utter anguish wept floods of fervent, melancholy tears, and said:

'With what pomp they advance! On the plain of the Niece they marshal with dauntless might. 'Tis the men of the people of the Goddess that advance, and the Fir Bolg of the decorated blades. 'The Bloody Bodua will thank them for the battle combats I look on. Many will be their gashed bodies in the east after their visit to the Plain of the standing stones (Magos Turation).

The men of the tribe of the Goddess formed a compact, well-armed host, marshaled by fighting warriors and provided with deadly weapons and stout shields. Every one of them pressed on his neighbor with the edge of his shield, the shaft of his spear, or the hilt of his sword, so closely that they wounded each other. The Sugellus Dagda Gurgunt began the attack on the enemy by cutting his way through them to the west, clearing a path for a hundred and fifty. At the same time, Cerpos made an onslaught on the Toutai Devas, and devastated their ranks, clearing a path for a hundred and fifty through them. The battle

continued in a series of combats and duels, till in the space of one day, great numbers were destroyed. A duel took place between Adlectos of the clan of the goddess and Nertacos of the Fir Bolg Gauls. The glued seams of their shields were torn, their swords wrenched from their hilts, and the rivets of their spears loosened. Adlectos fell at the hands of Nertacos.

By the close of the day, the Children of the Goddess were defeated and returned to their camp. The Fir Bolg Gauls did not pursue them across the battlefield, but returned in good spirits to their own camp. They each brought into the presence of their king a stone and a head, and made a great cairn of them. The men of the clan of the Goddess set up a stone pillar called the Pillar of Adlectos, after the first of them to be killed. Their physicians then assembled. The Fir Bolg Gauls too had their physicians brought to them. They brought healing herbs with them, and crushed and scattered them on the surface of the water in the well, so that the precious healing waters became thick and green. Their wounded were put into the well, and immediately came out whole.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 10.

Every one of them pressed on his neighbor with the edge of his shield, the shaft of his spear, or the hilt of his sword, so closely that they wounded each other.

The type of combat at which we are present there, at least such as it is described to us by the "journalist of the time" named Vatacos, and to start (after that it is a different thing) is a confrontation of hoplitic type.

But we may wonder whether it is well thus indeed that the things occurred at the time. The combat of hoplitic type was indeed the ritual confrontation of two phalanxes in ancient Greece of the fifth century before our era and it was difficult to do stupider from the point of view of the art of warfare.

The subtitle is added by the editor.

TOWARDS A BALANCE OF THE INVOLVED FORCES.

Next morning the Fir Bolg Gaul king of kings Ivocatuos, went to the well all alone to wash his hands. As he was doing so, he saw above him three handsome, haughty armed men. They challenged him to combat. 'Give me time,' said the king, 'to go to fetch my weapons.'

'We will not allow a moment's delay for that; the combat must be now.' While the king was in this difficulty, an active young man appeared between him and his enemies, and turning to the latter, said: 'You shall have combat from me in place of the king.' They raised their hands simultaneously, and fought till all four fell together. The Fir Bolg Gauls came up after the struggle was over. They saw the dead men, and the king told them how they had come upon him, and how the solitary champion had fought with them in his stead. The Fir Bolg Gauls brought each man a stone to the well for him, and built a great cairn over him. The Champion's Cairn is the name of the cairn, and the hill is called the Hill of the Three. The strangers were three physicians, brothers of Diancecht, and they had come to spy upon the physicians of the

Fir Bolg, when they came upon Ivocatuos alone washing his face.

The battalions of the Toutai Devas were straightway drawn up in the plain to the east and the Fir Bolg Gauls came into the plain against them from the west. The chiefs who went out in front of the clan of the Children of the Goddess on that day were Ogmios, Medros, Dergos Boduos, Diancecht, and Oinogubio of Loccolandon Nerigon (the Norway?). The women, Bodua, Magosia, the Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan Le Fay and Danu (bia) offered to accompany them. Against them came of the Fir Bolg Gauls, Mella, Ese, Ferb, and Faebur, all sons of Slanicos. Strong, mighty blows were dealt by the battalions on either side, and the bosses of shields were broken as they vigorously parried the blows, while the men-at-arms showed their fury, and the warriors their courage. Their spears were twisted by the continual smiting; in the hand-to-hand combats, the swords broke on splintered bones; the fearsome battle cries of the veterans were drowned in the multitude of shouts.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 11.

Oinogubios of Norway. Obvious anachronism, allusion to the Viking raids later, even allusion to the mythology of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians in Ireland.

Bodua, Magosia ...the women therefore take part in the combat. Let us note, however, that mention of a personal intervention of the goddess Danu (bia) having given her name to the gods of Celtic paganism....is rather rare.

The young men turned briskly about for the number of the exploits around them on every side. The warriors blenched at the clashing of swords, at the height of the heaving, and the fury of the fall. Well timed was the warding there, and gallant the guarding, and rapid the rending blows. Nemetos, Badrai's son, approached the flank of the Fir Bolg Gauls. Then men closed round him, and in the conflict Ivocatuos' son, Slanicos the Fair, made towards him. The two warriors attacked each other. There was straining of spears and shivering of swords and shattering of shields and battering of bodies. However, Nemetos fell at the hands of Slanicos; they dug his grave then erected a stone pillar for him, and the Stone of Nemetos is its name to this day. Four sons of Slanicos, son of Dallos, urged the fight against the people of the Children of the Goddess. On their side the four sons of Cencal battled with them. They harassed each other till the sons of Cencal fell before the sons of Slanicos. The latter were then set on by the five sons of Lodan the Swift, but they fell at their hands. Oinogubios of Nerigon (Norway) began to mow down the enemy and confuse their ranks. Roudios heard this, and rushed into the fray. The three sons of Dolad met him, and he wreaked his anger on them and they fell before him. From another quarter of the battle, the three sons of Tella met him, and were slain by him in the same way. Lamh Redolam and Cosar Conaire were killed by Slanicos the Fair by the side of the lake. Of those seventeen gravestones were planted by the side of the lake, for they had been driven back as far as the lake. Roudios and Oinogubios of Norway met; they raised their shields against each other, and kept wounding each other till Oinogubios had twenty-four wounds inflicted on him by Roudios. In the end Roudios cut off his head, and after that went on fighting till nightfall.

Ogmios, son of Ethliu, made an attack on the host, and his track was marked by pools of crimson blood. From the east side Cerpos entered the fray and made an onslaught on the hosts, three hundred of the men of the clan of the Goddess fell before him. When night fell the Fir Bolg Gauls were driven across the battlefield. However, they brought each a head and a stone to Ivocatuos their king. 'Is it you that have been beaten today?' said the king. 'Yes,' said Cerpos; 'but that will not profit them.'

Next day it was the turn of Srengos, Sembedos, and Sitobruccos, along with Cerpos, to lead the Fir Bolg Gauls. They rose early in the morning. A flashing penthouse of shields and a thick forest of javelins they made over them, and the battle pillars then moved forwards. The Children of the Goddess saw the Fir Bolg Gauls approaching them in that fashion across the plain from the east. 'With how much pomp,' they said, 'do those battle pillars enter the plain and draw towards us.' And it was then that the plain got its name of Magos Turation, the Plain of the Pillars.

The Toutai Devas asked who should lead them on that day. 'I will,' said the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, 'for in me you have a god of all trades' god' and, thereupon, he went forth with his sons and brothers. The Fir Bolg Gauls had firmly stationed their champions and columns, and marshaled their battalions on the level of the plain of the Niece (which, henceforth, was called Magos Turation, the Plain of the Pillars). Each side then sprang at the other. Srengos, son of Senogannos, began to dislodge the hosts of the enemy. The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt set to breaking the battalions and harrying the hosts and dislodging divisions and forcing them from their positions. Cerpos, son of Bivanos, entered the fray from the east and slaughtered brave men and spirited soldiers.

The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt heard Cerpos' onset, and Cerpos heard the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt's battering blows. They sprang each at the other. Furious was the fight as the good swords fenced, heroic the heroes as they steadied the infantry, and answered the onslaughts. At last Cerpos fell before the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt's battering blows. Srengos,

Senogannos's son, was pressing back the hosts from their places when he came on three sons of Cairbre Cas of the Toutai Devas, and the three sons of Ordan. Cairbre's sons with their three columns fell before the sons of Ordan, as Srengos drove in the hosts. The enemy fell before him on every side, and the fury of the combat grew behind him. After the fall of Cerpos the Fir Bolg Gauls were driven into their camp. The clan of the children of the Goddess did not pursue them across the battlefield, but they took with them a head and a stone apiece including the head of Cerpos, which was buried in the Cairn of Cerpos's Head. The Fir Bolg were neither happy nor cheerful that night, and as for the people of the Goddess, they were sad and dispirited. But during the same night Vindosenos/Fintan came with his sons to join the Fir Bolg, and this made them all glad, for valiant were both he and they.

In this cheerful mood, the morning found them. The signals of their chiefs roused them on the spacious slopes of their camping-ground, and they began to hearten each other to meet danger and peril.

Ivocatuos, the king of kings, with his son, Slanicos the Fair, and the soldiers and chiefs of Connaught, came forth to join them. Senogannos' three sons with the hosts of Cu Roi's province took their place at one side of the line. The four sons of Gannos with the warriors of Ivocatuos's province marched to the center of the same army. Bivanos's sons Escos and Esconnios ranged themselves with the men of Conchobar's province on the other wing. The four sons of Slanicos with the host of the Gaileoin brought up the rear of the army.

Round Ivocatuos the king of kings was made a fold of valor of battle-scarred, blood-becrimsoned braves, and juggling jousts, and the world's trustiest troops. The thirteen sons of Vindosenos/Fintan, men proven in courageous endurance of conflict, were brought to where the king was.

A flaming mass was the battle on that day, full of changing colors, many feats and gory hands, of swordplay and single combats, of spears and cruel swords and javelins; fierce it was and pitiless and terrible, hard-packed and close-knit, furious and far-flung, ebbing and flowing with many adventures.

Fir Bolg Gauls, in the order told, marched boldly and victoriously straight westwards to the end of Magos Turation till they came to the firm pillars and props of valor between themselves and the rest of the Toutai Devas. The passionate Children of the Goddess made an impetuous, furious charge in close-knit companies with their venomous weapons; and they formed one mighty gory phalanx under the shelter of red-rimmed, emblazoned, plated, strong shields.

The warriors began the conflict. The flanks and the wings of the van were filled with gray-haired veterans, swift to wound; aged men were stationed to assist and attend on the movements of those veterans; and next to those steady, venomous fighters were placed young men under arms. The champions and serving men were posted in the rear of the youths. Their seers and wise men stationed themselves on stone pillars and points of vantage, plying their sorcery, while the poets took count of the feats and wrote down tales of them.

As for Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, he was in the center of the fight. Round him gathered his princes and supporting warriors, with the twelve sons of Cobranos from Scythia, his bodyguard. They were Tolc, Trenviro, Trenmiled, Garbos, Glaceth, Cruasailt, Durdru, Fonn, Foirisem, Teidm, Tinnargaim and Tescad. He would have no joy of life on whom they made a gory wound. ('Twas they that killed the sons of Vindosenos/Fintan, and the sons of Vindosenos/Fintan killed them.)

Thus they delivered their assault after fastening their bodies to rough-edged stones with clasps of iron.

They made therefore their way to the place appointed for the battle. At that moment Vatacos, the poet of the Fir Bolg Gauls, came to his own stone pillar, and as he surveyed the armies to the east and west, said:

'Swiftly advance the hosts marshaling on the plain of the Niece their resistless might;
'tis the Children of the Goddess that advance and the Fir Bolg Gauls of the speckled swords.
Methinks the Fir Bolg will lose some of their brothers there,
Many will be the bodies and heads and gashed flanks on the plain.

But though they fall on every side (?),
Fierce and keen will be their onset;
Though they fall, they will make others fall,
And heroes will be laid low by their impetuous valor.

You have subdued (?) the Fir Belg Gauls;
They will fall there by the side of their shields and their blades;
I will not trust to the strength of anyone
So long as I am in this stormy island.

I am Vatacos the bard;
Strongly has sorrow vanquished me,
And now, that the Fir Bolg are gone,
I shall surrender to the swift advance of disaster.'

The furies and monsters and hags of doom cried aloud so that their voices were heard in the rocks 'and waterfalls and in the hollows of the earth. It was like the fearful agonizing cry on the last day when the human race will part from all in this world.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 12.

Vindosenos/Fintan therefore lined up in the camp of the Fir Bolg Gauls if we understand this account and not in the camp of the gods. It was therefore only a man finally. A great initiate ??? Unless, of course, his intervention in this fight is due to the wild imagination of a bard having spread but also distorted, the initial myth.

While the poets wrote down. Obvious anachronism. The initial pan-Celtic myth (the fight of the men and of the gods for the division of the world) was fixed in its current form during the Middle Ages. But its first outline had undoubtedly been elaborate at a time when there was only oral literature. There is the same phenomenon with the Bible of which first books were written centuries after the events that they report, probably from King Josiah an intolerant fanatic of the worst species as regards religious liberty.

The last day....We could not better say the apocalyptic and therefore mythical, in any case having nothing to do with history, nature, of this first battle of Mag Tured.

Reminders of the war technique of ancient Celts. Celts before the battle shouted abundantly. Plutarch in the account which he borrowed from Posidonius of the confrontations between Marius and the Cimbri or Teutones often mentions as sound as visual scenes. It is as if these peoples had a true gift for the war cry (cf. the etymology of the word slogan: slougogarimen > sluaggairm. Editor's note) which undermined in no way their bodily ardor. "For there were among them such innumerable horns and trumpets, which were being blown simultaneously and in all parts of their army, their cries were so loud and piercing that the noise seemed not to come merely from trumpets and human voices, but from the whole countryside at once" (Polybius, History, book II, chapter XXIX).

In the van of the Children of the Goddess advanced the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, Ogmios, Allos, Bregsos, and Deluato (Tarann/Torann Tuireann ?) the five sons of Elatio, together with Bregsos, grandson of Neto, the Fomorian anguipedic wyvern, Oinogustios, Aedos, Cermatos the Fair, Medros, Dergos Boduos, Segovallos, Abartacos, Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd the king of kings, Brennos, Ivocaros and Ivocarbos, the three sons of Turenn Bigrenn (Tarann/Torann Tuireann ?) Cu, Cenos and Catuenos, the three sons of Cantios, Gobannos the smith, Luxta the carpenter, Crednos the craftsman, Diancecht the physician, Oinogubios of Nerigon (of Norway), the three queens, Eriu, Votala and Banuta, and the three sorceresses, Badb, Macha and Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan Le Fay, with the wife of Coslogenos (Bechuille) and Danu (bia) their two foster mothers. They fixed their standing stones in the ground to prevent anyone fleeing till the stones should flee.

They lunged at each other with their keen sharp spears, till the stout shafts were twisted through the quivering of the victims on their points. The edges of the swords turned on the rim of the shields. The curved blades were tempered in boiling pools of blood in the thighs of warriors ????? Loud was the singing of the lances as they cleaved the shields, loud the noise and din of the fighters as they battered bodies and broke bones in the rear. Boiling streams of blood took the sight from the gray eyes of resolute warriors. It was then that Bregsos made an onset on the Fir Bolg Gallic army, and killed one hundred and fifty of them. He struck nine blows on the shield of Ivocatuos the king of kings, and the latter, in his turn, dealt him nine wounds. Senogannos's son, Srengos, turned his face to the army of the children of the goddess, and slew one hundred and fifty of them. He struck nine blows on the shield of the king of kings Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, and the latter dealt him nine wounds. Each dealt dire blows of doom, making great gory wounds on the flesh of the other, till under their grooved blades shields and spears, heads and helmets broke like the brittle branches hacked with hatchets wielded by the stout arms of woodsmen.

Heroes swayed to this side and that, each circling the other as they sought opportunity for a blow. The battle champions rose again over the rims of their emblazoned shields. Their courage grew, and the valiant virulent men became steadfast as an arch. Their hands shot up with their swords, and they fenced swiftly about the heads of warriors, hacking their helmets. For a moment they thrust back the ranks of the enemy from their places, and at the sight of them the hosts wavered like the water flung far over its sides by a cauldron through excess of boiling, or the flood that, like a waterfall, an army splashes up over a river's banks, making it passable for their troops behind them ?????

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 13.

In the van of the Children of the Goddess advanced the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, Ogmios Like every list this draft of Celtic Pantheon is, of course, arbitrary and comprises a certain number of mistakes (Bregsos appears there twice for example). The Christianized bard who composed this account gathered all the names of supernatural beings he knew, and thus joined them together after a fashion. The presence of a Fomorian king and of a Norwegian pirate in this strange Pantheon is

- either the recollection of a time when there was no Manicheism dividing the camp of the superhuman beings in two, angels on a side demons of the other (there were then only two families of distinct deities, a little similar to those of the Aesir and of the Wanesh, that's all)
- or a mishmash due to the hand of the Christianized bard who gathered in a single Pantheon all the superhuman creatures suspect in his eyes, at the very least not very kosher.

To note: in this strange Pantheon the goddess Danu, correctly compared with a central mother figure, sees herself, on the other hand, flanked by a rival or associated goddess in the person of the wife of the god of the hazel tree, Coslogenos (Bechuille in Gaelic). We will return on this subject.

The druids having disappeared it is obvious that the logic which was inherent in all these primordial pan-Celtic myths, ended up shattering. Much work in prospect therefore for those who will tackle its reconstruction.

So a suitable space was cleared for the chiefs; the heroes yielded them their places, and agile combatants their stations; warriors were dislodged by them, and the serving men fled for horror of them. To them was left the battle. Heavily the earth was trodden under their feet till the hard turf grew soft beneath them.

Each of them inflicted thirty wounds on the other. Srengos dealt a blow with his sword on Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd and, cutting away the rim of his shield, severed his right arm at the shoulder; the king's arm with a third of his shield fell to the ground. It was then that the king of kings called aloud for help, and Oinogubios of Nerigon (of Norway), hearing him, entered the fray to protect him. Fierce and furious was the attack Oinogubios and Srengos made on each other. Each inflicted on his opponent an equal number of wounds, but they were not comparable as an exchange, for the broad blade of Srengos's lance and his stout spear shaft dealt deeper, deadlier wounds. As soon as the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt heard the music of the swords in the battle stress, he hastened to the place of conflict with deliberate bounds, like the rush of a great waterfall. Srengos declined a contest with the two warriors; and though Oinogubios of Norway did not fall there, it was from the violence of that conflict that he afterwards died. The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt came and stood over Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, and, after the people of the Goddess had taken counsel, he brought fifty warriors, with their physicians. They carried Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd from the field. His arm was raised in the king's stead on the fold of valor, a fold of stones surrounding the king, and on it the blood of Nuada's hand trickled.

The Children of the Goddess maintained the conflict keenly and stoutly, after their king was gone. Bregos made his way into the ranks of the Fir Bolg Gauls to avenge his king, and came to the spot where Ivocatuos was urging the battle, and fortifying his fighters and exhorting his heroes and encouraging his captains and arranging his combats. Each of them then made for his opponent, and wounds were inflicted where they were undefended. Before the fierceness of their fury and the weight of their blows, soldiers were thrown into confusion. At last Bregos was slain by Ivocatuos; and the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, Ogmios, Allos and Deluato attacked the latter to avenge their brother.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 14.

The fold of valor. What is necessary to understand with this expression, already mentioned above besides. Is it to be understood that the arm of the king of the gods was the subject of a true burial under a small stone heap??

Bregos. The legend makes this god of agriculture die in the fight but he will reappear well alive at the time of the second battle of Magos Turation according to Irishmen. All that is not therefore to be taken literally. Let us not do like Judaeo-Christians who maintain there would have been two Goliath since this Philistine warrior is said to have been killed by two different men, by the young David....or by a man of the guard of King David (2 Samuel 21:19). Let us not be so stupid and let us remember only the broad outlines, in addition to the fact that the gods really do not die, the idea that there was formerly at the very beginning of history a gigantic war between men and gods for the control of the Earth. Because it goes without saying in this myth that Fir Bolg Gauls are a metaphor of Mankind.

Ivocatuos was urging the fight, collecting and encouraging his captains, making close and compact the ranks of the soldiery, holding his fighting men firm and steadfast. The four brothers, in their search for Ivocatuos, drove the hosts before them to the place where they heard him urging the fight. Mella, Ese, Ferb and Faebur, sons of Slanicos, met them and each struck at the other's shield. Their swords clashed and the conflict grew, and the edges of the curved blades cut gory wounds. The four sons of Slanicos fell before the other four; and the Gravestones of Slanicos's sons is the name of the place where they were buried. The four sons of Gannos then entered the fray. Against them advanced Gobannos the Smith, Luxta the Carpenter, Dian Cecht and Oinogubios of Nerigon (of Norway). Horrible was the noise

made by the deadly weapons in the champions' hands. Those combatants maintained the fight till the four sons of Gannos were slain; and the Mound of the Sons of Gannos is the name of the place where they were buried.

Bedg, Redg and Rinne, the three sons of Ordo, set on the Children of the Goddess, and the ranks shook before their onset. The three sons of Cantios met them, but they wearied of the fray; and the Mound of the druids is the place where they were buried.

Brennos, Ivocaros and Ivocarbos, the three sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann Bigrenn, set on the Fir Bolg Gauls host. They were opposed by two sons of Bivanos, and Carioprixos son of Den. The sons of Bivanos were overcome by the sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann Bigrenn, and the Gravestones of Bivanos are the gravestones that cover them, Carioprixos's tomb is beside the gravestones.

Ivocatuos and his son, Slanicos the Fair, now joined in the fray, and destroyed innumerable companies of the clan of the warriors of the Goddess.

Ivocatuos said :

'Our best men have been destroyed,
Our people slaughtered,
And it befits us to acquit us valorously.'

So they made their way across the battlefield once again, and mowed down men and slaughtered soldiers and hacked hosts, and confused the ranks with their onsets. After this long-continued effort Ivocatuos was overcome by great weariness and excess of thirst.

'Bring Srengos to me,' he said. That was done.

'You and Slanicos the Fair,' said Ivocatuos, 'must maintain the fight till I go in search of a drink, and to bathe my face, for I cannot endure this consuming thirst.'

'It shall be maintained right well,' said Slanicos, 'though we are but few to wage it in your absence.' Ivocatuos then went out of the battle with a guard of one hundred of his soldiers. The men of the clan of the goddess followed them, and shouted at them.

But Slanicos the Fair advanced to meet the host, and offered them battle, and prevented them from following the emperor. He was attacked by powerful Lugidos, son of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd and the two fought a cruel, fierce, strenuous fight, in which there were wounds and bruises and gory gashing. As soon as the rest saw that Slanicos was prevailing they gave their support to Lugidos. Lugidos and Slanicos fell together; Lugidos's Grave is the place where Lugidos was buried, and Slanicos's Mound the mound where they buried Slanicos.

When the druids of the children of the goddess saw how the king of kings was suffering from a burning thirst, they hid from him all the streams and rivers of the land till he came to the strand of Eothail. Three sons of Nemetos, son of Badra, followed him, with a hundred and fifty men. They fought on the strand, and a number fell on either side. Ivocatuos and the sons of Nemetos met in combat. Venomous in battle were the sons of Nemetos, and tried in fighting against odds was Ivocatuos.

They fought till their bodies were torn and their chests cut open with the mighty onslaughts. Irresistible was the king's onset as he ceaselessly cut down his opponents, till he and the three sons of Nemetos fell. Ivocatuos's Cairn is the cairn where Ivocatuos was buried (it is also called the Cairn of Eothail), the Gravestones of the Sons of Nemetos are at the western end of the strand.

As for Srengos, son of Senogannos, he continued fighting for a day and a night after his fellows, till in the end neither side was capable of attacking the other. Their swift blows had grown feeble through all the slaughter and their spirits had fallen through all their ills, and their courage faint through the vastness of their disasters; and so they parted.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 15.

The cairn of Ivocatuos, the gravestones of the sons of Nemetos, etc. It goes without saying that all that they are explanations after the event due to the vivid imagination of the Irish bards eager to do local flavor by explaining in this way such or such a megalithic monument. The druids hid from him.... Perhaps an allusion to any hypnotic process.

The clan of the children of the goddess retired to the fastness of Pennosleibo and to the sloping valley of Blood, and to the Mound of Tears ??? There the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt said:

'Soldiers slain without measure,
Many a wound on heroes;
Cruel swords have torn your bodies.
The Fir Bolg Gauls have overcome you?
..... about their lands.'

'What have been your losses in this last battle?' said Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd to the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt. The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt told him in these words:

'I will tell, noble Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd,
The tales of the dread battle,
And, after that, its calamities and disasters
I will tell, O son of Echtach.

In it fell our nobles
Before the violence of the Fir Bolg Gauls;
So great are our losses that few know of them.

Bregsos, son of Elatio, a warrior like a tower,
Attacked the ranks of the Fir Bolg, a glorious fight,
And killed one hundred and fifty of them.

He dealt nine blows—savage was the deed—
On the broad shield of Ivocatuos,
And Ivocatuos dealt Bregsos nine blows.

Huge Srengos came
And slew three hundred of our host.
He dealt nine blows on your own shield,
O Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd.

You, O Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd
Coolly dealt Srengos 9 mighty blows,
But Srengos cut off your right arm,
O impetuous hero, at the shoulder.

You raised a loud cry for help,
And he of Norway came up.
Srengos and Oinogubios fought with a will
A well-contested fight of clashing weapons.

As Oinogubios cried for help,
I came up speedily;
But when I arrived, still unwearied,

Srengos refused a contest with both of us.

Mella, Ese, Ferb and blood-red Faebur
Fell before us in the same battle.

The four sons of Gannos fell
At the hands of Gobannos the Smith,
Of Oinogubios of the exploits,
Of Luxta and of Diancecht.

Bedg and Rinde and Redg, the three Sons of Ordan of the crafts,
Were slain surely by the fair sons of Cantios.

Ivocatuos and his son, Slanicos the Fair,
Slew in the battle a large number
Of the heroes of the Toutai Devas.

In the battle thirst overcame King Ivocatuos ,
And he did not get the draft he sought
Till he came to the Strand of Eothail.

The three sons of Nemetos overtook him on the silent strand,
And there they fought till they all fell together.

Lugidos, the son of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd
Methinks was slain by Slanicos the Fair;
And Slanicos, though so fierce before,
Was killed in fighting with the Toutai Devas.

Brennos, Ivocaros and Ivocarbos, the three sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann Bigrenn,
Slew Esca and Econn and Airbe.

After that 'twas Srengos that ruled the fight
And many were those that changed color
For three days ?
But neither he nor we turned in the struggle.

Weary were we now on either side,
And we resolved to separate.
Each man's combats, as I heard,
So shall I exactly tell of.'

Subtitles added by the editor.

THE PARTIAL DEFEAT (they keep a fifth of the country nevertheless) OF THE FIR BOLG
GAULS IN FRONT OF THE GODS OF GODDESS DANU (BIA).

Editor's note. The Irish apocryphal texts reserve for the Milesians i.e., to the Gaels the final victory over the gods... at the time of the battles of Mis Taitiu and Druim Ligen. Which will therefore be studied hereafter.

Sad and weary wounded and full of heavy reproaches were the Fir Bolg Gauls that night. Each one buried his kinsfolk and relatives, his friends and familiars and foster brothers; and then were raised mounds over the brave men, and gravestones over the warriors, and tombs over the soldiers, and hills over the heroes. After that Srengos, Sembedos and Sitobruccos, the sons of Senogannos, called a meeting for a council and deliberation to which three hundred assembled. They considered what it was their interest to do, whether they should leave their island , or offer a regular battle, or undertake to share the land with the Children of

the Goddess. They decided to offer battle to the clan of the people of the goddess, and Srengos said...

'Resistance is destruction for men;
We resolutely gave battle;
There was clashing of hard swords;
The strong plying of spears on the sides of noble warriors,
And the breaking of bosses on the shield;
Full of trouble are the plains;
Disaster we found about its woods,
The loss of many good men.'

They took up their strong, hooked shields, their venomous spears and their sharp swords with blue blades. Thus equipped they made a keen, murderous charge, a wild fiery company, with their spears close-pressed in the onset, cutting their way in a flaming fire of fury to meet any hardship and any tribulation.

It was then that Srengos challenged Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd to single combat, as they had fought in the previous battle. The latter faced him bravely and boldly as if he had been whole, and said: 'If single combat on fair terms be what you seek, fasten your right hand, as I have lost mine; only so can our combat be fair.'

'If you have lost your hand, that lays me under no obligations,' said Srengos, 'for our first combat was on fair terms. We ourselves so took up the quarrel.'

The Children of the Goddess took counsel, and their decision was to offer Srengos his choice of the provinces of the country, while a compact of peace, good will, and friendship should be made between the two peoples. And so they make peace, and Srengos chooses the province of Connaught. The Fir Bolg Gauls gathered round him from every side, and stubbornly and triumphantly took possession of the province against the people of the Children of the Goddess .

The Toutai Devas made Bregsos their king, and he was an emperor for seven years. He died after taking a drink while hunting in the mountain of Gam, and Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd , his missing arm having been replaced, became king of kings. And that is the story of the battle of Magos Turation/Mag Tured Cunga.

This was written in the Plain of Eithne, the Goblin's daughter, by Cormac O'Cuirnin for his companion Sean O'Glaimhin. Painful to us is his deserting us when he goes from us on a journey. Finit Amen.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 16.

Bregsos died after taking a drink while hunting ... the account of the second battle of Magos Turation does not give us at all the same version of the story. It is therefore important to point out only the broad outlines: men and gods ended up making peace by sharing the land. Because it goes without saying in this myth that Fir Bolg Gauls are only a metaphor for mankind.

OTHER MANUSCRIPTS OF THE LEBOR GABALA ERENN.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 17.

What follows will surprise more one of our readers: the Fir Bolgs, therefore some "p" Celtic-speaking people, inhabitants or builders of the most beautiful Gaelic sites like Dun Aengus on the island of Aran? Perhaps it is it from the Gaels, an exaggeration of their role or of their immigration in the area. Well! So are made Irish legends! And it is as well, considering their beauty.

The Fir Bolg Gauls fell in that battle all but a few, and they went out of Green Erin in flight from the people of the children of the goddess into Aran islands, on the island of Rachra (Rathlin) and on other islands besides (Great Britain ? Hebrides ?) It was they who led the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomoraig to the second battle of Magos Turation. And they were in those islands till the Picts drove them out. They came to Cairbre Nia Fer, and he gave them lands but they were unable to remain with him for the heaviness of the tax which he put upon them. Thereafter they came in flight before Cairbre under the protection of Medb and Ailill, and these gave them lands. This is the wandering of the sons of Umor [Oinogustios son of Umor was king over them in the east], and from them are named those territories, Loch Cime from Cime Four-Heads son of Umor, the farthest Point of Taman in Medraige from Taman son of Umor, the Fort of Oengus on the Aran islands (Inis Mor) from Oinogustios, the Stone-heap of Conall in Aidne from Conall, the plain of Adair from Adar, the plain of Asail from Asal in Mumu also. Menn son of Umor was the poet. They were in fortresses and on the islands of the sea around the country in that wise till the Hesus Cuchulain overwhelmed them. Of that journeying of the sons of Umor and of the names of their men and of their lands, the historian said the following song...

Of their seed are the three communities who are in Ireland not of Goidelic stock; to wit the Gabraide of the Suc in Connaught, the Ui Thairsig, and the Gaileoin in Laigen. Those are the adventures of the Fir Bolg Gauls.

It is in this way the first battle of the plain of mounds ended (the battle of the Plain of the standing stones or of the mounds in south), that in which Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd lost his arm, thirty years before the second one, the battle of the Plain of the stone pillars in the North.

RENNES DINDSHENCHAS AND METRICAL DINDSHENCHAS.

(Note 18 devoted to Carman, the poem devoted to Carmun).

There were three men and one woman with them [their mother].

The men were the three sons

Of Díbad son of Doirche, son of Ainces,

(‘Extinction son of Darkness son of Ailment’),

And their names were Dian and Dub and Dothur. (‘Violent, Black and Evil’),

The name of their mother was Carmentis.

By spells and charms and incantations, the mother ruined every place.

By plundering and dishonesty, the men destroyed.

So they went to Green Erin to bring evil on the children of the Goddess Danu (bia)

By blighting the corn of this island upon them.

To the clan of the children of the Goddess Danu (bia) that seemed ill.

So Áios son of Ollamos of their poets,

And Cridionobetlos of their lampooners,

And Lugos Laebacos of their druids,

And Bena Cosli of their priestesses

Went to sing prayers upon them,

And they did not part from them

Till they had driven the three men overseas.

And the men left their mother Carmentis here as a pledge

That they would not come again to Green Erin.

.....

Their mother died of grief here in her detention,

And she asked the Children of the goddess Danu (bia)

To hold her fair (oenach) at her burial place,

And that the fair and the place should always bear her name.

And the Tuatha Dé Danann performed this

So long as they were in the country.

Hence Carman and the fair of Carman.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 18.

This story is not clear. Who was Carmentis? A Gallic goddess-or-demoness, or fairy??

Talantio daughter of Magomoros king of Spain ??, queen of the Fir Bolg Gauls, came after the slaughter was inflicted upon the Fir Bolg in that first battle of Magos Turation to Caldicumba (Coill Cum): and the wood was cut down by her, so it was a plain under clover flowers before the end of a year. This is that Talantio who was the wife of Ivocatuos son of Ercos king of Green Erin till the Toutai Devas slew him, ut praediximus: it is he who took her from her father, from Spain; and it is she who slept with Ivocatuos Garb son of Dui Dall of the people of the children of the goddess Danu (bia) ; and Ceno son of Dian Cecht, whose other name was Scal Balb, gave her his son in fosterage, namely Lug, whose mother was Eithne daughter of Balaros. So Talantio died there, and her name cleaved thereto and her grave is from the Seat of Tailltiu north-eastward. Her games were performed every year and her song of lamentation, by Lug. With prescriptions to be respected absolutely and feats of arms, a fortnight before Lughnasade and a fortnight after unde dicitur Lughnasade, that is, the celebration or the festival of Lug.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 19.

The immediate result of this first battle of the Plain of the standing stones or of the mounds is therefore a first division of the land between human beings and god-or-demons. The human beings or Fir Bolg Gauls keep approximately a quarter of the land (20 to 25%) less according to certain variants and the god-or-demons occupy the rest. The sharing is, of course, non-egalitarian, but is it really possible to fight against gods or demons? The second undeniable result of this first battle of the Plain of the standing stones or of the mounds is the wound of the king of the Toutai Devas: Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd. Such a mutilation is disqualifying. A king must be vir integer (druidic eugenics) and it is because he lost an arm in this first battle that the Children of the Goddess then will want to allocate the throne to someone else. Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd having become a "distributor" who, without his right-hand, can no longer "distribute" something.

NB. IRISH BARDS REPLACED THIS EVENT WITH THE VICTORIES OF THE MOUNTAIN OF MÍ OF TAILTIU AND OF DRUIM LIGEN OVER THE PEOPLE OF THE CHILDREN OF THE GODDESS, WHAT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING AS REGARDS THE PRINCIPLE (THE OCCULTATION OF THE GODS). The second battle of the plain of the standing stones or of the tumulus, the battle of Magos Turation of north, that in which the great Balaros fell, took place thirty years after the first one, and here what its cause was.

THE PRELIMINARIES OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE STANDING STONES PLAIN.

Two manuscripts: Harleian 5280, written in the 16th century and preserved in the British Museum. 24 P 9, written circa 1651-1652.

It is the same Indo-European myth, or in any case the same account, we find at work in four different societies. In Rome (the war and the alliance between the Romans and the Sabine people, which, in the beginnings, establish the Roman society); in Scandinavia (the fight and the mixing of the Aesir god-or-demons and the Vanir god-or-demons which, in Scandinavian mythology, establish the first divine society), in India (the conflict, then the close association, of the upper god-or-demons and of the Nasatya in Vedic mythology). Four accounts, deeply different in their appearance, and yet homologous in what they have the same sense and in what they are based on the same fundamental concepts. It is necessary to see there in reality variously updated illustrations of the same original outline which showed how our distant ancestors imagined (we are in the field of the imaginary picturing) the establishment of a sustainable society.

As the great French celtologist Christian-Joseph Guyonvarc'h had already had the opportunity to say about the various Irish apocryphal texts dealing with this battle, with it we have an easy passage into the mythology. In Ireland "Bards had crystallized on this level the complete outline or skeleton of the tradition and of the divine organization." The miracle, because it is one, is that we have here a few pearls of pure mythology, under a light veneer of euhemerization, or under a few surface Christian expressions.

CATH MAIGHE TUREDH, AN SCEL SO SIS, OCUS GENEMAIN BRES MEIC ELATHAIN 7 A RIGHE. (The battle of the Plain of the standing stones or mounds, story below, Bregsos son of Elatio and his accession to the throne in the apocryphal or euhemerized version of the myth, in Ireland.)

A contention as to the sovereignty of the men [of Ireland] arose between the Toutioi Devas and their women; because Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, after his arm had been struck off, was disqualified to be king. They said that it would be fitter for them to bestow the kingdom on Bregsos son of Elatio, on their own adopted son; and that giving the kingdom to him would bind the alliance of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorians) to them. For his father, even Elatio son of Deluato, was king of the aforementioned gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians.

"Genemain Bres meic Elathain."Now the conception of Bregsos came to pass in this wise.

Iveriu, Deluato's daughter, a woman of the Children of the goddess, was one day looking at the sea from the house of Maeth Sceni, and she beheld the sea in perfect calm as if it were a level board. And as she was there, she saw somewhat. A vessel of silver was revealed to her on the sea. Its size she deemed great, save that its form did not appear to her. And the stream of the wave bore it on to land. Then she saw that, in it, was a man of fairest form. Golden-yellow hair was on him as far as his two shoulders. A mantle with bands of golden thread was around him. His shirt had trimmings of golden thread. On his breast was a brooch of gold, with the sheen of a precious stone therein. Two white-silver spears, and in them two smooth-riveted shafts of bronze. Five circlets of gold on his neck. A golden-hilted sword with inlaying of silver and studs of gold.

The man said to her: 'Is this the time that our lying with you will be easy?'

'I have not made a tryst with you, verily,' said the woman.

'Come against the trysting,' said he. Then they stretched themselves down together. Now the woman wept when the man would rise.

'Why weep you?' said he.

'I have two things for which I should lament,' said the woman. 'Severing from you (however) we have met. The fair youths of the clan of the goddess Danu (bia) they have been entreating me in vain, and my desire is for you as you hast possessed me.'

'Your anxiety shall be taken away from these two things,' said he. He draws his golden ring from his middle finger, and put it into her hand, and told her that she should not part with it, by the sale or by gift, save to one whose finger it should fit.

'I have another sorrow,' said the woman. 'I do not know who hath come to me.'

'You shall not be ignorant of that,' said he. 'Elation son of Deluato, king of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns, has come to you. And of our meeting you will bear a boy, and no name will be given him save Ivocatuos Bregsos, that is Ivocatuos the beautiful; for every beautiful thing that is seen in the country, either plain or fortress or ale or torch or woman or man or steed, will be (compared) to that boy, so that men will say of it then, 'it is a Bregsos.'

After that the man went back again by the way he had come, and the woman fared to her house, and unto her was given the famous conception [from which we have just spoken].

Then she brought forth the boy, and he was named as Elatio had said, even Ivocatuos Bregsos. When a week after the woman's lying-in was completed, the boy had a fortnight's growth; and he maintained that increase till the end of his first seven years, when he reached a growth of fourteen years.

Because of that contest which took place among the Tuath Dé the sovereignty was given to that boy; and he gave seven hostages to Green Erin's champions, that is, to her chiefs, for restoring the sovereignty if his own misdeeds should so give cause. His mother afterwards bestowed land upon him, and on the land he had a fortress built, even Dun Brese; it was the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt that built it.

Now when Bregsos had assumed the kingship, the gigantic anguipedic wyverns, even Indicios son of the goddess Domnu and Elatio son of Deluato, and Tethra, three Fomorian anguipedic kings, bound their tax, so that there was not a smoke from a roof that was not under tribute to them.

Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann. The fate of the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann. For the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians had then imposed, during his time, upon the people of the goddess Danu (bia) a very heavy rent tribute: that is to say, a tax upon the kneading trough, a tax upon the quern, and a tax upon the baking flags; also an ounce of gold for every nose of Toutioi Devas on the hill of Uisneach, upon the west side of Temhair. They extorted that tribute yearly, and the man who refused it, his nose was cut off from his head. It was a grim and ill-looking band numbering nine times nine stewards who were coming to seek the rent and tribute of the men [of Ireland]. Here are the names of the four, who were the most fierce and cruel of them, viz., Eine, Eathfaith, Coron, and Compar. If there were a child, of but one month old, in a sitting posture before them, they would not deem it a cause too little for slaying the whole family.

The champions were also reduced to his service, to wit, Ogmios had to carry a bundle of firewood, and the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt was a rath builder, wherefore he, the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, trenched Rath Brese.

So the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt was weary at the work, and he used to meet in the house an idle blind man named Cridionobetlos, whose mouth was out of his breast. One day Cridionobetlos thought his own ration small and that of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt large. Whereupon he said!

'O Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt! Of your honor let the three best bits of your ration be given to me!' So the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt used to give them to him every night. Large, however,

were the lampooner's bits, the size of a good pig, this was the bit. But those three bits were the third of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt's ration. The latter therefore began to decay.

One day, then, as the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt was in the trench, he saw Mabon/Maponos/Oengus coming to him.

'That is good, O Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt,' said Mabon/Maponos/Oengus.

'Even so,' said the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt.

'What makes you look so ill?' said Mabon/Maponos/Oengus.

'I have cause for it,' said the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt. 'Every evening Cridionobetlos the lampooner demands the three best bits of my portion.'

'I have a counsel for you,' said the Mabon/Maponos/Oengus. He put his hand into his pouch, and took there out three crowns of gold, and gave them to him.

'Put,' said Mabon/Maponos/Oengus, 'these three crowns on the three bits which you give at close of day to Cridionobetlos. These bits will then be the goodliest on your dish; and the gold will turn in his belly so that he will die thereof, and the judgment of Bregesos thereon will be wrong. Men will say to the king: 'The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt has killed Cridionobetlos by means of a deadly herb which he gave him.' Then the king will order you to be slain. But you shall say to him: 'What you utter, O king of the warriors of the Féné, is not a prince's truth. For I was watched by Cridionobetlos when I was at my work, and he used to say to me : 'Give me, O Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, the three most precious bits of your portion. Bad is my housekeeping tonight.'

So I should have perished thereby if I did not have the three shillings which I found today helped me. I put them on my ration. I then gave it to Cridionobetlos, for the gold is the most precious thing that was before me. Hence, then, the gold is inside Cridionobetlos, and he died of it".

'Let the lampooner's belly be cut open to know if the gold be found therein. If it be not found, you shall die. If, however, it be found, you shall have life,' said the king. After that they cut off the lampooner's belly, and the three crowns of gold were found in his stomach, and so the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt was saved.

Then he went to his work on the following morning, and to him came Mabon/Maponos/Oengus and said: 'You will soon finish your work, and you shall not seek reward till the cattle of the kingdom are brought to you, and of them choose a heifer black-maned, and ????

Thereafter the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt brought his work to an end, and Bregesos asked him what he would take in reward of his labor. The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt answered: 'I charge you,' said he, 'to gather the cattle of the kingdom into one place.' The king did this as the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt said, and the latter chose of them the heifer which Mabon/Maponos/Oengus told him to choose. That seemed weakness unto Bregesos: he thought that the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt would have chosen somewhat more.

Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann. The fate of the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann.

One day upon which that Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd went out from the ramparts of Temhair/Tara, he saw approaching him, on the plain, two handsome, young, and well-formed persons, and they greeted him, and they got a similar salutation. And the great inquisitor usher (doorkeeper) asked tidings of them, "What place have you come from, O you young and noble-formed persons." "We are good physicians," they replied.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 20.

Note about the druids doorkeepers of this time (dorosaiados in old Celtic, dorsaide in Gaelic). The druid gatekeeper of a castle is the person in charge of the gates of the fortress and it is incumbent upon him, not to act, but to inform the king about all those who, high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht), warriors or craftsmen, want to enter his place. This doorkeeper, dorsaid in Gaelic, is therefore, but in much worthier, the Celtic equivalent of the Latin

nomenclator, this secretary endowed with an infallible memory who, downtown and in public spaces, whispered to the rich Roman patrician the names that he could have forgotten. The difference is in the level of the function: the dorsaide is a druid whereas the nomenclator is a slave.

' If you are," said the (door) keeper, " You will put a new eye into the place of my own eye."" I myself could put the eye of that cat in your lap into the place of your eye," said one of them." I would be glad of that," says the doorkeeper usher. And forthwith they put the eye of the cat into the place of the eye of the great inquisitor usher. That new eye was both convenient and inconvenient to him, for when he desired to take sleep or repose, then the eye would start at the squeaking of the mice, the flying of the birds, and the motion of the reeds; but when he desired to watch a host or an assembly, then it is that it would be in deep repose and sleep. The usher went in and told the king that good physicians had come to Temhair/Tara: "For," said he, " they have transplanted the eye of a cat into the place of my eye."" Bring them in," said the king. And as they came in, they heard a fearful and piteous sigh.

Said Medocios, one of the physicians, " I hear the sigh of a great warrior."

Said Auromedocios, the other : " See that it is not the sigh of a warrior over a chafer, which is blackening him on one side.

Then the king was brought out of the place where he was, and they examined him, and one of them drew out the arm from his side, and out of it there bounded throughout the fortress a chafer and the household arose and killed it.

And Medocios sought another arm of equal length and thickness to transplant to him, and all the people of the goddess Danu (bia) were sought, but there was not found (among them) an arm which would suit him, but that of Modhan, the swineherd.

"Would the bones of his arm suit you ?" the physicians inquired. "

That is what we would prefer" .

And accordingly a person set out for it, and brought it back with him to Temhair/Tara, and it was given to Medocios. Medocios said to Auromedocios : " Whether it is your pleasure to transplant the arm, or to go in search of herbs for the purpose of putting flesh upon it."

He replied : 'I prefer to transplant the arm' . Thereupon Medocios went to seek herbs, and brought them back with him, and then the arm was set.

Then Medocios said : 'joint to joint of it and sinew to sinew,' the he healed Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd in thrice three days and nights. The first seventy-two hours he put it over against his side, and it became covered with skin. The second seventy-two hours he put it on his breasts. The third seventy-two hours he would cast white ???? of black bulrushes when they were blackened by fire ???? That cure seemed evil to Diancecht. He flung a sword on the crown of his son's head and cut the skin down to the flesh. The lad healed the wound by means of his skill. Diancecht smote him again and cut the flesh till he reached the bone. The lad healed this by the same means. He struck him the third blow and came to the membrane of his brain. The lad healed this also by the same means. Then he struck the fourth blow and cut out the brain, so that Medocios died, and Diancecht said that the leech himself could not heal him of that blow.

Thereafter Medocios was buried by Diancecht, and herbs 365, according to the number of his joints and sinews, grew through the grave. Then Armeditrina opened her mantle and separated those herbs according to their properties. But Diancecht came to her, and he confused the herbs, so that no one knows their proper cures unless the Holy Spirit should teach them afterwards. And Diancecht said : 'If Medocios be not, Armeditrina shall remain.'

So Bregos held the sovereignty as it had been conferred upon him. But the chiefs of the people of the Goddess murmured greatly against him, for their knives were not greased by the food he gave and, however, often they visited him their breaths did not smell of ale while coming out. Moreover, they did not see their poets or their bards or their lampooners or their harpists or their pipers or their horn blowers or their jugglers or their fools amusing them in the house of the king. They did not go to the contests of their athletes. They did not see their champions proving their prowess at the king's, save only one man, Ogmios son of Etanna.

This was the duty which he had, to bring fuel to the fortress. He used to carry a bundle every day from the Clew Bay islands. And because he was weak from want of food the sea would sweep away from him two thirds of his bundle. So he could only carry one third each time, and yet he had to supply the host from day to day. Neither service nor wergild from the tribes continued, and the treasures of the tribe were not delivered.

Once upon a time the poet came seeking hospitality to Bregsos's house, even Carioprixos son of Etanna, official poet of the tribe of the goddess. He entered a cabin narrow, black, dark, wherein there was neither fire nor furniture nor bed. Three small breads, and they dry, were brought to him on a little dish. On the morrow he arose and he was not thankful. As he went across the courtyard, he said:

Without food quickly on a dish:
Without a cow's milk whereon a calf grows:
Without a man's abode under the (gloom) of the night:
Without paying a company of storytellers, let that be Bregsos's status.
So there is no wealth in Bregsos's house.

Now that was true. Nothing save decay was on him from that hour. That is the first satire with prophetic value that was made in the country.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 21.

Chafar. We translate so the Gaelic word daoil without too much certainty. But is it indeed the nice flying insect that we have fun being young (in the years 1950) to catch then to tie down with a thread ?

Satire. Unlike the Latin or traditional satire, which is a literary work, the Celtic satire is a moral denunciation, often combined with various predictions, and uttered by a member of the priestly class, a high-knower of the druidic action (druidecht) or a veledé. Following the example of the prophets of the Old Testament, the satirist bard praises for the prince to whom he is attached or blames the enemies who try to harm him. But he will also blame his own prince if he comes to behave badly.

In the same manner there can be false prophets, it can also be, of course, false satirists, some satirists misusing of the credulity of one or others. The legal disposals cracking down on unfair satire in Ireland provide us major information. In the mind of the former or medieval lawgiver, the satire was not a spurious calumny or, as in our time - what amounts almost to the same thing- a poetic or literary particular genre, cultivating at the same time spite, humor and irony... It was only the observation of a truth, the search for justice.

Now after that the Children of the Goddess went together to have speech with their foster son, Bregsos son of Elatio, and demanded of him their sureties. He gave them the restitution of the realm, and he was not well pleased with them for that. He begged to be allowed to remain till the end of seven years.

'You shall have this,' said the same assembly together, 'but you shall come on the same security ?....every fruit to your hand, both house and land and gold and silver, kine and food, and freedom from rent and wergild until then.' 'You shall have,' says Bregsos, 'as you say.'

And this is why they were asked for the delay that he might gather the champions of the Sidh, even the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians, to seize the tribes perforce, provided that..... ?..... Grievous to him seemed his expulsion from his kingdom.

Then he went to his mother and asks her whence his race was.

'I am certain of that,' said she and she went on to the hill whence she had seen the vessel of silver in the sea. She then went on to the strand, and gave him the ring which had been left with her for him, and Bregsos put it round his middle finger, and it fitted him. For the sake of no one had she delivered it, either by a sale or a gift. Until that day there was none of them whom it suited.

Then they went forwards till they reached the land of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians. They came to a great plain with many assemblies therein. They advanced to the fairest of these assemblies. Tidings were demanded of them therein. They replied that they were of the Gaels. They were then asked whether they had hounds; for at that time it was the custom, when a body of men went to another assembly, to challenge them to a friendly contest.

'We have hounds,' said Bregsos. Then the hounds had a coursing match, and the hounds of the people of the children of the Goddess were swifter than the hounds of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns. Then they were asked whether they had steeds for a horse race. They answered, 'We have' and their steeds were swifter than the steeds of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians.

They were then asked whether they had any one who was good at swordplay. None was found save Bregsos alone. So when he set his hand to the sword his father recognized the ring on his finger, and inquired who was the hero. His mother answered on his behalf and told the king that Bregsos was a son of his. Then she related to him the whole story even as we have recounted it.

His father was sorrowful at him. He said : 'What need has brought you out of the land wherein you rule?' Bregsos replied: 'Nothing has brought me except my own injustice and arrogance. I stripped them of their jewels and treasures and their own food. Neither tribute nor wergild was taken from them till today.'

'That is bad,' said the father. 'Better were their prosperity than their kingship. Better their prayers than their curses. Why hast you come hither?' said his father.

'I have come to ask you for champions,' said he. 'I would take that land perforce.'

'You should not gain it by injustice if you gain it not by justice,' said the father.

'Query, then, what counsel hast you for me?' said Bregsos.

Thereafter he sent him to the champion, to Balaros grandson of Neto; the king of the Isles, and to Indicios son of the goddess Domnu the king of the Fomorians

Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann. The fate of the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann.

Balaros answered: "Well, but I have just heard also that a great warrior was arriving to come to aid to Nodatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd and to his people, do you know who he is? Bregsos could not answer because that had occurred after his departure." "I know," said Catullina, Balaros's wife ; "he is a daughter's son of yours and mine ; and it is presaged and prophesied for us that when he should come into Green Erin [i.e., from that time forth], we should never again have power in this island."

Then the chief men of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns went into a council, namely : Eba, a grandson of Neto; and Seanchab, another grandson of Neto ; and Sotal Salmhór ; and Luaith-Leabhachaim ; and Tinné Mór of Triscadal ; and Loisginn Lomghlúineach ; and Luaith Luaimneach ; and Lobais the druid ; and Liathlabhar, the son of Lobais ; and the nine deeply

learned poets and prophetic philosophers of their people ; and Balaros of the Stout Blows himself; and the twelve white-mouthed sons of Balaros ; and Ceithleann the crooked-toothed, Balaros's Queen.

And it was then Bregos ? the son of Balaros said : "I shall go with seven valiant and great battalions of the horsemen into Green Erin; and I shall give battle to the Samildanacos [master of all arts] ; and I shall cut off his head, and I shall bring it unto you upon the green of Berbhé (in Loccolandon = in Scandinavia)."

"It would well become you to do so," said they.

And then Bregos ? said : "Let my ships and my swift barques be made ready for me ; and let food and provisions in plenty be put into them."

And then they quickly and actively handled his ships and his swift barques and they put an abundance of food and drink into them and Luatolicnacos and Luatolebarcambo were sent to assemble his army to him. And when they had all assembled they prepared their habiliments, and their armor, and their weapons of valor and they set out forwards towards Green Erin. And Balaros followed them to the port, and he said: "Give battle to the Samildanacos, and cut off his head ; and tie that Island at the sterns of your ships and your good barques, and let the dense verging water take its place, and place it upon the north side of Scandinavia (Lochlainn) ? and not one of the Children of the goddess Danu (bia) will ever follow it there.

And then they pushed out their ships and their swift barks from the port ; and they filled them with pitch, and with frankincense, and with myrrh ; and they hoisted their sliding variegated sailing cloths; and they made a sudden start from the harbor and the shore port, along the land that is not cultivated, and out upon the wide-lying sea, and upon the wonderful abyss, and upon the ridgebacks of the deluge ; and upon the wet-high, cold and poisoned mountains of the truly deep ocean (The Morimarusan Sea ?)

Preparations for the second battle of the standing stones or of the mounds plain.

They were so many that they made one bridge of vessels from the Foreigners' Isles to Green Erin.

Never came to the island a host more horrible or fearful than that host of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians. The man from Scythia of Scandinavia and the man out of the Western Isles were rivals in that expedition.

Now as to the Children of the goddess, this is what is here dealt with.

After Bregos, Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd was again in sovereignty over the people of the Goddess. At that time he held for them a mighty feast at Temhair/Tara. Now, as we saw it, there was a certain warrior on his way to Temhair/Tara, whose name was Samildanacos.

Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann.

The fate of the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann. They saw therefore an army and a goodly host coming towards them directly from the East, and in the vanguard there was one young man high in authority over all ; and like the setting sun was the radiance of his face and forehead, and they were unable to gaze upon his countenance on account of its splendor. And this is who it was Lug Lamhfhada Loinnbheimionach the berserk of the long arm and the riders from the sidh (marcra sioda) of the Land of Promise, and his own foster brothers,

namely, the Children of Belin/Belen/Barinthus (Manannan), that is to say, Scoith Gleigeal, the son of Belin/Belen/Barinthus (Manannan himself, and Rabhach Slaitin, and Gleigeal Garbh, and Goithne dark-eyed, and Sine Sindearg, and Domhnall the dark red, and Aodh son of Eathall. Lug Lamhfhada was thus accoutred : he had the Aonbharr of Belin/Belen/Barinthus (Manannan) under him, which was as swift as the bleak, cold wind of spring, and sea and land were equal to her, and her rider was not killed off her back ; the breastplate ? of Belin/Belen/Barinthus (Manannan) encased him, by which he could not be wounded under, over, nor through it; and the gorget ? of Belin/Belen/Barinthus upon the ridge of his breast and bosom, so that weapons would not take effect on it; his helmet around his head, protecting it, having in the back a very beautiful precious stone, and two of them in the front; and when the helmet was let off of him, the appearance of his face and forehead was as brilliant as the sun on a dry summer's day ; the Eriategarta, that is, the sword of Belin/Belen/Barinthus (Manannan) over his left side, one was never wounded with it that would come alive from it ; and that sword was never unsheathed in the place of battle or combat, in which there would be but the strength of a woman (in childbirth) in the person who saw it, or who was opposed to it.

There were then two inquisitor ushers (doirseoir = gatekeepers) at Temhair/Tara at that time, namely Gamal son of Figal and Camall son of Riagall. They told the great inquisitor usher to announce their arrival at Temhair/Tara. The doorkeeper usher asked: 'Who is there?'

'Here there is Lug the berserk (the furious fighter) son of Ceno son of Diancecht, and of Etana daughter of Balaros, foster son, he, of Talantio daughter of Magomarus the king of Spain and [wife] of Ivocatuos the Rough, son of Doecos.'

The great inquisitor usher asked of the Samildanacos (many-skilled) : 'What art dost you practice? For no one without an art enters Temhair/Tara.'

Lug. 'Question me,' said he; 'I am a wright.' The inquisitor usher answered: 'We need you not. We have a wright already, even Luxtianos son of Lucato.'

'Lug. 'Question me, O great inquisitor usher! I am a smith.'

The inquisitor usher answered him: 'We have a smith already, even Colum Cualléinech of the three new processes.'

'Lug. 'Question me: I am a champion.'

The inquisitor usher answered: 'We need you not. We have a champion already, even Ogmios son of Ethliu.'

'Lug again: 'Question me, I am a harpist.'

The inquisitor usher : 'We need you not. We have a harpist already, Crabudinos son of Bicelmos whom the men of the three gods chose in the sidhs.'

'Lug: 'Question me, I am a hero.'

The inquisitor usher answered: 'We need you not. We have a hero already, even Bresal Echarlam son of Echaid Baethlam.'

Lug: 'Question me, O great inquisitor usher ! I am a veledé (poet) and I am a historian.'

The inquisitor usher : 'We need you not. We have already a veledé and historian, En son of Ethaman.'

Lug: 'Question me, I am a satirist.'

The inquisitor usher : 'We need you not. We have satirists already. Many are our wizards and our folk of might.'

Lug: 'Question me: I am a leech.'

The inquisitor usher : 'We need you not. We have for a leech Diancecht.'

Lug : 'Question me, I am a cupbearer.' The inquisitor usher : 'We need you not. We have cupbearers already, even Delto and Drupto and Datios, Taé and Talom and Trogos, Gleinos and Glanis and Glési.'

Lug : 'Question me. I am a good brazier.'

The inquisitor usher : 'We need you not. We have a brazier already, even Credno Cerdos.'

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 22.

Berserk. We translate in this way the Gaelic word *lonnannsclech* without too much certainty. Great inquisitor usher. We translate so the Gaelic word *doirseóir*, a *doirseóir* being more than a simple doorkeeper.

We find with only little differences the same genre of scene in the Welsh tale of *Kulhwch and Olwen* (the arrival of *Kulhwch* at the court of King Arthur) and the play of questions and answers which follows. But in this case the role of the druid gatekeeper of the castle is held by a kind of herald.

Lug said again: 'Ask the king whether he has a single man [who possesses] all these arts, and if he has I will not enter *Temhair*.' Then the doorkeeper inquisitor usher went into the palace and declared all to the king. 'A warrior has come before the gate, his name is *Samildanacos*, and all the arts which your household practice he alone possesses, so that he is the man of each and every trade.' This he the king said then that the chessboards of *Temhair/Tara* should be fetched to him *Samildanacos* and he won all the stakes, by making the enclosure of *Lug*. But if chess was invented at the epoch of the Trojan war, it had not reached Ireland then, for the battle of the standing stones plain and the destruction of Troy occurred at the same time. Then that was related to *Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd*. 'Let him into the yard,' said he. 'For never before has man like him entered this fortress.' Then the doorkeeper inquisitor usher let *Lug* pass him, and he entered the fortress and sat down in the master's seat, for he was a master in every art. Then the great flagstone, to move which required the effort of fourscore yokes of oxen, *Ogmios* hurled through the house, so that it lay on the outside of *Temhair/Tara*. This was a challenge to *Lug*. But *Lug* cast it back, so that it lay in the center of the palace and he put the piece which it had carried away into the side of the palace and made it whole.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 23.

Chess. We translate here the Gaelic word *fidhcelda/fidchell* by "chess" but it is rather a *tablut*.

Chess was invented at the epoch of the Trojan war. The Christian monk having added this note to his text had some reasons to be astonished by all that. "Chess set" is indeed an erroneous translation, or at the very least a rather rough approximation. The game in question was not chess in a stricter sense of the word, but a board game product of a completely different logic. Celts had a word to designate the board games of *tablut* type which rested them. They called them *Vidopeila* (Breton *Gwezboell*, Welsh *Gwyddbwyll*, Irish *Fidchell*) i.e., science or art of "wood". Contrary to the chess or to the traditional checkers, the *Vidopeila* is a game of *tablut* which brings into play two camps of unequal force, each one with, in fact, a different purpose.

The king of kings is besieged in his central province. He is defended by eight pawns. With their assistance he must escape the attackers and reach one of the four corners of the checkerboard. The attackers are sixteen, and divided into four groups of four pawns. Their goal is to capture the king of kings by encircling him and by preventing him from moving. As we already had the opportunity to see with the invasion of the *Fir Bolg* Gauls, for the Celts the world was defined by five cardinal points and not four: north, east, south and west, but also... center.

The Celtic people therefore always organized their territory in this way: a center ruling theoretically four peripheral provinces (see the Galatian tetrarchy and its government). But the turbulent character of Celtic people had as a result that the peripheral provinces were more once rebelled against the king of kings of federal kind, having for territory the central province.

Any provincial king could become king of kings while seizing the throne. His victory proved that the god-or-demon, source of any legitimacy, had chosen him, and the illegitimacy of the

unlucky adversary having lost his throne was shown by his defeat: it proved that the god-or-demons had given up him. The coup attempts were therefore permanent. Hence the symbolism of this game: the king of kings is besieged by the armies of the provincial kings. Do they will capture him or does he will manage to escape them? Also let us point out that this second battle of the plain of the pillar stones is mythical or timeless, it belongs to the meta-history, it is not historical. Just like the slavery of Hebrews in Egypt the exodus and the conquest of the Promised land.

Master. We translate in this way the Gaelic term "sui".

It is, of course, the famous Stone of Fal, or of Scone, symbol of sovereignty. It is difficult to determine its exact shape. This text makes it a kind of portal tomb, but others are not so clear. Its exact site in Temhair/Tara is also controversial (embedded in the wall, in the covered way??). We can also think of a symbol of virility or fruitfulness. Cf. the linga in India. Traditionally nevertheless it matches the notion of Fate. So...Ogmios, through jealousy, tries to deprive Lug of it in order to prove to everybody, but vainly, that he would not be able to be king.

'Let a harp be played for us,' said the hosts. So the warrior played a sleep strain, for the hosts and for the king, the first night. He cast them into sleep from that hour to the same time on the following day. He played a wail strain, so that they were crying and lamenting. He played a smile strain, so that they were in merriment and enjoyment. Now Nuada, when he beheld the warrior's many powers, considered whether the Samildanacos could put away from them the bondage which they suffered from the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians. So they held a council concerning the warrior. This is the decision to which Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd came, to change seats with him. So the Samildanacos went to the king's seat, and the king rose up before him till thirteen days had ended.

Then on the morrow he met with the two brothers, even the Sugellus Dagda Gurgunt and Ogmios, on Grellach Dollaid. And his brothers Gobannos and Diancecht were summoned to them. A full year were they in that secret converse, wherefore Grellach Dollaid is called the secret plan of the men of the Goddess.

Thereafter the druids of Green Erin were summoned to them, and their leeches and charioteers and smiths and stewards and judges. They held speech with them in secret. Then Lug inquired of the satirist (corruguru) whose name was Matugenos, what power he could wield? He answered that through his contrivance he would cast the mountains on the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians, and roll their summits against the ground. And he declared to them that the twelve chief mountains of the land of the Green Erin would support the people of the goddess Danu (bia), in battling for them, to wit Sleibo Lecion, Benna Ulation, Bennai Bergusias, Briga Riuri, Sleibo Blatomagi, Sleibo Snigis, Sleibo Misi, Blauai-Sleiboves, Nemetena, Sleibo Mapi Belgodunii, Segisa, and Crouca Agilioni.

Then he asks of the cupbearer, what power he could wield? He answered that he would bring the twelve chief lakes before the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorians), and that they would not find water therein, whatever thirst might seize them. These are those loughs: the Red Lake, Loccus Lomenaci, Loccus Orbasionos, Loccus Rigos, Loccus Mescas, Loccus Copni, Loccus Lagii, Loccus Neptaci, Loccus Scetlas, Loccus Deccedas, Loccus Rigoaci, the Large Lake. They would betake themselves to the twelve chief rivers, even Boacias, Boinne, Sauna, Nema, Lagia, Sinans, Mudia, Sligaca, Samara, Vinda Riuroteca, Siurios, and they will all be hidden from the gigantic anguipedic wyverns, so that they will not find a drop therein. Drink shall be provided for the men [of Ireland], though they bide in the battle to the end of seven years. Then said Vegula son of Mamos, their druid: 'I will cause three showers of fire to pour on the faces of the host of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians, and I will take out of them two thirds of their valor and their bravery and their strength, and I will bind their urine in their own bodies and in the bodies of their horses. Every breath that the men [of

Ireland] shall exhale will be an increase of valor and bravery and strength to them. Though they bide in the battle till the end of seven years, they will not be weary in any wise.' Said the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt: 'The power which you boast I shall wield it all by myself.' 'Is tusai an Dagdae!' or cách; gonad de rot-lil "Dagdae" ó sin é. 'It is you are the god jack of all trades (dago-devos in Old Celtic) said everyone: wherefore thenceforwards the name 'Dagda' adhered to him.

Then they separate from the council, agreeing to meet again that day three years.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 24.

I will take out off them two thirds off to their valor. Undoubtedly some psychological warfare. We may be more skeptical for the rest. But let us not forget that all this is as mythical as the intervention of angels in favor of the first Muslims at the time of the battle of Badr (624) or the Roman legions petrified by St Cornelly in Carnac (Brittany). The battles of the plain of the standing stones, in any case, of course, the second one, are not historical battles, they are mythical battles, pertaining to the meta-history of Celts.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 25.

One of the most annoying mysteries (it is a real challenge) of the legends of our brothers and sisters in Ireland is the very curious role; compared to the data of the initial pan-Celtic myth such as it appears on the Continent as soon as the fifth century before the common era; that they reserve to Taran/Toran/Tuireann and his children, Brennos, Ivocaros and Ivocarbos, though recognized as being precisely the three children of the goddess Danu (bia). Could it be that there was in Ireland and unlike the rest of the Celtic world (Celticum or Letavia) a kind of coup in the Panth-eon???

We included this account within the framework of the second battle of Mag Tured, because it seems us to be the echo, rather distorted even having evolved in an autonomous way, of one of its most crucial phases: the preliminary research of the talismans having to carry out the victory. But in the heresy which prevailed in Ireland, this legend was preserved to us without an explicit link with the rest of the myth of the second battle of the pillars plain of Mag Tured.

The Irish apocryphal text that we now will study below is nevertheless very interesting, because it shows Lug under a guise almost "luciferian" (you say "varunian" when you study archaeology of the religions). In any case incontestably, his darker and harsher appearance, contrasting somewhat with his look of a young solar and luminous hero that we have just seen, and who is best known. This almost "luciferian" or "varunian" aspect of Lug explaining many things, it appeared essential to us not to omit this Irish text which shows us also a rather surprising Taran/Toran/Tuireann. Taran/Toran/Tuireann whose children would have "turned out bad in a way". It is therefore one of the most difficult to understand myths, considering its distortion and its degeneration in the Celtic mythology of Ireland which, in this field like so many others, wallows in total heresy.

We want to say herewith, "which moves away really a little too much in this case, from the broad outlines of the ancient continental druidism, in other words, from the druidism of the cradle of Celts." Strangely enough, the Latin version of this story, we do not know too much why, calls Lug: Mundulius; Tuireann: Turnus (perhaps by reminiscence of the Aeneid); Brennos: Urore; Ivocaros: Ore; Ivocarbos: Ochru, and the gigantic wyverns or anguipedics (andernas on the Continent, fomorians in Gaelic): Danes. What is rather clear nevertheless considering the context of that time: the Vikings raids. This apocryphal text hardly offers interest, because the original myth was attenuated in it. The account preserved in the Book of

Conquests as for it, on the other hand, contains very little Christianized elements. We therefore find many very archaic Indo-European topics there.

The Irish version speaks us for example on several occasions about a mysterious battle of the Plain of the standing stones or mounds, TO COME.

Could the first one being completely excluded, could it be the second one? The reasons for the invasion of the wyvern and anguipedic (andernas/fomore) are completely different in this version, of those which caused the second battle of the Plain with the menhirs or with the tumulus in the presentation of the various peopling of Ireland by the Lebor Gabala. It is revenge for a diplomatic affront in a vassal country and not reconquest of the kingship on behalf of a bad but legal sovereign.

None of the objects brought back by the sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann is mentioned in the second battle of the Plain with the standing stones or mounds, in spite of the meticulousness that its descriptions show generally. It can be therefore in this case, only another battle of the Plain with the standing stones or with the mounds. About which we know for the moment, and in the present state of our research, only what the short allusion of this account tells us. In doubt nevertheless, we preferred to keep this account in this place.

NB. We are unaware of the true nature of the God-or-Devil that Lug and the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann worship without naming him in this account (perhaps a form of Fate). Eburos means "yew" (ebura or eburaca) and ateburos "again yew." For information and information only, see also what this mythological topic produced in Wales (Kulhwch and Olwen).

THE FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF TARAN/TORAN/TUIREANN (OIDHE CHLOINNE TUIREANN).

The oidhe chloinne Tuireann is a legend which is known to us only through relatively recent manuscripts, ranging from 1715 (manuscript Egerton 106) to 1808 (manuscript Egerton 208).

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Lug of the Long Arm was at Temhair/Tara with the King of kings, and it was shown to him that the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomors were after landing at Oaks Waterfall (Iesto Dervon). And when he knew that, he made ready Belin/Belen/Barinthus/Manannan's horse, the Aonbharr, at dawn, at the time of the battle of the day and night; and he went where Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd the king was, and told him how the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorians) had landed at Oaks Waterfall (Iesto Dervon) and had already spoiled the country of Dergos Boduos, the son of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt; "And it is what I want," he said, "to get help from you to give battle to them." But Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd was not minded to avenge the destruction that was done on Dergos Boduos and not on himself and Lug was not well pleased with his answer, and he went riding out of Temhair/Tara westward.

And presently he saw three armed men coming towards him, his own father Ceno, with his brothers Cu and Cethe, that were the three sons of Cantios, and they saluted him. "What is the cause of your early rising?" they said. "It is good cause I have for it," said Lug, "for the gigantic anguipedic wyverns are come and have robbed Dergos Boduos; what help will you give me against them?"

"Each one of us will keep off a hundred from you in the battle," said they. "That is a good help," said Lug; "but there is some help I would sooner have from you than that: to gather the riders of the Sidh to me from every place where they are." So Cu and Cautuenos went towards the south, and Ceno set out northward, and he did not stop till he reached the Plain of Moritamna. And as he was going across the plain, he saw three armed young men before him, that were the three sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann: Brennos Ivocarbos and Ivocaros. And it is the way it was between the three sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann and the three sons of Cantios, they were (since always?) in hatred and enmity towards one another, so that whenever they met there was sure to be fighting among them.

Then Ceno thought: "If my two brothers had been here it is a brave fight we would make; but since they are not, it is best for me to fall back." Then he saw a great herd of pigs near him, and he struck himself with a magic wand (fleisg draoideacta) that put on him the shape of a pig of the herd, and he began rooting up the ground like the rest.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 26.

He put on him the shape of a pig. It is, of course, necessary to distinguish these momentary metamorphoses from transmigration or reincarnation of the soul/minds in animal bodies (as in the case of Islam in which according to the Quran chapter 2 verse 65, chapter 5 verse 60 some Jews were changed into apes, into pigs or into rats also according to some hadiths *) or like in the case of the Gospels.

" They came to the other side of the sea, to the country of Gerasenes. And when he had come out of the boat, there met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit, who lived among the tombs; and no one could bind him anymore, even with a chain; for he had often been bound with fetters and chains, but the chains he wrenched apart, and the fetters he broke in pieces and no one had the strength to subdue him. Night and day among the tombs and on the mountains he was always crying out, and bruising himself with stones. When he saw Jesus from afar, he ran and worshiped him; and crying out with a loud voice, he said, "What have you to do with me, Jesus, Son of the Most High God? I adjure you by God, do not torment me." For he had said to him, "Come out of the man, you unclean spirit!" And Jesus asked him, "What is your name?" He replied, "My name is Legion; for we are many." And he

begged him eagerly not to send them out of the country. Now a great herd of swine was feeding there on the hillside; and they begged him, "Send us to the swine, and let us enter them." So he gave them leave. And the unclean spirits came out, and entered the swine; and the herd, numbering about two thousand, rushed down the steep bank into the sea, and was drowned in the sea. The herdsmen fled, and told it in the city and in the country" (the Gerasene demoniac. St Mark 5, 1-14).

This curious episode of the Gospel of Mark can be explained by the hypnotic powers of the high Rabbi Jesus known as the Nazarene. He was apparently stronger than Simon the Magician in this field. The Celtic fragment of mythology which will follow is very comparable to it, including up to its exaggerations of literary men. We will have throughout this very strange and very archaic account, very little Christianized in its content, the perfect illustration of the hypnotic powers that the primordial high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht), very early admitted to the Toutai Deuas. The wand is without any doubt the instrument used for this hypnosis (the subject fixed it with attention and fell in trance at once afterwards). Hence its reputation and its name of "magic wand." The ancient high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht), were therefore as strong as Moses at the court of Pharaoh, in this field (the hypnotic suggestion).

It is in 1784, that a student of Messmer discovered again the artificial sleepwalking without convulsive crisis, and enabling a verbal communication with the subject. In other words, hypnosis. A phenomenon apparently already known by Antiquity. Hypnosis is characterized by a weakening of the will insomuch that the subject perceives, thinks, and acts, according to the suggestions of the hypnotist. Every hypnosis requires, of course, a certain dose of responsiveness on behalf of the subject. One percent only of people are able to enter in a deep trance also known as somnambulism.....

It was perhaps only cases of collective hypnosis. Hypnosis apparently failed in fact, whereas in the case of St Patrick changing himself and his into deer to escape the henchmen of King Loegaire, it was a success (see his famous lorica entitled precisely "the cry of the deer"). Or then would have Christians still lied us in reporting this legend??? Not possible! What the Devil... whom to trust then? In what concerns to us let us return to our sheep! Let us not forget that we claim by no means, unlike Christians or Muslims, that all this is historical. They are myths which stage beings endowed with superhuman powers by definition, moreover, in a society which did not think that it can exist a radical ontological break between the world of men and that of the animals.

And those which will object me that in the case of Judaeo-Christianity or of Islam it is not similar, that there it is God himself who performs the miracle, then I will quite simply answer that it is the same thing in this legend, behind or through the staff of Moses (sorry, the magic wand of the druids) it is the supreme God of the Celts who works, namely the Fate or the Law of worlds (Tocad **, Tocade** if you want absolutely to put this concept in the feminine).

* Sahih Bukhari Volume 4, Book 54, Number 524.

** Middle Welsh *tyngned*, Breton *tonket*, Old Irish *toicthech* "fortunatus" etc. the *labarum* is its symbol.

Brennos, one of the sons of Taran/Torann/Tuireann, said to his brothers: "Did you see that armed man who was walking on the plain a while ago?"

"We did see him," said they.

"Do you know what was it took him away?" said Brennos.

"We do not know that," said they.

"It is a pity you not to be keeping a better watch over the plains of the open country in time of war," said Brennos; "and I know well what happened him, for he struck himself with his magic wand (*fleisg draoideacta*) into the shape of a pig of this herd, and he is rooting up the ground now like any one of them; and whoever he is, he is no friend to us."

"That is bad for us," said the other two, "for the pigs belong to some one of the children of the goddess Danu (*bia*), and even if we kill them all, the false pig might chance to escape us in the end."

"It is badly you got your learning in the city of learning (catair na fogluma) ," said Brennos, "when you cannot tell an enchanted beast from a natural beast." And while he was saying that, he struck his two brothers with his magic wand, and he turned them into two thin, fast hounds, and they began to yelp sharply on the track of the false (draoideacta) pig. And it was not long before the pig fell out from among the others, and not one of the others made away but only itself, and it made for a wood, and at the edge of the wood Brennos gave a cast of his spear that went through its body.

And the pig cried out, and it said: "It is a bad thing you have done to have made a cast at me when you knew me."

"It seems to me you have the talk of a man," said Brennos.

"I was a man indeed," said he; "I am Cenno, son of Cantios, and give me your protection now."

"We will indeed," said Ivocarbo and Ivocaros "and we regret what has happened to you ."

"I swear by all the gods of the air (aerda)," said Brennos, "that if the life came back seven times to you I, on the other hand, I would take it from you every time."

"If that is so," said Cenno, "give me one request: let me go into my own shape again."

"We will do that," said Brennos, "for it is easier to me to kill a man than a pig."

So Cenno took his own shape then, and he said: "Give me mercy now."

"We will not give it," said Brennos. "

Well, at least I have gotten the better of you for all that," said Cenno; "for if it was in the shape of a pig you had killed me there would only be the blood money for a pig on me; but as it is in my own shape you will kill me, there never was and never will be any person killed for whose sake a heavier compensation will be paid than for myself. And the arm I am killed with, it is it will tell the deed to my son."

"It is not with weapons you will be killed, but with the stones lying on the ground," said Brennos. And with that they pelted him with stones, fiercely and roughly, till all that was left of him was a poor, miserable, broken heap; and they buried him in the depth of a man's body, in the earth, and the earth would not receive that parricide (fiongal) from them, but cast it up again. Brennos said it should go into the earth again, and they put it in a second time, and the second time the earth would not take it. And six times the sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann buried the body, and six times it was cast up again; but the seventh time it was put underground, the earth kept it. And then they went on to join Lug of the Long Arm for the battle.

Now as to Lug; upon parting with his father, he went forwards from Temhair/Tara westward, to the hills that were called afterwards Gariton and Igariton, and to the ford of laton Maqion Lugudecus upon the Shannon, which is now called Ath Luan, and to Bernon Intargannion (Bearnna na h-Eadargana, called afterwards Ros Commain), and over Luriomagos, and to Corsoi Sleiboi Segisas (Corrslabh na Seaghsa) , and to the head of Senos Sleibos (Seantsleibhe), and through the place of the bright-faced Corann, and from that to Mara Magosia Oinaci (Magh Mór an Aonaigh), where the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomors were, and the spoils of Connaught with them.

It is then Bregos, son of Balaros, rose up and said: "It is a wonder to me the sun to be rising in the west today, and it is rising in the east every other day." "It would be better for us it to be the sun," said the druids. "What else is it?" said Bregos. "It is the shining of the face of Lug of the Long Arm," said they.

Lug came up to them then and saluted them. "Why do you come like a friend to us?" said they. "There is good cause for that, for there is but one half of me of the Children of the goddess Danu (bia) , and the other half of yourselves. And give me back now the milch cows of the men [of Ireland]." "May early good luck not come to you till you get either a dry or a milch cow here," said one of them, and anger on him. Then Lug let a spell upon the cattle spoils and sent to every house in the kingdom its own milch cows and he left the dry cows with them so that they should not leave that territory until the riders of the Sidh would overtake them.

But Lug stopped near them for three days and three nights, and at the end of that time the riders of the Sidh came to him. And Dergos Boduos, son of the Sugellus Dagda Gurgunt, came with twenty-nine hundred men, and he said: "What is the cause of your delay in giving battle?" "Waiting for you I was," said Lug. Then he donned the armor of Belin/Belen/Barinthus (Manannan), whomsoever this armor would be, he could not be wounded through it, not below it, nor above it. He put the gorget of Belin/Belen around the small of his neck, and he took his helmet, called the Cinnbheart : and the radiance of the sun was in his countenance from the reflection of the helmet, and he slung his dark-blue beautiful-colored, wide-protecting, safer-marked, shield across the dorsal armor plate, as a protection to his body ; he took his sheltering, very pretty, keen-edged sword over his left side ; and he took his two broad-socketed, thick-handled, very deadly spears, that had been annealed in the blood of serpents.

The kings and heroes of the men [of Ireland] assumed their array of battle and combat, they raised over their heads pointed bulwarks of spears, and they made firm, strong, and secure fences of their shields completely around them. Then they attacked their enemies on Magh Moran Aonaigh, and their enemies answered them, and they threw their whining spears at one another, and when their spears were broken, they drew their swords from their blue-bordered sheaths and began to strike at one another, and thickets of brown flames (donn-lasraca) rose above them from the poison of their many-edged weapons.

Lug saw the battle pen where Bregsos was, and he made a fierce attack on him and on the men that were guarding him till he had made an end of two hundred of them. When Bregsos saw that, he gave himself up to Lug's protection. "Give me my life this time," he said, "and I will bring the whole people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns you call Fomorians to fight it out with you in a final battle in the plain of the standing stones and I bind myself to that, by the sun and the moon, the sea and the land."

"And I swear "said Lug, " that a desire to kill you all has come upon me" ; and with that Lug again said that a desire to slay them all had come upon him. "That is a thing that would result badly for us " interposed Dergos Boduos "for through that action we would receive our death and our destruction ""Long is it, " said Lug, "you are under this oppression. ""I would also kill you, " said Lug "but that I prefer you t go with tidings to yours rather than my own ambassadors last they should receive dishonor ."

On that Lug gave him his life, and then the Druids that were with him asked his protection for themselves. "By my word," said Lug, "if the whole people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns that you call Fomors went under my protection they would not be destroyed by me." So then Bregsos son of Balaros and the druids of the people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns set out for their own country where they told how Lug had killed all the other tax collectors except them.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 27.

Aerda. Let us note by the way that to swear on the gods, when you are a god yourself, is somewhat paradoxical. The same phenomenon is found in the Quran where certain verses can in no way be words emanating directly from God. Examples chapter 10 verse 3, chapter 20 verse 5 and so on...Same thing in the Bible, of course. God could not ask Eve and Adam where they are (Genesis 3,9) since as an all-knowing God he knew it very well. From where the nonsense of this scene in the Bible, fortunately imaginary. Our Sumerian brothers, authors of the original scenario had much imagination. The conclusion is therefore clear, the speeches of the Bible of the Quran or of the druidic myths, being due to men, being not divine words but words from men, including in the Quran (how is it possible to claim the opposite, the dogma of the uncreated Quran?) they can therefore only be crammed with some anthropomorphism, some images borrowed from the daily life. We can speak about God only while referring to our own experience, or then it is necessary to be silent (even the god of the

Greek philosophers is extremely debatable, the speech of the Greek philosophers about the supreme deity is indeed a mere gibberish).

Said the druids. Anthropomorphism. The societies of superhuman beings that formed by the air gods (aerda) or the chthonic gods are always imagined on the same model as the human societies: the chiefs are advised by druids. This kind of anthropomorphism exists in the Bible and even in the Quran as we saw (because so high is a throne, you are always sitting on it with your ...etc..).

N.B. We will reconsider anthropomorphism in the Quran in another opusculé, we have begun with most important; Celtic-druidic myths.

Bregos son of Balaros. The Gaelic text is categorical . Breas mac Balair. Perhaps it is necessary to understand "grandson" of Balaros. However divine genealogies are never to take literally, they are only conventions of human language intended to translate some ontological assumptions concerning the scale of beings (of the kind prudence is the mother of safety...).

After the slaughter and triumph of battle Lug met two of his kinsmen and asked them did they see his father in the fight."We did not," said they." Could it be the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians who killed him ? " said Lug."They did not "replied they."I am sure he is not living," said Lug; "and I give my word," he said, "there will be no food or drink go into my mouth till I get knowledge by what death my father died."

Then he set out, and the Riders of the Sidhe after him, till they came to the place where he and his father parted from one another, and from that to the place where his father went into the shape of a pig when he saw the sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann.
Gona annsin do labair an talam le Lug... And when Lug came to that place the earth spoke to him, and it said: "It is in great danger your father was here, Lug, when he saw the sons of Tuirenn before him, and it is into the shape of a pig he had to go, but it is in his own shape they killed him."

Then Lug said that to his people, and he found the spot where his father was buried, and he bade them dig there, the way he would know by what death the sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann had made an end of him.

Then they raised the body out of the grave and looked at it, and it was all one bed of wounds. Lug said: "It was the death of an enemy the sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann gave my dear father." And he gave him three kisses, and it is what he said: "It is bad the way I am after this death, for I can hear nothing with my ears, and I can see nothing with my eyes, and there is not a living pulse in my heart, with grief after my father. O you gods I worship (sic)," he said (A dé da n-adraim) , "it is a pity I not to have come here the time this thing was done. And it is a great thing that has been done here, one of the people of the goddess Danu to have done parricide on one another, and it is long they will be under loss by it and be weakened by it." And he spoke the following lay.

"Great was the fate that befell Ceno at even,
The mangling of the hero has dismembered my body
The road for a time eastward, the sod for a time westward (?????)
Green Erin shall never be but in evil.

Through the killing of Ceno, the champion of feats (cleas),
My vigor is overpowered

My face has become black
My sense is weakened (claon).

His grave is laid low.
The children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann have killed him ;
Disabled shall be the children of the goddess Danu (bia) from this deed
In anguish of strength and debility."

Then they put Ceno under the earth again, and after that there was keening made over his grave, and a stone was raised on it, and his name was written in oghamic runes. Then Lug said:

" From Ceno this mound shall be named ,
Yough he is in a bare place ;
Great is the deed that here was done
A fratricide upon the Children of the goddess Danu (bia).

The sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann it was who committed the deed,
I tell you in the interest of truth ;
I say it to you, it is not false news,
It shall come against their sons and male successors.

The three sons of Cantios, brave the party,
And the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann Begreann
It is on account of this has come the death of Ceno,
From their both being equally high in degree ???? (A m-beit comard a coimceim.)

Crushed is my heart within my breast,
Since the champion, Ceno, does not live,
For the sons of Deluato , it is not false news
That they will all be in anguish ."

After that lay Lug said : " It is evil will come of this action to the Children of the goddess Danu (bia) , and fratricide long shall be done after it ; pitiful am I from this deed which the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann have perpetrated ." And he spoke thus to his people : "Depart to Temhair/Tara, where the king and the Children of the goddess Danu (bia) are and do not let these tidings be there divulged, until I have myself made them known ."

Lug having reached Temhair/Tara, sat in a noble and honorable position next to the king. He looked around him, and he saw the sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann ; and these three were the best (of all) in agility and dexterity; they were the handsomest, as well as the most honored, of all who were then in Temhair/Tara ; and they were, moreover, the best of hand in the battle against the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians. Then Lug ordered the chain of attention of the castle (slabrad eisteaitha na catrac) to be shaken, and it was so done, and all listened. Lug said : " What is your attention now upon, children of the goddess ?"" It is upon you, indeed," they said." I now ask this of your chiefs" : "what vengeance each one of you would execute upon those who would have killed the father of each one of you ?" A great amazement fell on all upon their hearing this; and the king answered him first, and what he said was : "We know it is not your father who was killed?" "It is, indeed," said Lug; "and here I see in the house the party who killed him, and they know better than I the murder they perpetrated on him."

The king said : " It is not the killing of one day I myself would visit upon the person who would have killed my father but it is that a member should be torn from him each succeeding day until he would fall by me, if he were in my power." All the nobles said the same thing, and the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann spoke like the rest." They are making this declaration," said Lug, " the persons who killed my father ; and let them give me compensation for him since the Children of the goddess Danu (bia) are in one house ; but if they do not, I will not violate the law of the king, nor his hospitality ; nevertheless, they shall not dare to leave the House of the

Middle (Miodcuarta ?) until they have settled with me."" If I should have killed your father," said the king, " I would deem it well your acceptance from me of compensation. For him."

" It is to us Lug says that," said the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann among themselves. "Let us confess to him his father's murder," said Ivocaros and Ivocabos ; " for it is seeking news of his father he has remained till now until he has got knowledge of his death."" We may fear," said Brennos, " that it is seeking a confession he may be in the presence of all, and that then he would not accept compensation from us."" We shall give him a confession of it," said the other sons, " or do you give it openly, since you are the eldest. "" I will," said Brennos the son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann. And thereupon he said : " It is to us three you say that, O Lug, for it is we whom you considered to have made a rising in combat against the children of Cantios before this, and yet we have not killed your father ; nevertheless, we shall give compensation for him to you as though we had done the act."" I will take compensation from you for him, although you do not think so now," said Lug, " and I will say here what it is, and if you consider it too great, you shall receive remission for a portion of it."

"Let us hear it from you," said they." Here it is," said Lug : "Namely, three apples, the skin of a pig, a spear, two steeds, a chariot, seven pigs, a whelp, a cooking spit, and three shouts on a hill ; and that is the compensation I am asking from you, and if you deem it too heavy, a portion of it will be forgiven here upon the spot to you ; and if you do not deem it too heavy, pay it from you."" We do not consider it too heavy," said Brennos, the son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, " and we deem it the more probable for its smallness of the compensation that you have a design of treachery and murder against us, and we would not consider heavy (as compensation) three hundred thousand apples, and the same number of the skins of a pig, and a hundred spears, and a hundred steeds, and a hundred swine, and a hundred hounds, and a hundred cooking spits, and a hundred shouts to give upon a hill.""I do not deem it little what I have named as compensation," said Lug, "and I will give you the guarantee of the Children of the goddess Danu (bia) not to ask more, and to be faithful to you forever; and do you give the same guarantee to me by choosing among them.""It is a pity you to ask that," said the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann , "for our own pledge is as good as any pledge in the world.""Your own pledge is not enough," said Lug, "for it is often the like of you promised to pay a fine in this way, and would try to back out of it after."The Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann then gave the king , and Dergos Boduos, the son of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, and the nobles of the people of the children of the Goddess Danu (bia) as guarantees for payment of that compensation to Lug.. "It is better for me now," said Lug, " to give you detailed knowledge of that compensation."" It is," they replied.'

Well," said Lug, " these are the three apples I have asked of you, namely, three apples of the Garden of the Hesperides, in the east of the world ; and only these apples will satisfy me; for these are apples of attributes the best; they are the most beautiful in the world, and thus it is with these apples ; the color of burnished gold (orsloigte) is upon them, and the head of a month's old child is not larger than each apple of them ; the taste of honey is upon them whilst they are being eaten ; they do not leave (i.e., they remove) bloody wounds nor malignant disease upon anyone who eats them ; and they are not the less from their being ever and always eaten ; and everyone who casts one of them does a choice feat, because the apple again returns to him ; and though brave you be, O three warriors, I think that you do not possess the power (a matter that I do not feel regret for) to take these apples from those who have them ; for there was a prophecy made to them that three young knights would go from the west of Europe to take these apples from them by force.

The skin of the pig, I have asked from you, is the skin of the pig which Dosis, the King of Greece, has ; and it will cure and make whole the wounded and the infirm of the world, however critical (their condition be), provided it overtakes the life in them ; and such was the nature of that pig that every stream through which it would go would be wine till the end of nine days, and the wound with which it would come in contact would become well. Now, the druids of Greece said that it was not upon the pig, as such, that virtue was, but upon its skin, and it was flayed, and they have its skin since that time; and I likewise think that it is not easy

to get it from them, either by their good will or despite them."" And do you not know what is the spear I have asked from you ?"" We do not know," they replied." It is the well-poisoned spear which Pisear, the king of Persia, has, and Areateburo is the name given to it; and everychoice feat is done with it; and there is always a pot of water around its blade, so that the court, in which it is, may not be burnt; and difficult it is to get it.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 28.

Compensation. We translate so the Gaelic word eiric.

House of the Middle or Mead house. See what the specialists say.

The druids of Greece. There never were druids in Greece but in the neighboring Galatia (called dikastes in Greek language).

Dovis the king of Greece, Pisear the king of Persia. It is to wonder whether all these exotic destinations are not memories of remote expeditions of the Celtic warriors of formerly in Delphi or elsewhere (in current Turkey) even in the armies of Alexander, the guard of King Herod according to Flavius Josephus, etc. distorted by the wandering bards who spread the accounts of them.

Areateburo. From where the use, in certain ritual, of cauldrons or grails full of water even of blood, to preserve the lance of Lug in this way, before use.

" And do you know what are the two steeds and the chariot I would like to get from you?"" We do not know," said they."They are two wonderful noble steeds," said he, " which Dubricios, the king of Sicily, has, and sea and land are equally convenient to them ; and there are not swifter nor stronger steeds than these ; there is not a chariot of equal goodness in form or firmness; and though often the steeds are killed, they become entire in the same form, provided their bones are found to be collected and I deem it will not be easy for you to get them.And do you know what the seven pigs I have asked from you, are ; namely, the pigs which Assalos, the king of the Golden pillars (Tartessos?), has ; " said Lug, " and which, though killed every night, are found alive on the morrow and neither disease nor ill-health will be on him who eats some of them."

" And the hound whelp I have asked from you is the whelp which the King of the south of Norway has, and Vailinios is her name ; and the beasts of the world, on seeing her, would fall out of their standing ; and difficult is it to obtain her."

"The cooking spit I have asked of you is one of the spits which the women of the Island of Vindocaros have."

"And these are the three shouts I have asked you to give upon a hill, namely, three shouts upon the hill of Meduocanios, in the north of Loccolandon (Scandinavia) ; and Meduocanios and his children are magically enjoined (through geis) not to permit shouts to be given upon that hill.With them my father received his education, and if I would forgive this murder to you, they would not willinglyforgive him, and if all your undertakings should succeed with you so far, methinks that they would avenge him on you. Andsuch is the compensation I have asked from you," concluded Lug.

The astoundment and utter despair settled upon the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann upon the naming by Lug of that compensation ; and they then went where their father was, and they related this oppression to him." These are evil tidings," said Taran/Toran/Tuireann, " and you shall find that death and destruction will follow from seeking that compensation, and happening so to you is but right. And still, if it should so please Lug himself, you would get perhaps all the items on the list by working (though at the same time) the men of the world would not obtain it, except by the powers of Belin/Belen/Barinthus (Manannan) or Lug himself. Now go and ask from him a loan of Aonbharr (the steed) of Belin/Belen/Barinthus ; he will not give it to you ; for what he will say is that it does not belong to him, and that he would not give a loan of a loan away ; and then ask from him a loan of the bark (coracle) of Belin/Belen/Barinthus, namely, the Scopa Tondnas, and that he will give to you ; for he is solemnly obliged (by a geis) to comply with the second request."

Then the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann went where Lug was and they greeted him ; and they said that they were unable to get that fine without his own assistance, and that, therefore, they would like well to get from him a loan of the Aonbharr of Belin/Belen/Barinthus/Manannan."I have that steed myself," said Lug,"only on loan ; and since I do not own it,I will not give from me a loan of a loan."
" Well," said Brennos," give us a loan of the bark (coracle) of Belin/Belen/Barinthus."
" I will give it," said Lug.
"Where is it?" said they."
"In front of the castle of the Boinne river, " answered Lug.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 29.

Gold Pillars. Perhaps the Pillars of Hercules. What would bring us back to the famous legend of the Celtic king of Tartessos called Arganthonios. Or then quite simply an influence of the classical Greek literature.

The spring or the well of the river Segais called then Boinne (from old Celtic Boanda or Bovinda) was regarded as one of the entrances or exits of the Other World in Ireland. The spring of the river Sequana (the river Seine) on the Continent too was regarded as a place of favored communication with the Next World, hence the shrine arranged there. The stem sec/seg- common to these two river names is a very old hydronymic radical, perhaps associated with the idea of favored communication with the Next World (underground in fact) through springs. Because what a careful study of the Celtic myths shows us very well in any case, it is that the next world of the gods or of the demons, of the fairies or of the angels, is in fact everywhere in the universe, outside of the Man even in himself. And that localization here and there, in the sky or in the infernal depths, in islands located north of the World, in islands located west of the World, in short in remote islands; is only a convenience of language for the poor human beings we are, a convention of poets. Brug Na Boinne was therefore itself a means of entering or of outing for the Other World and the spring of the Seine River too as regards the Continent: a place of favored communication with the hereafter.

And they came again where Taran/Toran/Tuireann and Eithne, the daughter of Taran/Toran/Tuireann and their own sister were and they told them they had procured the bark." It is not much that you are the better of getting it," said Taran/Toran/Tuireann ; " still Lug would deem it well that every object of that list for which he would have the use for the battle in the plain of the standing stones should be brought to him and he would deem it still better than that for which he has no use namely that you yourselves should fall at last in seeking it."

They then went forwards, leaving Taran/Toran/Tuireann sad and sorrowful, and Eithne went along with them to the harbor, in which the bark was. Brennos went into the coracle and said " : There is but the room of another man here along with me" and he began grumbling at the bark.

"You ought not to be faulting the oracle," said Eithne; "and O my dear brother," she said, "it was a bad thing you did, to kill the father of Lug of the Long Arm; and whatever harm may come to you from it, it is but just." Then she gave utterance to this lay:

" Evil is the deed that you have done,
You party generous and fair :
The father of Lug of the Long Arm
To kill, I feel it sorely."

" O Eithne, do not say that,
For we are in good heart, and we will do brave deeds

We prefer to be killed a hundred times
Than (to die) the death of cowardly poltroons."

" Search these lands and islands
Till you reach the border of the Red Sea.
Your banishing out of our island, alas !
There is not a sadder deed."

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 30.

Does this Eithne have a relationship with the famous Etana mother of Lug or with the no less famous Etanna of the Altrom tige da medar or Nurture of the house of the two milk pails? In this case she would not be the daughter of Balar/Balaros. It is to the specialists to see. There was perhaps a kind of religious revolution in Ireland compared to Great Britain and the Continent.

After these words, that warrior band put out from the beautiful and clearly defined borders of Green Erin." What course shall we now first take," inquired they (of one another). "We shall go in search of the apples," said Brennos, " for these were first demanded of us." Accordingly we request of you, O bark of Belin/Belen/Barinthus/Manannan, that are under us," added he, "to sail with us to the Garden of the Hesperides."

And that command was not neglected by the bark, as was its custom ; for it sailed forwards in its course on the bosom of the green-crested waves, in the most direct sea route, until it made port and harbor in the territories of the Hesperides.

And as they were going there, Brennos thus questioned his brothers : " How would you desire to go to the Garden of the Hesperides now, for it seems to me, that there are royal champions and warriors guarding it, and the king himself is their leader?" "What should we do?" answered the other children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, "but go forwards to attack them, and if we are stronger than they wrest the apples from them, or fall ourselves there on account of them, since we cannot escape from the peril that impends over us without dying in some place."

"Instead of that," said Brennos, " it is preferable that our fame and high renown should be promulgated about us, and our ingenuity and our valor related after us, rather than folly and cowardice should go abroad respecting us. And, therefore, this is the advice that is very fitting for us to take on an occasion such as this namely, to go in the forms of strong and very swift hawks towards yonder garden ; its guards have only their light arms, capable of being used for casting at us, and do you take care that these shall go over you with agility and great activity; and when they shall have cast what they have at hand, and fit to be cast, swoop down upon the apples, and let each man of you carry off an apple ; and if I can effect it, I will carry off two apples with me namely, an apple in my talons and an apple in my beak."

They applauded that counsel, and Brennos struck the three of them with a magic change wand, so that he made of them beautiful and incomparable hawks and they forthwith made towards the apples. The guarding party perceived them, and they raised an outcry upon every side of them ; they threw fierce and very deadly showers of missiles at them ; but the brothers were upon their guard, as Brennos had previously enjoined, until the guarding party had thrown their hand weapons from all of them, and then they swooped down upon the apples with very great courage. Brennos bore away with him two apples, and each of the other two an apple, and they returned safely without bleeding or bloodshed. That news went about the court and throughout the country in general.

Now the king had three cunning and skillful daughters; and they transformed themselves into three griffins, and they pursued the hawks into the sea, and they threw darts of lightning before and after them and these darts were burning them intensely." Pitiful is the condition in which we now are," said the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, "for we are being burnt by these darts, unless we get some relief."" If I myself were able," said Brennos, "I would give relief to you." Then he struck himself and his two brothers with a magic change wand, and he made two swans of them and another swan of himself, and they took a leap into the sea. The griffins then went away from them, and the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann went towards the bark.

After that they resolved to go to Greece to seek the skin, either by consent or (should that fail) by force. They went forwards until they came into the vicinity of the castle of the Grecian king. "In what form shall we go here?" said Brennos. "In what other form should we go here?" said the other sons, "but in our own forms?" "Not so does it seem to me," said Brennos, "but to go there in the guise of Gaelic poets and learned men; for thus it is that our honor and our esteem shall be highest among the noble people of Greece."

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 31.

Poets. The Gaelic text specifies *ceangal fhead* i.e. "headband of the *veledae*". But it is true that at the time of the writing down of this pan-Celtic myth, the term had perhaps lost all its druidic religious connotations.

"It is difficult for us to do that," said they, "having no poem, and still less do we know how to compose one." Nevertheless, they put the tie of poets upon their hair, and they knocked at the door of the castle and the doorkeeper inquisitor usher asked who was there." We are poets," they responded, "who have come with a poem to the king." The doorkeeper inquisitor usher went to make it known to the king that professional poets were at the door.* Let them be admitted," said the king "; for it is in search of a good patron, they have come so far from their own country to this." Now the king commanded that the castle should be set in order for them, so that they might have it to relate that they had not seen any place where they had traveled so grand. The Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann were admitted in the guise of poets, and they began drinking and making themselves happy at once, and they considered that there was not in the whole world and that they themselves had never seen a court so well as that, nor a household so numerous, nor met with so much warm affection.

Then the king's poets arose to sing their lays for the people. Brennos, the son of Taran/Toran /Tuireann, then spoke to his brother (desiring them) to sing a poem for the king.

"We have not a poem," they made answer; "and do not ask from us only the business we have ever been inured to namely, to take by force of our arms everything which we want, if we be the stronger ; and if our enemies be more powerful that we fall by them."" That is not a happy method of composing a poem," Brennos said. Thereupon he arose up himself, and asked attention whilst he sang a poem; and he was listened to, and he said :

" O Dóis, we do not conceal your fame,
We praise you, as the oak above the kings;
The skin of a pig, bounty without hardness ? (*crúas*)
Is the reward I ask for it .

" The war of a neighbor against an ear ????
The fair ear of his neighbor will be against him ???
He who gives us his property,
His court shall not be the scarcer of it.

" A stormy host and raging sea
Are (as) a sharp sword that one would oppose,

The skin of a pig, bounty without hardness ? (cruas)
This is the reward I ask, O Dóis."

"That is a good poem," said the king, "but that I do not understand a word of its meaning."
" I will interpret its meaning for you," said Brennos:
" O Dóis, we do not conceal your fame;
We praise you as the oak above the kings."

"That is, as the oak excels the trees of the wood, thus do you excel the kings of the world in worth, nobility, and in generosity."
The skin of a pig, bounty without hardness." That is, the skin of the pig which you have, I would like to get from you, in reward for my poetry."
The fair ear of his neighbor will be against him.
" That is, you and I will be ear to ear that is, at each other's ears about the skin unless I secure it with your consent ; and it is to that the sense of my poem refers," said Brennos the son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 32.

You and I will be ear to ear. There is in the Gaelic text a play on words between the two terms "o" and "cluas" not easily translatable in our language. Cluas in any case means "ear."

" I would praise your poem," the king then said, " if there were not so much mention of my (pig's) skin in it ; and you have no sense, O man of poetry," added he, " to ask that request from me ; for I would not give it to all the poets, the craftsmen (d'fileadaib agus d'aos dana) , the chiefs and great nobles of the universe, unless they might be able to snatch it from me despite me but I will give to you thrice the full of that skin of red gold in payment of your poem."

"May all good be yours," said Brennos," and I knew that it was not easy to ask the request I made, but that I knew that I would get a good ransom out of it ; however, I am so covetous that I shall not take it without the gold being measured in my presence, well and faithfully, out of the skin."The servants and attendants of the king were sent with them to the treasure house to measure the gold." Measure twice the full of the skin first to my brothers," said Brennos, " and the last full to myself, for it is I who composed the poem."

But, however, on coming to the spot Brennos made a covetous swift-handed snatch at the skin with his left hand; and he bared his sword and made a stroke at the man nearest to him of them, so that he made two parts of him in his middle ; and he took possession of the skin, and wrapped himself in it ; and the three of them left the court, hewing down the hosts wherever they happened to be before them, so that from them not a noble escaped being slaughtered, nor a champion being mutilated, nor a warrior being killed.

Then Brennos came where the king of Greece himself was, and the latter in attacking him, so that they made a valiant, champion-like, close-contested, and brave combat with one another ; and the end of that combat was that the king of Greece fell by the destructiveness of the hand of Brennos, the son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann.As for the other two, they began killing and slaughtering the hosts on every side, until they dealt indescribable slaughter upon the hosts of the castle, and until they had conquered all. They themselves remained in the castle three nights and three days taking their rest after their labor and the great slaughter (they had made).

They then considered it advisable to go in search of another item of the compensation and his brothers asked of Brennos where they would first go." We shall go to Pisear, the king of Persia," said Brennos, " to seek the spear, which he has."They went forwards to their bark (coracle), and they left the blue-washed shore of Greece. They then said : "It is well off we are when we have the apples and the skin."And they did not desist from that course until they

reached the territories of Persia." In what form shall we go to the court of the king of Persia ? " said Brennos." In what form would we go there except in our own forms?" replied the other sons." That is not what appears best to me,"said Brennos," but to go there in the garb of artists, as we went to the king of Greece.""We approve of that," said they, "on account of the success which attended us, when last we took to poetry, although it is difficult for us to be professing an art that we have not .»

They put the tie (ceangal) of poets (veledae) upon their hair; and they came to the door of the castle, and they requested admission. The doorkeeper inquisitor usher asked who they were or what their country was.

" We are Gaelic poets," they replied, " who have come with a poem to the king."They were then admitted, and a welcome was made for them by the king and the chiefs of his people and they were seated with distinction and honor by the king about himself. Then the king's poets arose to sing their lays and their songs.Brennos, the son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, told his brothers to arise and sing a poem for the king." Seek not the art from us, which we have not," they replied, " but if you wish it, we shall exercise the art we do know,namely, conflict, and mighty vigorous striking."" That exercise of poetry would be rare," said Brennos, " and since I have the poem myself, I will sing it for the king "; and he spoke this poem :

" Pisear cares little for spears,
The battles of foes are broken.
No oppression to Pisear,
Everyone whom he wounds.

(yew) tree, the finest of the woods,
It is called king without opposition,
May the splendid shaft urge on
All into their wounds of death."

" That is a good poem," said the king, " and yet I do not understand what is the reference or the mention about my spear in it for, O man of poetry from Green Erin."
" It is," said Brennos, the son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, " that the reward I would like to get for my poem is the spear, which you have."
" You were ill-advised to ask that gift from me," said the king," and, besides, the nobles or the high personages never gave a greater honor or protection for any poem than not to adjudge you (deserving of) death upon that spot."

When Brennos heard that discourse from the king, he remembered about the apple, which he had in his hand, and he made a successful cast of it at the king (thereby) putting his brain back out through the back part of his head ; he (then) unsheathed his sword and began slaying the hosts around him ; this was not neglected by the other two, but (on the contrary) they fell to helping him bravely and valiantly, until they inflicted slaughter upon all of the people of the castle whom they encountered.They found the spear with a cauldron full of water under its blade, so that it might not burn the castle ; then the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann said that it was time for them to go in search of more of the huge compensation which they owed. They then left the castle, and they asked of each other what way they should go."

We shall go to Dubricios, the king of the Island of Segora," said Brennos, "for he has the two palfreys and the chariot, which Lug has asked from us."
They went forwards after that and they carried the spear along with them ; now these three champions were elated and high-spirited after the exploit and destruction they had made, and they went on till they arrived at the castle of the king of the Island of Segora." In what form shall we go here," queried Brennos." In what form shall we go there, but in our own forms," said they." Not thus would it be proper (for us)," said Brennos, " but let us go there in the guise of Gaelic mercenary soldiers and let us make friendship with the king, for thus is it we shall know where the steeds and chariot are kept under guard."And having determined upon that counsel, they went forwards upon the green before the king's castle.

The king, the chiefs, and great nobles of his subjects went to meet them through the fair assembly which was being held by (his subjects), and the Children [of Taran/Toran/Tuireann] paid homage to the king, and the king asked news of them as to who they were, or where their country was. They replied : " We are Gaelic mercenary soldiers, who are earning wages from the kings of the world."" Do you desire to remain with me a while?" said the king." We do desire it," said they. And they made a covenant and compact with the king. They were in that court for a fortnight and a month, and they did not see the steeds during that time. Then Brennos said : " This condition of affairs is bad for us, O dear brothers ! that we have no more information of the steeds now than the first day we came to this court.""What do you wish to do therefore," said the other two." Let us do this," said Brennos, " Let us gird on our arms and our many weapons, and our marching array, and let us go before the king and tell him, that we shall leave this land and country unless he shows us the chargers."

They advanced, thus arrayed, before the king, and the king asked them, what caused them to don that marching array."You shall obtain that knowledge, O high king ," said Brennos; "it is that Gaelic mercenary soldiers, such as we are, are wont to be the guardians and confidants with the kings who have gifted jewels, and they are the counselors, advisers, and persons of joint design with every party with whom they may be, and you did not act in that way towards us, since we came to you, for you have two thoroughbreds and a chariot, and they are the best in the world, as we have truly got words and we have not yet seen them."" It was ill you made a pretext of departing on that account," said the king," and I would have shown the steeds to you, the first day, if I thought you had a desire for them ; and since you now have a desire for them, I will show them to you ; for there never came to this castle mercenary soldiers dearer to me and to the chiefs of the country at large than you." And he then sent word for the steeds ; and the chariot was yoked to them, and the career of running under them was as swift as the raw cold wind of Spring and they were equally dexterous on sea and land. Now, Brennos was carefully watching the steeds, and he laid hold of the chariot, and he seized the charioteer by the ankles and struck him against a rock of stone which was adjacent to him, with the result that death ensued ; he then bounded into the place in the chariot, and he made a cast at the king, so that he split his heart in his breast ; and he let himself and his brothers upon the host of the court, putting them all to slaughter.

Upon the termination of that undertaking, Ivocaros and Ivocabos asked, where they would then go." We shall go to Adsallios, the king of the Golden Pillars," said Brennos, " to search for the seven pigs, which the Ildanacos asked from us." Then they sailed forwards by the shortest course, without hindrance ; in this wise were the people of that country, they were at guard upon their harbors for fear of the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann ; for there was heard far and wide throughout the countries of the world the news of these skillful champions, and of their being banished out of their homeland by oppression, and of their being engaged in bearing away in sequence the gifted jewels of the world with them. Adsallios came to the verge of the harbor to them, and asked reproachfully of them, whether it was by them, as he heard, that the kings of the world had fallen in every land in which they had been. Brennos said that it was by them, whatever he might wish to inflict upon them for it." What caused you to do that, " said Adsallios. Brennos said that it was the oppression of another man and his unjust sentence that obliged them to do it, and he related how it had happened to them, and how they had overcome every party who had offered to stand against them until now.

"Why have you come to this country now?" said the king." For the pigs, which you have," said Brennos, " to take them along with us as a portion of that compensation."" How would you like to get them ?" said the king." If," said Brennos, " we get them with your good will, to take them thankfully with us ; and if we do not get them (in this way) to give battle to you and to your people for them, you will fall by us, and then to carry away the pigs with us in spite of you in that way."" If that were the end that would come of it," said the king, " it would be unfortunate for us to give battle."" Such is indeed (the end)," said Brennos. Then the king went into counsel and consultation with all his people in respect to that matter ; and this is the counsel upon which they decided, namely, to give the pigs from their own free will to the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, since they had not seen that they were (successfully) withstood in any place where they were up to that. Howbeit, the Children of

Taran/Toran/Tuireann gave gratitude and thanks to the king; and their wonder was great at thus getting the pigs, since they had not got any other portion of the compensation without battle but them ; and not only that, but that it was much they had left of their blood in every place whither they had hitherto gone.

Adsallos took them with him to his own castle and goodly residence that night and they were provided for and served according to their desires with food and drink and good beds. They arose upon the morrow, and they came into the presence of the king and the pigs were given to them." It is well you have given us these pigs," said Brennos, "for we have not got any jewel of the compensation without battle except them"; and Brennos composed this lay :

" These pigs, O Adsallos,
You have let us have with grace
The other jewels we have got
On account of hard-fought fights.

We gave battle to Pisear,
In which fell many warriors,
Until we took from him
Eburos, the gifted weapon.

The battle of the King of the Island of Segora
It is scarcely possible to relate ;
We would all have fallen in that affray
Were it not for the skin of the great swine.

O Adsallos, who did not design treachery!
If the three sons of Taran/Toran/Tuireann should live,
Greater will be your triumph and your renown
For the manner in which you have given away the swine " (muca).

" What journey do you now propose to take, O Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann," said Adsallos." We shall go," said they, " to Loccolandon, for the whelp hound which is there."" Grant me a request, O Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann," said Adsallos ; " and this is the request I ask of you : to take me with you in your company to the king of Nerigon; for my daughter is his wife, and I would like to prevail upon him to give the hound to you without a battle, without conflict.""We approve of that," they said. And his ship was prepared for the king, and their adventures on either side are not related, until they reached the delightful, wonderful coast of Norway. The entire host and muster of Nerigon were guarding their harbors and their shore ports before them ; and they at once shouted to them, because they were known by them.

Adsallos then went ashore peacefully, and he went where his son-in-law was, namely, the king of Norway ; and he made known to him the proceedings of the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, from beginning to end."What brought them to this country," said the king of Nerigon." To ask the hound which you have-,"said Adsallos." Your discretion in coming along with them to seek him is unfortunate," said the king, "for the gods have not given, as a right, to three warriors in the world, that they would be able by will or by force to take my hound."" Not so should it be" said Adsallos ; " but since many of the kings of the world were conquered by them (my advice is) to give the hound to them without fighting and without a battle."But Adsallos ? and he went back where the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann were, and he related these tidings to them. However, these answers were not neglected by the warriors, but they took a quick and warlike grasp of their arms, and they proclaimed battle upon the host of Norway ; and when that brave host met in opposition, they made on both sides a combat and fight bravely and ardently.

As to the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, they fell to hewing down the champions and slaying the warriors, until they separated themselves from one another in the battle by the vehemence and fury of the contest and the ardor of the fray, so that Ivocaros and Ivocarbos

happened to be upon one side, and Brennos by himself, on the other side. It was a gap of danger and a breach of ranks and a derout before Brennos in every path in which he went, until he reached the king of Nerigon in the very secure battle pen where he was ; these two warriors made a fight and combat stoutly, bloodily, and venomously, and theirs was indeed a powerful and very hardy striking of one another, and a very fierce, destructive, and most powerful sledging.

Valiant was that combat until Brennos captured and bound the King of Ioruaidh, and brought him along with him through the center of the host of his allied people, until he reached the place where Adsalllos was ; and this is what he said : " There is your son-in-law for you, and I swear by my valorous arms that I would deem it easier to kill him thrice than to bring him with me but once in this wise to you."

But there is still one matter (more to be mentioned namely) ; the hound was surrendered to the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, and the king released ; and peace and friendship were made fast between them. They having thus terminated everything, their spirits and mind were elated, and they bade farewell to Adsalllos and all the rest in like manner.

To return to Lug of the long arm: it was disclosed to him that the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann had obtained every portion of the compensation of which he himself was in need for the battle of the Plain of the standing stones ; and he let a spell of magic after them, so as to put them in forgetfulness and obliviousness of every portion of the compensation that they had not and he put a desire and a great wish upon them to come back home with the compensation to Lug of the Long Arm. They did not remember that they (still) wanted some of the fine, and they came forwards in that career to Green Erin. Now, the place where Lug then happened to be was in a fair and an assembly, along with the king, in Benna Adari.

The Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann came ashore at the castle on the Boinne. That fact was also disclosed to Lug, and he left the fair secretly, and he went to the citadel of Crobanci, which is called Temhair /Tara; and he closed the doors after him, and he donned the attire and noble suit of Belin/Belen/Barinthus/Manannann namely, the smooth Grecian armor of Belin/Belen/Barinthus and the cloak of the daughter of Ulidaïos, and his arms of valor from that out.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 33.

Which is called Temhair/Tara : Assumption: in the primitive pan-Celtic myth the place in question was perhaps designated under the name of "citadel of Crobanci" and it is only once planted in Ireland it was then equated to Temhair/Tara.

The Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann came where the King was, and a welcome was made for them by the latter and likewise by the Children of the goddess Danu (bia) . The king inquired of them whether they had obtained the compensation." We have got it," they replied "; and where is Lug that we may give it to him."" He was here a while ago," said the king. And the fair was searched for him, but he was not found."

I know the place where he is," said Brennos, " for it was disclosed to him that we were coming back with these valuables, and he has gone to Temhair/Tara to avoid us."

Messengers were then dispatched after him from them ; and the answer he gave to the messengers who went to him was that he would not come, and that the compensation should be given to the king. The Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann did that ; and the king having got the compensation, Lug then came out upon the lawn of the castle ; the compensation was given to him, and he said : " Never was there killed, and never shall there be killed, one whose (full) fine [intended to make up one's death] is not here ; still there is a balance that it is not lawful to abandon ; it is the balance of the required compensation, where is the cooking spit, or the three shouts upon the hill that you have not yet given."

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 34.

The shout has a religious, magic and legal validity, that of the protests and challenges. By forcing thus the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann to this last effort, Lug knows that they will die because of that since, while killing their adversaries, they themselves will be wounded to death. Therefore will be ended the quest, and double the benefit: Lug will earn from it the price of the material compensation, and he will also be avenged on the murderers of his father, serious and probable rivals as concerns the supremacy over the Toutai Deuas.

When the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann heard that, faintheartedness and stupor fell upon them ; they left the fair and they went to the house of their father that night, and they related their adventures to him, and how Lug had treated them. Sadness and deep sorrow took possession of Taran/Toran/Tuireann and they spent the night along with one another. They went on the morrow to their bark, and Eithne, the daughter of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, went along with them. The maiden fell to grief-crying and keening, and she recited this poem, here set down :

" Woe for this, O Brennos of my soul !
That your progress leads not to Temhair,
After all your troubles in Green Erin,
Although I go not to follow you,

O salmon of the dumb Boinne,
Salmon of the stream of Liffey,
Since I am unable to retain you,
I am loath to part from you.

O horsemen of the wave of Tuaidh,
O man, most lasting in combat,
If your return should come to pass, as I hope,
It will not be pleasant for your foe.

Do you pity the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann
Upon the elbows of their green shields ???
It is much they have disturbed my mind,
Their departure is a cause for pity.

Your coming tonight in Benna Adari,
O you who have increased our grief;
And O champions to whom valor has done homage,
Till the early and melancholy morn comes.

Sad is your expedition from Temhair,
And from Talantio of the green plains;
And from the great Uxonabelcon of the Middle Province
There is not an event more pitiful."

After that lay they went forwards over the loud-murmuring Tyrrhenian sea, and they were a quarter of a year upon the sea without getting tidings of the island. Is annsin do gab Brian a earrad uisge uime agus a leasbaire gloinne um a ceann ??? Then Brennos put on his water dress, and around his head his light-admitting headdress (made) of crystal ???? and he took a plunge into the water.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 35.

Alpine peoples in Switzerland and Austria kept the memory of various pre-Celtic shamanic masks (that one of Krampus in Austria, the Kläuse and Roitschäggätä or Roitschäggeten in

Switzerland, etc. Raymond Christinger, mythology of old Switzerland), but the crystal headdress of which it is a question in this text is much more mysterious. It was, of course, not an oxygen mask! All that we can take in, of that, it is that apparently it has, according to this legend, helped Brennos to go down to the very great depths. In addition to these crystal headdresses, the high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht) also used various metal masks with enamel or glass eyes. Archaeology provided some of them as well as many figurations, and it can be deduced from some Irish mythological descriptions that certain characters or envoys of the Other World wore a mask.

It is said that he was a fortnight walking in the salt water ???, seeking the Island of Vindocaros, and after that he discovered it ; and he went towards it, and going into the city he only found in it a troop of women engaged at needlework and embroidery. And among other things that they had along with them, they happened to have the cooking-spit. When Brennos saw it, he raised it in his hand, and he fain would bring it with him to the door. Each of the women burst into a laugh upon seeing that act ; and this was what they said : " Bold is the deed that you have put your hand to, for if your two brothers were along with you, the least valorous in prowess or valor of the three times fifty women here would not let the spit go with either you or them ; nevertheless, take one of the spits with you, since you are so undaunted, socourageous, and so brave, as to attempt to carry it off with you despite us." Brennos bade farewell to them, and he went forwards towards the place where he left his ship. And during the length of that period the other two considered it advisable to draw anchor and set their sails, when they saw Brennos coming vigorously towards them upon the bosom of the wave. They were joyful at beholding him. Brennos makes known to them that he had found the spit and the island where the troop of women were.

He went into their ship, and they directed their course to the Hill of Meduocanios .When they reached the hill, Meduocanios, the guardian of the hill, came towards them ; Brennos, seeing him, attacked him, and the fight of these two persons was only comparable to the fury of two bears and the laceration of two lions, until at length Meduocanios fell in the fight. Then, after Meduocanios had previously fallen by Brennos, his three sons also came to fight against the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann; and if anyone ever came from the east of the world to look at any fight, it is to see the fight of these champions he had a right to come, on account of the greatness of the blows given (on either side), the activity of their courage, and the vigor of their minds. These were the names of Miodhchaoin's sons ; namely, Corcios, Connos, and Audos . And they put their three spears through the bodies of the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann. Still, neither in respect to fear nor weakness, did that prevail over the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, for they put their three spears through the bodies of the Children of Miodhchaoin ; and they themselves passed into the trance and faintness of death.

After that exploit Brennos said : " How are you now, O brothers ?""We are dead," they replied. "Arise," said Brennos, "for I perceive very terrible symptoms of death coming upon us, and do you give (beforehand) the shouts upon the hill."" We cannot," said they. Then Brennos arose and raised each of them with one hand , whilst he was copiously losing his own blood until they gave together the shouts. Then Brennos took them with him to the ship; and they were traversing sea a long time but at last one of them said : " I see Benna Adari the Castle of Taran/Toran/ Tuireann and Tara of the Kings."" We would be full of health, were we to see these," said the other men ; " for love of your honor, O Brother," said they, "raise our heads on your breast, that we may see Green Erin from us, and then we do not care which to receive death or life."

And they spoke the lay :

"Take these heads on your breast, O Brennos,
O son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, the generous and red-armed,
Torch of valor without guile,
Until we see our island.

Hold upon your breast and upon your shoulder

These heads, O manly champion,
That we may see from off the water
Uxonabelcon, Talantio, and Temhair/Tara.

Ath-cliath and the smooth Boinne ,
Freamhainn, Tlachtgha, hard by Temhair,
The plain of the Middle, the dewy Plain of Breagh,
And the mountains around the fair green of Talantio;

If I saw Benna Adari from me,
And the castle (dun) of Taran/Toran/Tuireann in the north ;
Welcome death thence forwards,
Though it should be a suffering death."

Brennos.

" A pity is that, O children of brave Taran/Toran/Tuireann,
Birds could fly through my two sides,
But it is not my two sides that are sick,
But (to think of) you both having fallen.

We would prefer death to take us,
O Brennos, son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, who fled not,
Than to see you with wounds upon your body,
And no doctors to cure you.

Since there is not here to cure our wounds,
Medocios, Auromedocios, nor Diancecht,
Woe is it, O Brennos! who designs not guile,
To have given away from us the skin [which heals everything)."

After that lay they went ashore at Benna Adari, and thence they proceeded to the castle of
Taran/Toran/Tuireann ; and they said to their father : "Proceed O dear Father, to
Temhair/Tara, and give this cooking spit to Lug, then bring to us the gifted skin which heals
everything in order to relieve us » . Brennos spoke the lay :

" O Taran/Toran/Tuireann, depart from us,
To speak to Lug, the triumphant ;
Overtake him asleep in the south,
Beg the skin for friendship's sake."

Taran/Toran /Tuireann.

" For the world's jewels, south and north
And all to be given to Lug, the triumphant ;
What would come of it would, of course, be,
Your graves and your sepulcher."

Brennos.

" Near are you related in blood and in flesh,
To the son of Ceno, son of just Cainte,
Let him not deal to us wrath for wrath,
Although we have killed his father.

O Father, beloved, noble, free,
Be not long upon your visit,
For if you are, you will not find us,
Alive before you."

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 36.

Near are you related in blood and in flesh...As we already have had the opportunity to say that, Lug and Taran/Toran/Tuireann are therefore blood-relative. But it is not known at which degree precisely. It seems therefore there was in Ireland a religious revolution having dethroned Taran/Toran/Tuireann from his place at the head of the Panth-eon for Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd initially, then Lug. Although all that is not so simple because Lug is not the official king of the people formed by the children of the goddess Danu. Let us not speak about Irish heresy but say more simply than in Ireland it seems that local druids deviated or move away from the divine organization chart such as it was in Great Britain or on the Continent while remaining faithful to the broad outlines.

Let him not deal to us wrath for wrath...What is in question here it is not therefore the law of retaliation, but the notion of mercy (Trugareto in old Celtic), pardon, or forgiveness. This notion (of mercy, pardon or forgiveness) was not unknown among the Celts; at least between members of the same clan, since Brennos, Taran/Toran/Tuireann, as well as Eithne, tries to make it be implemented. But Lug will do nothing such, for reasons of State obvious: he wants to get rid of potential rivals being able too, to claim sovereignty over the tribe of the Goddess-or-demoness, or fairy if this word is preferred, as king of kings and his fight against them will be therefore without mercy.

After that lay, Taran/Toran/Tuireann went forwards to Temhair/Tara, and he found Lug Long-armed there before him, and he gave the cookingspit to him and he asked the skin which heals everything from him to cure his children but Lug said that he would not give it. Taran/Toran/Tuireann returned to his children and he made known to them that he had not got the skin. Then said Brennos : "Bring me with you to Lug, to see whether I could get the skin from him."That was accordingly done, and Brennos went to Lug and asked the skin from him.Lug said that he would not give it, and if they were to give him the breadth of the earth of gold, that he would not accept it from them, unless he sought their death would come of it, on account of the deed they had done.When Brennos heard that, he departed to where his two brothers were, and he lay down between them and his soul went forth from him and his two brothers at the same time. Taran/Toran/Tuireann made the following lay over his children:

" Distressed is my heart over you,
You three fair youths, who fought many fights ;
After your activity, and your feats,
It were well for me that you should live.

Body (adbar) of two kings elect over Banuta (over Green Erin)
Ivocaros and Ivocarbos ;
Brennos, that conquered Greece (sic),
It is a loss that their like are not alive.

I am Tuireann without strength
Over your graves, you ardent champions ;
As long as ships live upon the sea,
I will not compose lay or song."

After that lay Taran/Toran/Tuireann fell upon his children, and his soul left him and they were interred in the same grave.Gurab i oide cloinne Tuireann, go nuige sin.

The tragic fate of the Children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann ends here.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 37.

Banuta. Banuta is one of the three fairies having leaned over the cradle of Ireland. Banuta = Ireland therefore.

Brennos that conquered Greece. Wouldn't it be the famous Brennos of Delphi, whose epic would have been spread as far as Ireland, by mercenary soldiers come back in their country then by wandering bards?

His soul left him. Let us point out here one of the principles of druidic mythology. It is only by convention and for the needs of the account and of the rhyme of the poets that gods die. Because in reality they are, of course, immortal, or at least they will disappear really only with this cycle (to reappear under other names in the following one).

REMINDER. Look out, look out please! The following texts are not a synthesis complete nor exhaustive of all the Irish or Welsh legends on the subject. For the simple reason that such a synthesis would be impossible, given the countless variants or contradictions which can be discovered in it. Only a synthesis of the broad outlines of these accounts can be envisaged. The following texts are therefore only some partial re-writing, and in short or in summary, of the main Irish legends in question, the whole being restructured or reconstructed after the demolition on new bases and according to a different plan, here and there intersected with analyzes. They have one goal, to give our readers enough preliminary notions or glimpses on the subject to feel like knowing more. The following texts therefore do not exempt to refer ultimately to the original texts themselves.

THE SECOND BATTLE

OF THE STONE PILLARS PLAIN ITSELF

(RETURN TO THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE CATH MAIGHE TURED).

Now when the (provision) of the battle had then been settled Lug and the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt and Ogmios went to the three Gods of Danu (bia), and these give Lug theof the battle; and for seven years they were preparing for it and making their weapons. Then Mara Rigu/Morrigu/ Morgan Le Fay said to Lug : " let us go into action against Bregsos???? Vegula son of Mamos the druid cast a spell on the battle and encouraged the people of the gods????

The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt had a house in the valley of Etin in the north and he had to meet a woman in this place on that day year at the time of the festival of Samon (ios) before the battle. The river Unius of Connaught roars to the south of it. He beheld the woman in the river (in Corann), washing herself, with one of her two feet at Allod Echae i.e., Echumech, to the south of the water, and the other at Loscuinn, to the north of the water. Nine loosened tresses were on her head. The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt conversed with her, and they make a union. 'The Bed of the Couple' is the name of the stead thenceforwards. The woman that is here mentioned is Mara Rigu/Morrigu/ Morgan Le Fay. Then she told the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt that the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians would land on the plain of Scetne, and that he should summon people of the art (aes dana in Gaelic language) to meet her at the Ford of Unius, and that she would go into the plain of Scetne to destroy Indicios son of the goddess Domnu , the king of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians, and would deprive him of the blood of his heart and the kidneys of his valor (His testicles ?) Now she afterwards showed her two handfuls of that blood to the hosts that were waiting at the Ford of Unius. 'Ford of Destruction' became its name, because of that death of the king. Then that was done by the people of the art , and they chanted spells on the hosts of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorians).

This was a week before Samon (ios), and each of them separated from the other until all the men [of Ireland] came together on Samon's eve. Six times thirty hundred was their number, that is, twice thirty hundred in every third.

Then Lug sent the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt to spy out the gigantic anguipedic wyverns and to delay them until the men [of Ireland] should come to the battle.

So the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt went to the camp of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians and asked them for a truce of battle. This was granted to him as he asked.

Porridge is then made for him by the anguipedic wyvern, and this was done to mock him, for great was his love for porridge. They fill for him the king's cauldron, five fists deep, into which went fourscore pints (sesrai) of new milk and the like quantity of meal and fat. Goats and sheep and swine are put into it, and they are all boiled together with the porridge. They are spilt for him into a hole in the ground, and Indicios told him that he would be put to death unless he consumed it all; he should eat his fill so that he might not reproach the gigantic anguipedic wyverns. Then the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt took his spoon, and it was big enough for a man and woman to lie in the middle of it. These then are the bits that were in it, halves of salted swine and a quarter of lard. Then said the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt : 'Good food this if its taste attains what its aroma attains.' And when he used to put the spoon full into his mouth, then he would say: 'Its ?.....do not spoil it.' ?????? Then at the end he puts his curved finger among mold and gravel in order to scrape the bottom of the hole. Sleep came upon him then after eating his porridge. Bigger than an innkeeper cauldron was his belly, so that the anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians laughed at it. Then he went away from them to the strand of Eba. Not easy was it for the hero to move along owing to the bigness of his belly. Unseemly was his apparel. A cuculla to the hollow of his two elbows. A dun tunic around him, as far as the swelling of his rump. Is ed denucht lebar penntol ???? Two brogues (pants) on him of horsehide, with the hair outside. A wheeled ? wooden fork to carry which required the effort of eight men, behind him so that its track after him was enough for the boundary ditch of a province.

Wherefore it is called Track of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt's staff ?.....

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 38.

Cuculla. We translate by cuculla the Gaelic term , a kind of cowl or hood.

Brogues. He therefore wears a kind of pants like on the Continent.

A wheeled fork ??? Could it be a question of a plow??? Of a swing plow? It is also perhaps a sexual metaphor. Gable, from old Celtic gabalos = a forked branch, is in any case a word known in architecture: it designates triangle shaped timbers of the framework (trusts). This passage is definitely not very clearly, it must be a very archaic traditional description of this character. The wearing of brogues encourages thinking of it.

Then the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians marched till the plain of Scetne. The men [of Ireland] were in Magh Aurfolagh. Then these two hosts were threatening battle. 'The men [of Ireland] venture to offer the battle to us,' said Bregos son of Elatio to Indicios son of the goddess Domnu. ' But I give this anon so that their bones will be small unless they pay their tribute.'

Because of Lug's powers the men [of Ireland] had made a resolution not to let him go into the battle. So his nine fosterers are left to protect him, even Tollus-Damos, Egos-Damos, Eru, Techtaid the white, Fosadh, Fedlimid, Ibar, Scibar and Minn. They feared an early death for the hero owing to the multitude of his arts. Therefore they did not let him forth to the fight.

Then the chiefs of the Tuath Dé Danann were gathered round Lug.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 39.

Here a passage is interpolated which is either a duplicate of paragraphs 77 to 81 or a later development of the same topic. This phenomenon is frequent in the sacred texts of our poor Mankind . See the two accounts of the creation in the Bible, the priestly contribution (Genesis 1,1 to 2, 4) and the Yahwist text (2 :4 to 2 : 24). In the same way, there are also many repetitions in the Quran , difficult to locate nevertheless because this book from a man or from several men, and therefore which was created and intended for other men, is a true mishmash following no precise plan, its chapters with a few exceptions (one?) being simply classified by decreasing length order. What is excellent for the memory perhaps but is a real challenge for human intelligence. In what concerns us, it is an additional proof perhaps there that the initial pan-Celtic myth staging the founding conflict between the two great divine families governing the world (air gods, sons of Danu - bia or of Taran/Toran/Tuireann, and the chthonic or underground gods sons of the goddess Domnu, etc., in other words, the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomors in Ireland and Andernas on the Continent)... was so much arranged after its establishment in Ireland that it became incoherent in many connections. Important therefore, what matters , it is to have a critical mind respect to all these texts, and to remember only the best of their spirit, not their criminogenic spirit but the spirit which can help us to surpass us as human beings. We will reconsider in another of our opuscles the super-humanizing function of the Celtic-druidic myths (whereas the Sumerian myths which are the cause of the Bible and therefore of the Quran treat human beings as children).

Lug asked his smith, namely Gobannos, what power he wielded for them?

'Not hard to say,' said he. 'Though the men [of Erin] bide in the battle to the end of seven years, for every spear that parts from its shaft, or sword that will break therein, I will provide a new weapon in its place. No spear point which my hand will forge, said he, 'shall make a missing cast. No skin which it pierces will taste life afterwards. That has not been done by

Dolb the smith of the Fomorians. I am now ready for the battle in the plain of the standing stones’.

‘And you, O Diancecht,’ said Lug, ‘what power can you wield in sooth?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said he. ‘Every man who shall be wounded there, unless his head be cut off, or the membrane of his brain or his (spinal) marrow be severed, I shall make quite whole in the battle on the morrow.’

‘And you, O Crednos,’ said Lug to his brazier, ‘what is your power in the battle?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said Crednos, ‘Rivets for their spears, and hilts for their swords, and bosses and rims for their shields, I will supply them all.’

‘And you, O Luxtanios,’ said Lug to his wright, ‘what power would you attain to in the battle?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said Luxtanios. ‘All the shields and javelin shafts they require, I will supply them all.’

‘And you, O Ogmios,’ said Lug to his champion, ‘what is your power in the battle?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said he: ‘repelling the king and repelling three groups of nine of his friends, and capturing the battalion up to a third by the men [of Ireland]’.

‘And you, O Mara Rigu/Morrighu/ Morgan Le Fay,’ said Lug, ‘what power will you wield?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said she. ‘What I shall follow I shall ... ?.....what I shall strike has been..... ?.... , what I have cut out will be.... ?....’

‘And you, O satirists (corrignechai),’ said Lug, ‘what power will you wield?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said the satirists. ‘Their white soles on them when they have been overthrown, till their heroes are slain, and to deprive then of two thirds of their might, with a constraint on their urine’ ???

‘And you, O cupbearers,’ said Lug, ‘what power?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said the cupbearers. ‘We will bring a strong thirst upon them, and they will not find drink to quench it.’

‘And you, O druids,’ said Lug, ‘what power?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said the druids. ‘We will bring showers of fire on the faces of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns, so that they cannot look upwards, and so that the warriors who are contending with them may slay them by their might.’

‘And you, O Carioprixos son of Etain,’ said Lug to his veledé, ‘what power can you wield in the battle?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said Carioprixos. ‘I will put a curse outcry (gláim ndícind) on them. And I will satirize them and shame them, so that through the spell of my art they will not resist warriors.’

‘And you, O wife of Coslogenos and you Danu (Dinand),’ said Lug to his two priestesses (bantúathaid), ‘what power can you wield in the battle?’

‘Not hard to say,’ said they; ‘we will enchant the trees and the stones and the sods of the earth, so that they will become a host under arms against them, and shall rout them in flight with horror and ?...’

‘And you, O Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt,’ said Lug, ‘what power can you wield on the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians in the battle?’

'Not hard to say,' said the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt. 'I will take the side of the men [of Ireland] both in mutual smiting and destruction and wizardry. Their bones under my club will be as many as hailstones under feet of herds of horses..... ?.....where you meet.... ?.....on the battlefield of the stone pillars Plain.'

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 40.

Head over heels. Literally their white soles (buind bannai) on them. In any case such is our comprehension of this Gaelic expression.

Danu. On the error consisting in showing the great goddess Danu to intervene here personally, as a simple subordinate of Lug, see our previous remarks. The Christian intellectual who laid down this account in writing mixed a little everything in order to display his knowledge. The great goddess Danu who gave her name to the Irish Pantheon never does not intervene directly in the businesses of her "children," at least to our knowledge. It seems rather generally it is spoken about her as a great she-ancestor having departed. It is a *dea otiosa*.

Cath Muighe Tuireadh. The second battle of Magos Turation. Manuscript 24 P 9 of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin). Translation given without guarantees.

Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd king of kings of the children of the goddess Danu (bia) answered: I will feed the warriors of our hosts and I will feed, moreover, who will be of my generation???"The three priestesses, Bodua, Magosia, Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan Le Fay answered that they would make hail showers falling, would make burst on them poison clouds, which would weaken them or spread confusion, which would make them lose any common sense in the battle. Cridionobetlos the satirist. I will sing your praises and will pray for you, I will recite in front of you the genealogies of your fathers and of your ancestors in order to encourage you. And you, Crabudinos, Lug asked, of which powers will you be able to lay out? It is not difficult, answered Crabudinos the harpist. Thanks to my music and my melodies, I will get for the Children of the goddess a sleep which will rest them and will put them back on their feet each morning, ready for the fight. I will also play music for my lord and, if necessary, I will go even personally on the battle field to kill a crowd of enemies there. Dergos Boduos, the son of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt. I will fight personally and hundred heroes of the host of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians will fall in front of me as of my first attack, and I will not stop massacring them or pursuing them as long as there remains one of them alive.

So in that wise Lug had speech as to their arts with everyone of them in turn; and he strengthened and (addressed) his army, so that each man of them had the spirit of a king or a mighty lord.

Now every day the battle was joined between the tribe of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians and the Children of the Goddess, save only that kings or princes were not delivering it, but only keen and aggressive folk (*nama*).

Now the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians marveled at one thing which was revealed to them in the battle. Their weapons, their spears and their swords, to wit, were blunted and broken and such of their men as were slain used not to come on the morrow. But it was not so with the Children of the goddess. For though their weapons were blunted and broken today, they were renewed on the morrow, because Gobannos the smith was in the forge making swords and spears and javelins. For he would make those weapons by three turns. Then Luxtanios the wright would make the spear shafts by three chippings, and the

third chipping was a finish and would set them in the ring of the spear. When the spearheads were stuck in the side of the forge, he would throw the rings with the shafts, and it was needless to set them again. Then Credne the brazier would make the rivets by three turns, and would cast the rings of the spears to them, and it was needless..... to make a hole ??? before ; and thus they used to cleave together. This then is what used to revive the warriors who were slain there, so that they were swifter on the morrow.

Dian-cecht and his two sons, Octorevillo and Medocios, and his daughter Armediatrina were singing prayers (dicetul) over the well named Healing (Slaine). Now their mortally wounded men were cast into it as they would be slain. They were alive when they would come out. Their mortally wounded became whole through the might of the prayers (dicetail) of the four leeches who were about the well.

Now that was harmful to the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorians), so they told a man of them to inspect the battle and the (methods) of the people of the Goddess, namely Rudianos son of Bregos and of the belisama Brigindo/Brigantia/Bridget, the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt's daughter. For he was a son and a grandson of people of the clan of the Goddess. Then he related to the anguipedic wyverns (Fomorians) the work of the Smith and the Wright and the Brazier and the four Leeches who were around the well. He was sent again to kill one of the craftsmen, even Gobannos. From him he begged a spear, its rivets from the Brazier and its shaft from the Wright. So all was given to him as he asked. Now there was a woman there grinding weapons, even Cron mother of Fianlug, she it is that ground Rudianos' spear. Now the spear was given to Rudianos by a chief, wherefore the name 'a chief's spear' is still given to weavers' beams (big spools).

Now after the spear had been given him, Rudianos turned and wounded Gobannos. But the latter plucked out the spear and cast it at Rudianos, so that it went through him, and he died in the presence of his father in the assembly of the gigantic anguipedic wyvern called Fomorians. Then the belisama Brigindo/Brigantia/Bridget comes and bewailed her son. She shrieked at first, she cried at last. So that then for the first time crying and shrieking were heard on the island. Now it is that belisama Brigindo/Brigantia/Bridget who invented a whistle for signaling at night. Then Gobannos went into the well, and he became whole.

There was a famous warrior with the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians, even Octorigillacos, son of Indicios son of the goddess Domnu , son of the anguipedic wyvern king. He told them that each man of them should bring a stone of the stones from the Drovesa River to cast into the well of Healing in Acate Abellion to the west of the plain of the standing stones, and to the east of Locoos Alixias. So they went, and a stone for each man was brought on the well. Wherefore the cairn thus made is called Octoriallach's Cairn. But another name for that well is Lake of healing herbs, for Dian-Cecht used to put into it one of every healing herb that grew in the land.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 41.

They used to cleave together . Which shows the invention of the assembly-line production and the automation of the manufacturing processes are not new and do not go back to Henry Ford.

Octorevillo. In other manuscripts this second son is called Auromedocios. Let us not forget that here were centuries and centuries of oral tradition. The same phenomenon is besides also in the Bible, best known being that of the two genealogies of Jesus (Matthew 1:16 - Luke 3:23) or many Muslim hadiths.

Prayers. We translate so the Gaelic word dicetul thus because we do not see why prayers would be reserved for the Judaeo-Christians and magic formulas for the druids. A large number of Judaeo-Islamic-Christian prayers too are nothing less than magic formulas, and some gestures in the same way (to cross oneself, to brandish crucifix).
A son and a grandson of people of the clan of the Goddess. Is it possible to say in a better way the two divine families in question, that of the air gods and that of the chthonic gods, are closely related?

Who invented a whistle... here the wandering bard adds obviously a detail, which he did not invent but which must come from another of his tales.

THE DECISIVE ENGAGEMENT.

Now when the meeting of the final battle came, the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians marched out of their camp outside, and formed themselves into strong indestructible battalions. Not a chief nor man of prowess of them was without a hauberk against his skin, a helmet on his head, a broad spear in his right hand, a heavy sharp sword on his belt, a firm shield on his shoulder. To attack the Fomorian host on that day was 'striking a head against a cliff' was 'a hand in a serpent's nest', was 'a face up to fire.' These were the kings and chiefs that were heartening the host of the anguipedics called Fomorians, namely, Balaros son of Dotios son of Neto, Bregesos son of Elatio, Tuirí Tortbuillech son of Lobos, Goll and Irgoll. Loscenn-Lomm son of Lommglúnech, Indicios son of the goddess Domnu, the king of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians, Octorigillacos, son of Indicios ; Omna and Bagna, Elatio son of Deluato.

Cath Muighe Tuireadh. The second battle of Magos Turation. Manuscript 24 P 9 of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin).

This part of our account is therefore inspired by another version, that being reproduced on the manuscript 24 P 9 of the Royal Irish Academy of Ireland in Dublin and published by Brian O' Cuiv. Translation given without guarantees. Let us recognize, moreover, that we improved this text, that we have embellished it, considering its obscurities or its defects, its gaps, even drastically summarized at times.

In fact, it is therefore a new version which is not at all to recommend to philologists nor to linguists. It appears here only to give to our readers a little idea of the richness of this version in Gaelic language of the primitive pan-Celtic myth relating the two battles of the standing stone plain. That between the men and the gods and that between the air gods and the chthonic gods (celestial gods or underground gods).

As regards the rest, we leave to true specialists (what we are not) the care to get down patiently to the development of a true scientific translation of the text. If some of our readers after having read all are really eager of knowing more, let these modern Champollion impassioned by the subject begin their long quest for this new grail.

At all events, because each champion was to begin to strike, each fighter to take part in the battle, each soldier to occupy his place, each hero to push back his adversary, Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd of the Silver Arm spoke to the strongest nobles of the people of the children of the goddess Danu (bia) in the absence of the shining lion of the violent blows, Lug Long Armed , son of Eithne Imdherg, daughter of Balaros Balcbeimnech, granddaughter of Neto Nuachrothach, the powerful hero of all the battles, king of the champions in the world , and here is what he said to them: "I am not here to discourage you, nor to prevent you from fighting your combat or getting together , but to ask you whether, in this trial of strength and of heroism, you count only on Lug and him only for the battle, the combat, the prowess and the brilliant deeds, for all the fatal actions and the death of the nobles and of the lords?"

"That is true, O high king," answered the lords of the clan of the children of the goddess Danu (bia), "what would have to be done on this subject?" "I know," resumed Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, "because our heroes do not feel fear in front of the weapons of these many foreigners, they will resist the fury of the hard people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomors, even if Lug is not with us on the spot. I therefore will say to you what it is advisable to do," Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd continued, "I have a great feast with ale easy to drink and delicious, prepared for the champions of the people of the children of the goddess Danu and for Lug. This feast will be served in particular for him so that he will be

quickly drunk and very merry. When the great warrior is drunk and without consciousness, when he has food and drink one's fill, it will be necessary to firmly bind him or block him with brilliant chains, with blue metal, and with beautiful bronze wire. He will be then attached to great pillars and strong columns put into the ground on each side around him. So the battle will be fought in his absence."

"This opinion is suitable and honest," the chiefs of the people of the goddess Danu (bia) answered, "and it will be followed by us."

It was therefore done in this way. A beautiful very new shelter for the feast of the lords of the clan of the goddess Danu (bia) was built with Lug and Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd in the center. Brilliant and reinvigorating ale was served to Lug, so that the latter was quickly drunk and very merry. They played harp and bagpipes for him then, as well as their marvelous foreign organ, so that so much music ends up sending to sleep this royal warrior. His harp was then brought to Crabundinos; he unveiled the nine cords and this master played until the warrior slackens, calms himself and falls asleep. People came then to block our hero. They connected him and attached him without he realizes something. Troops rose then, ready all at the same time, in order to fight the battle around the king of the kings, i.e. around Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd. Crabudinos the harpist remained to watch over Lug of the Long Arm. Then the signal of the battle against the gigantic anguipedic wyverns was given and the fourfold battalions went one against the other with force and intrepidity. All this tumult ends up waking Lug.

- What does it happen, asked him to Crabudinos? What are all these clamors, and who therefore attached me?

- I do not know, answered Crabudinos, what are these cries if they are not the cries....?what let out most virile of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomor or the cries of those who wash or who...?wounds made by the edge of the blades poisoned by Gobannos who tempered them in venom after having reddened cold and frozen water; unless they are not the screaming and yelling of the people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns jeering at and making fun of the warrior hag Catullina Cioclach Crapouescalaca coming to display her feats in front of the soldiers and predicting to each one a long career of hero; or it is the din of the demonstrations of those who in the west look at the body of this woman distorted by the great variety of his warlike feats.

- Crabudinos my friend, they are the noises of a battle which begins that I hear there, and not what you say! Release me so that I will stop them before it is too late! Nobody consulted our horoscope of today; nobody knows if the omens are favorable for us, nobody knows if today is a good day to fight a battle.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 42.

Note about the horoscopes and the Sonnocingos. A future can be known through its causes. Particularly gifted men from the point of view of intelligence can succeed to perceive and to guess the events to come in their reasons to be or in starting points difficult to precisely analyze in a thoroughgoing way, and this all the greater their intelligence is. The fact of having predicted and having feared an event or to wish it can also contribute to the realization of this event itself. And consequently to give the wrong feeling, of a successful prediction. Whereas this was quite simply the cause, of course, remote, but the cause all the same, of the event in question. In the sealed tablets of his horoscope the great druid "Arburius" had entrusted a secret to his grandson Ausonius. Well, the secret we can issue to the whole world today, here is in all its nakedness. If an event is in no way contained in its causes, if for example it is a fully free act from a human, or a series of extremely rare coincidences, then no man can predict it. Here what the Reason dictates to us and here what there would be today in the secret horoscope of Ausonius. Those who would claim the opposite cannot be true druids and we warn everybody against these false prophets. The Celtic sonnocingos (horoscope), the

true one *, can only highlight the main theoretical tendencies of a character, of a man, and nothing more; the future belongs only to the God or Devil that Lug adores, i.e. the Fate.

The dreams and the *aislingi* or visions are also determining for the individuals, because it is through them that appear the divine beings, the power of a place, of an animal, of an element, of the sun, of the moon, of the stars. Even the ancestors. In order to answer some expectation of society, a *velede* could enter a modified state of awareness, through the means of trances and ecstasies. Caused (for example) by some techniques of visualization, of breathing, some music, some dance, or some use of psychoactive plants (manducation of acorns or of other foods having the same effect). This state of consciousness different of the ordinary one was supposed to give him access to the non-phenomenal world, in order to find the answer to the question which was asked to him or which was raised. The *ambividtu versionnions* (*imbais forsnai* in Gaelic) was a technique intended to make easier these contacts with the Other World, particularly in order to choose a new king...

"A *velede* chewed a piece of red pig, even some dog or cat meat, that then he put down on the altar of the temple (the flat stone behind the door). So he offered it to the god-or-demons with a prayer, then he called upon these deities. If they did not appear him the following day, he recited a prayer on the palm of his hands, and he kept his palms on his cheeks while falling asleep. Then one took care that neither he is disturbed nor disturbed, before all was revealed to him in a dream. I.e. until the end of one eight-day, or of two, even three, according to what had been decided at the time of the sacrifice ". We may, of course, wonder about the quality of the meat chewed by this Celtic shaman, and wonder, moreover, if he did not know already more or less the future applicant to the throne. But it is in no case a prophecy or a prediction. It is only a discovery, by the mind of the *velede* (what was probably the *filé* in question) in a state of trance or deep sleep, but drawing from his memories; a discovery therefore we said, of the one who will be the best to become the new king.

* And, of course, the Celtic horoscope currently in vogue and based on an alleged symbolism of trees through the oghamic alphabet is a completely fabricated forgery from Robert Graves (see his book on the white goddess) we knew better inspired. Let us not forget that our "on duty bard", Roderick O' Flaherty, author of a book about Ireland entitled *Ogygia*, written (in Latin) in the 17th century and that he was a disciple of the famous *Duald Mac Firbis*. As they much loved our dear Ireland, it will be much forgiven to them but nevertheless! Toland was of another stature!

- I have neither the force nor the courage to loosen such bonds, alas, *Crabudinos* answered. Those who tied you so were very strong. Then *Lug* pulled on his chains, tore off the big stakes driven into the ground, put them around him, and ran so to catch up with the warriors. The din caused by the chains and the wooden stakes dragged behind him was terrifying. Thousands of sparks spouted out them, so red and so enormous that they resembled fleeces of a ram. Sparks so bright there that one could have seen as in full day if it had been dark. Drunk of noise and fury, *Lug* came charging along therefore between the two armies as well as a bear become furious, with a whole stack of lances in the right hand. And he faced the gigantic *wyverns* or *anguipedics* (*andernas/fomore*), this race from "Cain" dark like the night and unkempt like wild beasts, cursed by his father.

The two armies were seized with terror to the sight of such an apparition, and they moved back each one on their side. *Lug* was like a drifting ghost ship, dragging his mooring ropes behind him; or like an enraged wolf become mad with pain, and that nothing stopped nor did slow down, not even rocks or hills to be climbed.

Then, in front of the two armies, paralyzed with astonishment, *Lug* spoke as follows to the gigantic *anguipedics*.

"Go back immediately to your camp, because it could not be only a battle without danger, therefore without glory, for you ". The gigantic *wyverns* and *anguipedics* (that people call *andernas* on the Continent, *fomor* in Gaelic) therefore get back their bivouac, and the Children of the goddess *Danu* returned under their tents.

Lug there found them and harshly shouted across Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd in these words:- It is not a battle worthy of a king that which is fought on the sly , and it is never an enterprise doomed to the success such an attack thus launched on the sly. Your swords would not have had the force of the sword of justice. You did not even consult the shamans to have the horoscope of the day or to know if today was well a day favorable to victory! Wait until I say to you when to fight the battle. Here therefore what Lug began by saying to Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd at the time of the battle of the Plain of the standing stones or of the mounds .

Simple small question now, O noble Children of the goddess Danu, he continued. How therefore do you think of stopping this horde of gigantic anguipedics called Fomor ? Because they are really terrible warriors, from all the races, that the members of this armada came to your encounter?

- We reviewed them one by one, Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd answered, and for each one of them, we found somebody of ours to oppose him.

- "Good, very well, we will see that. Who among you will deal with the barbarian come from the most remote parts of Africa who is the great Elatio, son of Deluato?

- I, Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd answered, even if I must have my head cut off because of that! I will destroy him. I know well that it will be difficult for everyone, of course, but all this will be no longer than a bad memory when we leave each other in order to return to our homes; because I will then have his head under my arm, I promise you.

- Well, we will see that, Lug answered. Who among you now will deal with Trenos, son of Triscatalis, most violent of their tribe's chiefs?

- I, the sun-faced son of Elatio son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann said, who was called Ogmios.

- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with the gigantic wild animal who is the great Anluan, son of Balbo Scolo, most horrid of the giants ever seen on this earth?

- I, Dergos Boduos said, he was the preferred son of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt.- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with Loisgionn Lom, son of Lumghluinech, the warrior from whom the blows have the speed of the lightning?

- I, the great Tadicós said, he was the son of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd.

- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with Treas, son of Griogor Garbhghluinech, the Barbarian come too from the most remote parts of Africa, with Grinne Gaibhteach his son, and with Baothbhuilleach his brother?

- I, Gobannos the smith said, his weapons destroyed whole armies.

- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with the distorted and swindling giants called Fiacclac Faobhuidhearb, son of Connach; Seimhe Sithfhada, also son of Connach; and Moisi Mearamhnas?

- We uns, answered the champions called Labraidh long handed (son of Tadicós son of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd); Cairbre Crom (son of Ulcomaros) and his son Sioghmall.

- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with the frightening Indicios, son of the goddess-or-demoness, or fairy, of the depths, Domnu, (Gaelic Dé Domnann), king of Africa, as well as with his two sons who have poisoned lances: Otorigillacos and Aer Eochairghlonnach?

- I, the son of Elatio said, the one who was sun-faced and was called Ogmios. I will kill himself and his two sons.

- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with the brutish lout called Lopa, son of Lopul?

- I, Moidhair Moruallach said, he was another son of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt.

- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with Cronn Crodha, the brother of Balaros?

- I, Alladh Aliunn said, another son of Elatio.- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with the wife of Balaros, the horrid and bloodthirsty witch called Catullina Crapouescalaca, daughter of Mothran, and granddaughter of Nanto Noiocrotacos?

- I, the noble Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, son of Elatio, said.

- Who among you, Lug continued, will deal with the giants called Baoth, Guach, Greannach, Fuath, Amuid and Urghrann, sons of the daughters of Catullina Crapouescalaca?

- We uns, answered together Bodua, Magosia and Mara Rigu/Morgan La Fey, as well as the three daughters of Fiacha, son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann Beccoreo Deluato.

- Good, very well, Lug said, but who now will deal with Balaros, the son of Dotios? Because it will not be a small matter to overcome Balaros. Who among you will stop the streams of poison and the floods of venom, at the same time burning and frozen, which spout out the eye of this monster?

No one could answer this question, or if it was answered, it was to say that there was nobody rather strong for that.

Lug lost his temper and shouted to them: therefore you were not able to push back them without me! What madness, what madness from you, it was! It will be therefore I who would deal personally with Balaros! There is, however, still a thing now to do, Lug added: to clear this place in order to make it a battle field worthy of our duels or of our singular combats. Fill the gullies and the hollows, level off the bumps and the hillocks, and destroy the heights and the tops. It is necessary that the heights and the ruggedness of the ground not obstruct the movement of our soldiers, or that our armies are continuously forced to go up or to go down, while running, their lances in the hand.

The Children of the Goddess-or-demoness, or fairy, therefore began by leveling the heights and the bumps, as well as every nook and cranny of the ground, until it becomes flat and smooth like a racecourse. Thus they made the most to also do up some hillocks, with pebbles taken in the Unius River, and with clay or earth in the middle. In order to have therefore heights from where they could more easily defy or challenge the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic), the following day.

All that lasted only two days and the work demanded by Lug having been finished, the Children of the goddess returned under their tents. Therefore the Plain of the pillar stones or of the mounds became the flattest one of the plains in the world.

The gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (fomor in Gaelic) gathered at the other end, around the children of Largach and of Iolar, son of Meirchell. They were led by the high king of their race, the great Elatio, son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann Beccoreo Deluato. From the private soldier to the great chief, all ran. Bregos his son; Balaros Balcobeimnacos, grandson of Nanto; Anluann the Great one, son of Balbo Scol; Trenos Tinneasnach, son of Triscatalis; Loisgionn Lom, son of Lomghluinnech; Greas Grainamhail, son of Grioghar Gharbhghluinech, the smith of the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (Gaelic fomor); Grinne Gaibhtheach, his son; and Baothbhuilleach Breisi, his brother; Fiaclach Faobhuidhearg; Seimhne Sithfhada; Moisi Mearamhnas; Indicios Ectacos, son of the goddess-or-demoness, or fairy, of the depths, Domnu (Dé Domnann in Gaelic), Octorigillacos and Aèur Eochurghlonnach his son; Mala Miachmhilid; Conn Croda Cruimcheannach son of Dotios; Catullina Crapouescalaca and Mothran Michuirdeach her father; Dubh and Rodubh; Cab and Seanchab; son of Labos; Eolercos Chatha; Anraidhe Buidhe; Sligeach Seanbhoirne; Reachtas Righfhada; Ceannmhor Cosfhada; Rinne Ruaidhdhearg; Subhach Salmhor; Torna Torncheannach; Liath Luasgach, son of Tabharn, and many others again, whose names did not reach us...

Elatio therefore spoke to them with these words.

- This country has always belonged to us and this in spite of the death of Cunanos son of Vebro at the time of the great battle of the Tower Island (Torinis). The country of the Tribe of the Goddess-or-demoness is one of the border areas of our empire, and they owe us taxes or tributes. However, none of them can hold a candle to us. Also do not forget that we went too much far now to go backwards and that we do not have enough ships or boats to bring us back all just like that to Africa. Do not forget both that we begin to need many things, and that soon even our wizards will not be able to do something there if that goes on like that. We have therefore only one solution: to show an exceptional courage so that this country remains to us and our descendants after us, because it is a very great army too that the one which is opposite. Such was the speech of Elatio, and the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (who are called andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic) then exclaimed together: "We will restore our law over this country, or we will die!"

On their side, from the private soldier to the prince through the chiefs and the other high-ranking noble ones, the People of the Goddess-or-demoness, or fairy, met too, around the tent of Lug, to listen to what he had to say to them.

"Do not forget since the departure of the Nemed/Hornunnos, the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (who are called andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic) do not stop putting this country to fire and sword in order to steal its wealth. They killed or drove out your fathers

by forcing them to go into exile in the islands around the north of the World. To come again into your inheritance, you had to brave the greatest suffering. You even had to fight against the champions of the foreign races having occupied the country meanwhile. If you lose this battle, your children, your grandchildren and your great-grandchildren, will have no longer and that forever a roof over their head. But if you beat them, you will have the satisfaction to dig yourselves the grave of their chiefs, or to throw them back in the sea. And after this terrible storm for them, you will be all able to listen quietly and while smiling, the story of their defeat or of their anxieties, the story of their despaired efforts to remain alive “.

“O noble Children of the Goddess,
If you are men, true ones,
Remain, remain;
In order to achieve most memorable of the deed.
A fight to death
Against the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (Gaelic fomor).
Massacres and destruction
Will be our lot
In the battle of tomorrow
But the nobility of the warriors will be only greater.
That will not be a battle which will last a long time.
So much we will draw the sword swiftly.
And before the end of the day
The majority of their champions will have fallen.
Do not fear anything
Each one of your regiments will work wonder
And so the country will break its chains.
Do not leave the Island of the stone of Fal.
To fall between foreign hands.
Wreak havoc in their rows
And strike without hesitating.
I will burst the eye of Balaros
When he opens it to come to assistance of them
And I will break the armor
Of Loisgionn Lom, son of Lomghluinedh.
With me only I will kill a thousand of them
And I will destroy like a dog
The son of Elatio (Bregsos) In spite of his value with weapons.
I will also kill and just like that
The three kings whom they call
Eolercos, Catuos and Robudios,
I will kill a mass of their kings.
It is not to have something (it would be needed to me)
That I want these monsters from Africa are repelled,
But if you begin to fight battle now
My glory will be everlasting! “

Such was the speech that Lug delivered to the Toutai Devas in order to give them courage, and that is what was done. The first duels began to be fought only one by one, but neither king nor prince took part in them. Only most impatient to have a fight went there.

The following day Lug gets up to observe the sea and the stars in the sky, to examine the sun and the planets, in order to determine the hour of their rise or their set. He saw that the horoscope was good for the Children of the Goddess, that the sign of the day, on the other hand, was bad for the opposing armies, and therefore he slipped on his battle dress. The TD had never seen such equipment: a multicolored and soft satin tunic as it is found only in Vindomagos, a shirt of flax embroidered with gold, on the skin.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 43.

Somewhere in our texts men from the great plain in the east say to the Sugellus Dagda Gurgunt: any skin which wears the shirt around it, no disease can affect it. The very material of the shirt, which is in direct contact with the body, brings nuances to its symbolism. Raw hemp of the farmer or of the ascetic, fine flax of the high society people, precious silk of the rich person, embroidered shirts of ceremonies, etc. each one of them qualifies a character. To be deprived of his shirt is the sign, not only of an utter material destitution, but of a complete moral loneliness and of an abandonment by society. No longer protection, neither that of a material place, nor that of a group. To give up to his shirt, on the contrary, is the sign of an unbounded generosity. Insofar as the shirt is a second skin, it is to give oneself; it is to share his intimacy.

Lug put a broad helmet of fine gold, with golden fringes as neck defense, some reinforced straps, some edges in golden wires, and a solid belt. He put on also a golden armor adorned with gems and carbuncles, from which thousands and one strange noises went out. He took his broad shield out of wooden red, covered with gold and decorated with a splendid white-bronze boss with silver chains tightened above to protect it from the sword's thrusts. Its leather handle was splendid and engraved with a lot of mysterious signs. He took his long dark and sharp sword, his lance with five poisoned heads, as well as his sling to break the shields. He also took his heavy club in order to crush skulls of most obstinate. And it is therefore so equipped that set off for battle, against the enemy, the most powerful support that the kingdom ever had, the archetypal champion, the most courageous and strongest man in the world. His fury was like that of a mad bear, his anger was like that of the stormy sea. Nobody can hold a candle to him, as regards intelligence, knowledge, science of the omens, martial arts, courage or heroism. The Toutai Devas noble warriors therefore followed him, as one man, cheered by the king of the warriors of Europe. And like a rock, all the army gets moving in order to arrive by the north at the place planned for the confrontation: the large standing stones plain. Its noise was like that of the ocean rushing on the coasts of the blue-bordered island.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 44.

The best example of this army on the march is given to us by Polybius in the famous story that he left us of the battle of Telamon. Polybius wrote little time after the events, by using direct sources, particularly the account of Fabius Pictor who had taken part in the battle.

Reminder on the warlike technique of the ancient Celts. The Celts before the battle shouted abundantly. Plutarch in the account which he borrowed from Posidonius of the confrontations between Marius and the Cimbri or Teutones, often mentions as sound as visual scenes. It is as if these peoples had a true gift of the war cry (cf. as already we saw, the etymology of the word slogan: slougos garima > sluagh gairm in Gaelic) which undermined in no way their physical ardor.

"For there were among them such innumerable horns and trumpets, which were being blown simultaneously and in all parts of their army, their cries were so loud and piercing that the noise seemed not to come merely from trumpets and human voices, but from the whole countryside at once. Not less terrifying was the appearance and rapid movement of the naked warriors in the van, which indicated men in the prime of their strength and beauty. All the warriors in the front ranks were richly adorned with gold necklaces and bracelets. These sights, of course, dismayed the Romans; still the hope they gave, of a profitable victory, redoubled their eagerness for the battle" (Polybius, Histories, book II, chapter XXIX).

This admirable description which could preserve to us the superhuman characteristic of this battle shows well that the Celts had conscientiously sought this effect of terror. By adorning their troops of a magic aura which left aside no usable means, wind instruments, human song, cries, sparkling ornaments, indecent nakedness, body of an unusual size and strength, etc. In all the fighting, the warriors more alarming than the others were posted in the front line, so that they are seen at first, but also it is imagined those who followed them immediately behind

were all similar. Before undertaking the battle itself, the Celt too was wont to practice a kind of armed dance. Probably not very different that which bequeathed us the ethnography of North American Indians. The Romans, as from the third century, made fun of these antiquated manners which were nevertheless still theirs, one or two centuries earlier.

Countless and bubbling torrents, red or having many colors: it was a true fire of molten metal these warriors under the sun. Considering the colors of their armament, the variety of the lances with sharp-edged heads, the noise of the swords, the number of the helmets and of the ornaments. The beautiful and proud TD resembled crimson and red pillars, because their warlike fury was huge. They quickened their pace, so much they were in a hurry to be avenged for the infamous race of the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (called andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic). Such were therefore the TD at the time of their arrival in the Plain of the standing stones or of the hillocks. And in a few moments they were at their post, ready to fight the battle.

On their side, the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (fomor in Gaelic, andernas on the Continent) too, were about to give battle.

The gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (fomor in Gaelic) were horrible to see and their heavy frizzy hair resembled the locust swarms already come in the plain of the pillar stones or of the mounds to crush with taxes or tributes the noble Children of the Goddess Danu (bia) as well as their families. It was a black and countless crowd this dark army, come from Africa by boatloads. Their clothing was dark and short, their tunics thick and coarse. The equipment of this horde was also hideous to see: it had an abundance of thick lances like timbers and heavy armors.

After having run to the encounter of the TD, they threw themselves to the ground, face and chest downwards, and one as of theirs exclaimed: "Everyone in position for the opening of the eye of Balaros! "Then he ordered releasing the venomous eye filed with poison from the chains and from the bonds which maintained it closed.

One day that the sorcerers of his father were to be made boil magic potions, Balaros had come to look in the cauldron, and some poisoned steam went into his eye. Since then, it had become so malefic that he never opened it, except on a battle field. Twenty-seven men must lift his eyelid with a steel hook carefully polished, while turning to him their back in order not to see him.

When an army met this eye, it was paralyzed by it immediately and could no longer resist somebody, even while being a thousand times more numerous. Twenty-seven solid warriors of the gigantic wyverns (called andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic) stood up at once, and removed the chains and the bonds keeping closed his eye. With a steel hook, they lift the scaly skin of the eyelid of the monster, and they opened the thick curtain which was behind. Frightened with this sight, the TD too, threw themselves to the ground, behind their shields, in order to protect themselves from the jets of venom of the poisoned eye, except obviously for the bear without fear who was Lug long armed. Balaros did in front of him, to frighten him, or to challenge him, some horrible contortions. T. D. began to be gripped with panic, and this all the more that Balaros did not stop fixing them with his eye, in order to see if somebody was still able to confront him by throwing a spear at him. But nobody in front of him moved on the battle field: the Children of the Goddess remained like paralyzed with astonishment by this gigantic eye, full of poison and burning or frozen venom, at the same time fire and water. Except Lug of course! Balaros closed again his eye and our hero made the most of the situation to call to Gobannos for help. He whispered to him: "Give me heaviest, most terrible, most dangerous, of your sling bullet, that I burst his eye ". Gobannos waved to his hundred and fifty apprentices and the latter came, as quick as lightning, when they heard their master calling, to help him to melt most extraordinary of the sling bullet ever made. They took hundred and fifty tongs but, whatever the way they go about, they did not succeed in seizing the bullet, so much it was heavy and burning. Gobannos therefore took tongs himself and caught the lead bullet with one turn, in spite of the cloud of fire or smoke which was released from it. But as Lug began to find the time passed slowly, he made himself more urging

"O Gobannos my friend
 Quickly, hurry up,
 Because with one blow, only one
 I can stop outright any jet of venom from this eye
 Real cauldron of paralyzing poison.
 O you my friend smith,
 Spark of any forge,
 I am not afraid
 And my hand will not tremble.
 Thanks to this bullet of melted meta
 It will burn the eye of Balaros
 And we will be able then
 To crush the gigantic anguipedics quietly. The ground will be strewn with cut heads
 It is today and here
 That the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (Gaelic fomore)
 Must lose forever their empire on this land ".

Gobannos answered him:

"O Lug, royal fighter bubbling of fury
 Your grandfather is there
 He is strong, without fear and agile.
 Here is your sling bullet
 It is still burning, but it is yours
 This sparkling bullet
 Big like three fists.
 It is yours this heavy bit of glowing metal
 Which will be for Balaros and just like that
 The cause of a horrible death.
 Be as quick as lightning
 And act fast, O Lug,
 Aim at the corner of his eye
 Throw this burning mass
 With a force such
 That it goes right through his head!
 Then his fury will be tremendous
 His head will burst out with anger
 And he will die because of that.
 So will end the paralysis of our troops
 Due to the eye
 With a long jet of venomous poison ".

Balaros, who had heard what Gobannos had just said, spoke then to him in these words.

"Poor madman you will pay with your life
 All these stupidities
 I will strike you with my gaze
 And before even that you could do something
 You will have died You have no chance ".

But Lug answered him:

"Balaros, Balaros, me I am not afraid of your eye! "

"Who are you therefore, you, for daring to speak me in this way? The monster exclaimed. Let
 my eyelid be lifted that I see a little the small boaster who dares to speak me thus! "

Then from the threshold of his forge Gobannos finally cast to Lug the still glowing metal sphere.

The two armies threw themselves at once again on their belly, under their shields, face downwards. Except for Balaros and for the twenty-seven gigantic anguipedic warriors who turned him their back to open his eye, and except for Lug also, of course.

Lug took the bullet falling from the sky, made his sling whirl, and threw it with an incredible strength. Lug had well aimed in spite of the distance, and the still burning sling bullet burst the lid of the eye of the Cyclops, as well as the thick curtain of flax put behind. The head of Balaros was pierced right through by it, and it became like a big empty lantern. The violence of the blow had struck down his eye; it was no longer from now on only a formless and monstrous mass lying behind him.

It is so that the eye of Balaros was torn off at the beginning of the battle of the Plain of the standing stones or of the mounds. Balaros then fell flat on his back, on his own army, while crushing the twenty-seven warriors who were behind him. Their heads were thrown in the air then landed on the chest of Indicios, son of the goddess-or-demoness, or fairy, of the depths, Domnu (Gaelic Dé Domnann), and a flood of blood spouts out of his lips.

Let Leitos Letoglastos be called immediately for me, Indicios exclaimed. I want to know who had succeeded this so catastrophic blow for us.

The grand sorcerer of the race of the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (called andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic), Leitos Letoglastos, son of Luasgach, therefore asked: "Who is the warrior, who succeeded in eluding our vigilance and making spurt in this way from his head the eye of Balaros?"

Lug answered. It is I Lug long armed, the son of Ethniu Erigelaca. It is me who won this fight against the champion of your champions. Such were the first words that Lug spoke to the race of the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (fomor in Gaelic). He heckled then in this way the Children of the Goddess-or-demoness, or fairy if you prefer: "Stand up again, O noble Children of the goddess my brothers, have again the head high. Pick your lances and take again your swords. Let our race go out of this battle field with an increased stature, and with our families freed. Let everyone in the country know that the eye of Balaros is no longer but only a bad memory".

Then Lug changed into an old hideous witch, and went around the two armies face to face, while announcing terrible sufferings to the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (fomor in Gaelic, andernas on the Continent). Or while giving all kinds of encouragement and of fortifying words to the Children of the Goddess-or-demoness, or fairy. So that they fight with ardor this last battle, and that they remain no longer slaves of the gigantic anguipedics: it is better to die for the defense and the protection of the homeland than to remain longer slave.

Lug sang them the song below, on only one foot, with only one hand and with one eye closed ("oechos," and "oenuil" in Gaelic language).

"The battle will break out in the plain
Terrible will be the battle which will break
The waters of the Unius River will be red with blood".

The two armies therefore stood up at once and each one began to run like a madman against his adversary. The noble warriors of the clan of the Goddess Danu (bia) rushed like wild boars charging in order to come to the aid of their young, like a herd of bulls thrown into a panic by packs of wolves with sharp-edged fangs, or like the waves of the sea attacking the cliffs. They rushed towards the heaps of pebbles they had piled up the day before while preparing the ground, and they filled their hoods or their coats with stones hard as steel. Using their slings, they made a true downpour of stones falling on the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (called andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic), whose shields were therefore smashed to bits. Many wyverns and anguipedics (andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic) had the legs or the chest, broken, pierced; some even lost their head. Then the TD dashed forwards to confront them hand-to-hand. The din of the shields violently knocking against each other went up to the sky. One heard for miles around the whistle of the swords whirling in the air before beating down on the heads. Noise of the smashed armors, the shock of the lances, the noise of the club crushing the helmets, the blows of the flail in the legs. Everywhere there was nothing but the cries of pain and moaning. The ones wept or

moaned, the others always upright, howled like madmen and, wild with rage or covered with blood, stripped already their knocked-down adversary. The Morrighu/Morrigan/Morgan La Fey and his sisters flew over the battle field to make the night and some hail falls, violent like a storm, falling there. The soil became so slipping that many fell over the ground and rolled down beside their weapons; but they continued the fight even while floundering in blood, fallen on their knees even flat on their face.

It is at this time that King Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, son of Ectacos, son of Atervolamos, intervened. With hundred men on each one of his flanks, he went into like a wedge in the enemy army. With strokes of lance, he fought his way, bloody, to the great king of this cursed race, Elatio, son of Taran/Toran/Tuireann Beccoreo Deluato. He was indeed, him and his guard, making a true massacre of Toutioi Deuas. The shock between the two battalions was terrible and all collapsed in pools of blood, wild with blows and tiredness, except Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd and the great Elatio. They rushed one against the other, like starving wolves pouncing on a young deer, and each one rose against the other his poisoned lance with the shaft blood reddened. Using a heavy iron mace, each one took it out on the shield or the helmet of his adversary. They ended up being smashed to bits. Then they clap their hands upon their sword and they began to hit themselves each other like madmen. Their body was soon only a huge red and open wound.

Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd nevertheless succeeded in dealing Elatio such a violent blow that his sword pierced his chest. Lug arrived on the spot, cut off the head and brandished it in the air while holding it by the hair. Far from being demoralized by the death of their king, the gigantic anguipedics and the wyverns (andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic language) on the contrary resumed their dirty work. Trenos, son of Triscatalis, another one of their chiefs, launched even an attack on Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd in order to avenge the great Elatio. The rattle of his huge sword, cutting in the bones as in the flesh, resembled the noise of a warship attacking, and in front of his lances TD began to disband to throw themselves in a headlong flight. Ogmios had to intervene to stop it. Shield against shield, they fought then a hard battle. Their lances broke thrice. The fight was so violent that their shields helped no longer and the sides of our two heroes were soon only also an accumulation of bloodstained flesh. When Lug had realized the situation, he ran and cut off the right leg of Trenos. This last pivoted to return blow for blow, but Lug destroyed him and cut off his head. Then the most famous fight fiend that man ever saw, intervened, Anlounos the great one, son of Balboscalo. He threw himself in the battle against the T.D. in turn and begins to slaughter them or to cut them to pieces downwards, in spite of their large shields, because he was a giant a hundred cubits taller than the Toutai Devas. Dergos Boduos, the son of our good Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, threw himself against him like a bear in anger and over his shield with a broad rim performed to him the thrust of the ball of thread unrolled, from left to right [[undoubtedly a secret sword thrusting, the language of this version is the pre-modern Irish of the 17th century but includes traces of an older state of it].

"It is not that which will save you!" the great Anlounos shouted at him. The two adversaries rushed one against the other while inflicting themselves so horrible mutilations that nobody dared longer look at them after that. Lug turned back and fought his way in their direction, but the violence of these engagements was such that his lance was broken. Lug nevertheless having been able to arrive just behind Anlounos, he stabbed the broken shaft in his back, just between the two shoulders. Anlounos looked back suddenly, and failed to knock over Lug. But at once after, with some great shouts of rage, he began again to hit Dergos Boduos without stopping. Our two heroes succeeded nevertheless in taking his lance and in turning it on him. It went through him entirely and even went to stick into the ground behind him. Anlounos collapsed and his weapons fell between the hands of Lug or of Dergos Boduos who stripped his corpse at once while letting out howling in triumph. It was then the turn of Lophach, son of Lobos, to throw himself in the battle. He brought everywhere death and destruction in the ranks of the noble warriors of the people of the goddess Danu (bia) and behind him the ground was quickly strewn with beheaded corpses. Medros Mordhalach, another son of the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt, blocked the way before him like a furious onrush in spate. They raised their shield at the same time then, carried away by this first attack, and mutually pierced their sides with strokes of lance. The great Lophach fell over and Lug ran to cut off his head before Medros has time to do it. It was then the turn of Tadicós, the son of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, to intervene. He began to cut to pieces the gigantic

anguipedic battalions. Most famous of the wyvern anguipedic champions, Loisgionn Lom, son of Lomghluinech, set off at once in his pursuit, by cutting to pieces in turn battalions of T. D. The arm of the two men streamed literally with blood. Lug intervened. The anguipedic collapsed and Lug cut off his head. It was then the turn of the master of the secrets of forge, Gobannos, son of Ethniu, to throw himself in the melee. He laid out his men at each corner of the battle field and it was a combat "phalanxes of bloody lances against phalanxes of bloody lances". The gigantic anguipedic (fomore in Gaelic, andernas on the Continent) who came to his encounter, was too a famous blacksmith, because it was Greas, son of Grioghar. The two craftsmen therefore get out their lances and began to clash. Seeing their father in a bad situation, Grinne Gaibhtheach and Baothbhuillech, his sons, came to his help. When Lug heard the shouts of Gobannos forced to fight alone against three, he ran to lend help to him and slaughtered Grinne Gaibhtheach then Baothbhuillech. Gobannos spared nevertheless Greas, out of respect for him.

Three famous anguipedic champions, Fiaclach Faobhuirdhearg, son of Connach; Seimhne Sithfhada and Moisi Mearamhnas, threw themselves in turn in the battle, and made a true massacre of Toutai Devas, whose bodies began soon to cover the plain behind them. Three of the most famous TD champions, some heroes with superb presence and highly colored, were necessary to stop them. They were Labratios Vadolamios, son of Tadicós, son of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd; Cairbre Crom, son of Ulcomaros, and Siodmall, his son. The noise of their encounter, sword against sword, shield against shield, was so violent, that Lug heard it very distinctly in spite of the noise made by the other singular combats. The long-armed and fierce striker champion caught up with Fiaclach Faobhuirdhearg, Seimhne Sithfhada and Moisi Mearamhnas; and beheaded them with only one stroke of his sword. The great king of Africa called Indicios, son of the goddess-or-demoness, or fairy if this word is preferred, of the depths (Domnu in Gaelic), the favorite hero of the race of the gigantic anguipedics and of the wyverns (called andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic); asked then his two sons, Octorigillacos and Aer Eochairghleannach: "Is it required to leave all these dead without revenge?"

"Not to avenge ours would be a shame, the two brothers answered. And we will never have more beautiful opportunity than this combat in the plain of the stone pillars or of the tumulus". Therefore they threw themselves too in turn in the melee of the fighting and the heads fell in front of them like ripe nuts when the branches are shaken. Stopped by the wall of shields which the men of Ogmios opposed to him, Indicios concentrated his efforts on the son of Elatio, and Ogmios had to fight a really fierce combat to him. Without pity were these two champions that all opposed. The blows of clubs fell like hailstones and the stroke of swords too. The shields shattered and their bodies were soon nothing but a huge open wound. The trickles of blood spouted out of their crooked blows could have made the paddle wheel of a mill turning. Calling for all his might in a last effort, Indicios finally succeeded in striking a fatal blow to Ogmios, who fell down at once to be beheaded there right away by his faithful sword. The two shamans of the TD, Catumailos and Bronnia, ran then to avenge his death. Indicios and his two sons, Octorigillacos and Aer Eochairghleannach, succeeded in staunching their attack. Octorigillacos struck the two shamans then brought back their head and their spoils to Indicios, but Catumailos and Bronnia were avenged at once by Lug. He succeeded indeed in slaughtering, just after, Indicios and Octorigillacos, and the TD, relieved, let out a howling in triumph. Then Cunnos Crumiopennacos, son of Dotios, rushed to the noble warrior of the clan of the goddess named Airdechtach, son of Elatio. The onslaught was indescribable. There still, Lug ran to intervene: he dealt Cunnos Crumiopennacos so many blows that the latter dropped dead to his feet.

LAST DEVELOPMENTS.

An extraordinary thing happened, at least according to the bard named Luatolicnacós: the grandson of Nanto Noiocrotacos, Balaros Balcobeimnacós, came out of the coma where the sling bullet melted by Gobannos had plunged him.

"Quite alive and always likewise strong.

As a flame shooting up from under ash
Again ready to the fighting and the battle
Against the Children of the Goddess
Again ready to wipe out the TD kings
In spite of their fury and of their pride".

The chief of the race of the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (called andernas on the Continent or fomor in Gaelic), the ferocious Balaros, therefore took again his weapons and came back to fight. Catullina Crapouesclaca the witch, his wife, followed him with six nasty warriors called Baoth, Guach, Greannach, Uath, Amuid and Urghrain, all armed with a heavy iron flail. Other groups of gigantic wyverns and anguipedics began again to be on the march behind them, raised, it is not known how, from all the nooks and crannies of the battle field. One led by Sneidhe Sreangfhada, son of Seanghann, one led by Faobhur Fioramhnas, son of Beis, one led by Pennomaros Vadocoxsos (from Crete), one led by Rinne Roudiodergos (from Rhodes), one led by Subha Ordanhada (from Sicily), one led by two sons of Tabharn, Torna Torncheannach and Liath Luasgach. On all sides therefore, the gigantic anguipedics gathered, behind Balaros the Barbarian, for a last counter-attack. All went then very quickly. Balaros marched at the head of the front formed by the wyvern and anguipedic warriors (andernas/fomore) surviving. He tried thrice to break through the tight ranks of the Children of the Goddess-or-demoness, or fairy if it is preferred, making each time hundreds and hundreds dead. All around him the ground was strewn with cut heads or corpses, and some streams of blood ran under his feet. Anxious of such a reversal of the situation, Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd himself ran to stand in the middle of the bloody furrow plowed by Balaros. The latter made his shield shattering and pierced his side. Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd asked for another shield to his men. As soon as he had one, he and Balaros rushed again one against the other violently. Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd began to lose his blood in abundance. Streams of blood leaked indeed from his wounded sides and he was only from now on a living wound. The paralysis seized little by little his members, he collapsed on the ground. Balaros approached him, beheaded him, and proclaimed his feat everywhere around him. It is in this way that Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd died. It is in the first battle of the Plain of the standing stones or of the mounds that his arm was cut off; it is in the second that his head was cut off. The great Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt came near Balaros and shouted at him: "Stop bragging about this victory, because you will be yourself beheaded for that ". And he rushed against him. The fight between the two warriors was so dreadful that they had because of that their body mutilated as soon as the first attack. Catullina Crapouesclaca, the queen of the witches, wife of Balaros, ran to aid of her husband. She left in the direction of Dumha Choille Carrthuine, a place located at the west of the Plain of the pillar stones or of the mounds, and it is there that the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt continued with her, in his own way, the current fight. Lug appeared then again on the battle field like a bull made thirsty for blood. He made a breach in the enemy front by killing hundreds of theirs before him and a hundred others on each side. Three anguipedic champions tried to stop him, Sligacos Senoboarios, Reisi Righfhada and Subach Ordanhada. Vainly because they had to flee. Lug chased them, caught up with Subhach Ordanhada having taken refuge on the hill located in the west of Mag Treaa, and destroyed him with only one blow of his sword. Hence the name of this place after that, "Subhach." Then Lug set off again in pursuit of the two other deserters. The first to be caught up with was that who had left while running towards the west, Reisi Righfhada. The blow which Lug struck to him was so violent that his head literally jumped up, and that it fell down in bushes. Lug succeeded in recovering it with his javelin and hid it somewhere on the hill. Thus the aforementioned hill became haunted, for a long time, because Lug forgot to come back to take it. During centuries and centuries, the severed head of Reisi each year at this place, at the time of Samon, and this during all night, let out long and mournful moaning. These sighs made the surrounding heights and hills trembling, and each time the frightened sheep ran to huddle up in the plain located down below. "It was thus until Eitcheann Doire comes, in other words, Colum, son of Feidlimid, to teach the true belief in God. Then and then only, the ghost of Reisi left the hill and never came back there ".

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 45.

This addition of the Christian transcriber of the legend is interesting in more than one way. Buried at the top of this hill, the head of Reisi therefore played here exactly the same part as that one of the famous Welsh king Bran, on the white hill of London (Gwynrryn). It frightened everybody who was not of his side (at least each November 1st). The intervention of Saint Colum putting a stop to all that is, of course, on the other hand, a "golden" Christian legend as we saw it.

Sligacos Senoboarios was the third victim of Lug. Lug caught up with him close to the brook of the whitish source (spruta glisas dubronas in old Celtic, Sruth An Tobair Ghil in Gaelic), and whereas he fled towards north. He slaughtered him on the spot just like that, hence the name of the brook after that, Sligacos. Then Lug returned to the Plain of the standing stones or of the hillocks to get back in the battle. Pendomaros (of Crete) and Rinnos Roudiodergos (of Rhodes) vainly tried to resist him, but they fell under his blows. It is then, led with the strength born of desperation, that intervened Bregesos himself, the champion of the champions, son of Elatio. He threw the last forces of the wyverns and of the anguipedics (andernas/fomorian) in the battle, in order to avenge his father. He struck on all the sides, driven by the energy of despair: his heavy iron club crushed like ripe nuts some hundreds of heads at the same time.

Lug ran to his encounter and they confronted one another. The ground quaked under the weight of their fight. With blows of his shield, Bregesos wounded thrice the hero of the Tribe of the Goddess-or-demoness, or fairy. With his left hand Lug made him the thrust of the edge of the shield [same notice that previously. The Gaelic formula is difficult to translate. It is not a question of a secret weapon but of a secret technique, in the sword handling].

The last surviving gigantic anguipedics let out a long curse cry and made raining down on Lug a hail fall of javelins. All were smashed to bits by the whirling of Lug's shield. This one, well sheltered behind this fortress with insurmountable crenelations, dealt such a violent blow, on the upper part of the shield of Bregesos, that he was half-beheaded by it at once and that he had... [Here is a rather incomprehensible sentence, considering what happened next]. Encouraged by this news, the children of the Goddess made a strong come back on all sides, blowing and striking without mercy in the ranks of the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (called andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic). The warriors with five headed lances fought last and furious combat against them. The whole air quivered with their shouts of pain or with their cries for help. Once again Lug ran to defeat the foreigners come from overseas, and they began again, Balaros included this time, to flee in all directions. Balaros went towards the east with a strong troop of surviving gigantic anguipedics, and they succeeded in reaching the oak forest of the harpist of Pendomaros (Coille crotan ceandmhor in Gaelic), but it was in vain. The first to be caught up with, then beheaded by Lug was Loman Lom, son of Lobos. Hence the name of the place from now on: Leithcheann leitrach leman. Then it was the turn of Cuilleach Correos, son of Tinni Thorbhuillech. Hence the name of the place from now on: oaks of Cuillead (Doire Chuillig in Gaelic). Sealgan son of Putios was the third one. Hence the name of this place after that: Snamh Sealgain. Eangha Ardmhor, son of Piollchat, was the fourth one. Hence the name of the place then: Mag Eangha.

Lastly, it was the turn of Mothran Michuirdeach to be caught up with. He hardly put up resistance and was slaughtered too by Lug. The scale of the rout was such that the flight of the gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (andernas on the Continent, fomor in Gaelic) was headlong and that they did not leave a tree upright behind them, in their mad dash towards the sea. Hence the name of this place consequently: Reinomagos. The son of Mothran, Dearca Dianbhuilleach, having moved away from the rest of the deserters to try their luck towards the North-West, Lug realized the thing and killed him with only one cast of his sling. Hence the name of this place after this event: Acate Derci. Then Lug set off again towards the east in order to continue to run after the routed army, and still succeeded in killing with sling bullets the three Corrchuinn Chruaidhe. Balaros and the deserters tried to benefit from that to disengage by hiding in wood, but it was in vain. Lug caught up with them and killed them almost all, hence the name of the place precisely after that, Caldo Marousion (the wood of dead, Coill Mharb in Gaelic). And the massacre continued. Lug killed Ludur Munnmhor, the son of Loisgenn Lomghluinech, hence the name of this place after that (Snamh Ludair).

He did not stop therefore and continued his butchery to Qadtaira Crouinda (Cathair Crouinn in Gaelic, a place later considered as being Temhair/Tara in the apocryphal texts having euhemerized this myth). While saving only a single warrior. But the latter having therefore fled further towards the east, in the direction of the sea, Lug caught up with him a little above the shore, hence the name of the place from now on, Carnon Oinoviri. As for Balaros, having finally found the sea in front of him, with a heavy heart he had to turn back in the direction of

the Plain of the pillar stones or mounds, while trying to avoid Lug of course. The latter then turned back too, and continued to track him through the whole country, like a fox, but while hurting him in any way, as if nobody had ever begun to fight in the Plain of the standing stones or of the mounds. The two sons of Barbarossa, Belatos and Bandios, in order to protect the flight of their father, launched against Lug their last thirty warriors commanded by Ogmios (the son of Badna son of Tinne Thortbhullech) and by Toichioll Tinneasnach. There were the three Dergoi of Vailinios, Corrcheann Cosfhada, Lodan Leith Dhearg, Longhur Ingneach, sons of Lodan, Trenomarus son of Tredhor, and some others. All or almost were also killed by Lug, and the champion of the Children of the Goddess continued his harsh pursuit. Balaros and the last surviving wyverns or anguipedics crossed the plain of Grechatur, which therefore was called after that Catumagos (the plain of the battle). But once arrived in Mag Treaa, Lug slaughtered Badhna, hence the name precisely of this place in Mag Treaa from now on: Tulach Bhadhna. Then they crossed the river called Fainghleanna Na Fola, which was called Buil then. Lug killed the son of Badhna there, Ogmios, hence the name of the ford from now on, Ath Oghma For Buil. Balaros continued to flee, in the direction of Mag Ndeag. He went through Fiodh Nais and arrived in the plain of Mucroimhe. Lug killed there his last two sons, Belatos and Bandios, hence the name of the place consequently, Feart da Bheluid. The first to disengage from the main body of the deserters then was Toircheann Tinneasnach. But he also fell under the blows of Lug finally, hence the name of the place then, Feart Toirchinn (since it is there that Lug cut off his head).

Balaros continued on his way in the direction of Sleibo Maqion Lubiani (Sliab Mic Luibni). Corrcheann Cosfhada in turn having been left behind by the main body of the deserters, he also died under the blows of Lug. Hence the name of the place precisely after that, Glanna Correocendi (Gleann Corrchinn). Balaros preferred to flee to Truim Rusgach, while going through Fan Na Fiesta, and then to Coll In Tsluaigh, while going through Sliabh Luis, through Muine Na Miorrioghna, through Spruta Siennes, and finally through Magh Radharcaigh Rughraide. Lug caught up with them and slaughtered Tredhorn, hence the name of the place after that, Leacht Na Laochraide. Balaros continued through the hill of Grannona. Londos Letodergos fell there under the blows of Lug, hence the name of this place from now on, Londo. Balaros went then to Drumann Deaghaid and to Farloch Logha. Longhair Ingnech fell there under the blows of Lug, hence the name of the place from now on, Clochan Mic Longhair. Balaros ran then to Dunadh Dibheirge, where Ivocatuos the son of Ercos and the Fir Bolg Gauls had formerly begun by defeating the TD.

It is at this place that the three Dergoi of Vailinios stopped finally, to face their tireless pursuer, hence the name of the place after that, Dergon Drotsmen, because they died here one by one under the blows of Lug. Balaros took refuge then to Caoille Mic Neachada then to Miodhabhainn then to Linn Léith. Then at the end, in the darkest and remotest parts of On-Eachach, in a very irregular landscape, far in the South. But Lug threw him a javelin which broke his spinal column. Balaros looked back towards Lug and told him then.

"You are bravest
Of all the warriors, I knew
O son of Ethniu Ambiderca
And this is why your madness nevertheless
Is worth of my blessing.
Remember the love of your grandfather
For your mother.
I even took care of your education.
O my son, don't humiliate me more
Because it is only in front of you and you only
That I will have ever fled".

LUG answered him.
Your request is impossible to satisfy, O Balaros
Because the worst for you would be to have your life spared.

BALAROS.
I do not ask you for sparing my life
But for satisfying my last will.

LUG.
Which will?

BALAROS.
"My head is not that of anybody
And as nobody is so beloved by me like you
This is my last wish:
If you are able to cut off my head
Put it on yours
As a helmet And by this means you will inherit
My strength and my power ".

"I will take this advice if nothing is opposed to it! "Lug answered him.

And they rushed one against the other, uplift by the same rage to overcome. Each one has the right to the hardest and the most skillful thrusts of the other, and each one used, to overcome, all the secrets of his art. Such a fight was never seen, but Balaros had already so much lost blood that his strength began to give up. Lug cut off his head put it on a portal tomb which was at the side. The head dissolved the stone and the portal tomb burst in four pieces, so great was the heat released.

"Your last will was not very friendly to me
O Balaros, sighed Lug,
Because if I had put your head on mine
As you asked I would be today in thousand pieces
Like this portal grave ".

Lug took again the head and pushed it into a fork out of wooden of hazel trees. He returned then in front of the beheaded corpse while wondering what another piece of evidence of his victory and of the death of Balaros he could well bring back to the TD.
"What I will be well able to bring back other as a trophy, since the head is so dangerous to transport? A leg, an arm, an ear, the nose? That does not prove anything! Somebody can have a leg an arm or an ear in less, and still be alive ". For want of anything better, Lug therefore cut off his leg at the level of the knee. But on reflection, he also carried the head, on his hazel tree fork, in order to bring back as soon as possible to the noble Children of the goddess Danu bia), the evidence of the death of Balaros as well as the evidence of his victory. But as the leg of Balaros became increasingly heavier, as he walked, he gave up the foot of it at Mara Abonna, hence the name of this place from now on, Ath Troighead. And he continued therefore only with the rest, to Gualainn Ghairb. There the rest of the leg began to swell then to rot, and the worms began to eat its flesh.

Lug felt badly, and gave up the leg corroded by the worms in a hole, then came back to Mara Abonna to take again the foot there. Then he returned with high speed to the Plain of the menhirs and of the mounds, by taking all the possible and conceivable shortcuts. A last engagement took place there with three thousand wyverns or anguipedics still alive (andernas/fomorian), gathered behind the warriors called Baoth, Gruig, Greannach, Uath, Amuid, Urghrain, Eolarg Catha, Ri Mbuidhe, Buinne, Cinnleith Caireathuir, Artur Mor, and around the three Deirg of Tor Chonuing. The TD responded, alert and raring to go as if there had never been a battle before. Noise of the clubs smashing the armors or crushing the helmets against the rocks... the goddesses of the war went then went again above the battle field. Mala Miach fell in front of Taran/Toran/Tuireann Beccoreo Deluato, and the anguipedic witches fell in front of the goddesses of the war. Lug crushed the others with only one stroke of his sword. So died out the last gigantic wyverns and anguipedics (called andernas/fomorian in Gaelic). To escape the revenge of the great hero of the Tribe of the Goddess, their sorcerers changed themselves into standing stones and, so that he can escape Lug too, Gobannos changed into rock their blacksmith, Greas. But Lug advanced towards them to be dealing with them also and therefore they recovered their former shape. Most powerful of them, Loccas Letoglastos, begged Lug to spare them. Lug answered him:

"I never weakened only one moment
 In this battle
 Between the noble Toutioi Devas warriors
 And the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (fomor in Gaelic).
 There were hard combat
 Around Cab and Seanchab
 But after these fights
 Grainc Grianach and Rodubis
 Fell in my power.
 Aretorios fought with heroism
 Buirionn and Lairgionn
 But he was only a very modest plain
 Beside the mountain who was Balaros,
 The horrible monster born of the daughter of Mothran.
 My men had thousands of your champions
 And all alone I had ten thousand In this battle of giants ".

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 46.
 Letoglastos. Gaelic word probably meaning that the right or left half of his body was green
 painted, from head to toe.

CATH MAIGE TUREDH AN SCEL SO SIS OCUS GENEMAIN BRES MEIC ELATHAIN 7 A
 RIGHE

Loccus half-green asked Lug for quarter.
 'Grant my three requests,' said Lug.
 'You will have them,' said Loccus.
 'I will remove the need to guard against the gigantic anguipedic wyverns from Green Erin
 forever; and whatever judgment your tongue will deliver in any difficult case, it will resolve the
 matter until the end of life.'

So Loccus was spared. Then he chanted, 'The Decree (dail) of Fastening'

Then Loccus said that he would give the names of the nine chariots of Lug because he had
 been spared. So Lug said that he should name them. Loccus answered and said : 'Luxta,
 Anagantios Acate, Uecos, Veros, Golla, Uosatis, Crabos, Carpantos.'

'A question then: what are the names of the charioteers who were in them?'
 'Medulos, Medon, Moth, Mothach, Fointinne, Tenda, Tres, Morb.'
 'What are the names of the goads which were in their hands?'
 'It is not difficult to say : Fes, Res, Roches, Anagar, Ilach, Canna, Riadha, Badios'.
 'What are the names of the horses?' 'Can, Doríadha, Romuir, Laisad, Fer Forsaid, Sroban,
 Airchedal, Ruagar, Ilann, Allríadha, Rcedal.'

'A question: what is the number of the slain?' Lug said to Loccus.

'I do not know the number of peasants and rabble. As to the number of lords and nobles and
 champions and kings' sons and emperors, I know, even five thousand and three score and
 three men: two thousand and three fifties: four score thousand and nine times five: eight
 score and eight; four score and seven: four score and six: eight score and five: two and forty
 including Neto's grandson. That is the number of the slain of the overkings and high nobles of

the people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns who fell in the battle. Howbeit as to the number of peasants and common people and rabble, and folk of every art besides who came in company with the great army, for every champion and every high chieftain and every overking came with his own host to the battle, so that all fell there, both his freemen and his slaves, we reckoned only a few of the servants of the overkings. This then is the number that I have reckoned of these (as I beheld): seven hundred, seven score and seven men... ?....together with Sab Uanchennach son of Carpre Colc, son of a servant of Indicios son of the goddess Domnu, that is, a son of a servant of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns.

'As to what fell besides of 'intermediate rank men' ??? (lethdoinib) and of ?.....who did not reach the heart of the battle, these are in no wise numbered till we number stars in heaven, sand of the sea, flakes of snow, dew on lawn, hailstones, grass under feet of herds, and the Son of Lero's horses in a sea storm.'

Thereafter they Lug and his comrades found Bregsos son of Elatio unguarded. He said:

'It is better to give me quarter than to slay me.'

'What then will follow from that?' said Lug.

'If I be spared,' said Bregsos, 'the kine will always be in milk.'

'I will set this forth to our wise men,' said Lug.

Hence Lug went to Maeltne Maros Bretacos, and said to him: 'Shall Bregsos have quarter for giving constant milk to the kine ?'

'He shall not have quarter', said Maeltne; 'he has no power over their longevity or their (offspring) though he can indeed milk them so long as they are alive.'

Therefore Lug said to Bregsos 'That does not save you: you have no power over their longevity and their (offspring) though you can milk them.'

Bregsos said 'Forbotha ruada: Roicht Mailtne' ????

'Is there aught else that will save you, O Bregsos?' said Lug.

'There is in sooth. Tell your judge that for sparing me the men [of Ireland] shall reap a harvest in every quarter of the year.'

Lug said to Maeltne: 'Shall Bregsos be spared for giving the men [of Ireland] a harvest of corn every quarter?'

'The current situation is perfectly appropriate to us'; Maeltne said: 'the spring for plowing and sowing, and the beginning of summer for the end of the strength of corn, and the beginning of autumn for the end of the ripeness of corn and for reaping it. Winter for consuming it.'

'That does not rescue you,' said Lug to Bregsos "Forbotha ruadha, roicht Mailtni," he said.

'Less than that rescues you,' Lug said.

'What?' said Bregsos.

'How shall the men [of Ireland] plow? How shall they sow? How shall they reap? After making known these three things, you will be spared.'

'Tell them,' Bregsos said, 'that their plowing be on a Tuesday, their casting seed into the field be on a Tuesday, their reaping be on a Tuesday.'

So through that stratagem Bregsos was let go free.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 47.

The decree of fastening. Its definition is given by the Lebor Baile-Mota, the book of Ballymote (page 284). Is amhlaidh dognithe isidhe, troscadh for fearand in righ dia ndenta in duan ocus comorle .xxx. laech & xxx. espoc & xxx filedh im air do dhenum iartain....Glamh in meic furmid ar in coin, glamh in fochlocon ar in erridh, glamh in duis ar in... ? . glamh in chanad ar in mnai, glamh in cli ar in mac, glamh in anradh for in fearunn, glamh in olloman for in rí. Thus it was made: there was fasting on the land of the king for whom the poem had been composed, and a council of thirty laymen and thirty bishops and thirty poets as to making a satire afterwards.The curse of the Mac furmid fell on the hound: the curse of the fochloc on the dress: the curse of the doss on the arms: the curse of the cano on the wife: the curse of the cli on the son: the curse of the anradh on the land: the curse of the ollam on the king.

It is, of course, an etiological legend, a craze of the Irish intellectuals of the Middle Ages: to find an explanation for each one of their habits or their laws or their institutions, even eccentric. Very frequent phenomenon in the sacred texts of the mass religions. Genesis 3, 14 is a first example of it. This whim ascribed to God is a childish explanation (because ignoring the reality of the evolution of the species) of the fact that snakes do not have legs.

Through that stratagem Bregos was let go free. The elements making it possible to understand this legal easy way had to disappear from the text, either involuntarily through centuries, or voluntarily because of the censorship of the Christian monks having written down all these myths or at least all that it remained. This applies to any oral tradition and that also concerns the mass religions like Judaism Buddhism Islam. With regard to Christianity a very good example is provided to us by the various versions of the parable of the minas or of the talents where it is preferable not to follow the rule of the *lectio difficilior*. A part of the text is to be missing, what made the conclusion incomprehensible: "That unto every one who has shall be given; and from him that has not, even that he has shall be taken away from him." "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me."

In that fight, then, Ogmios the champion found Orna the sword of Tethra, a king of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians. Ogmios unsheathed the sword and cleansed it. Then the sword related whatsoever had been done by it; for it was the custom of swords at that time, when unsheathed, to set forth the deeds that had been done by them. And therefore swords are entitled to the tribute of cleansing them after they have been unsheathed. Hence, also, mysterious powers (*brechada*) are preserved in swords thenceforward. Now the reason why demons used to speak from weapons at that time was because weapons were worshipped by human beings at that epoch, and the weapons were among the safeguards of that time. It is of that sword that Loccos Half-green sang this lay: *Admell maorna uath*, etc.

Now Lug and the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt and Ogmios pursued the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorians), for they had carried off the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt's harper, whose name was Uaitne. Then they reached the banqueting house in which were Bregos son of Elatio and Elatio son of Deluato. There the harp hung on the wall. That is the harp in which the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt had bound the melodies so that they did not sound until by his call he summoned them forth; when he said this below:

Come Daruoblato!
Come Cor Qetuar Qariion !
Come summer, come winter!
Mouths of harps and bagpipes!

Now that harp had two names, even *Dur-dabla* (the two oak leaves) and *Cor Qetuar Qariion* ('Four-angled music').

Then the harp went forth from the wall, killed nine men, and came to the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt. And he played for them the three things whereby the true harper is distinguished, to wit, sleep strain and smile strain and wail strain. He played wail strain to them, so that their tearful women wept. He played smile strain to them, so their women and children laughed. He played sleep strain to them, and the hosts [of anguipedics] fell asleep. Through that sleep the three of them escaped unhurt from the gigantic anguipedic wyverns though these desired to slay them.

Then the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt brought ?.... through the lowing of the cow which had been given him for his labor. For when she called her calf all the cattle of the kingdom which the gigantic anguipedic wyverns had taken as their tribute, grazed. Now after the battle was won and the corpses cleared away, the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/ Morgan Le Faydaughter of Ernomos proceeded to proclaim that battle and the mighty victory which

had taken place, to the royal heights of Green Erin to the hosts of the sidh and its chief waters and its river mouths. And hence it is that Bodua also describes high deeds.

'Has you any tale?' everyone said to her then. And the Bodua said:

'Peace up to heaven,
Heaven down to earth,
Earth under heaven,
Strength in everyone, etc. '

Then, moreover, she was prophesying the end of the world, and foretelling every evil that would be therein, and every disease and every vengeance. Wherefore then she sang this lay below:

'I shall not see a world that will be dear to me.
Summer without flowers,
Kine will be without milk,
Women without modesty,
Men without valor,
Captures without a king.
..... ?.....
Woods without masts,
Sea without produce,
..... ?.....
.....
.....
Wrong judgments of old men,
False precedents of judges,
Every man a betrayer,
Every boy a reaver.
Son will enter his father's bed,
Father will enter his son's bed,
Ciamain cach a bratar,
Everyone will be his brother's brother-in-law or father-in-law????
..... ?.....
An evil time!
Son will deceive his father,
Daughter will deceive her mother.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 48.

Orna. The first part of this paragraph is, of course, an etiologic legend, one more, as there is in all the great sacred books. Archeology did not index any talisman nor magic formula inserted for example in the pommel of a sword even if many movies the action of which happens during the Middle Ages, refer to them. Let us be clear and let us recognize that already during the time of Independent and Free Great Celtica, the Celticum or Celtic empire described by Livy in connection with King Ambicatus (mythical sovereign at the same time religious and temporal fighter), and just like during the Middle Ages later, some swords were regarded as more or less magic, and that therefore it was accepted to swear an oath on them (implied: if I lie this sword will punish my perjury one day or the other, in a way or in another). Seen through the racist lens of the triumphing Christianity (which forgets a little quickly obviously magic value of its crucifixes or of its baptisms or of its signs of cross) here what that produced!

Bagpipes. This instrument in reality seems unknown to ancient Celts and, horresco referens, it would seem that in fact the Roman legions introduced it in Western Europe. The unmemorable Celtic nature of the bagpipe belongs to the generally accepted ideas like there

are so much of them in the head of the non-manuals of our modern societies, just like the sacrifice of the sheep at the time of the festivals or of the pilgrimages of original Islam. BECAUSE THE FIRST ANIMALS SACRIFICED BY MUHAMMAD OR THE FIRST MUSLIMS WERE NOT SHEEP BUT CAMELS. JUST LIKE THEIR PAGAN ANCESTORS. The later generalization of the recourse to the sheep took place only to look less heathen and more “monotheistic” (of the Abrahamic type).

COUNTER-LAY (NEO-DRUIDIC COMMENTARY) No. 49.

First part of the comment.

The text that we have just perused here synthesizes therefore BRIEFLY several different variants.

- The First battle of the Plain with the standing stones or the tumulus (battle fought by the god-or-demons against people speaking a P-Celtic language apparently, some Fir Bolg, some Gauls, etc.)
- The Fate of the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann.
- The Second battle of the Plain with the menhirs or the mounds (battle fought by the god-or-demons against various archaic, primary or negative powers).
- The Second battle of the Plain with the pillar stones or the tumulus, second version.
- As well as some other various texts.

The second version of the Second battle of the Plain with the menhirs or with the tumulus is, of course, a text of late transcription (middle of the 17th century). But in mythological literature all our texts are late transcriptions. Supposing that Virgil and Homer are not too already late compared to the theoretical Indo-Europeans of linguistic and religious prehistory. The epic piece where we find the second battle of the Plain with the standing stones or mounds is much older than the part relating to the first of these battles, which is the duplicate of the second. That is true if one takes into account the age of the language in which the text is written, but an old text adapted or translated into a more recent language, still remains, as for the contents, an old text.

According to the state of its language, the first version of the Second battle of the Plain with the standing stones or with the mounds is of the 15th century and the second of the 17th. But the contents are infinitely older than the container, even if the defects of the container somewhat deteriorated or skinned the contents. It is important to emphasize that our documentation represents two or three respects different - and not necessarily convergent or divergent - of a traditional mythological corpus. There are perhaps some lucky coincidences in this presentation of the things but also perhaps just the opposite if one considers that we have not there, by the way, the complete state of the myth. But which is or which would be this complete state? We know of it pieces full and varied, it is already an appearance of seriousness. Moreover, there can be traditional variants, without the Irishmen being concerned about unifying them or coordinating them, or even attenuating their contradictions. Because such features are not, precisely, inherent in mythologies poor in documents. Let us admit temporarily that the analysis of our texts is sometimes delicate. But it is far from being unrealizable. If some transcribers, considering the dominant ideology of the time, inflicted on the account serious distortions, or interpolated in it elements belonging to other legends, it is to us to see them.

The digressions are rare and all belong to the material of the account. We do not say anything, of course, of some warts like the gloss which mentions the date of the Trojan War, in the first version of the Second battle of the Plain of the standing stones and of the tumulus. The scholarship, even heaviest, is not enough here to wipe out mythology.

In any event, our aim is the approach or the comprehension, of certain mythological texts, and not the exhaustive study of one mythology. But having said that, we considered and we will always consider, as insignificant, the contingencies of location or relative dating. It is not very much important indeed that we find or not, in real toponymy, a mythical place name, or that a mythical date is, or is not, without historical correlation. It is on other bases that it is necessary to interpret or to use the concrete meticulousness of Irish descriptions. When traditional texts are late transcribed, the questions of chronology become very relative, and it is more important to distinguish the original themes and schemes through or, if necessary, in spite of the Christian or not, erudite repairing, when they exist. A text is indeed always a whole, and an incomplete textual analysis leads inevitably to an erroneous mythology. Let us point out that the myth, whatever its form, is less a history than an explanation. And mythology is even more erroneous when there is a fundamental mistake as for the "genesis" of the text: everything

well considered, the Christianity of the medieval Irishmen did not kill pre-Christian mythology; it did not more adulterate it, it did not change “the evolution of it”: it was dead. It simply renamed it “History” and, by doing this, it preserved it, as people preserve fruits in alcohol.

Remind of the abbreviations.

First battle of Mag Tured or Cath Maighe Tuireadh I = CMT I.

The first version of the second battle of Mag Tured or Cath Maighe Tuireadh II = CMT II.

The second version of the second battle of Mag Tured or Cath Maighe Tuireadh III = CMT III.

Major theme of the CMT, the necessity of the pushing back of the primary, archaic and underground forces: the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (that people call andernas on the Continent, fomorians in Gaelic); by the luminous or celestial powers: the Toutai Deuas; who are at the beginning inextricably combined. What the name of Deluato/Delbaeth illustrates which means “undifferentiated shape,” at least in Gaelic, and which often describes Taran/Toran/Tuireann.

The description of Elatio is also imbued with the magic of the Other World, from which Elatio comes besides, since he arrives by the sea, on a silver boat. The abundance of gold in his equipment and his clothing tends to make him a “solar” character, and not a traditional gigantic anguipedic, ugly, dark and deformed. Here the common theme of the messenger (or especially of the she-messenger) of the Other World was used combined with that of a birth being out of the ordinary. In spite of their different “nationality” Iveriu and the great Elatio are respectively, a son and a daughter of Deluato/Delbaeth (who is, as we announced it higher, etymologically, the indistinct “shape”). They are therefore a brother and a sister what makes their union at the same time incestuous and primordial. Bregsos is not and cannot be a king like the others. He is not a usurper in the usual meaning of the word since it is the Toutai Deuas who invited him to come to the throne. But he is not either completely legitimate, because he carries out, in fact, an interregnum due to the elimination of a sovereign tentatively or temporarily disqualified. He did not seize power. It was entrusted to him in a revocable way, and all the more revocable there is no transition, not even tiny time interval, between the coming to the throne and his bad use of the power.

Furthermore, the throne is given to him in consequence of an argument (imcosnam) between the men and their wives. Bregsos is immediately the bad king who imposes the tribute of the Andernas or of the Fomoiré, his parents, and who reduces to poverty by his miserliness, because the tribute which he imposes does not spare any home, since his taxes apply to anything and everything (even noses, here is an idea for our current leaders!) Another aspect of this tyranny being the hard personal work dues imposed on the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt and Ogmios. Because it is here the sign of an execrable government that these disgraceful tasks imposed to great and valorous warriors. In spite of his mother Iveriu, Bregsos did not become Fomoiré or Andernas by bad luck or fate, by a chain of facts of which he would not be entirely responsible. He is so in essence, by his nature, by his behavior, and in that he is foreign to the Toutai Deuas; he is even their worst enemy. Bregsos is “brother” of the Sucellus Dagda Gurgunt and of Ogmios, only in accordance with a genealogy, in a way previous to the difference between good and evil, on the level of the “indistinct shape”. Unless, of course, they were, like in the case of the Nazarene Jesus, pure forgery from the evangelists in this field (see Luke 3 and Matthew 1).

As for the suggested explanation of the name of Bregsos, it is purely analogical. Bregsos is “beautiful” only in accordance with his royal function and the visible origin of his father Elatio, who also comes from the Sidhe or Other World.

Let us retain the lesson, valid in all circumstances, that a mythical anthroponym like Bregsos or Nazarene/Nazoraean even Muhammad even Mohammed (the praised one, whereas he was born al Amin, from the name of his mother: Amina) gets serious etymological interpretation only in harmony with its context. The “beauty” of Bregsos is illusory. (Editor’s note. The beauty of the half-blood Bregsos is in a way the beauty of the Youth or of Lucifer.

The women find Bregsos attractive, but his beauty remains artificial, that will lead the country to ruin and disaster. The half-blood Bregsos will not be able to prevent himself from exploiting the people at the head of which he was hoisted by the vote of women).

In connection with the last bargaining of Bregsos (to save his life). In the past of Bregsos, neither his noble birth, nor his behavior, predisposes him to be the master of the milk or of ears, nothing, except his royal quality. It is not indeed by stupidity or incompetence that Bregsos, king usurper (but usurper legal, called by the Toutai Deuas themselves) "does not grease the knives "of his guests or does not take care that the breaths of the chiefs "smell of ale ".

It is by avarice, and also more simply by contempt of his subjects that he claims to rule or tax by force. The conditions which earn grace to him are especially compensatory. They compensate the Toutai Deuas for the consequences of a bad reign and, like some rare international conventions, this agreement is destined to last because it is at the same time intelligent, just and concrete. What is far from being the case today considering the intellectual and moral mediocrity of our leading classes (professional politickers, professional philosophers and other professionals of selective indignation like still professional mass journalists, artists and sportsmen, without forgetting imams or pious Muslims high rabbis, priests or bishops and other ministers of the church of the alleged Reformed or Orthodox religion: the popes).

Bregsos, king dethroned or forced to resign, but whose magic power is still intact , restores, in exchange for his life, to the people he oppressed or milked , at the same time right, power, and means of being prosperous. Toutai Deuas do not wish and will never wish anything more, and his third proposal, apparently a trick of which we are unable to detect or feel the subtlety, will therefore earn Bregsos to be spared.

A note about the number of dead killed in the battle. The comparisons of the paragraph regarding them are vivid. They were as numerous to die as:

- The stars in the sky.
- Snowflakes.
- Dewdrops.
- The grass under the feet of the horses.
- The waves of the sea ("the horses of the son of Lero ").

There cannot be a question of taking these numbers seriously, because, on this account, the only army of Fomoire (which people call Andernas on the Continent) would have had more senior officers or generals than all the armies allied together of the Second World War. The case is identical to that one of the census of the mercenary warriors of Medb at the beginning of the account of the rustling of the cows of Cooley. The infiniteness is a mark of the Other World. In her appraisal of the forces of chaos, underground, or negative, even malefic, Ireland does out exactly as for its definition of eternity: she translates in a way or another into human words, accessible to our understanding, some notions which normally are not subject to any numerical measurement (according to the great Breton celtologist Christian-Joseph Guyonvarc'h).

Second part of the comment (in conclusion).

The Irish text (Cath Maigh Tuiread) should not mislead us. It was in any way (it could be in no way) in the initial pan-Celtic myth, a Manichean fight (the Manicheanism having been besides one of the first great forms of Christianity since Mani himself was Christian in the beginning, from the religious current founded by Elchasai or Elchasai, and that saint Augustine passed without too many problems from Manicheanism - he was Manichean for nine years - to Catholicism) between forces of the absolute Good and forces of the absolute Evil; analogous to that one of Spenta Mainyu and Angra Mainyu in Zoroastrianism, or of the son of light against the sons of darkness in this other primitive form of Christianity which was Essenism; but rather of a fight between two rival families of preternatural or supernatural powers (celestial or chthonic?) comparable to that one of the Aesir and Vanir in Germanic mythology. This evolution in the form of the original pan-Celtic myth, which was thus

appreciably warped in Ireland, is due to three main reasons. As regards the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorians there was in this country an obvious demonization of the aforementioned entities, under the double influence of Christianity then of Viking invasions. The local wyverns and anguipedics were compared to all that could be more negative in the Bible, and then combined with the Scandinavian pirates who attacked Ireland at the time. As regards the tribe of the goddess Danu (bia) called Tuatha Dé Danann in Ireland, there was a historicization or euhemerism backwards: the former gods became good Irishmen, "normal" or almost. Not without a certain dose of humor or self-deprecating, at the very least of a subtle mockery between the lines; from the bards having spread these tales and legends. But there had never been absolute antagonism eternal and until the final and definitive extermination, between them, since there were on the contrary mixed unions even temporary alliances between the two sides and that some of the Fomores could even sometimes put on a beauty all "luciferian": the youthful beauty.

Let us say that it is rather a fight between forces of still unorganized even underground chaos, and forces of the natural order of the human type (or more exactly the superhuman type in fact). Type "order emerging from chaos, countryside or humanized nature emerging from the jungle or from the initial silva." Because there has never been dualism so absolute and so coarsely Manichean in fact between Good and Evil in the initial druidic thought, there were only relative or moderated dualisms between forces of the good and forces of less good, between the force of the sun and forces of the shade (of the shade and not of darkness), between clear gray (the children of the great goddess or Tuatha Dé are not perfect: they are almost human) and dark gray (Fomores) according to the Schools of thought.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF MIS.

The Battle of the Mountain of Mis is a battle that has taken place, according to Irish meta-history, between men (Gaels, son of Mil) and gods of the goddess Danu (bia), at the beginning of historical time.

Micheal O' Cleirigh/Henry Lizeray/William O'Dwyer.

The wind increased on them thereupon, so that it separated from them the ship in which was Donn and he was drowned at the Dumhacha. Twenty-four warriors of valor, twelve women, and four mercenaries, with their folk, are the tale that were drowned with Donn in that ship. After that, Donn was buried at the Dumhacha ; so that from him "Donn's House" is called, and there is his own grave mound, and the grave mound of everyone who was drowned of the chieftains of his people with him, in the aforesaid place. Now Dil, daughter of Mil, Eremon buried her for the love he had for her, so that he said in putting a sod on her :this is a sod on a dear one.

These are the chieftains that were drowned with Donn at that time : Bile son of Bright, the commander Febra, Buas, Breas, and Buaighne. Ir was buried on the cliff of Iorras, as we have said above, Erannan died in the creek after going to contemplate the wind...When the sons of Mil reached land in the creek we have mentioned, and when they had buried the troop of their nobles of them who had died, Eremon and Eber the White divided the fleet with their chieftains and men in two between them. Eremon sailed after that with thirty ships, keeping Ireland on his left hand, and he landed in the harbor of Colptha. These are the chieftains that were with him : Eber son of Ir, Aimhirgin the poet, Palap, Muimhne, Luighne, Laighne, Bregha, Muiheimne, Fuad, Cuialnge, Colptha, Goisten, Setga, Suirge, Sobhairce. The last three were champions. These are the servants that were with Eremon : Aidhne, Ai, Asal, Mide, Cuibh, Cera, Ser, Slan, Lighen, Dul, Tregha, Line.

In putting his right foot on shore in the estuary of the Colptha, it was then Aimirgin said the song :

I am the wind on the sea.
I am a wave of the ocean.
I am the roar of the sea.
I am a powerful ox.
I am a hawk on a cliff.
I am a dewdrop in sunshine.
I am ***I am a boar for valor.
I am a salmon in pools.
I am a lake in a plain.
I am the strength of art.
I am a spear with spoils that wages battle. ..??????????

Editor's note . The rest is rather obscure and caused a lot of ink to flow whereas the essential is not there. The main thing is the occultation of the gods which followed.

He sang afterwards to increase fish in the creeks...

As for Eber the White he stayed in the south with thirty ships with him, till they came afterwards in the hosts of the battles that were fought between them and the Tuatha De Danann.

These are the chieftains that were with Eber : Lughaidh son of Ith, Er, Orba, Feronn, Fergna, the four sons of Eber, Cuala, Blad, Ebleo, Nar, Én, Ún, Etan, Caicher, Mantan, Fulman. The last six, Én, Ún, etc., were champions.

These are the men that were with him : Adhar, Aighne, Deisi, Dealda, Cliu, Morba, Fea, Liffe, Femen, Feara, Medha, and Olba.

When the sons of Mil reached one place, they made no delay till they reached the mountain of Mis ; and the battle was fought between them and the Tuatha De Danann, so that the

victory was with the sons of Mil, and a number of the Tuatha De Danann were killed in that battle. It is there that Fas, wife of Ún son of Uicce, fell, from whom is named the valley of Faise. Scota, wife of Mil, fell in the same valley; from her is named "Scota's grave," between Sliabh Mis and the sea.

THE BATTLE OF TAILTIU.

There exists another battle just as important in Celtic mythology, that which was formerly fought for the possession of Tailtiu (Talantio, the countryside or farm land personified by the goddess Rosemartha on the Continent), a battle fought for the total control of the country, for the control of the rest of the country. Strangely enough, this battle gave place only to a very small number of texts. What's more combined with the Milesian invasion of Gaels, of which the probability is totally doubtful. This last invasion does not belong to the primitive pan-Celtic myth and had to be invented during the Middle Ages to justify the claims of certain families, ruling, or desiring to be so. Forgery in genealogical matter is not a new phenomenon. See the many examples of completely illusory genealogies found in these manuscripts (is it needed to specify that any genealogy going back to the man by the name of Adam, it is in Quran or elsewhere... can be, how to say, only suspect!) But let us return to our mysterious battle of Tailtiu.

Henry Lizeray/Micheal O Cleirigh/William O'Dwyer. The sons of Mil went afterwards to Tailtin, and another battle was fought between them and the Tuatha De Danann there. Vehemently and hard-heartedly was it fought, for they were from morning till evening contending, bone-hewing, and mutilating one another ; till the three kings and the three queens of Ireland fell there — Mac Cecht, by Eremhon, Mac Cuill by Eber the White, Mac Greine by Aimirgin, Eriu by Suirghe, Banba by Caicher, and Fodla by Etan...After that the Tuatha De Danann were routed to the sea, and the sons of Mil and their host were a long time following the rout. There fell, however, two noble chiefs of the people of the sons of Mil in inflicting the rout, namely, Fuad in the mountain of Fuad, and Cuailnge in the mountain of Cuailnge, together with other warriors besides, who fell together on both sides. When the Tuatha De Danann were crushed and expelled in the battles that were fought between them, the sons of Mil took the lordship of Ireland.

THE BATTLE OF DRUIM LIGHEAN.

Another defeat inflicted on the god-or-demons by human beings: the battle of Legion Drotsmen (Drom or Druim Lighean).

ALTROM TIGE DA MEDAR ("the fosterage of the house of the two pails" version V). Altrom = fosterage, tige = house, da = of the two, medar = vessel for milk: pail.

As regards the Toutai Devas, we will say still what follows. Their most famous heroes and their warriors, having been once again defeated at Legion Drotsmen (Drom or Druim Lighean *), the noble Belinos Barinthus (Manannan) called them to know what it was necessary to do. It was decided by them to settle under the hills and in the Sedodumnon. Dergos Boduos and Belinos Barinthus Manannan shared sovereignty then Belinos Barinthus (Manannan) carried out the division of the land among the noble ones. Dergos Boduos therefore settled in Sidh Buibh above Loch Dergert, Medros the proud one in the sedos of Truim, Tadicós the great, son of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd, in the sedos of Droma Dean... And to each one of the Toutioi Devas whom consequently a fief and a throne were needed, Belinos Barinthus (Manannan) assigned a fief and a seigniory. Then he made the vegtos vidtuos (feth fiada), the feast of Gobannos, and swine, for the warriors. Thanks to the vegtos vidtuos (feth fiada), the god-or-demons became invisible, and thanks to the feast of Gobannos they escaped age and decline. As for the swine, each time people killed one of them, they found it again well alive the following day. Belinos Barinthus Manannan showed them also how to arrange their fortresses or their residences so that they resemble the palaces of the Land of Promise or of Aballomagos. In order to thank him, each one then invited him to pass at his place at least once a year, as soon as all would be finished. So that he gets what he deserved, or what was owed to him (his tributes), in each visited palace.

* Glenn Faisi in some variants. Cf. Druid Corin Braga: the missed search for the Western Avalon.

APPENDIX No. 1.

What is therefore the reason why the god-or-demons (the Toutai Deuas) wanted at all costs to contend with the Fir Bolg Gauls and therefore with the men in fact, for the possession of the earth, their earth ?????This part of the original pan-Celtic myth is incontestably that on which we have less information, and therefore that which made us dream most. We have other information sources, of unequal value, on this subject. The Germanic legends and the mentions of the ancient geographers. But let us go back, first of all, and to begin on the Celtic tradition, and particularly on the medieval Irish legends as we could see.

These apocryphal legends kept the notion of four cities islands occupied by the Toutai Deuas: Falias, Findias, Murias and Gorias. Some transpositions apparently rather later of the Lebor Gabala and of the Cath Mhaighe Tuireadh, respectively locate this mythical Falias in north, Gorias in the east, Findias in the south and Murias in the west. But what credibility to grant these medieval mystical directions with regards to the sacred mythical geography of the ancient high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht)? We find also a Tir fo Thuinn = land under the waves (Teres uo Tondnas) emerged only at the time of low spring tides, an island known as Fionnchair, and various other more limited mentions. Definitely more mythical still, the island of Emain Ablach (Emania Aballaca) evoking apple trees, an Aballacon to compare to the mythical Aballomagos. The ancient Greek geographers too, spoke about Thule, the island of Kronos and, more concretely, some islands of Friesland or of the Chersonesus cimbrica (i.e., of Jutland). In a more mythical way still, Plato too spoke about the Basileia and Timaeus about the Basilia i.e., the "Royal City." A synthesis enables some hypotheses as for the location of the remains witnessing this partial submersion of a Hyperborea, which was not only imaginary apparently (Doggerland -4000?). A disaster which had somewhat to mark the memory of many generations of Proto-Celts, Proto-Germanic and proto-Illyrians, and thus to contribute, perhaps, to the formation of the legend of Atlantis among Greeks. But as for the "hyperborean" Europe which was the starting point, it is only proto-history although confirmed by many convergent indications and by traditions as well Celtic as Germanic.

MURIAS. The name itself is a problem. Murias indeed appears to be a name derived from *mori* = sea, but is it really logical to call "Sea"... an island? This mythical notion peculiar to the Gaelic tradition has perhaps rather as a distant origin, in this case, the name of a tribe having the word "sea" (*mori*) in its name (like the Morini on the Continent). From the confusion of ancient Mediterranean knowledge about the countries considered as "hyperborean" emerges for example (in Greek) the name of Meropes (oi Méropés). A ethnonym which appears to result (in Greek still) from a confusion with that of the islanders of Kos, but which can also have as a distant origin, a name of Celtic speaking people drawn from *Mori*. In the Greek Theopompos ("Theopompus"), this name became even that of the inhabitants, theoretical, of the North American Continent, whose existence was then supposed if not known.

FINDIAS. In Findias everyone agrees to see a notion of whiteness. Celtologists think that Findias probably means "the White one" a name deriving from the Celtic adjective *uindos/-a/on*. The Goidelic word Findias would come then from a shape of *Uindiassos type resulting from the root *Uinda. We could therefore make a connection with the promontory of Uindogara in Caledonia (today Girvan, on the Ayrshire coast, in Scotland), or also with Fionnchair, later Gaelic name having the same etymology. But there are many islands made "white" either by their sands or their cliffs, or, more northern, by their snows or their glaciers.

FALIAS. Some authors proposed for Falias an etymology of the type Ual (is). With the idea of "an enclosed field" therefore a name of the kind *Ualiassos to explain the later result in Falias. And certain islands of the Irish legends are actually endowed with fences, surrounding them or dividing them on the contrary into four. For example, that which will be explored by the Hesus Cuchulainn in the Feast of Bricriu and the exile of the sons of Doel Dermot, in Gaelic language Fled Bricrend 7 loinges mhic nDuil Dermait. "The island was large and beautiful. It was surrounded with a silver wall and a bronze palisade". Others, on the other

hand, thought of *fo-alias < uo-alisan = under rock, which would then evoke a Rock Island with crevices (an island having rock shelters therefore, in a way). But this notion of Rock Island or cliff is not a pillar of strength for us.

GORIAS. Celtologists thought of an etymology of the Gortu type = heat, leading to a shape in * Gorriasos, by the fall of t, which is semantically tenable. "Kingdom of fire and heat," in connection with the sword of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd the dispenser who is also a fisher. But this hardly helps us to find it, unless to locate it in Iceland, the island with hot water and geysers, really known of the Irish navigators...

Islands therefore surrounded by mysteries and legends. But nevertheless let us try to see there more clearly. And with this aim in view therefore let us comb through the writings of the ancient geographers on this subject: Thule, the Ogygia of Plutarch (located to the west of Great Britain), distant five days' sail, the island called Abalum in Pliny (Book XXXVII chapter XI section 5) and Basilia in Timaeus [+ Gorre Island the Middle Ages will add].

- Island of Falias. Undoubtedly matches the Thule of Pytheas. Symbolizes one of the entrances of the underground other world. Also evokes by play on words the stone of Valis (Fal in Gaelic language). The famous stone brought to "Temhair/Tara" (the lingam of Temra, which was a stone of the destiny or of the coronation, formerly) having given later the stone of Scone dear to our sisters or brothers in Scotland.

- Island of Findias. Perhaps matches the Abalum about which Pliny speaks (Book XXXVII, chapter XI, section 5) and the Basilia of Timaeus.

One of the best known Breton legends, and also the least understood, is that of the city of Ys. We will keep of this tale, become edifying, the following elements, which appear essential. The northern origin of Dahut-Ahes, her birth on the sea, and the death of her mother (there is here a substitution of character), her fascination for the sea, her final swallowing up under the sea waters.

In Wales, it is especially the legend of Gwyddno Garanhir which is closest ...

Notes on the "dolorous stroke" and the transformation of Hyperborea into "Wasteland" (its twilight).

"Drasidae (sic) memorant re vera fuisse populi partem indigenam, sed alios quoque ab insulis extimis confluisse et tractibus transrenanis, crebritate bellorum et adluvione fervidi maris dibus suis expulsos" (Timagenes, quoted by Ammianus Marcellinus, book XV, chapter 9, paragraph 4).

"The druids [Latin drasidae] affirm that a portion of the people was really indigenous to the soil, but that other inhabitants poured in from very remote islands on the coast, and from the districts across the Rhine, having been driven from their former abodes by frequent wars, and sometimes by inroads of a tempestuous sea "(adluvione fervidi maris, literally: by the flood of a heavy sea).

This quotation of Timagenes is without any doubt the last echo ON THE CONTINENT of what we have just seen and which is extracted from the Irish legends like the Lebor Gabala Erenn, let-we repeat it once again. This myth THEREFORE EXISTED ALSO AMONG THE GALLIC DRUIDS (cacography by a copyist: Drasidae). THE MENTION OF AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS IS A PIECE OF EVIDENCE FOR THAT.

The flood also mentioned by the Irish traditions (particularly about Banuta/Cessair and her people, etc.), on the other hand, is without any doubt a Christian "and antedated" distortion" of the theme of the swallowing up under the billows, of Hyperborea. See for example what says Keating, who, of course, did not understand something of the myth of the dolorous stroke and of the Wasteland, and wants to know only the Bible. The fragments of tales or of legends developing this mythical theme (the dolorous stroke changing Hyperborea into Wasteland)

and whose last ones hardly go back to the 19th century; at least as regards their transcription; mention various wars between the human beings. In particular about the Argantoroston (Argatros, name of a rather mysterious port located in the country of the Géisil). The concept of "Wasteland" of the romances of the Round Table is the distant memory of this disaster. Let us remember all these accounts of disasters which mark the end of one time, in most mythologies. War between the god-or-demons, war between God or the Demiurge and some harmful beings, anger of the God-or-demons against human beings, a God-or-Devil wounded who is healed, a God-or-Demiurge killed who rises from the dead (this last case containing all the symbolic system of Christianity. The God-Man is doomed to the death in his bodily cover, but his divine substance is immortal: resurrection, as said it so well Paul of Tarsus, is the very foundation of the faith). These theomachies causes universal earthquakes, floods, destruction of cities under fire falls and other "legends" which are probably only some distorted or mutilated History.

Each account develops more or less the same framework. Here are some examples. In the prose continuation of the story of Merlin, ascribed (wrongfully) to Robert de Boron, a knight called Balain or Balin (Belin/Belen/Belenos???) arrives at the Grail castle and wounds there King Pellam with a stroke of his "spear." Then something like a blinding flash of lightning shines forth. All the men are struck by a kind of avalanche of "lightning"; they die, get sick, are maimed, trees and harvests are destroyed. Same thing in the death of Arthur by Thomas Malory (old French *Le morte d'Arthur*, chapters XV and XVI).

"There stood a table of clean gold. Four pillars of silver bare up the table, and upon the table stood a marvelous spear, strangely worked. When Balin saw that spear, he got it in his hand, turned him to King Pellam and smote him surpassingly sore with it. King fell down in a swoon. Therewith the castle roof and walls broke in their turn, and fell to the earth. Balin fell down too so that he might not stir a foot nor a hand. The most part of the castle was fallen down through that dolorous stroke, lay upon Pellam and Balin three days. Then Merlin came and took up Balin then got him a good horse, for his was dead.... Then Balin departed from Merlin and said to him: "We will never any more meet in this world." And he rode forth through the countries and cities which not long ago had been flourishing. He found there people dead, slain, on every side. And all those were still alive cried, "Ah! Balin, you have caused us great damage. For the dolorous stroke you gave unto King Pellam, three whole countries were destroyed." In Percival, the country of the Wasteland is laid waste, peopled with gaunt phantoms who find no longer something to drink or eat cold and lack of light having killed entire vegetation. It prevails something like a perpetual winter in this country without the sun. In the Search for the Grail, an atrocious heat prevails at the time when the king is wounded in a blinding flash of light, a devastating wind blows, and an impenetrable cloud hides the sun. The Wasteland, where all constructions disappeared, bears no longer plants, nor animals. All the fish are died, the men dead or struck (it is noticed that the "maimed" king, seriously wounded in the bottom of his body, symbol of sterility, has his face covered with a veil, what is generally a sign of leprosy). The surviving women are sterile, waters have disappeared.

Summary therefore of the effects of the dolorous stroke having perhaps caused the end of Hyperborea. Lightning, hurricanes, blinding flash of light, atrocious heat, strong wind, are its first effects. Then a cloud of blackish dust rises which recovers all the Earth and does not disappear. The sun is made invisible, so for a long time that one despairs to see it to rise anew, the animals and the fish, the plants, disappear; the human beings are sick, maimed, disfigured, dead. The survivors look phantoms, the women become sterile, the towns are destroyed, the roads impassable, the whole in the scenery of never-ending winter.

It is necessary to admire the persistence of this tradition in legends of Celtic origin, and One must admire the persistence of this tradition in legends of Celtic origin, and especially wonder when the disaster could have occurred. There is an end to everything, including the best of collective memories. The problem could be solved only by great specialists. We can think, in

the meantime, that the phenomenon so exactly evoked by these legends can hardly go back beyond the oldest memories of thinking mankind , i.e., some thousands years at the very most.

Strangely enough, this Celtic myth of the (new) beginning, therefore resembles the various German myths of the world's end. Fire and darkness forces forming an alliance with the earth monsters, with the sea and underground monsters, destroy the visible world, while the god-or-demons and the men, exterminate themselves. St Patrick will be able to remember that in his prophecies on the swallowing up of the island at the end of time.

APPENDIX No. 2.

NOTE ABOUT THIS OCCULTATION OF THE GOD-OR-DEMONS.

The vegtos vidtuous or feth fiada was, of course, instituted so that the men do not come unduly to take part in the feast of the god-or-demons. And, consequently, to get immortality to which they are not entitled, because they do not deserve it. This withdrawal out of the world, of the Celtic god-or-demons, was, of course, completely misunderstood by the Christian authors having followed. Here for example how the bard Flann Mainistreach mac Echthigrin (dead in 1056), viewed things in his time.

The people of the children of the goddess Danu (bia) ,
A company like to crystal,
Yough they say in various ways,
False men of history,
That the people of this cursed race were sid folk ,
The belief is displeasing to Christianity.
Ni maith la Crist in creideam.

Whoever believes in his heart
That they are thus in sid mounds,
He shall not inhabit Heaven of the angels,
For the cause that it is no truth to which he hearkens.

Gebe creidis co n-anmain
A mbeadli a sidhaibh samlaigh,
Ni aitreabha neam na neart,
Domnai nadh fir nos-eisteadh.

Though men of false learning say
That the people of ships and of drinking beakers
Are in Promised Land (Tir Tairngire)
The only Promised Land here spoken of which
The Children of the goddess Danu (bia) have,
It is the ever-narrow steading wherein is judgment ;
It is the lowest Hell.

Literally
Baile bith-sheang a mbi breth;
Ai is e in t-ifearnn lchtarach.

Here at least something clear from this follower of a mass religion of love like Islam or Judaism. It is a very good example of the eternal claim of the mass monolatries which are Judaism Christianity and Islam to hold a greater part of universal truth (when it is not the Truth with a capital T) than a simple quite thought philosophical paganism.

But what seems fair enough under the circumstances, the men also can enter the sidh, and fight battles inside, on behalf of the god-or-demons, or for themselves. It is what Cuchulainn does, on the routes leading to the Other World, when he goes to seek his initiation as a warrior before marrying Aemer, or in the incidents of the Serglige. And at the end of the adventures of Nera, the sidh is damaged, even if it is, under that name, only a hill where a high-ranking person of the Other World is supposed to reside. In druidic mythology indeed, the man is able to overcome the god-or-demons, as we saw it already.

“For other nations undertake wars in defense of their religious feelings; they wage war against the religion of all the people; other nations when waging war beg for sanction and

pardon from the immortal gods; they have waged war with the immortal gods themselves” (Cicero. Pro M. Fonteio oratio, section XIII). Hence the following prophecy of Callimachus on this subject.

“And one day hereafter you will come to fight with us a common struggle,
When the Titans of a later day rouse up against the Hellenes barbarian sword and the Celtic
Ares,
And from the furthest West rush on like snowflakes
And in number as the stars when they flock most thickly in the sky” (Hymn to Delos IV).

APPENDIX No. 3.

TOPICALITY OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF MAG TURED.

Counter-lay (neo-druidic commentary) No. 50.

Beginning of the second battle of Mag Tured.

"Without food
Quickly served on a beautiful dish
Without good cow's milk
Without shelter for the night
Without money;
To be so will be from now on soon
All the prosperity of Bregesos,
There is no wealth at Bregesos."

End of the second battle of Mag Tured.

"I will see a world which I will not like.
Summer without flowers.
Cows without milk.
Women without decency.
Men without courage.
Trees without fruit.
Sea without roe.
Bad advice of the old men.
Bad judgment of the judges.
Each man will be a traitor.
Each boy a robber."
Etc. Etc.

As we already had the opportunity to point it above, unlike the difference of the Latin or traditional satire, which is a literary work, the Celtic satire is a moral denunciation, often combined with various predictions, and pronounced by a member of the priestly class, a high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht) or a veledé. Following the example of the prophets of the Old Testament, the satirist bard praises for the prince to whom he is attached or blames the enemies who try to harm him. But he will also blame his own prince if he comes to behave badly. In the same manner there can be false prophets, it can also be, of course, false satirists, some satirists misusing the credulity of one or others. The legal disposals cracking down on unfair satire in Ireland provide us major information. In the mind of the ancient or medieval lawgiver, the satire was not a spurious calumny or, as in our time - what amounts almost to the same thing - a poetic or literary, particular genre, cultivating at the same time spite, humor and irony... It was only the statement of a truth, the pursuit of a certain justice.

APPENDIX No. 4.

OF THE NEED FOR PUTTING GOD OR THE GODS IN THEIR PLACE AT TIMES.

Soon after, as if the spoils of mortals were too mean for him [Brennus], he turned his thoughts to the temples of the immortal gods, saying, with a profane jest, that "the gods, being rich, ought to be liberal to men." He suddenly, therefore, directed his march towards Delphi, regarding plunder more than religion, and caring for gold more than for the wrath of the deities, "who," he said, "stood in no need of riches, as being accustomed rather, to bestow them on mortals." (Justin. Book XXIV,chapter VI).

APPENDIX No. 5.

ON THE NEED FOR REBELLING AGAINST GOD OR GODS, ALL THE GODS, WHATEVER THEY ARE WHEN IT IS NECESSARY.

....I suppose Induciomarus, when he testified, had all these fears and all these thoughts; he, who left out of his whole evidence that most considerate word, to which we are all habituated, "I believe," [Latin *arbitror*] a word which we use when we are relating on our oath what we know of our own knowledge, what we ourselves have seen; but said that he knew [Latin *scire*], everything, he was stating...Do you think that those nations are influenced in giving their evidence by the sanctity of an oath, and by the fear of the immortal gods, which are so widely different from other nations in their habits and natural disposition? For other nations undertake wars in defense of their religious feelings; they wage war against the religion of all the people; other nations when waging war beg for sanction and pardon from the immortal gods; they have waged war with the immortal gods themselves (Cicero. Oration for Marcus Fonteius).

APPENDIX No. 6.

ON THE NEED STILL FOR REBELLING AGAINST GOD OR THE GODS, ALL THE GODS, WHATEVER THEY ARE, WHEN IT IS NECESSARY.

Official journal, February 12, 1895.

In the form of society which was previous to ours, there was at least harmony between the ideas and the facts, between the things and the words: there was a social hierarchical order as there was a matching religious hierarchical order; there were a social resignation and a religious resignation; there was a scale of creation, at the top of which were the higher powers and God, as there was a scale of the society, at the top of which were the noble one, the priest and the king; and there was neither fraud nor ambiguity: the serf knew that he was in front of God equal to the noble one; but he also knew that, from the order of the same God, as long as he would be on earth, he would be a serf. There was no social hypocrisy. What, on the contrary, characterizes the present society, with the result it is unable forever to be taught itself and to be expressed itself in a moral rule, it is that there is everywhere in it an essential contradiction between the facts and the words. Today, there is not a single one great word which has its true meaning, full and honest: brotherhood - and the fight is everywhere ; equality - and all the disproportions go increasing; freedom - and the weak are given over to all the power games; property, i.e., close and personal relation of the man and of the thing, of the man and of a portion of nature changed by him, used by him - and here is that property becomes more and more a monstrous fiction which gives the natural forces over to some men, some natural forces of which they do not even know the law, and human forces of which they do not even know the name! Yes, everywhere the emptiness, the hypocrisy of the words. More than one century ago, Diderot had a presentiment of these nearest falseness, when he said in one of his revolutionary thoughts: "To have slaves is nothing; but what is intolerable, it is to have slaves while calling them citizens!" "What must be safeguarded above all else, that which is the inestimable good that can be achieved by man despite prejudice, adversity, and conflict, is the notion that there is no sacred truth; that is to say, nothing is beyond the reach of human investigation. There is nothing greater in this world than the sovereign freedom of thought; it is this notion that no power - inside or outside - any power or dogma, must limit the perpetual effort and the perpetual search from human reason; the notion that Mankind in the universe is a great investigation committee of which no governmental intervention, no - heavenly or earthly - plot should never restrain or distort the operations; this notion that all truth that does not come from us is a lie; that regardless of our attachments, our critical sense must remain acute and all our assertions and thoughts must be impregnated by a rebellious spirit; it is to say that if God's ideal were rendered visible, if God himself stood before the masses in physical form, the first obligation of man would be to refuse obedience to him who he considers his equal, not as a master to whom he must submit himself. Thus are the meaning and the greatness and the beauty of secular teachings in their essence and quite strange are those who come to ask Reason to abdicate, on the pretext that it has not, and will never have, the total truth; quite strange those who, under the pretext that our approach is uncertain and stumbling, want to paralyze us, throw us into the night, through despair of not having a full and complete brightness" (Jean Jaures).

* Because the sacredness it is the Man. It is the Man who made the gods in his image, and not the opposite (which would be absurd), it is him the measure of all things by definition. There does not exist rights of God on his creatures because God was never a demiurge, creator of anything, he is only the soul of the world. As opposed to what mass monolatries and particularly Islam (cf. its notion of Hudud) think, therefore there exist only human rights AND DUTIES towards himself towards his brothers towards the world. It is quite obvious for example that the majority of the behaviors forming part of the hudud category in Muslim sharia are in no way violations of the rights of God (who does not exist in this way) but quite simply violations of the rights of other men, see quite simply the personal case of Muhammad, particularly for all what is adultery and false witnesses, that is quite obvious. Cf. the fits of jealousy of his wives or the adultery charge brought against Aisha. Because rather curiously in the Quran, and unlike Christianity (eli eli lamma sabacthani) God is much worried about the personal destiny of his prophet, not to say of his private life (it is true that Jesus having

stupidly preferred to devote all his energy to his mission hence his celibacy, what a commoner pettiness, he did not have this kind of very middle-class problem). Each time Muhammad has marital or political problems (truce or not truce, etc.) a divine revelation handed down by the archangel Gabriel comes extremely opportunely to relieve his conscience. Quite practical all that! In every case there exist as rights only those you conquered by yourself. If God wants to have rights over men, then let him manage to conquer them by storm and to keep them. Such is the meaning of all these battles of the Celtic metahistory.

APPENDIX No. 7.

BRENNOS AND GREECE.

It is known that some elements of Celtic mythology ended up being shown through in Greek material, and particularly the notion of three horned bull or with three cranes bull, in a Greek comedy of Philemon (see the fragment which was preserved for us by Athenaeus). King Seleucus had sent to the Athenians of the time a tigress. The author proposes to send him in exchange a trigeranon. Joke all the wilder as the Seleucid had been drubbed by the Celts some time before.

"...And Ulpianus, as if he had got some unexpected gain, while Myrtilus was still speaking, said: Do we say tigris in the masculine gender? For I know that Philemon says this in his play called Neaera:

Just as Seleucus sent a tigress here,
Which we have seen, so we in turn ought now
To send Seleucus back a beast from here.
Let's send him a trigeranus; for that's
An animal not known much in his country." (Philemon).

Could it be that in the same way and as in the case of Livy, some elements anything but historical ended up forming part of the accounts concerning this second and quite mysterious Brennus having succeeded or having failed to take Delphi? And, first of all, his apparent ubiquity in the beginnings of the expedition, during the preliminary stage, in 278 before Common Era. Just like in the case of the Brennus in Rome, the greatest blur even biggest contradictions prevail about some crucial points of his epic.

Did the temple of Delphi yes or not end up falling in the hands of his troops (like the Capitol in Rome one century earlier)? If this second Brennos failed just before reaching his goal, why therefore in this case all these legends about the cursed gold brought back from Delphi by certain Celtic tribes? If the circumstances of his suicide are quite difficult to understand, they have nothing impossible; it is not the case of several of the phenomena reported by our ancient Greek authors about the furious fighting having taken place at the foot of the temple. The personal intervention of Apollo as well as Artemis and Athena not forgetting various spirits of late heroes like Hyperochos, Laodocos, Pyrrhos and Phylacos; is to be put exactly on the same level as the intervention of certain angels (Gabriel and 20.000 anonymous others) in favor of the Muslims and of Muhammad at the time of the famous battle of Badr in A.D. 624 or at the time of that of Mons in 1914, even of the miracle of Fatima in 1917. It is a question of faith and not of history! And if some gods some angels and some fairies or some goddesses, appeared in the eyes of all these believers, and had galvanized them, or paralyzed them with terror, then some gods some angels and some fairies or some goddesses appeared. And it is pointless to discuss it! Because in fact WHAT IS BELIEVED HAS AS MUCH CONSISTENCY THAN WHAT IS TRUE (IN THE DETERMINATION OF HUMAN BEHAVIORS).

Moreover there too same comment that about the Brennus having taken Rome (or not) three generations earlier. All these ambiguities put together with the fact that there is at least a non-historical element and this in an unquestionable way in the reports of the fighting around the temple of Delphi, make that it is possible to wonder if there are not others of the same kind in all these accounts, and notably those concerning the character known as Brennus. Historical character or mythical character? Could it be there is a connection between the high feats of the mythical Brian of the Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann of the Gaelic mythology and the exploits of the historical Brennus having taken Delphi in 279 before Common Era, for example one having influenced the other? But in this case is this historical Brennus having taken Delphi who drew his inspiration from his divine model, or the exact opposite, the character known as Brian (luchar and lucharba are only foils) who was little by little worked out by the bards

moving about throughout the Celtic Empire of the time (Letavia or Celticum) while taking as a starting point the deeds of the historical Brennus and this in accordance with what we call euhemerism, in the strictest sense of the word (type Brian resisting Lug = Apollo)? Unless, of course, that there was a reciprocal interplay. Let our readers judge! Here historical documents in question.

Notes.

Pausanias is a Greek traveler, probably born in Magnesia (today Manisa, in Turkey), having traveled all over Greece in the middle of the second century of the Common Era. Pausanias did not want to make history for history and we would be wrong to want to compare him with authors like Polybius or Thucydides. It is less a question for him of constructing a rigorous account and well balanced of the facts than to seek to supplement what his predecessors had already said on the subject, while giving the priority to the eccentric or the strange, and while summarizing, even while overlooking, which is already well known; it is less a question for him of presenting an objective analysis of the causes and of the consequences, of the economic and social conditions, than to insist on episodes or characters who correspond to the vision that he wants to give his readers of the past of Greece. To choose and to supplement, these two criteria therefore give to the history such as Pausanias writes it, the characteristic of an intentional and constant research of the difference, and make Pausanias the author of an original method of historical narration, a method which does not spare him naivety or mistakes. All these accounts have the characteristic of the legends. The details vary and some were obviously invented or enlarged by the popular imagination which historians echoed. Pausanias often takes pleasure to mix history and mythology, and in addition if he saw all the monuments of which he speaks, he could be mistaken, or misled by the guides who provided him information. In the case of Delphi for example, we have exactly the same fantastic accounts about the Persians two hundred years earlier. Then...

DESCRIPTION OF HELLADA. BOOK X.

Chapter XV.

... That the Celtic army would cross from Europe to Asia to destroy the cities there was prophesied by Phaennis in her oracles a generation before the invasion occurred:

"Then verily, having crossed the narrow strait of the Hellespont, The devastating host of the Galatians shall pipe
And lawlessly they shall ravage Asia;
And much worse god will do
To those who dwell by the shores of the sea,
For a short while.
For right soon the son of Cronos
Shall raise them a helper,
The dear son of a bull reared by Zeus,
Who on all the Galatians shall bring
the day of revenge."

And by the son of a bull she meant Attalus, king of Pergamus, who was also styled bull-horned.

Chapter XIX.

I have made some mention of the Galatian invasion of Hellada in my description of the Athenian Senate Chamber. But I have resolved to give a more detailed account of the Galatians in my description of Delphi, because the greatest of the Hellenic exploits against the barbarians took place there. The Celts conducted their first foreign expedition under the leadership of Cambaules. Advancing as far as Thrace, they lost heart and broke off their march, realizing that they were too few in number to be a match for the Hellenes. But when they decided to invade foreign territory a second time, so great was the influence of Cambaules's veterans, who had tasted the joy of plunder and acquired a passion for robbery and plunder, that a large force of infantry and no small number of mounted men attended the muster. So the army was split up into three divisions by the chieftains, to each of whom was

assigned a separate land to invade. Cerethrius was to be leader against the Thracians and the nation of the Triballi. The invaders of Paeonia were under the command of Brennus and Akikhorios. Bolgius attacked the Macedonians and Illyrians, and engaged in a struggle with Ptolemy, king of the Macedonians at that time. It was this Ptolemy who, though he had taken refuge as a suppliant with Seleucus, the son of Antiochus, treacherously murdered him, and was surnamed Thunderbolt because of his recklessness. Ptolemy himself perished in the fighting, and the Macedonian losses were heavy. But once more the Celts lacked courage to advance against Hellada, and so the second expedition returned home. It was then that Brennus, both in public meetings and also in personal talks with individual Gallic officers, strongly urged a campaign against Hellada, enlarging on the weakness of Hellada at the time, on the wealth of the Hellenic states, and on the even greater wealth in sanctuaries, including votive offerings and coined silver and gold. So he induced the Galatians to march against Hellada. Among the officers he chose to be his colleagues was Akikhorios. The muster of foot amounted to one hundred and fifty-two thousand, with twenty thousand four hundred horse. This was the number of horsemen in action at any one time, but the real number was sixty-one thousand two hundred. For to each horseman were attached two servants, who were themselves skilled cavalymen and, like their masters, had a horse. When the Galatian horsemen were engaged, the servants remained behind the ranks and proved useful in the following way. Should a horseman or his horse fall, the squire [Greek *doulos*] brought him a horse to mount; if the rider was killed, the squire [Greek *doulos*] mounted the horse in his master's place; if both rider and horse were killed; there was a mounted man ready. When a rider was wounded, one squire [Greek *doulos*] brought back to camp the wounded man, while the other took his vacant place in the ranks. I believe that the Galatians in adopting these methods copied the Persian regiment of the Ten Thousand, who were called the Immortals. There was, however, this difference. The Persians used to wait until the battle was over before replacing casualties, while the Galatians kept reinforcing the horsemen to their full number during the height of the action. This organization is called in their native speech *trimarkisia*, for I would have you know that *marka* is the Celtic name for a horse.

Chapter XX.

This was the size of the army, and such was the intention of Brennus, when he attacked Hellada. The spirit of the Hellenes was utterly broken, but the extremity of their terror forced them to defend their country....

...When the Hellenes assembled at Thermopylae learned that the army of the Galatians was already in the neighborhood of Magnesia and Phthiotis, they resolved to detach the cavalry and a thousand light-armed troops and to send them to the Spercheius, so that even the crossing of the river could not be effected by the barbarians without a struggle and risks. On their arrival these forces broke down the bridges and by themselves encamped along the bank. But Brennus himself was not utterly stupid, nor inexperienced, for a barbarian, in devising tricks of strategy. So on that very night, he dispatched some troops to the Spercheius, not to the places where the bridges had stood, but lower down, where the Hellenes would not notice the crossing, and just where the river spread over the plain and made a marsh and lake instead of a narrow, violent stream. Hither Brennus sent some ten thousand Galatians, picking out the swimmers or the tallest men; and the Celts as a nation are far taller than any other people. So these crossed in the night, swimming over the river where it expands into a lake; each man used his shield, his national buckler, as a raft; and the tallest of them were able to cross the water by wading. The Hellenes on the Spercheius, as soon as they learned that a detachment of the barbarians had crossed by the marsh, forthwith retreated to the main army. Brennus ordered the dwellers round the Malian Gulf to build bridges across the Spercheius, and they proceeded to accomplish their task with a will, for they were frightened of Brennus, and anxious for the barbarians to go away out of their country instead of staying to devastate it further. Brennus brought his army across over the bridges and proceeded to Heracleia. The Galatians plundered the country, and massacred those whom they caught in the fields, but did not capture the city. For a year previous to this the Aetolians had forced Heracleia to join their league; so now they defended the city which they considered to belong to them, just as much as to the Heracleots. Brennus did not trouble

himself much about Heracleia, but directed his efforts to driving away those opposed to him at the pass, in order to invade Hellada south of Thermopylae.

Chapter XXI.

Deserters kept Brennus informed about the forces from each city mustered at Thermopylae. So despising the Hellenic army he advanced from Heracleia, and began the battle at sunrise the next day. He had no Hellenic soothsayer, and made no use of his own country's sacrifices, if indeed the Celts have any art of divination. Whereupon the Hellenes attacked silently and in good order. When they came to close quarters, the infantry did not rush out of their line far enough to disturb their proper formation, while the light-armed troops remained in position, throwing javelins, shooting arrows or slinging bullets. The cavalry on both sides proved useless, as the ground at the pass is not only narrow, but also smooth because of the natural rock, while most of it is slippery owing to its being covered with streams. The Galatians were worse armed than the Hellenes, having no other defensive armor than their national shields, while they were still more inferior in war experience. On they marched against their enemies with the fury and passion of brutes. Slashed with axe or sword they kept their frenzy while they still breathed; pierced by an arrow or javelin, they did not abate of their passion so long as life remained. Some drew out from their wounds the spears, by which they had been hit, and threw them at the Hellenes or used them in close fighting. Meanwhile the Athenians on the triremes, with difficulty and with danger, nevertheless coasted along through the mud that extends far out to sea, brought their ships as close to the barbarians as possible, and raked them with arrows and every other kind of projectiles. The Celts were in unspeakable distress, and as in the confined space they inflicted few losses but suffered twice or four times as many, their captains gave the signal to retire to their camp. Retreating in confusion and without any order, many were crushed beneath the feet of their comrades-in-arms, and many others fell into the swamp and disappeared under the mud. Their loss in the retreat was no less than the loss that occurred while the battle raged....

.....

After this battle at Thermopylae, the Hellenes buried their own dead and spoiled the barbarians, but the Galatians sent no herald to ask leave to take up the bodies, and were indifferent whether the earth received them or whether they were devoured by wild beasts or carrion birds. There were, in my opinion, two reasons that made them careless about the burial of their dead: they wished to strike terror into their enemies, and through habit they have no tender feeling for those who have gone. In the battle there fell forty of the Hellenes. The losses of the barbarians it was impossible to discover exactly, for the number of them that disappeared beneath the mud was great.

Chapter XXII.

On the seventh day after the battle, a regiment of Galatians attempted to go up to Oeta by way of Heracleia. Here too a narrow path rises, just past the ruins of Trachis. There was also at that time a sanctuary of Athena above the territory, and in it were votive offerings. So they hoped to ascend Oeta by this path and at the same time to get possession of the offerings in the temple in passing. This path was defended by the Phocians under Telesarchus. They overcame the barbarians in the engagement, but Telesarchus himself fell, a man devoted, if ever a man was, to the Hellenes. All the leaders of the barbarians except Brennus were terrified of the Hellenes, and at the same time were despondent of the future, seeing that their present condition showed no signs of improvement. But Brennus reasoned that if he could compel the Aetolians to return home to Aetolia, he would find the war against Hellada prove easier hereafter. So he detached from his army forty thousand foot and about eight hundred horse. Over these he set in command Orestorius and Combutis, who, making their way back by way of the bridges over the Spercheius and across Thessaly again, invaded Aetolia. The fate of the Callians at the hands of Combutis and Orestorius is the wicked ever heard of, and

is without a parallel in the crimes of men. Every male they put to the sword, and there were butchered old men equally with children at their mothers' breasts. The plumper of these sucking babes the Galatians killed, drinking their blood and eating their flesh.

Note of the editor. None of our readers is obliged to believe all what Pausanias writes.

Women and adult maidens, if they had any spirit at all in them, anticipated their end when the city was captured. Those who survived suffered under imperious violence, every form of outrage, at the hands of men equally void of pity or of love. Every woman who chanced to find a Galatian sword committed suicide. The others were soon to die of hunger and want of sleep, the pitiless barbarians outraging them by turns, and sating their lust even on the dying and the dead. The Aetolians had been informed by messengers what disasters had befallen them, and at once with all speed removed their forces from Thermopylae and hastened to Aetolia, being exasperated at the sufferings of the Callians, and still more fired with determination to save the cities not yet captured. From all the cities at home were mobilized the men of military age; and even those too old for service, their fighting spirit roused by the crisis, were in the ranks, and their very women gladly served with them, being even more enraged against the Galatians than were the men. When the barbarians, having pillaged houses and sanctuaries, and having fired Callium, were returning by the same way, they were met by the Patraeans, who alone of the Achaeans were helping the Aetolians. Being trained as hoplites, they made a frontal attack on the barbarians, but suffered severely owing to the number and desperation of the Galatians.

The Aetolians, men and women, drawn up in ambush all along the road, kept shooting at the barbarians, and few shots failed to find a mark among enemies protected by nothing but their national shields. Pursued by the Galatians they easily escaped, renewing their attack with vigor when their enemies returned from the pursuit. Although the Callians suffered so terribly that even Homer's account of the Laestrygones and the Cyclops does not seem outside the truth, yet they were duly and fully avenged. For out of their number of forty thousand eight hundred, there escaped of the barbarians to the camp at Thermopylae less than one half. Meantime the Hellenes at Thermopylae were faring as follows. There are two paths across Mount Oeta: the one above Trachis is very steep, and for the most part precipitous; the other, through the territory of the Aenianians, is easier for an army to cross. It was through this that on a former occasion Hydarnes the Persian passed to attack in the rear the Hellenes under Leonidas. By this road the Heracleots and the Aenianians promised to lead Brennus, not that they were ill-disposed to the Hellenes cause, but because they were anxious for the Celts to go away from their country, and not to establish themselves in it to its ruin. I think that Pindar spoke the truth again when he said that everyone is crushed by his own misfortunes but is untouched by the woes of others. Brennus was encouraged by the promise made by the Aenianians and Heracleots. Leaving Akikhorius behind in charge of the main army, with instructions that it was to attack only when the enveloping movement was complete, Brennus himself, with a detachment of forty thousand, began his march along the pass. It so happened on that day that the mist rolled thick down the mountain, darkening the sun, so that the Phocians who were guarding the path found the barbarians upon them before they were aware of their approach.

Thereupon the Galatians attacked. The Phocians resisted manfully, but at last were forced to retreat from the path. However, they succeeded in running down to their friends with a report of what was happening before the envelopment of the army of the Hellenes, was quite complete on all sides.

Whereupon the Athenians with the fleet succeeded in withdrawing in time the forces of the Hellenes from Thermopylae, which disbanded and returned to their several homes. Brennus, without delaying any longer, began his march against Delphi without waiting for the army with Akikhorius to join up. In terror the Delphians took refuge in the oracle. The god bade them not to be afraid, and promised that he would himself defend his own. The Hellenes who came in defense of the god were as follows: the Phocians, who came from all their cities; from Amphissa four hundred hoplites; from the Aetolians a few came at once on hearing of the advance of the barbarians, and later on Philomelus brought one thousand two hundred. The flower of the Aetolians turned against the army of Akikhorius, and without offering battle attacked continuously the rear of their line of march, plundering the baggage and putting the carriers to the sword. It was chiefly for this reason that their march proved slow. Furthermore, at Heracleia Akikhorius had left a part of his army, who were to guard the baggage of the camp. Brennus and his army were now faced by the Hellenes who had mustered at Delphi, and soon portents boding no good to the barbarians were sent by the god, the clearest recorded in history 1). For the whole ground occupied by the Galatian army was shaken violently most of the day, with continuous thunder and lightning. The thunder both terrified the Galatians and prevented them hearing their orders, while the bolts from heaven set on fire not only those whom they struck but also their neighbors, themselves and their armor alike. Then there were seen by them ghosts of the heroes Hyperochus, Laodocus and Pyrrhus 2); according to some a fourth appeared, Phylacus, a local hero of Delphi. Among the many Phocians who were killed in the action was Aleximachus, who in this battle excelled all the other Hellenes in devoting youth, physical strength, and a stout heart, to slaying the barbarians. The Phocians made a statue of Aleximachus and sent it to Delphi as an offering to Apollo. All day the barbarians were beset by calamities and terrors of this kind. But the night was to bring upon them experiences far more painful. For there came on a severe frost, and snow with it; and great rocks slipping from Parnassus. Craggs breaking away, made the barbarians their target 3), the crash of which brought destruction, not on one or two at a time, but on thirty or even more, as they chanced to be gathered in groups, keeping guard or taking rest. At sunrise the Hellenes came on from Delphi, making a frontal attack with the exception of the Phocians, who, being more familiar with the district, descended through the snow down the precipitous parts of Parnassus, and surprised the Celts in their rear, shooting them down with arrows and javelins without anything to fear from the barbarians. At the beginning of the fight the Galatians offered a spirited resistance, especially the company attached to Brennus, which was composed of the tallest and bravest of the Galatians, and that though they were shot at from all sides, and no less distressed by the frost, especially the wounded men. But when Brennus himself was wounded, he was carried fainting from the battle, and the barbarians, harassed on all sides by the Hellenes, fell back reluctantly, putting to the sword those who, disabled by wounds or sickness, could not go with them. They encamped where night overtook them in their retreat, and during the night there fell on them a "panic." For causeless terrors are said to come from the god Pan.

It was when evening was turning to night that the confusion fell on the army. At first only a few became mad: these imagined that they heard the trampling of horses at a gallop, and the attack of advancing enemies; but after a little time the delusion spread to all. So rushing to arms they divided into two parties, killing and being killed, neither understanding their mother tongue nor recognizing one another's forms or the shape of their shields. Both parties alike, under the present delusion, thought that their opponents were Hellenes, men and armor, and that the language they spoke was the one of the Hellenes; so that a great mutual slaughter was worked among the Galatians by the madness sent by the god. Those Phocians who had been left behind in the fields to guard the flocks were the first to perceive and report to the Hellenes the panic that had seized the barbarians in the night. The Phocians were thus encouraged to attack the Celts with yet greater spirit, keeping a more careful watch on their pens, and not letting them take from the country the necessities of life without a struggle, so that the whole Galatian army suffered at once from a pressing shortage of corn and other food. Their losses in Phocis were these: in the battles were killed close on six thousand; those who perished in the wintry storm at night and afterwards in the panic terror amounted to over ten thousand, as likewise did those who were starved to death 4).

Athenian scouts arrived at Delphi to gather information, after which they returned and reported what had happened to the barbarians, and all that the god had inflicted upon them.

Whereupon the Athenians took the field, and as they marched through Boeotia, they were joined by the Boeotians. Thus the combined armies followed the barbarians, lying in wait and killing those who happened to be the last. Those who fled with Brennus had been joined by the army under Akikhorius only on the previous night for the Aetolians had delayed their march, hurling at them a merciless shower of javelins and anything else they could lay hands on, so that only a small part of them escaped to the camp at Heracleia. There was still a hope of saving the life of Brennus, so far as his wounds were concerned; but, they say, partly because he feared his fellow countrymen, and still more because he was conscience-stricken at the calamities he had brought on their heads, he took his own life by drinking [neat] wine 5). After this the barbarians proceeded with difficulty as far as the Spercheius, pressed hotly by the Aetolians. But after their arrival at the Spercheius, during the rest of the retreat, the Thessalians and Malians kept lying in wait for them, and so took their fill of slaughter, that not a Galatian returned home in safety.

The expedition of the Celts against Hellada, and their destruction, took place when Anaxicrates was archon at Athens, in the second year of the hundred and twenty-fifth Olympiad, when Ladas of Aegium was victor in the foot-race. In the following year, when Democles was archon at Athens, the Celts crossed back again to Asia. Such was the course of the war.

1) Justin. Book XXIV, chapter VIII: where they themselves also soon perceived the presence of the deity.

2) This Pyrrhus is shown in the account of the book I, IV, 4, as being the son of Achilles. This identification appeared incredible to Pausanias himself. Pyrrhus, he says, was before hated or detested by the inhabitants of Delphi. He was supposed to have wanted to plunder their temple. See in the *Andromache* of Euripides the account of his death.

3) Justin, *ibidem*. For a part of the mountain, broken off by an earthquake, overwhelmed a host of the Galatians and some of the densest bodies of the enemy were scattered abroad, not without wounds, and fell to the earth. A tempest then followed, which destroyed, with hail and cold, those that were suffering from bodily injuries. Cf. equivalent in Islam, the battle of the ditch (*Al-Khandaq*) in A.D. 627

4) In all twenty-six thousand, that is already enormous. Diodorus, book XXII, fragment 8, still increases. According to him, Brennus lost myriads of soldiers, and, after his death, Akikorios made twenty thousand of them (!) be killed, who, wounded or exhausted, could no longer follow. In short, none of them would have left Greece alive.

5) Justin, *ibidem*: Brennus, unable to endure the pain of his wounds, ended his life with his dagger. Diodorus; book XXII, fragment 8, reconciles the two versions. "Then, after drinking deeply of undiluted wine, Brennus slew himself." Cf. Valerius Maximus, I, I, 18

APPENDIX No. 8.

BRENNUS AND ROME.

There is in the stories concerning the Celtic invasion of the north of Italy; without counting perhaps historical events but which learn much on religious mentality of the ancient Celts; some elements undoubtedly not historical and coming close to pure mythology. The best-known example is the famous episode when the Roman tribune Valerius gains the nickname Corvinus (Livy, Book V, and some others). The greatest blur even the greatest contradictions also reign about the role of the Celts led then by the named Brennus. Was the Capitol taken yes or not? Were the Romans forced to pay a ransom yes or not? Did the dictator named Camillus finally triumph over the Celts at this time yes or not? All these ambiguities put together with the fact that there is at least a non-historical element and this in an unquestionable way in the report of Livy, make that it is possible to wonder if there are not others of the same kind in all these accounts, and notably those which concern the character known as Brennus. Historical character or mythical character? Could it be there is a connection between the feats of the mythical Brian of the Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann of Gaelic mythology, and the exploits of the historical Brennus having taken Rome in 390 before Common Era, for example one having influenced the other? But in this case is-it the historical Brennus having taken Rome who drew his inspiration from his divine model or the exact opposite, the character known as Brian (luchar and lucharba are only foils) who was little by little worked out by the bards moving about throughout the Celtic Empire of the time (Letavia or Celticum) while taking as a starting point the deeds of the historical Brennus and this in accordance with what is called euhemerism, in the strictest sense of the word? Unless, of course, that there was a reciprocal interplay. Let our readers judge! Here historical documents in question.

LIVY. HISTORY OF ROME SINCE ITS FOUNDATION (AB URBE CONDITA. BOOK V).

The events of years 403 to 396.

Chapter XXXII.

Marcus Caedicius, a member of the plebs, reported to the tribunes that, whilst he was in the Via Nova, where the chapel now stands, above the temple of Vesta, he heard, in the silence of the night, a voice more powerful than any human voice; bidding the magistrates be told that the Celts were approaching. No notice was taken of this, partly owing to the humble rank of the informant, but also partly because the Celts were a distant and therefore an unknown nation. It was not the monitions of the gods only that were set at naught. The one human aid which they had against it, M. Furius Camillus, was removed from the City.

Chapter XXXIII.

After the expulsion of that citizen; whose presence, if there is anything certain in human affairs, would have made the capture of Rome impossible, the doom of the fated City swiftly approached. Ambassadors came from Clusium begging for assistance against the Celts. The tradition is that this nation, attracted by the report of the delicious fruits, and especially of the wine, a novel pleasure to them; crossed the Alps and occupied the lands formerly cultivated by the Etruscans. Arruns of Clusium imported wine into the Celts in order to allure them into Italy. His wife had been seduced by a Lucumo, to whom he was guardian; and from whom, being a young man of considerable influence, it was impossible to get redress without getting help from abroad. Arruns led the Celts across the Alps and prompted them to attack Clusium.

Chapter XXXIV.

Regarding the passage of the Celts into Italy, we have received the following account. Whilst Tarquinius Priscus was king of Rome, the supreme power [...] was in the hands of the Bituriges; they used to furnish the king for the Celticum. Ambigatus was king at that time. A man eminent for his own personal courage and prosperity as much as for those of his kingdom. During his sway the harvests were so abundant, and the population increased so rapidly, that the government of such vast numbers seemed almost impossible. He was now an old man, and anxious to relieve his realm from the burden of overpopulation. He signified his intention of sending his sister's sons, Bellovesus and Segovesus, both enterprising young men, to settle in whatever locality the gods should by augury assign to them. They were free to invite as many as wished to accompany them, to prevent any nation from repelling their approach. The forest of Hercynia was assigned to Segovesus when the auspices were taken; to Bellovesus the gods gave the far pleasanter way, into Italy. Bellovesus invited the surplus population of the Bituriges, the Averni, the Senones, the Aedui, the Ambarri, the Carnutes, and the Aulerici, and with an enormous force of horse and foot, he came to the Tricastini. Beyond stretched the barrier of the Alps; they appeared to him, very likely, as being insurmountable, for they had never yet been surmounted by any route, as far at least as unbroken memory reaches, unless you choose to believe the fables about Hercules. Whilst the mountain heights kept the Celts, somehow fenced, they were looking everywhere to see by what path they could cross the peaks which reached to heaven, and so enter a new world; when they were prevented from advancing by a sense of religious obligation: for news came that some strangers, like them in quest of territory, were being attacked by the Salyi. These were Massilians [today Marseilles] who had sailed from Phocaea. The Celts, looking upon this as an omen of their own fortunes, went to their assistance consequently, and enabled them to fortify the spot where they had first landed, without any interference from the Salyi. After crossing the Alps by the passes of the Taurini, they defeated the Tuscans in battle not far from the Ticinus, and when they learned that the country in which they had settled belonged to the Insubres, a name also borne by a canton of the Aedui, they accepted the omen of the place: they built a city which they called Mediolanum.

Chapter XXXV.

Another body, consisting of the Cenomani, under the leadership of Elitovius, followed the track of the former, and crossed the Alps by the same pass, with the good will of Bellovesus. They had their settlements where now are standing the cities of Brixia and Verona. The Libui came next, and the Saluvii; they settled near the ancient tribe of the Ligurian Laevi, who lived about the Ticinus. Then the Boii and Lingones crossed the Pennine Alps, but as all the country between the Po and the Alps was occupied, they crossed the Po on rafts, and expelled not only the Etruscans but the Umbrians as well. They remained, however, north of the Apennines. The Senones, the last to come, occupied the country from the river Utens to the Aesis. It was this last tribe, I find, that came to Clusium, and from there to Rome but it is uncertain whether they came alone or helped by contingents from other cisalpine peoples.

Chapter XXXVI.

...“Although we [the Celts] are hearing the name of Romans for the first time, we believe nevertheless that you are brave men, since the Clusines are imploring your assistance, in their time of danger. Since you prefer to protect your allies by negotiation rather than by the war, we on our side do not reject the peace you offer; on condition that the Clusines cede to us Celts, who are in need of land, a portion of that territory which they possess; to a greater extent than they can cultivate. On any other conditions, peace cannot be granted. We wish to receive their reply in your presence, and if territory is refused us we shall fight whilst you are still here; that you may report to those at home how far the Celts surpass all other men, in courage.” The Romans asked them what right they had to demand, under threat of war, territory from those who were its owners, even what business the Celts had in Etruria; the haughty answer was returned that they carried their right in their weapons, and that everything belonged to the brave; passions were kindled on both sides; they flew to arms,

joined the battle. And thereupon, contrary to the law of nations, the ambassadors seized their weapons, for the Fates were already urging Rome to its ruin. And what was more, Quintus Fabius rode forwards in the front line at a Celtic chieftain, who was impetuously charging right at the Etruscan standards; ran his spear through his side and slew him. But, whilst he was in the act of despoiling the body, the Celts recognized him, and the word was passed through the whole army that it was a Roman ambassador.

Chapter XXXVII.

To such an extent does Fortune blind men's eyes when she will not have her threatened blows parried; that, though such a weight of disaster was hanging over the State, no special steps were taken to avert it. In the wars against Fidenae and Veii and other neighboring states, a dictator had on many occasions been nominated, as a last resource. But now when an enemy, never seen, or even heard of before, was rousing up war from Ocean and the furthest corners of the world; no recourse was had to a dictator, no extraordinary efforts were made. Those men through whose recklessness the war had been brought about were in supreme commands as tribunes, and the levy they raised was not larger than had been usual in ordinary campaigns. Meantime the Celts learned that their embassy had been treated with contempt, and that honors had actually been conferred upon men who had violated the law of nations. Burning with rage-as a nation they cannot control their passions-they seized their standards and hurriedly set out on their march. At the sound of their tumult as they swept by, the affrighted cities flew to arms and the country folk took to flight. Horses and men, spread far and wide, covered an immense tract of country. Wherever they went they made it understood by loud shouts that they were going to Rome. But though they were preceded by rumors and by messages from Clusium, and then from one town after another, it was the swiftness of their approach that created most alarm in Rome. An army hastily raised by a levy en masse marched out to meet them. The two forces met hardly eleven miles from Rome, at a spot where the Alia, flowing in a very deep channel from the Crustumian mountains, joins the river Tiber, a little below the road to Crustumerium. The whole country in front and around was now swarming with the enemy, who, being as a nation given to wild outbreaks; had by their hideous howls and discordant clamor filled everything with dreadful noise.

Chapter XXXVIII.

The military tribunes had secured no position for their camp, had constructed no entrenchments behind which to retire, and had shown as much disregard of the gods as of the enemy, for they formed their order of battle without having obtained favorable auspices. They extended their line on either wing to prevent their being outflanked by the enemy, but even so they could not make their front equal to the adversary's, whilst by thus thinning their line they weakened the center, so that it could hardly keep in touch with their wings. On their right was a small eminence which they decided to hold with reserves, and this disposition, though it was the beginning of the panic and flight, proved to be the only means of safety to the fugitives. For Brennus, the Celtic chieftain, fearing some ruse in the scanty numbers of the enemy, and thinking that the rising ground was occupied in order that the reserves might attack the flank and rear, while their front was engaged with the legions, directed his attack upon the reserves; feeling quite certain that, if he drove them from their position, his overwhelming numbers would give him an easy victory on the level ground. So, not only Fortune, but tactics also, were on the side of the barbarians. In the other army, there was nothing to remind one of the Romans, either among the generals or the private soldiers. They were terrified, and all they thought about consequently, was flight, and so utterly had they lost their heads that a far greater number fled to Veii, a hostile city, though the Tiber lay in their way; than by the direct road to Rome, to their wives and children. For a short time, the reserves were protected by their position; but in the rest of the army, no sooner was the battle shout of the Celts heard on their flank by those nearest to the reserves, and then in their rear

by those at the other end of the line than they fled, whole and unhurt, almost before they had seen their untried foe, without any attempt to fight or even to give back the battle shout. None were slain while actually fighting, they were cut down from behind, whilst hindering one another's flight, in a confused, struggling mass. Along the bank of the Tiber, whither the whole of the left wing had fled, after throwing away their arms, there was great slaughter. Many who were unable to swim, or were hampered by the weight of their cuirasses, even other armor, were sucked down by the current. The greater number, however, reached Veii in safety, yet not only were no troops sent from there to defend Rome, not even was a messenger dispatched to report the defeat to Rome. All the men on the right wing, which had been stationed at some distance from the river, nearer to the foot of the mountain, came back in Rome precipitately and took refuge in the Citadel without even closing the City gates.

Chapter XXXIX.

The Celts, for their part, were almost dumb with astonishment at so sudden and extraordinary victory. At first they did not dare to move from the spot, as though puzzled by what had happened; then they began to fear a surprise; at last, they began to despoil the dead, and, as their custom is, to pile up arms in heaps. Finally, as no hostile movement was anywhere visible, they commenced their march and reached Rome, shortly before sunset. The cavalry who had ridden on in front reported that the gates were not shut; there were no pickets on guard in front of them, and no soldiers on the walls. This second surprise, as extraordinary as the previous one, held them back. Fearing a nocturnal conflict in the streets of an unknown City, they halted then bivouacked, between Rome and the Anio. Reconnoitering parties were sent out to examine the circuit of the walls and the other gates, even to ascertain what plans their enemies were forming in their desperate plight.

As for the Romans, since the greater number had fled from the field in the direction of Veii instead of Rome, it was universally believed that the only survivors were those who had found refuge in the city; the mourning for all who were lost, whether living or dead, filled the whole City with the cries of lamentation. But the sounds of private grief were stifled by the general terror when it was announced that the enemy were at hand; presently the yells and wild war-whoops [ululatus] of the barbarian squadrons were heard, as they rode round the walls. All the time until the next day's dawn, the citizens were in such a state of suspense, that they expected from moment to moment an attack.

They expected it first when the enemy approached the walls, for the Celts would have remained at the Allia had not this been their object. Then, before sunset, they thought the enemy would assault, because there was not much daylight left. And then when the night was fallen they imagined that the attack was delayed till then, to create all the greatest terror. Finally, the approach of the next day completed to freeze them with fear, and the entrance of the enemy's standards within the gates of the City was then the dreadful climax to fears that had known no respite. But all through that night and the following day, the citizens afforded an utter contrast to those who had fled in such terror at the Allia.

Realizing the hopelessness of attempting any defense of the City with the small numbers that were left, they decided that the men of military age and the able-bodied among the senators should, with their wives and children, withdraw into the Citadel and the Capitol. And after getting in stores of arms and provisions should from that fortified position defend their gods, themselves, and the name of Rome.

The flamen and priestesses of Vesta were to carry, far away from the bloodshed and the fire, the sacred things of the public worship; that should not be abandoned as long as a single person survived to observe it. If only the Citadel and the Capitol, the abode of gods; if only the Senate, the guiding mind of the national policy; if only the men of military age, survived the ruin of the City, then the loss of the crowd of old men left behind in the City, could be more easily borne; in any case, they were certain to perish. To reconcile the aged plebeians to their

fate, the men who had been consuls and enjoyed triumphs, gave out that they would meet their fate side by side with them, and not burden the scanty force of fighting men with bodies too weak to carry arms or defend the country.

Chapter XLI.

After all the arrangements that circumstances permitted, had been made, for the defense of the Capitol; the old men returned to their respective homes and, fully prepared to die, awaited the coming of the enemy. Those who had filled curule offices, resolved to meet their fate wearing the insignia of their former rank, and honor, and distinctions. They put on the splendid dress which they wore when conducting the chariot of the gods or riding in triumph through the City, and thus arrayed, they seated themselves in their ivory chairs in front of their houses. Some writers record that, led by M. Fabius, the Pontifex Maximus, they recited the solemn formula in which they devoted themselves to gods, for the safety of their country and the Quirites. As the Celts were refreshed by a night's rest, after a battle which had at no point been seriously contested, and as they were not now taking the City by assault or storm; their entrance the next day was not marked by any signs of excitement or anger. Passing the Colline gate, which was standing open, they came to the Forum, and gazed round at the temples and at the Citadel, which alone wore any appearance of war. They left there a small body to guard against any attack from the Citadel or Capitol whilst they were scattered, and then they dispersed in quest of plunder through the streets in which they did not meet a soul. Some poured in a body into all the houses near, others made for the most distant ones, expecting to find them untouched and full of spoils. Appalled by the very desolation of the place, and dreading lest some stratagem should surprise the stragglers, they returned to the neighborhood of the Forum, in close order. The houses of the plebeians were barricaded, the halls of the patricians stood open, but they felt greater hesitation about entering the open houses than those which were closed. They gazed with feelings of religious veneration upon the men, who were seated in the porticoes of their mansions, not only because of the superhuman magnificence of their apparel and their whole bearing and demeanor, but also because of the majestic expression of their countenances, wearing the very aspect of gods. So they stood here, gazing at them as if they were statues, till, as it is asserted, one of the patricians, M. Papirius, roused the passion of a Celt, who began to stroke his beard -which in those days was universally worn long-by smiting him on the head with his ivory staff. So they stood, gazing at them as if they were statues, till, as it is asserted, one of the patricians, M. Papirius, roused the passion of a Celt, who began to stroke his beard -which in those days was universally worn long-by smiting him on the head with his ivory staff. He was the first to be killed; the others were butchered in their chairs. After this slaughter of the magnates, no living being was thenceforth spared; the houses were rifled, and then set on fire. After this slaughter of the former magistrates, no living being was thenceforth spared; the houses were rifled, and then set on fire.

Chapter XLII.

Now whether it was that the Celts were not all animated by a passion for the destruction of the City, or whether their chiefs had decided; on the one hand, to present the spectacle of a few fires, as a means of intimidating the besieged into surrender from a desire to save their homes; and on the other, by abstaining from a universal conflagration, hold what remained of the City as a pledge by which to weaken their enemies' determination; certain it is that the fires were far from being so indiscriminate or so extensive as might be expected on the first day of a captured city. As the Romans, beheld from the Citadel the City filled with the enemy who were running about in all the streets, while some new disaster was constantly occurring, first in one quarter then in another ; they could no longer control their eyes and ears; let alone their thoughts and feelings. In whatever direction their attention was drawn by the shouts of the enemy, the shrieks of the women and boys, the roar of the flames, and the crash of houses falling in, thither they turned their eyes and minds as though set by Fortune to be spectators of their own country's fall, powerless to protect anything left of what they possessed beyond their lives; above all others who have ever stood a siege were they to be pitied, cut off as they were from the land of their birth but seeing all that had been theirs, in

the possession of the enemy. The day which had been spent in such misery was succeeded by a night not one whit more restful, this again by a day of anguish, there was not a single hour free from the sight of some ever-fresh calamity. And yet, though, weighed down and overwhelmed with so many misfortunes, they had watched everything laid low in flame and ruin, they did not for a moment relax their determination to defend by their courage the one spot still left to freedom : the hill which they held, however small and poor it might be. At length, as this state of things went on day by day, they became as it were hardened to misery, and turned their thoughts from the circumstances round them to their arms and the sword in their right hand, which they gazed upon as the only things left to give them hope.

Chapter XLIII.

For some days the Celts had been making useless war merely upon the houses of the City. Now that they saw nothing surviving amidst the ashes and ruin of the captured City, except an armed foe whom all these disasters had failed to appall; and who would entertain no thought of surrender unless force were employed, then they determined as a last resort to make an assault on the Citadel. At daybreak the signal was given and the whole of their number formed up in the Forum; then, raising their battle shout and locking their shields together over their heads, they advanced. The Romans awaited the attack without excitement or fear: the detachments were strengthened to guard all the approaches; in whatever direction they saw the enemy advancing, there they posted a picked body of men and allowed the enemy to climb, for the steeper the ground they got on to, the easier they thought it would be to fling them down the slope. About midway up the hill the Romans halted; then from the higher ground, which of itself almost hurled them against the enemy, they charged, and routed the Celts with such loss and overthrow, that they never again attempted that mode of fighting either with detachments or in full strength. All hope, therefore, of forcing a passage by direct assault being laid aside, they made preparations for a blockade. Up to that time, they had never thought of one; all the corn in the Town had been destroyed in the conflagrations, whilst that in the fields around had been hastily carried off to Veii, since the occupation of the City. So the Celts decided to divide their forces; one division was to invest the Citadel, the other to forage among the neighboring so that they could supply corn to those who were keeping up the investment.

Chapter XLVI.

And during these days there was little going on in Rome; the investment was maintained for the most part with great slackness; both sides were keeping quiet, the Celts being mainly intent on preventing any of the enemy from slipping through their lines; when suddenly a Roman warrior drew upon himself the admiration, of foes and friends alike. The Fabian house had an annual sacrifice on the Quirinal. Gaius Fabius Dorsuo, wearing his toga "in the Gabine cincture," and bearing in his hands the sacred vessels, so came down from the Capitol, passed through the middle of the hostile pickets, unmoved by either challenge or threat, and reached the Quirinal. There he duly performed all the solemn rites, and returned with the same composed expression and gait, feeling sure of the divine blessing, since not even the fear of death had made him neglect the worship of the gods; finally, he re-entered the Capitol and rejoined his comrades-in-arms. Either the Celts were stupefied at his extraordinary boldness, or else they were restrained by more or less religious feelings, for as a nation they are by no means inattentive to the claims of religion. At Veii there was a steady accession of strength as well as courage: not only were the Romans who had been dispersed by the defeat and the capture of the City gathering there; but volunteers from Latium also flocked to the place that they might be in, for a share of the booty...

Chapter XLVII.

While these proceedings were taking place at Veii, the Citadel and Capitol of Rome were in imminent danger. The Celts had, either noticed the footprints left by the messenger from Veii, or had themselves discovered a comparatively easy ascent up the cliff, to the temple of

Carmentis. Choosing a night when there was a faint glimmer of light, they sent an unarmed man in advance to try the road; then handing one another their arms where the path was difficult, and supporting each other or dragging each other up as the ground required, they finally reached the summit. So amazingly silent had their movements been that not only were they unnoticed by the sentinels, but they did not even wake dogs, animals peculiarly sensitive to nocturnal sounds. Nevertheless they did not escape the notice of the geese, which were sacred to Juno and had been left untouched in spite of the extremely scanty supply of food. This proved the safety of the garrison, for their clamor and the noise of their wings, aroused Marcus Manlius, a distinguished soldier who had been consul three years before. He snatched up his weapons and ran to call the rest to arms, and then while the rest hung back, he struck with the boss of his shield a Celt who had got a foothold on the summit, and knocked him down. He fell on those behind and upset them; then Manlius slew others who had laid aside their weapons and were clinging to the rocks with their hands.

By this time other Romans had joined him, and they began to dislodge the enemy with volleys of stones and javelins, till the whole body fell helplessly down to the bottom. When the uproar had died away, the remainder of the night was given to sleep, as far as was possible under such disturbing circumstances, whilst their peril, though past, still made them anxious. At daybreak the soldiers were summoned by sound of trumpet to a council of war in the presence of the military tribunes, when the due rewards for good conduct and for bad would be awarded. First, Manlius was commended, for his bravery, and rewarded, not by the tribunes alone but by the soldiers as a body, for every man brought to him, at his quarters, which were in the Citadel, half a pound of meal and a quarter of a pint of wine. This does not sound much, but the scarcity made it an overwhelming proof of the affection felt for him, since each stinted himself of food, and contributed in honor of that one man, what had to be taken from his necessities of life. Next, the sentinels who had been on duty at the spot where the enemy had climbed without their noticing it were called forward. Quintus Sulpicius, the military tribune, declared that he should punish them all by martial law. He was, however, deterred from this course by the shouts of the soldiers, who agreed in throwing the blame upon one man. As there was no doubt of his guilt, he was amidst general approval flung from the top of the cliff. A stricter watch was now kept on both sides; by the Celts because it had become known that messengers were passing between Rome and Veii; by the Romans, who had not forgotten the danger they were in that night.

Chapter XLVIII.

But the greatest of all the evils arising from the siege and the war was the famine, which began to afflict both armies, whilst the Celts were also visited with pestilence. They had their camp on low-lying ground between the hills, which had been scorched by the fires and was full of malaria, the least breath of wind raised not dust only but ashes. Accustomed as a nation to wet or cold, they could not stand this at all, and, tortured as they were by heat and suffocation, disease became rife among them: they died off like sheep. They soon grew weary of burying their dead singly, so they piled the bodies into heaps and burned them indiscriminately; and made the locality notorious: because it was afterwards known as the *Busta Celtica*. Subsequently a truce was made with the Romans, and with the sanction of the commanders, the soldiers held conversations with each other. The Celts were continually bringing up the famine, and calling upon them to yield to necessity, and surrender. To remove this impression, it is said that bread was thrown in many places from the Capitol into the enemies' pickets. But soon the famine could neither be concealed nor endured any longer. So, at the very time that the general-in-chief with full powers [Camillus], was raising his own levy at Ardea, and ordering his master of the horse, Lucius Valerius, to withdraw his army from Veii; and making preparations for a sufficient force with which to attack the enemy on equal terms; the garrison of the Capitol, worn out with the incessant duty, but still superior to all human ills, had nature not made famine alone insuperable by them; were day by day eagerly watching for signs of any help from the general-in-chief with full powers. At last not only food but hope failed them. Whenever the sentinels went on duty, their feeble frames almost crushed by the weight of their armor; the army insisted that they should, either surrender or

purchase their ransom, on the best terms they could; for the Celts were throwing out unmistakable hints that they could be induced to abandon the siege for a moderate consideration. A meeting of the Senate was now held, and the consular tribunes were empowered to make terms. A conference took place between Quintus Sulpicius, the military tribune, and Brennus, the Celtic chieftain, and an agreement was arrived at by which 1000 lbs. of gold was fixed as the ransom of a people destined ere long to rule the world. This humiliation was great enough as it was, but it was aggravated by the despicable meanness of the Celts, who produced unjust weights, and when the tribune protested, the insolent Celt [named Brennus] threw his sword into the scale, with the following exclamation, so intolerable to Roman ears, "Woe to the vanquished!"

Editor's note. Such is therefore the account left by Livy of the Celtic invasion led by Brennus. Other historians, less suspect of partiality for the glory of Rome, told us the outcome of this enterprise differently. In the life of Camillus, Plutarch quotes a curious passage of Heraclides, a philosopher of the fourth century.

"Heraclides Ponticus, who lived not long after these times, in his book upon the soul, relates that a certain report came from the west that an army, proceeding from the Hyperboreans, had taken a Greek city called Rome, seated somewhere upon the Great Sea [the Mediterranean Sea]. But I do not wonder that so fabulous and high-flown an author as Heraclides should embellish the truth of the story with expressions about Hyperboreans and the Great Sea."

The fast transmission of the news filled him with wonder; it seems that it caused a sensation. It was a kind of cataclysm, of which it was impossible to calculate the limits and of which it is obvious that the world of the Greek cities in Italy, which were no longer in the days of their military force, had to worry. Others say that Camillus would have surprised the army of Brennus at the time when it was plunged in drunkenness. Strabo implies that the surrender was effectively signed: but the Celts, he says (V, 2, 3), weighed down by the spoils, were attacked on the way by the Etruscans of Caere who took away their booty. Pompey Trogue assures that Marseilles took responsibility for paying the tribute imposed over Romans by Brennus, and this help earned it the constant friendship of Rome. Polybius, a friend of Scipio, believes that the Celts, hearing that the Veneti invaded their country, gave up the siege of Rome and came back to defend their homes.

The account of Livy is therefore very dubious, and does not look much historical! His information is of second-hand and he contents himself without critical thinking with the statements from his predecessors. He follows the tradition, without using the original documents; his ethnographic curiosity is null and he is unaware of the geography as well as of the topography of the places. There is no distinction in his writing between the subjective feeling and the objective information. All his investigation is centered on the moral causes: he is indifferent to the economic, physical, and political, causes.

AFTERWORD IN THE WAY OF JOHN TOLAND.

Pseudo-druids with fabulous initiatory derivation (the famous and indescribable or hilarious perennial tradition) having multiplied since some time; it appeared us necessary to put at the disposal of each and everyone, these few notes, hastily written, one evening of November, in order to give our readers the desire to know more about true druidism. This work claims to be honest but in no way neutral. It was given itself for an aim to defend or clear the cluto (fame) of this admirable ancient religion.

Nothing replaces personal meditation, including about obscure or incomprehensible lays strewn these books, and which have been inserted intentionally, in order to force you to reflect, to find your own way. These books are not dogmas to be followed blindly and literally. As you know, we must beware as it was the plague, of the letter. The letter kills, only spirit vivifies. Nothing replaces either personal experience, and it's by following the way that we find the way. Therefore rely only on your own strength in this Search for the Grail. What matters is the attitude to be adopted in life and not the details of the dogma. Druidism is less important than druidiaction (John-P. MARTIN).

These few leaves scribbled in a hurry are nevertheless in no way THE BOOKS TO READ ON THIS MATTER, they are only a faint gleam of them. The only druidic library worthy of the name is not in fact composed of only 12 (or 27) books, but of several hundred books. The few booklets forming this mini-library are not themselves an increase of knowledge on the subject, and are only some handbooks intended for the schoolchildren of druidism. These simplified summaries intended for the elementary courses of druidism will be replaced by courses of a somewhat higher level, for those who really want to study it in a more relevant way. This small library is consequently a first attempt to adapt (intended for young adults) the various reflections about the druidic knowledge and truth, to which the last results of the new secularism, positive and open-minded, worldwide, being established, have led. Unlike Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, which swarm, concerning the higher Being, with childish anthropomorphism taken literally (fundamentalism known as integrism in the Catholic world); our druidism too, on the other hand, will use only very little of them, and will stick in this field, to the absolute minimum.

But in order to talk about God or the Devil we shall be quite also obliged to use a basic language, and therefore a more or less important amount of this anthropomorphism. Or then it would be necessary to completely give up discussing it.

This first shelf of our future library consecrated to the subject, aims to show precisely the harmonious authenticity of the neo-druidic will and knowledge. To show at which point its current major theses have deep roots because the reflection about Mythologies, it's our Bible to us. The adaptations of this brief talk required by the differences of culture, age, spiritual maturity, social status, etc. will be to do with the concerned druids (veledae and others?)

Note, however. Important! What these few notes, hastily thrown on paper during a too short life, are not (higgledy-piggledy).

A divine revelation. A (still also divine) law. A (non-religious or secular) law. A (scientific) law. A dogma. An order.

What I search most to share is a state of mind, nothing more. As our old master had very well said one day : "OUR CIVILIZATION HAS NO CHOICE: IT WILL BE CELTISM OR IT WILL BE DEATH" (Peter Lance).

What these few notes, hastily thrown on paper during a too short life, are.

Some dream. An adventure. A journey. An escape. A revolt cry against the moral and physical ugliness of this society. An attempt to reach the universal by starting from the individual. A challenge. An obstacle fecund to overcome . An incentive to think. A guide for action. A map. A plan. A compass. A pole star or morning star up there in the mountain. A fire overnight in a glade?

What the man who had collected the core of this library, Peter DeLaCrau, is not.

- A god.-

A half god.

- A quarter of God.

- A saint.

- A philosopher (recognized, official, and authorized or licensed, as those who talk a lot in television. Except, of course, by taking the word in its original meaning, which is that of amateur searching wisdom and knowledge.

What he is: a man, and nothing of what is human therefore is unknown to him. Peter DeLaCrau has no superhuman or exceptional power. Nothing of what he said wrote or did could have timeless value. At the best he hopes that his extreme clearness about our society and its dominant ideology (see its official philosophers, its journalists, its mass media and the politically correct of its right-thinking people, at least about what is considered to be the main thing); as well his non-conformism, and his outspokenness, combined with a solid contrariness (which also earned to him for that matter a lot of troubles or affronts); can be useful.

The present small library for beginners "contains the dose of humanity required by the current state of civilization" (Henry Lizeray). However it's only a gathering of materials waiting for the ad hoc architect or mason.

A whole series of booklets increasing our knowledge of these basic elements will be published soon. This different presentation of the druidic knowledge will preserve nevertheless the unity as well as the harmony which can exist between these various statements of the same philosophical and well-considered paganism : spirituality worthy of our day, spirituality for our days.

Case of translations into foreign languages (Spanish, German, Italian, Polish, etc.)The misspellings, the grammatical mistakes, the inadequacies of style, as well as in the writing of the proper nouns perhaps and, of course, the Gallicisms due to forty years of life in France, may be corrected. Any other improvement of the text may also be brought if necessary (by adding, deleting, or changing, details); Peter DeLaCrau having always regretted not being able to reach perfection in this field. But on condition that neither alteration nor betrayal, in a way or another, is brought to the thought of the author of this reasoned compilation. Every illustration without a caption can be changed. New illustrations can be brought. But illustrations having a caption must be only improved (by the substitution of a good photograph to a bad sketch, for example?)

It goes without saying that the coordinator of this rapid and summary reasoned compilation , Peter DeLaCrau, does not maintain to have invented (or discovered) himself, all what is previous; that he does not claim in any way that it is the result of his personal researches (on the ground or in libraries). What s previous is indeed essentially resulting from the excellent works or websites referenced in bibliography and whose direct consultation is strongly recommended. We will never insist enough on our will not be the men of one book (the Book), but from at least twelve, like Ireland's Fenians, for obvious reasons of open-mindedness, truth being our only religion. Once again, let us repeat; the coordinator of the writing down of these few notes hastily thrown on paper, by no means claims to have spent his life in the dust of libraries; or in the field, in the mud of the rescue archaeology excavations; in order to unearth unpublished pieces of evidence about the past of Ireland (or of Wales or of East Indies or of China).

THEREFORE PETER DELACRAU DOES NOT WANT TO BE CONSIDERED, IN ANY WAY, AS THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING TEXTS. HE TRIES BY NO MEANS TO ASCRIBE HIMSELF THE CREDIT OF THEM. He is only the editor or the compiler of them. They are, for the most part, documents broadcast on the web, with a few exceptions. ON THE OTHER HAND, HE DEMANDS ALL THEIR FAULTS AND ALL THEIR INSUFFICIENCIES. Peter DeLaCrau claims only one thing, the mistakes, errors, or various imperfections, of this book. He alone is to be blamed in this case. But he trusts his contemporaries (human nature being what it is) for vigorously pointing out to him.

Note found by the heirs to Peter DeLaCrau and inserted by them into this place.

I immediately confess in order to make the work of my judges easier that men like me were Christian in Rome under Nero, pagan in Jerusalem, sorcerers in Salem, English heretics, Irish Catholics, and today racist, sexist, homophobic, Islamophobic, person, while waiting to be

tomorrow kufar or again Christian the beastliest antichrist of all the apocalypses, etc. In short as you will have understood it, I am for nothingness death disease suffering

By respect for Mankind , in order to save time, and not to make it waste time, I will make easier the work of those who make absolutely a point of being on the right side of the fence while fighting (heroically of course) in order to save the world of my claws (my ideas or my inclinations, my tendencies). To these courageous and implacable detractors, of whom the profundity of reflection worthy of that of a marquis of Vauvenargues equals only the extent of the general knowledge, worthy of Pico della Mirandola I say...Now take a sheet of paper, a word processing if you prefer, put by order of importance 20 characteristics which seem to you most serious, most odious, most hateful, in the history of Mankind, since the prehistoric men and Nebuchadnezzar, according to you....AND CONSIDER THAT I AM THE COMPLETE OPPOSITE OF YOU BECAUSE I HAVE THEM ALL! Scapegoats are always needed! A heretic in the Middle Ages, a witch in Salem in the 17th century, a racist in the 20th century, an alien lizard in the 21st century, I am the man you will like to hate in order to feel a better person (a smart and nice person). I am, as you will and in the order of importance you want: an atheist, a satanist, a stupid person, with Down's syndrome, brutish, homosexual, deviant, homophobic, communist, Nazi, sexist, a philatelist, a pathological liar, robber, smug, psychopath, a falsely modest monster of hubris, and what do I still know, it is up to you to see according to the current fashion. Here, I cannot better do (in helping you to save the world).

[Unlike my despisers who are all good persons, the salt of the earth, i.e., young or modern and dynamic, courageous, positive, kind, intelligent, educated, or at least who know; showing much hindsight in their thoroughgoing meditation on the trends of History; and on the moral or ethical level: generous, altruistic, but poor of course (it is their only vice) because giving all to others; moreover deeply respectful of the will of God and of the Constitution ...As for me I am a stiff old reactionary, sheepish, disconnected from his time, paranoid, schizophrenic, incoherent, capricious, never satisfied, a villain, stupid, having never studied or at least being unaware of everything about the subject in question; accustomed to rash judgments based on prejudices without any reflection; selfish and wealthy; a fiend of the Devil, inherently Nazi-Bolshevist or Stalinist-Hitlerian. Hitlerian Trotskyist they said when I was young. In short a psychopathic murderer as soon as the breakfast... what enables me therefore to think what I want, my critics also besides, and to try to make everybody know it even no-one in particular].

Signed: the coordinator of the works, Peter DeLaCrau known as Hesunertus, a researcher in druidism. A man to whom nothing human was foreign. An unemployed worker, post office worker, divorcee, homeless person, vagrant, taxpayer, citizen, and a cuckolded elector... In short one of the 9 billion human beings having been in transit aboard this spaceship therefore. Born on planet Earth, January 13, 1952.

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CONTENTS.

General characteristics of Celtic literature	Page 006
Causes and consequences of the great battles of the Meta-history	Page 009
The Fir Bolg Gauls	Page 010
The conquest of the children of the goddess Danu (bia)	Page 018
The first battle of the Plain of the standing stones (Cath Muige Tuired Cunga)	Page 089
Preliminaries of the second battle of the stone pillars.	Page 042
The fate of the children of Taran/Toran/Tuireann (Oidhe Chloinne Tuireann).	Page 054
The second battle of the Plain of the standing stones itself	Page 076
The decisive engagement	Page 082
Counter-lay N° 49.	Page 103
The battle of the mountain of Mis according to Henry Lizeray	Page 107
The battle of Tailtiu according to Henry Lizeray	Page 109
The battle of Druim Lighean.	Page 110
Appendix No. 1. The four islands and the end of Hyperborea.	Page 111
Appendix No. 2. Note about this occultation of the god-or-demons	Page 115
Appendix No. 3. Topicality of the battle of Mag Tured (the second one).	Page 117
Appendix No. 4. On the need for putting God or gods in their place at times.	Page 118
Appendix No. 5. On the need for revolting against God or gods, whatever they are, when it is necessary.	Page 119
Appendix No. 6. On the need again for revolting against God or gods, whatever they are, when it is necessary.	Page 120
Appendix No. 7. Brennos and Greece.	Page 122
Appendix No. 8. Brennus and Rome.	Page 129
Afterword in the way of John Toland	Page 137
Bibliography of the broad outlines	Page 140

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Peter DeLaCrau. Born on January 13, 1952, in St. Louis (Missouri) from a family of woodsmen or Canadian trappers who had left Prairie du Rocher (or Fort de Chartres in Illinois) in 1765. Peter DeLaCrau is therefore born the same year as the Howard Hawks movie entitled "the Big Sky." Consequently father of French origin, mother of Irish origin: half-Irish, half- French. Married to Mary-Helen ROBERTS on March 12, 1988, in Paris-Aubervilliers (French department of Seine-Saint-Denis). Hence three children. John Wolf born May 11, 1989. Alex born April 10, 1990. Millicent born August 31, 1993. Deceased on September 28, 2012, in La Rochelle (France). Peter DELACRAU is not a philosopher by profession, except taking this term in its original meaning of amateur searching wisdom and knowledge. And he is neither a god neither a demigod nor the messenger of any god or demigod (and certainly not a messiah). But he has become in a few years one of the most lucid and of the most critical observers of the French neo-druidic or neo-pagan world.

He was also some time assistant treasurer of a rather traditionalist French druidic group of which he could get archives and texts or publications.

But his constant criticism both domestic and foreign French policy, and his political positions (at the end of his life he had become an admirer of Howard Zinn Paul Krugman Bernie Sanders and Michael Moore); had earned him, moreover, some vexations on behalf of the French authorities which did everything, including in his professional or private life, in the last years of his life, to silence him. Peter DeLaCrau has apparently completely missed the return to the home land of his distant ancestors. It is true unfortunately that France today is no longer the France of Versailles or of Lafayette or even of Napoleon (who has really been a great nation in those days). Peter DeLaCrau having spent most of his life (the last one) in France, of which he became one of the best specialists, even one of the rare thoroughgoing observers of the contemporary French society quite simply; his three children, John-Wolf, Alex and Millicent (of Cuers: French Riviera) pray his readers to excuse the countless misspellings or grammatical errors that pepper his writings. At the end of his life, Peter DeLaCrau mixed a little both languages (English but also French). Those were therefore the notes found on the hard disk of the computer of our father, or in his papers. Our father has certainly left us a considerable work, nobody will say otherwise, but some of the words frequently coming from his pen, now and then are not always very clear. After many consultations between us, at any rate, above what we have been able to understand from them.

Signed: the three children of Peter DeLaCrau: John-Wolf, Alex and Millicent. Of Cuers.