

DRUIDISM BIBLE (HISTORY OF THE PACT WITH THE GODS Volume II.)

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NOTICE TO THE READER.

“ To revere the gods, to abstain from wrongdoing and to be a man, a true one. “
Lives and opinions of eminent philosophers. Book I, prologue 6.
(Diogenes Laertius)

“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.)

A quick practical question now: what should we call the hero of the legends, or stories, that follow?

The first reflex would be to refer to him as a model, a good model even, but this first and so natural movement has three drawbacks.

The first is that the title "good model" is a little too reminiscent of the (true) cult (isma) surrounding the person of Muhammad.

The second is that it's a model that no human being could possibly match, given his superhuman abilities.

The third is that even his tribesmen feared him, or visibly dreaded him, for he was a kind of berserkr.

Berserker, great berserker would be nice, but... it's a throwback to Germanic culture.

Rofir doesn't have this disadvantage, but it's a Gaelic term that's no longer very meaningful.

Culann's hound, hound of the blacksmith Culann, would be a better choice; nevertheless who knows today that the dog was considered a noble animal by our ancestors. So out with "Culann's hound".

Setanta, the first name of our "model" according to certain texts, would be a good choice given its pan-Celtic context. We can't rule it out at first glance.

A mental mechanism known to the Ancients, called *interpretatio* by specialists, may also provide us with some clues. Our model, for example, was also likened to Mars in certain tribes influenced by Roman culture.

Henry Lizeray also likened him to the warrior god Esus or Hesus, even though the etymology of this name hardly lends itself to this. Of course, we could also do as the early Christians did and apply to the model in question several names that initially had nothing to do with each other, such as "Son of the Man" or "Suffering Servant" "Lamb of God" etc. Although a little long.

In desperation, but following Lady Gregory's example, we'll finally stick to the title "lord", lord of Moritamna or Muirthemné for example, since this was the name of his estate according to her, and the Celtic political system with its man-to-man ties was one of the precursors of the feudal system. We will therefore say "my lord" or "our lord" to play the game of this vanished society to the end and beyond the centuries, for what is a Celticist today if not a member of his tribe, his clan, his entourage, his retinue, a member with one's heart or in spirit, but a member of his retinue nonetheless, despite the centuries that have passed.

REVIVAL, REBIRTH AND RENAISSANCE, YES! RESURRECTION LIKE BEFORE, NO!

"It's by following the walking one that we find the way."

Comparison is a fundamental mental process: grouping some facts together under common categories but also noticing differences. Such connections and relationships are the basis of thought and science. Otherwise, there are only isolated facts without links between them. It is therefore on the basis of comparison that generalizations, interpretations and theories are formed. Comparison creates new ways of viewing and organizing the world. Comparative religion is therefore old as the hills. Herodotus was already doing it. As far as ancient religions are concerned, this intellectual approach has produced many books stored in the "comparative mythology" shelves since Max Muller (1823-1900). As far as religions are concerned, it is quite different. Each religion was, of course, compared to those with which it was competing but first to denigrate or affirm its superiority. The first elements of a more objective beginning of comparative religion are currently scattered under the label of "religious dialog" and generally come from religions that define themselves as monotheistic because of their worldwide extension. The whole for an apologetic or missionary purpose, of course. Hence problems. We also find useful reflections in circles more or less coming under atheism but they are

-either detailed but focused on a particular religion.

-or being more general but rather basic.

And, moreover, they also are most often found in the history of religions, but all in a non-religious perspective. Great names punctuate this story from William Robertson Smith (religion of the Semites) to Mircea Eliade through Emile Durkheim. Other authors have opened many insights in this field. Our idea is TO LENGTHEN A CERTAIN NUMBER OF THEM BY GOING FURTHER IN THIS COMPARATIVE RELIGION (widening of the field of anthropological research, deepening of the psychological foundations, end of the overvaluation, decolonization, antiracism, new hypotheses) AND BY RESUMING THE INTERRUPTED THREAD OF THEIR FASCINATING QUEST FOR THE GRAIL BECAUSE ancient druidism is a little like the famous story of the grail of Perceval and Gawain. It is an unfinished story, which stops abruptly after the first 9000 lines of verse. Our project is to write the rest of it. A continuation it was said at the time. These small notebooks intended for future high-knowers, want to be both an imitation (a pastiche) and a parody. An imitation because they were composed in the manner of theologians (Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, Muslim, etc.) at least in what they had, all, of better (elements in fact often of pagan origin).

One of the functions of the imitation was always, indeed, in the popular oral literature, to answer the expectation of audiences, frustrated by the break of the original creation [in this case the druidic philosophy]. To this expectation, in the Middle Ages, the cyclic narrative technique of the epics singing the heroic deeds, or of the Romances of the Round Table, has responded. The way of the pastiche is the one which consists in enriching the original by supplementing it with successive touches, by developing just outlined details, or by interpreting its shadows. And this, the thought of our ancestors needed well! But the reasoned compilation, due to the hand of Peter DeLaCrau, also is in a way a parody, because it was never a question, nevertheless, for the project supervisor of this collective work, of supporting such as it was and unconditionally, the whole of these doctrines. He wished on the contrary, by all sorts of literary means (reversal of arguments, opposing views, etc.) to bring out their often negative, harmful, alienating or obscurantist, aspects; and if this text can sometimes seem, to pay indirect homage to the capacity of reflection of the various current theological Schools, Christian, Muslim, Jewish or other, it is involuntary; because his purpose is well, to do everything, in order to wrest from their hands, the monopoly of discourses on the divinity (see on this subject the remarks of Albert Bayet), even if it means finishing discredit them definitively in the public eyes. Except as regards the best ideas they have borrowed from paganism, of course, and which are enormous; because in this last case, it is, let us remember it once again, from the prospect supervisor of this compilation, a readjustment to our world, of the thoughts of these theologians' apprentices ((the god of philosophers, the Ahura Mazda, the immortality of souls, the god-men, the sons of a god, the messiah Saoshyant, the Trinity, the tawaf, the sacrifices, the life after death, not to mention cherubim paradise, etc.). In other words, not history, but historical fictions, according to the works of...see the bibliography at

the end. In accordance with this, our "imitation" is only a return to our roots. In short a homage. "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. For, as Carl Gustav Jung saw it very well, religion is only "the attentive observation of forces held to be 'powers': spirits, demons, gods, laws, ideas, and "the careful consideration and observation of certain dynamic factors, understood to be "powers," spirits, demons, gods, laws, ideas, ideals or whatever name man has given to such factors as he has found in his world powerful, dangerous or helpful enough to be taken into careful consideration, or grand, beautiful and meaningful enough to be devoutly adored and loved" (Psychology and Religion 1937). 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*, 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.

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

* *Do ratath tra do Mael Milscothach iartain cech ni dobrethaigsid suide sin etir echnaide 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.*

IT IS NECESSARY THE WRITING COMING FROM IRELAND WHATEVER THEY CAN BE IS DEMYSTIFIED! SUMMARY OF THE METHOD (APPLIED TO THE TEXTS REVIEWED PREVIOUSLY).

The work that our small circle of researchers was obliged to perform over the book of Ireland's invasions since its translation by William O'Dwyer and Henry Lizeray in 1884 has much enriched us on the intellectual level. It is therefore not useless here to return there in connection with this true Druidism Bible which the Ulster cycle is because we can roughly speaking think that similar phenomena have affected the initial pan-Celtic myth and particularly all the legends concerning our great lord of Muirthemne, the Hesus Cuchulainn, according to Lady Gregory.

The Lebor Gabala Erenn which claims to be a literal and precise report of the history of Ireland can actually be analyzed as an attempt to endow Irishmen with a history comparable with that the Jews gave to themselves through the Old Testament. While resorting to the pagan myths of Ireland at the same time Gaelic and pre-Gaelic but reinterpreted in the light of the Judeo-Christian theology and of the historiography. This heterogeneous work shows us therefore an island subjected to various invasions, each one adding a new chapter to the history of the country. Biblical paradigms provided to these historians of a new kind narrative framework which only required to be adapted to their intention. We thus find the ancestors of Gaels enslaved in foreign lands like Hebrew in Egypt, or scattered in a strange diaspora, or in search of their promised land.

Many fragments of a pseudo-history of Ireland circulated already in the seventh and eighth centuries, but longest and most documented are those appearing in the *Historia Brittonum* or *History of Bretons* of the Welsh monk Nennius (829-830). There Nennius provides us two different accounts supposed speaking about earliest Irish antiquity (based on various materials in particular French, which is not a reference in this case).

The first of them, the Nennius known as Breton, evokes a series of successive colonization coming from Iberia performed by pre-Gaelic peoples: all are found in the book of invasions. The second one the Nennius written in Gaelic language tells us about the origin of Gaels themselves and described how in turn they became the masters of the country and consequently the ancestors of all true Irishmen.

These two basic accounts were enriched and worked over again by the Irish bards throughout the ninth century. In the 10th and 11th centuries, several long historical poems were written on the same subject then inserted in the general framework of the Book of Invasions.

We can therefore by the way identify four great Christian poets having contributed to the final development.

Eochaidh Ua Floinn (936-1004) of Armagh. Poems 30,41,53,65,98,109,111.

Flann Mainistrech mac Echthigrin (dead 1056), lector and historian of Monasterboice abbey. Poems 42, 56, 6, 82.

Tanaide (dead circa 1075). Poems 47,54,86.

Gilla Cómain mac Gilla Samthainde (circa 1072). Poems 13,96,115.

Thereafter a few years later an anonymous scholar but still Christian, perhaps brought together all these poems as well as many others and fit them within a prose framework, partly due to his hand partly drawn from older no longer extant sources, which developed or paraphrased these versified passages. The end result being therefore that the various states of the Gaelic language used to compose this work come under the Middle Irish (from 900 to 1200).

4 or 5 principal stages were therefore necessary.

First of all, to prepare a satisfactory translation of the text. Translations problem is indeed recurrent in this kind of task. There exist several languages concerned, and each one with different linguistic levels (for example the Irish language). The same word can see its meaning evolve. It is enough to consult a little on the web the electronic dictionary of the Irish language to realize the extent of the phenomenon.

Then comes the analysis itself of the text. Work which can, naturally, have been prepared by the previous stage.

Coherence of the text. Some of our accounts can indeed seem not easily coherent, as if something was missing in them.

It is then necessary to determine if the text in question in its actual state was entirely thought or designed by the same author, or if we can determine layers or fragments in it, coming obviously from another hand, emerged of another mind. The way in which these texts reached us (oral transmission initially then a whole series of successive copies) indeed made many interpolations or reworking possible. The technique even of the oral literature predisposes to that besides.

- a) Short frameworks stored in the memory of poets bards or veledae (filid in Ireland).
- a) Learned by heart lines of verse.
- b) Embellishments and developments at the discretion of the storyteller in order to interest his public.

The French Marcel Jousse, professor of anthropology at the School of the High Studies and at the Sorbonne has devoted his life to show how oral traditions function from an anthropological point of view. In his thesis "Anthropology of the Gesture," he showed the functioning and the reliability of the oral traditions in general: full with rhythm and well counterbalanced texts, structuring of the texts in a teaching way, mnemonic processes.

All the means are good to check the coherence of our texts therefore but most common, of course, is to refer initially that we know from the horse's mouth (history in the scientific senses of the word) about the civilization facts of the people within these texts were made up, first in the form of an oral literature, then in the form of legends transcribed on manuscripts.

Finally, there is the background of the origin or of the destination of such texts. You may not, of course, in the same way consider a druidic teaching, provided by druids and in order to train future druids; and some stories or legends spread by the bards (lower part of the druidic body) in order to entertain the warriors class (knights their wives their children, possibly their people) during the evening in the chimney corner.

We can tear from that a particular category of explanation, the personal motivations of the author who often depend on his social class and/or his ethnic origin (from Connaught or from Ulster for example) *.

Let us not insist on the vital need or not from a professional point of view, to interest more possible people. Problems did not change (see in the current showbusiness the languages most usually used: Italian at the beginning of the 19th century in the opera world, today globish for the songs, French for fencing, etc.). And yett there is not indeed worse disavowal than that of one's own language in order to gain more, in money and fame.

Anything else is the political motivation of the authors. It is indeed more than obvious that certain bards or veledae (filid) have knowingly worked out accounts texts or arguments, intended to flatter the hubris of their sponsors or masters, the great families ruling over the country. See the famous contention of the bards from 1616 to 1624. From where besides all these genealogies which have nothing historical in the strictest sense of the word and particularly the delirious invention of the "Milesians" from Spain. It's the same phenomenon today among media people where many of them are ready to say anything to

please the powerful people of the moment or the dominant *** religion of the place and time (for example Islam in France today) while holding the truth to their close friends.

From where consequently the importance of the relevance and of the precision of the words, as well on the level of the translation as of the expression, a theft is not a borrowing and vice versa, an assassination is not an execution, a divorce is not a repudiation, on the other hand, a spade is a spade! And Davy Crockett a descendant of French Huguenot (Mr. of Croquetagne) having supported in the affair of Alamo and of the annexation of Texas, men who made fun completely of the customs and habits of the country in which they were settled, hardly respected its laws and particularly the prohibition to have slaves, lastly refused in majority to speak Spanish. Which shows that immigration is like the tongue of Aesop, it can benefit the ones but be unhappy with the others (see what Mexicans think about that).

In other words, this radical criticism of our texts focuses therefore particularly on the sources having contributed to the document and determines who was the compiler, as well as the date and the writing place of the text. That is not impossible. The names of some of their authors, often some poets besides, sometimes appear in these documents. It is therefore a question of stating the history of our texts in question. Because they have a history, of course. Literature initially oral, then written down in successive copies.

But this form of criticism of the external sources of our texts as we saw must refer constantly in order to compare to the facts of civilization of the other close and more or less contemporary, peoples, in order to find in them independent confirmation of the aforesaid texts. Most interesting in this kind of texts indeed, they are the recurrent themes (the use or not of war chariots for example, the exhibition of human heads as trophies, and so on....)

Conclusion of this true search for the grail : believe nobody at his word, do not lose ourselves in the proliferation of split hair by the current supports or pillars of these ideologies, check everything yourself thoroughly and step by step, start from scratch again; from the foundations, at the heart, even before the roots: at the original nipple having given by endless multiplication this forest of interpretations.

In the case of the Ulster Cycle and particularly of its jewel the rustling of the cows of Cualnge we have many Christian influences within a non-Christian general framework (in the beginning the primitive pan-Celtic myth concerning most fantastic of the warriors the Hesus Cuchulainn, lord of Muirthemne and a bull exceptional too, the "three horned" bull known as Tarvos Trigaranus on the Continent.

In the Invasions Book we have the exactly opposite situation. Within a Christian general framework or at least worked out by Christian intellectuals many fragments of former Celtic myths concerning particularly the gods.

Except for a nuance. What Ammianus Marcellinus teaches us about druids seems to indicate that the notion of settlements of various origins of which some being located beyond the seas was already known of ancient druids.

History of Rome book XV, chapter IX.

Paragraph 2.

Ancient writers, pursuing their investigations into the earliest origin of the continental Celts, left our knowledge of the truth very imperfect; but at a later period, Timagenes, a thorough Greek both in diligence and language, collected from various writings facts which had been long unknown, and guided by his faithful statements, we, dispelling all obscurity, will now give a plain and intelligible relation of them.

Paragraph 3.

Some persons affirm that the first inhabitants ever seen in these regions were called Celts, after the name of their king, who was very popular among them, and sometimes also Galatae,

after the name of his mother. For Galatae is the Greek translation of the Roman term Galli. Others affirm that they are Dorians, who, following a more ancient Hercules, selected for their home districts bordering on the ocean.

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.

Paragraph 5.

Some again maintain that after the destruction of Troy, a few Trojans fleeing from the Greeks, who were then scattered over the whole world, occupied these districts, which at that time had no inhabitants at all.

Paragraph 6.

But the natives of these countries affirm this more positively than any other fact (and, indeed, we ourselves have read it engraved on their monuments), that Hercules, the son of Amphitryon, hastening to the destruction of those cruel tyrants, Geryones and Tauriscus, one of whom was oppressing the continental Celtica, and the other Spain; after he had conquered both of them, took to wife some women of noble birth in those countries, became the father of many children; and that his sons called the districts of which they became the kings after their own names.

* Although it is not completely impossible, of course, to adopt some not very current standpoint in one's social class of origin or in one's family of origin, fortunately, and being explained only by one's own inner progression or by one's thorough personal reflection, about what is right or wrong, universal or particular, adapted or unsuited, to the circumstances and to the places or to individuals, etc.

Some French journalists (Vibration facebook) for example made me much laugh in 2012 by coming a mile off ** at the time of a polemic of the electoral campaign on the kosher or halal meat by specifying that the former minister for justice Rasheeda Dati who intervened on the subject apparently was of Burgundian origin (born in Burgundy had been more exact, because it is not enough to be born somewhere to be "originating" in this place, see the case of our old Master Henry Lizeray who, although born in Saint Petersburg in 1844 was not sentimentally Russian for all that and fortunately besides, I do not even know if he were officially a subject of the Russian empire so... birthright that exists still fortunately there is not only jus soli) but while forgetting to announce that she was also a French citizen.... member of the Muslim denomination, what undoubtedly was an explanatory factor more relevant than her Burgundian origin (Vibration facebook).

** Or then is it necessary to see there on behalf of "Vibration" a racist allusion to the part played by the Burgundians during the Hundred Years' War: some anti Joan of Arc and some traitors, or a perfidious allusion (poor Rasheeda Dati, she did not deserve that really) to the bovine species known as "Charolais cattle" which is precisely a beef breed??? These French intellectuals are definitely not the sharpest knife in the drawer.

*** Dominant because, although a minority, it is much more spared than Catholicism by the French intellectuals, and the non-respect of its religious ideology (isma for Muhammad, l'jjaz and uncreated divine nature of the Quran, etc.) is behind many more convictions (at first instance) than when it is a question of Catholic dogmas.

**** Below in order to illustrate what we can say in a very briefly summarized way, about ancient Celtic civilization, because the only thing which matters, there are not stereotypes, commonplaces, nor even traditions, they are a thousand-year-old and public, or secret, but the facts, the confrontation with the facts, only the acts, the facts alone, in other words, historical even archeological, reality; the whole with much critical mind, of course. The critical thought is indeed a gift of the gods, a true charisma (boudism our ancestors said)! Toland emphasized it well.

DAILY LIFE OF OUR ANCESTORS IN THE TIME OF LATENIAN CIVILIZATION.

"Bendacht ar cech óen mebraigfes go hindraic Táin amlaid seo & ná tuille cruth aile furri ."
"A blessing on everyone who shall faithfully memorize the driving off as it is written here and shall not add any other form to it ."

The hero of the story we are going to study, our little lord of Muirthemne, being from the Irish province of Ulster (Ulidia) we will start by saying a few words about its original culture that was not Gaelic in the beginning but Erainn or Ivernian. Although Cuchulain and the Ulaid spend their time in carefully distinguishing themselves from the "Irish." The civilization of the Ulaid of the epic of the Lord of Muirthemne according to Lady Gregory corresponds more to the Iron Age than to that of the Bronze Age.

Experts call civilization of La Tène or Laténian civilization, from the name of an eponymous Swiss locality, the second Iron Age in continental Europe, it is divided in three stages. They generally consider that La Tène 1 begins around 475, La Tène 2 around 250 and La Tène 3 circa 120, before our era, to end at the beginning of the Augustean time. The original homeland is located in Europe, roughly in Central Europe, around Switzerland and south of Germany, from the North-East of France to Czechia or from Prague to Paris through Munich or Frankfurt upon Main.

The tribe-State.

Celts dismiss any form of too much central authority. Basic entity is the tribe, a set of families having a common origin, often very old, gathering a few tens or thousands of individuals (an embryo of State in this case). These tribes are organized with political assemblies in which each individual intervenes according to his social status.

It remains in the Celtic society some traces of an ancient collective management of the land.

Free men

- Druids: they chair religious affairs but also cumulate the functions of scientists, teachers, arbitrators and lawgivers. This responsibility is not hereditary (it is not a caste) but requires a long training that only rich persons can pay generally. Let us wager nevertheless that they could spot young talents.
- Professional warriors: accession to the status of a professional warrior is not either hereditary but supposes especially the ability to acquire expensive equipment. A good comparison is the status of the knights during the Middle Ages.
- Basic warriors. Every free man can be armed, therefore to be himself mobilized by his clan chief.
- Plebeian ones: farmers or craftsmen, they do not belong to any renowned family and have a limited political power. The fact of paying taxes authorizes them to take part in popular assemblies, but without really weighing in the decisions in another way than by their number. By means of " clientele " system , they can also sell their vote or their support. There again and as during the Middle Ages what prevails is the bond of man to man.
- Slaves. They are generally prisoners of war, invaluable currency exchange after the engagements. These slaves have no political weight, of course, but play a considerable economic part by working in the maintenance of the possessions of their masters and by competing with free small farmers by the way.

House.

The notions of private life and independence are important for the Celts. Covered with thatch, the house of the basic Celt is generally composed of a single room and of furniture limited to the bed benches as to the elements of storage.

However, the house does not have the sacred nature it has for the Greeks or the Romans. It only makes it possible to rest, to protect oneself from the bad weather, but it is not a place of

conviviality: great meals are taken generally outside or in constructions especially arranged for this purpose.

Medicine.

The Celts pay great attention to their appearance and to the cleanliness of their body. The invention of the soap besides is ascribed to them. Containing plants, medicine was initially practiced by fringe elements, some wizards, then by druids. As a civilization having some "professional" warriors, Celts can also resort to surgery using scalpels, lancet and other instruments.

The school.

The school in fact is reserved for the privileged classes, which profit from a teaching of quality. As in the presocratic Greece, children listen to the discussions of their elder and learn in it the art of public speaking, rhetoric, but also many other subjects, because teaching aims at a universal knowledge and generally continues until the 20-year age. As announced higher druids could spot young talents in order to train successors.

Marriage.

Although placed under the moral authority of their husband, women enjoy a relative independence, in every case financial since the possessions of the couple are pooled. They take part, moreover, in the popular assemblies, can be selected as arbitrators in conflicts, and be honored, for the richest one, like men. As regards sexuality, Celts also seemed tolerant. No source indeed lets suppose the existence of sexual offenses. Nothing proves for example that adultery was punished. See on this subject the adultery of the wife of Partholon which gave such a headache to Henry Lizeray and the remarks of the wife of the Caledonian king Argentocoxos reported by John Xiphilinus in his summary of the Roman history according to Cassius Dio Cassius (book LXXVI, chapter XVI). *

N.B. Polygamy seems to have been allowed in the ruling or princely families because of political alliances.

Gathering leisure.

Individual leisure has no sense for Celts, but their life is marked with great popular assemblies, fairs, religious holidays or political meetings. These meetings are entertained with spectacles, song of bards and spectacular confrontations, duels or verbal sparring, in order to have the place of honor in the banquet.

-Banquets: if there is a non-usurped commonplace about Celts, it is well their taste for the banquets accompanying all the great moments of social life. Their organization is very codified: the place that each one occupies in them respects the social hierarchy scrupulously. Intoxication is frequent in them and sometimes even combined with the use of hallucinogenic plants, endowed with divinatory and religious virtues.

- The hunt, very valued, is in fact reserved for the rich persons because it requires expensive equipment, like horses, hounds and weapons (mainly a javelin provided with an iron head). Initiatory, it also makes it possible to train young people to practice art of war.

War. The battle is primarily a series of duels. The duels generally end in the beheading of the overcome by the winner who seizes his head as a trophy. The Celts indeed saw there the seat of the soul in the body, from where a true worship of the cut heads. Each professional warrior therefore looks after his equipment for the confrontations: coats of mail, armors of crupellarius (some kinds of gladiators) impressive helmets (that of Ciumesti seems to have been only a pageantry helmet). There exist on the contrary warriors very slightly armed (the famous gaesati). Ancient Celts also had recourse to war chariots (two people on board: a professional fighter and a coachman, able also to intervene armed). It was a timber framework very light drawn by small horses of THE pony kind.

The spoils brought back from warlike expeditions are also another of the resources of Celtic society.

Warlike raids of the Celts meet an economic need more than an expansionist will in spite of the practice of the ver sacrum: their agricultural and artisanal production is not always sufficient to generate surpluses, to exchange products and to get those which are missing for them. It is therefore by the force that they get these possessions, lands and slaves. From the century before our era mercenary soldier trade develops: certain Celts enlist as soldiers for foreign people, in exchange for coveted food products, like wine.

A developed agriculture. Celts managed to develop one of the richest agriculture of the ancient world particularly thanks to a favorable climate, with the working out of manure, tools and teams making it possible to plow heavy soils. But this activity is not most valued which is, within their society. Owners do not exploit their estate directly besides, they prefer to put in tenant farming. On the other hand, they attach great importance to the breeding, the size and the beauty of their herd being a sign of richness.

Omnipresence of craft industry.

Artisanal production occupies an important place in the Celtic society. Celts excel thus in the production of iron tools and in goldsmithery, showing thus a good knowledge of the ores. Gold is particularly prized, so much so that Romans evoked Celtic land as the country where gold abounds. The work of wood is also developed, cooperage in particular. Their pottery, and especially the red colored enamel, is famous.

A trade by default.

Celts are not tradesmen at heart. They prefer to produce by themselves or to plunder their neighbors. Nevertheless, they practice a form of trade by taking tolls on the possessions which pass through their territory. From the third century before our era they begin to exchange products, which remain little diversified: they buy wine, but also horses, crockery or jewels. In exchange, they resell slaves, part of the products of their breeding or their services as mercenary soldiers. These exchanges are therefore done in the form of barter, Celtic coins appearing only tardily, in the third century before our era precisely.

Bridges and roads.

A network of roads made up of small packed and rammed stones or roadways made of tree trunks in marshes, connected the chief towns of the various people quite before the arrival of the Romans, as the fast projection of the army of Caesar shows it. Caesar insists on the bridges he made build in order to cross the rivers where that suited him and, sometimes, as through absent-mindedness, he mentions already existing bridges. Bridges, therefore roads! Besides there existed a Celtic league 2400 or 2500 meters long and "league stones" out of wood to announce distances.

What language spoke Celts?

Current linguists distinguish two great linguistic families, the P-Celtic languages, the Q-Celtic languages. Inside each one of these two great families Celts communicated in a language presenting some differences of vocabulary and pronunciation according to the areas (as it is besides the case for our language according to whether you are in Europe or in America), but comprehensible by all the inhabitants of the same territory. This language was not standardized by laws, nor codified in writing. Therefore we do not have today texts written by Celts themselves, and only Greek or Roman sources inform us about the Celtic "speech." As far as our dear Ireland is concerned, progress of linguistics has made the respective relations of Gaelic and Brittonic more obscure than ever, and O'Rahilly's assumptions about Ivernian having been disconfirmed therefore we are unaware whether our little lord of Muirthemne spoke 2000 years ago a p Celtic language or a q Celtic language. For Lady Gregory in any case, it was a Q- Celtic language.

Did there exist literature?

Literature was only oral was handed down at the time of collective sparring and ceremonies by druids and bards. There existed therefore a true rhetoric and a verbal literature which were learned in schools. These stories rich in various expressions, images and poetry, could have a sacred value or an epic function, by exalting the feats of the warriors.

Art.

Celtic art was ignored or scorned a long time, because it did not match Graeco-Roman esthetic criteria. Celts did not seek, indeed, to represent reality, even less to glorify it. Celtic art is nonfigurative: its abstract, stylized, symbolic, patterns, are made of curves and of endless interlacing designed as a sacred language bringing closer the men to the divinity. Celts exerted their art on portable supports that this people of semi-nomadic tribes could carry everywhere with it: armament (helmets, daggers...), jewels (large necklaces, bracelets, bangles, pendants, belt buckles) or objects of daily life (razors, mirrors...). Greek or Roman sources also note the great place made to music in the Celtic society. Religious or military, it accompanied all popular assemblies.

Did the Celts have scientific practices?

Celts expressed a notorious interest for calculation, geometry or astrology, but scientific knowledge was the exclusive domain of the druids. The rare traces of Celtic writing also reveal a true passion for numbers, which was exerted initially in accounting (census of the populations, financial management, etc.). Calendars of a great complexity were also worked out thanks to a thorough practice of astronomy, which made it possible, moreover, to determine dates favorable to worship.

The ale and its barrel.

Various types of ale existed. Most widespread was a barley alcohol, ancestor of our current ales, integral part of the food. Its popularity is explained partly by medical reasons because it could present less risk than water. Celts invented the barrels out of wood to replace ceramic amphoras and to guarantee the preservation as well as the transport of the wine.

Soap.

This product of cleaning was made with ashes and suet. But if they invented it, Celts do not seem to have exploited it for its hygienic virtues: they used it especially to gloss their long hair and for reddening it.

The harvesting machine (vallus).

Whereas Romans used sickle, certain Celtic tribes used already a reaping machine for their agricultural work. This ancestor of agricultural machinery was in fact a large box fit with iron teeth. It was drawn in the fields by an ox, the torn-off ears falling into the box.

Pants.

Celts of the Continent and in [Great] Britain to the south of Scotland (the Breton kingdoms of the North) were the first to bear this kind of clothing called "breeches." The pants were broad and flapping around, with folds for certain tribes, narrow and sticking in others. It went down generally to the ankle, where it was tied.

The coat of mail.

Celts mastered the complicated technique of iron extraction. With it they manufactured nails, fibulas, knives, scissors, axes and helmets. They invented the coat of mail for the cavalymen, probably in the third century before our era.

Horseshoe. If former Celts are not the inventors of it, they are at least its promoters in Europe. N.B. Romans knew only hippo-sandals.

According to Cato the Elder and Pliny, Romans owed to the Celts the using of marl and lime to fatten the soils (book (XVII chapter IV) the sieves made with hair of a horse (book XVIII chapter XXXVIII), the plow with two wheels which turns over the soil as well as the harrow (book XVIII XLVIII) and the scythe (book XVIII chapter LXVII). They are still the Celts who,

according to Pliny, invented all kinds of wheels and the useful or luxury chariots (essedum petorritum colisatum etc.) ;) with which people went to Italy.
 Pliny also reports that it is from the Celts that Romans learned how to gild or silver bridles and harnesses of horses, the tinning of the kitchen utensils (book XXXIV chapter XLVIII).
 Philostratus adds the technique of enamel.
 Some other inventions are also ascribed to them. The bit brace or augers (Pliny book XVII, chapter XXV), the folding blade knife or razor, the mattress (of cadurcian type), the boots, the hooping of wheels by iron (rim), the pork butchery, certain cheeses (Pliny, Book XI chapter XCVII) etc.
 The emperors also adopted, for their clothing, in spite of the criticism and of the mocking remarks of the Roman people, the good and warm clothing with which Celtic peasants or knights were covered.

Celtic religion.

The stereotype of druids, dressed all in white, cutting mistletoe with a billhook (in fact a vouge) in a deep forest had during a long time summarized Celtic religion, yet more complex. Recent archeological discoveries indeed clarified a religion rich in beliefs and worked out rites, structuring the life of the Celts.

"Druids," "bards" "vates" and "gutuaters."

The Celtic religious personnel is not only formed by druids alone: the bards, responsible for the perpetuation of the verbal tradition, occupy a place quite as important. These guards of the memory, regarded as true sacred cantors, praise the exploits of the men and of the gods, accompanied by an instrument close to the lyre : the rote. Venantius Fortunatus (book VII, song 8), opposes it as well to the lyre of the Romans as to the harp of the barbarians. The "vates" are the masters of sacrifice and divination. Often forgotten gutuaters are the invokers of the gods, responsible for the prayers.

Sacrifice and divination.

To attract the favors of the gods, people sacrifice to them all kinds of offerings, animals, jewels, fruits, not forgetting the rare but practiced human sacrifices. Celts also devote to the divination by interpreting dreams, flight of the birds but also numbers.

Places of worship.

The rituals proceed in shrines, kinds of temples generally located on high points, far away from the dwellings but easily perceptible. No ceremony in trees, on the other hand, as would have it, however, the legend which comes from Pliny.

Religious holidays

Four great Celtic festivals introduce the seasons: Ambolc on February 1st, Beltene on May 1st, Lugnasade on August 1st, Samon (ios) on November 1st.

Beliefs.

It is finally the very elaborate system of beliefs of the Celtic people which unites them best. Let us quote among other things, the belief in an end of the world of this cycle, the reincarnation of the soul/minds in the other world (a belief which explained, according to Caesar, the courage of the Celts in the fight) and in the almost everlasting life of the aforesaid soul/minds after death. The universe as for it, is designed like a kind of sphere divided into three parts, icy hellish abyss, earth, and sky, the latter seeming a fragile and worrying vault being able to crumble at any moment. **

* In this connection, a very witty remark is reported to have been made by the wife of Argentocoxus, a Caledonian, to Julia Augusta. When the empress was jesting with her, after the treaty, about the free intercourse of her sex with men in [Great] Britain, she replied: "We fulfill the demands of nature in a much better way than do you Roman women; for we consort openly with the best men, whereas you let yourselves be debauched in secret by the vilest." Such was the retort of the [Great] British woman (Xiphilinus).

** Druidic design dealing with the end of the world (of this cycle) but misinterpreted by people.

PRELIMINARY READING NOTES ABOUT THE CYCLE OF ULSTER.

Some scholars of the 19th and early 20th centuries, such as Eugene O'Curry and Kuno Meyer, believed that the stories and characters of the Ulster Cycle were essentially historical (Conchobar for example was supposed to have been a contemporary of Jesus); T. F. O'Rahilly was inclined to believe all these stories were entirely mythical and their characters euhemerized gods; and Ernst Windisch thought that the cycle, while largely imaginary, contained little genuine myth.

What is certain is that some elements of these stories and legends are reminiscent of descriptions reported by the Greek and Latin classical authors about Celtic societies in Great Britain, on the Continent and in Galatia (current Turkey). Warriors fight with swords, spears and shields, and ride in two-horse chariots, driven by skilled charioteers from the lower classes. They take and preserve the heads of slain enemies, and boast of their valor at feasts, in which the bravest is awarded by the presentation of the *curadmír* or "champion portion," the choicest cut of meat. Kings are advised by the high-knowers (Old Irish *druí*, plural *druíd*) and poets have great power and privileges.

All these elements led scholars such as Kenneth H. Jackson to conclude that the stories of the Ulster Cycle preserved genuine Celtic traditions from the pre-Christian Iron Age. Other authors have challenged that conclusion, stressing similarities with early medieval Irish society and the influence of classical literature, but it is more than probable that the stories also contain elements going back to earliest Antiquity.

The earliest substrate of these tales * is probably that which involves the complex relationship between the Ulaid and the Erainn, represented in the Ulster Cycle by Cu Roí and the Clan Dedad, and later by Conaire Mor. It was observed at the beginning of the 19th century by Eoin MacNeill and some other authors that the historical Ulaid, represented for example by the Dal Fiatach, were apparently related to the Clan Dedad. T. F. O'Rahilly later concluded that the Ulaid were in fact a branch of the Erainn.

It is possible that some Erainn had been powerful kings centered on Tara, but with also secondary strongholds around Temair Luachra "Tara of the Rushes" in West Munster, where some events in the Ulster Cycle of Ulster take place.

Lastly, it may be noteworthy that the several small cycles of stories involving the early dominance of the Erainn in Ireland generally predate the majority of the other Ulster Cycle stories in their content, if not in their final forms, and are believed to be of a substantially more pre-Christian nature. Several of these do not even mention the famous characters of the Ulster Cycle, and those that do may have been slightly reworked in the course of its later expansion with the Tain and its increase in popularity.

* Compert Conchobuir "The Birth of Conchobar."

Compert Con Culainn "The Birth of Cu Chulainn" (the time when there were no dikes or fences or walls in Ireland).

Everything relating to Cu Roi, as for example the Aided Con Roi.

And lastly perhaps, of course, some lost (alas) books like the famous "Book of the snowy ridge" Cín or Lebor Dromma Snechtai.

REMIND.

Regarding the life and death of our gentle lord (of Muirthemne according to Lady Gregory), we highly recommend the masterful thesis of Lisa Gibney entitled "The heroic biography of Cu Chulainn) defended in 2004 (National University of Ireland Maynooth) and which has only one defect, it does not emphasize enough that it is only a question of the historization in Ireland of a pan Celtic not to say universal myth (that of the hero demi-god who sacrifices himself for his people) appeared somewhere in central Europe 4000 years ago (supposed period of the formation of the Proto-Celtic in the urnfield culture) or more (6000 before our era for Peter Forster and Alfred Toth 2003) .

The texts which follow are not a complete nor exhaustive synthesis of all the Irish or Welsh legends on the subject. For the simple reason that such a synthesis would be impossible, given the innumerable variants or contradictions that we can discover in them. Only a synthesis of the broad lines of these accounts can be considered.

The texts which follow are therefore only some incomplete rewriting, and in short or in summary, of the main Irish legends in question, the whole being restructured or reconstructed after demolition, on new bases and according to a different plan, here and there intersected with analyzes.

They have a single goal, to give our readers enough preliminary notions or glimpses on the subject so that they want to know more.

The texts which follow therefore do not exempt to refer ultimately to the original texts themselves.

The text which follows exempt in no way, QUITE TO THE CONTRARY, for more precision in the scientific study of this myth to refer to the basic texts which were used.

N.B. Thank you to everybody for this formidable work of meticulous linguist, what I am in no way. And let us come now to the text itself.

LIFE AND DEATH OF OUR LORD HESUS KNOWN AS MARS OR CUCHULAINN.

Followed by few other accounts (scela) according to the Irish apocryphal texts. Collected corrected and annotated stories.

BEGINNING OF OUR STORY (in fact the conclusion, chapter 29, of the Tain Bo Cualnge).

Bendacht ar cech óen mebraigfes go hindraic taín amlaidseo & na tuillfe cruth aile furri.

Sed ego qui scripsi hanc historiam aut uerius fabulam, quibusdam fidem in hac historia aut fabula non accommo. Quaedam enim ibi sunt praestigia demonum, quaedam autem figmenta poetica, quaedam similia uéro, quaedam non, quaedam ad delectationem stultorum.

A blessing be upon all such as shall faithfully keep the Tain in memory and shall change nothing in it. But I, who have copied this history, or more truly this legend, give no credence to various incidents narrated in this story. For, some things herein are the feats of jugglery of demons, sundry others poetic figments. A few are probable, others improbable, and even more invented for the delectation of fools.

Neo-druidic counter-lay (comment) No. 1.

We will be allowed, I hope for it, not to completely agree the good Christian who wrote that in the Book of Leinster, about the adventures of our hero the little lord of Muirthemne. And to find on the contrary reliable or worthy of interest in this text, many more things than he sees.

Hesus Cuchulainn for example, never infringed the fir fer (the armed man or warrior rights), slew nor charioteers nor messengers nor folk without arms (ar ní gonaim aradu no echlacha no aes cen armu). Moreover, he deemed it no honour nor deemed he it fair to take horses or garments or arms from corpses or from the dead (níbá miad nó niba maiss leiss echrad nó fuídb nó airm do brith ona corpaib no marbaib) we have said. Hesus Cuchulainn is therefore in any way the devil made a man, quite to the contrary. And we wonder why it would be more stupid to be interested in these legends than in biblical mythology, it is that of the Old Testament, OR OF THE NEW ONE.

The Irish tradition (and particularly the text entitled in Gaelic Tromdamh Guaire) ascribes to a famous poet of the seventh century called Senchan Torpeist, the preservation or the rediscovery of our legend. Challenged by the king of Connaught (Guaire: who wanted to get rid of his company, considering what its lodging cost him) to find again the entirety of the account of this legend), cut to the quick Senchan then would have called upon all his assistants for that.

Below, from memory, the way in which things would have occurred.

The bards of the green Erin were one day called together by Senchan Torpeist, to know if they remembered the cattle raid of Cooley in full. They said that they knew of it but fragments only. Senchan then spoke to his pupils to know which of them would go into the country of Letha to learn the story of the driving off which the sage had taken eastwards in exchange of the Cuilmenn (the large parchment). Emine, Ninene's grandson, set out for the east with Senchan's son Muirgen. It happened that the grave of Fergus mac Roich was on their way at Enloch in Connacht. Muirgen sat down at the gravestone of this hero, and the others went to look for a shelter for the night. Muirgen chanted an incantation to the gravestone as though it were Fergus himself then a great mist suddenly formed around him - for the space of three days and nights he could not be found. Fergus appeared to him put on with magnificent clothes, in a green cloak and a red-embroidered hooded tunic, with a gold-hilted sword and bronze sandals, as well as a head of brown hair. And he recited him the whole story of the cattle raid of Cooley, such as it had been originally composed, from the beginning to the end.

THE KIN OF OUR LORD HESUS MARS OR CUCHULAINN

(Compert Conchobuir and Scela Conchobuir, mac Nessa).

Ness, daughter of Eochaid Sálbuide, the then king of the Ulaid was in Emain with her maidservants when the druid Catubatuos (Cathbad) arrived. Ness asked him a little by curiosity what it was an auspicious time for “.

The druid replied for begetting a king on a queen.

Ness asked if it was well true. Catubatuos swore by all the gods it was true, he even added that the glory of the boy conceived under such auspices would last until the end of times.

Seeing not another man around her, so Ness took the druid Catubatuos (Cathbad) to bed and nine months later (or more exactly 3 years and 3 months later in our text) she gave birth to a superb boy. He was called Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

Neo-druidic counter-lay (comment) No. 2.

Editor's note. According to the short version. According to the long version, the druid Catubatuos (Cathbad) assassinates the twelve tutors of Ness (then called Assa). Married to Catubatuos (Cathbad), Ness puts two midges in the glass of her husband. This last one realizes that and put them in turn in the glass of Ness, who swallows them. It is so Cunocavaros/Conchobar will be conceived (an oral conception therefore): he will be born even with these two midges in his hands (always according to the version of the Yellow Book of Lecan therefore). The account of the book of Leinster entitled in Gaelic language “Scéla Conchobair maic Nessa” (The Tidings of Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Ness) gives another version of these preliminaries. Catubatuos (Cathbad) is presented in it as being at the same time wizard and warrior, what earned him besides to be compared with the Galatian King Dejotarus by Whitley Stokes.

Neo-druidic counter-lay (comment) No. 3.

The tidings of Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Ness (Scéla Conchobuir mac Nessa) according to the book of Leinster (personal translation given without prejudice, there are Gaelic words which can have several translations, like the word damh for example, which means at the same time ox or deer. To note also: this text mentions already our hero whereas he was not yet in this world. It was therefore composed after. The heavy Christian interpolation proves it!!)

It is necessary for us to indicate now to what time this birth arrived: the hour that Christ was born. Seven years before his birth seven prophets were foretelling him (and they said that) a wondrous birth would be born, at Christ's Nativity, on yonder stone whereon Cunocavaros/Conchobar was born, and his name would be famous everywhere in the green Erin.

Great was Cunocavaros/Conchobar's dignity at the end of seven years after his birth because he obtained the kingship over the Ulaid. This was the cause thereof. His mother Ness, daughter of Eochaid Sálbuide, was unmarried. Fergus son of Ross was then king of the Ulaid. He desired therefore have Ness for his wife.

“I will not agree,” she said, “until I get a present from you, to wit a year's kingship for my son, so that later his own son may be called the son of a king.”

“Grant it what she asks for,” said all the Ulaid. “The kingship will continue to be yours, though the nominal kingship will be his during a year.” So after this Ness slept with Fergus, and the kingship over the Ulaid was nominally Cunocavaros/Conchobar's.

But Ness instructed her son and his fosterers and his household the art to strip every second man, and to give (his wealth) to another. Much gold and silver were given to the Ultonian lords in the name of her son.

Now on that day year the end of that time arrived. Fergus therefore required of his, claimed his pledges.

Fergus thus required of the guarantors having put up a bond to make him restore the kingship.

"A colloquy about it first!" said the Ulaid.

They took counsel in a single assembly.

All deemed first it a great dishonor that Fergus had given them so (to Ness) as a bride-price. But they were thankful to Cunocavaros/Conchobar for his goodly gift to them. This therefore was their suffrage: "What Fergus sold, let it part from him, what Cunocavaros/Conchobar bought let it stay with him."

So it is then that Fergus parted from the kingship over the Ulaid, and it is then that Cunocavaros/Conchobar was called the overking of one of the five provinces of the green Erin. Great, indeed, was the reverence that the Ulaid gave then him. When any man of the Ulaid married a grown-up girl, she slept with him on the first night, so that he became in a way her first husband.

On earth has been no wiser child! He never delivered a judgment at a time when it was not permitted him, in order that he might not deliver a bad judgment, so that his crops might not be the worse thereof.

On earth, then has been no mightier champion, but he was never let into danger. Champions and war veterans and valorous heroes used to be in front of him in battles and conflicts, so that there might be no danger to him.

When any Ultonian lord used to give him a night's hospitality, he used to sleep that night with the man's wife.

Three hundred, three score and five persons, that is the number of days in the year, was the number of men that were in Cunocavaros/Conchobar's household.

Among them was a partnership namely there was a man to provide them with food every night, so that the first to feed them on that night, would come again at the end of a year.

Not small was the feeding: a pig and a beef [or a deer ?] and a vat [of ale] for every man. There were, however, men within whom, as is told, that did not suffice, for instance, Fergus mac Róig. If true it be, giant was his size. The heptad of Fergus was not often met with any other Ultonian.

There was the length of seven feet between his ear and his lips, seven hands between his eyes, seven hands in his nose, and seven hands in his lips.

The full of a bushel cup was the water measure needed when his head being washed. His penis made 7 hands length. His scrotum had the dimensions of a bushel bag. Seven women were necessary to curb him unless Flidais should come. Seven pigs and seven vats (of ale) and seven oxen (or deer?) to be consumed by him, and he had the strength of seven hundred in him. It was needful for him then to feed the household for a week (seven days) more than anyone.

But Cunocavaros/Conchobar himself used to give (?) them the feast of Samon (ios) because of the assembly of the great host. It was needful to provide for the great multitude, because everyone of the Ulaid who would not come to Emain in the eve of Samon(ios) lost his senses, and on the morrow his barrow and his grave and his tombstone were placed.

So Cunocavaros/Conchobar had to make great provision for that. The three days before Samon (ios) and the three days after were distinguished by feasting in Cunocavaros/Conchobar's palace. Beautiful was the abode.

Three houses had in fact Cunocavaros/Conchobar: the Royal Branch (Craeb ruad) the Twinkling Hoard (Téite Brecc) and the Ruddy Branch (Craeb derg). In the house known as Ruddy Branch used to be the heads and the spoils (of the overcome enemies). In the Royal Branch (Croeb ruad) were the kings and it is because of that it was called royal.

In the house known as the Twinkling Hoard (Téite Brecc), then, were the spears and the shields and the swords. It was twinkling with the golden hilts of swords and the sheen of the blue (or green?) spears, with their necklaces and their coils of gold and silver, and with the golden and silver scales and circles of the shields, and with the various services of the cups and the horns and the goblets.

This is why their weapons were taken from them (when they were) in one house. Whenever they heard any rude thing, unless they took vengeance for it at once, every man would rise against another, so that each of them was smiting his head and his shield on another throughout the house; wherefore their weapons were taken from them all in the house known as the Twinkling Hoard (Téite Brecc).

Therein was the Ochoin of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, that is his shield: four rims of gold were round it. And Cúchulainn's Fubán, and Conall Cernach's Lámthapad, and the Ochnach of Flidas, and the Órderg of Furbaide, and the Coscrach of Causerad, and the Echtach of Amergen, and the Ír of Condere, and the Caindel of Nuada, and the Leochain of Fergus, and the Uathach of Dubthach, and the Lettach of Errge, and the Brattach of Mend, and the Luithech of Nóisiu, and the Nithach of Loegaire, and the Cróda of Cormac, and the Sciatharglan of Senchaid, and the Comla Chatha of Celtchar. More than can be numbered were all the other shields therein.

Much dignity and splendor and fame and conspicuousness was this household of Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

We will overlook a host of valorous men and heroes. But we will speak about Fergus, son of Roeg. He had, of course, enough bravery, the man who in the fight of Garech on the Cattle raid of Cualnge, scalped the three Maels of Meath, that is, gave three blows to the earth when his anger with Cunocavaros/Conchobar came to him, so that those three hills are still there in this shape, and will remain there forever.

We will say nothing of all these brave men, but we will mention nevertheless Conall Cernach son of Amergen the Dark-haired. He demonstrated enough heat to the fight for that. From the hour he took a spear in his hand, he was never without slaying one of the Connaughtmen every day, and without destroying (their houses) by fire every night. He never slept without a Connaughtman's head under his knee. There was not in the whole green Erin a little cow chief's land on which Conall Cernach had not worked someone's slaughter. It is this Conall Cernach that had (divided) Mac Dathó's pig as a trophy of valor in front of all the great heroes of the green Erin. The man who avenged the Ulaid on the men of Ireland, for such of them as had been killed, or will be killed till Doom. The man who, when he took a spear into his hand, never went out of his assembly [of warriors] without a Connaughtman's head in his hand.

Besides, there was the famous lad round whom the men of Ireland flee, namely, Cúchulainn son of Sualtam son of Beccaltach son of Móraltach, son of Umendruad (?) of the sidhe (of the fairies' country), Dolb son of Beccaltach his brother, Ethne Inguba, wife of Elcmaire always of the fairies' country, his sister, and Dechtíre (Duxtrí ? Dexiua? Epona), daughter of Catubatuos (Cathbad), Cúchulainn's mother. Formidable and very keen were the deeds of the lad. It was grievous to be against him when he was angry. His feet...[here is a passage that I gave up translating]....

Every hair which was on him was as sharp as the thorn of a haw tree, and a drop of blood used to be on every hair. One of the two eyes used to go into his head, and the other out of it the length of a hand (or of a foot?) He recognized neither dear ones nor friends. He would slay alike behind him and in front of him. Beyond every man in the green Erin, he had the warlike feats which he got from Scathach Buanann daughter of Ardgeimm in Letha, to wit, the

feat of the cat and the feat of Cuar, and the apple feat (some juggling?) [long list of names follows, matching to feats or techniques difficult to identify]...

Neo-druidic counter-lay (comment) No. 4.

When any Ultonian lord used to give him a night's hospitality, he used to sleep that night with the man's wife.....

In doing so did these Ulaid worse than Abraham? Who twice has sent out his wife Sarah to work as a prostitute by presenting her only as his sister, initially with respect to Pharaoh (Genesis 12,10-20) then with respect to Abimelek (Genesis 20,1-18).

Genesis 12, 10-20.

"There was a famine in the land: and Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was grievous in the land. And it came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarai his wife: Behold now, I know that you art a fair woman to look upon. Therefore it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians see you, that they shall say: This is his wife: and they will kill me, but they will save you alive.

Say, I pray you, you art my sister: that it may be well with me for your sake and my soul shall live because of you.

And it came to pass that, when Abram was come into Egypt, the Egyptians beheld the woman that she was very fair.

The princes also of Pharaoh saw her, and commended her before Pharaoh: and the woman was taken into Pharaoh's house.

And he entreated Abram well for her sake; and he had sheep, and oxen, and he asses, and menservants, and maidservants, and she asses, and camels.

But God plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarai Abram's wife.

Then Pharaoh called Abram and said: What is this that you hast done unto me? Why did you not tell me that she was your wife? Why said you, she is my sister? So I might have taken her to me to wife. Now therefore behold your wife, take her, and go your way.

And Pharaoh commanded his men concerning him: and they sent him away, and his wife, and all that he had."

Genesis 20, 1-18.

"Abraham said of his wife Sarah, "She is my sister." Abimelek king of Gerar sent for Sarah and took her. But God came to Abimelek in a dream one night and said to him, "You are as good as dead because of the woman you have taken; she is a married woman."

Abimelek had not gone near her, so he said: Lord, will you destroy an innocent nation? Did he not say to me: She is my sister, and didn't she also say: He is my brother? I have done this with a clear conscience and clean hands.

God said to him in the dream, I know you did this with a clear conscience, and so I have kept you from sinning against me. That is why I did not let you touch her. Now return the man's wife, for he is a prophet, and he will pray for you and you will live. But if you do not return her, you may be sure that you and all who belong to you will die...for the Lord had kept all the women in Abimelek's household from conceiving because of Abraham's wife Sarah."

And let nobody come and tell us that Abraham could not act differently; that God (what a strange god indeed, however, he punishes the righteous men like Pharaoh or Abimelek but reward the procurers); that if not undoubtedly he would have been killed, therefore that the world would not have had the happiness to know his god (the god of Abraham), to profit from his civilizational contribution, etc.

The continuation of the events shows us indeed that the fears of Abraham were not well founded. Neither the king of Egypt, neither the king of Gerar, who, however, had all the reasons for that, made this procurer killed, nor to be even imprisoned, but were satisfied to send back him with a reaction of the kind: "Go away, you stink, you sicken me so much that I leave you even all that I could give you because of your alleged sister!"

Each one has prophets he can have! Veleda or Muhammad!
However the holy men in fact, it was not Abraham but the king of Egypt and the king of Gerar. God himself recognizes it besides: "I know you did this with a clear conscience, and so I have kept you from sinning against me."

Note on the notion of the stench applied to the Hebrews. We have in fact only taken up the image mentioned for example in Genesis 34,30-31, in connection with the sons of Jacob, Levi and Simeon, and which at the time seems to have been rather common: " Jacob said to Simeon and Levi: You have brought trouble on me by making me a stench to the people living in this land... But they replied: Should he have treated our sister like a prostitute?"

As you will be able to note it, we are therefore not keen partisans of the principle of the isma or impeccability of prophets according to the Judeo-Muslims (Abraham, Moses, Muhammad) not more of the pontifical infallibility of the Catholics besides (even if it is true that the latter relates only to the dogma, and only then on certain very precise conditions, ex cathedra and tutti quanti.... all these conditions having been really joined together besides only once : as regards the very pagan dogma of the assumption of the Virgin Mary if I remember correctly).

Intud i ngeindtleacht gnim olc mad indechur.

We uns pagan we have indeed a personal ethics more demanding than that of this strange (- very racist?) God of Abraham Isaac and Jacob; and to confess oneself directly to him or through a priest is by no means enough to exonerate us of all faults.

It is besides why the most advanced neo-druidic groups have what they call a bratuspantium; i.e., an internal disciplinary board of which the role is precisely to punish every breach not only in professional ethics but even with regard to the private life.

Our conviction is indeed that any person who wants to be a man (or woman of course) of God (s), whether he is Mariccus Alexander VI Borgia, Muhammad or Veleda...must be irreproachable, not only in the exercise of his or of her calling but also in his or in her personal life.

It goes without saying peccadillos are well to remain, as for them, in the field of private life, but not gross faults.

N.B. With regard to the laymen chiefs of State or presidents who have a sexual life rather overflowing, what is awkward it is not the sexual activity itself, but the fact that they lie and conceal, until the end. It is quite difficult indeed to trust somebody who also lies shamelessly!

We do not accept indeed the reasoning being tantamount to all exonerate in the name of the sacrosanct respect of private life.

Rapes, tortures, murders, etc., etc. even committed within the framework of the private life, in his garden, in his bed room, or in his kitchen, must obviously be punished.

Still a last word on the bratuspantium.

There are well many bratuspantium in some trades (cf. the Hippocratic oath in medicine for example), why not for neo-druids or priestesses?

The breaches in the ethics codes, even if they do not relate professional ethics but to private life, must also be punished by the bratuspantium, except, of course, if they are peccadillos or really venial sins kind to smoke a cigarette or to have fine fare a little too often.

On the other hand, with an equal fault, the neo-druids or the priestesses must be punished two or three times more harshly than laymen or laywomen because they must set an example (noblesse oblige!)

The example or more exactly the Irish counter-examples of Aithirne Ailgesach and Nede are there to prove it.

In the first case, it is King Cunocavaros/Conchobar who will carry out the sentence deserved by all these offenses. In the second case, it will be the poetic justice which will take the responsibility for that .

As St Patrick himself in the Senchus Mor admits it, there is strengthening of social cohesion (in the case of pagan societies in any case) when an ill deed does not remain unpunished (Intud i ngeindtleacht gnim olc mad indechur).

N.B. Aithirne Ailgesach is the very prototype of the depraved druid. His most serious forfeiture will concern the unhappy Luaine, and will be besides fatal for him. Cf. Tochmarc Luaine (or the courtship of Luaine). Whereas she is promised to King Cunocavaros/Conchobar Mac Nessa, the druid and his two sons want Luaine to sleep with them, and their maneuver will end to make the maiden die. The justice of Cunocavaros/Conchobar will be therefore harsher than that of a bratuspantium, he will level the fortress of Dun Etair, and will kill the druid with all his family.

To return to the sexual practices at the origin of these few reflections, it is:

- Either a vestige of a very ancient community of women.
- Either a vestige of an antique primacy of the alpha male.
- Either the sign of a real sexual freedom (if the woman agreed) accompanied by a very thorough sense of hospitality.
- Either the evidence of sexism and a proven male chauvinism : the woman is only an object (see also Abraham and Sarah).
- Either a practice similar to those of the exchanges of couples among the former Inuit. On this subject see the excellent essay on the seasonal variations of the Eskimo, by Marcel Mauss and Henry Beuchat, published in 1906.

But in all the cases this use must go back to pre-Celtic, even perhaps Neolithic, times.

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The names of techniques referring to animals perhaps indicate that they were attack or defense positions, or holds, drawn from the observation of the animals, just like in the Indian Kalari Payat besides.

Longer (than can be told) was the numbering of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's household and the description of his houses, to wit, thrice fifty rooms within, amid three couples in each room. A wainscot of red yew (made the walls of) the house and the different rooms.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar's room was on the floor of the house. Fronts of bronze were around it with top rings of silver and golden birds on the forefronts, gems of precious stone being the eyes in their heads. A rod of silver above Cunocavaros/Conchobar, with three golden apples upon it, for instructing the host. Amid when he shook it, or the sound of his own voice arose, the assembly was silent, and though (only) a needle should fall on the floor of the house, it would be heard so great was the silence then in which they were from respect for him.

Thirty warriors could carouse in Cunocavaros/Conchobar's room. Gerg's vat known as "Brown Drink" (OInguala) was ever full on the floor of the house. It was brought out of the valley (Glenn) of Gerg when this last one was slain by Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

A man of great management (was) within, Bricriu son of Carbad. Nine sons of Carbad the Great were within indeed, namely, Glaine, Gormainech, Mane, Min, Scoth, Ailill, Duress, Ret and lastly Bricriu precisely. A virulent, foul-tongued man was that Bricriu. He had enough of venom. If he tried to hold in the secret of his mind, a purple boil would grow out of his forehead, and it was as large as a man's fist. So that he used to say to Cunocavaros/Conchobar: "It will burst from the boil tonight."

Truly many extraordinary persons were in Cunocavaros/Conchobar's house.

THE DIFFERENT CONCEPTIONS OR BIRTHS OF OUR LORD OF MUIRTHEMNE THE LITTLE HESUS MARS known as CUCHULAINN.

Feis Tighe Becfholtaig (Compert Con Culaind).

Once, when Cunocavaros/Conchobar and the Ulaid were at Emain Macha, a flock of birds came to the plain of Emain, and ate all the grass and plants right down to the roots. The Ulaid were angry at seeing their land ruined like this, so they harnessed nine chariots and set out to drive the birds away for they were accomplished bird hunters. Cunocavaros/Conchobar mounted his chariot beside his sister Duxtir ? Dexiva? Epona? who was also his charioteer, and the great Ultonian lords, including Conall Cernach, Laegaire Búadach and everyone else, even Bricriu, mounted their chariots. The birds flew before them, past Fuat mountains, over Edmonn and Breg Plain. There were no dikes or fences or walls in Ireland at that time, so the Ulaid had only an open large plain to drive across.

The Ulaid were like enchanted by the birds' flight and singing. There were nine score birds, and each score followed its own path. Each pair of birds was linked by a silver chain. As the evening drew in, three pairs of bird birds broke off from the flock and headed for the Brug ? Night fell as they were crossing the Plain of Gossa, they lost sight of the birds, and there was a heavy fall of snow, so Cunocavaros/Conchobar told everyone to unyoke their chariots, then sent a party to seek shelter for the night.

Conall and Bricriu searched the area and found a single small, newly built house. They went inside and were welcomed by the couple who lived there, and then returned to their people. Bricriu complained that it wouldn't be worth there while going to such a house, which could offer them neither food nor clothing and was rather small. Nonetheless, the Ulaid went with all their chariots in this house, and crowded inside with considerable difficulty beside. A strange thing then happened.

Neo-druidic counter-lay (comment) No. 5.

"There were no dikes or fences or walls in Ireland at that time..." therefore it was not Ireland! One could not better say that this story goes back to initial pan-Celtic mythology, centuries even thousand years earlier, or comes from elsewhere. We cannot help but think of the fly of birds followed by the two nephews of the mythical Emperor Ambicatus, Bellovesus and Sigovesus, in their conquest of the Balkans and of the nice Italy according to Livy (Book V 34).

In the version of the Lebor Na hUidre Dechtire (Epona? Dexiua?) is the daughter of Cunocavaros/Conchobar whereas in all the others she is her sister.

Version II of this legend provided by the manuscript Egerton 1782 also complicates passably the comprehension of this singular history; sorry for the rationalist minds, but so much better for the poets.

Bricriu heard a strange music, that of Cnu Deireoil, and he found himself at a great adorned house this time. They found a big storehouse door in front of them, and when time to eat came, they were all soon drunk and in good humor.

The master of the house, a handsome noble-looking warrior, invited Bricriu to approach, addressing him by name. And the man's wife also welcomed Bricriu.

Bricriu asked why the woman had also welcomed him.

It is on her account that I welcome you, said the man. Is there anyone missing from Emain??

Yes there are, replied Bricriu. Fifty maidens have been missing for three years.
Would you recognize them if you saw them? Asked the man.
I might not, said Bricriu. The passing of three years may make my memory unreliable.

The man told him that those fifty maidens were in his house, and that the chief of them, Dexiva Duxtir/Dechtire (Epona ?) was the woman at his side as his wife. It was they who went to Emain Macha in the form of birds, in an effort to lead the Ulaid warriors there.
The woman therefore gave Bricriu a purple cloak with a border.

Bricriu ought to himself: I would flatter Cunocavaros/Conchobar if he were the one to find again the fifty missing maidens. So I won't tell him I have already found them. I shall just say I have found in this house a magnificent room, with a radiant, noble queen and a company of lovely women inside.

Bricriu returned and told all this to his companions, but not to Cunocavaros/Conchobar. When Cunocavaros/Conchobar asked Bricriu for news, this last one again related his adventure but did not tell Cunocavaros/Conchobar that the beautiful woman in the house was his sister Dexivatera Duxtir/Dechtire (Epona?) Cunocavaros/Conchobar reminded that the master of the house was one of his subjects for he lived on his territory and sent for the woman to spend the night with himself. Only Fergus dared go on this errand. The woman returned with Fergus but announced that she was about to give birth, that her contractions were starting, so Fergus asked Cunocavaros/Conchobar to give her respite, what he agreed. Then all the company lay down finally and slept.

Dexivatera Duxtir/Dechtire (Epona?) went to deliver a son. At the same time, a mare in the doorway drops twin foals and the man gave them as present to the boy.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 6.

The story is muddled enough, because versions diverge. The only thing sure it is that the foals are, of course, the two horses of the future Cuchulainn, called Liath Macha and Dubh Sainghleann, the Grey of Macha and the Black of Sainghleann. Let us note nevertheless that a second then a third conception will be necessary to deliver this ultimate incarnation (avatar) of Fate (Tocade or Tocad). Because the former high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht) had made "Chance" (sic) a god, according to St Columba of Iona, who protests against, in one of the *loricae* (M'oenuan) ascribed to him. "I do not reverence the voices of the birds... neither a son, neither the CHANCE, nor the woman. My druid is the son of God, etc."
And Lug, in other words, the host who welcomes them in this version of the story, is an angel of the Fate sent towards the future Cuchulainn's mother (whom he attracts towards him through the mysterious birds mentioned previously, and which are everything but ordinary, explanation therefore of the fact that the Ulaid will do so many efforts to have them); in order to proceed to the astonishing operation, of the Holy Spirit as our Catholic friends would say, which will follow, a threefold conception, oral by moment.

When they wake in the morning, they see a strange thing: a small child in Cunocavaros/Conchobar's bosom. The Ulaid adopted the boy and Dexiua ?Duxtir /Dechtire (Epona?) took charge of him. At daybreak the house had vanished and the Ulaid found only their horses, their chariots, the boy and the foals. They returned to Emain but some time later the boy died.

After lamenting the boy's death, Dexiua ? Duxtir? Dechtire (Epona?) feels thirsty and was given a drink in a copper cup. There was a small creature in the drink (a midge) which tried to jump into her mouth: eventually it did, and went down with her breath into the cup's beverage. That night Lug son of Ethniu appeared to her in a dream. He told her that it was he who had brought her to the estate (Brug), and it was his residence they entered. He also told her that she was pregnant by him, that the boy whom she reared was his child, that this child who had now entered her womb will be called Setanta, and that the foals should be reared for him.

The pregnancy of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's unmarried sister caused some worry to the Ulaid, who suspected that the king himself, when drunk, has been responsible since it was with him that she used to sleep.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar quickly betrothed her therefore to Sualtam mac Roech. Dexiua ? Duxtir? Dechtire (Epona?) was so ashamed at sleeping in her husband's bed while carrying another man's child that she lost the child conceived in this way, and that she was again like a virgin. Dexiua ? Duxtir ? Dechtire's mysterious pregnancy having therefore somehow disappeared then she became Sualtam's wife and bore him a son in due course, who was given the name Setanta.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar asked therefore Finnchoem, his sister, to look after the child. She looked at him, and said she loved him as much as Conall, her own son. 'There is besides little difference between them,' said Bricriu. 'The child is the son of your sister, Dexiua ? Duxtir ? Dechtire (Epona?), who has been missing for three years, and is now here among us.'

N.B. The mysterious stranger who was with Dexiua ? Duxtir ? Deichtire (Epona) was therefore Lug of the Long-Arm and the child was named Setanta at least until he killed the hound of Culann the smith, after which he was known as the Hound of Culann (Cú Chulainn).

The Ulaid began to argue over which of them should foster the boy. They asked Cunocavaros/Conchobar to make a decision. He began while suggesting his sister Finnchoem should bring him up.

But Sencha protested: 'I, not Finnchoem, should bring him up. I am strong and skillful; noble and nimble in combat; wise, learned and prudent. I have precedence over all others in speaking to the king; I advise him before he speaks. I judge all disputes that come before him with absolute even-handedness. No one but Cunocavaros/Conchobar himself would make a better foster father than me for this child.'

'No,' said Blai Briugu. 'Let me foster him. He'll come to no harm or neglect with me. My household can feed all of the men of the green Erin for a week or ten days, and I deal with them all fairly in disputes. But let my just claim be settled as Cunocavaros/Conchobar desires.'

'Have you no respect?' said Fergus. 'His well-being is my personal concern. I will foster him. No one can match me in rank or riches, nor in courage or skill in arms. My honor makes me the ideal foster father. I am the scourge of the strong, and the defender of the weak.'

Amergin said, 'Listen to me, and don't turn away. I am worthy to bring up a king! I am renowned for my deeds, my wisdom and my wealth, for my eloquence and open-mindedness, and for the courage and status of my family. If I weren't already a prince of royal blood, my rank of a poet would entitle me already nearly to royal status. I can overcome any chariot chief. I look up to no one but the king himself, and owe my allegiance to no one but him.'

'There's no point arguing,' said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. 'Finnchoem will look after the boy until we reach Emain Macha, and then Morann the judge will decide.'

When they returned, Morann delivered his judgment.

'He should be given to Cunocavaros/Conchobar, because he is related to Finnchoem. Sencha shall teach him eloquence and oratory; Blai Briugu shall provide for him; Fergus shall take him on his knee; Amergin shall be his teacher; Conall Cernach shall be his foster brother and Finnchoem shall nurse him. In this way, everyone will have a hand in forming him, chariot chief, prince and sage. This boy will be cherished by many. He will settle your trials of honor and win your battles and ford fights.'

And so the little Setanta Cuchulainn was given to Amergin and Finnchoem, and brought up at Dun Imrith on Muithemne Plain.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 7.

First note or first reminder about the argument of the Ulaid on the education of the little Hesus-Setanta-Cuchulainn.

A foster brother or adoptive sister, father or mother. Adoptive or more exactly feeders. The idea often returns in our texts. The custom had it indeed that the children are brought up elsewhere than in the house of their biological parents, for example at an uncle or an aunt. It was also a way of perfecting their education and of ensuring the cohesion of the group. A manner of collective education of the children therefore, in a way. What we usually convey by the term fosterage, which is not an adoption in the modern sense of the term because there is no dissolution of the former relationship, which would be juridically replaced by others. One of the best equivalents of the father or mother through fosterage could be that of godfather or godmother in the initial sense of the word: an adult responsible for the bringing up of the children in the event of death or lack of biological parents. Feeder or adoptive father = godfather. Nurse, feeder or adoptive mother = godmother. The use of this idea made by the Christians in our societies means a connection with the sacredness which was not to be unfamiliar either with the original definition. Every fosterage was indeed to have, of course, a divine guarantee, to be placed under the protection of the gods, to enjoy a kind of divine blessing. The relationship born of this situation was to be as sacred as those of blood.

The word "precedence" is deprived of any meaning in the context of the relations of the king and of his druid. The high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht) speaks before the king, *ex officio*, but he owes his advice to the king. Caesar does not seem either to have well understood the attitude of the high-knowers with regard to what he rightly names *regia potestas*. Doctrinal speculation which, besides, was to hardly interest a general worried by immediate and complex political or military problems. In truth, neither in Ireland nor on the Continent, while exerting on it control, druids never allocate themselves royal function. The high-knowers advises and the king, as for him, acts: spiritual authority never claimed (except through an exceptional deviation like in the case of the druid called Nede, on which we will return) the exercise of worldly power, and druid gives no order. They are not the druids who choose the king.

The name of the king in Italo-Celtic language, *rix* (Irish *ri*, genitive *rig*, old Welsh and old Breton *ri*), is not used itself to designate a religious concept, but only the regulating function considered on the social level. i.e., it comprises no religious principle itself if the high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht) is not there to represent it.

The druid seldom forgets that he is employed by the king. The king knows it very well and uses him very freely. We could quote only a very restricted number of "king-druids" or "druid-kings" [the king-priest or wizard Hornunnos, called Nemet in Ireland, being pre-Celtic. Editor's note].

As we already have had the occasion to see, Aithirne Ailgesach is the very prototype of the depraved druid. His most serious forfeiture will concern the unhappy Luaine, and will be besides fatal for him. Cf. *Tochmarc Luaine* (or the courtship of Luaine). Whereas she is promised to King Cunocavaros/Conchobar Mac Nessa, the druid and his two sons want Luaine to sleep with them, and their maneuver will end to make the maiden die. The justice of Cunocavaros/Conchobar will be therefore harsher than that of a *bratuspantium*, he will level the fortress of Dun Etair, and will kill the druid like all his family.

There exists also another druid who in our legends ends his days tragically. He is mythical, of course, but it makes no odds. And it is characteristic of the Celtic interpretation of sovereignty that his cardinal misdemeanor, a threefold fault, moreover, is neither hubris, neither unknowing, nor even the lust or the appetite for power; but the fact of seizing the royal power. This file (or druid) commits successively three serious misdemeanors.

1. With regard to the first priestly function: he utters an unjust satire and so misuses his priesthood while asking the king for a dagger that this last one cannot give him without infringing a prohibition.
2. With regard to the second warlike (and royal) function: he usurps the kingship. The usurpation is worsened in the story by the use of the chariot of the king, the pursuit and the death of the king. Physically faded by the ulcers, Caier dies of shame in the sight of Nede. The high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht) seized unduly, maliciously, the worldly power. The punishment of the druid will be symbolically exemplary: he will be killed by a splinter of the rock which blows up and "burns" in order to punish him for the death of the king he wrongfully satirized (cf. the story of King Caier and of the file Nede, Cormac's glossary, codex B of Whitley Stokes, Yellow Book of Lecan).

If, on the human level, the druid had regarded himself as superior to the king, it is his place his Christian ecclesiastical successors or bishops would have taken and would have kept. And the political organization of medieval Ireland would have been very different, more theocratic than military. But we have no trace of such an absorption of the warrior class by the priestly class, similar to the "brahmanization" of Hindu kshatriyas.

In short, the high-knowers are not civil servants strictly speaking, but they are specialists who help the monarch to rule by their advice and their opinions. The king is not bound to follow the advice of his druid, but the high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht) owes his advice to the king. A king cannot become druid and, conversely, a druid cannot claim the name and the dignity of a king.

The discussion of the Ulaid on this subject moving away much from what original druidism was (perhaps because of the degeneration of the Irish druidism that Christianization involved), at the point to become nearly heretic (compared to the ancient and continental druidism), it is important to somewhat set the record straight on this subject by pointing out the greatness or the loftiness of vision of this last one.

Diogenes Laertius. Lives and opinions of eminent philosophers. Book I. Prologue VI.

As to the Gymnosophists and Druids we are told that they uttered their teaching in riddles such as "Sébein théous, kai mèdeín kakon, dran kai andréian askéin".

In Greek "sébein théous" means to reverence the gods.

"Mèdeín kakon" means to abstain from wrongdoing.

And "andréian askéin" means to train to be a man.

In short: "To reverence the gods, to abstain from wrongdoing, and to be a man (a true one)".

Such instructions can seem to us banalities. In fact, they summarize the synthesis made by the high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht) between religious mysticism and moral code, rather well.

The order even of these precepts gives the demonstration of it. The first command is to honor the god-or-demons. This place can mean a priority, but we cannot help seeing there a precondition which would serve as an act of allegiance. The meaning would become the following one: "Of course, the god-or-demons should be honored, but the important thing is to do nothing wrong and to practice manly virtues." What is astonishing, indeed, in these three commands, they are well the last two ones.

The expression "to abstain from wrongdoing" is of a very great modesty. Or very realistic. The Greek term that is translated thus is the one that we find in the composition of many words of Greek origin such as cacography, etc., and it designates everything is ugly, bad, or unhealthy. This precept therefore does not require that you do good, and it imposes only a minimum therefore (the morals of reda level): in the absence of doing good, at least do not some "caco".

One could not be more modest or more lenient (wiser?) as regards human nature. The very existence of such a precept (not to do wrong) proves nevertheless that the high-knower had an ethic which they sought to hand down to youth.

See for example the dish of Lezoux: nu gnate ne dama gousson.

"Fírinne inár croidhedhaibh, 7 neart inár lámhaibh, 7 comall inár tengthaibh".

"The truth in one's heart, the strength in one's arm and the art of subtly speaking".

This triad recorded in the Acallam Na Senorach and reported to St Patrick by the last Fenian, Caletios/Cailte, could have been placed in the mouth of Fergus.

"The strength in the arms, but also the truth in the heart and the art of subtly speaking." Argute loqui could also have said as for him Cato the Elder.

The ancient high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht), always endeavored to treat hearts or minds as well as bodies, and reciprocally. The ideal for them indeed, it was the bodily health, they were besides remarkable doctors, but also the moral health, in other words, a right, sincere, and veracious mind.

Notes of Jean-Pierre Martin in connection with this argument of the Ulaid on the education to give to the little Hesus Sétanta Cuchulain.

"The majority excels in two things, the art of war and that of subtly speaking." In Latin "pleraque Gallia duas res industriosissime prosequitur: rem militarem and argute loqui". What reports to us there Cato the Elder in his "Origins" (book II, fragment 34) is extremely clear. Argute loqui, argute loqui.

Argute loqui in Latin means, "to speak well, to speak right, or to speak in an extremely relevant way."

Ancient druids indeed always endeavored to speak "argute" i.e., with wisdom and intelligence. In Greek: "... Druidai dé pros tē phusiologia kai ten éthikan philosophian askousi; dikaiotatoi die nomizontai..." (Strabo book IV, chapter IV, 4).

This askousi, third person of the plural of the present indicative of askéō = I work, I made, I apply to; insists on the creative activity of the ancient high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht) as regards ethics. We can therefore translate thus this remark of Strabo: "... As for the druids, in addition to "Physiology" (i.e., in addition to natural science, etc.), they also cultivate with application moral philosophy. They are considered the most just (of men)".

What becomes under the hand of Pomponius Mela: "some teachers of wisdom: the druids." Latin: "magistrosque sapientiae, druidas" (Book III, chapter II, 18).

Sapientia, in Latin, it was the wisdom resulting from the acquisition of knowledge or a study.

The Celtic Society, on the other hand, although in its entirety immersed in the sacredness, remained nevertheless politically non-religious, because founded on a very clear distinction between the role of the king and that of the druids. The answer of Sencha is not very clear on this subject but it is true that it is a druid, seen through the distorting lens of the Irish medieval Christianity.

The former high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht) were not all strictly priests. They were first and especially historians, poets, doctors, architects, lawyers, linguists, etc. In short, they were the intellectuals of the time and only a small minority of them were devoted to the religion. Period !

There was especially distinction but also coexistence of the spiritual authority and of the worldly power. It is the only distinction which is essential and, provided that it is made, it is indifferent that the legislative, judicial, or executive powers, are not entrusted to distinct bodies. It is indifferent also that the religious, political and economic aspects, are joint (but not confused) in time and space.

There was indeed, in the ancient Celtic society, and compared to the Neolithic time of the kings also priests or wizards (see the case of the Nemet Hornunnos), progressive disassociation of the religious and of the legal aspect. The ancient druidism is indeed contrary to any theocracy. As regards (druidic) religion no constraint, no compulsion, but on the contrary a large variety of choices (and it is, of course, truer with Celtic paganism than in Islamic lands or in Dar al Islam).

On the other hand, and the case of Cunocavaros/Conchobar is well there to prove it, the king is, in law and in fact, the only political or military character endowed with a real and durable authority on the whole of a given territory. We say it and we repeat it with the certainty of the sure things: the State, the Celtic Respublica, it was the kingship.

But the king does not govern alone. He is assisted by druids [in the non-religious sense of the word since they were only specialized scientists, of which it is not difficult, by examination of our texts, to draw up the list.

Sencha: a historian, antiquarian, genealogists, panegyrist.

Brithem: a judge, lawyer, arbitrator,

Etc.

The presence of the high-knowers of the druidiaction [so defined, since they are only specialists as we have just seen] compensates for the absence of ministers or of a government formed in due process.

There exists a whole literature of the "teaching" or precepts intended to the candidate king, or to the king who has just been elected, to remind him of the ideal of the good rule. Role of the king in this case therefore.

- He exerts the worldly power.
- He carries out the prosperity as well as the integrity of the kingdom.
- Administration of the society.
- Justice.

- Keeping of balance and social coherence.

This system nevertheless established or secured the autonomy of the public authorities (of the king) against the denominational and clerical influences.

With regard to the character of Blai Briugu let us remind here what we already had the opportunity to write in connection with the third function, the producing and nourishing function.

The duty of hospitality was always an important component of Celtic ethics, an important trait of the ethics of the trade of a great lord. In Ireland the brehon law forced any householder to provide hospitality to a free man (for the war prisoners or the captive, of all kinds, for example as a punishment for a crime, etc. it was to the master, or to the recipient of the aforementioned forced labor, to take care of them, of course). The man who was bound the most by this duty of hospitality according to the high-knowers of the druidiaction, was initially the king, who designated a person in charge to deal with all the problems of supplies the respect of this duty of hospitality for his tribe involved. In Ireland this office was called Briugas (later brughad). Lands and herds were placed at the disposal of the briugu in order to enable him to perform his office. The Briugu did not have the right to refuse to take care of a free man nor even of his retinue. If it did so, he lost at once and his title and his office. This office was generally performed either by little noble or by a rich commoner who had needed abilities. This function was very sought as a means of reaching nobility (the status of nemed) but also as a means of becoming rich quickly. According to Fergus Kelly this office (of Briugu) would have survived in Ireland until the 16th century.

The role of Hospitaller or Briugu is so described in the Bretha Nemed toísech: "a never-empty cauldron, a dwelling on a public road, and a welcome to every face."

In the Uraicecht Becc a briugu is regarded as having the same rank as a lord (flaith) whose he has twice of lands and possessions. A briugu was to have a "hundredfold" wealth (cetach) in order to receive his guests fittingly. It was undoubtedly to mean that he was to have at least a hundred cows (still according to Fergus Kelly). As it was to be difficult to grant an unbounded hospitality without having a great quantity of possessions and wealth, it was therefore an indispensable condition to become a briugu.

The Uraicecht Becc mentions a briugu of higher rank called briugu leitech, who was to have twice this hundredfold wealth (thus two hundred cows) and whose house was located at the meeting of three main roads. A briugu could go up in rank until very reaching a row equivalent to that of the chief poet or little king. He was then called chief briugu (ollamh briugad).

N.B. Some authors affirm the plural of briugu is briuga in Gaelic. Being by definition rather against "foreign" plurals (which disorganize our language), we will use the form "briugus" here to mean the plural.

CONCLUSION.

No constraint nor compulsion therefore regarding Celtic religion or druidism. And here therefore unlike what occurs in Islamic lands or in Dar al Islam, it is really true! In presence of the pluralism of convictions or of difficulties, which can appear on the personal family or social level, the ancient druidism offered the possibility of different religious practices that everybody could choose with a complete freedom and without useless guilty feeling. What our Muslim friends call jahiliya and shirk (or kufr?) if our memory is good. But us, we say: "long life to the jahiliya and to the shirk, even to the kufr, under these conditions!"

The druidic idea of the marriage encouraged monogamy, but it also admitted polygamy, polygyny even polyandry (particularly therefore in Great Britain). Ditto for the funeral. Druidism admitted on an equal footing the burial and the cremation, the only problem being then that of the preservation of ashes (funeral urns or not?) Another example: no obligatory official capital punishment in druidism (only some compensations); but acceptance of individual "vengeances" if required to bring back the calm in the community (possible indeed when the family of the culprit understands it so) because if a very ill deed (an atrocious crime for example, against a child) is avenged, there is always then reinforcement of paganism- (according to St Patrick in the Senchus Mor). Intud I ngeindtleacht gnim olc mad indechur.

Let us note nevertheless that some authors propose to read nad instead of mad in the Gaelic text, which would give us something appreciably different: "A very ill deed which is not avenged is a lapse (into paganism)".

Finally, no dietary restriction, but only some positive gastronomical advice or precepts for certain days (table presence of pork, or ale, etc. on the table). And so on! We can multiply examples endlessly.

This very clear distinction therefore of the roles between kingly power and religion, still constitutes the best chance of future and of civic cohesion of the society, on condition that we respect its spirit. At the moment when intensifies within the United Kingdom, even within our country, the insertion of new religious communities, claiming privileges; the strengthening of the distinction between the role of the powers that be, and that of the druids of today, is a need. Nothing could justify a regress, even partial.

Quite to the contrary, it is even with a strengthening of this distinction and of this autonomy, it is necessary to proceed, in order to secure for the future some practical details of harmonious social and civic life.

However, over the decades, the regress political forces, obstinately anxious to mix up both, increased the attacks against the spirit and the contents of the principle of this separation between the king and his druids (between the State and the Religion).

- Attempts to combine the worship corporations with the public affairs and to make clergies or religious communities some partners of the official life of the State ("open" secularism?).
- Public grants for religious organizations.
- Wearing of badges and religious emblems inside the public teaching service.
- Etc.

All that is absolutely contrary to the spirit of the principle of a total distinction between the role of the king (or of the powers that be) and that of druids.

It is necessary to keep the king and the public services sheltered from the denominational usurpations. It is the king (or the people today of course) who must still have the last word. "One of the prohibitions of the Ulaid was to speak before their king and one of the prohibitions of the king was to speak BEFORE his druids" (variant of the Mesca Ulad or "Intoxication of the Ulaid"). The prohibition in question was a geis but we will speak again about it.

End of counter-lay No. 7.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 8.

"This boy will be cherished by many. He will settle your trials of honor and win your battles and ford fights."

In other words: a savior was born to us! He will defend us and he will be the darling of the goddess of victories!

The rather solitary character of the little Hesus Setanta (since such was his name, the walking one, the one who walks on) should not mislead us. It is an angel or an envoy of Fate, an embodiment of Tocado or Toca, which will take under his protective wing all his contemporaries as we will see in the episode below.

THE BOYHOOD DEEDS OF THE LITTLE HESUS SETANTA CUCHULAINN.

Macgnimrada Conculaind (chapter 7 of the Tain Bo Cualnge manuscripts).

The boy was therefore reared in his father's and his mother's house, by the seaside northwards in the plain of Murthemne, where one day someone told him about the macrad or young boy corps of Emain Macha; how that Cunocavaros/Conchobar divides his day into three parts: the first being devoted to watching the young boy corps at their usual sport, especially that of hurling, using a stick; the second to playing checkers and chess; the third to pleasurable consuming of meat and drink until drowsiness sets in, generally promoted by an exertion of minstrels and musicians to induce favorable placidity of mind and disposition.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 9.

Stick called caman or hurley, used to hit in a ball called sliotar, in Gaelic of today this play, half football half field hockey, is called iománaíocht or iomáint. It is a play undoubtedly thousand-year-old.

Chess? In fact, a Celtic kind of tablut, the fidchell, gwyddbwyll in Welsh, gwezboel in Breton, viducesla in old Celtic.

The little Hesus Setanta, therefore, as aforesaid, having heard of all this, one day told his mother, whereas he was hardly five years old, that he was sent on a visit to Emain Macha to test the boy corps at their own sports. She objected that he was immature, and ought to wait until some grown warrior or other, even some confidential of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's should, in order to insure his safety, bind over the boy corps to keep the peace towards him.

The lad told his mother that that was too long, that he could not wait, and that all she had to do was to set him a course for Emain Macha, since he did not know in which direction it lay. It is a weary way from here, said the mother, for between you and it lies Fuat Mountain. Give me the bearings, said he and she did so.

Away he went then, taking with him his hurley of brass, his ball of silver, his throwing javelin, and his toy spear; with which equipment he fell to shortening the way for himself.

He did it thus: with his hurley he would strike the ball and drive it to a great distance; then he pelted the hurley after it, and drove it just as far again before even it fell down on the ground; then he threw his javelin, lastly the spear. Which done, he would make a playful rush after them all, pick up the hurley, the ball and the javelin, while, before the spear's tip could touch the earth, he had caught the missile by the other end.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No 10.

It goes without saying that all this is somewhat exaggerated on behalf of the bard having composed this story. Our hero seems nevertheless to have been an outstanding golf, or field hockey, anyway iománaíocht or iomáint, player.

Let us point out this play, a kind of soccer being played with sticks (like the base ball?), was to be very old, and perhaps known of the Celts right from the start, somewhere on the Continent.

In due course the little Hesus Setanta reached Emain Macha, where he found the boy corps, thrice fifty in number, hurling (iománaíocht or iomáint) on the green or practicing martial exercises with Cunocavaros/Conchobar's son Follamain at their head. The lad dived right in among them and took a hand in the game. He got the ball between his legs and held it there, not suffering it to travel higher up than his knees or lower down than his ankle joints, and so making it impossible for them to get in a stroke even in any other way to touch it. In this manner he brought it along and sent it home over the goal. In utter amazement the whole corps looked on; but Follamain son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar cried: "Good now, boys, all together meet this youngster as he deserves, and kill him; because it is a prohibition to have such a one join himself to you and interfere in your game, without first having had the civility to procure your guarantee that his life should be respected. Together then and at once attack him and avenge violation of your taboo; for we know that he is the son of some petty Ultonian warrior, such as without agreement is not accustomed to intrude into your play.

The whole of them assailed therefore the Hesus Setanta, and simultaneously sent their hurleys at his head; he, however, parried all the hundred and fifty and was unharmed. The same with the balls, which he fended off with fists, forearms, and palms alone. Their thrice fifty toy spears he received in his little shield, and still was unhurt. In turn now, the Hesus Setanta went among them, and laid low fifty of the best. Five more of them came past the spot where Fergus and Cunocavaros/Conchobar sat at tablut-play (at chess-play), with the lad close in their wake.

Hold, my little fellow, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, I see this is no gentle game you play with the boy corps.

And good cause I have too, cried the Hesus Setanta: after coming out of a far land to them, I have not had a guest's reception.

How now, little one, said the king, know you not the boy-team conditions: that a newcomer must have them bound by their honor to respect his life?

I knew it not, said the boy, otherwise I had conformed, and taken measures beforehand.

'Tis well, said the king: 'take it now upon yourselves to let the boy go safe.'

We do, the corps answered.

They resumed play; the little Hesus Setanta did as he would with them, and again laid out fifty of them on the ground. Their fathers deemed they could not but be dead. No such thing, however; it was merely that with his blows and pushes and repeated charges, he so terrified them that they took to the grass.

What on earth is he at with them now? asked Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

I swear by my gods, said the little Hesus Setanta, that until they in turn come under my protection and guarantee, I will not lighten my hand from off them.'

This they did at once.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 11.

The prohibition or the privilege of which it has just been question is what is called a geis. We already spoke about it previously in connection with the relations of the king and of the druid in a variant of the Mesca Ulad.

One of the first gestures of the little Hesus Setanta not yet Cuchulainn, therefore was of infringing one of the most curious taboos (geis plural geasa) of the court of his uncle: that which had that you cannot come and play in it with the other children, without having been previously formally invited there.

This druidic concept of geis is very curious. The only thing sure that can right now be said it is that it is in close connection therefore with the notion of Fate or Destiny among the Celts since its exact equivalent in Wales is the tynged (plural tynghedau). Most famous of these gaesa/tynghedau is that Arianrode places on her son Lleu Llaw Gyffes in the mabinogi of Mab son of Mathonwy.

Result: the very whole life of our hero will be placed under the sign of Fate, of which he is a living illustration, and it is therefore a whole generation which from now on will be placed under the responsibility of our half god. But let us not hesitate to say it, it proves to have been nevertheless, in this episode, a horrible imp.

CULANN'S HOUND.

The second deed of the little Hesus Setanta, that which earned him his final name, with which therefore he will go down in history, took place the following year. Therefore when he was six years old.

There was a good smith or artificer, by name Culann. He prepared a banquet for Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and traveled to Emain Macha to bid him to it. He begged Cunocavaros/Conchobar to bring only a moderate number of warriors, because neither land nor domain had he, but merely the product of his hammer, of his anvil, and of his tongs. Cunocavaros/Conchobar promised that he would bring no more than a small company. Culann returned home in his fortified house (dun) to make his last preparations, Cunocavaros/Conchobar remaining in Emain Macha until the meeting broke up and the day came to a close.

Then the king put on his light convenient traveling garb, and betook him to the green in order to bid the boy-corps farewell before he started. There, however, he saw a curious sight. One hundred and fifty youths at one end of the green, and at the other a single one and he taking the goal against the crowd of them. Again, when they played the hole-game (cluchi puill) and it was their turn to aim at the hole, it being his to defend it, he stopped all thrice fifty balls just at the edge of the hole, so that not one went in; when the defense was theirs and it was his turn to shoot, he would hole the entire set without missing one.

When the game was to tear one another's clothes off, he would have the mantles off them all, while the full number could not even pull out his brooch. When it was the wrestling that is to say to upset each other, he would knock over the hundred and fifty and they could not stretch him on the ground. All which when Cunocavaros/Conchobar had witnessed, he said: Congratulations to the country into which the little boy has come; were his full-grown deeds to prove consonant with his boyish exploits.

To this doubtful expression, Fergus objected saying to Cunocavaros/Conchobar: "That is not justly said for according as the little boy grows, so also will his deeds increase with him."

"Have the child called to us," said the king, he may come with us to share the banquet.

"I cannot go thither just now," said the boy.

"How so?" asked Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

"The boy team has not yet had enough of play!"

It would be too long for us to wait until they had, said the king.

Wait not at all; I will follow after you.

But, young one, know you the way?"

I will follow the trail of the retinue, of the horses, and the chariots' tracks.

Thereupon Cunocavaros/Conchobar started; eventually he reached Culann's house, was received in becoming fashion, fresh rushes were laid, and they fell to the banquet. Presently the smith said to Cunocavaros/Conchobar: "Good now, O my king, has anyone promised that this night he would follow you to this dwelling?"

No, not one, answered Cunocavaros/Conchobar (quite forgetting the little boy); but wherefore do you ask?"

It is only that I have an excellent bandog as a watchdog, from which when his chain is taken off no one may dare to be near him; except myself he does not know any man, and in him resides the strength of a hundred.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar said: "Loose him then, and let him guard this place."

So Culann did; the dog made the circuit of his country, then took up his usual position whence to watch the house, and there he couched with his head on his paws. Surely an extraordinary, cruel, fierce and savage dog, was he.

As for the boy corps, until it was time to separate, they continued to play in Emain Macha; then they dispersed, each one to his parents' house, or to his nurse's, or to his guardian's. But the little fellow, trusting to the trail, as aforesaid, struck out for Culann's house. With his club and his ball, he shortened the way for himself as he went. So soon as ever he came to the green of Culann's fort, the bandog became aware of him and gave tongue in such a way as to be heard throughout all the countryside; not was it to carve the boy decently as for a feast that he was minded, but at one gulp to swallow him down. The child was without all reasonable means of defense; therefore as the dog charged at him open-jawed he threw his playing ball down his throat with great force, which mortally punished the big dog's inwards. The little Hesus Setanta seized him by the hind legs and banged him against a stone (corthe/coirthe) to such purpose that he strewed all the ground in broken fragments.

Everybody within had heard the bandog's challenge, at the sound of which Cunocavaros/Conchobar said, " 'Tis no good luck has brought us on our present trip !"

"Your meaning?" asked the others.

I mean that the little boy, my sister Duxtir? Dexiua ? Epona ? Dechtire's son (Setanta son of Sualtam), had promised to come after me and he even now must be killed by the big dog.

As one man the heroes rose; and though the fort's doors were thrown open, out they stormed over the ramparts to seek him. Speedy as they were, yet did Fergus outstrip them; he picked up the boy, hoisted him on his shoulder, and carried him to Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Culann himself had come out, and there he saw his bandog lie in scraps and pieces; which was a heart's vexation to him. He went back indoors and said: "Your father and your mother are welcome both, but most unwelcome you!"

Why, what have you against the little fellow? asked Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

It was no good luck that inspired me to make my feast for you, O Cunocavaros/Conchobar: my dog now being gone, my substance is but substance wasted; my livelihood, a means of living set all astray. Little boy, he continued, that was a good member of my family you took from me: a safeguard of raiment, of flocks, and of herds.

Be not angered on account of that, said the little Hesus Setanta; for in this matter myself will pronounce a just compensation.

And what might that be? Inquired Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

The little Hesus Setanta replied: "If in green Erin there be a whelp of that dog's breed, by me he shall be nurtured till he be fit for action as was his sire. In the meantime, I, O Culann, myself will do you a bandog's service, in guarding of your cattle substance and stronghold.

Well have you made the compensation, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar; and Catubatuos/ Cathbad the druid, chiming in, declared that not in his own person could he have done it better, that henceforth the boy must bear the name "Culann's Hound" (Gaelic Cu Chulainn). The little Hesus, however, objected: "I like my own name better: Setanta son of Sualtam."

Say not so, Cathbad remonstrated; for all men in the world will have their mouths full of that name.

The boy answered that on those terms the name would be well pleasing to him, and in this way it came to pass that it stuck to him.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 12.

Hole game. In Gaelic cluchi puill. Game which consisted in launching a ball with a racket in holes, according to the French linguist Joseph Vendryous.

Corthe or coirthe is a Gaelic word meaning stone, but it can also mean standing stone, tomb stone. This first hound of Culann therefore died on a stone pillar. We cannot help seeing there like an anticipation of the death of the second Culann's hound, the Hesus Setanta, who will die crucified (more exactly beheaded) on a pillar stone on Muirthemne Plain.

Because Cuchulainn means very exactly "hound of Culann" in Gaelic. In the Celtic world and unlike the biblical world comparison with a dog was not pejorative. That was equivalent being considered tantamount to a lion.

Hound of Culann will be therefore from now on the second title of our lord Hesus, just after that of Setanta: the walking one, the one who walks on. It means that he will be from now on like the sheepdog or the watchdog of all the unfortunate Culann we are.

In the very year following that adventure of the dog, the little Hesus Setanta Cuchulainn will perform a third exploit.

Catubatuos/Cathbad the druid to the north-east of Emain Macha taught his pupils, there being with him eight from among the students of his astrological art. When one of them questioned him as to what purpose the omen of that day was more especially favorable, Cathbad told him that any stripling who on that day should for the first time assume arms and armor, the name of such a one forever would surpass those of the whole green Erin's youths besides. But his life must be fleeting and short.

The boy was some distance away on the south side of Emain Macha; nevertheless he heard Catubatuos/Cathbad's speech. He put off his playing suit and laid aside his implements of sport; then he entered Cunocavaros/Conchobar's sleeping house and said: "All good be yours, O my king!"

Cunocavaros/Conchobar answered, "Little boy, what is your request?"

I desire to take arms.

And who prompted you to that?

Catubatuos/Cathbad the druid, answered the little Hesus Cuchulainn.

You will not be denied, said the king, and forthwith gave him two spears with sword and shield. The little Hesus Cuchulainn supplied and brandished weapons and in the process broke them all to shivers and splinters. In short, whereas in Emain Macha Cunocavaros/Conchobar had seventeen weapon-equipment ready for the boy-corps service since whenever one of them took arms, Cunocavaros/Conchobar it was who invested him with the outfit and brought him luck in the use of it, the boy made fragments of them all. Which done, he said: "O my master, O Cunocavaros/Conchobar, these arms are not good; they suffice me not!"

Thereupon the king gave him his own two spears, his own sword, and his own shield. In every possible way, the little Hesus Cuchulainn tested them; he even bent them point to hilt and head to butt, you never broke them: they endured him. "These arms are good," said the little Hesus Cuchulainn, "and worthy of me. Fair fall the land and the region which for its king has him whose arms and armor are these."

Just then it was that Catubatuos/Cathbad the druid came into the house and wondering asked: "Is the little boy assuming arms?"

"Ay, indeed!" said the king.

"It is not his mother's son we would care to see assume them on this day," said the druid.

"How now," said the king, "was it not yourself that prompted him?"

"Not I, of a surety!"

"Kind of little demon," cried the king, "what meant you by telling me that it was so, wherein you have lied to me?"

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 13.

About possibility of predicting the future and about astrology in druidism, refer to our other essays on the subject.

We are very skeptics. What is certain, however, it is it could in no case be astrology in the sense in which it is now understood, and especially not that which is based on the trees and on the ogham in spite of its name. It is a complete forgery! In short to see counter-lay No. 35 in lesson N°2 with inside what it is necessary to think of Robert Graves as well as the chapters about the divination with letters and how to cast cisalpine runes, in lesson No. 3 (History of the pact or of the peace with the gods, volumes I and II).

"Kind of little demon...." Approximate translation of the Irish "siriti siabairti": some kinds of black, dark and distorted creatures.

Siabra indeed are members of the god-or-demons of the goddess-or-demoness, or fairy if you prefer, Danu (bia), of whom they are not the most respectable part. They are these siabra who according to a fragment of the Dindshenchas, were the last instruments of druids against King Cormac mac Art.

The Celtic words in *soibho- or *sibho- belong to the religious vocabulary of black magic because the essential sign of the evil powers is a deformity, physical ugliness, moral perversion. Perhaps would be suitable to bring closer to *se (I) bho- the Celtic terms in seb, of which the seaboddu of the inscription discovered in the Vieil-Evreux in France, Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum XIII 3204.

"O my king, do not be angry," little Hesus Cuchulainn pleaded ; for he it was that prompted me when he instructed his pupils. For when they asked him what special virtue lay in this day, he told them that the name of whatsoever youth should therein for the first time take arms, would top the fame of all other Green Erin's men, nor thereby should he suffer resulting disadvantage, save that his life must be fleeting, short.'

"And it is true for me," said Catubatuos/Cathbad; "noble and famous indeed you will be, but transitory, soon gone."

Little care I said the little Hesus Cuchulainn, nor though I were hut one day or one night in being, so long as after me the history of myself and doing may endure.'

Then said Cathbad again, "Well then," get into a chariot, boy, and proceed to test in your own person whether mine utterance be true.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 14.

The main characteristic of our hero, just like that of the beautiful Deirdre besides, is to be in a way the perfect illustration of the absolute power of Fate or Tocado or Tocad (Middle Welsh tyngned, Breton tonket, destined, old Irish tocad, destiny, toicthech "fortunatus" tonquedec in Breton. The labarum is its symbol).

Because the former high-knowers of the druidiacton (druidecht) had made the "haphazardness" (sic) a god, according to St Columba of Iona who protests against in one of the loricae that is ascribed to him (M'oenuan). "I do not reverence the voices of the birds... neither a son, neither the CHANCE, nor the woman. My druid is the son of God... etc. "

The little Hesus Cucuchulain mounted a chariot; in various ways he tried its strength, and reduced it to fragments. He mounted a second, with the same result. In brief, whereas in Emain Macha for the boy corps' service Conchobar had seventeen chariots, in like wise the little fellow smashed them all; then he said: "These chariots of yours, O Conchobar, are not good at all, nor worthy of me".

"Where is Ibar son of Rianganabra?" cried Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

"Here I am!" he answered.

"Prepare my own chariot and harness my own horses for him there!"

The driver made his will, the little Hesus Cuchulainn mounted, tested the chariot, and it endured him. This chariot is good, he said, and my worthy match.

Good now, little boy, said Ibar, let the horses be turned out to grass.

Too early for that yet, Ibar; drive on and round Emain Macha.

Let the horses go out to graze.

Too early yet, Ibar; drive ahead that the boy team may give me salutation on this the first day of my taking arms.

They came to the place where the boy corps was, and their cry resounded: "But these are arms that you have taken!"

"The very thing indeed !" he said.

They wished him success in spoil-winning and in the first fight, but expressed regret that he was weaned away from them and their sports. Cuchulainn assured them that it was not so, but that it was something in the nature of a charm that had caused him to take arms on this day of all others. Again Ibar pressed him to have the horses taken out, and again the boy refused. He questioned the driver: "Whither leads this great road here running by us?" Ibar answered that it ran to the Look-out Ford in Fuat Mountains. In answer to further questions with which he plied the charioteer, the young Hesus Cuchulainn learned that the ford had that name from the fact that daily there some prime warrior of the Ulaid kept watch and ward to see that no foreign champion came to molest them, it being his duty to do single combat on behalf of his whole province. Should poets and musicians be coming away from Ulidia dissatisfied with their treatment, it was his duty, acting for the whole province, to solace them with gold and other gifts. On the other hand, did poets and musicians enter his province, his duty was to see that they had safe conduct up to Cunocavaros/Conchobar's court. This sentinel's praise then would be the theme of the first pieces, in various forms of line of verse, the poets would rehearse upon arriving in Emain Macha.

The young Hesus Cuchulainn inquired whether the charioteer knew who it was that on this particular day mounted guard. 'I know it well,' the charioteer replied; 'it is Conall son of Amergin, surnamed Cernach (the victorious), Green Erin's pre-eminent warrior.

"Onward to that ford, then, driver!" cried the little Hesus Cuchulainn.

"Sure enough at the water's edge they came upon Conall, who received them with: "And is it arms that you have taken today, little boy?"

"It is indeed!" the charioteer answered for him.

"May his arms bring him triumph and victory and drawing of first blood!" said Conall. "The only thing is that in my judgment you have prematurely assumed them, seeing that as yet you are fit for exploits."

For all answer the boy said, "And what do you here, Conall?"

On behalf of the province (coiced) I keep watch and ward.

Come, said the youngster, for this day let me take the duty.

Never say it, replied Conall, for as yet you are not to coping with a real fighting man.

Then will I go down to the shallows of Loch Echtra (the lake of the foreigners?), to see whether I may draw blood on either friend or foe.

And I said Conall, will go to protect you and to safeguard so that you will not run into dangers on the border.

Nay, said the little Hesus Cuchulainn, do not come.

I will so, Conall insisted, for were I to permit you all alone to frequent the border, the Ulaid would avenge it on me.

Conall had his chariot made ready and his horses harnessed; he started on his errand of protection of the little Hesus Cuchulainn, and soon overtook the boy, who had cut the matter short and had gone on before. They now being abreast, the little Hesus Cuchulainn deemed that, in the event of opportunity to do some deed of mortal daring, Conall would never allow him to execute it. From the ground therefore he picked up a stone about the size of his fist, and took very careful aim at Conall's chariot yoke. He broke it in two, the vehicle came down, Conall was hurled prone, and while falling one of his shoulders was dislocated.

What's all this, boy?

It was I: in order to see whether my marksmanship was good and whether there was in me the material of a good warrior.

Poison take both your shot and yourself as well; though your head would fall as a prize to some foe over yonder, yet never a foot further will I budge to save you!

The very thing I crave of you, said the little Hesus Cuchulainn and I do this in this particular manner because to you Ulaid it is prohibited to proceed after a mishap has befallen your chariots.

With that Conall went back to his post at the ford.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 15.

Theoretically, Conall is supposed to be as old as the little Hesus Cuchulainn and to have been also brought up with him as a foster brother. Slight contradiction therefore here of our accounts.

The expression: "It is prohibited to you Ulaid etc." means some detachment of our hero with respect to his people. A little as if he did not feel really Ultonian either.

Like already aforementioned previously, this child, the little Hesus Setanta Cuchulainn, is in fact an embodiment (avatar) of Fate (Tocade or Tocad).

Sualtam is indeed only the feeder father of the little hesus Setanta Cuchulainn.

As for the little Hesus Cuchulainn, southwards he went his way to the shallows of the Lake Echtra, and until the day's end abode there. Then spoke Ibar: 'If to you we might venture to say so much, little one, I should be more than rejoiced that we made instant return to Emain Macha. For already for some time the carving has been going on there; and whereas there you have your appointed place kept till you come, between Conchobar's knees, I on the contrary can do nothing but join the messengers and jesters of his house, to fit in where I may; for which reason I judge it now fitting that I were back in time to scramble with them.

The little hesus Cuchulainn ordered him to harness the chariot; which being done, they drove off. Cuchulainn inquired the name of a mountain that he saw. He learned that it was the Mourne Range (Sliab Moduirn) and further asked the meaning of a white cairn which appeared on a summit. It was the great and beautiful cairn of Finnchairn precisely; the boy thought it inviting, and ordered the driver to take him thither. Ibar expressed great reluctance and Cu Chulainn said: "You are a lazy loon, considering that this is my first adventure quest, and this is your first trip with me."

And if it is, said Ibar, if I ever reach Emain Macha, forever and forever may it be my last! Good now, driver, said the boy when they were on the top of the hillock; in all directions point out to me the topography of Ulidia, a country in which I do not know my way about. The charioteer from that position pointed out the hills and the plain lands and the strongholds of the province.

'Tis well, O driver and what now is yon well-defined glen seamed plain before us to the southwards?

That is the plain of Breg.

Proceed then and instruct me concerning the strongholds and forts of that plain. Then Ibar pointed out to him Tara and Tailltiu, Cletech and Cnogba, the brug of the son of the young man (brug meic in oc?) on the Boyne, and the stronghold of Necht's sons.

Are they those sons of Necht of whom it is said that the number of Ulaid now alive does not exceed the number of them fallen by their hands?

The same, said Ibar.

Away with us then to the stronghold of Nechtan's sons.

Woe waits on such a speech; and whosoever he be that goes there, I will not be the one.

The little Hesus Cuchulainn said: "Alive or dead, thither will you go, however!"

Alive I go then, and dead I shall be left there.

"They made their way to the stronghold, and the little Hesus Cuchulainn dismounted upon the green, a green with this particular feature: in its center stood a pillar stone, encircled with an iron collar, test of heroic accomplishment for the visitors; for it bore graven writing to the effect that any man (if only he were one that carried arms) who should enter on this green must hold it taboo to him to depart from it without challenging to single combat some of the dwellers in the stronghold. The little Hesus Cuchulainn read the ogham, threw his arms around the stone to start it, and eventually pitched it, collar and all, into the water close at hand.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 16.

The ogham was a sacred alphabet used for the inscription in berla féné or in larn berlé.

This detail proves that the little Hesus Mars or Setanta (or Cuchulainn) had a perfect command of the Celtic runes technique: it could read them.

But the oghamic alphabet is far from being ancient, it is only medieval, and this detail also proves that the original pan-Celtic myth was adapted or rewritten to apply Ireland at this time.

In my poor opinion, ventured Ibar, it is no better so than it was before; and I know well that this time at all events you will find the object of your search: a prompt and violent death.

Good, good, O driver, now spread the chariot coverings that I may sleep a little while.

Alas, that one should speak so; for a land of foe men and not of friends is this!

Ibar obeyed, and on the green at once the little fellow fell asleep. Just then it was that Foill one of Necht's sons issued forth, and, at the sight of the chariot, called out: "Driver, do not unharness those horses!" Ibar made answer that he still held the reins in his hand, a sign that he was not about to unharness them.

What horses are these?

Cunocavaros/Conchobar's two piebalds.

Even such at sight I took them to be, said Foill; and who has brought them into these borders?

A young bit of a little boy; one who for luck has taken arms today, and for the purpose of showing off his form and fashion has come into the borders.

May it not be for victory nor for triumph, his first-taking of arms, exclaimed Foill. If I knew he was fit for deeds, it is dead he should go back northwards to Emain and not alive!

Indeed he is not capable, nor could it be rightly imputed to him; this is but the seventh year since his birth.

Here the little Hesus Cuchulainn lifted his face from the ground; not only that but his whole body to his feet, blushed deep at the affront which he had overheard, and said:

"Ay, I am fit for action!"

But Foill rejoined: "I rather would incline to hold that you are not!"

You will know what to hold in this matter, only let us repair to the ford; but first, go fetch your weapons; in cowardly guise you are come hither, for nor drivers nor messengers nor folks without arms slay I. The man rushed headlong for his weapons, and Ibar advised the boy that he must be careful with him. The little Hesus Cuchulainn asked the reason, and was told that the man was Foill son of Necht, invulnerable to either point or edge of any kind.

Not to me should such a thing be spoken, little Hesus Cuchulann replied, for I will take in hand my special feat arm: the tempered and refined iron ball, which shall land in his forehead's midst and backwards through his skull shall carry out his brain, so leaving his head traversed with a fair conduit for the air.' With that, out came Foill son of Necht again; the little Hesus Cuchulainn grasped his ball, hurled it with the exact effect foretold, and he took Foill's head.

Out of the stronghold now the second Necht's son emerged on the green, whose name was Tuachall mac Necht, and he said: "Belike you are inclined to boast of that much!" The little Hesus Cuchulainn replied that the fall of a single warrior was for him no matter of boast, and Tuachall told him that in that case he should not boast at all, because straightway he would perish by his hand. Then make haste for your weapons,' said the little Hesus Cuchulainn, 'for in cowardly guise you come hither.

Away went Tuachall and Ibar repeated his admonitions. Who is that? asked the little Hesus Cuchulainn. He was told by Ibar not only that he was a son of Necht but also that he must be slain by the first stroke or shot or another attempt of whatsoever sort, or not at all; and this because of the extraordinary activity and skill which in front of weapons' points he displayed to avoid them. Again the little Hesus Cuchulainn objected that such language ought not to be addressed to him. Said he, I will take in my hand Cunocavaros/Conchobar's great spear, the Venomous; it shall pierce the shield over his breast and, after holing the heart within him, shall break three ribs in his side that is the farthest from me. This also the little Hesus Cuchulainn performed, and took the victim's head before his body touched the ground.

Now came out the youngest of the sons, Fainnle a) mac Necht, and said: "But simpletons they were with whom you have had to do." The little Hesus Cuchulainn asked him what he meant, and Fainnle invited him to come away down-and-out upon the water where his foot would not touch bottom, himself on the instant darting to the ford. Still Ibar warned the little Hesus Cuchulainn to be on his guard. "How is that then?" asked the little boy.

Because that is Fainnle Necht's son; and the reason why he bears that name is that as it were a swan or a swallow even so for swiftness he travels on the water's surface, nor can the whole world's swimmers attempt to cope with him.

Not to me ought such a thing to be said,' objected the little Hesus Cuchulainn; for you know the river which we have in Emain Macha, the Callan: well, when the boy-team break off from their sports and plunge into it to swim, on either shoulder I take a lad of them, on either palm another, nor in the transit across that water ever wet as much as my ankles.

Then he and Fainnle entered the ford and there wrestled. The little Hesus Cuchulainn clasped his arms around him and got him just flush with the water; then he dealt him a stroke with Conchobar's sword and took his head, letting the body go with the current. To finish up, he entered the stronghold and harried it; he and Ibar fired it and left it burning brightly, then turned about to retrace their steps through Fuat Mountains, not forgetting to carry with them the heads of the three Necht's sons.

Soon they saw in front of them a herd of deer, and the boy sought to know what those numerous and restless cattle were. Ibar explained that they were not cattle, but a herd of wild deer that haunted the dark glens of the Fuat Mountains.

Whip b) a little the horses, charioteer, to see can we take some of them. The charioteer drove a goad into the horses. But it was beyond the power of the king's over fat steeds to keep up with the deer.

The little Hesus Cuchulainn dismounted therefore and by sheer running and mere speed captured in the moor two stags of the greatest bulk, which he made fast to the chariot with thongs. Still they held a course for Emain Macha, and by-and-by, when nearing it, perceived a certain flock of whitest swans. The little Hesus Cuchulainn asked were they pet birds or wild,

and learned from Ibar's mouth that they were wild swans which used to congregate from rocks and islands of the sea, and for feeding's sake, infest the country. The little Hesus Cuchulainn questioned further, and wished to know which was the rarest thing: to bring some of them back to Emain Macha alive, or to bring them dead. Ibar did not hesitate to say that bringing them back living would be the more creditable by far; for, said he, "you may find plenty to bring them in dead; perhaps not one to bring them in living!"

Into his sling the Hesus Cuchulainn laid a little stone, and with it at a cast brought down eight swans of the number. Again he loaded, this time with a larger stone, and now brought down sixteen. Driver, bring along the birds, he said.

But Ibar hesitated.

I hardly can do that! He objected.

"And why not?" said the little Hesus Cuchulainn.

Because if I quit my present position, the horses' speed and the action being what they are, the chariot wheels will cut me into pieces; or else the stags' antlers will pierce and otherwise wound me.

No true warrior are you, Ibar; said the little Hesus Cuchulainn, because of the look I shall give at the horses they will not depart from the straight way; at the look I shall give at the deer, they will bend their heads in fear and awe of me; they will not dare move, and it will be safe for you even though you go in front of their horns.

At this Ibar ventured down and retrieved the swans, which with more of the thongs and ropes he secured to the chariot. In this manner they covered the rest of the way to Emain Macha c).

Leborcham d), daughter of Ai ('Ear') and of Adarc ('Horn') and messenger to the king, perceived them now and cried: "A solitary chariot-fighter draws near to you now, O Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and terribly he comes! The chariot is graced with the bleeding heads of his enemies; beautiful white birds he has which in the chariot bear him company, and unbroken wild stags bound and tethered to the same, indeed if measures be not taken to receive him cleverly, the best of the Ulaid must fall by his hand.

I know that little chariot fighter, Cunocavaros/Conchobar said: 'the little boy, my sister's son, who this very day went to the border. Surely he will have reddened his hand; and should his fury not be timely met, all Emain Macha's young men will perish by him.

At last they hit upon a method to abate his typically manly rage, and it was this: Emain Macha's women all (thrice fifty in number) bared their bosoms e), and without subterfuge of any kind trooped out to meet him at one and the same time, and their chieftainess, Scannlach ("the Wanton") before them, to discover their persons and their shame to him." The little Hesus Cuchulainn hid his face from them and turned his gaze on the chariot, that he might not see the nakedness or the shame of the women.

Then was the desired moment; all unawares he was seized, and soused in a vat of cold water ready for the purpose. In this first vessel the heat generated by his immersion was such that the staves and hoops flew asunder instantly. In a second vat, the water escaped (by boiling over); in yet a third the water still was hotter than one could bear. By this time, however, the Hesus Cuchulainn's fury had died down in him; from crown to sole he blushed a beautiful pink red all over, and they clad him in his festive clothes. Thus his natural form and feature were restored to him.

A beautiful boy indeed was who went out from their expert hands : seven toes to each foot he had, and to either hand as many fingers; his eyes were bright with seven pupils apiece, each one of which glittered with seven gem-like sparkles. On either cheek he had four tibri (some moles? Some patches ?): a blue, a crimson, a green, and a yellow one. Between one ear and the other he had fifty clear-yellow long tresses (that were like the yellow wax of bees? Or like a brooch of white gold as it glints in the sun unobscured ?) He wore a green mantle silver-clasped upon his breast, a gold-thread shirt. The little Hesus Cuchulainn took his place between Cunocavaros/Conchobar's knees, and the king began to stroke his hair.

a) Faindle in Gaelic is indeed a name which means "swan" (fainnle). Others read "swallow" (fandall). Oh yes, that is the way it goes! The Irish word in question is difficult to translate. It is perhaps in connection with the swimming or the diving.

b) Whip the horses, charioteer! In fact, the Irishmen of the time used a goad.

c) Scene or vision even more extraordinary than that of the sleigh of Santa Claus pulled by reindeers.

d) Leborcham means in Gaelic: the flexible or the rapid (lebor) lame person (cham).

e) What means exactly the Gaelic word "lomnocht?" The majority of authors incline towards a complete nakedness but Tom Peete Cross and Clark Harris Slover (The Boyhood Deeds of Cú Chulainn in Ancient Irish Tales) think that is equivalent to "bare-chested." A little following the example of the women of Gergovia beseeching the Romans to spare them. "Matres familiae de muro vestem argentumque iactabant et pectore nudo prominentes passis manibus obtestabantur Romanos, ut sibi parcerent" ("The mothers begin to cast their clothes and silver over the wall, and bare-chested, with outstretched hands beseech the Romans to spare them." Caesar B.G. Book VII chapter XLVII).

N.B. It is true that some Latin manuscripts instead of "pectore nudo" (bare-chested) have the mention "pectoris fine prominentes" (bending forward over the wall as far as the lower part of their bosom.)

It is probably in our Gaelic text the final result of a heavy intervention of Christian morals. However, whether it is a complete nakedness or only a being topless, we are there also the exact opposite of the Quranic lines of verse about the headscarf and the Islamic decency. As regards sexuality the Celts of this time were not as puritan as us. Female nudity was not a scandal and one found normal then to wash oneself in front of girls or women, precisely there to help you in taking a bath.

Let us repeat it once again! Nakedness, even complete, is natural! As natural as a flower, as a fruit in a tree (an apple?) or as a beautiful mountain. It is like so that we are born, no??? How those who affirm that God made us so can at the same time support that it is something shameful, that what God made with love for us, we should be ashamed of it? The former pagans of Arabia (of before Islam, during Jahiliya) besides had well understood it who used to go around the Kaaba at the time of their pilgrimage to Mecca... naked! Because the evil never comes from the fact that a man or a woman is naked....but from the look that man can possibly take, at a woman or a man....naked! And this in all the meaning of the word besides, because if no nakedness could offend God, nor true Decency (that of the feelings), on the other hand, there are some which can somewhat go against our (human and only human, therefore dated), sense of esthetics, or of conventions. If nakedness can seem natural on an operating table in a hospital, or on a beach, it can, on the other hand, appear inappropriate, in the eyes of some people in a food store, for example. Or in the streets of our modern urban jungles. On the other hand, for the ancient Greeks it was not it in a stadium.

As for the lust that we have just mentioned, let us not forget it is quite a venial sin taking into consideration huge advantages that Mother nature and life conferred on us as regards reproduction, while sexing us (the amebas cannot evolve through genetic mutation, they can only reproduce in an identical way), variability of the forms, the possibility of choosing, neoteny, etc.

f) Seven fingers, seven pupils... is it really quite normal? Was it for the bards having composed these stories to show well that he was really not an ordinary man??

AEMER'S COURTSHIP (THE WOOING OF AEMER). Tochmarc Emire.

Now, once the Ulaidh were in Emain Macha with Conchobar drinking (ale) from the larn-gual (iron vat). A hundred fillings of beverages went into it every evening. This was the drinking color of the coal that would satisfy all the Ulaidh at the same time. The chariot chiefs of Ulidia were performing on ropes stretched across from door to door in the house at Emain. Fifteen feet and nine score was the size of that room. The chariot chiefs were performing three feats—viz., the spear feat a), the apple feat, and the sword-edge feat a).

These are the chariot chiefs who performed those feats: Conall Cernach (the Victorious), son of Amorgen; Fergus, son of Roich the Overbold; Loegaire (the Victorious), son of Connad; Celtchar, son of Uthider; Dubthach, son of Lugaid; the young Hesus Cuchulainn son of Sualtam; Scel, son of Barnene, the warder of Emain Macha. From him is the saying “a story of Scel's,” for he was a mighty storyteller b).

The young Hesus Cuchulainn surpassed all of them at those feats for quickness and deftness. The women of Ulidia loved our hero greatly for his quickness at the feats, for the nimbleness of his leap, for the excellency of his wisdom; for the sweetness of his speech, for the beauty of his face, for the loveliness of his look. For there were seven pupils in his kingly eyes, four of them in his one eye, and three of them in the other. He had seven fingers on either hand, and seven toes on either of his two feet. Many were his budisms c). First, his gift of prudence until his warrior's flame appeared around his head, the gift of feats, the gift of tablut-playing (the Celtic chess), the gift of checkers-playing, the gift of calculating, the gift of soothsaying, the gift of sense, the gift of beauty.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 18.

a) The spear feat, and the apple feat, and the sword-edge feat....see counter-lay No. 27.

b) As almost all the medieval Irish etymologies this etymology (of the word scela) is, of course, only a simple play on words without any scientific value.

c) Gaelic buada/buaid. How to convey or translate as well as possible this Gaelic term which means at the same time victory spoils and gift? Budism ? Our Christian friends as for them call that “charismas.” We find of them a good description (according to them) in chapter XII of the first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians (wisdom, knowledge, faith, healing, performing miracles, prophecy, vision of spirits, various kinds of languages, and gift for interpretation of them).

d) Better than a simple chess, buanfach is perhaps a kind of fidchell, viducesla in old Celtic, a Celtic tablut.

e) Hesus Mars Setanta Cuchulainn is therefore not only a warrior, he is also an educated man (see the range of his knowledge) and an intelligent person (arithmetic reasoning and understanding). Result of his exceptional trifunctional education.

But three faults had the young Hesus Cuchulainn: he was too young (for his mustache had not grown, and all the more would unknown youths deride him), that he was too daring, that he was too beautiful. The Ulaid took counsel about him, for their women and maidens loved him greatly. For there was no wife with the Hesus Cuchulainn at that time. This was the counsel, that they would seek a woman whom the young Hesus Cuchulainn might choose to woo.

For they were sure that a man who had a wife to attend to him would less ravish their maidens and accept the love of their women. And, besides, they were troubled and afraid that he would perish early, so that for that reason they wished to give him a wife that he might leave an heir. For they knew very well that a warrior such as he could be born only of himself (Ar ro fedatar is vadh bodesin nobiád a athcin or Ar rofetatar is úad fessin no bíad a athgein).

Then Cunocavaros/Conchobar sent out nine men into each province of the green Erin to seek a wife for the young Hesus Cuchulainn, to see if they would find in any castle or in any chief place in Erin the daughter of a king, or of a chief, or of a lord of land, whom Cuchulainn might be pleased to choose and woo. All the messengers returned that day a year gone, and had not found a maiden whom the Hesus Cuchulainn chose to woo. Thereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn himself went to woo a maiden that he knew in Lug's garden—viz., Emer, the daughter of Forgall the Wily. The Hound of Culann himself and his charioteer Loeg, son of Rianganbar (or Reincobir), went in his chariot. That was the one chariot which the host of the horses of the chariots of Ulidia could not follow, on account of the swiftness and speed of the chariot and of who sat in it. Then Cuchulainn found the maiden on her playing field, with her foster sisters around her.

These were daughters of the lords of land, of the country, that lived around the castle of Forgall. They were learning needlework and fine handiwork from Emer. She was the one maiden whom he deigned to address and woo of the maidens of Green Erin. For she had the six gifts—viz., the gift of beauty, the gift of voice, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needlework, the gift of wisdom, and lastly the gift of chastity. The young Hesus Cuchulainn said that no maiden should go with him but she who was his equal in age and shape and race, and skill and deftness, who was the best handworker of the maidens of green Erin, and that none was a fitting wife for him unless such were she. And as she was the one maiden that fulfilled all those conditions, the Hesus Cuchulainn went to woo her above all.

It was in his festal array that Hesus Cuchulainn went on that day to address Emer and to show his beauty to her. As the maidens were sitting on the bench of gathering at the castle, they heard something coming towards them: the clatter of the horses' hoofs, the creaking of the chariot, the cracking of the straps, the grating of the wheels, the rush of the hero, the clanking of the weapons.

Let one of you see, said Emer, what it is that is coming straightly towards us.

Truly, I see here, said Fiall, another daughter of Forgall, two steeds of like size, beauty, fierceness, and speed, bounding together, high-headed, spirited, powerful, pricking their ears(?), thin-mouthed, with long tresses, with broad foreheads, much speckled, slightly slender but very broad, impetuous, with curling manes, with curling tails. At the right pole of the chariot is a gray horse, broad-haunched, fierce, swift, fleet, wild, taking small bounds, broad-maned, thundering, stamping, with curling mane, high-headed, broad-chested. A flame jumps out of the glebe under his four hoofs, a flock of swift birds follows, he takes his course along the road, there darts from him a flash of burning breath jet, a blast of red-sparkling fire stands out from his curbed jaws. The other horse jet-black, hard-headed, round, slender-footed, broad-hoofed, spirited, curly, plaited, tressed, broad-backed, firmly shod, fiery, fierce, strongly striding, firmly stamping, long-maned, curly-maned, long-tailed, with firm curls, broad of forehead, beautiful he moves along after having beaten the horses in the land, he bounds over the smooth dry sward, he finds no obstacle in the land....

Behind there is a chariot of fine wood with wickerwork, on which are white-bronze wheels. A white pole of white silver with a mounting of white bronze. A very high creaking frame of tin, round and firm. A curved strong yoke of gold. Two plaited firm yellow reins. Hard poles, straight as sword blades. A dark sad (?) man in the chariot, the fairest of the men of Green Erin. A beautiful five-folded purple cloak around him, a brooch of inlaid gold on his white breast at its opening, against which it heaves, full strokes beating. A shirt with a white hood, interwoven red with flaming gold. Seven red dragon gems on the ground of either of his two eyes.

Two blue-white-blood-red cheeks that breathe sparks and flashes of fire. A ray of love burns also in his look. Me thinks, a shower of pearls has been poured in his mouth. As black as the side of a ...?... was each of his two eyebrows.

A gold-hilted sword resting on his two thighs. A blood-red hand fitted spear with a sharp mettlesome blade on a shaft of wood is fastened to the copper frame of the chariot. A purple shield with a rim of silver, with ornamental beasts of gold over his two shoulders. He leaps heroes' salmon leap...?

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 19.

For they knew very well that a warrior such as he could be born only of himself. Is it the belief in a future reincarnation of Hesus Cuchulainn?? Belief in a forthcoming return on earth of the Hesus Cuchulainn? Or quite simply the somewhat racist and sexist (male chauvinist) belief in the importance of heredity or atavism in the inheritance of gifts or talents?

John Rhys in the second volume of his book about the Celtic folklore, Welsh and Manx, thinks that it is the belief that, when a child is born, it is one of the ancestors of his family who comes back to live again. An avatar in a way! And he quotes one wonders well why in fact, in support, the words of Don Diegue to his victorious son, in the play of the French Pierre Corneille, entitled the Cid:

..... ton illustre audace

Fait bien revivre en toi les héros de ma race.

However the Gaelic "athcin/athgein" has well the meaning of rebirth or regeneration.

Lord of land...the Gaelic term so conveyed by us is briugu. The briugu (= hospitaller) was a small lord or small noble in charge of the stewardship of a great one. He welcomed in his bruiden (hostel) all those who required hospitality.

Loeg, son of Riagabar....in the account of the boyhood deeds of the young Cuchulainn he is called Ibar son of Riagabra. Unless it is one of his brothers.

Two steeds of like size... They are, of course, the two foals which were given to our hero on the occasion of his birth.

For more details on this kind of vehicle see the research of the professor Raimund Karl, of the University of Wales Bangor.

White bronze ? Findruine in Gaelic, however.

There is a dark and sad man in this chariot? Cuchulainn is not described as "dub" but as "find" i.e., beautiful and radiant, in others of our texts.

A purple shield with a rim of silver, with ornamental beasts of goldperhaps are they the first medieval armorial bearings there?

The salmon leap....Here how it was still performed in Inishmore Island (Aranmor), about 1900, according to John Millington Synge.

After he had finished his feats of dexterity, our author was indeed surprised to find that none of the islanders, even the youngest and most agile, could do what he did. ...One man, however, the champion dancer of the island, got up after a while and displayed the salmon leap—lying flat on his face and then springing up, horizontally, high in the air—and some other feats of extraordinary agility, but we could not get him to dance (John Millington Synge. The Aran Islands. Part III).

The fact that it is a champion dancer who could succeed in making the salmon leap, shows enough that it was the result of a long sports practice, but reserved at the time to warriors. And bordering almost on that of the Indian kalaripayat. We find there, however, the same sense of the observation of animals.

There is a charioteer before him in that chariot, a very slender, long-sided, much freckled man. Very curly bright-red hair on his head. A circle of bronze on his brow which prevents his hair from falling over his face. Patens of gold on both sides of the back of his head to confine his hair. A shoulder mantle with sleeves about him, with openings at his two elbows. A rod of red gold in his hand with which he keeps the horses in order.

Meanwhile the young Hesus Cuchulainn came to the place where the maidens were. And he wished a good morning to them. Aemer lifted her lovely fair face and recognized the Hound of Culann. Then she said: "May God make smooth the path before you!" "May you be safe from every harm!" said he.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 20.

With sleeves or without sleeves? If it is a small cloak without sleeves, it can be a birrus (shorter than a cucullus). Word at the origin of our modern beret (formerly a hood). A rod of red gold in his hand with which he keeps the horses in order. Therefore no whip! "May God make smooth the path before you" ? "May the gods make smooth the path before you!" of course! Because Christian censorship went through that and did like the media today (it presented the things in its way including while using non-truths even untruths, dominant ideology and brain washing or manipulation of minds by the journalists, oblige! (N.B. Formerly one said rather: "Noblesse oblige ! " = true nobility obliges first! ") Let us not forget also, very important, that all that is also marked with the seal of the Irish deviation and does not match necessarily to the most authentic pan-Celtic mythology.... Aemer and Hesus Cuchulainn not wishing to be understood by other girls, then will communicate only through allusions or metaphors. Hence the aspect a little bit twisted of the dialog which follows, and which is a remarkable example of iarn berla or berla fene, but not so complicated than that in fact. A little like if, instead of saying "New York" it was said "the new Eburacum" or "the city of Liberty" or "the city where the statue of Liberty by Bartholdi stands up " even, in a completely different way , the "big apple " . Like if instead of saying "Los Angeles" it was said "the city of angels" or "a formerly Mexican city." Or "city of brotherly love" instead of Philadelphia. Like if, instead of saying "New Orleans" it was said "the new city liberated by Joan of Arc," who indeed freed the French town of Orleans from the English blockade which asphyxiated it, in 1429.

N.B. The city had before been girdled with fortresses by the English. It is therefore against these fortresses that Joan of Arc will direct her attacks initially. After several sallies leading her troops, this intelligent and courageous young girl 17 years old constrained the English to be locked up inside. Besieging ones become, in turn, besieged! The rest is only a question of hours. The attack of the last fortress, the fort of the Turrets, with the Scot or French soldiers, will begin on Saturday, May 7, early morning, after the mass.

Joan of Arc puts oneself on the line by organizing herself an attack on the walls. She is wounded by an arrow in her shoulder. When the evening falls, the French or Scottish attackers are exhausted, they are about to give the signal of their retreat.

The girl, who withdrew herself aside in order to have a rest or to pray, understands very quickly what happens. She therefore waves her banner in order to give the signal of a last attack. The English captain, who commands the fortress, falls from the walls and drowns in the Loire. The fortress is taken. The links are restored between Orleans and the south of the river.

The following day, the English army is put in battle order in the plain. But Joan of Arc refuses the combat, because it is Sunday. The captain who commands the English army understands very quickly that he has no longer something to gain if he remains there. He thus lifts the siege and retreats. It is a victory for the Frenchmen.... but also for the Scotsmen, who defended the city.

'Whence have you come?' she asked.
 From Intide Emna, he replied.
 Where did you sleep? said she.
 We slept, he said, in the house of the man who tends the cattle of the plain of Tethra.
 What was your food there? she asked.
 The end of a chariot was cooked for us there, he replied.
 Which way did you come? said she.
 Between the Two Mountains of the Wood, said he.
 Which way did you take after that? said she.
 Not hard to tell, said he. "From the Sea Shroud, over the Great Secret of the Men of the goddess, over the Foam of the two Steeds of Emain, over the Garden of the Morrigan, over the Backbone of the Great Swine, over the Glen of the Great Deer, between the god and his Seer, over the Marrow of the woman Fedelm, between the Leading Boar (triath) and his sow, over the Washing of the Horses of the Great Dea, between the King of Ana and his Servant (gnia), to the four underground shelters of Mannchuile, over Great Misfortune, over the Remnants of the Great Feast, between the big vat and the small vat, to Lug's Garden, to the wonders of the nephew of Tethra, King of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomori."

"What is your account, oh maiden?" said Hesus Cuchulainn.
 Not hard to tell, truly, said the maiden, Tara of the women, the whitest of maidens, the ...?.... of chastity, a prohibition which is not taken, a watchman who sees no one. A woman modest like a worm....?..... a rush which none come near. The daughter of a king, a flame of honor, a road that cannot be entered ... viz. I have strong chaperons that follow me to guard me from whoever will take me against their pleasure, without their and Forgall's knowledge of my act. And who are therefore the champions that followed you, oh maiden? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Not hard to tell, truly, said Aemer. Two Lui, two Luath, and Lath Gaible, son of Tethra, Triath and Trescath, Brion and Bolor, Bas, son of Omnach, eight Condla, lastly Conn, another son of Forgall.

Every man of them has the strength of a hundred and the feats of nine champions. Forgall himself, too, hard is it to tell his many powers. He is stronger than any man of the people, more learned than any druid, sharper than any songwriter. It will be more than all your feats to fight against Forgall himself. For many powers of his have been recounted but....?....
 Why do you not reckon me, oh maiden, with those strong men? said Hesus Cuchulainn.
 If your deeds have been recounted, why should I not reckon you among them?

Truly, I swear, oh maiden, said Hesus Cuchulainn, that I shall make my deeds recount among the glories of the strength of our heroes.
 And what then is your strength? said Aemer.

Not hard to tell, truly,'said he. 'When I am weak in fight, I defend twenty. Sufficient for thirty is a third of my strength. I alone make combat against forty. My protection guards a hundred. Fords and battlefields are avoided for fear and dread of me. Hosts and multitudes and many armed men flee with the terror of my face.
 Those are good fights of a young boy,' said the maiden, but you have not yet reached the strength of chariot chiefs.

Truly, oh maiden, said he, well have I been brought up by my beloved foster father, Cunocavaros/Conchobar.
 Not as a churl looks to the education of his children, not between flagstone and kneading trough, nor from the fire to the wall, nor on the floor of the one larder (?) have I been brought up by Cunocavaros/Conchobar, but among chariot chiefs and champions, among jesters and druids, among poets and learned men, among the Ultonian lords of land (briuga) and farmers have I been reared; so that I have all their manners and gifts.
 And who then would have brought you up in all those deeds you boast? said Aemer.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 21.

Men of the goddess.... Fer n' Deaa in our text. In other words, Tuatha de Danann.
Sow. The exact Gaelic expression is "mar daim" but this term (damh) is difficult to translate.
Female?

Cuil is a Gaelic term difficult to translate, fly, hazel nuts, forest of hazel trees, coin? To note, the Gaelic expression cuil didin means: a nook of shelter.

Fomori.... A carved stone of Meigle in Perthshire (slab 22 of the local museum) represents one of them, a kind of triton or male siren (merman) holding his coils of hair, cross-legged with her entwined legs terminating both in fishtails.

Considering what can seem to be horns, some neo-druids of today compared him (wrongly because it is only the beginning of his hair) with the Gaulish god Hornunnos. This mysterious creature is flanked by two animals difficult to identify (a bear and a dog?) but with prominent claws.

These non-human entities are called Andernas in Central Europe. See also for example the Jupiter mounted on a horse and triumphing over an anguipedic giant.

N.B. These Jupiter columns are monumental structures found mainly on a territory from Rhineland to Great Britain. They are topped with a heavenly horseman rearing over, riding down or being supported by a man-like monster whose legs are in the form of a snake. This mythical topic was, of course, taken over by the first Christians, particularly in the hagiography of St Columba of Iona (he banishes the monster of the Loch Ness) or St Patrick driving out the snakes from Ireland (there were never snakes on this island blessed by the gods) even St Honoratus driving out the snakes from Lerins Island on the French Riviera (St Patrick would have allegedly remained there, but it is a lie more to attribute to our Christian friends).

In Great Britain we also have the low relief found at Stragglethorpe in Lincolnshire. That representing a rider triumphing over a snake taken between the feet of his horse, not that one representing St Michael defeating the dragon).

His many powers... the Gaelic word is chumachtae/cumachtae: preternatural or magical powers the electronic dictionary of the Irish language (EDIL) says. Preternatural is the term generally used by the Catholic theologians to evoke the gifts that the God Demiurge (Creator) of this world would have granted, according to them, to the first man (Adam), gifts which he would have lost while being expelled from the Garden of Eden. We will return there. They are therefore powers unquestionably beyond those of normal men. The father of Aemur consequently has everything of a creature of the other world.

Briugu = stewards. We find again then indeed the topic of the trifunctional education of the little Hesus Setanta Cuchulainn.

Not hard to tell, truly. Fair-speeched Sencha has taught me so that I am strong, wise, swift, deft ... I am wise in judgments, I am not forgetful. I ...speak anybody before wise men, I attend to their speeches. I direct the judgments of all the Ulaid, and do not alter them, through the training of Sencha. Blai, the lord of lands (the briugu), took me to himself on account of the kinship of his race, so that I got my due with him, so that I invite the men of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's province with their king. I entertain them for the time of a week, I settle their gifts and their spoils, I aid them in the defense of their honor and in the payment of their fines. Fergus has fostered me, so that I slay strong warriors through the strength of my valor. I am fierce in valor and prowess, so that I am able to guard the border of the land against foreign foes. I am a shelter for every poor man, I am a rampart of fight against the exaction of every wealthy man, I give comfort to each wretch, I deal mischief to each strong man, through the fosterage of Fergus.

I came to the knee of the poet Amorgen, so that I praise a king for any excellency he has, so that I can stand up to any man in valor, in prowess, in wisdom, in splendor, in cleverness, in justice, in boldness. I am a match for any chariot chief, I give thanks to no one, but to

Conchobar all. Finnchoem has cared for me, so that the victorious Conall Cernach is my foster brother. Catubatuos/ Cathbad of the gentle face has taught me for the sake of Dexiua ?

Duxtir ?Dechtire (Epona?), so that I am a skillful student of the arts of the god of druidism, so that I am learned in the excellencies of supreme knowledge. All the Ulaid have equally brought me up, both charioteers and chariot chiefs, both kings and great doctors in druidism (ollam), so that I am the darling of the host and multitude, so that I fight for the honor of them all alike. Is soer em do roegartus-sa o Lug mac Cuind maic Etind de echtraí déin Dechtire co tech m-Buirr in Broghai ? And you, oh maiden, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, how have you been reared in Lug's Garden ?

Not hard to tell, truly, answered the maiden. I was brought up, said she, in ancient virtues, in lawful behavior in keeping chastity, in equal ..?.... of a queen, in stately form, so that to me is attributed every noble stately form of ...?....women.

Good are those virtues, truly, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, why then, said he, should it not be fitting for us both to become one? For I have not hitherto found a maiden capable of holding converse with me at a meeting in this wise,

Have you a wife? said the maiden. For under her management ...?.... after you?
Not so, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

I may not marry, said the maiden, before the sister who is older than I am, viz., Fial, whom you see near me here. She is an excellent handworker.
It is not she, truly, with whom I have fallen in love, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, nor have I ever sought a woman that has known a man before me, and I have been told that yonder girl has slept with Cairpre Niafer, once.

While they were thus conversing, Hesus Cuchulainn saw the breasts of the maiden over the bosom of her smock. Then he said: "Fair is this plain, the plain of the noble yoke!" Then the maiden spoke these words.

No one comes to this plain who does not slay as many as an arcat (a hundred?) of men on each ford, from the Ford with Scennmenn, at Ollbine, to??.....

"Fair is this plain, the plain of the noble yoke!" said once again the Hesus Cuchullainn.

No one comes to this plain, added the beautiful Aemer, who has not executed the dreadful spirit (geni grande) of the heifer of the helmet (??) to carry off somebody while carrying the weight of another and has not killed three times nine men with one blow, oh calf of the cow ...?.... so as to preserve a man in the midst of each nine of them!

"Fair is this plain, the plain of the noble yoke!" said Cuchulaind third once.

No one comes to this plain, said she once again, who has not fought before the point of Suan, the son of Roiscmelc?

o samshuan co h-oimhelc, h-o oimhelc co beldine, h-o beltine co brón trogain

[from Samon (ios) to Ambolc, from Ambolc to Beltene, from Beltene to Bron Trogain?]

"It is said, and it shall be done!" said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

"It is offered, it is granted, it is taken, it is accepted," said in her turn Aemer. But a question now: "what is your account?" said she.

I am the nephew of the man that disappears in another in the wood of the Bodua, said he.

And what is your name?

"I am the hero of the staff that befalls dogs!" said he.

After those noble words, the Hesus Cuchulainn went from them, and they did not hold any further converse on that day. When Hesus Cuchulainn was driving across Brega, Loeg, his charioteer, asked him: "and now, the words which you and the maiden Emer spoke, what did you mean by them?"

'Do you not know,' answered the Hesus Cuchulainn, 'that I am wooing Aemer? And it is for this reason that we disguised our words lest the girls should understand that I am wooing her, for if Forgall knew it, we should not meet with his consent.' Cuchulainn then repeated the conversation from the beginning to his charioteer, explaining it to him, to beguile the length of their way.

"By Intide Emna !" which I said when she asked me, "whence hast you come?" I meant from Emain Macha. It is called Emain Macha from this, Macha the daughter of Sainreth daughter of Imbotha, wife of Crunnchu, son of Agnoman, ran a race against two steeds of the king, after she had been forced to it by a magic injunction (geis). She beat them, and bare a boy and a girl at one birth. And from those twins (emain) is called, and from that it is also named the plain of Macha.

Unless it was in fact because of the following tale. Three kings were reigning together over Green Erinn. They were Ulaid, viz. Dithorba, son of Diman, from Uisnech of Mide, Aed the Red, son of Badurn, son of Argaitmar, in the land of Aed, Cimbaeth, son of Fintan, son of Argaitmar, in the land of Finnabair at Mag Inis. It is he who brought up Ugaine the Great, son of Eochu the Victorious. Then the three men made an agreement that each of them was to reign seven years. Three times seven sureties were pledged between them: seven druids to revile them forever; or seven poets to lampoon, and satirize, and upbraid them; seven chiefs to wound them and burn them; unless each man gave up his reign at the end of seven years, so that there is always a good government (to fir flathua), viz. the produce of each year, without decay of any kind, and without the death of a woman in labor.

Each of them reigned three times in his turn, during sixty-three years. Aed the Red was the first of them to die, after he was drowned in Ess Ruad (the water fall, ess, of the Red one, Ruad), and his body was taken into the sid (magic hill) there, whence the names Sid Aed, and Ess Ruad. He left no children, except one daughter, whose name was Macha the Red-haired.

She demanded the kingship in its due time. Cimbaeth and Dithorba said they would not give kingship to a woman. A battle was fought between them. Macha routed them and she was sovereign for seven years. Meanwhile Dithorba had fallen. He left five noble sons behind, Brass and Baeth and Betach, Uallach and Borbchass. These now demanded the kingship but Macha said she would not give it to them, 'for not by agreement did I obtain it,' said she, 'but by force on the battlefield.' A battle was fought between them. Macha routed the sons of Dithorba, who left a slaughter of heads before her, and went into exile in the wilds of Connaught. Macha then took Cimbaeth to her as her husband, and leader of her troops. When now Macha and Cimbaeth were united, Macha went to seek the sons of Dithorba in the shape of a leper, viz. she smeared herself with rye dough and ...?.....

She found them in Buirend Connacht, cooking a wild boar. The men asked tidings of her, and she gave them. And they let her have food by the fire. Said one of them: "Lovely is the eye of the girl, let us lie with her."

He took her with him into the wood. She bound that man by dint of her strength which was great, and left him in the wood. She came back to the fire. "Where is the man who went with you?" they asked.

He is ashamed to come to you, she replied, after having lain with a leper. There is no shame, said they, for we will all do the same.

And each man took her into the wood....she bound every one of them, one after the other and brought them all in one chain to Ulidia. The Ulaid wanted to kill them. No, said she, for that would be the ruin of my good and right government. But they shall be thralls, and shall dig a stronghold (rath) round me, and that will be the eternal seat of Ulidia's kings forever. Then she marked out the fortified castle (dun) for them with her brooch, viz., a golden pin on her neck, i.e., with eo imma muin Macha : a brooch on the neck of Macha. Hence is the name Emain Macha in truth.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 22.

I am a shelter for every poor man, I am a rampart of fight against the exaction of every wealthy man, I give comfort to each wretch, I deal mischief to each strong man... a whole program worthy of the knights of the Round Table before the word existed and from which certain of our modern politicians like Margaret Thatcher should draw their inspiration.

The god of druidism....One cannot help thinking here of what John Rhys could have written about the Tocade (or Tocad , I don't remember) in the second volume of his book on the Celtic, Welsh and Manx, folklore (concerning the Welsh word "tyngned"). The tragic and short life of our hero is a perfect allegory of it.

Febaib or fedaib fiss...Would this be an allusion to the science of the letters or runes of the initial (oghamic, leponic, or other) alphabet ?

The dreadful spirit... Geni Grainde... we know more about the Geniti Glinne or spirits of the valleys which intervene in an episode of the feast of Bricriu (Fled Bricrend) always three times nine. The Hesus Cuchulainn will go out safe and sound from his fight against them.

Ambolc = Ambivolca or Ambivolcos in old Celtic : the great lustration, the lustration all around. February first. Bron Trogain = autumnal equinox, September 21st.

"It is offered, it is granted, it is taken, it is accepted." Put up there! It's a deal. Cross my heart! Intide Emna. Another name indeed of Emain Macha, the capital of Ulaid, today Fort Navan. A more detailed version of this legend adds it is as a result of this treason that Ulaid were cursed by Macha. Only children, women, and also the Hesus Cuchulainn, "because he was not of the Ulaid," adds our text, escaped this mysterious disease .

Eo imma muin Macha.... these etymologies all are, of course, more whimsical the ones than the others and founded especially on a play on words . The etymological science of the Christian monks of the Middle Ages, what a underculture! The only sure thing is the Irish name of Macha comes from the old Celtic Magosia = Plain. Hence its association with the horse probably (for the races).

It is perhaps also a myth concerning Epona but distorted (or let us say having evolved in a completely different context) and inserted here by a bard wanting to show his knowledge. Fir flathua/Fir flatha. Apparently, former Celts expected many things from their governments. Our modern politicians therefore should draw their inspiration from what our ancestors regarded as a good government (prosperity, decrease of mortality, not forgetting peace, of course, for everybody). The notion in question is nevertheless that of truth. A quite old-fashioned value in policy today where what is more important it is especially the communication (in other words how not to tell the truth in order to be able to win the following elections).

The man, I said, in whose house we slept, he is the fisherman of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Roncu is his name. It is he that catches the fish on his line under the sea; for the fish are often compared with the cattle of the sea, and the sea is called the plain of Tethra, a king of the kings of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns named Fomori.

I said what was on the cooking hearth. A foal was cooked for us on it. The death of a steed it is indeed a certain immobility of a chariot for at least three weeks because it is prohibited (geis) for three weeks to enter it after having last eaten horseflesh. For it is the horse that is the soul of the chariot.

Between the two mountains of the wood, I said. These are the two mountains between which we came, viz., Fuat Mountains to the west of us, and Culinn Mountains to the east of us. We were in Oircel between them, i.e., the wood which is between these two mountains, viz., on the road, here what therefore I meant while saying to Aemer, "between the two."

The road, I said, viz., from the Sea Shroud , i.e., from the Plain of Muirthemne. The sea was on it for thirty years after the deluge, whence the name Mara Teime, i.e., the shroud , or covering of the sea, is. Or again, it is from this reason that it is called the Plain of Muirthemne. A mysterious sea was on it with a giant turtle in it ? so that one could sit on it, so that a man

with his armor might sit down on the ground of ...?.... until the Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt came with his club of anger, and sang the following words at it, so that it ebbed away at once...

?
?
?

Editor's note: we give up to translate this magic formula.

Over the Great Secret of the men of the goddess, i.e., a mysterious secret and a mysterious whisper. It is called the Marsh of Dolluid today. Dolluid, son of Carpre Niafer, was wounded by ? Before that, however, its name was Great Secret of the Men of the Great Goddess, because it was there that the gathering of the battle of the standing stones plain (Cath Maighe Tuireadh) was first planned by the Tuatha De Danann, for the purpose of throwing off the tribute which the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomori [Andernas on the Continent] exacted from them, viz., two thirds of corn and milk and offspring.

Over the Foam of the Two Steeds of Emain. There was a famous youth warrior reigning over the Gaels. He had two horses reared for him in Sid Eremon of the Tuatha Dea. Nemed, son of Nama, was the name of that king. Then those two horses were let loose from the Sid, and a splendid stream burst after them from the Sid, there was great foam on that stream, and the foam spread over the land for a great length of time, and was thus to the end of a year, so that hence that water was called Uanub, i.e., foam on the water, and it is our Uanub today.

The Garden of the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan La Fey, I said, that is Ochtur Netmon. The Suqellus Dagda Gurgunt gave that land to the fairy Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan and she lived there. After a year she killed Ibor Boiclid, son of Garb, in her garden. The Moelain mulce which her garden grew were ...?.... in that year, for the son of Garb was her relation.

Over the Backbone of the Great Sow I said, that is Breg's crest. For the shape of a swine appeared to the sons of Mile on every hill and on every height in Green Erinn, when they came over and wanted to land in it by force, after a spell had been cast on it by the people of the Goddess Danu (bia).

The valley of the Great Deer I said, i.e., the valley of Breogann, viz. the valley of Breogann and the plain of Breg were named after Breoga, son of Breogann Sendacht, son of Mile. It was called the valley of the Great Deer, because Daim Dile, son of Smirgall, son of Tethra, who was king over Green Erinn, lived there. This Daim Dile died [...] a woman [...] of the plain of Breg to the west to....?....

The road, I said, between the god and his seer, viz., between Mac Oc of the Sid of the Brug and his prophet, viz., Bresal was a seer to the west of the Brug. Between them was the one woman, the wife of the Smith. That is the way I went. Mairne, then, is between the hill of the Sid of the Brug in which Oengus is, and the Sid of Bresal, the druid.

Over the Marrow of the Woman Fedelm I said, i.e., the Boinne River. It is called Boinne from Damona/Bovinda, the wife of Borbo/Nechtan, son of Labraid. She went to the hidden spring at the bottom of the castle (dun) with the three cupbearers of Borbo/Nechtan, viz., Flesc, Lesc and Luam. Nobody came without blemish from that spring unless the three cupbearers went with him. The queen went out of hubris and overbearing to the well, and said nothing would ruin her shape, nor put a blemish on her. She passed left-hand-wise round the well to deride its power. Then three waves broke over her, and smashed her two thighs and her right hand and one of her eyes. She ran out of the Sid to escape from this injury; until she came to the sea. Wherever she ran, the spring ran after her. Segais was its name in the Sid, the river Segsa from the Sid to the Pool of Mochua, the Arm of the Wife of Nuadu and the Thigh of the Wife of Nuadu after that, the Boinne in Meath Province, Manchuing Arcait it is called from the Finda to the Troma, and the marrow of the Woman Fedelm from the Troma to the sea.'

I said the Leading Boar (triath) and his sow, that is to say Cleitech and Fessi. For if triath is the name for a boar, the leader of herds; it is also a name for a prince, the leader of the great host. Cleitech then is ...?.... of battle. Fessi, again, is a name for a great sow of a farmer's

house. A boar and his sow I said, and it is well between a boar and his sow (Cleitech and Fessi) we went.

The King of Ana, I said, and his servant (gnia), i.e., Cerna through which we passed. Sid Cirine was its name of old. Cerna is its name since the ...?.... viz., Enna Aigneach, slew Cerna, the king of Ana on that hill (sid), and he slew his steward in the east of that place. Steward (Gnia) was his name, from which is Rath Gniad (workman fortress) in Cerna ever. It is Gese, the king of the sons of Emne, who did Enna forced do it. For there was a great friendship between Gese and Cerna.

The Washing of the Horses of the goddess I said, i.e., Ange. The Washing of the Horses of the goddess was its name originally, because in it the Men of the great goddess washed their horses when they came from the battle of the standing stones plain (Caith Maighe Tuiread). It was called Ange after the king whose horses the clans of the goddess Danu (bia) washed in it. To the four underground shelters of Mannchuile, I said, that is Muin Chille. It is there where Mann the steward (briugu) was. There was a great mortality of cattle in the whole green Erin in the reign of Bresal Bricc, son of Fiacha Fobricc of Leinster. Then Mannach made domanchuili (large deep underground shelters?) in the place which is called Uachtar Mannchuile today. And ...?.... to keep off the plague. Afterwards he gave an entertainment to the king with twenty-four couples to the end of seven years, Mannchuile, then, are the culie (shelters) of Mannach, i.e., Ochtar Muinchille.

Great Misfortune, I said, i.e., Ailbine. There was a famous king here in Green Erinn, Ruad, son of Rigdond, of Munster. He had an appointment of meeting with foreigners. He went to the meeting with the foreigners round the south of Alpa (Scotland ? The Alps ?) with three ships. Thirty were in each ship. The fleet was arrested from below in the midst of the sea. Throwing jewels and precious things into the sea did not get them off. Lots were cast among them for who should go into the sea and find out what it was that held them fast. The lot fell upon the king himself. Then the king Ruad, son of Rigdond, leaped into the sea. The sea at once closed over him. He lighted upon a large plain on which nine beautiful women met him. They confessed to him that it had been they that had arrested the ships, in order that he should come to them. And they gave him nine vessels of gold to sleep with them for nine nights, one night with each of them. He did so. Meanwhile his men were not able to proceed quickly through the magic power of the women. Said one woman of them it was her time of conceiving, and she would bear a son, and he would come to them to fetch his son on his return from the east. Then he joined his men, and they went on their voyage. They stayed with their friends to the end of seven years, and then went back a different way and did not go near the same spot. And they landed in the bay of Ailbine. There the women came up to them. The men heard their music in their brazen boat. While they were stowing their fleet, the women came ashore and put the boy out of their boat on the land where the men were. The harbor was stony and rocky. Then the boy began to?.... one of the stones, so that he died of it. The women saw it and cried all together: Ollbine, Ollbine! i.e. 'What a misfortune! What a misfortune ! » Hence it is called Ailbine.

The Remnants of the Great Feast I said, that is Taittiu/Talantio; it is there that Lug Scimmaig gave the great feast to Lug, son of Ethliu, to comfort him after the battle of the pillar-stone plain (Cath Maighe Tuireadh), for that was his wedding feast of kingship. For the clans of the Great Goddess made this Lug king after Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd had been killed. As to the place in which their remnants were put, he made a large hill of them. The name was Knoll of the Great Feast, or Remnants of the Great Feast, i.e., Taittiu/Talantio today.

As for the wonders of Tethra's nephew, viz., Forgall the Wily is the nephew of Tethra, king of the Fomori, viz., the son of his sister, for nia and a sister's son is the same, and a champion (trenfer) is also called nia (in Gaelic language of course).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 23.

Fomori... Like already considered, Fomori are non-human entities matching the Andernas of (central) Europe. See counter-lay No. 21.

Three weeks.....The Gaelic word used in our text is "nomad," i.e., literally a nine-night period, because former Celts counted days as from the night. Seven days of our modern calendar that was therefore....nine nights. We will return on the subject as on all these medieval Irish geasa of which some are at the very least surprising (they are the vestiges of former advice of good sense (of horse sense in this case) given originally in very precise circumstances, but about which the sight of initial context was lost ; therefore which were no longer understood, therefore which were distorted. Or then particular cases that posterity set up in standards. Same problem with some passages of the Bible, of the Quran even of the hadiths. They are to be placed in their context to be understood and in every case one does not necessarily want to still implement them now (after having been justified in their time they are henceforth outdated, obsolete).

As regards the particular cases become standards the problem is particularly serious in Islamic lands (dar al islam) because that would involve that Muslims give up the isma doctrine, which they apply, as soon as it is a question of the son of Amina (known as Muhammad). What is for the moment a Copernican revolution of which Muslims are quite unable, are not yet able, because we are there in the field of dogmas even straightforwardly of superstitions, would have said the Anglo-Irish Voltaire (Toland).

So that it ebbed away at once...We cannot help thinking of the god (of the god or of the demon, of course, all depends on the point of view in which you place yourself, let us admit it; for the Christians for example, they are demons) Suqellus, who, on the Continent, with his mallet makes the bunghole of the barrels pop or broaches the casks .

Two thirds of their offspring. ... Like we can see, the devshirme or tribute in men claimed by the Andernas called Fomori in Ireland, was even higher than that taken by the Muslim authorities of the Sublime Porte in the Balkans until the 18th century.

Morgan....le Fay?

Moelain mulce. Plant difficult to identify: vetch, bitter vetch, peucedanum officinale or hog fennel, ryegrass ? However the link between the two events is not obvious.

As we have had the opportunity to say over and over again, and with a lot of details, the history of the Milesian origins of Gaels is only a fiction, a myth in the bad sense of the word, i.e., completely made up by the Irish bards of this time, in order to flatter the hubris of the local princely or lordly courts by linking them to remote and ancient dynasties (Pharaohs, etc.). The intrusion in the account of the engagement of our lord Hesus (Cuchulainn) of Muirthemne, forms the piece of evidence if it were necessary to have one that these confounding legends were so widespread in the country for a long time that they had in a way become law (since Nennius? Since Christianization?) On the subject see our lessons 2 and 3.

Damona and Bovinda are about synonymous. Damona means great female fallow deer, great cow, and Bo Vinda a white cow a cow. Only difference: Damona is used on the Continent, Bo Vinda in Ireland.

Nechtan is an Irish name, perhaps of Latin origin (cf. the Roman god Neptune according to George Dumézil) matching the continental god of land water called Borbo, Borvo, Bormo, etc.

Labraid means "the one who speaks, the speaker" in Gaelic. Labro in old Celtic. Allusion to the divinatory or prophetic babbling of springs.

Tobar, tobuir, tobair, topair, toibre, tobur, is a Gaelic term difficult to translate insofar as many springs were arranged by the man and thus resemble somewhat wells.

In short, the Boinne River has several names, a name drawn from the radical seg at its spring, which is magic of course (one of the entrances or exits of the other world like the Sequana river of our Parisian friends?)

The wife of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd?? But at the beginning of the episode she is described as the wife of Borbo/Nechtan. It is true that our incorrigible Irish bards are not with only one contradiction.

Damona Bovinda (Boand) is called besides Fedelm at the end of this passage, what has nothing to do here, then... In any case that proves well that the true original pan-Celtic tradition, had already begun being seriously deteriorated in Ireland at that time: our friends Christian bards mixed up a little everything and lost sight of the beautiful original simplicity of the primitive pan-Celtic myths. What some call, "to fall into heresy."

Between an alpha wild boar and his wild sow = between Cleitech and Fessi? Play on words a little far-fetched.

Voyage to the south of Scotland, then towards the east? All this is only a fairy tale of which initial model must be very old. Foreigners... the Gaelic word means originally "French" or more exactly "Gaul" considering the time.

The Alpa in question in our text they are therefore perhaps quite simply the Alps. At all events the circumstances of the death of the young boy are not very clear and therefore the explanation of the name of Ailbhe by the Christian copyist monks of the Irish Middle Ages, or by our famous Irish bards, also Christian, of course, doubtful.

Let us retain of all this that Aemer is therefore of Fomorian or Wyvern ascent, and that the Hesus Cuchulainn is also, through his father Lug, whose mother Ethniu/Ethliu belonged to the people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns, whom people called then Fomore in Ireland and Andernas on the Continent.

A little as if Jesus Christ were...a grandson of the Devil! Or Muhammad born from the Great Satan! No Manicheism can therefore be part of the druidic pagan religious spirituality. See counter-lay No. 21.

As to the account of myself, I gave her. There are two rivers in the land of Ross, Cunocavaros/Conchobar is the name of one of them, and Dofolt (i.e., without hair, bald) the name of the other. Now the Cunocavaros/Conchobar river falls into the Dofolt River, viz., it mixes with it, so that they are one river.

I am the nephew (nia) of that man, viz. of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, i.e., I am the son of Dexiua ? Epona? Dechtire, Cunocavaros/Conchobar's sister, or I am a champion (trenfer = nia) of Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

In the Wood of Bodua, i.e., of the Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan La Fey, for that is her wood, viz. the land of Ross is her wood, she is the Battle-Crow and is called the Wife of Neto/Neit, i.e., the Goddess of Battles, for Neto/Neit is the same as the deity of Battles.

The name I said I had: "I am the champion of the plague that befalls dogs." I am a champion, i.e., I am a strong warrior of that plague, viz. I am wild and fierce in battles and fights.

When I said: "Fair is this plain, the plain of the noble yoke!" it was not the plain of Breg that I praised then, but the shape of the maiden. For I beheld the yoke of her two breasts through the opening of her smock, and it is of that I said "plain of the noble yoke," of the breasts of the maiden.

When she said: No one comes to this plain, who does not kill as many as one arcat of men, arcat in the language of the bards means a hundred'; that is the interpretation, and this is what it means, that it is not easy to carry off the maiden, unless I slay a hundred men at each ford from Ailbhe to the Boinne River, together with Scennmenn the Wily, the sister of her father, who will change herself into every shape there, to destroy my chariot and to bring about my death.

Who has not executed the dreadful spirit (geni grainde) of the heifer of the helmet (??) she said, he will not come out with me, i.e., who will not have jumped the hero's salmon leap across the three ramparts to reach her. For three brothers of hers will be guarding her, viz., Ibur, Scibur and Catt with eight men each one; and I must deal a blow on each nine from which eight will die, but no stroke will reach any of her brothers among them; lastly, I must carry her and her foster sister with their load of gold and silver out of the castle (dun) of Forgaill.

The point of Suan, son of Roiscmelc, which she said, this is the same thing, viz., that I shall fight relentlessly from Samon (ios), i.e., from the end of summer. For two divisions were formerly in the year; summer from Beltene (the first of May), and winter (from Samon to

Beltene). Samon or Samsun = Sam-suan, for it is then that gentle voices sound, viz., samson (in Gaelic language of course). And to Ambolc i.e., the beginning of spring, viz., different (ime) is its wet (folc), there is the wet of spring, and the wet of winter. Unless it comes from oi-melc, viz., oi, which in the language of poetry, is a name for sheep, whence oiba (sheep's death) is named, ut dicitur (just as there is) coinbá (dog's death), echbá (horse's death), duineba (men's death), as ba is a name for 'death.' Oi-melc, then, is the time in which the sheep come out and are milked whence oisc = ewe, oisc = ewes after lambing. To Beltene. Biltine is a favoring fire. For the druids used to make two fires with great incantations, and to drive the cattle between them against the plagues, every year. Or Bel is the name of an idol. At that time the young of every cow were placed in the possession of Bel. Beldine, then Beltene. To Brón Trogailn, i.e., Lugnasade, viz., the beginning of autumn; for it is then the earth groans, viz., under the weight of fruits. Trogam is a name for "earth."

So said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The Hesus Cuchulainn went driving on his way, and slept that night in Emain Macha. Then their daughters told the briugu (the lords of land) of the youth that had come in his splendid chariot, and of the conversation which he and Aemer had held; but that they did not know what they had said to one another, and that he had turned from them across the plain of Breg northward. Then the briugu (lords of land) tell Forgall the Wily that, and in particular that the girl had spoken to him.

It is true, said Forgall the Wily. The contortionist from Emain Macha has been here to converse with Emer, and my girl has stupidly fallen in love with him, that is why they talked to one another. But it shall avail them nothing. I shall hinder them from getting what they wish.

Thereupon Forgall the Wily went towards Emain Macha in the garb of a foreigner, as if it were an embassy from the king of the Foreigners that came to confer with Cunocavaros/Conchobar, with an offering to him of golden treasures of the Norwegian Vikings, and all sorts of good things besides. Their number was three. Great welcome was given to him then. When he had sent away his men on the third day, the Hesus Cuchulainn, Conall and other Ultonian chariot chiefs, were praised before him. He said that it was true, and that the chariot chiefs performed marvelously, but that were Hesus Cuchulainn to go to Domnall the Soldierly in Alpi; his skill would be the more marvelous, and if he went to Scathache to learn martial arts, he would excel the warriors of all Europe. But it was for this that he proposed it to the Hesus Cuchulainn, that he might not come back again. For he thought that if the Hesus Cuchulainn was in Scathache's friendship, he would get death thereby, through the wildness and fierceness of the warrior yonder, and ...?.....

The Hesus Cuchulainn consented to go, and Forgall bound himself that were he to go at that time, he would give him whatever he wished.

Forgall went home, and the warriors arose in the morning and set themselves to do what they had vowed. They went, namely the Hesus Cuchulainn, Loegaire the Victorious, Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and Conall Cernach, say some, went with them. The Hesus Cuchulainn then went across Breg to visit the maiden. He spoke therefore with Aemer before he went to his ship. The maiden told him that it was Forgall who had desired him in Emain to go to learn the profession of arms, in order that Aemer and he might not meet. And she told him to be on his guard wherever he went, lest he should destroy him. Each of them promised the other to keep their chastity until they met again unless either of them should get death thereby. They bade farewell to each other, and he turned towards Alpi (Scotland or the Alps).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 24.

Neit or Neth is a little-known figure of the Irish legends. The existence of a deity of fighting in the original pan-Celtic pantheon nevertheless is attested by what Macrobius says in connection with a Celtiberian deity of the same name in the area of Cadiz. Saturnalia Book I, Chapter XIX, section 5. "Since Father Liber is the same as the sun and Mars is the same as Father Liber, who would doubt that Mars is the sun? The Accitani, a people of Spain, have a very important cult in which they worship an ersatz (simulacrum) of Mars decorated with the sun's ray, calling him Neton."

Considering the low consistency of such a deity at the mythological level (the Latin term is the word simulacrum) , better is worth can be not to regard it as a full-fledged deity , as a full-fledged god, but as a simple... pretense, numen, shekkinah, mana, kami ? Let us say eon (aiu in old Celtic) and let us not speak about it any more. Unless, of course, that it is again a local case of decline of true druidic spirituality. But this eon, not to say this god, was sufficiently known of Celtiberians, for a whole city of the south-west Spain was devoted to him (Netobriga). It is true that Macrobius tends a little to mix up everything! What is sure it is a simulacrum is not a statue. Ersatz would not be badly either. To conclude on Neto/Neith let us say that the fight is generating powerful forces, which make it possible the Man to leave his mark in the universe, and that former druids had well understood that. Hence their use of the word aiu to designate this phenomenon.

Dreadful spirit (geni grande) of the heifer of the helmet = hero's salmon leap... ... it must still be a play on words.

Samain/Samon, Oimelc/ Ambolc....The explanation of Samain Samfuin Samhuin... by the Gaelic sainfuin is, of course, only a pure play on words without any scientific value and is explained only by the under culture of the Christian bards or copyist monks of the Middle Ages. Samain Samfuin Samhuin etc. come from the old Celtic Samonios, that's it! The expression "the point of Suan son of Roismelc" is undoubtedly a play on words to mean "from the beginning of Samon (ios)" and "Ambolc. The etymology of the Gaelic Oimelc is less whimsical because the Gaelic word folc (water) there is perhaps indeed for something (Imb-folc?) Hence the play on words of the bard having composed this story, between Oimelc and Roismelc (the son of Roismelc). All this display of scholarship from our dear bards in Ireland is a little oafish nevertheless.

Placed in the possession of Bel Seilb Beil. Cf continental Lugus elva: woman belonging to Lug. Bron Trogain matches only roughly to Lugnasade (Lugnasad in our Gaelic text). As the continuation of the text specifies, it is rather the first day of the Fall.

Contortionist. Riasstardi in our text in Gaelic. It is indeed, after Setanta (the one who walks on) and Hound of Culann, another of the numerous names of our hero, the lord of Muirthemne, beloved of Augusta Gregory.

Viking of Norway. Finngall in Gaelic. It goes without saying the initial pan-Celtic myth could not contain such references. It is an adaptation to the situation of Ireland in the ninth century. The word Gall means originally French quite simply (Gaul more precisely).

Alpi?? Or Alba?? Scotland or the Alps? In the most recent copies, it is written Ailpe. Martial arts. We indeed translate so morfoghlaim anmilti while taking account of the prefix mor which means that it is not a foghlaim anmilti or an ordinary profession of arms. If somebody has better to propose...

Chaste or unmarried?? The sentence in Gaelic is Tincellaid cach dib da céile comeda n-genaiss.

THE TRAINING IN MARTIAL ARTS OF THE HESUS CUCHULAINN. FOREWORD.

The first part of this chapter is in fact drawn from the manuscripts entitled in Gaelic Foglaim Con Culainn, or Do Fhogluim Chonculainn, even Oileamhain Con Cualainn: the training of Cuchulainn. By Riosdard Tuibear, anno domini, 1715 (in the year of the Lord 1715). But, of course, the story is older.

This is where the beginning of Hesus Cuchulainn's training to martial arts took place, in Glenn na hUathaige, with Uathache of the Valley, in the great fierce province of Munster this manuscript begins nevertheless with many inaccuracies contradicting all the other versions, and you'd think almost you were in the Bible, because the Uathache in question is undoubtedly the daughter of Queen Scathache in Alba or in Alpi (Scotland or the Alps) , of whom it will be very quickly a question.

This is where the beginning of Hesus Cuchulainn's training to martial arts took place, in Glenn na hUathaige, with Uathache of the Valley, in the great fierce province of Munster. Not long was he therein when he fared across it to the province of Ulster, and formed a design to get training in the eastern world.

He took with him two of his companions, namely, Loegaire the Victorious and Conall Cernach, and they launched the Engach, Conall's ship, on the moving brine, on the green-sided, strong-rough sea, and across the swift, whirling-waved streams, and across the mounded (?), foam-stormy wave troughs, till they reached the blue-edged districts of Alba. In that country was a woman warrior (banghaisgedhach), namely, Dordmairdaughter of Domnall the Soldierly.

When they came to visit her, a truly beautiful welcome was given them, and service of foot washing and bathing was provided for them. There they remained that night, and (on the morrow) the damsel asked them why they had come.

We have come to you, they said, to learn warfare and feats of knighthood.

The damsel went forth before them, that day, and began performing in their presence her feats of valor and warfare. For 'tis often with the teachers to go on like that, with the secret of their feats of valor and warfare in presence of the pupils who repair to them from distant countries.

This is the feat of martial art which the damsel on that day showed the youths: a five-barbed spear was brought to her, she thrust its shaft into the earth, with its sharp, razor-like point straight above it. The warrior priestess then leaped aloft into the air, and came down again, so that she left her breast and her bosom on the point of the sharp-edged spear. She brought no tear in her dress nor in her raiment, and she was a long time resting thus on the point of the spear.

Thereafter she began to converse with Conall and Loegaire the Victorious, and she said: "Let some one of you come to perform yon feat, O youths!"

"Which of us shall go to perform it?" they ask.

He that is noblest of the trio that you are, she answers. And they said that Conall Cernach son of Amergen was the noblest and boldest of them, and they told him to go first and attempt the feat. However, though strong was his hand, and hardy was his heart, and straight was his javelin casting, and though at foes he was mangling and swift striking, he was unable to perform the feat.

And Loegaire endeavored to perform it, and he could not.

Said the Hesus Cuchulainn: 'It were a shame to us three Ulaid if the feat were not performed by one of us.' And he stood up, and went to the feat, and leaped aloft hoveringly, so that he left his breast and bosom on the sharp point of the spear and he deemed it a trifling matter if that were his place of rest for the whole of the fair day.

Thereafter the damsel came to them, and this she said: 'O you other twain, keep, so long as you live, that from which you have hitherto got fame and distinction; for your blood has dried up, and your sinews have hardened; and henceforward your honor will depend only (?) on feats of knighthood or study of warfare, your assiduity or your zeal for the war training, which can be obtained with me.

We need it not, said Conall.
Well, she said, let yon lad stay with me.
And that was agreed.

That pair (Conall and Loegaire) bade farewell to the Hesus Cuchulainn and to the damsel, and they came across to Ireland; but the Hesus Cuchulainn remained in Alba, learning the feats of knighthood.

One day at the end of the year the Hesus Cuchulainn began to perform every feat which he had learned in the space of that year; and while he was these he saw a solitary huge man, on the edge of the sea, approaching him. Black as coal was every joint of him from the sole to the crown.

What is it that you are doing? said the big man.
Said the Hesus Cuchulainn: I am performing my feats of valor and warfare (?), which I learned in the course of the past year.

What is that, my lad? For where the feats of knighthood are truly learned, there those feats are not counted (?) among them.

Is that true? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.

'Tis true assuredly, said the big man.
Is there in the world a woman warrior who is better than the woman warrior with whom I am now? Asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.
There is, answered the big man, for Scathache daughter of Buanuinne, king of Scythia, in the east of the world, is better than she.

We have hitherto heard talk of her, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.
Of course you have heard, said the big man; and nevertheless great are the countries and lands and kingdoms now between you, O little man, and Scythia.
Would you give me guidance, O big man? Said the Hesus Cuchulainn.
I will never give you guidance, said the big man.
Be cursed, possessed sorcerer said the Hesus Cuchulainn! Without your kindly help and your guidance, I have ever come.

Thereafter the big man left him, and the Hesus Cuchulainn went to the quite strange fortress. No ease to him was sleeping or resting that night. On the morrow, at the beginning of the day and full light, he arose and ...?. Few of the guides know the road that the Hesus Cuchulainn took to Scythia; but he made neither stop nor stay till he came to (the place) wherein Scathache daughter of Buanuine, king of Scythia, was.

A variant therefore of this first part of the training to martial arts of the young Hesus Cuchulainn drawn from the manuscripts of the wooing of Aemer (tochmarc Emire). (It feels like being in the same case as the Bible with its two accounts of the creation of the world, the priestly narrative, chapter I, and the Elohist or Yahwist narrative, chapter II.) But the two variants have this in common that they both refer to Scathache.

H-o rancatar ierum Domnall, forcetai leis aill for liic dercain & fosetiud cetharbolc foithi. When they had arrived at Domnall's, they were taught by him to.... this feat apparently consisted in lying down on a flagstone, where a small hole was bored, and to blow into this hole so as to inflate four leather bellows and they were to do it until their soles were black or livid. They were taught another feat on a spear, over which they would jump and perform around its point.... the feat of the champion on the point of the spears or.... ?

Then the daughter of Domnall, Dornolla by name, also fell in love with the Hesus Cuchulainn. Her form was very gruesome, her knees were large, her heels turned before her, her feet behind her, big dark-gray eyes, her face as black as some coal (as a bowl of jet). She had a very strong forehead, her rough bright-red hair in threads round her head. The Hesus Cuchulainn refused to lie with her. Then she swore to be revenged on him for this.

Domnall said Cuchulainn would not have true knowledge of what was taught until he went to Scathache, who lived eastward of Alba. So the four went across Alba, viz., Hesus Cuchulainn, Cunocavaros/Conchobar, the king of Ulaid, Conall Cernach, and Loegaire the Victorious. Then before their eyes appeared unto them Emain Macha. Now Cunocavaros/Conchobar, Conall and Loegaire, were not able to go past it. The daughter of Domnall had raised that vision in order to sever the Hesus Cuchulainn from his companions to his ruin. This is what other versions say that it was Forgall the Wily who raised this vision before them to make them turn back, so that the Hesus Cuchulainn through his returning should not fulfill what he had promised him in Emain, and thus would he be shamed thereby; or were he peradventure to go east to learn martial arts, both known and unknown...?.... he should all the more get death through being alone. Then of his own will, the Hesus Cuchulainn went away from them on an unknown road [...] For the powers (cumachata) of the girl were great, and she worked evil against him, and severed him from his companions.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 25.

Warrior priestess. We convey while using this conventional expression the Gaelic term *bhandráoi* because there had never been druidesses strictly speaking in the ancient Celtic world. With the noteworthy exception of a *velede* (banfile) pointed out among the Bructeri and whom Tacitus makes playing a part as determining as that of the Batavian general Civilis in the first (aborted) attempt of Gallic Empire (meeting of Cologne in 69-70). See the book by Maurice Bouvier-Ajam on the subject.

Histories. Book IV.
Chapter LXI.

Then Civilis fulfilled a vow often made by barbarians: his hair, which he had let grow long and colored with a red dye from the day of taking up arms against Rome, he now cut short, when the destruction of the legions had been accomplished. It was also said that he set up some of the prisoners as marks for his little son to shoot at with a child's arrows and javelins. He neither took the oath of allegiance to Gaul himself, nor obliged any Batavian to do so, for he relied on the resources of Germany, and felt that, should it be necessary to fight for empire with the Gauls, he should have on his side a great name and superior strength. Munius Lupercus, major of one of the legions, was sent along with other gifts to Velede (old Celtic *veleta*= ban-file= clairvoyant) , a maiden of the tribe of the Bructeri, who possessed extensive dominion; for by ancient usage the Germans attributed to some of their women prophetic powers and, as the superstition grew in strength, even actual deity. The authority of Velede was then at its height, because she had foretold the success of the Germans and the destruction of the legions. Lupercus, however, was murdered on the road. A few of the centurions and tribunes, who were natives of Gaul, were reserved as hostages for the maintenance of the alliance. The winter encampments of the auxiliary infantry and cavalry

and of the legions, with the sole exception of those at Mogontiacum and Vindonissa, were pulled down and burnt...

Chapter LXV.

The inhabitants of the Colony (Cologne) took time for deliberation, and, as the dread of the future would not allow them to accept the offered terms, while their actual condition forbade an open and contemptuous rejection, they replied to the following effect: "The very first chance of freedom that presented itself we seized with more eagerness than caution that we might unite ourselves with you and the other Germans, our kinsmen by blood. With respect to our fortifications, as at this very moment the Roman armies are assembling, it is safer for us to strengthen than to destroy them. All strangers from Italy or the provinces, that may have been in our territory, have either perished in the war, or have fled to their own homes. As for those who in former days settled here, and have been united to us by marriage, and as for their offspring, this is their native land. We cannot think you so unjust as to wish that we should slay our parents, our brothers, and our children. All duties and restrictions on trade we repeal. Let there be a free passage across the river, but let it be during the daytime and for persons unarmed till the new and recent privileges assume by usage the stability of time. As arbiters between us, we will have Civilis and Velede; under their sanction the treaty shall be ratified." The Tencteri were thus appeased, and ambassadors were sent with presents to Civilis and Velede, who settled everything to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of the Colony. They were not, however, allowed to approach or address Velede herself. In order to inspire them with more respect, they were prevented from seeing her. She dwelt in a lofty tower, and one of her relatives, chosen for the purpose, conveyed, like the messenger of a deity, the questions and answers.

The origin and the situation of the Germanics.

Chapter VIII

In history we find that some armies already yielding and ready to fly, have been by women restored, through their inflexible importunity and entreaties, presenting their breasts, and showing their impending captivity; an evil to the Germans then by far most dreadful when it befalls their women. So that the spirit of such cities as among their hostages are enjoined to send their damsels of quality is always engaged more effectually than that of others. They even believe them endowed with something celestial and the spirit of prophecy. Neither do they disdain to consult them, nor neglect the responses which they return. In the reign of the deified Vespasian, we have seen Velede for a long time, and by many nations, esteemed and adored as a deity. In times past they likewise worshipped Aurinia and several more, from no complaisance or effort of flattery, nor as deities of their own creating.

Editor's note. In connection with this remark of the inhabitants of Cologne: "The Germans, our kinsmen by." Being completely non-racist, we will never oppose the Celts and the Germanic ones, even if it occurs often, of course, we carefully distinguish them. The German ones learned much from the Celts, in all the fields, and it is not false in this respect to speak about brother peoples above all separated by the Latinization of the minds, which occurred with the forced colonization of the left bank of the Rhine, performed by the Roman empire. And if Velede had a Celtic name and her father also, it is not an accident.

A Greek epigram found in 1926 in Ardea, south of Rome, makes fun of the gift of clairvoyance of Velede: its author suggests there Vespasian to renew the medium in her function of a prophetess. On the theoretical and practical problems that raises the possibility or not, of having a presentiment of the future, and the clairvoyants, see our previous lesson about the casting of the runes In any case the first "true" mentions of druidesses appear only in the third century.

Lampridius (end of the third century, early fourth century). Augustan History.
Life of Severus Alexander. Chapter LX.

He ruled for thirteen years and nine days, and he lived for twenty-nine years, three months, and seven days. He did everything in accordance with his mother's advice, and she was killed with him.

The omens portending his death were as follows.....As he went to war, a druidess [in Latin mulier druias] cried out in the Celtic tongue, "Go, but do not hope for victory, and put no trust in your soldiers!" And when he mounted a tribunal in order to make an address to the troops....

Vopiscus (end of the third century - beginning of the fourth). Augustan History.
Life of Aurelian. Chapter XLIV.

This may perhaps seem a marvelous thing but it is a fact learned by Diocletian and which he would have entrusted to his counselor Celsinus, always according to Asclepiodotus, but concerning there is posterity will be the judge. For he used to relate that on a certain occasion, Aurelian consulted the druid priestesses in continental Celtica and inquired of them whether the imperial power would remain with his descendants, but they replied, he related, that none would have a name more illustrious in the whole empire than the descendants of Claudius. And, in fact, Constantius is now our emperor, a man of Claudius's blood, whose descendants, I presume, will attain to that glory which the druids foretold. And this I have put in the Life of Aurelian for the reason that this response was made to him when he inquired in person.

Numerian. Chapter XIV.

I do not consider it too painstaking or yet too much in the ordinary manner to insert a story about Diocletian Augustus that does not seem out of place here — an incident which he regarded as an omen of his future rule. This story my grandfather related to me, having heard it from Diocletian himself. "When Diocletian," he said, "while still serving in a minor post, was stopping at a certain tavern in the land of the Tungri in continental Celtica, and was making up his daily reckoning with a woman, who was a druidess, she said to him: 'Diocletian, you are far too greedy and far too stingy,' to which Diocletian replied, it is said, not in earnest, but only in jest, 'I shall be generous enough when I become emperor.' At this the druidess said, so he related, 'Do not jest, Diocletian, for you will become emperor when you have slain an Aper (a boar).' "

On the other hand, lack among Celts just like among the Germanic tribes, women in touch with the forces of hereafter, the sacredness, the mystery, in short some priestesses, are not missing.

Thus let us finish by three remarks on this subject.

Firstly, women being by their nature even much more in connection with sacredness or mystery, than men, they have no need for the grandiloquent title of a druid to play a leading role in the society.

Secondly: there exist ancient accounts telling us about only female colleges, and from the base to their top, even to say nothing about Avalon (see the case of the Samnitae or Namnetes women mentioned by Strabo).

Thirdly: nothing prohibits to a neo-druidic group which would be open to both sexes to implement a male-female parity in its association articles and its functioning (the contrary would be an error besides) but without using the word druidess, which would be an anachronism. For the other ranks or more exactly specializations (velede, gutuater etc...) feminization is not a problem.

The ancient Celts seem, moreover, to have never denied certain women some real sport and even combative qualities. In addition to Dordmair, Scathache and Aife, we can also quote the nine "witches" of Kaerloyw or Gloucester, mentioned in the romance of Peredur ab Evrawc (the Welsh Perceval), a story generally combined with the mabinogi.

At all events the specialists lose themselves in conjecture about the true nature of this feat. Either it is simply about touching lightly the point of the javelin without becoming impaled on it, before falling down, or it is som fakirism ! Or then there is the use of a protection kind coat of mail, concealed under clothing on the level of one's chest.

King of Scythia....Again an imaginary localization due to the frenzied will of our friends Irish bards to look exotic and culturally mixed. Let us note nevertheless that the Isle of Skye is not a more credible localization in reality . The initial Pan Celtic myth is at the beginning timeless, and not more precisely localizable than the hell or the heaven of the Christians or of the Muslims, except by convention of a particular human group.

Be cursed, possessed sorcerer...We convey so the Gaelic expression " silide siabhartha searguithe".

Silide. The Gaelic word “silide” is not easy to translate. It is either a corruption of “sirite” or the word “sillite/silid”. In the first case a kind of spirit of demon or of genie. See the expression “siriti siabairti” which designates kinds of black, dark and distorted, creatures. In the second somebody who looks at you or stares at you.

H-o rancatar ierum Domnall, forcetai leis aill for liic dercain & fosetiud cetharbolc foithi ? Perhaps it is training to the cless for análaib i.e., to the hyperventilation of the lungs. This respiratory technique is mentioned with the Gaelic name of cless for análaib in the list of the techniques perfectly mastered by the Hesus Cuchulainn (with the title Turim Na cless inso síis. At the time of the fight which will pit the Hesus Cuchulainn against Cûr mac Da Loth).

Boí Cú Chulaind ac imbert chless isin uair sin .i.Turim na cless inso síis : in t-ubullchless & fáeborchless & fáenchless & cless cletenach & téchless & corpchless & cless caitt & ích n-erred & cor n-deled & léim dar néib & filliud erred náir & gaí bolga & baí brasse & rothchless & ochtachless & cless for análaib & bruud gine & sian caurad & béim co commus & táithbéim & dréim fri fogaist co n-dírgiud crette fora rind co fornadmáim níad náir.

N.B. Dr. William Sayers of the University of Toronto published in 1983 in the Canadian journal of Irish studies a very interesting but, alas, too much short study on these various techniques of martial art practiced by the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The Gaelic word to indicate these various techniques of martial art is cles that is usually conveyed by “feat” “artful thrust” or “trick.”

The problem is that generally there is in fact only a name and no explanation nor no detail enabling us to know more.

Torandchless céit, torandchles dá céit. Thunder of one hundred, two hundred, etc. We are busy speculating about the exact meaning of these Gaelic expressions, for example. The great French specialist at the end of the 19th century and the beginning of 20th, d’Arbois de Jubainville, thinks that evokes the chariot warrior striking his shield with his spear in order to make noise, more and more resounding, as much as a hundred men brought together, as two hundred, and so on....before charging.

The electronic dictionary of the Irish language also reports that cleisín/clesán can be the name of the weapon with which these feints or these feats are performed.

Ubullchless: apple feat. Perhaps it is quite simply juggling with apples. Unless an “apple” is the name given to some weapons (some sling bullet?)

Faeborchless: stroke with the edge of the sword.

Fáenchless: horizontally held shield feat.

Cless cletenach: javelin feat (perhaps consisting in avoiding javelins oncoming in one’s direction. While leaping over???)

Téchless; (skip?) rope feat .

Corpchless: body feat ?

Cless caitt: cat feat (a technique kind kalari payat?)

Ich n-erred: salmon leap (another technique kind kalari payat ?)

Cor ndeled: cast of the staff.

Léim dar néib: show jumping. Hurdling.

Filliud erred náir: bending of the valiant hero.

Baí brasse: quickness feat ?

Rothchless: wheel feat.

Ochtacless: eight men feat (to kill eight men out of nine with only one blow of the sword???)

One of the many prowess of the Hesus Cuchulainn).

Cless for análaib: overbreathing feat.

Bruud gine: the blow of the sword which causes only a bruise (blow with the flat of the blade therefore, a little in the way of Joan of Arc).

Sian caurad: the hero’s war cry.

Beim co commus; well-measured stroke.

Táithbéim: the return stroke. A blow dealt with the flat of the sword to only knock.

There exist other techniques mentioned in the episode of the fight against the son of Scathache called Cuar or elsewhere. Here their names in Gaelic.

Foerclius. Never heard of it . Unless it is the corruption of another Gaelic word (faeborchless ?)

Fáithbheim? Perhaps a change of taithbheim, which would then mean approximately “return stroke.”

Leím tar neimh: the hurdling or show jumping. It is perhaps a change of léim dar néib.

Fuamchleas: the noise feat.

Cét- chaithchleas: hundred-battle feat.

Fotalbeim or Foibhéim: the stroke from below.

Faearbeim: the edge stroke?

Muadalbeim: the middle stroke according to Windisch.

N.B. The artful thrust of Catt (cleas Cait) which will be mentioned further about Scathache is perhaps not another thing than the cat feat (cless caitt) already mentioned above.

The screw feat or cles cuair which will be mentioned in the feast of Bricriu (fled Bricrend) is perhaps also to put in connection with the son of Scathache called Cuar (play on words??) It seems in any case distinguished from the wheel feat = roth cles.

The following technique is also mentioned in the feast of Bricriu (fled Bricrend): the ghost- (or sprite-) feat (siaburcles). As well as the swooping feat (forumcliss). Without we know for as much very exactly what it was.

The feat of eight water (cleas ocht uisgé) which will also be mentioned further, also makes thinking of the eight men feat already mentioned above but...

Finally, let us note the Hesus Cuchulainn is able to cut away the sod (fotalbeim) from under Etarcul's feet then to cut him while giving him an edge blow with his sword (faearbeim), while shearing his hair from poll to forehead and from ear to ear, as if he had tonsured him with only a razor stroke and without shedding a drop of blood.

Perhaps it would be necessary to look also what Arrian says in his handbook about the training of the Roman cavalry (we think here of the staff cast or cor ndeled).

To note lastly, in all these lists two names of weapons and not of techniques appear, the gae bulg or the lightning spear (perhaps a spear with a barbed head) as well as the carbad serrdhai: a chariot equipped with scythes.

Bearing in mind the prowess called:

“Fonaidm niadh for rinnib sleg”: The hero twisting round the heads of spears. Perhaps some Scottish Highland dances of the kind sword dance or dance of the shield (targe).

And lastly: dréim fri fogaist co ndirgiud crette fora rind co fornadmaim niad náir. The valiant champion who mounts on a spear and straightens his body on its point (Diarmat, in the story of his adventures with Grannia/Grainne, performs perhaps the same feat).

It can also be deduced from the episode of the wrestling between Fraech and our hero (Aided Fraích) reported by the version of the rustling of the cattle of Cualnge, oin the Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow (recension I), that the Hesus Cuchulainn was an expert in a type of wrestling (imtrascrad) like that we find as far as Brittany, known as Gourenn, and as far as Iceland, known as Glíma.

To return more precisely on our subject, we lose ourselves in conjectures about the true nature of these training techniques, particularly the first one. Even if it is the ancestor of the bagpipe (what is not very probable), it is unquestionably an exercise intended to master one's breath.

The portrait which is then painted to us of the daughter of Domnall, Dornolla (what means “who has big fists”) is, of course, characteristic of the tales intended to make the audience laugh. Dornolla in it resembles rather a creature in the way of Frankenstein and truly Aemur would have no reason to be jealous of her.

This is what other versions say, that...A piece of evidence if it were necessary that all these stories about our young lord of Muirthemne (like Augusta Gregory would say) are a hodgepodge of various legends, made by some Irish bards and that is well felt in our story.

Ah these blasted Irish bards! Although, in a sense, we do a little the same thing as them with this work.

The wooing of Aemer again, therefore (continuation).

Now, when the Hesus Cuchulainn went across to Alpi, he was sad and gloomy and weary for the loss of his companions, for he knew whither he should go to seek Scathache. And he had promised his companions not to return again to Emain, unless he had reached Scathache, or found death. When he saw that he was astray and ignorant, he lingered. While he was there, he beheld a terrible great beast like a lion coming towards him, which kept regarding him, nor did him any harm. Whatever way he went, the beast went before him, and, moreover, it turned its side towards him. Then he took a leap and was on its neck. He did not guide it then, but went wherever the beast liked. Four days they went in that wise, until they came to the bounds of dwellers, and to an island where lads were rowing on a small loch. They laughed at the unwonted sight of the hurtful beast yonder doing service to a human being. The Hesus Cuchulainn then leaped off, and the beast parted from him, and he blessed it.

He then went on, and came to a large house in a great valley. There he met a maiden of fair appearance in the house. The maiden therefore addressed him and bade him welcome. "Welcome your coming oh Hesus Cuchulainn!" said she. He asked whence she knew him. She answered that they both had been dear foster children with Ulbecan Sexa. I was there and you learning melodious speech from him,' said she. The maiden gave him to drink and to eat, and then he turned from her. He then met a brave youth who made the same welcome to him. They exchanged converse between them. The Hesus Cuchulainn was asking to know the way to the castle (dun) of Scathache.

The youth taught him the way across the Plain of Ill-luck which lay before him. On the hither half of the plain men feet would freeze fast. On the further half the grass would rise and hold them fast as on the points of some swords. The youth gave him a wheel and told him that it was necessary for him to follow its track then across the first half of the plain. Then he gave him an apple and told him that it was necessary for him to put his feet on the ground exactly where the apple would rebound; that in such wise he would reach the far end of the aforesaid plain. And it was thus indeed that Hesus Cuchulainn went across the cursed plain. Then the young man went his way. But he had also told the Hesus Cuchulainn before, there would be a large valley before him, and only a single and narrow path through it, which was full of monsters that had been sent by Forgall to destroy him; that it was his road to the house of Scathache across terrible vertiginous heights. Then each of them wished a blessing to the other. Hesus Cuchulainn and the youth Eochu Bairche. The one who taught our young lord of Muirthemné how he should win honor in the house of Scathache. But who had also foretold him what he would suffer of hardships and straits during the cattle raid of Cooley. Who told him what evil exploits and contests he would achieve against the men of Ireland.

The Hesus Cuchulainn went on that road across the Plain of Il-luck to begin then through the Perilous Vale as the youth had taught him. This was the road which he took to find himself in the camp where the scholars of Scathache were trained.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 26.

Carbad serrdhai, a scythe chariot. In old Celtic covinus. A kind of essedum, but covered. It was known among the Belgians and in Great Britain. The coachman was called covinarius (Mela, III.6; Lucan, I.426; Silius, XVII.422).

Foster children. In Gaelic comdaltai/comaltai, i.e., nourished or brought up together. Uilbeccan Sexa means "Ulbecan the Saxon, Wolf or Wolfkin the Saxon." This unique mention is a continual source of intriguing.

Foclaimb bindiusai: training of the bindius... but what means bindius/binnius exactly??
Melody, harmony??

The youth gave him a wheel and told him that it was necessary for him to follow its track then across the first half of the plain. Then he gave him an apple and told him that it was necessary for him to put his feet on the ground exactly where the apple would rebound...

Same notices that previously: we lose ourselves in conjectures about the true nature of these tests. Unless it is an allusion to the rite of the ignited wheel launched from the top of a hill or to an unspecified field game (hurling, hockey?) All that resembles extremely a video game or a cartoon.

THE TRAINING OF THE LITTLE HESUS CUCHULAINN WITH SCATHACHE.

Foglaím Con Culainn, or Do Fhogluim Chonculainn, again (continuation).

Section 13.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn saw beautiful, bright youths playing hurley and games; but though he was fatigued after his trip, he went immediately to their hurley, and if one of the youths was exulting, he held no converse with him until he had taken the ball from him over the border of the goal.

Then one of the two leaders of the youths came to him and said: 'my boy,' why have you taken the goal from me?'
If I have taken the goal from you, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, I will take it again with you.

By our word, said the youths, you would not have taken the goal that you took from us if we had perceived you from the beginning.
You know it now, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, and I will nevertheless take the goal from you. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn took that goal from them; and he took it thrice, without anyone else assisting or helping him.
Four Irishmen who were in the steading to be trained came to him, and gave him many kisses, and were asking him news of their own country and land and he asked them news in the same way.

Well, O youths,' says the Hesus Cuchulainn , what training in feats of valor and warfare have you gotten in the year?'
"We have got the Bridge of the Leaps!" they answer.

"How long were you learning it?" asks Cuchulainn.

A training of a year, a month, a quarter (a week) plus three days and three nights.
Well, then, O youths, says the Hesus Cuchulainn, will you give me guidance to it?
Alas, O boy, they say, what profit were that to you until Scathache comes to teach yourself like everyone else?
"I wish to see it," said he.

So they fared forward to the bridge. Then all the youths who were with Scathache were on the edge of the bridge. And thus then was the Bridge of the Leaps, to wit, when one leaped upon it, it was narrowed till it was as narrow as a hair, it was as sharp as an orrlad ? as slippery as an eel's tail. And at another time it would rise so that it was as high as a mast. Thereafter the Hesus Cuchulainn leaped on the bridge, and began sliding and stumbling on its back.

From the sunny citadel (a sun temple ?) where Scathache was, the Hesus Cuchulainn was seen in that plight. So was that sunny citadel: with seven huge doors, to it, and seven windows between every two of the doors, and seven rooms between every two windows, and thrice fifty girls in each of those rooms, with purple mantles and blue. And there were thrice

fifty like-aged boys, and thrice fifty great-deeded boys, and thrice fifty champions, hardy and bold, opposite each of those doors, outside and inside, learning valor and feats of knighthood at Scathache.

And thus was Scathache herself at that time: with her daughter named Uathache in her presence. That girl was bright handed, timid and black-eye browed. Thus was her head: from one ear to the other: with the hue of burnished gold upon every hair of her, a curch curled, round plaited, covering her head and her crown, her hand on beautiful golden warps' yarn threads, with a fair shuttle surrounded by with bright colored threat, to pass back and forth the weft's yarn thread.

When that girl saw the unique youth Hesus Cuchulainn on the back of the bridge, she gave him in the space of that hour the love of her soul and her nature was deluded greatly from the love of the youth seen in that strait.

And when it was suitable for her to put a thread of gold to the fringe in her hand, she used to put a thread of silver. And many colors used to come to the girl, for (at one time) she was as white as a white flower, and at another time she was purple, blood red.

Her mother's heed and mind chanced upon her, and she said: "My daughter, what is it that has changed your form and your appearance?"

A unique youth whom I see on the bridge, and 'tis sad for me to be watching him in the state in which he is, when his feet and his hands slip from the back of the bridge, this is what causes this misshapement upon me; but when his feet and his hands get a hold on the bridge, my spirit is glad. But I deem it a danger that he will not again safely reach his own father and his mother and it is certain that he has many who will be grieved at his being (in peril) like yon. Good indeed, says Scathache: look well at that youth, for it was shown to me a short time ago, that a young, childlike, unold youth in any case, was coming to me from the west, out of the lands of the Green Erin, that he would gain the victory of the Bridge of the Leaps, in one hour, although for every other person it requires training for a year, a month, a quarter (a week) plus three days and three nights, and do it in one day, and that his deeds of valor and bravery would be related till the end of the world, that he would be the Propheted Son.

Touching the Hesus Cuchulainn, he began slipping and falling on the back of the bridge, so that he afterwards leaped to earth and full ground. And the three top scholars of the world uttered a shout and many cries of scorn and mockery at him for the greatness of his folly in going to practice that lesson without having been taught by Scathache. Thereby the Hesus Cuchulainn was enraged, and he leaped aloft hoveringly, accompanying the wind, so that from that mad leap he came standing on the floor of the bridge, that is, on the middle pillar of the bridge. And the bridge was not narrowed or sharpened like a razor nor made slippery under him.

And the Irish youths gave a great shout on high, praising the feat that was performed by him and because they deemed it excellent that out of the green Erin someone had come who had achieved a performance like that. So then the girl said to Scathache that the boy had succeeded in performing the lesson of the Bridge of the Leaps.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 27.

A quarter of a month....the concept of a seven-day week was unknown of former Celts who knew only that of lunar (more precisely sidereal) months divided into four moons' quarters that is to say 4 about eight days (and 9 nights).

The Bridge of the Leaps....Sorry for the amateurs of miracles, magic, mystery, but this bridge of the leaps was undoubtedly only a machine or an unspecified device, driven by springs or activated by people of Scathache, in order to train her pupils for keeping their balance. A kind of drill with live bullets we would say nowadays.

From the sunny citadel....Grianan. Gaelic word difficult to translate. The word Grianan means "sunny place," expression used by the former Irishmen to indicate a place with a clear view,

never in the shade. As it seems well that this term ended up indicating the residence of a powerful character, therefore a castle, a grianan was therefore always a fortification enjoying a guaranteed unobstructed view. That of Ailech (Grianán an Aileach) was a circular fortified site dating back to the Bronze Age built by pagan populations who worshipped the sun (among others). Then how to translate as well as possible the term grianan now. Observatory? Sunny castle? Crystal palace? Glass room? A temple of the sun where was worshipped the god Grannos?? In any case, of course, not a bower like those reserved for the ladies in a castle. A bower....It was not the style of Scathache who was a managing woman whom thus it was necessary to obey and quickly.

Martial art... we convey so the Gaelic word gaisge, in which we recognize easily the name of the javelin (gae) like that of the shield (sciath). As for riderachta, Sayers translates it with "knightly."

It is perhaps what people formerly called a pas d'armes or passage of arms, a warlike game or training which staged tenans and venans i.e., defenders and attackers (comers) or challengers as at the time of the famous tournament fought by the English knights in 1390 at St Inglevert.

Black eye-browed and fair chestnut-hairedTherefore Uathache dyed her hair!
Uathache who in fact is working with a weaving loom.

Siabrad is there again a Gaelic word difficult to translate. The primary sense seems to be that of distortion or contortion, but this term can also mean enchantment, illusion, vision, mirage, in short all that can lead astray or distract somebody from one's task.

The [cherished by the goddess of victories?] and prophesied, child... It is the first mention to our knowledge of the fact that the arrival of the young lord of Muirthemne would have been prophesied. We can, of course, think here of a Christian influence, but it is in reality a universal topic. Sorry for those who are fond of the singularity of the case "Jesus" (the Nazarene). There were besides already the prophecies of Catubatuos/Cathbad concerning him.

Well, then, my soul, says Scathache, go to meet him, give him a welcome from me and from yourself; and give him guidance to a lodging tonight, namely, to the house of the mbearrthoiridhe (to the house of the ???)

So the girl went to meet him, never had she gone on a journey that she deemed prouder or more joyous than that journey. She gave the youth a welcome from Scathache and from herself; she put a hand over his neck, and gave him a kiss lovingly and loyally, and this she said: "Well, you youth, come with me that I may give you guidance to a lodging tonight!"

So they fared forward to the door of the house of ? and she said: 'Well, you youths, call this lad to you, and deal gently with him tonight, for he is a young Irish lad!'

When the Hesus Cuchulainn came among them, they said to him: "O youngster, do not be angered by whatsoever we shall do to you tonight. Thrice nine men are we here, seven and twenty spears of smelted iron each of us has, and whoever emerges as the winner of the Bridge of the Leaps must afterwards get our permission."

What do you do to him? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.

We cast up at him on the ridgepole and the very top of the house, and set our spears and darts upon him, so that there may be no place of a dart in his whole body without his heart's blood, and that (all) the blood of his body be let out of him.

What is the reason for doing that to him? says the Hesus Cuchulainn.

It is done, they answer, so that, although there be many armies and multitudes, and much hardship and hurt before you, there would not be fury or nervous excitement (?) on you before them, considering the hurt you will receive in this house tonight.

'Tis a word of mine, says the Hesus Cuchulainn, that there is not on the surface of the earth anyone whom I should allow piercing my body after an offer of compulsory fighting, unless I should allow it to a warrior standing against me in battle or conflict.

That is right, says one of them, if you are left (depending) on your own power.

By my word, says the second man, that (word) will not be taken from you. And he seized the Hesus Cuchulainn by the ankle, and threw him up on the top of their house. And all the spears and darts were set against him.

But the Hesus Cuchulainn came down slowly, cunningly, lightly, and made a stay and rest on the end of the dart that was next him, and afterwards came to the second dart, reached the third dart, and so from dart to dart, till he came to the last dart.

Touching the dart feat, it was found neither with Uathach, nor with Scathache, nor Aife, nor Ablach, nor the queen of the Land of Snow, nor Eis Enchenn, nor with knight or lady who had received instruction how to perform the dart feat, until the Hesus Cuchulainn came. In that wise he was thrown thrice (to the top of the house). Thereafter fury with the ? came to the Hesus Cuchulainn, he seized his arms and began killing and deranging them; he cut off all their heads and put them on the gates of the fort under the feet of the hosts, so that fear of

him might be the greater. And the thrice fifty hardy and valiant champions who were opposite Scathache's door, outside and inside, fell by him in like manner.

The Hesus Cuchulainn remained in the house that night, and on the morrow in the morning he fared forward to the door of the sun citadel wherein Scathache was, and asked if Scathache was there.

"What is it, my lad?" says Scathache.

I am now demanding of you the mass of jewels and treasures and wealth of the youths of the world, which you have (kept) without giving to them.

O lad, says she, there are many warriors here fitter than you to ask that and to avenge.

They have not been able to do it, says the Hesus Cuchulainn and I am able to avenge it and demand it.

What is the vengeance that you would inflict on me, O youth? says Scathache.

Rise up, says the Hesus Cuchulainn, that we may fight and combat with each other.

I will go there, Scathache says.

'Tis not you that will go there, say Cuar and Cat, Scathache's two sons, but we.

'Tis not you that will go there, my dear sons, says Scathache.

I will go alone there, says Cuar son of Scathache.

Thus was Cuar: thick-bodied, ample-chested, like a truly great giant.

Editor's note: what follows is not very clear.

And he arose standing, with his thrice nine feats upon him, as were the apple feat, thunder feat, and noise feat: the wheel feat, body-feat, hundred-battle-feat, hero salmon leap, and cast of staff, and hurdling and feat on breaths, and under-blow, and return stroke (faithbheim = taithbheim ?), and well-measured blow ...?..... beim go gcomus fáithréim andíaidh do reannaibh slegh, go mbídis sin úaidh chuige amhail beacha ag tionól a ttromchnuasaigh go treabhruighthe do bharraibh na mbánsgoth.

And he took over his bright shoulder his bossy shield with its seven bosses round the central boss; and that glowing shield was adorned with steel and crystal and carbuncles, so that many-colored shield was an 'eye's crown' at the time of looking.

And he took his heavy, weightily smiting sword, with length, with strength, with luster, with the hardness of steel, with hunger for red blood.....barbed ? that would sever a hair against a

stream, cutting and mangling. On his side a long scabbard of white bronze with beautiful belts of silver.

And he took in his hands his two five-barbed (choig rinne) spears, ample-socketed, thick-shafted, with their well-poising rivets in their foam red (?) equally straight shafts. And thereafter they came to the place of combat, and they set feet to ground and faces to wounding: so that feet were stayed, and hands were moved quickly, and blows were dealt boldly, and spirits were raised, for the echo of their fight was heard in the isles and islands and in the rough-headed rocks of the districts that were nearest to them.....

Editor's note. There is here in the original manuscript an episode we preferred to omit for consistency with the continuation: Hesus Cuchulainn is shown to us here fighting alongside the two sons of the queen.

.....

.....

O youth! Come inside till day, Scathache said consequently that a bed may be made for you, and that you may be leeches and healed till the moon quarter's end.

That night Uathache, Scathache's daughter, came to Cuchulainn in the room in which he lay. "What has brought you here at this hour, damsel?" said the Hesus Cuchulainn. "Every army that does not attack will be attacked!" said the damsel. Know you not, O damsel, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, that it is geis (forbidden) for one who is sick to gather together with a woman?

The damsel went to her own bedroom, and it was not long till her dress was donned, and she came again to the Hesus Cuchulainn and lay down in the bed by his side. Thereby the Hesus Cuchulainn was greatly annoyoud, and he stretched the sound hand that he had to the damsel, and her finger chanced in his hand, so that with one offer he struck the skin and the flesh from her, and wounded and hurt her greatly.

May this unlucky offense and this unfortunate gesture be upon you, be cursed, possessed sorcerer, exclaimed she. It is shameful to beat a woman. And you could have pushed back my person without hurting me as much like that. I prefer to have rejected you so, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, disgrace and contempt will be only greater for you. I will now forgive you, said the damsel, the painful wound you gave me, provided that I would not be put out of your bed tonight. You still hope to stay here, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, but you will not remain here tonight, however.

I would adjudge good rewards to you, said the damsel, if I am not put from you tonight only, so that my mother will give you the three feats which she has, and which she has not given to anyone, namely, Cuar's feat and Catt's feat and the feat of eight waters.

And the Hesus Cuchulainn bound those rewards on the damsel, and on that night he gave her the desire of her mind and her nature. And on the morrow he asked her : "What are yon rewards that you promised me, how shall I obtain them?"

I will tell you, said the damsel, 'tis thus that Scathache goes to have speech with the gods: sat in the basket intended to carry her weapons. She goes there without weapons, and if you find her apart from her arms and many-edged weapons you will obtain from her all yon rewards (I promised you). Follow her forth tomorrow, and say that her head will be struck off unless she gives you the rewards you will demand of her.

On the morrow Cuchulainn fared forth to the Bridge of the Leaps; at that time Scathache was thus: in the basket intended to carry her weapons. And she did not feel Cuchulainn over her with a naked sword in his hand but she saw the sheen and brightness of the sword between

her and a ray of light, Scathache ...?....of his shoulder, and this she said: "What is that, O little hound?"

I desire, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, to inflict death and extinction upon you.
'Tis better to give me quarter, said Scathache, and to get good ransom from me.
And what is the ransom ? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The rewards that you desire yourself, said Scathache.
They are, then, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, those three artful thrusts of you which you have never given to anyone before me, and the friendship of your thighs, and also your daughter. Scathache promised him all these rewards, she gave him the three artful thrusts; and on that night he had the festival of hand and bed with the girl, and from the queen he had thenceforward the friendship of thighs And he remained in her company till the year's end.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 28.

Must afterwards get our permission... a hazing?

Eis Enchenn. It is the hag whom our young hero will have to fight in the continuation of our story. It is also the old witch who will fight our young lord of Murthemne in the part of the manuscripts of the wooing of Aemer (Tochmarc Emire) that we will mention as a variant . Her name means in Gaelic "bird-headed ." Eis En Chenn. To know more about her see therefore the end of the wooing of Aemer by Cuchulainn (Tochmarc Emire). Her single eye makes her without any doubt a creature member of the people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns who are called Fomore in Ireland and Andernas on the Continent.

We have here therefore another list of martial techniques or clessa in Gaelic.
Some match the techniques of which the mastery is generally ascribed to Cuchulainn, others became strictly incomprehensible over the years.
Here their names in Gaelic.

Fáithbheim? Perhaps a change of taithbheim, which would then mean approximately "return stroke."

Léim tar neimh: the hurdling or show jumping. It is perhaps a change of léim dar néib.

Fuamchleas: noise feat.

Cét- chaithchleas: hundred-battle feat.

Foibhéim: under-blow.

Other techniques also ascribed to the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Ubhall-chleas: apple feat. Perhaps it is quite simply juggling with apples we have said.

Roithchleas: wheel feat.

Corpcleas: body feat.

Iach n-earradh: salmon leap (a technique of the kind kalari payat?)

Coir ndéalann: cast of the staff.

Cleas fur anala: overbreathing feat .

Beim go gcomus: well-measured blow.

Not forgetting, of course, the torainncleas or thunder feat.

But how to understand now exactly the sentence in Gaelic: " beim go gcomus fáithréim andáidh do reannaibh slegh, go mbídis sin úaidh chuige amhail beacha ag tionól a tromchnuasaigh go treabhruighthe do bharraibh na mbánsgoth."

Barbed the Gaelic word "corann" is not easy to translate. It is to indicate the points of a weapon or of a tool, like an arrow or a hook, projecting in reverse direction, and making for example a fish unable to go off its hook.

See also further choig rinne.

Foam-red. Cubhairdearga = with still traces of dried blood around?

Damsel....the Gaelic term so conveyed is ingen and it is usually translated by a girl , daughter or maiden.

Sexual intercourse strongly unadvised to whom is sick or wounded....a typical example of geis which is in the beginning only a good sense prescription for precise cases.

May this unlucky offense and this unfortunate gesture be upon you We convey so the Gaelic imprecation "Olc ort do chlé 7 do chol duabhai" in section 45 of the Egerton manuscript.

Be cursed, possessed sorcerer ... We convey so the Gaelic expression "a silide siabhartha searguithe".

The artful thrust of Catt is perhaps not another thing but only the cat feat already mentioned. An example, moreover, of distortions or changes occurred in the handing down of all these traditions.

The feat of eight waters (cleas ocht uisgé) made a little thinking of the feat of eight men (Ochtacless) already mentioned but...

Our text in Gaelic opposes *tuc* and *menman*. *Menma*/*Menman* is a Gaelic word also difficult to translate. The electronic dictionary of the Irish language (Edil) devotes to it almost a half page. It means the mind in the broadest sense. Mentioned as equivalent to Latin *animus* by this Edil. However the words *animus* and *anima*, used strictly, designate two different things even if Lucretius rather often uses them one for the other. If all the living beings have a soul, in the men, the only living beings able to think, the soul, the principle of life, is accompanied by the spirit (*animus*). It is the principle of thought, the seat of intellectual operations and of will. Mind and soul in man are narrowly linked, but within this union, it is despite everything the mind which dominates.

Editor's note. With what follows we give up the text of the training of the young Cuchulainn and we return to the manuscript of the wooing of Aemer (Tochmarc Emire), which mentions besides some other versions of the same facts, appreciably different, and either not lacking interest. But it is well necessary to choose at times.

Some say that it is not at all like that it happened, but it is not what is in this manuscript, what reports this manuscript it is that, during the time that he was with Scathache and Uathach, her daughter, a certain famous man who lived in Munster, Lugaid, son of Nos, son of Alamac, the renowned king, foster brother of the Hesus Cuchulainn, went eastward (in Tara?) with twelve vassal great lords of the high kings of Munster, to woo twelve maidens of the men (*bríugus*) of Mac Rossa.

But all these were betrothed to men before. When Forgall the Wily heard this, he went to Tara, and said to Lugaid that the best maiden in green Erin, both in shape and chastity and handiwork, was living with him unmarried. Lugaid said it pleased him well. Then Forgall betrothed the maiden to the king, and the twelve daughters of the twelve *bríugus* (lords of land) in Breg besides to the twelve vassal kings that were together with Lugaid. The king went along with Forgall to his castle (*dun*) for the wedding. When now Emer was brought to Lugaid to sit by his side, she took in both her hands his two cheeks, and laid it on the faith of her honor and her life and confessed that it was Cuchulainn she loved, that Forgall was against it, that it was a loss of honor for anyone to take her to wife. Then, from fear of the Hesus Cuchulainn, Lugaid did not dare to sleep with Emer tonight, and he returned home again.

Scathache was at that time carrying on war against other tribes over which the Princess Aife was ruling. Then the two hosts assembled to fight. The Hesus Cuchulainn was put in bonds by Scathache, because a sleeping potion had been given him before, that he might not go to the battle lest anything should happen to him there. As a precaution (?), she did this. Then forthwith out of his sleep started the Hesus Cuchulainn after an hour. While anybody else would have slept twenty-four hours with this sleeping potion, it was only one hour for him. He then went with the two sons of Scathache against the three sons of *Ílsuanach*, viz., *Cuar* and *Cett* and *Cruife*, three frightening warriors of Aife's.

Alone he met them all three, and they fell by him. There was a meeting in battle on the next morning, and both hosts went until the two arrays were face to face. Then went the three sons of *Eis Enchenn*, viz. *Ciri* and *Biri* and *Bailcne*, three other warriors of Aife, and began combat

against the two sons of Scathache. They went on the path of feats ? Scathache uttered a sigh at this, for she did not know what would come of it, first, as there was no third man with her two sons against those three and then she was afraid of Aife, who was the hardest woman warrior in the world.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn went up to her two sons, and sprang on the path ? And met them all three, and they fell by him. Aife challenged Scathache to combat, but the Hesus Cuchulainn went up before Aife, and asked Scathache what it was Aife loved most.

Scathache had said: "What she loves most is her two horses and her chariot and her charioteer!"

The Hesus Cuchulainn and Aife went on the path of feats and began combat there.

Aife shattered Hesus Cuchulainn's weapon so that his sword was no longer than his fist.

Ah, cried he, the charioteer of Aife and her two horses and her chariot have fallen down in the valley, and have all perished!

At that Aife looked up. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn approached her, seized her at her two breasts, took her on his back like a shoulder load, and carried her with him to his own host.

Then he threw her from him to the ground, and placed his bare sword over her.

Aife said: "Life for life, oh Cuchulainn!"

My three wishes to me! said he.

You will have them, as they come with your breath, said she.

These are my three wishes, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. You to give hostage to Scathache, without ever afterwards opposing her, you to be with me this night before your castle (dun), and to bear me a son!

I promise it all therefore, said she.

It was done in that wise.

The Hesus Cuchulainn then went with Aife and slept with her that night.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 29.

He then went with the two sons of Scathache ...here the reason we did not keep in what is previous, the episode in which the Hesus Cuchulainn beheads, after having overcome him, one of the sons in question. In order to avoid the biblical , inconsistency or contradiction, and the explanations, of the kind "there had two Goliath. One killed by David: Goliath of Gath (1 Samuel 17), the other by Elhanan, the son of Jaare Oregim: Goliath the Gittite (2 Samuel 21,19)". Most probable of the two versions is of course the second one: Goliath was killed, by one of the men of King David and not by David himself. The first version (first by order of appearance in the Bible) is only a tall story invented later in order to glorify (or to flatter) King David, and inserted by God (or his prophets? Or his secretaries ? Finally, by somebody in fact) in this place of the text.

On the path of feats....we convey so for lack of anything better the Gaelic expression "ted cliss." Tet being a word to designate a rope, a ted cliss was perhaps a kind of closed field delimited by ropes where tournaments took place. In the feat ropes would be therefore perhaps a better translation, chi lo sa? (Traduttore, traditore.) Mais que dirai-je de certains, vraiment mieux dignes d'être appelés traîtres que traducteurs ? Vu qu'ils trahissent ceux qu'ils entreprennent exposer, les frustrant de leur gloire...

.....Whereas the Hesus Cuchulainn was on the point of setting out again, then Aife said to him: "Tis unfair to the truth of your mind to go until you are approved completely in the martial arts."

Is it that now I am not approved in them? Asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Indeed you are not, for I have three artful thrusts with great value, and there is a year's training in them. Stay with me this year, and if you have them you will surpass the youths of the world.

I will stay, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

And he stayed till the end of that year, and after spending that time he prepared to depart, and Aife said to him: 'It is not right for you to go now, for I am pregnant, until you know what child I shall have.

If it be a daughter that will be born, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, every mother has the profit of her daughter, so give her to the man whom you yourself like. But if it be a son that you will bear (Conla) nurture him well, and teach him martial arts and bravery, and teach him all the feats save only the feat of the lightning spear (gae bulg), for I myself will teach that to him after he reaches Ireland.

Then Aife said she was with child, and that she would bear a boy. I shall send him this day seven years to Ireland, said she, and do you leave a name for him. The Hesus Cuchulainn left a golden finger ring for him, and said to Queen Aife that he should go and seek him in Erin, when the ring would fit on his finger. He said that Conla was the name to be given to him, but told her that he should not make himself known to anyone, that he should not go out or the way of any man, nor refuse combat to any man.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 30.

It is unfair to the truth of your mind..... in the martial arts. We thus translate the sentence in Gaelic language *Ní coir d'fíor do mhenmasa imthecht no go raibhar derbhtha isna hileasaibh go ile 7 gaisge go hiomlán*, in which we find again in particular our famous *menman = mind*.

Let us point out in passing to our reader that here we come back to the manuscripts devoted to the training of the young lord of Muirthemne dear to Augusta Gregory and that we give up temporarily those dealing with the wooing of Aemur.

Between women of the Scathache type and women of the kind mentioned here by the young lord of Muirthemne dear to Augusta Gregory (some drips or dolls) there is a happy medium. Let us admit it clearly, the Irish versions of the original Pan Celtic myth are ultra-sexist, Cuchulainn is a macho man as we see little of them. Everyone cannot be Scathache, of course, but why not to have of them a little more (at least the male-female parity. There are, of course, especially female trades (what does not mean they must be prohibited to men and that no man must practice them), like midwives for example, and there are also especially male trades (what does not mean they must be prohibited to women and that no woman must practice them): those requiring much physical strength, or aggressiveness of the kind "to crawl in mud with a bayonet between one's teeth" for example but between the two there is all the range of the professions where the female-male parity can be a good thing: doctor professor family court judge lawyer (especially in France where the trades of family court judge and lawyer are reserved for women in fact, but it is necessary to be able to dare the parity even in these fields but I have confidence in the million French feminists to march en masse in the streets during the time that it will be necessary in order to require the equality or the parity in these fields).

The lightning spear or gae bulg in Gaelic language is a rather mysterious weapon. At all events, the detail has its importance, because, added to the prohibitions given by the Hesus Cuchulainn who acts thus as a druid, what will result in the tragic death of the young man, killed by his own father not knowing that it was him.

The character somewhat mongrel before the word is invented, of the Hesus Cuchulainn, should not hide to us the fact that the history of Hesus Mars or Cuchulainn is initially and especially an extraordinary illustration of the absolute power of Fate or Tocad. (Average Welsh *tynged*, Breton *tonket*, intended, old Irish *tocad*, destiny, *toicthech* "fortunatus" *tonquedec* in Breton. The *labarum* is its symbol).

He should not make himself known to anyone that he should not go out or the way of any man, nor refuse combat to any man.... But the Hesus Cuchulainn, unlike Abraham, will have an excuse to have wanted to kill his son thereafter: he will be unaware that it was him.

The training of Cuchulainn again (continuation)

Thereafter the Hesus Cuchulainn bade farewell to the damsel, and sad and sorrowful was she that day after the Hesus Cuchulainn parted from them. As to the Hesus Cuchulainn himself, his mind was anxious on that day beyond any day, wending his way, till he reached the Bridge of the Leaps, and saw the off cast, baleful, horrible, wondrous, strange, at the other end of the bridge, to wit, a hag (Eis Enchenn) tall, over-ripe, and in her hand a kind of iron cauldron which had required the full of a fist of smelted iron.

Well, Hesus Cuchulainn, she said, leave me the road past you.

This place in which I am is impracticable unless a being alone is made, for it is as slender as a hair, and as sharp as a blade's edge, and as slippery as an eel's tail; and if the thorn of a thistle chanced on the place wherein I am, it would not stick to the place in which it would stay until the great sea would come outside.

"Prohibitions and injunctions upon you!" said the hag, unless you leave the road to me.

Sad is that, said the Hesus Cuchulainn: life from it after his soul end, non-life after his honor.

And this is the road I shall leave you, though yourself may get death or destruction from it.

'Tis then the Hesus Cuchulainn lay thereon supine athwart and closed his arms and his legs around the bridge, and by a thunder feat the hag seized him roughly, ill fatedly, on the breadth of his back and on his legs and arms, so that she wounded and hurt him greatly.

But he leaped aloft lightly, hoveringly, and having gone over to the hag he gave her a blow whereby he struck her head from her body. And this killing because of the blow of the Hesus Cuchulainn was good, because she was Eis Enchenn.

Thus was Scathache, instructing some of the Irish knights who were about her during that year when the Hesus Cuchulainn was with Aife in Great Greece. These were the names of those knights, to wit, Ferdiad son of Daman, and Ferdeman son of Daman, and Fraech Fail son of Fidach, and Noisi son of Uisnech, and the great Loit mór son of Mogh Feibis, and Fergus son of Lua the long-maned. And on the day that the Hesus Cuchulainn came to the castle (dun) 'tis then came the time for those knights to travel to Green Erin. But they remained another year with Scathache, side by side, so that each of them might gain as much instruction in martial arts as the Hesus Cuchulainn, both feat and valor and prowess, save only the feat of the lightning spear (gae bulg); and thereafter they bade farewell to Scathache.

Well, O my queen, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, 'tis meet for me to go with these other knights to green Erin.

You will not go with them,' says she, 'until I bind a covenant of honor and friendship between you all, so that the world's men may never put one of you against the other to conflict or combat, for you are in no danger of any one else in the world imperiling you, unless it comes from yourselves against you. And these are the injunctions I leave upon you, namely, if the better man of you seek combat with him who is worse, the better man will be vanquished, and, in the same way, to him who is worse if he seeks combat with him who is better. Let none of you transgress this taboo (this rule).

And they gave their hands to each other for the fulfillment of that covenant to the brink of Doom.

Then they bade farewell to Scathache, and paid the fees for their training by her. Tidings of them are not told till they reached the country of the men of Catt.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 31.

Until the great sea would come outside... "Not only the druids, but others as well, say that men's souls, and also the universe, are indestructible, although both fire and water will at some time or other prevail over them" (Strabo, book IV, IV,4). The expression often appears in the Irish oaths.

Life from it after his soul end, non-life after his honor: Béo die déis has anma & ní beó deís has oinigh in Gaelic language. The word used for soul in this case is anma in Gaelic language, anma and not menma (menma = mind).

Great Greece.... Strictly speaking Great Greece matches south of Italy. It is, of course, like any too precise geographical location (Alba Albion Scotland, and even Ireland...) a pure imagination. Taken between the will to adapt at all costs the initial Pan Celtic myth, to the least details of the geography of their island (Ireland), and the need for keeping a share of dreams or mystery our dear Irish bards did about anything!

What is this country? said one of them, or who is king over it?

This is the kingdom of the men of Catt, says the Hesus Cuchulainn, and Aed the Red is king over it. Which of us without the night's guesting, will obtain it from him nevertheless? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

But what is the place on which you are going? said they.

I will go by the edges of this sea below, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, to know whether I can get birds or winged things which I can take to the castle, so that the women and youths and womankind may marvel the more at their reaching them alive.

Do so, said they; and here we fare to the castle before you.

Then they parted from each other, and the Hesus Cuchulainn went and looked forth on the great sea. As he was there, he beheld a great assembly on the strand nearest to him, to wit, a hundred men and a hundred women seated in the bosom of the haven and the shore, and among them a maiden shapely, dear and beautiful, the most distinguished damsel of the world's women, and they a-weeping and lamenting around the damsel.

The Hesus Cuchulainn came to the place and saluted them.

What is this sorrow or the misery upon you? said he.

The damsel answered and this she said: "A tribute which the king of Fomorians (Fomoir in the text in Gaelic language, or more exactly Fomorach, Andernas on the Continent) carry out of this country every seventh year, namely, the first-born of the king's children. And at this time it has come to me to go as that tribute, for to the king I am the dearest of his children."

What number comes to lift that tribute? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Three sons of Alatom of the Fomorians, she answered, Dub, Mell and Dubros are their names.

Not long had they been at those talks when they saw the well-manned, full-great vessel approaching them over the furious waves of the sea. And when the damsel's people saw the ship coming, they all fled from her, and not a single person remained in her company save only the Hesus Cuchulainn. Thus was that vessel: a single warrior, dark, gloomy, devilish, on the stern of that good ship, and he was laughing roughly, ill fatedly, so that everyone saw his entrails and his bowels through the body of his gullet.

What is that mirthfulness on the big man? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Because, said the damsel, he deems it excellent that you should be an addition to his tribute in this year rather than in any other year.

Upon my faith, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, it would not be right for him to brag thus regarding me if he knew what would come of it.

Then the big man came ashore to them into the strand, and stretched forth his long, sinewy, hideous arm to seize the Hesus Cuchulainn in the very front of his royal tribute. Straightway the Hesus Cuchulainn raised his right hand, and bared his sword, and gave a blow to the big man and struck off his head. He was the first that fell by the Hesus Cuchulainn after having completed his training. Thereafter the other two fell by him, and he left them thus, beheaded but neck to neck.

Touching the Hesus Cuchulainn, he gave neither care nor heed to the damsel, for he deemed it neither honorable nor memorable to speak to her, as she was alone after her following fled from her. He fared forward after his companions, and did not tell them of that deed. Then they came to the gate of the fortress, and they strike a blow of the knocker on the door, and the doorkeeper asked who was there.

We are a band of knights from the Green Erin, they say, come out of the world in the east, after completing our training.

The doorkeeper went where the king was, mournful and sad after his daughter, and told him that a band of knights from Green Erin was at the gate.

Let them in, said the king.

They came in, and the king gave them a hearty welcome, sweetly and courteously.

And they were not long thus when they saw the fortress damsel approaching them.

Well, my daughter, said the king, are you sorrowful after your followers, or is it fear that caused you to be like that?

Not so assuredly, said the damsel, but a single, young, youthful lad who came to me, and remained near me after my followers fled from me, he fought on my behalf with three sons of Alatroim the king of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomoir in Ireland, Andernas on the Continent); and they fell by him; and to prove that, send someone for the rest of the tribute, and let it be brought to you.

Take triumph and blessing, my daughter, said the king: good are the tidings you have told me. And he sent a servant for the rest of the tribute, which was brought to him.

Aed the Red was glad at that tale, and he said to the womankind and the females of the fort to go and wash and bathe the knights.

Then the women went, a woman opposite each of the knights, to wash him and to bathe him. And it is Aife, Aed the Red's daughter, that happened to be above the tub in which the Hesus Cuchulainn was. And when his hand chanced to be in hers, she said: 'Well, indeed, great is this hand's share of bravery and valor!'

What is that, my daughter? said the king.

It is, said the damsel, that this is the hand of him by whom the three sons of Alatroim the king of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomoir) have fallen, and 'tis he that rescued me from the fate that awaited me.

Is yon true, you knights of green Erin? said therefore Aed the Red. When you entered the castle was there a single one of your company absent?

Yes, Cuchulainn who is yonder, they answer; for he went along the edges of this sea below, of perchance he could get birds or winged things to take to the fort.

Is yon, said the king, the renowned Hesus Cuchulainn, whose fame you have in your country?

If so, said Aed the Red, here for you is the royal tribute which you yourself have gained, and my daughter also.

The devil take you! said Ferdiad son of Daman: may no one on earth ever get renown or fame or lasting distinction on the same road with you!

As to Hesus Cuchulainn, however, he gave neither heed to a single word that Ferdiad uttered; but he divided that tribute of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomoir in Ireland, Andernas on the Continent), to wit, a third to the knights, and the second third to the quartermasters of Catt's kingdom, and the last third as a dowry for the king's daughter, Derbforgaill. And on that night he had her on a bed festival.

They were a month and a fortnight abiding in that stead with gentle attendance and ministering; and at the end of that time they set out for green Erin, and took harbor and haven on Traig na Fola in Ulidia; then they went thereafter to smooth-beautiful Emain Macha where was then Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach, high king of Ulaid (copied by Richard Tuibear, in the year of the Lord 1715).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 32.

Again thus this famous tribute in men or Celtic devshirme. It is important on this subject to play down all that and to emphasize well that originally, in the initial pan-Celtic myth, there was not between Fomoir and Tuatha Dé Danann or people of the goddess Danu (bia) an

opposition as simplistic and Manichean as the one being able to exist between angels or demons according to Jews Christians or Muslims. Fomoiré were quite simply superhuman, supernatural creatures, rather chthonian and underground, and Tuatha Dé Danann some demons, but in the original meaning of the word, rather aerial or living in the sky; not to say heavenly. On the Continent Fomoiré were represented as gigantic anguipedes, always overcome by Taran/Toran/Tuireann (Jupiter in interpretatio romana). Most exact of parallels is not the Judeo-Islamic-Christian opposition between angels or demons, ultra-left or ultra-right-wing, racist or anti-racist, because this factitious opposition always depends on the point of view where you place yourself (the demons of the ones are the gods of the others and vice versa, how many gods of paganism Christians did not rename.... demons; as for the racist it is quite simple, it is always... the other one, the one who is not like the journalist who speaks about him for example); but the fight between the Greek gods and the Titans, or between the Asir and Vanir of Germanic mythology. Finally, let us not forget either that they are especially and in this precise form Irish popular tales in Gaelic language, also intended for the children, and that the equivalent today would be a horror movie, not to be taken at face value just like the passage of the Gospels on the Gerasenian possessed men changed into pigs which precipitate then in the lake (Matthew 8, 28-34; Mark 5, 1-20, Luke 8, 26-39). A true third-rate horror movie.

The doorkeeper asked who was there.....doorkeeper is said *doirseoir* in Gaelic language, *dorosarios* in old Celtic. It was a very important function, generally held by a druid, namely a man enough cultivated to make sure of the social position as well as of the intentions (peaceful) of the newcomers. If necessary by asking them a whole series of questions and making his own inquiry.

The quartermasters... we translate so the Gaelic word *biatach*, a kind of *bríugu*. High-king of Ulaid. *Airdrígh Uladh*. The title of *Ard ri* is theoretically reserved for the sovereign ruling over the whole Ireland and not only over one of its five provinces.

And indeed the daughter of Aed the Red, known as *Derbforgaile*, will come to meet again our hero one year later, but this is another story which is told to us by the manuscript of the wooing of Aemer. Return therefore to the account of the wooing of Aemer for the continuation of the adventures of our hero.

A variant of the story provided by the manuscript of the wooing of Aemer or *Tochmarc Emire*.

Thereupon the Hesus Cuchulain moved off..... He met an old woman on the road who was blind of her left eye. She asked him to beware and not be on the road before her. He said there was no room for a footing for him save on the cliff of the sea which was beneath him. She besought him nevertheless to leave the road to her. Then he left the road except that his toes clung to it. When she passed over him, she hit his great toe to throw him off the path down the cliff. He noticed it and leaped the salmon leap up again, and struck the woman's head off. She was the mother of the last three warriors that had fallen by him, viz., *Eis Enchenn*, and in order to destroy him had come to meet him.....

After the full lore of his soldierly arts with Scathach had passed for the Hesus Cuchulainn: the apple feat, the thunder feat, the sword's edge feat, the horizontally held shield feat, the javelin feat, the rope feat, *foerclius* ? the body feat, the cat feat, the salmon leap, the cast of the staff, the lightning spear, the quickness feat, the wheel feat, the eight men feat, the overbreath feat, the sword blow which causes only a bruise, the hero's war cry, the well-measured blow, the return stroke, the under-blow ? the valiant champion who mounts on a spear and straightens his body on its point, the scythe chariot, and the hero's twisting round the points of spears; then came a message to him to return to his own land, and he took leave. Then Scathache told him what would befall him in the future, she sang to him the great ken of the inspiration flashes of the seers, then spoke these words: "Welcome, oh victorious, warlike ...?....

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn went on his ship to reach green Erinn. This was the crew of the ship: Lugaid, Luan Da Mac Loich, Ferbaeth, Larin, Ferdiad and Drust, son of Serb. They went to the house of Ruad, King of the Isles, on Samon (ios) night. There were there before them Conall Cernach and Loegaire Buadach levying tribute; for there was a tribute at that time from the Isles of the Foreigners to the Ulaid. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn heard a wailing before him in the castle (dun) of the king.

What lament is that? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The daughter of Ruad is taken as a tribute to the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomore) , said they. It is therefore that the wailing is in the castle (dun).

Where is the maiden? said he.

She is on the shore below, said they.

The Hesus Cuchulainn went until he was near the maiden on the strand. He asked tidings of her. The maiden told him fully. Whence do the men come? said he, 'from that distant island yonder,' said she. Be not here in sight of the robbers, advised her the Hesus Cuchulainn. He remained there awaiting them and killed the three gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomori) in single combat. But the last man wounded him at the wrist. The maiden gave him a strip from her garment round his wound as a bandage. He then went away without making himself known to the maiden. The maiden came to the castle (dun) and told her father the whole story. Thereafter the Hesus Cuchulainn showed up in front of the doors like an ordinary guest.

Conall and Loegaire welcomed him. Many in the castle (dun) boasted of having killed the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomori), but the maiden did not believe them. The king thus ordered that a bath is prepared to them and each one was brought to her separately. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn came like everybody else, and the maiden recognized him.

I shall give her to you in marriage, said Ruad, and I shall pay her wedding gift myself.

Not so, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, but let her come this day year to Erin after me, if it be pleasant to her, and she will find me there.

The Hesus Cuchulainn then came to Emain and told his adventures there. When he had cast his fatigue from him, he set out for the rath of Forgall to seek Aemer. He was a whole year near it but could not approach her for the amount of the watch. He came then at the end of the year, 'It is today, oh Loeg,' said the Hesus Cuchulainn, 'we have our meeting with the daughter of Ruad, but we do not know the exact place, for we were not wise. Let us go, said he, to the border of the land.

When they were on the shore of Lake Cuan (Loch Cuan), they beheld two birds on the sea. The Hesus Cuchulainn put a stone in his sling and aimed at the birds. The men ran up to them after having hit one of the birds. When they came up to them, this is what they saw: two women, the most beautiful in the world. These were Derbforgaille, the daughter of Ruad, and her handmaid. 'Evil is the deed you have done, oh Cuchulainn, said she. It was to meet you we came, though you have hurt us.

The Hesus Cuchulainn sucked the stone out of her with its clot of blood round it. I shall not wed you now, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, for I have drunk your blood. But I shall give you to my companion here, viz., to Lugaid of the Red Stripes. And it was done thus.

The Hesus Cuchulainn then wanted to go to the fortress (rath) of Forgall. And the scythe chariot was prepared for him that day. It was called scythe chariot (carpat serrda) from the iron scythes that were from it, or again because it was first invented by....[Editor's note. And there, of course, there is at this place in our manuscript a name of people resembling like two peas that of the scythe, in Gaelic language]. He then arrived at the fortress (rath) of Forgall, and jumped the salmon leap across the three ramparts, so that he was on the inner paving stone of the castle (dun). And he dealt three blows in the bailey, and so that fell eight men in each group of nine but that one is spared , viz., Scibur, Ibur and Cat, three brothers of Aemer. Forgall then made a leap on to the rampart of the fortress without, in fleeing from the Hesus Cuchulainn, and he fell and was without life. The Hesus Cuchulainn took Aemer with him and her foster sister, with their two loads of gold and silver, and took a leap back again across the third rampart with the two maidens and went forth.

Cries were raised around them from every direction. Scennmend rushed against them, the Hesus Cuchulainn killed her on the ford, which is hence called the Ford of Scennmend, thence they came to Glondath. There the Hesus Cuchulainn killed hundred men of them. Great is the deed (glond) which you have done,said Aemer, to have killed a hundred armed able-bodied men, Glond-Ath shall be its name forever, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. He

reached Blood-turf. Its name was originally White Meadow until then. He dealt great angry blows on the hosts in that place, so that the streams of blood broke over it on each side. The height is a turf of blood through you today, oh Cuchulain, cried the maiden. Hence its name today The pursuers overtook them at the ford of the two clods on the Boinne.

Aemer left the chariot. The Hesus Cuchulainn made a chase on the shore, so that the clods flew from the hoofs of the horses across the ford northward. He made another chase northward so that the clods flew from the hoofs of the horses over the ford southward. Hence it is called Ford of the Two Clods, from the clods hither and thither. Now the Hesus Cuchulainn killed one hundred on each ford from Ath Scennmend at Ollbine to the Boinne in Breg, he fulfilled all the deeds that he had vowed to the maiden, and he came safely out of it, and reached Emain Macha towards the darkness of that night.

Aemer was brought into the Red Branch house to Cunocavaros/Conchobar and to the Ulaid , they bade her welcome. There was also a grim evil-tongued man in the castle, viz., Bricriu of the Venomous Tongue, the son of Arba. It was then he said: "Forsooth, it will be disagreeable to the Hesus Cuchulainn what will happen tonight, viz., the woman whom he brought will sleep with Cunocavaros/Conchobar. For it is to him that it belongs to spend the first night with a bride in the country!" Cuchulaind grew mad when he heard that, and shook himself so that the cushion burst which was under him, and its feathers were flying about the house. He went out then. This is very hard, said Catubatuos/Cathbad, but it is an ordinance to the king to do everything that Bricriu has said. But the Hesus Cuchulainn will slay him that will sleep with his wife.

Let the Hesus Cuchulainn be called to us, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, to know if we can soothe his wrath. Then he came back to seat down. Arise, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and bring me the herds that I have in Fuat mountains. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn went, and drove together whatever he found in Fuat mountains of swine and stags, and of every sort of fowl game besides, and drove them in one drove with him to the meadow of Emain. Then his wrath had departed from him. A council was held by the Ulaid about this affair. This was the resolution they arrived at; that Aemer was to sleep that night with Cunocavaros/Conchobar, but Fergus and Catubatuos/Cathbad in one bed with them to watch over the honor of the Hesus Cuchulainn, and the Ulaid should bless him if he accepted it. He did accept it, and it was done thus. Cunocavaros/Conchobar paid Aemer's wedding gift on the morrow, the Hesus Cuchulainn also got compensated for this damage concerning his honor, he slept then with his wife, and they did not separate after that until they both died. Then the chieftaincy of the youths of Ulidiia was given to the Hesus Cuchulainn. These were the youths in Emain at that time, whose poet gave the names. The youths of Emain, the fairest host, when they were in the Red Branch.

Editor's note. A long series of names follows , which we did not consider to be useful to reproduce here. But each one can find it by consulting the original texts.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 33.

The hero's twisting round the points of spears. A kind of Scottish Highland dance of the kind sword dance with the points of javelins (replaced by swords since 1504) or dances performed on a small round shield called a targe.

The great ken of the inspiration flashes of the seers. We convey so the Gaelic expression "imbas forosnai.": ambividtu versionnions in old Celtic.

Ruad king of the Isles and his daughter.... It is therefore a variant of the episode which appears in the manuscripts of the training of Cuchulainn, but still with the story of the daughter of the king who is to be given up to the gigantic anguipedic wyverns that are called

Fomore in Ireland and Andernas on the Continent. And with the small reservation that the inhabitants must they also pay a tribute, a second tribute therefore, to the Ulaid.

I shall not wed you nowOf course the text justifying such a surprising decision is missing. Unlike the episode concerning her rescue on the beach (the wound on the wrist of the Hesus Cuchulainn) none of the known variants compensates for this gap. A taboo on the blood brother and sister?

My companion....the Gaelic word is dalta, which means precisely "adoptive son." However the Hesus Cuchulainn is supposed then still to be very young, and not in age to have a nubile child, even by adoption.

Hence its name today... Once again let us repeat it (repeter = ars docendi), it is there a whole series of plays on words in Gaelic language to explain, in a very artificial way, various toponyms. Oh these Irish bards! The initial pan-Celtic myth was timeless and not especially localized.

For it is to him that it belongs to spend the first night with a bride. In France formerly people called that the droit du seigneur. In Latin jus primae noctis (law of the first night).

The chieftaincy. We convey so for lack of anything better the Gaelic word vlad: sovereignty, rule. This sovereignty over young people must nevertheless in no way being mixed up with the outright sovereignty of a monarch over his people. Nor even with a sovereignty of the kind "Christ the king" because the kingdom of the Hesus Cuchulainn has only the value of an example for youth. The sovereignty of the Hesus Cuchulainn does not concern the whole society, the whole people, but only his youth as saw it very well Patrick Pearse (in St Enda). Hesus Cuchulainn was thus recognized sovereign of the young people of Ulidia. But he will not become therefore the king of this country, for various reasons linked to his personal destiny. To simplify let us say that his sovereignty or his chieftaincy is not really of this world, unlike what the Christians about their master claim hypocritically. His kingdom is not of this world, his kingdom is not of this world....Yes but they expect nevertheless impatiently that his will be done.... on earth! And they work for that actively like Muslims! What is not the case of the "fans" of Cuchulainn. The life and the work of the young lord of Muirthemne are indeed for us only examples, sources of inspiration, of meditation, including in his weak points. Setanta Cuchulain is, of course, the son of a god (Lug ?) but he is also only a man, like everyone, as his great adversary will point it out (Queen Maeve : he can be wounded or captured). De minimis non curat druid. God could not deal with our way of drinking, of sleeping, of washing us, of brushing our teeth, of defecating, like in Islamic lands (dar al islam).

No person claiming to be based on this chieftaincy or sovereignty of the Hesus Cuchulainn, to justify an unspecified law, to rule our lives, to tell us how it would be necessary to eat, sleep, study, work, drink or love, in short how it would be necessary to live... could have our agreement or our support. The kingdom of the Hesus Cuchulainn is really not, as for it, and unlike the others which is rather hypocritically therefore, put forwards, OF THIS WORLD. Long life to secularism. Absolute distinction between the role of the king and of the druid, between the religion and the vocation of the powers that be.

THE FEAST OF BRICRIU. Fled Bricrend.

The story appears in particular in the book of the dun cow or Lebor na hUidre compiled about 1106. Thurneysen identifies at least 3 different versions (A, B, C). This specialist dates the oldest parts of the book from the eighth century.

Here beginneth the Feast of Bricriu, the Champion's Portion of Emain, the Ulidia Women's War-of-Words, the Hosting of the Ulaid to Cruachan, and the Champion's Wager in Emain.

Bricriu of the Evil Tongue held a great feast for Cunocavaros/Conchobar mac Nessa and for all the Ulaid. The preparation of the feast took a whole year.

For the entertainment of the guests, a spacious house was built by him. He erected it in Dun Rudraige after the likeness of the palace of the Red Branch in Emain. Yet it surpassed the buildings of that period entirely for material and for artistic design, for beauty of architecture, its wood pillars and fronting splendid and costly, its carving and lintel-work famed for magnificence.

The House was made on this wise: on the plan of Tara's Tech Midchuarta, having nine compartments from fire to wall, each fronting of bronze thirty feet high, overlaid with gold. In the fore part of the house, a royal couch was erected for Conchobar high above those of the whole house. It was set with carbuncles and other precious stones which shone with a luster of gold and of silver, radiant with every hue, making night like unto day. Around it were placed the twelve couches of the twelve heroes of Ulster. The nature of the workmanship was on a par with the material of the edifice. It took a wagon team to carry each beam, and the strength of seven men of Ulidia to fix each pole, while thirty of the chief artificers of green Erin were employed in its erection and arrangement.

Then an observatory (gaelic grianan) was made by Bricriu outside but on a level with the couch of Cunocavaros/Conchobar and with those of the heroes of valor. The decorations of its fittings were magnificent. Windows of crystal (fenestri glainidi) were placed on each side of it, and one of these was above Bricriu's couch, so that he could view the hall from his seat, as he knew the Ulaid would not suffer him within.

When Bricriu had finished building the hall and observatory, supplying it both with plaids and bedspreads, beds and pillows, providing meat and drink, so that nothing was lacking, neither furnishings nor food, he straightway went to Emain to meet Cunos/Conchobar and the nobles of Ulidia.

It fell upon a day there was in Emain a gathering of the Ulaid. He was anon made welcome, and was seated by the shoulder of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Bricriu addressed himself to him as well as to the body of the Ulaid. Come with me, said he, to partake of a banquet with me. Gladly, rejoined Cunocavaros/Conchobar, if that please the Ulaid.

Fergus son of Roig and the nobles of Ulidia also made answer: "No; for if we go, our dead will outnumber our living, when Bricriu has incensed us against each other!"

"If you do not come, worse will you fare!" said Bricriu.

"What then" asked Cunocavaros/Conchobar, "if the Ulaid don't go with you?"

I will stir up strife, said Bricriu, between the kings, the great lords, the champions, and the little lords, till they slay one another, man for man, if they do not come with me to share my feast."

That we shall not do to please you," said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

"I will stir up enmity between father and son so that it will come to mutual slaughter. If I do not succeed in doing so, I will make a quarrel between mother and daughter. If that does not succeed, I will set each of the Ulidia women at variance, so that they come to deadly blows till their breasts become loathsome and putrid."

Sure 'tis better to come, said Fergus.

"Do you straightway take counsel with the chief Ultonians!" said Sencha, son of Ailill. "Unless we take counsel against this Bricriu, mischief will be the consequence!" said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

Thereupon all the Ultonian nobles assembled in council. In discussing the matter, Sencha counseled them thus: "Take guarantors from Bricriu, since you have to go with him, and set eight swordsmen about him so as to compel him to retire from the room as soon as he has laid out the feast." Furbaide Ferbenn, son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, brought Bricriu reply, and showed him the whole matter. It is happily arranged, said Bricriu. The Ulaid straightway set out from Emain, host, regiment and company, under their king, prince and chieftain. Excellent and admirable was the march of the brave and valiant heroes to Bricriu's palace.

The guarantors of the braves had gone security on his behalf, and Bricriu accordingly bethought him how he should manage to set the Ulaid at variance. His deliberation and self-scrutiny being ended, he betook himself to the company of Loegaire the Triumphant, son of Connad mac Iliach.

Hail now, Loegaire the Triumphant, you mighty mallet of Breg, you hot hammer of Mide, flame-red lightning, you victorious warrior of Ulidia, what hinders the champion's portion of Emain being yours always?"

If I so choose, it shall be mine, said Loegaire.

Be yours the sovereignty of the braves of Green Erin, said Bricriu, if only you act as I advise.

I will indeed, said Loegaire.

Sooth, if the champion's portion of my house be yours, that of Emain is yours forever. The champion's portion of my house is worth contesting, for it is not the portion of a poor fool's house, said Bricriu. Belonging to it is a cauldron full of generous wine, with room enough for three of the valiant braves of Ulidia; furthermore, a seven-year-old boar; nought has entered its lips since it was little save fresh milk and fine meal in springtime, curds and sweet milk in summer, the kernel of nuts and wheat in autumn, beef and broth in winter; a cow-lord fat seven-year-old; since it was a little calf, neither heather nor twig tops have entered its lips, nought but sweet milk and herbs, meadow hay and corn. [Add to this] five score cakes of wheat, cooked in honey withal. Five and twenty bushels, that is what was supplied for these five score cakes—four cakes from each bushel. Such is the champion's portion of my house. And since you are the best hero among the Ulaid, it is but just to give it you, and I so wish it. By the end of the day, when the feast is spread out, let your charioteer get up, and it is to him the champion's portion will be given.

"Among them shall be dead men if it is not done so!" said Loegaire.

Bricriu laughed at that, for it liked him well.

When he had done inciting Loegaire the Triumphant to enmity, Bricriu betook himself into the company of Conall Cernach. "Hail to you, Conall the Victorious, you are the hero of victories and of combats; great are the victories you have already scored over the Ulaid heroes. By the time the Ulidia men go into foreign bounds you are at a distance of three days and three nights in advance over many a ford; you protect their rear when returning, so that [an assailant] may not spring past you, nor through you nor over you; what then should hinder the champion's portion of Emain being yours always?" Though great his treachery with regard to Loegaire, he showed twice as much in the case of Conall Cernach.

When he had satisfied himself with inciting Conall Cernach (to quarrel), he hastened to the presence of the Hesus Cuchulainn. "Hail to you, Hesus Cuchulainn, you victor of Breg, you bright banner of the Liffey, darling of Emain, beloved of wives and of maidens, for you today watchdog of Culann is no nickname, for you are the champion of the Ulaid, you ward off their great feuds and frays, you seek justice for each man of them; you attain alone to what all the Ulidia men fail in; all the Ulaid acknowledge your bravery, your valor and your achievements surpassing theirs. What means therefore you are leaving of the champion's portion for someone else of the Ultonians, since no one of the men of Green Erin is capable of contesting it against you?"

By the god of my tribe, said the Hesus/ Cuchulainn, his head will he lose whoever comes to contest it with me.

Thereafter Bricriu severed himself from them and followed the host as if no contention had been made among the heroes.

Whereupon they entered the palace, and each one occupied his couch therein, king, prince, noble, little noble, and young brave. Half of the room was set apart for Cunocavaros/Conchobar and his retinue of valiant Ulidia heroes; the other half for the ladies of Ulidia attending on Mugan, daughter of Eochaid Fedlech, wife of King Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Those whose names follow were who attended upon Cunocavaros/Conchobar in the forepart of the room, namely, Fergus son of Roig, Celtchar son of Uthechar, Eogan son of Durthach, the two sons of the king, namely, Fiacha and Fiachaig, Fergna son of Findchoim, Fergus son of Leti, Cuscraid the stuttering of Macha, son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, Sencha son of Ailill, the three sons of Fiachach, namely, Rus and Dare and Imchad, Munremur son of Gergend, Errge Echbel, Amorgen son of Ecit, Mend son of Salchad, Dubtach Doel Ulad, Feradach Find Fectnach, Fedelmid son of Ilair Chetaig, Furbaide Ferbend, Rochad son of Fathemon, Loegaire the Triumphant, Conall Cernach, the Hesus Cuchulainn, Connad son of Morna, Erc son of Fedelmid, Illand son of Fergus, Fintan son of Nial, Ceternd son of Fintan, Factna son of Sencad, Conla the False, Ailill the Honey-tongued, Bricriu himself, the chief Ultonian warriors, with the body of youths and artistes.

While the feast was being spread for them, the musicians and players performed. The moment Bricriu spread the feast with its savory, he was ordered by the guarantors to leave the hall. They straightway got up with drawn swords in their hands to expel him. Whereupon Bricriu and his followers went out to their observatory. Arrived at the threshold of the house, he called out, "That Champion's Portion, such as it is, is not the portion of a poor fool's house; do you give it to the Ulidia's hero you prefer for valor!" He thereupon left them.

Anon the stewards rose up to serve the food. The charioteer of Loegaire the Triumphant, to wit, Sedlang mac Riagabra, then rose up and said to the distributors: "Do you assign to Loegaire the Triumphant the Champion's Portion which is by you, for he alone is entitled to it before the other braves of Ulidia!"

Then Id mac Riagabra, the charioteer of Conall the Victorious, got up too and spoke to the like effect. And Loeg mac Riagabra spoke thus: "Do you bring that to the Hesus Cuchulainn; it is no disgrace for all the Ulaid to give it to him; it is he who is most valiant among you."

"That's not true!" said Conall Cernach and Loegaire the Triumphant.

They then got up in the middle of the hall, donned their shields and seized their swords. At one another they hewed till half of the palace was an atmosphere of fire with the clash of sword-and spear edge, the other half one white sheet from the enamel of the shields. Great alarm got hold upon the palace; the valiant heroes shook; Cunocavaros/Conchobar himself and Fergus son of Roig got furious at seeing the injury and the injustice of two men surrounding one, namely, Conall the Victorious and Loegaire the Triumphant attacking the Hesus Cuchulainn. There was no one among the Ulaid who dared separate them till Sencha spoke to Conchobar: "Part the men," said he. Ar is e día talmanda rusbui oc Ultaib an inbaid sin Conchobar.

Thereupon Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Fergus intervened, and the combatants immediately let drop their hands to their sides.

“Execute my wish!” said Sencha.
Your will shall be obeyed, they responded.
My wish, then, said Sencha, is tonight to divide the Champion’s Portion there among all the host, and after that to decide with reference to it according to the will of Ailill mac Magach, for it is accounted unlucky to close this assembly unless the matter be adjudged in Cruachan. The feasting was then resumed; they made a circle round the fire and got ‘jovial’ and made merry.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 34.

Bricriu is therefore apparently a hospitaller or a briugu responsible for feeding the king and his men even his guests. That will earn us an episode worthy of the well-known French cartoon (Asterix and Obelix) where the humor of the Irish storytellers will have a field day (in caricature, not to take at face value).

Suidiugud Tighi Midchuarta, Teach Miodhchuarta, Tech-Midchuarta etc. Where suidiugud = a plan or lay out and tighi tech teac = house. A kind of village hall or banquet hall. The Lebor Laignech (book of Leinster) as well as the Leabhar Buidhe Lecain (Yellow Book of Lecan) provide us very approximate diagrams of them. It seems to have comprised three or four great parts. We will return on this subject. It is the text entitled Suidigad Tige Midchuarta. Compartment, couch. The Gaelic word imda is not easy to translate and seems to have a variable sense.

Guarantor. We convey so the Gaelic term aitiire.

Great lord. We convey so the Gaelic term toísec.

Little lord. We convey so the Gaelic term Gaelic tigernn.

By the god of my tribe. We translate so the oíto (oath) formula which is stated thus in Gaelic: Tongu-sa a toing mo tuath.

Mac Riagabra. Mac Riagabair. This name means “son of sea (rian) horse (gabra)”. The three charioteers therefore have the same name. Which should not be a true one.

Ar is e d’ia talmanta rusbui oc Ultai an inbaid sin Concobar....Clumsy intervention or awkward interpolation, of the Christian bard if it is not of the copyist monk, which has the virtue of showing obviously that all that is only some mythology (stories of gods or goddesses) historicized or euhemerized backwards. Stories of gods or goddesses, even of demons or demonesses, according to the point of view where you place yourself, of course. Because let us not forget that the gods of an overcome religion always become the demons of the new one which takes its place.

The Christians never disputed the real existence (at least according to them) of these supernatural, superhuman, entities, but

a) They made them, with a lot of racist insults (we will come back to this subject in detail), systematically baleful entities (whereas they were only ambivalent, at the same time gods of justice and of love, gods of forgiveness or of the armies, anger and mercy, etc.).

b) They have, like the angels of Lucifer, rebels or not, subordinated them to a higher being, called by them....well, there the names vary (Elohim, El Elyon, Yahweh ...). Let us say that it is the god of Abraham Isaac and Jacob, a henotheist tribal small god with an intellectual horizon limited enough in the beginning (he was, of course, not the god of philosophers), established by his flatterers to the rank of Creator and supreme master of the Universe following their exile in Babylon, not without some haughtiness besides, and following the historical accident which was the conversion to Christianity of the emperor of the Romans, Constantine (Caesaropapism). According to John Rhys the former druids had viewed the Tocad or Tocade (if you want to feminize this law of the worlds, in fact, of course, asexual) in this role of Master of the

gods. Cf the second volume of his book about the Celtic folklore, Welsh and Manx (concerning the Welsh word "tyngned").

More seriously, this passage of the myth has the virtue of well illustrating the respective role of the druid and of the king, of the religion and of the State. The druid advises, proposes, the religious ones advise, propose, but it is the king or the State that decides. Cunocavaros/Conchobar is not a living god, a god on earth, as the Christian bard or copyist, author of this remark, would like, but the one who is responsible for making justice and civil peace prevail. An open secularism but well understood to which the powers that be which rule us today, in front of the numerous contradictory injunctions of the many religious lobbies which currently stress our society, even tear it, should cling. Long life to the open and positive secularism in the druidic way (i.e., of genuinely Celtic * spirituality). The god of philosophers but also a true freedom of worships*; because in Celtic paganism, and unlike the situation which prevails in Islamic countries (dar al Islam) the principle "no constraint and no compulsion as regards religion" should not remain an empty word!

Monotheism, yes, but philosophical and considered! Paganism yes, but philosophical and considered! In short some druidism! But the true one!

* As first of the gods in Mecca with Hubal the lightning god, the moon god called Allah like his three daughters (Al-lat, Manat, Al-Uzza) is perfectly entitled to receive worship there, including by means of ritual circumambulations performed around the Kaaba in the state where we are born, i.e., naked (la ikraha fi'd din). At least during certain days. Or certain nights.

Bricriu, however, and his queen were in their observatory. From his couch the condition of the hall was observable to him, and how things were going on within. He exercised his mind as to how he should contrive to get the women to quarrel as he had likewise incited the men. When Bricriu had done examining his mind, it just chanced as he could have wished that Fedelm-of-the-fresh-heart came from the palace with fifty women in her train, in mood hilarious. Bricriu observed her coming past him.

"Hail to you tonight, O wife of Loegaire the Triumphant! Fedelm-of-the-fresh-heart is no nickname for you with respect to your excellency of form and of wisdom and of lineage. Cunocavaros/Conchobar, king of a province of green Erin, is your father, Loegaire the Triumphant your husband; I should deem it but small honor to you that any of the Ulidia women should take precedence of you in entering the banqueting hall; only at your heel should all Ultonian women tread. If you come first into the hall tonight, the sovereignty of queenship will you enjoy forever over all the ladies of Ulidia." Fedelm anon takes a leap over three furrows from the hall.

Thereafter came Lendabair, daughter of Eogan mac Derthacht, wife of Conall the Victorious. Bricriu addressed her and spoke: "Hail to you, Lendabair, for you that is no nickname; you are the darling and pet of all mankind on account of your splendor and of your luster. As far as your spouse has surpassed all the heroes of mankind in valor and in comeliness, so far have you distinguished yourself above the women of Ulidia." Though great deceit he applied in the case of Fedelm, he applied twice as much in the case of Lendabair.

Aemer came out anon with half-a-hundred women in her train.

"Greeting and hail to you, Aemer, daughter of Forgall the tricky, wife of the best wight in green Erin! Aemer of the Fair Hair is for you no nickname; Green Erin's kings and princes contend for you in jealous rivalry. As the sun surpasses the stars of heaven, so far do you outshine the women of the whole world in form and shape and lineage, in youth and beauty and elegance, in good name and wisdom and address." Though great his deceit in the case of the other ladies, in that of Aemer he applied thrice as much.

The three companies thereupon went out till they met at one spot, to wit, three furrows from the hall. None of them knew that Bricriu had incited them one against another. To the hall they straightway return. Dignified and graceful and easy their carriage on the first furrow; scarcely

did one of them raise a foot before the other. But on the ridge following, their steps were shorter and quicker. Moreover, on the ridge next the house it was with difficulty each kept up

with the other; so they raised their robes to the rounds of their limbs to compete in the attempt to go first into the hall. For what Bricriu said to each of them was, that whosoever should first enter should be queen of the whole province. The amount of confusion then occasioned by the competition to enter the hall first was as it were the noise of fifty chariots approaching. The whole palace shook and the warriors sprang to their arms and made essays to kill one another within.

Stay, said Sencha, they are not enemies who have come; it is Bricriu who has set a-quarreling the women who have gone out. By the god of my tribe (tong a toingi mo thuath), unless the hall be closed against them, our dead will outnumber our living. Thereupon the doorkeepers close the doors. Aemer, daughter of Forgall the Wily, wife of the Hesus Cuchulainn, by reason of her speed, outran the others and put her back against the door, and straightway called upon the doorkeepers before the other ladies came, so that the men within got up, each of them to open for his own wife that she might be the first to come within.

"Bad look-out to-night," said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. He struck the silver scepter that was in his hand against the bronze pillar of the couch and the folks got seated. Stay, said Sencha, 'tis not a warfare of arms that shall be held here; it will be a warfare of words.

Each woman went out under the protection of her spouse, and then followed the Ulaid women's war-of-words.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 35.

Over three furrows. In Ireland in the Middle Ages, the basic unit of length was that of the furrow a pair of oxen could trace without needing to mark a pause before starting again to plow the field. This unit today is fixed at 201 meters, but is used only on the English hippodromes today. It is undoubtedly a question of going to relieve oneself at some distance after having drunk ale a little too much.

Lendabair indeed means in Gaelic "the favorite one."

We translate here by province the Gaelic word coiced, which means "fifth," each great historical kingdom of the country being about, in any case theoretically, a fifth of the surface of the island.

As it were the noise of fifty chariots approaching. Again one of the innumerable hints of humor from the Irish storytellers of the Middle Ages. It's like in the famous French cartoon of the end of the 20th century entitled Asterix and Obelix. A brawl!

The Women's War of Words.

Fedelm of the fresh heart, wife of Loegaire the Triumphant, made speech.

"Born of a mother in freedom, one in rank and in race mine elders;

Sprung from loins that are royal, in the beauty of peerless breeding;
Lovely in form I am reckoned, and noted for figure and comely,
Fostered in warrior virtues, in the sphere of goodly demeanor:

Loegaire's hand, all-noble, what triumphs it scores for Ulidia!
Ulidia's marches against foe men, ever equal in strength, ever hostile
All by himself were they held: from wounds a defense and protection,
Loegaire, more famous than heroes, in number of victories greater,
Why should not Fedelm the lovely step first in the so-merry mead hall
Shapelier than all other women, triumphant and jealous of conquest?"

Thereupon spoke Lendabair, daughter of Eogan mac Derthacht, wife of Conall Cernach, son of Amorgen.

"Mine is a mien too of beauty, of reason, with grace of deportment,
Finely and fairly stepping in front of the women of Ulidia,
See me step to the mead hall, my spouse and my darling Conall.
Big is his shield and triumphant, majestic his gait and commanding,
Up to the spears of the conflict, in front of them all as he strides:
Back to me comes he proudly, with heads in his hands as his trophies;
Swords he got together for the clashing in conflict of Ulidia;
Guardian of every ford way, he destroyed there our foe men at his pleasure;
Fords he defended from foe men, the wrongful attack he avenged,
Held himself as a hero upon whom shall be raised a tombstone:
Son of Amorgen noble, his is the courage that speaks;
Many the arts of the Conall and therefore he leads the heroes.
Lendabair, great is her glory, in every one's eye is her splendor;
Why not the first when she enters the hall of a king so queenly?"

Aemer, daughter of Forgall the tricky, wife of the Hesus Cuchulainn, made speech:

I am the standard of women, in figure, in grace and in wisdom;
None my equal in beauty, for I am a picture of graces.
Mien full noble and goodly, my eye like a jewel that flashes;
Figure, or grace, or beauty, or wisdom, or bounty, or chasteness,
Joy of sense, or of loving, unto my has never been likened.
Sighing for me is Ultonia, a nut of the heart I am clearly
(Now were I a welcoming wanton, no husband were yours tomorrow).
My spouse is the hound of Culann, and not a hound that is feeble;
Blood from his spear is spurting, with lifeblood his sword is dripping;
Finely his body is fashioned, but his skin is gaping with gashes,
Wounds on his thigh there are many, but nobly his eye looks westwards;
Cainfeth a rosc rochem inna cind siar cain fualoiugfider glaine sair.
Bright is the dome he supports ????? And ever red are his eyes?????????
Red are the frames of his chariot ????? And red are also the cushions?????
Fighting upright from ears of horses ????? And over the breaths of menfolk ??????
Springing in air like a salmon when he springs the spring of the heroes

Rarest of feats he performs, the leap that is birdlike he leaps ?????
Bounding over pools of water, he performs the feat of nine men
In battles of bloody battalions, the world's proud armies he hews,
Beating down kings in his fury, mowing the hosts of the foe men.
Others to fakes I liken ? shamming the labor of women,
Ulidia's precious heroes compared with my spouse Cuchulainn.
He unto blood may be likened, to blood that is clear and noble,
They to the scum and the garbage, as gold-plated their value I reckon;
Shackled and shaped like cattle, as kine and large cows and nags,
Also half a hundred in waiting upon the other twain.
Other ladies could not be compared with Aemer, while no one at all was to be likened unto her spouse.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 36.

Mead hall. We translate so the Gaelic word midchuarta.

His eye looks westwards ... According to George Henderson this remark would be an allusion to the solar hero characteristic of the Hesus Cuchulainn. Why not!

In any event what follows is a very archaic poetry, a mere rhetoric difficult to translate even to understand. Our translation is therefore given here without guarantees.

NB. As regards the somewhat bloodstained side of all these descriptions, worthy of a horror or terror film, let us not forget it is especially in this case a work of fiction due to our friends the Irish bards. As regards the moral code of the warlike function among the Indo-Europeans therefore the Celts see Joan of Arc for women and the fight of the Thirty (26 March 1351) for the men. As for the modesty of one or others as well as of their wives, there still we are either in Asterix and Obelix (in France) or in Diodorus (of Sicily), book V, chapter XXXI. "when they meet together they converse with few words and in riddles, hinting darkly at things for the most part and using one word when they mean another; and they like to talk in superlatives, to the end that they may extol themselves and depreciate all other men. They are also boasters and threatening and are fond of pompous language."

Here in any case what should please our time, which by no means sins through excess of modesty, whatever the level of the society which is observed. Modesty is not in the spirit of the time! It is, however, quite a useful quality, which avoids many disappointments and childish conflicts precisely!

Shamming the labor of women....Perhaps an allusion to the mysterious disease affecting each year the Ulaid (cf. Ces noinden Ulad).

Shaped like cattle. We translate so the Gaelic expression bo-delbae. George Henderson sees there a vestige of the bull worship like at Burghead in the county of Moray (North-eastern of Scotland). Perhaps, but that has yet to be shown. It is up to our readers to look further into the problem.

Thus did the men in the hall behave on having heard the laudatory addresses of the women to wit, Loigaire and Conall; each one made his hero's light springing from his forehead, and broke a stave of the palace at a like level with themselves, so that in this way their wives came in. Moreover, the Hesus Cuchulainn upheaved the entire palace just over against his place till the stars of heaven were to be seen from underneath the wattle. By that opening came his own wife with half a hundred women attendants in her train, as also half a hundred in waiting upon the other twain. Other ladies could not be compared with Aemer, while no one at all was to be likened unto her spouse.

Thereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn let the palace down till seven feet of the wattle entered the ground; the whole castle (dun) shook, and Bricriu's balcony hung outside was laid flat to the

earth, in such wise that himself and his queen toppled down till they fell into the moat in the middle of the courtyard among the dogs.

"Woe is me," cried Bricriu, as he hastily got up, "enemies have come into the palace." He took a turn round and perceived how it was lopsided and inclined entirely to one side. He wrung his hands, then betook himself within, so bespattered that none of the Ulaid could recognize him. From his manner of speech only did they do so.

From off the floor of the house, Bricriu made speech: "Alas! that I have prepared you a feast, O Ulaid. My house is more to me than all my other possessions. Upon you, therefore, it is prohibition to drink, or to eat, or to sleep till you leave my house as you found it on your arrival."

Thereupon all the valiant Ulaid went out of the house and tried to tug it, but they did not raise it so much as that even the wind could pass between it and the earth ???That matter was a difficulty for the Ulidia men.

I have no suggestion for you, said Sencha, save that you entreat of him who has left it lopsided to set it upright.

Whereupon the Ulaid told therefore the Hesus Cuchulainn to restore the house to its upright position, and Bricriu made speech withal: "Oh king of the heroes of green Erin, if you set it not straight and erect, none in the world can do so." All the Ulaid then entreated of the Hesus Cuchulainn to solve the matter. That the banqueters might not be lacking for food or for ale, the Hesus Cuchulainn got up and anon tried to lift the house at a tug and failed. A distortion thereupon got hold of him, whilst a drop of blood was at the root of each single hair, and he absorbed his hair into his head, so that, looked on from above, his dark-yellow curls seemed as if they had been shorn by scissors, and taking upon him the motion of a millstone he strained himself till a warrior's foot could find room between each pair of ribs.

His natural resources and fiery vigor returned to him, he then heaved the house aloft and set it so that it reached its former level.

Thereafter the consumption of the feast was pleasant to them, with the kings and the chieftains on the one side round about Cunocavaros/Conchobar the illustrious, the noble, high-king of Ulidia.

And the queens were on the other side: Mugain Aitencaetrech, daughter of Eochaid Fedlech, wife of Conchobar mac Nessa :Fedelm of the nine shapes, daughter of Cunos/Conchobar,— nine "shapes" she could assume, and each shape more lovely than the other—; also Fedelm of the Fair Hair, another daughter of Conchobar, wife of Loegaire the Triumphant; Findbec, daughter of Eochaid, wife of Cethirnd, son of Fintan; Brig the Judicious, wife of Celtchar, son of Uthechar; Findige, daughter of Eochaid, wife of Eogan mac Durthacht; Findchoem, daughter of Catubatuos/Cathbad, wife of Amorgen of the Iron Jaw, and Derbforgaille , wife of Lugaid of the Red Stripes, son of the three Find Emna; Aemer of the Fair Hair, daughter of Forgall the Wily, wife of the Hesus Cuchulainn, son of Sualtam; Lendabair, daughter of Eogan mac Durthacht, wife of Conall the Victorious; Niab, daughter of Celtchar mac Uthechar, wife of Cormac Condlongus, son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. It would be overmuch to recount and to declare who of noble dames besides.

Once more the hall became a babel of words, the women lauding their men. Then Conall Loegaire and the Hesus Cuchulainn essayed to stir up dissension. Sencha, son of Ailill, got up and shook his scepter. To him the Ulaid gave ear, and then to restrain the ladies he made speech.

"I restrain you, ladies of Ulster, noble in name and in glory;
Cease your words of contention lest the mien of men folk be paler,
In keenness of conflict striving, amid vainglorious combat;
Through guile of women, it seems to me, men's shields are wont to be splintered,
In frays the hosts of the heroes are oft contending in anger;
To woman's whims, it is owing this use and wont among men folk—
They bruise what there's no up-binding, and attack what they have not attained to:
Heroines gallant and glorious, and noble ones, I restrain you!"

Then Aemer spoke and made answer:

"Fitting for me, meseems, to speak as the wife of a hero
Who combines in natural union graces of mind and of body,
Since ever his teaching was finished and learning to him came easy:
Both over-breath feat,
Apple feat,
Ghost- (or sprite-) feat,
Screw feat (or Cuar-feat?),
Cat feat,
Valiant champion's whirling bending feat,
Gae bulg (lightning spear),
Quickness feats,
The blow of the sword which causes only a bruise,
The heroes' war cry,
Wheel feat,
Sword-edge-feat,

The valiant champion who mounts on a spear and straightens his body on its point... feat.

None will be found who will equal his age, his growth, and his splendor:
He speaks with grace and with order;
A brave and a valiant hero, like a fury he fights in the tumult,
Dexterous of aim and so agile, and quick and sure at the hunting;
And find you a man among men folk, a mold that may match with the Hesus Cuchulainn!"

Sooth, lady, said Conall the Victorious, let that famous trainee champion come here that we may inquire of him.
No, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. I am today weary and done up. I will not hold a duel till after I have had food and sleep.

In sooth that was really so, inasmuch as it was the day on which he had fallen in with the Gray of Macha [a horse] by the side of the Gray Lake in Fuat mountains. On its having come out of the lake, the Hesus Cuchulainn crept up to it and put his two hands around the steed's neck till they twain got a wrestling, and on that wise they made a circuit of Erin, until on that night Cuchulainn came with his steed to Emain. He got the Black Hoof in like wise from a lake.

It was then the Hesus Cuchulainn spoke thus: "Today have the Gray and I visited ...

Editor's note. A long list of place names follows, which it is perhaps not essential to inform our readers and which shows well at what point the initial pan-Celtic myth was euhmerized with wrong way or was wrongly historicized by the Irish bards over the centuries....

"And to sleep and to eat it likes me better than everything. By the god of my folk, I swear it would be but fun and frolic for me to fight a duel had I my fill of food and of sleep."

[Well, said Bricriu, this has lasted long enough. The Feast of Bricriu has to be celebrated; let food and ale be got at once, and let the women's warfare be put a stop to till the feast be over."

This was done, and it was a pleasant (time) for them till the end of three days and three nights].

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 37.

Oh king of the heroes ... Once again, let us repeat it in order to avoid any ambiguity, The Hesus Cuchulainn had never been king in a strict sense of the word. It is only a form of address , or flattery, from Bricriu. And too bad for those who would like to make our great leg

endary hero to us, a kind of Christ the king. Hesus Cuchulainn is only a model, to follow as far as possible, and not a ruler, and not a law, governing least details of our daily life. Spirituality must concern (most of the time) the private field, the intimacy, the individuality. Participation in the great collective shows of piety has to be exceptional (10 times a year?? 5 times a year?) De minimis non curat druis! Let us not make especially the mistake to do like our Muslim brothers, i.e., to copy totally, the behavior of such or such prophet, including until in his private life (as they did for Muhammad). This kingship of the Hesus Cuchulainn is therefore especially symbolic because his true kingdom is not of this world like that of his uncle Cunocavaros/Conchobar, his kingdom indeed stretches only over our hearts and in our minds. Hesus Cuchulainn must be for us a source of inspiration and not a dictatorship of each moment. Our readers are therefore perfectly free to be in favor of such or such king or of such or such vergobret, to be monarchist (in favor of an enlighteneddespotism) or republican, to sympathize with the left wing or the right wing of the political body, since our spirituality does not have a precise political program besides that of the ideals of the Round Table.

While distinguishing the individual ethics, that of the knights, clearly, from the ethics of the leaders of communities or group, that of the king, for example. Individual personal morality in one's life in some way private and moral of a politician in the noble sense of the term should not be confused. You have the right to spend all your personal money, you do not have the

right to squander the money of your family or community. You have the right to risk your life, you do not have the right to risk the lives of others. You do not have the right as a leader to behave in the same way as we you when it is only your personal money.

We therefore do not give a call to vote, it is up to each one to see in all honesty according to his spiritual state of the moment and his evolution (there has never been a single truth in this world, because there are several levels of truth, according to the stage of inner evolution where we are). The only thing that we do not accept it is hypocrisy! Justice, it is truth (fir in Gaelic language), sincerity, even modesty. What is hardly in the spirit of time it is true. The top executive of the big French companies are for example really small bastards, without shame in order to finally please their line managers, and not as intelligent than that, like some (secret) recordings of suspension, disclosed in 2011 on the occasion of the so-called affair of industrial espionage having taken place in the Renault-car manufacturer, show it: the person by the name of Christian Husson shows himself there that day (on January 3rd) quite simply odious! It is true that we could say the same thing about the managers of the French Post Office.

A distortion thereupon got hold of him, whilst a drop of blood was at the root of each single hair, and he absorbed his hair into his head, etc..... It is therefore what our text calls ro-riastrad. No one is obliged to do like the first Christians with their Bible, or like the Muslims with their Quran i.e., to take everything literally.

It is...

- Either some poetic exaggerations due to the hand of the Irish bards of the Middle Ages.
- Either approximate reports of rare but real phenomena. The studies of Jean-Martin Charcot on the hysterics showed that persons in the crisis period can display an incredible strength (hence the need for the straitjacket besides).
- Either some voluntarily if it is not artificially caused trances.

Let us be clear. All this series of stereotypes on women is, of course, fundamentally sexist or misogynous, and reminds somewhat of the most questionable passages of the Quran in connection with the female half of Mankind.

Let us note besides that there is not in this book written by Muhammad or his entourage from very diverse elements, with bits and pieces (because we do not believe for a minute that it is only the transmission by the archangel Gabriel, of extracts of an eternal and uncreated celestial book, which our Muslim brothers call Umm Al Kittab, in this field we are staunch mu'tazili), a chapter where God would speak to women in order to explain to them how to manage their men. God speaks only to men, in order to tell them how to manage their wives, the reverse not being true.

It is certain that there was far and wide before Muhammad , some countries some places or some societies, where the female status was really miserable. But it was not the case everywhere. The life and the work of the first wife of Muhammad (Khadija, undoubtedly a noncatholic Christian woman of the area of Mecca) evidence obviously that the women in this area of the world could in certain cases enjoy an enviable status. The imposture therefore consists in making us believe that all the women of then in the world (during the Jahiliya) , had a lot worse than that which was conferred on them by Islam. Whereas Islam, if it had unquestionably improved the lot of most miserable, on the other hand, had downgraded or pulled down (dumbed down), that of the women who were better fortunate, and there was some. Bearing in mind the many tribes of Christian Arabs or Jewish, in Arabia; where women, without being the equal of men, had, on the other hand, a status much more favorable than that which was to become their in Muslim lands (dar al Islam). The female status indeed forms part of the scandals of Quran and Hadiths.

Quran.

Chapter 2 line 282. Get two witnesses, out of your own men, and if there are not two men, then a man and two women.

Chapter 4 line 11: God instructs you concerning your children; for a male the like of the portion of two females.

Chapter 4 line 34. Men stand superior to women in that God hath preferred some of them over others... those whose perverseness you fear, admonish them and remove them into bedchambers and beat them...God is high and great!

Chapter 33 line 59. O prophet! Tell your wives and your daughters, and the women of the believers, to wrap their veils close round them. ..God is forgiving and merciful!

Hadiths.

Sahih Muslim .

Book 36.

6596 Usama b. Zaid reported that God's Messenger (may peace be upon him) said one day: I stood at the door of Paradise and I found that the overwhelming majority of those who entered therein was that of poor persons ...I stood upon the door of Fire and the majority among them who entered there was that of women.

6597. Ibn Abbas reported that God's Messenger (may peace be upon him) said one day: I had a chance to look into the Paradise and I found that the majority of the people was poor, I looked into the Fire and there I found the majority constituted by women.

6600. Imran b. Husain reported that God's Messenger (may peace be upon him) said one day : Among the inhabitants of Paradise the women would form a minority.

Book 17. 4194.

Abdullah b. 'Abbas reported that 'Umar b. al-Khattab sat on the pulpit of God's Messenger (may peace be upon him) and said: Verily God sent Muhammad (may peace be upon him) with truth and He sent down the Book upon him, and the verse of stoning was included in what was sent down to him. We recited it, retained it in our memory and understood it. God's Messenger (may peace be upon him) awarded the punishment of stoning to death (to the married adulterer and adulteress) and, after him, we also awarded the punishment of stoning, I am afraid that with the lapse of time, the people (may forget it) and may say: "We do not find the punishment of stoning in the Book of God," and thus go astray by abandoning this duty prescribed by God. Stoning is a duty laid down in God's Book for married men and women who commit adultery when proof is established, or if there is pregnancy, or a confession.

Editor's note. Abrogation can take three different forms with regard to the texts of the Quran.

- a) The abrogation of the text which therefore disappears from the Quran , and of the punishment envisaged by the aforementioned text.
- b) Abrogation of the punishment envisaged but without abrogation of the text itself which therefore continues to appear in the Quran (for example like in the case of certain lines of verse concerning the wine, the last wills, the combats).
- c) the abrogation of the text which therefore appears no longer in Quran but with nevertheless maintaining of the punishment which was envisaged. What was apparently the case as regards stoning in the event of adultery.

4206.

He (the Holy Prophet) entrusted the child to one of the Muslims and then pronounced the punishment. And she was put in a ditch up to her chest and he commanded people and they stoned her. Khalid b Walid came forward with a stone which he flung at her head and there spurted blood on the face of Khaled and so he abused her. God's Apostle (may peace be upon him) heard his curse that Khalid had hurled upon her. Thereupon he (the Holy Prophet) said: Khalid, be gentle. By Him in Whose Hand is my life, she has made such a repentance that even if a wrongful tax collector were to repent, he would have been forgiven. Then giving command regarding her, he prayed over her and she was buried.

N. B. The previous hadith is not very clear, and it is even rather odd, but what is sure it is that compared with Moses or Muhammad , the attitude of the High Rabbi Jesus known as the Nazarene is of a high-mindedness of a moral superiority or of an incontestably higher nobility ("Go, and from this time do not sin any more." John, 8,11) ; but we are still in the same scenario: one treats and one rambles on the adultery of women, not on that of men.

Let us return to our sheep: from where therefore come all these misogynous stereotypes in the legends surrounding the life and work of the hesus Cuchulainn?? Canadian Joanne Findon (A woman's words) ascribes it to the copyist monk who has "revised" this version of our legend. Our conviction is indeed the status of women in the ancient Celtic societies was almost equal to that of men (and why not the complete equality as regards the civil and political rights besides, today?) but that it is the Christianization which strongly degraded it thereafter. We will return about that. All these society questions are extremely complex.

Women and men constitute Mankind. Man is also a woman. It is necessary to draw all the logical consequences from that. Mankind cannot be designed initially or mainly in a male way, only! And if it is absurd to deny the specificities or the complementarities, of one or others, if there never will be perfect equality on the bodily level in this old world (fortunately besides, complementarity is better) there is no reason, on the other hand, to refuse equality of rights, including civic and political ones, as well as equality in dignities. Now if there are women enough masochists or enough.....to want to convert freely but really freely, to this web of superstition that is Salafi Islam, then good riddance! And if it is out of love, it is still worse besides!

Ghost- (or sprite-) feat. We translate so the Gaelic expression "siabur-cles." About the siabur /siabar... see counter-lay No. 13. They are kind of black, dark and distorted creatures.

Screw feat. We translate so the Gaelic expression "cles cuair". it is perhaps the technique mentioned at the time of the episode when we see our hero facing one of the sons of Scathache called Cuar (play on words? Wrong etymology from the Irish bards of the Middle Ages?)

The Gray of Macha, the Black hoof....They were, of course, the two foals having been given to the young Setanta Cuchulainn the day of his birth. This story which hardly tallies with the remainder is obviously a fragment of the initial pan-Celtic mythology relating to our hero, but again inserted in a little arbitrary way at this place in the account, by some professional poet lacking inspiration, perhaps "paid per line." That illustrates perfectly at what point the initial pan-Celtic myth was dismembered, dislocated, mutilated: at the point to be become unrecognizable at times.

By the god of my folk I swear...In Gaelic language "Tongi di dia toingi mo tuad".

Again it was their lot to quarrel about the Champion's Portion. Conchobar with the nobles of Ulidia interposed with the view of settling upon the adjudication.

"Go to Curoi mac Daré, it is the man who will undertake to intervene," said Cunocavaros/ Conchobar.

"Entreat you of him; in the counsel which he deals for all men
Curoi mac Daré surpasses; and true the judgment he gives
He is fair, not given to falsehood, but good and a lover of justice,
Noble in mind and a guest friend, skillful of hand like a hero,
And like to a high king in leading; he will adjudge you truly.
But to ask him demands courage."

I accept that then, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.
I agree then,said Loegaire.
Let us go then, said Conall the Victorious.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 38.

Curoi is a Gaelic name which means "hound of battle fields." With Cuchulainn (Hound of Culann) and Conchobar whose name means "gigantic hound, we have therefore here three dogs. That's perhaps a lot. It is true that among Celts to call somebody a hound amounted comparing him with a lion. It was more flattering than in the Bible.

True the judgment he gives.A good judgment is not inevitably true nor veracious, but for the ancient Celts apparently you can't have one without the other, truth was justice and justice was truth (fir in Gaelic language). Let us retain from this lesson the importance of truth in the Celtic spirit. Every judgment must initially be the research of the truth. The final decision, on the other hand, can be founded on other grounds.

One of the titles of our hero will be therefore from now on that of "King " yes, but of the warriors only. The king of all the remainder above him being still his uncle Cunocavaro/Conchobar. The kingship in the usual meaning of the word apparently did not form part of his attributions in this world.

Editor's note. Our intention being to report here the life and the work of our young lord Hesus Setanta Cuchulainn, of Muirthemné, the archetypal pan-Celtic demigod, we will not take into consideration the various episodes (forty paragraphs) that contains the version of the book of the dun cow (Lebor Na hUidre), which are in our opinion additions (or interpolations) due to the character that the Canadian Joanne Findon calls "Reviser," and besides which concern especially other characters (Loegaire, Maeve or Meve under the hand of Henderson) and we will resume the thread of our story with the arrival of our trio in the castle of Curoi.

On the morning of the morrow the three heroes, Cuchulainn, Conall and Loegaire, then set off to castle Curoi. They unyoked their chariot at the gate of the fortress, then entered the court. Whereupon Blathnat, Mind's daughter, wife of Curoi mac Daire, bade them warm welcome. That night on their arrival Curoi was not at home. But knowing they would come, he counseled his wife regarding the heroes until he should return from his oriental expedition into Scythian territory. From the age of seven years, when he took up arms, until his demise, Curoi

had not reddened his sword in the country, nor ever had the food of Green Erin passed his lips. Nor could this land contain him for his haughtiness, renown and rank, overbearing fury, strength and gallantry.

His wife acted according to his wish in the matter of bathing and of washing, providing them with refreshing drinks and beds most excellent. And it liked them well.

When bedtime was come, she told them that each was to take his night watching the fortified castle until Curoi should return. "And, moreover, thus said Curoi, that you take your turn watching according to seniority!"

In whatever place of the globe Curoi should happen to be, every night over the fort he chanted a spell till the fortress revolved as swiftly as a millstone. Thus entrance was never to be found after sunset.

The first night, Loegaire the Triumphant took the sentry, inasmuch as he was the eldest of the three. As he kept watch into the later part of the night, he saw a giant (Scath) approaching him far as his eyes could see from the sea westwards. Exceeding huge and ugly and horrible he thought him, for in height, it seemed to him, he reached unto the sky, and the sheen (broad expanse) of the sea was visible between his legs. Thus did he come, his hands full of stripped oaks, each of which would form a burden for a wagon team of six, at whose root not a stroke had been repeated after the single sword stroke. One of the logs he cast at Loegaire, who let it pass him. Twice or thrice he repeated it, but the rough timber reached neither the skin nor the shield of Loegaire. Then Loegaire hurled a spear at him and it hit him not.

The giant stretched his hand towards Loegaire. Such its length that it reached across the three ridges that were between them as they were throwing at each other, and thus in his grasp he seized him.

Though Loegaire was big and imposing, he fit like a year old into the clutch of his opponent, who then ground him in his grasp as a chessman is turned in a groove after having taken it. In

that state, half-dead, the giant tossed him out over the fort till he fell into the mire of the fosse at the castle gate. The fort had no opening there, and the two other men as well as the inmates of the hold ought he had leaped outside over the fort, in order to give up them.

There they were until the day's end. When the night watch began, Conall went out on sentry, for he was older than the Hesus Cuchulainn. Everything occurred as it did to Loegaire the first night. The third night the Hesus Cuchulainn went on sentry into the seat of watch. That night the three Glas of Sescind Uairbeoil, the three ox-feeders (?) of Breg and the three sons of Big-Fist the Music met by appointment to plunder the castle. This too was the night of which it was foretold that the Monster of the Lake by the fort would devour the whole host of the hold, man and beast.

The Hesus Cuchulainn while watching through the night had many uneasy forebodings. When midnight was come, he heard a terrific noise drawing nigh to him.

Holloa, Holloa, Cuchulainn shouted, who is there? If friends they be, let them not stir; if foes, let them flee.

Then they raised a terrific shout at him. Whereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn sprang upon them, so that the nine of them fell dead to the earth. He heaped their heads in disorder into the seat of watching and resumed the sentry. Another nine shouted at him. In like manner he killed the three nines, making one cairn of them, heads and accoutrements.

While he was there far on into the night, tired and sad and weary, he heard the rising of the lake on high, as it were the booming of a very heavy sea. How deep his dejection can be, his spirit could not brook his not going to see what caused the great noise he heard. He then perceived the upheaving monster, and it seemed to him to be thirty cubits in curvature above the lake. It raised itself on high into the air, sprang towards the fort, and opened its mouth so that one of the palaces could go into its gullet.

Then he called to mind his swooping feat, sprang on high, and was retid fuinnema ? round the monster. He clenched his arm about its neck, stretched his hand till it reached into its gullet, tore out the monster's heart, and cast it from him on the ground. Then the beast fell from the air till it rested on the earth, having slipped like a sack from the shoulder of somebody. The Hesus Cuchulainn then plied it with his sword, chopped it finely, and took the head with him into the sentry seat along with the other heap of skulls.

While there, depressed and miserable in the morning dawn, he saw the giant approaching him westwards from the sea. "What a bad night," said the latter.

"It will be worse for you, you wild fellow!" said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Then the giant cast one of the timbers at the Hesus Cuchulainn, who let it pass him. He repeated it two or three times, but it reached neither the skin nor the shield of the Hesus Cuchulainn. The Hesus Cuchulainn then hurled his spear at the giant, but it reached him not. Whereupon the giant stretched his hand towards the Hesus Cuchulainn to grip him as he did the others.

The Hesus Cuchulainn did the hero's "salmon leap," and called to mind his swooping feat, with his drawn sword over the monster's head. As swift as a hare (?) he was, and in mid-air circling round the monster till.... mill water wheel ????

Life for life, O Hesus Cuchulainn, he said.

Give me my triad of wishes,said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

They will be yours immediately, he said.

"The Sovereignty of Green Erin's Heroes be henceforth mine

The Champion's Portion without dispute

The precedence to my wife over Ulidia's ladies forever!"

It shall be yours, he at once said.

Then he who had been conversing with him vanished he knew not whither.

He then mused within himself as to the leap his fellows leaped over the fort, for their leap was big and broad and high. Moreover, it seemed to him indeed it was by leaping it that the valiant heroes had gone over it. He essayed it twice and failed. Alas! The Hesus Cuchulainn said, "my exertions hitherto about the Champion's Portion have exhausted me, and now I lose it through being unable to take the leap the others took.

As he thus mused, he essayed the following feats: he would keep springing backwards in mid-air a shot's distance from the wall of the fort, and then he would rebound from there until

his forehead would almost strike it. Anon he would spring on high till all that was within the fort was visible to him, while again he would sink up to his knees in the earth owing to the pressure of his vehemence and violence. At another time he would not take the dew from off the tip of the grass by reason of his buoyancy of mood, vehemence of nature, and heroic valor. Lastly, with the fit and fury that raged upon him he stepped over the fort outside and alighted in the middle at the door of the palace. His two footprints are still in the flag on the floor of the hold at the spot where the royal entrance wax. He thereafter entered the house and heaved a sigh.

Then Mind's daughter, Blathnat, wife of Curoi, made speech: "Truly, not the sigh of one dishonored, but a victor's sigh of triumph."

The daughter of the king of the Isle of the Men of Falga knew full well of Hesus Cuchulainn's evil plight that night. They were not long there when they beheld Curoi coming towards them, carrying into the house with him the standard of the "three nines" slain by the Hesus Cuchulainn; along with their heads and that of the monster. He put the heads from off his breast on to the floor of the stead, and spoke: "The boy whose one night's trophies are these is a fit lad to watch a king's keep forever. The Champion's Portion, over which you have fallen out with the gallant youths of Green Erin, truly belongs to the Hesus Cuchulainn. The bravest of them, were he here, could not match him in number of trophies."

Curoi's verdict upon them was the following one:

"The Champion's Portion to be Cuchulainn's.

With the sovereignty of valor over all the Gael.

And to his wife the precedence on entering the mead hall before all the ladies of Ulidia."

And the value of 21 cows in gold and in silver he gave him in reward for his one night's performance.

They straightway bade Curoi farewell and kept on till they got seated in Emain before the day closed. When the stewards came to deal and to divide, they took the Champion's Portion with its share of ale out of the distribution that they might have it apart.

Sooth, sure are we, said Duach of the Chafer Tongue, you do not think tonight of contending as to the Champion's Portion? The man you sought out perhaps has undertaken your adjudging ?

Whereupon said the other folk to the Cuchulainn: "The Champion's Portion was not assigned to one of you in preference to the other. As to Curoi's judgment also upon those three, not a whit did he concede to the Hesus Cuchulainn after their arriving at Emain."

The Hesus Cuchulainn then declared he by no means coveted the winning of it. For the loss thence resulting to the winner would be on a par with the profit got from it. The champion's Portion was therefore not fully assigned until the advent of the Champion's Covenant in Emain.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 39.

Castle? Fortress? We translate so the Gaelic term *catrach*. If our readers have better, let they write us!

In Scythian territory....The mention of Scythia is, of course, a pure storyteller fabrication. The initial pan-Celtic myth undoubtedly referred only to the East or to the countries over which the sun rises.

Till the fortress revolved as swiftly as a millstone and that entrance was never to be found after sunset....

Let us be clear on this subject. Nobody can affirm with certainty that the physical life in the strictly material meaning of the word exists nowhere elsewhere than on Earth in the Universe. We can even think, the Universe being so vast that it is extremely probable that life can exist elsewhere than on our planet. Also let us concede that there exists in various great sacred texts of our Mankind some disconcerting accounts seeming to stage aliens. Best known are in the Mahabharata and the Ramayana.

Let us specify that the Indian texts speak about 4 types of vimanas:

Rukma vimana, of discoidal or circular form.

Sundara vimana, conical like a rocket.

Shakuna vimana, a winged plane equipped with a central tower.

Tripura vimana, a cigar shaped tubular vessel.

Mahabharata speaks about the vimana as being "an air chariot equipped with iron sides and with wings."

In Ramayana, the vimana is a circular (or cylindrical) aircraft equipped with a double deck, some windows and a cupola. It flies at the "speed of the wind" and produces a "melodious sound."

The Indian journalist Mukul Sharma mentioned the Yantra Sarvasva, ascribed to the sage Maharshi Bhardwaj, whose section (Vimaanika Prakarana) is devoted to aeronautics. Three kinds of vimana (or aircraft) are mentioned: those which go from one place to the other, those which go from one country to the other, and those which move between planets. A particular place is granted to military aircraft, which were to be impregnable, unbreakable, fireproof and indestructible. They had to be able to immobilize in the twinkling of an eye, to be invisible to the enemy, to have the possibility to hear conversations inside enemy planes - and to see what occurred inside those -, etc. He speaks about very light metals and with high thermal absorption coefficient, mechanisms making it possible to increase or reduce the images, to amplify or decrease the sounds.

According to Mukul Sharma, however, the described manufacturing methods are not very precise. The extreme precision of the machines and of their operations - and that of the associated wars - do not make it possible to ascribe the whole to human imagination. As for the lack of specifications concerning the making of the machines, it should be ascribed to the fact that we are here in the presence of echoes of a distant past, and also with the fact that the writers were surely not the designers of the planes! Ivan T. Sanderson has pointed out that the text of Bhardwaj speaks about engines with mercury (Mercury, the messenger of the gods...)

Mahabharata. Seventh book (Book of Drona-Vadha) Section CXCVII.

Sanjaya said: 'When the weapon called Narayana was invoked, violent winds began to blow with showers of rain, and peals of thunder were heard although the sky was cloudless. The earth trembled, and the seas swelled up in agitation. The rivers began to run in a contrary course. The summits of mountains began to split. Darkness set in, the sun became obscure.

Mahabharata. Seventh book (Book of Drona-Vadha) Section CCI.

The valiant Aswatthaman, then, staying resolutely on his chariot, touched water and invoked the Agneya weapon incapable of being resisted by the very gods. ..Dense showers of arrows then issued from it in the sky. Endued with fiery flames, those arrows encompassed Partha on all sides. Meteors flashed down from the firmament. A thick gloom suddenly shrouded the (Pandava) host. All the points of the compass were also enveloped by that darkness. Rakshasas and Pisachas, crowding together, uttered fierce cries. Inauspicious winds began to blow. The sun himself no longer gave any heat. Ravens fiercely croaked on all sides. Clouds roared in the sky, showering blood. ...

Struck and burnt by those shafts of Aswatthaman that were all endued with the impetuosity of the thunder, the hostile warriors fell down like trees burnt down by a raging fire. Huge elephants, burnt by that weapon, fell down on the earth all around, uttering fierce cries loud as the rumblings of the clouds....

Thousands of chariots fell down on all sides. Indeed, O Bharata, it seemed that the divine Lord Agni burnt the (Pandava) host in that battle, like the Samvarta fire consuming everything at the end of the Yuga. Beholding the Pandava army thus burning in that dreadful battle, you soldiers, O king, filled with joy, uttered leonine shouts....

Darkness having enveloped the world during that fierce battle, the entire Pandava army, with Savyasachin, the son of Panda, could not be seen. We never had before, O king, heard of or seen the like of that weapon which Drona's son created in wrath on that occasion. Then Arjuna, O king, invoked into existence the Brahma weapon, which...

Mahabharata. Sixteenth book (Book of the iron club) Section I.

When the next day came, Samva actually brought forth an iron club through which all the individuals in the race of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas became consumed into ashes... a fierce iron club that looked like a gigantic messenger of death. The fact was duly reported to the king. In great distress of mind, the king (Ugrasena) caused that iron club to be reduced into fine powder. Men were employed, O king, to cast that powder into the sea.

But we can also quote in the Bible the famous spirit of Elohim (it's a plural indeed) which was hovering over the waters at the time of the creation of the world (Genesis 1, 2) as well as the famous god's chariot in Ezekiel's vision (Book of Ezekiel chapter I: merkava = flying machine??)

"As I looked, behold, a stormy wind came out of the north, and a great cloud, with brightness round about it, and fire flashing forth continually, in the midst of the fire, as it were gleaming bronze. And from the midst of it came the likeness of four living creatures. This was their appearance: they had the form of men...."

More interesting is the famous flagstone of Palenque (Mexico, State of Chiapas) which recovers the sarcophagus of the Maya king Pacal (seventh century). The lid covering this sarcophagus is more disconcerting, because by looking at it horizontally, you can see there an astronaut on a kind of flying bike. Seen vertically, of course, that changes everything. Not forgetting the Martian of the Tassili n'Ajjer (in Algeria) as well as the famous "beings without mouth" (wandjina) pictured by the Aborigines on the walls of their caves in the Kimberley Ranges (Australia).

Therefore nothing proves with certainty that this curious revolving fortress of Curoi was not a gigantic alien spaceship, of the same kind as the "rowing wheel" or "roth ramach" of some other Celtic legends, and that Curoi himself was not an alien.

We strongly advise nevertheless our readers against basing all on such a belief, we advise them against placing their hopes only in such accounts, against betting everything on such appearances, which remain to be supported, in an unquestionable way. Nothing proves indeed with certainty that the aliens already visited our planet, formerly, or quite recently.

Free man has anything to do with beliefs and superstitions, he needs to live only certainties mixed with some hope. "Infinite is the space the perfect ones and gods peopled; there are no limits to their marvelous residences" (Mahabharata).

Log, rough timber.... let us not forget that my father was among other trades, forestry manager, in the years 1950 (he drove an old GMC with a wood wheel for that). My Thursdays remember it still.

The Three Glas....Glas means blue/green in Gaelic language. They are to be three nuances of blue/green.

The monster of the lake... we translate so the Gaelic word piast/peist. Perhaps a kind of monster of Loch Ness or of a dragon as that which was overcome by saint Martha in Tarascon. Anecdotally, this monster was known as coming from Galatia. As for the dragon of the lake located in front of the castle of Curoi, it looks very clearly "monster of Loch Ness." A little in the kind of that which was put to flight by St Columba of Iona according to the chapter XXVIII of his life written by Adamnan (Book II). "The blessed man... invoking the name of God, formed the saving sign of the cross in the air, and commanded the ferocious monster.... at the voice of the saint, the monster was terrified, and fled." Columba showed himself therefore in the circumstance stronger than Cuchulainn.

More seriously, all that shows the heterogeneous nature of the story, well, the Christian bards of the Middle Ages put out all the stops in order to fascinate their listeners; all that it is necessary to retain therefore, if we want to reconstruct the initial pan-Celtic myth concerning

our hero, it is that, within the framework of a quarrel for the attribution of the champion's portion, Curoi puts our trio to the test.

The swooping feat...We translate so the Gaelic word *forumcliss*. Unknown in addition. We are unaware in fact what this technique matched exactly. Whole parts of initial Celtic civilization escape to us, alas! What a loss for the cultural heritage of Mankind! All that we can notice it is that the Hesus Cuchulainn is described as being equipped with the usual powers of the supermen of our modern comics. With, in addition an obvious small side Asterix (our French correspondents will appreciate).

Sovereignty of Green Erin's Heroes let us point out once again that this sovereignty of the Hesus Cuchulainn should in any case to be confused with the kingship over the country, nor with a political program. It is not a question to govern the daily life of men like did Muhammad after Medina (i.e., as by chance when he was no longer in the opposition but in power), but to be an example. We are neither of left wing neither of right wing nor of the center but elsewhere. One can be interested in this dream of super mankind and to be republican (cf. *vergobret*) or monarchist (if it is a good king, enlightened), democrat or elitist (if it is a republican elitism), etc.,etc. If kingship of the Hesus Cuchulainn there is, it is not of this world. Freedom should not be a vain word! Druidic religion is especially made of individual, or private, or family, spirituality or behavior; collective demonstrations of faith are an exception (4 or 5 times a year??)

They will be thine immediately...literally "at a breath."

His two footprints are still in the flagThis kind of detail, of course, impossible (but it is well necessary to mark or impress one's audience) appears in many legends, whether they are the footprints of Abraham in Mecca (*Maqam Ibrahim*) those of Muhammad on the rock of Abraham, a sacred rock (*Qubbat al-Sakhra*) sheltered in the cave located under the Dome of the Mosque of Omar or those of the Blessed Virgin, of St Martin even of Gargantua in France (then why not of Cuchulainn?) One of strangest of these prints is located on the "Peak of Adam" in Sri Lanka, this print 2 meters length is indeed a place of pilgrimage for faithful of several religions! Muslims see there the print of Adam at his exit of Eden (it would have been condemned to remain on only one foot for 1000 years at this place!), Buddhists a print of the Buddha, Hindus a print of Shiva (or for some people of Vishnu) and lastly some Christians see there a print of... saint Thomas. Human imagination is unbounded. For more detail to see "petrosomatoglyph."

N.B. What follows is another story, of which topic is known enough, because it was already used in one of the passages of the *Lebor Na hUidre* we did not keep, the paragraphs 76 to 78 of chapter XIV. It is a pretense of beheading imposed by a giant called Uath mac Imomain. The same topic is found in *Gawain and the green knight*.

The Champion's Covenant.

Once upon a time as the Ulaid were in Emain, fatigued after the gathering and the games, Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Fergus son of Roig, with Ultonia's nobles as well, proceeded from the sporting field outside and got seated in the Red Branch (the Royal Hall) of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Neither the Hesus Cuchulainn nor Conall the Victorious nor Loegaire the Triumphant were there that night. But the hosts of Ultonia's valiant heroes were there.

As they were seated, it being evening, and the day drawing towards the close, they saw a big wild fellow of exceeding ugliness drawing nigh them into the hall. To them it seemed as if none of the Ultonians would reach half his height. Horrible and ugly was the churl's guise. Next his skin, he wore an old hide with a dark dun mantle around him, and over him a great spreading club tree the size of a winter-shed, under which thirty bullocks could find shelter. Ravenous yellow eyes he had, protruding from his head, each of the twain the size of an ox trough. Each finger as thick as another person's wrist. In his left hand a stock, a burden for twenty yokes of oxen. In his right hand an axe weighing thrice fifty glowing molten masses [of

metal]. Its handle would require a plow team (a yoke of six) to move it. Its sharpness such that it would lop off hairs, the wind blowing them against its edge.

In that guise he went and stood by the fork beam beside the fire. "Is the hall lacking in room for you," said Duach of the Chafer Tongue to the wild clodhopper, "that you find no other place than by the fork beam, unless you wish to be domestic luminary? Only sooner will a blaze be to the house than brightness to the household."

"What property may be mine, sooth you will agree, no matter how big I am, that the household as a whole will be enlightened, while the hall is not burnt. That, however, is not my sole function; I have others as well. But neither in green Erin nor in Alpuin nor in Europe nor in Africa nor in Asia, including Greece, Scythia, Orkney Isles, the Pillars of Hercules, Bregon's Tower and the Isles of Gades, have I found (an answer to) the quest on which I have come, nor a man to do me fair play regarding it. Since you Ulaid have excelled all the folks of those lands in strength, prowess, valor; in rank, magnanimity, dignity; in truth, generosity and worth, get you one among you to give me the boon I crave."

In sooth it is not just that the honor of a whole country be carried off, said Fergus mac Roich, because of one man who fails in keeping his honor.
Death, of course, is not a whit nearer to him than to you.

I am not there to avoid it, said he.

Make your quest known to us then, said Fergus mac Roich.

If but human rights under arms be vouchsafed me, I will tell it.

It is right also to give human rights under arms said Sencha, son of Ailill, for it does not beseem a great army to break a covenant over any unknown individual. To us too, it seems likely, if at long last you find such a person, you will find here one worthy of you.

Cunocavaros:Conchobar I put aside, he said, for the sake of his sovereignty, and Fergus mac Roich also on account of his like privilege. These two excepted, come whoever of you that may venture that I may cut off his head tonight, he mine cuts off tomorrow night."

Sure then there is no warrior here, said Duach, after these two.

By my faith there will be one now,said Fat-Neck, son of Short Head, as he sprang on to the floor of the hall. The strength then of yon Fat Neck was as the strength of a hundred warriors, each arm having the might of a hundred robust fellows? Bend down, big rustic, said Fat-Neck, that I may cut your head off tonight, you to cut off mine tomorrow night.

Editor's note. The manuscript of the lebor Na hUidre ends here but the continuation of the story is given us by Edinburgh's manuscript.

Were that my quest, I could have got it anywhere, said the big rustic. Let us act according to our covenant, he said, I to cut off your head tonight, you to avenge it tomorrow night.

By my people's god, said Duach of the Chafer Tongue, you think therefore so nothing of death that you wait the man killed tonight attack you on the morrow? It is given to you alone if you have the power, being killed every night, to avenge it next day.

And truly I will carry out what you all as a body agree upon by way of counsel, strange as it may seem to you, said the big rustic. He then pledged Fat-Neck to keep his troth in this contention as to fulfilling his tryst on the morrow.

With that Fat-Neck took the axe from out of the big rustic's hand. Seven feet apart were its two angles. Then did the big rustic put his neck across the block. Fat-Neck dealt a blow across it with the axe till it stuck in the block underneath, cutting off the head till it lay by the base of the fork beam, the house being filled with blood. Straightway the big rustic, recovered himself, clasped his head, block and axe to his breast, and thus made his exit from the hall with blood streaming from his neck. It filled the Red Branch on every side. Great was the folk's horror, wondering at the marvel that had appeared to them.

By my people's god, said Duach of the Chafer Tongue, if the big rustic, having been killed tonight, come back tomorrow, he will not leave a man alive in Ulidia.

The following night, however, he returned, and Fat-Neck shirked him. Then began the big rustic to urge his pact with Fat-Neck. "Sooth it is not right for Fat-Neck not to fulfill his covenant with me."

That night, however, Loegaire the Triumphant was present.

"Who of the warriors that contest Ultonia's Champion's Portion will carry out a similar covenant tonight with me? Where is Loegaire the Triumphant?" said he.

"Here," said Loegaire.

He pledged him too, you Loegaire did not keep his tryst.

The big rustic returned on the morrow and similarly pledged Conall the Victorious, who did not come as he had sworn.

The fourth night the big rustic returned, and fierce and furious, was he. All the ladies of Ultonia came that night to see the strange marvel that had come into the Red Branch. That night the Hesus Cuchulainn was there also. Then the fellow began to upbraid them.

"You men of Ultonia, your valor and your prowess are gone. Your warriors greatly covet the Champion's Portion, you are unable to contest it. Where is yon poor mad wight that is hight the Hesus Cuchulainn? Fain would I know if his word be better than the others."

"No covenant do I desire with you!" said Cuchulainn.

"Likely is that, you wretched fly; greatly you do fear to die!"

Whereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn sprang towards him and dealt him a blow with the axe, hurling his head to the top rafter of the Red Branch till the whole hall shook. The Hesus Cuchulainn again caught up the head and gave it a blow with the axe and smashed it. Thereafter the big rustic rose up.

On the morrow the Ultonians were watching the Hesus Cuchulainn to see whether he would shirk the big rustic as the other champions had done. As the Hesus Cuchulainn was awaiting, they saw that great dejection seized him. It had been fitting had they sung his dirge. They felt sure his life would last only till the big rustic came.

Then said the Hesus Cuchulainn with shame to Cunocaveros/Conchobar ??? don't worry, you shall not go until my pledge to the big rustic is fulfilled; death awaits me, but I would rather have death with honor.

They were there as the day was closing when they saw the big rustic approaching.

Where is the Hesus Cuchulainn? he said.

Here am I, he answered.

You're dull of speech tonight, unhappy one; greatly you fear to die. Yet, though great your fear, death you have not shirked.

Thereafter the Hesus Cuchulainn went up to him and stretched his neck across the block, which was of such size that his neck reached but halfway.

Stretch out your neck, you wretch, the big rustic said.

You keep me in torment, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Despatch me quickly; last night, by my faith, I tormented you not in this way. Verily I swear if you torment me, I ???

I cannot slay you, said the big rustic, what with the size of the block and the shortness of your neck and of your ???

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn stretched out his neck so that a warrior's full-grown foot would have fit between any two of his ribs; he distended his neck till it reached the other side of the block. The big rustic raised his axe till it reached the roof-tree of the hall. The creaking of the old hide that was about the fellow and the crashing of the axe—both his arms being raised aloft with all his might—were as the loud noise of a wood tempest-tossed in a night of storm. Down it came then on his neck, all the nobles of Ultonia gazing upon them...its non-cutting side below!

Cuchulainn, arise! ... Of the warriors of Ulidia and of Green Erin, no matter their mettle, none is found to be compared with you in valor, bravery and truthfulness. The sovereignty of the

heroes of Erin to you from this hour forth and the Champion's Portion undisputed, and to your lady the precedence always of the ladies of Ultonia in the Mead Hall. And whosoever shall lay wager against you from now ???, as my folks swear I swear, while in life he will be [in sore injury]."

Then the big rustic vanished. It was Curoi mac Dairi who in that guise had come to fulfill the promise he had given to Cuchulainn.

And thus henceforth the Champion's Portion of Emain, the Ulidia Women's War of Words, and the Champion's Wager in Emain

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 40.

The human rights (under arms)... We translate so the Gaelic expression "fir fer" which literally means "right of the male human being under arms" (what we could also translate with "combat fought honestly").

He took his head and went away....the topic is so current in the folklore of many countries that it was even given a name as regards Christianity: experts speak of cephalophorous saints. There is a whole army of them, like saint Alban of Verulamium in the north of London, saint Nectan in Devon, saint Denis in Paris, saint Libaria in Grand, saint Osyth close to Colchester, saint Maurice in Switzerland, saint Eurosia in Spain, saint Juthwara in Dorset, for example, etc. to believe that the normal saint man or saint woman walks always without his or her head. The case of St Nectan is interesting because it makes the link well with Celtic spirituality. Let us not forget either saint Gawain and the green knight. True pagan is a free man, a mind freed of any dogma, alone in his relation to the divinity. Our readers are therefore free to think what they want about them.

Fly... in Gaelic cuil. Undoubtedly a play on words on the name of Cu chulainn.

Then said the Hesus Cuchulainn to Cunocavaros/Conchobar...grammatically speaking our text says exactly the contrary. It is to be an umpteenth mistake of the Christian monk having copied the text. Or written down the words of the storyteller.

Though your fear, death you have not shirked... It is often said that our hero in no case could be an example of true courage because he never feared something, because he was in fact generally unconscious of the danger, what made him in reality an inhuman, non-human, being. This passage of the myth relating to him evidences to us exactly the contrary! The Hesus Cuchulainn seems there fearing death at the point of almost fainting, but he will face it nevertheless until the end, in order to fulfill his word. Our young lord of Muirthemne indeed was therefore a man, a true one, he fully lived the human condition which is ours, he was afraid, he was terrorized, he failed to faint about it by collapsing under the weight of his destiny. Our lord of Muirthemne is not only a god (son of Lug?) , the divinity which was in him did not place him apart from the human condition, and it is therefore why we can take him as a model, finally let us say as a pole star being able to guide our progression in life, our quest for the holy grail on this Earth. It is by following the walking one that man finds the path, that the path is found.

Sovereignty of warriors... In connection with his kingdom which is not of this world let us not forget that, when the Hesus Cuchulainn claimed for him and his foster-son Lugaid the kingship in the ordinary meaning of the word, the stone of Fal did not shout a cry under him, and he therefore smote it with his sword, at least according to Lebor Gabala Erenn (section Tuatha De Danann). Hence the fact that the aforementioned stone was from now on dumb (save perhaps under King Conn), even seems to have disappeared forever. Is iat Tuatha De Danann tucsat leo in Fál Mór .i. in lia fis báí i Temraig diata Mag Fháil for Herind. Inti fo nhgessed saide ba rí Herenn. Condasellacht Cu Chulaind 7 ní rogéis foe nach fo daltu .i. fo Lugaid mac tri Find Emna; ocus ní rogéis in cloch o shein ille, acht fo Chund nammá. Rosceind dano a chride esti otá Temraig co Taltin conid e Cride Fáil sein. Ecmoing ní hed fodera, acht Críst do genemain issed robris cumachta na n-idal.

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 that the countless variants or contradictions which can be discovered in them. Only a synthesis of the broad outlines of these accounts can be envisaged.

The following texts are therefore only some partial rewriting, and in short or in summary, of the main Irish legends in question, the whole being restructured or reconstructed after their 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 the desire to know more.

The following texts therefore do not exempt referring ultimately to original texts themselves.

DEIRDRE OR THE REBELLION OF WOMEN AGAINST THE FATE.

(Longes mac nUsnig. According to the Book of Leinster, in Gaelic language Lebor Laignech: the oldest version).

Neo-Druidic Counter-Lay (Comment) No. 41

As John Rhys saw it very well in the second volume of his book about the Celtic folklore, Welsh and Manx. Concerning the Welsh word “tyngned”; former high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht) had turned “haphazardness “ (sic) into God, according to St Columba of Iona and one of his loricae (M'oenuan). “I adore neither the voices of the birds... neither a son, neither the HAPHAZARDNESS, nor the woman. My druid is the son of God... etc.” the expression appears indeed in a lorica that is ascribed to this great saint. The splendid and tragic history of Deirdre in any case is one of the most beautiful illustrations of this absolute power of Destiny or Tocade (in the feminine) Tocad (in the masculine, but actually it is a neutral): Middle Welsh tyngned, Breton tonket, intended, old Irish tocad, destiny, toicthech “fortunatus”, tonquedec into Breton. The labarum is its symbol (or its messenger).

Cid dia mboí longes mac nUsnig? Ni ansa ! It is not difficult!
In the house of Feidlimid, the son of Dall, the narrator of stories to King
Cunocavaros/Conchobar, the Ulaid sat at their ale; before the men, in order to attend upon
them, stood the wife of Feidlimid, she was great with child. Round about the board went
drinking horns, and portions of food and the revelers shouted in their drunken mirth. And
when the men desired to lay themselves down to sleep, the woman also went to her couch;
and, as she passed through the midst of the hall, the child cried out in her womb, so that its
shriek was heard throughout the whole house, and throughout the outer court that lay about it.
And upon that shriek, all the men sprang up; and, head closely packed by head, they
thronged together in the house, whereupon Sencha, the son of Ailill, rebuked them. "Let none
of you stir!" cried he, "and let the woman be brought before us, that we may learn what is the
meaning of that cry." Then they brought the woman before them, and thus spoke to her
Feidlimid, her spouse.

What is that, of all cries far the fiercest,
In your womb raging loudly and long?
Through all ears with that clamor you pierce;
With that scream, from sides swollen and strong:
Of great woe, for that cry, is foreboding my heart;
That is torn through with terror, and sore with the smart.

Then the woman turned her, and she approached Catubatuos/Cathbad the druid, for he was
a man of knowledge, and thus she spoke to him:
Give you ear to me, Catubatuos/Cathbad, you fair one of face,
You great crown of our honor, and royal in race;
Let the man so exalted still higher be set,
Let the druid draw knowledge that druids can get.
For I want words of wisdom, and none can I fetch;
Nor to Feidlimid a torch of sure knowledge can stretch
As no wit of a woman can know what she bears,
I know naught of that cry from within me that tears.

And then said Catubatuos/ Cathbad:

'Tis a maid who screamed wildly so lately,

Fair and curling will lock round her flow,
 And her eyes be blue-centered and stately;
 And her cheeks, like the foxglove, shall glow.
 For the tint of her skin, we commend her,
 In its whiteness, like snow newly shed;
 And her teeth are all faultless in splendor
 And her lips, like to Parthian coral, are red:
 A fair woman is she, for whom heroes,
 That fight in their chariots for Ulidia,
 To death shall be dressed.
 'Tis a woman that shriek who has given,
 Golden-haired, with long tresses, and tall;
 For whose love many chiefs will have striven,
 And great kings for her favors will call.
 To the west she will hasten, beguiling
 A great host, that from the kingdom of Cunocavaros/Conchobar will steal
 Red as Parthian coral, her lips will be smiling,
 As her teeth, white as pearls, they reveal:
 Aye, that woman is fair, and great queens will be fain
 Of her form, that is faultless, unflawed by a stain.

Then Catubatuos/Cathbad laid his hand upon the body of the woman; and the little child
 moved beneath his hand:
 Yes, indeed, he said, "it is a woman child who is here, Deirdre shall be her name, and evil
 woe shall be upon her.
 Now some days after that came the girl child into the world; and then thus sang
 Catubatuos/Cathbad:

O Deirdre! of ruin great cause you are;
 Though famous, and fair, and pale.
 And Ulaid will wail because of you
 O noble daughter of Feidlimid.

Certainly, jealousy will come, in the after-time,
 You fair shining maid, for you;
 Hear you this: Usna's sons, the three princes sublime,
 To banishment forced will be.

While you are in life, will a fierce wild war
 In Emain be done:
 Later you, it will mourn it was refused to heed
 The guard that granted Roig's powerful son.

O alluring and seductive woman ! It is to you we owe
 That Fergus to exile flies far away from the Ulaid kingdom;
 That the son of a king we will hail in woe,
 When Fiachna is hurt, and dies.

O alluring and seductive woman! It is all your the guilt!
 Gerrc, Illadan's son, is slain;
 And when Eogan mac Durthacht blood is spilled,
 Not less will be found our pain.

Grim deed will you do, and in wrath will rave
 Against glorious Ulidia's king:
 In that spot men will dig you your tiny grave;
 Of Deirdre they long will speak.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 42.

She was pregnant... the way in which this woman is treated is, of course, odious. But let us
 not forget that it is a question of staging a story as it happens rather cruel. And let us not

forget either that, without being the equal of man, the ancient Celtic (or Celtic minded) woman benefited from a status clearly more favorable than that prevailing in many other peoples (of Antiquity) and particularly Roman Greek or Hebrew. Only the status of women among the Germanic ones can be compared with it. The reasons for this characteristic are rather various, but we can keep an essential one: the Celts who invaded Western Europe, around the fifth century before our era, were very little numerous; they formed a warlike and intellectual elite and found on the territories they occupied some autochthonous populations much denser (the famous fourth function) of the overcome people or Aetecai (Aithech Tuatha in Gaelic language) on which therefore they imposed their culture, their language, their religion and their techniques, but from whom also they borrowed from necessity (interbreeding mixed marriage curiosity pragmatism and so on....) some habits, particularly those which concern interpersonal relationship .

What strikes indeed, it is the relative independence of the Celtic woman of historical times with respect to man. Women may have their own possessions consisting of various objects, jewels and heads of cattle. The Celtic system accepting the movable personal property beside a collective land property (of the tribes neighboring upon the Celtiberians the most advanced is the people of the Vaccaeii, as they are called; for this people each year divides among its members the land which it tills and making the fruits the property of all, they measure out his portion to each man, and for any cultivators who have appropriated some part for themselves they have set the penalty as death: Diodorus of Sicily, Book V, chapter XXXIV); the Celtic woman could therefore use it as she pleases, to transfer them according to her wishes, to acquire others by purchase, provision of a service or gift. When she married, she preserved her personal possessions (and she took them back again in the event of a dissolution of the marriage).

The Celtic marriage was besides a flexible institution, the result of a contract of which the length was not inevitably definitive. The woman chose her husband freely, at least theoretically (because it happened, of course, that the parents wanted to arrange marriages for reasons of economic or political opportunity). Moreover, within the framework of the marriage, all depended on the personal situation of the husband and of the wife. When the wife had less possessions than her husband, it was the latter who led all the businesses of the household, and that without referring it to his wife. On the other hand, if the fortune of the man and that of the wife were equal, the husband could not lead the businesses of the household without the assent of his wife. And what is exceptional in the majority of legislation, when the wife had more possessions than her husband, it was her who manages the businesses of the household even without asking for the opinion of her husband. What is also very important, it is to note that while marrying, the wife never entered the family of her husband. She was still a member of her original family, and the price the husband for the purchase of his wife paid was a kind of compensation given to the family of this one. And in the event of divorce, the wife took back her natural place in her family of origin.

In some situations, particularly when the husband was a foreigner, the family formed by the marriage belonged to a special category linked to the family of the wife, and the children who could be born from her inherited this uterine family exclusively. There is, in the Irish literature, as in the European literature of Celtic inspiration, some obvious memories of this practice which consisted in making the children the brother of the mother, inherit. The example of Tristan, hero of a medieval legend of Celtic origin, heir to his maternal uncle, King Mark, is most famous.

Apart from the marriage, there existed and that lasted during a long time in Ireland, even at the time of Christianity, a kind of cohabitation regulated by very strict habits. A man, married or not, could take a concubine. If he were married, he could do it only with the approval of his legitimate wife, but in any event, the concubine came to settle in the residence of the man only after having concluded with him a true contract. She received a personal compensation, her original family too, and she engaged for one period limited to one year day for day.

At the end of this time, the concubine could take back her freedom unless she did not conclude another contract for the same length. This habit which is described as "temporary marriage," or "annual marriage," had the virtue to safeguard the independence and the freedom of the wife: she was not an object bought one day and given up the following day as

in the case of repudiation today wrongfully called divorce (Judaism, Islam), she was really a person with whom a contract was concluded. And if the contract were not respected, the concubine had still the possibility of appealing to the decision of a judge arbitrator chosen by her among the men who looked wisest, generally some druids who, apart from their priestly functions, were true lawyers. The marriage, as a contract, was in reality only very provisional and could be broken constantly. It is to say that the divorce was extremely easy. If the man decided to give up his wife, he must be based on serious reasons. If he did not have any, he was to pay her a very high compensation, exactly as in a case of abusive breach of contract.

But, on her side, the wife had the right to separate from her husband, particularly when this one subjected her to ill treatments or supported in the residence a concubine who did not please her. We are there the opposite of the repudiations falsely renamed divorces when it is a question of Islam. As soon as there was a separation of the couple, not only the wife took back her personal possessions, but she also obtained her share of all that the household had acquired throughout marriage. This solution therefore made it possible the wife not to be not injured on the economic level nor on the moral level, because the divorce was linked with any guiltiness: it was quite simply a contract which had become null and void, and the divorce was not another thing but the statement of this irrefutable fact. Of course, the problem of the children raised difficulties. Theoretically, the children belonged to the family of the father and they too, were thus guaranteed against any injustice because family solidarity played in their favor and they were never abandoned, more especially as existed a special institution with regard to them: the practice of the "fosterage" which consisted in sending children to receive education or to learn a trade, in another family (besides often on the mother side), what created relationship between the adopted child and his parents and widened the framework of the family life considerably.

The children could inherit as well their mother as their father. Daughters were not kept out of succession, even if they were slightly disadvantaged compared to sons. Even if within the framework of the private life, the Celtic woman depends on the authority of her father then of her husband, contrary to the Roman the Celtic woman takes part in the combat and in the life of the Tribe-State. There are many examples of women coming to power and playing a great part in the social life. There were not only some Vercingetorix to rise against Rome. Historical Breton women, like Boadicea/ Boudicca established themselves by their wisdom, their audacity and their authority.

The wife of Breton King Arthur, the famous Queen Guinevere, that the old Welsh texts call Gwenhwyfar, a name which means "White Phantom," is perhaps the model of these women who embodied truly sovereignty.

Let us point out, moreover, that it is not because the status of the ancient Celtic woman was slightly lower than that of the man (the ancient druids did not invent the male-female parity) that it must be in the same way today. It goes without saying for every true Celt (of mind) that if there is not obviously bodily equality, there must be equality in (civic, political, etc.) rights and in dignity.

Lastly, let us note that protect a pregnant woman was always in the well-understood interest of a tribe, to do the contrary (to make her run the risk of a miscarriage) is an aberration. Except for some exceptions (endangering the life of the mother, risks of serious disease for the child, rape...) the supreme law of the peoples always was to pass on life's torch and to survive (collectively, i.e., as people, distinct, of the others, and this for the good - of the diversity or of the cultural richness- of our Mankind besides). It will have been necessary to wait for the 20th century to find policies or "intellectuals" (some thinkers?) being not interested, or even straightforwardly extolling the virtues of the contrary, or at least agreeing with it, i.e., the disappearance, the nonrenewal, the extinction (of the cultural identities, of the languages, of the peoples, of the nations) in order to increase the material wealth of the individuals, or at least for the largest tangible good....of certain peoples.

Thus spoke to her Feidlimid, her spouse... As often in our Irish documentation, there is coexistence of passages in prose and passages in lines of verse. Pieces in lines of verse being besides frequently older than the prose which precedes, and which seems to be inserted within the framework only to take up in a clearer way some poems which began to become difficult to understand, because older precisely. Same phenomena with the Welsh englynion.

And then Catubatuos/Cathbad said ... On the theoretical problems that can raise the possibility for somebody of seeing the future (generally a characterology combined with a great perspicacity even a bit of skill). Unless, of course, to consider than every too beautiful woman can only cause disasters. More mundanely this story is a way of explaining why Ulaid will be militarily very weakened thereafter, at the time of the famous episode of the rustling of the cows of Cooley: an atrocious civilian war followed by an exile of most of the best fighters. Best prophecies are always those which are made after the fact. Porphyry of Tyre had well understood it already with the book of Daniel in the Bible (written in Greek besides) but it is also the case of some prophecies of Merlin written down in the history of the kings of Britain by Geoffrey of Monmouth (the first 12, those which begin with the history of the red and white dragons explained to Vortigern). Like, more close to us, some quatrains of Nostradamus.

We call apophecy or prediction in the past this type of literary process (apo = on, above; phecy = word). You find apophecies in many texts. In the Bible, for example: God announces to Moses that he will not enter the Promised land, Jesus announces to his disciples that Judas will betray him. We also meet apophecy in the epic, that makes it possible to glorify the mythical roots of a people: it was written. We also meet it in the historical books, sometimes in the science fiction because some of the processes are then borrowed from the historical novel but in the future or another time. The Foundation series by Asimov, Star Wars or the Lord of the rings contain each one an apophecy which makes it possible to support the interest of the reader since he does not know the end unlike the historical texts: do that will happen? We can even extend that to the detective genre, in particular for all the stories of serial killers announcing their crimes and of profilers who are a little the Nostradamus of our time. All these literary figures are paradoxical in that they do not respect the linearity of time, but they influence much the pleasure of the listener (or of the reader, even of the spectator) who is placed in the uncertainty.

Like to coral... the exact Gaelic word is pardar and means Parthian, implied "leather" (therefore red). It just goes to show globalization is not new!

Will do the Ulaid warriors by deciding to kill the unfortunate Deirdre only to carry out the sentence of the Bible which inspired so much former inquisitors "Do not allow a sorceress to live " (Exodus XXII, 18).

Of course not! It is there a universal topic, that of the alluring or seductive even cursed woman (we translate so the Irish expression *bé co mbail*. If somebody has better....) who undergoes even more than men the misfortunes of her time (difficult pregnancies, brutalities). In the social life, the alluring or seductive woman torments her lover in an unbalanced relation, pushing him so much to the limit that he becomes unable to make rational decisions. The characteristic of the Irish myth is to have reversed this proposal. It is Deirdre who will be in fact more rational than her companions, but without succeeding in preventing them from falling into the trap which will be set up to them at the time of their return in the country. Let us specify nevertheless that the belief in the existence possible of men, and especially of women (for a sorcerer ten thousand witches said Jules Michelet) able to trade with the Devil and his demons and in that therefore behind all the evils and of all the wars is only a superstition of monolatrous priests or monks in adequacy with the search for a rational explanation of

the misfortunes of times (epidemics, epizootic diseases, climatic accidents, famine and starvation, political instability and insecurity, etc.) which fall down on frail populations in the search for scapegoats - that people burn all the more easily as they are not fully members of the community. We saw it well in the 17th in Salem where the first three accused women are Sarah Good, Tituba and Sarah Osborne. Sarah Good is a beggar, disinherited daughter of a Frenchwoman innkeeper who had committed suicide when Sarah was a teenager, an equivocal woman: she murmurs when her food is given. Tituba, it is the Barbadian (or Ashanti) slave of Samuel Parris. As for Sarah Osborne it is an old woman, confined to bed, who de

served general disapproval by fraudulently collecting the inheritance of the children of her first husband to give it to her new husband.

Just like numerous (alleged) cases of racism today, sorcery is therefore a "creation" of the elites or so-called such (we can strongly doubt their real intelligence), and establishes itself only slowly in mentalities, through conversations, sermons, legends and tales and more surely by the distressing procedure of lawsuits and the spectacle of the executions. This is why the crime of sorcery is identical everywhere and codified because, if the procedure is scrupulously carried out, the ideology of the judges corrupts its technique. For the victim, the confession brings a physical relief and, for the judge, death strengthens his own beliefs, his certainty to have behaved well, his faith in God (and Devil): "Do not allow a sorceress to live " (Exodus XXII, 18).

Our opinion on this subject is that of Nicholas Malebranche. Therefore let us not overestimate the real powers of witches, apart from the cases of proven poisoning, of course, and of the phenomena of self-fulfilling of the prophecies or of bewitchments. "Those who are sorcerers only through imagination should not be considered completely innocent, because they have such a disposition but.....It is with reason that many courts do not punish sorcerers, for fewer of them are found in their jurisdictions, and the envy, the hatred and the malice of the wicked, cannot use this pretext in order to destroy innocent people..." (The search after truth, book II, part 3).

Let that maiden be slain! cried out the Ulaid warriors!

Not so! said Cunocavaros/Conchobar; she will in the morning be brought to me, and will be reared according to my will, and she will be my wife, and in my companionship she will dwell.

The Ulaid were not so hardy as to turn him from his purpose, and thus it was done. The maiden was reared in a house that belonged to Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and she grew up to be the fairest maid in all green Erin. She was brought up at a distance from the king's court; so that none of the men of Ulidia might see her till the time came when she was to share the royal couch: none of mankind was permitted to enter the house where she was reared, save only her foster father, and her foster mother; and in addition to these Leborcham, to whom naught could any refuse, for she was an enchantress.

Now once it chanced upon a certain day in the time of winter that the foster father of Deirdre had employed himself in skinning a calf upon the snow, in order to prepare a roast for her, and the blood of the calf lay upon the snow, and she saw a black raven who came down to drink it. And Deirdre said Leborcham, "that man only will I love, who has the three colors that I see here, his hair as black as the raven, his cheeks red like the blood, and his body as white as the snow."

Haphazard to you! said Leborcham; that man is not far away. Yonder is he in the castle which is nigh; and his name is Noisi, the son of Uisnig.

I shall never be in good health again, said Deirdre, until the time comes when I may see him.

It befell that Noisi was upon a certain day alone upon the rampart of the castle of Emain, and he was singing with his beautiful tenor voice : well did the musical cry ring out that was raised by the sons of Uisnig. Each cow and every beast that heard them, gave of milk two thirds more than its wont; and each man by whom that cry was heard deemed it to be fully joyous, and a dear pleasure to him. Goodly, moreover, was the play that these men made with their weapons; if the whole province of Ulidia had been assembled against them in one place, and they three only had been able to set their backs against one another, the Ulaid would not have borne away victory from those three: so well were they skilled in parry and defense. And they were swift of foot when they hunted the game, and with them it was the custom to chase the quarry to its death.

Now when this Noisi found himself alone on the plain, Deirdre also soon escaped outside her house to him, and she ran past him: at first he does not know who she might be.

Fair is the heifer that springs past me! he cried.

Well may the heifers be great, she said, in a place where none may find a bull.

You have, as your bull, said he, the bull of the whole province, even Cunocavaros/Conchobar the king of Ulidia.

I would choose between you two, she said, and I would take for myself a younger bull, even such as you are.
Not so indeed, said Noisi, for I fear the prophecy of Catubatuos/Cathbad.
Say you this, as meaning to refuse me? said she.
Yes indeed, he said; and she sprang upon him, and she seized him by his two ears.
Two ears ? of shame and of ridicule will you have, she cried, if you take me not with you.
Release me, O woman, said he.
So be it, said she.

Then Naisi raised his tenor song (andord), and the Ulaid heard it, and each of them one after another sprang up. The sons of Uisnig hurried out in order to hold back their brother.
What is it, they said, that you do? Let it not be by any fault of you that war is stirred up between us and the Ulaid.
Then he told them all that had been done.
There evil will come on you from this, said they; "moreover you will lie under the reproach of shame so long as you do live; therefore we will go with her into another land, for there is no king in all Ireland who will refuse us welcome if we come to him.

Then they took counsel together, and that same night they departed, three times fifty warriors, and the same number of women, and dogs, and servants, and Deirdre went with them. And for a long time they wandered about Green Erin , in homage to this man or that; and often Cunocavaros/Conchobar sought to slay them, either by ambuscade or by treachery; from round about Ess Ruaid, in the west, they journeyed, and they turned them back to Benn Etair, in the east. Nevertheless the Ulaid drove them from the land, and they came to the land of Alba, and in its wildernesses they dwelt. When the chase of the wild beasts of the mountains failed them, they made forays upon the cattle of the men of Alba, and took them for themselves. The men of Alba gathered themselves together with intent to destroy them. Then they took shelter with the king , and the king took them into his following, and they served him in war. They made for themselves houses of their own in the meadows by the king's castle: and it was on account of Deirdre that these houses were made, for they feared that men might see her, and that on her account they might be slain.

Now one day the high-steward of the king went out in the early morning, and he made a cast about Noisi's house. He saw those two sleeping therein, and he hurried back to the king, and awoke him: "We have," said he, "up to this day found no wife for you, of like dignity to yourself. Noisi the son of Uisnig has a wife of worth sufficient for the king of the western world! Let Noisi be slain, and let his wife share your couch!"
Not so! said the king, "but do you prepare yourself to go each day to her house, and woo her for me secretly.
Thus was it done; but Deirdre, whatsoever the steward told her, was accustomed straightway to recount it each even to her spouse; and since nothing was obtained from her, the sons of Uisnig were sent into dangers, and into wars, and into strife that thereby they might be overcome. Nevertheless they showed themselves to be stout in every strife, so that no advantage did the king gain from them by such attempts as these.

The men of Alba were gathered together to destroy the sons of Uisnig, and this was also told to Deirdre. She told her news to Noisi. Depart hence, said she, for if you do not depart this night, upon the morrow you will be slain!
And therefore they marched away that night, and they betook themselves to an island.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 43.

Enchantress. We translate so the Gaelic word chainte. Arthur Herbert Leahy translates this word by a witch, the French Guyonvarc'h by a satirist. It is up to each one to see. Let us note, however, that this word, chainte or cainte, belongs to the words family which gave chant, incantations, and so on.

Deirdre said Leborcham..... the syntax of the text means the contrary but it must be a mistake of the copyist.
The haphazard is with you... we translate so the Gaelic word tocad.

He was singing with his beautiful tenor voice. We translate so the Gaelic word andord which means literally non-dord. Dord is a kind of song. See for example ferdord.
The sons of Uisnig....Here we pass from the singular to the plural (the three brothers) in our text in Gaelic language.

Ears??? It is either a Christian censorship (ear in the place of the testicle) or an allusion to the briamon smethraige or rubbing of the ear (a magical practice).

King... here Arthur Herbert Leahy translates the Gaelic word ri by king. We see no reason for that. To translate the Irish expression ard-ri by "emperor" all right, it means literally high king, king of the kings (of coiced =of province), but it is not justified when it is only a simple provincial king: ri. The specification iarthair domain does there nothing even if it is perhaps an allusion to the great king of Western Europe called Charlemagne (Karl der Grosse, Charles the Great).

So that no advantage did the king gainthe under arms human rights or fir fer in Gaelic language require indeed that man fights honestly: you do not kill an adversary through treachery or with indiscriminate and distant bombardments like nowadays. The model in fact it is the famous combat of the thirty (26 March 1351).

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF THE SONS OF UISNIG. OIDED MAC nUSNECH.

(According to the manuscript of Glenmasan, a Scottish vellum of the 15th century preserved in the national library of Scotland, previously the advocates library of Edinburgh, under number 53.)

During this time a feast of great taste and magnificence was prepared by Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach, and by the nobles of Ulidia besides, in smooth, beautiful Emain Macha. And (all) the nobles of the province came to that feast. Ale was served out to them until they were all glad and cheerful and in high spirits. The musicians and jugglers and storytellers rose up in their presence to sing their songs and lays (poems) and chants, and to recite their genealogies and all their branches of relationship.

These are the names of the poets who were at that feast, namely, Catubatuos/Cathbad son of Congal Flat-nailed son of Rugraid, and Genan Bright-cheek son of Catubatuos/Cathbad, and Genan Black-knee son of Catubatuos/Cathbad, and Genan ???? son of Catubatuos/Cathbad, Sencha the Great son of Ailill son of Athgno son of Fir son of Gl ? son of Ros son of Ruad; and Fercertne the poet son of Oengus Red-mouth son of F[...] the poet son of Gl? son of Ros son of Ruad.

And it is thus they used to feast at Emain: [the management of the meal during] one night was set apart for each man of the household of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. And the number of the people of Conchobar's household was three hundred three score and five (365).

And they enjoyed themselves there that night until Cunocavaros/Conchobar raised his loud king's voice on high, and spoke this: "I desire to ask of you, warriors, whether you have ever seen a braver company than yourselves in Green Erin or in Alpain or in the great world in any place you have known as far as the fortress of Muirn Molfaige?"

We, of course, have not, said they, nor do we know if there be any!

If so, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, do you know anything in the world which you lack?

We know nothing, O great king, said they. I know, O warriors, said he, one thing you lack, namely, that the three Torches of Valor of the Gael are not with us, to wit, the three sons of Uisnech, Noisi, Ainle and Ardan, and that they should avoid us because of a woman in the world, inasmuch as Noisi, son of Usnech, is for valor and heroism fit to be high king of Green Erin, and the might of his own hand has gained for him a possession upon the slope of Alpa.

Royal soldier, they said, had we dared to say that, we would have said it long ago. For it is well known that they are the sons of a king of a border district, and they would defend the province of Ulidia against every other province in Green Erin, although no other Ultonian should rise with them, for they are heroes in courage, and these three are lions in might and valor.

If it be so, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, let messages and envoys be sent for them to the bounds of Scotland, to Loch Etive, and to the entrenched camp of the sons of Uisnech in Alba. Who will go upon that (message)? said they all.

I know, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, that Noisi swore not to come to green Erin in peace, except with three men, namely, the Hesus Cuchulainn son of Sualtam, Conall son of Amorgen, and Fergus (son of Ros?) and I shall (now) try to know which if these three men love me most.

And he took Conall into a place apart and asked him: "What would you do, royal hero of the world, if you were sent for the sons of Usnech, and that they were destroyed notwithstanding your safeguard and honor, which I do not purpose to do?"

Not the death of one man would result from that, said Conall, but no Ultonian whom I could lay hold of would escape from me without death and destruction and slaughter being inflicted upon him.

That is true, Conall, said Conchobar; now I know that you love me not. And he sent Conall from him; and Hesus Cuchulainn was brought to him, and he asked the same thing of him. I give my word, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, if you were to search eastwards unto India, I would not take a bribe in the hand from you, but you yourself would fall in that deed. Is fir sin, a Cu, nach lemsa bh-f [...] agus a nois modaighim-si ni fhuath agadsa. That is true, my little hound, that not with me [...] and now I perceive I know there is not a single man whom you could not hate. And he sent the Hesus Cuchulainn away, and Fergus was brought to him. And he asked the same thing of him. And this is what Fergus said to him: 'I promise not to take your blood, but there is not another Ultonian whom I should lay hold of, who would not find death and slaughter from me.

It is you who shall go for the children of Usnech, royal soldier, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar; and set forward tomorrow, said he, for it is with you they will come. And after coming from the East, betake you to the fortress of Borrach, son of Annti, and give your word to me that so soon as they arrive in Green Erin, they will be allowed neither stay nor rest, so that they come that night to Emain Macha.

They came in thereafter [in the fest hall] , and Fergus told of his going in warranty of the children of Usnech. And his other guarantors of the nobility of the province joined him in those warranties ??? . And that night passed thus.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar addressed Borrach, son of Annti, and asked him: can you manage a feast for me? Of course I can, said Borrach, I am able to prepare it, though I am not able to bring it to you to Emain Macha.

If it be so, then, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, give it to Fergus, for it is (one) of his prohibitions to refuse a feast.

Borrach promised that. And that night passed without harm or danger.

And Fergus rose up early on the morrow, and he did not bring of hosts or multitude save his own two sons, namely, Illann the Fair and Buinne Rude-Red, and Cuillenn, the pilot of the lubrach, and the lubrach. And they set forward to the fortress of the sons of Usnech and to Loch Etive. And thus were the sons of Usnech: they had three spacious hunting booths, and the booth in which they cooked, therein they did not eat, and the booth in which they ate, therein they did not sleep.

Fergus uttered a great shout in the bay which was heard through the farthest parts of the bounds nearest to them.

And thus were Noise and Deirdre at the time with Cennchaom Conchobair, that is, the Cunocavaros/Conchobar's chess set, between them, and playing on it.

Noisi said: "I hear the cry of a man of Green Erin !"

Deirdre heard the cry, and knew that it was the cry of Fergus, but she concealed it from them.

Fergus gave a second shout, and Noisi said: "I hear another cry, and it is the cry of a man of Green Erin !"

Not so, said Deirdre, not alike are the cry of a man of Green Erin and that of a man of Alba .

Lastly, Fergus gave a third shout, and the sons of Uisnech knew that that was the cry of Fergus. Noisi said to [his brother] Ardan to go to meet Fergus.

Deirdre knew that it was Fergus who made the first shout, and she told Noisi that she recognized the first cry which Fergus made.

Why did you conceal it, O woman? said Noisi.

(Because of) a vision I saw last night, said Deirdre, namely, three birds to have come to us from Emain Macha with three sips of honey in their bills; and those three sips, they left with us, but they took three sips of our blood away with them.

And how do you interpret that vision, O woman?' said Noisi. Thus, said she, that Fergus has come to us with a message of peace from our own native land, for honey is not sweeter than

a message of peace; but the three sips of blood that have been taken from us, they are you who will go with him, and you will be betrayed.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 44.

Son of Fachtna Fathach... In this manuscript therefore Cunocavaros/Conchobar is not known as the son of Catubatuos/Cathbad but as the son of Fachtna Fathach. An umpteenth evidence if necessary of the level of distortion of all these apocryphal Irish legends. And an additional complication for us. It is true that we have the same thing with the Bible and Jesus's genealogy.

Unlike the Corpus of electronic texts called CELT (a website however remarkable) and even if the wine were also known very early among the Celts who were crazy about it, and in accordance with the Frenchman d'Arbois de Jubainville, we prefer to suppose that what thus flowed during this banquet it was ale.

Fortress....We translate so the Gaelic word cathair.

The most courageous company in the world?? The storyteller exaggerates or flatters the lack of modesty of his listeners. It is like in the famous French cartoon Asterix and Obelix.

Like lions....in the initial pan-Celtic myth it was, of course, spoken about a hound (of war), of a wolf, even of a bear (cf. the name of the king of the Bretons, Arthur). In no case about a lion. Which shows that globalization is nothing new, except in the eyes of the ignoramuses (intellectuals, artists, journalists, politicians, etc.).

Unto India. ... As already said, globalization is nothing new and is an amazing discovery only for ignoramuses.

The Globe. We translate so the Gaelic word cruinde which means a notion of roundness, well.

One of his prohibitions. Gaelic gesaib. Still a geis (plural gessa). This data of all our stories is once more very odd but that explains the course of the continuation of the drama in which the Fate (tocad, tocade if you want to feminize this concept, which is in fact neutral, of course, because Fate has no gender) will come into play. We will reconsider the notion of geis as an auxiliary of the Fate in another study.

lubrach is probably a ship.

Chess. We translate so the Gaelic word fithchell but it is in fact a board game close to the Finnish tablut.

The cry of a man of Green Erin and that of a man of Alba. Website CELT thinks that it is there an allusion to the differences of accent which can exist between the two countries. But it is perhaps also quite simply the war cry "in the way of Tarzan" specific to each warrior.

The story of the beautiful and unhappy Deirdre of the sorrows being known for a long time, we will not harm to the dramatic nature of the story while emphasizing that it is well, alas, what will happen, in spite of this warning. The Fate is indeed inexorable, to be unaware of it or to refuse it never prevents its chariot from crushing everything on its way. What, in addition to the theoretical problems that the possibility of knowing the future raises, also raises the whole question of the premonitory dreams because dreams are a meeting "place" with the divinity which is in us.

There are 43 dreams presented or evoked in the Old Testament. The Jesus of the Gospels (the high Nazarene rabbi) on the other hand has visions but apparently no dream. The contrast with the Old Testament is therefore gripping. Matthew is the only evangelist to mention dreams, six, dreamed exactly by secondary characters of this initiatory novel, Joseph, the magus and the woman of Pontius Pilate. In addition to their scarcity, the dreams of the New Testament, if they do not deviate from the biblical tradition of heralding dreams, are short,

never described, and bring more some limited messages than true prophecies. One of the brothers of Jesus besides, Jude, in the last epistle, warns Christians against those “dreamers who defile the flesh, scorn the kingship [of Christ] and revile glorious [angels]”. Sleep puts out mental faculties. Free to express itself with images uncontrollable by the mind, the body then orders the dreams (then subjecting them to the devil according to Christianity; for rationalism it is the instinct which plays this part). Because of the personal certainty that they can bring to some people, interpretation of dreams is therefore not authorized.

Used ten times in the Old Testament, the Hebrew word *anan* designates the soothsayer or the divination, that God or the Demiurge prohibits twice (Leviticus 19, 26 and Deuteronomy 18,10) and for which he punishes the king of Israel Manasses (II Chronicles 33, 6). In his Vulgate published in the fourth century, St Jerome translated *anan* by interpretation of dreams (*observare somnia*) in these three cases, instead of the Latin words *augur* and *augur* elsewhere used. This Christian falsification of the original text was an authority until the 19th century.

Christians of course (they were against everything even almost everything in order Christiani *traditiones gentilium non observent*) began therefore with “condemning” the dreams they ascribed to the demons (still the good old practice of the double standard).

Perhaps influenced by the Roman heritage, the love's religion indeed adopted very quickly a harsher position. It was a question of fighting against paganism which proclaimed the direct access to the divinity, possible. Benefiting thereafter from the void caused by the barbarian invasions, the spiritual power became worldly, then absolute. The combat against paganism was used as a pretext for the suppression of dreams. The council of Agde, in 506, gathers in the same divinatory science (*divinationis scientia*) omens, curses, dreams. And Pope Gregory punishes with death penalty at the beginning of the eighth century those who interpret them.

Too set in habits, the druidic incubation practice (cf. Nicander of Colophon in Tertullian, *De anima*) persisted nevertheless but was little by little replaced by the worship of the saints, the healing dream by the prayer, the dream-related recovery by the miracle. The initiatory dreams of popular legends are changed into visits of angels. Accounts of “important dreams” were spread. Sometimes peopled with perverse, monstrous or apocalyptic creatures, they were used either to persuade the faithful that the devil inspires dreams, sometimes to make a not very flattering portrait of the heretic dreamers. Then the Inquisition made them incriminating evidence in witchcraft trials , often besides by emphasizing their sexual contents.

Very instructive on this subject is the small handbook ascribed to Regino of Prum in 906 and intended to bishops in pastoral visits in the country. The subject which interests us is defined by questions 42 to 45, 50 to 52, and lastly 55, planned for the laymen, of these first inquisitors. A little in the way of the penitentials due to Celtic monks it specifies the punishments which must be performed in such or such case: in this case 5 years of penitence. It is to pay quite expensive for phantasms, even “not very innocent!”

More interesting are the justifications provided by Regino under the Latin subtitles “*De incantatoribus, maleficis et sortilegis*” “*De arboribus et fontibus et lapidibus daemonibus consecratis*” and lastly of course “*Ut Christiani traditiones gentilium non observent,*” in what they reveal about the survival of the old Celtic-druidic rites (offerings for trees, crossroads, stones, wells: except for the crossroads of ecology before the word is invented).

Regino of Prum ascribes these sentences to the council held in Ancyra in 314 as to various others of the same vein then concludes with this very beautiful lyrical flight of fancy: *Ut episcopi episcoporumque ministri... procul dubio infidelis est*”.

From which we extract this treasure: “*et cum solus spiritus hoc patitur infidelis mens haec, not in animo, sed in corpore, evenire opinatur.*”

The man or in fact rather the woman, who had such dreams, of course, does nothing wrong in fact, in the reality of the material world which is ours, but proves herewith that he is a follower of the devil (sic) or of the old worships and must therefore be punished as a consequence. To believe is therefore the same thing as to do. These women are guilty to believe that their dreams are real (it is like in a modern racist hunt where to believe oneself higher is regarded as a fault more serious than to commit indeed a particularly odious crime against one of his fellow human beings, or of his brothers, in short against somebody being distinguished by no means from oneself as well on the bodily as the mental level. To believe is the same thing as

to do. To believe oneself better than others is more serious than to rape or torture his or her child !?)

Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), official theologian of Christendom, tackles hardly the subject in spite of the promising title of his *summa*. Faithful to the Greek Aristotle, he insists on its "internal, psychic or physiological causes." The dream is premonitory by chance, or because it causes what it had foreseen (self-fulfilling prophecy). Taking over the mistranslation used since Jerome, Thomas condemned divinatory interpretation of dreams, but made it legitimate in the event of divine inspiration, informing us, however, that the demons reveal certain facts to come to those who have made deals with them. In 1598 the Jesuit Benedict Perier took over the same theses.

The dream can be divine of course (fourth cause of dreams) but especially demonic (third cause). How to decide in this case? The prelates resolved. The dream is dangerous, because it calls into question the human intelligence and the role of the Church, only agent of the divine wills. This position inspired by Thomas was also adopted by the Reformed Churches. For Luther "The sin remains accomplice and father of our impure dreams."

Dreams are a meeting place with the divinity we said. But does any dream have to be taken into account? The question is more particularly acute in the *psy* something world where every dream seems good to be worked. But is this so sure? Is it really necessary to dialog with all that crosses my mind? Does that inevitably lead me to mental health? To a healthier life?

The problem is completely different when a dream delivers extremely precise information which can be known of nobody. The dreams announcing future events were listed per thousands throughout our history, whatever the time or civilization. Unlike the "normal" dreams, these particular dreams comprise non-symbolic information which is "self-speaking" : the images are much clearer, more "real," than in usual dreams, and are not disguised. They do not need therefore to be analyzed to be understood.

Disturbing phenomena known since the beginning of time, dreams which inform us of our future, are not legends, but the product of the one of the most incredible faculties of our mind, a hidden gift, the building, by the brain, of some events of which all premises, all the harbingers, were imperceptible. This almost divine faculty could well explain the "premonitory" nature of certain dreams. It would be unconscious precognitive perceptions which, in certain cases, would give place to forms of conscious precognition concerning some events to come.

Our brain is indeed able to record many details and other information in an unconscious way. However during the night, our gray matter continues to work! Certain scientists therefore think that during the phases of sleep, our brain sorts, classes and records, the moments of the day as well as the memories in a general way. Various elements which have escaped us but that we know without being conscious of it are thus joined together. And then they form a whole we can see in a picturesque way. It is not therefore in this case a true vision of the future, but an unconscious deduction of our brain! Deirdre consequently is, either exceptionally pessimist, or extra lucid in the original meaning of the term (shows an uncommon clearness) her brain was perhaps able to record without her knowing a phenomenal quantity of tiny details, lost in the mass of the outside information: inaudible sounds, fleeting images, unvoiced

comments, micro-vibrations, smells... And during her sleep, her brain made the sorting, classified information, established correlations, thus envisaging events of which the logic was unattainable to the waking state.

The most widespread theory among the Christian theologians, on the other hand, is the demonological theory. Divination is explained by the demons, a deal with the Devil (saint Augustine, *On Christian doctrine*, II, chapter XXIV), even some invocations of evil spirits). Even late this explanation is found. For the French Jean Bodin, at the end of the 16th century, rhabdomancy and incantations, "all that is worthless" and these things "cannot be done without the assistance of Satan" (*On the Demon Worship of sorcerers*, II, 1, p. 170).

In plain language the position of the great monolatrics that are Judaism Christianity and Islam is therefore the following one. It is impossible to know the future except if God or the Demiurge reveals it to one of these servants, was it an ass as in the case of Balaam (at the time when the animals spoke apparently, at least according to the Bible, Numbers, chapter XXII, 28). Well, well, well! Too much easier!

Precognition will be the major topic of the film made in 2002 by Steven Spielberg and will constitute the starting point of an enthralling reflection on justice: is it legitimate to imprison for murder some people designated by the specialists like future murderers, but innocent at the time of their arrest?

In the Dune series by Franck Herbert, Paul Atreides, become the equal one of a god (one would say of a druid in ancient Celtic civilization), compensates for his blindness by his gift of precognition.

Besides this film constitutes itself just like the film Agora by Alejandro Amenabar in 2009, an astonishing anticipation of events of Afghanistan's war type, because it precisely shows us rather rough populations * (the free men of the planet Dune precisely) able nevertheless, because of their low civilization level, to overcome a tremendous empire.

We were therefore warned but, of course, that will be used for nothing in fact, because such is the power of fate that you cannot escape to it, the gods always blind those that they want to lose.

We already have had the opportunity to emphasize repeatedly what it was necessary to think of the theoretical problems raised by the possibility of knowing the future. To give an account of such phenomena, it is necessary to give up the law of causality in physics. Given the central role of this axiom, and the effectiveness of current physics, we can question the examples quoted in the Bible even the Quran or the hadiths.

Our position to us on the subject will be nevertheless very clear.

Our readers are free to be interested in the various fields of extrasensory perception of their choice, if

- It is done with seriousness, without credulity, on the contrary with the most possible scientific approach.

- It is financially selfless, i.e., undertaken without the purpose of profit characteristic of our time (with the lack of modesty), without having as the only goal to make money and again money, like today.

Finally, we refuse to classify in a Manichean and simplistic way the forces of the beyond nature, particularly human nature, whatever they are, in gods or angels on a side, demons or fallen angels of the other; like does the cardinal of French origin (from Pinerolo) Giovanni Bona (chapters XV to XVII of his treatise on the discernment of spirits). Gods or demons, angels or fallen angels, God Demiurge or Devil, are only the two sides of the same coin, some ambivalent forces, neither good nor bad, or more exactly in adequacy with our intentions. If they exist, of course!

* And this despite all the affection or the interest which we have for the Berbers in North Africa, the Imazighen, the Tuareg (let us hope that the end of the dictatorship of Muammar Gaddafi will be for them not a simple come back to sharia but the beginning of a true revival).

They were, of course, alarmed by what she had said but Noisi told nevertheless his brother Ardan to go and meet Fergus. He went then, and when he came to them, he gave them three kisses earnestly and right loyally, and brought them with him to the stronghold of the sons of Usnech, where Noisi and Deirdre were. And they gave three kisses lovingly and fervently to Fergus and to his sons. And they asked the news of Green Erin and especially of Ulidia.

The best news we have, said Fergus, are that Cunocavaros/Conchobar has sent me for you, and has put me in warranty as a bondsman [of his good faith], for I am loving and loyal to you, and my word is pledged that nothing will happen to you.

You ought not to go thither, said Deirdre, for your own lordship in Alba is greater than that of Cunocavaros/Conchobar in Erin.

Better than everything is one's native land, said Fergus, for the greatest prosperity does not bring joy unless one sees his native land.

That is true, said Noisi, 'for dearer to myself is Green Erin than Alba, though I should get more of Alba's good.

My word and warranty are sure for you, said Fergus. They are assuredly, said Noisi and we will go with you.

And it was against Deirdre's wish what they said there, and she was opposing them. Fergus himself gave them his word that though all the men of Green Erin should join in betraying them, neither shield nor sword nor helmet should protect them, provided he could lay hold of them.

That is true, said Noisi and we will go with you to Emain Macha. They rested that night till the early light of the morning came on the morrow. And Noisi and Fergus rose up and made the lubrach ready, and they sailed over the sea and ocean until they arrived at the fortress of Borrach, son of Annti.

And Deirdre looked behind her on the coasts of Scotland, and said: "Good-bye to you, yonder land far in the east now I am broken-hearted to leave the sides of your harbors and of your bays, your lovely and smooth flowered meadows, your green-sided delightful knolls." And she sang the following lay.

A land dear (to my heart) is yon land in the east,
Scotland with (its) wonders,
I would not have come hither out of it
Were I not coming with Noisi.

Dear are Dun-fidhga and Dun-finn;
Dear is the Dun above them;
Dear is Inis Draigen, also;
And dear is Dun Suibne.

Wood of Cuan!
To which Ainnle used to resort, alas!
Short I deemed the time
With Noisi on the coast of Scotland.

Valley of Laidh!
I used to sleep under a lovely rock;
Fish and venison and fat of badger,
That was my food in Glen Laidh.

Valley of Masan!
Tall its gentian, bright its tufts:
We used to have unsteady sleep
Above the shaggy of the estuary of the Masan River.

Valley of Etive!
There I built my first house:
Lovely its woods after rising

An enclosure of sunny mountain summer pasture, such is the valley of Etive.

Valley of Urchan!
It was a straight, fair-ridged valley:
Not more gallant was a man of his age
Than Noisi in the valley of Urchan.

Valley of Daruadh!
Dear to me each of its native men;
Sweet the cuckoo's note on bending boughs,
On the peak above the valley of Daruadh.

Dear (to me) is Draigen with its great beach;
Dear its water in pure sand:
I would not have come out of it from the east,
Were I not coming with my beloved.

After that they came to Borrach's fortress, and he gave three kisses to the sons of Usnech then welcomed Fergus and his sons. And this is what Borrach said: "I have a feast for you, Fergus, and it is a prohibition of yours to leave a feast until it is ended." When Fergus heard that he became a crimson mass.

You have done ill, Borrach, said Fergus, to put me under prohibitions, seeing that Cunocavaros/Conchobar made me pledge my word to bring the sons of Usnech to Emain on the day that they should come to Erin .

I put you under prohibitions, said Borrach, prohibitions that true heroes suffer, you not to escape unless you come to consume that feast.

Therefore Fergus asked Noisi what he should do in the case.

You will do [what Borrach desires] said Deirdre, if you prefer to forsake the sons of Uisning and to enjoy the feast; but verily to forsake them is a great price for a feast.

I will not forsake them, said Fergus, for I will send my two sons with them, viz., Illann the fair and Buinne Rude-red, to Emain Macha, and my own word besides, as warranty.

Its excellence suffices, said Noisi, for no one but ourselves ever defended us in battle or in duels.

And Noisi left the place in anger. Deirdre followed him, with Ainnle and Ardan and the two sons of Fergus. But that plan was not carried out by her consent. And Fergus was left behind alone, sad and very sorrowful. Still for one thing Fergus indeed was certain that were the five great provinces of Ireland together, and of one mind, they would not be able to destroy that warranty.

As to the sons of Uisnech, they went onward, and Deirdre said to them: "I would give you good advice, although it be not carried out for me." What is the advice, O woman?' said Noisi. 'Let us go to Inis Cuillenn ???? between Green Erin and Alba, and stay there until Fergus consumes his feast; and that is the fulfillment of Fergus's word, and a complete security for you.

That is an evil saying with respect to us, said Illann the Fair and Buinne Rude-red. We cannot carry out such a plan. Even though you did not have the strength of your own arms along with us, and the word of Fergus, you would not be betrayed.

Woe will come from this promise, said Deirdre, that Fergus made us when he thus has forsaken us for this cursed feast. And she was grieving and greatly depressed at coming back to Green Erin on Fergus's simple word. And she spoke the following lines.

Woe to have come on the ill-considered ? promise
Of Fergus the wanton son of Roeg;
I will not hold it against him
But bitter is my heart today.

My heart like a sorrowful blood clot
Is this night in a great shame.
Alas! you goodly maca ?
Your last days have come.

Say not so, ill-considered Deirdre,
Woman fairer than the sun!
Fergus will come with his mighty shield
To us that we be not slain together.

Alas! I am devastated for you
You handsome sons of Uisnech!
To come from Alba of the red deer,
Long will be the lasting woe of it!
Alas!

After that lay they proceeded to Finncarn of the Watching, on Fuat Mountain, and her sleep fell on Deirdre there. They left her behind therefore, unknown to them. Noisi perceived this, and he turned at once for her. And that was the time when she was waking out of her sleep. Noisi said: "Why did you stay here, O my Queen?"
I slept, said Deirdre, I have had a vision and a dream.
And what was the dream? said Noisi.
I saw, said Deirdre, each of you without a head, and Illann the Fair without also head, but his own head on Buinne Rude-red, and his aid not with us. Then she made the following quatrains.

Hideous the vision that appeared to me,
You four so well skilled so beautiful and so pure
But his head not on any one of you;
And a man not helping the others.

Your mouth has sung nought but nonsense,
Beautiful and radiant woman!
Vent rather your wrath, thin, slow lip,
On the foreigners of the sea of Man.

I would prefer ill to every man,
Said Deirdre straight,
Than ill to you, you small three,
With whom I have sought sea and mainland.

I see his head on Buinne,
Since his life is the longest,
Woeful to me this night,
His head (to be) on Buinne Rude-red.
Woeful.

Thereafter they went forward to Ard-na-Saileach, which is called Armagh today. Then said Deirdre: "frightening to me is what I see now, to wit, your cloud ? Noisi, in the air, and it is a bloody cloud ? I would give you counsel, sons of Usnech, said Deirdre.
What counsel, O my queen? said Noisi.
To go to Dundalk where the Hesus Cuchulainn is, and remain there until Fergus comes, or go to Emain under Hesus Cuchulainn's safeguard.
We need not carry out that plan, said Noisi.
And the girl said this.

Noisi, look on your cloud,

Which I see here in the air;
I see over green Emain
A great cloud of crimson blood.

I am alarmed at the cloud
Which I see here in the air;
Like unto a clot of blood,
The terrible very thin cloud.

I would give counsel to you,
You handsome sons of Uisnech,
Not to go this night to Emain
Because of the great danger to you.

Let us go to Dundalk,
Where the Hound of the crafts is;
We will come tomorrow from the south
Along with the Hound of the skill.

Said Noisi in wrath
To Deirdre, the handsome, red-cheeked,
Seeing we are not afraid
We will not do your counsel.

Seldom were we ever before,
Royal descendant of Rugraide!
Without being of one mind,
I and you, O Noisi!

The day [Belinos Barinthus] Manannan gave a cup
To us, and the very swift Hound,
You would not have been against me,
I say unto you, O Noisi!

The day you brought me out
Across Assaroe of many oars ?
You would not have been against me,
I say unto you, O Noisi!

O Noisi!

After these quatrains they went forward by every short cut until they saw Emain Macha in the distance.

[And there Deirdre spoke again. My heart is heavy, O Noisi, I have dark premonitions. What I see, me, it is a huge red cloud over all Green Erin. Don't you see it also above our heads, O my beloved Noisi?

It is you who was right on the first day when we saw ourselves while spurning my advances, and it is me who was mad to want to drag you in such an adventure; but today it is you the madness leads and it is in my mouth that the voice of reason speaks. Listen to the poor Deirdre finally become wise].

I know a means for you, said , to know if Cunocavaros/Conchobar means to work treachery or parricide upon you.

And what is the sign? said Noisi.

If you are allowed to go into the house where Cunocavaros/Conchobar and the nobles Ulaid are, Cunocavaros/Conchobar does not intend to do evil to you. If you are put to the house of Ruddy-Branch, while Cunocavaros/Conchobar is in the house of Emain, treachery and ruin will be worked upon you.

And they went forward in this manner to the door of the house of Emain, and asked that it be opened for them. The doorkeeper answered, and asked who was there. He was told that they were the three sons of Usnech who were there, and Fergus's two sons, and Deirdre. That was told to Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and his servants and attendants were brought to him, he asked them how the house of Craobhruadh fared in the matter of food and drink. They said that should the five battalions of Ultonia come there they would find enough of food and drink.

If that be so, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, let the sons of Usnech be taken into it.

That was told to them. And Deirdre said: "Now the loss of not taking my advice has touched you, let us depart forthwith!

We will not do so, said Illann the Fair son of Fergus; because we think, Lady, that you must perceive very great faintheartedness and cowardice in us when you say that, and we will go therefore to the house of the Red-Branch, said he.

We will, assuredly, said Noisi.

They went forward therefore to the house of Red-Branch , and servants and attendants were sent with them. They were served with noble and delicate food, and with sweet, intoxicating drinks, till their servants and attendants were, every one, drunk, merry and loud-voiced. But one thing, however, they themselves did not taste food or drink, because of the weariness of

their journey and travel, for they neither rested nor stopped since they left the fortress of Borrach, son of Annti, until they arrived at Emain.

Then Noisi said: "Let the Cendcaom Conchobair" [the Cunocavaros/Conchobar's chess set] be brought to us that we may play upon it.' The "Cendcaom Conchobair" was brought to them, its pawns were placed upon it, and Naisi and Deirdre began to play upon it intently. It was at that moment that Cunocavaros/Conchobar said: "Which of you, warriors, should I get to find out whether her own form and figure remain to Deirdre; and if they do, there is not of Adam's race a woman whose form is better than hers."

I will go myself, said Leborcham, and bring you news.

Now thus was Leborcham: Noisi was dearer to her than any other person on the globe, for she used often to go throughout the regions of the great world to seek for Naisi, and to bring messages to him and from him. Leborcham went forward to the place where Noisi and Deirdre were. And thus they were, with Cendcaom Conchobair" [the Cunocavaros/Conchobar's chess set] between them, playing upon it. She gave the son of Uisnech and Deirdre kisses lovingly, fervently, right loyally, and she wept showers of tears, until her bosom and breast were wet.

After that she spoke, and said: "Alas, it is not well for you, dear children, to have with you that which he felt hardest to be taken from him, now that you are in his power. And it is to visit you that I have been sent, and to see whether her own form and figure remain to Deirdre. Sad to me is the deed that will be done this night in Emain, namely, treachery and guile and breach of faith to be worked upon you, beloved friends, until the end of the world Emain will not be a single night better than it is this night!"

And she made this lay.

Woeful the dishonor
Which will be worked this night in Emain;
And from the disgrace ever after
It will be the contentious Emain.

The three best brothers under heaven
Who have walked on the thick earth,
Grievous to me their fate
To be slain on account of one woman.

Noisi and Ardan renowned,
White-palmed Ainnle, their brother;

Treachery on this band to be told,
To me this is great woe.
A woe.

After that Leborcham said to the sons of Fergus to shut the doors and the windows of the house of the Red-Branch.
If you are attacked, victory and blessing to you, your safeguard and the safeguard of Fergus; and defend yourselves well!

And thereafter she went forth sadly, very sorrowfully, very depressed, to the place where Cunocavaro/Conchobar was. He asked soon tidings of Deirdre. Then said Leborcham in reply: "I have bad news for you, and good news."

What are they?' said the King of Ulaid.

It is good new, said Leborcham, 'that the three whose form and know-how are best, whose vigor and skill are best, whose deed valor and prowess are best in Green Erin, in Scotland, and in all the great world, are come to you; and you will have henceforward the driving of bird flocks against the men of Ireland, now that the sons of Usnech are with you. These are my best news for you. And my worst is that the woman whose form and figure were the best in the world when she went from us out of Emain, has (no longer) her own form and figure whatsoever.

When Cunocavaros/Conchobar heard that, his jealousy and his vindictiveness vanished. And they drank a round or two after that. But Cunocavaros/ Conchobar asked again: "Who will go for me to find out whether her own shape and form and figure remain to Deirdre?" And he asked three times before he got his answer.

Then said Cunocavaros/Conchobar to Trendorn to go thither. "Trendorn, know you who slew your father?"

I know, said he, that it was Noisi son of Uisnech who slew him.

If that be so, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, go and find out whether her own form or figure remains to Deirdre.

Trendorn went forward and came to the hostel, and found the doors and windows closed. Dread and great fear seized him, and this is what he said: 'It is not safe to approach the sons of Uisnech; wrath is upon them!' He found a window unshut in the hostel, and he began to look at Noisi and Deirdre through the window. But Deirdre looked at him, for it was her who had the most alert head and eyes. And she nudged Noisi discreetly and Noisi looked in the direction of her look. And thus he was, with a pawn of the chessboard in his hand. He made a terrible well-aimed shot with it, so that it hit the young man's eye, and an exchange was made between them there. And the young man's eye fell on his cheek. He went to Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and told him tidings from beginning to end, and this is what he said: "Yonder is the one woman whose form is best in the world, and Noisi would be king of the world if she were left to him!"

Then Cunocavaros/Conchobar and the Ulaid jumped up and came around the hostel, they uttered many great shouts there, and they placed fires and firebrands against the hostel. Deirdre and the sons of Fergus heard that, and they asked: "Who is there about the Red-Branch?"

"Cunocavaros/Conchobar and the Ulaid!" said they.

They are under Fergus's safeguard, said Illann the Fair.

My faith, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, to have my wife with you is a disgrace to you and to the sons of Usnech.

That is true, said Deirdre, that Fergus has betrayed you, Noisi.

My faith, said Buinne the Rude, he has not done so, and neither will we.

Then Buinne the Rude came out and slew three fifties outside, and he quenched the fires and the firebrands, and confounded the hosts with that impetuous rush of doom.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar said: "Who causes this confusion among the hosts?"

I, Buinne the Rude son of Fergus, said he.

I propose something to you, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

What is your offer? Said Buinne.

Thirty hundreds of? homes?? said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and my confidences as well as a place in my own council for you.

I will accept, said Buinne.

And Buinne accepted these terms, and on that night the thirty hundred of ?? were turned into a moorland, unde [Latin word] the name "Mountain granted to Buinne."

Deidre heard that talk.

My faith, said she Buinne has forsaken you, sons of Uisnech, and like to his father is yon son. By my own word, said Illann the Fair, I myself will not forsake them so long as this good sword remains in my hand.

And Illann came out after that and made three quick circuits around the hostel, and he slew three hundred outside. And he went into the place where Noisi was, a-playing chess with Ainnle the Rough. Illann made a circuit round them, and drank a drink. Then he carried a lighted lamp with him out on the green, and began smiting the hosts, and no one dared to go round the hostel. Good was the son who was there, to wit, Illann the Fair son of Fergus. He

never refused any one respecting jewels and many treasures; and he did not receive pay from a king; and he never accepted jewels, from somebody except from Fergus [his father] only.

Then Cunocavaros/Conchobar said: "Where is Fiacha, my son?"
Here! said Fiacha.

By my faith, it was on the same night you and Illann were born, and he has his father's arms; do you bring my arms with you, the Orchain, and the Cosgrach, and the Foga, and my Sword; and fight bravely with them.

Then each of them approached the other. Fiacha straightaway attacked Illann, and Illann asked Fiacha: 'What mean you?'

I desire to have combat and conflict with you, said Fiacha.

Evil have you done, said Illann, seeing that the sons of Uisnech are under my safeguard.

They attacked each other and fought a fierce, heroic, bold, daring, and very vigorous, combat. Illann mastered Fiacha, and forced him to lie upon the edge of his shield. And the shield roared, and the three chief waves of green Erin also roared, namely, the wave of Clidna, and the wave of Tuad, and the wave of Rugraide.

Conall the Victorious was in Dun Sobairci at the time, and he heard the thunder of the wave of Rugraide.

That is true, said he, Cunocavaros/Conchobar is in dire distress, and it is wrong not to go to him.

He took his arms, and proceeded to Emain. He found Fiacha, son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, overthrown in the combat, and the Orchain bellowing and roaring terribly (?), lamenting its lord. The Ulaid dared not rescue him.

Conall came to Illann from behind and thrust his spear through him, to wit, the Culghlas of Conall.

Who has wounded me? said Illann.

I, Conall, and who are you?

I am Illann the Fair son of Fergus, and ill is the deed which you have done, seeing the sons of Uisnech are under my safeguard.

Is that true? said Conall.

True it is!

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 45.

Warranty. We translate so the Gaelic word slanaigecht.

Bondsman. We translate so the Gaelic word coraigecht

These words concern the oldest Celtic or druidic law which is based on a whole rather complex system of guarantors and guarantees of good fulfillment of contracts. We do not know very well what they were. All we can say is that Noisi as his brothers are therefore placed under the protection of Fergus who is responsible for it on his honor.

Scotland with (its) wonders ? It is settled! Scotland is a land of great beauty, the lament of its bagpipes unique in the world, as heart-rending as the sound of the carnyx the evening in the middle of woods (cf. the experiments of John Kenny), and the fate of its inhabitants, tragic (at the point to have inspired Marx about it). As for the Erse, let us hope that it will not disappear from its stronghold in the Hebrides, and even that it will reappear.

Let us not forget that its flag, the cross of Saint-Andrew (an X), seems the direct heir to the Celtic druidic labarum symbolizing the fate (others say the Dagda-Sucellus-Gurgunt, the good striker whose tunic is frequently covered with similar signs in the Gallo-Roman statuary. In 1420, 6 000 Scots unloaded even in La Rochelle. What shows that globalization and immigration are innovations only for those who have a short memory (the French intellectuals for example). Besides this auld alliance of our ancestors have its museum in the city of Stuart not far (25 km?) from the oak under which my father rests in peace "in the middle of his war veteran comrades."

Gentian. We translate so the Gaelic *crimh* but without certainty. That can also be more prosaically garlic or leek.

An enclosure of sunny mountain summer pasture .It is so that we convey, not without difficulty, the Gaelic expression “*buaile grene*” in which *buaile* is a kind of cabin or stone shack for shepherd or herdsman located in the mountain.

Crimson mass. We convey so the Gaelic expression “*rothnuall corcra*”. Literally “the crimson paddle wheel of a mill.”

Prohibitions that true heroes suffer. And it is besides always like that the tragic destiny of our heroes is built, at least in the Celtic legends. They are torn between contradictory requirements which they cannot respect simultaneously. They are forced to infringe at least one of them. We will come back later on these mysterious *geis/gessa*.

Cuilenn. Or *Rachlainn*, *Raithlin*, in some variants. In any event all these a little too precise locations of a myth don't matter. What matters is that it is eternal!

We be not slain together. Whitley Stokes reconstructs indeed or reads at this place of the manuscript the Gaelic word *naroncungenair*.

Cloud?? The Gaelic word is “*nell*.” Perhaps it is the forms taken by certain clouds and in which you can therefore sometimes recognize somebody or something. *Deirdre* looks obviously more and more a witch. Or then it is a large imagination combined with much concern. You do not have to be a genius indeed to understand that all this is fishy and predicts nothing good. N.B. *Chaomancy* which should not be confused with *aeromancy* of which it is only a branch, had as an aim the study of the shape of the clouds.

The hound. It is, of course, *Cuchulainn*, his name meaning “Hound of *Culann*.” The unhappy *Deirdre* will have obviously tried everything to save his love, but in vain. Her obstinacy would have deserved better. Fate and human stupidity (or misplaced hubris) will end up winning, as the continuation will show it to us.

Manannan is a deity whose worship was then mainly celebrated in the Isle of Man (like *Apollo* was in *Delos*, for example. Hence his name “the mannish.” It is difficult to say what ancient Celtic-druidic god (or demon of course, according to the point of view) this name matched during the Middle Ages. Some people have put forward the assumption that it was an avatar of *Lug* or *Taran/Toran/Tuireann*. We can also think quite naturally of the great solar god worshipped in *Stonehenge* and considered by the Greeks equivalent to their *Apollo* (*interpretatio graeca*). As for the *St Barrind* of *Brendan's* voyage, it is obvious also that it is a Christian recovery of him.

Globe. The exact Gaelic word is *cruinne* which means TERRESTRIAL globe strictly speaking. What shows the notion of rotundity of Earth is nothing new.

Adam's race... If it isn't there a splendid example of the many Christian influences or interpolations having weighed on the handing down of the initial pan-Celtic myth?

Until the end of the world. We can, of course, think here of a coarse intervention in our text of a Christian copyist monk, similar to the mention of *Adam* some lines higher. But nothing proves it. Ancient High-Knowers knew also the notion of the end of the world, or more exactly of a cycle, cosmic. And in a way as spectacular as the apocalypse of the Christians, but with a fundamental difference. For the ancient high-knowers it was not a definitive end of the world because this process was to be followed by the birth of a new world that their bards described perhaps a little naively as being a new and green earth under new heavens. In support of this assumption, we have two ancient witnesses and some coins (in particular one of the second century ascribed to the *Unelli*) representing a she-wolf eating the sun (represented by a wheel with 4 rays) accompanied by a crescent of the moon, but also expelling of her hindquarters some vegetation (apparently). On this coin an eagle is also reproduced with outstretched wings as well as a snake which tops it (the message was to be clear and luminous for our ancestors).

There exist two ancient parallels very instructive with in this respect. In Egypt the goddess of the sky, Nut, who swallows the sun every night. Among the Germanics the legends about the end of the world like the Ragnarök or some lines of verse of the Muspilli quoted by Jullian. The mountains will burn, no tree will stand, not any on earth, water dries up, sea is swallowed, flaming burn the heavens, moon falls, the middle enclosure (the Earth) burns... But all these texts including those of the Ragnarök have a drawback, they were composed by Christian authors. As in Ireland.

We will return on the subject.

While waiting for here the ancient testimonies.

"The answer of the Celts turned out quite contrary to his expectation; for, as they dwelled so far away from Alexander, inhabiting districts difficult of access, and as they saw he was about to set out in another direction, they said they were afraid that the sky would some time or other fall down upon them" (Arrian, the Anabasis or the campaigns of Alexander, book I, section 4).

"The druids, but others as well, say that men's souls, and also the universe, are indestructible, although both fire and water will at some time or other prevail over them" (Strabo, book IV, chapter IV, 4).

The two news of Leborcham. If Leborcham had lived nowadays, she would have been a remarkable politician, or a journalist.

Know-how. We convey so the Gaelic word *denam*, which is really not easy to translate.

Hostel. We translate so the Gaelic word *brug/brud*.

The most alert head and eyes. We convey so the Gaelic expression *cend-luáithi*.

Chess-board . We translate so, of course, the Gaelic word *fichle*, put for *fidchell*.

Doom. The Gaelic word used means judgment simply but the odds are that it is indeed the typically Judeo-Islamic-Christian notion of Judgment Day. As we saw it, the Celtic high-knowers knew the notion of the end of the world (or more exactly of a cosmic cycle) but they imagined in no way a Manichean after death final judgment distributing ultimately the souls or minds of the late in two camps, the blessed ones intended to enjoy a heavenly existence for ever, and the damned ones intended to suffer the torments of hell forever and ever. For the ancient Celts indeed everyone went to heaven. Even Hitler or Stalin? For Hitler for Stalin the high-knowers of the ancient druidiaction had thought of an intermediate solution: the reincarnation ON EARTH after a stay in a kind of anteroom of Heaven (or of the anteroom of Hell in the Islamic-Christian perspective). Anteroom of Heaven or of Hell having a name different according to the countries and the level of Christianization: *Andumno= Annwryn* or *Annwfn*, sometimes *Annwn*, the kingdom or the house of Donn the dark one (Tech Duinn) etc.

And now why will you tell me therefore so many different names or images to indicate the same state of being of the soul/mind of some late, between their death and their new embodiment, ON EARTH? Because what was most important for the high knowers of the time; it was less to know precisely where the souls/minds went after death to live definitively" (let us say until the end of this cosmic cycle); because for them it was to be the same place for everyone (in fact a state of being); than to have some idea of the place where precisely, and in a located way by definition, they were therefore to appear again on Earth (it is we, with our modern mentality, who are taking the problem back to front). In plain language for the soul/minds of the late, there is only one concentration point after death, but several or even an infinity of dispersion points in the (extremely rare) cases of return on Earth.

Unde, of course, is a Latin word meaning "whence." Always this mania of the Irish bards of the Early Middle Ages to monopolize the initial pan-Celtic myth by applying to their particular case the groundwork of this account. On the other hand, it is a very good example of the eminently pagan notion of "poetic" justice. The traitor will not have been able to benefit only a single moment from this ill-got possession. As St Patrick himself admitted it in the *Senchus Mor*, there is always strengthening of paganism, i.e., of the faith in the gods, when an ill deed is punished or avenged (*Intud i ngeindtleacht gnim olc mad indechur*).

Good sword. Calad colg in Gaelic. Literally the “hard-pointed.” Unless calad is a word of the family of cladio = sword. One has a sneaking feeling that it is perhaps Arthur’s Excalibur.

Good was the son. In a way a digest of morals or ethics according to the authors of the time: generosity, independence...

Orchain. A shield? Cf. Ochoin/Ochain? Its name would mean “the beautiful gilded” or “the beautiful ear.”

Cosgrach. A lance? Its name means “the Victorious one.”

Foga. A kind of halberd? Its name means “the shortened? Which has a hole?”

Clidna, Thuaith, Rugraide. It is a recurrent theme in all our stories and legends. Undoubtedly the memory of a very old symbol related to the concept of triple wall and being reproduced a little everywhere, including on the cosmic level. The disc of the Earth or Land of the Middle in the shape of a round and convex shield floating on water and topped with the vault of heaven (the whole having an overall spherical or ovoid shape).

The mistake of the Irish folklore was to make them three different waves located in different places whereas it is, of course, in the beginning only the same wave, surrounding the Land of the Middle (Mediomagos), although trebled.

The meaning of the name of Tuad (Tuaithe) proves it, we clearly find again in it the name of the North but also by a play on words that of the Tuatha Dé Danann of course (who come from north).

The first wave, Tonn Clidna or Clidhna, was then personified by the folklore, always in wait for beautiful stories of love a little sad.

The third wave is associated, by the apocryphal Irish mythology, with one of the (hypothetical) sons of Partholon: Rudraidhe. His name would have been given to the wave having drowned him. What remains constant in all these Irish legends it is the link between certain peerless shields and the Ocean, 3 waves of the Ocean. When the shield shouts, the waves echo back it. When Cuchulainn hits his shield with his sword, the three waves also rise up to answer him.

It is therefore perhaps the memory of an old druidic cosmogonic notion, considering the ocean equivalent with three circular strips or edges surrounding the Earth (pictured like a shield, round, convex, and floating on water). An image taken over then by the bards, in order to give a more striking force to their descriptions. What was a part of their trade, in a way.

Culghlas. The blue or green pointed one.

Here several sheets of the manuscript 53 of the National Library of Scotland are missing, forcing us therefore to go to the following one which is much more recent. And that, however, we will shorten considering its very repetitive aspect.

For the purpose in hand, and the good fight, we will borrow therefore the first of the ends of this bloody story of love and death a little crazy, worthy of Shakespeare or Racine, from an 18th-century manuscript, the manuscript LVI of the National Library of Scotland, previously that of the advocates of Edinburgh.

Each one of Ulaid, while seeing this tragic end, let out three long pain cries.

As for Deirdre, while each one dealt with his neighbor, she wandered as a mad woman in the meadow of Emain while going here and there and from a man to another, until she meets the Hesus Cuchulainn. She put herself under his security and told him from the beginning to the end, the tragic story of the sons of Usnech and how they had been betrayed.

I am literally dismayed by this news, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Do you know who killed them?

It is Maine red-handed, the son of the king of Loccolanda (of the lakes country), she said.

Hesus Cuchulainn and Deirdre went to the place where the sons of Usnech lay. Deirdre untied her hair and began to lick the blood of Noisi; her cheeks took the color of burning coals and she sang the following lines of verse:

.....

That one buries me with him in his grave!
That one covers with stones my couch!
It is from looking at them that I die

After this song, Deirdre exclaimed: "That one lets me kiss my husband." Then she began again to embrace Noisi and to lick his blood, and finally sang the last poem that here:

.....

O man, who digs low the grave,
And from my sight my love would hide,
Make the tomb wide;
I come to seek my noble warrior's side.

.....

Many a time each shield and spear
To make my couch have piled those noble three:
O you who digs here their grave
Their hardened swords above well set should be.

.....

I am Deirdre, the joyless,
For a short time alive,
Though to end life be evil,
'Tis worse to survive.

Then Deirdre laid down in the grave, after having embraced last once the corpse of Noisi. The Hesus Cuchulainn came back home (in Dun Delga ?) full with sadness and pain, then the druid Catubatuos/Cathbad cursed Emain Macha for this great evil while saying that after such a treachery neither Cunocavaros/Conchobar nor another man of his race should hold this castle.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 46.

Loccolanda. We have thought good to transliterate so the Gaelic Lochlann in order not to unnecessarily heap opprobrium on Norway. The name, however, means literally "country of the lakes."

We will come back below now to the manuscript of the Book of Leinster, Lebor Laignech in Gaelic. In any event it is the oldest version, so...). This manuscript differs obviously like each time in the case of oral literature tardily put in writing, on the circumstances of the death of the sons of Usnech. In this variant of the legend it is due to the attack by surprise and treacherously of an ally of Cunocavaros/Conchobar bribed by him, the king of Fernmag called Eogan Mac Durthacht. The result will be identical.

THE EXILE OF FERGUS OF CORMAC AND OF THE OTHER FRIENDS OF THE HESUS CUCHULAINN.

Eogan greeted them with a mighty thrust of his spear, and the spear brake Noisi's back in sunder, and passed through it. The son of Fergus made a spring, threw both arms around Noisi, and he brought him beneath himself to shelter him, while he threw himself down above him. It was thus that Noisi was slain, through the body of the son of Fergus. Then there began a murder throughout the meadow, so that none escaped who did not fall by the points of the spears, or the edge of the sword, and Deirdre was brought to Cunocavaros/Conchobar to be in his power, her arms were bound behind her back.

Now the sureties who had remained behind, heard what had been done, even Fergus Dubhtach, and Cormac. Thereon they hastened forward, and they forthwith performed great deeds. Dubthach slew, with the same thrust of his spear, Mane a son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Fiachna the son of Fedelm, Cunocavaros/Conchobar's daughter; and Fergus struck down Strong-Foot, the son of Broad-Foot, and his brother. And Cunocavaros/Conchobar was wrath at this, and he came to the fight with them; so that upon that day 300 Ulaid fell. Dubthach slew the women of Ulidia; and, before the day dawned, Fergus set Emain on fire. Then they went away into exile, and betook them to the land of Ailill and Maev, for they knew that that royal pair would give them good entertainment. To the Ulaid the exiles showed no love: thirty hundred stout men went with them; and for sixteen years never did they allow cries of lamentation and of fear among the Ulaid to cease: each night their vengeful forays caused men to tremble, and to wail.

Deirdre lived on for a year in the household of Cunocavaros/Conchobar; and during all that time she smiled no smile of laughter; she did not satisfy herself with food or with sleep, and she did not raise her head from her knee. And if anyone brought before her some musicians, she used to speak thus:

Though eager troops, and fair to see,
May Emain return, though these you wait,
When Usnig's sons came home to me,
They came with more heroic state.

With hazel mead in his hand, my Noisi stood:
And near our fire his bath I had poured;
On Ardan's deer or goodly boar.
On Aindle's stately back the wood;

Though sweet that goodly mead you think
That warlike son of Nessa drinks in the hall,
I oft have known a sweeter drink,
Where leaps in foam the waterfall.

Our board was spread beneath the tree,

And Noisi raised the cooking flame,
Sweeter than honey-sauced to me
Was meat, prepared from the game of the sons of Uisnig.

Though well may be each month, the music sounded
By your bagpipers or horn blowers
I fearlessly say today that well I know
A sweeter strain I oft have found.

Though horns and pipes be sounding clear,
In the ears of your king Cunocavaros/Conchobar
More magic strain, sweeter, dearer
Was Uisnig's Children's noble voice.

Like the sound of waves, was Noisi's voice,
We'd hear him long, so sweet he sang,
And Ardan's voice was beautiful in the middle place,

And Ainnle's andord (a tenorsong??) of Ainnle justly and clearly rang outside also

Now Noisi lies within his tomb:
A sorry guard his friends supplied;
Many were those who ???
And who dug ?

Dear ? your country is beautiful
your men??
Which sadness for me not to rise today
To wait for Uisnig's sons return.

I loved this firm and suitable mind
I loved this great and noble warrior
After having crossed the wood of Fal
Dear were our preparations in the early morn.

Dear blue eye beloved of women,
Hard for the enemies;
After a round in the forest, our reunion,
Dear was the andord (tenor's song ?) in the evening through the wood.

No more I sleep;
No more my nails with purple I stain (ni chorcu m'ingne).
No joy can break the watch I keep;
For Tindell's sons do not come again.

No more I sleep
For half the night in my bed
amid crowds of thoughts still strays my mind;
In addition to I do not eat any more nor do not laugh.

Today I find no longer joy
In the meeting of the nobility of Emain
Neither peace neither pleasure nor rest
Neither palace nor ornament.

In tan di no bid Conchobar oca halgenugudsi is and atberedsí.
And when Cunocavaros/Conchobar sought to soothe her; thus she repeated him what follows.

Ah Cunocavaros/Conchobar, what do you still want from me?
You caused me only sorrow and tears
As for me as long as I stay alive
Your love will have no importance for me.

The man to me most fair beneath the sky,
The man I loved,
In death away you tore, the crime was horrible;
I shall see him no longer but only after my death.

Disappeared forever, what a sorrow for me,
Is the shape in which Uisnig's son appeared
A jet-black hillock on a splendid white body
Which was well known of all the women.

Two purple cheeks more beautiful than a meadow
Red lips, eyebrows color of the beetle.

Teeth brilliant like pearls

With noble color of snow.

His brilliant equipment was recognizable
Among all Alba's warriors
His purple ceremonial coat suited him well
Edged with borders worked of ruddy gold.

His silk tunic, invaluable treasure
Had hundred lam ??? (a beautiful quantity)
To make it clear it is
Fifty ounces of white bronze (brass?) were needed

A gold-hilted sword in his hand
Two green javelins with spearhead
A shield with an edge made of yellow gold
And a silver boss.

Fair Fergus caused our ruin
While making us cross the sea
He sold his honor for ale
His deeds are nothing but only a distant memory.

And even if on the plain were gathered
All the Ulaid and Cunocavaros/Conchobar
I will give up them all without fighting
For the company of Noisi son of Uisnig.

Do not break my heart today
I soon will come unto my tomb
Is tressiu cuma inda muir,
Madda eola a Chonchobair
Sorrow is stronger than the sea
Do you know it O Conchobar?

Whom do you hate the most, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, of these whom you now see?
You yourself, she answered, and with you Eogan the son of Durthacht.

Then, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, you will dwell with Eogan for a year and he gave her over into Eogan's hand. Now upon the morrow they went away over the festal plain of Macha, and she was behind Eogan in the chariot. Dorarngertsi nach facfed a da céili for talmain i n-oenfecht. She had promised herself that she would never have two men at the same time on earth. Well, Deirdre, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, you have the glance of a ewe between two rams, between Eogan and me! Now there was a great rock of stone in front of her, she struck her head upon that stone, and she shattered her skull, so she died. This then is the true tale of the exile of the sons of Uisnig, and of the Exile of Fergus, and of the death of Deirdre.

Finit.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 47.

Fiachna son of Fedelm. Elsewhere known as a son, and not grandson, of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. An example more of the difficulty of Irish sources.

Trembling and wailing. This 16 years' civil war explains the disastrous military situation of the kingdom at the time of the famous rustling of the cows of Cooley, a masterpiece of the Irish epic literature. Some authors have even wanted to see in this episode a kind of end of the world before the concept is invented, which is a little exaggerated.

N.B. Cunocavaros/Conchobar plays here a very dark role whereas apart from that he left rather the image of a great king. Died of anger for example while learning the way in which Jesus had been cowardly condemned then put in cross by "certain Jews (not all) and certain Romans (not all)". It is true that the account of the trial of Jesus is admirably well written, and that any normal human being can only be deeply revolted or made indignant by the way in which he is treated (in this initiatory novel). What was the goal of the authors of these texts (of God, believers correct). It is true that if this man was really a son of God as Cuchulainn (son of the god Lug) Jewish people could not make historical misinterpretation or nonsense make more contrary to his own interests that day. But finally Irishmen have well done in the same way there still with Cuchulainn, so... However that may be, Jesus was indeed arrested on the initiative of the "high priests" of Jerusalem, with as leader Caiaphas, the incumbent high priest. The troop which carried out the arrest was only made up of a Jewish militia at the behest of these authorities. In the strictest sense of the term, there was no Jewish "trial," but only a Roman trial. The account of the meeting of the Sanhedrim such as it is reported in the synoptic Gospels is without historical plausibility. Still a lie, moreover, from this religion of the (divine) revealed truth!

Not only the version of Luke, which rewrites that of Marc completely, but also the two others: it is there a final Christian product, the result of a long development, a lawyer's plea, which has no other goal only to show that Jesus was sentenced to death as Christ (Messiah) son of God, but also that remains a crime for which the judges themselves and their accomplices will be tried and punished. Hence the reaction of a Conchobar.

There was no meeting, official or informal, of the Sanhedrim in the morning, because the sentence of Mark 15,1 can be understood as well as a way of picking up the thread of the night meeting. The Gospels show us a Pilate rather good-natured and philosopher (what is truth?) preparing a case for a judgment of which in fact we are unaware of the true unfolding, not inevitably ill-disposed towards the defendant but concerned of the reactions of a stormy Jewish crowd (let us say unforeseeable to avoid any anti-Semitism). If it was true, that hardly tallies with what is undoubtedly known of his personality. Believers will object, of course, this attitude (of Pilate) was precisely wanted by God in order to... etc.

While going out of the court, Jesus was taken along by the auxiliary troops of Rome and was crucified by these men with other sentenced rebels (or Resistance fighters according to the point of view), etc., etc. We will return on the subject.

She used to speak thus..... Translation to be confirmed. This passage in lines of verse, this poem, is, of course, like always and in the same way as the Welsh englynion, more archaic and therefore more difficult to translate than the prose which frames it, and inside which it is inserted. A true headache, and we have been therefore forced on several occasions, much to our regret, not to follow the suggestions of Arthur Herbert Leahy nor those of the French Guyonvarc'h, in this field, the original text in Gaelic language seeming to us to go in no way in their direction. George Dottin, on the other hand... finally in short, it is up to our readers to continue their quest for the holy grail by going deeply into these problems of translation because traduttore traditore every translator is a traitor.

Noble. We translate so the Gaelic word *imnair*.

Ale. We translate so the Gaelic term *chuirim*. Old Celtic *curmi*. Cf. old French *corne*.

Eogan....therefore the one who has, at least according to this version of the story, personally executed the unfortunate Noisi.

Dorarngetsi nach facfed a da céili for talmain i n-oenfecht. She had promised herself that she would never have two men at the same time on earth. Cf. Plutarch. Moral writings (Moralia). Volume III, VI: of the Celtic Women.XX. Camma.

There were in Celtica of Asia Minor [in Galatia] two of the most powerful of the tetrarchs, distantly related to each other, Sinatus and Sinorix. One of these, Sinatus, had married a maid

en, Camma by name, conspicuous for her form and beauty, but even more admired for her virtues. Not only was she modest and fond of her husband, but she was also quick-witted and high-minded, and unusually dear to her inferiors by reason of her kindness and benevolence. A thing that brought her into greater prominence was the fact that she was the priestess [of Artemis?] whom the Celts of Asia Minor [Galatians] especially reverence, and was seen magnificently attired always in connection with the processions and sacrifices. So Sinorix fell in love with her, and not being able to prevail upon her either by persuasion or force as long as her husband lived, he committed a horrible deed, and treacherously killed Sinatus. Then, without allowing much time to elapse, he commenced to woo Camma, who was spending time in the temple and bearing Sinorix's lawless transgression in no pitiful nor abject manner, but with a spirit that showed sense and bided its time. He was persistent in his suit, and seemed not to be at all at a loss for arguments that had some plausibility, to the effect that in all respects he had shown himself a better man than Sinatus, and had made away with him for love of Camma and not because of any other nefarious intent. The woman's denials at the first were not too peremptory, and later, little by little, she appeared to be softened; for her relatives and friends also brought pressure to bear upon her, by way of service and favor to Sinorix, who held such very great power in the country, and they tried to persuade and coerce her.

Finally, she yielded, and sent for him to come to her, on the ground that the consenting and pledging of the wedding should take place in the presence of the goddess. When he had come, she received him kindly and, having led him to the altar, poured a libation from a bowl, then drank a portion herself and bade him drink the rest: it was poisoned mixture of milk and honey. When she saw that he had drunk, she uttered a clear cry of joy and, prostrating herself before the goddess, said: "I call you to witness, O goddess most revered, that for the sake of this day I have lived on after the murder of Sinatus, and during all that time I have derived no comfort from life save only the hope of justice; and now that justice is mine, I go down to my husband. But as for you, wickedest of all men, let your relatives make a tomb ready instead of a bridal chamber and a wedding."

When the Galatian heard these words, and felt the poison already working and creating a disturbance in his body, he mounted a chariot, as if to try shaking and jolting as a relief, but he got out almost immediately and changed over into a litter, and in the evening he died. Camma endured through the night, and when she learned that he had come to his end, she died happy.

VARIOUS ADVENTURES OF THE HESUS CUCHULAINN.

"Fled Bricrenn ocus Loinges mac nDuíl Dermait annso: The Feast of Bricriu and the exile of the son of Doel Dermot (the Forgotten one) below."

This feast also given by Bricriu should not be confused with the one about which a lot of ink flew. It is another story or tale, based on the same topic (Bricriu) by another storyteller, much nearer to us. This new account existed already in the 14th century, since it is preserved in the Yellow Book of Lecan (Leabhar Buidhe Lecain); but two details transport us to a civilization very different from that to which belong the oldest Irish epic accounts: the Hesus Cuchulainn as well as Eochu Rond fight on horseback, not in a chariot; and the latter bears a helmet: cathbarr in Gaelic language.

Once upon a time a famous king ruled over Ulidia, Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Nessa. After his accession to the throne, he decided on a law: each great lord would at least once receive the Ulaid in the year but the king would keep them, him, one week whole plus four other nights, namely the first night of each of the four seasons: four young lords each time. The Ulaid women received to begin the woman of the warrior who gave the feast: seven oxen and seven pigs, seven vats, seven barrels; seven pitchers, seven bowls, seven ? seven ? and seven services of fish, poultry and varied vegetables.

One day it was the turn of Bricriu of the Venomous Tongue: it was to him to give the feast. All that was needed for the banquet was brought, the servants filled the large scale [vat] of Cunocavaros/Conchobar (it had a scale outside and one inside, which were used to draw drink). The carvers and dispensers of Cunocavaros/Conchobar got up to serve the dishes, and the cupbearers to serve ale. Bricriu of the Venomous Tongue saw them from his couch in his cabin, to circulate on the left in the hall.

They will be famous in the future, he said, the feats that will be achieved to have ale and meal smiling you.

The young warriors remain motionless then run in their place and everyone keeps silence.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar, while making use of the silver scepter which was in his hand, struck the bronze column which rose up just beside him, and that they heard in this way to resound in the four corners of the palace of the Red Branch. He asked Bricriu then what happened : "What do you have, O Bricriu, to cause such difficulties at the time when Ulaid wait for eating or drinking?"

O noble Cunocavaros/Conchobar, answered Bricriu, nothing is missing of what is needed for drinking and eating, but it would not be right that Ulaid benefit from my banquet without to have achieved some brilliant deed to deserve it.

While hearing that the twelve greater heroes of Ulidia rose up at once: Fergus, son of Roig; Conall the Victorious one, son of Amorgen; Loégairé the Triumphant; Hesus Cuchulainn, son of Sualtam; Eogan, son of Durrthacht; Celtchar, son of Uthechar; Blai Briuga; Dubtach Doel Ulad; Ailill the honey-tongued; Conall Anglonnach; Munremar, son of Gerrgend; Cethernd, son of Fintan. Each one of these great heroes sprang at once to overcome an adversary in one of the five provinces.

Hesus Cuchulainn left with fifty men in the Olnecmacht province upon Duib and Drobais river until Duiblinn River on the territory of Ciarraige. There they were divided into two groups: twenty-five went length the river towards the east and twenty-five along the river towards the west. Those who went alongside the Hesus Cuchulainn were Lugaid the red-striped, and Loeg his charioteer, son of Rianganabair. They went so until being before the ford of Ferthan north of Corra for Achud.

There suddenly they were in front of them Maine, son of Cét, son of Maga, as three hundred companions who played around the black water of the ford of Ferthan. With them there was

Findchoem the daughter of Eochu Rond, in the east. Those who met her were Lugaid the Red-Striped and Loeg the son of Riagabair. The girls who accompanied her gathered around her on the hillock of Tétach.

Mercy! [she exclaimed].

Why we should grant you mercy, asked Lugaid?

Because I am a woman who seeks somebody, she answered.

We will help her, exclaimed the young companions of Maine.

Who is this somebody [whom you seek], asked Lugaid?

Hesus Cuchulainn the son of Sualtam, she answered.

I have set my love on him on account of his great deeds that I have heard of.

It is precisely, said again Lugaid, what earns you the goodwill of the Hesus Cuchulainn who is there, to the west.

Mercy exclaimed she once again.

Hesus Cuchulainn stopped and took the young companions of Maine under his protection, then made a heron jump while moving towards her on the east side.

She rose up to the front of him, threw her two hands around his neck and gave him a kiss.

And now? asked Lugaid and Loeg.

Now, answered the Hesus Hound of Culann, we have our full of deeds: we have three hundred young people to protect and the daughter of the king of the O'Maine to take along with us until Emain Macha.

Hereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn, Lugaid and Loeg, taking along with them Findchoem, sprang towards north, through the dark night, until they reach the wood Manach, where they saw three fires in front of them in the forest with nine warriors around each one of them. The Hesus Cuchulainn attacked these warriors; he killed three men, close to each fire, and their three chiefs. Then he crossed Mog's ford in the plain of Ae then moved towards the fortress of Cruachan. There they let out their cries of victory, so that they were heard to the very castle of Cruachan. Then the watchman of Cruachan went up in order to look at them. He described the stature, the aspect as well as the way they are of each one.

I do not recognize them known said Maeve, unless it is there the Hesus Cuchulainn, son of Sualtam, with his adoptive son Lugaid the Red Stripped, Loeg son of Riagabair; and Findchoem, the daughter of Eochu Rond, king of the O'Maine. Happy the one who has her, if it is with the agreement of her father and mother, woe to whom took her without their agreement.

With that Hesus Cuchulainn and his companions went to the gate of the fortress and let out a cry of victory.

That somebody left, said Maeve, to know who these young warriors killed!

Somebody thus left on behalf of Ailill and Maeve, to ask to see the heads in order to recognize them. The heads were carried inside the fortress.

Do you recognize them? asked Ailill and Maeve.

We do not recognize them, answered the servants.

Put them outside on the palisade.

The Hesus Cuchulainn was informed of that.

I swear it by the oath that my people swears (tongu-sa lui toinges mo thuatha), I will make the palisade dance under heads if my heads are not returned to me.

His heads were therefore brought back to him and the Hesus Cuchulainn as well as his companions were introduced into the house of their hosts.

Tomorrow in the morning Hesus Cuchulainn rose up the first, took all his weapons and went to lean against a ? (standing stone?) As the watchman was at his station this morning, he heard in the countryside far towards the south, a deaf noise similar to the rumbles of thunder. He warned Maeve about that.

What it is that noise, asked Maeve.

Tell yourself, answered young people, you know it better than whoever.

I do not understand what that can be well, answered Maeve, unless it is the O'Maine who come from over there, from the south, in the search for their daughter. Look at once again.

And the watchman looked at once again. Indeed, he says, I see on the plain, in the south, a cloud so thick that the riders do not see the ones the others.

I know that, took up Maeve, it is the breath of the horses and of the men of the O'Maine who arrive to take back their daughter. Look at well again, said Maeve.

I see, answered the watchman, some gleams similar to fire since Mog's ford to the mountain of Badgnai. It belonged to you to explain to me, O Maeve!

It is not difficult, answered Maeve. It is the sparkle of the weapons and of the eyes of the O'Maine in the search for their daughter.

Then they distinguished a troop in the plain clearly, a great rider was leading them: on his chest there was a four-folded purple cloak, with four borders of gold ; on his back a shield with eight borders of white bronze (brass?) ; on him a tunic with embroidery made of silver , from his knees to his heels; from his head a hair color of white bronze (brass??) fell down to the flanks of his horse; in his hair a gold chain as a crown, weighing 7 ounces, hence his name Eochu Rond (Eochu with the chain); under him a bald gray horse, equipped with a gold bit, in his hand two javelins with white bronze (findruine = brass ?) nails; and a gold-hilted sword at his side, lastly, also at his side, a spear in which there was innindell lasin loech (? a charm or a spell inside?) for the warrior.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 48.

Plus four other nights. The Gaelic text comprises the word "no" which means "or" in Gaelic language. Is this quite logical? Windisch (Irische texte) is wrong to believe that not.

Small lords: we convey so the Gaelic word hoicthigernd.

Rond in Gaelic means "chain."

I have set my love on him on account of his great deeds that I have heard of. It is there the well-known topic of the "amors de lonh" or "loves from afar" so brilliantly illustrated by the Prince of Blaye (100 km SE of the island of Oleron) Jaufre Rudel in the 12th century.

During May, when the days long are,
I admire the song of the birds from far away,
And when I am gone away from there,
I remember a love from far away.
I go scowling, with my head down,
So much that songs and hawthorn flowers
Are not better to me than the frozen Winter.

Lanquan li jorn son lonc e may
M'es belhs dous chans d'auzelhs de lonh,
E quan mi suy partitz de lay,
Remembra'm d'un' amor de lonh.
Vau de talan embroncx e clis
Si que chans ni flors d'albispis
No-m valon plus que l'yverns gelatz.

The jump of the heron. We knew already the salmon's leap. It is necessary for us now to add to the prowess of the Hesus Cuchulainn the feat of the heron's jump: Focheird cor n'erreth.

Adoptive son. We translate so the Gaelic word dalta.

Put them outside on the palisade. This account brings us back to a state of Celtic society more recent than that suggested by the first feast of Bricriu, but sufficiently archaic nevertheless so that we find in it an allusion to the true worship of the cut heads (driven in on the stakes of a palisade) characteristic of Celts according to several ancient authors (Diodorus of Sicily, Strabo).

Badgnai. Windisch (Irische Texte) proposes to read Badbgnai. What would therefore make it a mountain of the goddess Boduognata (Bodb).

White bronze or brass. We translate so the Gaelic word findruine.

Sleg innindell lasin loech. Gaelic expression difficult to translate. A sleg is a javelin, but the remainder? Indell = charm, spell? That made in any case Eochu Rond unquestionably a

powerful magician or wizard (god or demon, angel or devil, it is the same thing, they are only the two sides of the same coin, let us not be stupid Manicheans).

His name Ivocatuos, which fights by the yow, is the proof of that, the rods, the lances, the spears, etc. or the tablets made of yew, being the usual support of the Celtic runes, therefore of the magic.

The gold chain, as for it, brings back irresistibly the god-or-demon of the magic, and thus of sorcery, also, called Ogmios.

As soon as he saw the Hesus Cuchulainn, he threw his spear at him. But the Hesus Cuchulainn cast a spell against the lance: the spear was turned against Eochu and crossed the neck of his horse. The horse reared up and threw his rider. The Hesus Cuchulainn came to him, took him in his arms and carried him in the stronghold. There was a great shame for the O'Maine. Maeve and Ailill let set out again neither Eochu nor Hesus Cuchulainn before they made peace. But when Hesus Cuchulainn was about to go away, Eochu told him: "May you never again be able to rest that it is in lying down or in sitting, O Hesus Cuchulainn, as long as you do not have learned why the three sons of Doel Dermot the forgotten don't come back in their country."

Hereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn come back to Emain Macha, while carrying with him the heads of the warriors he had killed, there his companions told his adventures. He sat down in his place on the bench and began to drink. But it seemed to him at once his clothing on his body, the house around him, the ground under his feet to be on fire.

I think young people, said he while speaking his entourage that I feel already the effects of the spell put on me by Eochu Rond, I feel I will die if I do not leave from here.

The Hesus Cuchulainn therefore left after having taken again his weapons. Loeg and Lugaid the Red-Stripped followed him. In front of the gate of the fortress, he found a team of nine bronze craftsmen. They had not had their portion of meat nor of ale and nobody knew that they were outside. When they saw the Hesus Cuchulainn approaching them, they exclaimed: "It is time that somebody came to bring us something to eat and to drink on behalf of the king!" Do you take me for a servant? Retorted the Hesus Cuchulainn? He sprang on them and cut their head.

He moved away from Emain Macha towards south-east and went to the place where stands up the mountain of the rider i.e., Armagh today: it was a forest. The blacksmiths of Cunocavaros/Conchobar were there, working for the king. They thought of spending the night without drinking nor eating. When they saw the three warriors coming, they exclaimed: "It is time that somebody came to bring us something to eat and to drink on behalf of the king!" Do you take me for a servant? Exclaimed the Hesus Cuchulainn. He sprang on them and cut their head. Then he went away and, while moving to east towards the shore, arrived in front of Dun Delca.

The king of Alba's son had just arrived here with people bringing satin, silk, and drinking horns, for Cunocavaros/Conchobar. This last one had sent men to their meeting but they did not have time to arrive to the ship.

When the foreigners saw the Hesus Cuchulainn going towards them, they said to him: "It is time that somebody came to receive us. The waves and the reefs tired us so much!" Do you take me for a servant? The Hesus Cuchulainn answered them. He rushed on them on board and cut the head of all the men he met until he is in the presence of the son of the king.

Mercy, O Hesus Cuchulainn, he begged, for we did not recognize you!

Do you know what was it drove the three sons of Doel Dermot the forgotten from their country?

Asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.

I don't know, answered the young warrior, but I have a sea charm, I will set it for you, you will take my ship, and you will know it.

The Hesus Cuchulainn gave him a spear, scratched an inscription in oghamic characters there, and told him: "Go away to the bench which awaits me in Emain Macha." King of Alba's son took out the things and went on into the inland until somebody comes to his meeting.

Hesus Cuchulainn get aboard the ship, put up the sail, and went away. He sailed one day and a night until he came to a great island. This island was very beautiful with an imposing appearance: around, a silver rampart and over there was a bronze palisade; inside, of the houses whose roof was supported by white-bronze pillars (brass?) The Hesus Cuchulainn went into the inland. He saw a large house with white-bronze pillars there (brass?) and a hundred and fifty beds inside, with a chessboard, another board game and a timpan (a harp) near each one. He saw, moreover, inside, a gray-haired pair with on them purple cloak with brooches made of dark red gold; lastly, three young women, of the same age, of the same beauty, and a gold fringe with white-bronze weft (brass?) in front of each one of them.

The king welcomed in a friendly way the Hesus Cuchulainn and his companions: "would be welcome among us, O Hesus Cuchulainn, for Lugaid's sake; would be welcome O Loeg, because for your father and your mother's sake!" The women greeted them in the same way. We are delighted, answered the Hesus Cuchulainn, until now never we had found more pleasant reception.

You will have it today, answered the king.

Do you know, asked the Hesus Cuchulainn, what is the reason which keeps far from their country the sons of Doel Dermot the forgotten one?

I can know that, answered the king, their sister and their brother-in-law are in that island there to the south.

There were three pieces of iron in front of fire; they were put there, they became red-hot, then the three girls rose up and each one of them put one in a vat [in order to have warm water]. The Hesus Cuchulainn, Lugaid and Loeg went each one in this large vat and bathed there, then three drinking horns were brought to them full of mead, a bed was given them, and on the bed a blanket as well as a multicolored plaid.

Hardly had they fallen asleep that they were awoken by a great noise of arms, soundings of horns and entertainers. They saw arriving at the house fifty warriors, every two of them bringing a pig and an ox [i.e., therefore 25 pigs and 25 oxen in all], and everyone a cup of mead of hazel nuts. They looked at these fifty men and saw then there was another man with them and that each one had on his back a wood load to make fire, except for this man who was their leader. He wore a five-folded purple cloak hold back by a gold brooch, a bright white tunic embroidered with red, and having a hood; he had a spear and a javelin and in his hand a gold-hilted sword. He entered first the house and welcomed the Hesus Cuchulainn: "would be welcome among us, O Hesus Cuchulainn, for Lugaid's sake; would be welcome among us, O Loeg, for your father and your mother's sake!"

The fifty brave warriors wished the same thing to the Hesus Cuchulainn, to Lugaid and to Loeg. Then the pigs and the oxen were brought and put in the cauldrons until they are cooked. A meal for hundred men was served to the Hesus Cuchulainn as well as to his two companions, and the rest was apportioned to the other warriors. Ale was brought to them until they are drunk.

But then a question arose: how the Hesus Cuchulainn was going to sleep [with whom?] ?

Do I have the choice? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn.

You have, answered the ??? There are here the three daughters of Riagabair, Eithne, Etan and Etana. Are their three brothers also here: Eochaid, Aed, and Mabon/Maponos/Oengus? Their father Riagabair and their mother Finnabair, she storyteller ? of Riagabair, too.

The three brothers are better known as Loeg, Id and Sedlang.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn recited the two following verses:

"I do not know with whom will sleep Etan this night,

But I know well that the beautiful Etan will not sleep alone."

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 48.

Can you never again....It is obviously a geis (a kind of "curse") that the powerful magician who is apparently Eochu Rond casts to the Hesus Cuchulainn .

Doel means beetle or chafer. What does it matter!

Dermot formerly Dermait means the forgotten one. What can be explained.

Servant. We translate so the Gaelic word fertigess.

The mountain of the rider. It is, of course, once again an etymology having nothing to do with Armagh. The Irish bards did not hesitate to resort to all the possible and imaginable ways for implanting at home myths at the beginning timeless and not precisely localizable because quite simply pan-Celtic.

Ship. We translate so the Gaelic word *curaich* = coracle. A type of craft which hardly seems to match the situation, unless, of course, it is a magic boat, this mysterious king of Alba's son admitting himself he has a "sea- charm" (*muirindell* in Gaelic = Seezauber according to Windisch).

Ogham. As we already have had the opportunity to say it, the oghamic alphabet is relatively recent, moreover, influenced by the Latin alphabet which was introduced by Christianization. In the original pan-Celtic myth, it was to be perhaps Celtic or Lepontic runes, inspired by the Etruscan alphabet.

This episode has at least the virtue to show us that the trifunctional education that the young Setanta Cuchulainn when he was a child received was not an empty word: he knew how to write. What at the time was undoubtedly not very common.

White-bronze. We always translate so the Gaelic word "*findruine*." Unlike what some druidomaniacs maintain, it is not Atlantis and *findruine* of course, is not orichalcum but rather brass.

Board game. We translate so the Gaelic word *brandub* which designates perhaps quite simply a sort of *fidchell* or Celtic chess of *tablut* type.

Timpan. The Irish *timpan* was to be a string instrument. Let us point out the Irish name of the harp is *cruid*. Hence the name of *rote*. Venantius Fortunatus, book VII, song 8, opposes it as well to the lyre of the Romans as to the harp of the barbarians.

Fringe. We translate the Gaelic word *corthair* by fringe but it is perhaps quite simply the warp of a weaving loom.

Vat. Augusta Gregory thinks that there were three tubs, and not only a tub for three. Difficult to know.

Entertainers. We translate so the Gaelic term *druidh*.

But then a question arose. In fact, it is difficult to know who asks the question and who answers.

The three brothers are better known as Loeg, Id and Sedlang. It is, of course, an interpolation. A copyist monk has thought fit one day to add this mention. That just goes to show this phenomenon has not affected only the Bible. Interpolations are the scourge of all those who study these texts to find their sense and meaning: the philologists.

What is unquestionable in any case it is this passage of our legend about the Hesus Cuchulainn IS VERY TANGLED EVEN VERY EMBARRASSING. Augusta Gregory was right to skip it.

The three sisters, Eithne, Etan and Etain, are perhaps only a tripling of the initial Etanna of the first accounts. The text also mentions Mabon/Maponos/Oengus, while making him a brother of Etanna apparently. The identity of the quoted Eochaid is more dubious, is it the father of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus, the *Suqellos Dagda Gurgunt* or someone else? The links between all these characters remain to be specified, in particular those between the Hesus Cuchulainn and the unfortunate Etanna. A part of the story must be missing. What remains us is incomprehensible.

The comparative study of the versions generally makes it possible to spot the interpolations. In the case of the Gospels and in particular of the synoptic ones, for example these modifications of the original texts prove that there was the evolution of the aforesaid original texts over centuries, contrarily to what their idolaters claim, since their initial drafting to the first written versions we have at our disposal and who generally date from the fourth or fifth

century. These insertions match in a majority of cases late theological developments that the writers have inserted fraudulently in the original text. Example the end of the first letter of Saint John, chapter 5, lines 7 and 8. "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood: and these three agree in one." The addition is so obvious that it began to be withdrawn from certain editions of the Bible. Another example even more enormous: in the Sinaiticus codex, the Gospel of Mark stops abruptly in chapter XVI line 8 with this sentence: "and they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulcher; for they trembled and were amazed, neither said they anything to any man; for they were afraid."

Gospels are therefore everything except the immutable word of God! Gospel truth is an expression to banish from our vocabulary. We will return on this subject later, longer, within the framework of our lessons preparatory to the getting of the druidhood (or of the priesthood, for women).

She slept near him and in the morning he gave her a gold ring which weighed half of one ounce. Then men went to accompany him until he sees by far the island where remained Condla the Thin, known as Corrbacc, and Achtland [his wife], daughter of Doel Dermot the forgotten one. He rowed towards the island and with each movement he gave his boat (cach band), it made jumps as high as the top of the island.

Condla the thin one was on the island, his head against a high stone in the west of the island, the feet against another so high stone in the east of the island? And his wife? washed his head. When he heard the noise of the boat which arrived, he rose up and blown before him with such violence that a wave rose on the sea. Immasai has anail arisi. But his breath came back against his face.

With that our hero spoke to him and the giant answered him: "however great your anger may be, hero who comes from far, there is no fear of you on us, our prophets never said that it is by you this island will be destroyed. So come on this island, and you will be welcome there!" The Hesus Cuchulainn therefore came to land and the woman bade him welcome while blinking eyes ?

Do you know, asked her the Hesus Cuchulainn, what keeps far away from their land the sons of Doel Dermot the forgotten one?

Yes, I do answered the woman, and I will go with you in order to show you where they are, for it has been foretold that their healing is to come by you.

The woman stood up and got on board into the boat with them.

[Her husband told her by singing]:

"What means this foolish voyage, O woman
What will you do on the sea?
Because comrar glangesu?????

That this frail skiff which carries you
Brings you to harbor safe and sound."

[The woman also answered by singing]:

Condla the Thin, known as Corrbacc
The goal of my travel is beyond the seas
A fervent desire burns my heart
I want to save the sons of Doel Dermot the forgotten one,
Of whom anybody remembers no longer.

The woman thus went up on board, blinked her eyes, then informed the Hesus Cuchulainn and his companions of what it mattered to know for them.

"Looks at this white rampart over there, it is here that is Coirpre the Constant."

The brother of their father [their uncle therefore]? asked they.

Yes, it is!

Then they saw the white rampart and found two women who were occupied there in cutting rushes.

Hesus Cuchulainn therefore spoke to them in these terms: "what is the name of this country?"

One of the women stood up and sung what follows.

"The land you have just approached
Herds of steeds feed there in its plain;
Seven kings live there at ease in their estate;
Seven victories are there for each one of them.

Seven sovereigns live on the coast.
And none is alone
Each one of them has seven women
Under the foot of each woman, there is a king.

There are for each one of our kings seven herds of steeds, seven hosts,
Seven victories protecting their land,
Just after their battles, like white flakes,
Seven?? overcome armies?? fleeing in front of them on the seas.

And in addition to the battle in the great plain
Seven fighting for each one of them
As ni ric ba theol na len
Don sceol ro canad a tir
Abundance is perpetual there????
Poets (storytellers) sing the praises of this land of Cockaigne ???

These words made the Hesus Cuchulainn angry, therefore he sprang on her and gave her head such a punch that her brain left by the ears.

What you have just done is very bad, exclaimed the other woman, but it had indeed been announced that you would come here for our greater misfortune. What a pity that I was not that to whom you spoke first.

Then I will speak to you now answered the Hesus Cuchulainn. What are the names of the men who reign here?

Ni ansa! It is not difficult: Dian son of Lugaid; Leo son of Iachtan, Eogan of the White- Horse, Fiachna Fuath, Coirpre the Constant one, Cond Sidi, Senach Salderc.

"They seek the combat red
They fight bloody battles
With twenty wounds in their sides,
With whole troops of heroes
With innumerable attacks."

With that they moved towards the fortress (duine), and Loeg took the coat of the woman on her back until they arrive on the lawn there was in front. Then the woman left them, entered the castle, and told what had been done to them.

It is not serious (? ni liach), answered Coirpre the Constant, this fool deserved it.

Then he rushed outside. The Hesus Cuchulainn attacked him and they fought one against the other from morning to night, and neither got the better of the other. Their swords were alternately victorious, their shields broke.

It is true [that I also have the lightning spear], exclaimed the Hesus Cuchulainn. And he took the lightning spear (gae-bulg).

Mercy,mercy O Hesus Cuchulainn, exclaimed at once Coirpre the Constant when seeing it. He threw his weapons on the floor, took the Hesus Cuchulainn in his arms, made him go

through ramparts, made his people prepare a bath for him, and in addition the daughter of the king slept with him that night .

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn asked him": what is the reason which maintained far from their country [your nephews] sons of Doel Dermot the forgotten one?

And Coirpre the Constant told him all what happened , from beginning to end.

The following day Coirpre the Constant one was warned that Eochu Glas arrived to fight a battle with him. Coirpre as well as the Hesus Cuchulainn set out for the valley to encounter Eochu Glas, the powerful warrior.

Is anyone there [in the valley] of your miserable fighters ? Called out Eochu Glas.

There is someone here, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

That is not really a voice that pleases me, retorted Eochu Glas, for it is the voice of the contortionist of the Green Erin.

And the combat began. The Hesus Cuchulainn jumped and found himself after on the edge of the shield of his adversary. With his powerful breath that one pushed back him in the sea. Hesus Cuchulainn jumped second once and found himself this time on the boss of Eochu's shield. The breath of this last one drove him back into the sea. The Hesus Cuchulain sprang again for a third jump and was this time on the very body of Eochu. But his breath pushed back him again and the Hesus Cuchulainn fell down in the sea.

Woe to me, exclaimed the Hesus Cuchulainn. Then he launched his lightning spear (gae bulg) which reached the helmet (with wide protection) of Eochu, crossed his head; and went into the ground behind him. Eochu toppled over on himself and fell at full length.

The Hesus Cuchulainn approached, removed the helmet which protected him to the shoulders, and cut his head off with his sword . Then from the hills on every side, east and west, came running into the valley the goddesses or demonesses that Eochu had offended, they bathed themselves in his blood, and all washed their honor in it. Then the sons of Doel Dermot the forgotten set out for their own country. The Hesus Cuchulainn came back with Coirpre in the fortress. He spent the night there and set out again next morning while bringing the large and splendid presents with him from Coirpre. He came back first in the island where dwelled Condla and his wife, and told them his adventures. Then he set out towards north until he reaches the island where Riagabair and his wife were, he slept with her and told her as well as to her husband his whole story. Lastly, he set out again the next morning to come back to the country of Ulaid. He went then to Emain-Macha where his share of ale and food were waiting there for him yet. He then made the account of his adventures and his voyages to Cunocavaros/Conchobar and to the Ultonian champions of valor in the palace of the Red-Branch.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 49.

As high as the top of the island. It is either the poetic exaggeration of a real fact or the scene of a work of fiction intended to show that Hesus Cuchulainn is endowed with a not very common strength, even that this boat of the coracle type is really magic. Or then it is an effect of the sea charm given to our hero by the king of Alba as Windisch supposes. It is quite good as the hero of initiatory novel Jesus, walking on water.

His head against a high stone... There we have probably the fragment of an image or of an allegory worked out by the ancient very knowing of the druidiaction in order to make some phenomena comprehensible by their pupils, by their people (very definition of druidic mythology besides), but tore off from its context and used by the bards in order to strengthen the flavor of their stories. It is the position in which the Egyptian goddess Nut is depicted though directed back to front (our giant looks towards the west and does not face the east). We do not want to say herewith that Egyptian civilization and Celtic civilization result from the same superior ancient civilization of Atlantis type but that this astonishing resemblance of the two patterns, the Egyptian and the Irish one, shows that it is a very old mythical picture that our story uses without understanding it very well and without other explanation. The initial pan-Celtic myth of which this detail is a fragment was already more understood for centuries by the bards spreading these stories intended to entertain people in the winter evenings near the chimney corner. Condla the thin one (why thin besides, because the island has to be located under him and he is in a way bowed above it ?) is in every case a not very ordinary man, it is the least we can say, since he is able to cause storms.

Our prophets. We deduce this depiction of our text from the Gaelic word Gaelic tairngire.

Their healing. If we therefore understand this text well; prophecies indicated that the Hesus Cuchulainn would be the direct or indirect cause of the salvation of the sons of Doel Dermot the forgotten one. Perhaps that the matter was to rescue them from oblivion ? The Hesus Cuchulainn would be therefore accordingly that view the one who rescue from oblivion. But whom in this case???

In every case what is certain it is that the notion of savior god unquestionably existed in the ancient druidism since we find in it adjectives such as matuacus, anextlomarus, iouantucarus (good, or favorable, of whom protection is great, who loves the young people) and many others having the same meaning. Christianity invented nothing!

Comrar glangesu. Once again let us repeat it, because repeter = ars docendi, prose in our legends is often only a presentation or an introduction of the passages in lines of verse more antiquated, similar to the Welsh englynion. The bards have "arranged" some sentences intended for introducing the pieces of poems of which they could remember, well.

The goal of my travel is beyond the seas. Rather curiously we find again there, the same pattern as in the voyage of St Brendan. Our heroes never land directly in the other world which they seek but always went through intermediate stages, some islands located near this "heaven" on earth.

Constant. We translate so the Gaelic word Cundail but its exact meaning is rather vague: the beautiful one?? Especially used for alliteration perhaps.

And sang what follows. According to Windisch this poem is intended to frighten the Hesus Cuchulainn. We can see in it only a traditional description of the Celtic other-world.

Herds of steeds. We translate so the Gaelic word graidi without too much certainty.

Abundance. We translate by abundance the Gaelic word theol.

Leo son of lachtan etc. they are, of course, the seven men mentioned at the beginning.

Lightning spear. Gae Bulg. Another way of understanding this Gaelic expression would be "bag spear" or "Belgian spear."

The Eochu of this mysterious island (Eochu Glass) is apparently a kind of god Aeolus able to unchain the winds. And to say that some people still make all these characters of the Ulster Cycle some men or women having really historically existed. Let us repeat it once again because repeter = ars docendi, there is at least in all these accounts to characterize our heroes many features not coming close true reality even exaggerated but myth quite simply. They are either some characters having really existed but who have been little by little endowed by our famous bards with superhuman, non-human, powers or characteristics (normal euhemerism). Either some mythical figures, gods or demons, that certain Christian Irishmen of the Early Middle Ages (some monks?) preferred to change into men, of course, not very ordinary but quite human, in the flesh (historicization or back to front euhemerism).

Contortionist. We translate so the Gaelic word riastarhi.

The Hesus Chuchulainn jumped and found himself...all that looks a little science fiction movie inspired by a cartoon of yesteryear therefore illustrating superheroes. Just goes to show the basic artistic processes cross centuries.

Helmet. We translate by helmet the Gaelic word chathbarr but it is perhaps about a kind of very enveloping head protection. A helmet with a nape guard and pieces of metal being used to protect the cheeks. Let us remind that the coat of mail is well Celtic invention but not for the helmets according to our knowledge. Archeology points out steel face masks for the Roman cavalymen of Celtic origin at the time of the hippica gymnasia.

NB. The famous helmet of Ciumesti topped by a bird (as in the famous episode reported by Livy) was to be worn only at the time of the ceremonies.

Goddesses. Or demonesses, according to the point of view where you place yourself (for the Christian fundamentalists, people of the sidhe are, of course, demons). We convey so the Gaelic word sidhaighi thus.

He slept with her. It is Finnabair, mother of Loeg, the charioteer of the Hesus Cuchulainn. The least we can say it is that sexual morality is very free in this story, and that it resembles much that of the Inuit habits of long ago described by Marcel Mauss and Henry Beuchat in their famous essay on the seasonal variations of the Eskimo in 1906. Why not?

He then made the account of his adventures. This episode, which reminds of the Arthurian topic of the Valley of no return (see Morgane Lafay and Lancelot of the Lake); shows us once again a Hesus Cuchulainn at the same time healer (as with the fairy Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgane) and liberating. Therefore working for the salvation of the human beings.

To finish he went to the castle of Cruachan, at Ailill, Maeve and Fergus, and he told them what happened to him.

Then somebody made Eochu Rond come, and the Hesus Cuchulainn recited the following lay:

Prince Eochu Rond, Findchoem your daughter that here
Is the cause of my long odyssey.
Against Eochu Rond I must fight hard combat.
Eh well now I regret that there is marriage!

I see nine bronze craftsmen? I see nine smiths
Their only fault was to meet us.
Then I see nine merchants, sad reflex (truagh anfos)!
I cut their head under the influence of the fury (fo baraind).

I reach Doel island harbor
Of the savage Coirpre I approach the abode.
At the time of our encounter: very powerful blue (or green?) wave.
I held up? my beautiful sharp sword.

Our encounter was a struggle to the death
Against Coirpre on this pearl of the other world? (huas fairrgi iathaich)
Our swords won in turn
In turn our shields won.

My encounter with Coirpre the Constant one
Nimoruc dris dilumain?????
Then it was during a brief moment peace and sleep
Until we meet Eochu Glas.

My bloody sword struck hundred times
It was then?????? dark madness
My body was illuminated
It plunged me in pain.

I will say to you what I know from the horse's mouth,
After having spoken with the sons of Doel Dermot the Forgotten one
After having pared the savage Cairpre
But with regard to Findchoem know that I regret.

With that he made peace with Eochu Rond, and Findchoem, remained with the Hesus Cuchulainn, who came back triumphantly to Emain-Macha. From where it ensues this story is called "the Feast of Bricriu." The title "the exile of the sons of Doel Dermot" is also given it.

End.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 50.

And Fergus. This text is therefore clearly to situate after the previous chapter (which spoke of the exile of Fergus after the civil war). On the other hand, it proves us also that Ailill and Maeve knew already the Hesus Cuchulainn, what makes not very credible the unknowing they will show about him, during the raid they will undertake later to rustle the cattle of Cooley. This unknowing will be only a literary process intended to facilitate the work of the bardic storyteller.

After having spoken with the sons of Doel Dermot ? First news. The prose text says us nothing such. Once again something must be missing in this account.

But with regard to Findchoem I regret. In other words, the Hesus Cuchulainn asks Eochu to admit excusing him.

Peace. We translate so the Gaelic word cairdes which means very exactly "treaty of friendship."

Findchoem remained... Was the Hesus Cuchulainn already married to Aemer??? If yes see what we already said of the druidic marriage. It was theoretically monogamous but...

Firstly: alliance with powerful characters being very searched, the latter could have several official wives (exceptional cases nevertheless).

Secondly: outside marriage, there was a kind of domestic partnership regulated by very strict habits. A man could take a concubine, but if he were married, he could do it only with the agreement of his first wife.

They are therefore here fundamental differences with Islam where wives (that it is the first the second or the third one...) do not have their word to say on this subject. Only man decides. Or then she is repudiated (N. B. Not to confuse divorce and repudiation even if the professional idiots or liars who seek to mislead their respective audiences practice takkiya in this field i.e., make as if it were the same thing).

Let us specify, moreover, that we may imagine today very well that the neo-druidism also admits the reciprocity, namely that a wife can have several husbands as it was besides the case in the old Breton society.

"Ten and even twelve have wives common to them, and particularly brothers among brothers, and fathers among their sons; but if there be any issue by these wives, they are reputed to be the children of those by whom respectively each was first espoused when a virgin" (Caesar. B.G. Book V chapter XIV).

"They dwell coatless and shoeless in tents, possess their women in common, and rear all the offspring as a community. Their form of government is mostly democratic but"(Cassius Dio. Book LXXVI section 12. According to John Xiphilinus).

"The Scots have no wives of their own ; as though they read Plato's Republic and took Cato for their leader, no man among them has his own wife, but like beasts they indulge their lust to their hearts' content (saint Jerome, Against Jovinian. Book II, chapter VII).

"Like the Scots and the Atacotti and the people of Plato's republic who have a community of wives and no discrimination of children" (saint Jerome, letter 69, to Oceanus).

"Laws of the [Great] Britons. Among the [Great] Britons, many men share one wife" (Bardesan. The book of the law of countries or Dialog on the fate).

Then polygyny (defended by hordes of macho brutes) or polyandry (defended by hordes of topless nymphomaniacs like Queen Maeve)? The best way of avoiding any conflict between these two different forms of marriage, the best and most equitable of compromises, being besides perhaps the practice of free unions or of free love, liberating and freed, natural like the pure water of the Fountain of Youth and the fresh fruits! Down with the antics of the middle-class marriage! [note added by the heirs to Peter DeLaCrau: "except for gay persons, of course! "]

N.B. As long as we take care well for the education of the children born from such unions. Of course! (we will return on the subject).

THE TRAGIC WEDDINGS OF THE UNFORTUNATE FERB. (Tochmarc Ferbae.)

We have of this legend two different accounts. One, the long version, appearing in the book of Leinster (lebar Na Nuachongbala) a collection of manuscripts of the twelfth century, the other, a shorter version, appearing in the Egerton manuscript 1782.

As, alas, is missing the beginning of the long version of the book of Leinster, we will begin while inventing it (again) with elements known from somewhere else. While specifying a thing well. As the result of our studies is that the character named Gerg appearing in this Irish legend matches, of course, the so-called Gurgunt of the traditions, let us say more eastern compared to Ireland, in any case better known, we call him therefore systematically thus in our version of the legend. Which is primarily drawn from Augusta Gregory. And from Ernest Windisch (even if our four years of German language in Augustodunum are a long time ago).

The great rival of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, Queen Maeve, had seven sons called Maine. Maine Morgor the Very-Dutiful, Maine Like-His-Mother, Maine Like-His-Father, Maine the Swift, Maine the Silent, Maine Honey-Speech, and lastly Maine Beyond-Description. Maine Morgor had one day met Ferb, the daughter of Gurgunt, and the two youths had promised one to the other in marriage. He invited three times fifty men to go with him asking for the hand of Ferb, the daughter of Gurgunt, of Ini fort, in marriage.

The first two groups....

....had shining white shirts, striped with purple down the sides; gold shields on their backs, with borders of white silver, with figures engraved on them, and with edges of white bronze as sharp as knives. Great two-edged swords with silver hilts at their belts, two mael ? spears in the hand of each one of them, with silver rivets and each spear also had two rings of pure gold. But there were neither helmets on their heads, or shoes on their feet.

TEXT OF THE MANUSCRIPT APPEARING IN THE BOOK OF LEINSTER (LEBAR NA NUACHONGBALA).

. . . Lenti bangela co n-esnadaib corcraib iar(na) toebaib impu. Sceith orbuide co m-bilib argit oengil for a munib, co feth(l)aib [7] condualaib 7 co n-imlib finddruini roaltnidib. Claidib debennacha mora co n-eltaib déit co n-imduirnib airgididib for a cressaib. Da maelgai illaim cech fir dib co semmannaib argait. Báí dana torachta di orforloiscthi im cech n-gai dib. Ni bátar assai imma cossaib na celbair imma cennaib.

As for the third troop, that wherein Maine himself was, it was thus made up: fifty chestnut horses were in it — they were big of body and of wondrous size — also fifty white horses with red ears [going by two]: their tails were long, and the manes and the tails were dyed to the color of purple. On each horse was a bridle of two reins, phalera of gold ornamented one of the reins and phalera of silver were on the other. The bits of them all were of gold and of silver.

At the neck of each horse hung a golden halter, to which little bells had been fastened, and the bells, as they swung to the horses' tread, chimed together in music as sweetly as harp (of the rote type) strings struck by a master's hand. Each pair of horses was yoked to a foduirm ?chariot of white bronze, whose ribs were made of silver and gold; fifty saddles of purple, with threads of silver run through them, were bound to the bodies of the chariots: they had golden rings to fasten them on the outside edges of the chariot, marvelous figures were embroidered thereon.

Fifty graceful youths with fair countenances stood in these fifty chariots; among them there was none who was not the son of a king and a queen, or of a hero or of a warrior of Connaught. They were clothed in fifty purple cloaks, whose borders were adorned with silver and

gold ; there were four bronze buttons ? on every cloak, and each was fastened with a clasp of pure red gold (purified in the fire). Close-fitting garments, woven with silk, and with fastenings of glowing yellow gold, were girded on their fair bodies.

Fifty silver bucklers for the fight hung on their backs, the rims of the bucklers were of gold, and they were adorned with many kinds of carbuncles and with costly stones of every color. Two warrior candles (chaidill gaiscid) shone from the five-pointed spears that were in the hand of each man of them ; there were fifty rivets of white bronze and of gold upon every spear. If from each of these great heroes a bushel of gold had been due, only the rivets of his lance had been enough for the full payment of the debt. Each of the spears had about it rings of gold purified in the fire, and rested on a socket of carbuncles, which, in like fashion to the spears, had been embellished with many colored costly stones. They shone in the night like the beams of the sun. At their belts hung fifty long swords; the hilts of swords were of ivory, adorned with gold and with silver; the scabbards were of white silver. In their hands were fifty whips of white bronze with hooks of gold upon them.

Very beautiful and splendid was the young prince whom they accompanied ; well proportioned were his cheeks, radiant and broad was his countenance. Long, curling, and golden was his hair, and it fell to his shoulders ; proud and glowing were his eyes, blue, and clear as crystal. Like to the tops of the woods in May, or to the foxglove of the mountain, was each of his cheeks. You might fancy that a rain of pearls had fallen into his mouth, and that his lips were twin branches of coral. White as the new-fallen snow of the night was his neck, and such was the fashion of the rest of his skin.

Seven hunting hounds surrounded his chariot, with chains of silver upon them, and an apple of gold on every chain, and the tinkle of the apples on the chains made a pleasant music. No color can be imagined that was not upon the hounds that were with him. Seven buglers with hunting horns of silver and gold went with the hounds; many colored were the garments in which they were clad, and yellow was their hair. Before them went three druids with headbands of silver on their heads; their mantles were of many colors, their shields were of bronze, and the rims of the shields were brass. They were attended by three harp players in purple cloaks, each of them kingly to look upon.

In this fashion then they came to Croghan, and three times they paraded upon its green. They parted from Maeve and from Ailill, and they turned to the road for the journey to Fort Iní (Ratha Iní).

Fair is the start that you make, said Bricriu, as he saw them go, but will you come back soon ? for that I cannot tell.

By the journey before us shall the riddle you set us be solved ! said Maine. Right well do I know," answered Bricriu, that one day is enough for your march; nor for a night will you dare to remain within the kingdom of Conchobar to hold therein your feast.

Now I pledge you my word, answered Maine, that till for three days and three nights we have kept our feast in the castle of Gurgunt, we do not turn again to Croghan. No longer did he tarry to bandy words, but he got him on his way for the journey.

Now when the messenger announcing their coming arrived at the castle of Gurgunt, they commenced to prepare for the reception of the bridal party. The houses were strewn with fair-left, green-left birches, and with a deep litter of fresh rushes. And Ferb sent her friend and playmate, Findchoem, who was the daughter of Erg, that she might go with the messenger, and observe the coming of that party in what fashion they came. Not long was the time that she needed. And when she had well beheld the host, and had noted their array, she hastened and came with sure tidings to the sun lounge where Ferb was, and thus she spoke to her.

I see, said she, a host comes to this castle ; and never, since Cunocavaros/Conchobar has ruled in Emain, has come nor will come to the Doomsday a fairer host or one more skilled in dainty feats than this that comes across the plain. It seemed to me that I was in a sweet orchard of apples, such was the fragrance that came from their garments when they were waved by the gentle breeze that swept across them. And for the feats and the frolics shown by the prince that is among them, never before saw I the like. He casts his staff for the distance of a spear cast in front of him, his hounds springing behind, in such fashion that there are the hounds bounding between the staff and the ground, there is the prince leaning over between the staff and the sky, and the staff does not fall to the ground, for together between them they seize it ???.

The people of the castle of Gurgunt pressed around as the party approached, so that sixteen of the beholders were stifled at the viewing of it. And they leaped from their vehicles at the gate of the castle, and the chariots were let down, and their horses were unyoked, and they came into the castle, a right fair welcome was bid them, and preparations were made for a goodly bath. They gave them that bath in the great hall of the guards that was hard by the palace ; and presently noble supplies came in to them of all those kinds of excellent provisions that can be found on the ridge of the earth.

But, while yet they had joy in the pleasure of the feast, a fierce and violent blast of wind arose; and it shook the whole hill on which the castle stood, and the house of wood, wherein the guests were, quaked at the blast ; so that the shields fell from their hooks, and the spears from their places, and the tables were moved like the leaves in a forest of oak. The young men were astonished. Gurgunt demanded of the Druid who attended upon Maine what this wind should betide. And to him answered Ollgaeth the druid of Maine:

"Truly to me it seems that no good omen is this with which we have come hither for the courtship this evening!" said he. "Cunocavaros/Conchobar shall come upon you ; beware of his coming, and at the dawn of the morning Maeve will be defeated in battle, while you all will perish, as many as are within this house!" And he made thereupon the following brilliant poem.
A din raised by the wind, dreadful the alarm !
Bith robedb? (the earth quakes?)
Certain is the warning, the man will triumph !
A spear through Gurgunt !

The cast of the spear of the charioteer through the loins of the king,
A poisoned blow ?
Blood will drip from the shoulders of the men.
Spear against spear !

The shield will roar from heavy blows dealt
by white hands.
Corpses will be in the bed of their funerary cairn.
Men will die !

Death of the son of the king from the lance of the king !
Edge prowess will be.
High memorial over the stiff bodies,
Truag in scel : tragedy the tale!

Bodua shall destroy them, her strength shall be wild,
A breach in the power of Maeve,
Dead in abundance, rout of the army !
Painful is the din of the wind tonight!

If you be obedient to my counsel, said the druid, this very night will you depart from the castle. Maine was wroth, and with anger he rebuked the druid for the words which he had spoken. No cause, said Gurgunt, is there why you should be in terror for him of whom he has warned you, since no muster of Ultonian heroes or of Ultonian warriors has Cunocavaros/Conchobar with him at all. Even were you not here to defend yourselves, I myself with my two sons would give battle to Cunocavaros/Conchobar. And they lifted their fallen weapons, and they paid no heed to the words which the Druid had spoken.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 51.

Gerg. Gaelic word resulting from an old Celtic Gargos. This Gargos/Gurgunt, of course, the Irish or Welsh equivalent of the good old Gargantua on the Continent, considering what follows.

Shields with figures engraved on them. Perhaps it is there the first coats of arms.

Rings. We translate so the Gaelic word torachta.

Phalera. We translate so the Gaelic word bolga which is perhaps to designate an ornament intended for horses.

Whip. We translate so the Gaelic word echlasc but it is in fact a kind of goad or cattle drafter, not a leather thin strap.

Headband. We translate so the Gaelic word mindaib. A kind of diadem or crown.

Headband or silver circle on the brow, mantle or sagum of all the colors (out of plaids we would say today)! As it is possible to see it once again with this example; the high-knowers of Antiquity or Early Middle Ages by no means got dressed as the charlatans who claim today to be the secret (or according to a filiation once secret, etc.) heirs to them. And as for today, what goes without saying for the priestesses, it is the style "Celtic princess."

Bronze, brass. Gaelic umaidib, credumai.

Bricriu. Exert his "talents" this time within the court of Queen Maeve. But despite all his efforts he will not play in the same league as the war goddess or demoness Catubodua (Bodb). All that he is able to do, himself, it is to be a scandalmonger and to cause a general brawl (in the saloon). The war goddess or demoness Catubodua, as for her, it is another thing, she drives really the men to kill each other. She makes everything so that there is a war because she revels in it some; although she can have the beauty of an angel (of a fairy) when she wants, to be more convincing.

Castle of Gurgunt. We convey so the Gaelic expression Dunad Geirg. Geirg is a Gaelic name in which we find again the gar/ger stem with the dubious meaning. In this story it is obviously combined with the notion of abundance and of gigantic feasts. It is a rather mysterious character often related by some mythologists with the Irish Dagda or the continental Suqellos. He looks to be the cause of many localities, for example the city of Norwich in the east of England. It is wrongly nevertheless that French authors relate him to the Gargano Mount located in Italy in Apulia (there is there the oldest place of worship in Western Europe dedicated to archangel Michael). Celts never occupied nor peopled this county and such an etymology is therefore impossible by definition. The monks who got down to definitively Christianizing Western Europe fought against this survival of another time and have, of course, associated it with Satan like always (all that was not they, was of the Devil). The French Benedictines of the time of Rabelais had even saddled pagans with the nickname of Gargantuates, "Gurgun's band" (the whole in Church Latin of course).

Sun lounge. We translate so the Gaelic word Gaelic grianan.

Doomsday. We convey so the Gaelic word bratha. Like we have already said, the notion of "end of the world," or more precisely of a cycle, is not specifically Christian (nor specifically Muslim), but that of the last judgment, yes!

Bodua. Very precisely Badb in the text in Gaelic language. It is the goddess (or demoness) of fight (Catu Bodua in old Celtic) a goddess (or demoness) of war, an allegory of all that stirs the human beings to kill each other. A Celtic Kali goddess in a way. We will soon return on the subject.

Now as Conchobar in the morning of that day lay asleep in Emain, his queen, Mugain Etanchaitrech, the daughter of Eocho Fedlech, lying beside him, he saw a fair woman who came to him as he was lying on his couch. Her bearing was the bearing of a queen ; her hair was golden and wavy, and was braided into a tress coiled about her head. Through a thin robe, woven of silken threads, her white skin shone, a soft and glossy kerchief of green silk was lying on her neck. Two sandals of white bronze, rounded in front, appeared between her tender feet and the ground.

All blessings be on you, O Cunocavaros/Conchobar, said she.

Tell me, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, what means this vision?

In seven years from today (from this night)," said the lady, "will the Raid of the Kine of Cualgne be accomplished, the land of Ulaid will be laid waste, and the Dun [termagant or Bull] of Cualgne shall be driven off, and the son of the man who shall do these deeds, even Maine

Morgor, the son of Ailill and Maeve, he has come hither for his wedding with Ferb, the daughter of Gurgunt of Gurg Valley, three times fifty is the number of his companions. Make ready, three times fifty of the men of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorach in Gaelic in our text) to match them, and victory will be with you. Up sprang Conchobar, and he woke his queen and told her of his vision.

Truly, said Mugain the Queen, there has been enough of strife already between us and the men of Connaught.

Nevertheless, said Cuncavaros/Conchobar, it is a certain thing that, even if we hold back from the war, the raid of which she has spoken will be accomplished.

Take counsel with Catubatuos/Cathbad, said Mugain, and the counsel that he gives to you, let that be what you will follow.

Upon that Cunocavaros/Conchobar spoke to Cathbad on the matter, desiring him to answer him about this prophecy.

Find out by your art, O good Catubatuos/Cathbad !

What disquietude is in my mind,

What great destruction is before me

O Cathbad, O Druid of Emain !

And Catubatuos/Cathbad answered him by reciting him the first lines of verse, of the lay which runs as follows.

O Cunocavaros/Conchobar of the great heroes !

O magnificent king of Ulaid !

Many heroes will fall there

That is the senses of your vision.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar :

Name all the evil that will come there from !

Produce the truth of prophecy !

Speak not a lie from fear of danger

for no druid is your equal.

Catubatuos/Cathbad:

Maine will fall who is elevated above every reproach

The son of Maeve of Cruachan plain.

And on account of the bloody tragedy

Fall three times fifty of his companions.

All the troops from fair Cruachan

They do not escape back from you.

Then so much the greater is your glory ;

Guard yourself with vigilance and ?

In safety will you return, O king, said he, with triumph and conquest and fame.

Now it happened that at that time Cathach the cat-headed, Uimor's daughter, had arrived in Emain. A famous warrior was she ; and from the land of Spain she had come to Emain for the love that she bore to the Hesus Cuchulainn, and she joined with Cunocavaros/Conchobar for that war. Also there joined with him three celebrities who came of the race of gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorach in Gaelic), and foblad barbardachta.... famous were they for their barbarity? namely, Siabarchend, son of Suilremar, and Berngal the Freckled, and Buri of the Cruel Speech. Thither also came Facen, the son of Dublongsech, who was of the race of the tribes who of old times dwelled in the land of Ulidia, Fabric of the venomous tooth, who came from the Greater Asia, and Foras, the parricide, who dwelled on the island of Man.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 52.

A fair woman with tender feet. As we have had the opportunity to notice it, it is the goddess or demoness of fight: Catu-Bodua. This passage of our legends shows therefore that she has

two faces and that she can also appear under the most attractive features to be more convincing. This double face of our great goddess is well known besides. "Oh my God! What a Lovely War!" is an expression known of artists, poets, or movie producers (generally to say the opposite, it is true).

Termagant. Let us specify immediately in order to avoid any ambiguity that our text does not specify which animal it is, and speaks only about the dun of Cualnge. We will know only later what it is, a magic or supernatural bull, in other words, a termagant. Termagant is an antiquated adjective meaning at the beginning something like powerful, strong, violent, aggressive, combative. In the Middle Ages, this adjective was usually ascribed to a pagan god. Or Muslim (difficult to be more unaware of true Islam, this last religion carries in itself enough negative or dangerous elements not to invent others for it). In the famous Geoffrey Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and more precisely in the tale of Sir Thopas, a giant knight named Sir Oliphant is also supposed to swear an oath by Termagant.

In the 15th century romance entitled "Sir Guy of Warwick," where it is precisely a question of a gigantic brown cow, a sultan is for example supposed to swear as follows:

So help me, Mahoun of might

And Termagant, my god so bright.

From aggressive and combative this adjective, by a shift in meaning, ended up designating a shrewish woman, for example during the time of Shakespeare whose Henry IV refers to a Scot Termagant.

N.B. My Parisian pen friends point out me that we also find the same thing in the ballad of Roland where Termagant forms with Abellio and Muhammad (sic) a kind of impious Trinity (a triad?)

Fomorach. About Fomors see our previous counter-lays. Let us note nevertheless that these frightening gigantic anguipedic wyverns, obviously at the disposal of the goddess or demoness of fights, Catubodua, at least in this story, will compose the near total of the troops of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and therefore that will make this bloody raid a not very natural operation worthy of the worst manipulations of public opinion intended to lead a country to war (part of the Celtic-druidic Kali that was Catubodua if we understand well).

Desiring him to answer him about this prophecy. By way of prophecy as we will see it, the druid will be satisfied with explaining to Cunocavaros/Conchobar the meaning of his dream. It was there, it seems, one of the important activities of ancient druids: to explain dreams, to find the hidden sense of dreams. The Druidic School of Grand in the Vosges (Upper Germania in the first century) seems to have been very known for that since at least two Roman Emperors, Caracalla and Constantine, took part in its incubation sessions.

"To Antoninus no one even of the gods gave any response that conduced to healing either his body or his mind [psyche in the Greek text], although he paid homage to all the more prominent ones. This showed most clearly that they regarded, not his votive offerings or his sacrifices, but only his purposes and his deeds. He received no help from Apollo Grannus, nor yet from Aesculapius or Serapis, in spite of his many supplications and his unwearying persistence. For even while abroad he sent to them prior, sacrifices and votive offerings, and many couriers ran hither and thither every day carrying something of this kind; he also went to them himself, hoping to prevail by appearing in person, and did all that devotees are wont to do but he obtained nothing that contributed to health" (Cassius Dio. Roman History. Book LXXVIII, chapter XV).

What would match today to one of the branches of contemporary medicine, the Jungian psychoanalysis. We advise nevertheless firmly our not informed readers to leave this responsibility (psychoanalysis) to the professionals specialized in this field today.

Destruction. We translate so the Gaelic word hurbaid.

Prophecy. We translate so the Gaelic word Fastine. From the old Celtic vatis: vate.

It is, of course, an after the event prophecy as so many also exist in the Bible and the Quran. See for example the famous prophecy on the victory of the Byzantines appearing in the

chapter 30 lines 1 to 6. A. L. M. "The Romans have been defeated in a land close by; but after their defeat, they will soon be victorious."

It is there, of course, a post eventum prophecy (euphemism to designate a false prophecy made afterwards). Evidence of it besides, the three Arabic letters Alif Lam Mim at the head of this chapter, which clearly state that this text was initially copied, before belonging to a vaster unit gathering similar documents, classified in a certain order, using the various letters of the Arabic alphabet. What does have nothing to do therefore with the legend of an immutable Quran having undergone no one of the changes or amendments generally affecting this kind of document (deletion, interpolation or addition, dislocation and dismemberment of whole chapters –surahs- followed by a reintegration elsewhere of some of its fragments, etc.) and means on the contrary that this saint Quran "was composed" or written by human beings. And our distressing interrogation to us in this case is the following one: "what is the level of intelligence of the human being (in fact the Muslim in this case) convinced to be really there in front of an authentic prophecy, in the full and usual sense of the word?

Answer: "it is obvious in this case that faith and reason are sets which tally in no way! It is obvious in this case that faith and reason are quite distinct mental characteristics. It is obvious in this case that faith is not reason, has nothing to do with reason, is opposed to reason!"

In fact, besides the druid does nothing but explain to his king the meaning of his dream.

Regarding the study of dreams and the theoretical problems which the possibility of knowing the future raises, see counter-lay No. 44.

N.B. There is truly false prophecy only when one maintains absolutely that it is a fact, precise, unequivocal, really announced and in a more or less public way in advance, that no one could reasonably envisage. In a work of fiction, or in a legend which is in no way directly ascribed to a god, nor to one of his authorized intermediaries, the whole without any distortion in the handing down of the message; then it is not an intellectual swindle, of course, but simply a quite innocent literary process.

Come from Spain. In our texts this harebrained geographical mention is generally synonymous with other world. Let us say quite simply, we feel well this mysterious warlike demoness or fairy is nobody but the mysterious creature having in his dream visited the king of Ulaid Cunocavaros/Conchobar: Catubodua or the Battle Crow. Her name is transparent besides: Cathach Catutchenn = Caturaqa Catuqenda.

Race. We translate so the Gaelic word finib, old Celtic veni-, which more generally means a group of people of the same origin.

Siabarchend. The name of Siabarcha is also transparent, and means something like "head - chend- of ghost - siabar-". About the siabra see counter-lay No.13.

Tribes who of old times dwelled in the land of Ulidia, Some Pretani or Cruthin? Some Erainn or Fir Bolg??? Some Lagenians of Leinster? Regarding the true peopling of ancient Ireland see O'Rahilly because the Book of Conquests is a forgery. Unless, of course, they are the first mythical inhabitants of the country, the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorach in Gaelic (Andernas on the Continent). The fact that the beginning of the name of Dublongsech is obviously the old Celtic stem meaning "black": dub; seems to indicate it.

In short, except for Cunocavaros/Conchobar, his charioteer and his high-knower, it is a troop entirely made up of creatures of the other world, as the continuation of the account will show it. So much so that we can even wonder what Cunocavaros/Conchobar can really do there!

What is clear in any case, it is the role of the mysterious woman from the other world in all this: she stirs to kill each other. But finally isn't there the very role of all goddess-or-demoness of war? It is therefore an allegory of war and warlike instincts very successful, carefully worked out by the druids and well illustrated by the Irish bards.

And Cunocavaros/Conchobar marched away, three times fifty warriors who surrounded these chiefs being with him, on the other hand, he took none of the Ulstermen with him, save himself only, and Brod his charioteer, and Imrinn the Druid, who was the son of Cathbad. And none of these warriors had a servant with him save that servant of Cunocavaros/Conchobar only, but they had their shields on their backs, and their bright green spears in their hands, and their heavy hard-striking swords at their belts. Yet they were not to be despised on account of their (small) numbers, the pride of their minds (menman) was great. When they had come to such a place that the castle of Gurgunt could be seen by them, they saw a vast

and heavy cloud that brooded over the castle [like a hen over an egg]. The one end of the cloud was black as coal, and its middle was red and the other end was green (or blue).

Whereupon Cunocavaros/Conchobar spoke to Imrinn the Druid.
Tell me, O Imrinn, what omen signifies that cloud that we see over the castle.
Truly, said Imrinn, it signifies night-long contest and death for this night.

Then he made the following rhetoric.

Dark cloud of poison
Green? erchad
Red two-edged blade,
Everywhere devastation of death!
Clothing lacerated,
Hands dislocated,
Bodies cut to pieces
Necks made bare
In the castle of Gurgunt
From the time of the death-dealing ninth hour
Even to the middle of the day !
The one who licks the grave on the ground ????
Is a young man victim of a dark death ????

Cunocavaros/Conchobar then advanced and drew towards the castle.

There was a brazen vat set up in the house, which in later times was known by the name of the Ol-guala, and it was filled with wine. From the hand of the cupbearer, a polished drinking vessel fell into the vat. Three ripples were formed therein, and made the vat overflowing.
Then thus spoke Ollgaeth the druid :

Woe... brod in airigid ? the cup.
Not long is the time before it is in the hands of strangers,
For troops will be grievously wounded,
Warriors will be destroyed,
Houses will be demolished,
Emain ??????,
Single combats will be appointed,
Day and night,
Between the troop of Gurgunt and that of Cunocavaros/Conchobar
In this house tonight.
Unfortunate is the son a mother bore
Today in this house this evening.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar came to the door, and his warriors come from another world, as their custom was, raised their war cry ? round about the castle. Gurgunt arose at once, and

with him his two sons — to wit, Conn the Tributary ? And Cobthach of the white skin ? And they caught hold of their weapons.

Gurgunt said to Maine: "Do then leave us Ulaid to ourselves to decide this matter, that you may see who of us is the more valiant. We are all bound in honor to see to your safety, and therefore it would be no hurt to you should we all fall here together. If it should indeed be that it is for us that death hath here been decreed tonight, then do you win the mastery in this place if so be that you are able!"

Gurgunt and his two sons then went out, and his people with him. And they set them to defend the castle, and after that to fight against Cunocavaros/Conchobar: for a long time they succeeded in not.

Now at a time Gurgunt went across the threshold to meet the foremost of those who pressed forward, and eagerly they all strove to cut our hero off from the fortress, in all directions and on all sides sword cuts and thrusts fell upon him as he stood outside the castle.

And it followed that during this attack five of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorians) fell at the hand of Gurgunt In drui.i.Imrind mac Cathbad also by him fell Imrinn the druid, who was the son of Catubatuos/Cathbad. Gurgunt struck the head from his shoulders, took it with him and made for the door. Then came Cathach Catutchend between Gurgunt and the door, and she gave him a rough hot contest. Nevertheless Gurgunt struck off her head, and he took it with him into the house where Maine was, though he himself had been sorely wounded. Then he threw it in front of him, sat him down upon a couch, while sighing grievously, and bade them give him to drink.

But Conchobar came up with his people, so that they were on the outside of the stockade. They held their shields in their left hands over their heads (they made into a tortoise), and with their right hands they tore down the aforementioned stockade, they strode across it, so that they were on the soil of that castle ; thus they had a good door made for them after that they had broken the rampart which surrounded it.

Thereupon Brod (the servant of Cunocavaros/Conchobar) hurled one of the two spears that he had in his hand ; and the spear flew into the house, and it went through the shield that was on the breast of King Gurgunt, and into his flesh, so that a cross was made by the spear as it passed through his body after piercing his heart, also it passed through Airidech the servant of Gurgunt, so that both fell lifeless. Cunocavaros/Conchobar then turned him to attack the troops of Gurgunt throughout the castle, so that thirty fighting men of Gurgunt's household fell at his single hand, besides what fell by the hands of his men. And many of the people also fell in front of them.

Then Nuagel arose, the daughter of Erg, she who was the wife of Gurgunt, she raised her three bitter cries of grief, and she took the head of her man into her lap.

Truly, said she, a great deed do I reckon that deed which the servant Brod has worked, in that he has slain Gurgunt in his own palace. Many people said she will lament you; and though it was because your daughter's love that you are fallen, many were the maidens to whom you yourself were, dear. And loudly she gave testimony of this, and thus she commenced her funeral lay :

Gurgunt is this who lies here.
Through the fault of his daughter it is,
through her fault is he here,
the magnificent one, struck down in the battle.

Great was the war that Gurgunt undertook,
A warrior (active) as a youth, white, red with weapons,
A man noble, magnificent, manly,
Expert, handsome, and ardergna (modest?)

Who is the hero that was better than Gurgunt ?
What heather did not boil with wrath ?
Where is the host that would not lament your death ?
That would not break out into lamentations for you without ceasing ?

Sorrow for me to see you on your bed of death,
O beautiful, fair-haired Gurgunt !
O friend of our hosts at all times,
Sad it is for me that you are dead.

Before us in Gurgunt Valley,
By Loch Ane and by Irard,
And by those springs in the south lands,
Many were the women whose love you found.

You were a friend to every cléir ?
Each was obedient to your will ;
Dear to each was your friendly word ;
It is certain that you were a well-listened counselor.

Great were your legal sentences,
Stately your assemblies.
You were a sovereign king who was generous ? (for his vassals?)
You were bloody in real war.

Your house was great and well known,
tHough therein befell the injury ;
There has he killed you in the place of the king ;
Although it has been done, yet it remains scandalous!

Brod has slain you and it came him nothing ?
So that through you he also thrust through Airidech,
You yourself and your servant thus
At one time are fallen.

Great was the deed of the servant but also a true curse
What Brod has done was a mischief —
to slay a king (of kings?) but before his time.
He has slain us with him.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 53.

Blue. In fact, the Gaelic word so conveyed (glas, old Celtic glaston/glasson) can also mean green, the former Celts having a single word to indicate these two colors, which for them were only the nuances of the same color. Neo-druidic groups of today, which expresses certain functional specializations of their members while resorting to such a distinction of colors (blue/green) without giving up this use which is quite practical, should be conscious of that and say it.

N.B. They should in the same way give up the use of the word vate preceded by an o (ovate) which is not justified by the etymology and which proves simply, the very artificial nature (some intellectuals of the 17th century keen on Greek and Latin) of their bases, which have nothing to do with an authentic (even secret) uninterrupted handing down over the centuries: it is a re-creation with the means at disposal at that time. To have the integrity to admit it could only give them an increased stature and confer them more seriousness.

What omen signifies that cloud. On the chaomancy to see counter-lay No. 45. Chaomancy as a means of divination or a means of reading in the future of the human beings formed part of the ancient druidic claims incontestably. We strongly advise to our readers to see this chaomancy today as a good means of knowing what will occur from the weather point of view in the hours or the days to come. In this sense but in this sense only, the chaomancy of the ancient druids keeps its whole value. It is then well predictive science, but of the weather it will be.

Rhetoric. In Gaelic language indicates a (generally obscure) unrhymed song or rhapsody included in an account, often announced in the margin by letter r. As we already had the opportunity to say, that proves the durability but also the evolution of the tradition of all these legends, their text in prose being often only a paraphrase in a more recent language, more modern, of these poems (which began to be no longer understood, even by Irishmen). We have the same phenomenon in Wales with the englynion. An englyn is a very old poetic fragment drowned inside a text or inside a set of texts later of several hundreds of years. These stanzas were kept whereas the text which connected them was changed according to fashions and circumstances or needs for the account, even according to ambition of the storyteller.

Some wine. Yes, Celts also knew the wine, they did not drink only ale. Lucia Wick (in her thesis of 2007) thinks for example that vine was already cultivated in Switzerland circa- 600 before our era (carbon dating). But it is true this last one in fact was reserved for an elite contrary to the ale which was more common. As regards our dear Ireland, wine importation coming from Bordgal (Bordeaux) is attested very early, with that of oil and perhaps also of corn, particularly in the south of the country, with the Corcu Loegde who lived to the west of current Cork.

Today in this house this evening. There obviously the druid doesn't settle for commenting or analyzing a dream, he bases himself on an omen to deduce the future from it. We will return on the subject. Till then see our previous counter-lays.

Come from another world. We translate so the Gaelic word Gaelic allmaraig.

Cobthach. We do not understand why A.H. Leahy had persisted throughout his text to transcribe the name of Cobthach with an h after b instead of t, whereas the Gaelic text bears really the written form Cobthach.

Imrinn the druid, who was the son of Catubatuos/Cathbad. This archaic specification, in the course of a sentence in Gaelic language, shows us two things since Catubatuos/Cathbad was himself a druid.

1° druids could have, most openly, children. Therefore they were by no means liable to the celibacy (even if to devote all his energy by refraining from possible sexual relationships is not a ridiculous idea, it can be imagined).

2° Certain druids could take part in engagements. It remains to be known how exactly. There are indeed all kinds of ways of taking part in engagements.

Joan of Arc practiced one of them which especially consisted in galvanizing her troops. And this very young and courageous girl succeeded a long time there, at the point to get the respect from hardened roughneck soldiers like Gilles de Rais (Breton ancestor of Bluebeard). The Welsh monks of Bangor in the seventh century practiced another one of them. Being gathered on a hill at the time of the siege of Chester by the Saxon king Ethelfrid about the year 610, they were all massacred by the latter who had exclaimed, informed of the situation, namely that they pray for the safety of their soldiers: "under the circumstances, they are enemies as dangerous as if they were armed with lances and swords, consequently destroy them!" At least according to Walter Scott (it is true that when the gods themselves interfere, and abandon you....)

Let us be thus clear: the ancient druids felt perfectly entitled and even undoubtedly regarded as a duty to bring the moral and spiritual comfort which they could give to their compatriots under arms, exactly like the chaplains in the armies of today. With this moral advantage over the Christians, that they had never preached absolute pacifism (to turn the other cheek) and that they had always admitted the self-defense even the possibility in certain cases of "righteous" wars, without to fall on this subject in current hypocrisy (see the war fought in Libya by NATO and the head of the French State in 2011, in order to set up an Islamic Republic based on sharia or the chaos, we wonder well why).

Certain of them even have to take part personally and actively in patriotic resistance against occupying forces (see the case of the resistant called a gutuater by Caesar and druidic prophecies having greeted the beginning of the action of the Boian druid named Mariccus in the year 68).

"Rumors equally false were circulated respecting (Great) Britain. Above all, the conflagration of the Capitol had made them believe that the end of the Roman Empire was at hand. The Celts of the Continent, as for them, remembered, had captured the city in former days, but, as the abode of Jupiter was uninjured, the Empire had survived; whereas now the druids declared, with the prophetic utterances of an idle superstition, that this fatal conflagration was a sign of the anger of heaven, and portended universal empire for the Transalpine nations (Tacitus. Histories. Book IV, chapter LIV).

N.B. All these vates have only made a mistake of 400 years besides.

"Amid the adventures of these illustrious men, one is ashamed to relate how a certain Mariccus, a Boian of the lowest origin, pretending to divine inspiration, ventured to thrust

himself into fortune's game, and to challenge the arms of Rome. Calling himself the champion of Celtica, and a god (for he had assumed this title), he had now collected eight thousand men, and was taking possession of the neighboring villages of the Aedui, when that most formidable tribe-state attacked him with a picked force of its native youth, to which Vitellius attached some cohorts, and dispersed the crowd of fanatics. Mariccus was captured in the engagement, and was soon after exposed to wild beasts, but not having been torn by them, was believed by the senseless multitude to be invulnerable, till he was put to death in the presence of Vitellius" (Tacitus. Histories. Book II, chapter LXI).

This particular point of the ethical code of the druidic calling is therefore the final echo of a very archaic state of the society, unlike the Latin flamen and even the Indian Brahman. We will return to the question because it goes without saying that, without being at all costs pacifists, the ancient high knowers of the druidiaction were nevertheless... peaceful, and sought to prevent the conflicts even to calm them down.

N.B. And it goes without saying also that it was not a hereditary caste because, of course, they did not hesitate also to bestow free their teaching on the young common people of whom they had had the opportunity to notice their gifts and the aptitudes. But here, as the studies lasted a long time (a little like today besides, a score of years, from nursery school to university, from the age of three or four years to twenty-five years old) and were expensive, would be only by depriving the family of a pair of arms quite useful for the house, it was easier to the son of a druid or of a king to become druid himself (same phenomenon in France today in spite of her pseudo-republican ideal, with the teachers or the children of top executives).

Gurgunt struck off her head, and he took it with him into the house. It goes without saying gods being by definition immortal or at the very least having an existence lasting incomparably longer than ours (all the authentically pagan religions agree on the subject), it can be there only a literary process intended to emphasize the valor of Gurgunt which fights as if it was the famous combat of the thirty in 1351. Unless, of course, it is still an unfortunate more or less voluntary confusion of the Christian copyist monk having put in writing this whole literature hitherto oral (some tales intended for the evening by the fireside, to entertain children and adults).

In every case there are many things not very clear in this story which looks well to me having been the subject, like the Quran, of many manipulations additions deletions or revisions. What is sure in any case and we can say it; it is that, as a symbol or an allegory of all that in a man can prompt him to attack his brothers, including in an inhuman way, worse than an animal, Cathach Catutchend, in other words, Catubodua, the queen of engagements (since chenn means chief in Gaelic language) is not about to disappear. She can lie and manipulate people as well as a journalist or a politician today! As long as there are men, alas, therefore she will live, hidden in the bottom of their spirit, ready to reappear, like a foul monster, but which can make herself attractive.

His people. We translate so the Gaelic word muntir, old Celtic manutera, which means something like a group, troop, household.

The servant of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. The Gaelic word used is "gilla." A gloss interpolated in this place of the manuscript by the copyist monk, of course.

Through the fault of his daughter. We may be busy speculating about the reason for such misogyny??? The account which is previous has premises which do not lead really to this conclusion. Is it the result of a revision made by Christians? It is certain indeed, firstly that changes were made to the account secondly that the unfortunate Ferb is for nothing in this affair; which is especially due to the intervention of the goddess or demoneess of fights, Catubodua; whose harmful influence is still exerted nowadays in the current politico-military world besides, it is enough to look a little at what is called "news." How many wars fought for a nest of larks? For a decoy say my Parisian correspondents (i.e., which could have been avoided if everyone had been of good faith). Yes definitely if it is a god or a goddess who exists really well and more than ever, it is the war god or goddess. The god or the goddess of peace seems more timid, alas.

White. Vindos. Synonyme of beautiful in old Celtic. Nothing to see with any racialism. Ancient druids just like those of today besides are non-racialists (we call racialism the act to be obsessed by the race questions).

A noble man, magnificent, etc. It is true that it is a funeral oration, but really!

Modesty was not the principal fault of the Celtic laymen and the ancient high knowers undoubtedly were to have much to do in this field. Just like those of today besides. Our civilization knows no longer what is modesty (ardergna?) and increase oversized ego (especially in policy) confusing the (legitimate) pride of what you really did with the (excessive) pride or hubris of the upstart, who overestimates his personal merits. What a time!

Whose love you found. We convey so the Gaelic word cardes.

Injury. We translate so the Gaelic word amles.

True curse ? We convey so the Gaelic word cangess.

Now after these things had been done, the two sons of Gurgunt, namely Cobthach of the fair skin ? And Conn the Tributary ? strove to hold the castle, and deadly was the fight that was fought before they gave way. Nor did the strength of Maine's nature permit him to bide still in his place, or to hold back from avenging his father-in-law against the Ulaid. He arose, and he took his great battle shield upon him, his two smooth sharp spears into his hand, and his heavy hard-striking sword at his belt ; three times fifty of his comrades rose together with him. It were no easy thing to restrain him ; the strength of mind and nature (toilg menman 7 aicnid) of all these great heroes as their pride (ualli) overflowed so much of their heart that greatly they longed and desired to do some doughty deed.

Stately, love-worthy, and of pleasant bearing was the king's son that went before them. Though in the eyes of an older man he seemed but a boy, he showed himself afterward to be a warrior of great valor. Pleasant was he in the banqueting hall, but hard in the fight ; he was a poisonous snake ; he was wary of the craft of his enemies ; he was the heat of battles ; he was a fit match for a foe that rose against him ; he was generous with his treasure ; he could show compassion to the wounded ; he could blaze up at an insult ; he was the personified strength ; ba tond bratha ar buirbe, he was like a surge of justice overwhelming undressed ignorance ? he was nimble as a ? ; he was steadfast as an oak ; he was at the head of the battles and wounding of the three provinces of Connaught; he was their chief in assemblies, their arm distributor of treasure, and a sodomna rig the king of their great lords.

He held it to be dishonorable that any man at all in the world should come with numbers no greater than his own and take the house where he was; therefore he and his warriors chased the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorchu), and they drove them from the palace. In that hour the hand of Maine was not the hand of a lega ? (of a doctor ?) for nine of the men of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns fell at his first attack. And then to the front of the fight came the pirate of Greater Asia, even Fabric of the venomous tooth ; and upon the press of people that were before him came blows, destruction, confusion, and death ; nor could any resist him till he came to that part of the battle where Maine was.

Then those two set shield against shield, and they strove with each other in a strife to the death that lasted till the middle of the night ; Fabric dealt Maine three grievous wounds, but Maine smote the head off him after that he had grown weary in the strife. And as to Cunocavaros/Conchobar, the might of a hero was his, for at his hand fell thirty valiant men of the household (muntir) of Gurgunt, and with them fell the son of Gurgunt, even Conn the Tributary. On either side the army rushed to the attack ; almost it seemed that the toes on their feet battled together in the strife. Throughout the castle the warriors stood knee-deep in blood, and through the surrounding country was heard the splintering of the shields and the bucklers, and the whirr of the bright blue lances, and the clash of the sharp hard swords, and the shattering of skulls with the blows, and the cries of the warriors who were overcome in a strife that was harder than they could endure.

Now, after the death of the chief of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorach), Maine met Facen, the son of Dublongsech, and for a long time they fought, and Facen fell at the end of that fight. Also at the hand of Cobthach the fair-skinned, who was the son of Gurgunt, died Siaburchend, the son of Slisremuir. But Maine and Cobhtach were forced into the royal palace after people of their retinue (muntire) had suffered defeat, and they held that palace bravely and manfully till the morning, nor could enter any of those who fought against them.

At the end of this night, the same mysterious woman who had brought the message to Cunocavaros/Conchobar went on her way, and came to Maeve, where she lay asleep on her couch at Cruachan Ay, and thus she addressed her : "Have you the gift of prophecy, O Maeve, you would not be sleeping !"

"What then has happened?" said the queen.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar, said the woman, has all but gained the victory over Maine, and Maine will fall at his hand. Arise, and you will avenge him.

Then she made the first lines of the following lay:

O Maeve, why lie you in sleep ?
Do you know how it is with you ?
If you be skilled in prophecy,
it should be time for you to arise.

Maeve, while she slept, replied to her

O white and beautiful lady, fair with brilliancy,
What is this dreadful tale that you tell me ?
Who are the foes that have come hither?
What is the condition of the men ? What their names ?

Cunocavaros/Conchobar, the head of heroes,
Emperor of so many times Ultonian winners
Does not hold back his ardor and fury
That he may destroy Gurgunt Valley tonight.

Where is the place where Gurgunt and Maine are ?
Are they not in the same place?
If that be so, not easy is that destruction
For the gladiators of the house of Cunocavaros/Conchobar !

Though high is the mind of Maine
Because of the excellence of his form
He does not handle (the situation) in his head ?
For the raid tonight to the valley.

If the Great Maine is slain
Bid dith cethern, bid are slog (it will lead to the perishing of whole troops of armed men).
Heroes will rise in bravery
in Cruachan as well as in Emain.

Raise yourself and avenge your son,
Assemble the province of Connaught.
You will without mercy cut asunder hosts
When you awake, O Maeve !

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 54.

The strength of Maine's nature. We translate so the Gaelic word morbrig.

Hard striking. We translate so the Gaelic word tort-buillech. Cf. Arthur's Excalibur.

Son of a king. In the strictest sense of the word since Maine therefore was the son of Ailill the sovereign of Connaught.

Banqueting- hall. We translate so the Gaelic word curmthigi: house for ale (curmi, see old French corne) brasserie, restaurant, pub. According to my Parisian pen friends Nata uimpi, curmi da means in Celtic language "beautiful maid, give ale to us !" Curmi was an ale without hop but flavored with plants like myrtle, rosemary and yarrow according to Pliny.

He was a fit match. We translate so the Gaelic expression comnart comergi.

Personified strength. We translate so the Gaelic expression nertlia fergi.

Greater Asia??? As we have had already the opportunity to say , these stories and legends were handed down a long time orally, and consequently they were subject to the influence of the times when lived those who spread them. The author of this change of the original text, perhaps lost besides, wanted to say by the way that he came by far, of a strange and unknown, in a way barbarian, country.

Who was lying asleep on her couch. It is therefore again a dream, a nightmare. One could not better say that it is the goddess or demoness of fights, the Celtic Kali, Catu something (Catu Bodua or Catupennos, Badb Catha or Catutchenn), who is behind all that, who causes amplifies and makes lasting this war. As always. Regarding the dreams and the Druidic School of Grand (Upper Germany in the first century) see previous counter-lays.

Gift of Prophecy. We translate so the Gaelic word fastini, undoubtedly put for fatsini, where we find again the name of the healer clairvoyant doctor who is the vate (old Celtic vatis). And naturally all that leads to rhetoric or englyn with more archaic and difficult language that the prose which frames it in order to paraphrase the whole.

Emperor. We translate so the Gaelic word ardri. But in fact Conchobar was neither one nor the other. He was only a provincial king.

Gladiators. We translate so the Gaelic word lucht. Old Celtic lucterios: a fighter, a master in gladiatorship.

He does not handle. We translate so the Gaelic word commus.

Vision. Gaelic Fis.

Thereupon Maeve awoke, and she woke Ailill, she told him of the vision which she had seen ; and afterwards she recounted it to her people.

There is no truth in that story, said Bricriu.

But when Fiannamail, the son of Fergus Forderg, the son of the steward of Cruachan, heard the news, he waited not for any other, but departed before Maeve was ready, for Maine Morgor was his foster brother (comalata) ; now the eighth place ? among the youths of Connaught belonged to Fiannamail ? Maeve selected seven hundred armed men, the best that could at the time be found in Cruachan. Then came Domnall the Red, surnamed Domnall of the Broad Face ? the son of Duban, son of Ingamain ; he was the best warrior under shield and sword and spear to be found in the province of Connaught, and he also was a foster brother (adoptive brother) of Maine. He followed on the track of Fiannamail in front of all the others; thirty warriors had he with him, and the name of each one of them was Domnall. Maeve also followed with her host behind. Thus far runs the tale of the Vision of Maeve, and the cause of the war that she made.

Now we return to the doom of Maine. He held the palace till sunrise, and pleasant was the dawn of the day ; but no cheerful or refreshing rest for him and his foes had been found that night. And when those two warring hosts saw each other by daylight, they bethought them anew of their quarrel, each of them desiring to do each other hurt, and thus began

Cunocavaros/Conchobar to urge on his followers(muntire) to the fight : "Had it been Ulaid that I had with me," said he, "this battle would not have been fought in such fashion as it has been by the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorchaib)" Rage rose high in their gut of all the gigantic anguipedics (Fomorach) as they heard this rebuke, stubbornly and vehemently they rushed to the fight, and they ceased not from it till they had entered through the door of the royal palace (righigi).

The palace into which they had succeeded in coming was fair and of great renown ; but ba liach drocharadu furri woe and hardship were waiting for them. There were therein a hundred tables of silver, and three hundred of brass, and three hundred of white bronze (finddruini). There were, moreover, thirty drinking bowls, with white silver from Spain on the rims of the bowls. Also there were two hundred drinking horns with setting of gold and of silver, thirty beakers of silver and thirty of brass as well as forty ???gagar. And at the wall there was a banquette with fair white linen sheets, wondrous designs were woven upon them.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 55.

Bricriu. We have already met previously this little sympathetic character. None of our texts shows him to us enjoying any superhuman power, whereas it is obviously the case for Catu something (the mysterious white lady). Bricriu is therefore only a simple human being. Let us say it is a henchman of the mysterious white lady, war goddess or demoness intervening in this account, her intermediary on earth in a way. It is an eternal human type, of course, but by no means a god or demon. Only a henchman of Catubodua.

Steward. We translate so the Gaelic word rechtaire, therefore a kind of staff manager.

Vision. Gaelic aislingi.

The name of each one of them was Domnall. It was therefore a whole clan, the members of the same clan, the Donnell (we have a sneaking feeling it is a self-interested interpolation).

Now a few personal reflections on the war among Celts.

"The whole race or nation [Greek phylon]... is war-mad, and both high-spirited and quick for battle, although otherwise simple and not ill-mannered: if roused, they come together all at once for the struggle....As for their might, it arises partly from their large physique and partly from their numbers. And on account of their trait of simplicity and straightforwardness, they easily come together in large numbers, because they always share in the vexation of those of their neighbors whom they think wronged...Now although they are all fighters by nature, they are better as cavalry than as infantry; the best cavalry force the Romans have, comes from these people (Strabo. Book IV, chapter IV).

In other words, all in the heart, nothing in the head! They act under the influence of emotion, but with no thinking. It is the ground zero of the tactics, or of the war art. Such as for example when Geirg/Gurgunt requires of Maine not to intervene with his men to support his counter-attack. If the soldiers of Maine joined with those of Gurgunt had taken out and as a whole, on besieging people led by Cunocavaros/Conchobar, no doubt that they could then have put the attacker in rout. But it is so, for a Celt general confrontation is often made only of a multiplication of single combats or duels. Oh duels for the love of them ! Here are which undoubtedly explains many of the Celtic defeats; from the furia francese as it is said in Italy kind "Everything is lost but honor" (Crecy, Agincourt) to the battle of Fontenoy ("Gentlemen of the English Guard, fire first yourselves!" My god what a silly thing!) *

Other quotations at the time of this combat.

"I will get to Paris or I will eat my boots " . Declaration ascribed to the duke of Cumberland, son of the king George II and chief of the Anglo-Dutch coalition.

"See what it costs to a good heart to win victories. The blood of our enemies is always the blood of the men. True glory is to save it" - Louis XV to his son Louis-Ferdinand.

* Cf. Voltaire according to Mackinnon, Daniel. Origin and services of the Coldstream Guards, London 1883, vol. 1, pp. 368, note 2.

Through that of Culloden. The adventure of the bonnie Prince Charlie (Charles Edward Stewart) had, however, begun well. Nothing resisted to the men of the clans of the Highlands in Scotland. Their technique of combat did not vary. They let out dreadful howls, wildly rough war cries while holding up swords, axes. Sheltering behind their small round bucklers come through the ages, they rushed against the redcoats who fled at once, terrified. Under the walls of Edinburgh, the battle of Prestonpans lasted only ten minutes and the ghost of the English General Sir John Cole is still running. In December 1745, Charles-Edward seized even Derby, a town located at two hundred kilometers of London. But there was after Culloden, close to Inverness, on April 16, 1746. Hanoverians comprised an important German quota and some Scot of the Lowlands, whereas Jacobites also included Irish soldiers, as well as like several hundred Frenchmen.

The last desperate charge of the clans finished in a blood bath. At midday, the sound of a bagpipe which still persisting expired. The battle was lost. Hardly had one hour been enough. Then the dragoons of the victorious butcher disgraced themselves, while finishing off wounded and captive. If on the Jacobite side losses amounted to more than 3.000 men, that is to say about half of the manpower, more than 1.000 Scot fighters were sold as slaves to the American cotton growers; and everything will be henceforth proscribed, clans, tartans, the lifestyle, even the bagpipe. Suppression was terrible, arsons, massacres, deportations, executions, and lasted several months (historians estimate at several tens of thousands the number of victims).

Fortunately, there were also sometimes Celtic military chiefs, of course, not stripped of courage but at least having some little sense knocked into them.

"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" (Livy. History of Rome. Book V. Chapter XXXVIII). See also the battle of Malplaquet in 1709 and the "death" of the duke of Marlborough.

The good news in all that, let us be a little positive, what the devil, let us be optimistic, although a pessimist is a well-informed optimist, but precisely; it is that technological advancements of the modern war (drones, warlike robots,...) will move the war from the body-crushing machine to the conquest of the mind. The battle of Algiers for example was incontestably won by the French parachutists of the general Massu in 1957 on the purely military level but was lost on the political level because of the generalized use of torture (why have not used only Pentothal?) We may extend this reasoning to the war in Algeria itself. Militarily won by French Army not having hesitated to crush bodies and to make hundreds of thousands of dead for that, but politically lost.

The conclusion is obvious: what is important in the modern war, it is the conquest of the minds, and no longer that of the bodies: the fight of the ideas, the cultural war! The precondition for any victory in this war of ideas having to be, of course, the moral rearmament of the individuals and of the peoples.

Because what will do when they are not either our brothers or our children, in short our friends, who will be behind all these ultra-modern weapons which are drones and warlike robots, at the controls, but some outsiders, not sharing our values, even some enemies? For example, some jihadist.

Technological superiority is useless if there is not in a parallel way a moral rearmament. The moral rearmament it is to make people share his own values, supposing that there is such ones, of course, and authentic, with enough human beings and in a way sufficiently motivating to lead them to do something in order to defend them, some small daily sacrifices even by going to the supreme sacrifice (that of his own life).

But for that the west today is nil. What have we indeed to propose to the world if not disposable diapers? The West became the civilization of the disposable diaper for everybody.

For that I request forgiveness from our Berber friends (long live to the Tamazight revival) but the movie by David Lynch on this subject released in 1984 (Dune) is enlightening!

Doom. We translate so the Gaelic word imthus.

Refreshing. We translate so the Gaelic word sadail

Banquette. We translate so the Gaelic word imscing (wall seat).

Gagar. It is to be a kind of container.

The palace into which they had succeeded in coming .The castle of this Gerg or Garg something (the name of Gerg is obviously to bring closer to that of Gurgunt or Gargantua on the Continent) resembles extremely one of these residences of the other world, from where men could sometimes bring back marvelous objects, all more magic each other. Besides what will do Cunocavaros/Conchobar at the end of the account.

It is therefore in a way a raid in the other world, as there are of them so many others in the Irish literature. With a singularity near: they are evil creatures who make up for the most part the troop of the attackers, Cunocavaros/Conchobar being accompanied by none of his warriors.

Then came both those hosts together into the midst of the house, and much of death befell. Cobthach the Fair-Skinned, son of Gurgunt, after that he had hardly smitten the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorach), came to that part of the fight where Berngal the Freckled was raging and smiting the heads off the warriors of Connaught. Berngal became weary in the strife, and he fell by the hand of Cobthach. In another part of the palace Buri of the Cruel Speech died at the hand of Maine, who then fell into a frenzy (dased), and raged (ron-immir) among the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (sluag na Fomorach) throughout the palace, thirty falling at his hand. But when that valiant hero Cunocavaros/ Conchobar, the ever victorious in war, saw the eagerness of Maine, he turned to meet him, and Maine awaited him, vigilant in his wrath; they fought for a long time together, and they trampled nine young men under foot. Maine hurled his spear the breadth of a spear-cast with wrath and fury, so that it made a cross passing through the body of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. And as Cunocavaros/Conchobar struggled to draw out the spear, Maine wounded him again with the bright blue-green spear that was in his hand. Cunocavaros/Conchobar turned him again upon Maine, and overwhelmed him with crushing blows, so that he fell lifeless and dead. Then he began to hew down upon all sides the men that were round him, so that they fell foot to foot and neck to neck throughout the palace. But it so chanced that of the thrice fifty warriors who came with Cunocavaros/Conchobar into that house, none escaped alive save himself and Brod, and although these two came out, yet they did not come out unhurt. Cobthach, the son of Gurgunt fled from out of the castle, and Cunocavaros/Conchobar chased him. As he followed him over the plain, the maiden, namely Ferb, the daughter of Gurgunt, came, and with her comrade who had brought her the news of the coming of Maine. They ran together (as poor madwomen?) to the place where Maine lay in his gore, like a bloody form with broken joints and she mourned and she wept.

Truly by my faith, you are quite lonely now my poor Maine, yet on many nights you have been, as I reckon, with many people around you.

And Ferb sang this elegy while she paid homage to him.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 56.

None of the three times fifty warriors escaped alive. There are only two explanations possible to such inconsistencies. Either some essential components escape to us (after censorship by Christian copyist monks ??) or it is a question of emphasizing well, that in such massacres in fact, it is not so much some malefic forces objectively outside the human being who are at work, than the deep intrinsic aggressiveness hidden in the bottom of the latter. Our opinion is this legend is one of the most successful allegories of the former druids, an allegory carefully worked out by them, then in a way set to music by bards; in order to make comprehensible

well that man conceals in himself violence and cruelty capacity, just waiting for being expressed. Hence the character Catubodua which personifies all that can call upon this murderous madness in us. Who therefore in these circumstances would dare to claim that Catubodua does not exist even never existed? Monstrous serial killers may no longer exist perhaps?? They are henchmen, or victims in a way, of this fairy who revels in human blood.

As poor madwomen? We did not resist the temptation to emphasize so the absolute drama of this story, which oscillates between the tragedy of a love story mown before to have hardly begun, a horror movie, and a Satanist murderous psychopath hunting. Crossbred of some operatic arias also (with all these poems which are regularly chanted).

Elegy. We convey so the Gaelic word laid-sea.
By my faith. Gaelic dar brethir.

A gillai is derg do lepaid
O boy, [how] is red your couch

....

And evil the sign with which you came from your house.
A token of so many tears for your kindred.

Many are they to whom you brought evil
The night when you were a warrior
O son of Maeve [lady] of her family !
O start up of a great Highness !

Son of Ailill, the mighty one,
There is no warrior whose, whom ????
Wretchedness it is for my heart and my body
that you there forever lie.

O boy, the most dexterous that I have seen !
You were a scepter of gold on the cushion !
Last time that your interview with anyone took place
It was you this — your last meeting.

Your hand was rough in war,
you were the one who outlived (iarsla?) the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorach).
Great was the thundering of your blows on the head,
Many were the men tanac thimchell (of whom you dug the grave?).

The color of your skin was beautiful and lovely,
You were careful, fulfilling your word.
You were youth illuminating every valley.
Many were the men tanac thimchell (of whom you dug the grave?).

Fitting for me is my sorrow for you
On account of our first meeting, cen co richt (in an informal way)
Not less on that account is my love, in spite of the pain
Even if from your sad lot comes my ill luck.

It hurts me that you lie here
O my lad ! O son of Maeve !
It hurts my own heart
What awaits you.

It was seldom for you to be without your weapons
until it had befallen you to be stiff in death.
The bright shining spear has wounded you grievously,
and another has transfixed you.

A cruel sword has cut you to pieces,
A rain of blood has fallen down your cheeks.
And they made a circle around you?????????
All these warriors who formed only a single army ????

Ah ! what were they for me
who have not seen my huge pain ?
My beloved one, my chosen out of the crowd,
The man who was a great treasure for me.

He was my man of worth for all my days,
The great Maine, the son of Ailill.
I shall die therefore, to be deprived of him after his departure,
Because he will be no longer there so that I can take care of him.

His purple cloak of kingly state,
much its sight puts me in grief,
No one could take it away from him,

Since he had taken weapons to brandish them

He is lying on the floor of the house,
and his hand since it has been cut off,
and his spear, into a hero he thrust it,
But his head in the hand of Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

His sword, heavy, hard striking, and strongly,
Held remotely away from him
And his shield there where it fell from him
For the defense of his people.

Three times fifty warriors round him (in order to defend him),
'Tis sad (truag) that they all went for nothing;
Great their sighs when he had dispersed them !
While they defended him, all are fallen.

He himself was a hero, it is no lie,
He distributed much treasure ;
And not a little thing it is that he has fallen for
while he defended his people (muntire).

He lies there in grisly manner,
The young man of Connaught with the flower of his army.
Woe for his people, he was a glorious hero of their combats
Woe for his fair companion !

I can do nothing for you,
For it is a fatal blow that has been hit against me also
And my heart is broken therefore
While I look upon you, O boy !

Then approached the castle Fiannamail, the son of Fergus Forderg, and his three times fifty warriors with him. The messenger who preceded him gave the news of his coming, and brought back to him the quite sad tidings. Fiannamail immediately flew into a rage, and sought eagerly for information of where Cunocavaros/Conchobar was to be found, then he made the lay hereafter.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 57.

Scepter. We translate so the Gaelic word slatt: slat, stem, rod. In short a command baton.

Last meeting. The poem must exploit the double meaning of the word dal in Gaelic language, which indicates as well a peaceful interview as a violent confrontation.

Sad lot. We translate so the Gaelic word amles.

So that I can take care...We convey so the Gaelic expression dam aire.

When he dispersed them. Who is that "he?" The sentence is not clear.

Fair companions. We translate so the Gaelic word glancheile in which cheile = comrade, servant.

Messenger. We translate so the Gaelic word tuarascaib.

He made the lay hereafter. In fact, it is a kind of dialog sung between Ferb and Fiannamail, which makes a little opera indeed.

[Ferb]

Fiannamail comes to us,
He was sought for by us :
How good also his demeanor (bés) in the house.
He is forever separated from his kindred (muntir).

[Fiannamail]

O maiden, the message is painful
that you send sharply provoking me,
That I have lost my kindred, much was their valor (mét n-gal)
If they are here, it is that they are fallen.

[Ferb]

These are your kindred
Even if you cannot discover them.
They have slain, they have been slain far and wide
it was a war of sanguinary foes.

[Fiannamail]

And Maine my friend, is he in life ?
My comrade ? (mo chomthach) my companion,
My king, the prince of my house,
My fair, well-loved friend.

[Ferb]

Bitter to me is what you report (atberi) to me,
A Fiannamail fiannaidi
O Fiannamail the Fenian!
You are in error without a doubt,
here you will find his thigleacht (his last known resting place).

[Fiannamail]

Make it known to me, wrath has mastered me,
If you know it, O Ferb his not yet wedded wife!
Tell me the place where is
Maine the Great, the son of Ailill.

[Ferb]

Uchan achan air!
Alas, three times alas!
Do you know it not, Fiannamail ?
Maine is fallen,
and with him all his people.

[Fiannamail]

Who has caused the cruel war ?
Who has shone in the defeat?
And who has slain Maine ?
And are they in like place ?

[Ferb]

Ulaid came from the North
With all the might (nirt) of their bruid ? war swords.
So that they took [in full force] the house against us,
With three times fifty bold warriors.

[Fiannamail]

The tale will go against the Ulaid,
they are guilty of an act of gratuitous aggression (cen imarlen).
They will be slain west and east,
As long as men of Connaught, you remain in life.

[Ferb]

I give you my assurance and my oath (cobais),
O Fiannamail, since you are very skillful,
That of the Ulaid (cen chlith) undoubtedly?
Only a single pair came back alive.

[Fiannamail]

Who are the two who came back alive?

What is the condition of the men? What their names ?
And whither they are gone from hence
Who have done such a great crime against ours?

[Ferb]

Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Brod, without deceit,
are they who have come back from the battle ;
Two spears through Cunocavaros/Conchobar himself,
And three of them through Brod, or not far from that (imcén).

[Fiannamail]

Who has wounded Cunocavaros/Conchobar the (crom) crooked ?
Who has put him into an evil state ? (ecomlond)
Not lucky his going without prohibition,
Because he must now undergo a serious treatment (dluig legis).

[Ferb]

Maine it was who wounded Cunocavaros//Conchobar —
Two spears ! it was not a (niborddugud ???)
He killed Maine thereafter.
That is the truth about him, Fiannamail.

After this Fiannamail pushed forward in pursuit of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and to meet him came Niall the fair-headed, who was the son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and with him a hundred armed men of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's household, who were seeking where he might be. A hot, wild battle was fought between them, and as the upshot thereof, Fiannamail, overcome by the numbers against him, was vanquished, nor did he reap advantage from the equal number [of armed men] on his own side, for he fell lifeless and dead ; yet thirty of his foes fell by his single sword alone. And then the not yet wedded bride, namely Ferb, turned her and looked at the boys of Connaught.

Truly, she said, do I reckon that it is not owing to lack of valor or of skill that you died ; nay, but you, overcome by the numbers against you, were vanquished ; yet, said she, an equal number of your foes have been slain by you, even though you have also fallen. And she sang the following lay :

Sad is this, you young men of Connaught.
There is no down to your cushions.
Your leaping is a leaping (without footprint ?)
You have found yourselves struck by a blow from behind (dar amarc).

What army was fairer [than you were],
And better for noble strife ?
Your form was a glorious form ;
your life thread is rough and broken from now on.

The thread of your ruisc ? is broken.
Fuarabair dig cuisc tonnaid ?
You have drunk the cup down to the last drop ?
Harsh for them was the strife with you
The fight ended up in a massacre?

You have slain a hundred armed men.
But against you kinglike hound broke out.
Your tale is harsh and a cause of strife.
It is a foretoken of fear tears.

My heart is broken for you
While I shed tears and lament.
Dear were it for me to go with you
Or to be burnt to ashes with you.

You were the fairest troop in Green Erin.
Young men of Connaught, I lament you,
Each who has killed you, he is desperately not stately,
Fegaim cech m-baidb foa fuidim ?

Great was your host in war
Against the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorach).
Many women are there who will shed "uch" and "ach"
Over these magnificent (warriors).

Proudly you came into the house ;
You had no vassal for father.
Since you had the status of a warrior
It was not suitable for you to fly !

You have feasted the Badb, the pale or white Bodua,
Amidst the weapons, already stiff dead? (lor a chruadi)
The young men of Connaught with beauty
Are now men in a very miserable state.

Then came Domnall the Red, of the broad face, the son of Duban, he arrived at the foot of the hill upon which the castle stood. Domnall the Red, son of Duban, said the maiden who had been Ferb's messenger, is a trusty man in all matters where a good spear and a good sword can avail. Dauntless in the hour wherein valiant deeds are done is the man who has come hither, and mighty would have been the aid that Domnall would have lent to his foster brother had it been his fortune to come hither while Maine was out in life. When the maiden (Ferb) heard that, she went out that she might meet Domnall, and much she incited him to the fight, she made the following quatrain, and Domnall the Red of the broad face made answer to her :

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 58.

Thigleacht. Perhaps a poetic pun between the notion of "place where you have just spent the night" and "place where you rest forever."

Fiannamail fiannaidi. The name Fiannamail means in fact "relating to a fennid" in other words to the member of a "battalion." The Fianna, Fiana, or Fenians, were Gallic Breton or Pictish, but also, of course, Irish, mercenary warriors serving Irish kings. As for young Irishmen, they were generally noble young people without land because of not having inherited yett. Another

version: they were the ultimate heirs to hunter gatherers of the Neolithic era, Celtized. N.B. The two theses are not incompatible. The member of a fian was called fennid in Gaelic language, their chief was called rigfennid (in other words literally fennid king). As an established institution, Fenians disappeared in the third century under the blows from the king of kings Cairpre Lifechar at the battle of Gabhra. Their last known chief was Vindos Camulogenos, in Gaelic language Finn mac Cumail. The Fenians then seem to have been divided into two rival clans, the Baiscne of Leinster and the Morna of Connaught. There exist all kinds of legends which speak about them and which were gathered in what is called Ossianic cycle or cycle of Leinster. And like in the case of the true Bible of druidism that is the cycle of Ulster centered around the Hesus Cuchulainn, these legends contain many archaic features coming closer mythology or tales and anecdotes about the gods than history strictly speaking. We will return on the subject. Seathrún Céitinn (Geoffrey Keating in English) specifies in the 17th century that during the winter the Fenians were quartered at the inhabitant and were fed by the nobility of the country for the account of which they collected taxes or maintained order, but that during the summer "from Beltene to Samon (ios)" they lived on hunting for the game as well as on trade of hides and pelts and therefore led a very hard life, which would have no reason to be jealous

ous of that of our modern commandos; forming so therefore a true elite, including intellectually and morally. Their war cry was called Dord-Fian and it was used a little like our national anthems, before or during the combat, as rallying means or to frighten the enemy. Various Republican Irish politico-military associations and particularly the "soldiers of destiny" still lay claim to be in line with their example today.

His not yet wedded wife. We translate so the Gaelic word glan which means pure, clear, in order to convey the drama of this bloody wedding night such as Quentin Tarantino has well perceived it in his film in two parts released with Uma Thurman at the beginning of the year 2000. Although, with him, the bride is pregnant (but that was not done at that time).

Without prohibition. Cen geiss. Must we understand "in violation of one of his prohibitions" or "without a magic injunction had compelled him to do that??" Considering the part played by the gessa in the Celtic mentality, the first assumption is undoubtedly the good one. Ferb is persuaded, wrongly or rightly, as a minor character, of this Celtic tragedy, that Cunocavaros/Conchobar infringed or had to infringe a prohibition, and that therefore he was seriously wounded. The geis (plural gessa) is a very important druidic concept which explains the destiny of human beings. The geis is an implementation of Fate. The gessa are in a way some means or agents of the Fate.

See on this subject the book by Dean A. Miller about the epic hero, even if this author tends a little to see gessa of Celtic types everywhere, including into the songs of heroic deeds or French epics devoted to Roland (the hero has for geis not to blow in his oliphant i.e., his ivory horn, to call for help). On the other hand, there is an obvious parallelism, according to us, between the character of Ferb and that of the beautiful Aude, the promised in marriage of Roland. Let us say more precisely than this stubborn refusal to sound horn in order to call for help has, in the French song of heroic deeds the same effect as the Celtic geis, because Roland will break the veins of his neck while blowing with all his strength inside and will die of that. His destiny was to remain in the wood of Roncevaux. We will come back on the subject because there are very curious things in all these French epics (Termagant, Apollo, etc.).

Let us note nevertheless that according to the legends which speak to us about Cunocavaros/Conchobar, it is by no means of these wounds that he will die later, but to have gotten angry against the Jews (after having learned Jesus's killing).

Legis. Gaelic word designating the art of the liaig, leech, or doctor surgeon.

Struck by a blow from behind. This translation of the Gaelic expression beim dar amarc seems us preferable to the translation given by Leahy and Windisch.

Vassal. We translate so the Gaelic word aithech, which means something like dhimmi, under the protectorate, paying tribute.

Bodua. Badb in Gaelic language, of course. It is the goddess or demoness of fights, the Celtic Kali: Catubodua.

Stiff. We translate so the Gaelic word chruadi.

The hill. The ancient Celtic fortifications are not all systematically built on heights. The dun (on) yes, since its name indicates it (dune), and the grianon also (since it is a place which should never be in the shade) but the rath (is) not inevitably. It is perhaps an (unconscious) influence of the Irish medieval civilization. As for the catair ...

In all matters where a good spear can avail... Allow the researcher in druidism I am, to be a little wearied by:

- 1) this propensity to use especially one's muscles instead of one's head;
- 2) the everlasting lack of modesty of all these warlike boasting;
- 3) the infernal and endless revenge cycle.

It goes without saying an ill deed must always be punished and that it is well here an essential strengthening of any ethics worthy of the name (unlikely the curious Christian principle consisting in turning the other cheek); but the implementation of the principle of collective responsibility must also be done with a discriminating intelligence, and while always envisioning not to cause endless blood feuds.

As for the modesty of all these warriors or warlike classes, quite comparable with the behavior of our current politicians all over the world (it is enough to see the boasting or arrogance of the current French president, Mr. Nicolas Sarkozy of Nagy Bocsa), the researcher in druidism who I am will not forget to return on the subject. Modesty is generally not the thing of which we may blame the men or women with a warlike disposition; but it is better nevertheless in many cases, to show a minimum of (druidic) wisdom. Because modesty is also a quality! According to the druids in any case!

O Domnall, son of dear Duban !
O terrible hawk of the feats of arms !
Always intransigent on the feeling of honor
Your foster brother (chomalata) has been killed.

Though Maine the warrior is fallen,
Yet he surpassed all his contemporaries (chomdinib)
In skill, in valor, in glory,
In honor, and in kindness.

This is not the deed of a hero that you do
sighs, crying of woe, and laments!
Since Maine will not return after that
it were better to go valiantly against his foes.

I shall be a fiery bull in the war.
I shall make blood spring through the skin.
I shall give many incessant blows
To Cunocavaros/Conchobar the red-sworded.

Not too much would be that Cunocavaros/Conchobar the fair
Should die, as vengeance for Maine the courageous ;
For there will not come, and there is not born
The equal of Maine in Cruachan!

Cunocavaros/Conchobar, though great his glory,
And Niall and Feradach
Are vengeance for Maine, a sharp hewing in pieces.
My hand will slay them, O Ferb !

If you it were, O Domnall the Red,
Whom the Ulaid had slain because of Ferb,
The revenge taken for you would be glorious in the whole world (bladach)

Through the legend of Maine, the doer of great deeds.

Since he himself it is who is dead,
Maine Morgor with the great warrior,
I shall not go westwards to my home
While any of the Ulaid lives !

It would be peace for my poor heart,
It would be a comfort for my soul (anmain),
If all the Ulstermen were destroyed for the deed they have done,
By your violent hand, O Domnall !

No long time had Domnall to wait, for he saw a great host coming towards him, in which were four hundred armed men, and their leader was Feradach of the long hand, son of Cunocavaros/ Conchobar. Each of these foes set themselves against the other. Domnall finding himself overcome by the numbers against him, fell into a rage (dased) ; fifty warriors fell at his single hand ; and all the men of his following were slain, while he himself twice succeeded in wounding Feradach. But with savagery (guin) his foes strove against him, and Feradach struck off his head, and he raised the shout of victory ; moreover, the heads of all his companions were struck off, loudly the cries of triumph were raised by the victors. That maiden went back to the castle, she entered it; and as her eyes fell upon Maine she was overwhelmed with her grief. Hideous (étig) said she is that which has befallen us, o my beloved youth ; and it is on your account that in sorrow I shall die, although my father and his son have also died in your quarrel, and methinks that yet more of slaughter will there be when Maeve has come. And she made the following lament in her sorrow :

Sorrowful is it, O son of Maeve!
O beautiful and skillful youth,
Bloody and red is your skin,
From you our ill fortune has come.

It is through you that my father has been slain
He was a good warrior, a good vassal.
Through you his son has been slain;
Not easy for me to forget it.

Through you much evil has been done.
I have learned by its result (gné) that it is due to you.
Much evil will follow there from,
for the people of Maine and of Ferb.

My heart is broken on this account
At the sight of your bed of death.
A curse on the hand that has cut you to pieces.
And has brought you to such a hard bed.

Many are the maidens to whom you will give sorrow,
Many women also, that you, oh beautiful (glan) and intelligent (gaeth) youth, are dead.
Many are the assemblies who will lament for you
and because you are missing, you alone.

You were till now beautiful,
With your young hounds at the chase ;
Lofty was your mind,
In connection with qualities of your good form (degdelba)?

You are ugly now,
Pale are your hands,

Woe should be to him who will not lament,
your head is off your body.

Bad is the tidings which will be carried westwards
To Finnabair of the fair hostages ;
The message about her brother is full of sorrow and grief for her,
And that he is missing to the pure and poor Ferb.

Poor Ailill and Maeve from the plain of Mag Ai,
They will not remain in life.
The appearance of your cheeks is horribly changed.
I am not one who has not had a sufficiency of misery (truage) today.

Then came to the side of Cunocavaros/Conchobar his two sons, even Niall and Feradach.
Maeve drew nigh till she was in sight of the field of battle, and seven hundred warriors were the following that she had with her. She formed her troops into a solid small battalion, and she raised weapons fit for the battle before her and she made straight for Cunocavaros/Conchobar to take vengeance on him for the death of her son and of the people that were with him. And although Cunocavaros/Conchobar was full of wounds and of hurts, yet he was not minded to give way and to retire before Maeve, but he advanced eagerly to seek her out till those two stood face to face. Each then commenced to deal out blows and mutilation and death, and to hew down and to crush and to slay. Maeve dug a breach in the rows of the host of Ulaid, so that five men fell at her hand besides the two sons of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, even Niall the fair-headed and Feradach of the long hand. And on the other side Cunocavaros/Conchobar began to rend asunder the remaining part of her host, and to tear and to slay like a wrathful wounded lioness in a herd of young pigs, because he had quickly been able to find his healing from his wounds. After which as it were, great pieces of flesh, full of blood, fell from him in the greatness of the wrath that had seized him after his two sons had been slain.

Then Maeve was defeated ; and three times fifty mightily valiant warriors of her people fell in the fight, and her guards, as their custom was, bore her safely back ;
Cunocavaros/Conchobar followed hard upon her routed host till he passed beyond Mag Ini. Then back he turned him, and he made for the castle of Gurgunt with the intent to lay it in ruins. Thereupon the people of Gurgunt gathered together, and Cobthach of the fair skin, who was the son of Gurgunt, led them to the fight ; a violent (on the two sides) and a well-matched battle they fought, in defense of their fortress. But Cunocavaros/Conchobar rushed upon them like a wolf among sheep, and he and Cobthach fought in single combat. Cobthach fell in that fight, and then also fell all of his people that were doomed to death. Cunocavaros/Conchobar took with him whatsoever he found there d'or d'argut d'indruini : do chornaib do choppanaib d'escaib d'arm d'étuch; of gold and of silver and of white bronze: horns, beakers, vessels, weapons and apparels. He took with him also the brazen vat that stood in the house, and which when full of ale was sufficient for the whole land of Ulidia; this is that vat which by the Ulaid was called the Ol n-guala, since a fire of coals was to be in that house in Emain in which that vat was drunk. And from it has been named the Lake Guala Umai on the island of Dam, which is in the country (criche) of Ulidia ; for underneath the lake unto this day is that vat, hidden in a secret place.

Also Cunocavaros/Conchobar took with him the queen, even Nuagel, the daughter of Erg, and her daughter Ferb, and three times fifty maidens with her. And immediately after this, Ferb and her maidens all died from the sorrow that they felt at the death of the young man Maine ; Nuagel also died of grief for the death of her husband and her two sons. And they dug a grave for Ferb, and a pillar of stone was erected for her, her name was written upon it in letters of Ogham, and a monument of stone was made, so that Duma Ferbe (Ferb's mound) is the name that is now for Fort Ini — in the north-west does that monument stand. Cunocavaros/Conchobar returned to Emain with victory and triumph, and to Mugain he related his tale from the beginning to the end ; and he gave command to his bard Ferchertne, the son of Dergerdne, who was the son of Garb, who was the son of Fer Rossa the Red, who was the son of Rudraige, that he should forthwith make a great poem which would serve as a model for future times, and would preserve the memory of that tale. He then sang the lay that now follows ; and a vision revealed to him that this story would be at the origin of the driving off (Tain).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 59.

Yet more of slaughter shall there be when Maeve has come. As previously, counter-lay No. 55, any stupidly and on the spot carried out revenge, is reaching here its breaking point. Apart from being able to say "Everything is lost but honor" one leads to a useless bloodshed.

Revenge is a dish best savored cold, never hot.

On the Continent at the same time according to Diodorus of Sicily "Many times, for instance, when two armies approach each other in battle with swords drawn and spears thrust forward, these men step forth between them and cause them to cease, as though having cast a spell over certain kinds of wild beasts. In this way, even among the wildest barbarians, does passion give place before wisdom, and Ares stands in awe of the Muses" (book V, chapter XXXI).

What therefore did Irish druids during this time??? Was there thus only some Diviciacos among them??? Were they therefore at this point so little philosophical and so "mundane," so bogged down in the affairs of this world, of this century, of this time? So bogged down in secular or in worldly affairs???

It is completely legitimate that a druid also takes part personally in the defense of his people, or in the defense of friends, but we must also keep our temper or safe control, and proportion our response.

The Jewish law of retaliation, under the terms of the principle of reciprocity, an eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth at a pinch (it is basic) but not for an eye the two eyes, for a tooth the whole jaw. Such an excess is a deviation due to the Irish bards incontestably, almost heresy.

N.B. This story is in any case rather incoherent, and we feel it is a text rearranged by a bard in lack of inspiration, based on various fragments of other stories, and by mingling particularly with a traditional glorification of the warlike heroism, the topic of the expeditions in the other world.

Finnabair. It is a daughter of Ailill and Maeve of whom it will be much question during the rustling of the cows of Cooley. Its name means "white soul" literally or "white fairy," old Celtic vindos+ seibar/siabra, and it corresponds to Guinevere in the Arthurian romances, Welsh Gwenhwyfar, Jennifer in Cornish.

Leomain means "lioness" well in Gaelic language. It is besides a loan to Latin. The last lion in Europe having died in Nemea under the blows of the Greek Hercules, a very, very long time ago (but there was perhaps still some of them in Eastern Europe in the first century of our era), we can wonder whether the original image was not rather that of the hound in the middle of a herd of young wild boars. The image is amusing but all these accounts of slaughters begin to be wearying. They were to please nevertheless the male audience of these tales: basically members of the warlike class: the lord of the castle and his men. To note: the bard remembering he has expounded previously that Cunocavaros/Conchobar had been seriously wounded, he felt obliged to invent for him an express healing of his wounds (in order to justify his keen continuation of the combat).

Cunocavaros/Conchobar took with him whatsoever he found there. It is a current topic of the Celtic epic literature: the human beings (some kings and some warriors in fact) bringing back from the Other World some miraculous objects, vats still full of ale, etc.

The drink tank of Gurgunt, Oll Guala, has indeed everything of a magic cauldron. Ol is a Gaelic word offering no difficulty since it means simply drink or beverage, but it is not the same thing with the word Guala of which the most common meaning is that of coal. It would be therefore an unknown, but black drink.

It happened perhaps quite simply a transcription mistake of Oll Gala (gala and not guala) what would mean then life or ardor drink, and not black drink.

Black drink or live drink, it was in any case a drink quite mysterious and strictly speaking Pantagruelian: the bringing together with the giant Gurgunt (ua) is obvious indeed.

Guala Umai. Etymologies, of course, all more whimsical the ones than the others.

Duma Ferbe. In France at the top of the Puy-de-Dome was set up a monument in honor of Lug (Mercury) DUMIATIS.

Of the driving off. Of the rustling of the cattle of Cooley, of course, = Tain bo Cualnge.

Maeve. Old Celtic Medua, also Maev Maeve or Maive in our manuscripts, Irish of today Méabh or Maeveh. Personifies not very female value (the lust for power, the drunkenness of power) but which is very attractive for the males who carry a little too much testosterone. The bard had so much to develop from the original framework that the druids suggested to their reflection and their embellishment (the prototype of the woman thirsting for power and ready to do anything for that) that we can wonder today if this character of the Irish legends is really a Celtic goddess, or fairy, or demoness, or a historical queen of the caliber of Boadicea/Boudica in Albion.

Or a mixture of both.

Our opinion, like as regards Conchobar besides, is that there were so much purely literary developments about her, so much loss of her "divine" substance, that it is difficult in her case to still regard her as a goddess or a demoness in the strictest sense of the word. Exactly like in the case of some characters of the Welsh Mabinogion. Too many centuries of Christianity have elapsed over them.

What is not the case it seems to us of the goddess or demoness or fairy (Catu) Bodua who is a perfect allegory of all that in a man can prompt him to strike out at his human brothers. To note: the (Catu) Bodua or goddess of battles never fights personally, but pushes the others to do it, whereas Maeve, as for her, fights sometimes personally. As the archetype of the woman consumed by the ambition and ready to do everything for that, Maeve is nevertheless more than ever topical. Some queens Maeve there is a plethora of them nowadays in our latitudes (modesty is not a major characteristic of our society, it is enough to look at television to realize that immediately).

N.B. However that may be this very sad "feat of arms" explains indeed the hatred which then will start the terrible conflict of the Tain Bo Cualnge between the Ulaid and the rest of Ireland (united under the aegis of Queen Maeve).

However at this point, revenge has no longer something to do with justice, is no longer a germ of justice, it is an absolute disaster.

VARIANT OF THE STORY ??

The vision (aislinge) of Cunocavaros/Conchobar the right,
Son of Catubatuos/Cathbad the valiant, handsome and great,
The high king of Ulster: an expedition in the grave ?
Ris dresend cach claidebruad ?
A story where everybody rose his sword ?

Conchobar there lay on a night
In sleep, and it was not a light sleep ;
When he saw something: a woman
Coming to him on his couch.

Purple-red her robe with figures of gold,
This was her apparel, she was not indigent,
Silken stripes around her head,
A high diadem of gold round about it.

And the woman with renown spoke to him,
Good is the sign (maith in sen), O Cunocavaros/Conchobar !
Honor and good fortune for you
from every side since you are illustrious.

What is the next thing for us ?
Said the son of Nessa, this everlasting glory (miad mair).
Say to me, oh dun colli ? woman,
How long is it to that?

Seven full years from tonight

You will be compelled to gather in one place,
With boys and women, an honor that will slay them,
Owing to the Dun of Cualgne, cause of many wars.

Who carries it off, give an answer without a misstatement,
Who has undertaken the war to the death?
The army of whole Ireland in campaign

Under Ailill of the plain of Cruachan.

That I do not wish, it is a track that is not good,
said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, the head of war.
Indicate me another opportunity of ?(nasad n-an),
O woman, yellow-haired and white-limbed?

There is an extraordinary deed ; but without great difficulty (dét for sét ?)
And there is no need to watch for a lie ;
The son of that man, he comes to you boldly,
Maine the Great, he who is praised by warriors.

He is come to sleep with Ferb,
With the daughter of Gurgunt of the valley of Guirgunt,
With three times fifty warriors, a real maneuver,
This is their number, no false reckoning.

At the ninth hour, quite clear is my speech,
Is the setting forth of the feast;
There they delay together,
O king of great and fair ? Emain.

In what numbers should we go for an expedition without blame?
Said Cunocavaros/Conchobar the right one and the fair shaped.
Bring against them, it is some advice without treason,
three times fifty of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (Fomorach).

You will have a triumph with valor,
Cunocavaros/Conchobar, greatly rich in victories.
I shall take the glorious story on me ?
O king of great and fair ? Emain.

There Cunocavaros/Conchobar woke
And awoke his queen.
He told her what had appeared to him
Through an authentic revelation.

His wife spoke to him with relevance (co m-bail),
Mugain, rich in honor, of great wisdom (morchéil):
"It is yet enough what has already happened
Between us and Connaught!"

Cunocavaros/Conchobar spoke, the bright famous,
The lord of battles,
"Tis certain that, although we abide in our house,
Connaught will come to us."

Since you must go there
I will not hold you back by force,
O lord of Ulster, with your whole army,
May you come again to complete victory.

Thereupon Cunocavaros/Conchobar departed thither
With the self-same numbers, it was no lie,

To Raith Ini, a valiant gathering,
Where Gurgunt dwelled, to whom the royal castle belonged.

When they were come to the renowned feast,
The weaponed troop glanchéill (well determined?),
They entered in, marvelous was their taking over

The door of the great castle.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar went into the court ;
Three times fifty warriors — a moving that was known —
He left his people outside
In his strategy: a skillful plan.

A brazen vessel in the house of the king
that was there filled with wine,
Whereas approached Nuall ?
The son of Nessa, renowned in strife.

Woe, said the druid,
Who did not turn away from the king's side,
It means, according to me.....
...the cup ??

There was no delay on that ;
Then Brod threw his spear
So that it went through Gurgunt in his house,
And sized ? the beaker.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar came into the house
With three times fifty warriors,
So that he struck the head from Maine
And his seven times twenty slaughters (airlech).

Cunocavaros/Conchobar left behind him in the house
All his people in this fight (imargail);
Beside himself and Brod,
none of them escaped to report of it.

The same woman, westwards to Maeve,
Spoke a message that was not long :
"Cunocavaros/Conchobar has slain your son.
Cursed (olc) the day when he let out against him his war cry (chomrac)"

Maeve went forth from the west to war
with seven hundred men with weapons.
They warred face to face
On the plains of Ulidia against Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

Maeve slew there on the plain
Seven men (morfesser) during the fights
With her own hand, better than any hero,
Including the two sons of Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

Thereafter Maeve was pushed back westwards,
So that it was damages to her possessions (seilb),
Whilst she left behind ; so was it
Seven times twenty bold warriors with valor.

They went thereupon to the castle ;

The proud Ulaid, they invaded the fortress,
They laid waste whatever was therein
With a crowd of tuarad tetband ????

They fought a fight with blood,
The people of Gurgunt there against the Ulaid,
So that they all killed each other,

king and great lords.

There died — marvelous were the men
seven fair-haired, seven dark-haired (temin), seven black-haired (dub).
Of the men who filled the castle
Of the thirty very fair men ? (find or forind?) whose name was Fergus.

Thirty very honorable men named Murethach
Who held out to the end of the war,
Thirty Falbe, thirty Flann,
A noble thirty named Domnall.

Thirty Cobthach, thirty Cond,
thirty, all dark men, named Corpre,
Thirty Dubthach, thirty Ros,
A fair thirty named Oengus.

Thenceforward altogether
Of all these courageous heroes famous for their bravery
There is no one that knows the end
They were all as paralyzed? (dimbrig).

All these, mighty was the clamor
Through the shrieks of the followers with heavy terror
Round their lords who fought the fight,
They in that hour are fallen.

A prelude (remscel) to the fair Tain bo Cualgne,
It will be for an enlargement of the combat.
From the vision originates
The death of Maine the Great, son of Maeve.

Great the deeds that therefrom arise
though the vision was terrifying ;
Gurgunt fell with his host,
He the great lord of famous hospitality.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar came with victory,
The son of Nessa, whom great hosts honored,
To Emain Macha — a glorious deed therefore
So that the vision (aslinge) of that apparition.

Finit (end).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 60.

The right. All depends on whether the Gaelic word coir is taken in the proper sense or in the figurative sense.

Expedition. We translate so the Gaelic word erim.

This first quatrain is a presentation of what follows and which is a poetic and less detailed version of all that is previous. As often in our texts.

Good fortune. We translate so the Gaelic word taced, variant of tocad and which means something like Fate. A basic notion in the Celtic world.

In fact, it is a long polite phrase, or more precisely flattery: the goddess or demoness tries to manipulate Cunocavaros/Conchobar. N.B. Windisch calls her a fairy (an old name to designate this kind of supernatural entity).

Dét for set. It seems to me that it is there, from the fairy or demoness, a way of luring Cunocavaros/Conchobar. An extraordinary deed but without risk. The dream really! But all depends on the meaning of this expression in Gaelic language.

No false reckoning . Three times fifty are, of course, a highly symbolic figure based on the manner of counting of ancient Celts: through fifties.

The ninth hour. If my Latin memories (7 years) are good, it is to be 3 hours p.m.(in the afternoon).

Great castle. We translate the Gaelic word morbuirg with great castle but perhaps it would be necessary to read bruig instead of buirg.

Court. We translate so the Gaelic word les, old Celtic lissos, cf. old French lice, which indicates the space located between the first ramparts or the first enclosure and the buildings of the castle themselves.

Who did not turn away from the king's side. Such was the place of the former druids. We are not obliged to come back to this situation, about which besides we should not be mistaken. It is not a theocracy, the druids advise (they are in a way the intellectuals of the time) but the king supremely decides and it is with that he is identified. It is with that a great king or a good king, a Lewis XIV or a Lewis XVI would say my Parisian pen friends, is identified. We will lengthily reconsider this clear distinction of the roles of the king (or vergobretus today, i.e., president) and of the druid (soft secularism before the word existed ?)

N.B. This role of adviser of the former druids of the time was much based then on the analysis of dreams (see what we already wrote on this subject) as on the study of harbingers or omens. Omen is a completely normal event, but which causes a feeling of concern or perplexity or another one. There still therefore, as in case of clairvoyance (see what we already wrote on this subject), all depends on the intrinsic qualities of the one who is given the responsibility for analyzing it or dissecting it. The implicit reasoning (by analogy) in question must be this one: there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, the fact that the cup has escaped his bearer indicates that you will not be able to benefit from the envisaged feast. With, in addition perhaps, in support of this reasoning by analogy, a pun between brod and Brod, a brod meaning something like ? in Gaelic language and Brod the name of the charioteer of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. The brod fell into the precious liquid, the spear of Brod will kill somebody.

We will return on the subject. "Druids" today focus rather on the evolution of the economic statistical curves or on the study of the satellite pictures.

N.B. Harbinger implies that something will occur, is already afoot.

Omen (omen ominis in Latin), indicates only that something can occur.

In other words, the connection between a harbinger and what is to occur is much stronger than in the case of an omen. Omens are less in connection with what is to happen.

Example: in certain countries to see the first swallows is a harbinger of spring. See a black cat crossing one's way or path is a bad omen.

Cursed. The Gaelic word which is following, uar, means frozen. What theoretically is hardly appropriate for the idea of hell at least that we have on the subject since Christianization.

Whose name was Fergus etc. they were therefore apparently some clans.

Thirty Dubthach, thirty Ros. Our friend Arthur Herbert Leahy mentioned here wrongly again thirty Falbe and thirty Flann.

Remscel. Specialists call "remscel" in the Irish bards, the introductory texts or prologues of longer stories.

Finit is, of course, Latin.

APPEARANCE TO OUR HERO OF THE GODDESS DEMONESS OR FAIRY MARA RIGU/MORRIGU/MORGAN.

(Cf. the Tain Bo Regamna, a short manuscript of the sixteenth century appearing in the Yellow Book of Lecan, Leabhar Buidhe Lecain in Gaelic language. Its title means "rustling of the cows of Regamain").

Tain Bo Regomonon annso (the driving off of the cows of Regamain below)
or

Incipit Tain Bo Ragamna (here begins the driving off of the cows of Regamain).

When Hesus/Cuchulainn lay in his sleep at For (Dun) Imrid, there he heard a cry from the north; it came straight towards him; the cry was dire, and most terrifying to him. And he awoke in the midst of his sleep, so that he fell, with the fall of a heavy load, out of his couch, to the ground on the eastern side of his house. He went out thereupon without his weapons, so that he was on the lawns before his house, but his wife brought out, as she followed behind him, his arms and his clothing. Then he saw Loeg in his harnessed chariot, coming from Ferta Laig, from the north.

"What brings you here?" said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

"A cry," said Loeg, "that I heard sounding over the plains.

"On what side was it?" said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

From the north-west it seemed, said Loeg, that is, across the great road of Caill Cuan.

Let us follow after to know of it, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

They went out thereupon till they came to the ford of the Ferta. When they were there, straightway they heard the rattle of a chariot from Grellchui Culguiri. Then they saw the chariot come before them, and one bay horse in it. The horse was one (or two ??) footed, and the tiller of the chariot passed through the body of the horse till it goes out from its forehead, which supported it. A red woman was in the chariot, with a red mantle about her, she had two red eyebrows, and the mantle fell over the tiller of the chariot ? fell behind the two ferta (wheels) of the chariot ? till it struck upon the ground behind her. A great man was beside her chariot, a red cloak was upon him, and a forked staff of hazel at his back, he drove a cow in front of him.

That cow is not joyful at being driven by you! said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The cow does not belong to you, said the woman, she is not the cow of any friend or acquaintance of yours.

The cows of Ulaid, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, are my proper care.

"Eter-certar so in ba, a Chú", ol in ven. "And now cows are between your hands, Puppy," answered the woman.

Why is it the woman who answers me? said the Hesus Cuchulainn, why was it not the man?

It was not the man whom you addressed, said the woman.

Ay, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, but yourself have answered for him.

hUargoeth sceo luachuir sgeo is his name, said she.

Alas! his name is a wondrous one, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Let it be yourself who answers, since the man answers not; what is your own name?

The woman to whom you speaks, said the man, is Foebar beo beoil coim diuir foltt sgeanb gairitt sgeo uath.

Do you make a fool of me? cried the Hesus Cuchulainn, and on that the Hesus Cuchulainn sprang into her chariot: he set his two feet on her two shoulders thereupon, and his spear on the top of her head.

Play not sharp weapons on me!

Name yourself then by your true name! said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Depart then from me! said she, I am a female satirist in truth and he is Daire mac Fiachna from Cualnge: I have brought the cow as a fee for a master poem (airchetail).
Let me hear the poem then, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.
Yes but first leave me, said the woman, best for you is not that you shake it over my head.
Thereon he left her shoulders until he was between the two ? ferta of her chariot, and she sang to him what follows. . .

The Hesus Cuchulainn threw a spring at her chariot, and he saw not the horse, nor the woman, nor the chariot, nor the man, nor the cow. Then he saw that she had become a black bird upon a branch near to him.

A very dangerous woman you are, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.
Henceforward, said the woman, this swamp (Grellach) will be called dolluid (of evil) and it has been the Grellach Dolluid ever since.
If only I had known it was you, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, not thus should we have separated.
What you have done, said she, will be evil to you from it.
You have no power against me, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.
I have power indeed, said the woman; it is at the guarding of your death that I am; and I will be, said she. I brought this cow out of the sidh of Cruachan, that she might breed by the Dun of Cualnge, that is the Bull of Daré Mac Fiachna. It is up to that time that you are in life, so long as the calf which is in this cow's body is a yearling and it is this that will lead to the driving off of the cows of Cualnge.
I shall myself be all the more glorious for that rustling, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.
"I shall slay their warriors,
I shall break their big battalions
I shall be a survivor of the driving off!"

In what way can you do this? said the woman, for when you are in combat against a man of equal strength (to you), equally rich in victories, your equal in feats, equally fierce, equally untiring, equally noble, equally brave, equally great with you, I shall be an eel, and I shall draw a noose about your feet in the ford, so that it will be a great unequal war for you."

For-tonga do día tuingthe Ulaid, I swear to the god that the Ulaid swear by, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, I shall break you against a green stone (glaisslecta) of the ford and you will have no healing nor respite from me if you leave me not.

Then I will be a gray wolf against you, said she, I shall bite your right hand and I shall devour you to your left arm.

Tongu-sa do día tuingti hUlaid, I swear to the god that the Ulaid swear by, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, I shall beat you with the spear when you arrive, till your left or your right eye bursts, and you will never have healing nor respite from me, if you leave me not.

Then I shall be for you as a white heifer (samuiscc) with red ears, and I shall go into the ford's water in which you are in combat against a man who is your equal in feats; one hundred white, red-eared cows shall be behind me and truth of everybody will on that day be tested: they will take your head from you.

Tungu et reliqua, I shall cast at you with a cast of my sling, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, so as to break either your left or your right leg from under you and you will have no help nor respite from me if you leave me not.

They separated, Hesus Cuchulainn went back again to Fort (Dun) Imrid, and Morgan Le Fey with her cow to the sidh of Cruachan.

Finit (end).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 61.

Incipit, of course, is Latin and means beginning.
Ferta means perhaps wheels.

Grellach means a swamp or peat bog in Gaelic language. One can still try to translate.

Bay. We translate so the Gaelic word *derg*.

Puppy. We convey s the Gaelic expression “Chu” instead of the usual “Cuchulainn.”

A horse having only two feet instead of four, etc. Who said that the Ulster cycle was historical. That Cuchulainn and Conchobar had really lived??? Ulster cycle is as historical as the Bible, it is not to say little. This detail plunges us in full mythology and this horse is historical as much as the Bayard horse of the four Aymon brothers in French Mythology (what a pity this association thought essential to refuse to collaborate with us) even the Sleipnir in Germanic mythology. All that makes a little think of the various representations of the goddess or demoness or fairy, known as Epona; except for one detail. What we undoubtedly know of Epona differs very appreciably from what we know of the goddess who appears in this way to the Hesus Cuchulainn. Then what to think of? A mistake of the Irish bards who would have used a traditional description of the Epona goddess to depict the demoness of war in question??

hUargoeth sceo luachuir sgeo means in Gaelic language cold (*uar*) wind (*goeth*) fight or abundance (*sceo*) reed (*luachair*).

Foebar beo beoil coim to diuir folt sgeanb gairitt sgeo uath means in Gaelic language sharp (*foebar*) small nozzle (*beo beoil*) hair (*folt*) spine or pointed (*sgeanb*) short (*gairitt*) fear, terror (*uath*).

Satirist. Very exactly in Gaelic language *banchainti* = woman (*ban*) *cainte* (*chainti*). *Cainte* is a word of the same family as an incantation or enchanter. Theoretically designates a kind of critic of great people and princes (a little similar to the political journalists of today) but in the strongest sense, a little equivalent to that of “spellcaster.”

And she sang to him what is following.... But the poem in question does not appear in our manuscript. The writing down of literature hitherto oral, that can lead to that. It is one of the difficulties of our trade. Bible also besides, at times, refers to unknown books elsewhere and which therefore seem to have disappeared. For examples the Book of the wars of the Lord (mentioned in Numbers 21,14), the Annals of the kings of Judah (mentioned in 2 Kings 24,5), the Chronicles of Samuel the seer, the Chronicles of Nathan the prophet, and the Chronicles of Gad the seer (mentioned in I Chronicles 29,29) and lastly the book of Jashar (mentioned in Joshua 10,13, undoubtedly a web of nonsense which is not better than our worst legends considering what it reports); which are, of course, the books used by the authors of the Bible to compose their own synthesis, since this set of sheets, of course, like the Quran, is only speech of men, and in nothing words of God. In any event, as Caesar noticed it, by definition it could not exist Holy Scriptures, any writing is by vocation secular, only matters the spirit and not the letter, of all these texts. Caesar B.G. Book VI, Chapter XIV. “Nor do they regard it lawful to commit these [lines of verse] to writing, though in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they use Greek characters.”

NB. However when we turn our attention a little towards the letter of all these texts, we are then appalled by the stupidity and the malice of many passages of the Quran or of the Old Testament: all do not have the superhuman nobility or high-mindedness of the parable of the woman taken in adultery (John 8,1-11) or of the good Samaritan (Luke, 10, 25-37). Exodus XXII 18 specifies, for example “Do not allow a sorceress to live!”. But what the Hell my god, if we were to really burn all the human beings who think to be superior or endowed with exceptional powers, we would end up burning half of Mankind (see counter-lay No. 42). As for the verses (future hadiths, very early wiped off) in the Quran concerning adultery, they are morally much lower to the famous “Go now and leave your life of sin” of the theoretical Christianity. On these two points Islam is lower than Christianity and than ancient druidism which protected the foreigners.

“Heracles, then, delivered over the kingdom of the Iberians to the noblest men among the natives and, on his part, took his army and passing into Celtica and traversing the length and breadth of it he put an end to the lawlessness and murdering of strangers to which the people had become addicted” (Diodorus of Sicily, book IV, chapter XIX).

“Among them, man is punished more rigorously for the murder of a stranger than for that of a fellow citizen: in the first case, death, in the second exile only” (Nicholas of Damascus).

Collection of remarkable customs. Fragment preserved by Johannes Stobaeus).

“They invite strangers to their feasts, and do not inquire until after the meal who they are and of what things they stand in need” (Diodorus of Sicily, book V, chapter XXVIII).

He saw that she had become a black bird upon a branch near to him. A votive stele discovered in Germany in Trier as well as the pillar of the Parisian boatmen show us a man cutting down in a wood (we can't see the wood for the trees in this case) where took refuge one bovine and some birds.

In Paris with a kind of vulture, in Trier with a kind of axe.

The bovine bears three wading birds in Paris, in Trier we see only the head of the bovine as well as the three large birds perched in the branches.

The simple commentator of texts that we are remarks only that cranes are waders living in marshes but that, on the other hand, they do not inhabit the Irish lands. On the other hand, we find there ravens and hooded crows which not only are races of birds knowing to fight but birds whose aptitude to imitate the human voice is attested as of Antiquity, as the theonym Cathubodua mentioned in the Alps, in Savoy, shows it.

Also let us quote in support of this assumption the continental Celtic name Donnotarvos which means dun bull as well as the not very common strength traditionally recognized to Hesus according to the very name of Hesusertus which means literally "having the strength of Esus."

Dun. We translate so the Gaelic word Donn. Like already announced higher, there exists on the Continent, quoted by Caesar, a Celtic person's name associating this color with the bull: Donnotaurus (book VII, 65) among Helvians.

The sidh of Cruachan. A sidh is an artificial hill or a funerary hillock, a tumulus, supposed to match the residence of a god, or more exactly one of the exit or entrance, doors, in the other world. We shall return to the subject but is this to say this text regards Maeve and Ailill as gods demons or fairies?? What then becomes the assertion of the historicity of all these characters???

Eel, she-wolf, cow...

We cannot help here thinking of the songs with changes. Specialists call song with changes a song having for a topic, like in the case of Ceridwen and Gwion Bach, the various metamorphoses of a man or of a woman seeking to catch another of them. In Wales, it is indeed the legend of Ceridwen and Gwion Bach. Chased by Ceridwen, Gwion Bach flees while taking successively the appearance of a hare, of a blue salmon, of a bird... but Ceridwen changes as much time. In a barn finally, Gwion Bach is changed into a grain of wheat, Ceridwen takes the appearance of a black hen and swallows the wheat grain then, some time later, gives again birth to Gwion Bach.

There exist many versions or variants of this traditional topic, with different titles ("If you are made eel" for example). In the south of France, the song of Magali (a poem by Frederic Mistral published in 1859) is another one. It should be noted that if Mistral took as a starting point popular topics to write his text, we find today its words in six other melodies at least: Brittany, Poitou and to Canada...

Canto III. Translated from the Provençal language.

The boy.

Ô Magalí, ma tant amado,
Mete la tèsta au fenestron!
Escota un pauc aquesta aubada
De tamborins e de violons.

Es plen d'estèlas, aperamont.
L'aura es tombada,
Mai leis estèlas palliràn,
Quand te veirà.

O Magali, my so much beloved,
Come to the window, show yourself;
And listen awhile to this aubade
Of tambourin and violin!

The sky above is full of stars;
Softly blows the wind,
But even the stars will all grow pale
When you they see.

The girl.
Pas mai que dau murmur dei brondas
De ton aubada ieu fau cas!
Mai ieu me'n vau dins la mar blonda
Me faire anguièla de rocàs.

Not more than for the leaves their murmur
Do I for your aubade care.
For I am to the blonde (sic) sea going
To change into a conger eel

Ò Magalí, se tu te fas
Lo pèis de l'onda,
Ieu, lo pescaire me farai
Te pescarai.

O Magali, if you become
A fish in the waters
A fisherman I'll be
I'll fish you.

Ò! mai, se tu te fas pescaire,
Tei vertolets quand gitaràs,
Ieu me farai l'aucèu volaire,
M'envolarai dins lei campàs.

But if you become a fisher,
When you will throw your net,
I will change into a flying bird
And fly across the fields.

Ò Magalí, se tu te fas
L'aucèu de l'aire,
Ieu lo caçaire me farai,
Te caçarai.

O Magali, if you become
A flying bird,
I'll be a bird hunter
I'll catch you.

Ai perdigaus, ai boscaridas,
Se vènes, tu, calar tei laçs,
Ieu me farai l'èrba florida
E m'escondrai dins lei pradàs.

If nets you should mind to set,
For partridges for warblers,
I will change into a flowery herb
And in the meadows hide away.

Ò Magalí, se tu te fas
La margarida,
Ieu l'aiga linda me farai,
T'arrosarai.

O Magali, if you become
A daisy plant

I'll change into the limpid stream
And water you.

Se tu te fas l'aigueta linda,
Ieu me farai lo nivolàs,
E lèu me'n anarai ansinda
A l'America, perabàs...

If you change into limpid water
I'll change into a cloud,
And thus I rapidly shall wander away
To far America.

Ò Magalí, se tu te'n vas
Alin ais Indas,
L'aura de mar ieu me farai,
Te portarai.

O Magali, if you should go,
To remote India
I will become the sea breeze
That will waft you over.

Se tu te fas la marinada,
Ieu fugirai d'un autre latz:
Ieu me farai l'escandilhada
Dau grand solèu que fond lo glaç.

If you change into a sea breeze
I will escape another way;
I will become the scorching sunbeam
Of the great sun that melts the ice.

Ò Magalí, se tu te fas
La solelhada,
Lo verd limbèrt ieu me farai,
E te beurai.

O Magali, if you become
A hot sunbeam
Into a green lizard, I'll change
And drink you up.

Se tu te rèndes l'alabrena
Que se rescond dins lo bartàs,
Ieu me rendrai la luna plena
Que dins la nuech fai lum ai mascs.

If you change into a salamander,

And in a thicket hide yourself
I shall become the harvest moon
That lightens witches and sorcerers (sic) by night.

Ò Magalí, se tu te fas
La ròsa bèla,
Lo parpalhon ieu me farai,
Te baisarai.

O Magali, if you become
A beautiful rose,
Into a butterfly I'll change

And I'll kiss you.

Vai, calinhaire, corre, corre
Jamai, jamai m'agantaràs.
Ieu, de la rusca d'un grand rore
Me vestirai dins lo boscàs.

Go on my fair wheedler, run, run,
Never, never you'll catch me
For with the bark of a great oak.
I shall clothe me in the wood."

Variants.

I will see her Sunday, Sunday I will go
To ask for the hand of my beloved.

If you come Sunday, I will not be there
Behind my aunt's house
There is a pond
I will change into an eel,
Eel in the pond

If you are made eel, eel in the pond (bis)
I will change into a fisherman
Fishing in the pond
I will have you by fishing.

If you are made fisherman to have me by fishing (bis)
I will change into a lark
Lark in the fields!

If you are made lark, lark in the fields (bis)
I will change into a hunter
Hunting in the fields
I will have you by going hunting.

Tungu et reliqua. Mixed Gaelic and Latin expression meaning something as "I swear, etc." I swear in Gaelic language, etc. in Latin (et reliqua). The end of the story besides is also announced by a Latin formula: finit, meaning "the end." Eh yes, they are Christian monks who have put down in writing all these legends.

Minimum observations to be drawn from this account.

The name of the supernatural, non-human, entity, which appears to our hero, is therefore indicated only in the very last line: oculus luithi in Morrígan cona buin hi síd Crúachan la Connachta: it is therefore Morgan (Le Fay). This goddess or demoness which we will call so for lack of anything better, is another one of the aspects of the great goddess of fights evoked previously, Bodua or Catubodua in old Celtic, Bodb or Badb Catha in Gaelic language: the Celtic Kali. We will return on the subject because this identification is not without raising some problems.

This first meeting between Hesus Cuchulainn and the goddess or demoness or fairy Morgan therefore very badly occurred, it is the least we can say. It is up to the exegetes of this ancient bible of druidism which is the Ulster cycle, to deduce from it what is appropriate.

The goddess or demoness or fairy ascribes herself a role in the life-sustaining, or not, of our hero. Is this to say that it is a superhuman entity similar to the Scandinavian Norns, to the Roman Parcae or to the Greek Moirae, or more specifically a war goddess? We will see it thereafter.

As for her magic palace of Cruachan in the Connaught, it is in fact only one of the main gates of entrance (or exit) of a parallel other world coupled with ours, a kind of universal republic of the sídhs (each god having his one), that of Cruachan being only the preferred way of Morgan (La fay), at least according to this account. We will return in another of our lessons on this parallel universe (of the sídhs).

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 confess right away in order to make the work of my judges easier that men like me were Christians in Rome under Nero, pagans in Jerusalem, sorcerers in Salem, English heretics, Irish Catholics, and today racists, sexists, homophobes, islamophobic person, while waiting to be tomorrow kuffar or again Christian the most bestial antichrist of all the apocalypses, etc. In short, as you will have understood, I am for nothingness death illness 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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As regards the bibliography of details see appendix of the last lesson because, as Henry Lizeray says it so well, traditions that must be interpreted. It is there the whole difference which exists between former druidism and neo-druidism.

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33. Third part volume 1: what is Islam? Short historical review of the set QUR.HAD.SIR. and SHAR.FIQ.MAD.
34. Third part volume 2: What is Islam? First approaches to the set QUR.HAD.SIR. and SHAR.FIQ.MAD.
35. Third part volume 3: What is Islam? The true 5 pillars of the set QUR.HAD.SIR. and SHAR.FIQ.MAD.
36. Third part volume 4: What is Islam? Sounding the set QUR.HAD.SIR. and SHAR.FIQ.MAD.
37. Couiro anmenion or small dictionary of druidic theology volume 2.

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.