

DRUIDISM BIBLE
(HISTORY OF THE PEACE 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 berserker. 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.

ODE FOR THE HIGH-KNOWERS.

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

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

-But as a gigantic and protean law (DIN) that should govern the daily life of men with all that it implies. Obligations or prohibitions that everyone must respect day and night.

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

Judgments when one or more of these laws are violated.

Convictions for the guilty.

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

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

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

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

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

There is no happy medium...

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

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

1696. Christianity not mysterious.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1720. Pantheisticon, sive formula celebrandae sodalitatis socraticae.

Tetradymus.

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

II. Clidophorus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Examples of modernization of this pagan druidism.

- Giving up to lay associations of the cultural side (medicine, poetry, mathematics, etc.). Principle of separation of Church and State.
- Specialization on the contrary, in Celtic, or pagan in general, spirituality history of religion, philosophy and metapsychics (known today as parapsychology).
- Use in some cases of the current vocabulary (Church, religion, baptism, and so on).

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

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

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

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

1) Do ratath tra do Mael Milscothach iartain cech ni dobrethaigsid suide sin etir ecnaide 7 fileda 7 brithemna la taeb ogaisic a crech 7 is amlaidsin ro ordaigset do tabairt a cach ollamain ina einech 7 ina sa[ru]gadh 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.

NEO-DRUIDIC (COMMENT) COUNTER-LAY No. 1.

There should not be a conflict between Celtic mythology and science. Because these myths are no longer there, like formerly, to teach us how the world is (science), but how WE GO to the TRUE world (neo-druidism). The essential goal of this mythology, however, was our salvation or our heroization. The explanation of the natural phenomena was only a secondary goal of it. We should not ask ancient druidism to speak the scientific language of our time. Primordial high knowers felt duty-bound to give to their religious teaching a form which was appropriate for the minds of their time, and to speak a language which was adapted to them. Therefore they often themselves conformed to tangible appearances. Druidic mythology, even inspired, contains the science of its time and not ours. It would be absurd to reproach it and we can therefore say that the god-or-demons by speaking to the men through their intermediary (see Diodorus of Sicily. Book V, chapter XXXI) in a way have adapted their language to the human intelligence of this time, by expressing themselves in the manner of druids. The primordial high-knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht), have presented all that according to the current language of their time. A little like that which is still used today very often, in daily life, EVEN BETWEEN MOST LEARNED PEOPLE. And in this way of speaking men express things such as they appear (the sun sets, the day rises, etc.). Veledae and bards having thereafter spread mythology developed by these primordial druids, moreover, arranged things in their way, by using metaphors and amplifications (hyperboles). When these sacred texts report in connection with our hero what is following (for example).

“Is and-sin céat-riastarda im Choineulaind, co n-derna úathbásach n-ilrechtach n-ingantach n-anachnid de. Crithnaisget a chairíni imbi immar chrand re sruth no immar bocsimind ri sruth cach ball & cach n-alt & cach n-inn & cach n-áge de o mulluch co talmáin. Ro lá saebchless díbirge dia churp immedón a chracaind. Tancatar a thraigthe & a luirgne & a glúne, co m-bátar dá éis. Tancatar a sala & a orcni & a escata, co m-batar riam remi. Tancatar tullféithi a orcan co m-batar for tul a lurggan, co m-ba meithithir muldorn míled cech mecon dermár díb-ide. Srengtha tollféithe a mullaig, co m-batar for cóich a munéoil, co m-bá mei(ti)thir cend meic mís cach mulchnoc dímór dírim direcra dimesraigthe díb-ide. And-sin doringni cuach cera dia gnúis & da agaid fair. Imsloic indara súil dó ina chend, ised mod danastarsed fíadchorr tagraim do lár a gruade a iarthor a chlocaind, sesceing a seitig co m-bói for a grúad sechtair. Riastarda a bél co urthrachda. Srengais in n-ól don fidba chnáma, comtar inecnáig a inchroes. Tancatar a scoim & a thromma, co m-batar ar eittelaig ina bél & ina bragit. Benais béim n-ulgaib leomain don charput uachtarach for a forcli, co m-ba meithithir moltcraccand teora m-bliadan cech slamsruam teined doniged ina bél asa brágit. Ro clos blocsbeimnech a chride re chlíab imar glimnaig árchon i fotha, no mar leoman ic techta fo mathgamnaib. Atchessa na cainde (?) bodba & na cidnélla nime & na haible teined trichemrúaid innéllaib & i n-aeraib uas a chind re fiuchud na fergge firgairbe itrácht úaso. Racanig a folt imma chend imar craibred n-dercscíath im bernaid athálta. Ce ro craiteá rigaball fo righthorud immi, ised mod da risad utull díb dochum talman taris, acht ro sesed ubull for cach n-oenfinna and re frithchassad na ferge atracht da felt uaso. Atrácht in lond láith asa etun, co m-ba sithe remithir áinrem n-ocláig. Airddithir remithir tailcithir tressithir sithithir séolchrand prímlunghi móre in bunne diriuch dondfola atrácht a fírchleithe a chendmullaig i certairddi, co n-derna dubchfaich n-druidechta de amail chiaich de rígbuidin, in tan tic rí dia tenecur hi fescur lathi gemreta”.

“It is then came the first warp spasm (trance) of his battle fury on Cuchulainn, so that it made him many-shaped, horrible, and wonderful at the same time. His flesh trembled about him like a pole against the torrent or like a bulrush against the stream. Every member and every joint and every knuckle of him from foot to head and from head to foot, he made a furious whirling feat of his body within his skin. His feet and his shins and his knees slid so that they came behind him, his heels and his calves and his knee shifted so that they passed to the front. The muscles of his calves moved so that they came to the front of his shins, so that each huge knot was the size of a soldier's balled fist. He stretched the sinews of his head so that they stood out on his neck, hill-like lumps, huge, vast, immeasurable and as large as the head of a month-old child. He next made a ruddy bowl of his face. He gulped down one eye into his head so that it would be hard work if a wild crane succeeded in drawing it out. Its mate sprang forth till it came out on his cheek. His mouth was distorted monstrously. He drew the cheek from the jawbone so that the interior of his throat was to be seen. His lungs stood out so that they fluttered in his mouth and his gullet. He struck a raving lunatic wolf's blow with the upper jaw on its fellow so that as large as a wether's fleece of a three-year-old was each red, fiery flake which his teeth forced into his mouth from his gullet. There was heard the loud clap of his heart against his breast like the yelp of a howling blood greyhound or like a lion going among bears. There were seen the torches of the Badb, and the rain clouds of poison, and the sparks of glowing-red fire,

blazing and flashing in hazes and mists over his head with the seething of the truly wild wrath that rose up above him. His hair bristled all over his head like the branches of a red thorn thrust into a gap in a great hedge. Had a king's apple-tree laden with royal fruit been shaken around him, scarce an apple of them all would have passed over him to the ground, but rather would an apple have stayed stuck on each single hair there, for the twisting of the battle fury which met it as it rose from his hair above him. The Lon Laith ('Champion's Light') stood out of his forehead, so that it was as long and as thick as a warrior's whetstone. As high, as thick, as strong, as steady, as long as the sail tree of some huge prime ship was the straight spout of dark blood which arose right on high from the very ridgepole of his crown, so that a black fog was made thereof like the smoke from a king's hostel when the king comes to be ministered to at nightfall of a winter's day."

Eh well the aforementioned texts or rather their authors are mistaken, compared to our current science, but express what was thought possible at the time.

N.B. the light of the heroes is a kind of aura or halo, surrounding the head of certain heroes, thus promoted to the rank of god-or-demons like our text says it. A little similar to the *menos* which is blazing above the head of Achilles or to the *tapas* of Indian ascetics.

M. L. Sjoestedt points out that there exist coins on which we can see small balls between vertically standing strands of hair, of a head appearing on them. The Celts were accustomed before fighting, to wash their hair with plaster water or whitewash. What produced straight and hardened, stuck together and tangled, big locks, making them somewhat resembling hedgehogs, but effective (better resistance to blows). The abundance of the *cassi-* something Celtic names is perhaps an allusion to this type of hairstyle.

What it is necessary to retain for us from such passages, it is not that a man can become distorted at this point. "To stretch so much his body that the foot of a man could have taken place between each one of his ribs and that his neck was stretched from one edge to the other of the block this time." "To swell up like a multicolored balloon which is blown up and to bend all his body like a frightening bow ".Because nobody can believe that !But that there were extremely rare hysteric-epileptic phenomena, of which we cannot determine the nature precisely today.

To make Science depending on any religious belief is not very wise, and we should not try to prove that parts of modern science are nevertheless contained in a religious mythology; as the Muslims with their Quran or the Christians (some more than of others) do currently. It would be dangerous and childish because we come then quickly to the kind of book published in 1973, by the French druid going by the name Edmund Koarer-Kalondan (1909--1981) about Celts and Aliens. To have the full intelligence of an ancient myth or spirituality, it is necessary to distinguish, in them, what is essential from what is only incidental. And therefore to know the intentions of the great inspired poets who composed this sacred literature, or the goals that the audience they wanted to touch, intended to reach. The primordial high-knowers of the druidiaction (*druidecht*), having spoken the very language of the god-or-demons (see Diodorus of Sicily. Book V, chapter XXXI) their intention could be only that of delivering a teaching first ethical and religious, and then only scientific. Analyzes and current comments about ancient druidic mythology must consequently deal especially, if not exclusively, with ethics or religion, and not with science. In Ireland for example, the main purpose of the mythology concerning the Hound of Culann (*Cúchulainn* *) just like the others besides, was, do not forget it, the one we can express as follows: "to teach us how we go in the true world AND NOT HOW THE WORLD IS."

John-Peter Martin. *Telo Martius* 25 06 2003.

* JAMES MacKILLOP. *Dictionary of Celtic Mythology*. *Cúchulainn, Cú Chulainn, Cúchulain, Cú Chulaind, Cuchulinn, Cuculain Cúcán*, etc. [Ir., hound of Culann; hound of the smith]. The greatest hero in early Irish literature and the principal hero of the Ulster Cycle; along with Lug Lámfhota and Fionn mac Cumhaill, *Cúchulainn* is one of the three great heroes of early Ireland. The child of divine and human parents, *Cúchulainn* was first known as *Sétanta* and did not win the name by which we know him until he had performed heroic feats at the age of 7. Learned 19th-century commentators routinely compared him to Hercules and Siegfried for feats of valor. Surviving stories about him are extensive, and he is the principal figure in *Táin Bó Cuailnge* [Cattle Raid of Cooley], the Irish epic. His characteristic quickness and small, dark stature have suggested to some commentators that *Cúchulainn* may be derived from Gaulish Mercury, as described in Caesar's commentaries (first century before the common era). At one time he was thought to derive from the Gaulish god *Esus*,

although that assertion is now disputed. His birth name, Sétanta, suggests a link with the early British people of the Setantii, who were described by Ptolemy (second century C.E.). At times his portrayal suggests parallels with the earlier Celtic figure Ogmios.

Editor's note. The link with the continental Celtic god-or-demon Hesus seems to us on the contrary still also relevant, as we will see, and it is therefore wrongly that he was a little quickly drawn aside. The Irish legend makes him, of course, a natural son (or an avatar) of Lug, but such was perhaps also the case of the continental god or demon known as Hesus. This assumption (Cúchulainn = Hesus) therefore also deserves to be looked into, and we will tackle it in this essay.

NEO-DRUIDIC (COMMENT) COUNTER-LAY No. 2. TRIES OF TYPOLOGICAL INTERPRETATION OF THE PART PLAYED BY CUCHULAINN IN THE IRISH TRADITION.

COMMENTA BERNENSIA AD LUCANUM. Verse 445. Hesus Mars sic placatur: Homo in arbore suspenditur usque donec per curem membra digesserit...

First try of interpretation of the myth of Hesus Mars known as Cuchulainn in Ireland.

The outlines of the epic of the Hound of Culann, of Cûchulainn therefore, form a Pan Celtic myth born within the P- Celtic-speaking tribe of Setantii, therefore ultimately somewhere in Central Europe before the year zero of our era. And Irishmen of Ulster who were not at the beginning Gaelic people, but Celts speaking p-Celtic language according to T.F. O'Rahilly (the ruling dynasty of Ulaid even claimed to be some descendant of a Fir Bolg king named Rudraige), did nothing but adapt to their case this narrative structure. There was therefore a historicization of the broad outlines of the myth, and not a euhemerization, or let us say a backwards euhemerization (a change of gods or demons into men, uncommon, of course, but quite human).

And the mix-up between Ireland and earth; in a time that can date back at most only to the old Irish period, at the earliest in the seventh century, and probably quite after; was all the easier as in Gaelic language Eriu, genitive Ereinn, is Ireland, while Iriu, genitive Ireinn, is the earth.

It is besides from this point of view that Henry Lizeray, the translator (with William O'Dwyer) of the Book of the Taking of Ireland (Leabar Gabala Ereinn), founder of the national druidic Church (the labarum is its symbol) wrote his fundamental essay heading, "Aesus or the secret doctrine of the druids." This author invites us to look Hesus as a master of ancient Celts, last-born child of Fate. Besides isn't it often said that it is by following the walking one (Setanta) that we find the way? Closer to us, with regard to this primordial deity that is the Fate, considering its importance, let us remind here also of what John Rhys says to us in the second volume of his book about the Celtic, Welsh and Manx folklore. Concerning the Welsh word "tyngned."...The word in the Welsh text for destiny is tyngned (for an earlier tuncet), and the corresponding Irish word is attested as tocad. Both these words have a tendency, like 'fate,' to be used mostly in pejorem partem. Formerly, however, they might be freely used in an auspicious sense likewise, as for instance in the woman's name Tuncetace, on an early inscribed stone in Pembrokeshire. If her name had been rendered into Latin, she would probably have been called Fortunata, as a namesake of good fortune. ... In the southern part of my native county of Cardigan, the phrase in question has been in use within the last thirty years, and the practice which it denotes is still so well known as to be the subject of local stories....The phrase tyngu tyngned, intelligible still in Wales, recalls another instance of the importance of the spoken word, to wit, the Latin fatum.... I would point out that the Romans had a plurality of fata; but ...it is not known that the ancient Welsh had more than one tyngned. In the case, however, of old Norse literature, we come across the Fate there as one bearing a name which is perhaps cognate with the Welsh tyngned.

For John Rhys (still in the second volume of his book about the Celtic folklore, Welsh and Manx) the fact that Cuchulainn and his father Sualtam are not concerned with the strange disease which affects the Ulaid each year at the same date (that Rhys considers tantamount to a couvade syndrome) proves that they are not forming a part of the Ultonian race, or more exactly of the Ulaid.

The "little" Hesus called Setanta then Hound of Culann, is therefore only the avatar on earth of the previous one, the great "Hesus" of the origins (Morfhessa in Gaelic, Marovesos in old Celtic), stayed in his island of Thule/Falias. This extraordinary fate was revealed to us as soon as the beginning of the earthly life of the little Hesus/Cuchulainn considering the rather uncommon circumstances of his triple conception, but also at the time of his childhood feats when he was between five and seven years old (see the episode of the hound of the blacksmith, etc.). What evidences well that the fate had already filled him with the strength (the lon laith or the light of the heroes) of the spirit which saves (the souls). The claim of the Hesus Mars to the title of king of the warriors was, of course, likely to be interpreted from a political point of view, the majority of the men being more or less warriors at the time, but the tragic martyrdom of his end showed the true meaning of it. In the ancient Celtic system, a king is not completely a warrior like the others and the kingship of Cuchulainn therefore was not a simple political kingdom in this world (the Lia Fail, the stone of Fal or of Scone, shouts besides neither under him nor under his adoptive son Lugaid, and the political kingship would be only over a part of this world, is therefore refused to him. See nevertheless the pieces of advice he will then give to his

adoptive son Lugaid). Let us also add that the fact he did not have children having survived him, saved us, we uns druidicists, from the ambiguities of Islam in connection with the political role or not of the descendants of Muhammad. Hesus Mars, of course, never agreed willingly to see this political kingship postponed to another world to come, but he nevertheless accepted it.

His assumption in the heaven on his soibrocarpanton (his siaburcharpat) will bring besides, in those who believed (or who are still interested) in him, of course (his friends, his admirers, his people, the persons in his debt) an answer to the question of his identity (god or demon? Doomed to Hell or to Heaven?)

But, once again, let us repeat it, in this embodiment's story, this avatar, this descent onto earth and among the human beings of the Great Hesus, in the form of Setanta Cuchulainn, was largely later to his settling on the island of Thule/Falias. Has been largely later to the separation between the world of god-or-demons and the world of men. Strange thing, true Celts have always been more fascinated by this king failed, beheaded, mutilated, given up by everybody, than by his victors. That can seem incomprehensible for some Muslims, Jews or even Christians, but it is so! To recognize a savior half-god-or-demon in this mutilated man, crucified, in the end, on the standing stone (menhir) of Muirthemne, an act of faith is, of course, necessary. But for all those the Fate calls, the blood Celts or mind Celts, this overcome there, will therefore remain forever "the supreme allegory, voice or word" of the Tocade or Tocad (symbol the labaron, also known as saint Patrick's cross in Ireland or saint Andrew's cross in Scotland) in action. His death makes more than to inspire respect. It reveals the real being of the Walking one (Setanta), his link with the Great Hesus (Marovesus or Morfhessa) of the Isle of Thule, his family relationship with Lug who will surround him with his light, the light of the heroes (lon laith), at the time of the disembodiment of his soul/mind. In short his connections with the Tocad or the Tocade (Middle Welsh tyngned, Breton tonket, destined, old Irish tocad, destiny, toicthech "fortunatus", tonquedec in Breton language). Hesus's destiny is the last account of the power of the Fate or Tocad (e), but also of its attachment to the life of men as Hesus Cuchulainn the King (of the warriors). Animals have no destiny, only men have one.

Reminder on the role and function of the Indo-European warlike class considering its importance in the legends about the Hesus Mars known as Cuchulainn in Ireland.

Let us be clear! A defensive war is by definition righteous, even if all the means to use for self-defense are not inevitably such (are not inevitably righteous) by definition. The commonly admitted rules for Israel are the following ones.

The aggression against oneself or a friendly country must be

- current, the danger must be imminent;
- illegitimate: to block a just war cannot be regarded as self-defense;
- real: the aggression should not be imaginary or alleged. In parallel, the defensive war must be
- necessary: no other means of protecting oneself against danger or of protecting friendly peoples against danger;
- simultaneous: the reaction must be immediate, for example you should not go to war because of irredentism or of a land recovery at the end of more than three generations;
- proportioned with the aggression: there should not be an excess in the military response.

The ethical problem concerns in fact only "offensive" wars. As for jihads, if the Chiites are against them (as long as the Mahdi has not intervened), the kharidjites have made them the sixth pillar of Islam.

And the Sunnis (80% of Muslims) have a position that Ibn Khaldun makes clear (Islam has the right to use them in order to convert the rest of the world). Theologians are also of the opinion that no truce with the Dar al Harb should last more than 10 years, and some theologians admit the use of taqiya in this field according a hadith by Muhammad on the topic "all war is a deception".

Simplest obviously is that any war is made up only of confrontations like the famous "Combat of the Thirty" a pas d'armes which took place on March 26, 1351, between volunteers (professional if necessary, not as in the case of Joan of Arc).

The Combat was fought at a site midway between the Breton castles of Josselin and Ploermel and opposed thirty knights and squires on each side, with swords, daggers, spears, and axes, mounted or on foot. Cf. the celebrated advice of Geoffroy du Bois to his wounded leader, who was asking for water: "Drink your blood, Beaumanoir; your thirst will pass!" All the combatants on either side were either dead or seriously wounded, Bramborough himself being among the nine on the English side to be slain. The prisoners were well treated and released on payment of a small ransom because at the time people fought not to kill but to make prisoners some rich persons. Same situation in the Arabia of Jahiliya besides.

Various readers, and even more exactly she- readers, having pointed out that the way of fighting of Joan of Arc also had its effectiveness, we concede it readily, and this way of fighting of Joan of Arc brings to some extent the touch of femininity which was absent from the practice of war such as it was initially imagined by and for the second Indo-European function. The investigations carried out in 1455 for her retrial showed indeed that Joan of Arc always tried to avoid spreading blood unnecessarily: she always sends letters to her adversaries, asking them to withdraw or to submit themselves willingly. So, the day before the recapture of Orleans, on April 22nd she makes a letter run to the king of England, the duke of Burgundy and the English captains present in front of the city, a letter in which she asks them to withdraw. For lack of positive response, she sends another one at the end of an arrow, then command the captain of the Turrets to evacuate the place in order to avoid being killed. Example "you, men of England, who do not have any right in this kingdom, the king of Heaven commands and orders you, through me, Joan the Maid, that you leave your fortified castles and come back in your country..." what, of course, made the English much laugh when they took note of this letter of the Armagnac whore. The day before and the day of the coronation, she also writes to the duke of Burgundy to beg him to be reconciled with the king. In vain. Through there, she emphasizes best the sacred nature of her mission, which forces her to use the sword only as a last resort, last, but decisive. Questioned about this manner of going against the enemy, she answered that she did not want to use her sword nor to kill somebody. Of course she had a sword, she even had several ones, but she never used it to make the blood shed. She used it only with the flat (of the blade), to give good slaps or scraps (Peter Duparc, in his study of the retrial of Joan of Arc). She was finally sold to the English for 10 000 pounds. The court chaired by Peter Cauchon reproached her for lack of better to wear male clothes, to have left his parents, without they gave her leave of absence, but especially for relying systematically on the judgment of God rather than on that of the Catholic Church. The judges also estimate that her "voices," to which she refers constantly, in fact, are inspired by the demon. The University of Paris (misled by the tendentious report of Peter Cauchon, we don't agree with George Bernard Shaw about the part played by this bishop, there are still individuals of his kind in France today, for example some prosecuting attorneys beholden to the executive power, ready for every maneuver in order to please it and so to get promoted) delivers its opinion: Joan is guilty to be schismatic, an apostate, a liar, soothsayer, suspect of heresy, wandering in the faith, blasphemer of God. To close all debates about her, let us recognize that the answers she made to her judges *, and preserved in the official records of her trial, show us a courageous girl (17 years old), whose outspokenness as well as the quick wit ("About love or hatred that God shows to the English, I know nothing, but I am convinced that they will be driven out of this country, excluded those who will die on this land") are moderated by a great sensitivity as for the suffering and the horrors of war, as well as in front of the mysteries of religion. She could impose respect including on serial killers like Gilles de Rais (however prototype of Bluebeard even Dracula). He was indeed one of the last to be remained faithful to her. A way for him of making amends for his crimes perhaps.* Another example. Question: Do you know whether or not you are in God's grace? Answer: If I am not, may God put me in it; and if I am, may God so keep me.

But let us return now to our initial subject. What is certain it is that, beheaded, mutilated, tortured, our hero will be able to reign finally from now on and for eternity in the memory of the men.

"I do not care to live, it would be only one night and only one day, if the tale of my adventures and of my exploits crosses the centuries" what was indeed the case! It is by following the walking one that we find the path. The exemplarity of the life of the Irish Hesus Mars was completed with his assumption on a soibrocarpanton (siaburcharpat in Gaelic language). But the druid of Conall Cernach who brought back us all these tales therefore did not understand immediately for all that all the implications, it is obvious! It is only in the light of his shamanic initiation that the mystery of the origin of our lord Hesus Cuchulainn of Muirthemne, can be understood. And that the progression of his legend among us, somewhere in (central?) Europe there is more than 2.300 years can take all its meaning. But the pillar stone (menhir) of Airbe Rofir will still remain nevertheless for us, an object of incomprehension even of horror in accordance with the INTENTION OF THE AUTHOR OF THIS TEXT BESIDES. It was a great writer and it is well the effect that he sought to cause in the mind of his listeners.

Second try of interpretation. According to a well-known literary process: that of the transposition of a text concerning a different character in the beginning.

"Fate is personified among the Celts of the Continent with the local name of Hesus; and the appearance he presents in their pictures is truly frightening. They make him as bloody as it was

possible¹). You would take him for a hellish deity, for Charon or Iapetus, anyone rather than AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE INEVITABILITY OR OF THE FATALITY. Now I thought at first that this was by hatred for the Greeks; that in taking these liberties with the personal appearance of the Law ruling the worlds, the Celts were only avenging themselves on him, on the pictorial level... However, I have yet to mention the most remarkable feature in the portrait.... of this half-god.... For a long time I stood staring at this in amazement, I did not know what to make of it, and I was beginning to feel somewhat nettled, when I was addressed in admirable Greek by a Celt who stood at my side, and who besides possessing a scholarly acquaintance with their national science, proved not to be unfamiliar with our own. He told me, O noble stranger; I see this fresco puzzles you: let me solve the riddle. We Celts connect inevitability or fatality not only with a simple trio of fairies leaning on the cradle of men (the Moirae). It is also especially of the war we think in this case, because it is more fraught with consequences. Nor need it surprise you if the power of Fate within the human life is illustrated among us by the life and the work of a wild warrior, because only the death is able to upset from top to bottom the destiny of each one, at least according to your own poets, Aeschylus and Sophocles³) who tell us that...I think to remember also that among you a certain Heraclitus made the confrontation of all antagonisms the supreme law of the world. And, still if my memory is good, you also you admit that the ardor your poets call "agon" is to be put in the rank of the main forces to be honored in this world? 4)Do not be astonished therefore to see the connection we make between the war and the fate, and do not see an insult towards your Logos (ruling principle of the world) if we uns, we represent it especially as a warrior.(Midrash of Peter DeLaCrau ACCORDING to Lucian, Introductory lecture, Heracles.)

Editor's note.

1. The Bernese scholia of Lucan's Pharsalia call him besides ESUS MARS.
2. Esus Mars is honored in this way: a man is hanged in a tree until his limbs are torn off (comments known as "Bernese" on verses I, 445-446, in the Pharsalia of Lucan).
3. Oedipus.
4. Competition spirit. Celts and Greeks indeed granted much importance to this notion. The first useful contrast (oxymoron or gwenn ha du) to express the notion of mankind, undoubtedly remains friend/enemy. See the eon called Nanto (Neith/Neth). But for the high knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht), it was the bipolarity characterizing every life in this world (hot/cold, high/low, soft/hard, male/female, etc.). This idea, we also find in the loricae, illustrates the desire to complete or close a list, by choosing pairs of opposites, by including a totality. Indeed, if the black is evoked, why not evoke the white, does not the movement go in the same way with the stop, the north and the south with the east and the west? All that suggests that nothing was forgotten nor cannot be forgotten, that everything is taken into account.

NEO-DRUIDIC (COMMENT) COUNTER-LAY No. 3.

Third typological try of interpretation of the part played by Cuchulainn in Irish imaginative world. Some authors wanted to see in Cuchulainn a deity similar to the dharmapala or wrathful deities of Tibetan Buddhism. One of the surprising aspects of the Vajrayana Tantric Buddhism is indeed the existence in its tradition of wrathful deities. They are generally represented in a threatening form (irascible face, prominent fangs, flames aura - a lon laith?- , raised hair, numerous limbs, macabre ornaments, human skulls or snakes used as a necklace, weapons in their hands). Their role is particularly important in Tibetan Buddhism where they are called drag-gshed, guru dragpo (wrathful or cruel ones) and gshed-ma (infernal demons, torturers, tormenters).

These divine images represent the Protectors (dharmapala in Sanskrit therefore) whose frightening appearance is opposed to a sympathizing nature in fact.

The eight main dharmapalas of Tibetan Buddhism are...

Mahakala (Nagpo Chenpo).

Yama (Shinje).

Yamantaka (Shinje Shed).

Hayagriva (Tamdrin).

Vaisravana (Kubera).

Shri Devi (Palden Lhamo).

Changpa.

Prana Atma (Begtse).

Due to the fact that the rituals concerning them were formerly handed down in a secret way or because their appearance, their representations are sometimes exhibited in a room less directly accessible, even hidden.

But in spite of their passably frightening aspect, they are in fact beneficial deities because their function is to protect Buddhism or its practicing ones (many are regarded as emanations of bodhisattvas or of buddhas). They are sometimes yidams *, even if some people consider that they can be used as such only by experienced yogis or lamas. Their frightening looks and their violent actions described in the sadhanas (ritual meditations), in which they kill and devour the flesh of their victims, drink their blood or smash their bones; represent the destruction of the internal (greed, anger) or external, obstacles, in search of the spiritual realization. Finally, at least in the interpretation that Buddhism makes of them.

Such is not our opinion! Or at least, if Cuchulainn is a kind of wrathful deity of the Irish tradition, it is also at the same time one of the most beautiful examples of calming deities considering the serenity of the last moments of his life crucified on the standing stone (menhir) of Muirthemne. Moreover such deities exist well in Tibetan Buddhism, particularly the 58 ones evoked in the mandala of the peaceful deities. The Tibetan death legend indeed describes appearances of peaceful and wrathful deities for the one who has already familiarized himself with them in his lifetime. The second phase of the process, the Chonyid Bardo bring him together some deities like Vairocana, personifying the wisdom, the evenness of temper, the faculty of sound judgment, etc. At least in Tibetan paganism. But during this second stage he is also brought together more frightening deities (known as wrathful in the Tibetan Buddhist Tradition) who are in fact only the reflection or the representation of the weight of his past acts (you always get out of it what you put in it). If the practicing one cannot be freed by identifying and by making the most of the states of consciousness which are previous the death of the body, in each later phase of the intermediate state he consequently seeks to cause the appearance of these peaceful or wrathful deities, in accordance with an in advance well-defined practice. By training himself to a discipline aiming to reveal them, the one who practices in his lifetime the Bardo Thodol seeks to become conscious during the intermediate state in question which follows the physical death, in order to be able to identify immediately the entity of fundamental knowledge, the basic mental, the luminous and cognitive nature of the mental (Vairocana?) There exists at this stage of the after death process 100 deities who can be visualized. Fifty-eight in a peaceful shape, forty-two in a wrathful shape. But these 100 main deities of the Chonyid bardo will be seen only by the already very spiritually advanced followers, therefore having studied Tantrism. Ordinary people will have with their death only visions similar to those described in the Sidpa bardo.

Nevertheless, like in the case of the matching process of the Celtic Death legend among the continental Celts, the divine appearances of the Chonyid bardo are perhaps only a pure and simple

recollection of the set of images memorized during his lifetime, by the practicing one , during his innumerable exercises of contemplation, of the representations of peaceful or wrathful deities. Those among us who have no preliminary idea of the appearance of these after death deities therefore will not see them, even while arriving at this stage of their progression towards the Other World.

* The Ishta-devata (in Sanskrit) or the Yidam (in Tibetan) is the predilection deity, used as support for the meditation, in the Tantric practices of Vajrayana.

THE RUSTLING OF THE CATTLE OF CUALNGE. (Tain Bo Cualnge.)

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

It is the longest and oldest Irish saga. Its title is generally translated by driving off, rustling, capture, raid (tain) of the cattle of Cualnge. We can summarize it as follows: a coalition of the kingdoms of Ireland, led by the sovereigns of Connaught, invade the kingdom of Ulidia for the possession of the fabulous bull, the Dun one of Cuailnge. They must face a superhuman warrior called "the hound of Culann" in old Irish (Cu Chulainn) previously Setanta, and even Hesus before (on the Continent).

There exist two principal recensions of the story:

Part of the first recension is contained in the Lebor Na hUidre (Book of the dun cow) which dates from the beginning of the 11th century, but the language used shows that it belongs to the 9th century and perhaps to the 8th century (old Irish). The second part is included in the Yellow Book of Lecan which is later, it dates back to the 14th century.

These two sets form, once assembled, the complete story, without there is a literary unity, taking into account the various times of composition. This version contains episodes not appearing in the version of the book of Leinster, even appreciably different in their length as in the details of their proceedings, it is therefore important for who wants to have a more complete outline of the epic of our hero, to refer to it (what we did only very partially or very punctually). A complete synthesis of all these Irish stories and legends speaking about the Hesus Cuchulainn with a critical apparatus (considering the many variants inconsistencies redundancies or various interpolations) will be soon published besides so that researchers can refer to it. In the meanwhile the English version of the Gaelic text produced by Ernest Windisch in 1905 was delivered to us by Joseph Dunn in 1914, but be careful, its language is a tiny bit antiquated. Therefore warning to the enthusiasts! It is not globish but almost some English as it was spoken about the time of Shakespeare. Some old English consequently!

The second recension is included in the Book of Leinster (in Gaelic language Lebor Laignech or Lebar Na Nuachongbala), a collection of manuscripts which dates from the 12th century (middle Irish). This version was based on the Lebor Na hUidre and the Yellow Book of Lecan, with an inclusion of original elements.

There exists a third later and very fragmentary version.

These texts are written in old Irish, a language used from the 8th to the 11th century, and in middle Irish, used from the 11th to the 15th century. The narrative form is prose except for versified passages, which emphasize the dramatic intensity and seem in a linguistic state older than the prose which frames them.

This work of literary compilation was completed by clerics, within Irish monasteries. A more or less deep Christian influence is therefore superimposed on the Celtic substrate. On a purely anecdotal basis, a legend makes King Cunocaveros/Conchobar a contemporary of Jesus (he dies of anger while learning the way in which the Jews would have treated him: an obvious trace of Christian anti-semitism).

On the other hand, the dating of the matter is impossible. The framework is undoubtedly pre-Christian and shows us a warlike society of the Iron Age. The oral transmission was done over several centuries before all that was written down.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE DISCOVERY OR (RE) DISCOVERY OF THE STORY OF THE TAIN.

The Irish tradition (and particularly the text entitled in Gaelic language *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), Senchan, stung, would then have roped in 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 for 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.”

INCIPIIT TAIN BO CUALNGE.

Chapter I. The pillow talk.

Once of a time, that Ailill and Maeve had spread their royal bed of the fortress of Cruachan, in Connacht, such was the pillow talk that befell betwixt them.

Said Ailill. True is the saying, woman, she is a lucky woman that is a respectable man's wife.' Of course, that she is, answered the wife; but wherefore opine you so?"

For this, Ailill replied, that you are this day better off than the day that first I took you [as wife]. Then answered Maeve: "As well off was I before I ever saw you." It was wealth, indeed, we never heard nor knew of, Ailill said; but a woman's wealth was all you had and foes from lands next yours were used to carry off the spoil and booty that they took from you. Not so was I said Maeve; the king of the kings (ard ri) of Erin himself was my sire, Eocho Fedlech (the Enduring) son of Find, son of Findoman, son of Finden, son of Findguin, son of Rogen Ruad (the Red), son of Rigen, son of Blathacht, son of Beothacht, son of Enna Agnech, son of Oengus Turbech. Of daughters, had he six: Derbriu, Ethne and Ele, Clothru, Mugain and Maeve, myself, that was the noblest and surest of them. 'Twas I was the goodliest of them in the bounty and gift-giving. 'Twas I was best of them in battle and strife and combat. 'Twas I that had fifteen hundred royal mercenary captains, some sons of aliens exiled from their own land, and as many more of the sons of freemen of the land. And dechenbor cach amuis díbside, & ochtúr ri cach n-amus, mórfessiúr cach amuis, sessiúr cach amais, & cóicfiúr cach amuis, triúr ri cach n-amus, & días cach amuis, amus cach amuis. There were ten men with every one of these hirelings captains ? and ??? These were as a standing household guard," continued Maeve; " hence has my father bestowed one of the five provinces of Erin upon me, even the province of Cruachan; wherefore 'Maeve of Cruachan ' am I called.

Men came from Finn son of Ross the Red, king of Leinster, to seek me for a wife, and I refused him; and from Cairpre the great warrior son of Ross the Red, king of Temair, to woo me, and I refused him; and they came from Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna the Mighty, king of Ulster, and I refused him in like wise. They came from Eochaid the Small, and I did not go; for 'tis I that exacted a singular bride gift, such as no woman before me had ever required of a man of the men of Erin, namely, a husband without avarice, without jealousy, without fear (cen neóit, cen ét, cen omon).

For should he be mean, the man with whom I should live, we were ill matched together, inasmuch as I am great in largess and gift-giving. And it would be a disgrace for my husband if I should be better at spending than he for it to be said that I was superior in wealth and treasures to him, while no disgrace would it be were one as great as the other.

Were my husband a coward, it were as unfit for us to be mated, for I by myself and alone break battles and fights and combats (catha & cumlenga & congala). It would be a reproach for my husband should his wife be more full of life than himself, and no reproach our being equally energetic (beoda). Should he be jealous, the husband with whom I should live, that too would not suit me, since before marrying me I was never without having many lovers. Howbeit, such a husband have I found, namely in you yourself, Ailill son of Ross the Red of Leinster. You was not churlish, you was not jealous, you was not passive. It was I plighted you, and gave purchase price of the future spouse to you, which of right belongs to the bride's father: of clothing, namely, the raiment of twelve men, a chariot worth thrice seven female slaves, the breadth of your face of red gold, the weight of your left forearm of white bronze (finddruini = brass?) Whoever brings shame and sorrow and madness upon you, no claim for compensation nor satisfaction have you therefore that I myself have not, because you are a husband who has unless possessions than his wife. Nay, not such was my state, said Ailill. Two brothers had I, one of them over Tara, the other over Leinster; namely, Finn, over Leinster, and Cairpre over Temair. And I left the kingship to them because they were older but not superior to me in largess and bounty. Nor heard I of a province in Erin under a woman's keeping but this province alone. And for this I came and assumed the kingship here as my mother's heir; for Mata of Muresc, daughter of Magach of Connaught, was my mother. And who could there be for me to have as my queen better than yourself, being, as you was, daughter of the High King of Erin? Yet so it is, pursued Maeve, my fortune is greater than yours. I marvel at that, Ailill made answer, for there is none that has greater treasures and riches and wealth than I: youa, to my knowledge there is not.

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

She is a lucky woman that is a respectable man's wife. We translate so the Gaelic expression is maith ben, ben dagfir which is voluntarily perhaps, hazy, even which means nothing, which borders pleonasm or tautology and which would be therefore perfectly in its place in the speeches of our time. In the consensual kind, indeed, one does not do better. The evil and the unfairness everyone is against. The only problem it is that we do not have the same definition of what the evil or the unfairness is; the evidence being psychopaths, those who consider the State the Nation or the Country tantamount their person, the number one often, those for whom what is more important is to make the will of God, to be pleasant with God. Because in this case, if God exists (if he does not exist let us no longer him) how to know with certainty what he wants (if he is capable of volition besides)? My old Master Peter Lance was accustomed to say, what God requests * today it is that we believe no longer in him. * What he asks, what he likes, what he wants, what he orders, on the contrary what he prohibits or what displeases to him, what he does not want, what he punishes. For more detail on this subject see the mass religions like Judaism or Islam which are specialists of that (of barring). To return to our text, what is in question they are the respective senses of the old Celtic words matos and dagos. Maith and dag in Gaelic language. Matos = good, favorable, complete. Dagos = good, fit, capable.

Woman's wealth. We translate so the Gaelic word bantincur/bantinchor without too much knowing what it means. A dowry? Movable goods only? Goods returning to the paternal family of origin, after death? What Aillill wants to say in any case is very clear: they were secondary or minor possessions. Surest. We translate so the Gaelic word urraitiu/aurrad (contrary deorad). Perhaps a legal term. One of the five provinces. Let us be clear. The Celtic tradition was a division into four plus one, of the territories, i.e., in four parts plus one, in the center, roughly equal (cf. the example of the Galatian tetrarchy: each tribe was divided into four portions which were called tetrarchies, each tetrarchy having its own tetrarch, and also one druid [Greek dikaste] and one military chief [Greek stratophylaks], both subject to the tetrarch, and two subordinate commanders [in Greek hypostratophylaks]. The Council of the twelve Tetrarchs consisted of three hundred men, who assembled at Drunemeton, as it was called. Now the Council passed judgment upon murder cases, but the tetrarchs and the druids [Greek dikastes] upon all others. Such, then, was the constitution of Galatia long ago, but in my time the power has passed to three rulers, then to two; and then to one, Dejotarus, and then to Amyntas, who succeeded him. Strabo, book XII, chapter V). But this theoretical diagram never really matched a real situation, and the emergence of the king of kings in Ireland (ard ri Erenn) was very slow. The real powers of the king of kings over the provincial kings were to be comparable with those of the king of France over his vassal the king of England (as a duke of Normandy : cf. the Miquiers and Ecrehos case at I.C.J.) i.e. merely theoretical. Coibchi therefore is the price that the husband-to-be, gives to buy the girl in question to her father. Nobody is compelled today to perpetuate a symbol so openly male chauvinist. Or at least we could very well imagine overriding it by an equivalent gesture from the future wife: a payment as much symbolic from her to the mother of the future husband. In which case there would be then an exchange. We will return later in any event on the status of the man in druidism and up to what point we can ask him more (to require or expect more from him). Many lovers. We translate so the Gaelic expression "can fer ar scáth araile ocum" which means literally "without one man in the shadow of another."

Female slaves. We translate so the Gaelic word cumal. What provides us the opportunity to speak a few words on the subject. Ancient druidism, just like Judaism Christianity and Islam, never forbade or prohibited slavery. Just like you could be therefore Christian or Muslim and to have slaves * you could very well be a druidicist and to have slaves. Ancient druidism required simply that you treat well or at the very least in a human way, these unhappy persons. Two large differences distinguished nevertheless slavery practiced by the Celts and slavery practiced in other societies of the ancient world. The economy of the Celtic societies was not based as much as among Greeks or Romans, on slavery. Slaves were most of the time overcome warriors or families of overcome people. And as there were not always many persons surviving these battles (many preferring death to slavery precisely) there were markedly fewer slaves among Celts than among Greeks or Romans, and their status was rather connected with that of the prisoners. Thirdly, finally. Nothing proves that the status of the slave was handed down to the children, what was undoubtedly the case among Greeks and Romans, on the other hand. Therefore on this point what occurred in former druidism was somewhat comparable with what occurred in the Old Testament : few prisoners (because many massacres commanded by God

in this case) and the status of a slave limited in time (maximum seven years) for the nationals in the case of the ancient spiritual ancestor of Judaism).

Our religion being only a religion of truth, some truths about slavery precisely, now. Tall fair ones or russet-red ones with blue eyes were for a long time a favorite game of slave traders in the ancient world. Christian white people ditto in North Africa from 1500 (more than one million?? About 1675 however, Christian slaves formed a quarter of Algiers population). The main writer of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, Thomas Jefferson, had slaves (example Sally Hemings). The American Civil War was not caused to abolish slavery (Republican party was opposed to the expansion of slavery but not to slavery in itself) and Lincoln abolished slavery only on January 1, 1863, for the Secessionist States of the South (it was a means of weakening them) but on January 31, 1865, only, for the whole of the Union (therefore including North States). The ratification, requiring the adhesion of the three quarters of the States, was got a few months later and on December 18, 1865, this 13th amendment was therefore promulgated. What is certain is that Confederates seceded in the name of their right to self-determination, to protest against the election of the republican Abraham Lincoln and that conversely the initial objective of the Northerners was the keeping of the territorial unit of the country. Slavery also remained a very long time legal in north in the name of the "Fugitive Slave Law" of 1850 and besides 5 States still admitting slavery (Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and West Virginia) lined up as soon as the beginning in the Yankee camp: some States known as Border States *. Arabs began the black slaves trade (million Zanj?) quite before Europeans (from the eighth century) and continued it quite afterwards. The last traces of legal slavery were observed in Mauritania with the Harratin (slavery having been officially abolished in this country only in 1981). Yes, true truth is never simple and reality is always complex, which is not the case with the lie or the mistake. It goes without saying we do not have to make like the Jehovah's Witnesses or the Muslims who, prisoners of the letter of their sacred texts (Bible, Quran) and of the idolatry that results from it (see the true worship which surrounds the man Muhammad as well as the heap of sheets bound together called Quran), therefore still feel required to justify (more or less) the practices of their predecessors. We have, ourselves pagan Celticists and more precisely Druidicists, this advantage on them of having always attached more importance to the spirit than to the letter (former druids accepted writing only for secular uses said Caesar), and therefore to be less bound by the practices of our spiritual or not, ancestors. This is why we will point it out, here, for the case where that would be necessary, for your information (because they are not the goffinets who miss on earth): slavery was, of course, tolerated by the former druidism, but neo-druidism could not do as much. Slavery must be firmly condemned by neo-druidism. You cannot be a Celticist or Druidicist today and to have slaves. To be a Celticist or Druidicist and to have slaves, it is necessary to choose. Now, to abolish slavery and to replace it with employees reduced to misery are not enough. It goes without saying for neo-druidism that every human being must be in position concretely and not only theoretically, to earn one's living correctly, and to support oneself or his children without being forced to prostitute oneself, including in the broadest sense of the term. The powers that be have an obligation of means in this respect. All must be done by the vergobrets or good Celtic kings today in order to reach this result. The ethical code of the trade of Celtic king or vergobret requires that they do everything so that each one of their subjects can have the minimum enabling them to live with dignity. As for the ideal society, the social doctrines of the Church having become obviously an incongruity for those who attend it (the hypocrites and the pharisees nowadays, who will bow down in front of the pope and go to mass every Sunday), we advise our readers to refer to our legends about the Other World. Everything stages a society in which it is no longer needed to work hard to live, to eat and feed oneself, a society in which you never die, in which a divine music resounds everywhere, in which the women are still young and beautiful and even in which young men who dream only of rough and tumble are served. In short which resembles much the paradise according to Islam (yes, yes, yes, let us not hesitate to recognize it, resemblance is striking).

* About slavery in the ancient society having given Judaism see Genesis Leviticus and Exodus. Genesis 12, 5. Abram took his wife Sarai, his nephew Lot, all the possessions they had accumulated and the men or women they had acquired in Harran, and they set out for the land of Canaan.

Leviticus 25,43 to 46. Your male and female slaves are to come from the nations around you; from them you may buy slaves. You may also buy some of the temporary residents living among you and members of their clans born in your country, and they will become your property. You can bequeath them to your children as inherited property and can make them slaves for life. Editor's note. How could

one claim so a long time that such racist horrors were divine words??? As could have said it John Toland, blindness of some people will always astonish me.

On slavery among Christians to see the poor quibbles of the letter from St Paul to Philemon as well as the case of saint Blandina in Lyon and her son Ponticus (arrested at the same time as their owner, who was therefore also Christian apparently). We will return later on what it is advisable to think of these Montanist fanatics and of their aggressiveness with respect to the other worships, in particular that of Cybele.

** Were added to it what was going to become Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico which, although having a few slaves, had laws authorizing slavery.

Chapter II. The cause of the driving off.

Then were brought to them first the least precious of their possessions, that they might know which of them had the more treasures, riches and wealth. Their pails and their cauldrons and their iron-worked vessels, their jugs and their vats and their eared pitchers were fetched to them. Likewise, their rings and their bracelets and their thumb rings and their golden treasures were fetched to them, and their apparel, both purple and blue and black and green, yellow, multicolored and gray, dun, mottled and brindled. Their numerous flocks of sheep were led in from fields and meadows and plains. These were counted and compared, and found to be equal, of like size, of like numbers; however, there was an uncommonly fine ram over Maeve's sheep, and he was equal in worth to a female slave, but a corresponding ram was over the ewes of Ailill. As for their horses steeds and ngréga d'férgeltaib draft horses ? and studs were brought from pastures and paddocks. There was a noteworthy horse in Maeve's herd and he was of the value of a female slave; a horse to match was found among Ailill's. Then were their numerous droves of swine driven from woods and deep valleys and remote places. These were numbered and counted and claimed. There was a noteworthy boar with Maeve, and yet another with Ailill. Next they brought before them their droves of cattle and their herds and their roaming flocks from the brakes and wastes of the province. These were counted and numbered and claimed, and were the same for both, equal in size, equal in number, except only there was an especial bull of the cattle enclosure of Ailill, and he was a calf of one of Maeve's cows, and White Horned was his name. But he, deeming it no honor to be in a woman's possession, had left and gone over to the cattle of the king. And it was the same to Maeve as if she did not own a pennyworth forasmuch as she did not have a bull of his size among her cattle. Then it was that Mac Roth the messenger was summoned to Maeve, and Maeve strictly bade Mac Roth to learn where there might be found a bull of that likeness in any of the provinces of Erin. Verily, said Mac Roth, I know where the bull is that is best and better again, in the province of Ulster, in the district of Cualnge, on the estate of Daré son of Fiachna; even the Dun Termagant of Cualnge he is called.

Go you to him, Mac Roth, and ask for me of Daré the loan for a year of the Dun Termagant of Cualnge, and at the year's end he shall have the value of the loan, to wit, fifty heifers and the Donn Cualnge himself. And bear you a further boon with you, o Mac Roth. Should the border folk and those of the country grudge the loan of that rare jewel that is the Dun Termagant of Cualnge, let Daré himself come with his bull, and he shall get a measure equaling his own land of the smooth plain of Ai and a chariot of the worth of thrice seven female slaves & ragaid cardes mo sliasta-sa fessin and he shall know love in my thighs. Thereupon the couriers fared forth to the house of Daré son of Fiachna. This was the number wherewith Mac Roth went, namely, nine messengers. Anon welcome was lavished on Mac Roth in Daré's house, and fitting welcome it was, chief ambassador of all was Mac Roth. Daré asked of Mac Roth what had brought him upon the journey and why he was come.

The messenger announced the cause for which he was come and related the contention between Maeve and Ailill. "It is therefore to beg the loan of the Dun Termagant of Cualnge to match the White horned that I am come," said he; "and you will receive the hire of his loan, even fifty heifers and the Brown of Cualnge himself. And yet more I may add, come yourself with your bull and you will have of the land of the smooth soil of Mag Ai as much as your own here, and a chariot of the worth of thrice seven female slaves and enjoy Maeve's thigh friendship in addition." At these words Daré was well pleased, and he leaped for joy so that the seams of his flock-back seat rent in twain beneath him. By the truth of my conscience, said he; however the Ulaid take it, whether ill or well, this time this jewel shall be delivered to Ailill and to Maeve, the Dun Termagant of Cualnge to wit, into the land of Connacht. Well pleased was Mac Roth by hearing the words of the son of Fiachna.

Thereupon they were served, and straw and fresh rushes were spread under them. The choicest of food was brought to them and a true feast was served to them and soon they were noisy and drunken. And the following discourse took place between two of the ambassadors.

'Tis true what I say, spoke the one; good is the man in whose house we are. Of a truth, he is good! Nay, is there one among all the Ulaid better than he? Persisted the first. In sooth, there is, answered the second messenger. Better is Cunocavaro/Conchobar whose man he is, and who holds the kingship of the province. Though all the Ulaid gathered around him, it were no shame for them. Yet is it passing good of Daré, that what had been a task for the four mighty provinces of Erin to bear away from Ulidia, even the Dun Termagant of Cualnge, is surrendered so freely to us nine messengers.

Hereupon a third runner had his say: "What is this you dispute about?"Yon runner says, "A good man is the man in whose house we are!" "Yes, he is good!" says the other. "Is there among all the Ulaid any that is better than he?" demanded the first runner further. "Of course, there is," answered the second runner; "better is Cunocaveros/Conchobar whose man he is; and though all the Ulaid gathered around him, it were no shame for them!"

"Yet, truly good it is of Daré, that what had been a task for four of the grand provinces of Erin to bear away out of the borders of Ulidia is handed over even unto us nine footmen." "I would not grudge to see a burp of blood and gore in the mouth whereout that was said; for, were the bull not given willingly, yet should he be taken by force!"

At that moment it was that Daré son of Fiachna's chief steward came into the room and with him a man with drink (a cupbearer therefore) and another with food; he heard the careless words of the runners and anger came upon him, he set down their food and drink for them and he neither said to them, "enjoy your meal!" nor did he say, "I forbade you to eat."

Straightway he went into the house where was Daré macFiachna and said: "Was it you who have given that notable jewel to the messengers who are come, the Dun Termagant of Cualnge?" "Yes, it was I," Daré made answer. Verily, it was not the part of a king to give him. For it is true what they say: Unless you have bestowed him of your own free will, so would you yield him in despite of you by the host of Ailill and Maeve and by the great cunning of Fergus son of Roig. Dothung mo deo dá n-adraim. I swear by the gods whom I worship, spoke Daré, they shall in no wise take by foul means what they cannot take by fair means.

There they abide till morning. Betimes on the morrow the runners arise and proceed to the house where is Daré. Acquaint us, o lord, how we may reach the place where the Dun Termagant of Cualnge is kept. Nay then, said Daré; were it my wont to deal foully with messengers or with traveling folk or with them that go by the road, not one of you would depart alive!How say you? said Mac Roth. Great cause there is, replied Daré; you said, if I did not give him willingly, I should yield to the might of Ailill's host and Maeve's and the great cunning of Fergus.

Even so, said Mac Roth, "whatever the runners drunken with your drink and your viands have said, 'tis not for you to heed nor mind, nor yet to be charged on Ailill and on Maeve.For all that, Mac Roth, this time I will not give my bull if ever I can oppose to that !

Back then the messengers go till they arrive at Cruachan, the stronghold of Connacht. Maeve asks their tidings, and Mac Roth makes known the same, that they had not brought his bull from Daré. And the reason? demanded Maeve. Mac Roth recounts to her how the dispute arose. There is no need to polish knots over such affairs as that, Mac Roth; for it was known, said Maeve, if the Dun Termagant of Cualnge would not be given with their will, he would be taken in their despite, and taken he shall be.

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

Daré. D'arbois de Jubainville points out the existence of an anthroponym Darios on the Continent (Darioritum) but without visible connection.Border folk. We translate so the Gaelic word crichi but it means perhaps quite simply "neighbor."He shall know love in my thighs. Literally "he will have friendly knowledge of my thighs." Sexual morality of Maeve was worth that of Cuchulainn.The seams of his flock-back seat rent in twain You can imagine the scene without a problem: Daré all flushed and twisting himself on his seat completely titillated! Never forget that all this oral literature began by being spread by storytellers of whom one of the quite understandable goals was to entertain or to enjoy their audience. Province. We translate so the Gaelic word Gaelic chóicid coiced which means literally fifth and designates the great historical kingdoms which divided medieval Ireland, at least on paper. Chóicid coiced designates even more precisely the army of one of these provinces as such. The four provinces that means in fact therefore the four provincial armies mobilized by Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and Meath.

Drink. We translate so the Gaelic word lind but it is probably more precisely some ale.

There is no need to polish knots over such affairs as that. In other words, in a way “it is not necessary to dwell too long on this affair, it is not necessary to be delayed there.”

Chapter III. The draft of the men of Connaught at Cruachan Ai.

A mighty host was now assembled by the men of Connaught, that is, by Ailill and Maeve, and they sent word to the three other provinces, messengers were despatched from Maeve to the Maines that they should gather in Cruachan, the seven Maines with their thirty hundred men each one; to wit: Maine "Motherlike," Maine "Fatherlike," Maine "All-comprehending"; Maine "not very docile " and Maine "very docile," Maine "Big Mouth ." Other messengers were despatched by Ailill to the sons of Maga; to wit: to Cet ("the elder one"), Anluan ("the Brilliant one"), Maccorb ("Chariot child"), Bascell ("the wild"), En ("the Bird"), Doche (?); and lastly Scandal ("Insult"), all sons of Maga. These came, and this was their muster: thirty hundred armed men. Other messengers were despatched from them to Cormac Conlongas (the Exiled) son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar and to Fergus son of Roig, and they also came, thirty hundred their number. Now Cormac had three companies which came to Cruachan. Before all, the first company. A covering of close-shorn hair upon them. Green cloaks wound about them; therein, silver brooches. Tunics of thread of gold next to their skin, with interweaving of red gold. White-handled swords they bore, with guards of silver.

"Is that Cormac, yonder?" all and every one asked. "Not he, indeed!" Maeve made answer.

The second troop. Newly shorn hair they wore. Dark-blue cloaks they all had about them. Next to their skin, gleaming-white tunics. They had swords with round hilts of gold and silver first guards. Is yonder man Cormac? all the people asked. Nay, verily, that is not he, Maeve made answer.

Then came the last troop. Hair cut long they wore, fair-yellow, deep-golden, loose-flowing back hair down to their shoulders upon them. Purple cloaks, fairly bedizened, about them; golden, embellished brooches over their breasts. Fine, long, silken tunics they wore to the very instep. Together they raised their feet, and together they set them down again. Is that Cormac, yonder? asked all. Certainly, it is he, this time, Maeve made answer.

Thus the four provinces of Erin gathered in Cruachan Ai. They pitched their camp and quarters that night, so that a thick cloud of smoke and fire rose between the four fords of Ai, which are, Ath Moga, Ath Bercna, Ath Slissen and Ath Coltna. And they tarried for the full space of a fortnight in the capital of Connaught, Cruachan, in wassail and drink and every disport, to the end that their mobilization and march might be easier. And then it was that Maeve bade her charioteer to harness her horses for her, that she might go to address herself to her druid, to seek for fessa & fástini, answers and augury, from him.

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

The 7 Maines. Translation of their nicknames given without guarantees. In Gaelic language it is Maine Máthremail, Maine Athremail, Maine Condagaib Uili, Maine Míngor, Maine Mórgor, Maine Conda Mó Epert. The list varies according to the manuscripts. In some of them Maine Morgor is already dead. Cormac and Fergus are Ulaid banished from the kingdom of Ulidia at the time of the civil war having broken in this kingdom a few years before (see the beautiful and tragic story of Deirdre). Manpower given is, of course, completely whimsical. What the storyteller wants to make comprehensible for us it is that it is an army like people never saw a similar one. And which parades proudly under the eyes of the onlookers or of the curious people come from all sides to see the show. As an ultimate paradox, but it is perhaps due to a little artless provincial or on the contrary very crafty, chauvinism, of the storyteller, they are not even soldiers of Connaught who form the high point of the show, but some exiled Ulaid. Tunics. We translate so the Gaelic word lénti thus but it is annotated by the "Latin" term of Celtic origin camisia which means shirt.

A fortnight. Anyway their poets and druids would not let them depart from thence till the end of a fortnight while awaiting a good omen, adds Joseph Dunn. Poets in this case especially means "clairvoyants" (veledae, filidh in Gaelic language). As we already have had the opportunity to say it, there are only exceptionally women druids (bandrui) in our texts. On the other hand, it is certain... Firstly, that the women were more than admitted in everything that bordered on prognosis and clairvoyance (therefore specializations of vate – old Celtic vatis- and veledae). Secondly, that there were communities or congregations only made-up of women, as those who lived in more or less mysterious various islands (Sena or the island of Namnetes, even Avalon). And inside these exclusively female colleges there were, of course, women at all levels of the hierarchical order.

But all that concerns only old druidism. Nothing prevents the neo-druids today....Firstly, to have mixed colleges or communities. Secondly, to have women at all levels of the hierarchical order. We advise nevertheless in this case against the use of the neologism druidess, which would be an anachronism, and we suggest rather an equivalent of the term "priestess" even the word priestess itself, of course. N.B. About the possibility or not to know the future, see our other notes on this subject. As doctors the vates were, of course, to be able to do diagnoses with regard to their patients but to go further was undoubtedly to require from them much psychology (even some characterology). And we will return on the status of men in the Celtic societies in our other lessons (can we ask them more, can we require more from them, expect more from them)?

Chapter IV. The Foretelling.

When Maeve was come to the place where her druid was, she craved answers and augury of him. Many there be, said Maeve, who do part with their kinsmen and friends here today, and from their homes and their lands, from their father and from their mother; and unless everyone returns unscathed, upon me they will cast their sigh and their ban. Yet there does not go forth nor stays there at home any dearer to me than are we to ourselves. And do you discover for us whether we ourselves will return, or whether we will never return from this expedition?

And the druid made answer : "Whoever does not come, you yourself will come." Wait, then, spoke the charioteer, let me wheel the chariot by the right, that thus the power of a good omen may arise that we return. Then the charioteer wheeled his chariot round and Maeve went back again, when she espied a thing that surprised her: A lone virgin of marriageable age standing on the hind pole of a chariot a little way off drawing nigh her. Is amlaid boí ind ingen ic figi chorrthairi & claideb findruini ina láim deiss cona secht n-aslib do dergór ina déssaib. And thus the maiden appeared: Weaving was she, and in her right hand was a shuttle of white bronze (brass ?) with seven threads of red gold. A many-spotted green mantle around her; a bulging, strong-headed pin of gold in the mantle over her bosom. A ruddy, fair-faced countenance she had. She had a blue-gray and laughing eye. Red and thin were her lips. Shiny and pearly were her teeth; you would believe they were showers of white pearls that had rained into her mouth. Like to fresh and crimson Parthian leather were her lips. As sweet as the strings of a harp (rote) when long sustained, they are played by master players' hands was the melodious sound of her voice and her fair speech. As white as snow in one night fallen was the sheen of her skin and her body that shone outside of her dress. Slender and very white were her feet; scarlet, even, sharp-round nails ; fair-yellow, long, golden hair she wore; three braids of hair she wore; a tress from behind threw a shadow down on her calves.

Maeve gazed at her. "And what do you here now, O maiden?" asked Maeve. I impart to you your advantage and good fortune in your gathering and muster of the four mighty provinces of Erin against the land of Ulaid on the Raid for the cattle of Cualnge. Wherefore do you this for me? asked Maeve. Much cause, have I. A slave mid your household, am I. "Who of my people are you and what is your name?" asked Maeve. "Not hard, in sooth, to say. The vate Videlma, from the Sidh of Cruachan am I.

Whence come you?" asked Maeve. From Alba, after learning the veledé's trade, the maiden made answer. "Have you the great science which enlightens ? "Verily, I have" the maiden said. Good now, tell, O Videlma vate-woman, how behold you our host?" I see it crimson, I see it completely red !

That is no true augury, said Maeve. Verily, Cunocavaros/Conchobar with the Ulaid is in his cessa noinden (see counter-lay) in Emain. Thither fared my scouts and nothing is there that we need dread from Ulaid. But speak truth now.

That is no true augury. Cuscraid the Stammerer of Macha, Cunocavaros/Conchobar's son, is in cessa noinden on his island. Thither fared my scouts; nothing need we fear from Ulaid. But speak truth now. Videlma vate-woman, how behold you our host?" I see it crimson, I see it completely red ! Eogan, Durthacht's son, is in the fortress (rath) of Airthir in cessa noinden. Thither went my scouts. Nothing need we dread from Ulaid. But speak truth now. Videlma vate-woman, how behold you our host?" I see it crimson, I see it completely red !

Celtchar, Uthechar's son, is in his castle (dun) in cessa noinden and a third of the Ulaid with him. Thither fared my scouts. Nothing have we to fear from Ulaid. But speak truth now. Videlma vate-woman, how behold you our host?" I see it crimson, I see it completely red !

"Meseems this not as it seems to you, said Maeve, for when Erin's men assemble in one place, there quarrels arise and broils, contentions and disputes among them about their ordering in the van or rear, at ford or river, over who will be first at killing muicce nó aige nó fiada nó fiadmíla, a boar or a stag or a deer or some game. But, look now again for us and speak truth. Videlma vate-woman, how behold you our host?" I see it crimson, I see it completely red ! *

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

Shuttle. We translate so the Gaelic word *claideb* but without too much certainty.

Laughing eyes. The version of the *Lebor Na hUidre* or Book of the dun cow us preserved a more complete description of the goddess or demoness, which specifies that they had three pupils. Perhaps to mean through that she had the gift of second sight. The manuscript of the dun cow specifies that the maiden also carried weapons. It is therefore a warrior virgin a little in the manner of Joan of Arc.

Rote. *Venantius Fortunatus* (Book VII, song 8) opposes it as well to the lyre of the Romans as to the harp of the Barbarians.

Vate. We translate so the Gaelic word *banfaid* of the book of Leinster. It is the proof the druidic specialization of vate was not forbidden to women at that time. To note nevertheless. The manuscript of the book of the dun cow indicates *banfili* (veleded woman) and *filidechta* (veledism) instead of *banfaid*. What states unfortunately that at the time of the writing down of all these legends (12th century) they began a little to mix everything.

The great science which enlightens. We translate so the Gaelic word *imbass forosna*. As we already have had the opportunity to specify it higher, functions somewhat relating to clairvoyance or ability to establish prognosis, were especially the prerogative of women in former druidism. But we wonder whether it is not in fact the appearance of one of the three fairies of fate, specific to the Celtic world (you know, the famous fairies who lean on the cradle of every newborn in the tales). One of the three goddesses being equivalent to the Norns *Parcae* or *Moirae*. However she seems occupied weaving, with a weaving loom. All the question now is to know up to what point we can envisage the future. If a secular vate of today (a doctor) announces: "You have cancer, you do not have more but for 6 months!" can we regard that as a prediction??? Let us notice nevertheless the following differences: The druid, at least in this story, answers only the asked question, and is not mistaken. The fairy or goddess (or demoness of course, according to the point of view where one places oneself), is a little more generous, a little altruistic, she thinks of the others, the privates; and therefore tries to make comprehensible to Maeve that her expedition will finish in a bloodbath.

Cess noinden. Gaelic expression meaning roughly speaking, "nine days indisposition." It was a mysterious illness keeping confined to bed male *Ulaid* during a Celtic week i.e., nine days, following the curse cast by a goddess or demoness or fairy. Perhaps an allegory or an image worked out by druids to explain something and which was no longer understood. Or texts specify that this mysterious indisposition did not affect *Hesus Cuchulainn* "since he was not an *Ultonian*."

*The manuscript of the book of Leinster contains here a long interpolation (a poem) devoted to *Cuchulainn* and that we preferred to remove because it raises the same problem as in the Bible (part New Testament) the end of the episode of the presentation in the Temple of the child Jesus (Luke 2,22-39): it makes incomprehensible the astonishment or the unknowing shown by *Ailill* and *Maeve* (Mary and Joseph in the four Gospels) later, with respect to the divine Infant or demigod, while discovering his feats. In any case as regards Jesus here what his family was supposed to know (but they don't remember correctly apparently) since his birth: "The child's father and mother marveled at what was said about him. Then *Simeon* blessed them and said to Mary, his mother: "This child is destined to cause the falling and rising of many in Israel, and to be a sign that will be spoken against, so that the thoughts of many hearts will be revealed. And a sword will pierce your own soul too." Rather than to offend the intelligence or the memory of Mary and Joseph, is it not easier, more logical, to admit the whole story WAS INVENTED A POSTERIORI (BY THIS QUITE CONVENIENT ORAL TRADITION. AH ORAL TRADITION, OTHER NAME OF THE PACK OF LIES, WHICH ALSO PREVAILS IN NEO-DRUIDISM UNDER THE NAME OF SECRET TRADITION WHILE MIXING BY THE WAY TWO CATEGORIES OF DIFFERENT CEREMONIES: the repurchase of every first-born male by the father (Exodus 13,13) but also the purification of the woman having given birth (Leviticus 12,8). But let us return to our sheep. In what concerns us, the same phenomenon occurred at this place of our text, in order to better do or to impress everybody with what he knew, a scribe introduced there a lay (a poem) to the glory of *Cuchulainn*.... which cannot have its place there logically.

Chapter V. The route of the expedition.

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

N.B. The following chapter, the chapter V, is entirely devoted to the alleged route this military expedition would have followed before arriving at the borders of the kingdom of Ulidia (the kingdom of the Ulaid). A typical example of the exaggerated euhemerization in a wrong way of the Irish bards become Christian. Completely comparable with the multiple Muslim legends attributing to the biblical novel characters that are Adam or Abraham the building of the Kaaba in Mecca. There is nothing true or historical there. In the case of Islam, it is even a squared untruth since these Muslim legends wrongly use characters who were already themselves very distant from their original prototype. We want to speak here about the character of Abraham because that of Adam is obviously a fiction making stupid. There never existed a first man left from the hands of God such as we currently see him but a clan, or a small group, of first human beings, product of a long evolution starting from the animal, and intended itself to evolve significantly, a clan where the women genetically played a part of the very utmost importance (some mutant females fertilized in an incestuous way?) Islam therefore on the matter added legends to other legends, erected a whole legendary building on an already legendary basis. Three thousand years of Abrahamic monolatry, what a dead end for philosophy! Such ideas therefore make only keep millions human being in crassest obscurantism and consequently must be vigorously fought. As would have said it in his time John Toland, no mercy for the dogmas of the camp of the supporters... of mistakes or untruth. Adam being only a quite convenient allegory for certain types of reasoning, dangerously making childish (collective responsibility and so on...) let us specify nevertheless that it is possible that little chiefs of local tribes or ancestors of clans like Abraham Isaac and Jacob, could exist here or there independently, before some priests use their worships in order to connect them and to deceive their people. Thomas Christian Römer sees in the link between Abraham and the Chaldea a fabrication of the Jews exiled in this area under the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. In the supposed time of Abraham, at the beginning of the second thousand years before our era, Ur was a Sumerian city. Three thousand years of Abrahamic monolatry, what a dead end for philosophy! Mankind since wasted a considerable time and energy to meditate on such a dangerous example (the sacrifice of Isaac averted by a hair's breadth, etc.) or at the very least so dubious. All that is perfectly comparable with the numerous French legends ascribing to the good giant Gargantua many details of topography. There is nothing historical in them. One of the big mistakes of the celtologists in the last centuries was besides not to have understood that. In short, this chapter teaching us anything and quite to the contrary, on the contents of the original pan-Celtic myth, which was, let us repeat it, timeless and not precisely locatable, we will omit it without remorse. Abraham passing in the area of Mecca is a legend as far away from historical probability as his passage in Jerusalem (Moriah Mount).

Chapter VI. The march of the army.

On the first moon day after Samon (ios) they set forth and proceeded... On the first stage the hosts went from Cruachan, they slept the night at Cuil Siblinni. In that place was fixed the tent of Ailill son of Ross, and the trappings were arranged, both bedding and bedclothes. The tent of Fergus son of Roich was on his right hand; Cormac the exiled, Cunocavaros/Conchobar's son, was beside him; Ith son of Etgath next to that; Fiachu son of Firaba, the son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's daughter, at its side; Gobnenn son of Lurgnig at the side of that. The place of Ailill's tent was on the right on the march, and thirty hundred Ulaid beside him. And the thirty hundred Ulaid on his right hand had he to the end that the whispered talk and conversation and the choice supplies of food and of drink might be the nearer to them. Maeve of Cruachan, was at Ailill's left. Finnabair, daughter of Ailill and Maeve, at her side, besides servants and henchmen. Next, Flidais of the Lovely Hair, wife first of Ailill Find. She took part in the Cow-spoil of Cualnge after she had slept with Fergus; and she it was that every seventh night brought sustenance in milk to the men of Erin on the march, for kings and queens and princes and veledae and pupils. Maeve was the last of the hosts that day for she had been seeking fessa & fástini & eólais, foreknowledge and omens and tidings, that she might learn who was loth and who was eager to go on the expedition. Maeve did not permit her horses to be unyoked or her chariot to bet let down until she had made a circuit of the encampment. Then Maeve's horses were unyoked and her chariot were let down and she sat beside Ailill fils Mágach. Ailill asked Maeve to find out who was eager and who reluctant or loth to go on the hosting.

't is useless for any to set out on it except for that noble troop here, said Maeve. What good service do they do that they are praised above all others? said Ailill. There is reason to praise them said Maeve. When the others began to pitch their camp, these had already finished making their bothies and open tents. When the others had finished their bothies and open tents, these had finished preparing food and drink. When the others had finished preparing food and drink, these had finished eating their meal. When the others had finished their meal, these were asleep. Even as their slaves and servants surpassed the slaves and servants of the men of Ireland, so their warriors and champions will surpass those of the men of Ireland on this occasion on the hosting. All the best do we deem that said Ailill, for it is with us they march and it is for us they fight. It is not with us they will go nor for us they will fight. Let them stay at home then said Ailill. They will not stay said Maeve (for they will fall on us in the rear and will seize our land against us). What will they do then said Findabair, if they do not go forth nor yet stay at home? Death and destruction and slaughter I desire for them said Maeve. Woe betide him who speaks thus said Ailill, because of their having pitched their tents and set up their stronghold quickly and promptly. By the truth of my conscience said Fergus, only he who inflicts death on me will inflict death on those men. Not to me should you say that, Fergus, said Maeve, for my army is numerous enough to slay and kill you with the thirty hundred Gauls (Galiain) surrounding you. For I have the seven Maines with their seven times thirty hundred men and the sons of Maga with their thirty hundred men, Ailill with his thirty hundred men, and I myself have my household guard. Our numbers are sufficient to slay and kill you with the thirty hundred Gauls around you. It is not fitting to speak thus to me said Fergus, for I have here the seven princes of Munster with their seven times thirty hundred men. Here too are thirty hundred of the best among the noble warriors of Ulidia. Here are the finest of the noble warriors of green Erin, the thirty hundred Gauls (Gailioin). I myself am bond and surety and guarantee for them since they came from their own lands, and they will uphold me in case of a battle. I propose nevertheless a solution to avoid any problem with the Gauls (Galiain): I will disperse yon thirty hundred Gailioin among the men of Ireland so that not five of them shall be together in one place. I do not care, said Maeve, in what way they are, provided only that they are not in the close battle array in which they now are. Then Fergus dispersed that thirty hundred warriors among the men of Ireland so that no five men of them were together in one spot.

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

On the first moon day after Samon (ios), they set forth and proceeded...Book of the dun cow and manuscript Egerton 1782.

Flidais. Notice to those who still think that all these characters (Conchobar, Maeve etc...) are historical and have really existed. Flidais is a goddess or demoness or fairy mentioned in the Book of conquests of Ireland, the Metrical Dindsenchas, the Coir Anmann and in the Ulster cycle. It is apparently a goddess of fruitfulness as well as of agriculture, having magic cows.

That troop. My Parisian pen friends point out to me they are most probably Gaulish mercenaries (Gailioin). Existence of Gallic mercenary soldiers to the service of Irish kings can be easily deduced besides from the conditions in which Labraid Loingsech is supposed "to have taken again" the throne of his grandfather. The quotation marks are required because it is undoubtedly probably more a conquest than a reconquest like always in this kind of story. With onus on the intellectuals of the time (the bards) to invent what it is necessary so that it seems rather a come back to the home country. Existence of Celtic mercenaries appears in the old sources shortly after the storming of Rome by the Senones. We can speak for the fourth century before our era of a true alliance between the Gauls and Dionysius the elder of Syracuse. Celtic mercenary trade from the death of Alexander the Great increased extraordinarily : the Celts fighting in the various armies of the Hellenistic world amount per thousands. It is clear that the introduction of the use of coins among Celts around the beginning of the third century before our era must be ascribed to the trade of mercenary soldiers. The spread of the Hellenistic coin, "Philippi" and others in the Celtic world is to form the archeological testimony of it. The difficulties of keeping under control troops of this type did not prevent Carthage from engaging Celts during the first Punic War. One of their chiefs, Autaritus, which spoke well Punic language, caused besides the great revolt of the mercenaries who claimed their pay (241-237 before our era) before dying crucified. They surely are not individual fighters, but engaged troops, regularly followed by women and children, going with the luggage. The reputation of the Celtic mercenaries is explained, on the one hand, by the success of the Celtic invasions in the Mediterranean world and, on the other hand, by the quality of their weapons like by their way of fighting. The decline of the Celtic mercenary trade begins with the first half of the second century before our era. Flavius Josephus in his Antiquities of the Jews (XVII, 8,3) like in his War of the Jews (I, 33,9) still mentions nevertheless the Gauls or Galatians being present to the funeral of Herod the Great. It is true that it is necessary to avoid like the plague this historian who does not hesitate to make the Galatian or Gaulish Celts coming from Gomer (Antiquities of the Jews I, chapter VI, 1). What a heresy! And let us point out by the way that, contrary to what some druidomaniac Frenchmen affirm, from the etymological point of view the Palestinian Galilee has nothing to do with the name of Gauls or Galatians, not more than the name of the Austrian Tyrol has something to do with any house of the sun (ty heol in Breton). What ignorance !N.B. Various testimonies testify there were Gallic mercenaries employed by Irish kings (for example the Fenians) including until a rather late date since they are then called Frangcaigh fognama. For they will fall on us in the rear and will seize our land against us. Lebor na hUidre or book of the dun cow. Maeve's fears were not completely unfounded. See on this subject the famous French novelist of the 19th century Gustave Flaubert and his book entitled Salamambo that we find again even in Orson Welles' citizen Kane. If the account by Flaubert is obviously fictionalized (It was at Megara, a suburb of Carthage, in the gardens of Hamilcar....) it remains nevertheless rather faithful to the account of the ancient historian which it took as a starting point: Polybius. Princes. We translate so the Gaelic word airríg.

Thereafter the hosts set out upon their march. It was difficult for them to that mighty army, which set forth on that journey, with the many tribes and the many siblings and the many thousands whom they brought that they might see each other and know each other and that each might be with his familiars and his friends and his kin on the hosting. They asked too in what manner it was fitting to go on that hosting. They said that they should go thus: cach drong imma rí, cach réim imma muirech & cach buiden imma tuísech, cach rí cach rígdómad'feraib Hérend ina thulaig fo leith. With every troop around their king, with every band around their leader, every company around their chief, and every king and prince of the men of Ireland on his own mound apart.

They also discussed who ought to guide them between the two provinces, and they said that it should be Fergus, because the hosting would be as revenge for him, he had been seven years in the kingship of Ulidia, and when the sons of Usnech had been slain in despite his guarantee and surety, he had come from there, and he has been seventeen years in exile and in enmity away from Ulidia. Therefore

it would be fitting that he should go before all to guide them. Then Fergus went before all to guide them, but a feeling of affection for the Ulaid seized him and he led the troops astray to the north and to the south, and messengers went from him with warnings to the Ulstermen and he began to delay and hold back the army. Maeve perceived this, and she reproached him and chanted the following lay:

O Fergus, what do we say of this?
What manner of path is this which we go?
For we wander north and south.
While going through every tribe.
O Maeve, why are you perturbed?
This is not anything which resembles treachery.
O woman, the land we traverse
Belongs to the Ulaid.
Ailill of Ai with his army,
Fear that you will betray them
Hitherto you have not given your mind
To leading us on the right path.
Not to the disadvantage of the host
Did I go on each wandering road in turn,
But to try and avoid thereafter Cuchulainn son of Sualtam.
It is wrong of you to betray our host,
O Fergus son of Ross the Red,
For much wealth did you get here In your exile, O Fergus.
I shall not be in front of the army any longer, said Fergus, but seek someone else to lead them. Yet
Fergus took his position in the van of the army.

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

Sibling. We translate so the Gaelic word ilmaicnib.Prince. We translate so the Gaelic term rigdomnad.On his own mound. One understand well here the picture that wants to suggest us the bard telling this legend during the evening by the fireside : an indescribable mob, immense, covering all the horizon. In short a blockbuster.

Son of Sualtam. Sualtam is the orthography of the Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow; it is preferable to that of the Book of Leinster where there is Sualtach with the substitution of the suffix tach to the suffix tam, what gives the meaning of a superlative. Sualtam seems to mean "who brings up well." Let us point out here that our hero was in fact only the ADOPTIVE son of Sualtam. This honest Ulate warrior without being a coward was a completely ordinary man,as for him! Each one of our readers will deduce what he wants of this element of the original pan-Celtic myth.

The four great provinces of Ireland were on Cúil Silinne that night. A sharp premonition of the arrival of the Hesus Cuchulainn came to Fergus and he told the men of Ireland to be on their guard, for there would come upon them he who was the slashing lion and the doom of who is guilty (bidbad) the foe of armies, the resistance heart and the slaughtering of a great host, a hand bestowing gifts and a flaming torch, to wit, the Hesus Cuchulainn, the son of Sualtam. Fergus was thus prophesying the coming of the hesus Cuchulainn, he made the following lay and Maeve answered him.

It is well for you to keep watch and ward
With many weapons and many warriors.
He whom we fear will come,
The great and valiant one from Muirthemne.
Kindly is that of you—a counsel of battle—O valiant Mac Róig.
Men and arms I have here on the spot
Enough to answer your Hesus Cuchulainn.
Men and arms are expended in the fray,
O Maeve from Mag Aí,
Against the rider of the Gray of Macha,

Every night and every day.
 I have here in reserve
 Warriors to fight and to plunder,
 Thirty hundred hostage takers,
 The thirty hundred brave Gaulish warriors.
 Warriors from fair Cruachan,
 Heroes from clear-robbed Luachair,
 Four provinces of fair Gaels
 All these will defend me from that one man.
 Bairrche mounts as Banna River will be milling about troops
 Blood will run on the shafts of spears
 Into the mire and sand, he will make fall
 These thirty hundred Gauls.
 As swift as the swallow
 As speedy as the harsh north wind
 Thus my fair dear Hound of Culann is
 In slaughter of all is breathing.
 O Fergus, come with us,
 Let this message go from you to Hesus Cúchulainn,
 That it were prudent for him to be silent
 For he will be harshly checked by Cruachan.
 Bid ferda firfithir fuidbl n-airiur ingine Buidb, Cú na Cerda, crithrib cró, Snigfid fairne ferga fó.
 Men will be despoiled valiantly
 The Bodua will gloat,
 The Hound of the Smith will make a blood rain falling
 On whole battalions in fury.

After that lay: the army of the four great provinces of Ireland came eastwards over Moin Coltna that day and there met them eight score deer. The army spread out and surrounded them and killed them so that none escaped. Yet though the thirty hundred Gauls (Galiain) were dispersed, only five deer fell to the Irishmen. The thirty hundred Gauls (Galiain) carried off the rest. It was on the same day that the Hesus Cuchulainn son of Sualtam and Sualtam of the sidh (sídech), his father, arrived and their horses grazed around the standing stone erected on the heights of Cuillenn. Sualtam's steeds cropped the grass down to the soil north of the pillar stone, Hesus Cuchulainn's steeds cropped the grass down to the soil and the bedrock to the south of the menhir.

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

Resistance. We translate so the Gaelic word costuda.

He whom we fear will come. We cannot help thinking of the short story of the Great French novelist of the end of the 19th century who was Maupassant (the Horla) because closer to us it also inspired the Call of Cthulhu of our dear Lovecraft.

Now I know, I can divine. The reign of man is over, and he has come. He whom disquieted priests exorcised, whom sorcerers evoked on dark nights, without yet seeing him appear, to whom the presentiments of the transient masters of the world lent all the monstrous or graceful forms of gnomes, spirits, genii, fairies, and familiar spirits. After the coarse conceptions of primitive fear, more clear-sighted men foresaw it more clearly. Mesmer divined him, and ten years ago physicians accurately discovered the nature of his power, even before he exercised it himself. They played with that weapon of their new Lord, the sway of a mysterious will over the human soul, which had become enslaved. They called it magnetism, hypnotism, suggestion ... what do I know? I have seen them amusing themselves like impudent children with this horrible power! Woe to us! Woe to Man! He has come, the ... the ... what he calls himself ... the ... I fancy that he is shouting out his name to me and I do not hear him ... the ... yes ... he is shouting it out ... I am listening ... I cannot ... repeat ... it ... Horla ... I have heard ... the Horla ... it is he ... the Horla ... he has come!

Simple comment from us in the manner of an American in Paris (1952, my year of birth) but in the genre fantastic horror movie, not in the genre musical comedy where all's well that ends well even if many poems are also sung in our texts, what makes them kind of operas.

Muirthemné. Coastal part of the county of Louth in Ireland between Dundalk and Drogheda. We will not attach more importance to this location of the family residence of the young Setanta Cuchulainn dear to Augusta Gregory than to the choice of Nazareth or Bethlehem as the birthplace of Jesus. Everyone knows the problem. Nazarene meant in any way at the origin "from Nazareth" but "a member of the sect of the Nazarenes." As for Bethlehem since there was a prophecy (oh these prophecies) stipulating that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem, then well, first Christians claimed that it was the case of their Baby Jesus. But let us repeat it because repetition = ars docendi, myths are timeless and never precisely locatable. What the first Christians did not want to admit in connection with the myth which stages their master and savior the druids of today must understand it well, in connection with the Hesus Sétanta known as the Hound of Culann = Smith later in Ireland (Cuchulainn). Let us note on this subject that the explanation of the fact that the Hesus Cuchulainn and his adoptive father Sualtam can go on the border hill of Cuillenn before the arrival of the invasion army levied by Queen Maeve, is due to the fact that neither him nor his father are ordinary human beings, Setanta Cuchulainn is at least a demigod son of Lug as for his adoptive father our text adds here that Sualtach (sic) was "sidech" i.e. "from the sidh", coming from the other world. The son of a goddess or demoness or fairy undoubtedly. When I think that there are still specialists believing that all this is only pure history!

The pillar stone of Cuillenn. Similar stone was found in Brittany in the enclosure of the church of Plumergat (one could not better say its sacred nature). It was not engraved with an inscription in oghamic letters but in Latin letters, in a Celtic language officially unknown * but still used in this area, in the fourth century according to Wendy Davies especially come on the spot to study it in the year 2000. The inscription which fills up the face opposed to the cross can be read as follows: VABROS ?????T ATREBO AGANNTOBO DURNEO GIAPOLet us point it out strongly. They are not the Celts who set up the megalithic monuments (they did nothing but re-use them, in their legends particularly). On the other hand, they set up speaking boundary stones (Ilech lafar lia fail, that of Plumergat is less than one meter high) and placed some of their territories under the protection of superhuman, even supernatural entities (St. George or St. Michael archangel will say the Christians in the Middle Ages). In other words, our ancestors expressed by the way their firm hope that would not bring luck to the potential violators of such a border, worse, that it would be unlucky for them, particularly thanks to the intervention of this remarkable auxiliary of the Tocad or Tocade (let us say neutral and without gender, neither masculine nor female, Fate) that is poetic justice, even if it is true that the latter sometimes spends much time appearing (the violation of the Polish border in 1940 by the Germans for example was avenged only in 1945). What they could be stupid (or poets ?) these (spiritual) distant ancestors. Everyone indeed knows that only God Allah or Jehovah may punish an ill deed (if he wants to do it).* The official specialist linguists date it from the first century. Fury. We translate so the Gaelic word ferga. Ancient Celts called warlike fury the bodily and mental state in which a man is when he is overwhelmed by adrenalin running in his veins and the production of endorphins. It is not beautiful to see generally but passably effective. One finds the stem uergo in the name of the Haeduan vergobret (old French vierg), even of the great Latin poet Virgil. This state of almost hysterical madness including some "possible" animal changes in a bear or in a wolf was called menos in Greek, furor in Latin, wut among the Germanic ones (cf. the famous berserkers). As regards the Celts let us not forget that bear was associated with certain goddesses or demoness of war and that the name of Arthur is also connected with that of the bear.

Well, Father, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, I have a premonition that the army is at hand, so go for me with warnings to the Ulaid that they stay not on the open plains but go to the woods and waste places and deep valleys of the province to evade the Irishmen. And you, my fosterling, what will you do? I must go southwards to Tara to keep a tryst with the handmaiden of Fedelm of the nine forms according to my own agreement, till morning. Woe to him who goes thus, said Sualtam and leaves the Ulaid to be trampled underfoot by their enemies and by outlanders for the sake of going to a tryst with any women. I must go, however, for unless I do, men's agreement will be no longer regarded as serious and women's words must be considered.

Sualtam went with warnings to the Ulaid. The Hesus Cuchulainn went into the wood and cut a prime oak sapling, whole and entire, with one stroke and, standing on one leg and using but one hand and one eye, he twisted it into a ring and put an ogam inscription on the peg of the ring then put it around the narrow part of the standing stone at the top of the heights of Cuillenn. He forced the ring down until it reached the thick part of the stone. After that the Hesus Cuchulainn went to his tryst. As for the Irishmen, they came to the pillar stone at the top of the heights of Cuillenn and began to survey the unknown province of the Ulaid. Now two men of Maeve's household were always in the van at every encampment and hosting, at every ford and every river and every pass. And this they did so that no stain might come to the princes' garments in the crowd or crush of the host or army. These were the two sons of Nera son of Nuatair son of Tacáin, the two sons of the steward of Cruachan. Err and Innell were their names, and Fráech and Fochnam the names of their charioteers. The Irish nobles came to the standing stone and began to survey the grazing which the horses had made around the stone and to gaze at the barbaric (barbarda) ring which the royal hero had left around the stone. And Ailill took the ring in his hand and gave it to Fergus. Fergus read out the ogam inscription that was in the peg of the ring and told the men of Ireland what the inscription meant. But to tell them he composed the following lay.

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

We translate by fosterling the Irish word *dalta* which means at the same time adoptive son pupil or boarder. Fedelm of the nine forms. We do not see very well the need for this episode here. It is either an interpolation, or what remains of a development longer at the origin but of which the main part disappeared. Perhaps bowdlerized by the Christian monks having copied all these manuscripts (current practice during all Middle Ages and which explain why many works of ancient authors reached us only mutilated. When they did not disappear purely and simply. Oh religions of love and truth, when you hold us!) N.B. That can also be a literary process intended for making well comprehensible by the audience that our hero fears in no way of tackling this gigantic armada which does not measure up in front of him although he is alone. He is so powerful that he can triumph over it without any effort. It is a tested technique we find still much in our modern cartoons.

The word of the women will be considered. The whole question is to know if this hint of misogyny is original or if it is due to the intervention of a Christian scribe. Standing on one leg and using but one hand and one eye. It is a magic posture imitated of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns (fomorach in Gaelic language) who by definition have only one leg one arm one eye. At least in the legends concerning them. The oldest text written in Celtic language (seventh century before our era?) is a dedication being reproduced on a goblet discovered in a warrior's grave in Sesto-Calend or Castelletto-Ticino (North Italy): *chosioiso* what means "to Chosios." Runes used to write it (alphabet of Lugano) are inspired from Etruscan script. 5 vowels: A, E, I, O, U. 4 nasal consonants: L, M, N, R. 3 occlusive consonants: K, P, T. 2 sibilant consonants: S, S. But be careful, there is not distinction between the deaf consonants and the sound consonants. Thus: "K" represents "K as well" as "G," "P" = "P" or "B," "T" = "T" or "D." "POKIOS" can thus be read, "BOGIOS." Oghamic alphabet is more recent of almost a thousand years. There exist several theories about its origins. R.A.S. Macalister thought for example they had been invented in North Italy roughly at the same time as the Lepontic runes, by druids taking as a starting point the Etruscan alphabet. This theory is given up today. Another assumption makes it an invention of the Irish druids eager to be able to communicate between them without being worried. The existence in Wales of bilingual inscriptions, Latin/Oghams, cancels this assumption (one could easily have decoded such messages. Cf Macalister and his "secret languages of Ireland"). The third explanation is this alphabet would have been invented by the first Irish Christians in order to transcribe the sounds specific to their language (cf Damian McManus and his guide to ogam). The detailed study of the signs of this alphabet shows indeed that they were especially created to note the Irish of that time (about 400 of the common era).

This is a ring made of a branch of oak. What is its meaning for us? What is its secret message? And how many put it here? Was it one man or many?

If you go past it tonight
And do not stay in camp beside it,
The Hound who mangles all flesh will come upon you.
And you will be ridiculed if you flout it.
If you go on your way from it,
He will bring ruin on the host.
Find out, O druids,
Why the ring was made.
Crefnas curad cur ro lá, lánaircess fri ecrata. Costud ruirech, fer co ndáil, ras cuir oenfer dá óenláim.

It was the swift cutting(?) of a great hero,
It is a snare for his enemies.
A curb to the ardor of the chiefs, a specialist in encounters,
One man cast it there with one hand.
It is there a true masterpiece due to the cold warlike fury
Of the smith's hound from the Red Branch (Chráebrúaid).
It is a (magical ?) champion bond, not the bond of a madman.
That is the inscription on the ring.
Its object is to cause anxiety and hundred combats.
In the four provinces of Ireland
That is all I know of the reason
Why the ring was made.

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

The least we can say it is this oghamic inscription could really mean many things in very few words (humor, let us not forget that it is a literary work due to the pen of Irish bards, not the report of a police officer). According to this legend, Fergus is therefore cultivated enough or refined to know to read and speak in verses even to sing because all these poems were probably chanted or sung in the beginning, as little as in our modern operas. Is it plausible ? It is true that once he was king of the country but still....

Find out, O druids, etc. this mention therefore proves that druids accompanied armies in their campaigns. Of course, to look after the bodies (the grave of a surgeon druid was found at Obermenzing close to Munich in Germany. It dates from the third century before our era and contained a trephining saw). But also probably to look after the soul/minds. The least of the things indeed due to a human being is that he is helped to pass in the Other World. Such was to be undoubtedly the role of the druids of the vate type according to Lucan and his Pharsalia.

"And you, vates,
Whose martial lays formerly made immortal
The powerful souls/minds [in Latin animas] of those who died in the war
And you, bards,
You start again to pour forth in safety more abundant song.
While you, druids,
Returned to sinister mysteries and barbarian rites
Some time ago abolished by the weapons.
To you alone it is given the gods and celestial powers
To know or not to know;
Great trees of remote groves
Are your dwelling place
According to your masters, the shades of dead men
Seek not the quiet homes of Erebus
Or death's pale kingdoms;
But the same soul/mind [in Latin idem spiritus] governs the limbs
In another world [in Latin orbe alio]
And the death is only the middle of a long live;

If you know well what you sing.
Happy the peoples beneath the Great Bear
Thanks to their error; because they do not know
This supreme fear which frightens all others:
Hence the spirit [Latin mens] inclined to throw itself on iron
The strength of character [Latin animate] able to face death,
And this lack of care put to save a life which must be given back to you.”

Leniency towards the human weaknesses (cess noindenn) or towards the fighters and those who therefore will die that the flatterers of the single God put a very long time at finding (again).Cf. Below the parachutist prayer written by a SAS named A. Zirnhell, died in Libya in 1942.

" Give me, my God, what you have left.
Give me, my God, what is never asked from you.
I ask you not for wealth
Nor success, nor even health.
All of these, my God, are asked of you so often
That you must surely have none left.
Give me, my God, what you have left.
Give me, my God, what others refuse of you.
But give me also courage.
For you are the only one to give
That we can get only from ourselves .”

My god, but of what god is it a question here? And the hell in all that, my dear Andrew, did you think of it? Such an amount of modesty in the request and such an amount of certainty to escape the hell in spite of the blood spread , astonishes from a Jew converted to Catholicism. But it was the everyday existence of the Ancient druids who looked after at the same time and the bodies and the soul/minds without believing in the possibility that Hell can exist according to these verses of Lucan which caused much is written about because the non-existence of hell was a revolutionary notion at the time. Comments on verse 454.

Manes esse non dicunt sed animas in revolutione credunt posse constare. They do not say that manes exist [as shades or lugubrious specters], but believe that the soul/minds can begin again a new life. Hoc enim disputant animas ad inferos non ire, sed in alio orbe nasci. They dispute indeed that soul/minds can go to hell, because they think that they are born then in another world. Id est sicut uos dicitis anime ad inferos non descendunt, sed in orbe alterius hemispherii incorporantur iterum uel in aliqua parte orbis a uobis remota.i.e., according to you the soul/minds do not go to hell, but still will be covered with a body in a part of the world located in the other hemisphere or in some part of the world which is unknown to you.

In other words, hell does not exist, this idea this notion this concept was unknown by ancient druids, there existed for them among them only a heavenly paradise and its anteroom, anteroom called the house of Donn (Tech Duinn) or Andubnon in Old Celtic (Annwn in Wales) etc., etc. There exists indeed as many names as peoples or languages to designate these EXTREMELY RARE (the exceptions that prove the rule) cases of reincarnation on earth in this lower world, what is extremely logical besides because if the paradisiac other-world of the Celts is one, although having many main doors, the places of reincarnation, as for them, can be numerous, therefore to be endowed with origins, previous stages, or former states of the being, viewed and called differently. In short, there can also be several exit doors from the anteroom of the heavenly paradise (House of Donn or Tech Duinn in Ireland, Annwn in Wales, Andumno on the Continent, and so on).

After that lay: Fergus said: "I swear to you that if you flout that ring and the royal hero who made it and do not spend a night here in the encampment until one of you make a similar ring, standing on one foot and using one eye and one hand as he did, even though that hero be hidden underground or in a locked house, he will slay and wound you before the hour of rising on the morrow, if you flout his warning." It is not that indeed that we would wish said Maeve, that anyone should wound us or shed our blood after we have come to this unknown province, the province of Ulidia. More pleasing to us that we should wound him and spill his blood. We shall not set this ring at naught, said Ailill, and we

shall not flout the royal hero who worked it, but we will take shelter in this great wood in the south until the morning. Let our encampment be made there. Then the hosts advanced and with their swords they hewed down the wood to make a path for their chariots...[Editor's note. Follow here whimsical locations and etymologies].

Heavy snow fell on them that night. So deep was it that it reached to the shoulders of men, to the flanks of horses and to the shafts of chariots, so that the provinces of Ireland were all one level plain with the snow. But not tents or bothies or pavilions were set up that night. No preparation of food or drink was made. No meal or repast was consumed. None of the Irishmen knew whether it was friend or foe who was next to him until the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow. Irishmen had never experienced a night in the encampment which held more discomfort and hardship for them than that night at Cuil Sibrilli. The four great provinces of Ireland came forth early on the morrow with the rising of the sun across the glistening snow, and they went forward from that district to another.

As for the Hesus Cuchulainn, however, he did not rise early until he ate a repast and meal and washed and bathed on that day. He told his charioteer to harness the horses and yoke his chariot. The charioteer harnessed the horses and yoked the chariot, then the Hesus Cuchulainn went into his chariot and they followed the track of the army. They found the trail of the Irishmen quite before arriving at the border. Alas, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, would that we had not gone to our tryst with a woman last night. The least that one who is guarding a border can do is to give a warning cry or shout or alarm or tell who goes the road. We failed to announce it. Irishmen have gone past us into Ultonian territory. I foretold for you, O Hesus Cuchulainn, said Láeg, that if you went to your tryst, such a disgrace would come upon you. Go, Láeg, I pray you, on the track of the army and make an estimate of them, and find out for us in what number Irishmen went past us.

Láeg came to the track of the host, came in front of the track and to one side of it and went to the rear of it. You are confused in your reckoning, Master Láeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. I am indeed said Láeg. Come into the chariot and I will make an estimate of them. The charioteer came into the chariot. Hesus Cuchulainn went on the track of the host and made an estimate of their numbers and came to one side and went to the rear. You are confused in your reckoning, little hound of Culann said Láeg. I am not said the Hesus Cuchulainn, for I know in what number the hosts went past us, namely, eighteen times thirty hundred men, but the eighteenth division of thirty hundred men was dispersed among the Irishmen. Ra bátar trá ilbúada ilarda imda for Coin Chulaind: búaid crotha, búaid delba, búaid ndénma, búaid snáma, búaid marcachais, búaid fidchilli & branduib, búaid catha, búaid comraic, búaid comluind, búaid farcsena, búaid n-urlabra, búaid comairle, búaid foraim, búaid mbánaig, búaid crichi a crích comaitig. Now Cú Chulainn possessed many and various gifts: the gift of beauty, the gift of forms, the gift of purity (?) the gift of making knots or bonds, the gift of swimming, the gift of horsemanship, the gift of playing tablut and brandub, the gift of battle, the gift of fighting, the gift of conflict, the gift of sight, the gift of speech, the gift of counsel, the women, the gift of plundering in neighboring countries.

Well, Master Láeg, harness the chariot for us and ply the goad for us on the horses. Drive on the chariot and turn your left-hand board to the hosts to see can we overtake them in the van or in the rear or in the middle. For I will not live if a friend or foe among the Irishmen does not fall by my hand tonight. Then the charioteer plied the goad on the horses. He turned his left board to the hosts and came to ... [whimsical etymology and location due to the euhemerization with the wrong way of the myth in Ireland] Then the Hesus Cú Chulainn went into the wood and descended from his chariot and cut a forked pole of four prongs, with one stroke. He pointed it and stripped it and put an ogam inscription on its side and cast it out of the back of his chariot from the tip of one hand, so that two thirds of it went into the ground and but one third of it was above ground.

Then it was that the two lads mentioned, the two sons of Nera son Nuatair son of Tacáin, came upon him engaged in that task, and they vied with one another as to which of them would first wound him and behead him. The Hesus Cuchulainn attacked them and cut off their four heads from them and from their charioteer and impaled a head of each man of them on a prong of the pole. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn sent the horses of that little band back by the same road to meet the Irishmen, with their reins lying loose and the headless bodies of the warriors red with gore dripping blood down on to the framework of the chariots. Dáig níbá miad nó níba maiss leiss echrad nó fuidb nó airm do brith óna corpaib no marbad. For he did not deem it honorable or seemly to take the horses or garments or arms from the bodies of those he killed. Then the hosts saw the horses of the band who had gone in advance of them and the headless bodies and the corpses of the warriors dripping blood down on the framework of the chariots. The van of the army waited for the rear, and all were thrown into panic.

Maeve and Fergus and the Maines and the sons of Maga came up. For this is how Maeve was wont to travel; with nine chariots for herself alone, two chariots before her, two behind, two on each side and her chariot between them in the very middle. And the reason Maeve used to do that was so that the clods of earth cast up by the horses' hooves or the foam dripping from the bridle bits or the dust raised by the mighty army might not reach her and that no darkening might come to the golden diadem of the queen. What is this? said Maeve. Not hard to say, they all answered. These are the horses of the band that went in advance of us and their headless bodies in their chariots. They held counsel, and they thought that was the track of a multitude of warriors and the approach of a great army and that it was the Ulaid who came to them thus. And this is what they decided on: to send Cormac the exiled to find out who was at the ford, for if the Ulaid were there, they would not kill the son of their own king. Then Cormac the Exiled son of Cunocavarnos/ Conchobar came with thirty hundred armed men to find out who was at the ford. And when he got there, he saw only the forked pole in the middle of the ford with four heads on it dripping blood down the stem of the pole into the current of the stream, the hoof-marks of the two horses, and the track of a single charioteer and of a single warrior leading eastwards out of the ford.

Irish nobles came to the ford and they all fell to examining the forked pole. They marveled and wondered who had worked the trophy. What name have you for this ford until now, Fergus? said Ailill.

Ford of Grena said Fergus, but Ford of the Fork shall be its name forever now from this forked pole. And he recited the following lay.

Grena's ford will change its name
Because of the deed performed by the strong, fierce Hound of Culann
There is here a four-pronged forked branch
To bring fear on Irishmen.
On two of its prongs, presage of battle,
Are the heads of Fraech and Fochnam
On its other two points
Are the heads of Err and Innell.
What ogamic inscription is that on its side?
Tell us, O druids fair.
And who wrote that inscription on it?
How many drove it into the ground?
Yon forked branch with fearful strength
That you see there, O Fergus,
One man cut, hail to him
With one perfect stroke of his sword.
He pointed it and swung it back behind him
No easy exploit,
And then flung it down
That one of you might pluck it out of the ground.
Grena's ford was its name hitherto.
All will remember it.
Forks' ford will be its name forever
From that forked branch which you see in the ford.

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

Alas. Cecile O'Rahilly translates so the Gaelic word amae. Master. We translate so the Gaelic word "phopa" which comes from Latin papa (father) and implies a certain respect. Charisma. We translate so the Gaelic word buaid which literally means spoils taken on the enemy, part of spoils granted by the chief, and to finish gifts like the gift of speaking: búaid n-urlabra. The difference with the Christian charisma matching it is that our text does not specify if it is the gift of

speaking...foreign languages. But it is already not badly and is enough to make the Hesus Cuchulainn a true superman. We wonder well nevertheless what comes to do here this long list of charisma of which some characterize only imperfectly our hero. Perhaps it is simply an interpolation intended to explain the extraordinary precision of the estimate of the manpower of the Irish army, made by the Hesus Cuchulainn and worthy of a superhero of cartoons.

The art of horsemanship. We translate so the Gaelic word *marcachais*. To understand horses and to be loved by them was indeed a whole art in itself, and there existed even people specialized in horsemanship, like the *Mandubii* = people (bii) of the pony (*mandus*). *Mandubii* were indeed known for that and it is besides perhaps for this reason quite simply that on the Continent at the time of the siege of Alesia no horse was eaten since returned home as of the beginning. *Mandubians* would have been against.

Chess and *tablut*. We translate so the Gaelic expression *fidchilli & branduib*. *Fidchell*, old Celtic *vidupeilos*, is a kind of *tablut*, and the *brandub* or black raven (*branno-dubis*), a variant of the latter.

Trophy. We translate by trophies the Gaelic word *coscur*. It is a very old Indo-European warlike habit. The winners flaunted on the battle field obvious signs of their victory. It was initially a tree trunk, around which they suspended some weapons belonging to overcome people. But later trophies became true works of art, out of marble or bronze; erected out of the battle field.

After the lay: Ailill said: " I marvel and wonder, Fergus, who would have cut the forked pole and slain so swiftly the four who went before us." Rather should you marvel and wonder at him who cut the forked pole that you see, but whole and entire and with one stroke ; who sharpened and pointed it and made a cast of it from the back of his chariot with the tip of one hand so that it went two third of its length into the ground and only one third is above it, and no hole was dug for it with his sword but it was nevertheless driven in through the stony ground. It is a magical obligation for the Irishmen to go into the bed of this ford until one of you pluck out the pole with the tip of one hand even as he drove it in just now.

You are well of our army, Fergus, said Maeve, so bring us the forked pole from the bed of the ford. Let me have a chariot, said Fergus. A chariot was brought to Fergus, and he gave a tug to the forked pole and made fragments and small pieces of the chariot. Let another chariot be brought to me, said Fergus again. Another chariot was brought to Fergus and he gave a strong pull to the forked pole and made fragments and small pieces of the chariot. Bring me another chariot, said Fergus third once. He tugged the pole with all his strength and shattered the chariot into pieces. As for the seventeen chariots of the Connachtmen, Fergus broke them all to fragments and small pieces and yet he could not draw the pole from the bed of the ford where it was driven in. Give over, Fergus, said Maeve, do not break any more of my people's chariots, for had you not been on this hosting now, we should already have reached the Ulaid and had our share of booty and herds. We know why you are acting thus: it is to hold back and delay the host until such time as the Ulaid recover from their yearly debility (*cess noindenn*) and give us battle, the battle of the Driving off.

Let a true chariot be brought to me at once said Fergus. Then his own chariot was brought to Fergus, and Fergus gave a strong wrench to the forked pole and neither wheel nor pole nor shaft of the chariot creaked or groaned. As was the strength and bravery with which it was driven in by him who had driven it in, so was the might and valor with which the warrior drew it out : Fergus, the gap breaker of battalions, the sledge hammer of smiting, the destructive stone of enemies, the leader of resistance, the enemy of multitudes, the destroyer of a mighty army, the blazing torch, the commander of a great battle. He drew it up with the tip of one hand until it reached the top of his shoulder and he put the forked pole in Ailill's hand. Ailill looked at it. The fork seems all the more perfect to me, said he, in that it is I see on it only marks of a single cutting from top to bottom. All the more perfect indeed, said Fergus, and he began to praise the forked pole and made this lay about it.

Here is the famous forked pole
Beside which harsh Hesus Cuchulainn stood,
And on which he left, to spite some one of you,
The four heads of strangers.
It is certain that he would not retreat from the forked pole

Like at the approach of one man, strong and fierce.
 Though the Hound who is never ill has left it,
 Blood remains on its hard bark.
 Woe to him who will go eastwards on the hosting
 To seek the cruel dun Termagant of Cualnge.
 Heroes after being themselves separated from the army
 Will be cut in pieces by the baneful sword of the Hesus Cuchulain.
 No easy gain will be his strong bull
 For whom a fight will be fought with keen weapons.
 When every skull has been crushed,
 All the tribes of Ireland will weep.
 I have no more to say concerning
 The son of Dexiua Duxtir/Dechtire (Epona),
 But men and women will hear
 Of this pole as it now stands.

After that lay: Ailill said: "Let us pitch our tents and pavilions, let us prepare food and drink, let us make music and melody, then let us eat and take food, for it is unlikely that Irishmen ever at any time experienced a night of encampment that held more hardship and distress for them than last night !" Their encampments were set up and their tents pitched. Food and drink were prepared by them, music and melody played, and they ate a meal. And Ailill asked Fergus a question: "I marvel and wonder as to who would come to us on the marches and slay so swiftly the four who went in advance. Is it likely that Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna Fáthaig the high king of Ulaid would come to us? " It is not likely indeed, said Fergus, for it is lamentable to revile him in his absence.

There is nothing that he would not pledge for his honor's sake. For if it were he who had come, armies and hosts and the pick of the men of Green Erin who are with him would have come too ; and even though the Irishmen, the men of Scotland, the Britons and the Saxons were opposed to him in one place and one meeting and one muster, in one camp and on one hill, he would give them all a battle, it is he who would win victory, it is not he who would be routed. Tell me, then, who was likely to have come to us? Was it perhaps Cuscraid the stammerer of Macha son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar from Inis Cuscraid?

It was not likely, said Fergus, the son of the high king. There is nothing he would not stake for the sake of his honor, for if it were he who came, the sons of kings and royal princes who are with him in mercenary service would also come, and if there were before him in one spot the Irishmen and the men of Scotland, the Britons and the Saxons, he would give them all a battle, it is he who would be victorious and it is not he who would be routed. Tell me, then, would Eogan son Durthacht the King of Fernmag come to us?

It was not likely indeed for if it were he who came, the steady men of Fernmag would come with him and he would give battle, etc. Tell me then who was likely to come to us. Was it Celtchar son of Utthechar? It was not likely indeed. It is shameful to revile him in his absence. He is the destructive stone of his enemies in the province, he is the leader of resistance to all, he is the head of the warriors host , and if there were before him in one spot, etc. together with all the Irishmen from west to east and from south to north, he would give them battle, he would be victorious and not he would be routed. Tell me, then, who would be likely to have come to us? Nay who but the little lad, my foster son and the foster son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Hound of Culann the smith he is called. Yes indeed, said Ailill. I have heard you speak of that little lad once upon a time in Cruachan. What is the age of that boy now? It is not his age that is most troublesome indeed, said Fergus, for the deeds of that boy were those of a man when he was younger than he is now. How so? said Maeve.

Is there among the Ulaid now his equal in age who is more redoubtable than he? We do not find there a wolf more bloodthirsty nor a hero fiercer nor any of his contemporaries who could equal the third or the fourth part of Hesus Cuchulainn warlike deeds. You do not find there, said Fergus, a hero his equal nor a sledgehammer of smiting nor doom of hosts nor a champion of valor who would be of more worth than the Hesus Cuchulainn. You do not find there one that could equal a áes & a ás & a forbairt & a ánius & a urfúath & a urlabra, a chrúas & a chless & a gasced, a forom & a ammus & a ammsigi, a brath & a búadri & a búadirsi, & a déini & a dehrad & a tharpige & a díanchoscur co cliss nónbair ar cach find úasu mar Choin Culaind his age and his growth, his size and his splendor, his

fearsomeness and his eloquence, his bravery, his mastery of martial arts, his weapons and his attacks or his assaults, his aggressiveness and his work of executioner, his frenzy, his excitement, his speed, his fury, his violence, his mastery of the feat of the nine men pointing their weapon above him.

We make but little account of him said Maeve. I n-óenchrup atá. Imgeib guin immoamgeib gabáil. He has only one body, he is wound prone and can be made a prisoner.

His age is reckoned as but that of a young girl ;nor will that youthful beardless sprite you speak of, hold out against resolute men. I do not say so, said Fergus, for the deeds of that little boy were those of a man when he was younger than he now is.

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

Magical obligation. Cecile O'Rahilly translates the Irish word in question by the word taboo. But a geis does not have only a sacred nature with immediate effect, that can also be simply a prohibition whose violation is unlucky, even a positive instruction, an obligation. Just like the poetic justice dear to our poets in Antiquity, geis is therefore also an auxiliary of the Tocade or Tocad (but in reality the fate, of course, does not have a gender like God the Father for the Judeo-Islamic-Christians, it is neutral). Seventeen. Fourteen only according to the Lebor Na hUidre or book of the dun cow. These kinds of variations in the details are frequent in our manuscripts. The basic divergences are more serious. We find exactly the same problems with the Bible, for example in the account of the marvel of the miracle of loaves and fishes . With this difference that ancient druids never claimed all this was strictly historical, as precise as a police report or as precis as reports of eyewitnesses. They always admitted that they were myths by definition. It is only thereafter that there were historians or Christian erudite scholars to think that it was history. To return to the alleged marvel of the miracle of loaves and fishes in the four Gospels. Mark 6-30: Jesus feeds 5000 people with 5 loaves and 2 fishes. Mark 6-45: Jesus walks on water. Mark 8-1: Jesus feeds 4000 people with 7 loaves and some fishes. The flatterers of Christianity explain these contradictions of figures by the fact that there would have been two different miracles of the loaves and fishes. But, however, let us note something surprising in this second account, identical to the first one (except the number of loaves). Disciples who were present at the first miracle (which has to be an event more than memorable) seem not remind of it since they ask once again Jesus how they can find the quantity of loaves necessary to feed this new multitude. NB. Similar miracles (increase of food) exist in other traditions, Islam (see hadiths in connection with the battle of the trench = the siege of Medina in 627 and miracles in relation with water) even Buddhism. The Hound who is never ill. Allusion to the fact that the Hesus Cuchulainn and his adoptive father Sualtam besides were not concerned with the mysterious annual indisposition of the Ulaid (cess) symbolizing the human weakness which always affects even the best and strongest among us. We put Epona between brackets because the equation Dechtire = equine goddess is debatable. It is certain that the sister of Cunocavaros/Conchobar has a rather precise relationship with horses since in the Irish legend she is supposed to play the part of charioteer of King Conchobar and that in the original account of the birth of the Hesus Cuchulainn as by chance a mare foals at the same time as Dexiua Duxtir/Dechtire gives birth. But is this sufficient to make her a mare goddess?? It occurred in Ireland the same thing as in Wales with the mabinogion: initial pan-Celtic myths concerning gods and goddesses, for example Hesus Setanta Cuchulainn, or Epona, evolved considerably (they were deteriorated, bowdlerized, dismembered, recomposed) then became literary patterns for artistic works: stories and legends spread by the bards. The difference is that in Ireland the thematic cores remained close to the former pagan designs are more numerous and of less bad quality, but as in Wales such nuggets appear only in the state of fragments lost in an insipid mass or at the very least not especially Celtic-Druidic but due to the pen of the bards.

The Saxons. This precision is missing in the Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow. It is, of course, a late interpolation, Saxon invasions having begun in the area only in the middle of the sixth century. Other mentions are besides also interpolations, but older. All these names were indeed unknown in the Litavia or original area of the Celts (the Celticum of Livy, somewhere in the north of the Alps in the south of current Germany. Also is missing what follows, the allusion to Cuscraid, which does not appear in this manuscript.

Etc. We translate so the Latin expression ut ante (well, that's just the way it is, we also often find some Latin in all these manuscripts in Gaelic language. Bible itself contains well elements which concern neither traditional Hebrew nor the Greek (the sentences in Aramaic for example, or the famous Mene,

Mene, Tekel, U-Pharsin, in the chapter 5 of the Book of Daniel. These words even these whole Latin sentences polluting the transcription of our legends show well in any case, it is the least which we can say, at which point those who wrote down all these accounts of the oral literature were- influenced by traditional culture- and particularly by Latin- Therefore deeply Christian.

His mastery of martial arts. We convey so the Gaelic word chless.

His attacks and his assaults. We translate so the Gaelic word forom but it is apparently the name of one of the artful thrusts or specialities of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

I n-óenchurp atá. Imgeib guin immoamgeib gabáil. Variant of the Lebor Na hUidre or book of the dun cow: Fodaim guin ni mou gahail. He is prone to wound, he is not shielded from capture." The expression loses its strength.

Sprite. We translate so the Gaelic word serrite/sirite. See our previous counter-lays on the subject.

N.B. As regards the continuation of the manuscript of the Tain Bo Cualnge see previous pages, the youthful exploits of the little hesus Cuchulainn. In what concerns us, we take up the thread of this story only with the end of the chapter 7 and with the chapter 8 which describes us the continuation of the march of this invasion army inside the borders of the kingdom of Ulidia.

The end of the chapter VII entitled... The youthful exploits of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

A little lad who did those deeds when he was seven years old, who overcame the champions and warriors by whom two thirds of the men of Ulaid had fallen and had been unavenged until this boy arose, therefore there was no need to wonder or marvel that he should come to the marches and kill one man or two or three or four when his seventeen years were completed.

Thus far then is some account of the youthful deeds of the Hesus Cucchulainn on the Cattle-raid of Cualnge, together with the prologue of the tale and an account of the route and march of the host out of Cruachan. In scél fodessin is ní and fodechtsa. The story itself is what follows now.

Lebor na hUidre or Book of the dun cow.

Let us go forward now, said Ailill. Then they reached Mag Mucceda. There the Hesus Cuchulainn cut down an oak tree in their path and on its side he wrote an ogam inscription which said that none should go past it until a warrior should leap across it in a chariot. They pitched their tents at that spot and they came to leap across it in their chariots. Thirty horses fell in the attempt and thirty chariots were broken there. Passage of glory is the name of that place ever since.

The Death of Fraech.

They remained there till the morrow. Fráech was summoned. Help us, Fraech, said Maeve. Deliver us in this strait. Go for us to meet the Hesus Cuchulainn to see if perhaps you may encounter him in battle. Fraech set forth, with a company of eight men, early in the morning and reached the ford of Fuat. He saw a warrior bathing in the river. Wait here, said Fraech to his followers, till I fight with yonder man. He is not good in water. He took off his clothes and went into the water to the Hound of Culann. Do not come against me, said the Hound of Culann. You will die if you do and I should be sorry to kill you. Indeed I shall go, said Fráech, so that we may meet in the water, and give me fair play. Arrange that as you please, said the Hound of Culann. Let each of us clasp the other (and wrestle), said Fraech. For a long time they kept wrestling in the water, and Fraech was submerged. The Hound of Culann lifted him up again. Now this time will you yield and accept I spare your life? said the Hound of Culann. I will not, said Fráech. The Hound of Culann thrust him down again and Fraech died. He came to land and his people carried his body to the encampment. Ever after that ford was called Ford of Fraech. The whole encampment mourned for his death. Co n-accatar banchuri i n-inaraib úanib for colaind Fraich meic Idaid. Focessat úadib issa síd. Síd Fraích ainm in t-sída íarom. They saw a band of fairies dressed in foam-white ? gowns bending over the corpse of Fráech mac Idaid. They carried him off into their sidh which was called Sidh Fraech ever afterwards. Fergus leaped across the oak tree in his own chariot. They went on as far as the ford of Taiten. There the Hound of Culann overthrew six of them, namely, the six Dungall Irruis. Thence they went on to Fornoct. Maeve had a young hound named Baiscne. The Hound of Culann threw a stone at it and took its head off. Ridge of Baiscne was the name of that place henceforth. It is a disgrace for you, said Maeve, that you do not hunt down that wicked chariot fighter who is killing you. So they went in pursuit of him then and the shafts of their chariots broke in the hunting.

Chapter VIII.

The slaying of Orlam.

The four great provinces of Ireland came the next day eastwards over Mount Round. The Hesus Cuchulainn went ahead of them. He met the charioteer of Orlam, the son of Ailill and Maeve who was at the place called since Orlam's Grave, a little in the north of the loneliness of Lochad, cutting chariot poles from a holly tree in the wood. Well, Láeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, boldly do the Ulaid behave if it is they who are thus cutting down the wood in front of the Irishmen. Do you stay here for a little while until I find out who is cutting down the wood in this manner. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn went on and came upon the charioteer. What are you doing here, lad? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. I am cutting the chariot poles from a holly tree here, said the driver, for our chariots broke yesterday hunting that famous deer, Cuchulainn. And by your valor, warrior, come to my help, lest that famous Hesus Cuchulainn come upon me. Take your choice, lad, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, either to gather the poles, or to strip them. I shall gather them for it is easier. The Hesus Cuchulainn began to strip the poles, and Forrópart Cú Chulaind for a n-imscothad, & nos tairnged tria ladraib a choss & a lám i n-igid a fiar & a fadb co ndénad a féth & a snass & a slemnugud & a cernad, he would draw them between his toes and between his fingers against their bends and knots until he made them polished and smooth and slippery and trimmed. He would make them so smooth that a fly could not stay on them by the time he cast them from him. Then the charioteer looks at him a little thoughtful. Indeed it seems to me that it was not a labor befitting you that I imposed on you. Who are you? asked he. I am the famous Hesus Cuchulainn of whom you spoke just now. Woe is me! cried the charioteer, for that I am done for. Nád bia etir, a gillai, ar Cú Chulaind, ar ní gonaim aradu nó echlachú nó áes gan armu. I shall not slay you, lad said Cú Chulainn, for I do not wound charioteers or messengers or men unarmed. And where is your master anyway? Over yonder on the mound said the charioteer. Go to him and warn him to be on his guard, for if we meet, he will fall at my hands. Then the charioteer went to his master, and swiftly as the charioteer went, more swiftly still went the Hesus Cuchulainn and struck off Orlam's head. And he raised the head aloft and displayed it to the Irishmen.

Lebor na hUidre or Book of the dun cow.

He put the head then on the charioteer's back and said: "Take that with you and go thus to the camp. If you do not go thus, I shall cast a stone at you from my sling!" When the charioteer drew near the camp, he took the head from his back, and related his adventures to Maeve and Ailill. It is not like catching a fledgling, said Maeve. And he said that if I did not bring the head to the camp on my back, he would break my head for me with a stone from his sling.

The slaying of the three sons of Arach.

Then came the three sons of Arach on to the ford at Ard Ciannacht to meet with the Hesus Cuchulainn. Lon, Ualu and Díliu were their names; Mes Lir, Mes Laig and Mes Lethair were the names of their charioteers. They came to encounter the Hesus Cuchulainn because they deemed excessive what he had done against them the previous day, namely, killing the two sons of Nera son of Nuatar son of Thacan at the ford of the fork and killing Orlam, the son of Ailill and Maeve, as well and displaying his head to all the men of Ireland. They came then that they might kill the Hesus Cuchulainn in the same way and bear away his head as a trophy. They went to the wood and cut three sticks of white hazel to put in the hands of their charioteers so that all six of them together might fight with the Hesus Cuchulainn. The Hesus Cuchulainn attacked them and cut off their six heads. Thus fell the sons of Arach by the hand of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The single combat of Lethan and of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

There came also Lethan on to his ford on the Níth in the district of Conaille Muirthemne, to fight with the Hesus Cuchulainn. He attacked him on the ford. Ford of the chariots was the name of the ford where they fought, for their chariots had been broken in the fighting at the ford. Mulche fell on the hill between the two fords, whence it is still called Gúalu ? of Mulche. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn and Lethan met, and Lethan fell by the hand of the Hesus Cuchulainn who cut off his head from his trunk on the ford, but he left it with it, that is, he left his head with his body. Whence the name of the ford ever since is Ford of Lethan in the district of Conaille Muirthemne.

The fair and good harpers of Cain Bile.

Then came the fair and good harpers of Cain Bile from Ess Ruaid to entertain them. The Irishmen thought that they had come from the Ulaid to spy on them, so the hosts hunted them vigorously for a long distance until they escaped from them, transformed into wild deer, at the standing stones (corthib) at Lia Mor. They were called the harpers of Cain Bile. Batir fir co mórfiss & go mórfástine & druídecht iat. They were men having the mastery of the great science, the divination power, and druidry.

The death of the marten as well as of the pet bird of Maeve.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn vowed that wherever he saw, he would cast a stone at her and it would not go far from the side of her head. It happened as he said. Where he saw Maeve to the west of the ford, he cast a stone from his sling at her and killed the pet bird on her shoulder. Maeve went eastwards over the ford, and he cast another stone from his sling at her and killed the pet marten which was on her shoulder. Whence the names of those places are still nape of the marten and nape of the bird, Sling ford being the name of the ford across which the Hesus Cuchulainn cast the stone from his sling.

The four great provinces of Ireland came on the morrow and began to ravage the plain of Breg and the plain of Muirthemne. And there came to Fergus, Hesus Cuchulainn foster father, a keen premonition of the arrival of the Hound of Culann, and he told the Irishmen of Ireland to be on their guard that night for the Hesus Cuchulainn would come upon them.

Editor's note. Here it is in the manuscripts of the Book of Leinster, published by Windisch, page 183, another praise of the Hesus Cuchulainn by Fergus. We see the mountains of Armenia and the Amazons appear in it. It is clearly a relatively modern interpolation which is not in the manuscripts of the Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow besides. Cecile O'Rahilly preserved that lay, as for us, we prefer to remove it.

Morgan Le Fay informs the brown bull.

After that lay: on the same day, the dun Termagant of Cualnge came to Mairgín and with him fifty heifers, and he pawed up the earth, that is, he cast the turf over him with his hooves. Mórrigu ingen Ernmais a sídib co mboí forin chorthi i Temair Chúalnge. On the same day, the Morrígu daughter of Ernmas came from the sídh and sat on the standing stone on the heights of Cualnge, warning the dun Termagant against the Irishmen. She began to speak to him and she said: "O pitiful one, dun Termagant of Cualnge, be on your guard, for the Irishmen will come upon you and will carry you off to their encampment unless you take heed ! " And she went on while warning him thus and spoke these words aloud...Nach fitir dub dusáim. dal na inderb. esnad fiacht. fiacht. fiacht nad cheil. cuardait námait do thuaithbregaib binde ar tánaib tathaib rún. rafiastar dúib danis murthonna fer forglas forláib lilasta áeb agesta in mag meldait. slúraig scothníam buidb bógeimnech febdair fiach fir nairm rád n-inguir crúas Cúalnge có icat do bás móрмаicne féc muintir ar n-éc muntire do námait écaib.

Then the dun Termagant of Cualnge came and advanced into Heirs' Valley in Holly Tree Mount with fifty of his cows.

Here are some of the characteristics of the dun Termagant of Cualnge: He could service fifty heifers every day. These calved before the same hour on the following day, and those of them that did not calve would burst with the calves because they could not endure the begetting of the dun Termagant. It was one of the characteristics of the dun Termagant of Cualnge that fifty youths used to play games every evening on his back. Another of his virtues was that he used to protect a hundred warriors from heat and cold in his shadow and shelter. Ba do búadaib Duind Chúalnge ná laimed bánanach nó bocánach nó genit glinni tascud d'óentrichait chét friss. It was one of his characteristics that no

bananach or bocanach or genit glin dared to come into one and the same county as he. It was one of his characteristics that each evening as he came to a liss & a léis & a machaid, his court and his shed and his enclosure, he used to make a musical lowing which was enough melody and delight for a man in the north and in the south and in the middle of the district of Cualnge. Those were some of the virtues of the dun Termagant of the county.

Then on the morrow the hosts came into the rocks and dunes ? of Conaille Muirthemne. Maeve ordered that a shelter of shields should be placed over her lest the Hesus Cuchulainn should make a cast at her with his sling from hills or heights or mounds. However on that day the Hesus Cuchulainn did not succeed in wounding or attacking the Irishmen.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 17.

We translate with to wrestle or wrestling, the Gaelic word imtrascrad. It is undoubtedly a Celtic form of wrestling like that which is found as far as Brittany, known as Gourenn, and as far as Iceland known as Glima. Sidh. As we already have had the opportunity to say it, the sidh or mounds were entries (or exit) of the other world. Concretely in the ancient Celtic world they were often megalithic monuments recovered by the legends. One of the legends concerning a mound of ferns (since it is what the name Fraech means in Gaelic language, therefore had to be re-used by an Irish bard who made it the grave of one of the unlucky adversaries of our hero). And the women of the banchuri in question therefore can be only supernatural washerwomen, these subordinated goddesses in charge of the burials, Alaisiagae (Beda and Boudihillia). Bean-Nighe in Scotland. Orlam was the son of Ailill and Maeve. So that his head can be brought back on the back of the charioteer, it had to be put down by the Hesus Cuchulainn in the hood of this latter.

Three sticks or three slats of white-hazel tree, or filbert tree or cob tree. Trí fidslatta findchuill. If we understand well this mention, the staves of fighting were out of the wood of common filbert tree or hazel tree (*corylus avellana*) and not in filbert tree or purple-leaved hazel (*corylus maximum purpurea*). To note. Our hero will also kill the three charioteers because they will take part in this unfair attack : six against one.

Mulche. It was the charioteer of Lethan, fought by Loeg charioteer of the Hesus Cuchulainn. It is, of course, a umpteenth case of euhemerization, with the wrong way of the original pan-Celtic myth which was at the beginning timeless and not precisely locatable. The remark is true for the name of the ford of Lethan located on the territory of Conaille Muirthemne. Ah these bards and their mania to explain, if necessary by telling a beautiful story, the least element of the geography of their country. The first eulogists of Christianity should have remembered about Nazareth or Bethlehem: a myth would it be that of the birth and of the tragic death of a savior god must always remain timeless and not precisely locatable SO THAT EACH MAN EACH GENERATION EACH COUNTRY EACH REGION....CAN APPROPRIATE IT CAN INTERIORIZE IT. The true religion is that! True religious history or meta-history IS ALWAYS INNER. IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO BE (AGAIN) LIVED.

Druidery. In Gaelic druidecht. This episode is rather difficult to understand and all that is not very clear. Besides Winifred Faraday makes these men some wizards, considering the demonization of the druidecht notion at the time, but more than of druids we can think of gods or goddesses of rivers, or of oaks perhaps (cain bile indicates perhaps a beautiful tree) able to make a supernatural music. It is undoubtedly a local legend explaining, on the one hand, the disappearance of the deities of the tree or of the water fall in question (Ess Ruaid) but also the presence of standing not far away, and re-used by the author of the account, but which has nothing to do with the original pan-Celtic myth. It was well necessarily the bards interest their audience.

With fifty heifers. The Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow adds he was followed by a herdsman named Forgemen, that he threw down a hundred and fifty children who played on his back by killing thus two thirds of them.

Morgan Le Fay daughter of Ernmas i.e., daughter of "murder." Memory of a time when justice was not yet the prerogative of the authorities (of the king for example) but remained directly exerted by the parents of the victim: what is commonly called revenge nowadays. We don't have to all these "druidic" filiations of our legends at face value. What the druids having worked out this allegory wanted to say it is that Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan was as relentless as the desire of revenge which can arise after a

murder. What they intended to say it is that Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan as a personification of wars was initially caused by the murder or the killing of the innocent ones.

Came from the sidh. In the form of bird adds the manuscript of the Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow. There exists in Celtic-Roman statuary on the Continent several low reliefs showing us precisely an obviously supernatural bull combined with birds which seem to protect him. The votive stele of Trier in Germany for example (a man cuts down a tree in which we see a head of bull and three birds). N.B. One generally mistook on the meaning of this scene: the man who is represented cutting down a tree by no means seeks to harm the bull in question, but to protect him, in the same way that Cuchulainn in the Irish legends. The pillar of the Parisian boatmen ditto (on one of its faces a man lops or cuts a tree and on the following face is reproduced a bull with three cranes in a forest). Bananach. Gaelic Name of supernatural beings haunting the battle fields. Bocanach. Gaelic Name of supernatural beings with the head of a goat haunting the battle fields. See Gaborchend or Goborchind as well as the billy goat fair (Puck) in Killorglin. Genit glinni. Gaelic term meaning something like succubus demons of the valleys, also haunting the battle fields. All these supernatural entities (preternatural said the electronic dictionary of the Irish language) seem to play in the medieval Celtic society, at the time of the death, the role of the wrathful deities in Buddhism (dharmapalas). We cannot help thinking about the famous Tarvos trigaranos whose protective and beneficial role is also obvious on the Continent. He was also supposed to move away the demons and the wrathful deities. The man's name Donnotaurus, which seems well to mean "bull of Donn" or "brown bull," is an additional evidence of this community of legends between the continental Celts and the Irishmen. County, canton. Cecile O'Rahilly translates so the Gaelic word óentríchait chét which means literally thirty hundred (men).

The death of Loch, Maeve's maidservant.

The warriors of the four great provinces of Ireland spent that night in the plains of Loche in Cualnge and pitched their camps there. Maeve told a handmaid of her household to go to the river and fetch her water for drinking and washing. Loche was the maid's name. Then Loche came, wearing the golden diadem of the queen on her head and accompanied by fifty women. The Hesus Cuchulainn cast a stone at her from his sling and broke into three the golden diadem and killed the girl on the plain where she was. Whence is the name plain of Loche in Cualnge. For the Hesus Cuchulainn had thought, for want of knowledge and information, that it was Maeve who was there.

Lebor na hUidre or Book of the dun cow.

The death of Lothar.

From Findabair Cualnge the army scattered and set the country on fire. They gathered together all the women, boys, girls and cows that were in Cualnge and brought them all to Findabair. Your expedition was not successful, said Maeve. I do not see that you have the bull. He is not in the province at all, said they all. Lóthar, Maeve's cowherd was summoned to them. Where do you think the bull is? she asked. I am afraid to tell, said the cowherd. The night that the Ulaid fell into their annual indisposition the bull went away with three scores heifers and he is now in Dubchaire in Osier Valley. Go, said Maeve, and take a withe between each pair of you. They did so then, and hence the valley is called Osier Valley. Then they brought the bull to Findabair. When the bull caught sight of Lóthar the cowherd, he rushed at him and disembowelled him with his horns. Then together with his thrice fifty heifers the bull made for the encampment and fifty warriors were killed by him. That is the Death of Lóthar on the foray. Then the bull went away from them out of the camp, but they did not know where he had gone and they were grieved. Maeve asked the cowherd if he knew where the bull was. I fancy that he might be in the recesses of the Holly-tree valley. So they turned back after ravaging Cualnge but they did not find the bull there. The river Cronn rose against them as high as the tops of the trees. They spent the night by the riverbank. And Queen Maeve ordered some of her people to go across.

Book of Leinster again.

The death of Uala.

On the morrow the hosts tried therefore to cross but failed to do so. Chariots meadow is the name of the first place where they reached it, that spot is called Clúain Carpat because the river carried a hundred of their chariots away to the sea. Maeve asked of her people that a warrior from among them should go and test the depth of the river. A great and valiant warrior of Maeve's household called Uala, rose up and took on his back a huge rock, and he came to test the depth of the stream. But the river swept him back, dead and lifeless, with his stone on his back. Maeve ordered him to be brought up out of the river and his grave dug and his stone raised. Whence the name standing stone of Uala in the district of Cualnge.

The death of the companions of Roen and Roí.

The Hesus Cuchulainn kept very close to the hosts that day, inviting them to fight and do combat, and killed a hundred of their warriors, around including Roen and Roí, the two historians of the foray. Maeve ordered her people to go and fight and do combat with the Hesus Cuchulainn. "It will not be I, it will not be I," said one and all from the place where they were. No victim is due from my family. Even if he were, it is not I who would go to oppose the Hesus Cuchulainn, for it is no easy task to encounter him.

The crossing through a mountain pass.

The hosts proceeded along the side of the river they were unable to cross it, and they reached the spot where the river rises in the mountain. If they wished, they could have gone between the spring and the top of the mountain, but Maeve did not permit it and ordered them to dig and hack a path for her through the mountain, so that it might be a reproach and disgrace to the Ulaid. Since then Pass of the driving off of the cows of Cualnge is the name of that place, because it was there that went through the foray.

Encampment in the Yielding Vale.

The men of the four great provinces of Ireland encamped that night at the Island crossroad. Until then its name was such, but from that time its name was Yielding Valley, because of the large amount of milk which the herds and cattle yielded there to the Irishmen. And Stone cowshed is another name for that place. It is so called because it was there that the Irishmen built cattle sheds and enclosures for their herds and their cattle.

The encampment on the river bank called since "Withes' River."

The men of the four great provinces of Ireland came on as far as Sechair. Sechair was the name of the river until then but Withes' River is its name ever since. It is so called because the Irishmen brought their herds and cattle across it tied with withes and ropes, and when they had crossed, the host let their withes and ropes drift down the stream. Hence the name of Withe's River.

Lebor na hUidre or Book of the dun cow.

They spent the night on the crest of the Féne in Conaille. Those then were their journey from Cúailnge to Machaire according to this version. But other authors and books give a different account of their wanderings from Findabair to Conaille, which is as follows.

Fergus and Maeve. Revenge from the deceived husband.

When they had all arrived with their booty and assembled at Findabair Cúailnge, Maeve said : "Let the army be divided here. All the cattle cannot be taken by one route. Let Ailill go with half of them by

Midluachar. Fergus and I will go by the pass of the Ultonian cows !"The part of the drove that has fallen to our share is not easy, said Fergus. The cattle cannot be taken across the mountain unless they are divided in several herds. So it was done. Whence comes the name Pass of the Ultonian cows. Then Ailill said to Cuillius, his charioteer: " Spy for me today on Maeve and Fergus. I do not know what has brought them thus together. I shall be glad if you can bring me a proof ."Cuillius arrived when they were in Cluichre. The lovers remained behind while the warriors went on ahead. Cuillius came to where they were, but they did not hear the spy. Fergus's sword happened to be beside him and Cuillius drew it out of its scabbard, leaving the scabbard empty. Then he came back to Ailill. Well? said the latter. Well, indeed, said Cuillius and here is a proof for you. That is well, said Ailill. And they exchanged smiles. As you thought, said Cuillius, I found them both lying together. She is right (to behave thus), said Ailill. She did it to help in the cattle driving. Make sure that the sword remains in good condition. Put it under your seat in the chariot, wrapped in a linen cloth. Then Fergus rose up to look for his sword. Alas! he cried. What ails you? asked Maeve. I have wronged Ailill, said he. Wait here until I come out of the wood, and do not wonder if it is a long time until I return. Maeve did not know of the loss of the sword. Fergus went off, taking his charioteer's sword in his hand. In the wood he cut a wooden sword. Hence the Ulaid have the place name : Forest of the great scabbard. Let us go on after the others now, said Fergus. All their hosts met in the plain where they pitched their tents. Fergus was summoned to Ailill to play chess (to play tablut). When he came into the tent, Ailill began to laugh at him.

Fergus dixit.

Well, for the man who is being laughed at that
 If it is not a desire of revenge which drives him, nor a treason which he premeditates,
 Because by the point of my sword, sacred memory of Macha.
 Then we promptly would be avenged by other swords
 Only while calling for help the Gauls,
 Except if a maneuver of woman made it impossible.
 And after mobilization of these warriors
 I will take by force your cattle
 Before the chiefs of your gigantic army.
 To the mountain of Nessa's grandson
 The shock of a powerful troop
 Will leave everywhere headless bodies of men .

Ailill dixit: 'Do not wage battle after the loss of your sword ... ? It defends Maeve against many tribes ... ? Sit down then so that we may play a game of chess. Your arrival is welcome. Play chess and buanbach (a kind of tablut) before a king and a queen. They have prepared a game for great eager armies. It does not matter what stake you lay ... ? I am well skilled. Perhaps in truth the first guilt will lie on the women ?... Findabair loves the bold Fergus, Fergus son of Rossa Róich with lowing cattle and great armies surrounded? by tribes with great possessions, Fergus with the beauty of a king, the fierceness of a dragon, the venomous breath of a viper, the powerful blow of a lion.'

Then they began to play tablut. They moved the gold and silver chessmen across the bronze chessboard.

Ailill dixit: 'It is not the of a king ...

Maeve was heard to say: 'Cease those uncouth speeches. A noble lady is not the secret love of a stranger ... I am not given to destruction and unjust judgments ... '

Fergus was: 'Alas! With many words now they wage war facing many tribes, and with secret counsels they will be nourished ? with treasure they will be bewitched ?, and with spears they will be cleared away ... ? you will be obeyed.'

They remained there that night and on the following morning they heard Ailill say : 'A great champion comes to face the mighty army by Cronn, the river of Nessa's grandson. The men of Connacht will fight against an opponent. There will flow streams of blood from headless necks in a bloody and fatal free-for-all of heroes. Many waters rise up before the beardless champion who will come from Ulidia to the fray.'

Maeve dixit: 'Do not contend, O arrogant son of Máta ... ? men are herded, women are carried off ... ? great armies propose to come from the battlefield of Cualnge and the hosts.... ? Fergus was heard: 'Let a great prince... ?...Let them swear by their people, let them make promises to their queen, let them fight against their enemies.'

Maeve dixit : 'Let what he says be done, and let it be done:.... ?... They set forth on their way to the river Cronn, and Maine son of Ailill was heard to say: 'If I am quickly sent forth against a fair opponent of many feats, he ... horned cattle ?'

Then Fergus was heard saying: 'Do not go, O valorous boy. I do not have another council to give you if you do not want a beardless lad to behead you.... ?"Let me go in front with the banished Ulstermen, said Fergus, to make sure that the lad gets fair play, with the cattle before us and the army in our rear, and the women folk behind the army... ?

Maeve dixit : 'Hark, O Fergus! for the sake of your honor ... ward off (the enemy) with your fine army. Do not flee Ulaid ... In the plain of Aí you prevail over a meeting of companies ???.'

Fergus spoke: 'Hey! Foolish Maeve ? ... I am not the son of a weakling..... Cease to cast stones at me ... ?

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

Three score heifers, three times fifty heifers. Just like in the Bible the scientific exactitude of the figures has little importance, which matters it is the impression left in the mind of the audience, all the art of the storyteller is there. It is a lawyer rhetoric (a pleading particularly in the case of the four Gospels). Around Roen and Roi. Cecile O'Rahilly translates "including Roen and Roi". According to the Lebor Na hUidre the Hesus Cuchulainn would have killed hundred forty-four kings in this place .Sacred memory. We translate so the Gaelic word mind. Humbly let us admit our difficulty of translating all this passage, all this rhetoric which undoubtedly has a double meaning. As for the male chauvinist misogynists refusing to be led by a woman let us not forget that a few centuries later Joan of Arc will also lead them to victory beneath the walls of the old city of Orleans.Perhaps in truth the first guilt will lie on the women ? ... Similar misogynous paranoia exists now only among the Jewish or Muslim fundamentalists. Judeo-Christian Interpolation therefore, opposite to the moral of the anecdote which reports us the adultery of the wife of Partholon.

A great champion comes. One therefore passes from a domestic fight in a love triangle, started with buttoned foil or with many innuendos occasioned by a play of chess under the tent, to the announce by Ailil of the coming of Hesus Cuchulainn. From where did Ailill draw this information?? Was the purpose of the bards having spread this account to show us that the flouted husband was the only one to be concerned with the fate of his troops and of the expedition?

Continuation of the deeds of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The Hesus Cuchulainn came to the ford of Cruinn River to meet them. A popa Lóig. O master Loeg, said he to his charioteer, the armies are coming towards us.Loeg dixit: I swear by the gods that I shall perform a great deed in front of chariot- warriors. They are carried on slender steeds with silver yokes and golden wheels ... You will march against great kings. You will overcome them thanks to your power of leaping.The Hesus Cuchulainn dixit: Take heed, O Loeg, that you grasp the reins with the great victory of Macha ... ?....I beseech the rivers to come to my help. I call upon heaven and earth and especially the river Cronn to aid me. Adeochosa inna h-usci do chongnam frim. Ateoch nem & talmuin & Cruinn in t-sainrethaig.

"That river Cronn offers them resistance
And will not let them cross into Muirthemne
Until the work of warriors is finished
In the mountain north of Ochainé."

Thereupon the river rose in flood as high as the treetops.

Maine, the son of Ailill and Maeve, came forward before the others. The hesus Cuchulainn slaughtered him on the ford, thirty horsemen of his household were submerged in the water. The hesus Cuchulainn overthrew thirty-two of their brave warriors again at the river. They pitched their tents at that ford. Lugaid son of Nois grandson of Lomairc Allchomaig accompanied by thirty horsemen came on a fleeting visit to parley with the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Welcome, Lugaid, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. If birds fly over the plain of Muirthemne you shall have a barnacle goose (caud) and a half. Or else if fish swim into the estuaries, you shall have a salmon

and a half. Or else you shall have three vegetables, cress ? brooklime ? trechlam. And somebody shall take your place at the ford (to fight against me).That is welcome,said Lugaid. I wish all goodness of the tribe for the lad.Your army is fine, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

You will not suffer even though the company you bring against them is few, said Lugaid. Imgéna fir lim-sa & dagláechdacht. Grant me a true and chivalrous combat, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. O my friend Lugaid, do the army hold me in fear? Tongu do dia. I swear by the gods, said Lugaid, that not one man or two dare go outside the camp to make water unless they go in companies of twenty or of thirty. It will not be a fine thing for them, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, if I begin to pelt them with stones from my sling. If every man's strength is put forth against me, it will be right for you, Lugaid, to remember your former alliance with the Ulaid. Tell me now what it is that you want. I want a truce with you for my company.

You shall have that provided that they bear a special sign (that I may recognize them). And tell my friend Fergus that his men too should bear a special sign. Tell the physicians (legi) to also bear a distinctive sign, let them swear to do everything is necessary in order to preserve my life and send me food every night.Lugaid left him then. Now it chanced that Fergus was in his tent with Ailill. Lugaid called him out and gave him the message.

Ailill dixit.Cair iss i sanassaib ... Let us go with a small army, to a choice tent and an encampment ... ?I swear by the god of my people that it is not so, said Fergus, unless I ask the lad. Come, Lugaid, go and ask him if Ailill and his division of three thousand may join together with my company. Take him an ox and a side of bacon and a barrel of wine. Then Lugaid goes to him and gives him that message. I do not mind if he goes, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. So the two companies joined them. They remained there until night. The Hesus Cuchulainn wounded thirty of their warriors with stones from his sling. Or, as some books tell it, they remained there for twenty nights. Your journey will be unpleasant, said Fergus. The Ulaid will recover from their annual indisposition (cess) and they will crush us into the dust and gravel. We are ill placed for the battle. Come on to the corner of Airthir.

Editor's note. The Lebor Na hUidre or book of the dun cow reports at this place an unexpected visit of our hero in Emain Macha, intended to warn Ulaid what happened. We removed this episode of our version, because it is a rather awkward duplicate of the unlucky intervention of Sualtam, the adoptive father of the Hesus Cuchulainn, on the same subject. The Hesus Cuchulainn saw the army going forth.

Ailill dixit.Alas! I see a chariot with bright points ... he will slay men in fords and capture cows, and the thirty will act when the army has come from Laigin ? Blood will flow from headless necks. They will fall fighting for the cattle of the Ulaid in the ford. The Hesus Cuchulainn killed thirty of their warriors at the ford of Durn. They made no stop then until nightfall they reached the corner of Airthir. He killed thirty of them at that spot and they pitched their tents there.Ailill's charioteer, Cuillius, was at the ford early in the morning washing the wheels of the chariot. The hesus Cuchulainn hit him with a stone and killed him. Hence the place name "ford of Cuillne" in the corner of Airthir.

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

Adeochosa inna h-uscí do chongnam frim. Ateoch nem & talmuin & Cruinn in t-sainrethaig. It is therefore an expression referring to the three elements that are water earth and air. The effect of these magic words seems very clear, however, at least in the legend: the river rises in flood.Maine. Ailil and Maeve had seven sons called Maine.

A man shall take your place at the ford (to fight against me). It's difficult to be more chivalrous. Tongu do dia. God (dia) is in the singular in this expression, but it is by no means, of course, the god of Abraham Isaac and Jacob. Hence our plural. In order to avoid any misunderstanding like those extremely widespread among the French neo-druids (Jesus super initiate cheered in Lugdunum by true druids and the other stupidities of this kind). In fact, it was to be one of the gods of the tribe, specialized in this function. The god of the national soul in question (toutatis), the god of the contracts

(Succellos Dagda Gurgunt) or a water goddess, for example. The uses were to vary. He is therefore implied in the expression toingeas mo tuath. The complete expression is consequently "I swear by the god (on whom my people swear)". As some books tell it. One could not better say that all these accounts were recopied the ones on the others but that there were some variants. That the copyist monks who wrote down such or such version had, with this intention, consulted various works before. Obviously, whimsical etymology due to the fertile imagination of the Irish bards eager at all costs that this timeless pan-Celtic myth is implanted in their island.

Chapter IX. The proposals.

That night the men of the four great provinces of Ireland came and encamped on Birds Hill in the district of Conaille Muirthemne. The Hesus Cuchulainn took up his position close beside them at Ferta in Lerga. And that night the Hesus Cuchulainn waved and brandished and shook his weapons so that a hundred warriors among the host died of fright and fear and dread. Maeve told Fiachu son of Fir Aba of the Ulaid to go and parley with the Hesus Cuchulainn and to offer him terms. What terms would be offered him? asked Fiachu mac Fir Aba. Not hard to say, answered Maeve. He will be compensated for the damage done to Ulstermen that he may be paid as the men of Ireland best adjudge. He will have entertainment at all times in Cruachan, wine and mead will be served to him, and he will come into my service and into the service of Ailill for that is more advantageous for him than to be in the service of the petty lord with whom he now is. N.B. That is the most scornful and insulting speech that was made on the foray of Cualnge, call Cunocavaro/Conchobar, the finest king of a province in the Green Ireland, a petty lord.

Then came Fiachu mac Fir Aba to parley with the Hesus Cuchulainn. The latter welcomed him. Is this wish of welcome sincere? It is sincere indeed answered the Hesus Cuchulainn. To parley with you have I come from Maeve. What terms did you bring? Compensation shall be made to you for the damage done to the Ulaid that you may be paid as the men of Ireland best adjudge. You shall have entertainment in Cruachan and be served with wine and mead and you shall enter the service of Ailill and of Maeve, for that is more advantageous for you than to be in the service of the petty lord with whom you now are. No, indeed, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. I would not exchange my mother's brother for another king. Come early tomorrow to the valley of Fochaine to a meeting with Maeve and Fergus.

Then early on the morrow the Hesus Cuchulainn came to the valley of Fochaine. Maeve and Fergus came there too to meet him. Maeve gazed at the Hesus Cuchulainn, and in her own mind she belittled him for he seemed to her no more than a boy. Is that the famous Hesus Cuchulainn of whom you spoke, Fergus? asked Maeve. And Maeve began to speak to Fergus. She made the following lay:

Maeve.

Is there the fair Hound
Of whom you Ulaid speak,
Who does not face any warrior
Without warding him off from the Irishmen?
Fergus.

Though very young the Hound you see there
Who rides over Mag Muirthemne,
There is no man placing foot on earth
He will not repel in single combat.

Maeve.

Let terms be taken from us to the warrior.
He is mad if he does not consider them.
He will have half his cows and half his women
But let him change his way of fighting.
Fergus.

I wish that is not defeated by you.
The Hound from great Muirthemne
He moves back before no fierce or famous deed of arms.
I know that, that is all.

Speak you to the Hesus Cuchulainn, O Fergus, said Maeve.

Nay! said Fergus, rather speak to him yourself, because we are separate only by a very little distance in this valley, the valley of Fochaine.

And Maeve began to discuss with the Hesus Cuchulainn while addressing him the following lay.

O Hesus Cuchulainn, make alliance with us
Ward off from us your sling.

Your fierce famed fighting
Has overcome us and confused us.

O Maeve [wife] of the great son of Maga,
I am no inglorious coward.
As long as I live, I shall not let you carry out
The driving of the herd of Cualnge.

If you accepted from us,
O triumphant Hound of Cualnge,
Half your cows and half your women (of the women of your folk),
You would definitely keep them because of the fear which your deeds inspire to us.

Since, by virtue of those I have slain,
I am the veteran who guards Ulidia,
I will accept no terms until am given
Every milch cow, every woman of the Gaels.

You boast yourself a little too much about your valor,
After having slaughtered our nobles,
Made much of our steeds perishing, destroyed many precious objects
You, you would keep everything, and we nothing?

O daughter of Eochu Find, nídam maith-se oc immarbáig, acht cidam láech-sa-líth nglé- att úaitte mo chomairle.
I am not good in such a contention.
Though I am a warrior with a clear omen!
My counsels are few.

No reproach to you is what you say, You are a whole army with you only noble son of Dexiua Duxtir Dectire (Epona?)
The terms are such as will bring fame to you,
O victorious Hesus Cuchulainn.

After that lay the Hesus Cuchulainn accepted none of the terms that Maeve asked of him and in that manner they parted in the valley, each side withdrew equally angry.

The men of the four great provinces of Ireland encamped for three days and three nights at Birds Hill, at Conaille in Muirthemne. But neither huts nor tents were set up, nor was a meal or repast eaten by them and no music or melody was played by them during those three nights. And every night until the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow, the Hesus Cuchulainn used to kill a hundred of their warriors.

Not long will our hosts last in this manner said Maeve, if the Hesus Cuchulainn kill a hundred of our men every night. Why do we not offer him new terms and why do we not parley again with him? What terms are those? asked Ailill. Let him be offered those of the cattle that have milk and those of the captives who are base-born, and let him cease to ply his sling on the Irishmen and let him allow the hosts at least to sleep. Who will go with those terms? asked Ailill. Who else but Mac Roth, the messenger said Maeve. I shall not go indeed, said Mac Roth, for I do not know the way and I do not know where Hesus Cuchulainn is. Ask Fergus said Maeve, it is likely that he knows. I do not know, said Fergus, but I should think that he might be between Fochaine and the sea, exposing himself to wind and sun after his sleeplessness last night when single-handed he slew and demolished the host. It was as Fergus had said.

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

Half of his women. Maeve negotiates with the Hesus Cuchulainn like if cows and women belonged to him personally.

Of the Gaels. As we have had many opportunities to see, Ulaid regarded ourselves as special Irishmen. This claim of membership of the Gaelic tribes is therefore passably astonishing. But it is true that it is the work of a poet.

Of Fal = of Ireland ?

Dechtire. Old Celtic Dexiua? Duxtir? It is the mother of the little Hesus Setanta, sister of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. A former goddess of horses. Epona on the Continent.

Nídám maith-se oc immarbáig, att úaitte mo chomairle. Such an amount of modesty astonishes! But it is true that if the advice of the Hesus Cuchulainn was a little more taken.

Ferais tromsnechta in n-aidchi sin corbo chlárfind nó corbo clérenech uili cóiceda Hérend don tsnechtu. Ocus focheird Cú Chulaind de na secht cneslénti fichet cíardai clárda bítis fo thétaib & rifetaib fria chnes amacha ndechrad a chond céille tráth doficfad a lúth láthair. Ocus legais in snechta trícha traiged ar cach leth úad ra méit brotha in míled & ra tessaidecht cuirp Con Culaind, & ní chaemnaic in gilla bith i comfocus dó itir ra mét na feirge & bruthmaire in míled & ra tessaidecht in chuirp. Heavy snow fell that night so that all the provinces of Ireland were one white expanse. And the Hesus Cuchulainn cast off the twenty-seven shirts, waxed and hard as boards, which used to be bound to his skin with ropes and cords so that his common sense might not be deranged when he would go into a trance. The snow melted for thirty feet around him on all sides, so great was the ardor of the warrior and so hot the body of the Hesus Cuchulainn, and the charioteer could not remain near him because of the greatness of the fury and ardor of the warrior and because of the heat of his body.

A single warrior comes towards us, little hound said Loeg. What kind of warrior? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. A dark-haired, handsome, broad-faced fellow. A fine brown cloak about him, a bronze pin in it. A shirt like the leather of a bull next to his skin. Two shoes between his feet and the ground. He carries a staff of white hazel in one hand and in the other a one-edged sword with guards of ivory. Well, driver, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, those are the tokens of a messenger. That is one of the messengers of Ireland coming to speak and parley with me. Then Mac Roth arrived at the spot where Loeg was. Whose vassal are you, fellow? Asked Mac Roth. I am vassal to the warrior up yonder, said the driver. Mac Roth came to the spot where the Hesus Cuchulainn was. Whose vassal are you, warrior? asked Mac Roth. I am the vassal of Conchobar mac Fachtna Fathach. Have you no information more exact than that? That is enough for now, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Find out for me where I might find that famous Hesus Cuchulainn whom the men of Ireland are seeking now on this hosting. What would you say to him that you would not say to me? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. I have come from Ailill and Maeve to parley with him and to offer him terms and peace.

What terms have you brought him? All that are milch cows of the cattle, all that are base-born among the captives, on condition that he ceases to ply his sling against the hosts, for not pleasant is the thunder feat he performs against them every evening. Even if he whom you seek were at hand, he would not accept the proposals you ask. For the Ulaid, if they have no beef cattle, will kill their milch cows for their warriors those who make curses and guests, for the sake of their honor, they will take their low-born women to bed and thus there will arise in the land of Ulster progeny which is base on the side of the mothers. Mac Roth went back. Did you not find him? asked Maeve. I found a surly, angry, fearsome, fierce boy between Fochaine and the sea. I do not know if he is the famed Hesus Cuchulainn. Did he accept those terms? He did not indeed. And Mac Roth told them the reason why he did not accept. It was the Hesus Cuchulainn to whom you spoke, said Fergus. Let other terms be taken to him, said again Maeve.

What other terms? asked Ailill. All the beef cattle of the herds, all the nobles among the captives, and let him cease to ply his sling on the hosts for not very pleasant is the thunder feat he performs against them every evening. And who will go with those terms? Who but Mac Roth. I shall indeed go, said Mac Roth, for now I know the way. Mac Roth came to speak to the Hesus Cuchulainn. I have come now to speak with you for I know that you are the famous Hesus Cuchulainn. What terms did you bring then? All the beef cattle in the herd, all the nobly born among the captives, but you cease to ply your sling against the Irishmen and you let them sleep, for not pleasant is the thunder feat you perform against them every evening.

I shall not accept those terms, for the Ulaid will kill their beef cattle for the sake of their honor, since they are generous, and they will be left without any beef kine or any milch cattle. They will set their free-born women to work at querns and kneading troughs and bring them into slavery and servile work. I do not wish to leave after me among Ulaid the reproach of having made slaves and bondwomen of the daughters of the kings and princes of Ulidia. Are there any terms at all that you accept now? There are indeed, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Do you tell me terms then? asked Mac Roth. I vow, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, that it is not I who will tell them to you. Who then? asked Mac Roth. If you have within the camp, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, someone who should know my terms, let him tell you, and if you have not, let no one come any more to me offering terms or peace, for whoever so comes, the length of his life would be short.

Mac Roth went back and Maeve asked him for news. Did you find him? said Maeve. I did indeed, said Mac Roth. Did he accept? asked Maeve. He did not, said Mac Roth. Are there any terms which he accepts? There are, he says. Did he make known those terms to you? What he said, answered Mac Roth, was that it will not be he who will tell you them. Who then? asked Maeve. But if there is among us one who should know the terms he asks, let him tell me, and if there is not, let no one ever again come near him. But there is one thing I assert, said Mac Roth, even if you were to give me the kingship of Ireland I myself shall not go to tell new terms to him.

Then Maeve gazed at Fergus. What terms does yonder man demand, Fergus? said Maeve. I see no advantage at all for you in the terms he asks, said Fergus. What terms are those? said Maeve. That one man from the Irish people should fight him every day. While that man is being killed, the army to be permitted to continue their march. Then when he has killed that man, another warrior to be sent to him at the ford or else the Irishmen to remain in camp there until the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow. And further, the Hesus Cuchulainn to be fed and clothed by you as long as the foray lasts. By my conscience, said Ailill, those are intolerable terms. What he asks is acceptable, said Maeve, and he will get those terms, for it is preferable to lose one warrior every day rather than a hundred every night. Who will go and tell those new terms to the Hesus Cuchulainn? Who but Fergus, said Maeve. No, said Fergus. Why not? asked Ailill. Let pledge covenants, bonds and guarantees (cuir & glinni, rátha & trebairi) then be given for abiding by those terms and for fulfilling them to the Hesus Cuchulainn. I agree to that, said Maeve, and Fergus promised to do the same thing.

Chapter X. The violent death of Etarcumul.

Fergus's horses were harnessed and his chariot yoked, and his two horses were harnessed for Etarcumul son of Fid and of Lethrinn, a stripling of the household of Maeve and Ailill. Where are you going? asked Fergus. We are going with you, said Etarcumul, to see the form and appearance of the Hesus Cuchulainn and to gaze upon him. If you were to follow my counsel, said Fergus, you would not come at all. Why so? Because of your haughtiness and your arrogance, and also because of the fierceness of the valor and of the savageness of the lad against whom you go, for I think that there will be strife between you before you part.

Will you not be able to make intervention between us? said Etarcumul. I shall, said Fergus, if only you yourself will not seek contention and strife.

I shall never seek that. Then they went forward to the Hesus Cuchulainn where he was between Fochaine and the sea, playing buanbach (a kind of tablut) with his charioteer. No one came into the plain unnoticed by Loeg and yet he used to win every second game. A single warrior comes towards us, little Hound of Culann said Loeg. What manner of warrior is he? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. It seems to me that the chariot of the warrior is as big as one of the greatest mountains on a vast plain. It seems to me that the curly, thick, fair-yellow, golden hair hanging loosely around his head is as great as the foliage of one of the tall trees which stand on the green before a great fort. He wears a purple, fringed mantle wrapped around him with a golden, inlaid brooch in it.

A broad, blue-gray spear flashing in his hand. A bossed scalloped shield over him with a boss of red gold. A long sword, as long as a ship's rudder, firmly fixed and resting on the two thighs of the great, proud warrior who is within the chariot. Welcome is the arrival to us of this guest, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. We know that man. It is my master Fergus who comes. I see another chariot-warrior coming towards us also. With much skill and beauty and splendor do his horses advance. That is one of the youths of the Irishmen, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. To see my form and appearance that man comes, for I am renowned among them within their encampment. Fergus arrived and sprang from the chariot, and the Hesus Cuchulainn bade him welcome.

I trust that welcome, said Fergus. You may well trust, it, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, for if a flock of birds pass over the plain, you will have one wild goose and half of another. If fish swim into the estuaries, you will have a salmon with the half of another. You will have dorn bilair & dorn femmaig & dorn fothlochta, a handful of watercress and a handful of femmaig and a handful of brooklime. If you must fight or do battle I shall go to the ford on your behalf, you will be watched over and guarded while you sleep and rest. Well, indeed, we know what provisions for hospitality you now have on the foray of Cualnge. But the condition that you asked of Irishmen, namely, single combat, you shall have it. I came to bind you to that, so undertake to fulfill it. I agree indeed, Master Fergus, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Fergus delayed no longer than that conversing lest the Irishmen should say that he was betraying them to his fosterling. His two horses were harnessed and his chariot was yoked, and he went back.

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

The heat of his body. A good example of the state of trance worthy of an Indian yogi who could affect our hero, a little similar to the menos who blazes above the head of Achilles, or to the tapas of Hindu ascetics.

The thunder feat. Undoubtedly a way of indicating the use of the sling and the humming which it makes before launching its projectile. The sling is a very old projectile weapon which was already used by the shepherds of Antiquity to defend their herds against the wolves and other predatory. The oldest slings attested by archeology are those, which were found in the grave of Tutankhamun, died around - 1325. As we have had already the opportunity to see it, it is with a sling that Lug will kill his grandfather Balor, the great king of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns. And Conla, the son of the Hesus Cuchulainn, will ridicule the great warrior who was Conall Cernach with it. The last known use of the sling dates back to the siege of Sancerre in France in 1572. Its range exceeds 400 meters (relatively precise up to 150 meters) but it seems to be especially used to some extent to make a barrage (a rain of projectiles sent on the very broad target which an army of enemies can constitute) what explains mainly the performances of the Hesus Cuchulainn in this field.

Who make curses. We translate so the Gaelic word *glammaib* which literally means "those who let out a cry of the kind *glam dicinn*".

Cuir & glinni, rátha & trebairi. Celtic society had neither prison, neither police force, nor complex legal system like today, but guarantors going guarantees and some pledges, as well as arbitrators to come to a decision in case of conflicts and to decide about the amount of fines or damages. Arbitrators who were personally responsible, on their own possessions, in the event of a dysfunction or of a mistake (that changes us of the irresponsible judges of today).

Blue-gray. We translate so for want of anything better the Gaelic word *glas* which, as we already have had to announce it, indicates at the same time green and blue among former Celts. Said differently, ancient Celts used a single word to evoke the green color and the blue color: *glaston*. What in passing shows well the very recent nature of the distinction made between blue clothes and green clothes in the modern neo-druidic groups. It is a re-creation due to the intellectuals of the 16th or 18th centuries and in no case an unmemorable use. Now it is true that each one is free to do what he wants, we are not in the first century before our era. But then it is necessary to come to terms with this situation honestly and not to claim to be the direct heirs to an uninterrupted tradition for 2500 years though obviously secret (dead easy!). Only some of the broad outlines as well as a certain number of details could be handed down, the rest is only a re-creation a little in the manner of the paleontologists reconstructing a dinosaur or of the archeologists reconstructing a monument after having excavated its ruins.

Duels duels and duels again. Certain ancient Celtic chiefs were perfectly capable of strategy (example Brennus at the time of the battle of the Allia River which was a disaster for Rome. Cf. Livy book V chapter XXXVIII). But the writings of Livy report us also many cases of duels between Celts and Romans. Some examples.

Book VII chapter X. A Celt of extraordinary stature strode forward on to the unoccupied bridge, and shouting as he could, cried: "Let the bravest man of the Romans come out and fight me that we two may decide which people is the superior in war." A long silence followed, the best and bravest of the Romans made no sign: they felt ashamed of appearing to decline the challenge, and yet they were reluctant to expose themselves to such terrible danger. Thereupon T. Manlius, the youth who had protected his father from the persecution of the Tribune, left his post and went to the general-in-chief with full power. "Without your orders, General, I will never leave my post to fight, not even if I saw that victory was certain for me; but if you give me permission, I want to show that monster as he stalks so proudly in front of their lines that I am a scion of the family which hurled the troop of Celts from the Tarpeian rock." [...] His comrades-in-arms fastened on his armor; he took an infantry shield and a Spanish sword, better adapted for close fighting; then his comrades-in-arms fastened on his armor; he took an infantry shield and a Spanish sword, better adapted for close fighting; thus armed and equipped, they led him forward against the Celt, who was exulting, in his brute strength, and (even the Ancients thought this worth recording) putting his tongue out in derision. They retired to their posts and the two armed champions were left alone in the midst, more after the manner of a scene on the stage than under the conditions of serious war, and to those who judged by appearances, by no means equally matched. The one was a creature of enormous bulk, resplendent in a many-colored coat and wearing painted and gilded armor; the other a man of average height, and his arms, useful rather than ornamental, gave him quite an ordinary appearance. There was no singing of war songs, no prancing about, no silly brandishing of weapons. With a breast full of courage and silent wrath Manlius reserved all his ferocity for the actual moment of conflict. When they had taken their stand between the two lines, while so many hearts around them were in suspense between hope and fear, the Celt, like a great overhanging mass, held out his shield on his left arm to meet his adversary's blows and aimed a tremendous cut downwards with his sword. The Roman evaded the blow, and pushing aside the bottom of the Celt's shield with his own he slipped under it, close up to the Celt, too near for him to get at him with his sword. Then turning the point of his blade upwards, he gave two rapid thrusts in succession and stabbed the Celt in the belly and the groin, laying his enemy prostrate over a large extent of ground. He left the body of his fallen foe unspoiled, with the exception of his torc, which, though smeared with blood, he placed round his own neck. Astonishment and fear kept the Celts motionless. Book VII chapter XXVI. Whilst the Romans were passing their time quietly at the outposts, a gigantic Celt in splendid armor, advanced towards them, and delivered a challenge through an interpreter: to meet any Roman in single combat. There was a young military tribune, named Marcus Valerius, who considered himself no less worthy of that honor than T. Manlius had been. After obtaining the consul's permission, he marched, completely armed, into the open ground between the two armies. The human element in the fight was thrown into the shade by the direct interposition of the gods, for just as they were engaging a crowd settled all of a sudden on the Roman's helmet, with its head towards his antagonist. The Tribune gladly accepted this, as a divinely sent augury, and prayed

that whether it were a god or goddess who had sent the auspicious bird that deity would be gracious to him or help him. Wonderful to relate, not only did the bird keep its place, on the helmet, but every time they encountered it rose on its wings and attacked the Celt's face and eyes with beak and talon, until, terrified at the sight of so dire a portent and bewildered in the eyes and mind alike, he was slain [by Valerius]. Then, soaring away eastwards the crow passed out of sight.

N.B. One cannot help thinking of warlike trances of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Etarcumul remained behind him gazing at the Hesus Cuchulainn for a long while. What are you staring at, lad? said the Hesus Cuchulainn. I am staring at you, said Etarcumul. You do not have far to look indeed, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. You redden your eye with that. If only you knew it, the small animal you are looking at, namely, myself, can be wrathful. And how do you find me as you look at me? I think you are fine indeed. You are a comely, splendid, handsome youth with brilliant, numerous, various feats of arms. But as for reckoning you among goodly heroes or warriors or champions or sledgehammers of smiting, we do not do so nor count you at all. You know that it is a guarantee for you that you came out of the camp under the protection of my master, Fergus. But Tong-sa mo dee dá n-adraim, I swear by the gods whom I worship that but for Fergus's protection, only your shattered bones and your cloven joints would return to the camp.

Attention, do not threaten me any longer thus, for as for the condition you asked of the Irishmen, namely, single combat every day, none other of the Irishmen than I shall come to attack you tomorrow. Come on, then, and, however, early you come, you will find me here. I shall not flee from you. Etarcumul went back and began to converse with his charioteer. I must needs fight with the Hesus Cuchulainn tomorrow, my fellow, said Etarcumul. You have promised it indeed, said the charioteer, but I do not know if you will fulfill your promise. Which is better, to do so tomorrow or at once tonight? It is my conviction, said the driver, that though doing it tomorrow means no victory, yet still less is to be gained by doing it tonight, for your destruction is nearer.

Turn the chariot back again for me, driver, for I swear by the gods whom I worship never to come back to the camp until I carry off as a trophy the head of yon little deer, the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The charioteer turned the chariot again towards the ford. They turned the left board of the chariot towards the company? as they made for the ford. Loeg noticed that. The last chariot-fighter who was here a while ago, little Hound of Culann, said Loeg. What of him? said the Hesus Cuchulainn. He turned his left board towards us as he made for the ford. That is Etarcumul, a boy, seeking combat of me. I do not like that at all, because of the guarantee of my foster father under which he came out of the camp, and not because I wish to protect him. Bring my weapon to the ford for me, driver. I do not deem it honorable that he should reach the river before me.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn went to the ford and unsheathed his sword over his fair shoulder and was ready to meet Etarcumul. Etarcumul also arrived. What are you seeking, lad? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. I seek single combat with you, said Etarcumul. If you took my advice, you would not come at all, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. I say so because of the guarantee of Fergus under which you came out of the encampment and not at all because I wish to spare you. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn gave a flow (fotalbeim) and cut away the sod from beneath the sole of his foot so that he was cast prostrate with the sod on his belly. If the Hesus Cuchulainn had so wished, he could have cut him in two. Begone now for I have given you warning. I shall not go until we meet again, said Etarcumul.

The Hesus Cuchulainn gave him an edge blow (fáebarbeim). He sheared his hair from him, from poll to forehead and from ear to ear as if it had been shaved with a keen, light razor. He did not draw a drop of blood. And now begone, said again Hesus Cuchulainn, for I have drawn ridicule on you. I shall not go until we meet again, until I carry off your head and spoils and triumph over you or until you carry off my head and spoils and triumph over me. The last thing you say is what will happen, I shall carry off your head and spoils and I shall triumph over you. The Hesus Cuchulainn dealt him a cutting blow (muadalbeim) on the crown of his head which split him to his navel. He gave him a second blow crosswise so that the three sections into which his body was cut fell at one and the same time to the ground. Thus perished Etarcumul, son of Fid and Lethrinn.

Fergus did not know that this fight had taken place. Fergus dara ais ríam ic suidi nó ic érgi nó ic astar nó ic imthecht & chléith & chath nó chomlund. That was but natural, for sitting and rising, journeying or marching, in battle or fight, Fergus never looked behind him lest anyone should say that it was out of fearfulness he looked back, but he was wont to gaze at what was before him and on a level with him.

Etarcumul's charioteer came abreast of Fergus. Where is your master, my boy? asked Fergus. He fell on the ford just now by the hand of the Hesus Cuchulainn, said the driver. It was not right, said Fergus, for that cursed goblin to outrage me concerning him who came there under my protection. Turn the chariot for us, driver, said Fergus, that we may go and speak with the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Then the charioteer turned the chariot. They went off towards the ford. Why did you violate my pledge, you cursed goblin, said Fergus, concerning him who came under my safeguard and protection? After all the nurture and care you gave me, tell me which you would prefer that he should triumph over me or that I should triumph over him. Moreover inquire of his boy which of us was at fault against the other. I prefer what you have done. A blessing on the hand that struck him!

Then two withes were tied round Etarcumul's ankles and he was dragged along behind his horses and his chariot. At every rough rock he met, half of his lungs and of his liver passed on each side of these stones or rocks then when the ground became again smooth for him these remains joined together again each other behind the horses to do any more but one? Thus he was dragged across the camp to the door of the tent of Ailill and Maeve. Here is your youth for you, said Fergus, for every sending has its return to sender. Maeve came out to the door of her tent and raised her voice aloud : "We thought indeed that great was the ardor and wrath of this young hound when he went forth from the camp in the morning. But we thought that the guarantee under which he went, the guarantee of Fergus was not that of a coward ! " " But what has crazed the peasant woman? said Fergus red with anger. Is it right for the small cur to seek out the war hound whom the warriors of the four great provinces of Ireland dare not approach or withstand? Even I myself would be glad to escape whole from him." Thus ended Etarcumul.

End of the story of the encounter of Etarcumul and the Hesus Cuchulainn.

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

Tong-sa mo dee dá n-adraim. The word "god" is this time used in the plural, what seems more normal, at least in the mind of a Christian copyist monk. What evidences that the former Celts swore on several gods and not while referring to a god specialized in this function, or having also this function, locally?

They turned the left board of the chariot towards the company ? as they made for the ford. Only one possible explanation: Etarcumul and his charioteer travel towards the place where the Hesus Cuchulainn and his driver stand, but not directly, while advancing as if they wanted to skirt them slightly on the right, as for better defending oneself with a shield. But this tactic undoubtedly also has a magic intention.

Fotalbeim. The electronic dictionary of the Irish language thus breaks up the term in question: fotal + beim. N.B. Exist also the faebar-beim (edge stroke) and the muadal-beim (middle stroke according to Windisch).

Serriti siabarda. Serriti: a kind of supernatural creature having the power to change his appearance.

Siabarda: a phantom, supernatural ghost or creature of the family of the siabrai (electronic dictionary of Irish language).

Peasant women. As some friends in Paris good observers of the manners of the French political class say me: "With such allies one does not need enemies!" Because let us not forget that in this story Fergus is supposed to make common cause with Queen Maeve.

Chapter XI. The death of Nathcrantail.

Then there rose up a great and valiant warrior of Maeve's household, called Nathcrantail, and he came to attack the Hesus Cuchulainn. He scorned to bring any arms except thrice nine spits of holly which were sharpened, charred and pointed by fire. The Hesus Cuchulainn was in the water before him without any protection. Then Nathcrantail cast a first spit at him but this latter stepped on the point of the spear that Nathcrantail had launched. Nathcrantail cast a second spit then a third one. And the Hesus Cuchulainn stepped while leaping from the point of the second spit to the point of the last one. Then the flock of birds flew out of the plain. The Hesus Cuchulainn pursued them as swiftly as any bird that they might not escape him but might leave him that evening's meal. For what sufficed and served the Hesus Cuchulainn on the foray of Cualnge was iascach & énach & osfeóil, fish and fowl and deer venison. However Nath Crantail was sure that the Hesus Cuchulainn fled in defeat from him, so he went forward to the door of the tent of Maeve and Ailill and lifted up his voice: "This famous Hesus Cuchulainn of whom you speak, has fled in rout before me just now." We knew, said Maeve, that that would happen, and that if only goodly heroes and warriors came to meet him, the young and beardless goblin would not withstand resolute men. And when a goodly warrior came to him, he did not hold out against him but was routed by him. Fergus heard that and he was greatly grieved that any man should taunt the Hesus Cuchulainn with having fled.

He told Fiacha son of Fir Aba to go and speak with the Hesus Cuchulainn. Tell him that it was seemly for him to attack the hosts as long as he performed deeds of valor upon them but that it were fitter for him to hide himself rather than to flee before a single warrior from among them. Fiacha came therefore to speak with the Hesus Cuchulainn. The Hesus Cuchulainn bade him welcome. I trust that welcome, but I have come to speak to you from your foster-father Fergus. He said that it was seemly for you to attack the hosts as long as you did deeds of valor but that it were more fitting for you to hide yourself than to flee before a single man of their warriors.

Why, who among you boasts of that? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. Nathcrantail said Fiacha. Why, do you not know, you and Fergus and the noble Ulaid, that ná gonaim-se aradu nó echlacha nó áes gan armu, I do not wound charioteers or messengers or folk unarmed? No true weapons had NathCrantail, only a wooden spit, and I would not wound him until he had a weapon. Tell him to come to me here early in the morning tomorrow and I shall not flee from him. It seemed long to Nathcrantail until it was a bright day for him to attack the Hesus Cuchulainn. Early on the morrow he came to encounter him. The Hesus Cuchulainn rose early on that day, and he went into a warlike trance. He angrily cast a fold of his cloak around him so that it wrapped itself round the standing stone [which was behind him], and he dragged the pillar stone out of the ground between himself and his cloak. And he knew nothing of this because of the greatness of his fury, and he became like amok (siabra). Then came NathCrantail and said: 'Where is this Hesus Cuchulainn?' Over yonder, said Cormac the Exiled, son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. That is not how he appeared to me yesterday, said Nathcrantail. Repel yon warrior, said Cormac, and it is the same as if you repelled the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Nath Crantail came and cast his sword at the Hesus Cuchulainn, it struck the pillar stone which was between the Hesus Cuchulainn and his cloak, and broke on the pillar stone. The Hesus Cuchulainn jumped from the ground to the top of the boss of Nathcrantail's shield and dealt him a tathbéim (return blow) over the edge of the shield which cut off his head from his trunk. Quickly he raised his hand again and dealt him another blow on the top of the trunk and cut him into two severed parts down to the ground. Thus fell Nathcrantail by the hand of the Hesus Cuchulainn who declared :
Má dorochair Nath Crantail, bid formach dond imargail. Apraind can chath isind úair do Meidb co tríun in tslúraig.

Nathcrantail has fallen, But there will be an increase in strife. Alas, that battle cannot now be given to Maeve with a third of the host!

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

Three times nine spits. The Gaelic sentence is rather difficult to understand. What seems obvious it is that the Hesus Cuchulainn makes light of these attacks but one does not know too much how. That made us a little thinking of the first day of his arrival in the castle of the female specialist in martial arts named Scathache. The prowess, however, is worthy of a cartoon superhero.

lascach & éinach & osfeóil. The first need for any survivalist experiment is to get food on each occasion which arises. Will then remain to prepare the aforementioned food (to kill to pluck then to draw a duck for example).

Ná gonaim-se aradu nó echlacha nó áes gan armu. It is indeed a characteristic the Hesus Cuchulainn often asserts.

Siabrad is a Gaelic word meaning distortion due to a supernatural influence or to an unspecified possession.

Warlike fury. The equivalent of the Greek menos. We translate so the Gaelic word ferga. See our previous counter-lays on the subject. Our readers remain free to believe or not to believe or to believe only partially even to believe half in the reality of such a physical state. There exist nevertheless some precedents. Certain hysterical persons can show literally superhuman force. Hysteria is an organic disease without visible lesions. Its seat is the brain. A brain, of course, without observable lesions, but which functions badly. This phenomenon can also affect men as observed it the French Charcot. It was also perhaps the case of Muhammad. Many hadiths give an account of phenomena affecting him periodically and which can be very well included in this category. Abundant sweat and light trembling, olfactory, hearing and visual hallucinations, epigastric feelings (bad taste). Narrated Aisha. Al-Harith bin Hisham one day asked God's apostle : "O God's apostle! How is the divine inspiration revealed to you?" God's apostle replied, "Sometimes it comes to me like the ringing of a bell, this form of inspiration is the hardest of all and then this state passes ' off after I have grasped what is inspired. Sometimes the angel comes in the form of a man he talks to me and I grasp whatever he says." Aisha then added: I saw the prophet being inspired divinely on a very cold day and noticed the sweat dropping from his forehead (Bukhari, volume I, Book I, No. 2). See also the testimony of Halimah, his second nurse. On the Christian side to see the Chronography of Theophanes (known as "the confessor"), a Byzantine historian (750-817).

"During a voyage in Palestine he [Muhammad] came into contact with Jews and Christians. He collected among them some bits of the Scripture, then he was seized by the epilepsy illness (translation in Latin: porro habebat passionem epilepsiae). When his wife learned it, she regretted highly, she who was noble, to be herself joined with this man who was not only poor, but, moreover, epileptic (translation in Latin epileptico). Then he endeavors to calm her while saying to her: "I receive the vision of an angel called Gabriel and as I cannot put up his sight, I weakened, and I fall." And as there was close to her, a monk (a kind of Nestorian bishop who was her cousin, called Waraqa bin Nawfal) who had been exiled for heresy and lived there, she reported all that to him and.... ." Epilepsy can last the whole lifetime, but the majority of those who are affected by it will end up having no longer crises, that would explain why Muhammad had less and less "revelations" during his life.

Last remarks.

- The word epilepsy comes from a Greek term which means "possession."
- The Arabic word majnun (whimsical, mad) literally means person possessed by a "djinn" (semi-angel semi-demons).

Chapter XII.

The finding of the dun termagant of Cualnge (of the brown bull).

After that Maeve with a third of the army of the Irishmen proceeded as far north as Dún Sobairche and the Hesus Cuchulainn followed her closely that day. And Maeve went to Cuib ahead of Cú Chulainn. And after he had gone northwards he killed Fer Taidle, whence the place name, Taidle, and he killed the sons of Buachaill, whence the name Carn of the sons of Buachaill, and he killed Luasce on a slope whence the name Slope of Luasce. He killed Bobulge in a loamy land, from which comes the name Swamp of Bobulge. He killed Murthemne on a hill whence the name Peak of Murthemne.

After that the Hesus Cuchulainn came southwards again to protect and guard his own land and territory, for it was dearer to him than the land and territory of any other.

Then there met him Fir Crandce, the two Artinne the two sons of Lecc the two sons of Durcride, and the two sons of Gabla, Drucht, Delt, Dathen, Tualang, Turscur, Torc Glaisse, Glas and Glaisne—these are the same as the twenty men of Fochard? The Hesus Cuchulainn overtook them as they were pitching their tents ahead of the rest and they fell by him.

Then there met the Hesus Cuchulainn Buide son of Ban Blai from the land of Ailill and Maeve, one of Maeve's household. Twenty-four warriors was the number of his company. Each man wore a mantle wrapped around him. The dun Termagant of Cualnge was driven hastily and forcibly in front of them after he had been brought from the valley of the cows in the Mountain of the holly together with fifty of his heifers. Whence do you bring the drove? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. From yonder mountain, said Buide. What is your own name? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. One who loves you not, who fears you not, said Buide. I am Buide mac Ban Blai from the land of Ailill and Maeve.

Here is this little spear for you, said the Cuchulainn. And he cast the spear at him. It came upon the shield above his breast and crushed three ribs in his back after piercing his heart, and Buide mac Ban Blai fell. Hence the name Ford of Buide in the district of Ross ever since.

But while they were thus occupied to launch their small spear one on the other, while taking time to aim well? the dun Termagant of Cualnge was carried off hastily and forcibly from them [by the escort of Buide] to the encampment as any cow might be taken. That was the worst shame reproach or disgrace that was inflicted on the Hesus Cuchulainn in this hosting.

As for Maeve, every ford at which she stopped is called Ford of Maeve, every place where she erected her tent is called Pavilion of Maeve, and every spot where she planted her horsewhip is called Bile Maevea.

On this expedition Maeve gave battle to Findmór the wife of Celtchair in front of Dun Sobairche, she slew her and ravaged Dun Sobairche.

After a fortnight the men of the four great provinces of Ireland came to the encampment together with Maeve and Ailill and the men who were bringing the bull.

The death of Forgemen.

But the bull's herdsman did not allow them to carry off the dun Termagant of Cualnge, so despite him they urged on both bull and heifers by beating their shields with the poles of their spears, and drove them into a narrow pass, and the cattle trampled the body of the herdsman thirty feet into the ground and made small fragments of his body. Forgemen was his name. Death of Forgemen the name of that tale in the foray of Cualnge.

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

Disgrace. We translate so the Gaelic word *meraigecht* which is more or less synonymous with depression low spirits or mental perturbation.

Pavilion. An umpteenth anachronism due to the influence of the civilization of the Middle Ages on these legends appeared, however, in a civilization of Latenian type. There are besides the same case with the king of Brittany Arthur, often represented as a knight of the twelfth century in Hollywood

movies whereas it is a military chief of the sixth century. Clothing and armaments are completely different. As regards the pavilion, it is probably a tent with great dimensions and conical, closed by curtains.

Forgemen was therefore apparently the Ultonian person charged with taking care of the brown bull of Cualnge. Made a prisoner with the aforementioned bull and left alive until there by the Irishmen. The account is either incomplete, mutilated, or not very clear on this subject.

Here is narrated the slaying of Redg the satirist.

When the men of Ireland reached one spot, together Maeve and Ailill and the men who were bringing the bull to the camp, they all said that the Hesus Cuchulainn would be no more valiant than anyone else but for the strange small weapon he possessed, the small javelin which belonged to him. Then the men of Ireland sent Redg, Maeve's satirist, to ask for the javelin. Redg asked for the javelin and the Hesus Cuchulainn did not give it at once to him, that is, he was reluctant to give it. Redg threatened to deprive him of his honor. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn cast the javelin after him. It reached the hollow at the back of his head (the nape ?) and passed through his mouth out on to the ground : Redg managed to speak only the word: 'too quickly did we get this treasure' when his soul/mind parted from his body on the ford. And since then that ford is called Ford of the quick jewel. The bronze from the spear landed on the stream, whence is the name Bronze Brook ever since to designate it.

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

Satirist. Velede (file) in Ireland, bards on the Continent, prophet in the Bible, etc. This kind of personality has always existed in the society. As regards the former Celtes let us point out that a satire was much more than a simple critical caricature. It was practically a kind of spell or curse (from where the use of the word canti = enchanter besides, in Gaelic, to designate this type of individual). There exist, of course, unfair satires but the Irish literature abounds in examples of satirists pitching into the powerful and denouncing their breach of the deontological code of their trade (king prince soldiers, etc.).

The most current occasion of such satires is, of course, the refusal of the powerful men thus blamed, for granting such or such gift, to reward with right value such or such talent. If we put aside the case of the unfair satires a little similar to the racist diatribe (stupidly paganophobic) of certain biblical prophets of the god of love, moreover, in principles repressed by the ancient laws of Ireland (there are among Feine seven kinds of satires for which it is estimated compensation is justified, a nickname which sticks, recitations, etc.); the majority of these verbal attacks are denunciations therefore blaming the breaches of the duty of the powers that be (rapacity, taxes, etc.) they therefore teach to us much of what the druids expected or found normal as regards ethics. It is certain in any case that they contributed much to make ancient Celtic society a society with a very high ethics (see the moral code of the knights of the Round Table). The small strange weapon. We translate so the Gaelic expression clessin ingantach. Nothing proves it is the famous lightning spear (gae-bulg). To lose his honor. Such is indeed the risk run by the one who is the subject of a satire, this effective means of forcing the powerful men to respect a minimum of rules. From where the hesitation of our hero.

But the storyteller invented a manner of his own, of granting the request of the satirist while not leaving himself without his weapon and the culprit of this satire or more exactly of the threat of unfair satire will be punished though there he had sinned: the mouth. The lethal weapon arrives to him from behind because he had turned around without insisting more, before the Hesus Cuchulainn therefore makes up his mind to comply, in one way which the satirist did not expect. Let us point out here for the record that the Gaelic word "cul" means back or rear according to the electronic dictionary of the Irish language and it is besides there, perhaps, an ignored but fundamental (sic) evidence of the influence of the Celtic language on the appearance of the French language.

Lebor na hUidre or Book of the dun cow.

Here is told the meeting of the Hesus Cuchulainn and Findabair.

Let a message be sent to him, said Ailill, that Finnabair my daughter will be bestowed on him, and for him to keep away from the hosts. Maine Fatherlike goes to him. But first he addresses himself to Loeg. Whose man are you? spoke Maine. Loeg made no answer. Thrice Maine addressed him in this same wise. Hesus Cuchulainn's man, Loeg answers, and provoke me not, lest it happen I strike your head off you! This man is mad, said Maine as he leaves him. Then he goes to accost the Hesus Cuchulainn. Is and ro boí Cú Chulainn iar m- béim dei a léned & in snechta immi ina sudiu co rici a cris, & ro lega in snechta immi fercumat fri méit brotha in míled. It was there the Hesus Cuchulainn had doffed his tunic, and the deep snow was around him where he sat, up to his belt, and the snow had melted a cubit around him for the greatness of the heat of our hero. And Maine addressed him three times in like manner, whose man he was? Cunocavaro/Conchobar's man, and do not provoke me. For if you provoke me any longer, I will strike your head off you as one strikes off the head of a blackbird! No easy thing, said Maine, to speak to these two. Thereupon Maine leaves them and tells his tale to Ailill and Medb. Let Lugaid go to him, said Ailill, and offer him the girl. Thereupon Lugaid goes and repeats this to the Hesus Cuchulainn. But my dear Lugaid, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, it is a snare! It is the word of a king; he has said it, Lugaid answered; there can be no snare in it. So be it, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Forthwith Lugaid leaves him and takes that answer to Maeve and Ailill. Let the fool go forth in my form, said Ailill, the king's crown on his head, and let him stand some way off from the Hesus Cuchulainn lest he knows him; let the girl go with him and let the fool promise her to him, and let them depart quickly in this wise. Methinks you will play a trick on him thus, so that he will not stop you any further till he comes with the Ulaid to the battle. Then the fool went to him and the girl along with him, and from afar he addressed the Hesus Cuchulainn. The Hound of Culann comes to meet him. It happened he knew by the man's speech that he was a fool. A sling stone that was in his hand he threw at him so that it entered his skull and bore out his brains. He came up to the maiden, cut off her two tresses and drove a standing stone in her mantle and her dress, then set up another standing stone in the middle of the corpse of the fool. These two stone pillars exist besides still, namely the standing stone of Finnabair and the standing stone of the fool. Cuchulain left them in this plight. A party of their people was sent out from Ailill and Medb to search them, for it was long they thought they were gone, and they saw them in this wise. This thing was noised abroad by all the host in the camp. Thereafter there was no truce for them with the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Here the combat of Munremar and Curoi.

While the hosts were there in the evening, they perceived that one stone fell on them coming from the east and another coming from the west in the same way. The stones met one another in the air and kept falling between Fergus's camp, the camp of Ailill and the camp of Nera. This sport and play (reib & abairt) continued from that hour till the same hour on the next day, and the hosts spent the time sitting down, with their shields over their heads to protect them from the blocks of stones, till the plain was full of screes, whence comes the name Stony Plain. Now it happened it was Curoi son of Darè did this. He had come to bring help to his people and had taken his stand in Cotal to fight against Munremar son of Gercend. The latter had come from Emain Macha to succor Hesus Cuchulainn and had taken his stand on the Heights of Roch. Curoi knew there was not in the host a man to compete with Munremar. These then it was who carried on this sport between them. The army prayed them to cease. Whereupon Munremar and Curoi made peace, Curoi withdrew to his house and Munremar to Emain Macha. He did not come again till the day of the battle. As for Curoi, he did not come till the combat of Ferdiad. Pray the Hesus Cuchulainn, said Maeve and Ailill, that he suffers us to change our place. This then was granted to them and the change was made. The nine days of the Ulaid left them then. When now they awoke from their annual indisposition (cess), some of them came continually upon the host to restrain it again.

The death of the children of Emain Macha.

Now the youths of Ulidia discussed the matter among themselves in Emain Macha. Alas for us, said they, that our friend the Hesus Cuchulain has no one to succor him! I ask you, spoke Fiachna Fulech son of Fer Febè, own brother to Fiacha Fialdana, also a son of Fer Febè, would there be enough among you to form a company ready to go to him with assistance? Thrice fifty youths accompany him with their play bats, and that was a third of the boys of Ulidia. The army saw them drawing near them over the plain. A great army approaches us over the plain, spoke Ailill. Fergus went to espy them. Some of the youths of Ulidia they are, said he, and it is to succor the Hesus Cuchulain they come. Let a battalion go to meet them, said Ailill, unknown to the Hesus Cuchulain; for if they unite with him, you will never overcome them. Thrice fifty warriors went out therefore to meet them. They fell at the hand of one or others, so that not one of them got off alive of the number of youths arrived at Lia Toll. Hence is the Stone of Fiacha son of Fer Febè, for it is there that he fell.

Take counsel, said Ailill; inquire of the Hesus Cuchulain about letting you go from hence, for you will not go past him by force, now that the flame of his valor (lon laith) has risen. Ar bá bés dó-som in tan no linged a lón láith ind, imréiditís a thraigthi iarma & a escata remi & muil a orcan fora lurgnib, & indala súil ina chend & araili fria chend anechtair. Docoised ferchend fora beólu. Nach findae bíd fair ba h-áthithir delc sciach & banna fola for cach finnu. Ní aithgnéad cóemu ná cardiu. Cumma no slaided ríam & iarma. Is de sin doratsat Fir Ól n-Écmacht in ríastartha do anmair do Choin Chulaind. 'For it was usual with him, when his hero's flame arose in him, that his feet would turn back on him and his buttocks before him, his calves would come on his shins, and one eye would be in his head and the other one out of his head. A man's head would have gone into his mouth. There was not a hair on him that was not as sharp as the thorn of the white thorn, and a drop of blood was on each single hair. He would recognize neither comrades nor friends. Alike he would strike them before and behind. Therefrom it was that the men of Connacht gave the Hesus Cuchulainn the nickname contortionist (riastartha).

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

The fool. Obviously another anachronism, a little similar to the tents kind pavilion. The fool was an unknown character of the Latenian civilization. As regards the mantle and the dress, we can suppose that it is in their train that our hero drives in his standing stones. As for the rest, it is, of course, a story invented by Irish bards to explain the presence in this place of two pillar stones. On the Continent they ascribe everything to Gargantua. Or to a legend linked to Hercules for the plain of La Crau. In Ireland they ascribe all to the Hesus Cuchulainn or to a legend related to his fellow fighters, as in the case of the plain of Mag Clochair. The stony plain. Legend similar to that of the Plain of La Crau near Marseilles. A plain covered with stones, a scree therefore, but which once irrigated appeared very fertile, from where the metaphor of the Stone of the Crau (nothing to do with the real estate). The nine days. We translate so the Gaelic word noínnin, which corresponds to the length of the famous annual indisposition of the Ulaid, and which has nothing to do with the folklore of the couvade, because it is an allegorical image symbolizing the human weakness (which can affect even the best among us at any time, including at the worst moment). Not one of them got off alive. Yes, everything does not happen as well as in the movie with John Wayne shot in 1959 "the horse soldiers" where the young cadets of a military school escape safe and sound in spite of their courage or of their unconsciousness (very beautiful scene of John Ford). Flame of his valor. We translate thus the Gaelic expression lon laith. Laith is, of course, the element easiest to translate, a laith (Gaelic lath, old Celtic latis) it is a warrior. Lon is more obscure. Here what the electronic dictionary of the Irish language in connection with the word luan indicates to us: some kind of radiation above the head of a warrior in battle. That is accompanied by a not easily describable state of trance. Blood in the hair is a known phenomenon, it is a kind of hematidrosis. Although it occurs very seldom, the phenomenon of hematidrosis, or blood sweat, is well documented. We find it for example in the traditional description of the sufferings of the man Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane (Luke 22,39-46).

He would recognize neither comrades nor friends. It is roughly the characteristic of the berserkr. The berserkr (in old Norse berserkr, plural berserkir) designates a wild warrior who enters a sacred fury

making him high powered (“And the Earth itself felt fear in front of his rage...”) able of the most incredible exploits, worthy of the gods. It is known only that they got dressed with skin of bears or wolves, and fought under the influence of the fury of Odin, which was renowned to confer them an almost invincibility in fights hand-to-hand. The Berserker candidate was to kill ritually an image of a bear, then to drink his blood so that the power of the animal is spread in him. He became a berserker then and got in addition to his fury the gift of Hamrammr, i.e., the ability of metamorphosis which enabled him to modify perception that the others have of him, but also to appear in animal form. At the time of their crises of fury, the berserkirs let be erased their human mind to let the animal spirit take control. In practice, their furor made them impervious to wounds and fear. Berserkers therefore fight in a state of trance caused by the animal spirit of the warrior (bear, wolf, wild boar), it is the Wolf the Bear or the Wild Boar which chooses those that he considers worthy of his gift and his fury. This fury would be related to the animal totem of the person. According to the sagas, the berserksgangr was accompanied by manifestations such as the eyes rolled upwards or the bite of the edge of the shield, results of their furor; the wild warrior was capable of various prowess: power of crossing fire, invulnerability to the blows of their adversaries... Here what we can read in the Ynglinga Saga for example, “his men to him went forth without armor, enraged like hounds or wolves, biting their shield, strong like bears or bulls, and killing people in a single blow, but they, neither iron nor fire killed them. They were called berserkir.” An attempt of explanation was sought in the use of drugs or shamanic rites. To go berserk is today a little synonymous with “to lose it.” According to the French researcher Regis Boyer (Vikings and Celts), the word berserkr can mean that the wild-warrior fought defenseless (without his shirt), but more probably than he had the force of a bear of which he wore the skin as armor (bear skirt). What therefore refers us to the king of Britain called Arthur. The berserkirs are not only warriors, they also have a function of priests of the gods. Characteristic which is very well appropriate for the hesus Cuchulainn. N.B. A hero of the Iliad, Ajax, son of Telamon, presented some of the characteristics of these wild warriors.

Rochad trapped by his love for Findabair.

The Hesus Cuchulainn sent his charioteer to Rochad son of Fatheman of Ulidia to ask him to come to his aid. Now it happened that Finnabair was in love with Rochad for he was the handsomest of the Ultonian warriors of the day. The charioteer went to Rochad and asked him to come and help the Hesus Cuchulainn if he had recovered from his annual indisposition, and he suggested that they should set a snare for the host to entrap some of them and kill them. Rochad came from the north with a hundred men. Scan the plain for us today, said Ailill. I see a troop coming across the plain, said the watchman, and a youthful warrior among them. He towers shoulder-high above the other warriors. Who is that, Fergus? asked Ailill. Rochad son of Fatheman, said he, and he comes to help the Hesus Cuchulainn. I know what you must do, said Fergus. Send a hundred men with the maid yonder as far as the middle of the plain, and let the maid go in front of them. A messenger shall go and speak to Rochad and ask him to come alone to talk to her, then let him be seized and that will save us from an attack by his followers. This was done then. Rochad went to meet the messenger. I have come to you from Finnabair to ask you to go and speak with her. So he went alone to speak with her. The battalion rushed about him on all sides; he was captured and seized. His followers took to flight. Afterwards he was released and bound over not to attack the host until he came with all the Ulaid. He was promised that Finnabair should be given to him, and then he went away from them to go home. That was the story entitled Rochad trapped by his love for Findabair.

The death of the King's bodyguard.

Let us ask for a sword truce from the Hesus Cuchulain, said Ailill and Medb. Lugaid went to him and the Hesus Cuchulain accorded the truce. Put a man for me on the ford tomorrow, added he nevertheless. There happened to be with Medb six royal hirelings, to wit: six princes of the clans of Dedad, the three Blacks of Imlech, and the three Reds of Sruthar, by name. Why should it not be for us," said they, "to go and attack the Hesus Cuchulain?" So the next day they went and the Hesus Cuchulainn put an end to the six of them.

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

It would seem therefore that this mysterious annual indisposition which weakens and keeps them confined to bed the best of Ulaid, is not exactly and precisely nine days for all. In addition to the fact that it concerns neither Sualtam nor the Hesus Cuchulainn since they are not of human origin, neither women nor the children, the young adults seem to recover earlier. In any event, let us point it out once again, far from being a rite of couvade (sic) this story is an allegory invented by the druids to illustrate the fact that even the best among us (Ulaid) can have moments of weakness, including in periods when one would especially not have one. A recent example : the French director of the IMF in 2011. The Dedad. A name linked with that of the non-Gaelic most former inhabitants of Ireland, the Erainn. Therefore a mysterious people for the narrators of this legend often regarded as having set up various megalithic monuments. One does not see very well either what this episode comes to do in the Cuchulinian epic.

Chapter XIII. The combat of Cûr with the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The Irishmen debated as to which of them should attack the Hesus Cuchulainn, and they all agreed that Cur son of Da Loth would be the right man to attack him. For such was Cur that it was not pleasant to be his comrade of barrack room or to be intimate with him, and they said that if it were Cur who fell, it would mean a lightening of oppression for the hosts, and that if it were the Hesus Cuchulainn, it would be still better. Cur was summoned to Maeve's tent. What do they want of me? asked Cûr. To attack the Hesus Cuchulainn, said Maeve. You think little of our valor, and what you think is wonderful for me, when you match me with a tender stripling such as he! Had I myself known why I was summoned, I should not have come for that. I should think it enough that a lad of his own age from among my household should go to oppose him on the ford. Nay, it is foolish to say that? said Cormac Cond Longas mac Conchobuir. It would be a fine thing for you yourself were Cú Chulainn to fall by you. Make you ready for a journey in the early morning tomorrow for I am glad to go. It is not the killing of yonder deer, the hesus Cuculainn, that will cause you any delay. Early on the morrow, then, Cûr mac Da Lôth arose. A cartload of arms was brought by him to attack the Hesus Cuchulainn and he began to try and kill him. Early on that day the Hesus Cuchulainn betook himself to his feats. At eat a n-uli anmand .i. ubullchless, fóenchless, cless cletínech, tetchless, corpchless, cless Cait, ích n-errid, cor n-delend, leim dar neim, filliud eirred náir, gai bulga, baí brassi, rothchless, cles for análaib, brúud gine, sían curad, beim co fommus, táthbeim, reim fri fogaist, dírgud cretti fora rind, fornaidm níad. These are all their names. Apple feat, horizontally held shield feat, javelin feat, rope feat, body feat, Cat feat, salmon leap, cast of the stick, hurdling, bending of the valiant hero, lightning spear (gae bulg), quickness feat, wheel feat, overbreath feat, the blow of the sword which causes only a bruise, the hero's war cry, the well-measured blow, the return stroke, the valiant champion who mounts on a spear and straightens his body on its point.

The Hesus Cuchulainn used to practice each of these feats early every morning, with one hand, as swiftly as a cat does with his claws (?), that he might not forget or disremember them. Mac Da Loth remained for a third of the day behind the boss of his shield, endeavoring to wound him. Then said Loeg to the Hesus Cuchulainn: 'Good now, little Hound of Culann, answer the warrior who seeks to kill you.' Then the Hesus Cuchulainn looked at him and raised up and cast aloft the eight apples, and he made a cast of the ninth apple at the son of Da Loth so that it landed on the flat of his shield and the bone of his forehead and took a portion of his brain the size of the ball out through the back of his head. Thus Cur son of Da Loth fell by the hand of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

If your securities and guarantees now bind you, said Fergus, send another warrior to meet yon man at the ford, or else remain here in your camp until the bright hour of sunrise tomorrow, for Cûr mac Da Lôth has fallen. Considering why we have come, said Maeve, it is all the same to us if we remain in the same tents. They remained in that encampment until there had fallen in addition to Cur son of Da Loth, Lath mac Da Bro, Srub Daré son of Fedag and Foirc son of Trí n-Aigneach. Those men fell by Hesus Cuchulainn in single combat. But it is tedious to relate the prowess of each man separately.

Chapter XIV.

The death of Fer Baeth.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn said to Loeg, his charioteer: Master Loeg, go to the encampment of the Irishmen and take a greeting from me to my friends and my foster brothers and my coevals. Take a greeting to Fer Diad son of Damain, Fer Det son of Daman, Bress son of Fírb, Lugaid son of Nois, Lugaid fils de Solamag, Fer Baeth son of Baetan and to Fer Baeth son of Fir Bend. Take a special greeting to my foster-brother Lugaid son of Nois, for he is the only man who keeps faith and friendship with me now on the hosting, and give him a blessing that he may tell you who comes to attack me tomorrow.

Then Loeg went forward to the encampment of the Irishmen and took a greeting to the friends and foster brothers of the Hesus Cuchulainn, and he went too into the tent of Lugaid son of Nois. Lugaid bade him welcome. I trust that welcome, said Loeg. You may do so, said Lugaid. I have come from the Hesus Cuchulainn to speak with you, said Loeg, and he has sent you a true and sincere greeting and wishes you to tell me who comes to attack him today. The curse of his intimacy and familiarity and friendship on him who comes! It is his very own foster brother, Fer Baeth son of Fir Bend. He was taken just now into Maeve's tent. The girl Findabair was placed at his side. She it is who pours goblets for him and she kisses him at every drink. She it is who serves him his meal. And not for all and sundry does Maeve intend the liquor which is served to Fer Báeth, for only fifty wagonloads of it were brought to the camp.

Then Loeg went back to the Hesus Cuchulainn, crestfallen, sad, joyless and mournful. Crestfallen, sad, joyless and mournful my comes to me master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. It means that one of my brothers in arms comes to attack me. For the Hesus Cuchulainn disliked more that a warrior of the same training as himself should come to him rather than some other warrior. Good now, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, who comes to attack me today? The curse of his intimacy and brotherhood, of his familiarity and friendship be upon him! It is your very foster brother, Fer Baeth son of Fir Bend. He was taken just now into Maeve's tent. The girl was placed at his side, and it is she who pours goblets for him. It is she who kisses him with every drink, it is she who serves his meal. Not for all and sundry does Maeve intend the liquor which is served to Fer Báeth. Only fifty wagonloads of it were brought to the camp.

Fer Báeth waited not until the morning but went at once to renounce his friendship with the Hesus Cuchulainn. The Hesus Cuchulainn adjured him by their friendship and intimacy and brotherhood, but Fer Báeth did not consent to relinquish the combat. Luid Cú Chulaind tria feirg uad & fosnessa sleig culind ina bond traiged coras fothraic eter feóil & chnám & chroicend. Tarngid Cú Chulaind in sleig arís ar cúlu assa frémaib & dosfarlaic dara gúalaind i ndegaid Fir Baíth, & fó leis gid no ríssed & ba fó leis ginco ríssed. Dotarlaic in sleg i classaib a chúalaid co ndechaid trina bél dochum talman co torchair Fer Báeth amlaid. The Hesus Cuchulainn flew into a horrible fury (feirg uad), and drove a spear of holly (sleig culind) in the skin the flesh and the bones of his foot, to the sole. The Hesus Cuchulainn withdrew this spear of the sole of his foot then threw it behind him over his shoulder the point ahead. It made no odds for him then to reach or not Fer Baeth but the fact is that the spear reached the latter who was setting out again, in the hollow of the nape, and went out through his mouth on to the ground. Then Fer Baeth fell. That was indeed a good cast (focherd), little Culann's Hound, said Fiacha son of Fir Aba. For he considered it a good cast to kill such a warrior only with the holly shoot. Whence is still the name Cast of spear of Muirthemne for the spot where they were.

The single combat with Lairine.

Go, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, and speak with Lugaid in the camp of the Irishmen, find out whether anything has happened to Fer Báeth or not.

Editor's note. Here is a gap of approximately one page in the manuscript of the Book of Leinster, of which we can fortunately find the contents in the manuscript 984 of the Stowe collection, dating back to 1633, and preserved by the Royal Irish Academy.

And ask him who will come against me tomorrow. Loeg goes forward to Lugaid's tent. Lugaid welcomed him. I trust that welcome, said Loeg. You may trust it, said Lugaid. I have come to speak with you on behalf of your foster brother that you may tell me if Fer Báeth reached the camp. He did, said Lugaid, and a blessing on the hand that smote him for he fell dead in the valley a short time ago. Tell me who will come tomorrow to fight against the Hesus Cuchulainn. They are asking a brother of mine to oppose him, a foolish youth hubristic and arrogant, but a strong smiter and a victorious fighter. The reason he is sent to fight him is that he may fall by the Hesus Cuchulainn and therefore that I might then go to avenge his death on Hesus Cuchulainn, but I shall never do that. Lairíne fils de I Blathmac is my brother's name. I shall go to speak with the Hesus Cuchulainn about that, said Lugaid. His two horses were harnessed for him and his chariot was yoked to them. He came to meet the Hesus Cuchulainn and a conversation took place between them. Then said Lugaid: They are urging a brother of mine to come and fight with you, a foolish youth, rough, uncouth, but strong and stubborn, and he is sent to fight you so that when he falls by you, and I may go to avenge his death on you, but I shall never do so. But by the friendship that is between us both, do not kill my brother. I swear you can make of him what you want but don't kill him. I grant you leave to do so, for it is in despite me that he goes against you. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn went back and Lugaid went to the camp. Then Lairíne son of Nos was summoned to the tent of Ailill and Maeve and Findabair was placed beside him. It was she who used to serve him goblets, she used to kiss him at every drink, she used to hand him his food. Not to all and sundry does Maeve give the liquor that is served to Fer Báeth or to Láiríne, said Findabair. She brought only fifty wagonloads of it to the camp. Whom do you mean? asked Ailill. I mean that man yonder, said she. Who is he? asked Ailill. Often you paid attention to something that was not important. It were more fitting for you to bestow attention on the couple who are best in wealth honor and dignity of all those in Ireland, namely, Findabair and Lairíne son of Nos. That is well how I see them, said Ailill. Then in his joy [while hearing that] Lairíne flung himself about so that the seams of the cushions under him burst and the green before the tent was strewn with their down. Lairíne longed for the full light of day that he might attack the Hesus Cuchulainn. He went out in the early morning on the morrow and brought a wagonload of weapons, and he came on to the ford to encounter the Hesus Cuchulainn. The mighty warriors in the camp did not think it worth their while to go and watch Lairíne's fight, but the women and boys and girls scoffed and jeered at his fight. The Hesus Cuchulainn came to the ford to encounter Lairíne, but he scorned to bring any weapons and came unarmed to meet him. On the other hand, he struck all Lairíne's weapons out of his hand as one might deprive a little boy of his playthings.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn ground and squeezed in between his hands, chastised him and clasped him, crushed him and shook him and chaindebar uile as gurbo ceó aéerda an ceathairid i mboí, forced all his excrement out of him until a slurry mist ? arose on all sides in the place where he was. And after that he cast him from him, from the bed of the ford across the camp to the entrance of his brother's tent. However Lairíne never after rose without complaint and he never ate without pain, and from that time forth he was never without a disease of the belly, an oppression of the chest, and diarrhea. He was indeed the only man who survived a battle with the Hesus Cuchulainn on the foray of Cualnge, but the after-effects of those complaints affected him so that he died later. That was the fight of Lairíne on the foray of Cualnge.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 28.

Claws. We thus translate the Gaelic word cróich which also means milk according to Cecile O'Rahilly. The image would be then that of the cat lapping some milk with his tongue?? What is sure in any case it is the almost daily training is obviously at the base of the mastery of martial arts. Foirc son of Tri n-Aigneach. According to the Lebor Na hUidre or book of the dun cow. The book of Leinster or Lebor Laignech mentions at this place Mac Teora n-Aigneach. His own foster brother. See their common training in martial arts under the leadership of Queen Scathache.

It made no odds for him then to reach or not Fer Baeth but... it is the typical behavior of a berserker. See counter-lay No. 26. The continuation of the account will show us besides that the Hesus Cuchulainn did not even realize the death of his ex-friend and brother in arms, considering the nature of his questions.

Lairíne son of Nos. It is apparently the same character as Lairíne son of I Blathmac.

Diarrhea. The Gaelic word tathaige also means vomiting.

Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow.

The talk of Mara Rigu Morigu/Morgan Le Fay with the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The Hesus Cuchulainn saw coming towards him a young woman of surpassing beauty, clad in clothes of many colors. Who are you? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. I am the daughter of the Eternal king (Buan), said she. I have come to you for I fell in love with you on hearing your fame, I have brought my treasures and my cattle.

It is not a good time at which you have come to us, that is, our condition is ill, we are starving ? So it is not easy for me to meet a woman while I am in this strife. I shall help you in it. It is not for a woman's body that I have come. It will be worse for you, said she, when I go against you as you are fighting your enemies. I shall go in the form of an eel under your feet in the ford so that you shall fall. This is appropriate to you better than to be a daughter of a king, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Then I shall seize you between my toes, so that your ribs are crushed and you shall suffer that blemish until you get a healing blessing from me. I shall drive the cattle over the ford to you while I am in the form of a gray she-wolf. I shall throw a stone at you from my sling so and smash your eye in your head, and you shall suffer from that blemish until you get a healing blessing from me. I shall come to you in the guise of a hornless red heifer in front of the cattle and they will rush upon you at many fords and water boundaries (linniu) yet you will not recognize me in front of you. I shall cast a stone at you, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, so that your legs will break under you, and you shall suffer thus until you get a healing blessing. Whereupon she left him. He was a week at Gravel's ford (?) that is at the ford of the water of heifers (darteisc) and every day a man fell by him there.

Chapter XV. The Death of Loch son of Mo Febis.

Then Loch the Great, son of Mo Febis, was summoned to the tent of Ailill and Maeve. What would you with me? asked Lóch. That you should fight with the Hesus Cuchulainn answered Maeve. I shall not go on such an errand for I deem it no honor to attack a youthful, beardless stripling, and I do not intend that as an insult to him, but I have the man to attack him, namely, Long mac Emonis, and he will accept a reward from you. Long was summoned to the tent of Ailill and Maeve, and Maeve promised him great rewards, to wit, the clothing of twelve men in garments of every color, a chariot worth four times seven female slaves, Findabair as his wedded wife, and entertainment at all times in Cruachan with wine served to him. Then Long came to meet the Hesus Cuchulainn and the Hesus Cuchulainn killed him. Maeve told her womenfolk to go and speak to the Hesus Cuchulainn and tell him to put on a false beard of blackberry juice. The women came forward towards the Hesus Cuchulainn and told him to put on a false beard. For no great warrior in the camp thinks it worth his while to go and fight with you while you are beardless. After that the Hesus Cuchulainn put on a beard of blackberry juice and came on to the hillock above the Irishmen and displayed that beard to all of them in general. Loch son of Mo Febis saw this and said: that is a beard on the Hesus Cuchulainn now! That is what I see also, said Maeve. She promised the same rewards to Loch for checking the Hesus Cuchulainn. I shall go and attack him, said Loch. Loch came to attack the Hesus Cuchulainn and they met on the ford where Long had fallen. Come forward to the upper ford, said Loch. For we shall not fight on this one. For he held unclean (heascoman) the ford at which his brother had fallen. Then they met on the upper ford.

It was at that time that the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay daughter of Ernmas from the sidh came to destroy the Hesus Cuchulainn, for she had vowed on the foray of Regamna (Táin Bó Regamna) that she would come and destroy the Hesus Cuchulainn when he was fighting with a mighty warrior on the foray of Cualnge. So the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay came there in the guise of a white, red-eared heifer accompanied by fifty heifers, each pair linked together with a chain of white bronze. Dobertsat in bantracht gesa & airmberta for Coin cCulainn dá ttísadh úadh gan fhosdadh gan aidmilledh fuirre. The womenfolk put the Hesus Cuchulainn under curse and jinx not to let the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay go from him without checking and destroying her. The Hesus Cuchulainn made a cast at the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay and shattered one of her eyes.

Then the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay appeared in the form of a slippery, black eel swimming downstream, and went into the ford and coiled herself around Hesus Cuchulainn's legs. While the Hesus Cuchulainn was disentangling himself from her, Loch dealt him a wound crosswise through his chest. Then the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan came in the guise of a shaggy, russet-colored she-wolf. And while the Hesus Cuchulainn was warding her off, Loch wounded him once again. Thereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn was filled with warlike fury (fercc) and wounded Loch with the lightning spear (gai-bulga) and pierced his heart in his breast. Grant me a favor now, O Hesus Cuchulainn, said Loch. What favor do you ask? No favor of quarter do I ask nor do I make a cowardly request, said Loch. Retreat a step from me so that I may fall facing the east and not to the west towards the Irishmen, lest one of them say that I fled in rout before you, for I have fallen by the lightning spear. I shall retreat a step said the Hesus Cuchulainn, for it is a true warrior's request you make. And the Hesus Cuchulainn retreated a step from him. Hence the ford has since then been known as the ford of the step, at the end of the Great Land.

The Hesus Cuchulainn was seized by a great depression that day for that he fought single-handed on the foray of Cualnge. He ordered his charioteer Loeg to go to the Ulaid and bid them come to defend their cattle. And great dejection and a great weariness took possession of the Hesus Cuchulainn and he uttered these verses (rand):

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 29.

Morgan Le Fay . The Gaelic text writes Morigna (Imacallaim Na Mórigna fri Coin Culaind inso). Here what the French specialist d'Arbois de Jubainville said about that.

"In certain texts she is known as the daughter of Ernmas = Erbas, i.e., of Murder, literally "Death by iron." See about this goddess, the observations of Mr. Wh. Stokes, Celtic Review XII, p. 128. Her

name is a compound of two terms: the second, rigan, means : "queen." The first, mor, appear identical to the English mare in the word nightmare, and to French mar in cauchemard, meaning both something like "night demons." We find her also called Anand. She had two sisters Bodb and Macha, who, seems it, appear with her in the form of birds dominating the bull in the monument of the Museum of Cluny and whose names are sometimes used as synonyms of Morrigan." In accordance with the principle of the triad among Celts, the goddess or demoness Catubodua is therefore a duplicate or another form of Morgan Le Fay. We are less sure of the remark of d'Arbois de Jubainville as regards Macha but perhaps he is not wrong. It is a question to look deeper into. The bringing together with the form Anu/Ana (Anand) is also problematic.

A daughter of the Eternal. A little like Al-Lat, Al-Uzza and Manat who are known as daughters of God (of Allah) in the Quran (chapter 53, verses 19-21, and were recognized as valid intermediaries between the higher being and the human beings, by the first Islam (a little like angels or saint men). It was a good theological concept, very considered, but which was, alas, quickly negated even demonized (regarded as satanic). In a more picturesque but less male chauvinist, less misogynist way, the pagan ones before Islam saw these three goddesses (or demonesses?) as daughters of the moon god (Allah) and of the sun goddess. This Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay known as the daughter of the Eternal (Buan) or daughter of the death through iron (Ernmas) according to the texts, perhaps should it be understood that she results from an eternal death through iron, from a final separation a little similar to that evoked in the petroglyphs or rock carvings of the Mount Bego in South Alps (cf. the stele known as the wizard). At least according to Emilia Masson which views in this "Wizard" the representation of a god of dissociation, similar to the Greek Cronos. With his daggers and his large teeth, he would have separated, dissociated, the primordial couple from which he is resulting, thus inaugurating a new space of life for the human and the divine beings. The Bible, it also besides, knows such inaugural dissociation. To create the universe didn't the god of Abraham of Isaac and of Jacob start by separating light from darkness, waters of the sky from those of the earth, the earth of the sea? (Genesis 1,1-10.) Remain nevertheless the question of the Chaos or Tohu wa Bohu which seems to have been PRE-EXISTENT. It would be then the first (local) manifestation demonstration of this "popular religion," still active five thousand years later (cf. the case of the three witches burned in Cassis in 1614). The theses of this Serbian specialist of Belgrade (Singidunum?) are very discussed but what seems sure it is that this Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay as her two sisters or duplicates occupy a place ontologically very high in the genealogy structuring in a somewhat picturesque way the Celtic Pantheon. N.B. Another curiosity of the carvings of the Mount Bego: some characters are shown there like Setanta Cuchulainn in trance, i.e., WITH INWARD TURNED FEET

Eel she-wolf cow. This paragraph reminds much of the appearance to the Hesus Cuchulainn, of this goddess or demoness, such as it is reported to us in one of the previous chapters of our essay, according to the account of another rustling of cattle, the Tain Bo Regamna, a short manuscript of the 16th century appearing in the Yellow Book of Lecan, Leabhar Buidhe Lecain in Gaelic language. Could it be that it is purely and simply the duplicate of a copyist monk? Or of a recovery by the bard of a piece of oral literature which he did like well? It is up to our readers to see while referring to the original manuscripts and particularly to that of the Tain Bo Regamna. In what concerns us, no immediate explanation being able to justify the presence here of this episode comes in our mind unless by putting the emphasis on the gifts (Gaelic buaid = boudisms) of a healer of the bodies, of Setanta Cuchulainn, or by making him an equivalent of the temptations of Christ (in the desert or in cross). Let us point it out for your information on this subject that the Messiah expected by Israel of this time was to be a warlike Messiah, not a son of the man in the way of the suffering servant of Isaiah (42-53). From where besides the fact that Jews did not recognize Jesus. The man Jesus matched in no way what was announced about the Messiah in their writings. The first intellectual swindle of Christianity therefore was to make its master crucified after the defeat of his attempt of rebellion against Rome (the two robbers crucified with him are obviously some Zealots members of a kind of guerilla, in other words, some terrorists), a suffering servant sacrificing himself voluntarily for our sins. A piece of evidence is the signpost INRI fixed on his cross (Gospel according to John).

Beardless or with a false beard. This episode therefore confirms the extreme youth of our hero at this time. The great French specialist that is d'Arbois de Jubainville notes with interest that the smertha of the Gaelic expression ulcha smertha was to be in old Celtic. And Cuchulainn in this case would bear the name of Smertrios or Smertullos on the Continent?? To see. We are busy speculating in any case about the meaning to give such an episode of the saga. Comic dimensions (it was also a question of entertaining the audience) is undoubtedly not absent. In addition to the fact that point it out well it was dishonoring for a man to attack children or women.

Slaves. See our previous counter-lays on this subject. It was mainly prisoners or overcome warriors. Appears especially in our texts as a unit of value. Wine instead of ale. A synonym of luxury. We would

say champagne today. The wine trade between the south of Ireland and Bordeaux on the Continent was a long time flourishing and undoubtedly explains the fact that there were Christians in Ireland BEFORE ST. PATRICK.

Sidh. Let us point it out here that the sidh it is one of the entrances or exits of the parallel other world in which the gods or demons or fairies of the druidic Panth-eon live, often matching pre-Celtic megalithic monuments besides. The Onomasticon Goedelicum by Edmund Hogan counts almost 200 (170) of them only for Ireland, from the sidh n-Aeda to the sidh Tuirc while passing through the Sidh Arach the sidh Nechtain etc. But, of course, there were to be some of them completely in the same way elsewhere in the Islands or on the Continent. Each one of these entrances or exits was generally regarded as coming more particularly under the field of such or such god, or demon, or fairy. Let us acknowledge humbly that except for this general information on the sidh the symbolic or allegorical meaning of many all these details escapes to us today. We may even wonder besides it is not a makeshift job of bard or storyteller using fragments of remaining myths he combines again in his way after the great loss of coherence of the latter, caused by Christianization. From where perhaps the visible hostility of the Hesus Cuchulainn concerning her, not forgetting that, more astonishing, towards the Irish female sex, bordering on a total and very astonishing disrespect, according to our text, at least in its today state. The detail once again proves at which point this pan-Celtic myth could be deteriorated during its oral transmission in Ireland, and even comes very close to heresy. With heresy we want only to point some deviations going a bit too far compared to the druidism of reference, which can only be that of the original AND ANCIENT cradle of the Celtic people. Airmberta. A kind or a variety of geis if we understand well, i.e., a spell an enchantment or an obligation, of which the disrespect involves misfortune and desolation. Gai Bulga or Gae Bulg. The great French specialist who was d'Arbois de Jubainville translated with bag spear but bolg means more probably "lightning." It was to be a javelin provided with a barbed point like a fish hook which you could not withdraw without causing very serious wounds. Do we must really believe that it had to be handled by using one's toes as we will see it afterwards?

Go forth from me, O Loeg.
Let the hosts be roused.
Tell them for me in the strong fortress of Emain
That each day in battle I am weary,
And I am wounded and bloody.
Of my right side or of my left side
It is difficult to say which is most in a bad state.
The hand which struck them is not that of Fingen the physician
Who stops blood by wood blades (fidfaebraib).
Tell noble Cunocaveros/Conchobar
That I am weary, wounded sore in my side.
And that greatly has changed in appearance.
Dechtire's dear son he who was alone the equivalent of an army.

I am here all alone warding off flocks,
I neither hold them back nor let them go
In evil plight I am and not in good,
As I stand alone at many fords.
A rain (broen) of blood drips from my weapon.
I am sorely wounded.
No friend comes to me in an alliance or to help,
Apart from the driver of my single chariot.
Few make music here for me,
A single horn does not rejoice.
But when many horns make music,
Then the sound becomes sweeter.
There is a proverb known to many generations:
A single log does not flame.
But if there were two or three,

Their firebrands would blaze.
 A single log is not easily burned
 Unless you get another to kindle it.
 One man alone can be treacherously dealt with.
 A single millstone is ineffective.
 Have you not heard at every time that
 One man alone is treacherously dealt with?
 It is true for me.
 But what cannot be endured
 It is the harrying of a great army.
 Although we are very few in front of the cauldron
 That worries me
 Is the provision of the army opposite similar,
 To wit being able to cook hung to a single trammel?
 I am alone before the host
 At the ford by the end of the Great Land.
 I was outnumbered when attacked by Loch together with Bodua,
 According to the rudiments of the driving off of the cows of Regamna.
 Loch has mangled my hips;
 The shaggy, russet she-wolf has bitten me.
 Loch has wounded my liver; The eel has overthrown me.
 With my spearlet I warded off the assault (cosc)
 And destroyed an eye . I broke the legs ?
 At the beginning of this attack.
 Then Loeg sent Afte's spear
 Down the stream, like a swarm of bees,
 And I threw the strong, sharp spear
 By which Loch son of Emonis perished.
 Why do not the Ulaid give battle
 To Ailill and the daughter of Eochu?
 While I am here in sorrow,
 Wounded and bloody as I am.
 Tell the great Ultonian warriors
 To come and guard their drove.
 The sons of Maga have carried off their cows
 And divided them out among them.
 Fight on fight , I had pledged solemnly to do that.
 And I have kept my word in all;
 I fight for pure honor's sake of the Hound of Culann
 But to fight alone it is too much.
 But ravens are joyful
 In the camp of Ailill and Maeve.
 Sad are the cries that meet ? (here a small lacuna)
 Their shout on the plain of Muirthemne.
 Cunocavaros/Conchobar does not come forth
 In the fight, no troops of his.
 Should one leave him thus alone,
 His warlike fury (fergge) would be hard to tell!
 That was the fight of Loche the Great son of Mo Febis with the Hesus Cuchulainn on the foray of
 Cualnge.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 30.

Dechtire or Dechtine. The mother of our hero in the Irish legends. Old Celtic Dexiua. Or duxtir. See
 with specialists. In any event what is sure it is that as appointed driver of Cunocavaros/Conchobar,
 she is like the continental Epona more or less combined with the horses.
 Bodua. This poem therefore incontestably puts equal signs between the Mara Rigu/Morrighu Morgan Le
 Fay and the goddess or demoness or fairy Cathubodua.

The driving off of the cows of Regamna. Tain Bo Regamna in Gaelic language. See the previous chapter translating this account.

With my spearlet I warded off the assault (cosc) and destroyed an eye .I broke the legs at the beginning of this attack. This quatrain is not grammatically very clear. Who do these wounds affect? Aife's spear seems to designate the lightning spear (gae bulg). And the comparison with a swarm of bees would indicate in this case that the aforementioned lightning-spear made noise, a kind of buzz?

Chapter XVI.

The violation of the agreement.

Then Maeve sent forth six together to attack the Hesus Cuchulainn, to wit, Traig, Dorn and Dernu, Col and Accuis as Eraíse, three druids and three druidesses. The Hesus Cuchulainn attacked them and they fell by him. Since the terms of the agreement for single combat had been broken against the Hesus Cuchulainn, he took his sling and began to shoot at the host that day northwards from Delga. Though the men of Ireland were numerous that day, not one of them could turn southwards, neither hound nor horse nor man.

The healing of the Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan Le Fay.

Then came the Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan Le Fay, daughter of Ernmas, from the sidh in the guise of an old woman and in Hesus Cuchulainn's presence she milked a cow with three teats. The reason she came thus was to be healed by him, for no one whom the Hesus Cuchulainn had wounded ever recovered until he himself had aided in his cure. Maddened by thirst, the Hesus Cuchulainn asked her for milk. She gave him the milk of one teat. May this be swiftly healed for me. And the one eye of the queen which had been wounded was cured. The Hesus Cuchulainn asked her for the milk of another teat. She gave it to him. Swiftly may she be cured who gave it. He asked for the third drink and she gave him the milk of the third teat. Bendacht dee & andee fort, a ingen. The blessing of gods and non-gods? be on you, woman. Gods were the wizards (cumachta) and the non-gods the husbandmen (trebaire). So the queen was physically made whole. Then Maeve sent a hundred men to assail the Hesus Cuchulainn. He attacked them all and they fell by his hand. It is a hateful thing for us that our people should be slaughtered thus, said Maeve. That was not the first hateful thing that came to us from that man, said Ailill. Hence Massacre of the end of the castle (dun) is still the name of the place where they were then and Ford of the blood is the name of the ford by which they were, rightly so because of the large amount of their blood which flowed with the current of the river.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 31.

Three druidesses. Gaelic trí bandruíd. Let us point it out that the druidesses in reality never existed, that there were, on the other hand, priestesses working and living in communities apart from those of the men (in islands for example) and in the world "of the men" some women having particular gifts in connection with the sacredness or the mystery, of other universes; men having always been rather some big oafs in this field. Nothing prevents a modern druidism, on the other hand, from joining together within it and on an equal footing druids and priestesses, on condition of not using the word druidess which would be a typically Irish anachronism (bandrui). Feminines suggested for the specializations: vate veledae and gutuater: vate (Gaelic banfaith) veledae in the singular, veledae in the plural (Gaelic banfile banfilidh), gutumater. More seriously we wonder even what druids come to do in this episode. An invention of Christian bard of the Middle Ages? A little like a scenario writer wanting at all costs to slip a story of Nazis into his film?

Cumachata. Magical or preternatural powers according to the electronic dictionary of the Irish language.

An-dee. What means exactly this Gaelic expression. Does it designate demons or at the very least some malefic entities?? Not sure considering the ambivalence of the eons in the druidic pantheon. Gods were the wizards (cumachta) and non-gods the husbandmen (trebaire). Undoubtedly a gloss*, an awkward attempt of explanation, or falsification, coming from a Christian copyist monk opposing so the gods (those who have superhuman powers) to the mere mortals (the an-dee from this perspective). But is an-dee really a synonym of human beings?? The simplest solution is perhaps to consider that the an-dee they are the andedion, the inhabitants of the andero-dumnos or under world. Without any demonization (they are chthonic entities and that is all).

I humbly acknowledge here, moreover, in what relates to me, that I do not see very well what the meaning is of what was obviously a parable at the time. To emphasize the small look "health god" of

our hero??? Able to heal even the gods. Who are not really some of them therefore??? It is up to our readers to decide.

* Also frequent case in the sacred texts of the Judeo-Christianity. Some examples.

The Book of Proverbs begins with a verse ("The wise sayings of Solomon, son of David, king of Israel"), which contains indications of title and author; it continues with some verses likely to be identified as a foreword; in chapters 25,30 and 31 are again given indications of the title. The Gospel of Luke also begins, as for it, with a group of verses which constitute a prologue having been added. The first lines of verse in Matthew are also regarded as a title having been added but which really does not seem to be appropriate. To know more about all these glosses inserted in the biblical text to refer our lessons to come. Let us note to finish that some manuscripts of the Vulgate also contain prologues intended to counter Christian currents, rivals from the beginning, particularly Marcionism (prologues to the Gospels of Mark, Luke, and John).

Chapter XVII.

The rout on the plain of Muirthemne.

Care given to the Hesus Cuchulainn by the god Lug his father.

The four provinces of Ireland pitched their camp at the place called Great Massacre in the plain of Muirthemne. They sent their share of the cattle and booty on ahead southwards to the cattle sheds of the Ultonian cows. The Hesus Cuchulainn took his post on the burial mound of Lerga close beside them, and his charioteer, Loeg mac Riagabra, kindled a fire for him on the evening of that night. The Hesus Cuchulainn saw far off, over the heads of the four great armies of the Irish province the fiery glitter of the bright gold weapons at the setting of the sun in the clouds of evening. Fury and warlike trance filled him when he saw the host, because of the multitude of his foes and the great number of his enemies. He seized his two spears, his shield and his sword. He shook his shield brandished his spears and waved his sword, and he uttered a hero's shout from his throat. The *bánanaig & boccánaig & geniti glinni & demna aeóir*, the bananach the bocanach the geniti glinni and demons of the air gave answer for terror of the shout that he had uttered, and Nemanía brought confusion on the host. The four provinces of Ireland made a clangor of arms around the points of their own spears and weapons, and a hundred warriors of them fell dead that night of terror and fright in the middle of the encampment. As Loeg was there, he saw something: a single man coming straight towards him from the north-east across the camp of the four great provinces. A single man approaches now, little Hound of Culann, said Loeg. What manner of man is there? said the Hesus Cuchulainn. *Ní handsa !* It is not difficult. A man fair and tall, with his hair cut broad, curly, yellow hair. He has a green mantle wrapped about him with a brooch of white silver in the mantle above his breast. He wears a tunic of royal satin with red insertion of red gold next to his white skin and reaching to his knees. He carries a black shield with a hard boss of white bronze. In his hand a five-pointed spear and beside it a forked javelin. Wonderful is the play and sport he makes with these weapons. But none accosts him and he accosts none, as if no one in the camp of the four great provinces of Ireland saw him.

That is true, my dear pupil ? said the Hesus Cuchulainn. That is one of my friends from the *sidh* coming to commiserate with me for they know of my sore distress as I stand alone now against the four great provinces of Ireland on the foray of Cualnge. It was indeed as the Hesus Cuchulainn said. When the warrior came to where the Hesus Cuchulainn was, he spoke to him and commiserated with him.

[Lebor na hUidre or book of the dun cow. I shall help you, said the warrior. Who are you? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. I am your father, Lug son of Ethliu, from the *sidh*. My wounds are indeed grievous. It were time that I should be healed].

Sleep now for a little while, little Hound of Culann, said the warrior, your heavy slumber at the Burial Mound of Lerga till the end of three days and three nights, and for that space of time I shall fight against the hosts]. *Cotail-siu ém bic, a Chú Chulaind,* or in *t-ócláech*, do *thromthoirthim chotulta*. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn slept his deep slumber at the Burial Mound in Lerga till the end of three days and three nights. It was right that the length of the sleep should correspond to the greatness of his weariness, for [on *lúan re samain sainriuth cossin cétaín iar n-imbulc*] from the first moon day after Samon (*ios*) exactly until the Wednesday after *Ambolc*, the Hesus Cuchulainn had not slept in that time, except when he dozed for a little while leaning against his spear after midday, a *chend ar a dorn*, a *dorn imm a gai*, a *gai ar a glùn*, with his head on his clenched fist and his clenched fist about his spear and his spear resting on his knee, but he was striking, killing, cutting down, and slaying the four great provinces of Ireland during that time. Then the warrior put plants from the *sidh*, healing herbs (*lubi ícci & slánsén i cneidaib*), into the wounds and cuts and gashes and many injuries of the Hesus Cuchulainn so that he recovered in his sleep without his perceiving it at all. Editor's note. The text of the divine injunction recited by Lug, was preserved to us by the *Lebor na hUidre* or book of the dun cow. Here in Gaelic.

Canaid a chéle ferdord dó, contuli friss co n-accae nách crecht and ropo glan. Is and asbert Lug:Éli Loga inso síis

Atraí a meic mór Uladfót sláncrechtaib curethafri náimtiu fer melldarathmór a daig (?) todonathardia ferragaib sligetharslúraig immenard neretharfortacht a síd sóerfudutissin mruig ar conathaibcot anmuim

arfuchertarfóchiallathar óengillaeaclith ar búuib báifedaeslig delb silsa ríut.Ni fil leó do nertsægulfer do baraind bruthaigteco niurt for do lochtnamtibcingith carpat comglinniis iar sin atraí.

Below an attempt of translation.

Then he chanted a melody (ferdord) to him which lulled him to sleep until he saw that every wound he bore was quite healed. Then Lug spoke.Arise, O son of great Ulidia now that your wounds are healed ... ?????... Help from the sidh will set you free ... A single lad is on his guard ... ?... Strike ... ?... and I shall strike with you. They have no strong length of life, so wreak your furious anger mightily on your vile(?) enemies. Mount the chariot which remains you, so then arise, arise.

It was at this time that the youths came southwards from Emain Macha, thrice fifty of the kings' sons of Ulidia together with Follomain son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and they gave battle thrice to the hosts and three times their own number fell by them, but the youths fell too, all except Follomain son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Follomain vowed that he would never go back to Emain until he should take with him Ailill's head and the golden diadem that was on it. That was no easy thing for him for the two sons of Betha son of Ban, the two sons of Ailill's foster mother and foster father, came up with him and wounded him so that he fell by them. That is the Death of the Youths from Ulidia and of Follomain son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 32.

Lug is supposed being the father of the Hesus Cuchulainn in the Irish legends. Let us point it that these divine fatherings were imagined in the beginning only to make comprehensible for the people at which ontological level these superhuman entities were. A little like when the proverbs or the maxims point out that idle hands are the devil's workshop, that idleness is the root of all evil (in England) that l'oisiveté est mère de tous les vices in France, there the idea of generation remained straightforwardly explicit since the word "mother" is used). What would therefore give us in druidic language, "The goddess or fairy Idleness is the mother of all the gods or demons of vice." We can also quote as examples that love can generate jealousy which can in turn generate hatred, which can in turn generate violence, etc. We could theoretically therefore by tracing back all these genealogies, if Christianization had not dislocated them, to arrive to the higher being from where all the pantheon is resulting through divine emanations. But it is better to give up it with regard to Ireland considering the disorganization of the divine "filiations" caused by Christianization. At least as long as the Celticist reconstructionists do not have managed to disentangle the tangle of it. As regards adoptive father and mother of our hero, there are also traces of divinity. Best nevertheless to simplify it is still to consider our hero is in fact a demigod, semi man semi god? as could have theorized it the Greeks. His mankind seems really undeniable, his great and somewhat demonic adversary Queen Maeve says it besides herself very well: "I n-óenchurp atá. Imgeib guin immoamgeib gabáil". Variant of the Lebor na hUidre or book of the dun cow: Fodaim guin ni mou gahail. It is prone to wound, it is not safe from capture." More prosaically we can also consider that it is only a man but really an extraordinary man from any point of view, almost a kind of mutant. WHAT COMES TO THE SAME THING. From where its euhemerization in the strictest sense of the word this time, somewhere in the original Celticum three thousand years ago. N.B. Euhemerus. We owe to a Greek philosopher of the fourth century before our era, Euhemerus, important doctrines on the genesis of gods. According to his proposal, some divine characters would be at the beginning only superior men, made sacred by the admiration or the fear of the common run of people. Euhemerus illustrated his thesis by publishing, within the framework of his novel entitled "the sacred history," which tells us his discovery of the imaginary island of Panchaea, in front of the borders of Arabia Felix, a biography of some of the Greek gods with their death and birthplace, as well as the site of their tomb. The highlight of Euhemerism is its reductionism. Indeed, Euhemerus tends to bring back the sacredness to the non-religious by offering a psychological explanation for the process of deification. It is therefore hardly surprising that this aspect held the attention of criticisms of the established religions. Solomon Reinach for example called "the life of Jesus" by Ernest Renan a "naive euhemerism". In short, the debate remains open. It was said that Euhemerus through his theory sought to put in contradiction and at the very least to undermine the ancient religion of the Greeks then that of the Romans. Difficult to say if he were already an atheist or a simple researcher of truth because nothing proves that he believed even no longer in the gods personifying the forces of nature. Euhemerism was since Euhemerus much used. The Prolog of Snorri's Edda for example shows us the Scandinavian gods in a euhemeristic way. P.S. In fact, the theory of Euhemerus is worth especially for demigods like Jesus, Muhammad (see his miracles in the hadiths and the isma which surrounds him), Setanta Cuchulainn, Buddha, etc.

On the evening of that night. In fact, in our text it is marked nona which means "the hour of nones." What is the obvious trace of a Christian rewriting of this part of the text. Demons of the air. Christian terminology. They are either some deities of the airs as for example the Northern wind called Circius on the Continent (the famous true immortal gods according to Euhemerus) or a gloss wanting to convey the previous Gaelic expression: geniti glinni. Bananach = deathly pale ghost ? Bocanach = head of a goat? Geniti Glinni = fairy of the valleys?? See previous counter-lays to have other details on their subject. In any case in the circumstance, it is without any doubt an attempt of explanation by the druids of the phenomenon echo. Echo was besides a nymph in Greek mythology if I am not mistaken. Nemanía. She is quoted in other passages of the Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow. She is also a goddess or more exactly, of course, a demoness, of the warlike fury, combined with the Catubodua as with the Mara Rígu/Morrígu/Morgan Le Fay. Not simple all that. Ah these Irishmen!

Tunic. Or shirt ?

Wednesday. In Gaelic cétaín, which means literally first fast, obvious Christian expression. To note, the expression "from Samon (ios) to Ambolc" involves that all this lasted....3 months. What makes nevertheless much and corresponds in no way the traditional length of the famous annual indisposition of Ulaid (9 days).

Cotail-siu ém bic.... do thromthairtim chotulta. The expression is difficult to convey. Trom has an intensive meaning, tairthim means torpor or death, and chotulta means sleep. The Gaelic expression means perhaps quite simply that our hero then fell asleep in a deep like death sleep.

Lebor Laignech or Book of Leinster again.

During this time the Hesus Cuchulainn was therefore in his deep sleep of the burial mound in Lerga till the end of three days and three nights. He arose then from his sleep and passed his hand over his face and he blushed crimson from head to foot, and his spirit was strengthened as if he were going to a meeting or a parade or a tryst or in a beer hall (coirmthech) or to one of the chief assemblies of Ireland. How long have I been now in this sleep, warrior? Woe is me! said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Why is that? said the warrior. The hosts have been left without an attack for that space of time, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They have not so been left indeed, said the warrior. Then tell me, who has attacked them? said the Hesus Cuchulainn. The youths came from the north, from Emain Macha, thrice fifty of the kings' sons of Ulidia led by Follomain son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, thrice they gave battle to the hosts in the space of three days and three nights when you were asleep, three times their own number fell by them but all the youths fell too except for Follomain son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Follomain vowed, etc. Alas, that I was not in my full strength, for had I been, the youths would not have fallen as they did nor would Follomain have fallen. Strive on, little Hound of Culann, it is no reproach to your honor and no disgrace to your valor. Stay here for us tonight, O warrior, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, that we may together avenge the youths on the enemies.

I shall not stay indeed, said the warrior, for though a man does many valorous and heroic deeds in your company, not he but you will have the fame or the reputation of them. Therefore I shall not stay, but exert your valor, yourself alone, on the hosts for not with them lies any power over your life at this time.

Editor's note. Here begins in the manuscript a long piece obviously bowdlerized or at the very least rewritten even faked or invented by a Christian copyist monk, who did not only to copy again apparently. This piece is in the book of the dun cow (Lebor na hUidre), as in the book of Leinster (Lebor Laignech). The great French specialist who was d'Arbois de Jubainville analyzes it as being the work of a Christian who wanted to remove from the god Lug the honor of the extraordinary and surprising victory won by our hero over the host of Ailill and Maeve. In the primitive drafting, after the sentence "Stay here for us tonight, etc." text was to appear to show us the god Lug granting this request of the Hesus Cuchulainn and so accompanying him then on the scythed chariot, in order to help him to cut in pieces this armada which was not invincible. An exploit that the Hesus Cuchulainn alone could not have achieved. The Christian having bowdlerized or manipulated this text shows us on the contrary Lug refusing to intervene longer and puts in his mouth a rather paradoxical speech. And it

is a fact that after having thus spoken, Lug disappears from the rest of the story, what is extremely suspect.

The scythed chariot.

The scythed chariot, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, can you yoke it? If you have its equipment, then yoke it. Then the charioteer arose and put on his warrior's outfit for chariot driving. Of the outfit for chariot driving which he put on was his smooth tunic of skins, which was light and airy, supple and of a fine texture, well stitched and of deerskin, which did not hinder the movements of his arms outside. Over that he put on his outer mantle black as a raven's feathers.

Simon Magus had made it for the King of the Romans, Darius gave it to Cunocavaros/Conchobar, Cunocavaros/Conchobar gave it to the Hesus Cuchulainn, who gave it to his charioteer. The same charioteer now put on his helmet, crested, provided with metal plates, four-cornered, with a variety of every color and form, and reaching past the middle of his shoulders. This was an adornment to him and was not an encumbrance. His hand brought to his brow the headband (gipni) orange (ndergbuide) like a red-gold plate of refined gold smelted over the edge of an anvil, as a sign of his charioteering, to distinguish him from his master. Ro gab idata aurslaicthi a ech, he untied the horses and in his right hand took his ornamented whip (del). In his left he grasped the éssi astuda the bridles to check his horses, that is, the reins, to control his driving.

Then he put on his horses the iron inlaid breastplates which covered them from forehead to forehead, set with little spears and sharp points and lances and hard points, every wheel of the chariot was closely studded with points and every corner and edge, every end and front of that chariot could lacerate the enemy in its passage. Then he recited a prayer (bricht) of protection over his horses and over his companion so that they were not visible to anyone in the camp, yet everyone in the camp was visible to them. It was right that he should cast this spell (bricht), for on that day the charioteer had three great boudisms (buada =gifts) of charioteering, to wit, leim dar boilg, foscul n-díriuch and immorchor n-delind, to leap over the holes, to charge in straight line, to ply goad (the whip).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 33.

Etc. The "etc." is not from us, it appears in the manuscript in Gaelic language in the form &rl (the abbreviation of a Latin expression). Lucian, in his treatise entitled Zeuxis or Antiochus § 8, ascribes eighty scythed chariots to the Galatians or Celts in Asia Minor, in a battle against Antiochus Soter about the year 272 before our era. On these scythed chariots also see the passage of Pomponius Mela III, 6, in which speaking about the Celts of Great Britain this author writes: *Dimicant not equitatu modo aut pedite, verum et bigis et curribus gallice armatis; covinos vocant, quorum falcatis axibus utuntur.* It is to be brought closer Frontinus, *Stratagemata*, book II, cap. 3, § 18: *C. Caesar Gallorum falcatas quadrigas eadem ratione palis defixit, exceptit inhibuitque.* What Frontinus calls quadriga it is the *essedum* of the Celts in Great Britain *De Bello Gallico*, book IV, c. 32,33, book V, c. 9,16,17; cf also mentions of *essedarii*, book IV, c. 24; book V, C. 15,19. Whip. As we have had already the opportunity to say it, it was then rather of a kind of goad.

Simon Magus etc. reference to Simon Magus * is, of course, of Christian origin. All that forms a good example of the underculture generalized by Christianity, which, do not forget it, owed its triumph only to the support that brought to it, by pure political opportunism, the pagan Roman emperor (dead unbaptized) Constantine, and in any way to the irresistible strength of its love (see first asterisk) or to the blood of its martyrs: a few thousands (for the record the Second World War made 45 million civilian dead including approximately 5 million Jews (4 million for the memorial of Yad Vashem, 6 million for the economist and statistician Jacob Lestchinsky). First mass murders having been the fact of the mobile intervention groups of extermination called *Einsatzgruppen* as of the invasion of Russia in 1941, then after the conference of Wannsee in 1942 due to the fact that deportations in work or extermination camps were made easier by the action (in fact ambivalent therefore) of the Jewish Councils (*Jüdenrate*) **.N.B. It is advisable in fact to distinguish concentration work or rehabilitation

camps, of which the goal was not the extermination of the prisoners. The first one, following the example of those built in Cuba in 1897 by the Spaniards then in 1900 by the English at the time of the war against the White of South Africa, were open since 1933 to relegate in them, German opponents to Nazism (Communists for example) even some non-politicians considered as hostile (homosexual, etc.). Work camps of which the slow death of the prisoners seems well to have been a wanted or accepted inevitable consequence. Almost immediate death camps of which the goal was to perpetrate nearly in an industrial way mass murder (Treblinka for example). The first two types of camps had their equivalent in the democracies, popular, socialist, or more largely "of the left-wing," having taken the power, for example since 1933 in Russia, even since 1919 if it is admitted that Lenin is the first to have thought of it .

Let us not forget, moreover, that this triumph of Christianity over paganism was in fact and by doing so also , the victory of the obscurantism over the Antikythera Mechanism, as shown it very well the brilliant movie by Alejandro Amenabar released in 2009 and entitled Agora. ***

* Simon of Samaria did not interpret the first books of the Bible in a literal way, and his teaching, without being atheistic, came closer philosophy than religion. His cosmology, such as it is released from the extracts quoted (to denigrate them) by the first Christians, reveals a thinker concerned about rationality, but also concerned about finding for Mankind a liberating way. Simon of Samaria was in his time a prophet as famous as Jesus. He attracted crowds, was listened to, was followed. We have of his end two versions, undoubtedly quite as false and untrue one that the other. In one of the versions, St. Peter, jealous to see him succeeding in flying, assassinates him by making him be crushed on the ground through his prayers. In the second, challenged of coming back from the dead, like Jesus, he is made buried alive at the foot of a tree, but comes out from it no longer. We can have doubts about the veracity of this hateful Christian propaganda (the prayer of saint Peter to make this great rival philosopher perish can nevertheless hardly be considered tantamount to love); because many people continued to mull over or follow his teaching.

** As regards responsibility, History settled. It is better to leave the criminals occupying a country to take responsibility for everything from A to Z and to die or to withdraw to flee or disappear rather than to launch into a collaboration like that conceded by the unlucky Jacob Gens according to the History of the Jews of Paul Johnston: "When they ask me thousand Jews, I give them. Because if we, the Jews, we do not give of our own volition, the Germans will come and take what they want by the force. Then, they will not take a thousand people, but thousands and thousands. By giving up some hundreds of them, I save a thousand of them. By giving up a thousand of them, I save ten thousand of them. " Quotation from what I remember. This remark is true besides also for the Vichy France (1942).

*** About the victory of Christianity over Antikythera's mechanism, some precise details on this subject. Antikythera's mechanism (sometimes called "Antikythera's machine") was discovered in 1900 in a wreck close to the coasts of the Greek island of Antikythera, between Kythera and Crete. It is an ancient mechanical computer making it possible to calculate astronomical positions. The mechanism is based on the cycles of progression of Babylonian arithmetic. It is dated back before - 87 and therefore is the oldest known mechanism with gears. Cicero evokes two similar mechanisms. What therefore involves this technology existed as of the third century before our era. Found fragments are preserved at the national archeological museum of Athens.

To know more about Hypatia see what could write about her our great intellectual guide, the neo-druid John Toland because the film of Amenabar is rather a prefiguration of what will occur with the triumph of Islam, inescapable in the long term in our country, since the majority of the prominent intellectuals of Old Europe for a few decades don't stop putting in all media this nagging question which therefore challenges us also: "Why are we not Muslims? Would we be by chance Islamophobic ? We saw well with Hitler... or you saw well with Stalin....etc.,etc. " The answer to all these questions is in the lessons which follow.

Boudism. We convey by the neologism boudism the concept of charisma or gifts.

Prayer. We convey by prayer the Gaelic word bricht. The electronic dictionary of the Irish language translates it by incantations, charm, magic, spell. It is only a point of view. Just like as regards calling a superhuman entity a god or a demon. It is a god for whom believes in this entity in a positive way, it is a demon for who believes in a negative way in this same entity. For the true objective researcher it is the same thing, an ambivalent superhuman entity. N.B. The Christians indeed never denied the real existence of certain gods of paganism, they made them negative forces renamed demons by them, that's all. Example our unlucky Belin/Belen/Manannan compared to the entity called Abaddon in the Revelation of John (9,11). See also the dismaying pages of Tertullian or saint Augustine on this subject.

To note: there exist prayers "which work" whatever the true god worshipped, Allah Jehovah or Buddha and it is not always true that God is on the side of the big battalions as Napoleon said it but we wonder well in certain cases why the true god listened to the prayers of a side rather than of another. Prayer therefore we said. But our text seems to make it a simple consequence of the exceptional qualities of the driver of our hero, namely to charge in a straight line, to make light work of the hollows in the ground and mandubianism (the art to make himself obeyed by horses). We do not have anything to add to this astonishing so atheistic materialist definition of the prayer if it is not that there can also be in this case a psychosomatic effect, kind placebo or autosuggestion: the man who prays summons all his inner resources, it is there his great (inner, we have said) force. On condition, of course, it is not a prayer of submission to the will of another, but a combat prayer of lorica type precisely.

Is and sin ro gab in caur & in cathmílíd & in t-innellchró Bodba fer talman, Cú Chulaind mac Sualtáim, ro gab a chatheirred catha & comraic & comlaind imbi. Then the champion and warrior, the one who was going to prepare the bloody closed field of Bodua intended for the men of the land of ??? the Hesus Cuchulainn son of Sualtam, put on his battle array of fighting and contest and strife which he put on were the twenty-seven shirts worn next to his skin, waxed, armored with metal plates, compact (comdlúta), which were bound with strings and ropes and thongs close to his fair white skin, that he does not lose his head when he would be in warlike trance (ndechrad). Over that outside he put his hero's battle girdle of hard leather, tough and tanned, made from the shoulder (formna) skin of seven yearling bull calves, which protected his sides to the armpits which; he used to wear it to repel spears and points and darts and lances and arrows, for they glanced from it as if they had struck against stone or rock or horn.

Then he put on his apron of filmy silk with its border of variegated white gold, against the most delicate ? (moeth) lower part (ichtur) of his belly. Outside his apron of filmy silk, he put on his dark apron of pliable brown leather made from the shoulder skin of four yearling bull calves with his battle girdle of cows' skin about it. Then the royal hero took up his weapons of battle and contest and strife. Of these weapons of battle were these: his ivory-hilted, bright-faced sword with his eight little swords; his five-pronged spear with his eight little spears; his javelin with his eight little javelins; his deil chliss with his eight little darts. He took his eight shields with his curved, dark-red shield into the boss of which the pig intended for an innkeeper (téiged torc tasselbtha) could fit, with its very sharp, razor-like, keen rim all around it which would cut a hair against the stream, so sharp and razor-like and keen it was. When the warrior struck with the edge of his sword (fáeborchless) with it, he would cut alike with his shield or his spear or his sword.

Then he put on his head his crested war helmet of battle and strife and conflict, from which was uttered the shout of a hundred warriors with a long-drawn-out cry from every corner and angle of it ; for there used to cry from it alike bánanaig & bocánaig & geinití glinne & demna aeóir, the bananach the bocanach the geniti glinni and demons of the air (sic, see previous counter-lays) before him and above him and around him, wherever he went, announcing o the shedding of the blood of warriors and champions. There was cast over him his invisible protective caparison (tlachtdillat) from Tír Tairngire (Promised Land) brought to him from Belin/Belen/Barinthus/Manannan son of Lero , the King of the Luminous Land (Tír na Sorcha).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 34.

Tír Tairngire. Promised land or Land of the promise. Name of the other world parallel to our of the gods and/or of the dead in the Gaelic terminology influenced by Christianity. Another name Mag Meld, etc. Tír na Sorcha. Land of light. Name synonymous with the next world parallel to our of the gods and/or of the dead in the Gaelic terminology. Manannan. Let us be clear. Manannan in Gaelic language is quite simply the god (or demon from the Christian point of view) particularly honored in the Isle of Man. But of what god, or avatar of a god, could it be a question here??? Some think it was Lug or Taran/Toran/Tuireann. In what concerns us, considering the portrait of him that draw up for us the legends, we incline in favor of Belin (os) or Belen (os). Lero. Lir in Gaelic language. The name of the god of the ocean. The opposite case of that of Manannan, there it is the island which took the name of the god. One of his best-known shrines was indeed in the islands of Lerins in the Mediterranean (see Strabo, book IV, chapter I, 10. In Lero there is also a hero temple [heroon in Greek], namely, that in honor of Lero; this island lies off Antipolis...)

It is then came the first warp spasm (trance) of his battle fury on the Hesus Cuchulainn, so that it made him many-shaped, horrible, and wonderful at the same time. His flesh trembled about him like a pole against the torrent or like a bulrush against the stream. Every member and every joint and every knuckle of him from foot to head and from head to foot, he made a furious whirling feat of his body within his skin. His feet and his shins and his knees slid so that they came behind him, his heels and his calves and his knee shifted so that they passed to the front. The muscles of his calves moved so that they came to the front of his shins, so that each huge knot was the size of a soldier's balled fist. He stretched the sinews of his head so that they stood out on the nape, hill-like lumps, huge, vast, immeasurable and as large as the head of a month-old child. He next made a ruddy bowl of his face. He gulped down one eye into his head so that it would be hard work if a wild crane succeeded in drawing it out. Its mate sprang forth till it came out on his cheek. His mouth was distorted monstrously. He drew the cheek from the jawbone so that the interior of his throat was to be seen. His lungs stood out so that they fluttered in his mouth and his gullet. He struck a raving lunatic wolf's blow with the upper jaw on its fellow so that as large as a wether's fleece of a three-year-old was each red, fiery flake which his teeth forced into his mouth from his gullet. There was heard the loud clap of his heart against his breast like the yelp of a howling blood greyhound or like a lion going among bears. There were seen the torches of the Bodua, and the rain clouds of poison, and the sparks of glowing-red fire, blazing and flashing in hazes and mists over his head with the seething of the truly wild wrath that rose up above him. His hair bristled all over his head like the branches of a red thorn thrust into a gap in a great hedge. Had a king's apple-tree laden with royal fruit been shaken around him, scarce an apple of them all would have passed over him to the ground, but rather would an apple have stayed stuck on each single hair there, for the twisting of the battle fury which met it as it rose from his hair above him. Lon Laith ('Champion's Light') stood out of his forehead, so that it was as long and as thick as a warrior's whetstone. As high, as thick, as strong, as steady, as long as the sail tree of some huge prime ship was the straight spout of dark blood which arose right on high from the very ridgepole of his crown, so that a black fog was made thereof like the smoke from a king's hostel when the king comes to be ministered to at nightfall of a winter's day.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 35.

With regard to the invisibility gotten by the caparison or the magic cape given by Belin/Belen/Barinthus/Manannan, we can only be dubious. It is difficult to believe that such a power really existed! What the poet having composed this story wants to say, it is that everything happened as if the Irishmen had not been able to see or to aim their attacker. The astonishing physical prowess of which the Hesus Mars, or Cuchulainn in Ireland, was able, according to what is evoked above, are perhaps only the exaggeration or the distortion of a true and genuine submission of the body to the soul or to the mind, resulting either from a long practice of martial arts or of trances of the berserkr type.

Marie-Louise Sjoestedt points out that there exist coins on which we can see small balls between the vertically drawn up hair of a head appearing on them. The Celts used, before the battle, to wash their hair with water slightly added with powder chalk. What gave them large stiff and hardened locks, stuck together and intermingled, making them resemble hedgehogs in a way, but rather effective (better resistance to blows). The abundance of the Celtic names in cassi- something is perhaps an allusion to this type of hairstyle.

Lon laith. Laith comes from the old Celtic late which means hero. A comparable phenomenon is ascribed to Moses (cf. Exodus, chap. 34, verses 29,30,35). The question is therefore why would this be true for Moses and a forgery for Setanta Cuchulainn?

larsin ríastrad sin ríastarda, after the distortions of this going into a trance the hesus Cuchulainn sprang into his war chariot serda cona erraib iaraidib, cona fáebraib tanaidib, cona baccánaib & cona birchrúadib, cona thairbirib níath, cona glés aursloicthi, cona tharngib gáithe bitis ar fertsib & iallaib &

fithisib & folomnaib dun charput sin, scythed, armed with iron blades, razor-like blades, hooks, sharp-edged points, chisels to scythe warriors, arrangement to disembowel, needles fixed on the axles thongs loops and fastenings in that chariot.

Is and sin focheirt torandchless cét & torandchles dá cét & torandchless trí cét & torandchless cethri cét, then he performed the thunder-feat of a hundred and the thunder-feat of two hundred and the thunder-feat of three hundred and the thunder-feat of four hundred, but he stopped at the thunder-feat of five hundred for he thought that at least that number should fall by him in his first attack and in his first contest of battle against the four provinces of Ireland. And he came forth in this manner to attack his enemies, but took first his chariot in a wide circuit outside the four great provincial armies of Ireland. While driving the chariot heavily. The iron wheels of the chariot sank deep into the ground so that the manner in which they sank into the ground left furrows sufficient to provide forts and fortresses, for there arose on the outside as high as the iron wheels dikes and boulders and rocks and flagstones and gravel from the ground.

The reason why he made this Bodua's encircling of the four great provinces of Ireland was that they might not flee from him and that they might not disperse around him until he took revenge on them by thus cutting them to pieces for the wrong done to the young Ulaid. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn rushed on their first ranks and turned around while leaving behind him a mountain of enemy corpses mown like grass. He made the attack as a foe can treat his enemies so that they fell in close order, lying bond fri bond & méide fri méide, sole of the foot to sole of the foot, nape against the nape? such was the density of their corpses. Thrice again he went around them in this way so that he left a swath (a layer) of six corpses thickness behind him, that is bonn tríir fri méide tríir, the soles of three men to the necks of three men? all around the encampment. So that the name of this episode in the Driving off is "great massacre by teams of six" (Seisrech Bresslige), and it is one of the three slaughters which cannot be numbered in the foray, to wit the "great massacre by teams of six" the "mutual massacre of the deep valley," and the battle at Gáirech and Irgáirech. On this occasion hound and horse and man suffered alike. Others say that Lug son of Ethliu fought along with the Hesus Cuchulainn at the great massacre by teams of six. Their number is not known nor is it possible to count how many fell there of the common soldiery, but their chiefs alone have been counted. Here follow their names.

Two men called Cruaid, two called Calad, two called Cír, two called Cíar, two called Eicell, three called Cromm, three called Cur, three called Combirge, four called Feochar, four called Furachar, four called Cas; four called Fota, five called Caur, five called Cerman, five called Cobthach, six called Saxan, six called Dauith, six called Dáire, seven called Rochaid, seven called Rónán, seven called Rurthech, eight called Rochlad, eight called Rochtad, eight called Rindach, eight called Mulach, nine called Daigith, nine called Dáire, nine called Damach, ten called Fiac, ten called Fiacha, ten called Feidlimid. Ten and six score kings did the Hesus Cuchulainn slay in the great massacre in the plain of Muirthemne, and a countless number besides of hounds and horses and women and boys and children and the common folk. For not one man in three of the men of Ireland escaped without his thigh bone or the side of his head or one eye being broken or without being marked for life.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 36.

Torandchless cét, torandchles dá cét. Thunder of one hundred, two hundred, etc. We are busy speculating about the exact meaning of these Gaelic expressions. 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 mutual massacre of the deep valley. Our text gives Glenn amna here. But according to Windisch it would be necessary to read Glendamrach. Meh!

Seisrech Bresslige. Is it necessary to take all these massacre indications in the literal sense as in the Bible, such as for example in 2 Samuel 8,2: "David also defeated the Moabites. He made them lie down on the ground and measured them off with a length of cord. Every two lengths of them were put to death, and the third length was allowed to live"? Only the Nazi Einsatzgruppen of the holocaust by bullets did worse (cf the SS in Russia in 1941).

Our conviction to us is that, in the case of this Druidism Bible in any case, the answer to the question is no. The storyteller exaggerates, and everyone knows it, but the audience plays the game. In the case of the Bible of the Jehovah's witnesses, on the other hand, we leave to our readers care to decide, if all these figures and all these letters are to be taken seriously, or not. In case of doubt to refer what John Toland says about that. It is always a good guide, it is a good teacher. But if they are to be taken seriously, it is doubly terrifying. Frightening because such a massacre took place on the order of God. Frightening because there were and that there are perhaps still besides, therefore, human beings, capable of justifying such a horror made in the name of the god of love of Abraham, of justice, of Jacob the only true, the one, etc.

Others say that Lug son of Ethliu, fought with the Hesus Cuchulainn throughout this great massacre by groups of six... One could not better say a) That our stories and legends have many variants a) That some copyist monks did not reproduce certain passages. The task of the reconstructionists is therefore only more complicated because of that .N.B. It is on this mention that the great French specialist d'Arbois de Jubainville relies, to affirm that there was bowdlerization of this part of the myth by a Christian copyist monk.

A countless number besides of hounds and horses and women and boys and children and the common folk . Hesus Cuchulainn theoretically never attacked women nor children. "Do you not know, you and Fergus and the noble Ulaid, that ná gonaim-se aradu nó echlacha nó áes gan armu, I do not wound charioteers or messengers or folk unarmed?"

Three possible explanations.

The first: they are indirect deaths (in panic, etc.)

The second: it is a manipulation of the Christian copyist monk author of the bowdlerization pointed out above.

The third: the bard naively wanted to emphasize the extent of the massacre of enemies that he intended to ascribe to our hero. However it is a mythical battle, then....

The more radiant look of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The Hesus Cuchulainn came on the morrow to survey the host and to display his gentle, beautiful appearance to ladies and women and maidens, to veledae (poets) and men of art, Uair nír miad ná mais leis in dúaburdelb druidechta tárfás dóib fair in adaig sin riam reme, for he held not as honor or dignity the dark form of berserker (druidechta) in which he had appeared to them the previous night. Therefore he came on that day to display his gentle, beautiful appearance.

Beautiful indeed was the youth who came thus to display his form to the hosts, Setanta Cuchulainn mac Sualtaim. Three kinds of hair he had, dark next to the skin, blood red in the middle and hair like a crown of red-gold covering them. Fair was the arrangement of that hair with three coils in the hollow at the back of his head, and like gold thread was every fine hair, loose flowing, golden and beautiful, long-tressed, fine and of beautiful color, as it fell back over his shoulders. A hundred bright crimson cairches (twists ?) of red-gold red flaming about his neck. A hundred salmon-colored snáth (threads) pearled with carbuncles around his head. Four tibir (patches ?) in each of his two cheeks, a yellow one and a green one, a blue one and a purple one. Seven gems of brilliance of an eyou in each of his royal eyes. Seven toes on each of his feet, seven fingers on each of his hands, with the grasp of a hawk's claws and the grip of a hedgehog's claws in every separate one of them. Then he puts on his dress for the fest days that day. Of that raiment was a fair mantle, well fitting, purple, fringed, five-folded. A brooch of white-silver inset with inlaid gold over his beautiful white breast, as it was a bright lantern that men's eyes could not look at for its brilliance and splendor. A tunic of silk next to his skin, bordered with edges and braidings and fringes of gold and of silver and of white bronze, reaching to the top of his dark apron, dark-red, soldierly, of royal satin. A splendid dark-purple shield he bore with a rim of pure white silver around it. He wore a golden-hilted ornamented sword on his left side. In the chariot beside him was a long gray-edged spear together with a sharp attacking javelin, with a splendid (throwing) leather strap and rivets of white bronze. He held nine heads in one hand and ten in the other, and these he brandished at the hosts in token of his valor and prowess. Maeve hid her face beneath a shelter of shields lest the Hesus Cuchulainn should cast at her on that day.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 37.

Berserker. We translate so the Gaelic word *druidechta* which means obviously druidism, but in a sense demonized by Christians (druidry). It is therefore advisable to adjust one's aim. Hence our proposal for a translation. We say well "proposal for a translation" because the simple fact that we mention between brackets the exact Gaelic word that we take the liberty of translating in this way, proves well that we intend by no means to mislead readers on this subject. It is only a question of translation. Translation is a difficult art as we have had the opportunity to say it on many times while commenting on the remarks of the druid of Marseilles reported by Lucian. One of the main problems of neo-druidism is indeed that of the translation quality of its written texts. Every translation indeed is the interpretation of the meaning of a text in a language ("source language," or "language of origin") language, and to produce a text having an equivalent meaning and effect for a reader having a different language and culture ("target language," or "language of arrival"). And this is worth also, of course, for Christianity of which the founding sacred texts often result from a double even triple translation. The classical example is formed by the Gospels, of which the oldest known manuscripts are written in old Greek, but which report us probably remarks made in Aramaic. Translation of the Quran is besides so problematic but must be defended in order not to leave its interpretation in the hands of the two large obscurantisms which exist in the field: fundamentalist currents of non-thought or Western currents of non-thought enough stupid or ignorant to consider Islam is the same thing as the theory of the once dominating religion in their country, and therefore to view in it only love peace nonviolence equality justice, in short the paradise on earth. We can indeed doubt the intelligence of these two currents of thought or more exactly of non-thought because what characterizes them both it is rather the absence of critical mind, even if the authors objectively in the circle of influence of these two great socio-politico-religious sensibilities ("intellectuals" believers therefore in Allah or "Westerner" "intellectuals" not understanding how one cannot be Muslim, cases of many media people in France and Western Europe) are, of course, always deep down inside upset not to be held for intellectuals but for parrots, relaying the beliefs they received in this field, and not the result of their own quest for the Holy Grail, the fruit of their personal reflection. As Montaigne said it formerly, better is to have a well-made than a well-filled head (filled with conditioned reflexes or wrong ideas). And yet Islam unteaches thoroughly reasoning, even stifles critical thinking.

Example: how can one believe and repeat that Adam found a temple already built in the place of the current Kaaba and that he made there many pilgrimages? Whereas by definition (including while admitting the Judeo-Islamic-Christian meta-history), he was the first man on the earth? This prayer place had it been built by some aliens or some inhabitants of Atlantis? Jewish fundamentalism makes stupid. Christian fundamentalism makes stupid. And Muslim fundamentalism adds a third layer of it. It is a cubed stupidity. A mountain of non-truths on a base already made of non-truths (Adam, Abraham, etc.). Islam makes stupid to the extent of eating hay rather than an excellent pig meat.

Three hair colors. In other words, therefore, he had dyed his hair. With two different colors, dark being his natural color (sorry for the racists), a little like certain eccentrics of today.

Carbuncles. Same principle perhaps that for the diamond necklaces today.

Tibri. It is difficult to translate the Gaelic word *tibri*. Undoubtedly some small spots of color. Same principle therefore that patches or false moles (*nevus*) used to emphasize the whiteness of the skin.

A handsome young man therefore perhaps, but quite strange also (a mutant?) considering the little particular birth of the Hesus Mars called Cuchulainn in Ireland - triple conception, Sualtam his adoptive father being only his feeder father although from the *sidh* too - he was perhaps affected by a rare genetic disease; being able to explain these seven fingers in his hands and these seven toes in his feet.

A throwing leather strap. A kind of thrower but in the form of a looped leather strap, fixed in the middle of the javelin, a little behind the balance point, in which one put the first two fingers of one's hand, the shaft of the javelin being gripped with the remaining fingers. Makes possible to increase the range considerably of the weapon in question. From 20 meters to 80 meters for example during the experiments made by General Reffye.

Dubthach's jealousy.

Then the women begged the men of Ireland to lift them on platforms of shields above the warriors' shoulders that they might see the Hesus Cuchulainn appearance. For they wondered at the beautiful, gentle appearance they beheld on him that day compared with the dark devil-like shape of magic that had been seen on him the night before.

Then Dubthach the backbiting of Ulidia was seized with envy and spite and great jealousy concerning his wife, he advised betraying and giving up to the Irish hosts the Hesus Cuchulainn, that is, to lay an ambush around him on every side that he might be killed by them. And he spoke these words:

If this is the contortionist,
There will be corpses of men because of him,
There will be cries around tilyards.
Deeds to tell will be worked!
Ravens will eat ravens' food.
Stones will be erected over graves because of him.
There will be an increase in kingly slaughter.
Not well have you battle found
On the slopes with this amok (foendelach) !
I see the amok form.
Nine heads he carries among his cushions
I see the bloody spoils he brings,
Ten heads as trophies of his triumph.
I see how your womenfolk raise
Their heads above the warriors' shoulders.
I see your great queen
Who comes not to the fight.
If I were your counselor,
Warriors would be in ambush on all sides
That they might shorten his life,
Such would be the fate of the contortionist ?

Fergus son of Roig heard this, and it grieved him that Dubthach should advise the hosts to behave in such an unfair way with the Hesus Cuchulainn. And he gave Dubthach a strong and violent kick (where ?) so that he fell on his face outside them. And then Fergus brought up against him all the wrongs and injustice and treachery and evil deeds that he had ever at any time done to the Ulaid. He spoke these words then:

If it is Dubthach of the forked tongue,
He draws back in the rear of the host.
He has done nothing good
Since he slaughtered the womenfolk ?
He performed an infamous and terrible deed of violence
The slaying of Fiacha son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar.
Nor was fairer another deed that was heard of him
The slaying of Carpre fils de Fedilmthe.
It is not for the lordship of the Ulaid
That the son of Lugaid son of Casruba contends.
This is how he treats men:
Those he cannot kill he incites to do it.
Ulidia's exiles do not wish
That their beardless boy should be killed.
If the Ulaid come to you,
They will make your herds their spoil!
All your cattle will be driven afar
Before the Ulaid when they rise from their sickness.
There will be deeds of violence, reported in mighty tales

And queens will be tearful.
Men's corpses will be trampled underfoot.
Food will be in ravens' abode ?
Shields will lie flat on the slopes.
Furious deeds will increase.
I see how your womenfolk raise
Their heads above the warriors' shoulders.
I see your great queen
Who comes not to the fight.
The unvalorous son of Lugaid
Will not do any brave or generous deed.
No king will see lances redden
If it is Dubthach of the forked tongue who handles them.
Here ends " the scythed chariot ."

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 38.

Tiltyards. We translate so he Gaelic word lissu which also designates a space enclosed by a rampart around dwellings. Amok. The lay ascribed to the warrior of Ultonian origin named Dubthach confirms well indeed the nature berserker of the Hesus Cuchulainn. Forked. We translate so the Gaelic word doel which means, of course, backbiting in a figurative sense but by referring to an insect of a difficult to specify species, chafer kind or dung beetle (= common beetle) kind. Once again all occurs between Ulaid, what a funny "Irish " invasion army, " Irishmen " have only a token role there. How to doubt after that of the belonging to Ulster cycle of such a story? With such allies we not need enemies, many generals of our armies (for example in Afghanistan) could say. Carpre Fiacha and others (women, etc.). All that had to occur at the time of the terrible civil war which had devastated the Ulaid kingdom some time before, see previous chapters, the exile of much of the friends of our hero.

Chapter XVIII.

The death of Oengus, son of Oenlam.

Then a bold warrior of the Ulaid called Oengus son of Oenlam Gabe came up with the hosts, and he drove them before him from Moda Loga, which is now called Lugmud, to the ford of the two burial mounds in Fuat Mountains. Some learned men say that if they had come to Oengus son of Oenlam Gabe in single combat one after the other, two thirds of the host would have fallen by his hand. But that it is not what they did, an ambush was made around him on every side and he fell by them at the ford of the two burial mounds in Fuat Mountains.

The misthrow of the bird pass.

Then came to them the Ultonian Fiacha Fialdana to have speech with the son of his mother's sister, namely, Maine the quick of the Connaught, he came accompanied by Dubthach the Ultonian of the forked tongue. Maine the quick, moreover, came accompanied by Doche son of Maga. When Doche son of Maga saw Fiacha Fialdana, he cast a spear at him straightaway but the spear went through his own friend the Ultonian Dubthach of the forked tongue. Fiacha cast a spear at Docha son of Maga but it went through his own kinsman Maine the quick of the Connaught. They are badly aimed javelin casts which killed them, each one of them wounded his own friend and relation, said the Irishmen. Hence the title of "the Misthrow at Bird-pass" but "The other Misthrow at Bird-pass" is also a title for that.

Here now is the tale of the disguising of Tamon.

Then the Irishmen told Tamon the ? (gaélique druith) to put on Ailill's garments and his golden tiara and to go on the ford in front of them. So he put on Ailill's garments and his golden tiara and came on the ford in front of them. The Irishmen began to scoff and shout and jeer at him. "With you it is the coronation (tuige) of the trunk (tamon)", said they, "that to put on the clothes of Ailil and his golden tiara". So that story is called the disguising of Tamon, or the coronation of a stump. The Hesus Cuchulainn saw Tamon, and it seemed to him, in his ignorance and want of more information, that it was Ailill himself who was there. He cast a stone at him from his sling and killed him on the ford where he was.

So that the place is Ford of the trunk and the episode is called "coronation of the trunk" (tamon).

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 39.

Some learned men. One could better say the author of this compilation had consulted various manuscripts to carry it out. This episode was undoubtedly to be more developed, our "author" summarized it.

Another title? This remark clearly also shows that the author of the compilation consulted several manuscripts before writing his one. He also had probably besides summarized this episode. There is exactly the same phenomenon in the Bible. The mentions which follow...

" And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the nation had avenged themselves of their enemies. Isn't this written in the book of Jashar? (or of the righteous man?)" Joshuah chapter 10, verse 13. N.B. If right is well the good translation of Yashar, then the situation is not without a certain piquancy, because nothing is more imaginary than the event thus mentioned. It is unlikely (because if the earth had stopped turning around on its axis, so that the phenomenon of the alternation of the day and of the night is blocked, extremely serious disasters would then have occurred, and there would be geological or archeological or other, traces, a little everywhere, of such cataclysms) but that proves in passing that the author who copied that in the book in question, thought too, it is the sun which turns around the earth and not the reverse.

"Wherefore it is said in the book of the wars of Yahweh, what he did in the Red Sea, and in the brooks of Arnon" (Numbers chapter 21 verse 14). N.B. In passing, what can be these wars fought by a god of love??? Because God is love as each one knows (or would know it). 2 Kings chapter 14.

" Now the rest of the acts of Jehoash which he did, and his might, and how he fought with Amaziah king of Judah, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Israel? " (Verse 15).

" And the rest of the acts of Amaziah, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Judah? (Verse 18)...

Prove that the authors of this heterogeneous gigantic compilation (what comes to do with all that an almost atheistic book like the Ecclesiastes* or the erotic ode ** which is the Song of Songs?) did not note as it flies past (like the Muslims claim it in the case of their own Bible to them, the Quran), any divine word, but consulted various writings to compose theirs. By selecting in it only what they wanted, of course, and while leaving out what interested them less or what displeased to them.

* The end, the verses 15 and 16 of the chapter 12 "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is all Man. God will bring into judgment for every error, whether it be good or evil" is, of course, an addition to the original manuscript.** Between a young woman lusted after by King Solomon and a shepherd.

Tiara. We translate so the Gaelic word imscim. A tiara, a kind of crown? The Edil translates it by diadem but Eugene O'Curry (manners and custom of the ancient Irish 1873 cf. pages 193 to 211 devoted to the mind) is more dubious and thinks this ornament covered the head. Headgear therefore could be a better translation.

Trunk. There is, of course, a pun between the two possible meanings of the word taman in Gaelic: "a tree trunk or human trunk" but also "stupid people, big oaf." However all this story is due to the influence of medieval civilization (the feast of fools) and does not belong to the original Latenian civilization.

Chapter XIX.

The “ battle “ of Fergus and the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The armada of the four great provinces of Ireland encamped at the pillar- stone in Crich Ross that night. Then Maeve asked the Irishmen for one of them to fight and do battle with the Hesus Cuchulainn on the morrow. Every man of them kept saying: 'It will not be I who go. It will not be I who leave my place. No captive is owed from my people.' Then Maeve asked Fergus to go to fight with and encounter the Hesus Cuchulainn, since she was unable to get the Irishmen to do so. It would not be fitting for me, said Fergus, to encounter a young and beardless lad, my own fosterling. However when Maeve begged Fergus so urgently, he was unable not to undertake the duel. The night passed. Fergus rose early on the morrow and came forward to the ford of combat where the Hesus Cuchulainn was. The Hesus Cuchulainn saw him coming towards him.

With weak security does my master Fergus come to me. He has no sword in the sheath of the great scabbard. The Hesus Cuchulainn spoke truly. A year before this event Ailill had come upon Fergus together with Maeve on the hillside in Cruachan with his sword on the ground beside him, he had snatched in hiding the sword from its sheath, put a wooden sword in its place, and he swore that he would not give him back the sword until he gave it on the day of the great battle. I care not at all, my child (dalta) said Fergus, for even if there were a sword in it, it would not reach you and would not be wielded against you.

But for the sake of the honor and nurture I the Ulaid and Cunocavaros/Conchobar gave you, flee before me to-day in the presence of the Irishmen. I am loath to do that, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, to flee before one man on the foray of Cualnge. You need not shrink from doing so, said Fergus, for in exchange I shall flee before you when you will be covered with wounds and blood, pierced with stabs in the great battle of the driving off, and when I alone will flee, then all the men of Ireland will flee. So eager was the Hesus Cuchulainn to do whatever was for Ulidia's weal that his chariot was brought to him and he mounted it and fled in rout from the Irishmen. The latter attended the spectacle. He has fled from you! He has fled from you, Fergus! said all. Pursue him, pursue him, Fergus, said Maeve, let him not escape from you. Not so indeed, said Fergus, I shall not pursue him any farther, for though you may belittle that flight I put him to, yet of all who encountered him on the foray of Cualnge not one man of the men of Ireland did as much. So I shall not meet that man again until Irishmen have confronted him in turn in single combat.

That is called the Encounter of Fergus.

Here now is the story of the head of Ferchu.

Ferchu the exiled was not Ultonian but was of the Connaught. He was engaged in fighting and harassing Ailill and Maeve. From the day these assumed rule, he came not to their encampment on expedition or hosting, in straits or need or hardship, but spent his time plundering and pillaging their borders and lands behind their backs. At that time he happened to be in the eastern part of the plain of Aí. Twelve men was the number of his band. He was told that one man had been holding back and checking the armada of the four great provinces of Ireland from the first moon day after the beginning of Samon (ios) until the first day after Ambolc slaying one man of their number at a ford every day and a hundred warriors every night.

Ferchu took counsel with his men. What better plan could we carry out, said he, than to go and attack yonder man who is checking and holding back the four great provinces of Ireland and to bring back his head in triumph to Ailill and Maeve. Though we have done many wrongs and injuries to them, we shall obtain pardon thereby if that man falls by us. That is the plan they decided on. They came forward to the place where the Hesus Cuchulainn was, and when they came, ní fír fer ná comlond óenfir ra damsatar dó acht imsáiset na dá feraib déc fóe fa chétóir, they did not grant him fair play (fír fer) with single combats but all twelve of them attacked him straightaway. However the Hesus Cuchulainn fell upon them and forthwith struck off their twelve heads. Then he planted twelve stones for them in the ground and put the head of each one of them on its stone and also put Ferchú Loingsech's head on its

stone. So that the spot where Ferchú Loingsech left his head is called Cinnit Ferchon that is, Cennáit Ferchon the Headplace of Ferchú.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 40.

My family... some remains of collective responsibility perhaps.

Ward. We translate so the Gaelic word *dalta* which means literally foster son, ward, pupil or disciple. A year before. This time matches by no means to that indicated by the episode entitled "Fergus and Maeve, revenge from the husband" according to *Lebor Na hUidre* or book of the dun (the beginning of the chapter entitled, "the harrying of Cualgne"). Moreover it is not in this variant of the story Ailill himself who comes upon the two lovers (Fergus and Maeve) in red-handed of adultery, but his charioteer. Lastly, as regards the wooden sword it is Fergus himself in this case who had to improvise one of the kind, hastily, what then makes the deceived husband able to make fun of it in a speech with double meaning. The story was to belong to the comic episodes of this epic you could move here or there. Because there is much humor or irony in the Irish literature unlike the Bible or the Quran. And when I alone shall flee, then all the men of Ireland will flee. Once again let us repeat, with such allies Irishmen do not need real enemies, it is true that in the text in question they are a little childish but still ! They are so stupid that because of that it becomes laughable!

Samon (*ios*) in old Celtic. Samain in Gaelic language. The day before November 1st. *Ambolc*.

Ambivolcos in old Celtic. *Imbuilc* in Gaelic language. Breaks up into two terms, *Ambi* and *volcos*. *Ambi* (*imb*) intensive prefix = super, *volcos* (*folc*) = rain or lustration. *Fir fer*. *Fir fer*, literally rights (truth-justice) of the (armed therefore of the warrior, these human* rights did not yet concern the women at the time of course) man. It is a question of fair fighting i.e., by following some rules which guarantee the equality and the reciprocity of opportunities and which we will find besides in the later duels that they are judicial or for the honor. N.B. The famous Jarnac's strike in 1547. He was not regarded as unfair by the contemporaries but only, let us say, at the very least, as unexpected. Jarnac fooled his opponent with a feint and hit him with a slash to the hamstrings. And in connection with the trial by combat let us point out that this way of settling conflicts by directly calling for the deity, however, shows progress compared to the private revenge or to the law of retaliation. The rule number one of the fair fights is that the opponent must have every opportunity, or at least an opportunity to get out alive. If not it is no longer a fight but a (sheer) execution or a murder. The rule number 2, which rises from the first, is that the fight must be held in equal number (see the famous combat of the thirty in 1351) and therefore one against one in the event of a duel. By definition. The rule number 3 is that it is forbidden to use weapons against a man who does not have any. The rule number 4 is that there must be a minimum of equal opportunity, what excludes the combat of healthy male adults against women children or old men. The rule number 5 is not to strike from behind. The rule number 6 is that all the people knocked out are entitled at least to a first aid. As we will see it thereafter, we can indeed deduce from another passage of the great Irish saga dealing with the rustling of the cattle of Cualnge (the fight and the wounds of Cethern son of Fintan) that our master (Hesus) found apparently normal that the male nurses (*liaig*) also look after the casualties of the other camp. The thing being a part of the *Fir Fer* or human rights (of a man under arms) according to him.

N.B. the notion of equality of the weapons, on the other hand, seems to have been fuzzier. Each one having apparently the right to arm himself as he likes. Except so that there is therefore an imbalance really too obvious in this respect. But the example of the Celtic or of Celtic origin gladiators shows that the noticeable differences of armaments were not inevitably regarded as detrimental to the principle of equal opportunity in the ancient world. etc. Such were probably therefore the human rights (of the armed man) according to the Celts of this time.* In France they regularly forget that they are the human AND CIVIL RIGHTS, without distinguishing clearly what concerns the human rights or the civil rights or without a distinction between the two kinds is really made by the intellectuals dealing with policy. Perhaps are they not able to make such a distinction besides.

Twelve stones plus one apparently. It is obviously the frequent plan of the stone circle shaped megalithic monuments. Example that surrounding *Crom Cruach*, *Cromm Crúaich*, *Cenn Cruach* or *Cenncroithi*. These stone circles are PRE-CELTIC but the bard telling the story could not help ascribe this one to our hero.

Crom Cruach's name (old Celtic *croucacrumba*) takes several forms and can be interpreted in several ways. *Crom* (or *cromm*) means "bent, crooked, stooped." *Cenn* means "head." *Cruach* can be an adjective, "bloody, gory," or a noun, meaning variously : "slaughter" or "pile, heap, mound" even "a stack of corn" . Plausible meanings of this name include "the bloody crooked one," "the crooked stack

of corn," "the crooked one of the mound," "bloody head," "head of the stack of corn" or "head of the mound." The presence of the word head in its name would explain whereas it could suggest such a story to the later bards. The name of Crom Cruach is combined in certain documents with that of Crom Dubh without we can know clearly if it is the same thing or an equivalent. In his history of the druids of 1726 our great master to everybody John Toland noted what follows about it.

"The chiefest in all Ireland was Crom Cruach, which stood in the midst of a circle of twelve obelisks on a hill in Brefin, a district of the county of Cavan, formerly belonging to Leitrim. It was all over covered with gold and silver, the lesser figures on the twelve stones about it being only of brass; which metals, both of the stones and the figures they bore, became everywhere the prey of the Christian priests upon the conversion of that kingdom...The writers of Patrick's Life tell many things, not less ridiculous than incredible, about the destruction of this temple of Moysleet (Magh-Slecht), or the Field of Adoration, in Brefin; where the stumps of the circular obelisks are yet to be seen....The Bishop's See of Clogher has its name from one of these stones, all covered with gold (Clogher signifying "the Golden Stone"), on which stood Kermand Kelstach, the chief Idol of Ulster. The stone is still in being." N.B. Cermand Cestach was apparently a stone of destiny or an oracular stone or a stone which speaks of the same kind as the stone of Scone or Stone of Fal (lia fail). And this stone therefore was preserved for a long time in the porch of the cathedral of Clogher (county Tyrone) according to John Toland about it. A little in the same way that the statue of our Good Mother Earth was preserved for a long time inside or more exactly behind the church of Notre Dame De La Vie in Savoy. Other possible localization/identification. A decorated stone found at Killycluggin in county Cavan in 1921. An engraved stone bearing a representation of a walking man (a druid or St Patrick?) around Drumcoo in county Fermanagh. Etc.

Note about Stonehenge. Our position on the subject remains therefore unambiguous. Druidism is not iconoclastic. The great iconoclast religions were always Christianity (a certain Christianity at least) and Islam. Muhammad thought it right to re-use the pagan* temple of Mecca (the Kaaba) but after having completely ransacked it or vandalized it. He thought it right also to re-use the pagan rites of pilgrimage * which proceeded around, but while changing the meaning of them completely (stoning of the fictional character ** called Satan, of the almost as much imaginary Abraham and so on...). With regard to our latitudes, it is obvious that the former bards obviously recovered the megalithic monuments to use them in their stories and legends. Paganism being a religion of tolerance former druids also could very well re-use these monuments in order to make use of them at the time of various rituals remaining to be determined (see the case of Stonehenge). And what the former druids made the new ones too, of course, can do it. But it must be clear to everyone therefore that they are not Celtic monuments, and consequently built by the druids. That must be said and repeated in order to be known. Particularly in the case of Stonehenge. N.B. The principle is the monuments of another religiosity that ours must be respected. If they are reused, that must be done while respecting as much as possible their original vocation. Allah was the moon god in Mecca. And Hubal * the god of the lightning? The only problem it rises as such to neo-pagans is that in our latitudes moon is generally associated with the feminine and sun with the masculine, what changes the things completely. The interpretatio druidica of these deities is therefore difficult. Apart from that, since we are pagan, nothing human must be foreign to us. It is therefore perfectly permissible for us to perform various rituals involving the megalithic monuments of the ancestors of our ancestors. Because if one must respect one's ancestors, one must also respect the ancestors of our ancestors. Nothing in the efforts of Man to be linked with cosmic forces must be foreign to us. Interpretatio druidica of stone circles is always difficult. The description which was made for us, of Crom Cruach, a golden depiction surrounded by twelve other bronze depictions, made some authors thinking it was a figuration of the sun surrounded by the twelve signs of the zodiac. What would therefore make Crom Cruach a solar god. In what concerns us, it seems to us the references, in Dindsenchas, to human sacrifices in exchange for milk or grains, make him also a deity of fertility, playing a little the part of the lingam of our Hindu friends. What brings back us, of course, to the primordial couple formed by the sun god and the moon goddess or the opposite, the sun goddess and the moon god, and to the sexuality as a means of passing the life, hence its fundamental importance. We will return on the subject regarding our idea of marriages or of the various possible forms of family, in every case of the bringing up of the children being born from such unions, because it is well that which is at stake, what prevails it is the interest of the children, grown-up people it is another thing.

*Since it goes without saying that no temple could be ever built maintained repaired or raised in this place by the fictional characters that are Adam and Abraham. Completely imaginary as regards Adam that is sure. Perhaps not completely for Abraham but finally it is just similar. It is difficult to distinguish, beyond the mirages which surround his person, what can be part of an authentic historical core.

** Around us outside us there exist only ambivalent forces. There do not exist forces consciously and voluntarily only malefic or dedicated to evil. If evil exists (odious crimes, politicians for whom non-truth is as a second nature, intellectuals thinking immediately of zebras when they hear neigh, although not being in Africa, intellectuals seeing not the cow which is in the corridor but the cat which is behind, hubristic people always persuaded to know infinitely more than the ordinary citizens who are not people of media, etc.), now then it is in us, hidden or lying low in the subsoil of the heart of the alas human being. Too much human perhaps.

***Hubal was also one of the main gods of the Kaaba. The connections of his worship with that of Allah remain to be determined. Cf. see specialists in Middle Eastern archeology.

The combat of Calatin's clan.

Then Irishmen debated as to whom they should send to fight and do combat with the Hesus Cuchulainn at the hour of early morning on the morrow. They all agreed that it should be Calatin the bold one with his twenty-seven sons and his grandson Glas son of Delga. Now there was poison on each man of them and poison on each weapon that they carried; none of them ever missed a throw, and anyone whom one of them wounded, if he did not die at once, would die before the end of nine days. Great rewards were promised them for this fight and they undertook to engage in it. This agreement was made in the presence of Fergus but he was unable to dispute it; for they said to him that they regarded as not contravening to the rules of the duel the fact that Calatin the bold one and his twenty-seven sons as his grandson Glas son of Delga, will together take part in this combat, since he ensured that his sons were like the members of his body, and formed the same flesh with him, Calatin the bold one. Fergus came forward to his tent and followers and heaved a sigh of weariness. We are sad for the deed to be done tomorrow, said Fergus. What deed is that? asked his followers. The killing of the Hesus Cuchulainn said he. Alas! And who kills him? Calatin the bold, said he, with his twenty-seven sons and his grandson Glas mac Delga. There is poison on every man of them and poison on each of their weapons, none whom one of them wounds but dies before the end of nine days if he does not die at once. And there is not a man who should go to witness the encounter for me and bring me news if the Hesus Cuchulainn should be killed, to whom I would not give my blessing and my gear. I shall go there, said Fiacha mac Fir Aba. They remained there that night. Early on the morrow Calatin Dána arose with his twenty-seven sons and his grandson Glas son of Delga, and they advanced to where the Hesus Cuchulainn was, and Fiacha son of Fir Aba came too. And when Calatin reached the spot where the Hesus Cuchulainn was, they cast at him at once their twenty-nine spears, nor did a single spear miss its aim but the Hesus Cuchulainn performed the edge feat with his shield and all the spears sank half their length into the shield. That was not a misthrow for them but not a spear wounded him or drew blood. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn drew the sword which Bodua had given him from its scabbard to lop off the spears and so to lessen the weight of his shield. But while he was so doing, they went towards him and all together they smote his head with their twenty-nine clenched right fists. They belabored him and forced his head down so that his face and countenance met the gravel and sand of the ford. The Hesus Cuchulainn uttered his war's cry and the shout of one outnumbered and no Ultonian alive of those who were awake but heard him. Fiacha son of Fir Aba ran towards him and saw how matters were, he was filled with emotion on seeing a man of his own folk in danger. He drew his sword from its warlike scabbard and dealt a blow which lopped off their twenty-nine fists at one stroke and they all fell backwards; so intense was their effort, so tight their grip.

The Hesus Cuchulainn raised his head and drew his breath and gave a sigh of weariness, and then he saw the man who had come to his help. It is timely aid, my brother, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Though it be timely aid for you, it will not be so for us, for though you think little of the blow I struck, yet if it be discovered, the three thousand men of the finest of the Clan Rudraige that we number in the camp of the Irishmen will be put to the sword. I swear, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, now that I have raised my head and drawn my breath, that unless you yourself make it known, not one of those yonder will tell of it henceforth. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn fell upon them and began to strike them and to cut them down, and he scattered them around him in small pieces and divided quarters, east and west throughout the ford. One of them, Glas son of Delga, escaped by taking to his heels while the Hesus Cuchulainn was beheading the rest, the Hesus Cuchulainn rushed after him, and Glas came round the tent of Ailill and Maeve but only managed to say : 'debt, debt' when the Hesus Cuchulainn struck him a blow and cut off his head. To get rid of yon man did not take much time, said Maeve. What debt did he speak of, Fergus? I do not know said the latter, unless perhaps someone in the camp owed him debts and they were on his mind. However said Fergus, it was a debt of flesh and blood for him. But I swear indeed that now all his debts have been paid in full to him.

Thus fell at Hesus Cuchulainn hands Calatín the bold and his twenty-seven sons and his grandson Glas son of Delga. And there still remains in the bed of the ford the stone around which they fought and struggled and on it the mark of their sword hilts of their knees of their elbows and of the hafts of their spears. The name of the ford is Bloody Iron to the west of the ford of Fer diad. It is called Bloody iron because swords were bloodstained there.

Thus far the Encounter with the clan Calatín [according to the book of Leinster].

Book of the dun cow or Lebor na hUidre.

The fight with Mand.

Maeve sent Mann Muresci, the son of Daré of the Domnan, to fight against the Hesus Cuchulainn. Mand was own brother to Damán, the father of Fer Diad. This Mand was a violent fellow, excessive in eating and sleeping. He was scurrilous and foul-spoken like Dubthach Dóel Ulad. He was strong and active and mighty of limbs like Munremar son of Errcind. He was a fierce champion like Triscod, the strong man (trenfer) of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's household. I shall go forth unarmed and crush him in my bare hands, for I scorn to use weapons against a beardless whippersnapper. So Mand went to attack the Hesus Cuchulainn, with his charioteer, was on the plain keeping a lookout for the host. A man comes towards us, said Loeg to the Hesus Cuchulainn. What manner of man? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. A dark, strong, fierce man who comes unarmed. Let him go past, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Thereupon Mand came to them. I have come to fight against you, said Mand. Then they fell to wrestling (imtrascrad) for a long time and thrice did Mand throw the Hesus Cuchulainn, so that the charioteer urged him on, saying: If you were striving for the hero's portion in Emain, you would be powerful over the warriors there. Then Hesus Cuchulainn went into one of his famous (niad) trances (ferg) or warlike fury (bruth míled), and he dashed Mand against the pillar stone, while shattering him into fragments. Hence the name plain of Mandachta, that is, Mand Échta, which means the death of Mand was there.

The next day Maeve sent twenty-nine men to Hesus Cuchulainn's bog. Fuliarn is the name of the bog which is on this side of the ford of Fer Diad. These men were Gaili Dana (?) and his twenty-seven sons and his sister's son, Glas son of Delgna. At once they cast their twenty-nine spears at the Hesus Cuchulainn. Then as they all reached for their swords, Fíacha son of Fir Faba came after them out of the encampment. He leaped from his chariot when he saw all their hands raised against the Hesus Cuchulainn, and he struck off their twenty-nine forearms. Then said the Hesus Cuchulainn : 'What you have done is timely help.' But even this little is in breach, said Fíacha, of our covenant for us Ulaid. If any one of them reaches the encampment alive, our whole company will be put to the sword. I swear, etc. said the Hesus Cuchulainn, that now that I have drawn my breath, not one of those men will get there alive. Thereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn killed the twenty-nine men, with the two sons of Ficce helping him in the killing. These were two brave Ultonian warriors who had come to exert their might against the Irish host. That was their exploit on the foray until they came with the Hesus Cuchulainn to

the great battle....In the stone in the middle of the ford, there is still the mark of the boss of their (twenty-nine) shields and of their fists and knees. Their twenty-nine headstones were erected there.

End of the passage appearing in the book of the dun cow and return to the book of Leinster.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 41.

Calatin. The case is a little odd. It is not too much known if this claim to do one single character were founded on an objective material element, Siamese twins kind, or if it were only a pun. The fact that Fergus ought to be forced to say nothing seems to confirm there was well an objective element founding more or less the claim in question. But what is certain it is that Calatin was not really a normal and ordinary man, rather a monster, that the Christian authors, of course, immediately associated with druidism or more precisely with the druidry which played a little at the time in the collective imagination of a Christian society of dark centuries type in the bad meaning of the word, the role ascribed today to the inevitably still racist ultra-right-wing : i.e., to be the cause of everything which is a trouble in our society, every trouble is the result of its evil and multiform influence. A little like the devil besides. Evil = racist ultra-right-wing. Now then during the Middle Ages Evil equated druidism (druidry). To return from there about Calatin, here what MacKillop says to us in his dictionary of Celtic mythology.

“ Cailitin, Calatin. An Irish wizard or druid, perhaps of Fomorian origin, friendly to Medb, who does battle with and is defeated by Cúchulainn. Cailitin travels with his twenty-seven offspring, and may be called ‘Clan Cailitin,’ but insists on being regarded as a single warrior as all have sprung from a single body. They study sorcery in Alba [Scotland] and make every throw of their poisoned spears a direct, lethal hit. Each is mutilated, with the left hand and right foot missing...Cailitin’s widow shortly afterwards will give birth to sextuplets, three sons and three daughters, all hideous and pernicious-looking...Medb has the children will train in the black arts so that they may wreak vengeance on Cúchulainn. This they do by assuming different shapes and luring the hero into danger, including the battle in which he is slain.”

Comment of the author of this compilation. The piece of evidence that they are of the ultra-right-wing it is well they have no left hand, no? Let us say more seriously than the fact they are one-legged and one-armed, what does not prevent them from being frightening fighters, connect them with the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorach in Ireland. Is it necessary to laugh at it?

* Definitions to be meditated: “ the racism they are the others” and “the evil everyone is against but the only problem it is that we don’t agree about what it is!”

Whatever the piety of a true Celt, the idea to make proselytism does not come to his mind. He thinks of changing neither the beliefs, nor the worships of others, even less to eradicate them. At most true druids seek to understand them. What a contrast with the proselytism of the Christian activists who, starting from the fourth century, installed in the manners of the time a mentality tending to eliminate all that pointed old worships out!

He left his sword. Who that he? The syntax of the text is not very clear but it can be only our hero, not Fiacha. Finally, perhaps. Something is obviously missing. As for this sword that the Bodua or goddess of engagements had given him. We would have liked to know a little more. However to my knowledge there exist no other text developing this information. But there was well to be some of themLet us not forget that what exists currently in the Irish libraries or records, it is only the tip of the iceberg, all the rest was destroyed by the Christian Parabolani of the Middle Ages. It is besides also why there remain only fragments of many Greek or Latin ancient authors like Celsus Porphyry of Tyre or the emperor Julian in spite of the extraordinary interest of the ideas that they developed.

CRIMES AGAINST THE SPIRIT.

Study of the Renan Circle on the subject (written by Gys-Devic).

"It is commonly said, Alphonse Dain admits, that Umar's soldiers completed burning in the Serapeum of Alexandria what remained of the former libraries of this famous city. I believed at one time this hearsay. I must apologize here": the books of the Serapeum were FIRST ransacked by the Christians of the bishop Theophilus. Let us specify that there were in Alexandria two libraries, that of the Bruchion (central district of the city) which was destroyed in 273 by Aurelian at the time of the capture of the city (Ammianus Marcellinus XXII, 16,15), and that of the Serapeum destroyed in 391. Orosius, the author of the "history against the pagans ,» writes in 417 that in passing in Alexandria, he saw the book chests which "had been emptied by our men in our own day" (armoria librorum... exinanita ea a nostris hominibus nostris temporibus (book VI, chap. XV)). The report is quite former to the Muslim conquest which dates back to the middle of the seventh century.

Comment of the author of this compilation: let us say that caliph Umar finished or completed the work (of vandals) began by the Taliban, hem, sorry, the Christian Parabolani .

Recognition of Christianity as official religion by Constantine witnessed descend upon the ancient world an era of religious intolerance that had not experienced the polytheistic civilizations of Greece and Rome. Temples considered as "error temples" were closed authoritatively, then closed down and often destroyed. Only the buildings changed into churches were safeguarded (the Parthenon, the Temple of Concordia in Agrigento, the Pantheon in Rome.). The statues, considered as "Evil's dens," were mutilated, then broken or buried. Notes of the author of this compilation : exactly as the Taliban did it by dynamiting the famous and priceless Buddhas in Bamian. In a parallel way, were laid by the emperors Theodosius II in the East, Valentinian III in the West, about 450, the legal foundations generating measures which deprived us of the almost totality of the ancient authors. They show among the diehard elements of Christians a state of mind cause of a pitiless bowdlerization practiced by the monks over the manuscripts during a period which lasted more than a thousand years. The manuscripts of the historians had to cross to reach us a double blocking: a legal barrier lined with a church censorship.

In short, the systematic destruction of secular works by the diehard elements of Christianity was not limited to marble and stone wonders. At the same time as the artistic heritage, the cultural heritage was endangered: papyruses and parchments suffered as much.

The "Christianization" of History was done slowly, and by stages.

In 448/449, Theodosius II in the East, Valentinian III in the West, promulgated an edict ordering the burning down of all that Porphyry, or any other person, had designed against the saint worship of the Christians, affirming not to want that the works likely to put God in anger and to harm the souls, come to the attention of men (Codex Theodosianus, XVI, 6,66; Codex Justinianus I, 1,3). Consequently were laid, we have said, but repeter = ars docendi, the generating legal foundations of measures which deprived us of the almost totality of the ancient authors, by removing the endangering manuscripts and by exerting pressures on the owners of such documents. They showed in the Christian masters a frame of mind which generated the destruction or the purge of the monuments of some non-religious literature, that being related to the theater and especially to the History. As of the second century appeared the idea that only the bad emperors could persecute the faithful of Christ. This tendency was met among the apologists, Tertullian, Melito of Sardis, Lactantius... In parallel, it was endeavored to make the historians suitable for, then, through them, "to Christianize" the history itself: they began with interpreting the texts in a Christian sense, then, crossing a new step, they adapted them. The Jewish Antiquities of Flavius Josephus were - more or less - interpolated, and a very free Latin translation of the Jewish War known as Hegeppus was worked out . The Roman History of Cassius Dio was shortened by the monk Xiphilinus. That was, of course, possible only from the fourth century, when the supremacy of the new religion was secured over the other worships. Jerome tolerates pagan literature only insofar as it is an instrument for exegetes. The principle of the use of classical authors according to the interest of the new faith leads to a sorting and therefore straightly to a purging of the texts. From the fourth to the sixth centuries, followed one another in the East the Church Histories by Eusebius of Caesarea, Socrates, Sozomenus, Theodoret. In the West, people studied history henceforth only through the new authors as Orosius. A friend of St. Augustine this priest wrote a work in seven books against the pagans, a universal history since Adam until the year 417, which practically supplanted, during all the Middle Ages, the accounts of the historians of previous centuries. The latter, after being purged, anathematized, were thus forsaken. In 447, Pope Leo I recommended removing and burning down the works in disagreement with sincere truth. Besides, the moral and social

disintegration which followed the barbarian invasions and the break-up of the Roman empire contributed to the forgetting of knowledge of classical ages; the schism between the West and the East still worsened this decrease of civilization. All the intellectual life withdrew in some monasteries which thus got monopoly as regards manuscripts. In the sixth century monks were very ignorant, and completely unfamiliar with what we call the studies. *Amplius invenies in sylvis quam in libris* was a proverb among them. And to engage in studying non-religious letters would have been like apostasy. The mouth which repeated the praises of Christ could not utter the impious songs inspired by the demon. See the letter of Gregory the Great to Desideratus, bishop of Vienne. Also we do not let be allured by the word "library." Any cluster of books, large or small, was called a library. In the west, the catalog of the convent of Bobbio enumerates only a very small number of pagan works. The library of the Abbey of Corvey in which the Mediceus prior was discovered (containing the Annals of Tacitus) had hardly 300 volumes, of which very few pagan authors. John of Salisbury reported as an unquestionable tradition that the pope Gregory the Great made burning the palatine library in Rome, and ordered the destruction of the non-religious books. And whoever reads, resumes Machiavelli in his book devoted to Livy II, ch. V "the methods used by Saint Gregory and the other heads of the Christian Religion, will see with what obstinacy they persecuted all the ancient memorials, burning the works of the poets and historians, ruining statues, and despoiling everything else that gave any sign of antiquity. So that, if to this persecution they had added a new language, it would have been seen that in a very brief time everything [previous] would have been forgotten." This elimination of the ancient literature was in addition supported by a). The Image quarrel, which dominated the scene of Byzantium during more than one century (from 726 to 843); which made iconoclasts allowed destroying many libraries; their behavior was justified by the fact that many manuscripts were decorated with illuminations. The basileus Leo III the Isaurian was the initiator of this iconoclasm. The first measures were taken after the terrible underwater eruption which made a new island emerging between Thera (Santorin) and Therasia, during summer 726. Leo III viewed in that the effect of the divine anger against idolatrous worship (at least according to the History written by the patriarch Nikephoros) and decided to act. One night, he made faggots piled up around the Academy of Constantinople, and fired them : 30.000 volumes, of which several were single, went up in smoke. b) the carelessness of the monks themselves. The handover of what survived of the ancient works was carried out through monasteries, become by elimination of all others the only centers of culture during the Middle Ages. They hold little by little the sum of our knowledge, have the monopoly of the preservation of the existing manuscripts; the monks carrying out alone the copying of the parchments. By them the texts considered to be non-orthodox are checked. For these scribes as for the Westerner Rufinus, to correct a non-orthodox text was to act piously. Piety (Christian of course) prevailed over all other principles. Scholars of the time consequently handed down only what was necessary for them. "During the amount of time so badly known which separates the end of the Antiquity of the Carolingian Renaissance, at the moment when the Greek culture could have disappeared in the West, the Vivarium Library and the Lateran Library preserved of it what was considered to be essential to the scholars ," namely the best exegetes of Greek patrology and the work of Flavius Josephus because of the *Testimonium flavianum*.

It is necessary for us thus to give up the legend of the Celtic Christian monks as St Columba of Iona spending their nights copying the ancient authors and saving them for posterity: the only writings they copy are the writings of the Fathers.

In the West, in the 10th 11th centuries, the ancient authors do not have worse enemies than the monks, especially those who had undergone the Clunisian reform. The main cause of disappearance, during the first Middle Ages, of so much Greek or Latin works, it is neither the rush of the Barbarians, nor the flame of the fires, but, on a culture already frozen and become withdrawn on itself, the development of a complex mentality resulting from Christianity. That the Barbarians had destroyed neither Catullus, nor Tacitus, we saw it well later while discovering these authors in the book chests of the convents. Neither the hordes nor the fire were responsible for their long silence. While Virgil, Christianized, Ovid, interpreted and Cicero, half-converted, triumphed in the schools, the writers considered to be resistant to the adaptations according to the faith, were forsaken, then forgotten. Also, when from Petrarch, Fra Giovanni Giocondo, Giovanni Boccaccio, William Bude, even Erasmus, people like John Toland began to seek the rare old manuscripts, to study them and to publish them, the specialists measured the extent of the shipwreck, the huge part of the ancient literature which had been ransacked.

Besides on the occasion of his Commentary on the verse 74 of the song XXII of Dante's divine comedy , Benvenuto da Imola, delivers to us the following anecdote in connection with his old Master Giovanni Boccaccio.

“ He said that when he was in Apulia, being attracted by the fame of the place, he went to the monastery of Monte Cassino...being eager to see the library, which he had heard was splendid, he humbly besought a monk to do him the favor to open it. The latter, pointing to a lofty staircase, he answered stiffly, ‘Go up; it is open.’ Joyfully ascending, he found the place of so great a treasure without door or fastening; and having entered, he saw the grass growing upon the windows, and all the books and shelves covered with dust. And, wondering, he began to open and turn over, now this book and now that, and found there many and various copies of ancient and rare works. From some of them whole sheets had been torn out, in others the margins of the leaves were clipped, and thus they were greatly defaced. At length, full of pity that the labors and studies of so many illustrious minds should have fallen into the hands of such profligate men, grieving and weeping he withdrew. And coming into the cloister, he asked a monk whom he met, why those most precious books were so vilely mutilated. The man replied that some of the monks, wishing to gain a few ducats, cut out a handful of leaves, and made psalters which they sold to boys; and likewise of the margins they made some small pieces of writing which they sold to women. Now, therefore, O scholar, rack your brains in the making of books! “

NB. The Latin word that Longfellow translates with the word ducat is solidos. In other words, pence. Leopold Delisle announces us how the manuscripts of the library of the abbey in Corbie were scattered since the 16th century: “Monks had become ignorant to the extent that, on their own admission, the majority did not understand even the words that they recited or that they sang during the services. Hence the unforgivable negligence. There were some priors giving indiscriminately ancient volumes to their friends and turning a blind eye on shameful misappropriations.”

This rapid overview of the medieval society shows how much it was clouded by the consequences of an intolerant mentality which in one thousand years led to the destruction of the monuments and of the books of Pagan antiquity. Then little by little was established a disinterest which made it possible the established authorities to change the surviving monuments into careers, and to let be deteriorated the few manuscripts which lay in the monasteries.

RENAISSANCE.

Petrarch (1304-1374), a sworn enemy of the scholastic, was the promoter of the systematic exploration of the libraries, or of what was used as a library. This young poet aspired to an ideal of beauty and truth that the world which surrounded him could not offer to him; he turned then to the past and sought in the memories of Antiquity the sense of human freedom, then ignored by Christianity. The lover of our beautiful Provence and of the nymphs of the Groseau spring, plunged into the research of the old authors, particularly of Cicero; he became the first antiquarian hunter of manuscripts, traversing the intellectual centers of Western Europe, stopping at all the monasteries, forming an information network: his first discovery was the Pro Archia of Cicero in Liege in 1333. He thus recovered some dialogs of Plato, some works of Homer, a pitifully mutilated Quintilian, the Natural history of Pliny the Elder, some speeches and epistles of Cicero of which the complete collection of his letters to Atticus and Quintus discovered in Verona. Petrarch had there a friend, Guglielmo da Pastrengo, he also antiquarian hunter of manuscripts. Then appeared names of works buried for a long time, of which the Augustan History, a collection of works reporting the lives of the Roman emperors since Hadrian (117-138) until Diocletian (end of the third century). Petrarch caused the hatching of a whole generation of humanists, like him some antiquarians hunters of manuscripts, who saved about all that could be saved in Europe. Among them, the famous Giovanni Aurispa (1370-1459), better known to have brought back many manuscripts of Greece, started to explore some Western libraries. Leaving Basle in the summer 1433, he went down the Rhine to Mainz, and discovered there in addition to some books by Pliny the Elder, twelve Latin panegyrics, of which one of them handed down to us the Constantine vision appeared in the famous temple of Apollo Grannus (in Grand), one manuscript of a work unknown of his contemporaries (who knew only the vision of the Milvius Bridge).

But the discovery of the manuscripts starting from the Renaissance did not carry inevitably their distribution, the church authorities continued to be on watch ; thus the pope Pius V, a former Dominican and great inquisitor, forbade Sirloto, librarian of the Vatican Library to pass an Eunapius Rhetor on the French scholar who required it to make a copy. The argument called upon was that this manuscript was a book impious and evildoer *.

The diocese of Rieux was not very wide, and the duties of the bishop were not very heavy. One day, he received a letter of Erasmus asking him to lend him a manuscript of Flavius Josephus. The author of the Praise of Folly prepared then an edition of Josephus for the Froben brothers, and, while making

sought everywhere manuscripts which could contribute to establishing it, he was informed that the scholar bishop of Rieux had one of them. The letter was intercepted. We could not read it, but the name of Erasmus was a reasonable evidence of the heretic nature of the missive. Flavius Josephus being the only Jew who had spoken about Jesus Christ, they wondered what these anglers of manuscripts could well bring back to their nets. The bishop, in spite of his age and his rank, was summoned, was immediately accused of heresy and was required to make the reading of it before the assembly of the Parliament. The letter was read twice before the Parliament, the second reading having been required because the honorable members knew Latin little. Fortunately, the letter had been written with the prudence that Erasmus always put in writing, and huge was the disappointment of these excessively devout people. The manuscript of Velleius Paterculus, discovered in 1515, after this date was mislaid or lost, almost at once after its discovery therefore. It belongs to these hardly foreseen disappeared phantom manuscripts. N.B. On the other hand, we know at least 275 manuscripts of Orosius, the oldest going back to the 6th century.

Closer to us still, Michael O'Clery, in 1631, in his dedication and his foreword of the Book of Invasions (the version K of the Lebor Gabala Erenn) did not specify in black and white.... Translation from Irish, and notes caught over the phone, the reader will forgive us the poor quality of the text that follows. Dedication.

"I, brother Michael O'Clery, with the permission of my superiors, I have undertaken to purge errors, to rectify and transcribe the old chronicle named Book of Invasions, so that it is in the glory of God, in honor of the saints and of the kingdom of Ireland, and for the satisfaction of my own soul.... The 22nd day of October, the corrections and the drafting of the Book of Invasions were begun and, on December 22nd, the transcription was completed in the convent of the brothers named above, in the sixth year of the reign of King Charles over England, France, Scotland and Ireland, in the year of Our Lord 1631 (Fr Michel O'Clery). Foreword.

"It seemed to a part of the people and to me, the poor simple brother Michael O'Clery, of Tirconnel, one of the brothers born in the district of the convent of Donegal, whose heritage, received of my ancestors, is the state of the chronicler, that it would be a charity on behalf of an Irishman, to correct, compile and rewrite the old and the honored chronicle, which is named the Book of Invasions, for these reasons. First reason: My superiors having charged me with collecting the Lives and Genealogies of the Irish saints...it seemed to me that the book of which I spoke was incomplete without the correction and the drafting of the Book of Invasions above-indicated, because this one is the original source of the history of the saints, of the kings, of the noble and of the Irish people. Another reason again. I knew that men educated English and Latin had begun to translate this Irish chronicle from Gaelic into these languages said above, and that they did not have a rather deep knowledge of Gaelic to have been able to gather without ignorance nor mistake, difficult or easy parts of the aforesaid chronicle; and I had a presentiment that the translation that they could make would necessarily be (for lack of knowledge of Gaelic), an eternal reproach and dishonor for the whole Ireland and particularly also for his chroniclers. It was for these reasons that I undertook, with the permission of my superiors, to correct and compile this book, and to join together there, by extracts of the other books, all that was missing as regards history and other sciences, as well as we could, have regard to the space of time that we had to write it.... We did not want to speak of the first order of the Creator, the things created, the heavens, the angels, the time and the great uncreated mass with which the Divine will alone, in the six days work, formed the four elements and all the animals living on the ground, in the water and the air, because it is up to theologians to deal with these things and because we do not consider any of them necessary to our work, with the assistance of God. It is by the men and the time only, that we consider suitable to begin our book, i.e., since the creation of the first man, Adam, of whom we follow the descendants, our ancestors, in their blood line, from generation to generation, until the term of our enterprise which stops at the end of the reign of... etc." Henri Lizeray does not seem to find that serious**, we uns, yes!

Notice of the author of this compilation: Henry Lizeray seems to us really severe with what regards Catullus.

* In this field the Christian Taliban of the late Antiquity or of the Middle Ages behaved as the French journalists with respect to the politicians whom they do not love a) or like in Russia where certain famous photographs were depopulated by dint of erasing on them the political adversaries one wanted to see no longer appearing in them. However when we see the little of relevance often of the vocabulary which they use in the title of their articles or even in the body of the text of the aforesaid articles, we can only wonder about the level as well as about the form of their intelligence (analytical, synthetic, mathematical, empathic or other). A great progress of democracy would be there to clearly

distinguish information journalism from opinion journalism. Both being perfectly legitimate on the condition not claim to be the other one.

a) But who can boast of knowing the ideas of a party and even of his leader if he did not study patiently and in an almost exhaustive way their declarations, in parallel with their actions? Most of the time they are therefore the generally accepted ideas that one ascribes to these politicians, whether it is to serve them or to harm them. As said it very well in short cable 07 Paris 306, of the American Embassy revealed by late WikiLeaks: "The private sector media in France – print and broadcast - continues to be dominated by a small number of conglomerates, and all French media are more regulated and subjected to political and commercial pressures than are their American counterpart... These journalists do not necessarily regard their primary role as to check the power of government. Rather many see themselves more as intellectuals, preferring to analyze events and influence readers more than to report events."

** Here is the account of the Leabar Gabala. It is a wonder that this work, of which importance exceeds that of the Annals of Ireland, did not already tempt a translator. The cause is a not very reassuring expression which was deceptive for O'Donovan himself when he read it in the foreword of O'Clery. This author said, indeed, that he had corrected, expurgated and drafted. But the cuts, far from harming the work, are advantageous for it, because they were practiced on the repetitions and mainly on the biblical interpolations. O'Clery indicates to us the nature of these preteritions when, at the end of his foreword, he says that he will overlook what relates to biblical creation and other inventions. May this work draw the attention to Celtic studies, too much for a long time neglected for the Latin classes. It seems that the ideal of our professors is to make their pupils Romans of the Augustan age, and, actually, the moral ideas of our young people do not rise above the level of a Horace or a Catullus. Notes by the author of this compilation: Henry Lizeray seems really severe with regard to Catullus.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 41 continuation.

The debt, the debt. Debt is said "Fiacha" in Gaelic language. It is therefore a pun as there are many in Gaelic. What Glass wanted to say, of course, it is that Fiacha, the son of Fir Aba, had betrayed them by helping Setanta Cuchulainn. But as Fiacha also means debt in Gaelic, Maeve thought of anything else, and Fergus, who had well understood, as for him, was careful not to undecieve her. Fer Diad's father. It should be understood that the Domnans are the people or the line of descent of which he is a member. In fact, it is the Domnones of Great Britain or Ireland (Cornwall and Devon, area of Glasgow, County Mayo). We have a very good illustration there of the fact that we really should not take literally all the "son of" or meic, mac, of our texts. They are not there to indicate a true filiation but to designate an ethnic or clannish membership. A little as when we speak about our country and his children dead in the war killed in action, etc. Yes, my brother, we should not always take everything literally in a text made sacred by and for men. It is necessary to take into account the ways of being expressed. A human language it is not a mathematical language (the various Zeno's paradoxes showed it well), it is a symbolic language which can therefore vary during the ages from where the quite human but crass deep stupidity consisting in always understanding literally a saying written down, therefore frozen, 2000 years ago. And as a human language it is also a way of thinking, we must) to fight against the worrying phenomenon which is the death of more and more natural languages (increasingly frequent case with the Globish which is a road roller all the more effective as it is generally moved by opportunism and pushiness * (selfishness is tremendously implanted in the mind of human beings) and which succeeded the cultural imperialism of the ancient or medieval Greek and Latin. b) to support the maintaining and even the renaissance of the beautiful languages that are Navajo, Gaelic, Cree, Welsh, Ojibwa, Samoan, Hawaiian, even Romansch in Switzerland Friulan in the North-East of Italy, Basque in Spain and in the north of the Pyrenees, Catalan in south-east of France as regards Europe and so on... It is necessary to be in favor of biodiversity in the linguistic field because each language is a way of thinking, of viewing the world, some poetry, really, at least in the best of cases, of course, because the jargon of the stock exchange or of the bankers is it hardly (precautionary principle, what will happen when there is only a way of thinking on Earth?) It is perfectly exact that all civilizations are not equal but any human language which disappears impoverishes the common cultural heritage of Mankind since there is no superior race.

c) to develop the practice of the more logical and neutral great international communication languages, which are Esperanto Ido or Interlingua even Swahili ? because as we saw it, every human language is a poetry of life. Our ancestors had well understood it and they used it to manipulate crowds under the name of "rhetoric" or "art of good speech." It is well besides one of the rare things which our politicians retained of their civilization: the art to manipulate or mislead voters by saying what it is necessary for that.

N.B. The case of the divine genealogies is different, such meic, mac, are there to indicate the relation of cause and effect being able to exist between concepts, according to the druids, of the kind "Devotion daughter of " " Safety daughter of Prudence " (it s better indeed to be safe than sorry)...

* To look more intelligent, to go up higher in the hierarchy of one's company, to sell more songs (that there are languages more beautiful than others...is a generally accepted idea, and stupidly accepted, without reflection, because every language can be beautiful and admirable... when you have talent to illustrate it), in short always to earn more money glory and power. Motivation without any doubt of the French citizen who was elected president in 2007 with the objective complicity of the majority of the media people (they have not revealed the serious faults of the personality of the candidate who presented himself in front of the citizens to be elected whereas they were of a wild objectivity with respect to the other competitors then in the running . A situation, it is true, rigorously opposite five years later; five years, the time that all these media people realize their mistake perhaps. From where once again the need for being careful not to have one-way thinking or a doctrinal approach. What is to be cultivated it is not the intellectual conformism (see all the taboos and what is left unsaid in the small world of the French media*) but the critical thought , the human brain which "thinks hard ."

* Let us add that this lack of intellectual honesty of the media people who confiscate information and monopolize debates, explains mainly why it is so little spoken (to find there the most democratic solutions possible) of the big challenges which await Mankind in the years to come (global warming, renewable energy, controlled degrowth , development of religious obscurantism, personal dictatorships or totalitarianism based on the religion....etc.)

Imtrascrad. It is a form of wrestling similar to the glima still practiced in Iceland (we say well Iceland) or to the gouren in Brittany. In other words, a Celtic wrestling as there can be in Great Britain.

Gaili Dana??? The men of Gaili?? The Gaili???

Twenty-seven . That resembles furiously the story of Calatin above. It is therefore a duplicate. That shows well in any case the way of working of the medieval Gaelic bards. Basic ideas then adapted ad infinitum by changing the names and circumstances). There is exactly the same thing in the Bible with the story of Goliath. Killed by David when he was a child or by a captain of the guard of the become adult King David according to the passages (1 Samuel 1,2 Samuel 21). N.B. It goes without saying we are not stupid enough for swallowing explanations of the type "yes but it is because there were two Goliath!" With regard to the duplicate which worries us, it is clear that its version such as it is recorded in the book of the dun cow is cut down of various passages compared to that of the book of Leinster. It is missing for example the passage in which our hero is almost drowned in the ford. And others.

Etc. And yes, and the words to say it appearing here in our text are not in Gaelic language but in Latin: et reliqua.

Chapter XX. The Encounter with Fer Diad.

Then the Irishmen considered what man should be sent to fight in a duel with the Hesus Cuchulainn in the hour of early morning on the morrow. They all said that it should be Fer Diad mac Daman son of Daré, the brave warrior from Fir Domnann for comparable even equal was their power of fighting and combat. They had learned the martial arts as well as the handling of the weapons in the same academies, at Scathache Uathache and Aife, and none was stronger than the other except than the Hesus Cuchulainn handled the lightning spear (gae bolga). Nevertheless to counterbalance that, Fer Diad had a coat of horn to fight with warriors on a ford. Then messengers and couriers were sent for Fer Diad. Fer Diad refused and denied and again refused those messengers. He did not come with them, for he knew what they wanted of him, which was, to fight with his friend and companion and brother in arms, the Hesus Cuchulainn son of Sualtam, and so he refused to follow them. Then Maeve sent satirists (druith) wizards (glamma) and some troublemakers (crúadgressa) for Fer Diad that they might make against him three satires or three lampoons, and that they might raise on his face three blisters, shame, blemish and disgrace, so that he might die before the end of nine days if he did not succumb at once, unless, of course, he came with the messengers. For the sake of his honor Fer Diad came with them, for he deemed it better to fall at the time of a combat characterized by courage prowess and bravery than by the shafts of a satirist a wizard and a troublemaker. When he arrived, he was greeted with honor and immediately served, with pleasant-tasting, intoxicating liquor was poured out for him until he was intoxicated and merry. Great rewards were promised him for engaging in that fight, namely, a chariot worth four times seven cumala, the equipment of twelve men in garments of every color, the equal of his own domains in the best arable land of the plain of Ai, freedom from tax and tribute, from military service in the castle and from expedition for him, for his son and his grandson and his great-grandson and so on to the end of time, Findabair as his wedded wife, and in addition the golden brooch in Maeve's mantle.

Maeve spoke the following words and Fer Diad answered her:

You will have a reward of many bracelets
And your share of plain and forest
Everything freely held in allodial tenure by your posterity
From today forever,
O Fer Diad son of Daman.
You will have beyond all expectation.
Why should you not accept What others accept?

I shall not accept it without surety,
For no warrior without skill in casting, am I.
It will be an oppressive task for me tomorrow,
Great will be the exertion.
Fight the Hound known as of Culann
Is a cruel and hard task It will not be easy to resist him
His force is a true scourge.

You will have warriors as a guarantee.
You will not be obliged to go to assemblies
Into your own hand shall be given
Fine steeds and their bridles.
O valourous Fer Diad,
Since you are a fearless man,
You shall be my favorite
Before all others and free of all tribute.

I shall not go without sureties
To engage in the battle of the ford.
Its memory will live on till doomsday
In full vigor and strength.

Noco géb ge ésti,
Gera beth dom résci,
I will not accept anything which is???
Anyone who asks ??
Without an oath by the sun and the moon
The sea and the earth.

What avails you to delay it?
Swear as may please you,
by the right hand of kings and princes who will go surety for you
And right hands of kings or princes
Will join yours for that
There is here somebody who will take nothing to you quite to the contrary ?
You will have all that you ask,
For it is certain that you will kill
The man who comes to encounter you.

I shall not accept without at least six sureties
And not one of less
Before performing exploits
In front of all the joined together army.
If what I ask is granted
Then I shall accept, although I am not equal,
To fight in a duel
With the pitiless Hesus Cuchulainn.

Domnall or Carpre
Or bright Niaman of plundering,
Even the bardic folk,
You will have as sureties, however.
Take Morand as a security,
If you wish for its fulfillment,
Take gentle Carpre of the Isle of Man
And take even our two sons.

O Maeve, great in boastfulness !
The qualities of the bridegroom [of your daughter] even do not interest you.
You are undoubtedly the guardian of the cattle
In the fortress of Cruachan
You speak loud and clear and great is your fierce strength (nert)
Bring me some satin with shimmering colors (santbrecc)?
Give me your gold and your money
For you have offered them to me.

Are you not the chief hero
To whom I shall give my circular brooch Forever,
There cannot be longer length.
O strong and famous warrior,
All the finest treasures on earth
Will thus be given to you,
You shall have them all.
Finnabair Object of all the passions ??
The queen of the West of Elga,
When the hound of the Smith Culann has been slain,
You will have, O Fer Diad.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 42.

The encounter with Fer Diad is a very moving piece because of the friendship that have, one for the other, the two adversaries who nevertheless don't spare themselves and of whom one will end up killing the other. The latest to date of the warriors who according to our epic fought against the Hesus Cuchulainn a singular combat, Fer Diad, was a member of the tribe of the Fir Domnann. Thus being like the Hesus Cuchulainn of Brittonic origin, he was to be a member of the same people as our hero, even to be his relative, a distant cousin in a way: tu mh' aicme tu mh' fhine , says besides the Hesus Cuchulainn to Ferd Diad. Let us add that they had learned martial arts in the same "military" academy, that directed with an iron fist by Queen Scathache. According to d'Arbois de Jubainville it would be there an addition to the initial version of the myth for two reasons.

First reason is that the speech of Sualtam the foster father of the Hesus Cuchulainn, informing Ulaid of what happens, four chapters after, seems to be unaware of it. Second reason is that in this episode our hero bears a helmet (cathbarr) and an armor (lurech). Whereas in all the other episodes before (except for one) he has only a shield as a defensive weapon.

Perhaps but, however, the fact remains that helmets, armors and even coats of mail, were known by the warriors of the Latenian civilization.

Some words on Fer Diad now. The name Fer Diad as that of Cuchulainn (Setanta) is in fact only an epic nickname under which the true name is hidden, so well hidden that it was forgotten. Fer Diad in reality means "Last warrior" or "Ultimate Warrior" because he is the one who, belonging to the camp of Maeve, will fight the ultimate singular combat against the Hesus Cuchulainn.

One of the Celtic people of Great Britain in the Roman Empire was Dumnonii settled in the far south-west, where are today the counties of Cornwall and Devon. Dumnonii were Celts of the Brittonic branch, gens Brittona, as says Solinus, 22,7. They had three settlements: one in the northern area of Great Britain; another in the northern area of continental Brittany. But other Dumnonii had in the past gone to settle in Ireland in the northern part of Connaught, where is today County Mayo, an area called because of them during the Middle Ages campus Domnon and Domnan. It is in this Irish settlement known as Irros Domnann that remained the Fir Domnann of the time.

N.B. As for the initial name of the Hesus Cuchulainn in epic, here what d'Arbois de Jubainville says of it. Setanta is the Irish pronunciation of Setantios, singular nominative of Setantii, name of a people of Great Britain from which comes a geographical term, Setantiwn limhn, port of Setantii, which indicates a bay located opposite Ireland, on the Western coast of Great Britain. We can hardly determine rigorously at which latitude this bay was. Forbiger hesitates on this subject. Elton in his Origins of English history puts it close to Lancaster and thinks that Setantii formed a tribe of Brigantes. Brigantes were one of the main people of Great Britain, their territory bordered in the east on the North Sea and in the west reached the channel which separates Great Britain from Ireland; Eburacum, York, appears to have been their chief city; they had a settlement in Ireland in the south-eastern area of this island around Wexford. It is they who brought into Ireland the name Setanta.

And Aife. Mention which is not really consistent with the chapter on the training of the young Hesus Cuchulainn where Scatache and Aife are rivals even enemies.

Satirists. We translate so the Gaelic word druith which means "jester or buffoon" but according to the edíl or electronic dictionary of the Irish language certain jesters could also act as satirists. The curses that they cast on somebody were supposed to make the three enormous fatal boils which were the shame the dishonor and the disfavor appear on his face. A ready-made phrase to understand in the figurative sense, just like the expression "to die of shame" of course. To blush with shame, on the other hand, can be more than a simple image, the shame feeling can lead to a dilation of the blood vessels of the face.

Gan chobach, gan dúnad, gan slúagad. Obvious influence of the medieval civilization. Let us not forget that in the Middle Ages every lord in exchange for the stronghold he received from his suzerain, owed him some services, thoroughly codified: participation in his council if necessary, so many days of combat or of rides in the year, etc. what Maeve proposes to Fer Diad it is to give him a stronghold with an excellent land but also free of all these obligations, in other words, a freehold a little similar to that of Ecrehos, given in 1203 to the Cistercian monks by John, king of England for the ones, Landless for the others (the brother of Richard Lion-hearted really !) France contended with the United Kingdom for this frank almoign in 1953 besides (see International Court of The Hague, Minquiers and Ecrehos case). The monks have since given up their rights over this principality to a French citizen called Jean-Pierre, Irene, Tailllefumire.

Freely held in allodial tenure. Seigniorship which is held with no duty towards any suzerain or sovereign as it was the case of Yvetot in Normandy. Its first lord was a jarl to whom Rollo had entrusted this territory and the lords of Yvetot benefited from all the privileges of sovereignty up until 1551. Therefore almost an independent principality like Grace Kelly's Monaco. The "Almost" is obligatory because in the case of the principality of Boisbelle-Henrichemont close to Berry if my memory is correct it was pled and judged in the 18th century that it was nevertheless subjected "in law" to the Crown. The doomsday. A Christian formulation has perhaps replaced here the pagan concept of "end of a cycle." Strabo attests that the druids considered precisely an end of the world through fire and water. All the question is to know if this end of the world were for them final or if it were only the necessary condition to the birth of a new world.

"By the sun, the moon, the sea and the earth" and "by the sky, the sea and the earth" are two of the usual oath formula among Celts in Ireland. One could not better say the importance they attached to these elements. Today, on the other hand, people take an oath on the clusters of obscure paper sheets covered with scrawls (how many trees it was necessary to cut down for that ?) called Holy Bible or Holy Quran therefore finally on a product of human work. Whereas nevertheless the letter always kills the spirit (it is besides why the former druids categorically unadvised writing down the oral literature relating to metaphysics or spirituality).

The six sureties. Let us remind that in the ancient Celtic society, the State not being as far-reaching as today, in the event of conflicts, people relied especially on the intervention of guarantors beforehand chosen, on the intervention of an arbitrator (a judge chosen and accepted by the two parties like Morand) to get what was owed to you.

Forever. Ó'ndiu co tí domnach. Literally "from today until Lord's day" in other words "from today until Doomsday." The Lord's day (domnach) is not a simple Sunday as Cecile O'Rahilly translates it. On the question "end of the world or end of a cycle" to see note a little higher.

Object of all the passions. We convey in this way the Gaelic expression na fergga which has every probability to be used here only for the needs of the rhyme (ah these bards). Let us remind in passing that Findabair is the Celtic equivalent of the Welsh Gwenhwyfa, in other words, Queen Guinevere.

Today Jennifer. A beautiful first name. Its meaning, on the other hand, is more doubtful. We find in it the stem Vindo = white = beautiful, but the rest is more problematic. White Phantom? Beautiful Phantom, Beautiful form?

Lastly, Fer Diad took on a commitment to Maeve that he should fight with six warriors at the same time on the morrow, or if he deemed it preferable, with the Hesus Cuchulainn alone. He obtained from her, as he had wished, she asked then these six warriors to swear, on their honor, so that the promises which had been made to him are well fulfilled if the Hesus Cuchulainn were to fall at his hands. Then his horses were harnessed for Fergus, his chariot yoked and he came forward to where the Hesus Cuchulainn was that he might tell him how matters were. Our hero made him welcome. Welcome is your coming, Master Fergus, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. I deem that welcome trustworthy, my boy, said Fergus.

But the reason I have come is to tell you who comes to meet you and fight with you at the hour of early morning tomorrow. Let us hear it from you then, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Your own friend and companion and foster brother, the man who is your equal in feats of arms and prowess and great deeds, Fer Diad son of Daman son of Dare, the brave warrior of Fir Domnan. By my conscience, shouted the Hesus Cuchulainn, it is not to encounter him we wish any friend of ours to come. That is why, said Fergus, you should be on your guard against him and prepare for him, for not like the rest who have encountered you and fought with you in single combat on the foray of Cualnge at this time is Fer Diad mac Daman son of Dare. I have been here, however, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, checking and holding back the four great provinces of Ireland from the first Moon day after the beginning of Samon (ios) until the day of Ambolc, and in all that time I have not gone a step in retreat before a single man. Still less shall I retreat, I think, before him.

O Hesus Cuchulainn obviously accomplished warrior (comal nglé)

I see that it is time for you to rise.

Fer Diad son of Daman of the ruddy countenance

Comes here to meet you in his wrath.

I am her, no easy task,
Strongly holding back Irishmen.
I never retreated a step
In a single combat.

Fierce is the man who is boiling with warlike rage
With his blood-red sword.
Fer Diad of the many followers has a horn armor
Against which no fight or combat can prevail.

Be silent, do not argue this matter,
O Fergus of the mighty weapons.
Over every land and territory,
There is not fight against odds for me.

Fierce is the man with scores of deeds of valor,
It is not easy to overcome him.
There is the strength of a hundred in his body, brave is the hero.
The points of weapons pierce him not, the edge of weapons cuts him not.

If we were to meet at a ford,
I and Fer Diad of well-known valor
It would not be a fight without fierceness;
Our sword fight would be wrathful.

I should prefer above reward,
O Setanta Cuchulainn of the red sword,
That you should be the one to take eastwards
The spoils of proud Fer Diad.

I vow and promise,
Though I am not good in vaunting,
That I shall be the one to triumph
Over the son of Daman son of Dare.

It was I who collected the forces from the east,
In reparation for the wrong done me by Ulaid,
With me came from their own lands,
Their heroes and warriors.

Were Cunocavaros/Conchobar not in his sickness,
The meeting would be hard.
Maeve of the Plain in Scail ? has never come
On a more uproarious march.

A greater deed now awaits your hand
The fight with Fer Diad son of Daman.
Have with you O Setanta Cuchulainn,
A weapon harsh, hard, and famed for that in poems.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 43.

About Samon (ios) and Ambolc see our previous counter-lay. Let us add nevertheless that this mention of Monday in such a chronology should not be trivialized. It is to be the day and even more precisely the night "of the moon," the druidic calendar of Coligny not being only solar but lunisolar. Comal nglé Comal means in Gaelic something like "luminous achievement." All the question is to know if this achievement has a restricted sense (warlike) or broader (man).

Ford. In connection with the omnipresence of the fords in all this series of duels. In Paris formerly duels proceeded in a meadow, so often that it is become proverbial. It should be believed that among ancient Celts they took place in the middle of a ford.

Fergus came forward to the encampment. Fer Diad went to his tent and his followers and told them how Maeve had obtained from him a covenant whereby he would fight and encounter six warriors on the morrow or else fight and encounter the Hesus Cuchulainn alone if he should prefer. He told them too that he had obtained from Maeve a covenant whereby she should send the same six warriors to fulfill the promises that had been made to him if the Hesus Cuchulainn should fall by him. That night the men in Fer Diad's tent were not cheerful, tranquil, joyful or merry, but they were sad, sorrowful and downhearted ; for they knew that when the two heroes, these two battering rams making breaches in the enemy battalions, encountered each other, one of them would fall or both would fall, and if it were one of them, they believed that it would be their own lord, for no easy matter was it to fight and encounter the Hesus Cuchulainn on the foray of Cualnge. Fer Diad slept heavily at the beginning of the night and when the end of the night was come, his sleep departed from him his drunkenness left him, and anxiety concerning the fight preyed upon him. He ordered his charioteer to harness his horses and to yoke his chariot. The charioteer began to dissuade him. It were better for you to stay here than to go there, said the driver. Hold your peace, charioteer, said Fer Diad. And as he spoke, he said these words and the servant answered him what follows.

Now let us go to this encounter
To contend with this man,
Let us reach the ford
Above which the [war goddess] Bodua will shriek.

Let us go to meet the Hesus Cuchulainn,
To wound him through his slender body,
That a spear point may pierce him
So that he may die thereof.

It were better for you to stay here.
No smooth speech will you exchange.
There will be one to whom sorrow will come.
Your fight will be short.

An encounter with a noble of the Ulaid
Is one from which harm will come.
Long will it be remembered.
Woe to him who goes on that course!

Not right is what you say,
For diffidence is not the business of a warrior
And we must not show timidity.
We shall not stay here for you.
Be silent, charioteer.
We shall presently be brave.
Better is strength than cowardice.
Now let us go to the encounter.

Fer Diad's horses were harnessed and his chariot was yoked, and he came forward to the ford of combat though as yet day with its full brightness had not come. Well, charioteer said Fer Diad, spread the coverings and rugs of my chariot beneath me that I may sleep a heavy fit of slumber here, for I did not sleep during the last part of the night with anxiety about the fight. The servant unharnessed the horses then unyoked the chariot, and Fer Diad slept his heavy fit of slumber on it. As for the Hesus Cuchulainn now, he did not rise until the day had dawned on him with its full brightness lest Irishmen should say that it was fear or cowardice that caused him to do so if he rose early. But when the day came with its full brightness, he bade his charioteer to harness his horses and yoke his chariot. Good my lad, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, 'harness our horses for us and yoke our

chariot, for an early riser is the warrior appointed to meet us, namely, Fer Diad son of Daman son of Dare. The horses are harnessed, the chariot is yoked. Mount the chariot then. There is no reproach to your valor.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn son of Sualtam mounted his chariot, the blow-dealing, feat-performing, battle-winning, red-sworded hero, and around him bánanaig & boccánaig & geniti glinni & demna aeóir, the bananach the bocanach the geniti glinni and demons of the air shrieked, for the gods (or demons therefore) of the goddess Danu used to raise a cry about him so that the fear and terror and horror and fright that he inspired might be all the greater in every battle and field of conflict and in every encounter to which he went. Not long was Fer Diad's charioteer there when he heard something: a noise and a clamor and uproar, a tumult and thunder, a din and a great sound, namely, the clash of shields, the rattle of spears, the mighty blows of swords, the loud noise of the helmet, the clang of the breastplate, the friction of weapons, the energy of martial arts (dechraidecht na cless), the straining of ropes, the boom of wheels and the creaking of the chariot, the hoof-beats of the horses and the deep voice of the hero and warrior as he came to the ford to meet him. The servant came and laid his hand upon his master [to awake him]. 'Well, Fer Diad' said he, arise for they are coming to us. And the servant spoke these words:

I hear the sound of a chariot
With fair yoke of silver;
I perceive the form of a man of great size
Rising above the front of the strong chariot.
Past Bregros and past Braine
They advance along the road,
Past the locality of the sacred tree,
Victorious is their triumph.

A clever hound drives,
A bright chariot fighter sits enthroned in it ?
A noble hawk lashes his steeds
Towards the south.
Bloodstained is the hound.
It is sure that he will come to us.
We know, let there not be silence about it,
That he comes to give us battle.
Woe to him who is on the hill
Awaiting the worthy Hound.
Last year I foretold
That he would come at some time,
The Hound of Emain Macha,
The Hound with shape of every color,
The Hound of spoils, the Hound of battle.
I hear him and he hears us.

Well, charioteer, said Fer Diad, why have you praised that man ever since you left your house? It is almost a cause of strife that you should have praised him so highly. But Ailill and Maeve have prophesied to me that man would fall by me, and since it is for a great reward, he will be destroyed shortly by me. But now it is time for help. He spoke these words and the squire answered him:

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 44.

Demons of the air. As we already have had the opportunity to say, it is a Christian addition annotating geniti-glinne. Perhaps winds like the Circius or norther wind in Provence. It is in this manner that former druids explained the phenomenon echo. The Greeks as for them, viewed rather behind the action of various nymphs. It is a matter of mentality.

So that the fear and terror and horror and fright that he inspired might be all the greater. The psychological warfare was therefore not unknown to ancient Celts. One could not better say indeed that all these war cries were intended to frighten the enemy. Servant or squire. We convey thus the

Gaelic word "gilla."The sacred tree. Bile.Old Celtic billios. Cf. old French bille = block or log of the skidders (I know the trade, my father practiced it with his GMC when I was a child about 1960).
Toponyms: Billy (Antrim) Movilla (Down), Billy and Billom in France, etc. A sacred tree... or a kind of totem.

Towards the south or towards the right. For the ancient Celts north matched the left hand and south the right hand (when one faces the rising sun, therefore when one looks towards the east).

The hound. To compare somebody with a hound was a flattering compliment in the ancient Celtic society. And by no means an insult as in the Bible or in the hadiths of Islam. We wonder well besides what this poor animal had been able to do against God to deserve such treatment: namely to be regarded as an impure animal. Whereas there is no more impure animal than man!The pact of reciprocal services concluded between man and dog dates back in fact so far in time that we cannot situate the beginning of it. It is probable that the commensalism relation was established before archeological evidence make it possible to have first traces of it.

Men began to live with dogs there are several thousand years before our era, therefore before even the appearance of agriculture and breeding. Two archeological vestiges dispute the primacy of the relation between man and dog as well as the first trace of taming, both estimated between 12000 and 10000 years before our era, i.e., at the end of the paleolithic (whereas the domestication of cattle dates back to 6000 years before our era and that of horses 4000 years before our era). They show that the dog indeed was the very first pet and that it is well the oldest conquest of man.The bringing together between man and dog was mainly that of two predatory species, having become aware of the interest which they had to cooperate to carry out the success of their hunting.Very quickly, man understood the advantages he could draw from the fantastic qualities of this animal: senses more sharpened than them his, bodily faculties more adapted to hunting, endurance higher than his and socialization made easy by the instinctive will of integration of dogs. The confidence which man for a long time has in dogs, found its origin and its confirmation in the tested fidelity of the latter, in his completely disinterested devotion to the person and to the possessions of his master for the defense of whom he seldom hesitates to sacrifice his life.Men of paleolithic, living in a more or less wandering way, undoubtedly were often confronted with wolves. Serious competitors, men and wolves always found themselves on lands full of game, adopting hunting in groups or in packs. The similarities go still further, the active type of hunting going as far as conditioning the socialization and the hierarchization of the tribe or of the pack, any group activity requiring a worked-out communication.We can think that men used the wolf cubs they found to bring up them, to eat them in a period of food shortage, even for the guard of their encampments. They could also represent some help at the meetings of hunting. First men also had, of course, to use wolf cubs like bait to kill the surrounding wolves representing a threat or an embarrassment. With this presence of young wolves began, of course, the taming. The adoption of young wolf cubs by the first men would have made it possible the animals to be accustomed to human beings, to prefer his presence and to then express their qualities of street sweepers (to use the given up leftovers and the rest of the hunting of first men), trackers, hunters and guards, even quite simply of heating covers!The first part of the hound was to be a reliable detector of danger against a rival tribe or a dangerous animal (bear, lions...). He quickly became, of course, a hunting assistant by showing his large competences in this field; he also had a not very glorious first role that to be used as food stock, while following the tribe and making it possible this one to turn a bad corner at the time of hard winters. Vestiges of osseous remains accompanied by traces of chewing on game bones suggest a use of the hounds as guards of the encampments or the Neolithic villages, and as an active taking part in hunting. In Atlas massif a scene of hunting for the ostrich was discovered, in which the human protagonist is accompanied by a pack of hounds. In the Tassili-n-Ajjer , a rupestrian work reveals for the first time the later function of the dog, the war.The dog, chronologically first pet of Man, had indeed the misfortune to be his first assistant in the wars and he remained during several thousand years at his sides at the time of the engagements. If it became a common place to note the presence of dogs at the sides of warriors and soldiers since the remotest times, his use was always the subject of a remarkable logic: the war dog was trained so much on the offensive mode that on the defensive mode with the aim of saving the forces of his master and increasing his abilities for the combat.Man quickly knew how to use sensory, physical and characterial qualities of dogs. He will use his great abilities to the attack and will use him as a genuine offensive weapon, ready to kill on order.

At the beginning of the Christian era, for various reasons, Romans gave up the use of war dogs, whereas their adversaries continued to employ them. Celtic, Cimbrian and Germanic big dogs then became the terror of the legionaries in combat.

The tribes of Northern Europe were indeed they also great users of attack hounds. These people maintained true hordes of hundreds of animals, probably some bloodhounds, like the famous Vertragus of the Celts (drawing his name from his speed and having the appearance of a tall greyhound with long hairs) like the mastiff of the race of the great Danish dogs coming from Belgium or from British Isles (themselves coming from Jutland, a peninsula in Denmark). The first known Celtic attack hounds are announced in 121 before our era on the Roman front directed by the consul Domitius against the Arvernian prince Bituitus. After the defeat of the latter in the plain of Vindalium, it is said that the hounds remained faithful to the corpses of their masters (poor animals, they were undoubtedly worth better). The Roman troops had to exterminate them to reach their spoils. The Latin poet of the first century Gracilius Firmicus even reports in his writings that during a battle the Epirian mastiffs of the Roman legions opposed savagely but vainly to the British dogs of the Celts. Celts often lead dogs to combat in pairs, bound one with the other and even equipped with armors, the neck furnished with necklaces provided with enormous long and pointed nails. They were trained to finish off the casualties or to tackle the cavalry by inflicting cruel bites to horses. Celtic and German leaders always had at least one of these war dogs as bodyguards, they were never left at the time of the engagements. Appian affirmed that among Celts as among Cimbrians, kings and princes had dogs to carry out the guard of their person. Celtic wars " He [Bituitus] was followed by attendants likewise arrayed, and also by dogs; for the barbarians of this region use dogs also as bodyguards " [excerpt from Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the embassies: §10. 121 before Common Era]. The Celtic-Germanic armies (Cimbrians, Teutons and Ambrones) had a use of the war dogs close to that of the Celts in the usual meaning of the term. The Roman troops of Marius, in 101 before our era, destroyed Cimbrians near Vercelli in Italy with much difficulty, because of the presence of many war dogs, those refusing to abandon the corpses of their masters and their possessions.... During all this period, the dog was therefore a full-fledged fighter, disorganizing particularly enemy ranks. His impact on the confrontation was enormous, mainly because of the primitive nature of the defensive armament of the soldiers. There is no doubt this period was that when the war dog was most effective and most frightening in the attack.

Later, at the time when the Roman empire of the East gradually withdraws, many ancient military traditions regress. The heavy cavalries prevail facing the legions accompanied by packs of mastiffs. But the Arab conquests also contributed to the least use of the war dog. In some hadiths dog is indeed an animal, we wonder well why, seeming even more impure than pigs.

Later still war dogs were used by Spanish as torturers and as "miracle cure" to make the captured Indians confess the hiding place of their riches. They were used thereafter and until the 19th century, alongside the progressive installation of the maritime powers in all the new world, as specialists in the manhunt, for example at the time of the tracking of fugitive slaves in the (French) Reunion Island organized by François Mussard in the 18th century.

N.B. The use of the war dog under these conditions consequently reaches heights of cruelty, sadism and cruelty! It emphasizes the worst traits of mankind.

One of the last known uses of the war dogs took place on May 11, 1745, with the battle of Fontenoy in Belgium. Leading the first regiment of [British] Guards, an officer, Charles Hay, encouraged first his men by wanting to make fun of the French. Getting out a small flask of alcohol, he drank to their health. By seeing this British showing such an amount of unconsciousness, a French officer, the count of Anterroches, believed whereas it was an invitation to fire off. He made him an answer probably near to this one: " Gentlemen, we never fire first ; fire yourselves." What the English did, of course, hence an immediate rout in the French ranks. The troops of the duke of Cumberland, using their attack dogs, caused many difficulties to the first French lines of the marshal Maurice de Saxe. Besides one of these dogs, "Mustapha," was allocated a life pension by King George II for his feats of arms. The duke had indeed engaged in a bold maneuver by deeply crushing into the French lines using infantrymen accompanied by insular packs of mastiffs. King Louis XV had to commit himself personally in order to reverse the situation! Fearing that French Army is cut into two, the marshal de Saxe thus launched at once violent counter-attacks which ended up stopping the British. Forced to reorganize defensively, British and Hanoverian regiments then adopted a rectangle position with three closed sides. Then seeing appearing around 1 p.m. the first French reinforcements led by Lowendal, the duke of Cumberland ordered finally the retreat to Vezon. N.B. It is besides during this maneuver that the Irish regiment of Bulkeley succeeded in seizing the flag of the second regiment of the [British] Guards.

August 25, 1907, a Celtic cross, offered by a subscription of three Irish committees, in London, Dublin and New York, was besides unveiled close to the church of Fontenoy in order to commemorate this

feat of arms. A marble plate reminding the courage of this Irish brigade (the wild geese), gift of Frank J. Sullivan in San Francisco, was also affixed besides on the wall of the cemetery in Fontenoy.

Interesting in this respect because very revealing are the words ascribed to the ones and the others, in addition to the famous one and rather idiot: "Gentlemen, fire first yourselves" (a thing never to say except if it is with a precise aim able to pay at the tactical level).

"I will go to Paris or I will eat my boots." Statement ascribed to the young duke of Cumberland (son of George II).

"See what it costs to a good heart to win victories. The blood of our enemies is always blood of men. True glory is to spare it." King of France Louis XV (to his son, Louis-Ferdinand).

It is time now for help.
Be silent, do not praise him.
It was no deed of friendship,
Betrayed me not whereas
I move up to the front line ?

If you see the hero of Cualnge
With his famous feats,
Since it is for a reward,
He will soon be destroyed.

If I see the hero of Cualnge
With his proud feats ?
He does not flee from us
But towards us he comes.
Though skillful, he is not sparing his pains.
He runs and not slowly,
Like water from a high cliff
Or like a swift thunderbolt.
So much have you praised him
That it is almost a cause of a quarrel.
Why have you chosen him
Since you came forth from your house?
Now they appear ????
Now they are challenging him ?
But none come to attack him
Let us save coward churls ???

Not long was Fer Diad's charioteer there when he saw something: a beautiful cúicrind cethirind, five-edged ? four-wheeled ? chariot approaching with strength and swiftness and skill, with a green awning, with a compact framework of narrow opening, in which extraordinary weapons were exhibited, a framework tall as a sword blade, fit for great deeds, behind two horses, swift, high-springing, big-eared, beautiful, bounding, with flaring nostrils, with broad chests, with lively heart, high-groined, wide-hoofed, slender-legged, mighty and violent.

On one side of the shaft of the chariot was a gray horse, broad-thighed, small stepping, long-maned. On the other side a black horse, flowing maned, swift coursing, broad-backed. Like a hawk to its prey on a day of harsh wind, or like a gust of the stormy spring wind on a March day across a plain, or like a furious stag newly roused by hounds in the first chase, so were the two horses of the Hesus Cuchulainn in the chariot, as if they were on a white hot (tentidi) flagstone, so that they made the earth flying behind their hooves and made it tremble with the speed of their course.

Hesus Huchulainn arrived at the ford. Fer Diad remained on the southern (right) side of the river, the Hesus Cuchulainn stayed on the northern (left ?) side. Fer Diad made the Hesus Cuchulainn welcome. Welcome is your coming Hesus Cuchulainn, said Fer Diad. Until now I have always trusted that welcome from you, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, but today I trust it no more. And it were fitter that I

should welcome you rather than that you should welcome me, for it is you who have come to the country and province in which I dwell, and it was not right for you to come and fight a duel with me, whereas me I have the duty to do it, because you drive before you my womenfolk and youths and boys, their horses and their steeds, their droves and flocks and herds.

And you, Hesus Cuchulainn, said Fer Diad, what caused you to come and fight with me? For when we were with Scathache and Uathache and Aife ? you were to me like a serving man who used to prepare my spears and dress my couch. That is true indeed, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, but it was because of my youth and lack of age I had used to act thus for you. But I changed since and I am not thus any more because there is not a warrior in the world I could not drive off today. And then each of them reproached the other bitterly as they renounced their friendship, and Fer Diad spoke these words , the Hesus Cuchulainn answered him these.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 45.

Something: a beautiful cúicrind cethirind, five-edged ? four-wheeled ? chariot. The first known war chariots are funerary chariots of Andronovo civilization, in current Russia and Kazakhstan around 2000 before our era.

This civilization is influenced by that of Yamna. Its sites are strongly fortified, men practice in them bronze metallurgy on a level ever reached before, and the funerary practices are kinds of anticipation of the Aryan rites known by the Rig Veda. Chariots besides will be an important component of the mythology of Indo-Iranians and of Hindu mythology, as Persian mythology: the majority of the gods of Persian Pantheon are represented on a war chariot. The Sanskrit word for a chariot, ratha, is common to all Proto-Indo-Europeans to designate the wheel.

Considering the cultural and spiritual relationship which connects the two furthest parts of the Indo-European universe, there are few doubts the idea of the spiritual role of the chariot was not very different among Celts. Many are the descriptions besides, especially in Irish mythology, of magic rituals ascribed to chariots and the first of them, that of the circumambulation, which, tripled, gives this war weapon a power still strengthened.

Decisive innovation making it possible the manufacture of light chariots, to which men can harness horses for the battle, was the invention of the wheel with spokes and rim (around 2000 before our era therefore). At that time horses could not carry the weight of a man during a battle. War chariots are therefore very effective on a flat and clear battle field, they decide the outcome of the wars, during nearly seven centuries (see the famous battle of Kadesh). Then, horses increasing little by little in strength and in size, and the techniques making possible horsemanship developing, chariots will be supplanted by the cavalry, and will have only a civilian use, in particular play (races of chariots continued in Constantinople until the sixth century of our era).

Celts were manufacturers of famous chariots; the word chariot comes besides, through Latin carrum and old French, from the Celtic carros.

These chariots were very handy and made it possible to combine the agility of the essedarian (chariot's driver, name coming from the Latin word esseda designating the chariot) with the solidity of the infantryman. Indeed, the chariots of this type always comprised two passengers: a driver and a fighter. The combatant never hesitated to dismount to face the enemy while the driver of the chariot stood ready to take him again, for then escaping if necessary.

This strategy of war chariots was in particular used by [Great] Bretons against Caesar in - 55. Besides they will use war chariots until the beginning of the third century. It is probable indeed that it was still used by Caledonians against the legions of the emperor Septimius Severus at that time. N.B. In Ireland, the fight with a chariot is apparently a tradition which remained longer.

The excavation of the chariot graves discovered in the Belgian Ardennes has made us able to know more on Celtic chariotry. The Celtic chariots with two wheels of the Latenian period (they had four wheels in the Hallstattian Civilization) are harnessed with two horses, and are about two meters broad on four meters long. Iron rims are probably a Celtic invention. Except the rims and the iron parts of the basket, chariots were made out of wood or wicker. Sometimes, iron rings strengthen the ties. Celts bring another innovation, which is the free axle, suspended from the platform by bonds. Celtic chariots were therefore much more comfortable on an irregular ground.

The effectiveness of the Celtic chariot was, obviously, dependent primarily on its mobility, explainable by its lightness. The team which proceeded to the excavations of Libremont, established its total weight did not exceed 99 kilograms. They were vehicles, contrary to the funerary carriages, of pageantry or transport, equipped with two ringed iron wheels. The basket was made out of light sawlogs, equipped with slatted sides themselves out of wooden or wicker, and carried a warrior as his charioteer. Anne Cahen-Delhayou estimates the basket was also equipped with sides and that, according to the analyzes, material used for their making was commonly a flexible wood, particularly some ash, whereas Irish accounts as for them, very frequently evoke the willow. The excavations carried out in the Belgian graves also prove that, for the most part of the cases, the basket rested in the front, on the shaft and was hardly prolonged behind beyond the axle in order to prevent the load resting too much on the floor behind the wheels. As for the team itself, it consisted of two horses who resembled more the Shetland pony than our modern blood horses. The reconstitution, in July 1992, under the aegis of the Museum of Celts, in Libramont, of a war chariot identical to those found in the burials, made specialists able to make a Celtic team of the Latenian time live again. But the Haflinger ponies, 1,40 meters tall at the withers, appeared much too tall for the small Celtic chariot in which the basket, that should have been ideally in horizontal position, was dangerously inclined. The experiment therefore made Belgian historians able to deduce from it the "horses" of our ancestors hardly exceeded 1,20 meters at the withers. Some ponies all in all.

If there is a field which appears essential when one comprehends the Celtic, and particularly warlike, world, in general, it is, of course, that of aesthetics, symbology and magic. The three aspects being consubstantially linked in a people regarding war as an art and as a sacred art in addition. Celtic craftsmen, who attached the greatest importance to the realization of the armament, and therefore had become masters in all the arts of metallurgy, left us true treasures among which British parts of harnesses covered with triskelions and encrusted with enamels, or this extraordinary pony cap discovered at Torrs (county Galloway in Scotland): a masterpiece of pageantry decorated with two horns probably added after its making, and perforated with a central opening perhaps intended to receive a plume. The historian Florus, as for him, gives an account of a war chariot entirely covered with silver. The discovery in the depths of lakes as in Anglesey, or in marshes as in Ireland, of many elements of harnessing of war ponies and of chariot fragments, symbolically "killed" and sacrificed to the gods, eminently proves the belonging of these weapons to the field of the sacredness. Magic objects as much as prestige objects, chariots undoubtedly also make the warrior who is the owner of, at least in the accepted wisdom, able to get to the Other World, that of eternal youth. Doesn't Anne-Cahen-Delhayou inform us that on the continent, the graves of chariot warriors themselves were directed in a systematic way according to an East-West axis, with the cavities of the two wheels towards the west, there, precisely, where the island Celts located the Tir na n'Og or the famous Avalon island of the Arthurian cycle? Archetypal solar symbol the chariot is therefore also psychopompous. "It represents the set of the cosmic and psychic forces to lead; the driver is the spirit who directs them. Chariots appear in the Vedic tradition as the vehicle of a soul in the making. They carry this soul for the length of an incarnation." At least according to the dictionary of symbols of Gheerbrant and Chevalier.

FER DIAD. What has led you, little Hound of Culann,
 To fight with a strong champion?
 Your flesh will be blood red
 Above the steam of your horses.
 Woe to him who comes as you do!
 It will be as vain as the kindling of a fire from a single log of firewood. You
 will be in need of healing
 If you reach your home.
 THE HOUND OF CULANN.
 I have come before warriors,
 Like a wild boar from the herd,
 Before troops, before hundreds,
 To thrust you beneath the waters of the ford
 In anger against you and to prove you
 In a many-sided encounter
 So that harm may come to you
 As you defend your head.
 FER DIAD.

There is here on who will crush you.
It is I who will slay you,
For it is I who can.
The defeat of their great hero
In the presence of the Ulaid,
May it long be remembered,
May it be to them loss.

THE HOUND OF CULANN.
How shall we meet?
Shall we groan over corpses?
On what pool shall we fight
As we meet on the ford?
Shall it be with hard swords
Or with strong spear points
That you will be slain before your hosts
When the time has come?

FER DIAD.
Before sunset, before night,
Mádit éicen airrthe ???
Whatever the difficulties?
I will attack you close to Bairche
The battle will not be bloodless.
The Ulaid are calling you.
A sore has attacked them.
Evil will be the sight for them.
They will be utterly defeated.
THE HOUND OF CULANN.
You have come to the gap of danger.
The end of your life is at hand.
Sword edge will be wielded on you,
It will be no gentle purpose.
It will be a great champion who will slay you.
We two will meet.
You will not be longer the leader of the three
Henceforth and forever.

FER DIAD.
Leave off your warning.
You are the most boastful man on earth.
You will have neither reward nor remission
For you are no tree overtopping others.
I it is who know you,
You with the heart of a sissy bird.
You are but a nervous lad
Without valor or force.

THE HOUND OF CULANN.
When we were with Scáthach,
By dint of our usual valor
We would fare forth together in search of adventure
And traverse every land.
You were my preferred comrade,
My kin and kindred.
Never found I one dearer.
Sad will be your death.

FER DIAD.
A little too much you neglect your honor
That we may not do battle,
But before the cock crows,
Your head will be impaled on a spit.

Hesus Cuchulainn of Cualnge,
Frenzy and madness have seized you.
All evil will come to you from us
But yours is the guilt.

Well, Fer Diad, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, it was not right for you to come and fight with me by reason of the strife and dissension stirred up by Ailill and Maeve, all who came thus got neither success nor profit but they fell by me, and therefore neither will you have success nor profit from it and you will fall at my hands.
And as he spoke, he said these words and Fer Diad hearkened to him.

Do not draw near me, O valiant warrior,
Fer Diad son of Daman.
You will fare the worse for it.
It will bring sorrow to many.
Don't attack me it would be against the just truth
It will be me who will lead you to your last resting place.
cid ná breth and dait nammá ?mo gleó-sa ra míleda?
Why as regards we two are you alone to lack judgment?
My fight is that of a great warrior ?
My many feats will overcome you,
Though you have a scarlet horn armor.
The maid of whom you boast
Will not be yours, O son of Damán.
Findabair, the daughter of Maeve,
Though great her beauty,
That maid though fair,
You will not wed.
Findabair, the king's daughter,
When the truth of the matter is told,
She played many men false,
She destroyed them and it will be such for you.
Break not unknowing your oath to me.
Break not our pact, break not friendship.
Break not word and promise.
Come not towards me, O valiant warrior.
To fifty warriors the maid was pledged
What an insane pledge indeed.
Their death came through me,
From me they got only capital punishment by a spear.
Though fierce and proud was Fer Baeth
With his household of goodly warriors,
Yet I soon quelled his hubris
And slew him with one spear's cast.
Bitter was the lessening of Srubdare's valiant deeds,
Srubdare who was the darling of a hundred women.
Once his renown was great
But neither gold nor fine raiment saved him.
If it were to me that she had been betrothed,
The woman in whom all the fair provincial armies make sheep's eyes
I would not wound your breast,
Whether it is in your right side or left side, behind or in front.
Fer Diad, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, that is why it was not right for you to come and fight with me. For when we were with Scathache and Uathache and Aife (?) we used to go together into every battle and field of contest, into every fight and combat, into every wood and moor, every secret place and hidden spot. And as he spoke, he said these words.
We were best friends in the world.
We were together in the wood.
We were men who shared same barrack rooms.
We would sleep a deep sleep in them

After our weary fights
In many strange lands.
Together we would ride
And range through every wood
When we were taught by Scathache.

O master of martial arts (cháemchlessach) Hesus Cuchulainn
We have learned the same science.
But they have overcome the bonds of friendship.
Your wounds have been paid for.
Remember not that we were together at the academy.
O Hound of Culann, it is of not avail to you.

Too long have we been like this now, in doing nothing, said Fer Diad, what weapons will we use today, little Culann's Hound? Yours is the choice of weapons until night today, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, for you were the first to reach the ford. Do you remember at all, said Fer Diad, the arms which we preferred to practice with Scathache and Uathache and Aife? I remember them indeed, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. If you do, let us have recourse to them.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 46.

The leader of the three. We are perplexed about the exact meaning of this expression. Is this like the triad a symbolic expression of the totality past present future, high, low, middle, before behind and middle? Or simply a recollection of the trimarkisia or group of three fighting horsemen? Trimarkisia was a military formation used by the Danubian and Galatian Celts. It was a group of three cavalrymen, a chief cavalryman and two servants or squires. It is the principal rider who goes into action while the two others stay behind, ready to help their master if he had suddenly lost his horse, to evacuate him if he were wounded or killed and then to replace him. If the substitute came to be wounded in turn or killed, the second substitute took his place. Perhaps an allusion to their training at Queen Scathache. Forever. Literally until the last day. See our counter-lays about the end of the world according to the former druids.

My kin and kindred. Fer Diad being Fir Domnan, the Hesus Cuchulainn too would be therefore a Fir Domnan or Domnoneans of Devon.

Whether it is in the right side or left side, behind or in front. Can also be understood as follows :
"Whether it is in the south or in the north, in the west or in the east ."

They took therefore their preferred weapons. They put on two shields marked with emblems and took their eight ocharchlis and their eight javelins and their eight ivory-hilted blades and their eight battle darts. These would fly from them and to them like a swarm of wasps on a fine day. They cast no weapon which did not find its aim. Each of them began to cast these weapons at the other from the twilight of early morning until the middle of the day, and they blunted only their many weapons against the curved surfaces and bosses of the shields. Despite the excellence of the casting, the defense was so good that neither of them wounded or drew blood from the other during that time. Let us lay aside these weapons now, little Hound of Culann, said Fer Diad, since not by them comes the decision between us. Let us do so indeed if the time has come, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They ceased then this kind of fight and gave their weapons into the hands of their charioteers.

What weapons shall we use now, Hound of Culann? said Fer Diad. Yours is the choice of weapons until night, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, since you were the first to reach the ford. Let us take then, said Fer Diad, to our polished, sharpened, hard, smooth spears with their throwing thongs of hard flax. Let us do so indeed, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Then they took on them two hard, equally strong shields and they had recourse to the polished, sharpened, hard, smooth spears with their thongs of hard flax. And each of them fell to casting the spears at the other from the middle of the day till the evening.

Despite the excellence of the defense, so good was their mutual casting that during that time each of them bled and reddened and wounded the other. Let us cease from this now, Hound of Culann, said Fer Diad. Let us do so indeed if the time has come, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They ceased then this type of fight and gave their weapons into the hands of their charioteers.

Then each of them went towards the other and put an arm around the other's neck and kissed him thrice. That night their horses were in one paddock and their charioteers at one fire, they made litter beds of fresh rushers for them and pillow on them for wounded men. Then came folk of physicians and healers (fialach icci & legis) to heal and cure them, they put herbs and healing plants then [recited a prayer while making] a sacred sign into their bruises their cuts their joints and their many wounds. Of every herb and healing plant and curing charm which was applied to the bruises and cuts, the joints and many wounds of the Hesus Cuchulainn, an equal amount was sent westwards by him across the ford to Fer Diad lest the men of Ireland should say, if Fer Diad fell by him, that it was because of the advantage the Hesus Cuchulainn had over him in healing.

Of every food and every palatable, pleasant, strong drink which was brought from the Irishmen, an equal portion was sent northwards from Fer Diad across the ford to the Hesus Cuchulainn, for the purveyors of food to Fer Diad were more numerous than those of the Hesus Cuchulainn. All the Irishmen indeed were purveyors of food to Fer Diad that he might ward off him from them. And only the men of Breg were purveyors to the Hesus Cuchulainn. They used to come to him daily, that is, more precisely, every night.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 47.

Shields marked with emblems. We have there perhaps the origin of western heraldry: the will to be identified through his shield.

Ocharchliss. It is a weapon, but of which type? Perhaps a kind of small sharp shield. Intended to be cast as the sudarshana chakra the Indian warriors by making it revolve around their index finger, their hand raised above their head???

Physicians or healers. They were to be druids specialized in medicine of bodies, therefore some vates because former druids dealt indeed with many other things that worship itself. Let us point out nevertheless that it is strongly advised to the neo-druids to deal only with the care of bodies and to devote themselves from now on only to the care of the souls or at least of the minds. But to return to this mention in our text, it seems well to show therefore that druids, at least basic druids, non-affected by their mysterious annual indisposition (ces noinden), then assisted our hero and before even the arrival of the Ultonian relief army.

A prayer while doing a sacred sign... We translate so the Gaelic word slansen because we do not see why people would speak about prayers and sign of the cross when they are ministers of the Judeo-Islamic Christian church mosque or synagogue but only magic formulas for the others. A Christian or Muslim or Jewish prayer followed by a laying on of hands a sign of the cross or the laying on of a single hand (of Fatima) is nothing more than a magic formula calling for the power of a particular god, that of Abraham Isaac and Jacob, a god whose power besides, on their own admission, is in a serious competition with that of the devil, at least in this lower world. Even if the final victory must obviously go to the forces of the good (we know by heart this small catechism or dogma of Zoroastrian origin). Every night. Well, let us summarize. Basic druids and common people support our hero in his solitary combat in the best way they can while the greats in the kingdom are confined to bed by their mysterious annual indisposition (ces noinden).

They remained there that night. They arose early on the morrow and came forward to the ford of combat. What weapons shall we use today, Fer Diad? said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Yours is the choice of weapons until night, said Fer Diad, since I had the choice of weapons on the day that is past. Let us then, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, take to our great long spears today, for I think that thrusting with the spears today will bring us nearer to a decisive victory than the casting of missiles did yesterday. Let our horses be harnessed for us and our chariots yoked that we may fight from our horses and chariots today. Let us do so indeed, said Fer Diad. Then they put on two broad, strong shields that day and therefore they had recourse to the great long spears to fight. Each of them began to pierce and wound, to overthrow and cast each other down from the twilight of the early morning until sunset. If it were usual for birds in flight to pass through men's bodies, they would have gone through their bodies that day and carried lumps of flesh and blood through their wounds and cuts into the clouds and the air outside. And when evening came their horses were weary their charioteers tired, the heroes and champions themselves were weary too. Let us cease from this now, Fer Diad, said the Hesus

Cuchulainn, for our horses are weary and our charioteers are tired, and when they are weary, why should we also not be weary? Then as he spoke he said these words:
We are not bound to endure the swaying of the chariots, said he,
Straining like against Titans.
Let their spancels be put on the horses,
For the noise of battle is over.

Let us cease indeed if the time for it has come said Fer Diad. And they ceased. They gave over their weapons into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them came towards the other. Each put an arm around the other's neck and kissed him thrice. That night their horses were in one paddock, their charioteers at one fire. Their charioteers made for them litter beds of fresh rushers with the pillows of wounded men on them. Physicians and doctors came to examine and watch them and to attend on them that night for, because of the dreadfulness of their bruises and joints, of their cuts and many wounds, all they could do for them was iptha & éle & arthana, prayers prayers and again prayers to staunch the bleeding and hemorrhage and to keep the dressings in place. Of all the iptha & éle & arthana, prayers prayers and again prayers for the bruises and joints of the Hesus Cuchulainn, and equal portion was directed to his friend Fer Diad westwards across the ford. Of all the food and palatable, pleasant, strong drink which was brought from the Irishmen to Fer Diad, an equal amount was sent by him to the Hesus Cuchulainn who had remained in the north of the ford. For Fer Diad's purveyors of food were more numerous than those of the Hesus Cuchulainn as all the Irishmen were purveyors of food to Fer Diad for warding off him from them, but only the men of Breg were purveyors of food to him, on the other hand. They used to come and converse with him daily, that is, more precisely every night.

The two warriors remained there that night. They rose early on the morrow and came forward to the ford of combat. The Hesus Cuchulainn saw that Fer Diad had an ill and gloomy appearance on that day. Your appearance is not good today, Fer Diad, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Your hair has grown dark and your eye dull, you are changed from your usual form and figure. Not because I fear or dread you am I thus today, however, said Fer Diad, for there is not in Ireland today a warrior I shall not repel. The Hesus Cuchulainn began lamenting and pitying him, he spoke these words and Fer Diad answered.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 48.

Titans. Literally a fight against the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorach in Ireland. The image is that of Taran/Toran/Tuireann = equestrian Jupiter, flooring with his horse a snake-legged gigantic humanlike figure. We find a very beautiful specimen of it in the top of a column located in the main street of Arlon in Belgium. Christian evolution of this image: saint George or the archangel Saint Michael sticking the dragon down.

Prayers prayers and still prayers. Iptha & éle& arthana in Gaelic language. Arthana is besides a word of Latin origin (from Church Latin) and means prayers, orations, sermons. But we really do not manage to distinguish what differentiates these three terms, except that with the first there is perhaps the application of an unspecified object on the wound or the patient (a little like when today one makes a dying person kiss a crucifix, or one puts a cross on his body, even one raises a cross on his grave in last resort, at least in the Catholic rites, according to my knowledge). The vates of the druidic corporation come to look after the casualties were undoubtedly to proceed in a similar way, with prayers and sacred objects for the psychosomatic side of the treatment (the "magic" effect or more exactly placebo effect of a sign of the cross or of a laying on of hands for example, even of a touching Quran) without forgetting a massive dose of quite selected medicinal herbs for the purely bodily and material aspect of the care. Our ancestors were not mad, of course! They were on the contrary very good physicians, specialists of the spa treatments and skillful surgeons, especially in ophthalmology. The Celtic oculists of the Continent are known to us by the stamps they printed on the solid sticks of collyrium. This use of collyrium solidified, softened or watered at the time of the using, is peculiar to the Celtic countries. In other areas of the Empire indeed, the drugs for the eyes were presented in liquid form. So much so that, of the stamps of oculists up to now discovered (at least 260), the great majority comes from the Celtic part of the empire. They take the aspect of small rectangular or square bars, out of hard stone of which four sides are engraved in hollow and in the wrong way. The inscription specifies the identity of the expert, the name of the collyrium and its composition, the affection treated by the drug and sometimes its way of application. Such medicinal products were

therefore to be applied in an external way on the parts of the eye to treat. Worked out with plants (poppy, box-tree flowers, etc.) or with metals like copper or with animal substances like gall, some of these collyria had undeniable anesthetic, sedative or therapeutic virtues. They treated particularly the diseases of the cornea, of the crystalline lens, the conjunctivitis in its various stages - with suitable preparations for each one - and the diseases of the eyelids. But more than some diseases in this case, they also treated their symptoms as indications such: "for the clearing of the sight," "suppuration" or "burns" etc. specify it.

The speciality of the Celtic experts as regards sight affections is emphasized by Celsus, a famous Roman doctor of the first century, who praises the treatment applied there against "the rheum which troubles eyes." For him, the most efficacious intervention is that which is practiced in this part of the empire: "The doctors over there, he explains, pick out blood vessels in the temples and crown of the head "and they cauterize them, thus blocking the surface vessels in which, it is thought, this rheum went down from the brain.

We also have traces of operations for cataract at Celtic-Roman time. It was often claimed that a low-relief showed this operation. Using a pointed instrument, a man touches the eyelid of a woman who holds a small pot and has a linen on the forearm. In reality this scene appears rather to represent an examination of the eye or the application of an ointment. The discovery of a set of oculist's instruments in a grave at Montbéllet, in 1975, proves nevertheless in an indubitable way that this surgery was practiced. It was an operation of which Celsus describes the various phases thoroughly:

" Before treatment the patient should eat in moderation and for three days beforehand drink water, for the day before abstain from everything. Then he is to be seated opposite the surgeon in a light room, facing the light, while the surgeon sits on a slightly higher seat; the assistant from behind holds the head so that the patient does not move, for vision can be destroyed permanently by a slight movement. In order also that the eye to be treated may be held more still, wool is put over the opposite eye and bandaged on: further the left eye should be operated on with the right hand, and the right eye with the left hand. Thereupon a needle is to be taken pointed enough to penetrate, yet not too fine; and this is to be inserted straight through the two outer tunics at a point intermediate between the pupil of the eye and the angle adjacent to the temple, away from the middle of the cataract, in such a way that no vein is wounded. The needle should not be, however, entered timidly, for it passes into the empty space; and when this is reached even a man of moderate experience cannot be mistaken, for there is then no resistance to pressure. When the spot is reached, the needle is to be sloped against the suffusion itself and should gently rotate there and little by little guide it below the region of the pupil; when the cataract has passed below the pupil, it is pressed upon most firmly in order that it may settle below. If it sticks there, the cure is accomplished; if it returns to some extent, it is to be cut up with the same needle and separated into several pieces, which can be the more easily stowed away singly, and form smaller obstacles to vision. After this the needle is drawn straight out; and soft wool soaked in white of egg is to be put on, and above this something to check inflammation; and then bandages. Subsequently the patient must have rest, abstinence, and inunction with soothing medicaments; the day following will be soon enough for food, which at first should be liquid to avoid the use of the jaws; then, when the inflammation is over, such as has been prescribed for wounds, and in addition to these directions it is necessary that water should for some time be the only drink " (On medicine, VII 7, 14). N.B. While recopying the listing of the wounds, the monk of the scriptorium forgot half, the end, a n-álta & a n-ilgona, i.e. joints and wounds? Let us use the opportunity to remind of the fact we always categorically advise neo-druids against taking over such care of the bodies.

O Fer Diad, if this is you,
Sure I am that you are one utterly doomed,
How you would come at a woman's behest
To fight with your childhood friend ?

Hesus Cuchulainn, wise fulfillment (ngaith),
You the great hero, you the great warrior
Every man must make this journey
Under the sod whereon his grave awaits him.

Findabair the daughter of Maeve,
However beautiful her form,
Was given to you not for love of you
But to prove the power of your strength.

My might is long since proved,
O Hound of Culann cáemríagail of the gentle rule ???
None braver than me has been heard of
Or found until today.

You are the cause of all that happens,
O son of Daman son of Dare,
That you would come at woman's behest
To cross swords with your foster brother.

Should I part from you without a fight,
Because we are childhood friends (comaltai), my fair Hound of Culann,
My word and my name would be held in ill esteem
By Ailill and Maeve of Crúachu.

He or she has not yet put food to his lips
Nor has he or she yet been born
The king or the bright queen
For whom I would consent to do you harm.

O Hound of Culann of so many deeds of valor
Not you but Maeve betrayed us.
You will have victory and fame.
Not on you is our guilt.

My brave heart is only a clot of blood.
My life has almost left me.
No equal fight do I deem it
To encounter you, Fer Diad.

And however much you belittle me today, said Fer Diad, what weapons will we use? You have the choice of weapons until night today, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, for it was I who chose them yesterday.

Let us then, said Fer Diad, take our heavy, hard-smiting swords, for I think that the mutual striking with swords will bring us nearer to a decisive victory than did the thrusting with spears yesterday. Let us do so indeed, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Then they took up two great, long shields that day. They wielded their heavy, hard-smiting swords. Each of them began to smite and hew, while trying to slaughter and slay each other, and every portion and piece that each hacked from the shoulders and thighs and shoulder blades of the other was as big as the head of a month-old child. Each of them kept on smiting the other in this way from the twilight of early morning until evening. Let us cease from this now, Hound of Culann, said Fer Diad. Let us cease indeed if the time for it has come, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. So they ceased and gave over their weapons into the hands of their charioteers. Though two cheerful, tranquil, happy and joyful men had met there, their parting that night was the parting of two sad, unhappy, dispirited ones. Their horses were not in the same paddock nor their charioteers at the same fire.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 49.

Childhood friends. We translate so the Gaelic word chomalta which means adoptive brother, foster brother. Ancient Celtic civilization indeed lived some realities matching no longer something nowadays and which we have difficulty to translate. Particularly as regards the family education of children (practice of fosterage) or of the schooling of pupils (they were boarders at a boarding school held by their teachers). Same word to designate blue and green (it was for them only shades of the same color) orientation (north = left, right = southern), the translation of the words phopa and gilla according to context, etc.

They remained there that night. Then Fer Diad rose early on the morrow and came alone to the ford of combat, for he knew that this was the decisive day of the fight, and he knew too that one of them would fall in the fight that day or that both would fall. Then before the Hesus Cuchulain came to meet him, he put on his battle and fight equipment. That war equipment was his filmy satin apron with its border of variegated gold which he wore next to his fair skin. Outside that he put on his apron of supple brown leather, and outside that a great stone as big as a millstone, and outside that stone, through fear and dread of the lightning spear (gae bulga) that day, he put his strong, deep, iron apron made of smelted iron.

On his head he put his crested helmet of war battle and fight which was adorned with forty gems, studded with red enamel and crystal and carbuncle and brilliant stones from the eastern world. In his right hand he took his fierce, strong spear. He set on his left side his curved battle sword with its golden hilt and guards of red gold. On the arching slope of his back he put his huge, enormous fair shield with its fifty bosses into each boss of which a show boar (torc) could fit, not to speak of the great central umbo of red gold. That day Fer Diad exhibited many and wonderful and brilliant secret thrusts which he had not learned from anyone before that, neither from foster mother nor foster father, not from Scathach nor Uathache nor Aife, but he invented them himself to oppose the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The Hesus Cuchulainn too came to the ford and he saw the many brilliant, wonderful feats of arms performed by Fer Diad. You see yonder, Master Loeg the many brilliant, wonderful secret thrusts performed by Fer Diad, and in due course now all those thrusts will be directed against me. Therefore if it be I who comes off worst this day, you must incite me and revile me and speak evil of me so that my ire and anger will rise the higher thereby. But if it be I who inflict defeat, you must exhort me and praise me and speak well of me that thereby my courage rise higher. It will so be done indeed, little Hound of Culann, said Loeg.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn too put on his equipment of war of battle of fight and performed that day many brilliant, wonderful feats which he had not learned from any other, not from Scathache nor from Uathache nor from Aife.

Fer Diad saw these feats and understood, of course, that they would in due course be directed against him. What weapons shall we take today, Fer Diad? said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Yours is the choice until nightfall, said Fer Diad. Let us perform átha iarum "the feat of the ford" then, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Let us do so indeed, said Fer Diad. But though he said that, it was the feat he deemed it hardest to encounter for he knew that it was always at the "feat of the ford" that the Hesus Cuchulainn overthrew every champion and every warrior he encountered. Great were the deeds that were done on the ford that day, the two heroes, the two champions and the two chariot fighters of western Europe (dá eirrgi íarthair Eórpa), the two great lights (anchaidil) of Gaelic martial arts (gascid), the two greatest bestowers of gifts rewards and wages in the northwestern part of the world, the two great lights of the Gaelic martial arts (gascid) coming from afar to encounter each other through the sowing of dissension and the stirring up of strife by Ailill and Maeve. Each of them began to cast these weapons at each other from the twilight of the early morning until midday, and when midday came, the warlike rage of the combatants grew fiercer and they drew closer to each other.

Then for the first time the Hesus Cuchulainn sprang from the brink of the ford on to the boss of Fer Diad's shield, trying to strike his head from above the rim of the shield. Fer Diad gave the shield a blow with his left elbow and cast the Hesus Cuchulainn off like a small bird on to the brink of the ford. Again the Hesus Cuchulainn sprang from the brink of the ford on to the boss of Fer Diad's shield, seeking to strike his head from above the rim of the shield. Fer Diad gave the shield a blow with his left knee and cast the Hesus Cuchulainn off like a little child on to the brink of the ford. Loeg noticed what was happening. Alas! said he, your opponent has chastised you as a fond mother chastises her child. He had beaten you as flax is beaten in the river [by the washerwomen]. He had ground you as a mill grinds malt. He has pierced you as an axe pierces an oak tree ("omnaid"). He has bound you as a twining plant [bindweed kind] binds trees. He has attacked you as a hawk attacks little birds, so that never again will you have a claim or right or title to valor of feats of arms, go brunni mbrátha & betha badesta, till the day of doom and eternal life, a siriti síabartha bic, you kind of little demon, said Loeg. Then for the third time the Hesus Cuchulainn rose up as swift as the wind, as speedy as the swallow, as fierce as the dragon, as strong as the sky, and landed on the umbo of Fer Diad's shield, seeking to

strike his head from above the rim of the shield. Then the warrior shook the shield and cast off the Hesus Cuchulainn into the bed of the ford as if he had never leaped at all. Then occurred Hesus Cuchulainn's first distortion. He swelled and grew big as a bladder does when inflated and became a fearsome, terrible, many-colored, strange arch, then the valiant hero towered high above Fer Diad, as big a giant of the anguipedic wyverns or a pirate.

Such was the closeness of their encounter that their heads met above, their feet below and their hands in the middle over the rims and bosses of the shields. Such was the closeness of their encounter that they clove and split their shields from rims to centers. Such was the closeness of their encounter that they caused their spears to bend and turn and yield to pressure from points to rivets.

Such was the closeness of their encounter that screams of the bocanach of the bananach of the geniti glinni and of demons of the air went from the rims of their shields and from the hilts of their swords and from the butt ends of their spears. Such was the closeness of their encounter that they forced the river from its usual course and extent, and a couch might have been prepared for king or queen on the floor of the ford for not a drop of water remained there except what might drip there with the wrestling and trampling of the two heroes and champions on the floor of the ford. Such was the closeness of their encounter that the horses of the Gaels went mad and frenzied, broke their spancels and shackles, their ropes and tethers (llethrenna), and women and boys and children and those unfit to fight and the mad among the Irishmen broke out through the camp south-westwards.

By this time the two combatants were at the edge feat of swords. But Fer Diad caught the Hesus Cuchulainn unguarded and dealt him a thrust with his ivory-hilted blade which he plunged into his breast. Hesus Cuchulainn blood dripped into his belt and the ford was red with the blood from his body.

Then hesus Cuchulain bethought him of his friends from the Sidh and of his mighty folk who would come to defend him and of his scholars to protect him, what time he would be hard-pressed in the combat. It was then that Dolb and Indolb arrived to help and to succor their friend, namely the hesus Cuchulain. One of them went on either side of him and they smote Fer Diad, the three of them. The latter did not perceive the warriors from Sid. Then it was that Fer Diad felt the onset of the three together smiting his shield, and he gave all his care and attention thereto, and thence he called to mind that, when they were with Scathache and with Uathache learning together, Dolb and Indolb used to come to help the hesus Cuchulain out of every stress wherein he was. Fer Diad spoke: "Not alike are our foster brotherhood and our comradeship, O Cuchulain." "How so, then?" asked the hesus Cuchulain. "Your friends of the Sidh-folk have succored you, and you did not disclose them to me before," said Fer Diad. "Not easy for me were that," answered the hesus Cuchulain; "for if the magic mist be once revealed to one of the human beings, none of the people of the goddess Danu will have power to practice concealment or magic. And why complain you here, O Fer Diad?" said the hesus Cuchulain. "You have a horn skin whereby to multiply feats and deeds of arms on me, and you have not shown me how it is closed or how it is opened." Then it was they displayed all their skill and secret cunning to one another, so that there was not a secret of either of them kept from the other except the Gae Bolga, which was hesus Cuchulain's. Howbeit, when the Sidh friends found hesus Cuchulain had been wounded, each of them inflicted three great, heavy wounds on him, on Fer Diad, to wit. It was then that Fer Diad made a cast to the right, so that he slew Dolb with that goodly cast. Then followed the two wounding and the two throws that overcame him, till Fer Diad made a second throw towards the Hesus Cuchulain's left, and with that throw he stretched low and killed Indolb dead on the floor of the ford. Hence it is that the storyteller sang the rann: "Why is this called Fer Diad's Ford, Even though three men on it fell? Nonetheless it washed their spoils! It is Dolb's and Indolb's Ford!" What need to relate further! When the devoted, equally great sires and champions, and the hard, battle-victorious wild beasts that fought for the hesus Cuchulain had fallen, it greatly strengthened the courage of Fer Diad, so that he gave two blows for every blow of the hesus Cuchulain. When Loeg son of Rianganabair saw his lord being overcome by the crushing blows of the champion who oppressed him, he began to stir up and rebuke the hesus Cuchulain, in such a way that a swelling and an inflation filled the hesus Cuchulain from top to ground, as the wind fills a spread, open banner, so that he made a dreadful, wonderful bow of himself like a sky bow in a shower of rain, and he made for Fer Diad with the violence of a dragon or the strength of a bloodhound. Then the Hesus Cuchulain called for his lightning spear, the Gae Bolga, from Loeg son of Rianganabair.

Such was the nature of the lightning spear (gae bolga): it used to be set downstream and cast from between the toes: it made one wound as it entered a man's body but it had thirty barbs when one tried to remove it and it was not taken from a man's body therefore until the flesh was cut away about it. When Fer Diad heard the mention of the lightning spear, he thrust down the shield to shelter the lower part of his body. The Hesus Cuchulainn cast the fine spear from off the palm of this hand over the rim of the shield and over the breast- piece of horn so that its farther half was visible after it had pierced Fer Diad's heart in his breast. Fer Diad thrust up the shield to protect the upper part of his body but that was a helping that came too late. The charioteer sent the lightning spear (gae bolga) downstream.

The Hesus Cuchulainn caught it between his toes and made a cast of it at Fer Diad. The lightning spear went through the strong, thick apron of smelted iron and broke into three the great stone as big as a millstone and entered Fer Diad's body through the anus and filled every joint and limb of him with its barbs. Now that suffices , said Fer Diad. I have fallen by that cast. Because indeed strongly do you cast from your right foot. But it was not fitting that I should fall by you. And as he spoke, he uttered these words.

O Hound of Culann of the fair feats,
It was not fitting that you should slay me.
Yours is the guilt of which I am the victim.
On you my blood will shed.
Ní lossat na troich, recait bernaid mbraith. Is galar mo guth, uch! doscarad scaith
Victory Banquet is never prepared ?
For doomed men thrown in the gap of betrayal ?
My voice sadly weakens
Alas, I am already nothing any more but a shadow ?
My ribs like spoils are broken.
My heart is gore.
Would that I had not well fought!
I have fallen O Hound of Culann.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 50.

To speak.... good, of course. There was a misprint in the reproduction (by OCR?) of the text by Cecile O'Rahilly. I rectified it. It was not a question of good or bad will.

Gaelic martial arts. We convey with "martial arts" the Gaelic word *gascid* that the electronic dictionary of the Irish language translates as follows: strictly and concretely : weapons, armor; in a more abstract or metaphorical meaning: prowess, feats, skill (at arms). The expression is repeated three times in our text. As said Napoleon, repetition is strongest of the rhetorical figures. Or then it is a mistake of the copyist paid with the line. An awkwardness?

Cuchulainn sprang from the brink of the ford on to the boss of Fer Diad's shield. All that sounds a bit like a cartoon of the years 1950 (the supermen). But for the first time the Hesus Cuchulainn seems in difficulty, he will win only by using his lightning spear.

"Go brunni mbrátha" is, of course, a Christian interpolation. Less sure for "betha badesta," the notion of eternal life being also known to former druids (cf. Irish *bith anim* = eternal soul), and was found even in anthroponymy. For example, Bituitus. What is properly Christian Jew or Muslim, it is this concept of judgment (of the Last Judgment, with hell supporting). But how a creator (almighty in addition) or even simply a really loving father, could he condemn or disavow to such an extent what he made, that is a mystery.

His body swelled, etc. On these warrior trances a little in the way of the berserkers see our previous counter-lays.

Pirate. Medieval influence and more precisely of the period of Vikings invasions. The initial pan-Celtic myth was to refer only to gigantic anguipedic wyverns, since this kind of mythical creature existed already on the Continent (on the columns of the Taran/Toran/Tuireann = Jupiter) in the second and third centuries. These columns in questions were crowned with a Jupiter = Taranis statue, usually depicted on horseback, and trampling a giant frequently represented with a snake's tail instead of feet. Before being engraved on the Pictish stones of Meigle in Perthshire (with the erroneous name of triton or merman: stele 22 of the local museum).

Demons of the air. As we have had already the opportunity to see it, it is a Christian interpolation, either adding to this small list a new category of supernatural creatures, or clarifying the previous one, the genit glinni (valley winds like the continental and more precisely Provencal Circius???) But ends of their spears. Our distant ancestors did not live in a world as similarly scientist as ours and former druids thus tried to explain the best they could certain natural phenomena like echo for example but also like that known as saint Elmo's fires. Saint Elmo's fire is a physical phenomenon, occurring only under certain weather conditions, which manifests through gleams appearing especially at the ends of the masts of the ships and on the wings of the planes on certain evenings. This phenomenon is sometimes also created in very high-altitude, above the cumulonimbus. Doesn't one speak in a somewhat picturesque way it is true, of the Electricity fairy? Welsh sailors of formerly called this phenomenon canwyll yr ysbryd = spirits-candles or canwyll yr ysbryd glân = candles of the Holy Ghost but in other latitudes they will speak about "farfadet" or "elf." The phenomenon known as ghost lights or will-o'-the-wisp resembles much saint Elmo's fire but occurs at a low height above the ground, in marshes forests cemeteries. Apparently Irishmen too were also sensitive to the sounds produced by these luminous phenomena which must resemble a kind of crackling in the case of saint Elmo's fire (what Christianization really!)

The lower part of his body. Well, finally the lightning spear has nothing mysterious. A kind of harpoon provided with barbed hooks. Made to reach the genitals of the (male) adversary. What remains mysterious nevertheless it is its conditions of use: with the toes of the right foot, in the water of a river, upstream compared to the target, impaling the adversary. Still more extraordinary than the young shepherd David or more exactly a man of the guard of King David (2 Samuel 21 : "There was again war with the Philistines at Gob; and Elhanan the son of Jaare-Oregim the Bethlehemite killed Goliath") killing an Aryan giant with a stone of his sling. The torture through impalement exists, of course, for a long time but under these conditions it makes perplexed. Would this be a sadomasochistic exaggeration of the bards having spread this story? Because in any event Fer Diad had already had his heart pierced by a very standard spear. First pictures of impalement come from Assyria. The cruelty of the torment was modulated by the level of sharpness of the point, the size of the stake, and the depth to which it was inserted. Most frequently, the point was round in order to push back the flesh without injuring them, so that the torment lasts the most possible. It came out through thorax, shoulders or mouth, according to the given direction. The aim was to cause a maximum fright to the spectators.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn hastened towards him and clasped him in his arms and lifted him with his weapons and armor and equipment and took him northwards across the ford so that his spoils might be to the north of the ford and not to the west with the Irishmen. Hesus Cuchulainn laid Fer Diad on the ground there and as he stood over him a swoon and faintness and weakness came upon him. Loeg saw that and he feared that all the Irishmen would come and attack the Hesus Cuchulainn. Come, little Hound of Culann, said Loeg, arise now for the Irishmen will come to attack us and it will not be single combat that they will grant us since Fer Diad son of Daman son of Dare has fallen at your hands. Now what avails it me to arise, a gillai, fellow, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, considering the man who has fallen by me. Then the charioteer spoke, he said these words and the Hesus Cuchulainn answered him.

Arise, O war-hound of Emain.
High courage befits you more than ever.
You have cast off Fer Diad the gung ho,
Debrad ! Your fight was hard.

What avails me high courage?

Madness and grief have hemmed me in,
After the unfortunate deed, I have done
And the body that I have wounded harshly with my sword.

It was not fitting for you to mourn him.
Fitter for you to boast in triumph.
The strong man armed with spears
Has left you mournful, wounded, bleeding.

Even had he cut off a leg from me or a hand,
I still grieve that Fer Diad who rode on steeds
Is not living forever.

The maidens of the Red Branch House
Are better pleased at what has been done,
That he should die and you should live,
Though they do not deem it a small thing [That you two should be parted forever].
Since the day you left Cualnge
In pursuit of the brilliant Maeve,
All that you have killed of her fighters
She deems indeed a famous carnage.
You have not slept peacefully in pursuit of your great herd.
Though your company was few,
Yet many a morning you rose before everybody.

The Hesus Cuchulann began to lament and commiserate with Fer Diad then and he spoke these words. Alas, Fer Diad, sad for you that you did not speak with one of the company who knew of my great deeds of valor and arms before we met together in conflict! Sad for you that Loeg son of Riagabra did not put you to shame with reminders of our comradeship! Sad for you that you did not agree to the sound advice of Fergus! Sad for you that Conall the fair, triumphant, exultant, victorious, did not help you with his advice by pointing out to you our common education!

For those men do not follow the messages or desires or sayings or the false promises of the fair-haired women of Connaught. For those men know that there will never be born (go brunni mbrátha & betha), among the Connaughtmen a human being to perform deeds equal to mine, in the wielding of shields and bucklers, of spears and swords, in the playing of tablut and black raven (chess), in the driving of horses and chariots.

There will not be a hero's hand to hack warrior flesh like that of Fer Diad, who lives now on nelinn ndatha (shadow-shaped?) The breach made by the red-mouthed Bodua will not be dug up in the warehouses full of shimmering shields. It will be no longer from now on [go brunni mbrátha & betha badesta] in Cruachan, that will contend for or obtain status equal to yours till the very end of life now, O red-cheeked son of Damán!' said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn rose and stood over Fer Diad. My poor Fer Diad, said he, greatly did the Irishmen betray and abandon you when they brought you to fight and do combat with me, for to contend and do battle with me on the foray of Cualnge was no easy task. And as he spoke, he said these words.

O Fer Diad, you have been betrayed.
Alas for your last meeting
Where you have died while I remain!
Alas forever for our final parting!
When we were yonder
With Scathache our victorious Buanann,
We thought that till great doomsday
Our friendship would not end.
Dear to me was your splendid blush,
Dear your perfect and fair form,
Dear your bright clear eye,

Dear your behavior and your speech.
There never strode to flesh-rending fight,
There never flew into a manly fury,
There never held shield upon such a vast surface? (leirg),
One like unto you, bloody son of Daman.
I have never met such as you until now, Since the only son of Aife fell; Your peer in deeds of battle I
did not find here, O Fer Diad.
Findabair, the daughter of Maeve, Though great her beauty, is gat im ganem ná im grían It
was..... ??????????????To hold out the prospect of her to you, O Fer Diad.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn began to gaze at Fer Diad. Well, now, Master Loeg, he said, strip Fer
Diad and take off his armor and his clothes that I may see the brooch for the sake of which he did
battle. Loeg came and stripped Fer Diad. He took his armor and clothing from him, the Hesus
Cuchulainn saw the brooch and began to mourn again for Fer Diad and to commiserate him, and while
doing this he spoke these words.

Sad for your golden brooch
O Fer Diad of the champions!
O strong and valiant smiter,
Victorious was your arm.
Your thick yellow hair
Was curly—a fair jewel.
Your girdle made of leather, supple and ornamented with leaves,
Was around you until your death.
Our true comradeship was a delight for the eye
Your shield with its golden rim,
Your chessboard worth much treasure.
That you would fall by my hand I acknowledge was not just.
Our fight was not gentle.
Alas, for the golden brooch!

Well, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, cut open Fer Diad now and remove the gae bolga for I
cannot be without my weapon. Loeg came and cut open Fer Diad and removed the lightning spear.
Then the Hesus Cuchulainn saw his bloodstained, crimson weapon lying beside Fer Diad and spoke
these words

O Fer Diad, it is sad that I should see you thus,
Bloodstained yet drained of blood,
While I have not as yet cleansed my weapon of its stains
And you lie there in a bed of gore.
When we were yonder in the east
With Scathache and with Uathache,
There would not be pale lips
Between us and war weapons.
Sharply-pointed Scathache spoke
Her strong firm command:
Go you all to the swift battle.
Barficfa Germán Garbglass
The rough blue-eyed Germanic man [the gray-blue Germanic man ?] will come.
I said to Fer Diad
And to generous Lugaid
And to the son of fair Baetan
That we should go to meet this Germanic one.
We went to the rocks of the battle

Above the sloping shore of the lake Lindformait.
 Four hundred we brought out
 From the Islands of the Victorious.
 When valiant Fer Diad and I stood
 Before the fort of the Germanic one,
 I killed Rind son of Niuil
 And he slew Fuad mac Forniul.
 On the battlefield Fer Baeth killed
 Blath son of Colba of the red sword,
 And Lugaid, the grim and swift, slew
 Mugarne from the Tyrrhene Sea ?
 Four times fifty men gone into warlike trances (ferglond).
 Fer Diad slew, what a grim company.
 Some...waters of the flood ???(Dam nDreimed is Dam nDilend).
 We laid waste the fort of the ingenious Germanic one
 Above the wide, many-colored sea.
 We brought the Germanic alive
 To Scathache of the broad shield.
 Our foster mother imposed on us
 A pact of friendship and agreement
 That no wrath (ferg) breaks out one day
 Between the clans of fair Elg.
 Sad is the morning, morning of March
 When the son of Daman was struck down in weakness
 Because he has fallen the beloved friend
 To whom I served a cup of red blood.
 Had I seen you die
 Amidst the warriors of the great Greeks,
 I should not have survived you,
 We should have died together.
 Sad what befalls us,
 The fosterlings of Scathache.
 I am wounded and covered with red gore
 While you no longer drive chariots.
 Sad what befalls us,
 The fosterlings of Scathache.
 I am wounded and covered with red gore
 While you lie dead.
 Sad what befalls us,
 The fosterlings of Scathache,
 You dead and I alive and strong.
 To fight furiously is the fate of manliness.
 Well, O little Hound of Culann said Loeg, let us leave this ford now. Too long have we been here. We
 shall leave it indeed, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. But to me every battle and contest I
 have fought seems but play and sport compared with my fight against Fer Diad. And as he spoke, he
 said these words.
 Game was all and sport was all
 Until it came to my meeting with Fer Diad on the ford.
 The same instruction we had in the same school (duinn),
 We had learned the same things??? in its fortress (rath)
 We had had the same good mother as instructress (mummi)
 Whose name is beyond all others.
 Game was all and sport was all
 Until it came to my meeting with Fer Diad on the ford.
 The same nature we had, the same fearsomeness,
 The same weapons we used to wield.
 Scathache once gave two shields
 One to me and one to Fer Diad.

Game was all and sport was all
 Until it came to my meeting with Fer Diad on the ford.
 Beloved was he, the precious pillar (of the fight ?),
 Whom I laid low on the ford.
 O bull of your tribe,
 You were more valiant than all others.
 Game was all and sport was all
 Until it came to my meeting with Fer Diad on the ford.
 The furious, fiery lion,
 A tidal wave (tonn), wild and swelling, like the day of doom.
 Game was all and sport was all
 Until it came to my meeting with Fer Diad on the ford.
 I had the feeling that my beloved Fer Diad
 Would live with me forever.
 Yesterday he was huge as a mountain [and I saw only him]
 Today only his shadows (scáth) remains.
 Three times on the foray
 Uncountable bands fell there by my hand.
 The finest men, the finest cattle and horses
 I slaughtered on every side.
 Though numerous the army
 Which came from stout Cruachan,
 Yet I slew more than a third of them or less than a half
 With the rough plying of my weapons.
 There has not come into the center of the battle,
 Nor has Banba ever nurtured,
 Nor has there traveled over land or sea (muir ná thír)
 Any king's son more famous than Fer Diad.
 Here ends the episode entitled : the Tragic Death of Fer Diad.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 51.

Debrad. Gaelic expression, often ascribed to St Patrick, and rather difficult to translate. By the judgment of the gods? By the god of judgment (understood "doomsday")?
 The black raven or brandub in Gaelic language is undoubtedly a variant of the tablut or Celtic chess.

Go brunni mbrátha etc. to see what we already have said in connection with this aberration of the Judeo-Islamic-Christian spirituality. A last judgment is by definition psychologically impossible from God. Why destroy the world after having created it? Why having created it besides if it is to destroy it after. And how a father can judge his children, even send them to hell forever and ever? It stands out from the lines of verse 450 and following of the Pharsalia by Lucan that former druids did not believe - nor in the destruction of the soul or of the mind after the death (of the body)- nor in the existence of a life of "hellish" type for these souls/minds- In short that they did not believe in the existence of hell. These verses having made a lot of ink flow over their meaning during the Middle Ages, we do not think useless here to point out them.

"According to your masters, the shades of dead men Seek not the quiet homes of Erebus Or death's pale kingdoms; But the same soul/mind [in Latin idem spiritus] governs the limbs In another world [in Latin orbe alio] And the death is only the middle of a long life."

Nelinn ndatha. Is this precisely an allusion to the fate of the soul (or of the mind) after the death (of the body)?? If yes and if we understood it well, translated well (shadow or cloud, final or temporary status?), it would match then only partly the theology of the continental druids evoked by Lucan at least would match rather, not the line of verse itself, but some comments about the expression "orbe alio" used by Lucan.

Manes esse non dicunt sed animas in revolutione credunt posse constare.

They do not say that the manes exist, but believe that the souls can indefinitely achieve revolutions (to return to their starting point to begin again a new life ?)

Id est sicut uos dicitis anime ad inferos non descendunt, sed in orbe alterius hemispherii incorporantur iterum uel in aliqua parte orbis a uobis remota.

i.e., according to you the souls do not go down into the hell, but will again be incorporated in a part of the world located in the other hemisphere or in any part of a world unknown to you

ORBE ALIO: apud antipodas. Hi de metapsihei (sic) senserunt, et euntem ad corpus in tribus elementis purgari dixerunt. In igne in perusta, in aere in temperata, in aqua in frigida. Vel alium orbem vocat alia corpora digniora vel indigne apud nos. Fuit enim sententia, animas in comparibus stellis positas. Et descensus per cancrum. In planetis vero pro diversitate eorum hauriebant diversa. In corporibus tandem pro merito quedam cicius celum petebant, quedam de corpore in corpus transeunt, donec firmamento consecuti resipiscant.

ORBE ALIO: on the other side of the world. Here what they thought in connection with the metempsychosis, and they said that we must be three times over purified before entering a (new) body. As for one's ardor through combustion, as for one's air through a moderated heat, as for one's water through the cold. Or then they call another world the fact of going in bodies worthier or less worthy than those of ours here below. This sentence means perhaps the souls rested then in stars of comparable nature than them. Then went down again through Cancer. While growing rich through these planets with various elements according to their needs and nature. Finally, after having entered new bodies certain ones reached more quickly heaven according to their merits while others continued to go from a body into a body until they also reach the firmament.

Last judgment or doomsday. A notion, of course, only Christian (and Muslim also today). Somewhat contradictory to the notion of merciful and forgiving God of love besides. Druidism has nothing to do with this notion of judgment (last, final, with hell supporting perhaps, etc.).

Buanann is a proper noun, the name of a goddess (or demoness of course) dealing with feeding the warriors. A role a little similar to that played by the women who held the houses of companions in the 18th century, at least in France and Germany. Companions is the name given to the members of an organization of craftsmen or artisans dating back to the Middle Ages. Stonecutters, masons, carpenters, roofers, and so on. They were building churches and castles but were often persecuted by the Kings and the Catholic Church. A similar tradition exists for German Wandergesellen, or journeymen. But there is nothing similar in Great Britain. Fortunately, nobody is forced to be English. N.B. In short, it is perhaps the "euhemerist" streak of the druidic religion.

The only son of Aife. Of Aife and of the Hesus Cuchulainn. It is a much dramatic episode illustrating the omnipotence of Fate, but that we did not tackle yet in this work and that we will therefore report only afterwards. The real succession of events is still not easy to establish with safety considering uncertainties of any oral literature. And even written one. The same phenomenon exists besides in the Bible and in the Quran. The four Gospels are not all synoptic (that of John for example) and certain episodes of Quran are quite difficult to date, even the ones compared to the others (relative chronology). Example the trip to Jerusalem (Isra and Miraj) mentioned by chapter XVII. And let us not even speak about the political assassinations (Ka'b ibn Al Ashraf, Asma bint Marwan, Abu Aflak and other Jews of Medina or of the surroundings) the warlike expeditions or the military campaigns, supported or directly led, by Muhammad, at least according to his legendary biography (reconstructed more than one hundred years after the facts by authors like Ibn Ishaq, Ibn Kathir, Tabari, etc.). The problem is particularly crucial with the Quran when it is a question of determining if a verse dates back to the Meccan period or the Medinan period, a principle in this religion being, and it is logical besides, the most recent decisions repeal the previous ones. However it seems well, alas, that the 151 more or less tolerant verses of the holy Quran and dating back to the time when Muhammad was in a way in opposition (Mecca) all were then repealed by measures opposite and detrimental to the human rights, even to the Fir Fer as such, enacted in Medina when Muhammad came from the status of an opponent, to that of a Head of State, or of a government, even with that of a chief of an army or of a police force, of manners and ideas (the Quran contains besides many more regulations relating to the daily life in the civil society, than to spirituality itself).

The problem with the intellectuals the politicians and the journalists at least in France it is not so much their level education or their level of general knowledge, nor their form of intelligence, it is that they all are poor (since they give everything to the paupers) and therefore that they do not have time to show humility. If they were a little less convinced of their natural superiority, they would understand than Christianity and Islam as a collective mentality are the antipodes one of the others as regards the life in society, since Jesus as a Messiah in the strictest sense of the word failed in his taking power attempt (it is what the Jews and the Romans thought since he was crucified in the conditions

everybody knows) whereas Muhammad, as for him, succeeded in this field: he ended up becoming Head of the Medinan State (it is at least what thought the Jews – Banu Qaynqa Banu Nadir and other Banu Qurayza- as well as the Romans, to see the first Byzantine writing on this subject, particularly those of Sebeos, an Armenian monk).

Sad for your golden brooch. We translate so and in accordance with the version known as Stowe's version the Gaelic word "eo" which also means it is true, salmon. Champions. We translate so the Gaelic word ndam.

German Garbglass. We are actually well embarrassed to translate as well as possible this enigmatic mention of our text. Scholars and folklorists see there an equivalent of the Welsh Gwrgi Garwlwyd. In what concerns us, we rather bring this mention closer to the Saxon called Wolf or Wolfkin evoked in the chapter dealing with the training of our hero (known as Ullbeccan Sexa). But the fact is the enigma remains complete about this subject. Is it an allusion to a were wolf, a berserker, or a group of Germanic invaders characterized by a particular use of the blue color. There exists the same kinds of problems in the Bible or in the Quran. Certain words are hapax or almost. German Garb and Glas do not make a problem in themselves (except this damned use of the same word to designate blue and green among Celtic people, a primordial indistinctness of which the ceremony's clothes of our modern druids seem to be unaware of) but their association is a hapax. On the 300 000 words of the Bible, there would be for example 2000 hapaxes. Some examples of famous hapaxes. Lilit (Isaiah 31,14).

So there we are , sorry for our sisters of Wicca. It is only in later Talmudic literature or in Zohar that one will begin to speak about her, more and more it is true. More anecdotal and less fundamental now. Gopher (Genesis 6,14, wood which Noah uses to build his floating zoo). Gharaniq (hadiths and sira: cranes, swans, or herons, in Arabic). Harut and Marut (Quran chapter 2 verse 102). Ababil (Coran chapter 105 verse 3). It is to be a kind of "bird." And lastly almost some hapaxes... Sijil (Quran chapter 11, verse 82, chapter 15 verse 74, chapter 105, verse 4). If we eliminate the air raid by aliens or by furtive plane of NATO mislaid in a space-time fault above Iraq or Libya, it remains the hail of sling bullets. What would be more probable, the range of this weapon being able to stretch to more than 400 meters. Muhammad or the family entourage of Muhammad would not have sufficiently traveled out of Arabia or not sufficiently studied to think of it, but would have ascribed this barrage to invisible birds. Taghut (Quran chapter 4 verse 51, chapter 4 verse 60, chapter 2, verse 256). A meaning difficult to establish and which seems to go from tyrants, oracles, statues, to " non-convicted" (by the message of Muhammad). Below in any case translation of the first and last use of this term: "They believe in jibt and taghut. They say of the pagans, they are more rightly guided than the Muslim believers ."

" There is no compulsion in religion ! But whoever does not believe in taghut has grasped the firmest handhold, etc." Jibt and taghuts were perhaps means used by the judges or arbitrators of the time, the kahin, to deliver their verdicts, after having called upon a jinn.

This episode of our saga is nevertheless very strange. We have the impression to be present at a duplicate of the great barbarian invasions carried out to the detriment of our Welsh brothers, but with Setanta Cuchulainn in the role of the king of Britain Arthur (and in this case therefore it would be Vikings and not Angles or Saxons. Unless it was a poem initially written in Erse i.e., in Gaelic of Scotland and not of Ireland, since there also in Northumbria) occurred very early Germanic invasions. Didn't Fer Diad come from the Domnan people (Glasgow)? In any event the training of martial arts of the Hesus Cuchulainn took place in Scotland according to our Sunnah to us, the tradition, and all that looks rather Scottish actually. In short, no reaction coordinated or at least of the whole of the nation. Each one manages alone to fight against the invader, who at this level of the drama is undoubtedly very localized, far from many. A few tens or hundreds of warriors come from other places and settled in certain quite precise places, where they are encrusted, and which become as many zones where the Celtic (either Irish or Welsh) law, does not apply. The problem is that these zones where the Celtic law does not apply will be multiplying considering the continual arrival of newcomers and the very weak pressure exerted , it is the least we can say, because actually there was not at all, so that they become assimilated (with the previous occupiers of the places), therefore it is the very whole Welsh nation which will almost disappear forever by losing 80% of its territory.

All the tribes should have joined in solidarity from the beginning as the Christians did in Spain at the time of their "Reconquista" to reject the invaders of the country or these colonists of a new kind. In the case of Marseilles a few centuries earlier and more in the south, there was apparently a sufficient union of all the surrounding Celtic-Ligurian tribes to fix Greek colonization. But it was not the same thing in the case of the Welsh. To be unaware of History always amounts reviving the same disasters.

Because the almost disappearance of the ancestors of our good Perceval of Wales was a disaster. A retreat of the civilization in front of the barbarity of then (with due respect to my honorable sovereign the Queen of England duchess of Normandy). And in order to let no ambiguity remain, sorry for my country, but our religion is only a religion of truth, in order to know what differentiates an invader from a newcomer intending by no means to melt oneself in the people on the territory of which he settles, let us ask the descendants of the American Indians having formerly lived in Manhattan what they think.

They will undoubtedly answer you that they would have had:- Either immediately throw back in the sea the White people who had just arrived- Or (case of Marseilles and of the Celtic-Ligurians) to carry out a sufficient technology transfer immediately so that a real balance in this field (firearm, horses, etc.) is established. Instead of that carry out today he experiments, ask to an inhabitant of Manhattan * if he is well a descendant of our ancestors the Indians, if he regards Indians well as his ancestors, if he has really the inner conviction to be only an Indian having evolved ?? Result guaranteed. Let us be sure not to mislead us on the subject and therefore let us affirm at least that the inhabitants of Manhattan are no longer Englishmen, some Englishmen who, however, were already no longer Welshmen. Now what has been done, has been done, the important thing is to prevent that such an impoverishment of the intangible heritage of Mankind occurs again, because Indian civilization as a whole was by no means inferior to that of the White (it was so only on certain precise points, especially material besides) and it would have even had lessons to give us in the way of treating our mother to all the Earth. End of this umpteenth meditation on History on our behalf.

* My Parisian pen friends point out for me that the town of Roubaix a few kilometers more in north, as regards the relationship with the natives of this country, is more in the situation of Manhattan today than in that of Marseilles formerly and call out to me by asking me the following question, to which I am quite unable to answer, of course: "how can somebody lack empathy with his people to such an extent, to be indifferent to its survival as a such, whereas we should behave with respect towards our community of membership as with respect to our family, a nation being indeed only a big family?" How can one be individualistic if it is not straightforwardly egoistic, to such an extent? That is tantamount to letting genocide through a change of the population, be committed.

Answer of Peter DeLaCrau. If what you want to say, it is that the spiritual unity of a people, its feeling to form a single body, a single soul, is a psychological treasure of which we never should deprive ourselves if we want to keep a mind of steel, then I agree with you. Peoples have a soul, a collective soul, a spirit, the Russian soul, the Slavic soul, the New Yorkean spirit or whatnot, that exists. The biggest crime is to tackle them even to ignore them. Former druids had even almost deified them by naming them teutates or worshipped them as little as they worshipped ancestors. We will return besides on this notion of egregore or collective soul. As one of the greatest statesmen, the earth ever carried, said it very well : "Ask not what your nation can do for you, ask what you can do for your nation" (I quote from memory). Those who want to sell off so invaluable treasure in the name of I do not know what irenicism, naive optimism, or wooly principle **, those who want consciously to substitute for this situation of psychological and mental unity, another situation, which would not be so good by definition, which could not be such a good trump, are true public dangers, who would do as well to ponder over this reflection of the great French philosopher who was Pascal (our enthusiasm should not make us forget the Old Europe of our ancestors): " Man is neither angel nor brute, and the unfortunate thing is that he who would act the angel acts the brute."*** Evil, everyone is against, it is enough to agree on what evil is. We will return on the subject in our lesson about Celtic ethics.

The great Greek warriors. What comes to do here Greece ? An allusion to the suicide (prohibited by the Judeo-Islamic Christianity? With regard to our position on the suicide and the marriage between persons of the same gender (for or against), see our book on Celtic-druidic ethics.

Tond/Tonn and doom day. We will not return to this strange and rather sadistic Judeo-Islamic-Christian apart from pointing out that it seems here to be mixed with the notion of a flood (of course not universal because if there were floods to mark to such an extent the memories of certain people like that of Deucalion, they were only located, concerned only a part of our planet). Also let us notice that it seems that some verses are missing here. A bowdlerization from Christian monks??? This remark thus encourages us to reconsider this part of our lay. The topic of the man facing the sea the floods or the tidal waves among Celts was noted by the Greeks and particularly Aristotle who understood nothing in the metaphor and who saw there rather in it an obvious piece of evidence of their madness. Aelianus, various history, book XII, chapter XXIII.

"I am informed that the Celtæ are of all men most addicted to engage themselves in dangers. Such person as die gallantly in fight, they make the subjects of songs. They fight crowned, and erect

trophies, triumphing in their actions, and leaving monuments of their valor, after the Greek manner. They esteem it so dishonorable to flee that many times they will not go out of their houses when they are falling or burning, though they see themselves surrounded with fire. Many also oppose themselves to inundations of the sea. There are also who taking their arms fall upon the waves, and resist their force with naked swords, and brandishing their lances, as if able to terrify or wound them."Nicholas of Damascus, a collection of remarkable customs, fragment preserved by Johannes Stobaeus.

"The Celts in the neighborhood of the ocean feel it is shameful to flee a wall or a house collapses, and when on the shore of the sea outside, the tide invades the shore, they go ahead with their weapons, till they perish in the waters, in order that they may not seem to fear death by taking the precaution to fly."Aristotle. Eudemian Ethics. Book III, chapter I, section 25.

"Hence a man is not brave if he endures formidable things through unknowing (for instance, if owing to madness he were to endure a flight of thunderbolts), nor if he does so owing to passion when knowing the greatness of the danger, as the Celts take arms and march against the waves; and in general, the courage of barbarians has an element of passion." And bang again for Fer Diad!Aristotle (he stammers or repeats himself Aristotle). Nicomachean ethics, book III, chapter VII.

"Of those who go to excess he who exceeds in fearlessness has no name (we have said previously that many states of character have no names), but he would be a sort of madman or insensible person if he feared nothing, neither earthquakes nor the waves, as they say the Celts do not; while the man who exceeds in confidence about what really is terrible is rash."And bang again for the unfortunate Fer Diad!Strabo. Geography. Book VII, chapter 2.As for the Cimbri, some things that are told about them are incorrect...it is ridiculous to suppose that they departed from their homes because they were incensed on account of a phenomenon that is natural and eternal, occurring twice every day. And the assertion that an excessive flood tide once occurred looks like a fabrication, for when the ocean is affected in this way it is subject to increases and diminutions, but these are regulated and periodical.

And the man who said that the Cimbri took up arms against the flood tides was not right, either; nor yet the statement that the Celts, as training in the virtue of fearlessness, meekly abide the destruction of their homes by the tides and then rebuild them, and that they suffer a greater loss of life as the result of water than of war, as Ephorus says. Indeed, the regularity of the flood tides and the fact that the part of the country subject to inundations was known should have precluded such absurdities; for since this phenomenon occurs twice every day, it is, of course, improbable that the Cimbri did not so much as once perceive that the reflux was natural and harmless, and that it occurred, not in their country alone, but in every country that was on the ocean. Neither is Cleitarchus right; for he says that the horsemen, on seeing the onset of the sea, rode away, and though in full flight came very near being cut off by the water. Now we know, in the first place, that the invasion of the tide does not rush on with such speed as that..."Note of the author of the compilation. It is, however, still well what I was explained on the spot as I visited Saint Michael's Mount in Normandy in 19??: the tide is coming in at the speed of a horse at gallop.

There exist many allusions to floods in other cultures or civilizations in the world have we said. Our Celtic paganism not being sectarianism but a deepening leading to an opening towards the others, here are some outlines. Let us make like the druid of Marseilles met by Lucian of Samosata at the time of his investigation about Heracles and therefore let us begin with the Greeks. First flood, that of Ogyges. Second flood, that of Deucalion. Let us add there to finish that lived by Philemon and Baucis according to Virgil (of whom the great-grandfather was a druid, let us point it out). More interesting is that of which we find traces in Mesopotamia in connection with the epic of Gilgamesh. Its hero would be a certain Ziusudra, Atrahasis, Ut-Napishtim *.* My Parisian pen friends point out also for me whatever purpose it may serve since I end my days on an island that this cock-and-bull and incredible story, a universal flood which is used obviously for nothing since everything some time after, will be to do again (punishments of mankind by God, various rescues of mankind still by the same god), was taken over by the Judeo-Islamic-Christian "thinkers" under the name of Noah (Nuh in Arabic). Jews would have distorted the account from the uncreated Quran, after having downloaded it in an illegal way or by recopying it in their Torah. They would have hardened the facts recorded in the uncreated Quran which does not mention the animals were also concerned, which does not imply the top of the mountains was also covered, but which implies that many more men than in the biblical account were saved (all true believers follow Noah). Erratum. Specialists point out for me from every side it is the opposite, that they are the Muslims who took over the accounts of the Torah while distorting it. In any event it does not matter, the two accounts (Holy Quran and Bible) agree on the main thing, it is to punish Mankind that the flood is sent. A dimension missing in other versions of the myth which rather

seem to involve merely demographic reasons. The gods Anu, Ninurta, Ennugi and Enlil indeed undertook to depopulate the Earth because the men they had created in order the latter work for them (by love, which can't be more selfless, affirm Judeo-Islamic-Christians) become increasingly numerous, made a dazing din which prevented the gods from resting (astonishing anticipation of the planetary disorders of our current world civilization).

Banba. Old Celtic Banua or Banuta (the horned one or the female boar ?). One of the three fairies who leaned over the cradle of Ireland. There exists, of course, many other triads of this type in the Celtic world. Each territory had its. What remains common it is the principle (a triad of three goddesses symbolizing a whole).

Chapter XXI. The Hesus Cuchulainn and the rivers.

There came now to help and succor the Hesus Cuchulainn a few of the Ulaid, namely, Senall Uathach and the two sons of Gegg, Muredach and Cotreb. They took him to the streams and rivers of Conaille Muirthemne to wash and cleanse his wounds and his stabs, his cuts and many sores, against the current of those streams and rivers. For "dabertis Tuatha De Danand lubi 7 lossa icce 7 slansen for glassib 7 aibnib crichi Conailli Murthemne, do fhortacht 7 do fhorithin Conculaind, comtis brecca barruani na srotha dib ."For the people of the Goddess Danu (bia) therefore used to put herbs and healing plants and sacred signs on the streams and rivers in Conaille Muirthemne to help and succor the Hesus Cuchulainn, so that the streams used to be speckled and green-surfaced from them. These are the names of the rivers which healed the Hesus Cuchlainn... follow a score of names. 21 more precisely.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 52.

Rivers. Our ancestors were great specialists of treatment in a spa. Besides they worshipped many springs or waters considered remedial, without we know exactly why. Certain waters are obviously beneficial, Romans besides generally used them for that (see the cases of Bath, Buxton, Aachen, Aix, Bourbonne, etc.) but it is less obvious (hem) for others (Lios Dúin Bhearna/Lisdoonvarna, Treffynnon/Holyvell, Srath Pheofhair/Strathpeffer). It is the least we can say. We refer to this point to our book about theology and about gods or goddesses, or demon and demonesses, of the rivers. People of the goddess Danu (bia). In other words, in Gaelic language, the Tuatha De Danann. Medicinal herbs. Our text therefore adds to the natural virtues of these thermal springs that of certain medicinal herbs. Our former druids were not mad! The psychosomatic and the placebo effect (as well as hygiene, of course, and here you have it, a good measure of remedial plants. Sacred signs. Each one remains free to imagine which (we would speak today about signs of the cross or of laying on of hands but what was yesterday????) The produced impression remains still the same one, they are ordinary people, the lowly people, the plebe people who come to help our hero, not the greats of the kingdom of Ulidia.

Chapter XXII. Cethern's straight fight.

The Irishmen told Mac Roth, the chief herald, to go to keep watch and ward for them on Fuat's Mountain lest the Ulaid should come upon them unawares. So Mac Roth came to Fuat's Mountain. Not long was he there when he saw a single chariot-warrior coming straight towards him from the north. In the chariot was a man, stark naked, with neither garments nor weapon save only an iron spit in his hand with which he pricked alike his charioteer and his horses, and it seemed to him as if he would never reach the hosts while it is still alive. Mac Roth brought these tidings to the place where Ailill and Maeve and Fergus with the noble Irishmen were. Ailill asked news of him on his arrival. Well, Mac Roth, said Ailill, have you seen any one of the Ulaid on the track of this host today? I know not indeed, said Mac Roth, but I saw a solitary chariot-fighter coming straight across Fuat's Mountain. In the chariot there is a man, stark naked, with no garment or weapon at all except for an iron spit in his hand with which he pricks alike both his charioteer and his horses, for it seemed to him that he would not reach this host in time to find it alive.

Who would you think was yonder, Fergus? said Ailill. I think, said Fergus, that it would be Cethern son of Fintan coming there. And it was true for Fergus that it was Cethern mac Fintain arriving there. Cethern mac Fintain reached them, and the fort and encampment were overthrown (?) on them, he wounds them all around him in every direction and on all sides. He too is wounded from all sides and points. Then he came from them, with his entrails and intestines hanging out, to the place where the Hesus Cuchulainn was being cured and healed, and he asked him for a male nurse (liaig) to cure and heal him.

Well, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, go to the encampment of the Irishmen and tell their male nurses to come forth and cure Cethern son of Fintan. I swear that though they be hidden underground or in a locked house I shall inflict atrocious suffering agonies and deaths on them before this hour tomorrow if they do not come. Loeg came forward to the encampment of the Irishmen and bade their male-nurses come forth and cure Cethern son of Fintan. The male nurses of the Irishmen thought it no pleasant task to come and cure one who was to them a foe and an enemy and an outlander, but they feared that the Hesus Cuchulainn would inflict death on them if they did not come. So they came. As each male nurse reached him, Cethern son of Fintan would show him his wounds and his gashes, his bleeding cuts and his sores. To each man who would say: 'you will not live, you cannot be cured' Cethern son of Fintan would deal a blow with his right fist in the middle of his forehead and drive his brains out through the orifices of his ears and the joinings of his skull. However, Cethern mac Fintain slew up to fifteen of the Irish male nurses. As for the fifteenth man, only a glancing blow on his fourteen fellow members died in front of him reached him, but he lay unconscious in a heavy swoon among the corpses of the other male nurses for a long time. His name was Ithall, the private male nurse of Ailill and Maeve. Then Cethern mac Fintain asked the Hesus Cuchulainn for a male nurse to heal and cure him. Well, now, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, go for me to Fingen the vate male nurse (fáthlíag) of Cunocavaros/Conchobar at Ferta Fingen, in Leccan, in Fuat's Mountain, and let him come hither heal Cethern son of Fintan. Láeg came on to the vate male-nurse Fingen at Ferta Fingen, in Leccan, in Fuat's Mountain, and told him to come and cure Cethern mac Fintain. The latter showed him his wounds and his stabs, his gashes and his bleeding cuts. Cethern's bloody wounds.

Examine this wound for me, Master Fingen, said Cethern. Fingen examined the wound. This is a slight wound given unwillingly by one of your own blood, said the vate male nurse, and it would not carry you off prematurely. That is true indeed, said Cethern. One man came to me there. He was bald (tuidmaile ?). He wore a blue cloak wrapped around him. A silver brooch in the cloak over his breast. He carried a curved shield with a scalloped edge; in his hand a five-pointed spear and beside it a small pronged spear. He dealt this wound and he got a slight wound from me too. I know that man, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. That was Illand of the many feats the son of Fergus, and he had no desire that you would fall by his hand but gave that mock-thrust at you lest the men of Ireland would say that he was betraying or abandoning them if he did not give it.

Examine this wound also for me, Master Fingen, said Cethern. Fingen examined the wound. This is the deed of a proud woman, said the vate male nurse. That is true indeed, said Cethern. There came to me here a woman, tall, beautiful, pale and long-faced. She had flowing, golden-yellow hair. She wore a crimson, hooded cloak with a golden brooch over her breast. A straight ridged spear blazing in her hand. She gave me that wound and she too got a slight wound from me. We know that woman, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. It was Maeve the daughter of Eocho Fedlech, the king of the kings (ard-ri) of Ireland, who came in that wise. She would have deemed it victory and triumph and cause for boasting had you fallen at her hands.

Examine then this wound for me, Master Fingen, said Cethern. Fingen examined the wound. This is the attack of two champions, said the vate male nurse. It is true indeed, said Cethern. Two men came to me there. They were bald (tuidmaile ?) Two blue cloaks wrapped about them. Silver brooches in the cloaks above their breasts. A torc (munchobrach) of pure white silver round the neck of each of them. We know those two men, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They were Oll and Othine, members of the household of Ailill and Maeve. They never go into battle that they are not assured of wounding a man. They would deem it victory and triumph and cause for boasting that you would fall at their hand. Examine this wound for me now, Master Fingen, said Cethern. Fingen examined that wound. Two warriors came to me there, of splendid, manly appearance. Each of them thrust a spear into me and I thrust this spear through one of them. Fingen examined that wound. This wound is all black, said the vate male nurse. The spears went through your heart and crossed each other within it and I prophesy no cure here, but I would procure for you some herbs of healing and curing so that the wounds should not carry you off prematurely. We know these two, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They were Bun and Meconn of the household of Ailill and Maeve. They desired that you should fall at their hands. Examine this wound for me now, Master Fingen, said Cethern. Fingen examined the wound. This was the bloody onset of the two sons of the king of the Forest. That is true, said Cethern. There came to me two warriors, fair-faced, dark-browed, tall, with golden tiaras (mindaib óir) on their heads. Two green mantles wrapped about them. Two brooches of white silver in the mantles over their breasts. Two five-pronged spears in their hands. Very numerous are the wounds that have inflicted on you, said the vate male nurse. Into your gullet the spears went and their points met within you, nor is it easy to work a cure here. We know these two, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They are Bróen and Brudne the sons of the king of the three lights, the two sons of the king of the Forest. They would think it victory and triumph and cause for boasting if you should fall by them. Examine this wound for me, Master Fingen, said Cethern. Fingen examined that wound. This was the attack of two brothers, said the vate male nurse. That is true indeed, said Cethern. There came to me two choice warriors. They had yellow hair. Dark blue-green fringed cloaks wrapped about them. Leaf-shaped brooches of white bronze in the mantles over their breasts. Broad, shining spears in their hands. We know those two, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They are Cormac son of the king Coloma and Cormac son of Mael Foga of the household of Ailill and Maeve. They would have wished you to fall at their hands.

Examine for me this wound, Master Fingen, said Cethern. Fingen examined that wound. This was the attempt of two brothers, said the vate male nurse. It is true indeed, said Cethern. There came to me two youthful warriors, both alike. One had curled brown hair, the other also curled yellow hair. Two green mantles were wrapped around them and two brooches of bright silver were in the mantles over their breasts. Two shirts of smooth, yellow silk next to their skin. Silver-hilted (gelduim) swords at their girdles. They carried two bright silver shields, ornamented with animal designs in silver. Two five-pronged spears with rings of pure white silver they bore in their hands. We know those two, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They were Maine Like-his-mother and Maine Like-his-father, two sons of Ailill and Maeve. They would deem it victory and triumph and cause for boasting if you should fall at their hands.

Examine this wound for me, Master Fingen, said again Cethern. Two warriors came to me there. A brilliant appearance they had and they were tall and manly. They wore strange, foreign clothes. Each of them thrust a spear into me and I thrust a spear into each of them. Fingen examined the wound. Severe are the wounds they have inflicted on you, said the vate male nurse. They have severed the vessels (feithe) of your heart within you so that your heart rolls about in your breast like an apple in movement or like a ball of thread (chertli) in an empty bag, and there are no longer blood vessels to feed it as it is necessary? I cannot effect a cure here. We know those two, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They are two of the Norwegian warriors who were chosen expressly by Ailill and Maeve that they might kill you, since not often does anyone survive their attack. For they desired that you should fall at their hands.

Lastly, examine this wound for me, Master Fingen, said Cethern. Fingen examined that wound. This was the thrust of a father and his son, said the vate male nurse. It is true indeed, said Cethern. There came to me two tall men, with shining eyes, with golden helmets (mindaib óir) flashing on their heads. They wore kingly raiment. Gold-hilted, swords inlaid in the Damascene style at their girdles with scabbards of pure white silver and rings of variegated gold outside them. We know those two, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. They were Ailill and his son Maine Who-holds-them-all ?(Condasgeib Uile.) They would deem it victory and triumph and cause of congratulation if you had fallen at their hands. Thus far the story of the wounds of Cethern on the driving off.

Well, then, Fingen, vate male nurse, said Cethern son of Fintan, what remedy and advice do you give me now? What I say to you, said Fingen the vate male nurse, is that you should not exchange your great cows for yearlings this year, for if you do, it is not you who will enjoy them and they will not profit you.' That is the remedy and advice the other male nurses gave me, and it is certain that it brought them no advantage or profit but they fell by me, and neither shall it bring advantage or profit to you for you will fall by me. Cethern gave him a strong, violent kick so that he landed between the two wheels of the chariot. Wicked is that old man's (?) kick, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Whence the name of Heights of the kick in Crich Rois from that day until today to designate this place.

Nevertheless Fingen the vate male nurse gave his choice to Cethern son of Fintan: either a long illness and afterwards help and succor, or else a temporary healing for three days and three nights that he might then exert all his strength against his enemies. Cethern chose a temporary healing of three days and three nights that he might himself exert all his strength against his enemies, for as he said, he would leave behind him no one he would rather like to take vengeance for him than himself. So then Fingen the vate male-nurse asked Hesus Cuchulainn for a marrow cream to cure and heal Cethern son of Fintan. The Hesus Cuchulainn proceeded to the encampment of the Irishmen and brought from there all he found of their herds and flocks and droves, and made of them a mash, flesh and bones and hides altogether. Cethern was placed in the marrow cream for the space of three days and three nights, and he began to soak up the marrow cream which was about him. The marrow entered into his wounds and gashes, his sores and many stabs. Then after three days and three nights he arose from the marrow cream, and thus it was that he arose: with a board of his chariot pressed to his belly to prevent his entrails and bowels from falling out.

That was the time when his wife Finda daughter of Eochu came from the north, from Dun Da Benn, bringing him his sword. Cethern son of Fintan came towards the men of Ireland. However he gave a warning of his coming with Íthall, the male nurse of Ailill and Maeve. Íthall had lain unconscious in a heavy swoon among the corpses of the other male nurses for a long space of time. O men of Ireland, said the male nurse, Cethern son of Fintan will come to attack you now that he has been cured and healed by Fingen the vate male nurse, so make ready to answer him. Then the Irishmen put Ailill's garments and his golden tiara on the pillar stone (imscing n-órda immun corthe) in Crich Ross that Cethern son of Fintan might first wreak his rage on it when he arrived. Cethern saw Ailill's garments and his golden helmet on the standing stone, and for want of information he thought that it was Ailill himself who was there.

He made a rush at the standing stone and drove the sword through the pillar stone up to its hilt. This is a trick, said Cethern, and against me it has been played, but I swear that until there be found among you someone to put on that royal dress and golden crown yonder, I shall not cease to smite and slaughter you. Maine the swift, the son of Ailill and Maeve, heard this, and he put on the royal dress and golden helmet (imscing n-órda) and advanced through the midst of the Irishmen. Cethern pursued him closely, and made a cast of his shield at him, the scalloped edge of the shield cut him in three to the ground together with his chariot and charioteer and horses. Then the Irish armies attacked Cethern on both sides and he fell at their hands in the spot where he was.

Those were the tale of the harsh fight of Cethern and of his bloody wounds.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 53.

A stark-naked man, etc. You still will say that I exaggerate but how not to make the connection with the famous Gaesatae of the battle of Telamon. All is there, apart from the chariot, but nothing more natural to arrive more quickly on the spot. The mercenary activity was very early a tradition among Celts since we find some of them in the guard of King Herod in Egypt in future Tunisia beneath the walls of Carthage. Just like the Fenians, Gaesates were elite mercenary warriors led by charismatic leaders and forming a kind of warlike fraternity welded by a common attitude in front of the death. They fought with the lightest possible armament, in fact, a javelin according to their name and probably a light shield. Their counterparts were the Roman velites and the Greek gymnetes. One of their leaders is mentioned to us under the name of Britomarus (nothing to do with Britain) since the name is also transcribed Viridomarus and rode a horse (battle of Clastidium - 222).

All the question is to know if these Gaesates acted only for money or if the fact of coming to the assistance of people "at least speaking the same language as themselves" also mattered for them. It is difficult to say it but the fact is that in the mentioned encounters they appear fighting alongside other

Celts against Romans. The question of knowing which type of javelin precisely had these historical carriers of "gae" spears is also asked. Did their gaesum resemble the famous spear lightning of Setanta Cuchulainn? It seems well in any case their combat was not of hoplitic nature with heavy lances but of the type charges without particular order followed by a javelin throw ("caterva" formation?). Put in the first line of the Celtic phalanx, they could by their handiness, break the first enemy line through a fast attack. This idea of the fight, typically Celtic, is reported on several occasions by the ancient authors. This attitude in front of the dangers of fight is, of course, linked to the religious design of the death among Celts. Their heavy defeat near Telamon (- 225) such as it is reported to us by Polybius is undoubtedly explained by the range of the javelin of the Roman velites which was to exceed theirs. It is necessary to also say that the Celts in question were really unlucky, they found themselves by the most extraordinary coincidence taken in a pincer movement between two Roman armies. In any case that their "speaking the same language" fellows in Italy made them come while paying them a small fortune seems to indicate that Gaesates were more than simple launchers of javelins like the others.

And to come more precisely to the chariot let us note nevertheless the pattern of the disheveled and stark-naked Celtic warrior in a chariot is known in Roman numismatics according to the web site sacra-moneta.com. They are noticeably two particular coins of which there exists still a certain number of specimens. The first is a denarius serratus i.e., with a notched edge, weighing 3.91 grams, dating back from 112 to 109 before our era, minted by Lucius Pomponius Cn F. The reverse shows King Bituitus in a biga galloping towards the right with a three-pronged fork and a shield. Crawford 282/3 Sydenham 524 Pobjicia 1. The second is a denarius weighing 4.05 grams, going back to 48 before our era, minted by L. Hostilius Saserna. The reverse shows two warriors in a biga galloping towards the right, one driving and the other holding up a shield as well as a lance. Crawford 448/2a; CRI 18; Sydenham 952; Hostilia 2. N.B. Various Celtic objects are also reproduced on the Roman coins. There is the torc, but also the wheel as well as oval shields. There are especially the carnyx, which are typically Celtic war trumpets. We do not see wild boars nor wolves. For the Romans, the true symbol of the Celt indeed, it was the carnyx. Cf. the very beautiful denarius of Albinus Bruti weighing 3.67 grams going back to 48 before our era. The reverse shows two carnyx, a shield above, a round shield in the lower part. Crawford 450/1a; CRI 25; Sydenham 941; Kestner 355. Lastly, let us note, what does not have anything to do but in order to end with this chapter about coins, that certain potins have greatest interest because probably representing fragments of Celtic-druidic eschatology the end of the world and its rebirth on a potin of the Unelli. N.B. Potins were coins of low value and intended for current circulation; their scarcity therefore is much less strong than that of silver coins and all the more so of gold coins. This is why they are relatively affordable today and can form a good topic of collection for a druidicist who starts out.

Male nurse. We convey so the Gaelic word "liaig" while adding the following remark. Apparently, our good master (Hesus) finds normal that the male nurses also look after the casualties of the other camp. Undoubtedly is there his idea of Fir Fer or of human rights (of men under arms). Of course, they do not find that as much normal as that and complied only under duress. What will hardly be a success for them in so far as, considering, and it is the least we can say that Cethern is a demanding patient! Not to forget the Irish irony or humor in all that. It is also a parody intended for well amusing the audience. Bards spreading all this oral literature had to live also and that was done while making fun of people from Connaught. But it is known in addition (Welsh and Irish laws) that the care of wounded or sick people was taken very seriously and that one did not joke about it. Former druids by no means neglected the care of bodies.

The vate male nurse. Fáthlíraig in Gaelic. The vate was a druid specialized in medicine of bodies. Former druids indeed by no means neglected the medicine of bodies as we have just seen. It is, however, advised to the neo-druids to deal only with the care of souls and at a pinch of minds, in the spiritual meaning of the word. And to give up the care of bodies to the current specialists in this field.

N.B. The impression our text gives is that a vate male nurse therefore was situated at a much higher level in the druidic hierarchy of then. A kind of head mael nurse. The subordinates appearing apparently unable to be effective, Hesus Cuchulainn calls upon a specialist much more skilled, a master in this field, a true doctor, a big boss of hospital. And naturally Ultonian, Connaught being unable to have such specialists.

Fingen. That the medical examiner of an ultramodern mortuary succeeds in determining that such wound was made by a man or such other by a woman, it's one thing, since one manages well to do it nowadays, but that Fingen manages to determine the family ties between the attackers only by examining the wounds, then there it is nevertheless a little too much. The question now is: have the bards or the druids having cooperated to work out these mythological accounts really ought their doctors able of feats of which one hardly dreams in the TV series which stage medical examiners and experts of all kinds in the crime laboratories ?? Our opinion to us is that everything is not to be taken literally, but with a little humor. Perhaps it was to make fun carefully of the claims of certain doctors???

Let us repeat once again, everything is not to be taken literally in this Bible of druidism. The letter kills spirit and even in fact humor. One of the great dramas of our Mankind it is there are as many men and women taking literally everything there is in their Holy Bible or Holy Quran. How can you believe only one moment for example that the earth stopped turning around the sun at the request of Joshua during the battle of Gibeon (Joshua 10,12)? How can you believe only one moment for example that moon one day was divided into two at the request of Muhammad (Quran, chapter 54, verses 1-2). To take all these texts which are the Bible and the Quran literally makes man stupid. Judeo-Christianity lacking in critical mind blinds and pious Islam makes man stupid. Never let us forget that believer and credulous are two words of the same family in many Latin languages (credulo creyentes in Spanish for example). And credulity can be much more dangerous than the critical mind. As pointed it out very well the Celtic prince summoned by the crooked lawyer who was Cicero, to believe is a thing, knowledge is another one.

.... . If it is proper to have a regard to the men themselves (a thing which in truth in the case of witnesses ought to be of the greatest weight) is anyone, the most honorable man in all Celtica to be compared, I will not say with the most honorable men of our city, but even with the meanest of Roman citizens? Does Induciomarus know what is the meaning of testifying? Is he affected with that awe which moves every individual among us when he is brought here?

....I suppose Induciomarus, when he testified, had all these fears and all these thoughts; he, who left out of his whole evidence that most considerate word, to which we are all habituated, "I believe," [in Latin arbitror] a word which we use when we are relating on our oath what we know of our own knowledge, what we ourselves have seen; but said that he knew [in Latin scire], everything, he was stating... Do you think that those nations are influenced in giving their evidence by the sanctity of an oath, and by the fear of the immortal gods, which are so widely different from other nations in their habits and natural disposition? For other nations undertake wars in defense of their religious feelings; they wage war against the religion of every people; other nations when waging war beg for sanction and pardon from the immortal gods; they have waged war with the immortal gods themselves (sections XII and XIII of the oration for Marcus Fonteius). It is necessary to know putting things in perspective and not always systematically ascribed to God strictly natural phenomena, having a material and physical explanation. It is necessary to give back to the gods what gods' is, of course, but to give back to nature what nature's is. Yes, let us repeat it once again, it is necessary to know putting things in perspective. Let us begin by seeking an explanation or a natural cause for all these phenomena and we will see after therefore if it is not possible. What the high knowers of the ancient druidiaction besides had very well understood already according to these words of Lucan on their subject:

"To you alone it is given the gods and celestial powers
To know or not to know;
Great trees of remote groves
Are your dwelling place
According to your masters, the shades of dead men
Seek not the quiet homes of Erebus
Or death's pale kingdoms, etc., etc." (Pharsalia, book I)

The Latin sentence was written as follows: "Solis nosse deos et caeli numina uobis aut solis nescire datum" The only embarrassing thing in it is the "solis" *. * But were not the high knowers of Antiquity also some teachers?? Therefore men spreading their knowledge all out? Now let us return more precisely to our sheep (no, not those of the Paschal or Meccan sacrifice, but those who swallow everything without an ounce of critical mind). It is necessary with regard to the Bible and to the Coran to adopt the same attitude that which was shown by the high knowers who dialogued with Lucian of

Samosata in the area of Marseilles in connection with a fresco representing Hercules, i.e., always to be in search of the truth by doing a little of religious comparativism or of (objective) history of religions, in other words, by opening ourselves a little on the others and by not being locked up or not remaining a prisoner of one's cultural community, one's reference universe. We are human beings what the deuce, and therefore nothing of what is human must be ignored by us. It is necessary to be able to go and seek for truth, or an indicator of truth, until the other end of the world if it is necessary, outside one's community of usual reference even one's birth civilization. True polytheism is that in fact. To go and see a little what the others do, elsewhere, what our distant ancestors did, in other times. Let us add nevertheless this search for the truth must be personal. To Hell with intellectual servility or without imagination conformity with regard to squiggles several tens of centuries old. Quran is only a paper heap and the Bible too! Let us keep consequently our forests for another thing.

* My Parisian pen friends point out for me that the dance of the sun in Fatima in 1917, as for it, is well attested. Seventy thousand witnesses were present. Answer of Peter DeLacrau. It is up to each one to see, me I was born only in 1952 and very far from Portugal. What say specialists in collective hallucinations, UFOs, Holy Grail, visual effects and so on.....?

Ah! For Gibeon and the sun it is pointed out for it is not possible for two reasons, initially because it is not the Sun which revolves around the Earth but the opposite, and then because if it were the Earth which had stopped one moment revolving, unspeakable disasters would then have destroyed the Earth; therefore that would be known. It is also announced to me that for Fatima, on the other hand, the assumption of the collective hallucination does not hold out since people attended these strange phenomena several kilometers away.

Well, then principle of personal search for the grail. It is up to our readers to make themselves their own opinion.

Slansen. We already indicated on several occasions our hesitations about the systematic translation by incantations charms or other magic formulas of this Gaelic word. It is for us only a prayer accompanied by a sacred sign (similar to the sign of the cross of Christians for example). We do not see why indeed Judeo-Islamic-Christians would be right to prayers (noble therefore) and we only to magic formulas. Because, let us repeat it once again, Jewish Christian or Muslim prayers, are nothing other than magic formulas too. On the advice of one of our Wiccan sisters who provided us text of it and in order to make our readers only judges, we will therefore give below an example of a very old prayer intended for heating or curing. Perhaps of druidic origin since it was a long time ascribed (wrongly besides) to the personal doctor of the emperor Augustus, named Antonius Musa (a specialist in the frozen baths). We know today that it is not him but only it dates back nevertheless to the third century, at least its first part. We will not give Latin text that appears in the universal Catholic documentation under the title Anonymus Precatio terrae (let us announce in passing that precatio means well prayer in Latin). The text is all in one piece in the various manuscripts recopying it, arrived to us, and which range from the sixth century (Codex)Leidensis) to the twelfth century (Codex Laurentianus), but two parts emerge, one being clearly later than the other and being perhaps already influenced by Christianity: the prayer to earth and the prayer to all herbs. Here is the translation without prejudice (my seven years of Latin are far away). Prayer to all herbs. I now intercede in order to obtain the assistance of your most effective herbs and I call upon your majesty for that, you were engendered our Mother Earth and provided all. She conferred on you the power of healing and recovering health, on you, your excellence, so that you can always be most useful of the assistance for all Mankind. It is in the humblest way which I implore you and beg you: now and there intervene with all your potency, since the very one who engendered you promised to let me gather you: he also to whom the healing art is entrusted has shown he agreed. Insofar as it is always possible for you grant to me sufficiently effective medicine to make recover health. Grant to me, please, whatsoever I do in accordance with your will or whatsoever man with whom I will prescribe this, the favor that thanks to your potency he finds a favorable issue to his disease and as soon as possible. That I may ever be allowed, with the agreement of your majesty, to gather you... I will offer produce of the fields to you and I will return thanks through the name of the Mother who gave birth to you.

Our comment. No selfishness in that, no ambivalence, no ambiguity, the goddess in question (the Earth) is well considered as the mother of all the men and her medicinal herbs as being at the disposal of everybody, not of such or such people in particular. And in what concerns us we esteem to find in this text the same atmosphere as that which shows through in the gathering operations of the samolus of the selago and of the vervain described by Pliny (same care, even same fear as for the process of the herbal medicine gathering operations).

Pliny. Book XXIV, chapter LXII. Similar to savin is the herb known as "selago." Care is taken to gather it without the use of iron, the right hand being passed for the purpose on the left side of the tunic, as though the gatherer were in the act of committing a theft. The clothing too must be white, the feet bare and washed clean, and a sacrifice of bread and wine must be made before gathering it: the plant is also carried in a new napkin. The druids of continental Celtica have pretended that it should be carried about the person as a preservative against accidents of all kinds, and that the smoke of it is extremely good for all maladies of the eyes. The Druids, also, have given the name of "samolus" to a certain plant which grows in humid localities. This too, they say, must be gathered fasting with the left hand, as a preservative against the maladies to which swine and cattle are subject. The person, too, who gathers it must make pretense not to look at it by gathering it, nor must it be laid anywhere but in the troughs from which the cattle drink. Pliny. Book XXV. Chapter LIX. But among the Romans there is no plant that enjoys a more extended renown than hierobotane, known to some persons as "peristereon," and among us more generally as "verbenaca."....There are two varieties of it: the one that is thickly covered with leaves is thought to be the female plant; that with fewer leaves, the male... The people in the Celtic provinces on the Continent make use of them both for soothsaying purposes, and for the prediction of future events but it is the magicians more particularly that give utterance to such ridiculous follies in reference to this plant. Persons, they tell us, if they rub themselves with it will be sure to gain the object of their desires; and they assure us that it keeps away fevers, conciliates friendship, and is a cure for every possible disease; they say, too, that it must be gathered about the rising of the Dog-star—but so as not to be shone upon by sun or moon—and that honeycombs and honey must be first presented to the earth by way of expiation. They tell us also that a circle must first be traced around it with iron; after which it must be taken up with the left hand, and raised aloft, care being taken to dry the leaves, stem, and root, separately in the shade. To these statements they add that if the banqueting hall [Latin triclinium] is sprinkled with water in which it has been steeped, merriment and hilarity will be greatly promoted thereby. As a remedy for the stings of serpents, this plant is bruised in wine.

To return to our prayer to all herbs, we do not see in what this kind of prayer would be inferior to many Judeo Islamic Christian prayers which are much more questionable (see the twelfth blessing * of the Jewish amidah and the "lead us not into temptation" of the Christian Lord's prayer). Let us say outright, if it is well this kind of prayer, ecologist before the word exists, that recited the Fingen 2500 years ago, then there is not there really to be shamed about that.

* The twelfth blessing???? Explanation. Among the 18 blessings of the traditional Jewish prayer there is one indeed, the twelfth, which caused a lot of ink to flow.

Let us point it out, first of all, that we are in dissension with the general spirit of these 18 Jewish blessings because there is nothing to ask any lord but everything to conquer by ourselves. As Arrian in his time said it very well, in its treatise on hunting (coursing). Chapter XXXIV: "This Celtic law I follow with my fellows, because I declare no human undertaking to have a prosperous issue without the interposition of the gods..."In other words "God helps those who help themselves!"

The true problem is that, after a whole series of requests which show the selfishness usual to the human beings

...1. Blessed are You, Lord our God, God of our fathers, God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, etc.7. O behold our affliction and wage our wars ...redeem us speedily for the sake of Your Name....Blessed are You Lord, Redeemer of Israel.8. Heal us, O Lord. Blessed are You Lord, who heals the sick of His people Israel.9. Bless for us.... this year and all the varieties of its produce for good.....bestow dew and rain... Blessed are You Lord, who blesses the years.10. Sound the large trumpet for our freedom. ..Blessed are You Lord, who gathers the dispersed of His people Israel.

Until then, it can go, a little egoist but now, selfishness is in the human nature, the most stable democracies are always these which are founded on selfishness and human stupidity.

Then appears very suddenly and turned at the awkward moment a twelfth blessing, very different from the ordinary selfishness of the previous ones, and much more serious as on the theoretical level as on the practical level, since it tackles the others by definition (the birkat ha minim). Even if the word used in the body of the text is "malshinim ." Malshinim is currently conveyed in Hebrew by heretics, or slanderers, denounces, anti-semitic racists. Twelfth " blessing " therefore "For malshinim let there be no hope, and may all the evil in an instant be destroyed and all Your enemies be cut down swiftly." The name of this prayer is contradictory in itself besides because it is in reality not a "blessing," but a "curse." It is perhaps a blessing for the one who recites it, but provided he is not a member of the people that is cursed by it.

The fact that the various versions of the Talmud , and we do not speak there about the imaginary or dreamed Talmud proposed ad usum delphini, insists on the obligation for all the Jews to pronounce it , indicates that it was well question of exerting pressure from the group on any person who can be inclined with being allured by some aspect of the schools of thought concerned , what is extremely serious. This thousand-year-old indoctrination (it is a prayer recited three times per day, what a brainwashing my god) to hatred and racism thus endured since the first century of our era. What is undeniable in any case, it is that Birkat haMinim has without any doubt contributed to creating an orthodoxy in Judaism which, before the time of Yavne precisely, was composed of multiple tendencies and movements. "Heretics," whatever they are, being placed in front of the choice to curse themselves while saying amen at the end of the prayer, or to come no longer to the synagogue.

In short, Birkat haMinim is perhaps quite simply the cause of the birth of Christianity, the cause of the schism or of the separation between Judaism and Christianity. Without the birkat haminim Judaism would have only evolved from the inner and therefore there would not have been this Christianity (which we learned how to know at our expense as my Wiccan sister says).

Shortly after the year 70, Yohanan Ben Zakkai, who had fled from Jerusalem, brings together doctors of the law, pharisees and others still. The group will be established as the upholder of the Temple Sanhedrin and receives the permission of the Romans to be settled in Yavne. The sacrifices of the Temple are removed, since there is no longer temple. The Jews, cut off (= expelled) from Jerusalem, meet to pray together in meeting houses (Grec: syn-agoge), because the life continues. The problem which arises then for the new community which is organized is that of the growing number of Judeo-Christians i.e., at the time of Jews recognizing themselves no longer in the pharisaism or in the traditional Judaism but finding themselves in a particular tendency of Judaism which refers to the life and the work of a called Jesus the Nazarene. The Birkat ha Minim will be for the orthodox Jews of the time a means of finding one's way around even to do the sorting.

Original Text of the Birkat haMinim in its simplest Palestinian version was found in the Cairo genizah.

"May the apostate renegades [mashumadim = slanders, bastards, etc.] have no hope; and may the malicious empire [malkhout zadon, i.e., Roman empire] be speedily uprooted and may the nosrim and minim perish instantlyBlessed either the Lord who curves the malicious ones."Our Palestinian friends must appreciate (when I went to Lebanon in 1976, they still did not like).

It is explained to us from any side to justify as much hatred or idiotic racism that minim or nosrim were apostates i.e., people converted to another religion, following another religion, even having no religion at all (the five kinds of min according to Moses Maimonides: one who denies the existence of God or the ruler of the world, one who, etc.).And ? No compulsion as regards religion (Holy Quran 2,256). Fortunately besides that your Abraham was converted to another religion than that of his fathers, if not you were still in the stage of the Middle Eastern paganism of the earliest antiquity, which was enough oppressing at the time ,towards Man (only created to serve God or gods). We must be able to follow the religion and the worship or the religions and the worships, even the absences of religion or worship, we want, without constraint neither threat neither punishment nor discrimination.

Semantic notes.Nosrim are true Jews who betray their people by being associated with non-Jews (= proselytes who respect the Jewish Law, but also some pagans who believe in Jesus and refuse Jewish rites). The word "minim" is not synonymous with "nosrim," this term having a higher power. The word "minim" includes all those of Judaism who diverged from those who wanted to be the guards of orthodoxy; therefore they are all those of various Jewish sects... more or less... The term minim was used by Talmud to designate all kinds of dissidents compared with pharisaic "orthodoxy " for example those who claimed to grant the Ten Commands an absolute preeminence on the rest of the Torah. If in the 12th century, Moses Maimonides enumerates in his Mishneh Torah five kinds of Minim, o whom first the atheistic materialists) the Jerusalem Talmud affirms the existence of twenty-four kinds of minim.

As we have had the opportunity to say it, at an unknown date, but after the destruction of the Temple (70) and probably after 90, the Birkat haminim will aim explicitly at the nosrim (in Greek: Nazōraios) in addition to the minim. From where besides the reaction of the first Christians. Matthew, 23,15. "Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You travel over land and sea to win a single convert, and when you have succeeded, you make them twice as much a child of hell as you are...". In short, from all that, the religion of love does not leave really with an increased stature. Apart from what concerns the number. When will cease therefore this kind of racist attacks against the other spirituality, against spirituality different, compared with one's, all these stories of false gods of true God, etc.? THERE ALWAYS HAD VARIOUS LEVELS OF TRUTH ACCORDING TO THE LEVEL OF INTELLECTUAL OR SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION OF EACH ONE and we must therefore take it into consideration. God or the great Goddess [Danu?] will find theirs in all that. In conclusion, our tolerance to us neo-pagan of druidic obedience without being unlimited for as much, has only two boundary stones. Which form indeed true possible stumbling block in any dialog with us. Each one is allowed to practice the religion of one's choice, but on the only condition that is between agreeing adults. Each one is allowed to lie down on a bed of nails to wear a hair shirt or deprive oneself of pork if he wants, IN ONE'S LIVING ROOM OR IN ONE'S GARDEN.

The first limit is that you leave us alone and in peace we uns, who do not want to do as much. Who do not want to do the same thing. And that you leave us indeed free to do what we want in our living room or in our garden. Of course subject to respect the basic laws of any human society. To kill his wife to rape his maid or to abuse his children remains a crime, even committed inside one's residence (enough with these journalists who excuse everything in the name of the sacrosanct principle of the respect of the private life at any cost). The second limit is that one should not instill his personal religious principles in his children and that it is better to leave them free to follow their own search for the Holy Grail once become adult. One should not since their younger years close one after another the doors and the windows of their mind, on the religious or spiritual level, of course. It is quite to the contrary necessary to leave open and in mind most possible options for them. What doesn't mean never speak with them about the great metaphysical problems, but to do it while being at the highest point open-minded, and without locking any possibility.

Shields ornamented with animal designs in silver. The beginning of heraldry, of course.

Norwegian warriors. Obvious influence of the medieval Irish culture on our myth. Of course, it was not a question of Vikings in the initial pan-Celtic myth developed somewhere in Central Europe (southern Germany) 2500 years ago.

Ithall. In fact, our text bears the name Ítholl.

Imscing n-órda immun corthe. All these stories of crowned menhirs make a little odd. Could they be a distant echo of destruction and vandalizing of megalithic monuments by the first Christians? Tackling the worship of others was very frequent among them at the time, in the time of their rise to power, then of their splendor after the rallying to their cause of the Roman emperors. But before this political reversal of Constantine, such public nuisances earned a certain number of troubles it is the least which we can say, to these Parabolani of the love god. It is for example possible that the raid after which Blandina and her son Ponticus (like her mistress, the Christian woman to which they belonged as slaves) were arrested, in Lugdnum, in 177, was carried out at the request of the population of the city in order to put an end to their aggression against the other worships committed by these Christians of Montanist tendencies (Montanists = talibans of Christianity). In any case a little more in north in the case of saint Symphorian, it is proved (since he even tried to justify this racism, since he even boasted on it). It was undoubtedly Rosemartha, a Celtic-druidic goddess of the fruitfulness called Berecynthia by the young Symphorian who, although his mother was a Celtic-speaking woman, was as a foreigner to the culture of the country in which he lived, attending only the greats and powerful persons of the moment, the Greeks and the Romans (in any case, of course, not the country and agricultural world of the time). This kind of episode in our saga could therefore result from two different elements mixed up in the memories. The memory of worship similar to that of Crom Cruach and the memory of its destruction by the bishop of the place. But revisited not without some irony by local imagination. Of which a wandering bard would have ended up being inspired in order to incorporate it in the main saga he spread. Simple assumption.

Chapter XXIII.

Here follows the fight to the teeth of Fintan.

Fintan was the son of Niall Niamglonnach from Dun Da Benn, and the father of Cethern. He came to avenge the honor of the Ulaid and to take revenge for his son's death on the hosts of his enemies. Thrice fifty was the number of their band, and they came with two spear heads on every shaft, a spear head on the point and a spear head on the butt, so that they wounded hosts alike with points and butts. They gave battle three times to the Irish hosts and three times their own number fell by them, but there also fell all the people of Fintan son of Niall except Crimthann the son of Fintan who was saved by Ailill and Maeve under a shelter of shields. Then the Irishmen said that it would be no disgrace to Fintan son of Niall to evacuate the encampment for him and that his son Crimthann should be allowed to go free with him, while the hosts should withdraw a day's march to the north and he should cease to attack the hosts until such time as he should come to them on the day of the great battle when the armies of the four great provinces of Ireland should meet at Garech and Ilgarech in the foray of Cualnge, as had been said (or prophesied ?) by the Irish druids. Fintan mac Neill agreed to this and his son was set free to him. The encampment was evacuated by him and the hosts retreated a day's journey northwards again, where they remained very defensive. And each man of Fintan's people and each man of the men of Ireland were found with the lips and nose of each of them in the teeth of the other. The men of Ireland noticed this and said: This is the tooth fight for us, the tooth fight of Fintan's people and of Fintan himself.

This is why this episode is called the fight to the teeth of Fintan

Here follows the red shame for Menn.

Menn son of Sálcholgán was one of the Rena of the Boinne River. His force numbered twelve men. They had two spearheads on each shaft, a spearhead on the point and a spearhead on the butt, so that they wounded hosts alike with points and butts. They attacked the Irish hosts three times and three times their own number fell by them, but the twelve of Menn's people ended up to fell. Menn himself was wounded grievously so that he was reddened and bloodstained. Then said the Irishmen : 'Red is this shame for Menn son of Sálcholgán, that his people should be killed and destroyed and he himself is only wounded or reddened and bloodstained.

From there for this episode the title of "affront which reddens Menn.'

Then the Irishmen of Ireland said that it were no disgrace for Menn mac Sálcholgán if the encampment were cleared for him and if the hosts went back a day's journey to the north again, provided that he should cease to attack the hosts until Cunocavaros/Conchobar recovered from his annual indisposition (ces noinden) and gave them battle at Garech and Ilgarech, as the Irish druidi & fádi & fissidi druids vates and best experts had envisaged.

Menn mac Sálcholgán agreed that the encampment should be vacated. The hosts withdrew a day's journey to the north again, checking and staying themselves.

Here follows the expedition of the charioteers.

Then the charioteers of the Ulaid came to them, three fifties in number. They gave battle three times to the host and three times their own number fell by them, and the charioteers fell on the battle field.

Such was the expedition of the charioteers.

Here follows the woman fight of Rochad.

Editor's note. A previous episode, extracted from the book of the dun cow, Lebor Na hUidre in Gaelic language by d'Arbois de Jubainville, already staged our two lovebirds, Findabair and Rochad. The two recensions being due to different authors, no one will not be astonished with their inconsistencies. To wonder even if we speak about the same thing. Explanation perhaps of the fact that d'Arbois de Jubainville does not see fit to gather them. The episode below in any case is more dramatic since the poor Findabair will be manipulated in a beautiful way by her mother and will be the cause of the death of eight hundred men for nothing.

Reochad son of Fatheman was of the Ulaid. His force numbered one hundred and fifty, and he took up his position on a hillock opposite the Irish host. Findabair, the daughter of Ailill and Maeve, noticed that, and she said to her mother Maeve: 'I loved yonder warrior long ago and he is my beloved and my chosen wooer.' If you loved him, my daughter, spend tonight with him and ask him for a truce for us

with the host until he comes to us on the day of the great battle where the four great provinces of Ireland will meet at Gáirech and Ilgáirech (therefore at the final battle of the foray of Cualnge). Reochad son of Fatheman agreed to that and the girl spent that night with him.

One of the princes (airri) of Munster who was in the Irish camp heard of this and said to his people: 'That girl was betrothed to me long ago and that is why I have come now upon this hosting.' The seven under-kings of Munster said too that that was why they had come. Why then should we not go to take vengeance for the woman and for our honor on the Maines who are keeping guard in the rear of the host at Imlech in Glendamrach? That was the plan they decided upon and they arose with their divisions of three thousand each one. Then Ailill rose to oppose them with his three thousand. Maeve rose with her three thousand, and the sons of Maga with their divisions. The Gauls and the Munstermen and the people of Tara rose. Intervention was made between them so that each man sat next to the other and beside his weapons. Yet before the intervention was accomplished, eight hundred valiant men from among them had fallen. Findabair, the daughter of Ailill and Maeve, heard that this number of Irishmen had fallen because of her and on account of her, and her heart cracked like a nut in her breast through shame and remorse. Findabair's Hill is the name of the spot where she died. This fight was without consequence for Reochad son of Fatheman, said then the Irishmen, since eight hundred valiant soldiers have fallen because of him but that he himself has escaped without a wound and without shedding his blood.

From where the woman's fight for Reochad above.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 54.

As had been said (or prophesied ?) We wonder at times if the bards, compilers of these legends are not themselves behind a certain number of successful prophecies which are ascribed to the druids. It is indeed easy to announce what will occur when it is already happened. The precise expression to designate this kind of false prophecy is "prophecy after the fact." Quran and Bible are full of them and accustomed us to this kind of imposture which please much to the men or women totally lacking in intelligence and whose brain is in a way constantly at a standstill (what we want to say it is that in fact their brain does not function, it is as it was stationary). It is enough to surf a little on web sites dealing with the subject to be frightened but then frightened by the total lack of critical thought and therefore in intelligence of the majority of the net surfers intervening on the subject (the miracles of the Quran, etc.) and that proves well that Islam is dangerous for Mankind (for its intellectual level). That Biblism is dangerous for Mankind (for its intellectual level). That (literal) Evangelism is dangerous for Mankind (for its intellectual level)...Porphyry of Tyre in his time had already denounced the nature "after the fact" of the prophecies of the Book of Daniel (the piece of evidence besides it is that three languages are used there: Hebrew Aramaic Greek. Because the text was not written in the sixth century before our era but....during the second century, before our era, that is to say four centuries, after, the allegedly announced in advance events).

The question therefore is the following one: whereas all these pretenses all these impostures and all this trickery of Christianity were largely known of the intellectuals and even more of the time of Celsus and Pophyry, how it is done that the latter nevertheless could as quickly triumph (it goes without saying the answers of the type "because it is what God wanted" satisfy me in no means). The famous prophecy known as prophecy of the Romans in Quran (chapter 30, 2-6) is, of course, to lump together in one basket. Although ! Regis Blachere thinks well that this remark was made before the deadline but that it was a question for Muhammad of raising spirits of his after his disastrous and crushing defeat in Mu'ta in 629. According to him if we ignore the diacritical marks (which did not exist in Arabic in the beginning) we get the following text:

"Romans overcame in the nearest part of the Earth. They, after their victory, will be overcome in a few years. To God belongs the Fate in the past as in the future. Then the believers will be delighted with the help of God." But one of the best pieces of evidence of the characteristic "after the fact" of this prophecy does not remain than the sura begins with the three Arabic letters Alif Lam Mim which do not have anything to do at the mouth of the archangel Gabriel who reveals the uncreated Quran to Muhammad therefore and which are, of course, the trace of a first classification of writing already copied before even the first official compilation of Caliph Abu Bakr and Zayd Ibn Thabit, a Jewish scribe converted * (it goes without saying the answers of the type "the fact that these letters appear there is a mystery wanted by God who reveals to men that, etc." satisfy me by no means). Let us point out by the way to the honorable scientist scholars of Islam that Roman was never spoken in the Roman empire not more than today Belgian in the Kingdom of Belgium, in addition to the regional

languages people spoke there Latin in the West and Greek in the East (and as regards Belgium today people speak there roughly saying in addition to dialects, like Walloon, Lorrain, Champenois, Picard, French in the south, a kind of Dutch in north, in the east a Germanic local dialect of which German is the literary language) and in south-east Luxembourgish.

* Ibn Masud affirms that he had studied in the Jewish schools of the future Medina (Yathrib).

In any case, moreover, this sentence is not grammatically very clear, the piece of evidence it is that the great French Celticist who was d'Arbois de Jubainville... was mistaken with it. In short, all this episode, such as it appears to us now through the Gaelic text (the story of teeth, etc.), is difficult enough to understand. Is it a become obscure metaphor? We still say "being armed to the teeth" then??

The moral of this story is that our sacred texts all are damn very complicated. Wouldn't this be a trick of God to make the human beings thinking hard and developing thus their brain muscles which need well??

Best experts. We convey so the Gaelic word *fissidi*. The stem *fis* designating science and knowledge. In a more precise way can also designate any person expert in druidry in the Irish meaning of the word, i.e., in the occult.

Findabair. It was much spoken about her behavior. People called her names and, of course, she was called a "prostitute." Such is not our opinion because we demonize by no means the powerful forces which, within nature and in the body of the human being, irresistibly push men and women the ones towards the others. What we say rather it is that it is true that the unhappy Findabair is in a way sold on several occasions by her mother for political reasons (in order to preserve the Irish army) and that this bad and disgraceful behavior of Maeve with respect to her daughter will end up causing more than a diplomatic incident, a beginning of armed confrontation. The poor Findabair victim of the maneuvers of her mother will not react as the Judith of the bible (who will have sex for the greatest glory of God, of course, with Holophernes, in order to better assassinate him) but will have her heart broken. We understand the context well. To have sex if it is for the good cause is defensible and there are many examples of that in the History. Let us not be stupid prudes! From the widow * of the unfortunate treasurer of the Jewish community of the Banu Nadir having taken refuge in Khaybar to the Polish Maria Walewska. Let us skip the historicity of the luscious Judith. With due respect to the Catholic Church of my childhood (is it still like that today I do not know), this Judith is not more historical than the unfortunate Findabair who, as for her, at least, is franker, at least in the story such it is reported to us. But from a community which makes a big deal of physical chastity.... If at least those who approve her attitude found sexuality as normal and healthy as a pure water glass in the desert, it is one thing, but there...

* Let us not leave the unhappy one in anonymity. She is worth leaving it. She was called Safiyya (17 years old) and, of course, she agreed to have sex with Muhammad only in the hope to ease a little the horrible fate of hers. And perhaps even with the secret hope to poison him, as another of her co-religionists had tried to do it just after the storming of Khaybar by Muslims. Did she have the choice besides?

Muslim web sites speaking about her and calling her "mother of the believers" are as nauseating or indecent as neo-Nazis' web sites speaking only about gassing of lice in Auschwitz. How can one be as inhuman as these believers who ignore her personal drama completely (she was only seventeen years old) and who go as far as insinuating that her husband beat her, therefore that by making him tortured then executed Muhammad did nothing but defend her and did a favor to her finally??? As far as Isma does not go? I who am neither a believer nor a credulous man and who will practice takkiya only under torture, I understand perfectly her personal drama, the horror and the fear the unhappy one had to feel after the massacre of Khaybar and the treatment, let us say contrary to human rights that the victorious Muslims inflicted on her husband. How besides can one lack compassion to such an extent to offer "marriage" to the widow of a man whom you have just made executed three days earlier??? Nobody here I hope will not come to claim that it is by pure love of the physical person of the "prophet" that Safiyya agreed. Being by no means a member of the inhabitants of this planet who truly idolize Muhammad (what a dangerous obscurantism, heavy of all the possible threats for human rights than that Lady Isma) we see him such as he was probably *, i.e., a man of his time (and of all the men, of course, not the best model contrarily to what claim Isma which, in the field, is not a very good adviser (I a simple post-office employee without great diploma I see more clearly than her).

Our good Master John Toland was formerly closely convinced (with regard to Christianity) that to be pious was equivalent being insensitive and cruel towards all those who do not share your blindness and your idolatry (we saw it well on the occasion of the tragic episode of the witches in Salem. There is nothing more inhuman than a pious man. It is enough to surf a little on the web to note that a certain number of our compatriots (it is not everyone but there are many nevertheless) are very clear-headed in this respect with regard to Islam: nothing more inhuman nor more insensitive than a pious Muslim. The question is: how is it that we do not find the same proportion of them (there is much less) in the European microcosm of the media or of the intellectuals (and let us not speak about the politicians)?? At least if one sticks to external appearances? Would it be an erroneous even absurd design of the necessary non-racism which has to lead us all?? Is it because the racist it is the other? Because demagoguery it is the other? Because populist it is the other (what embarrasses me in all that it is I wonder to such an extent all these paragons of democracy are really convinced that there are more ideas, good ideas, in several heads, than in one; what is one of the rare justifications of democracy besides, if not democracy becomes idolatry). Because if it is quite obviously contrary to law and order to encourage hatred against a natural person or a corporation because of real or supposed links with such or such religion, it goes without saying that radical criticism but then radical and in any way bowdlerized, of the "values" ** principles and dogmas***, of his or its religious ideology, as a collective mentality being culturally handed down, must also be possible, legally and morally speaking.

* Probably because there does not exist any record of the time, and that later documents are all (hadiths and biographies of Muhammad) resulting from Islamized circles. We are reduced in this case to assumptions and among them to choose those which are unfortunately most probable when we do not practice takkiya (what my case is) human nature being what it is.

** As the absolute obedience of Abraham to what is believed to be the will of God, for example. Therefore see this man, who goes up here while limping slowly as crushed under the weight of his burden and with a knife in his hand the cursed hill of Moriah, still under the shock in a daze, and his glance extinguished, how not to see regarding him that his "example" for thousands of years encouraged whole generations to place the divine commands above human laws, above morals, in short it is deeply immoral? And it is besides for that reason this unhappy example still allures so many pious Jews pious Christians and pious Muslims. How not to make the laws of God passing before those of men and it is besides all the problems of Islam in our today societies. The empty glance of Abraham climbing the slopes of Mount Moriah to sacrifice on it his son Isaac is much more terrifying than that of Agamemnon in front of Iphigenia, because in the vacuum of this glance trembling and as hallucinated can be read indeed all the possibilities of a world : it is an opening on infinity. Let us not speak about that of the Hesus Cuchulainn as regards his own son, the only son of Aife in addition, since he did not know even that it was him. In druidic perspective indeed this drama is only a tragic illustration of the Tocade/Tocad or Fate all-might. The split personality, on the other hand, can be regarded as the biggest of curses on earth for a human being, his inner but infinite hell. What can, what must, do, jurymen, facing a murderer having killed in an absolute state of insanity except to feel the most Buddhist compassion towards this lost soul (while making sure, of course, that he will present no longer a danger to society). See on this subject the excellent movie by Richard Gere released in 1966. In the role of Aaron Stampler Edward Norton is amazing. I shall always remember also the scene of the spellbound by Hitchcock in which Gregory Peck hallucinated or completely mad went down the staircases with a razor in his hand to cut the throat of to cut the throat of... I remember no longer very well of whom but my opinion and I express it is that the character he played in this remarkable movie was well then in the same state of madness as that of Abraham in the Bible, i.e., is driven by a psychosis being able to degenerate into a fatal madness. Such is my opinion and I benefit from the opportunity to express it here before it is covered by any prohibition of blaspheming on behalf of men or women whose holy books do not deprive themselves, as for them, of blaspheming against our gods i.e., ultimately against the various designs of God or of the Divinity with which human being can be endowed.

*** Isma in lands of Islam, still for example.

On the strictly military level, such an anecdote was to remind the male and concerned by this kind of adventures, listeners, of the importance of the good agreement in an army in war. Celts needed it well considering their propensity to division. See the unlucky example of the huge relief army, however, arrived to a few hundred meters of Alesia. In spite of the efforts of Vercassivellaunus who had perfectly well understood the much thought plan of his cousin, it set out again practically without having probably fought because of the treason of the Aedui people. As the great Head of the French State who was General de Gaulle said it one day (I do not claim I knew him well) there was always in French policy foreigner parties.

"Peyrefitte, I beg you not to treat the journalists with too much consideration. When a difficulty emerges, it is necessary this fauna sticks up for the foreigner, against the party of the nation of which they claim, however, to be the spokesperson. Impossible to imagine a similar baseness - and at the same time a similar unconsciousness of baseness-. Your journalists have in common with the French upper middle-class to have lost any feeling of national pride, etc."

Our sacred text to us (it is as good as many others) does not specify who intervened so that everyone is calmed. It is permissible for us to suppose (since we are still in a free country) that they were perhaps druids since, 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).

Iliach's clump fight

Íliach was the son of Cas son of Bacc son of Ross Ruad fils de Rudraige. He was told how the four great provinces of Ireland had been plundering and laying waste the kingdom of Ulidia and Pictland from the Moon-day after Samon (ios) until Ambolc (imbuilc), and he took counsel with his people. What better plan could I devise than to go and attack the Irishmen and win victory over them and avenge the honor of Ulaid? It does not matter if I myself fall thereafter. And that was the plan he decided on. His two old, decrepit, mangy horses which were on the strand beside the fort were harnessed for him, and his old chariot without any rugs or covering was yoked to the horses. He took up his old rough, dark-colored, iron shield with the rim of hard silver around it. On his left side he put his rough, heavy-smiting sword with gray guard. He took his two gaped, shaky-headed spears in the chariot beside him. His people filled his chariot around him with chlochaib & chorthib & táthleccaib móra, stones and rocks and great flagstones. In this wise he came forward towards the Irishmen with his genitals (lebarthrintall) quite visible in the chariot. We should like indeed, said the Irishmen, if it were thus that all the Ulaid came to us.

Editor's note. Up to that point, we feel of a plagiarism of the adventures of Don Quixote. Would it be possible that Cervantes took as a starting point such a story??? Of course not, but the topic of the old decrepit and a little mad warrior who wants still to fight was apparently attention catching.

Doche son of Maga met him and welcomed him. Welcome is your arrival, Íliach, said Doche son of Maga. I trust that welcome said Íliach, but come to me presently when my weapons are exhausted and when my valor has diminished so that you may be the one to behead me and not any other man of the Irishmen. But keep my sword for Loegaire.

Íliach plied his weapons on the Irishmen until he had exhausted them, and when his weapons were exhausted, he attacked the Irishmen with stones and rocks and great flagstones until they too were exhausted. When they were finished, wherever he could seize one of the Irishmen, he would crush him swiftly between his arms and his hands and make a marrow mash of him, flesh and bones, sinews and skin all together. The two heaps of marrow mashes still remain a long time side by side, the one which Hesus Cuchulainn made from the bones of the Irishmen's cattle to cure Cethern son of Fintan and the one which Íliach made from the bones of the Irishmen of Ireland.

So that the bloodshed carried out by Íliach belongs to the three uncountable slayings of the expedition, and that this tale is called missile combat fought by Illiach. It was called thus because Iliach fought with stones and rocks even great flagstones.

Dóche son of Maga met him. Are you not Iliach? said Dóche. It is I indeed, said Íliach, but come to me now and cut off my head and keep my sword for your beloved Loegaire. Dóche came to him and with a stroke of the sword cut off his head.

End of the missile fight of Iliach.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 55.

Picts. We translate so the Gaelic word Chruthni. This mention of Picts in our text is not without causing some problems because in theory the country of the Picts it is Scotland. It is true that some of them

are also pointed out in Ireland, so... the name seems to be equivalent to Pritani, Britanni. They are perhaps some descendants from the Caledonians. In Scotland Picts were mixed up with the Gaels of the Dal Riata kingdom therefore from the 10th century to produce the Scots. In any case the locations don't matter, the initial pan-Celtic myth was timeless and not precisely localizable.

Lebarthrintall. We categorically refuse to say more on this Gaelic word.

Loegaire. D'Arbois de Jubainville thinks it is Loegaire the victorious his grandson. Two heaps of marrow mash. The whole question is, let us have to understand that literally, Iliach putting the Irishmen in a kind of giant vegetable mill, or to see simply there a colorful even humorous way of the bards, authors of these accounts, to mean that their favorite heroes inflicted a very serious defeat to the Irish armada. Our answer is: it is not to be taken literally, it is some literature. Exactly as when it is said that Wellington beats Napoleon in Waterloo, which was besides the most beautiful of the victories of the emperor of Frenchmen (if we exclude the last fifteen minutes). Does one want through that really to say that Wellington took on his knees the little Bonaparte to give him a smack, bare bottomed? And well it is often better to read in the same detached or distanced way Bible and Quran! Keep my sword for your beloved Loegaire. A whole side of this story which, presented thus, is incomprehensible, is to be missing. Just like different episodes of the Bible and of the Quran. It is true that the Quran affirms itself that God made the men forget what he wants. What is quite practical let us recognize it because like that god is always right but that hardly helps us to understand certain episodes like that of the satanic verses.

"Have you well seen all-Lât all-Uzzâ and, the third, the other Manat?" (Quran 53,19-20).

"When we substitute one revelation for another- and God knows best what he reveals- they say, "You are but a forger » (Quran 16,101).

"We will make you recite, and you will not forget, except what God would will" (Quran 87, 6-7).

"We do not abrogate a verse or cause it to be forgotten except that we bring forth [one] better than it or similar to it..." (Quran 2/106). P.S. We do not know how to call (or which is the relevant word appropriated to characterize) the attitude of the pious Muslims who see no intellectual problem there and even quite to the contrary whereas the principle of non-contradiction is at the base of any attempt at a minimum definition of intelligence? This example of the split of how a human brain works is fascinating: it gives an idea of infinity. As far as we are concerned, and more prosaically, could it be that God willingly made Irish bards forget certain episodes of the saga? Who can believe it?

It is- Either some vulgar lapses of memory, human memory being, as opposed to what seems to think Muslim tradition in the case of the handing down of the Quran, fallible. - Either some voluntarily rejected episodes but not for religious reasons (for reasons of place or coherence to be respected).- Either some episodes bowdlerized by the compilers centralizing all these manuscripts. But, of course, for the Bible and the Quran it is not the same thing !!

Short summary of the context of this case, our religion to us being only a religion of the truth.

In 615 in Mecca, that is to say 3 or 4 years after the beginning of his preaching, Muhammad, targeted from all sides by sharp criticisms- from the (Manichaean?) Christians in Mecca who retort him that he understands nothing in the writing,- from the pagans who don't understand his religious intolerance or who do not understand that a gracious and merciful Father God can judge his children at the end of time and doom a part of them to hell,

Muhammad therefore decides by opportunism by calculation or because he is sincerely shaken by the theoretical problems that his assertions raise (cf. Tabari), declares or admits publicly at the time of a prayer in the Kaaba that one can also continue to pray validly and to hold as intermediaries between the supreme God and men, in order to avoid hell after the last judgment of the doom day, the superhuman entities called Al-Lat Al Uzza and Manat. We will return later on this triad of fairies or female angels. The fact remains that pagan Meccans are pacified by this turnaround and that tension falls down in the city (one is always wrong to believe that religious disagreements are not able to breach law and order seriously. Don't forget religious wars!) A first group of Muslim exiled ones, gone in Ethiopia, returns even purposely for this reason (climate has calmed down in the city). The majority of Muslim commentators going into the subject suggest that Muhammad suffered so much to see the gap which had grown hollow between the divine truth and his fellow countrymen, between him and his fellow countrymen, from the community of whom he had even been almost excluded, that the Devil benefitted from that to mislead him in this way. For various reasons (threat of scission or increased criticism from most uncompromising on the subject Judeo-Christian or Judeo-Arabic elements in the city) Muhammad will be nevertheless backtracking a few months later and will state that his declaration of before on these three fairies angels or goddesses of Arab paganism was suggested to him or inspired to him by Satan (Poor devil, he is a good excuse and one really makes him say anything) is to regard as null and void. The case of the verse of the (satanic) gharaniq had just been born because the verse removed from the Quran nevertheless survived in various traditions, here is

the text: 'these are heavenly birds and their intercession is to be hoped for' [to avoid going to hell after the last judgment]. Gharaniq is indeed an Arabic word that is generally translated by crane. In fact, these verses were, of course, neither from God nor from Satan, it was an intelligent attempt at religious syncretism intended to bring back the calm in the city worked by this typically Judeo-Christian story of last Judgment with Doom day, which had perfectly succeeded in besides according to some people. Additional precise details. The main thing of what is known about this affair comes to us from Al Waquidi (and Ibn Sad), from Al Tabari and from Ibn Ishaq but the many variants of this anecdote ultimately date back all to one man, a person by the name Muhammad Ibn Ka'b. Traditional translation by "satanic" of the Arabic word in question is due to the British historian William Muir. This word designates in fact in Arabic species of bird difficult to identify (cranes, swans, herons). Besides we can wonder what this worship of the three cranes two thousand kilometers away from the only place where it was conceivable i.e., in Galatia, current Turkey, comes to do here. Let us add that we do not think of an improvisation by Muhammad in this case and that the words used were carefully chosen and weighed, undoubtedly in consultation with pagan intellectuals of Mecca. The comparison with some cranes of these three goddesses of the Arab Pantheon is indeed speaking and learning, completely appropriate to the intellectual or theological compromise to which Muhammad had determined. Crane is indeed a migratory bird flying very high in the sky (near the gods therefore) and symbol of longevity, even of eternal return.

Here what Tabari writes on the subject (without prejudices certain details "are wrong" but the content of the legend is perhaps based on a true core, a period of relative appeasement between the two communities, encouraged by Muhammad).

The prophet was eager for the welfare of his people, desiring to win them to him by any means he could. It has been reported that he longed for a way to win them, and part of what he did to that end is what Ibn Humayd told me, from Salama, from Muhammad ibn Ishaq, from Yazid ibn Ziyad al-Madani, from Muhammad ibn Ka'b al-Qurazi:

When the prophet saw his people turning away from him, and was tormented by their distancing themselves from what he had brought to them from God, he longed in himself for something to come to him from God which would draw him close to them. With his love for his people and his eagerness for them, it would gladden him if some of the hard things he had found in dealing with them could be alleviated. He pondered this in himself, longed for it, and desired it. Then God sent down the revelation. 'By the star when it sets! Your companion has not erred or gone astray, and does not speak from mere madness *... When he reached God's words "Have you well seen all-Lat al-'Uzza and, the third, the other Manat ? ** Satan cast upon his tongue, because of what he had pondered in himself and longed to bring to his people, 'These are the high-flying cranes and their intercession is to be hoped for.' When the Quraysh heard that, they were much rejoiced. What he had said about their gods pleased and delighted them, and they gave ear to him. The believers trusted in their prophet with respect to what he brought them from their Lord: they did not suspect any slip, delusion or error. When he came to the prostration and finished the chapter, he prostrated and the Muslims followed their prophet in that, having faith in what he brought them and obeying his command. Those mushrikun of Quraysh and others who were in the mosque also prostrated on account of what they had heard him say about their gods. In the whole mosque, there was no believer or kafir who did not prostrate. Only Walid bin al-Mughira, who was an aged sheikh and could not make prostration, scooped up in his hand some of the soil from the valley of Mecca [and pressed it to his forehead]. Then everybody dispersed from the mosque (Tarikh, volume I).

Comment: that resembles much the famous "I have understood you" of the general de Gaulle in the Algeria of 1958. When I think that I failed to be almost Pied-Noir. And to lose the country of my childhood because of a gross and naive illusion on behalf of this general who, after, however, the battle of Algiers had been won, made France lose the last chance that she had to remain a great power which matters. Semantic notice added by the heirs to Peter DeLaCrau. Pied-noir. Literally those who have black shoes. European and not inevitably French born in Algeria before 1962 (foreign legion in Sidi-Bel-Abbes etc.). Mushrikun are those who recognize themselves in the shirk i.e., who associate to supreme Father God other beings or entities like the angels or whatnot beside him or slightly back therefore compared to him like the Virgin Mary of the Catholic people. What would include consequently Christians believing in the Holy Trinity. Finally, at least if we have well understood. But if it is admitted that Christians in the usual meaning i.e., Trinitarian are nevertheless subjectively monotheistic, then why not admit that certain pagans too are also subjectively monotheistic? Why only three persons in the Holy Trinity in question and not four, and not five, and not six? In short a holy poly-unity.

The only thing we have well understood it is that, for the Quran, God is incapable of having pity for the sin of the mushrikun namely therefore the shirk. Quran chapter 4 verse 48. Therefore warning to our Christian friends in the usual meaning of the term, the leniency and the mercy of the god of love have nevertheless some limits, they all will roast in the Muslim hell. Normal, a single god cannot tolerate competition by definition, he is to be jealous. To go and listen to competitors therefore that it is unforgivable. Kafir as regards him is a non-believer in the broadest meaning of the word i.e., including atheists. Atheistic friends, if you want to know what Islam holds for you, see what it thinks of kuffar.

* In fact, it is the beginning of chapter 53, the sura known as sura of the star. Let us announce in passing that this testimony of our author is of the greatest interest because we discover in it finally. Firstly a Muhammad human as a result, really human, and who suffers from this situation. Secondly, that Muhammad was then called mad, looked insane. Thirdly, a Muhammad who doubts. Finally, true satanic verses are perhaps not these of which think pious Muslims.

** Verses 19 and 20 of chapter 53.

The problem of the satanic verses is not nevertheless without raising a big theological problem for the Abrahamic religion. Islam affirms by being based on the Quran that those who love God and follow his commands cannot be misled by Satan. But how to explain whereas the demon was disguised as an archangel Gabriel to inspire Muhammad the famous verses in question about the three cranes? Is it possible to Satan intervening in a divine revelation, such as for example that which was murmured in the ear of Abraham, in order to ask him to sacrifice his son? How Satan can inspire a messenger of God? Has he created verses similar to the verses of the Quran, and did not the prophet could make the difference between the words of God and that of Satan whereas no one can produce verse comparable to these of the Quran? * Can we imagine that there can still be satanic verses in the Quran? Even in the Bible?

At all events what is sure it is that Meccans lived this regress very badly and that tensions between the two communities were again at their height: it was the final breaking-off.

* For the pious Muslims the Quran being uncreated therefore consubstantial with God like Christ or the Holy Spirit, is inimitable, it is a book unsurpassable, even as regards simply style grammar or vocabulary (we have really the feeling that certain theologians of the Islam of the first times, in order to defend and illustrate the religious ideology of their new masters, have caught topics about the consequences of which they have not always yought well, or that they have not always very well controlled, in order to use any means in their apology for Islam). Really all these pious Muslims and all these Muslim theologians make me literally feeling nauseous. All these pious Jews make me nauseous. All these fundamentalist Christians make me nauseous. What god nowadays orders, what would be pleasant for him, it is that we leave him alone with his hell, that we are no longer around him, in short that we leave him alone in peace. Or then the flood again will drown mankind!

The encampment of Amargin in Taitiu.

Amargin was the son of Cass son of Bacc son of Ross the Red son of Rudraige. He overtook the hosts going westwards over Taitiu and he turned them and drove them northwards over Taitiu. He lay on his left elbow in Taitiu and his people furnished him with stones and rocks and great flagstones and he fell to pelting the Irishmen for three days and three nights.

Adventures of Curoi son of Daré.

Editor's note. A similar episode appears a little higher. The fight of Curoi against Munremar. This duplicate learns much to us about the way of working of the wandering bards of the time. The basic idea was that two strong strapping lads pelt each other with stones, colliding directly head-on, above the camp of the unfortunate Irishmen (nothing will have been really spared to them when we think of that, because the poor in the story are a little like the Romans of the famous cartoon Asterix and Obelix: they are really stupid) some enormous flagstones therefore (while we are at it) which fall down on them. The idea apparently having had success is adapted to every context with different protagonists more or less different, according to local specificities of the audience. Until a genial or without genius compiler joins together all these stories in the same book without too much seeking to

understand. In the case of Amargin for example, it is only a synopsis. But was that forming part of the initial pan-Celtic myth worked out somewhere in the middle of the old Europe of our ancestors 2500 years ago, that's another story. Therefore Curoi was told that a single man had been holding the four great provinces of Ireland in check from the first Moon day after Samon (ios) until Ambolc. He was grieved by this and he thought that he had been a long time without coming to the assistance of the men of his people, so he came forward to do battle and combat against the Hesus Cuchulainn. When he reached the place where the Hesus Cuchulainn was, he saw him lying there groaning, wounded and stabbed, and he scorned to do battle or combat with him after Hesus Cuchulainn's fight with Fer Diad lest the Hesus Cuchulainn should die not so much of the wounds and gashes which he would inflict on him as of those which Fer Diad had already inflicted on him. Nevertheless the Hesus Cuchulainn offered to engage in battle with him.

Curoi went forward then to the Irishmen of Ireland and when he got there, he saw Amargin lying on his left elbow to the west of Tailtiu. Curoi came to the north of the Irishmen. His people furnished him with stones and rocks and great flagstones and he began to hurl them directly against Amargin so that the warlike battle stones collided in the clouds and in the air over their heads and each stone was shattered into a hundred pieces [falling down on the Irishmen]. By the truth of your valor, Curoi, said Maeve, cease from this stone-throwing, for it is no help to us but a hindrance. I swear, said Curoi, that I shall not cease till the day of doom until Amargin cease too. I shall do so, said Amargin, and do you undertake not to come again to help and succor the Irishmen. Curoi agreed to that and went away to his own land and his own people.

Continuation of the encampment of Amargin in Tailtiu.

By this time they had gone westwards past Tailtiu. It was not the agreement I made, said Amargin, and, however, nobody made me promise not to start again taking the Irish army as the target of my stone casts. So he came to the west of them and turned them before him to the north-east past Tailtiu and began to pelt them for a long time.

Then said the Irishmen that it would be no dishonor for Amargin if they vacated the encampment and the hosts went back a day's journey northwards holding themselves in check, and that Amargin should cease to attack the hosts until he came to them on the day of the great battle where the four great provinces of Ireland would meet at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the foray of Cualnge. Amargin agreed to that and the hosts withdrew a day's journey northwards once more.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 56.

West-North... the maneuver is a little confused we understood the diagram for a long time: men alone but courageous make the huge and wild Irish armada moving back (a little like the disarmed expectant mothers and old men who made Ghadaffi give up during the Libyan civil war in 2011 (I look at the newspapers and the TV in order to be informed, !!) Apparently, that did good to the people of Ulster to see themselves facing the inhabitants of Connaught. One takes comforts as one can (see Asterix the Gaul against Romans). It should be said that in this version of the story Queen Maeve appears as the absolute malicious one (this former goddess personalizing the intoxication of power was made for that apparently) and the Irishmen or Connaught inhabitants really stupid (but what have they can do to the people of Ulster therefore to deserve that?) Let us not be too hard today with them nevertheless because the idea to be a member of a people chosen by God, although being based, of course, on no objective reality, plays a little the same part of psychological adjuvant, that helps to live while compensating for inferiority/superiority complexes (but that makes life's difficult for the others). Let us note besides that the Muslim assertion (well, theoretically it is God who speaks thus to the Muslims through the mouth of the archangel Gabriel): "You are the best community produced for mankind. You enjoin what is right and forbid what is wrong and believe in God. If only the People of the Scripture had believed, it would have been better for them. Among them are believers, but most of them are..." (Quran chapter III verse 110) is on the same track. What is embarrassing or worrying in this sentence is not to think oneself superior compared with the others (it is a little the guilty pleasure of any human being) it is to think oneself authorized or founded for this reason to impose on the other one's conception of the divine wills such as they appear expressed in the revelation which that.... (to make short let us say to impose on them one's own will.)

Curoi has nothing to do with the Irishmen of Connaught. But it was well necessary to bring as much as possible evidence against these unfortunate ones. What have they made formerly to people of Ulster therefore to deserve such treatment? Intervention of Curoi in their favor is therefore intended to demonize them a little more in the mind of the listeners. A little as with the weapons of mass destruction of which spoke to us at the time (2002) the journalists (in connection with Iraq). In fact Curoi is rather linked with all that is megalithic in Ireland. Human imagination being what it is, in order to explain unexplainable or at least what is become unexplainable, it always resorts to the same

processes. See the stones of La Crau or of Gargantua in our beautiful Provence so dear to Petrarch (Saint- Barnabe close to Vence). Journalists of today would speak about aliens or mysterious lights in the night. It is, of course, easier and that pays more money than dealing with the dramatic challenges that our Mankind will have to face in the near future (global warming, exhaustion of fossil fuels, pollution, degrowth, religious totalitarianism, etc.). Besides we also find such incredible stories of giants in the Bible. Genesis, 6:1 - 4. "When human beings began to increase in number on the earth and daughters were born to them, the sons of God (??? some angels????) saw that the daughters of humans were beautiful, and they married any of them they chose....The giants (nephilim) were on the earth in those days—and also afterward—when the sons of God went to the daughters of humans and had children by them. They were the heroes of old, men of renown...etc.)". My god how much poppycock doesn't appear in your Holy Scriptures?? We also find a more incredible story in the holy Quran, in chapter 18, verses 83-94-97. We indeed see there the great Alexander known as Dhu Al Quarnayn (the one who has two horns, allusion to his claimed filiation with the Egyptian god Amun) to build a gigantic wall intended to contain the people of Yajuj and Majuj in a kind of zoo if it is not of reserve. Pious Muslims say to me I did not understand anything in this admirable sura and that....I, I want well, but it will be agreed nevertheless this mysterious "man with two horns" really does not look very Catholic Well, at least I want to say really does not look a very good Muslim prophet. This people of Yajuj and Majuj is hardly more historical or serious than that of Cuioi in our legends and it is why to present in all seriousness this people so described as having really existed... borders on borders on [I do not find the most right word to call such an intellectual attitude on behalf of the pious Muslim doctors in the law]. The exploration of the world is finished it is ages and they were found nowhere. Would Quran's God take us for simpletons by chance???

In order as it is said to fall on my feet, I shall be only able therefore to quote what the author of this compilation has thought fit not to specify in Gaelic language but in Latin because about all these sacred texts that are Bible or Quran I (almost) entirely share his opinion: "But I who have written this story, or rather this fable, give no credence to the various incidents related in it. For some things in it are the deceptions of demons*, other poetic figments; some are probable, other improbable; while still others are intended for the delectation of foolish men."

* Greatest of the tricks of the evil isn't it to make him look good??? Because when you read in the Bible or in the Quran without blinker and without the eyes of Giuletta for Romeo or of Jimena for Rodrigo, well, satanic verses strictly speaking there are some of them, but they are not necessarily where it is imagined, examples "You will not suffer a witch to live" (Exodus XXII, 18), "Indeed, God does not forgive association with him" (Quran chapter 4 verse 48). However what we uns, neo-druids of pagan obedience, we say it is that....

"It is a very small god he who puts barriers or limits to his love of life. It is a very poor father he who judges his own children!"

Chapter XXIV.

The Ulaid are informed by Sualtam.

Sualtam was the son of Becaltach son of Moraltach and the father of the Hesus Cuchulainn. He was told of the distress of his son fighting against odds with Calatín the Bold and his twenty-seven sons and his grandson Glass son of Delga. It is not the end of the world, says Sualtam, far from there, but In nem maides ná in muir thráges ná in talam condascara ná, is it the sky that crumbles the sea that overflows and the earth that quakes or is it the distress of my son face a terrible ordeal in the unequal combat he fights during the expedition of Cualnge? Sualtam spoke truly indeed, so he went to the Hesus Cuchulainn presently though he did not go at once. When Sualtam came to where the Hesus Cuchulainn was, he began to lament and commiserate with him. Our hero did not like that Sualtam should lament and pity him, for he knew that though he was wounded and injured Sualtam would be no protection to avenge him. Ór is amlaid ra boí Sualtam acht nírbó drochláech é & nírbó degláech acht múadóclách maith ritacaemnacair. For the truth was that Sualtam was not a coward but neither was he a valiant fighter, only a middling one.

Well, now, father Sualtam, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, go to the Ulaid in Emain and tell them to go now after their cattle, for I am unable to protect them any longer in the valleys and passes of the land of Conaille in Muirthemne. I have stood alone against the four great provinces of Ireland from the Moon day after Samon (ios) until Ambolc (Imboilg), killing one man at the ford every day and a hundred warriors every night. Human rights (fir fer) are not respected for me, neither the rules for single combat, and no one comes to help or succor me. Bent hoops of fresh hazel keep my mantle from touching my wounds. Dry wisps of tow are stuffed in my wounds. From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, there is not a hair whereon which is not as a needle with a drop of crimson blood on its very tip, except alone my left hand, which is holding my shield, and even that hand has besides thrice fifty wounds on it. Unless they take vengeance for that at once, they will never do so until brunni mbrátha & betha, the [doom] day and the [everlasting] life. Sualtam set forth on the Gray of Macha, to take these warnings to the Ulaid. And when he reached the side of Emain, he spoke these words: 'Men are slain, women carried off, cattle driven away, O Ulaid!' He did not get the answer that sufficed him from the Ulaid, and so he came forward opposite Emain and spoke the same words there: 'Men are slain, women carried off, cattle driven away, O Ulaid!' He did not get the answer that sufficed him from the Ulaid. This is how it was indeed with the Ulaid: it was strictly geis (forbidden) to speak before the king and it was strictly geis (forbidden) for the king to speak before having heard his druids. Sualtam came therefore forward then to the stone of the hostages in Emain Macha. He spoke the same words there: 'Men are killed, women carried off, cattle driven away!' Who kills and who carries off and who drives away? said Catubatuos/Cathbath the druid. Ailill and Maeve have attacked, said Sualtam. Your womenfolk and your sons and your youths have been carried off, your horses and your steeds, your herds your flocks and your cattle. The Hesus Cuchulainn alone is checking and holding back the four great provinces of Ireland in the valleys and passes of Conaille in Muirthemne. (Under arms) human rights (fir fer) are not respected for him, neither the rules for single combat, and no one comes to help or succor him. The youth has been seriously wounded, much blood has drained from his wounds. Bent hoops of fresh hazel keep his mantle [from touching his wounds]. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, there is not a hair whereon which is not as a needle with a drop of crimson blood on its very tip, except alone his left hand, which is holding his shield, and even that hand has besides thrice fifty wounds on it. Unless you avenge this at once, you will never do so until brunni mbrátha & betha, the [doom] day and the [everlasting] life.

'More fitting is death and destruction for the man who so offends and insults the king,' said Catubatuos/Cathbath the druid.

'That is true indeed,' said in chorus all the Ulaid.

Sualtam went his way in anger and wrath since he did not get the answer which sufficed him from the Ulaid. Then the Gray of Macha reared under him and came back towards Emain, his own shield turned on Sualtam and its rim cut off his head. The horse entered again into Emain, with the head on the shield and the shield on the horse. But Sualtam's head spoke still the same words: "fir gondair, mná berdair, báe aegdair, a Ultu" "men are slain, women carried off, cattle driven away, O Ulaid!" . By my faith, a little too loud is that cry, said Cunocavaro/Conchobar, "dáig nem úsaind & talam ísaind & muir immaind immácúaird, acht munu tháeth in firmimint cona frossaib rétlánd bar dunadgnúis in talman ná mono máe in talam assa thalamchumscugud ná mono thí inn fairge eithrech

ochorgorm for tulmoing in bethad" for the sky is still above us, the earth beneath us and the sea all around us, but unless the firmament with a showers of stars fall upon the surface of the ground or unless the earth burst open under our feet in an earthquake, or unless the fish-abounding, blue-waved sea come over the face of the world, I shall bring back every cow to its byre and enclosure, every woman to her own abode and dwelling, after victory in battle and combat and contest.' Then a messenger of his household met Cunocavaros/Conchobar, to wit, Findchad Fer Bend Uma son of Fráechlethan, and Cunocavaros/Conchobar bade him go and assemble and muster the Ulaid. Acus is cumma barrurim bíu & marbu dó trí mesci a chotulta & a chessa nóenden, and as he enumerated the living and the dead for him due the intoxication of their sleep and their mysterious nine days sickness, he said these words:

The mobilization of Ulaid.

Arise, O Findchad,
 I send you forth.
 It is not desirable to neglect to tell it
 To the warriors of Ulidia.
 Go from me to tell to...

Editor's note. A long list of approximately 150 names follows varying according to the manuscripts and we leave the care to examine it to "the fans." What it should well be understood it is that each one of these names matches in fact a small lord which will come consequently with some men to him, in variable number according to the importance of the character. It is the very principle of the vassalic pyramid. Middle Ages have much "worked" on the question, going even as far as determining the number of days of military service owed by one or the other each year to their suzerain with ad infinitum refinements, from the small lords having succeeded in being made forgotten and of whom therefore nothing is ever required (freeholds) to the unhappy ones who owed on the contrary allegiance simultaneously to several different suzerains. Case of the mouvant or non-mouvant (in the dominion or not in the dominion) Barrois according to the villages even to the hamlets. In Canada and more precisely even in Acadia (Nova Scotia) the more pragmatic English, as for them, had preferred to invent the concept of "neutral French": they had had decency or realism not to require from their new subjects of French origin to fight with them against the other French remained free. This political intelligence is a good point to put on the credit of the British who went even as far as recognize for them in the Act of Quebec in 1774, some boundaries which made future Americans howling with anger. This new Quebec indeed included completely the lakes Champlain (Fort Carillon/Ticonderoga), Ontario, Erie (West State of New York West of Pennsylvania, Fort Duquesne /Pittsburgh), with approximately all what was in the west of the Alleghany or Appalachian Mountains: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois (Fort de Chartres), Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas (Fort Orleans), which became again French in a way. In short, one was far from the concept of all-out war of the nations, the ones against the others. In short it is the general mobilization, for the honor, the king, the homeland in danger, or whatnot, but this time that will better happen for Ulaid that for the French in Agincourt 1415: they will crush their hereditary enemy the English. Uh sorry I want to say the people of Connaught. Human species is very fond of warlike parades, it is like that, noting can be done, the glamor of uniforms in the eyes of the ladies perhaps? Human species is fond of seeing men thrust out manly their chest; while parading in quick time (which was already known by certain peoples...) according to a detail of the similar mobilization having taken place in Cruachan at the request of Queen Maeve (raising the foot altogether, etc.). Don't our compatriots flock to attend the great parade of the national holiday taking place each year in July in the capital?

!----- !

It was not difficult, however, for Findchad to make that muster and assembly which Cunocavaros/Conchobar had ordered. For those who were east of Emain and west of Emain and north of Emain came forth at once and spent the night at Emain at the behest of their king and the command of their prince, awaiting the recovery of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. But those who were south of Emain set forth at once on the track of the Irish host along the way beaten out by the hooves of the cattle. On the first stage of the journey on which the Ulstermen set forth with Cunocavaros/Conchobar, they spent the night at Irard Cullend. What do we wait for, here, O men? said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. We await your sons, said they, Fiacha and Fiachna. They have gone from us to fetch Erc, the son of your daughter Fedilmid the nine times beautiful one and of Carpre Niafer, that he may come to our army at this juncture with his full muster and assembly, his full gathering and levy. I vow, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, that I shall not await them here any longer until the Irishmen hear that I have recovered from the fever and indisposition in which I was, for the Irishmen do not know yet for the moment if I am still alive.

Then Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Celtchar went to the ford of Irmide with thirty hundred chariot fighters armed with spears, and there they met eight score big men of the household of Ailill and Maeve with eight score captive women. One captive woman held prisoner by each man of them, because that was their share of the plunder of Ulidia. Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Celtchar struck off their eight score heads and freed their eight score captives. Ford of Irmide was the name of that place until then, but it is called Ford of the Féine ever since. The reason it is called Ford of the Féinne is because the warriors of the war band from the east and the warriors of the war band from the west met there in battle and contest on the brink of the ford.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Celtchar then came back and spent that night in Irard Culenn beside other Ulaid. Below the harangue before the fight (Búadris) said by Celtchar.

Celtchar indeed uttered the few words below among the Ulaid in Irard Culenn that night.

Editor's note. Follow then some quatrains of a lay in pure rhetoric rather obscure that generally specialists gives up translating and in which it is just understood that it is a question of a great battle to come in Garech and Ilgarech.

The harangue of Celtchar.

Taible lethderg for ríog n-ágather. Án samlaide co fodma féit. Deisme néomain Im chét cráeb ????

"Thirty hundred chariot men;

A hundred horse-companions stout;

A hundred with a hundred druids!

To lead us will not fail

The hero of the land,

Cunocavaros/Conchobar with hosts around him!

Let the battle line be formed!

Gather now, you warriors!

Battle shall be fought

At Garech and Ilgarech on after morrow's morn!"

The same night Cormac the Exiled one, son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, pronounced the following words at Slemain in Mide.

Editor's note : ditto. Three quatrains of a passably obscure lay that we understand as follows.

A wonder of a morning,

A wondrous I time!

When hosts will be confused,

Kings turned back in flight!

Necks will be broken,

The sand made red,

When forth breaks the battle, the seven chieftains will be before,

Of Ulidia's host round Conchobar!

Cossénait a mná. Raseiset a n-éite For Gárig & Ilgárig Isin matin sea monairther.

Their women will they defend,

For their herds will they fight

At Garech and Ilgarech,

On the morning after the morrow!

On the same night Dubthach the scandalmonger of Ulidia spoke these words among the Irishmen at Slemain in Mide:

Editor's note ditto . Again four quatrains of a very difficult to translate lay but chanted or with a rhythm given by the repetition of the Gaelic word "mora" which means "great."

Great be the morn,
The morn of Mide!
Great be the night before the combat
The night before the combat of Culenn!
Great be the fight,
The fight Of Clartha!
Great, too, the steeds,
The steeds of Assal!
Great be the plague,
The plague of the people of Bregesos/Bress!
Great be the storm, Ulidia's battle-storm round Conchobar!
Cossénait a mná. Raseiset a n-éite For Gárig & Ilgárig Isin matin sea monairther.
Their women will they defend,
For their herds will they fight
At Garech and Ilgarech,

On the morning after the morrow!

Then Dubthach awoke from his sleep and the Nemain brought confusion on the host so that they made a clangor of arms with the points of their spears and their swords, and a hundred warriors of them scared to death on the floor of their encampment through the fearsomeness of the shout they had raised. However that was not the most peaceful night ever experienced by the Irishmen at any time, because of the prophecies and the predictions and because of the specters and visions (risin tairchetul & risin tarngiri, risna fúathaib & risna haslingib) which appeared to them.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 57.

In nem maides ná in muir thráges ná in talam condascara ná. Former druids also believed too in a possible end of the world, or more exactly of one of the innumerable worlds succeeding each other. This sentence seems to evoke it by referring to a triple well-known image: a world of the middle or land of the men taken between two other elements, the waters on which it floats in a way (the world of the lower part: Dumno) and the vault of heaven (or world of the upper part : Albio).

An unequal fight... it is the least we can say. It is, of course, the peak (with his tragic death crucified on the standing stone of Muirthemne of course) of the brief and short existence of our hero. Because what is short with him it is not only his public existence but his life itself; and the combat which he will have fought during the expedition undertaken to drive off the cattle of Cualnge will be in a way his garden of Gethsemane to him: alone and abandoned by all (disciples snore: Luke 22,39 Matthew 26,36, Mark 14,32) in front of the overpowering vastness of his destiny namely to sacrifice himself for his.

A good average warrior. Su-altam means in Gaelic language "good feeder." D'Arbois de Jubainville notices that Setanta Cuchulainn is found then at the beginning of this chapter in the same state of exhaustion as in the beginning of chapter XVII. But who will come then in assistance to him? It will be no longer the god his natural father, it will be the mere mortal who is his father let us say emotional, who took care of him during his childhood, as the name under which this foster father is known, Sualtam, "the good feeder," says it. It is indeed this time a question of going and asking the intervention of King Cunocaveros/Conchobar. He will let his life in it besides. This role of a messenger could not be appropriate for a god according to d'Arbois de Jubainville. Let us add to this remark that according to certain variants of the manuscripts, Sualtam also came from the world of the gods. Nevertheless Jubainville is right, what confers on our story an additional dramatic touch or impulse, moreover, Sualtam being as for our hero a little in the same position as Joseph with respect to the Baby Jesus. Or then must we suppose that the endearing character who is Sualtam (endearing because of his modesty justly) was invented by Christians eager to copy, in that, what they knew then of the biography of their hero to them, the great rabbi and prophet of the Nazarene Jewish sect called Jesus??Amolc. Gaelic Imbolc. Cecile O'Rahilly translates this word with "beginning of spring." It is in fact February 1st precisely.

The Gray of Macha. One of the two horses generally drawing the chariot of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Geis. Cecile O'Rahilly translates this Gaelic word by taboo. It is true provided this negative side forms only one half of the geis in question which can also be an injunction, an obligation to do, under the penalty of experiencing misfortune to fall down on oneself. The expression of the sentence in Gaelic language made it a COLLECTIVE prohibition or obligation applying to all Ulaid. There could thus be gessa (plural of geis) collective but most of the time that concerned only a particular individual. We will return later on the question of geis/gessa because they play a noticeable role as auxiliaries of the Tocad (or Tocade if you want to feminize the term), in other words, as auxiliaries of Destiny in the neutral meaning of the word (neither father nor mother).

Prohibition for the king to speak before having heard his druid. It seems, apparently, that the druids of the time played a little the part of technical advisers of the rulers. We would say today, "prohibition for the Head of the State to make an unspecified decision before having heard the ministers or the members of his government. It was not yet democracy but already elementary wisdom. NB. We categorically advise the neo-druids (that must be their current geis) against continuing to play such a part of adviser even simply technical, near the powers that be who rule us, that they are true monarchs (kings?) or elected presidents (vergobrets). Even on a purely private basis, even in whole discretion. Except, of course, if these powers that be expressly ask to know what our community thinks on such or such subject. It is therefore necessary to choose. Either you throw yourself in the politics and you give up your druidic responsibility, or you deal with the care of the souls and you are not involved in politics. It is necessary to know to render to Caesar what is Caesar's and to the Immortal one what belongs to Immortals. Including by agreeing to sacrifice oneself in order to preserve the future of his by giving up this kind of engagement (after his spectacular rendering Caesar made his priceless victim, endowed with a soul infinitely nobler than him, strangled, in -46, in a dungeon of the Mamertine prison = Tullianum). Cassius Dio XLIII, 19,4 announces his killing at the time of the triumph. The exact circumstances are not specified but by analogy with the death of Simon son of Giora described by Flavius Josephus in his Jewish War, we can deduce from it that it was by strangulation. To strangle a chained prisoner, what a shame! N.B. Of course, in the event of a political system based on the election of vergobrets in multiple fields, we have perfectly the right in this case to vote for the candidate of our choice in all honesty, if the vote is well with secret bulletin.

*The charismatic leader of one of the last Jewish revolts against the Romans according to Bernard LAZARE.

Death and destruction only that!? Men were always accustomed everywhere to show a minimum or a maximum of respect towards the person of the sovereigns or the dominant males. That is a part of basic ethology. But there is also what we call the cases of absolute necessity. International law defines them as follows. "Impossibility of acting legally, any situation in which an event unforeseen and external to the will of who calls upon it, put him in the absolute incapacity to respect his obligation under the terms of the principle according to which "nobody is expected to do the impossible." Among the judgments which recognized the applicability of the concept of absolute necessity to the financial relations, let us quote the "Russian indemnities case" which opposed Turkey versus tsarist Russia (Turkey went through a serious financial attack between 1889 and 1912 which made it unable to honor its repayments): the Permanent Court of Arbitration admitted the legitimacy of the argument of absolute necessity presented by the Turkish government while specifying that "international law must adapt to the political needs."

To adapt to the political needs indeed. The opposite is a suicidal heresy. We don't know if the former continental druids were so blunt but finally if those of Ireland were to such an extent we hardly should be astonished then....that they disappeared! Without entering the details more deeply, let us note the main criteria of definition of the case of absolute necessity : "externality, unpredictability, irresistibility, inevitability and insurmountable nature."

Ford of the Fenne. Perhaps a whimsical etymology, moreover. There exists in fact two words or two different Fen(n)e. The first word (fene) designates the former inhabitants of the island of Ireland. The second (fiann plural féinne) designates a member of a fiann or groups of wandering elite warriors. But it does not matter, what matters it is this typical druidic curiosity which consisted in wanting to find an explanation for everything in the field of place names. But the result then was very poor. To note. As we see once again, moreover, at the time of this episode, women were worth much more expensive than men formerly because generally they were kept alive whereas victors burdened themselves by no means with men: they were killed at once.

Harangue is one of the obligatory figures of any warlike speech. Unless, of course, in the cases of Celtchar and Dubthach it is only a case of sleepwalking or a nightmare as Joseph Dunn seems to think it. Every leader harangues his troops before the fight. It is generally the opportunity of a beautiful

purple passage for the chronicler supposed to reproduce exactly these speeches but such harangues are then in general carefully rewritten (after the fact therefore). We see it well in the comments on the Gallic war by Caesar. Nowadays the practice passed from there in the political world where the politicians have the memory let us say rather "very selective" in connection with the parts they played in such or such circumstance. Truth is obviously only an option for them, and not inevitably the first one, for these new Tartarins of Tarascon having spread out of their native Provence *. In our account we have three of them instead of two considering the rather composite nature of the Irish host.

* Our beautiful Provence.

People of Bress. Tuath Bressi. Perhaps an equivalent of the people of the goddess Danu (bia) but taken badly, Bregos/Bress was indeed of the people of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomorach in Ireland, through his father Elatio. The people of Bress or Tuatha Bressi are therefore the forces which compete with the forces of the good represented by the Tuatha De Dannan.

Risin tairchetul & risin tarngiri, risna fúathaib & risna haslingib. Nemanía, Nemon, Neman, Nemain.

Name of the allegory of panic for the druids in Ireland. Perhaps in connection with that of Greek Nemesis, personification of poetic justice (there is therefore here difference between druidism and Greek mythology since the same stem is used to personify the allegory of the panic fear among Celts and the allegory of poetic justice among Greeks). Phenomena of panic are known for a long time.

Greeks ascribe them to the great Pan, but in the case of the expedition aborted (or successful?)

towards Delphi, Pausanias and Justin use the god and the goddesses of the Temple as an explanatory factor of the panic which would have seized the Galatian task force of Brennus.

Justin (book XXIV, chapter VIII).

" The Galatians, excited by these assertions, and stirred, at the same time, with the wine which they had drunk the day before, rushed to battle without any fear of danger. The Delphians, on the other hand, placing more confidence in the god than in their own strength, resisted the enemy with contempt, and, from the top of the hill, repelled the Galatians as they climbed, partly with pieces of rock, and partly with their weapons. Amidst this contest between the two, the priests of all the temples, as well as the priestesses themselves, with their hair loose, and with their decorations and fillets, rushed, trembling and frantic, into the front ranks of the combatants, exclaiming that " the god was come; that they had seen him leap down into his temple through the opening roof; that, while they were all humbly imploring aid of the deity, a youth of extraordinary beauty, far above that of mortals, and two armed virgins, coming from the neighboring temples of Diana and Minerva, met them; that they had not only perceived them with their eyes, but had also heard the sound of a bow and the rattling of arms"; and they therefore conjured them with the strongest entreaties, " not to delay, when the gods were leading them on, to spread slaughter among the enemy, and to share the victory with the powers of heaven." Incited by these exhortations, they all rushed eagerly to the field of battle, where they themselves also soon perceived the presence of the deity; for a part of the mountain, broken off by an earthquake, overwhelmed a host of the Galatians and some of the densest bodies of the enemy were scattered abroad, not without wounds, and fell to the earth. A tempest then followed, which destroyed, with hail and cold, those that were suffering from bodily injuries."

Pausanias (book X, Phocis, chapter XXIII).

"Brennus, without delaying any longer, began his march against Delphi without waiting for the army with Akikhorius to join up. In terror the Delphians took refuge in the oracle. The god bade them not to be afraid, and promised that he would himself defend his own. Brennus and his army were now faced by the Hellenes who had mustered at Delphi, and soon portents boding no good to the barbarians were sent by the god, the clearest recorded in history. For the whole ground occupied by the Galatian army was shaken violently most of the day, with continuous thunder and lightning. The thunder both terrified the Galatians and prevented them hearing their orders, while the bolts from heaven set on fire not only those whom they struck but also their neighbors, themselves and their armor alike. Then there were seen by them ghosts of the heroes Hyperochus, Laodocus and Pyrrhus; according to some a fourth appeared, Phylacus, a local hero of Delphi..... They encamped where night overtook them in their retreat, and during the night there fell on them a "panic." For causeless terrors are said to come from the god Pan. It was when evening was turning to night that the confusion fell on the army. At first only a few became mad: these imagined that they heard the trampling of horses at a gallop, and the attack of advancing enemies; but after a little time, the delusion spread to all. So rushing to arms they divided into two parties, killing and being killed, neither understanding their mother tongue nor recognizing one another's forms or the shape of their shields. Both parties alike, under the present delusion, thought that their opponents were Hellenes, men and armor, and that the

language they spoke was the one of Hellenes; so that a great mutual slaughter was worked among the Galatians by the madness sent by the god.”

A QUESTION NOW: WHO, OF THE TWO GREEK AUTHORS OR OF THE IRISH SCHOLAR SPEAKING ABOUT THE PANIC GODDESS, IS MOST CREDIBLE?

Fear is an emotion necessary to survival: it informs us of danger. It therefore enables us to prepare to face what threatens us. It is besides why it is rigorously incomprehensible to see so many intellectuals of politicians or media people in our country, to make fear an element of disqualification of certain political ideas (those they hardly like?) unless they do not want to say by the way they estimate fears in question....UNFOUNDED! But if it is well the case, if it is not only a means for them of disqualifying ideas without being obliged to discuss it, SO LET THEM CLEARLY EXPLAIN TO THE IGNORAMUS WE ARE WHY THESE FEARS HAVE NO BASE (according to them).

If I see a big computer falling straightly on me from the twentieth floor and that I am not afraid, that I do nothing to move away as fast as possible from its supposed impact point, then I am in a bad way and we can say well that it will finish badly (for me) except with being St Martin in front of the sacred tree (that he wants to make it cut down of course).

Let us take another example of fear, the fear of becoming old. First interrogation foremost: does the phenomenon known as material or biological becoming old exist? Answer yes. Second question rising immediately from this phenomenon: is it possible to fight against this phenomenon? Answer yes. To a certain extent, you can delay effects of them. Third question now; “is it necessary to fight until the end of all one’s forces and in all the fields against this phenomenon of becoming old? Answer of our friends intellectual journalists or politicians The answer of Peter DeLaCrau: “yes, it is necessary to fight against this phenomenon but with good sense and philosophy. Besides to make exercise and to eat healthily is one of the best means for. To have children to bring personally is also a means of remaining young in one’s mind. But it is necessary also to know to accept one’s age. In short we should not deny the reality of the phenomenon, we should not either be obsessed or a slave of the means to implement in order to delay it the most possible (let us not speak even to reverse it).

In short, to be afraid is therefore normal, strictly normal, it is elementary. I for example I am afraid of the Inquisition of witch hunts, of Nazism and of gulags of Stalinist type. They are some of my greater phobias, and I fear the renewal under other names of such totalitarianism. However I think that to be afraid of a new Inquisition or a new Nazism or a new Stalinism is a good thing, that it is from me a psychological sign of good health. And you who base all your political involvement on the fear of the return of such mass crimes precisely, you nevertheless will not say to me that I am wrong???

To propose or to offer to make the ground of these fears (it is that of the downgrading or of a war) disappear, at the very least to make it inoperative, to defuse it, to neutralize it, in short in a way to vaccinate against it, is therefore in itself perfectly legitimate, it is even half of the vocation of the necessary policies, necessary for the cohesion of a group and the life of a democracy in society (the other side being to make people dream). Or then I understood nothing of what a democracy is (each one knows best political systems are the enlightened despotism or oligarchies, the new aristocracies in fact!)

To hold in this case on the contrary a speech of the type “don’t be afraid, don’t move, it will happen nothing for you” is to give quite a bad favor to the concerned fellow, except, of course, once again let us repeat it, to be driven by a faith in God worthy of the most intrepid of the St Martin. But as it is said in my family (yes it was the name of my mother when she was a maiden) there is more than one ass which is called Martin. No honest man can therefore claim that to be afraid is in itself or in absolute terms, something morally reprehensible and of which we would never have to take care. All depends on the objects of this fear. If my fear is for example to see mermaids again haunting our oceans, you are right to explain to me that my so-defined fear is supported by no base.

Panic fear viewed now by our enemy brothers psychologists or psychiatrists (druids of today specialized in this field). Panic, on the contrary, as for it, is harmful. It prevents us from dealing more effectively with the object of our fear because it turns us away from the situation in front of which we could do something. Like the fear, panic is an anticipation emotion. But in the panic, contrary to the fear, contact with dangerous reality is cut. Instead of facing danger, you imagine disastrous events and scenarios. It is no longer possible to adequately come to a compromise with the feared situation because it is too far away from reality. An imagination so unbridled can lead to a complete panic in a few seconds. Once booted in this way, panic feeds from itself. The original fear causes a series of anticipation. Those, in turn, cause fear which involves other anticipation. These last increase panic, and so on. Panic starts various physical and physiological phenomena. Breathing is disturbed. It is held, becomes short and jerked. In other cases, irritation led to over breathing. Emotional agitation also

involves an increase in the cardiac rhythm, causing sometimes palpitations. These reactions cause various physical faintness which also feeds panic. Ancient druids personified this phenomenon under the name of Nemanía and were to describe this allegory a little like Justin and Pausanias speaking about Galatians in front of Delphi in -279. The goddess or demoness of panic flew over the battle field even such or such encampment and spread panic in it. Or at least there was simultaneity, they noticed, between the undeniable panic which developed in the eyes of all and various strange phenomena (which they therefore ascribed to a mysterious entity they called Nemanía).

Advocates of the Jewish Christian or Muslim monolatry have the arrogance to make the law of the worlds or the higher being they call God intervening directly in our human poor small affairs. God opens the clouds and calls with his strong voice, "Eva, come here, what did you do again ?? You are sacked from your job of gardeners!" NB. Then if there is one of them who had to panic at this time that was well to be Adam!

Former druids, as for them, did not make their higher god directly intervene in this way in human affairs but they used, for that, an intermediate entity situated much lower in the ontological scale like Nemanía. Such modesty seemed to them perhaps more in phase with the human status.

The Nemanía who flies over the battle field as a vampire in *Nosferatu* was therefore to belong to the compulsory stylistic devices imposed, of the great Gaelic bards in the Middle Ages, who were not less some staunch Catholic Christians, believing no longer at all, as besides some of them thought fit to specify it on several opportunities, in the real existence of these entities. Devil demons and their henchmen, yes, phenomena of panic personified under the name of Nemanía, no! Practical conclusion. We can find here or there in the Irish literature of the time true nuggets of almost pure paganism, infinitely more than in the Welsh literature at the same time indeed, but we should not be deluded for as much; the massacre was general, the vandalism total, and apart from these few pearls nothing remains, or at least not sufficiently to help us to reconstruct this forever swallowed Atlantis that was the ancient druidic thought. It is therefore more than ever necessary, to make stone after stone this huge swallowed continent of the human ought reappear from water, to plunge into everything that can remain us as evidence on this subject, in the continental documentation. Irish epic is therefore only an epiphenomenon, except if we systematically compare it with the continental data we have. Then that becomes indeed lightening. For the rest, sorry, for our Irish brothers and sisters!

Chapter XXV.

Here follows the great array of the host.

Then said Ailill: I have succeeded in laying waste the land of the Ulaid and the land of the Picts from the Moon day after Sam (onios) until Ambolc (imbuilg). We have carried off their womenfolk, their sons and their youths, their horses and steeds, their flocks and herds and cattle. We have leveled their hills behind us into lowlands, so that they might be of equal height. Wherefore I shall not wait here for them any longer, but let them give me battle on the plain of Ae if it so please them. And yet though we say this, let someone go forth to reconnoiter the broad plain of Mide to see whether the Ulaid come thither, and if they do, I shall in no wise retreat, for it is not the good custom of a king ever to retreat. Who should go there? said they all. Who but Mac Roth, the chief messenger yonder.

Mac Roth came forward to reconnoiter the great plain of Mide. Not long was he there when he heard a noise and a great tumult and a clamor. It seemed to him almost as if the sky had fallen on to the surface of the earth, or as if the fish-abounding, blue-bordered sea had swept across the face of the world, or as if the earth had split in an earthquake, or as if the trees of the forest had all fallen into each other's limbs, forks and branches (nglaccaib & gablaib & géscaib araile). However the wild beasts fled in such numbers that the green plain of Mide was not visible beneath them.

Mac Roth came to report that to where Ailill was with Maeve and Fergus and the noblest of the Irishmen. He related those tidings to them. What was that, Fergus? asked Ailill. Ni ansa ! Not difficult to tell, said Fergus. The noise and clamor and tumult that he heard, the din and the thunder and the uproar, were the Ulaid attacking the wood, the throng of champions and warriors cutting down the trees with their swords in front of their chariots. It was that which hunted the wild beasts across the meadow so that the green plain of Mide is not visible beneath them.

Once more Mac Roth scanned the plain. He saw a great gray mist which filled the void between heaven and earth. He seemed to see islands in valley lakes as well as tops of hills or mounds emerging from the valleys of this gigantic mist. He seemed to see yawning caverns in the forefront of the mist itself. It seemed to him that pure-white linen cloths or sifted snow dropping down appeared to him through a rift in the same mist. He seemed to see a flock of varied, wonderful, numerous birds, or the shimmering of shining stars on a bright winter night, frosty night, or the sparks of a raging fire. He heard a noise and a great tumult, a dreadful din and thunder, a gigantic clamor and a great uproar. He came forward to tell those tidings to where Ailill and Maeve and Fergus and the noblest of the Irishmen were and he told them these things.

What was that, Fergus? asked Ailill. Ni ansa ! Not difficult to tell, said Fergus. The gray mist he saw which filled the void between earth and sky was the expiration of the breath of horses and men, and the cloud is made of dust from the ground and from the roads which rises above them driven by the wind so that all that becomes a heavy, deep-gray mist going up in the air to the clouds. The islands in lakes which he saw there, and the tops of hills and mounds rising above the valleys of the mist, were the heads of the great heroes and warriors above their chariots and the chariots themselves. The yawning caverns he saw there in the forefront of the same mist were the mouths and nostrils of horses and great heroes, súgud gréne & gáithe exhaling and inhaling air to the sky??? because of the swiftness and forced march of the host. The pure-white linen cloths he saw there or the sifted snow dropping down were the foam and froth that the bits of the reins cast from the mouths of the strong, stout steeds with the fierce rush of the host. The flock of varied, wonderful, numerous birds which he saw there was the dust of the ground and the clods which the horses flung up from their hooves and which rose above them with the driving of the wind. The noise and the tumult, the din and the thunder, the huge clamor and the outcry which he heard there was the scraping of shields the ones against the others the smiting of spears the loud striking of swords, the shock of helmets, the clangor of breastplates, the friction of the weapons the ones against the others, noise of the twirls they made with their weapons, the straining of ropes, the rattle of wheels, the trampling of the horses' hooves and the creaking of chariots, and the tromchoblach the loud deep voices ?? of great heroes and warriors coming at full speed towards us here. The shimmering of shining stars on a bright night that he saw there, the sparks of a blazing fire, were the fierce, fearsome glances, of the warriors and great heroes from the beautiful, shapely, ornamented helmets, eyes full of the fury and anger with which they came, against which neither equal combat nor overwhelming number prevailed at any time and against which none will ever prevail.

We make little account of it, said Maeve. Goodly warriors and goodly soldiers will be found among us to oppose them. Instead of you, I do not count on that, Maeve, said Fergus, for I pledge my word that you will not find in Ireland or in Alpain a host which could oppose the Ulaid when their warlike trance come upon them.

Then each joined together army, of the four great provinces of Ireland, made its encampment at Cláthra that night. They left a band to keep watch and guard against the Ulaid lest they should come upon them unawares.

Then Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Celtchar set forth with thirty hundred chariot fighters armed with spears and halted at Slemain in Mide in the rear of the Irish host. But though we say "halted" they did not halt completely, but came forward presently to the encampment of Maeve and Ailill in an attempt to be the first to shed blood.

Not long was Mac Roth there when he saw something: a great and numerous troop of horsemen coming straight from the north-east to Slemain in Mide. He went to where Ailill was with Maeve and Fergus and the noblest Irishmen. Ailill asked tidings of him when he arrived. Well, now, Mac Roth, said Ailill, did you see any one of the Ulaid on the track of the host today? I know not indeed, said Mac Roth, but I did see a great and numerous troop of chariot-fighters coming directly from the north-east to Slemain in Mide. How many in number are the chariot fighters? said Ailill. Not fewer, it seemed to me, than thirty hundred chariot fighters armed with spears, said Mac Roth. Well, Fergus, said Ailill, why did you try to frighten us just now with the dust and the smoke and the panting of a huge army while that is all the battle force you have for us?

A little too soon do you disparage them, said Fergus, for perhaps the army is more numerous than Mac Roth says. Let us make a good plan swiftly concerning this, said Maeve, for it was known that yonder huge, fierce, vehement man would attack us, Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna Fáthach mac Rosa Rúaid meic Rudraige, the high-king of Ulaid and the son of the high-king of Ireland. Let Irishmen form a circle to face Cunocavaros/Conchobar but with an opening precisely in front of him and that a force of three thousand men closes again it behind him. Then let the men be taken prisoner but not killed because their number does not exceed that of the prisoners we need.

That is one of the three most satirical sayings of the Rustling of the cows of Cualnge, to suggest that Cunocavaros/Conchobar should be captured unwounded and that the thirty hundred princes of Ulidia who accompanied him should be taken prisoner.

Cormac the Exiled, the son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, heard that and he thought that, if he did not take vengeance at once on Maeve for her boastful speech [as regards his father], then he would never avenge it..... [here follows the ritual sentence about the pagan end of the world? and the last judgment of the doom day, undoubtedly Christian, as for it!]

Then Cormac the Exiled rose up therefore with his force of thirty hundred men to wage war and battle on Ailill and Maeve. To meet him rose therefore Ailill with his thirty hundred men, and Maeve also rose with her thirty hundred men. The Maines arose with their thirty hundred men and the sons of Mágach with their thirty hundred. The Gauls and the Munstermen and the people of Tara rose up [ready to fight]. The combatants were separated and each man of them sat down beside the other and nearby his weapons. Nevertheless Maeve drew up a hollow array to face Cunocavaros/Conchobar with a force of thirty hundred men closing in the rear. Conchobar came to this array of men and in no wise sought a way of entry, but cut a breach broad enough for a soldier opposite his face and his countenance, then cut a breach broad enough for a hundred men on his right hand and another breach for a hundred on his left, and he turned on them and worked confusion in their midst and eight hundred valiant warriors of them fell at his hands. Then he came from them, unwounded and unhurt, and took up his station in Slemain Mide, waiting for the other Ulaid.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 58.

A great tumult. We find again but in a different order the oath formula pronounced higher by King Cunocavaros/Conchobar, except that the topic of the forest which collapses, passably enigmatic besides comes in addition. Roman chronicles kept us the trace of a similar historical battle, fought in - 234 against the Celts of North Italy and more precisely against Boians. But some doubts remain on the historicity of this feat of arms in the broad sense of the term (as regards the weapons it was the forest which crushed literally Roman people). It is beautiful as Shakespeare (Macbeth act V, scenes 4 and

5).The report of the second carried out recon proves that it is there incontestably in this precise form at least, a strictly non-historical fact (mouths and nostrils = caverns, etc.) we cannot take that literally. Like my daughter says, that is a little as the Marseilles story of the sardine which blocked the entrance of the port. While carefully omitting to specify that "Sartine" was the name of a frigate sunk in 1780 by the English in the access channel. Tumultus gallicus is, on the other hand, a known military tactic, it is the attack in caterva, a typically francese furia similar to that of the clans at the time of the battle of Culloden (and there unfortunately for them and us, the aforementioned * furia francese did not bring good luck to them).As for the headlong escape of the animals of the forest in front of the Ulaid we would say a movie of Walt Disney which we could entitle : "the animals of the forest of Mide".

* Mentioned in the Italian language.

Helmets and breastplates. The great French specialist that was d'Arbois de Jubainville announces it is a relatively recent addition. As we already have had the opportunity to say it humbly and with all the respect which is due to him, such is not our opinion. All depends on the shape of the helmet and of the breastplate. Our ancestors were not lacking helmets (see for example the famous helmet found in Ciamesti in Romania) as for protections for the chest they had even invented the coat of mail, so ? Alpain. We prefer not translate the Gaelic word Alpain with Alba because we wonder well if it designates really Great Britain and/or Scotland (Alba) and not the Alps. As we already have had the opportunity to notice it, the geography of our scholars is very poor (Egypt Scythia, etc. then why not the Alps?) Confusion supported by the phonetic proximity (like in the case of Féne and Féinne, the former inhabitants of Ireland or Fianna). What is certain also it is that it is well in the Alps (Sleib Elpa etc...) that Mog Ruith is blinded as for one eye by killing a calf and not in Albion or Scotland. He is associated in fact with the great Jewish philosopher who was Simon of Samaria (first century) but considering the underculture filled with old and tough hatreds which prevailed then in the Christianity of the Middle Ages, it was not a compliment.

Thirty hundred chariots with spears said Mac Roth. Maybe as much as Ramesses and Muwatalli II at the time of the battle of Kadesh nevertheless (what is consequently incredible); three hundred chariots would be already much.

With an opening precisely in front of him. The trap is, of course, less subtle than that set to the Romans by Hannibal at the time of the battle of Cannae* but Cunocavaros/Conchobar will avoid it without being aware of it and will escape, considering the dissension which undermines the unity of action of the Irish armada (there is also indeed some Ulaid in its ranks, including his own son).

* On August 2nd -216 at Cannae Hannibal who had half fewer men had skillfully placed pointed in the center of his plan of action the Celtiberians and the Celts who made common cause with him against the Romans, anticipating well that, in accordance with their reputation, after a very impetuous first attack (the famous furia francese : 30.000 men well trained and even equipped with coats of mail) they would begin to be quickly tired . What occurred after the first Roman ranks had been decimated by the Balearic Islands slingers. After a spectacular breakthrough Celtic troops moved back little by little (4500 dead), the Romans in front of them advanced of as much, and ended up finding themselves without realizing it almost encircled by the wings of the plan of action designed by Hannibal (who had taken care to place well there his best elements : the African heavy infantry) but blocked by the Celts fighting savagely and step by step. Continuation is known. In spite of his crushing victory (Celtic Iberian and Numidian heavy cavalry having made short work of the Roman cavalry which was in front of them before taking from the rear the already encircled on three sides legions: result approximately 50 000 dead, the four fifths of the Roman army, taken first in a pincer movement then as in a net) Hannibal did not dare to repeat the exploit of Brennus and to take Rome. The face of the world had been changed! On another side this bloody disaster will explain then eagerness that will put Rome to raze Carthage and it was therefore Hannibal who lost the war (because you can win a battle and to lose a war like the French did with the battle of Algiers in 1957).

High-king, king of the kings. It seemed useful to us here with regard to the translation to distinguish two types of "ard-ri." Ard-ri of whole Ireland, what we designate therefore with the noun "king of the kings" (shahanshah it would be said in Persian language or Farsi) and ard-ri of one of the five traditional provinces of Ireland, in the territorial meaning of the term.

Gauls. We translate so the Gaelic word Galeoin therefore. Irish armada indeed is very divided. It is since the beginning heterogeneous and made up of various elements where people of Connaught are a minority. There are even Ultonian warriors who left their native land following a civil war, of whom the own son of the official king and the former king of Ulidia himself, as some foreign mercenary warriors rather on the side of the Uaid if we understood well, our famous ancestors the Gauls (they too must well also have had children and descent in Ireland, no???) . In short, within the Irish armada there is always a party of foreigners which constantly paralyzes the four provinces of Ireland. Is it during the

time of his short stay in Heron Cove , close to Sneem in Kerry, that the illustrious (cead míle fáilte to him) descendant of the Mac Cartan * worked out his famous political concept (which caused a lot of ink to flow since) of “foreigners’ party,” who knows ! What is certain it is to have within therefore a xenophile party acting a little as Bricriu did not make easier the things for the Irish coalition. And never made things easier for anybody besides.* My father tells me that he wants to speak about the fascist general of extreme right-wing whose name was de Gaulle.

Nevertheless Maeve drew up a hollow array to face, etc. It is rather difficult to understand the Gaelic syntax of this passage. There are indeed two possibilities : either Cunocavaros/Conchobar rushes headlong into the trap as a bull finding himself in the ring at the time of the festivities of saint Firmin in the Hemingway Pamplona (in Spain) but escapes from there like Ramesses II in Kadesh: while knocking hard and like a brute in a frontal shock (it is like that queen Maeve sees him) to go out through the other side, that located opposite ; either he does not even enter the net which is set in front of him but tackles the net in question directly i.e., the first soldiers of the opposite coalition that he sees then retreats after having made a carnage of them. According to the authors, such or such possibility of the alternative in question is favored.

The parade in Slemain in Mide (the arrival of the host in a great array).

Come now, you my Irishmen, said Ailill, let some one of us go to reconnoiter the great plain of Mide to find out in what fashion the Ulstermen come to the hill in Slemain and to give us an account of their arms and equipment, their heroes and soldiers and their battle champions and the people of their land. To listen to him will be all the more pleasant for us now. Who should go there? asked they all. Who but Mac Roth, the chief messenger, said Ailill.

Mac Roth came forward and took up his station in Slemain in Mide to await the Ulaid. The Ulaid began to muster on that hill and continued doing so from the twilight of early morning co tráth fund na nóna until sunset. In all that time, the ground was hardly bare of them as they came with every division round its king, every band round its leader, and every king and every leader and every lord with the full number of his own particular forces and his army, as well as a thinóil & a thóchostail, in short with barons and vassals. However before the hour of evening sunset all the Ulstermen had reached that hill in Slemain Mide.

Mac Roth came forward to the place where Ailill and Maeve and Fergus and the noblest Irishmen were, bringing an account of the first band. Ailill and Maeve asked tidings of him on his arrival. Well, now, O Mac Roth, said Ailill, in what guise and fashion do the Ulaid come to the hill in Slemain in Mide?

I know only this indeed said Mac Roth. There came a fierce, powerful, very beautiful band on to that hill at Slemain in Mide. It seems, if one looks at it, as if it numbered thirty hundred men. They all cast off their garments and dug up a mound of turf as a seat for their leader. A warrior, slender, very tall, of huge stature and of proud mien, at the head of that band. Finest of the princes of the world was he among his troops, eter urud & gráin & báig & chostud, in fearsomeness and horror, in battle and in contention. Fair yellow hair he had, curled, well arranged, ringleted, cut short. His countenance was comely and clear crimson. An eager gray-blue eyes in his head, fierce and awe-inspiring. A forked beard, yellow and curly, on his chin. A purple mantle fringed, five-folded, about him and a golden brooch in the mantle over his breast. A pure-white, hooded tunic with embroidery of red gold he wore next to his white skin. He carried a white shield ornamented with animal designs in red gold. In one hand he had a gold-hilted, ornamented sword, in the other a broad, gray (blue-green) spear. That warrior took up position at the top of the hill, everyone came to him and his company took their places around him.

There came also another band to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. It numbered almost thirty hundred. A handsome man in the forefront of that same band. Fair yellow hair he had. A bright and very curly beard on his chin. A green mantle wrapped around him. A pure silver brooch in the mantle over his breast. A dark-red, soldierly tunic with embroidery of red gold next to his fair skin and reaching to his knees. A spear like the torch of a royal palace in his hand, go féthanaib argait & co fonascaib óir, with bands of silver and rings of gold. Wonderful are the twirls and movements performed by that spear in the owner’s hand. Immireithet impe na féthana argit sechna fonascaib óir cachla céin ó erlond gó indsma. In céind aill dano it íat na fonasca óir immireithet sechna féthanaib argit ó indsma gó hirill. The silver bands revolve[see counter-lay below because we give up to

translate]....He bore a smiting shield with scalloped rim. On his left side a sword with guards of ivory and ornament of gold thread. That warrior sat on the left hand of the man who had first come to the hill, and his company sat around him. But though we say that they sat, yet they did not really do so, but put only one knee on the ground with the rim of their shields at their chins, in their eagerness to be let at us. And yet it seemed to me that the tall, fierce warrior who led that company stammered greatly. There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. Almost the same were they as the preceding one in number and appearance and apparel. A handsome, broad-headed warrior in the van of that company. Thick, dark-yellow hair he had. An eager, dark-blue, restless eye in his head. A bright and very curly beard, forked and tapering, on his chin. A dark-gray, fringed cloak wrapped about him. A leaf-shaped brooch of white bronze in the cloak over his breast. A white-hooded shirt next to his skin. A white shield with animal ornaments of silver he carried. A sword with rounded hilt of bright silver in a warlike scabbard had his waist. A [spear like the] pillar of a palace on his back ? This warrior sat on the turfy mound in front of the warrior who had come first to the hill and his company took up their positions around him. But sweeter I ought than the sound of kid harps in the hands of expert players was the melodious tone of the voice and speech of that warrior as he addressed the warrior who had come first to the hill and gave him counsel. Who are those? asked Ailill of Fergus. 'We know them indeed,' said Fergus. 'The first warrior for whom the sodded mound was cast up on the top of the hill until they all came to him was Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna Fáthach son of Ross Rúad son of Rudraige, the high-king of the Ulaid and the son of the high-king of Ireland. The great stammering hero who took up his position on the left of Cunocavaros/Conchobar was Cuscraid the stammerer of Macha, the son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, with the sons of Ulidia's princes around him and the sons of the kings of Ireland who are with him. The spear with silver bands and rings of gold that Mac Roth saw in his hand is called the Torch of Cuscraid. It is usual with that spear that silver bands and golden braid around twirl only just before a victory (before it reaches its goal?) and never before, one can therefore think that they have just moved about because a victory is close for them.

The handsome, broad-headed warrior who sat on the mound [built with sods] in front of the warrior who had first come to the hill was Sencha son of Ailill son of Máelchló, the eloquent speaker of Ultonian assembly, the man who appeases the armies of the men of green Erin. But, yet a word more I say: It is not the counsel of cowardice nor of fear that he gives his lord this day on the day of strife, but counsel to act with valor and courage and wisdom and cunning. But, again one word further I say, added Fergus: It is a goodly people for performing great deeds that has risen there early this day around Cunocavaros/Conchobar! We do not make much of them, said Maeve; we also have goodly warriors and stout youths to deal with them. Instead of you I do not count that for much, answered Fergus again; but I say this word: you will not find in Erin nor in Albion (Alpain) a host to be a match for the Ulaid when they are gone into a (warlike) trance.

[Paragraph extracted from the translation of Joseph Dunn... Yet another company there came to the mound in Slane of Meath," continued macRoth. "A numberless, bright-faced band; unwonted garments they wore; and a little bag at the waist of each man of them. A white-haired, bull-faced man in the front of that company; an eager, dragon-like eye in his head; a black, flowing cloak with edges of purple around him; a many colored, leaf-shaped brooch with gems in the cloak, over his breast; a ribbed tunic of thread of gold around him; a short sword, keen and hard, with plates of gold, in his hand; they all came to show him their stabs and their sores, their wounds and their ills, and he told each one his sickness, and he gave each a cure, and what at last happened to each was even the ill he foretold him."

Ticedh cach d'fechain a cnedh agus a creacht, a n-gon agus a n-galar cuici-siomh agus no innisedh a galar da cach aón agus do beredh freapaidh íca dá cach aón, agus isedh tic fri cach aon an galar indisios doibh. As nert liaig-gaoisi, as slanugudh cnedh, as díchur euga, as esbaidh cach enirt in fer sin, ar Fergus, .i. Fingin fathliaigh liaig Concobair co leaghaibh Uladh uime. As é sin do ber aithne ar galar in duine tre diaig in tigi imbí d'faicsin no tre na cnet do closs(tin). A coimeta leghis, as iat na ferbolga do connarcas aca.

"He is the power of leech craft; he is the healing of wounds; he is the thwarting of death; he is the absence of every weakness, that man," said Fergus, "namely Fingen the vate medicine man, the physician of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, with the leeches of Ulidia around him. It is he that knows the sickness of a man by the smoke of the house wherein he lies, or by hearing his groans. And their medicine chests are the sacks which you saw with them."]

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. A fair, tall, great warrior in the van of that battalion, and he of fiery spirit, with a noble countenance. Brown, dark-colored hair lock he wore, smooth and thin on his forehead; a dull-gray cloak girt around him; a silver fibula (pin) in the cloak over his breast; a bright, sleeved tunic next to his skin; a curved shield with sharp, scalloped rim he bore; a five-pronged spear in his hand; a straight sword with ornaments of walrus-ivory in its place. But who might that be? asked Ailill of Fergus. In very sooth, we know him, Fergus made answer. The putting of hands on strife is he; a battle warrior for combat and destruction on foes is the one who is come there, even Eogan son of Durthacht, king of the Fernmag in Ulidia, is the one yonder.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide continued Mac Roth. It is surely no false word that boldly they took the hill. Deep the terror, great the fear they brought. Their raiment all thrown back behind them. A great-headed, warlike warrior in the forefront of the company, and he is eager for blood, dreadful to look upon. Spare, grizzly hair had he; huge, yellow eyes in his head; a yellow mantle of the breadth of five hands around him. A pin of yellow gold in the mantle over his breast. A yellow bordered shirt next to his skin. In his hand a riveted spear, broad-bladed and long-shafted, with a drop of blood on its edge. But who might that be? asked Ailill of Fergus. In truth then, we know him, that warrior, Fergus gave answer. Neither battle nor battlefield nor combat nor contest shuns he, the one who is come thither. Loegaire the Victorious son of Connad the fair-haired son of Iliach, from Immail in Ulidia, is the one yonder.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. A thick-necked, corpulent warrior in the van of that company. He had black, cropped hair and a scarred, crimson countenance, bright gray eyes in his head. A bloodstained spear shimmering above him. A black shield with hard rim of white bronze he bore. A mantle of curly raw wool around him. A brooch of white gold in the mantle over his breast. A plaited shirt of silk next to his skin. A sword with guards of ivory and ornament of thread of gold over his garments on the outside. 'Who was that?' asked Ailill of Fergus. 'We know him indeed,' said Fergus. 'He that came there is the starting of strife; he is the stormy wave which drowns; he is a man of three shouts; he is the sea pouring over ramparts. That was Munremur mac Gercind from Moduirn in Ulidia.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. 'A broad, bulky warrior in the van of that company... ?.....and dusky-colored, fierce and bull-like. A round eye, brown and haughty, in his head. Yellow, very curly hair he had. A round, red shield on his shoulders he bore, with a rim of hard silver around it. In his hand a broad-bladed, long-shafted spear. A striped cloak he wore with a brooch of bronze in the cloak over his breast. A hooded shirt reaching to his calves. An ivory-hilted sword on his left thigh. Who was that? Ailill asked Fergus. He is a prop of battle. He is victory in every conflict. The man who came there is an instrument which pierces. That was Connud mac Morna from Callann in Ulidia.

There came yet another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. Vigorously and energetically, in truth, did they make for that hill and almost shook the forces that had arrived there before them. A handsome and noble man in the van of that company. Most beautiful of the men of the world was he, in shape and form and make, in arms and equipment, in size and dignity and honor, eter chreitt & gasced & chóra, in physique and martial arts and sense of proportion? And that is indeed no lie, said Fergus, because that is his fitting description. He who came there is no foolish one in bareness. He is the enemy of all. He is the force which cannot be endured. He is a stormy wave which engulfs. The glitter of ice is that handsome man. That was Fedilmid [son of ?] Cilar Cetal from Elland in Ulidia.

There came still another company onto the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. Not many heroes are more beautiful than the hero in the forefront of that band. Cropped, red-yellow hair he had. His face was narrow below and broad above. An eager, gray eyes, glittering and gay, in his head. A shapely, well-proportioned man, tall, slender-hipped, broad-shouldered. Thin red lips he had and shining, pearl-like teeth. A white, seemly body. A purple cloak wrapped about him. A golden brooch in the cloak over his breast. A shirt of royal silk with a hem of red gold next to his white skin. A white shield with emblems of animals in red gold on it he bore. At his left side an ornamented sword with a golden hilt. In his hand a long spear with shining edge and a sharp aggressive javelin with splendid thongs, with rivets of white bronze. Who was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know him indeed, said Fergus. He who came there is in himself half of a battle; he is the dividing of a combat; he is the wild fury of a war dog. That was Reochad son of Fatheman from Rígdond in Ulidia.

There came still another band to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. A hero brawny-legged, thick-thighed, in the forefront of that band. Every one of his limbs is almost as thick as a man. Without lying, he is a flesh mountain. Brown, cropped hair he had, and a round ruddy countenance. An eye of many colors high in his head. A splendid swift man was he, accompanied by contentious, black-eyed warriors, with red, flaming [?] in the hand, with self-willed behavior, avoiding equal combat to vanquish overwhelming numbers, liking to face danger without any protection from Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Who was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know him indeed, said Fergus. He who came there was full of valor and prowess, of hot bloodedness and impetuosity. He is a reinforcement of hosts and weapons. He is the point of perfection in battle and combat of the men of Ireland in the north my own foster brother, Fergus son of Leite, from Lín in Ulidia.

There came still another band on to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. One which was steady and outstanding. A noble and lively hero, in the forefront of that band. Next to his skin a fine, fringed garment of blue cloth, go stúagaib fithi figthi féta findruini, go cnappib dílsi deligthi derggóir for bernadaib & brollaigib dó fri chness, covered with plaited gallons intertwined with white bronze bands alternating with beautiful buttons of red gold on the ribs as well as on the chest? Bratt bommannach co mbúaid cach datha. A mantle of many pieces with the choicest of color wrapped about him. Five concentric circles of gold, to wit, his shield, he bore. At his left side a sword, hard, tough and straight, held in a high heroic grasp, a straight, ridged spear blazing in his hand. Who was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know him indeed, said Fergus. 'He is the first veled in the royal court. He is an attack on a fort. He is the way to victory. Inflexible is the valor of him who came there, Amargin son of Ecelsalach the smith, the noble veled from Búas in Ulidia.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. A fair, yellow-haired warrior in the van of that company. Fair in all points was that man, hair and eye and beard and eyebrows and garments. A rimmed [here a word is to be missing, omitted by the copyist] shield he bore. At his left side a gold-hilted, ornamented sword. In his hand a five-pronged spear which flashed above the whole host. Who was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know him indeed, said Fergus. Beloved is that warrior who came into our territory to us. Beloved is that strong-smiting hero, beloved that bear which performs great deeds against enemies with the overwhelming strength of his attack. That was Feradach Find Fechnach from Nemud in Fuat mountains, in Ulidia.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. Two youthful warriors at the head of that company. Two green cloaks wrapped about them and two brooches of white silver in the cloaks over their breasts. Two shirts of smooth, yellow silk next to their skin. Swords with white hilts at their girdles. Two five pronged spears with bands of pure white silver in their hands. A slight difference of age between them. Who are those? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know them indeed, said Fergus. They are two men of valor, two equally strong-necked ones, two equally bright flames, two equally bright torches, two champions, two heroes, dá chléthbriugaid, the kings of hosts who know how to welcome, two dragons, two fires, two scatterers of the enemy, two brave heirs, two doughty ones, two fierce ones, the two beloved by the Ulstermen around their king. Those are Fiacha and Fiachna, two sons of Cunocavaros/Conchobar son Fachtna son of Ross Ruad son of Rudraige.

There came still another company to the same hill, said Mac Roth, in size like the overwhelming sea, in red blazing like fire, in numbers a battalion, in strength a rock, in combativeness like doom, in impetuosity like the thunder. A terrible, fearsome man already gone into a warlike trance at the head of that company. He was big-nosed, big-eared and with eyes big like apples. Rough, grizzled hair he had. A striped cloak he wore and in that cloak over his breast an iron stake by way of a fibula which reaches from shoulder to shoulder. A coarse and roughly plaited shirt next to his skin. Along the side of his back a sword of refined iron, tempered seven times in the heat. A brown mound, to wit, his shield, he carried. A great, gray spear with thirty rivets through its socket in his hand. Battalions and hosts were thrown into excitation on seeing that warrior surrounded by his company advancing to the hill at Slemain in Mide. Who was that? said Ailill to Fergus. We know him indeed, said Fergus. He is half a battle in himself, he is a leader of strife, he is a prince in valor. The man who came is the sea pouring across boundaries. That was the great Celtchar mac Uthechair from Lethglas in Ulidia.

There came still another band to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth, any they were strong and fierce, hateful and fearsome. A big-bellied, big-mouthed warrior at the head of that band, with bright cheeks, with broad head, with long arms. Brown, very curly hair he had. A swinging black mantle he wore with a round brooch of bronze in the mantle over his breast. A splendid shirt next to his skin. A very long sword at his waist. A large spear in his right hand. A gray boss, to wit, his shield, he bore. Who was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know him indeed, said Fergus. He is the lion, fierce, with bloodstained paws. He is the bear, violent and terrible, that overcomes the valiant. That was Errge Horse-mouthed from Brí Errgi in Ulidia.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. A huge and splendid man in the van of that company. Red hair he had and great red eyes in his head, and each of his great royal eyes was as long as a warrior's finger. A variegated mantle he wore. A gray shield he carried. A slender blue spear he held aloft. Around him was a company, bloodstained and wounded, while he himself was wounded and bloody. Who was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know him indeed said Fergus. He is the bold and ruthless one. He is the awe-inspiring eagle. He is the strong spear. He is the goring beast? He is the fighter of Colptha. He is the victorious one of Bale. He is the lion of Lorg. He is the bellowing hero from Berna. He is the mad bull. That was Mend son of Salcholgan from the Rena of the Boinne River.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide said Mac Roth. A long-cheeked, sallow-faced man at the head of that company. Black hair he had and long legs. He wore a red cloak of curly wool with a brooch of white silver in the cloak over his breast. A linen shirt next to his skin. A blood-red shield with a boss of gold he carried. At his left side a sword with a hilt of silver, and aloft he carried a spear having an indented point? (uillech) with a socket of gold. Who was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know him indeed, said Fergus. He is Fer trí ruitte sin, fer trí raitti, fer trí rámata, fer trí mbristi, fer trí mbúada, fer trí mbága, the man of three tracks, the man of three paths, the man of three roads, the man of three routs inflicted to the enemy, the man of three triumphs, the man of three combats. That was Fergna son of Findchonn the king of the Búrach Ultonians in Ulidia.

There came still another band to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth. A great, comely man at the head of that band. He was like to Ailill yonder, the keen one who can restrain, in appearance and dignity and brightness, in arms and equipment, in valor and prowess, in generosity and great deeds. A blue shield with golden boss he carried. At his left side a gold-hilted sword. In his hand a five-pronged spear with gold. A golden tiara (Gaelic mind) on his head. Who was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know him indeed, said Fergus. He is manly steadfastness. He is an assault on overwhelming forces (forlaid). He who came there is the vanquishing of men. That was Furbaide Fer Bend, the son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, from Sí in Mag-Inis in Ulidia.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide, said Mac Roth, and they were steadfast and unlike the other companies. Some wore red mantles and some gray. Some wore blue (glaiss) mantles and others green (guirm) or blue-green (uane). Garments? (blae) of white and yellow,

beautiful and brilliant, above them. There is in their very midst a little freckled lad in a crimson cloak with a golden brooch in the cloak over his breast. A shirt of royal satin with an insertion of red gold next to his white skin. A white shield with animal designs in red gold he bore and on the shield was a boss of gold and around it a rim of gold also. A small sword with a golden hilt he had at his waist. Aloft he held a light sharp spear which shimmered. Who was that, said Ailill to Fergus? I do not know indeed, said Fergus, that I left behind me with the Ulaid such a company as that or the little lad who is with them, and yet I should think it likely that they were the men of Tara with Erc the son of Fedilmid the nine times beautiful one, who is also the son of Carpre Nia Fer, and if it is nímó carat anairich and so, they do not love much their chief??????????????,

This little lad has come on this occasion to succor his grandfather without asking permission of his father, and if it is they, this company will overwhelm you like the sea, for it is by reason of this company and the little lad among them that you will be defeated on this occasion. How is that? asked Ailill. Ni ansa ! Not difficult to say, answered Fergus. For this little lad will experience neither fear nor dread when slaying and slaughtering you until he comes to you into the middle of your army. The noise of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's sword shall be heard like the barking of a war dog i fathad baying at the moon ??????? Or like a lion attacking bears. Around the battle field, the Hesus Cuchulainn will cast up four great ramparts with your men's corpses. Worried sick by the risks their own kin will run the main chiefs of Ulaid will in due course smite you. Bravely will those powerful bulls roar as they rescue the calf of their own cow in the battle on the morrow's morn.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 59.

Co tráth funid na nóna. Influence of Christian civilization of the Middle Ages: nona it is the ninth hour (none). Our fellow citizens have always been crazy of military parades. It is enough to look at those of the national holiday in July. Same thing for the Irishmen of the time, they adored the martial and virile parades of men swelling out their chest proudly. It is missing only the sound element: bagpipes like on the saint Patrick day in New York (but it would be an anachronism) and the wind instruments.

A thinóil & a thóchostail ditto. Barons and vassals. This medieval expression means that each lord calls up his vassals who in turn call up their vassals who in turn...to the last layers of the vassalic pyramid. The end result is the medieval host, an image or a word which is very well appropriate indeed also for the Irish army. From where its use in various translations of the Gaelic text. Or the arrival before the court having to judge him of the "Swiss" Orgetorix according to Caesar.

Immireithet impe na féthana argit sechna fonascaib óir cachla céin ó erlond gó indsma. In céind aill dano it íat na fonasca óir immireithet sechna féthanaib argit ó indsma gó hirill. The electronic dictionary of the Irish language defines so the féthana: circular bands or rings which might be loosely fitting. Fonascaib: bands ties or bonds. Seem to consist of loose metal rings round the shaft of a spear ????.Perhaps they are floating objects intended to stabilize the once launched spear, or then some throwing strap similar to the amentum of the Roman weapons. Even both at the same time, the throwing strap being able to be also used to stabilize the trajectory of the spear. So-irlabraid. We convey this Gaelic word by a speaker of the assembly of the Ultonian lords, because it seems to us that it is well the part played by Sencha in all this story. As we already have had the opportunity to say it while commenting on the very doubtful role of the continental druid Diviciacus (it is enough to well read between the lines Caesar to understand that he nevertheless straightforwardly betrayed his people and made his brother Dumnorix assassinated, or at least that he is partly responsible for his death) there were former druids who enjoyed going into politics.

However the best means of not ending as a Diviciacus is still NEVER GOING INTO POLITICS OF POLITICKERS , WHEN YOU WANT TO BE WORRIED ONLY ABOUT THE CARE OF THE SOULS OR OF THE MINDS , it is the advice I will never stop repeating to all the interested parties. Take care of the souls and of the minds of the men of the women and of the children of your people, whatever their political opinions, democrats or monarchists as during the 18th century, republicans of extreme

left-wing or of extreme right-wing or the opposite I make fun of it, what matters is not to go into politics! Only into spirituality. You must be able to drink a glass with somebody who is opposite to what you think about what concerns the life of the country. Because it goes without saying that within the framework of the political systems based on the vote (with secret ballot) you are also allowed to exert this right (that to give your opinion) in a private capacity (not in an official capacity) and in whole honesty. It is necessary to know to render to Caesar what is Caesar's.

It also goes without saying, on the other hand, that a druid wanting to be specialized in this field, a vate for example (there are in India it seems Catholic nuns dealing with helping the paupers to die with dignity, then now, hat in hand ladies) has perfectly the right (and he has even the duty), to accompany the soldiers of his people to manage the care of their souls and of their minds, particularly at the most crucial moment which is that of their death according to the testimony of Lucan about that ("And you, vates, whose martial lays formerly made immortal the powerful souls/minds [in Latin animas] of those who died in the war... death is only the middle of a long live; if you know well what you sing. Happy the peoples beneath the Great Bear thanks to their error (sic); because they do not know this supreme fear which frightens all others" (Pharsalia verses 444-462). Any druid indeed owes this ultimate compassion, this ultimate service, to his fellow country men: to help them to pass in the Next World.

N.B. And in order to end it goes without saying also, just as there were Catholic priests to help the resistance fighting against Nazis during the Second World War, or hiding Jews, or nuns looking after the casualties, that there could be in the history of some priests being more directly involved alongside their fellow countrymen in war, for example the unfortunate gutuater tortured then executed by Caesar in - 51 at the Carnutes, despite the complete hypocrisy of his text: chapter 38 of his seventh book (it looks like democrats of NATO justifying their -humanitarian- air raid intended to found an Islamic Republic in Libya in 2011).

Let the xenophile one who is able to fire off on his people or in its back throw the first stone, and who is simply xenophile (what druids were, given their attitude concerning the murder of a foreigner: they condemned it more severely than the murder of one of theirs, according to Diodorus of Sicily and Nicholas of Damascus) do the contrary. Library of History, book IV, chapter XIX. "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; and since a great multitude of men from every tribe flocked to his army of their own accord, he founded a great city which was named Alésia etc." Collection of remarkable customs. Fragment preserved by Johannes Stobaeus. b) "The Celts were armed when they discuss public affairs. 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." A spear with a drop of blood on its edge. It looks like the lance of the grail. But it is perhaps only the same warlike image. In Ulidia We translate so the Gaelic word *atúaid* because it goes without saying the north, in this case, it is the country of the Ulaid, the mythical kingdom of Ulidia the asserted ancestor of current Ulster.

Gasced. Prowess, feats of arms, skill at arms. As always a problem of translation. Many words of our texts indeed have a variable and dubious meaning for a simple reason; they appear initially in poems or versified texts, and their presence is often justified only by the needs of the rhyme or alliteration. But the scholars who put in prose these lays or these quatrains nevertheless often kept them in the end result of their work of rewriting. What can help but complicate our task, of course.

Veleda. Plural *veledae*. Old Celtic *velitos/veletos*. Gaelic *file*, *filed*. Druid specialized in all that is rather literature. Often synonymous with a poet or scholar besides but the word in fact comes from a stem in connection with the notion of clairvoyance. History kept us an example of female *veleda*, precisely the famous prophetess of the Bructeri, a Germanic people, called *Veleda*. This tribe had almost made her a goddess (cf. Tacitus *Germania VIII*). This not very common deviation, almost a heresy, of the respect naturally due to a druid or a priestess, encourages us to specify the following thing. Druids and priestesses must, of course, be respected, as a noble old man for example, even if they are younger.

But they should in no case be deified like Catholic people do with their pope or Muslims with their Muhammad (*isma*). A little modesty what the deuce!

Go stúagaib fíthi figthi féta findruini, go cnappib dílsi deligthi derggóir for bernadaib & brollaigib dó fri chness. Would this be a dress peculiar to druids of the rank of Amargin?? Simple assumption.

Drumnech. We do not know too much how to translate this Gaelic word. Perhaps does it mean that the shaft of this lance was engraved with various ridges (a written form or a recognition system?)

Veledae. Plural veledae. Old Celtic velitos/veletos. Gaelic file, filed. Druid specialized in all that is rather literary. Often synonymous with poet or scholar, but the name actually comes from a root related to the notion of clairvoyance. History has given us an example of a female Velede, the famous prophetess of the Germanic tribe called Velleda justly. This insignificant deviation, almost a heresy, of the respect naturally due to a druid or a priestess, incites us to specify the following thing. Druids and priestesses must obviously be respected, like a noble old man for example, even if they are younger. But they must not be idolized in any way, as the Catholics do with their pope or the Muslims with their Muhammad (isma). A bit of modesty, for God's sake!

Amorgen. See higher what we wrote in connection with druid Sencha as well as the relationship between war and druids. What the wandering bards having handed down us this story wanted to make comprehensible to us it is that it is a general mobilization, the homeland is in danger; therefore everyone comes and that starts with a very beautiful and impressive martial parade where everyone swells out his chest and acts like a terror to frighten the enemy. One of the guilty pleasures of mankind. Bear. We translate here in this way the Gaelic word math which seems completely suitable. The image is that of the Arthurian berserker, the man who fights like a she-bear protecting her cubs at all costs. Hosts who know how to welcome. We translate so the Gaelic word chléthbriugaid, which literally designates the briuga or the briugu, in other words, the man made responsible by his lord for providing, on his behalf, room and lodging.

A fierce lion. Influence of medieval civilization. A violent and terrible bear is, of course, more traditional. Bri. Hill, perhaps fortified.

Burach. Gaelic word meaning fury rage attack aggression, etc. or trench pit excavation (by allusion to the bull scraping the ground before attacking?)

Equipment. In the old and military meaning of the word: van horses harness tents and so on.

A notice about the traditional clothing of all these men having paraded at Slemain in Mide (for the women it is a different thing, to see our study of the Celtic princesses) and about its translation in our language of today. Below therefore the description in Gaelic language of a veledae in the druidic fraternity of Ulster according to our text (it is a man known as Amargin, first of the veledae in the court of the king of Ulaid. Gormanart cáel corrtharach go stúagaib fíthi figthi féta findruini, go cnappib dílsi deligthi derggóir for bernadaib & brollaigib dó fri chness. Bratt bommannach co mbúaid cach datha thariss. Caechruth óir fair .i. a scíath fair. Claideb crúaid catut colgdíriuch i n-ardgabáil churad bara chlú. Sleg díriuch drumnech ar derglassad 'na láim.

Let us note therefore that the clothing of all these druids does not differ basically from that of their contemporaries from then. It has nothing to do with the species of sack dresses of plain color that many neo-druids wear, or more exactly perhaps in addition to these dresses of more or less plain color that they wear, they also put on other clothing and particularly what our contemporaries call coats, capes, but which were in the beginning some large fabric squares or rectangles called sagum (from where sayon in old French).

The skin is invariably described as being white and beautiful since it is the same word, vindos in old Celtic, which means at the same time the two things (whiteness and beauty). No racist connotation in that, simply the Celts of the time were all White people.

The first one of all these clothes is clothing more or less long and worn next to the skin that our texts call indifferently shirt or tunic, the notion of underwear being unknown at the time. Our opinion is that from the moment when this part of clothing is worn next to the skin, we can speak about a shirt but the word tunic is also used. The things become complicated insofar as the aforementioned shirts are sometimes provided with a hood. The length is variable (down to calves?) They can have or not sleeves. The matter is varied, flax is not the most mentioned one. There seems to be a little of everything.

As regards the ceremonial robe of druids, these shirts or tunics with hood (cowl) could resemble the monastic habit of certain religious orders and particularly the cowls of Benedictines or Cistercians. Hood could be in some cases removable and therefore to be worn separately, from where our modern berets (or birettas?) who are therefore the distant heirs to these removable hoods of our ancestors.

Over the first clothing so described in the event of need they wore to keep warm or to protect themselves a large piece of fabric called sagum (or sayon in old French) as we saw, plaid nowadays, and which could be of all the colors (plain or variegated like the Scottish plaids, because if Celts had only one word to designate blue and green, glaston, they distinguished well nevertheless all the shades of it). The camouflage dress did not exist naturally, it was not the mentality of the time, and red seems to have been the preferred color of the warriors (you see less bloodstains on it). Of course, more you were rich, more there was fabric, and more you could make folds with it. A sagum with five folds therefore matched a high social status. Sagums or sagulums (today coats or capes) were not put on as it is done today with sleeved coats but you wrapped yourself with it. From where the frequent use in our texts of the words of the linguistic family around or to surround to evoke the fact of wearing them. Sagums (or sagulum in Latin, sayons in old French) were kept fixed on your chest by large pins called fibulas or brooches according to the authors. But let us return to our sheep and their wool, dyed or undyed. In Ireland apparently men wore a tunic or a shirt under their plaid. History does not say what genuine Scots wore.

There still exists in Scotland various shapes of berets, and particularly the blue bonnet (bonaid in Gaelic language) of which ribbons cockades and feathers indicate the clan membership. But the most famous model is undoubtedly that which was popularized by a character of Robert Burns called Tam O'Shanter. The original material of manufacture is the wool. Exclusively male in the beginning these berets can be worn with elegance, of course, by girls or women wanting so in a way to adopt the "Celtic princess" style. However in the beginning the removable hood ancestor of our beret had nothing exclusively male. So....NB. The French beret for various reasons and particularly because in a way it formed a part of the working clothes of farmers has generally less merry colors, it has in this case no bobble (it remains only at the top a small tail, the coudic in Gascon language, matching the end of yarns having been used to knit it) what makes it in this instance resembling a priest biretta indeed. It is true that in what concerns these birettas there were some of all the colors. These French berets, moreover, are more often out of felt than out of wool. Also to note: our texts are silent about underwear, unless regarding as such what there was generally under the coat, namely the shirts or the tunics worn next to the skin.

Last point now therefore, pants (for men because our princesses had not yet undertaken to conquer the right to wear them). Well, imagine dear she readers, that some male Celts wore nothing like that and were satisfied with tunics, a little like kilts therefore, but which would have been equipped with a top. What was the kilt in the beginning besides, a large plaid (feileadh mor). In 1746 British prohibited its wearing by men under penalty of deportation in their colonies and imposed thus in a way everywhere the wearing of their national breeches. Indeed let us not forget, righteous turn of events, that Brittonic languages in the beginning were also spoken in the whole south of current Scotland and that was spoken in it a Q-Celtic language only north of a line Glasgow-Edinburgh. And still..... Otdadini extended well north from Edinburgh, Venicones in the area of Dundee, as for Taexali or Tazali (north-eastern coast of Scotland) they formed a tribe whose name seems in connection with that of an animal totem, the badger (tasco/tacso: Irish tadg, Erse taghan old French taisson). Damnonii were settled in the whole plain of Forth around Stirling (Alauna, Lindum). The Eptidii of the Kyntire Peninsula and of the county Argyll also seem to have been speakers of a P-Celtic language, just like the Caledonians in the central High-Lands besides (Argentocoxos means foot or leg out of silver). On the other hand, it is less obvious for Picts. Specialists call it prudently a Celtic language "related" to the Brittonic. The tragic destiny (the violent end) of the kingdom of the Gododdin sung by the great bard Aneirin in the Arthurian myth, should not conceal historical reality and make us forget it, namely that other Breton kingdoms also survived for a long time in the Clyde Valley around Dumbarton for example, before disappearing body and soul*.

N.B. A little philosophy of History now. All the Bretons in the north (in the northern kingdoms) did not disappear like that, but there was so much change as well on the physical level as on the material or spiritual level regarding these populations that we can no longer rightly call the inhabitants of the territories in question by this name. It is pertinent to say that the Scots of these areas (let us not speak about those in the Americas) are partial descendants or partial heirs to North Breton, but there were too many changes over the centuries to place an equal sign between North Bretons and current Scots. One can regret it besides. Without going as far as speaking about genocide by change of population as there was in the west of Canada in 1755 we can wonder, moreover, if another enormous change is also not running, which will have as a result that the current Scottish territories thus defined (an interbreeding of Prehistoric Breton German various elements added with a pinch of some others, see the Norman case) will not end up being quickly peopled with respectable in themselves like is any human being besides, populations, but it will be no longer justified to call thus, in particular in the towns **. An impoverishment of human biodiversity or of the cultural heritage of

Mankind is hí a eper chomadas-som sain that our friends of the Scottish nationalist party besides with good reasons denounce categorically. Sinn Feinn. But the problem, it is that the majority of the nice and smart people and journalists that our country currently has, are absolutely persuaded of the opposite and are persuaded that heavenly paradise will go down on Earth when their heroic fight has succeeded. And yet we did not dream: it was a near thing Welsh language disappears, no?? What was indeed the case in these regions of Scotland. However if there had not been the assaults of the continual armed mass immigration of Angles and Saxon as of the middle of the sixth century, and more precisely of the Angles in Bernicia, the current inhabitants of these areas *** would be some Welshmen or at least people similar to the Welshmen today, the Welsh people being undoubtedly their reference group (Yr hen ogledd).

P.S. The fight for its survival is always to be fought . When therefore the independence of Scotland ? No one knows.

* One of my Parisian pen friends says to me that in the 9-3 it is already similar: there are no longer many Bretons, whether they are from the north or from the south, compared to the reference group that are the inhabitants of Quebec.

** Let us say that in this field we are incorrigible conservative ones and that as regards human biodiversity we are always for the keeping of the existing situations. To always remain Sinn Féin, such should be well the modern motto of peoples.

*** Caer Eiddyn/Edinburgh was indeed formerly the capital of the Manaw Gododdin. The division and internal quarrels supported by Christians having degenerated in a true civil war in which the achievement was the battle of Arthuret circa 570, a battle which witnessed the escape of Merlin in his dear Caledonian forest. The pagan king Gwenddoleu ap Ceidio was massacred in it by a coalition of Christian princes, including the two brothers Peredur and Gwurgi, and King Riderch Hael of Strathclyde (Ystrad Clud). The disastrous role of Christian religion in the end of these Northern Bretons is to be emphasized therefore, the bishops can never refrain from interfering in the political debates which agitate their flocks and always in the direction of the foreign party stigmatized besides by the famous descendant of the Mac Cartan in Killarney, in accordance with its original collective mentality (its initial programming, which was in fact the hatred of the Roman empire). As Vauvenargues could have said if he had lived in our time, Christian is always a man who defined himself negatively, it is a resentment man.

There came still another company to the same hill at Slemain in Mide said lastly Mac Roth, which numbered no less than thirty hundred men. Fierce, bloodstained warrior bands. Fir gil glain guirm chorcarda. Men with beautiful blue eyes and dressed in red??? with a rosy complexion ??? They had long, fair-yellow hair, beautiful, brilliant countenances, clear kingly eyes. Beautiful shining garments they wore. Wonderful (dendglana) golden brooches on their shoulders??? Silken, fine-textured shirts.

They carried spears with shining blue head. Yellow, smiting shields. Gold-hilted ornamented swords are set on their thighs. Loud-voiced grief has come to them. Sad are all the chariot warriors ?

Sorrowful are the royal leaders. Orphaned the bright company without their protecting lord who used to defend their borders. Who are these? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know them indeed, said Fergus. They are fierce lions. They are champions of the battle. They are the thirty hundred from the plain of Muirthemne. The reason they are downcast, sorrowful and joyless, is because their king is not among them, namely the Hesus Cuchulainn, the restraining, victorious, red-sworded, triumphant one. They have good cause, said Maeve, to be downcast, sorrowful and joyless, for there is no evil we have not worked on them. We have plundered them and we have ravaged them from the Moon day after Samo(ios) until Ambolc [February 1st]. We have carried off their women and their sons and their youths, their horses and their steeds, their herds and their flocks and their cattle. We have cast down their hills behind them on to their slopes until they were of equal height. You have no reason to boast over them, Maeve, said Fergus, for you did no harm or wrong to them that the leader of that goodly band yonder has not avenged on you, since every mound and every grave, every tomb from here to the eastern part of Ireland is a mound and a grave, a tombstone and a tomb for some goodly hero or for some brave warrior who fell by the valiant leader of yonder band. Fortunate is he whom they will uphold! Woe to him whom they will oppose! They will be as much as half a battle force against the

Irishmen of Ireland when they defend their lord (tigerna) in the battle tomorrow morning. I heard a great outcry there, said Mac Roth, to the west of the battle or to the east of the battle field. What outcry was that? asked Ailill of Fergus. We know it indeed, said Fergus. That was the Hesus Cuchulainn trying to come to the battle when he was being laid prostrate on his sickbed in Fert Sciach, with wooden hoops and restraining bands and ropes holding him down, for the Ulaid allow him not to come there because of his wounds and gashes, for he is unfit for the battle and unfit for the combat after his fight with Fer Diad.

It was as Fergus said. That was the Hesus Cuchulainn being laid prostrate on his sickbed in Fert Sciach, held down with hoops and restraining bands and ropes. Then there came out of the encampment of the Irishmen two witches called Fethan and Collach, and they go to weep and lament over the Hesus Cuchulainn, telling him that the Ulaid had been routed and that Cunocavaros/Conchobar had been killed and that Fergus had fallen in the fight against them.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 60.

Thirty hundred. The fief of Muirthemne therefore was to provide thirty battalions of one hundred men each one apparently in the event of conflict.

Their king. The Irish word thus translated is well the Gaelic word rig. But we should not be mistaken there. Hesus Cuchulainn in fact is only the lord (tigern) of a small or medium-sized territory, the plain of Muirthemne. He is neither emperor (ard ri = high-king) of Ireland nor even king of a province (ri period) like his uncle Cunocavaros/Conchobar. He therefore has vassals but he is himself the vassal of a suzerain within the framework of a whole system of feudal bonds of man to man. For more information about these pre-feudal streaks of the old Celtic world (Latenian civilization) see your usual History books. It is true, of course, that in former druidism, in the absence of true government in the modern meaning of the word (ministers Secretaries of State, etc.) druids were used in a way as technical advisers of the kings for all kinds of fields. For a simple reason, and this reason it is that the druids of the time made more than to deal with religion or spirituality, that the druids of the time made more than to deal with the worship or the care of the souls, they also dealt with the care of the bodies as doctors or surgeons, they were teachers and educated youth, etc., etc. In short they were the intellectuals of the time! The ancient Celtic society therefore was not a theocracy, and there was no precisely established religion for the States with only one God and only one worship, since everyone admitted as self-evident the existence of multiple gods and therefore of various worships.

Sectarianism was an unknown concept. There was therefore a kind of wall of separation between Church and State even before the aforementioned concept is (again) discovered during the 18th or the 19th century. What we uns, neo-druids, define since 1789 as a total religious liberty: no law favoring a religion or prohibiting its free practice, and that my Parisian pen friends call secularism: the laws which support a religion compared to another one, even which help one or more religions, must be by principle and a priori prohibited, it is necessary on this matter to set up a true wall of separation between Church and State. But while also insisting on the fact that; concretely and in the field, locally, the principle of the total religious liberty should not be generating public nuisances nor stirring up personal hatred of the individuals as such (as men, as women) and must in no case harm the civil peace or the acceptance of a common life in harmony, including in fields as sensitive as that of the relations between men and women (polygamy polyandry free love and so on...) the respect to be expressed towards the symbols of an invaluable national unity transcending all the differences in religious sensitivity (flag, etc.); therefore that the local authorities have the right to frame it insofar as all religions are treated in the same way. What comes first indeed they are the duties of the men the ones towards the others, being clearly understood, of course, that the duties of men towards the gods come under the field of private life. The freedom of beliefs and religious opinions between agreeing adults does not legitimate for all that all the practices of religious inspiration as human sacrifices for example (whether it is of the Abrahamic type of the Agamemnonian type or other). In order to go until the end of the logic of our non-sectarianism as regards religion, let us add to this remark that in what is said previously, the absence of any religion or agnosticism must also be treated as a religion (full-fledged since some Celts were atheistic * according to Strabo.

"They live on a low moral plane, that is, they have regard, not for rational living, but rather for satisfying their physical needs and bestial instincts, unless someone thinks those men have regard for rational living who wash using urine which they have aged in cisterns, and brush their teeth with it, both they and their wives, as the Cantabrians and the neighboring peoples are said to do. But both this custom and that of sleeping on the ground the Iberians share with the Celts. Some say the Callaicans have no god, but the Celtiberians and their neighbors on the north offer sacrifices to a

nameless god at the seasons of the full moon, by night, in front of the doors of their houses, and whole households dance in chorus and keep it up all night “ (Book III, chapter V, 16).As our old master Henry Lizeray noticed it very well , a tradition that must always be interpreted, even broadly, and each one in the ancient Celtic society therefore interpreted in his own way in all honesty and according to his reason, the great pan-Celtic myths placed at the disposal of everybody by the druids. And nowadays still if by chance and for good reasons therefore one came to read or to study our bibles to us in the schools or in the universities, each one should be left free to interpret in good conscience and in all honesty the passages thus used or selected. What would be no longer completely the case, of course, in the event of reading made in a place of worship in one of our sanctuaries or in one of our temples, at the time of such or such religious holiday. There, of course, such readings could perfectly give rise to an interpretation and to a slanted interpretation what’s more . A tradition that must always be interpreted this is why it is out of the question to come back completely to former druidism. The word king used here should not mislead us. The kingdom of our hero strictly speaking, is not of this world. He is only king of the warriors even if at this time, that meant any man old enough to bear arms.

In short, we will return later in our small books on this important distinction that it is necessary to make (it is even better it is a true wall) between the affairs of the State and those of the Religion. We have too much suffered formerly with the excesses of the latter (Inquisition, wars of religion, witches of Salem or of elsewhere - the last unhappy woman condemned legally and officially for sorcery was a person by the name of Anna Goeldin in 1782, in Switzerland - ***) to consider that it is a subject of secondary importance. Because we are really sincere and we do not practice any special casuistry either Catholic either Shiite there?, when we declare, we uns: “No compulsion as regards religion!” It is advisable therefore to be neutral and not to make discrimination according to the religious membership, but this requirement makes sense only if there is reciprocity, only if the men and women who require to enjoy such neutrality or such non-discrimination are also the first ones to practice such neutrality or such non-discrimination outside their places of worships or outside their (private) residences.

* Just like me who is one of the last vassals of the Duchess of Normandy Queen of England and of Canada, etc.for my fief of Ecrehos.

** Strabo confuses perhaps the fact of not having temples made of stone or at least durable with the fact of not having gods.

*** In France there were still thereafter other victims burned due to sorcery in some backward areas of the country but outside any official or legal framework: July 28, 1826, in Bournel and in 1856 at Camalès in Bigorre (the unfortunate woman was thrown in an oven). Human stupidity is of those which can give an idea of infinity and the crime against the spirit, on the behalf of the religions, is to keep it in this obscurantism.

**** This casuistry is called takkiya in the historical case of the Shiites.

Fer Diad. The great French specialist who was d’Arbois de Jubainville thinks it is a mistake, Fer Diad instead of Calatin.

Witches. We translate so the Gaelic word banchanti which means literally woman (ban) satirist (chanti) because they are lampoons in the stronger sense of the word : their target or their victim can die because of them.

Chapter XXVI. The decision of the battle.

It was on that night that the Mara/Morrígu/Morgan Le Fay daughter of Ernmas came and sowed hatred and the urge to get over it between the two encampments on either side, and she spoke these words:

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 61.

Then a very archaic poem follows in which even the name of the first Irishmen is found, Erainn, but which seems incomplete especially if we compare it with that appearing in the Book of the dun cow or Lebor na hUidre. Only an example. Below what is found in the book of the dun cow. Cénmair h-Ultaib, Mairc Iarnaib, Mairc d' Ultaib immorro, Cén mair Iarnaib. And below what we find in the book of Leinster Bo chin Ultu. Bó mair Éno. Bo chin Ultu.

Conclusion: a verse is missing and there was an inversion of the contents in another one, the principle of this poetic passage being simple: the symmetry between Ulaid and Irishmen.

The book of the dun cow (lebor na hUidre) in any case gives us a version slightly different from this passage of our story. There the Hesus Cuchulainn is described to us as also joining this general mobilization by making light of all the difficulties. Then the two kings meet, agree on a truce until the following day. The goddess of the war appears then in a triple shape Badb (old Celtic Bodua) Némáin (old Celtic Nemanía) and Bé Néit, which means in Gaelic "wife of Néit" (Old Celtic Neto) in order to terrorize Irishmen. Then Ailill harangues his men.

Imthús immorro fer n-Érind, cotagart Badb & Némáin & Bé Néit forru ind aidchi sin for Gáirig & Irgáirich conidapad cét lóech díb ar úathbás. Nírbo h-ísín adaig ba sámam dóib.

Tochostul fear n-Érend andso.

Ro chachain Ailill mac Mátae in n-aidchi sin riasin cath co n-epert : Atraí, a Thriagthréin etc...etc...

To return to Neto let us announce on this subject that his name perhaps derives from the Proto-Celtic neit indicating the eon of passion or fight. A similar name appears indeed in the Spanish documentation as a Celtiberian interpretation of the Roman Mars.

"The Accitani, a people of Spain, worship with the greatest respect a simulacrum of Mars which is adorned with rays, calling it Neto" (Saturnalia, book I, chapter XIX, 5)

The Irish deviation (oh these Irishmen!) makes him the grandfather of Balor and also a husband of Bodua (what can be understood) but considers him also as dead at the time of the second battle of Mag Tured (Moytura), what is more singular since the eons as for them, precisely like the gods, are immortal; at least disappear (to reappear with another name besides) only at the end of the cosmic cycle in which they are at work, as cosmic forces precisely too. Below now our trial of reconstruction of this piece of poetic rhetoric (a lay?) in question. If some of our readers have better to propose, let they stand up.

Ravens gnaw

The necks of men.

Warriors blood flows.

A fierce battle is fought

Coinmid luind ?????????

Mesctuich tuind ???????

Taib im thuill ?????????

Im níthgalaib ?????????

Near Luibnech

Warriors' storm;

Manly behavior

Of Cruachan's men!

Scritha minardini ???????

Cuirther cath ?????????

Ba chossaib araile ???????

Eblait a rréim ?????????

Hail to the Ulaid !

Woe to the Érainn!

Woe to the Ulaid!

Hail to the Érainn!

This she [Morgan Le Fay] said in Erainn's ear :

Woe to the Ulaid!

Nothing inglorious will they do
Who them await!"

Then said the Hesus Cuchulainn to Loeg mac Riabraid: "Alas for you, Master Loeg, if between the two battle- forces today anything should be done that you would not find out for me." Whatsoever I shall find out concerning it, little Hound of Culann, said Loeg, will be told to you. See a little flock coming from the west out of the encampment now on to the plain. There is a band of youths after them to check and hold them. And see too a band of youths coming from the east out of the encampment to seize them. That is true indeed, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, it is the omen of a mighty combat and a cause of great strife. The little flock will go across the plain and the youths from the east will encounter those from the west.

It was as the Hesus Cuchulainn said: The little flock went across the plain and the youths met. Who gives battle now, Master Loeg? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. The Ulaid, said Loeg, that is, the youths. How do they fight? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. Bravely do they fight, said Loeg. As for the champions who come from the east to the battle, they will make a breach through the battle line to the west. As for the champions from the west, they will make a breach through the battle line to the east. Alas, that I am not strong enough to go afoot among them! For if I were, my breach too would be clearly seen there today like that of the rest. Nay then, little Hound of Culann, it is no disgrace to your valor and no reproach to your honor. You have done bravely hitherto and you will do bravely hereafter. Well, now, Master Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, rouse the Ulaid to the battle now for it is time for them to go there. Loeg came and roused the Ulstermen to the fight, by speaking these words:

Editor's note : then a piece of typically warlike rhetoric versified; follows. That we will try to translate, without prejudice.

Comeirget rí Macha
Arise, you kings of Macha
Valiant in your deeds!
The Bodua does covet Immail kine????
There will be great deeds of warriors
Blood of hearts will pour out
There will be brows of shields (tilaib)?? In flight
Turcbaid in sním nitha?????????
And dismay of battle will rise ?????
For there was never found up to then
Hero like unto the Hesus Cuchulainn,
A war hound that Macha's weal does work
At the crack of dawn.
If it is for Cualnge's cattle
Let everybody now arise!

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 62.

The demoness Mara Rígu/Morrígu/Morgan Le Fay plays well here her role of a goddess of the war in the sense that she does not take part in the engagements herself but that she stirs the fighters of the two sides well to kill each other. She shows in this poem much duplicity while speaking the same speech with the two sides, but reversed in order to better stir them the ones against the others. To be theologically more precise she personifies therefore in this case everything that in the human being can lead him to (collectively) attack the others. After all, so that there is war, is it not necessary that the two sides want to have a fight? There is no war if, like in Munich in 1938 *, one of the sides refuses to fight. In order to illustrate this idea Morgan Le Fay therefore plays in this case the part of a goddess or more exactly of a demoness of war, whose essential function by definition is to stir the men to kill each other.

*For those who did not know this time and it is to be the totality of our readers now, let us specify that in Munich in 1938 all the people that the world considered then as nice and smart persons (Chamberlain Daladier inter alia) gave up to the German Chancellor Adolf Hitler everything he wanted in Czechia, in order to defend the German civilians of the Sudeten region. None of these politicians on the side of the nice and smart people wanted indeed to repeat the horrors of the First World War. One

can, of course, understand them and that appears quite natural but it seems well nevertheless that if the French as well as the English had wanted it, by giving up nothing and by getting ready for an imminent attack, Hitler will have been swept or at least contained, and Nazism would have made infinitely less dead. It just goes to show being nice and " smart " (quotation marks are, of course, usual in this case) is not always enough to make the happiness of Mankind nor even to decrease the weight of its sufferings. The road to hell is paved with good intentions and Churchill was right to rather analyze thus the situation when he said at the Parliament: "You were given the choice between war and dishonor. You chose dishonor, and you will have war."

Let us sweep away some generally accepted ideas on this subject. In 1918 French Army was not far from being become the first army in the world. And as opposed to what is usually thought in our country today, as of May 10, 1940, French Army was far from being outclassed in quantity and in quality but the designs then dominant as for the role of the army, regarded as especially defensive, had led to choices of materials or of use of materials, disastrous ; sometimes, inferior in speed like in the air force, but sometimes also equipped with a very high fire power as with an excellent shielding like for certain categories of tanks which outclassed German material. France had a minimum of 3.700 modern tanks, without counting several thousands of other light armored vehicles, armored cars, old tanks or tracked vehicles of infantry. In spite of a very spread myth, panzers of the German army did have nothing invincible in themselves, quite to the contrary. France had the SOMUA S35 and the B1/B1a which were at first glance the most powerful tanks in the world of the time. Their shielding resisted all the German anti-tank guns of the time, as the guns of the panzer II III and IV, and their armament exceeded that of all panzers, including the PzIV (this last being effective only less 500 m). At the time of the first battle of tanks in the History (that of Hannut), the French tanks competed effectively with the panzers, the latter preserving the advantage only thanks to their effective and perfectly coordinated aerial cover. There were also some failures in the high command and especially some fatal strategic mistakes due to too rigid dogmas within the French Staff. Unlike Germany France for example had chosen to disseminate her tanks instead to concentrate them.

At the time of the battle of Stonne the French tanks commanded by Captain Billotte took again seventeen times the village fallen in the hands of the Germans over one four-day period. In addition, on May 15, 1940, Colonel de Gaulle, receives the mission of delaying enemy in the area of Laon. His armored division is not yet completely operational but in spite of that his counter-attack towards Montcornet, in the North-East of Laon, was one of the only which succeeded in breaking through the German lines on several tens of kilometers. It is also necessary to mention the fight for the honor of the cadets of the Cavalry School at Saumur, fewer than 3000 men supporting the shock of 30000 to 40000 Germans during two days. It will be only thanks to the arrival of reinforcements and by the massive use of artillery and following the lack of ammunition that Germans will seize the bridges on the day of June 20, 1940. Besides Germans will allow them to set out again free towards the demarcation line, under the orders of their officers, without being escorted, a section of the German army paying even military honors to them at the time of their passage on the bridge of Beaulieu-les-Loches.

French Army also checked Italians until the end in the Alps before the Germans attacked it from the rear. Explanation. June 10, 1940, when Italy declares the war (concise comment of Roosevelt : "The dagger has struck into the back") the army of the Alps commanded by General Olry, has only approximately 185.000 men. This army underwent several important drains, first because of the campaign of Scandinavia (Narvik April 10th and 13th 1940), then because of the defeat on the north-east front. With the declaration of war, it blows up the roads, and tunnels likely to be used by the group of western armies of Prince Humbert of Savoy. Italian forces gather 22 divisions and more than 300.000 men. These forces launch some attacks between June 11th and 19th. They are repelled. Italian air raids on Toulon and the airfields of the sector are repelled and French air force attacks the airfields of Genoa and Turin.

June 21st, the Italians on order of Mussolini, launch a violent general attack. In Menton the 15th Italian corps is repelled by the forces of the fortified sector of the Alpes-Maritimes (less than one division). June 23rd, Italians will seize a small portion of Menton. Everywhere else, French forces resist, although being always in numerical inferiority. Everywhere like during the battle of Saint-Louis Bridge, and fight furiously. Italian losses: approximately 6.000 men, approximately 250 for the French army of the Alps, unknown for the Cartier grouping. We must also note that (and I reproduced there such as the argumentation of one of my Parisian pen friends), even after the signature of the armistice, French units continued to fight, and refused to surrender. Many injunctions of the new government, threatened by the Germans with reprisals and cancellation of the armistice, were needed so that they lay down

their arms. In short, French Army in 1940 was not overcome without fighting. The men did what they could with the means which were provided to them. I know something of it, my father belonged to the last French forces of the area of Strasbourg in 1940 and was a military medal holder for having on this occasion taken part in various fights in the Vosges department, particularly in Corcieux-Vanémont June 20th and 21st 1940 (before finding himself in Germany in the military police force of the first army -Rhine and Danube- a few years later).

"You were given the choice between war and dishonor. You chose dishonor, and you will have and dishonor and war," we have said. Now it is true that you can object that Churchill was a schmuck fascist and that he is not a reference as regards political intelligence or political clearness. If you want. But small question now: and today how many engagements in which one is mistaken concerning enemies, how many daily Munich facing true new Fascisms????

The lesson to be learned from all that is simple: material and technological superiority are used for nothing if there are not clear ideas and particularly as regards the purposes of war. When you claim to be a democracy for example what must matter is not to occupy the most possible territories but to win the hearts. Afghanistan that made a long time that we should have withdrawn from it, at least since the death of Bin Laden forasmuch as we do not intend to impose even in the long run the values in which we believe and that we esteem to be universal (equal rights for men and for women, religious liberty and so on...)

Then said the Hesus Cuchulainn to Loeg ... according to the book of the dun cow or Lebor Na hUidre in Gaelic language our hero is at this time in a place called Fedain Collna, located not far from the battle field apparently but not in full inside either. People in charge of the problems of stewardship (briugadaib) came to find there in order to supply him with food and to bring news to him. Ro baí Cú Chulaind trá oc Fedain Chollna ina n-arrad. Dobreth biad dó óna briugadaib in n-aidchi sin & dothéigdis dia acallaim fri dé. Because we find with regard to the myths surrounding the life of our hero the same phenomenon that we find in the Gospels known as synoptic: many differences but a convergence on the main thing. Let us not forget nevertheless that all the Gospels are not synoptic, that of John seems resulting from another world. Without speaking about the hadiths dealing with Muhammad where it is straightforwardly madness because there are really anything and everything in them considering their number, 700 000 (whereas perhaps only 15 or 20 are really genuine in them). God perhaps thus wanted to incite his faithful to think out and to show a minimum of critical mind. A particularly obvious phenomenon in Judeo-Christianity in which as of the beginning some "curiosities" or contradictions or inconsistencies of the Bible caused a lot of ink to flow, because they showed obviously that one could not take everything literally in these writings. The various theories claiming to solve the synoptic problem try to explain: -the triple tradition, i.e., the passages identical, or almost identical, between the three texts; -the double tradition, i.e., the passages common to Matthew and Luke, but non-existent in Mark; -the Semitisms of Mark's text; -the minor convergences, i.e., the similar propositions existing only in Matthew and Luke, in the passages belonging to the triple tradition; -the identical scheduling of the accounts between the various Gospels.

Triple tradition can be explained by the precedence of one of the Gospels, used by the two others. Double tradition can be explained by the use of two Gospels as the source of the third text.

The assumption of the derivation from the same model supposes that the three Gospels were written by abbreviation of a Greek translation of a Hebrew proto-Gospel called "source Q" by the German authors. This idea comes from Origen reporting the remarks of Papias.

This assumption explains the major similarities as well as the order of the stories. But it does not explain why certain passages were cut nor why the Semitisms of Mark are corrected in an identical way in Matthew and Luke (or then introduced by Mark). Not considering that this proto-Gospel (the Gospel of the Hebrews or the Gospel of the Nazarenes?) was not found. From there roughly speaking two possible types of reactions, whether it is for our legends the Bible or the Quran and the hadiths. The first category of reactions: since there are contradictions, then everything is wrong (variant: we can have faith in nothing). The second categories of reactions: since there are contradictions, then that shows that some things are false but not everything. The whole difficulty now is to do the sorting. It was besides the general reaction at the time with regard to the legends dealing with our hero since at the end of the long episode speaking of the cattle raid of Cooley an Irish copyist monk of the time noted in Latin, without suspecting that it could also apply to his own holy writings: "I, however, who have copied this history, or more truly legend, give no credence to various incidents narrated in it. 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.”

N.B. With regard to the legends speaking about our hero let us point out for comparison what specialists for a long time have found or proved. There exist two principal recensions of the account: Part of the first recension is contained in the Lebor na hUidre (Book of the dun cow) which dates back to the beginning of the 11th century, but the language used shows that it belongs to the 9th century and perhaps to the 8th century. The second part is included in the Yellow Book of Lecan (Leabhar Buidhe Lecain) which is later, it dates back to the 14th century. These two units form, once assembled, the complete story of the raid, without there is literary unity, considering the various times of composition. The second version is included in the Book of Leinster (in Gaelic language Leabar na Nuachongbala – the Book of the New Foundation), manuscript which dates back to the 12th century. This version was worked out from the Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow and from the Leabhar Buidhe Lecain or Yellow Book of Lecan, with incorporation of original elements. There exists a third later and very fragmentary version which is no longer synoptic. These texts are written in old Irish, language used from the 8th to the 9th century, and in middle Irish, used from the 11th to the 15th century. The narrative form is the prose except for versified passages, which emphasize the dramatic intensity. This work of literary compilation was completed by scholars, within the framework of the Irish monasteries. On the other hand, the dating of the matter is impossible. The framework is undoubtedly pre-Christian and describes us a warlike society of the Iron Age. Oral transmission was done over several centuries. The French Marcel Jousse, professor of anthropology at the School of the High Studies and at the Sorbonne 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: chanted or rhythmic texts, structuring of the texts in a teaching way, mnemonic processes. A Christian veneer is nevertheless superimposed on the Celtic substrate. A legend in the bad meaning of the term for example makes King Conchobar a contemporary of Christ, what is obviously wrong and completely wrong but Judeo-Christianity accustomed us for a long time to all these coarse falsifications of the History resulting from the hands of its flatterers.

Chapter XXVII. Now of the battle of Garech.

Here follows the muster of the Ulaid.

Then all the Ulaid rose together at the call of their king and at the behest of their lord and to answer the summons of Loeg son Rianganabra. And they all arose stark naked except for their weapons which they bore in their hands. Each man whose tent door faced east would go westwards through his tent, deeming it too long to go around. How do the Ulaid rise for battle now, Master Loeg? asked the Hesus Cuchulainn. Bravely do they rise answered Loeg. All are stark naked. Each man whose tent-door faces east rushed westwards through his tent, deeming it too long to go around. I pledge my word, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, that their rising around Cunocavaros/Conchobar now in the early morn is speedy help in answer to a call of alarm.

But then said Cunocavaros/Conchobar to Sencha son of Ailill : "Master Sencha, hold back the Ulaid, and do not let them come to the battle until don tseón & don tsolud (omens and auguries ???) are strongly in their favor and until the sun rises into the vaults of heaven and fills the valleys and slopes, the hills and mounds of Ireland." There they remained until don tseón & don tsolud (omens and favorable signs ???) are strengthened and sunshine filled the valleys and slopes and hills and mounds of the province.

Good Master Sencha, said then Cunocavaros/Conchobar, rouse the Ulaid for battle for it is time for them to go. Sencha roused the men of Ulster for the fight, while speaking the following words:

Coméirget rí Macha.

Arise, you kings of Macha
And faithful folk of their household
Sharpen your blades
And fight battle.
Claidet burach????????
Dig breaches??
Plow the earth like a furious bull??
Strike on shields.
Wearied will be the hands
Herds will loud bellow.
Let resistance be steadfast
And fierce the retainers
Let the attackers die
Give chase to the enemy ?????
Bardanessat & bardalessat??? today.
They will drink the blood cup to the last drop
Grief will fill the hearts of queens ?
At the crack of dawn.
If it is for Cualnge's cattle
Let everybody now arise!

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 63.

Stark naked. We find there, of course, the topic of the warlike nakedness of the Gaesati at the time of the battle of Telamon but it is perhaps only a literary coincidence.

Don tseón & don tsolud. According to the traditional translations of this expression, the druid of former druidism called Sencha was therefore a specialist in stars and predicts or signs of Destiny. Nevertheless we strongly advise today druids against launching into such speculations. Coméirget rí Macha (a). This second piece of poetic rhetoric seems to be a duplicate of the first, but in the mouth of Sencha this time. It is still as difficult to translate but the general meaning is very clear.

The druid Sencha urges the Ulaid and stirs up them in order to fight a furious and desperate

combat to recover their cattle. Inconceivable thing for continental Celts who did not grant as much importance to cattle breeding. To conclude about the case of Sencha let us note that his exact equivalent can consist of two different types of priests. The Christian priest who says mass for the soldiers who will start or undergo a decisive action: to storm or to have to defend themselves until death. Because may a priest morally refuse this last spiritual comfort to those of his fellow countrymen who will die (well, ultimately perhaps). Even Buddha would not have accepted it! The bishop or the abbot as saint Bernard of Clairvaux who calls the knights in the West for the crusade after the closure of the possibilities of pilgrimage in Jerusalem by the Turks in the 11th century. Below some extracts of a letter of St Bernard to the first knights Templar. "To Hugh, soldier of Christ and master of Christ's militia : Bernard in name only abbot of Clairvaux, wishes that he might fight the good fight.

If I am not mistaken, my dear Hugh, you have asked me not once or twice, but three times to write a few words of exhortation for you and your comrades in arms. You say that if I am not permitted to wield the lance, at least I might direct my pen against the tyrannical foe, and that this moral, rather than material support of mine will be of no small help to you. I have put you off now for quite some time, not that I disdain your request, but rather lest I be blamed for taking it lightly and hastily. I feared I might botch a task which could be better done by a more qualified hand. Having waited thus for quite some time to no purpose, I have now done what I could, lest my inability should be mistaken for unwillingness. It is for the reader to judge the result. If some perhaps find my work unsatisfactory or short of the mark, I shall be nonetheless content, since I have not failed to give you my best. It seems that a new knighthood has recently appeared on the earth, and precisely in that part of it which the Orient from on high visited in the flesh. As he then troubled the princes of darkness in the strength of his mighty hand, so there he now wipes out their followers, I want to say When someone strongly resists a foe in the flesh, relying solely on the strength of the flesh, I would hardly remark it, since this is common enough. And when war is waged by spiritual strength against vices or demons, this, too, is nothing remarkable, praiseworthy as it is, for the world is full of monks. But when the one sees a man powerfully girding himself with both swords and nobly marking his belt, who would not consider it worthy of all wonder, the more so since it has been hitherto unknown? He is truly a fearless soldier and secure on every side, for his soul is protected by the armor of faith just as his body is protected by armor of steel. He is thus doubly armed and need fear neither demons nor men. Not that he fears death, no, he desires it. Why should he fear to live or fear to die when for him to live is Jesus Christ, and to die is gain? Gladly and faithfully he stands for Christ, but he would prefer to be dissolved and to be with Christ, by far the best thing. Go forth confidently then, and repel the foes of the cross of Jesus Christ with a stalwart heart. Know that neither death nor life can separate you from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ... What a glory to return in victory from such a battle! How blessed to die there as a martyr! Rejoice, brave athlete, if you live and conquer in the Lord; but glory and exult even more if you die and join your Lord. Life indeed is a fruitful thing and victory is glorious, but a holy death is more important than either. If they are blessed who die in the Lord, how much more are they who die for the Lord! To be sure, precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of his holy ones, whether they die in battle or in bed, but death in battle is more precious as it is the more glorious. How secure is life when the conscience is unsullied! How secure, I say, is life when death is anticipated without fear; or rather when it is desired with feeling and embraced with reverence... soldiers of Christ may safely fight the battles of their Lord, fearing neither sin if they smite the enemy, nor danger at their own death; since to inflict death or to die for Jesus Christ is no sin, but rather, an abundant claim to glory. In the first case one gains for Christ, and in the second one gains Christ himself. The Lord freely accepts the death of the foe who has offended him, and yet more freely gives himself for the consolation of his fallen soldier. The knight of Christ, I say, may strike with confidence and die yet more confidently, for he serves Christ when he strikes, and serves himself when he falls. Neither does he bear the sword in vain, for he is God's minister, for the punishment of evildoers and for the praise of the good. If he kills an evildoer, he is not a man-killer, but, if I may so put it, a killer of evil. He is evidently the avenger of Christ towards evildoers and he is rightly considered a defender of Christians. Should he be killed himself, we know that he has not perished, but has come safely into port. When he inflicts death it is to Christ's profit, and when he suffers death, it is for his own gain. The Christian glories in the death of the pagan (sic), because Christ is glorified; while the death of the Christian gives occasion for the King to show his liberality in the rewarding of his soldier. In the one case the just shall rejoice when he sees justice done, and in the other man shall say, truly there is a reward for the just; truly it is God who judges the earth. I do not mean to say that the pagans (again sic) are to be slaughtered when there is any other way to prevent them from harassing and persecuting the faithful, but only that if it is never permissible for a Christian to strike with the sword, why did the Savior's precursor bid the soldiers to be content with their pay, and not rather forbid them to follow this calling (Luke III, 13)? But if it is

permitted to all those so destined by God, as is indeed the case provided they have not embraced a higher calling, etc.,etc. "That said, may our Christian and Muslim friends rest assured, I agree completely with them, saint Bernard of Clairvaux was a brute, a big Nazi bastard, and it is better to forget him once again.

N.B. As for those of our brothers who feel the typically "vate" vocation to accompany the soldiers (to work for the salvation of their souls) we do not request for them an exemption of the military service and of the dangers inherent in the military status, like the young ultra-orthodox students in Israel until 2012 (the Tal law), but a kind of replacement service similar to that of the doctors or male nurses or stretcher bearers. It is perfectly comprehensible that one hesitates to kill even to defend oneself even in the event of self-defense, it is a respectable scruple; but that should not be used as a pretext for cowardice: the druid or the apprentice druid should not be a pen pusher.

Below the muster of the Irishmen.

Not long was Loeg there when he saw all the Irishmen rising together and taking up their shields and their spears and their swords and their helmets, and driving the troops before them to the battle. The Irishmen began each of them to strike and smite, to hew and cut, to slay and slaughter the others for a long space of time. The Hesus Cuchulainn then asked Loeg, his charioteer, when a bright cloud covered the sun: 'How are they fighting the battle now, Master Loeg?' Bravely they fight, said Loeg. If we were to mount, I into my chariot and En, the charioteer of Conall, into his chariot, and if we were to go in two chariots from one wing of the army to the other along the tips of their weapons, not a hoof nor a wheel nor an axle nor a shaft of those chariots would touch the ground, so densely, so firmly and so strongly are their weapons held in the hands of the soldiers now. Alas, that I have not the strength to be among them! said the Hesus Cuchulainn, for if I had, my attack would be clearly seen there today like that of the rest. Nay then, little Hound of Culann, it is no disgrace to your valor and no reproach to your honor. You have done bravely hitherto and you will do bravely hereafter. Then the Irishmen began again to strike and smite, to hew and cut, to slay and slaughter the others for a long space of time. There came to them then the nine chariot fighters (of Irúade) and the three men on foot together with them, but the nine chariot riders were no swifter than the three on foot. Then there came to them also the ferchuitredaig, some groups of Irishmen going by three, their sole function in the battle being to slay Cunocavaros/Conchobar if he should be defeated and to rescue Ailill and Maeve if it were they who were overcome. And these are the names of these bodyguards. Editor's note. A list of 34 names follows then of which we will spare the detail to our readers. Refer to the manuscripts in Gaelic language in order to know more. This specification is nevertheless to bring closer the fact that each chariot mentioned previously is also accompanied each time by a group of three infantrymen. Would there have had a confusion?? Or the loss of some of the elements of this story?? Or on the contrary inflation, addition?? Because 34 names that made more than 9X3.

Then said Maeve to Fergus: 'It were indeed fitting for you to give us your aid unstintingly in fighting today with us, for you were banished from your home and your land and with us you got territory and land and estates and much kindness was shown to you. If I had my sword today, said Fergus, I would cut them down so that the trunks of men would be piled high on the trunks of men, arms of men piled high on the arms of men, the crowns of men's heads piled on the crowns of men's heads, and even men's heads piled on the edges of shields, all the limbs of the Ulaid scattered by me to the east and to the west would be as numerous as hailstones ejected into fields along which a king's horses drive! If only I had my sword.

Then said Ailill to his own charioteer, Ferloga: Bring me quickly o fellow, the sword that literally cuts men's flesh. I pledge my word that if its condition and preservation be worse with you today than on the day when I gave it to you on the hillside at Crúachan Aí, even if the men of Ireland and of Alba are protecting you against me, not all of them will save you against me angry. Fer Loga came forward and brought the sword in all the beauty of its fair preservation, shining bright as a torch : the sword was given into Ailill's hand. Then Ailill gave the sword to Fergus and Fergus welcomed the sword: "Mo chen Caladbolg , claideb Leite" " Welcome to you, O Caladbolg, the sword of Leite because you missed me." Weary of single combats is the champion of the Bodua [the war goddess]. On whom shall I ply this sword? asked Fergus. On the hosts that surround you on all sides, said Maeve. Let none receive mercy or quarter from you today except a true friend. Then Fergus seized his arms and went forward to the battle. Ailill seized his arms. Maeve seized her arms and came to the battle and three times they were victorious in the battle northwards until a phalanx and swords forced them to retreat again.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar heard from his place in the battle line that the battle had three times gone against him in the north. Then he said to his people, the intimate household of the Cráebrúad: 'Take up for a short time, my men, the position in which I am so that I may go and see who is thus victorious three times to the north of us.' Then said his whole household: 'We shall do so, for dáig nem úsaind, talam ísaind, muir immuind immácúairt ; mono tháeth in firmimintni cona frossaib rétlánd for dunignúis in talman nó mani thí in farrgi eithrech ochargorm for tulmoing in bethad nó mani máe in talam, heaven is above us, earth beneath us and the sea all around ; unless the firmament with a great shower of stars fall upon the surface of the earth, unless the blue-waved fish-abounding sea come over the face of the world, unless the earth quake, we shall never retreat one inch from this spot co brunni mbrátha & betha until such time as you come back to us again.'

Cunocavaros/Conchobar came forward to where he had heard the rout of the battle against him three times in the north, and he lifted shield against shield there, namely against Fergus son of Roech, while using Ochain his shield with the four corners of gold and four edges of red gold. Fergus gave three strong and worthy of the Bodua blows on the Óchain of Cunocavaros/Conchobar and Cunocavaros/Conchobar's shield groaned.—Whenever Cunocavaros/Conchobar's shield groaned, the shields of all the Ulaid groaned.—Strongly and violently as Fergus struck Cunocavaros/Conchobar's shield, even as stoutly and as bravely did the latter hold the shield, so that the corner of the shield did not even touch Cunocavaros/Conchobar's ear.

Alas, my men! said Fergus, who holds his shield against me today in this day of conflict where the four great provinces of Ireland meet at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the foray of Cualnge? There is a man here younger and mightier than you, and whose father and mother were nobler, one who banished you from your land and territory and estate, one who drove you to dwell with deer and hare and fox, one who did not permit you to hold even the length of your own stride in your land and territory, one who made you dependent on a wealthy heiress (bantidnacul mná), one who outraged you on one occasion by making the three sons of Uisnig slain despite your safeguard, one who today will ward you off in the presence of the Irishmen, namely, Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach son of Ros Ruad son of Rudraige, the high king of Ulidia and the son of the high king of Ireland.

That didn't go unheard indeed, said Fergus. Then he grasped the Caladbolg in both hands and swung it back behind him so that its point almost touched the ground : his intent was to strike three terrible blows of the Bodua on the Ulaid so that their dead might outnumber their living. Cormac the Exiled, the son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, saw him and he rushed towards Fergus and clasped his two arms about him. Aicclech nád aicclech sain, a mo phopa Ferguis. Náimdemail nád charddemail sain, a mo phopa Ferguis. Anchellach nád anchellach sain, a mo phopa Ferguis. It is almost an unprovoked assassination ??? Master Fergus. Some gratuitous cruelty ??? Master Fergus. Worse than a crime a fault ??? Master Fergus. Do not slay and destroy the Ulaid with your mighty blows, but take thought for their honor on this day of battle today ! Begone from me, lad, said Fergus for I shall not live if I do not strike my three mighty, warlike blows upon the Ulaid today so that their dead outnumber their living. Turn your hand level shouted Cormac the Exiled , and strike off the tops of the hills over the heads of all these hosts that will appease your warlike fury (feirg). Tell Cunocavaros/Conchobar to come then into his battle position of before. And Cunocavaros/Conchobar came back to his place in the battle. — Now that sword, the sword of Fergus, was the sword of Leite of the Sid. When one wished to strike with it, it became as big as a rainbow in the air. — Then Fergus turned his hand level above the heads of the hosts opposite him and beheaded the three hills which are still there as evidence in front of the marshy plain. They are the three "bald" tops of Mide.

Now as for the Hesus Cuchulainn, when he heard the Óchain of Cunocavaros/Conchobar being struck by Fergus son of Roech , he said: 'Come now, my friend Loeg, who dared thus to smite the Óchain of Cunocavaros/Conchobar my master while I am alive?' His huge sword, as big as a rainbow, sheds blood, and increases slaughter everywhere,said Loeg. It is the great hero Fergus son of Roech. Rasfacht eochraide mo phopa Conchobuir cath. The sword of the Sid which had been hidden in the chariot was given back to him???? The horses of my good master Cunocavaros/Conchobar went to fight against him ????

Loosen quickly the wooden hoops over my wounds, fellow said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Then he gave a mighty spring and the wooden hoops flew from him to Mag Túaga in the Connaught. The bindings of his wounds went from him to Bacca in Corco M'ruad. The wisps of dry tow which plugged his wounds soared into the uppermost air and firmament as high as larks soar on a day of fair weather when there is no wind. His wounds broke out afresh and the trenches and furrows in the earth of the enclosure (cro) were filled with blood from his wounds. The first exploit which the Hesus Cuchulainn performed after rising from his sickbed was against the two witches , Fethan and Colla, who had been feigning to weep and lament over him. He dashed their two heads together so that he was red with their blood and gray with their brains. None of his weapons had been left beside him save only his chariot.

And he took his chariot on his back and came towards the Irishmen, and with his chariot he smote them until he reached the spot where Fergus son of Roech stood. Turn hither, Master Fergus, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Fergus did not answer for he did not hear him. The Hesus Cuchulainn said again: 'Turn hither, Master Fergus, or if you do not, I shall grind you as a mill grinds goodly malt , I shall belabor you as linen is belabored in a wash pool, I shall entwine you as ivy entwines trees, I shall swoop on you as a hawk swoops on little birds. That didn't go unheard indeed said Fergus. Who dares to speak those proud and worthy of the Bodua words to me here where the four great provinces of Ireland meet, at Garech and Ilgarech in the battle of the foray of Cualnge? Your own foster son , said the Hesus Cuchulainn, and the foster son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar and of the rest of the Ulaid , Setanta Cuchulainn son of Sualtam, and you promised that you would flee before me when I should be wounded, bloody and pierced with stabs in the battle of the driving off, for I fled before you in your own duel on the expedition.

Fergus heard that therefore, and be turned he took three mighty, warrior's strides, but all the Irishmen did the same thing and were routed westwards over the hill. The conflict was centered against the men of Connacht. At midday the Hesus Cuchulainn had come to the battle. It was sunset in the evening when the last band of the men of Connacht fled westwards over the hill. By that time there remained in Hesus Cuchulainn's hand only a fistful of the spokes around the wheel and a handful of shafts around the body of the chariot, because he kept on slaying and slaughtering with it the four great provinces of Ireland during all that time.

Then Maeve covered the retreat of the Irishmen and she sent the Dun Termagant of Cualnge around to Cruachan together with fifty of his heifers and eight of her messengers, so that whoever might reach Cruachan or whoever might not, at least the Dun Termagant of Cualnge would arrive too, there, as she had promised. Is and drecgais a fúal fola for Meidb & itbert: 'Geib, a Ferguis,' bar Medb, 'scíath díten dar éis fer nHérend goro síblur-sa m'fúal úaim.' Then her issue of blood came upon Maeve and she said: 'Fergus, cover the retreat of the Irishmen that I may pass my water.' By my conscience, said Fergus, it is ill-timed and it is not right to do so. Yet I cannot but do so, said Maeve, for I shall not live unless I do. Fergus came then and covered the retreat of the Irishmen. Maeve passed her water and it made like three great river beds in each of which a household can fit. Hence the place is called "Blood of Maeve."

The Hesus Cuchulainn came upon her thus engaged but he did not wound her for he used not to strike somebody from behind. Grant me a favor today, Hesus Cuchulainn, said Maeve. What favor do you ask? said the Hesus Cuchulainn. That this army may be under your protection and safeguard till they have gone westwards past the Great Ford. I grant it, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. The Hesus Cuchulainn came around the Irishmen and covered the retreat on one side of them to protect them.

The ferchutredaig (the Irishmen going by three) came on the other side, and Maeve came into her own position and covered their retreat in the rear. In that fashion they took the Irishmen westwards past the Great Ford.

Then Hesus Cuchulainn's sword was given to him and he smote a blow on the three blunt-topped hills at the ford of Luan, as a counterblast to the three bald tops in Mide, and cut off their three tops. Then Fergus began to survey the host as they went westwards from the Great Ford. This day was indeed a fitting one for those who were led by a woman, said Fergus. Condrecat lochta ra fulachta and so indiu ??? Faults and feuds have met here today, said Medb to Fergus. This host has been plundered and despoiled said again Fergus. As when a mare goes before her band of foals into unknown territory, with none worthy to lead or counsel them, so this host has perished today.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 64.

Írúade. If it is the same word that Íorua, it is Norway. A complete anachronism compared to the initial pan-Celtic myth but which is explained by the impact in the oral tradition of the Viking attacks which will happen from the 8th century (795 fire of the church of Lambay, foundation of Dublin in 840) and will last until the battle of Clontarf won by Brian Boru in 1014.

Cúlu. What means here this Gaelic word it is well the notion of retreat.

Caladbolg. Its name in Gaelic language means something like "hard lightning." We cannot help make the link with the famous Excalibur of Arthur, Caledfwlch in Welsh and with the famous "Gae bolga" of our hero. A sword at the time it was something! Held with two hands, at the time to strike the enemy, it becomes as big as a rainbow. A laser sword of Jedi before this notion was invented therefore. Fergus had it no longer because Ailill had confiscated it from him after he had surprised him red-handed in adultery with Queen Maeve.

That will appease your warlike fury. The Gaelic word used, feirg, indeed seems to indicate that Fergus too could go into a trance at the time of the engagements. But it is especially a question of finding an opportunity by playing on words to be able to maintain that he had held the promise he made before Maeve: to strike at least three unforgettable blows on Ulaid.

The Sid let us point it out was one of the main gates (or exit) of the other world of the gods. And it is true that we find well in the Irish documentation trace of a Sid of Leit: Bri Leith, the main home of the god (or demon) Medros (Midir in Ireland).

Irish bards were bent on wanting to find fabulous explanation for the least irregularity of the relief, even if it means inventing besides. This phenomenon is everywhere at work in the Irish literature and contributed to moving away the initial Celtic myth from its original simplicity (timeless and not precisely localizable). Oh these Irish bards ! Let us note nevertheless that it is well one of the traits of human nature just like the fatal confrontations due to rustling of cattle and in that therefore the Tain Bo Cualnge appears consequently universal (there was still of it recently in Sudan or at least in Africa), with this nuance as we have already announced it, that cattle had much less importance on the Continent. To return to the history of the place names or to the history of the places, let us note that we also find the same phenomenon in the Bible, but in a way more farcical and less poetic than a rainbow this time since it rises not from a vivid imagination or from an unbridled imagination like in the case of our dear Irish bards, but perhaps from simple mistakes of translation (underlaid it is true by a serious lack of critical thought not to say by a great stupidity). Salomon Reinach in 1909 commented in this way this type of passage appearing in our texts.

"This second publication of a since a long time desired translation includes chapters VIII-XX. In spite of the intrinsic inanity of the text (sic), it is read with great interest, because it raises quantity of problems, at the same time as it provides curious analogies to the study of classical literature.... The Bible as well as the Greek and Latin authors offer many similar passages, from where it arises that many legends are explanations, moreover, stupid, of toponymic designations. See, for example, Judges XV, 17: "When he finished speaking, he threw away the jawbone and the place was called Ramath Lehi (thrown jawbone). Because he was very thirsty, he cried out to the god who opened up the hollow place in Lehi and Samson drank, so the spring was called En Hakkore (the caller's spring)". Can we really believe indeed that the last "judge" of Hebrews (in fact let us be clear, a small lord of war fighting against his neighbors) could kill 1000 unfortunate Philistines with the simple jaw of a donkey? That was to be the jaw of a donkey much stronger than the sword of the land of the gods,

of Fergus. But it is well, however, what the Bible affirms to us in the book of Judges (chapter XV) according to Solomon Reinach.

Then Samson said, With a donkey's jawbone I have made a heap or two of them. With a donkey's jawbone I have killed a thousand men.

As the Irish copyist monk who copied all that had very well noticed it (in Latin language): "But I who have written this story, or rather this fable, give no credence to the various incidents related in it. For some things in it are the deceptions of demons, other poetic figments; some are probable, others improbable; while still others are intended for the delectation of foolish men."

What we think of this umpteenth material impossibility appearing in the Bible it is that there is perhaps a pun, the same Hebrew word meaning at the same time heap and donkey. This passage of the Bible is in any event a little the equivalent of our pieces of rhetoric to us, i.e., a poem rather difficult to translate and which was to be older than the prose context. Its purpose is to explain the name Hill of Lehi. Perhaps it was quite simply a hill attended by donkeys (since there was a spring in this place) and where a trap would have been set to a hundred (a hundred and not a thousand) Philistines? In any case these stories of Judges (who have nothing to do with justice besides, but this kind of inadequacy regarding vocabulary is a usual phenomenon in the Bible) in reality some small lords of war fighting the ones against the others, are not very clear. Even less than some of our myths! What is not saying much! And it would be apparently the word of God ??? Of the true god?

Fellow. We translate so the Gaelic word gillai which means literally boy. The wooden hoops. They were supposed to prevent that his clothing stick to his wounds. Banchanti = witches see our former counter-lays.

A fistful of the spokes around the wheel.... The difference with the Bible or the Quran and the hadiths (see the battle of Badr in 624 * where in the role of our hero the author used 5000 angels) it is that it is more than obvious that the Celtic bards having composed or having spread formerly these legends did not take them literally themselves. It was what we could call a poetic or a comic exaggeration, assumed, on their behalf. A little as certain movies of Charlie Chaplin (particularly that in which he launches a French cheese which stinks in the German trenches opposite as if it were a frightening grenade or a shell containing gases; it was "Shoulders arms" I think).

More seriously we can nevertheless wonder whether the warrior who is reproduced on one of the five plates of the Danish cauldron of Gundestrup with a half-wheel in his left hand, and surrounded by more or less fantastic animals, is not an illustrated representation of this hero whose ultimate weapon was... the remains of a chariot, since the plate of the bottom represents... a bull precisely! This episode of the battle of Garech therefore would date back to earliest antiquity. Would then remain to find which divine figure would match the central god of this plate who raises his arms to heaven but has his fists clenched.

* This battle is evoked in the chapter 3 of the Quran, verses 123-125: "God had helped you at Badr, when you were a contemptible little force; then fear God; thus may you show your gratitude. Remember you said to the faithful: "Is it not enough for you that God should help you with three thousand angels sent down? Yes - if you remain firm, and act aright, even if the enemy should rush here on you in hot haste, your lord would help you with five thousand angels making a terrific onslaught."

To note. The goddess Catubodua does really better since she makes alone the work of all these thousands of Muslim angels, namely to spread terror among the enemies.

P.S. We leave our readers free to believe or not all this, while pointing out to them, however, that there is no reason to admit the intervention of these thousands of angels but not that of Catubodua or the goddess of war. And vice versa.

This day was indeed a fitting one for those who were led by a woman, said Fergus. The remark of Fergus is, of course, marked with the more misogynist boorishness. Let us note nevertheless that on the crux Maeve has not so badly managed :-she is safe and sound-she has also achieved her goal: the dun Termagant of Cualnge, who stupidly let himself taken along to Cruachan.-she saved a part of her army.- Ailill has disappeared.

The battle was perhaps not as fatal as that, and as in the case of the Berezina which was an undeniable tactical victory of Napoleon (in 1812), manpower especially melted away because of the desertions, particularly among the not-French. It remained indeed on the other side of the bridges and

therefore prisoners of the Russians only the deserters as well as the patients and the casualties. All the men-at-arms, on the other hand, could cross the bridges.

On the French side, the assessment is approximately 200.000 dead (half in the fights and the rest of cold, hunger or disease) and from 150.000 to 190.000 prisoners fallen between the hands of Kutuzov. For the rest , 130.000 soldiers left the Great Army during the march on Moscow and nearly 60.000 took refuge among Russian peasants, nobles and middle-class. Lastly, fewer than 30.000 soldiers crossed again Niemen River with Murat. On the Russian side, the recent publications of Oleg Sokolov tend to establish the losses to 300.000 dead including 175.000 in the fights, which is very important. In spite of acts of generosity on the two sides, the prisoners who fell between the hands of the French or of the Russians were on the whole mistreated. After the fall of Napoleon, the repatriation required by Louis XVIII of the French remained in Russia was overall a failure, because the candidates for the coming back home were very few. Several thousands of French therefore established a line in the land of the tsars. In 1837, 3 200 lived in Moscow, for example. But Napoleon was not completely defeated in Russia. The following year, he levied an army of approximately 400.000 French soldiers supported by 250.000 soldiers of the countries allied with the French, to dispute the control of Germany at the time of a campaign even larger. It is only at the time of the battle of Leipzig (the battle of the nations, on 16–19 October 1813) that he will be truly defeated, but even the campaign of France in 1814 will remain a long time undecided (cf. the undeniable French victories of Champaubert and Montmirail).

As for Queen Maeve the best comparisons to remain in the Napoleonean register is perhaps Talleyrand with the congress of Vienna. Maeve played on her woman's weakness, and gets out of it quite well. In Vienna indeed in 1814, Talleyrand played on the weakness of France "who asked nothing." He protests against the notion of allied powers (from which France would be excluded), threat to no longer attend conferences, acts as a defender of small nations, draws negotiations out , and lastly , small powers being wearied of all these meetings which are useless, ends up being integrated in the committee of the great winners on January 8, 1815.

So perhaps as a general Queen Maeve deserved a triple zero but as a diplomat she was outstanding .

Chapter XXVIII. The battle of the bulls.

Maeve gathered and assembled the Irishmen to Cruachan that they might see the combat of the bulls. As for the Dun Termagant of Cualnge, too, when he saw the beautiful strange land, he bellowed three times. The White Horned of Aí heard him. Because of the White Horned no male animal between the four fords of all the plain of Ae, namely, the ford of Moga and the ford of Coltna, the ford of Slissen and the ford of Bercha, dared utter a sound louder than the lowing of a cow. The White Horned tossed his head violently and came forward to Crúachan to meet the Dun Termagant of Cualnge.

Then the Irishmen asked who should be an eyewitness (be a referee) for the bulls, and they all decided that it should be Bricriu son of Garbada. A year before these events in the foray of Cualnge, Bricriu had come from one province to another begging from Fergus, and Fergus had retained him in his service waiting for his chattels and wealth. But a quarrel arose between him and Fergus as they were playing tablut, and Bricriu spoke very insultingly to Fergus. Fergus struck him with his fist and with the pawn that he held in his hand : the pawn was driven into his head and has broken a bone in his skull.

While the Irishmen were on the hosting for the rustling of the cows of Cualnge, Bricriu was all that time being cured in Cruachan, and the day they returned from the hosting was the day Bricriu rose from his sickness.

—The reason they chose Bricriu in this manner was because he was no fairer to his friend than to his enemy—. So he was brought to a space (bernaid = bullring ?) in front of the two bulls.

Each of the bulls caught sight of the other so they pawed the ground and cast the earth behind them. They literally dug up the ground and threw it over their shoulders and their withers, and their eyes blazed like distended balls of fire. Their cheeks and nostrils swelled like a smith's bellows in a forge. And each collided with the other with a crashing noise. Each of them began to gore and to pierce and to slay and slaughter the other. Then the White Horned of Ae took advantage of the tiredness of the Dun Termagant of Cualnge's journeying and wandering and traveling, and thrust his horn into his side and gave vent to his anger on him. Their violent rush took them to where Bricriu stood and the bulls' hooves trampled him a cubit's length ? into the ground after they had killed him.

Hence that is called the tragic death of Bricriu.

Cormac the exiled, the son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, saw this happening and he took a spear which filled his grasp and struck three blows on the Dun Termagant of Cualnge from his ear to his tail. No wonderful, lasting possession may this chattel be for us, said Cormac, since he cannot repel a calf of his own age. The Dun Termagant of Cualnge heard this for he had human understanding, and he attacked again the White-Horned, for a long time and space they fought together until night fell on the Irishmen. And when night fell, all the Irishmen could do was to listen to the echo of their noise and of their uproar. That night the bulls traversed besides the whole of Ireland.

Not long were the Irishmen there, early on the morrow, when they saw on the horizon the Dun Termagant of Cualnge coming past Cruachan from the west with the White-Horned of Ae a mangled mass on his horns or on his antlers ????. The Irishmen arose and they did not know which of the bulls was there. Well, now, men, said Fergus, leave him alone if it is the White-Horned of Ae, and if it is the Dun Termagant of Cualnge, leave him in his triumph. I swear that what has been done concerning the bulls is but little in comparison with what will be done now if it is not the case.

The Dun Termagant of Cualnge arrived. He turned his right side to Crúachan and left there a heap of the liver of the White-Horned. Whence the name "Liver Heap" [Crúachna Áe in Gaelic language].

He came forward to the brink of the Great Ford and there he left the rump (the hips ?) of the White-Horned. Whence the name " Rump Ford " [Áth Luain in Gaelic language].

He came eastwards into the land of Mide to the "Ford of Liver remains" and there he left the remains of the liver of the White-Horned precisely.

He tossed his head fiercely and shook off the White-Horned over Ireland. He threw his thigh as far as Port Lárga. He threw his rib cage as far as Dublind which is called "Ford of the ribs." After that he faced towards the north and recognized the country of Cualnge, he came towards it like a madman. There, there were women and boys and children lamenting him. They saw the forehead of the Dun Termagant of Cualnge coming towards them. Attention, a mad bull's forehead comes to us! they cried. Hence the name ever since "Bull's Forehead" (Taul Tairb in Gaelic language) .

The Dun Termagant of Cualnge [become mad] attacked the women and boys and children of the territory of Cualnge and inflicted great slaughter on them. After that he turned his back to the hill and his heart broke like a nut in his breast.

So far the account and the story and the end of the driving off.

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. Sed ego qui scripsi hanc historiam aut uerius fabulam quibusdam fidem in hac historia aut fabula non accommodo. Quaedam enim ibi sunt praestrigia demonum, quaedam autem figmenta poetica, quaedam similia uero, quaedam non, quaedam ad delectationem stultorum. But I who have written this story, or rather this fable, give no credence to the various incidents related in it. For some things in it are the deceptions of demons, other poetic figments; some are probable, others improbable; while still others are intended for the delectation of foolish men.

Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 65.

The White Horned. When I was 16 years old, we had a cow called Miss-horned because she had one of her horns which fell almost on her eye. Indeed all the cows have a name for a farmer worthy of the name. All have their personality.

Bricriu therefore has no reason to favor a side more than another. Crafty these Irishmen !

He had human understanding.... Since it was said to you that it was not a bull like the others this dun Termagant of Cualnge! More seriously: the animal had to react to the tone, to the tone of the voice of a regular. Can we say about a dog it is intelligent enough to know what its master wants??? That's said as regards the animal language (dolphins whales, etc.) refer to your usual specialist on the subject.

We do not have any bias in this field except a huge respect for the life and its complexity.

On his horns or on his antlers ??? ara bennaib & ara adarcaib??? The sentence in Gaelic language is very strange because at first glance a normal bull has only two horns. Why such an insistence on this part of the anatomy of the Dun Termagant of Cualnge??? This would be the trace of the existence of another horn in the original account. Liver. In fact in Gaelic language there exist two words to indicate the liver, ae áoi ó áoibh aeghe aeghibh and trom.

Taul Tairb. The Gaelic word Taul comes from the old Celtic talu which produced the French talus (embankment). It was perhaps evoking a gigantic embankment. "After that the dun bull faced towards the north and recognized the country of Cualnge, he came towards it like a madman... he turned his back to the hill and his heart broke like a nut in his breast." Finally, the unfortunate one who, if he has some intelligence almost equal to that of men, does not have their perversity of them, will find death because of their stupidity in this story; which is a moving but very unexpected illustration of the love for the native land or patriotism.

But I who have written this story, or rather this fable, give no credence to the various incidents related in it. For some things in it are the deceptions of demons, other poetic figments; some are probable, others improbable; while still others are intended for the delectation of foolish men. Indeed, indeed. Atha Cliath, the ford of the ribs, for example... It is there, of course, and as usual, in this kind of apocryphal documents a completely whimsical etymology, based on puns. Quite worthy besides, of the shoddy neo-druids as those we see proliferating today (Austrian Tyrol = Breton Ty heol). For the record, the name of this area in the Alps comes from the name of a castle, ancestral home of an earl's family, the castle of Tyrol, located near Meran, of which the name (tirale/teriolis) seems pre-Roman. Web site of the local museum links it with the Latin name of the earth, terra (it was to be then a feudal motte and bailey or a fortified hill although that hardly matches the current landscape. But perhaps it was then a very common name precisely). Other authors think of a derivative of Celtic Duris but in every case no relationship with the Breton name of the sun and of the house. In the same way, the word Cliath comes by no means from the Gaelic word meaning rib, but from an old Celtic word meaning hurdle (cleta). It was therefore the ford of the hurdles (thrown in the river to make the crossing easier, for lack of having been able to build a bridge) and not the ford of the ribs. Once again, let us repeat it, Irishmen have euhemerized all these old legends by systematically applying to their island and to its place names, original pan-Celtic, and therefore not especially Irish, myths. And what is

sure in any case it is that the Hesus Mars called Setanta then Hound of Culann, or hound of the smith, in Gaelic language, is in any way Irish, as we could note it repeatedly. He spends his time fighting them and never regards himself as being one of them.

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 in these books, and which have been inserted intentionally, in order to force you to reflect, to find your own way. These books are not dogmas to be followed blindly and literally. As you know, we must beware as it was the plague, of the letter. The letter kills, only spirit vivifies. Nothing replaces either personal experience, and it's by following the way that we find the way. Therefore rely only on your own strength in this Search for the Grail. What matters is the attitude to be adopted in life and not the details of the dogma. Druidism is less important than druidiaction (John-P. MARTIN).

These few leaves scribbled in a hurry are nevertheless in no way THE BOOKS TO READ ON THIS MATTER, they are only a faint gleam of them. The only druidic library worthy of the name is not in fact composed of only 12 (or 27) books, but of several hundred books. The few booklets forming this mini-library are not themselves an increase of knowledge on the subject, and are only some handbooks intended for the schoolchildren of druidism. These simplified summaries intended for the elementary courses of druidism will be replaced by courses of a somewhat higher level, for those who really want to study it in a more relevant way.

This small library is consequently a first attempt to adapt (intended for young adults) the various reflections about the druidic knowledge and truth, to which the last results of the new secularism, positive and open-minded, worldwide, being established, have led. Unlike Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, which swarm, concerning the higher Being, with childish anthropomorphism taken literally (fundamentalism known as integrism in the Catholic world); our druidism too, on the other hand, will use only very little of them, and will stick in this field, to the absolute minimum.

But in order to talk about God or the Devil we shall be quite also obliged to use a basic language, and therefore a more or less important amount of this anthropomorphism. Or then it would be necessary to completely give up discussing it.

This first shelf of our future library consecrated to the subject, aims to show precisely the harmonious authenticity of the neo-druidic will and knowledge. To show at which point its current major theses have deep roots because the reflection about Mythologies, it's our Bible to us. The adaptations of this brief talk required by the differences of culture, age, spiritual maturity, social status, etc. will be to do with the concerned druids (veledae and others?)

Note, however. Important! What these few notes, hastily thrown on paper during a too short life, are not (higgledy-piggledy).

A divine revelation. A (still also divine) law. A (non-religious or secular) law. A (scientific) law. A dogma. An order.

What I search most to share is a state of mind, nothing more. As our old master had very well said one day : "OUR CIVILIZATION HAS NO CHOICE: IT WILL BE CELTISM OR IT WILL BE DEATH" (Peter Lance).

What these few notes, hastily thrown on paper during a too short life, are.

Some dream. An adventure. A journey. An escape. A revolt cry against the moral and physical ugliness of this society. An attempt to reach the universal by starting from the individual. A challenge. An obstacle fecund to overcome. An incentive to think. A guide for action. A map. A plan. A compass. A pole star or morning star up there in the mountain. A fire overnight in a glade?

What the man who had collected the core of this library, Peter DeLaCrau, is not.- A god.- A half god.- A quarter of God.- A saint.- A philosopher (recognized, official, and authorized or licensed, as those who talk a lot in television. Except, of course, by taking the word in its original meaning, which is that of amateur searching wisdom and knowledge.

What he is: a man, and nothing of what is human therefore is unknown to him. Peter DeLaCrau has no superhuman or exceptional power. Nothing of what he said wrote or did could have timeless value. At the best he hopes that his extreme clearness about our society and its dominant ideology (see its official philosophers, its journalists, its mass media and the politically correct of its right-thinking people, at least about what is considered to be the main thing); as well his non-conformism, and his outspokenness, combined with a solid contrariness (which also earned to him for that matter a lot of troubles or affronts); can be useful.

The present small library for beginners “contains the dose of humanity required by the current state of civilization” (Henry Lizeray). However it’s only a gathering of materials waiting for the ad hoc architect or mason.

A whole series of booklets increasing our knowledge of these basic elements will be published soon. This different presentation of the druidic knowledge will preserve nevertheless the unity as well as the harmony which can exist between these various statements of the same philosophical and well-considered paganism : spirituality worthy of our day, spirituality for our days.

Case of translations into foreign languages (Spanish, German, Italian, Polish, etc.)The misspellings, the grammatical mistakes, the inadequacies of style, as well as in the writing of the proper nouns perhaps and, of course, the Gallicisms due to forty years of life in France, may be corrected. Any other improvement of the text may also be brought if necessary (by adding, deleting, or changing, details); Peter DeLaCrau having always regretted not being able to reach perfection in this field. But on condition that neither alteration nor betrayal, in a way or another, is brought to the thought of the author of this reasoned compilation. Every illustration without a caption can be changed. New illustrations can be brought. But illustrations having a caption must be only improved (by the substitution of a good photograph to a bad sketch, for example?)

It goes without saying that the coordinator of this rapid and summary reasoned compilation , Peter DeLaCrau, does not maintain to have invented (or discovered) himself, all what is previous; that he does not claim in any way that it is the result of his personal researches (on the ground or in libraries). What s previous is indeed essentially resulting from the excellent works or websites referenced in bibliography and whose direct consultation is strongly recommended. We will never insist enough on our will not be the men of one book (the Book), but from at least twelve, like Ireland’s Fenians, for obvious reasons of open-mindedness, truth being our only religion. Once again, let us repeat; the coordinator of the writing down of these few notes hastily thrown on paper, by no means claims to have spent his life in the dust of libraries; or in the field, in the mud of the rescue archaeology excavations; in order to unearth unpublished pieces of evidence about the past of Ireland (or of Wales or of East Indies or of China).

THEREFORE PETER DELACRAU DOES NOT WANT TO BE CONSIDERED, IN ANY WAY, AS THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING TEXTS. HE TRIES BY NO MEANS TO ASCRIBE HIMSELF THE CREDIT OF THEM. He is only the editor or the compiler of them. They are, for the most part, documents broadcast on the web, with a few exceptions. ON THE OTHER HAND, HE DEMANDS ALL THEIR FAULTS AND ALL THEIR INSUFFICIENCIES. Peter DeLaCrau claims only one thing, the mistakes, errors, or various imperfections, of this book. He alone is to be blamed in this case. But he trusts his contemporaries (human nature being what it is) for vigorously pointing out to him.

Note found by the heirs to Peter DeLaCrau and inserted by them into this place.

I immediately confess in order to make the work of my judges easier that men like me were Christian in Rome under Nero, pagan in Jerusalem, sorcerers in Salem, English heretics, Irish Catholics, and today racist, sexist, homophobic, Islamophobic, person, while waiting to be tomorrow kufar or again Christian the beastliest antichrist of all the apocalypses, etc. In short as you will have understood it, I am for nothingness death disease suffering

By respect for Mankind , in order to save time, and not to make it waste time, I will make easier the work of those who make absolutely a point of being on the right side of the fence while fighting (heroically of course) in order to save the world of my claws (my ideas or my inclinations, my tendencies). To these courageous and implacable detractors, of whom the profundity of reflection worthy of that of a marquis of Vauvenargues equals only the extent of the general knowledge, worthy of Pico della Mirandola I say... Now take a sheet of paper, a word processing if you prefer, put by order of importance 20 characteristics which seem to you most serious, most odious, most hateful, in the history of Mankind, since the prehistoric men and Nebuchadnezzar, according to you.... AND CONSIDER THAT I AM THE COMPLETE OPPOSITE OF YOU BECAUSE I HAVE THEM ALL! Scapegoats are always needed! A heretic in the Middle Ages, a witch in Salem in the 17th century, a racist in the 20th century, an alien lizard in the 21st century, I am the man you will like to hate in order to feel a better person (a smart and nice person). I am, as you will and in the order of importance you want: an atheist, a satanist, a stupid person, with Down’s syndrome, brutish, homosexual, deviant, homophobic, communist, Nazi, sexist, a philatelist, a pathological liar, robber, smug, psychopath, a falsely modest monster of hubris, and what do I still know, it is up to you to see according to the current fashion. Here, I cannot better do (in helping you to save the world).

[Unlike my despisers who are all good persons, the salt of the earth, i.e., young or modern and dynamic, courageous, positive, kind, intelligent, educated, or at least who know; showing much hindsight in their thoroughgoing meditation on the trends of History; and on the moral or ethical level: generous, altruistic, but poor of course (it is their only vice) because giving all to others; moreover deeply respectful of the will of God and of the Constitution ...As for me I am a stiff old reactionary, sheepish, disconnected from his time, paranoid, schizophrenic, incoherent, capricious, never satisfied, a villain, stupid, having never studied or at least being unaware of everything about the subject in question; accustomed to rash judgments based on prejudices without any reflection; selfish and wealthy; a fiend of the Devil, inherently Nazi-Bolshevist or Stalinist-Hitlerian. Hitlerian Trotskyist they said when I was young. In short a psychopathic murderer as soon as the breakfast... what enables me therefore to think what I want, my critics also besides, and to try to make everybody know it even no-one in particular].

Signed: the coordinator of the works, Peter DeLaCrau known as Hesunertus, a researcher in druidism. A man to whom nothing human was foreign. An unemployed worker, post office worker, divorcee, homeless person, vagrant, taxpayer, citizen, and a cuckolded elector... In short one of the 9 billion human beings having been in transit aboard this spaceship therefore. Born on planet Earth, January 13, 1952.

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CONTENTS.

Notice to the reader	Page 002
Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 1	Page 005
Neo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 2	Page 008
Néo-druidic (comment) counter-lay No. 3	Page 012
THE CATTLE RAID OF CUALNGE	Page 014
Circumstances of the rediscovery of the story of the Tain.	Page 015
INCIPIT TAIN BO CUALNGE	Page 016
Chapter I. The pillow talk.	Page 016
Chapter II. The occasion of the driving off.	Page 020
Chapter III. The mobilization of the men of Connaught.	Page 023
Chapter IV. The foretelling.	Page 025
Chapter V. Route of the expedition.	Page 027
Chapter VI. The march of the armada.	Page 028
End of chapter VII. The youthful exploits of the Hesus Cuchulainn.	Page 042
Chapter VIII. The slaying of Orlam. The slaying of the three sons of Arach. The single combat of Lethan and of the Hesus Cuchulainn. The fair and good harpers of Cain Bile. The death of the marten as well as of the pet bird of Maeve. Morgan Le Fay informs the brown bull. The death of Loche, Maeve's maidservant. The death of Lothar. The death of Uala. The death of the companions of Roen and Roi. Crossing through a mountain pass. Encampment in the yielding vale. Encampment on the river bank called since "Withes River". Fergus and Maeve: revenge from the deceived husband. Continuation of the deeds of the Hesus Cuchulainn.	Page 043
Chapter IX. The proposals.	Page 052
Chapter X. the violent death of Etarcumul.	Page 056
Chapter XI. The death of Nathcrantail.	Page 060
Chapter XII. The finding of the dun Termagant of Cualnge. The death of Forgemen. The death of Redg the satirist. The meeting of the Hesus Cuchulainn and Findabair. The combat of Munremar and Curoi. The death of the children of Emain Macha. Rochad trapped by his love for Findabair. The death of the soldiers of the king's bodyguard.	Page 062
Chapter XIII. The combat of Cur with the Hesus Cuchulainn.	Page 068
Chapter XIV. The death of Fer Baeth. The single combat with Lairine. The talk of Mara Rigu /Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay with the Hesus Cuchulainn.	Page 069
Chapter XV. The death of Loche son of Mo Febis.	Page 072
Chapter XVI. The violation of the agreement. The healing of Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay by the Hesus Cuchulainn.	Page 077
Chapter XVII. The rout on the plain of Muthemne. Care given to Hesus Cuchulainn by the god Lug his father. The scythed chariot. The more luminous appearance of the Hesus Cuchulainn. Dubthach's jealousy.	Page 079
Chapter XVIII. The death of Oengus son of Oenlam. The missed throw of the bird pass. The disguising of Tamon.	Page 091
Chapter XIX. The "battle" of Fergus and the Hesus Cuchulainn. The head of Ferchu. The battle of Calatin's clan. The fight with Mand.	Page 093

The crimes against the spirit	Page 099
Chapter XX. The encounter with Fer Diad.	Page 105
Chapter XXI. The Hesus Cuchulainn and the rivers.	Page 137
Chapter XXII. Cethern's straight fight.	Page 138
Chapter XXIII. The fight to the teeth of Fintan. Red of shame for Menn. The expedition of the charioteers. The woman fight of Rochad. Iliad's clump fight. The encampment of Amargin in Tailtiu. Adventures of Curoi son of Daré. Continuation of the encampment of Amargin	Page 147
Chapter XXIV. Ulaid are informed by Sualtam. The mobilization of Ulaid.	Page 157
Chapter XXV. The great array of the host. The parade in Slemain Midé.	Page 165
Chapter XXVI. The decision of the battle.	Page 180
Chapter XXVII. The battle of Garech. The muster of the Ulaid. The muster of the Irishmen.	Page 185
Chapter XXVIII. The battle of the bulls.	Page 193
Afterword in the manner of John Toland.	Page 196
Bibliography of the broad outlines.	Page 199

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Peter DeLaCrau. Born on January 13, 1952, in St. Louis (Missouri) from a family of woodsmen or Canadian trappers who had left Prairie du Rocher (or Fort de Chartres in Illinois) in 1765. Peter DeLaCrau is therefore born the same year as the Howard Hawks movie entitled "the Big Sky." Consequently father of French origin, mother of Irish origin: half-Irish, half- French. Married to Mary-Helen ROBERTS on March 12, 1988, in Paris-Aubervilliers (French department of Seine-Saint-Denis). Hence three children. John Wolf born May 11, 1989. Alex born April 10, 1990. Millicent born August 31, 1993. Deceased on September 28, 2012, in La Rochelle (France).Peter DELACRAU is not a philosopher by profession, except taking this term in its original meaning of amateur searching wisdom and knowledge. And he is neither a god neither a demigod nor the messenger of any god or demigod (and certainly not a messiah).But he has become in a few years one of the most lucid and of the most critical observers of the French neo-druidic or neo-pagan world.

He was also some time assistant treasurer of a rather traditionalist French druidic group of which he could get archives and texts or publications.

But his constant criticism both domestic and foreign French policy, and his political positions (at the end of his life he had become an admirer of Howard Zinn Paul Krugman Bernie Sanders and Michael Moore); had earned him, moreover, some vexations on behalf of the French authorities which did everything, including in his professional or private life, in the last years of his life, to silence him.Peter DeLaCrau has apparently completely missed the return to the home land of his distant ancestors.It is true unfortunately that France today is no longer the France of Versailles or of Lafayette or even of Napoleon (who has really been a great nation in those days).Peter DeLaCrau having spent most of his life (the last one) in France, of which he became one of the best specialists, even one of the rare thoroughgoing observers of the contemporary French society quite simply; his three children, John-Wolf, Alex and Millicent (of Cuers: French Riviera) pray his readers to excuse the countless misspellings or grammatical errors that pepper his writings. At the end of his life, Peter DeLaCrau mixed a little both languages (English but also French).Those were therefore the notes found on the hard disk of the computer of our father, or in his papers.Our father has certainly left us a considerable work, nobody will say otherwise, but some of the words frequently coming from his pen, now and then are not always very clear. After many consultations between us, at any rate, above what we have been able to understand from them.

Signed: the three children of Peter DeLaCrau: John-Wolf, Alex and Millicent. Of Cuers.