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FROM FENIANS TO CULDEES OR THE GREAT SCIENCE WHICH ENLIGHTENS.

VOLUME I.

FIANAIGECHT THE FENIAN CYCLE

NOTICE TO READERS.

“Cia do chomainmsiu ? ”, ol Médb frisin n-in gin.

“Fedelm banfili, do Chonnachtaib, mo ainmsea ”, or ind ingen.

“Can dothéig ? ” or Medb.

“hAlbain iar foglaim filidechta ”, or ind ingen.

“In fil imbass forosna lat ? ”, or Medb.

“Fil cin”, or ind ingen.

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

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

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

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

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

gods, laws, ideas, and “the careful consideration and observation of certain dynamic factors, understood to be “powers,” spirits, demons, gods, laws, ideas, ideals or whatever name man has given to such factors as he has found in his world powerful, dangerous or helpful enough to be taken into careful consideration, or grand, beautiful and meaningful enough to be devoutly adored and loved” (Psychology and Religion 1937). The double question, to which this review of theoretical studies tries to answer, could be summarized as follows: “What could be or what should be a current neo-druidism, modern and contemporary?” “Druidism” is a neo-pagan review, strictly neo-pagan, and heir to all genuine (that is to say non-Christian) movements which have succeeded one another for 2000 years, the indirect heir, but the heir, nevertheless! Regarding our reference tradition or our intellectual connection, let us underline that if the “poets” of Domnall mac Muirchertach Ua Néill still had *imbais forosnai*, *teimn laegda* and *dichetal do chennaib*, in their repertory (cf. the conclusion of the tale of the plunder of the castle of Maelmilscothach, of Urard Mac Coise, a poet who died in the 11th century)*, they may have been Christians for several generations. It is true that these practices (*imbais forosnai*, *teimn* ...) were formally forbidden by the Church, but who knows, there may have been accommodations similar to those of astrologers or alchemists in the Middle Ages. Anyway our “Druidism” is also a will; the will to get closer, at the maximum, to ancient druidism, such as it was (scientifically speaking).

The will also to modernize this druidism, a total return to ancient druidism being excluded (it would be anyway impossible).

Examples of modernization of this pagan druidism.

— Giving up to lay associations of the cultural side (medicine, poetry, mathematics, etc.). Principle of separation of Church and State.

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

— Use in some cases of the current vocabulary (Church, religion, baptism, and so on). A golden mean, of course, is to be found between a total return to ancient druidism (fundamentalism) and a too revolutionary radical modernization (no longer *sagum*).

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

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

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

PROLOG.

"Drasidae (sic) memorant vera fuisse populi partem indigenam, sed alios quoque ab insulis extimis confluisse et tractibus transrenanis, crebritate bellorum and adluvione fervidi maris sedibus suis expulsos" (Timagenes, quoted by Ammianus Marcellinus, *Rerum Gestarum Libri* or *Res Gestae* "Roman History," book XV, chapter IX, 4).

"The druids affirm that a portion of the people was really indigenous to the soil, but that other inhabitants poured in from very remote islands on the coast, and from the districts across the Rhine, having been driven from their former abodes by frequent wars, and sometimes by inroads of a tempestuous sea [literally: by the flood of a stormy sea].

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

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

Question. Which is of the 72 languages which he had therefore studied that which was spread in first by Fenius Farsaid?

Answer. It is not difficult. The Irish language... because of all those which were brought back by its school, it was that which he preferred, that of which he heard about since his childhood in the country of the Scythians...

Question. Why can we say about Gaelic it is an elected language?

Answer. It is not difficult! Because it was selected among all the languages, and because with any incomprehensible sound, existing in the other languages, a meaning was found in Gaelic, hence its limpidity as well as its clearness.

.....
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Some great French specialists as C. - J. Guyonvarc'h, deny links between druidism and shamanism; but if we want well to take into consideration its shamanistic origins, druidism is oldest of the religions in the world. The word (druidism) to designate the religion of the Celts is, of course, of relatively recent origin. The Irish Middle Ages used the word *druidecht*, which we could more or less convey by using the word "druidry". The fact is that in reality there was no specific term, and what we call druidism today, for example was designated by periphrases, of which at least one is attested in the writings of Caesar. " They likewise discuss and impart to the youth many elements respecting the stars and their motion, respecting the extent of the world and of our earth, respecting the nature of things, respecting the power and the majesty of the immortal gods" (Caesar B.G. Book VI, chapter XIV).

But caution. To speak about druidism in the singular (eternal druidism, etc.) is an intellectual swindle. There was never a single druidism nor a UNIFIED druidry, there were only druidisms in the plural, variable according to places, times, even according to social classes or communities. Therefore there never was ONE druidism, but SOME DRUIDIC SCHOOLS. Various Schools of thought, as close or as different between them than Catholics, Reformist Churches or Orthodoxes, inside the Christian framework; or Shias and Sunnis inside Muslim framework, or Vishnuists and Shivaists inside Hindu framework.

Only the broad outlines make it possible to know if you are inside or outside the (druidic) framework. Each time we speak about druidism in the singular, we will therefore designate simply through this way the broad outlines, or the main more or less common tendencies, common to all druidic places and times. And especially not a druidism wanting to be superior compared to other forms of piety, one of the theses common to all these Schools being precisely that of the various levels of truth, EACH ONE HAVING ITS NECESSITY OR ITS INTEREST.

The question of the sources now.

As soon as the field of druidism is approached, researchers are inevitably confronted with the problems of references.

Two types of sources deliver to us general information. First of all, the contemporaries, among whom we can quote, for example: Diodorus of Sicily (Library of History), Strabo (Geography), Pomponius Mela (De Chorographia), Lucan (Pharsalia), Pliny the Elder (Natural History), and especially Julius Caesar, with his famous comments DE BELLO GALLICO. These accounts often give a negative image of the Celtic peoples, but we can extract from them many very interesting elements.

The second source is much later since it is the writing down by the learned people of the Middle Ages, of oral traditions, in Ireland. This literature, of which the drafting ranges from the 8th century to the 15th century, opportunely comes to confirm or supplement, the results of the studies of ancient sources.

It transcribes the myths as well as the epics of Celtic Ireland, orally handed down from generation to generation. The transcribers gatherers had disguised all these myths with a Christian veneer, under which the study discovers more or less the original Celtic substrate. All the work of the researchers in druidism therefore consists in releasing the primitive matter of Celtic mythology, while remaining in the Indo-European context. These various texts of the medieval Irish literature can be gathered in five main categories.

- The mythological cycle which also includes the legends about the settlement of the island (the legends about Etanna or Tochmarc Etaine, the death of the children of Tuireann, the battle of the plain of the mounds , the Lebor Gabala Erenn or Book of the Conquests of our dear Ireland...
- The heroic cycle (known as also of the Red Branch or of Ulster) of which the main hero is the invincible CúChulainn. It is in this cycle that it is necessary to classify the rustling of the cows of Cualnge as well as the moving legend of Deirdre...
- The Fenian cycle (also known as Ossianic or of Leinster), of which the main heroes are Vindos/Finn Mac Cumail/Camulos, his son Ossian and his grandson Oscar.
- The historical cycle (or cycle of the kings).
- The various adventures voyages or aislingi (visions). Conle, Bran son of Febal, Cormac, St. Brendan, Tondale, the Purgatory of St. Patrick, the aisling or vision of Adamnan, the others imrama or echtra. But look out, only echtra remained of really pagan spirit, imrama were more largely Christianized.

Cathbad drúí búi oc tabairt da daltaib fri hEmain anairtúait. Cét fer n-déinmech dó oc foglaim druidechta úad. Is é lín doninchoisced Cathbad. Ocht n-dalta do aes in dána druidechta na farad (Tain Bo Cualnge).

Catubatuos the druid was teaching his pupils, in the North-East of Emain. Hundred thoughtless men were at his place, learning druidism. Such was the number of those Catubatuos taught. Eight of those [only] were capable of druidic science (Rustling of the cows of Cooley).

Batar Tuathai De Danann i n-indsib tuascertachaib an domuin, aig foglaim fesa & fithnasachta & druidechtaí & amaidechtaí & amainsechta combtar fortile for suthib cerd ngenntlichtae. Ceitri cathrachai ir-rabatar og fochlaim fhesai & eolais & diaboldanachtaí. i. Falias & Goirias, Findias & Murias. A Falias tucad an Lia Fail bui a Temraig. Nogesed fo cech rig nogebad Erinn. A Gorias tucad an tsleg boi ac Lug. Ni gebtea cath fria no frisinti an bidh il-laimh. A Findias tucad claidiub Nuodon. Ni terládh nech dei o doirthé asa idntiuch bodhuha, & ni gebtai fris. A Murias tucad coiri an Dagdai [Suqellos Gargant]. Ni tegehdam dimdach uadh. Cetri druid isna cetri cathrachaib-sin. Morfesae bai a Falias. Esras boi hi nGorias. Uiscias boi a Findias. Semias bai a Murias. It iad sin na cetri filid ocar foglainsit Tuata De fios & eolas.

Batar Tuathai De Danann i n-indsib tuascertachaib an domuin,
The gods of the goddess Danu (bia) were in the Islands in the north of the World,
aig foglaim fesa & fithnasachta & druidechtaí & amaidechtaí & amainsechta
learning science and magic, and druidism, and wisdom and art.
combtar fortile for suthib cerd ngenntlichtae.
They exceeded all wise men in the arts of paganism.

Ceitri cathrachai ir-rabatar og fochlaim fhesai & eolais & diaboldanachtaí.
There were four towns in which they learned diabolic science, knowledge and arts.
I. Falias & Goirias, Findias & Murias.
i.e., Thule, Gorre, Abalum and Ogygia the green island,
A Falias tucad an Lia Fail.
It is from Thule the Stone of Fal was brought.
Nogesed fo cech rig nogebad Erinn.
It cried under each king ruling over Green Erin.
A Gorias tucad an tsleg boi ac Lug.
It is from Gorre that was brought the spear that Lug had.
Ni gebtea cath fria no frisinti an bidh it-laimh.
No battle was won against it or against who had it in his hand.
A Findias tucad claidiub Nuodon.
It is from Abalum that the sword of Noadatus/Nuada/Nodons/Lludd was brought.
Ni terládh nech dei o doirthé asa idntiuch bodhuha, & ni gebtai fris.
Nobody escaped from it when it was drawn from the sleeve of Bodua.
A Murias tucad coiri an Dagdai [Suqellos Gurgunt].
It is from Ogygia the green island the cauldron of Dagda [Suqellos Gurgunt] was brought
Ni tegehdam dimdach uadh.
No company left it dissatisfied.

Cetri druid isna cetri cathrachaib-sin.
There were four druids in these four towns.
Morfesae bai a Falias.
Marovesos was in Thule.
Estras boi hi nGorias.
Estras was in Gorre.
Uiscias boi a Findias.
Uiscias lived in Abalum.
Semias bai a Murias.
Semias was in Ogygia the green island.
It iad sin na cetri filid ocar foglainsit Tuata De fios & eolas.
They are there the four Masters from whom the Tuatha De held their science and their knowledge.

FIRST PART

VINDOS/FINN AND THE FENIANS (OSSIANIC CYCLE).

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

Fenians (singular Fian) were foreign mercenaries, Belgian, Breton, or Scot, even Pict, having begun to be used in Ireland circa 500 before our era, and more or less vassal of the Gaelic high kings of Tara. The Gaels of Tara would have gotten rid of them in the third century of our era at the time of the battle of Gabhra close to Dublin in the year 285. They helped with the collection of the taxes and for this reason received pay from the Gaelic high kings of Tara, but the greatest part of their resources came from the products of hunting.

The order of Fenians (singular Fian) was formed of several clans. The two more powerful were the Morna and the Baiscne. Each one of these clans had his chief, but only one of them could reign on the whole.

The various accounts dealing with the Fenian warriors and with the first of them, Vindos/Finn, are gathered under the name of Ossianic cycle. It is

- Either a whole of pan-Celtic myths staging god-or-demons, but within the Irish historical background of the time (Diarmat and Grannia).

- Either some elements of Irish history, but crossed on all sides by many fragments of pan-Celtic myths. According to the accounts, Camulos, the father of Vindos/Finn, is said there, or son of the bear (Art), or son of the great force (Trenmor). Son of Art, son of Trenmor for example, in the story of Diarmat and Grannia. But we should not take literally all these "mac " of Gaelic anthroponymy. This particle often means only vague clannish family ties, even a very symbolic filiation system. In fact, it was simply a question of expressing the idea that this Camulos was a warrior as strong as a bear (a kind of Arthur in a way).

- Either a mixture of genres resembling more tales like those of Grimm, Perrault or Mrs. Le Prince de Beaumont.

This collection of various texts abounds indeed in battles and adventures well not very realistic, being connected more with the stories and legends than with another thing. And this is not due only to the writing date of the accounts!

The manuscript of the adventures of Diarmat and Grannia (*To Raigheacht Dhiarmada agus Ghráinne*) although being relatively recent (17th or 18th century) is definitely much more antiquated in its spirit and its form than that which is entitled *Cath Finntrágha* (the battle of Ventry); which nevertheless seems a little older as regards the writing but which is only a fairy tale in the fashion of the time in the country. In addition to Vindos/Finn, the main heroes are Ossian his son, his friends Cailte/Caletios and Diarmat, and their eternal challenger for the control of this chivalrous kind before the word was invented: Goll. The story of Finn itself begins theoretically under the reign of the king of the kings in Ireland, called "Conn of the hundred battles".

"It is tempting to compare these legends with those of the warriors groups like the Gaesatae, to whom the Romans were opposed during the battle of Telamon" (Guido Achille Mansuelli: *Celts and ancient Europe*). But, just like in the case of the famous Breton King Arthur, as we have just seen it, many elements of the life of this famous ruler, are also, extremely dubious.

We will also use in order to supplement all these accounts a Gaelic text entitled *Acallam na Senorach* (the colloquy or the dialog of the Elders). The explanation of it the (anonymous) author having written down all these anecdotes, many years later, gives to us, is rather strange; because, if it is impossible from the point of view of History (the anachronism is obvious) on the other hand it shows a poetic force worthy of the greatest directors.

Two of the last survivors of the ultimate battle fought by the Fenians, Ossian and Cailte/Caletios, meet St. Patrick and his disciples. Patrick always needed water to baptize. Cailte/Caletios decides to accompany him on his missionary tour, everywhere in Ireland, in order to help him to find some quickly. And each time they arrive close to a castle, a road, a wood or a river, of which Patrick and his ignore everything, Cailte/Caletios tells them the feats of his comrades in arms, having occurred at this place. Battles, hunting and feasts, even some travel in the Other World.

St. Patrick begins, of course, by moving back before the evocation of all this paganism, but two angels appear to him in a dream? and ask him nevertheless to write down all these stories. Two of the clerics of St. Patrick being used by him as scribes thus recorded at his request, all these anecdotes.

At least according to the Acallam na Senorach, because it is possible to strongly doubt the accuracy as well as objectivity of all these accounts. Christians were never known for their comprehension of the spirituality of others.

NR. B. Diarmait produced modern Irish Dermot. We have in what follows nevertheless, systematically put DIARMAT (and GRANNIA instead of Grainne).

FOTHA CATHA CHNUCHA INSO: THE CAUSE OF THE BATTLE OF CNUCHA HERE (in 174 of our era???)

It is a text appearing in the manuscripts collection of the 12th century called Book of the dun cow (Lebor Na hUidre).

When Cathair the Great, son of Fedelmid Fir-Urglais, son of Cormac Gelta-Gaith, was in the kingship of Tara, and Conn Ced-chathach in Cenandos, in (the) heir's land, Cathair had a celebrated druid, to wit, Nuadu son of Achi, son of Dathi, son of Brocan, son of Fintan, of Dathi clan in Brega. The druid was soliciting land in the Leinster from Cathair; for he knew that it was in Leinster his estate would be.

Cathair gave him his choice of land, and the land the druid chose was that of Almu.

Almu, daughter of Becan was the wife of Nuadu.

A castle was built by the druid then in Almu, and alum was rubbed to its wall until it was all white.

Perhaps it was from that (the name) Almu was applied to it; of which was said :

All-white is the castle of battle fury
As if it had received the lime of Ireland ;
From the alum which he gave to his house
Hence it is that Almu is its name.

Nuadu's wife, Almu, was entreating that her name might be given to the hill; and that request was granted to her, to wit, that her name should be upon the hill; for it was in it, she was buried afterwards; of which was said :

Almu ! Beautiful was the woman !
Wife of Nuadu the great, son of Achi.
She entreated — the request was just —
That her name (should be) on the perfect hill.

Nuadu had a distinguished son, to wit, Tadhg. Rairiu, daughter of Dond-Duma, was his wife. A celebrated druid, also, (was) Tadhg.

Death came to Nuadu ; and he left his castle, as it was, to his son ; then it is Tadhg that was the druid of Cathair in the place of his father.

Rairiu bore a daughter to Tadhg, Miren Muncaim her name.

This maiden grew up in great beauty, so that the sons of the kings and mighty lords of Ireland were wont to be courting her.

Camulos/Cumall, son of Trenmor, king-warrior of Ireland, was then in the service of Conn. He also, like ever every other person, was demanding the maiden. Nuadu gave him a refusal, for he knew that it was on account of him (Camulos/Cumall) he would have to leave Almu.

The same woman was the mother to Camulos/Cumall and to Conn's father, to wit, Fedelmid Rechtmar. Camulos/Cumall came, however, and took Miren by force, in elopement with him, since she had not been given to him. Tadhg came to Conn, and related to him his profanation by Camulos/Cumall, then he began to incite Conn, and to reproach him on this subject.

Conn despatched messengers to Camulos/Cumall, and ordered him to leave Ireland, or to restore his daughter to Tadhg. Camulos/Cumall said he would not give her; but everything he would give, and not the woman. Conn sent his soldiers, Urgrend son of Lugaid Crane king of the Laginians (Leinster ?) , Daire the Red son of Eochaid, and his son Aed who was afterwards called Goll (that is to say one-eyed man in Gaelic language) to attack Camulos/Cumall. Camulos/Cumall assembled his army against them; and the battle of Cnucha was fought between them, Camulos/Cumall was slain there, and a slaughter of his people is effected.

Camulos/Cumall fell by Goll son of Morna. Luchet wounded Goll in his eyes, so that he destroyed his eye. Hence it is that (the name) Goll (the one-eyed man) attached to him ; whereof was said :

Aed was the name of Daire's son,

Until Luchet of fame wounded him ;
 Since the heavy lance wounded him,
 Therefore, he has been called Goll (one-eyed man).
 Goll the one-eyed man killed Luchet. It is for that reason, moreover, that a hereditary feud existed between the sons of Morna and Vindos/Finn.
 Dairi had two names, Morna and Dairi. Miren went, after that, to Conn; for her father rejected her, and did not let her come to him, because she was pregnant and he said even to his people to burn her. But nevertheless, he dared not compass her destruction against (the will) of Conn.
 The girl was asking of Cond how she should act. Cond said : «Go to Fiacal son of Concend (Tooth son of dog-head), to Temhair-Mairci, and let your delivery be effected there »: (for a sister to Camulos/Cumall was Fiacal's wife, Bodball Bendron – mighty scald crow in Gaelic language).
 Condla, Conn's servant, went with her, to escort her, until she came to Fiacal's house, to Temhair-Mairci. Welcome was given to the girl then and her arrival there was good. The woman was delivered afterwards, and bare a son; Demne was given as a name to him.

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

Tara. Also Temhair, Temair. Seems to be a very common noun meaning “heights.” Therefore there would have been several of them in Ireland, what does not simplify things for us.

Almu. Alum? It is more probably a fairy or goddess or demoness, and this hill is a “sidh” or one of the many main doors of the other world.

Cumall. There existed on the continent a powerful warlike god called Camulos from where the former name of Colchester (Camulodunum) and that of a Parisian war leader in the writings of Caesar: Cumulogenos. Is this a chance? Camulus was in any case an epithet of the Roman god of war, Mars.

Tadg. The great French specialist in Irish literature, of the 19th century, d'Arbois de Jubainville, compares this name with the old Celtic Tasgos (Moritasgus and Tasgetius under the hand of Caesar).

Demne. Demne i.e., later Vindos/Finn.

BOYHOOD DEEDS OF VINDOS/FINN.

Mac gnimarthu Finn.

Most important of the manuscripts dealing with this topic is Laud 610 of the 12th century. But its end is missing.

.....

Fiacal son of Concend (Tooth son of Dog-head), Bodball the druidess, and the Gray one of Luachar came to Miren, and carried away the boy, for his mother dared not let him be with her. Miren afterwards slept with Gleor Red-hand, king of the Lamraige, whence the saying, "Vindos/Finn, son of Gleor." Bodball, however, and the Gray one, and the boy with them, went into the forest of the Flowers Hills. There the boy was secretly reared. That was indeed necessary, for many a sturdy stalwart youth, and many a dangerous hostile warrior and angry fierce champion of the warriors of the Laginians and of the sons of Morna, were lying in wait for that boy, and for the coming of Tulcha the son of Camulos/Cumall.

In that manner then those two women warriors reared him therefore for a long time.

Then, at the end of six years, his mother came to visit her son, for she had been told that he was in that place, besides, she was afraid of the sons of Morna for him. However, she passed from one wilderness to another, until she reached the forest of the flowers mountain. She found the hunting booth and the boy asleep in it. She lifted the boy to her bosom, and pressed him to her, and she was in distress ? (si trom iarum) at the time. It was then she made the quatrains, fondling her son: Sleep in peaceful slumber, etc.

Thereupon the woman bade farewell to the women warriors, and told them to take charge of the boy till he should be fit to be a fighter. And so the boy grew up till he was able to hunt.

On a certain day the boy went out alone, and saw ducks upon a lake. He sent a shot among them, which cut off the feathers and wings of one, so that a trance fell upon her; then he seized her and took her with him to the hunting booth in the forest. That was Vindos/Finn's first chase.

Later he went with certain craftsmen (men of art) to flee from the sons of Morna, and was with them about Crotta. These were their names: Futh, Ruth, Regna of Mag Fea, Temle, Olpe, Rogein. There scabies came upon him, and therefrom he became scald-headed whence he used to be called Demne the Bald. At that time there was a famous robber in Leinster, Fiacal, the son of Codna. Then in Fid Gaible Fiacal came upon the craftsmen, and killed them all save Demne alone. After that he was with Fiacal, the son of Codna, in his house in Sescenn Uairbeoil. The two women-warriors came southwards to the house of Fiacal, the son of Codna, in search of Demne, and he was given to them. Then they took him with them from the south to the flowers mountain.

One day he went out alone until he reached Mag Life, and a certain stronghold there and he saw the youths playing upon the green of the castle. He went to contend in running or in hurling (comimain) with them. He came again the next day, and they put one fourth of their number against him alone. Again they came with one third of their number against him alone. At last they all went against him, but nevertheless he won his game from them all.

"What is your name?" they said.

"Demne," said he.

The youths told that to the chief of the castle.

"Then kill him, if you know how to do it, if you are able to do it," said he.

"We should not be able to do anything to him," said they.

"Did he tell you his name?" asked he.

"He said," said they, "that his name was Demne."

"What does he look like?" said he.

"A shapely fair youth," said they.

"Then Demne shall be named Vindos/Finn, (the Fair in Gaelic language)," said he. Whence the youths used to call him therefore Vindos/Finn.

He came to them on the next day, and went to them at their game. All together they threw their hurleys at him. He turned among them, and threw seven of them to the ground. Then he went from them into the forest of the flowers mountain.

At the end of a week, he came back to the stronghold. The youths were swimming in a lake that was close by. The youths challenged him to come and try to drown them. Thereupon he jumped into the lake to them, and drowned nine of them. After that he went to the Flowers Mountain.

"Who drowned the youths?" everybody asked.

"Vindos/Finn," said they.

So that henceforth the name Vindos/Finn stuck to him.

Once he went forth across the flowers mountain, and the two women warriors together with him, when a fleet herd of wild deer was seen by them on the ridge of the mountain.

"Alas!" said the two old women, "that we cannot get hold of one of those!"

"I can," said Vindos/Finn, and he dashed upon them, laying hold of two bucks among them, and brought them with him to their hunting booth. After that he would hunt for them constantly.

"Go from us now, lad," said the woman warriors to him, "for the sons of Morna are watching to kill you."

Alone he went from them until he reached the Lake of Lein, above Luachar, and there he took military service with the king of Bantry. At that place he did not make himself known. However, there was not at that time a hunter his equal. And thus said the king to him one day:

"If Camulos/Cumall had left a son, one would think you was he. However, we have not heard of his leaving a son, except Tulcha son of Camulos/Cumall, but he is at present in military service with the king of Scotland."

Later he bade farewell to the king, and went from them to Carbrige, which at this day is called Ciarraige, where he took military service with the king of that land.

Then, on a certain day, the king came to play tablut (fidcellacht). He was prompted by Vindos/Finn, and Vindos/Finn won seven games one after another.

"Who are you?" said the king.

"The son of a peasant of the Laginians of Tara," said he.

"No," said the king; "you are the son whom Miren bore to Camulos/Cumall; stay here no longer, lest you be slain while under my protection."

Then he went forth to the forest of the Ui Cuanach, to the house of Lochan, a chief smith, who had a very beautiful daughter, Cruithne by name. She fell in love with the youth.

"I shall give you my daughter, though I do not know who you are." Thereupon the girl slept with him.

"Make spears for me," said the youth to the smith. Lochan made two spears for him. He then bade farewell to Lochan, and went away.

"My boy," said Lochan, "do not go upon the road on which is the wild sow called the Beo." She it was that devastated the midlands of Munster.

But what happened to the youth was to go upon the very road on which the sow was. Then the wild sow charged him; but he thrust his spear at her, so that it went through her, and left her without life. Then he took the head of the wild sow with him to the smith as a bride price (coibche) for his daughter. Hence is a mountain called Sow Mountain (Sliab Muice) in Munster.

After that the youth went onwards into Connaught to seek Crimall, son of Trenmor. As he was on his way, he heard the wail of a woman. He went towards it, and saw a woman; and now it was tears of blood, and now a gush of blood, so that her mouth was red.

"You are red-mouthed, woman!" said he.

"Good cause have I," said she, "for my only son has been slain by a tall, very terrible warrior who came in my way."

"What was your son's name?" said he.

"Glonda was his name," said she. Hence is the Ford of Glonda and the Causeway of Glonda in the plain of Moinmoy, and from that redness of mouth the Ford of the Red Mouth has been so called ever since. Vindos/Finn went in pursuit of the warrior, and they fought a combat, and Vindos/Finn slew the warrior. This is how he was: he had the treasures crane bag (corrbolg) with him, that of famous Camulos/Cumall's treasures. He who had fallen there was indeed the Gray one of Luachar, who had dealt the first wound to Camulos/Cumall in the battle of Cnucha.

Thereupon Vindos/Finn went into Connaught, and found Crimall as an old man in a desert wood there, and a number of the old Fenian together with him and it is they who did the hunting for him. He showed him the bag and told him his story from beginning to end; in particular how he had slain the man of the treasures. Vindos/Finn bade farewell to Crimall, and went to learn (foglaim eicsi) from Finneces, who was on the Boinne. He dared not remain in Ireland else, until he took to veledae science (filidecht), for fear of the sons of Urgriu, and of the sons of Morna.

Seven years Finneces had been on the Boinne, watching the salmon of Feic's Pool; for it had been prophesied of him that he would eat a salmon of Feic, and after which nothing would remain unknown to him. The salmon was found, and Demne was then ordered to cook it but the veledae told him not to eat anything of the salmon. The youth brought him the salmon after cooking it.

"Have you eaten any of the salmon, my lad?" said the veledae.

"No," said the youth, "but I burned my thumb, and put it into my mouth afterwards."

"What is your name, my lad?" said Finneces.

"Demne," said the youth.

"Finn is your name, my lad," said Finneces; "and to you was the salmon given to be eaten, because indeed you are the Best (Gaelic Finn)." ."

Thereupon the youth ate the salmon. It is that which gave the gift of knowledge to Vindos/Finn, so that, whenever he put his thumb into his mouth and sang through teinm laegda, then whatever he had been ignorant of would be revealed to him.

He learned the three things that constitute a veledae: teinm laegda, imbas forosnai, and dichetal dichennaib. It is then Vindos/Finn made this lay to prove his erudition (eicsi):

[Therefore an admirable ode to nature and spring rather astonishing in the mouth of such a frightening professional warrior, follows].

However, Vindos/Finn went to Cethern, the son of Fintan, further to learn (eicsi) with him. At that time there was a very beautiful maiden in Brig Ele, that is to say, in the sidh of Brig Ele, and the name of that maiden was Ele. The men of Ireland were at feud about that maiden. One man after another went to woo her. Every year on Samon (ios) the wooing used to take place; for the sidhs of Ireland were always open about Samon; for on Samon nothing could ever be hidden in the fairy mounds. To each man that went to woo her this used to happen: one of his people was slain. This was done to mark the occasion, nor was it ever found out who did it.

Like everybody else, the veledae Cethern went to woo the maiden. However, Vindos/Finn did not like the veledae going on that errand. As they went to the wooing, they formed themselves into three bands. There were nine in each band. As they went towards the sidh, a man of their people was slain between them; and it was not known who had slain him. Oircbel the learned was the name of the man that was slain there. Hence the place named Fert Oircbeil, the Grave of Oircbel, in Clonfad. Thereupon they separated, and Vindos/Finn went from them because of the shame : he thought it was a grievance and a great disgrace.

He went until he came to the house of the champion called Fiagal son of Concenn, in Mairge Mountain. It is there his dwelling was at that time. To him, then, Vindos/Finn made his complaint, and told him how the man had been slain among them in the sidh. Fiagal told him to go and sit down by the

two Paps of Anu, behind Luachar. So he went and sat down between the two strongholds which are between the two Paps of Anu.

Now, when Vindos/Finn was there between them, on Samon (ios) night, he saw the two sidhs opened around him, and even the two strongholds, their ramparts having vanished before them. He saw a great fire in either of the two strongholds; and he heard a voice from one of them, which said:

"In maith bar suabais-si ? "

"Is every thing good for you?" ??????????????

"Good, indeed!" said a voice in the other sidh.

"Question: will anything be taken from us to you?"

"If that be given to us, something will be given to you in return."

While Vindos/Finn was there, he saw a man coming out of the sidh. A kneading trough was in his hand with a pig upon it, and a cooked calf, and a bunch of wild garlic upon it. The time was Samon. The man came past Vindos/Finn to reach the other sidh. Vindos/Finn made a cast with the spear of Fiacal son of Concenn. He hurled it southwards from him towards Mairge Mountain. Then said Vindos/Finn: "If the spear should reach any one of us, may he escape alive from it! I think this is a sufficient revenge for my comrade."

That passed, till forthwith he heard a lament, and a great wail, saying:

By a sharp-pointed spear,
Aed, Fidga's son, has fallen:
By the spear of Fiacal son of Codna,
Finn has slain him.

Then Fiacal came to Vindos/Finn, at the two Paps of Anu. Fiacal asked him whom he had slain. "I do not know," said Vindos/Finn, "whether any good has come from the cast which I have thrown."

"'Tis likely, indeed," said Fiacal, "that some one has been slain. It seems to me if you do not do it to-night, you will not do it to the end of another year."

However, Vindos/Finn said that he had sent a cast, and that it seemed likely to him that it had reached someone. And he heard a great wailing in the sidh, saying:

Venom is this spear,
And venomous he whose it is,
Venomous whoever threw it,
Venom for him whom it laid low.

Outside the sidh of Cruachan Brig Ele, Vindos/Finn seized a woman in pledge for his spear. The woman promised to send out the spear if he released her. Vindos/Finn let the woman from him into the knoll. Then, as she went into the knoll the woman said:

Venom the spear,
And venom the hand that threw it
If it is not cast out of the knoll,
A murrain will seize the land.

Thereupon the spear was thrown out, and Vindos/Finn took it with him to where Fiacal was.

"Well," said Fiacal, "keep the spear with which you have done the famous deed." Then Fiacal said the occasion was fortunate, since the man had been slain who had killed Vindos/Finn's comrade.

"He whom you have slain here," said he, "'tis he who used to kill every man that came to woo the maiden, because he loved her."

Thereupon Vindos/Finn and Fiacal went onward because Fiacal had a tryst with the Fenians at Inber Colptha. Then he said to Vindos/Finn that they should go home since their business together was finished. Said Vindos/Finn: "Let me go with you."

"I do not wish you to go with me," said Fiacal, "for fear that your strength should fail you."

"I shall find out," said Vindos/Finn.

Then they went forth. Twelve balls of lead were round the neck of Fiacal to restrain his vigor, such was his swiftness. He would throw one ball after another from him, and Vindos/Finn took them with him, but Fiacal's running was no swifter than Vindos/Finn's.

They reached Inber Colptha. Then Vindos/Finn brought all the twelve balls of lead to him, and he was pleased. That night they slept there. They made Vindos/Finn keep watch that night, and he was told to wake the warrior if he heard any cry in case of necessity. Now, one hour of the night, as Vindos/Finn was watching, he heard a cry from the north, but did not wake the warrior. He went alone in the direction of the cry to Slanga Moutain. While Vindos/Finn was there, among the Ulaid, at the hour of midnight, he overtook three women before him, at a green mound, with cloaks of sidh women. And as they were wailing on that mound, they would all put their hands on it.

But the women fled into the fairy mound before Vindos/Finn. Vindos/Finn caught one of the women as she was going into the sidh of Slanga, and snatched her brooch out of her cloak. The woman went after him, and besought Vindos/Finn to give her back her brooch, while saying it was not fit for her to go into the sidh clothed in this way [without her brooch]. She promised a reward and.....END IS MISSING.

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

Druidess. The Gaelic term is clear, it is the word bandrai. Let us point out nevertheless....

Firstly, that in former druidism colleges of priesthood or communities (men, women) were separate. There were male fraternities and female sororities each one on one's side. Female colleges especially in islands besides (Avalon, the mysterious island of the Namnetes people, the isle of Sena in the Osismii country, etc.)

Secondly, the female equivalent of the word "druid" is "priestess." There does not exist therefore druidesses in the strictest sense of the word.

Thirdly. Female veledae seem attested, while starting with the famous Veleda of the Bructerii according to Tacitus. Not forgetting in the famous Irish saga of the rustling of the cows of Cualnge, the mysterious unknown woman from Scotland who tries to warn Queen Medb at the beginning of the raid (Videlma/Fedelm).

Fourthly, the women especially seem to have played a part in all what concerned the relations with the world of the invisible and with clairvoyance.

AND FINALLY FIFTHLY: NOTHING PROHIBITS TO HAVE TODAY NEO-PAGANISM GROUPS OPEN TO BOTH SEXES, WHERE DRUIDS AND PRIESTESSES ARE ON AN EQUAL FOOTING. FORMER DRUIDISM HAS HAD ITS DAY! LONG LIFE TO NEO-DRUIDISM

Tulcha. Seems to be the son born from the first marriage of Camulos/Cumall.

Deer. We translate the Gaelic word agaib by deer but the word can also mean cow ox hind or roe deer. Gaelic language is not easy !

The ford of the red mouth. Of course impossible etymology: Ah these Irish bards! What imagination !

Suabais is a Gaelic word difficult to understand. Good behavior?

HOW VINDOS/FINN BECAME THE LORD OF ALMU.

(It is the second and last part of the text entitled: the cause of the battle of Cnucha.)

The boy was nursed by them, after that, until he was capable of committing plunder on everyone who was an enemy to him. He then proclaimed battle or single combat against Tadhg, or else the full financial compensation (eric) owed for the death of his father to be given to him. Tadhg said that he would want a judgment therein. The judgment was made and this is the disposition of the judgment. Almu, as it was, should be ceded to him forever, and Tadhg to leave it. It was done so. Tadhg abandoned Almu to Vindos/Finn, and came to the clan Dathi, to his own hereditary land; and he abode in the hill of Ren (Cnuc-Réin), which is called Tadhg's Hill today; for it is from him the hill has been called so from that time to this. So that hence were said these verses:

Vindos/Finn demanded from Tadhg of the towers,
For killing Camulos/Cumall the great,
War, without mercy, without delay,
Or that he should obtain single combat.

Because Tadhg was not able to sustain battle
Against the high prince,
He abandoned to him, it was for him enough,
Almu altogether, as it stood.

Vindos/Finn went afterwards to the castle of Almu, and abode in it. It is it that was his principal residence whilst he lived.

Vindos/Finn and Goll the one-eyed man concluded peace after that ; and the financial compensation (eric) for the death of his father was given by the Clan-Morna to Vindos/ Finn. Then they lived peacefully, until a quarrel occurred between them in Temhair-Luachra, regarding the Slanga-pig, when Banb-Sinna son of Maelenach was slain; of which was said the following quatrain:

Afterwards they made peace
Vindos/Finn and Goll the one-eyed man of mighty deeds
Until Banb-Sinna was slain
Regarding the pig, in Temair-Luachra.

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

Banb Sinna. Banb meaning "pig" in Gaelic language, we can therefore wonder whether Banb Sinna quite simply does not mean the same thing as "Pig of Slanga." In which case it would be the murder of somebody.

Temair. See Tara.

OSSIAN'S BIRTH.

As we have had already the opportunity to say it, the Fenians cycle is more recent than our true Bible, the cycle of Ulster (no chariots no combat using chariots for example).

This difference was very well perceived by the intellectuals of medieval Ireland who therefore did not deal in the same way these two sets of different legends.

That of the Fenians worried the scholars of the Irish Middle Ages obviously much less, it rather belonged to the genre of popular fairy tales.

The immediate consequence of this difference in the dealing is that we have much less old Gaelic manuscripts dealing with the subject compared to the cycle of Ulster and that we are therefore forced to know a little more to base us on tales and legends collected more tardily by folklorists like Patrick Pearse P.W. Joyce, or T.W. Rolleston, etc.

N.B. The oldest text concerning the birth of Ossian is a whole of two quatrains of the 11th century appearing in the collection of manuscripts called in Gaelic language Lebor Laignech (book of Leinster), a book which contains besides several poems ascribed to Ossian.

One day, as Vindos/Finn and his companions and dogs were returning from the chase to their castle on the Hill of Almu, a young and beautiful hind started up on their path, and the chase swept after her, she taking the way which led to their home. Soon all the pursuers were left far behind save only Vindos/Finn himself and his two hounds Bran and Sceolan. Now these hounds were of a strange breed; Tyren, sister to Myren, the mother of Vindos/Finn, had been changed into a hound by the spell of a woman of the Sidh Folk, who loved Tyren's husband Ullan; and the two hounds of Vindos/Finn were the children of Tyren, born to her in that shape. Of all hounds in Ireland they were the best, and Vindos/Finn loved them much, so that it was said he wept but twice in his life, and once was for the death of Bran.

At last, as the chase went on down a valley side, Vindos/Finn saw the hind stop and lie down, while the two hounds began to play round her, and to lick her face and limbs. So he gave commandment that none should hurt her, and she followed them to the castle of Almu, playing with the hounds as she went.

The same night Vindos/Finn awoke and saw standing by his bed the fairest woman his eyes had ever beheld.

"I am Sadv, O Vindos/Finn," she said, "and I was the hind you chased today. Because I would not give my love to the druid of the Sidh Folk, who is named the Dark, he put that shape upon me by his sorcery, and I have borne it these three years. But a slave of his, pitying me, once revealed to me that if I could win to your great castle of Almu, O Vindos/Finn, I should be safe from all spells, and my natural shape would come to me again. But I feared being torn in pieces by your dogs, or wounded by your hunters, till at last I let myself be overtaken by you alone and by Bran and Sceolan, who have the nature of man and would do me no hurt."

"Have no fear, maiden," said Vindos/Finn, "the Fenians are free, and our guest friends are free; here is none who shall put compulsion on you here."

So Sadv dwelt with Vindos/Finn, and he made her his wife. So deep was his love for her that neither the battle nor the chase had any delight for him, and for months he never left her side. She also loved him as deeply, and their joy in each other was like that of the Immortals in the Land of Youth. But, at last, word came to Vindos/Finn that the warships of the Northmen were in the Bay of Dublin, and he summoned his heroes to the fight. "For," said he to Sadv, "the men of Ireland give us tribute and hospitality to defend them from the foreigner, and it were shame to take it from them and not to give that to which we, on our side are pledged."

And he called to mind that great saying of Goll son of Morna when they were once sore bested by a mighty host : "A man," said Goll, "lives after his life, but not after his honor."

Seven days was Vindos/Finn absent, and he drove the Northmen from the shores of Ireland. On the eighth day he returned, but when he entered his castle he saw trouble in the eyes of his men, and of their womenfolk, and Sadv was not on the rampart expecting his return. So he bade them tell him what had chanced, and they said:

"While you, our father and lord, went afar off smiting the foreigner, and Sadv looking ever down the pass for your return, we saw one day as it were the likeness of you approaching, and Bran and Sceolan at your heels. And we also seemed to hear the notes of the Fenian hunting call blown on the wind.

Then Sadv hastened to the great gate, and we could not stay her, so eager was she to rush to the illusion. But when she came near, she halted and gave a loud and bitter cry, because the shape of you smote her with a hazel wand, and lo, there was no woman there any more, but a hind. Then those hounds chased her, and ever as it strove to reach again the gate of the castle they turned back in order to prevent her from doing it.

We all now seized what arms we could and ran out to drive away the sorcerer, but when we reached the place there was nothing to be seen, only still we heard the rushing of flying feet and the baying of dogs, and one thought it came from here, and another from there, till at last the uproar died away and all was still. What we could do, O Vindos/Finn, we did but Sadv is gone."

Then Vindos/Finn then struck his hand on his breast, but spoke no word, and he went to his own chamber. No man saw him for the rest of that day, nor for the day after. Then he came forth, and ordered the matters of the Fenians as of old, but for seven years thereafter he went searching for Sadv through every remote gorge and dark forest and cavern of Ireland, and he would take no hounds with him save Bran and Sceolan. But at last he renounced all hope of finding her again, and went hunting as of old.

One day as he was following the chase on Ben Bulban, in Sligo, he heard the musical bay of the dogs change of a sudden to a fierce growling and yelping, as though they were in combat with some beast, and running hastily up he and his men beheld, under a great tree, a naked boy with long hair, and around him the hounds struggling to seize him, but Bran and Sceolan fighting, with them and keeping them off. The lad was tall and shapely, and as the heroes gathered round he gazed undauntedly on them, never heeding the rout of dogs at his feet. The Fenians beat off the dogs and brought the lad home with them, Vindos/Finn was very silent and continually searched the lad's countenance with his eyes. In time the use of speech came to him, and the story that he told was this.

He had known no father, and no mother save a gentle hind, with whom he lived in a most green and pleasant valley shut in on every side by towering cliffs that could not be scaled or by deep chasms in the earth. In the summer he lived on fruits and suchlike, and in the winter store of provisions was laid for him in a cave. And there came to them sometimes a tall, dark-visaged man, who spoke to his mother, now tenderly, and now in a loud menace, but she always shrank away in fear, and the man departed in anger. At last there came a day when the dark man spoke very long with his mother in all tones of entreaty and of tenderness and of rage, but she would still keep aloof and give no sign save of fear and abhorrence. Then at length the dark man drew near and smote her with a hazel wand; and with that he turned and went his way, but she this time followed him, still looking back at her son and piteously complaining. And he, when he strove to follow, found himself unable to move a limb; and crying out with rage and desolation he fell to the earth, and his senses left him.

When he came to himself, he was on the mountainside on Ben Bulban, where he remained some days, searching for that green and hidden valley, which he never found again. And after a while, the dogs found him; but of the hind his mother and of the Dark Druid there is no man knows the end.

Vindos/Finn called his name Ossian and he became a warrior of fame, but far more famous for the songs and tales that he made; so that of all things to this day that are told of the Fenians of Ireland men are wont to say : "Thus sang the bard Ossian, son of Vindos/Finn."

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

The dark druid. In our texts and because of the Christianization any druid is compared to a sorcerer. What they never were. The love religions are like that, they always had difficulty to admit competition. Ossian. Literally small fawn. The name of his father when he was young was Demne, what means "deer or stag." Totemism??

Thus sang the bard Ossian. In general feral children never become normal human beings. Socialization and humanization are indeed very delicate and very fragile mechanisms. One of the rare authentic cases is that of the little Marie Angelique, an Indian of the Fox tribe (Wisconsin) having lived ten years in a forest (from 10 years old to 20 years old) where it happened to her to repel wolves by using a wooden club.

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

I hear already from here objections rising about this fairy tale we subject to the reflection of our readers. This fairy tale tells us nevertheless a lot on the design or on the philosophy of nature the ancient high knowers of druidiaction, had. The world is one, nature is one, they form a continuum, and there are no gap nor insuperable abysses between the various mineral, vegetable, animal, human, kingdoms. What is important it is the inwardness or the bodily appearance.

Two ideas therefore. The first: what differentiates the human beings from the non-human beings , it is inwardness – either we call it reflexive awareness, subjectivity or language faculty - just as the human groups are distinguished each from the other in their particular manner to use these aptitudes, what was formerly called the spirit of a people. Then, the supplementary idea, very formerly present since we find allusions to it in Celtic-Druidism , that the physical component of our person locates us in a material continuum in which we do not appear as singularities much more significant than any other organized being.

Through inwardness , it is admittedly necessary to understand the range of properties usually associated to mind, soul or awareness - intentionality, subjectivity, reflexivity, affects, aptitude for giving a meaning or dreaming -, but also immaterial principles supposed to cause animation, such breath or vital energy, at the same time as more abstract notions as the idea than we share with others the same essence , the same principle of action or the same origin.

By contrast, the physique concerns external shape, substance, physiological, perceptive and sensorimotor processes, even the disposition or the way of acting in the world as they would express the influence exerted on the behavior or the habitus by food diets , anatomical features or a particular mode of reproduction.

Ontological formulas, made possible by the combination of inwardness and physique, are therefore very limited, facing an unspecified , human or non-human, other being, we can suppose either it has elements of physique and inwardness identical to ours, it is totemism; either its inwardness and its physique are distinct from ours, it is analogism; either lastly that we have similar inwardness and dissimilar physique, it is animism; either lastly that our inwardness is different and our physique analogous , it is naturalism *.

“Animism,” “totemism,” “naturalism” and “analogism,” are as many differentiated identification modes structuring the individual and collective experience, identification being a general aptitude thanks to which we can draw differences and resemblance between ourselves and the existing being by inferring analogies and contrasts of appearance, of behavior or of properties between what we think we are and what we think the others are.

Identification is based here on the attribution or the refusal to unspecified objects of an “inwardness” and of a “physique” analogous to that the human beings can attribute to themselves, a very general ontological distribution and of which the traditional distinction between soul and body is only a local variant specific to modern West.

Animism is the way of identification in which human beings attribute to non-human beings an inwardness identical to their, though recognizing them a different physique. Opposite of what the standard in the West became under the influence of Judeo-Christianity, it is therefore not through their souls that human beings and non-human beings are different in the animist systems, but through their bodies. Moreover, this difference in their physique does not concern the matter so much – human beings and non-human beings sharing common substances which circulate unceasingly between bodies, following the example of a huge trophic chain –, it concerns especially the shape, i.e., not only the simple physical structure, but also the whole of the biological tools which makes it possible a species to occupy a certain habitat and to live the distinctive way of life through which it is identified in the highest degree.

Each class of beings has its own physique, at the same time the condition and the result of a particular food diet and of a mode of reproduction, thus leading to what we could call a ethogram, i.e., a specialized mode of behavior of which detailed characteristics could not escape keen faculties of observation that peoples brought to extract each day their subsistence from a little anthropized environment, must deploy.

However, if the shapes are fixed for each class of entities, they are variable for entities themselves. A traditional feature of all animist ontologies is indeed the ability to change admitted to beings equipped with an identical inwardness: a human being can be incorporated in an animal or a plant, an animal to take the shape of another animal, a plant or an animal to remove its clothing in order to show its soul objectified in a body of man.

The utility of this generalized aptitude for metamorphosis appears to lie in the possibility it opens to human and non-human persons equipped at the beginning with different physicality to find a common ground making possible interactions on the same level, that of a common inwardness. And yet, being given the differences in form therefore in behavior, that is possible only if you are made recognize by others as identical to yourself while adopting its livery i.e., when the plants, the animals or the spirits which are their hypostases, visit human beings in the same appearance as them - in dreams, generally - and when the human beings take a non-human shape, in general that of an animal, to go to the meeting of these entities.....

There exist therefore for centuries in the West a whole underground but active current that could be described as being gradualist, which refuses to validate the existence of a difference in nature between humans and animals because of their inwardness. Montaigne is undoubtedly the best-known representative of it, he recognizes in the animals, reasoning ability, technical skill and ability to learn. Yet, it remains a rather exceptional case; at the very moment when the Essays are published, another Frenchman Pierre de la Primaudayou releases a treatise on anthropology, which has had many re- editions and in which the bodily continuity of all the existing and the absolute singularity of human beings, because of their possession of a reasonable soul, are reaffirmed at the same time. We must not exaggerate the importance of these dissonant voices, nor the extent of their opposition to the dominant naturalist ontology. This is also the case of Condillac: although the Treatise on Animals is undoubtedly gradualist, he nonetheless admits the existence of an irreversible threshold in the progress of faculties that only men have crossed. In addition, the souls of men and animals are of an entirely different nature, which restores the fundamental ontological difference between them and us.

In short, the recent developments in ethics and ethology have certainly led to significant changes in the boundaries between cultural entities and natural entities, but which do not fundamentally call into question the general pattern organizing naturalist ontology.

* Naturalism postulates a continuity of the physique of entities in the world (natural laws) and a discontinuity of their inwardnesses (only human beings have a soul, a mind, a culture).

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

Metamorphosis is a phenomenon which exists in a natural state: tadpole is changed into a frog, for example. And in the same way but there, you believe it or you do not believe it, gods goddesses and saints (like Patrick in Ireland) are capable of various and varied metamorphoses or metempsychoses (hypnosis?)

48. In the Britannic Sea, opposite the coast of the Osismi, the isle of Sena belongs to a Celtic deity and is famous for its oracle, whose priestesses, sanctified by their perpetual virginity, are reportedly nine in number. They call the priestesses Gallizenae and think that because they have been endowed with unique powers, they stir up the seas and the winds by their magic charms, that they turn into whatever animals they want, that they cure what is considered incurable among other peoples, that they know and predict the future, but that it is not revealed except to sea voyagers and then only to those traveling to consult them (Pomponius Mela).

The gods and the goddesses we have said, because it is obvious this story of priestesses was no longer already at the time even of Pomponius Mela only myth set up in history. Unless, of course, it was an inner change (with somatic but limited consequences on the body) of shamanism type.

Man is as an animal *, it is OK, but it goes without saying that bodily speaking no human being was ever able to change in an instantaneous way into an animal of bear eagle or wolf, type, at least externally.

Mentally (with some somatic consequences) it is another story (shamanism and drugs) but on the purely bodily level let us repeat it, no human being was ever able to be metamorphosed or to be completely changed into an animal, with few exceptions in our legends (all dealing with exceptional and besides more or less mythical human beings like St. Patrick).

* Animal remainders in man are called vestigial structures or organs (appendix and coccyx for example).

THE CASTLE OF THE ROWAN TREE.

Bruidean Caortainn.

Piece of oral literature appearing in several manuscripts.

The manuscript 24 B 28 copied in 1728 by Edmond Terry.

The manuscript 23 C 30 copied in 1733 by Andrew Mac Curtin.

The manuscript 23 L 24 copied in 1766 by Dermott O'Mulqueen.

The manuscript 23 G 21 copied in 1795 by Michael Oge O'Longan.

The manuscript 24 B 15 copied in 1841.

As the dates show, it is especially a popular fairy tale tardily written down.

There is nothing very historical in it, of course! Lochlann is there for example the name given to Norway. And, like in many other cases, it is in the beginning an allusion to creatures of the other world (kind gigantic anguipedic wyverns or Fomors) that the storytellers have then, and much more tardily, brought closer to Viking invaders.

Thus goes oral literature. It adapts constantly to the variations of historical and social context.

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

We will use for our work (our St. Enda School to us in a way) of the slightly summarized version given by P.W.Joyce of the Royal Irish Academy in 1920.

Once upon a time, a noble, warlike king ruled over Scandinavia, whose name was Colga of the Hard Weapons. On a certain occasion, this king held a meeting of his chief people, on the broad, green plain before his palace of Berva. And when they were all gathered together, he spoke to them in a loud, clear voice, from where he sat high on his throne; and he asked them whether they found any fault with the manner in which he ruled them, and whether they knew of anything deserving of blame in him as their sovereign lord and king. They replied, as if with the voice of one man, that they found no fault of any kind.

Then the king spoke again and said, "You do not see as I see. Do you not know that I am called King of the Four Tribes of Scandinavia , and of the Islands of the Sea? And yet there is one island which does not acknowledge my rule."

And when they had asked which of the islands he meant, he said :

"That island is Green Erin. My forefathers, indeed, held sway over it, and many of our brave warriors died there in fight. There fell the great king, Balor of the Mighty Blows; his son Bregos also; and his queen, Kethlenda of the Crooked Teeth; there, too, fell Irann and Slana, sisters of the king; and many others that I do not name. But though our hosts at last subdued the land and laid it under tribute, yet they held it not long; for the Irishmen arose and expelled our army, regaining their ancient freedom."

"And now it is my desire that we once more sail to Ireland with a fleet and an army, to bring it under my power, and take, either by consent or by force, the tributes that are due to me by right. And we shall thereafter hold the island in subjection till the end of the world."

The chiefs approved the counsel of the king, and the meeting broke up.

Then the king made proclamation, and sent his swift scouts and couriers all over the land, to muster his fighting men, till he had assembled a mighty army in one place.

And when they had made ready their curve-sided, white-sailed ships, and their strong, swift-gliding boats, the army embarked. And they raised their sails and plied their oars; they cleaved the billowy, briny sea; and the clear, cold winds whistled through their sails; they made neither stop nor stay till they landed on the shore of the province of Ulidia

The King of Ireland at that time was Cormac Mac Art, the grandson of Conn the Hundred-fighter. And when he heard that a great fleet had come to Ireland, and landed an army of foreigners, he straightway sent tidings of the invasion to Almu of the green hill slopes, where lived Vindos/Finn, and the noble Fenian warriors of the Gaels.

When the king's messengers had told their tale, Vindos/Finn despatched his trusty, swift-footed couriers to every part of Erin where he knew the Fenians dwelt; and he bade them to say that all should meet him at a certain place, near that part of the coast where the Scandinavian army lay encamped. And he himself led the Fenians of Leinster northwards to join the muster. They attacked the foreigners, and the foreigners were not slow to meet their onset; and the Fenians were sore pressed in that battle, so that at one time the Scandinavians were like to prevail.

Oscar, the son of Ossian, when he saw his friends falling all round him, was grieved to the heart and he rested for a space to gather his wrath and his strength. Then, renewing the fight, he rushed with fury towards the standard of Colga, the king of Scandinavia, dealing havoc and slaughter among those foreigners that stood in his track. The king saw Oscar approach, and met him and they fought a deadly battle hand-to-hand. Soon their shields were rent, their hard helmets were dented with sword blows, their armor was pierced in many places, and their flesh was torn with deep wounds. And the end of the fight was that the king of the foreigners was slain by Oscar, the son of Ossian.

When the Scandinavians saw their king fall, they lost heart, and the battle went against them. But they fought on nevertheless, till the evening, when their army entirely gave way : they fled from the battle field. And of all the nobles and princes and mighty chiefs who sailed to Green Erin on that expedition, not one was left alive, except the youngest son of the king, whose name was Midac. Him Vindos/Finn spared on account of his youth; with intent to bring him up in his own household.

After the Fenians had rested for a time, and buried their dead, they turned their faces southward, and marched slowly towards Almu, bringing their sick or wounded companions. Vindos/Finn placed Midac among the household of Almu, treating him honorably, and giving him servants and tutors. Moreover, he enlisted him in the Fenians, and gave him a high post as befitted a prince.

After this, things went on as before, while Midac grew up towards manhood. He hunted and feasted with the Fenians, and fought with them when they fought. But he never lost an opportunity of making himself acquainted with all their haunts and hunting grounds, their castles and fortresses, in particular with their manner of carrying on war.

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

Which of the islands he meant ? Our brothers and sisters in Ireland have always had the weakness to think they are the center of the world. I have a sneaking feeling here about the famous village of Asterix and Obelix, encircled by the Roman forts of Aquarium, Laudanum (at least according to the leitmotif of the famous cartoon: "We are in 50 before Jesus Christ; the whole Gaul is occupied by the Romans... the whole? Not! Because a village peopled with indomitable Gauls still and always resists the invader. And the life is not easy for the garrisons of Roman legionaries of the fortified camps of Aquarium and Laudanum...").

But, of course, all that is only a fiction, if it were necessary to find the true village of Asterix and Obelix it would rather be necessary to seek near Plumergat in Brittany.

Balaros? Impossible to better say that there is therefore equating between the Vikings and the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called Fomors.

Foreigners. As we will have been in position to notice it, our texts often refer to foreigners, with whom the Irishmen of Irish extraction or assimilated, fight. It is a permanent feature of the Gaelic legends. Let us admit nevertheless it is there quite a natural human feeling.

You cannot love men or women you do not know. But all the foreigners are not thus rejected in Celtic mythology. Some of them on the contrary are welcomed.

If it is impossible to know how were the foreigners were welcomed to whom the druids mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus quoting Timagenes make a reference: "The druids [Latin drasidae] affirm that a portion of the people was really indigenous to the soil, but that other inhabitants poured in from very

remote islands on the coast, and from the districts across the Rhine, having been driven from their former abodes by frequent wars, and sometimes by inroads of a tempestuous sea.” It is known that another topic of the legends is that of the beautiful foreign woman who comes to attract human beings, like in the case of Niamh and Ossian therefore.

It is consequently important to say some words of the question.

Fear is undoubtedly one of the oldest emotions of the animal world. It appears in a sometimes spectacular way.

Fears can be classified in two great types: fear started by an external cause and fears started by an internal cause.

The fear started by an internal cause is a fear related to often negative emotions (for example, the underestimation of his own abilities). But we will speak here primarily about the first case.

Biologically speaking, fear is a survival instinct which makes it possible the animals to avoid dangerous situations for themselves or for their offspring. The main object of fear for an animal is typically the presence of a predator. The complexity of the human mind nevertheless transposed this emotion and directed it towards objects and situations as various as can be human activities.

In the man fear can be manifested by trembling, a rise of the heart rate, an opening wide of the eyes and a disturbance of the breathing rate. These various symptoms are primarily due to the secretion of adrenalin, the main hormone of fear. In certain cases, a sudden fear can cause the need to let out a cry. Fear can also cause a partial temporary and sometimes total paralysis, going to a loss of awareness.

It is also proved that a violent fear can cause a loss of the pigmented hair letting only gray hair remaining, as it was the case for Queen Marie-Antoinette in Paris in 1793, as well as a slight change of skin color which probably explains the expression “to be green about the gills.” It is also said that fear causes the horriilation, more prosaically called goose flesh.

In extreme cases, fear can also slacken the muscles of the pelvis, thus causing the evacuation of urine (hoplites smelled urine before the clash and we can understand them considering the imbecility of this kind of combat), and sometimes even of the fecal bolus. Some popular expressions describe this phenomenon. Fear is credited with the power to put an end to hiccup. Lastly, fear causes in man as in the majority of mammals, a powerful hormonal activity which can cause the release by the skin of a strong odor, as well as the hyperactivity of the sweat system, creating what is called “cold sweats.”

The fear of the unknown is an ethological phenomenon observed in many advanced animals and it is a source of prudence.

In Man, it can be individual or collective. It is the fear of a hypothetical danger. It appears facing unknown circumstances. Fear of death, or darkness, of nothing to see can be forms of it, just as the fear of a change or of something new (examples: a new noise or sound, a new animal/insect/person/place, a journey, a foreigner, a job interview, conference, spectacle, concert or sporting achievement to perform in front of many members of the audience or spectators or unknown judges, etc. these last situations being defined more commonly under the names of “nerves,” depending on the fear of not succeeding or on the fear of the ridicule).

This fear can be more individual, and to be the expression of a certain “shyness,” according to its level of emotionalism facing one or more interlocutors, or people who impress by their status (for example in front of a star or a person of the opposite sex), being sometimes expressed at the time of an embarrassing new situation, by blushing. Shyness, like the nerves or any fear, grow blurred with time and practice, related to the experiment.

Fear is therefore natural and universal. It is its management and its intensity which can become problematic.

The complete absence of fear of the unknown can be a pathological phenomenon and lead to endangerment by carelessness.

A reasoned and moderate fear of the unknown make it possible, on the other hand, a certain open-mindedness and can become a factor of creativity.

Fear has a very strong effect on crowds and thus is used in order to control peoples. In totalitarian systems or in traditional slavery, the object of fear is clearly identified, it is a threat of punishment or of death in the event of disobedience. In the systems known as democratic where such a threat is not

explicit, it is more important to control what people think, by distorting information and with more abstract or even virtual threats.

Xenophobia, as its etymology indicates it, is more pertaining to the fear than to the hatred of foreigners. And yet these fears are not always without basis. Foreigners are not always driven by good intentions. Nazi example is the tragic illustration of it. Can we say that the Nazis in 1930 were motivated by good intentions with respect to Poles Czechs Russians or Frenchmen?? In other words, had Poles Jews Czechs Serbs Frenchmen even Russians, reasons to fear Nazi Germans?? Who will dare to answer "no" to this question after having read Mein Kampf?

Also let us note that one of the oldest «examples» of xenophobia is paradoxically provided to us by the part "old testament" of the Bible which invented the slavery of the Hebrews in Egypt in order to politically unite populations of the surroundings of Jerusalem behind its king facing the powerful kingdom of Egypt. We have there another counter-example of the political use of the otherness in order to exploit fear.

To condemn or to mock any form of fear systematically like French intelligentsia does is all the more stupid as it too is terrified by certain things (control of one's borders, economic protectionism, for a country, a city or an organization, reserving certain rights or advantages to its members or to its citizens, the radical otherness of sexes, and, of course, of the Brown Fascism of Nazism extreme right wing, racism, etc.

And yet the whole problem is to distinguish the well founded even justified fears, from those which indeed are based on nothing.

Any noise in the night is worrying. If after having given light, we realize that it is only the dog or the cat in the home, then we can see that this fear was without basis and let out a sigh of relief.

But if we discover that instead of the home dog or cat it is a wild animal made bloodthirsty (like the Nazis in 1930) then it is lucky to have realized it rather early, in order to be likely to defend oneself, to save his life and that of his at the same time.

To laugh at or to make fun systematically with the fear of the unknown as French intellectuals do is therefore stupid, it is simply necessary to make the light, the whole light, on what causes this fear. That is all. It is true that it involves a great freedom of speech and that French intellectuals do not like too much that.

It is necessary to be a bloody idiot and a sociopath like a French intellectual journalist artist or politician for having the inhuman cruelty to remain insensitive to these fears among others, to make fun of them or to denigrate them (in France itself, critics or opponents call that to fall into otherworldliness*) instead of calming them by agreeing to clarify their causes completely, and then possibly, of course, to endeavor to overcome danger, if there is really danger. I for example I am terribly afraid of Green Fascism (of some verses in the Quran). Is it relevant to make fun of it by laughing stupidly??

* Man is neither angel nor brute, and the unfortunate thing is that he who would act the angel acts the brute. Is it not said commonly that the road to Hell is paved with good intentions? To explain to a member of the Ku Klux Klan that his ancestors too were immigrants, on the one hand, will not teach him anything, and, on the other hand, will not make him less racist with all due respect to French intellectuals (because when the wise man points at the moon with his finger, the French intellectual... looks at the finger).

It happened one day that Vindos/Finn and some of his leading chiefs were in council, considering sundry matters, especially the state and condition of the Fenians, and each chief was commanded by Vindos/Finn to speak, and give his opinion or advice on anything that he deemed weighty enough to be debated by the meeting.

And after many had spoken, Conan Mail, the son of Morna, stood up and said :

"It seems to me, O king, that you and I and the Fenian in general are now in great danger. For you have in your house, and mixing with your people, a young man who has good cause of enmity towards you; that is to say, Midac, the son of the king of Scandinavia. Was it not by you that his father and brothers and many of his friends were slain? Now I notice that this young prince is silent and distant,

and talks little to those around him. Moreover, I see that day after day he takes much pains to know all matters relating to the Fenians; and as he has friends in Norway, mighty men with armies and ships, I fear me the day may come when this prince will use his knowledge to our destruction."

The king said that all this was quite true, and he asked Conan to give his opinion as to what should be done.

"What I advise in the matter is this," said Conan, "that Midac be not allowed to abide any longer in the castle of Almu. But as it is meet that he should be treated in a manner becoming a prince, let him be given a tract of land for himself in some other part of Ireland, with a home and a household of his own. Then shall we be freed from his presence, and he can no longer listen to our counsels, and learn all our secrets and all our plans."

This speech seemed to Vindos/Finn and the other chiefs reasonable and prudent, and they agreed to follow the advice of Conan Mail.

Accordingly Vindos/Finn sent for the prince, and said to him :

"You know, Midac, that you have been brought up from boyhood in my household, and that you have been dealt with in every way as becomes a prince. Now you are a man, and stand in no further need of instruction, for you have learned everything needful for a prince and for a champion of the Fenians and it is not meet that you should abide longer in the house of another. Choose, therefore, the two baronies that please you best in all Erin, and they shall be given to you and to your descendants forever as a patrimony. There you will build houses and a homestead for yourself, and I shall help you with men and with cattle and with all things else necessary."

Midac listened in silence; and when the king had done speaking, he replied in a cold and distant manner and in few words, that the proposal was reasonable and proper, and pleased him well. And thereupon he chose the rich barony of Kenri on the Shannon, and the barony of the islands lying next to it on the north, at the other side of the river.

Now Midac had good reasons for choosing these two territories beyond all others in Ireland. For the river opens out between the two baronies like a great sea, in which are many islands and sheltered harbors, where ships might anchor in safety. He hoped to bring a fleet and an army into Ireland some day, to avenge on Vindos/Finn and the Fenians the defeats they had inflicted on his countrymen, and above all, the death of his father and brothers. And being bent on treachery, he could not have chosen in all Ireland a territory better suited for carrying out his secret and black designs.

So these two baronies were bestowed on Midac. Vindos/Finn gave him also many cattle and wealth of all kinds; so that when his houses were built, and when he was settled in his new territory, with his servants and his cattle and his wealth all round him, there was no hospitaller nor steward in Ireland richer or more prosperous than he.

For fourteen years Midac lived in his new home, growing richer every year. But the Fenians knew nothing of his way of life, for he kept himself apart, and none of his old acquaintances visited him. And though he was enrolled in the ranks of the Fenians, he never, during all that time, invited one of them to his house, or offered them food or drink or entertainment of any kind.

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

They agreed to follow the advice of Conan Mail....

We have had already the opportunity to notice to such an extent certain fears were legitimate or well founded. The fear of uncompromising Islam for example, because this religion does not have the equivalent of the parable of the adulterous woman (John 7:53) nor of the adultery of Partholon's wife, nor the equivalent of the careful and wise respect of foreigners preached by druids (the murder of a foreigner more severely punished than that of somebody of one's own community) or by the Christian parable of the good Samaritan (its strict equivalent as regards Islam would be a pious Muslim treating a Jew even worse an atheist or a pagan, in short somebody not forming part of the religions of the book). Some people will see in all this story only an ordinary expression of racism (anti-blue-eyed fair-haired persons) * since this word is put in the mouth of a member of the Morna clan; but it is, of course, more complex than a simple racism anti fair-haired or anti redhead. ...

A nation is a living body with subtle alchemy, a slowly cooked meal, one should not change too quickly and too massively its composition, if not the failure is certain! With many lives broken in addition.

Integration in a nation, either it is gradually and because we are brought up in it, or more quickly because we settled there, always remains an infinitely delicate process, primarily psychological, we are inside or we are outside for many reasons, each one more difficult to explain than the last. Members of Ku Klux Klan knew all very well they resulted from a more or less distant immigration but nevertheless psychologically they felt intimate members of a whole of which in their eyes their victims did not make part (victims who besides were well aware too not to be members of the same world as they). We are besides all resulting from immigration since we are all coming from Africa. But at different dates! Immigration is more or less old, and there was more or less assimilation, that is all, but the whole problem is there precisely! The feeling of national membership, of common national membership, is primarily psychological. You have it or you do not have it! You feel inside or outside! You are psychologically inside or psychologically outside.

Did the first Saxons settled in [Great] Britain have the feeling to be members of the same national community or to have a common destiny with the ancestors of Welshmen? The answer is of course "no" and it would have been better for the fellow countrymen of Vortigern never to call upon them. Did the first European settlers have the feeling 100 years after Christopher Columbus to be members of the same nations or to have a common destiny with Pocahontas's brothers?? The answer is, of course, no, they didn't," and it would have been better for Indians to be united in order to throw us back immediately, in the sea...

But the case of the Ku Klux Klan is, in this respect, exemplary. The members of the Ku Klux Klan know very well that their families come from immigration. Are they for as much psychologically convinced in the subsoil of their soul that they form an integral part of the same nation as their scapegoats?? No! ! They even did not have the feeling to be members of the same nation as the Yanquis, so!!!

Let us say to be more positive than all that is a love story which is a little like a marriage, you love or you do not love. But when a cat is put into a kennel, and that it breaks bad, does the fault fall to the cat, to dogs, or to those who have wanted at all costs to proceed to such an operation?

It is therefore here a completely different challenge, that formed by internal enemies. Somebody who looks perfectly, seemingly, assimilated, but who, in fact, remains psychologically foreign. Officially a citizen at 150% (in fact it is quite simple, more citizen or patriot than him, you die) on paper, but with a heart still other, different, unassimilated. In short a paper national or citizen, of course, but loving neither the language neither the history neither the cookery neither the habits nor the manners of getting dressed or of living in his adopted country.

What to do when the wanting to live together does not exist, or more; what to do when there is a rejection of the common destiny (rejection or negation or repression of whole pieces of the national history - "they do not feel concerned" - refusal of the joint life for religious reasons, upholding of allegiance to origin countries, etc.?)

The statutes of Kilkenny passed in 1366 prove that such a psychological process is by no means inevitable since the Norman nobility and barons of the time ** often became more Irish than the Irishmen of extraction themselves (it is true that there was then a community of religion), a situation which changed only starting from the 16th century.

The risk that an individual of foreign origin does not consider himself (psychologically speaking and deep down) as a native exists nevertheless, it is necessary to know it. There are not only assimilations of the type of that which led Normand nobility to become more Irish than the stock Irishmen.

The worst in France is that the systematic replacement by the nice and smart people, therefore democrats, for secularism, of the left-wing, etc. of the very concrete referent "nation" (a word which in Latin refers to birth, to the birthright, etc.) by an abstraction of the type "will to live together" or "Republic," (150 in the world) is a borrowing from a thinker of the right wing, in this case Renan, who developed this concept to justify the very nationalistic keeping in France of Alsace and part of Lorraine, after the new "Waterloo" occurred at Sedan in 1870 (faster mobilization and better military organization of Prussians).

*It would be perhaps necessary that French language ends up no longer confuse psychological nationalities or heart nationalities, feeling of national membership, with citizenship or being a national of this or that state: that would make it possible to speak about true problems. It goes without saying

we do accept in no way the reasoning in the French manner of the type: "Irish anti-racism exists since yesterday 23:54; but we should not speak about it; and well, we should especially not fight with it; because the fight with such racism in Ireland itself divides!" Our opinion of nonracist being indeed that RACISM cannot be divided into unacceptable or acceptable racism, in less serious than the other racism (anti redhead racism anti albino racism -if it is not an anti-white racism that one-), as would like to do it the French intellectuals, journalists, or politicians (they are the same ones : poor country poor people),IT IS FOUGHT.

** When in 1169, the king of Leinster, Dermot Mac Murrough, is driven out of his throne, he calls upon the king of England Henry II Plantagenet to reconquer it. Thus a body of Norman knights landed under the command of Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow. The latter makes it possible the re-establishment of King Dermot and receives in marriage his daughter, what enabled him to succeed him a few years later.

Hospitaller or steward. We translate so the Gaelic word brugaid. The brugaid was a man who was entrusted with a huge estate, dependent on him to receive to feed and to lodge here all the guests of his lord.

One day, Vindos/Finn and the Fenians went hunting in the district of Fermorc, and over the plains of Hy Conall Gavra. When all was arranged and the chase about to begin, Vindos/Finn himself, and a few of his companions, went to the top of the hill of Knockfierna to see the sport; while the main body of the Fenians scattered themselves over the plain with their dogs and attendants, to start the deer and the wild boars and all the other game of the forest.

Then Vindos/Finn's people pitched their tents, and made soft couches of rushes and heather, and dug cooking places; for they intended the hill to be the resting place of all who chose to rest till the chase was ended.

After Vindos/Finn and his companions had sat for some time on the hill, they saw a tall warrior coming towards them, armed in full battle array. He wore a splendid coat of mail of Scandinavian workmanship, and over it a mantle of fine satin dyed in divers colors. A broad shield hung on his left shoulder, and his helmet glittered in the morning sun like polished silver. At his left side hung a long sword, with a golden hilt and enameled sheath; he held in his right hand his two long, polished, death-dealing spears. His figure and gait were wonderfully majestic, and as he came near, he saluted the king in stately and courteous words.

Vindos/Finn returned the salutation, and spoke with him for a while; and at length he asked him whence he had come, and if he had brought any tidings.

"As to the place I came from," he answered, "that need not be spoken of; and for news, I have nothing to tell except that I am a poet, and that I have come to you, O king of the Fenians, with a poem."

"Methinks, indeed," replied Vindos/Finn, "that conflict and battle are the poetry you profess; for never have I seen a hero nobler in mien and feature."

"I am a poet nevertheless," answered the stranger; "and if you do not forbid me, I will prove it by reciting a poem I have brought for you."

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Then Conan Mail spoke. "You are, O king, the wisest and most far-seeing of the Fenians, and you have unraveled and explained the hard poetical puzzles of this champion. Yet, on the present occasion, you do not know a friend from a foe; for this man is Midac, whom you did bring up with much honor in your own house, and afterwards made rich, but who is now your bitter enemy, and the enemy of all the Fenians. Here he has lived for fourteen years, without fellowship or communication with his former companions. And though he is enrolled in the order of the Fenians, he has never, during all that time, invited you to a banquet, or come to see any of his old friends, or given food or entertainment to any of the Fenians, either master or man."

Midac answered, "If Vindos/Finn and the Fenians have not feasted with me, that is none of my fault; for my house has never been without a banquet fit for either king or chief but you never came to partake of it. I did not, indeed, send you an invitation; but that you should not have waited for, seeing that I was one of the Fenians, and that I was brought up in your own household. Howbeit, let that pass. I now have a feast ready, in all respects worthy of a king; and I invite you and the chiefs that are here with you, to come this night to partake of it, on penalty of being cursed. I have two castles, and in each there is a banquet. One is the Palace of the Island, which stands on the sea; and the other is the castle of the Rowan Tree, which is a little way off from this hill; it is to this that I wish you to come."

Vindos/ Finn consented; and Midac, after he had pointed out the way to the castle of the Rowan Tree, left them, saying he would go before that he might have things in readiness when they should arrive.

Vindos/Finn now held a council with his companions, and they agreed that the king's son, Ossian, and five other chiefs, with their followers, should tarry on the hill till the hunting party returned, while Vindos/Finn went to the castle with the rest.

And it was arranged that Vindos/Finn should send back word immediately to the party on the hill, how he fared; and that Ossian and the others were to follow him to the castle when the hunting party had returned.

Those that remained with Ossian were Diarmat O'Duibne ; Fatha Conan, the son of the son of Conn; Cailte/Caletios son of Ronan; Fiacna, the son of Vindos/Finn; and lastly Innsa, the son of Swena Selga.

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As Vindos/Finn and his party came nigh to the castle, they were amazed at its size and splendor and they wondered greatly that they had never seen it before. It stood on a level green, which was surrounded by a light plantation of rowan trees, all covered with clusters of scarlet berries. At one side of the little plain, very near the castle, was a broad river, with a rocky bank at the near side, and a steep pathway leading down to a ford.

But what surprised them most was that all was lonely and silent, not a living soul could they see in any direction; and Vindos/Finn, fearing some foul play, would have turned back, only that he bethought him of the curse (geis) and of his promise. The great door was wide open, and Conan went in before the others; after viewing the banqueting hall, he came out quite enraptured with what he had seen. He praised the beauty and perfect arrangement of everything, and told his companions that no other king or chief in all Ireland had a banqueting hall to match the hall of Midac, the son of Colga. They all now entered, but they found no one, neither host nor guests nor attendants.

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"I see something more wonderful than that," said Foilan, the son of Aed the Lesser; "this castle, which had seven great doors when we came in, all wide open, and looking pleasantly towards the sunshine, now has only one small, narrow door, close fastened, and facing straight to the north!"

"I see something more wonderful than that," said Conan Mail; "the rich rugs and furs and the soft couches, which were under us when we sat here first, are all gone, not as much as a fragment or a thread remaining; and we are now sitting on the bare, damp earth, which feels as cold as the snow of one night!"

Then Vindos/Finn again spoke. "You know, my friends, that I never tarry in a house having only one door. Let one of you then, arise, and break open that narrow door, so that we may go forth from this foul, smoky den!"

"That shall be done," cried Conan; and, so saying, he seized his long spear, and, planting it on the floor, point downwards, he attempted to spring to his feet. But he found that he was not able to move, and turning to his companions, he cried out with a groan of anguish.

And immediately all the others found themselves, in like manner, fixed where they sat. And they were silent for a time, being quite confounded and overwhelmed with fear and anguish.

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Whereupon Vindos/Finn placed his thumb under his wisdom tooth, and mused for a little while. Then suddenly withdrawing his thumb, he sank back in his seat and groaned aloud.

"May it be the will of the gods," said Goll, "that it is a pain of your thumb that has caused you to utter that groan!"

"Alas! not so," replied Vindos/Finn. "I grieve that my death is near, and the death of these dear companions! For fourteen years has Midac, the son of the king of Scandinavia, been plotting against us; and now at last he has caught us in this treacherous snare, from which I can see no escape. For in the Palace of the Island there is, at this moment, an army of foreigners, whom Midac has brought hither for our destruction. Chief over all is Sinsar of the Battles, from Greece, the Monarch of the World, who has under his command 16 warlike princes, with many others of lesser note. Next to Sinsar is his son, Borba the Haughty, who also commands a number of fierce and hardy knights.

There are, besides, the three kings of the Island of Torrent, large-bodied and bloodthirsty, like three furious dragons, who have never yet yielded to an enemy on the field of battle. It is these who, by their sorcery, have fixed us here; for this cold clay that we sit on is part of the soil of the Magic Island of Torrent, which they brought hither, and placed here with foul spells. The enchantment that binds us to this floor can never be broken unless the blood of these kings be sprinkled on the clay. And very soon some of Sinsar's warriors will come over from the Palace of the Island, to slay us all, while we are fixed here helpless, and unable to raise a hand in our own defense."

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

Poet. We translate by "poet" the Gaelic word *ferdana* (cf. *aes dana*).

On the penalty of being cursed. We convey thus the druidic notion of "geis" or "magic injunctions of which disrespect starts a whole series of disasters."

As Vindos/Finn and his party came nigh to the castle, they were amazed at its size and splendor. The only possible explanation is that it is a phenomenon of collective hypnosis, Midac will them entering a prison he makes them think it is a splendid castle.

The Island of Torrent. It is to be the island of Tory (Toraigh in Irish language), traditional den of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns called fomorians. Pearse's edition has "inse Tuile" which means "Thule Island."

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Tidings were brought to the Palace of the Island that Midac and all whom he led were slain at the ford. The three kings of the Island of Torrent said :

"The young king of Scandinavia did wrong to make this attempt without asking our counsel; had we known of the thing we would have hindered him. For to us belongs the right to behead Vindos/Finn and his companions, since it is the spell venom of the clay which we brought from the Island of Torrent that holds them bound in the castle of the Rowan Tree. And now, indeed, we will go and slay them all." So they set out with a strong party, and soon reached the ford. Looking across in the dim light, they saw Diarmat, and called aloud to ask who he was.

"I am Diarmat O'Duibhne" he replied, "one of Vindos/Finn's champions. He has sent me to guard this ford, and whoever you are, I warn you not to cross!"

Then they sought to beguile Diarmat, and to win him over by smooth words; and they replied :

"It is a pleasure to us to meet you, Diarmat; for we are old friends of yours. We are the three kings of the Island of Torrent, your fellow pupils in valor and all heroic feats. For you and we lived with the same tutors from the beginning and you never learned a feat of arms that we did not learn in like manner. Leave the ford, then, that we may pass on to the castle of the Rowan Tree."

But Diarmat answered in few words : "Vindos/Finn and his companions are under my protection till morning and I will defend the ford as long as I am alive!"

He stood up straight and tall like a pillar, and scowled across the ford.

A number of foreigners now rushed towards Diarmat, and raging in a confused crowd, assailed him. But our strong hero met them as a rock meets the waves, and slew them with ease as they came within the range of his sword. Yet still they pressed on, others succeeding those that fell. In the midst of the rage of battle, Fatha started up from his sleep, awakened by the crashing of weapons and the riving of shields.

He gazed for a moment, bewildered, at the combatants, and, seeing how matters stood, he was wroth with Diarmat for not awakening him; so that he ran at him fiercely with his drawn sword. But Diarmat stepped aside, and, being angry, thus addressed him :

"Slake your vengeance on our foes for the present: for me, the swords of the foreigners are enough, methinks, without your to aid them!"

Then Fatha turned and attacked the foe, his onset was even more deadly than that of Diarmat; so that they fell before him to the right and left on the ford.

And now at last the three kings, seeing so many of their men falling, advanced slowly towards Dermot; and Dermot, unterrified, stood in his place to meet them. Their weapons clashed and tore through their shields, the fight was long and furious; till at last the champion pride and the battle fury of Dermot arose, so that the three dragonlike kings fell slain one by one before him, on that ford of red slaughter. And now, though smarting with wounds, and breathless, and weary, Diarmat and Fatha remembered Vindos/Finn and the Fenians and Diarmat called to mind what Vindos/Finn had told him as to how the spell was to be broken. So he struck off the heads of the three kings, and, followed by Fatha, he ran with them, all gory as they were, to the Castle of the Rowan Tree.

As they drew nigh to the door, Vindos/Finn, knowing their voices and their footsteps, called aloud anxiously to ask how it fared with the combatants at the ford; "For," said he, "the crashing and the din of that battle exceeded all we have yet heard, and we do not know how it has ended."

Diarmat answered, "King of the Fenians, Fatha and I have slain the three kings of the Island of Torrent; and lo, here we have their heads all bloody; but how am I to bring them to you?"

"Victory and blessings be with you, Diarmat; you and Fatha have fought a valiant fight, worthy of the Fenians of Erin! Now sprinkle the door with the blood."

Diarmat did so, and in a moment the door flew wide open with a crash. And inside they saw our heroes in sore plight, all pale and faint, seated on the cold clay round the wall. Diarmat and Fatha, holding the gory heads by the hair, sprinkled the earth under each with the blood, beginning with Vindos/Finn, and freed them one by one; our heroes, as they found the spell broken, sprang to their feet with exulting cries. They thanked the gods for having relieved them from that perilous strait, and they and our two champions joyfully embraced each other.

But danger still threatened, they now took counsel what they should do. And Vindos/Finn, addressing Diarmat and Fatha, said :

"The venom of these foul spells has withered our strength, so that we are not able to fight; but at sunrise they will lose their power, and we shall be strong again. It is necessary, therefore, that you still guard the ford, and at the rising of the sun we shall relieve you."

So our two heroes went to the ford, and Fatha returned with food and drink for Vindos/Finn and the others.

After the last battle at the ford, a few who had escaped brought back tidings to the King of the World and his people, that the three kings of the Island of the Torrent had fallen by the hands of Diarmat and Fatha. But they did not know that Vindos/Finn and the others had been released.

Then arose the king's son, Borba the Haughty, who, next to the king himself, was mightiest in battles of all the foreign host. And he said : "Feeble warriors were they who tried to cross this ford. I will go now and avenge the death of our people on these Fenians, I will bring hither the head of Vindos/Finn the son of Camulos/Cumal, and place it at my father's feet."

So he marched forth without delay, with a large body of chosen warriors, till he reached the edge of the ford. Although Diarmat and Fatha never trembled before a foe, yet when they saw the dark mass drawing nigh, and heard the heavy tread and clank of arms, they dreaded that they might be dislodged and overpowered by repeated attacks, leaving Vindos/Finn and the rest helpless and unprotected. Each in his heart longed for the dawn of the morning.

No parley was held at this time, but the foreigners came straight across the ford—as many abreast as could find footing. As they drew near, Diarmat spoke to Fatha :

"Fight warily, my friend: ward off the blows of the foremost, and be not too eager to slay, but rather look to your own safety. It behooves us to nurse our strength and prolong the fight, for the day is dawning, and sunrise is not far off!"

The foreigners came on, many abreast; but their numbers availed them nothing, for the pass was narrow; and or two heroes, one taking the advancing party to the right, and the other to the left, sometimes parried and sometimes slew, but never yielded an inch from where they stood. And now at last the sun rose up over the broad plain of Kenri and suddenly the withering spell went forth from the bones and sinews of the great heroes who sat at the castle of the Rowan Tree, listening with anxious hearts to the clash of battle at the ford. Joyfully they started to their feet, and, snatching up their arms, hastened down to the ford with Vindos/Finn at their head; but one they sent, the swiftest among them, to Knockfierna, to take the news to Ossian.

Diarmat and Fatha, fighting eagerly, did not heed that the sun had risen, though it was now indeed glittering before their eyes on the helmets and arms of their foes. But as they fought, there rose a great shout behind them; and Vindos/ Finn and Goll and the rest ran down the slope to attack the foreigners.

The latter, not in the least dismayed, answered the attack; and the fight went on, till Goll Mac Morna and Borba the Haughty met face to face in the middle of the ford. They fought a hard and deadly combat. The battle fury of Goll at length arose, so that nothing could stand before him. With one mighty blow, he cleaved the head of Borba.

And now the foreigners began to yield: but they still continued to fight, till a swift messenger sped to the Palace of the Island, and told the great king, Sinsar of the Battles, that his son was dead, slain by Goll; and that his army was sore pressed by the Fenians, with Vindos/Finn at their head.

When the people heard these tidings, they raised a long and sorrowful cry of lamentation for the king's son; but the king himself, though sorrow filled his heart, showed it not. He arose and summoned his whole host; and, having arranged them in their battalions and in their companies under their princes and chiefs, he marched towards the battlefield, desiring vengeance on the Fenians more than the glory of victory.

All the Fenians who had gone to the chase from Knockfierna had returned, and were now with Ossian, the son of Vindos/Finn. The messenger came slowly up the hillside, and told them, though with much difficulty, for he was weary and breathless, the whole story from beginning to end, of Vindos/Finn's enchantment, and of the battles at the ford, and how their companions at that moment stood much in need of aid against the foreigners.

Instantly the whole body marched straight towards the castle of the Rowan Tree, and arrived on the hill brow over the ford, just as the King of the World and his army were approaching from the opposite direction.

And now the fight at the ford ceased for a time, while the two armies were put in battle array; and on neither side was there any cowardice or any desire to avoid the combat.

The Fenians were divided into four battalions. The active, bright-eyed Clan Baiscne marched in front of the first battalion; the fierce, champion-like Clann Morna led the second; the strong, sanguinary Mic-an-Smoil brought up the third; and the fourth was led forward by the fearless, venomous Clan O'Navnan.

They marched forward, with their silken banners, each banner staff in the hand of a tall, trusty hero; their helmets glittering with precious gems; their broad, beautiful shields on their left shoulders; with their long, straight, deadly lances in their hands; and their heavy, keen-edged swords hanging at the left side of each. Onward they marched; and woe to those who crossed the path of that host of active, high-minded champions, who never turned their backs on an enemy in battle!

And now at last the fight began with showers of light, venomous missiles and many a hero fell even before the combatants met face to face. Then they drew their long, broad-bladed swords, and the ranks closed and mingled in deadly strife. It would be vain to attempt a description of that battle, for it was hard to distinguish friend from foe. Many a high-souled hero fell wounded and helpless, and neither sigh nor groan of pain escaped them; they died, encouraging their friends to vengeance with voice and gesture. The first thought of each champion was to take the life of his foe rather than to save his own.

The great king Vindos/Finn himself moved tall and stately from battalion to battalion, now fighting in the foremost ranks, and now encouraging his friends and companions, his mighty voice rising clear over the clash of arms and the shouts of the combatants. And wherever he moved, there the courage of the Fenians rose high, and their valor and their daring increased, so that the ranks of their foes fell back thinned and scattered before them.

Oscar, resting for a moment from the toil of the battle, looked round, and espied the standard of the King of the World, where he stood guarded by his best warriors, to protect him from the danger of being surrounded and outnumbered by his foes; the young hero's wrath was kindled when he observed that the Fenians were falling back dismayed wherever that standard was borne.

Rushing through the opposing ranks like a lion maddened by dogs, he approached the king; and the king laughed a grim laugh of joy when he saw him, and ordered his guards back; for he was glad in his heart, expecting to revenge his son's death by slaying with his own hand Vindos/ Finn's grandson, who was most loved of all the youthful champions of the Fenians. Then these two great heroes fought a deadly battle and many a warrior stayed his hand to witness this combat. It seemed as if both should fall; for each inflicted on the other many wounds. The king's rage knew no bounds at being so long withstood, for at first sight he despised Oscar for his youth and beauty; he made an onset that caused Oscar's friends, as they looked on, to tremble; for during this attack the young hero defended himself, and no more. But now, having yielded for a time, he called to mind the actions and the fame of his forefathers, and attacked the king of the World in turn, and, with a blow that no shield or buckler could withstand, he swept the head from the king's body.

Then a great shout went up from the Fenians, and the foreigners instantly gave way; they were pursued and slaughtered on every side. A few threw away their arms and escaped to the shore, where, hastily unmooring their ships, they sailed swiftly away to their own country, with tidings of the death of their king and the slaughter of their army.

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Editor's note. Let us announce for your information that most complete version to date of our text (with mention of the Tuatha De Danann and so on) was given by Pearse (Padraig Mac Piarais) in 1908. To refer to it to have more details because in what concerns us considering the limited place that offered us this brief summary (some short lessons intended to give an outline or a first impression of our bible or of our apocryphal texts to us) well we could not devote more space to it).

N.B. I hear already the criticism to rise on this subject. Yes, Pearse, a bastard of extreme right-wing, a pre-neo-Nazi, racist, etc. !

We, all we remember of his life (and of his death) it is that it's a man who loved his country (who can reproach him?) as his mother tongue (in the strictest sense of the word, that of his mother) until dying for them (on May 3, 1916) and that (at least among us) it is respected.

This Gaelic legend is a part of the fairy tales or pieces of oral literature he had collected for the pupils of his school (in St. Enda). Like his younger brother Willie, Pearse thought indeed that language was the base even of any national identity, and its defense consequently a fight of every day.

He was well right. We do not form part of these spoiled children or of these so-called intellectuals of the middle classes who fanatically defend biodiversity everywhere, except with regard to Mankind. Because each time a language dies, it is a little part of our biodiversity which gets out of it precisely. To lose one's language it is a little like losing one's soul! Thus let us remain Sinn Fein.

Notice to all the false patriots therefore (since when loving his homeland and his mother tongue did become satanism or Hitlerism-Trotskyism??) don't accept your language is to that extent adulterate humiliated ridiculed or denigrated, belittled, scorned, relegated, don't accept it dies in a stupid general mirth, covered with the spittle of opportunists of every type (in the media world show business, etc.; and yet nothing is more beautiful than a true unhappy love affair or nostalgic song....in one's native language); of social climbers who think only of the dough and of their career, to agree to see one's mother language scorned is like to agree to see one's own mother scorned, be never, by your actions or your absences of reaction, accomplices of the road roller which crushes and rolls the human biodiversity (of languages and cultures). But never let us forget that best trade language is always... that of the customer.

Otherwise, if a common language at world level is needed to exchange accurate information, there is Esperanto, which is remarkable in this respect and which, in addition to its steadiness (without soul it is true on the other hand) is an international language having the benefit of being economically and politically....NEUTRAL.

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

Silken banners are, of course, not ancient but medieval. Celtic troops of Antiquity had topped with wild boar or horse standards, but not silken banners. We find there the same phenomenon as with the Breton King Arthur, anachronisms galore, combatants wear equipment later for several centuries. Like the Romans and the majority of ancient peoples, ancient Celts marched accompanied by symbolic images fixed at the top of a pole and being used at the same time as protection and rallying signs.

Existence of military standards, which implies an organization of the army in units which were gathered around its insignia, is largely witnessed among Celts by texts since the third century before our era according to the figures mentioned in connection with the engagements between the Celts of North Italy and the Romans, a standard could match a unit of approximately five hundred men (battles of Cremona).

After the decisive battle in front of Alesia, Caesar's troops seize seventy-four standards (B.G. VII, 88). A figure which seems to indicate that if there was a correspondence between the organization of the tribe-states and those of their armies, the unit which matches the standard was not the tribe-state itself but probably the pagus or county. Their deposit in a shrine in peace times would be in such a case the symbolic expression of the unity of a community made up of several confederated elements.

Best known Celtic standard was the wild boar, but it was not there the exclusiveness of Celts. We know by Pliny that before the adoption of the eagle as a single symbol of the legion, a reform decided by Marius, four other animal images, in addition to this bird, sat on the top of standards: wolves, minotaurs, wild boars as well as horses.

However horse seems well to have also formed part of the Celtic standards.

Like a lion. Older oral literature would, of course, have said, "like a bear."

PURSUIT OF DIARMAT AND GRANNIA.

Toraigheacht Dhiarmada agus Ghràinne.

Famous Gaelic Romance having perhaps influenced the story of Tristan and Iseult.

The version that we kept dates only from the 17th century, but we can think the first one was written about the year one thousand.

We include it almost in full in this study, because this narrative, unlike the precedents, still contains important and remarkable mythological topics, as we will see it.

To note.

1. Vindos/Finn, in this account, acts much less courteously than King Mark in the Arthurian cycle, to say the least.

2. The amorous adventures of Diarmat and Grannia did not remain only platonic perhaps.

3. See also previously the beautiful story of Deirdre in the Exile of the sons of Uisliu (Longes mac nUislenn) which is a piece of the cycle of Hesus Cuchulainn.

On a certain day when Vindos/Finn Camulogenos rose at early morn in his castle of Almu, in Leinster, and sat upon the grass-green plain, having neither servant nor attendant with him, there followed him two of his ; that is, Ossian the son of Vindos/Finn, and Diorruing the son of Dobar O'Baoiscne. Ossian spoke, and what he said was:

"What is the cause of this early rising of you, O Vindos/Finn?"

"Not without cause have I made this early rising," said Vindos/Finn; "for I am without a wife since Maignes the daughter of Garad Glundub mac Morna died; for he is not wont to have slumber nor sweet sleep who happens to be without a fitting wife, and that is the cause of my early rising, Ossian."

"What forces you to be thus?" said Ossian; "for there is not a wife nor a mate in the green-landed island of Erin upon whom you might turn the light of your eyes or of your sight, whom we would not bring by fair means or by foul to you."

And then spoke Diorruing, and what he said was: "I myself could discover for you a wife and a mate befitting you."

"Who is she?" said Vindos/Finn.

"She is Grannia the daughter of Cormac the son of Art the son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter," said Diorruing, "that is, the woman that is fairest of features and form and speech of the women of the world together."

"By my hand ?? O Diorruing," said Vindos/Finn, "there has been strife and variance between Cormac and myself for a long time, and I think it not good nor seemly that he should give me a refusal of marriage; and I had rather that you should both go to ask the marriage of his daughter for me of Cormac, for I could better endure a refusal of marriage to be given to you than to myself."

"We will go there," said Ossian, "though there be no profit for us there, and let no man know of our journey until we come back again."

After that, those two good warriors went their way, and they took farewell of Vindos/Finn, but it is not told how they fared until they reached Tara. The king of Ireland chanced to be holding a gathering and a muster before them upon the plain of Tara, and the chiefs and the great nobles of his people were with him. A friendly welcome was given to Ossian and Diorruing, and the gathering was then put off until another day, for the king was certain that it was upon some pressing matters that those two had come to him. Afterwards Ossian called the king of Ireland to one side, and told him that it was to ask of him the marriage of his daughter for Vindos/Finn Camulogenos that they themselves were then come. Cormac spoke, and what he said was:

"There is not a son of a king or of a great prince, a hero or a battle champion in Ireland, to whom my daughter has not given refusal of marriage, and it is on me that all and every one lays the blame for that; so I will not give you any formal decision until you betake yourselves before my daughter, for it is better that you hear her own words than that you be displeased with me."

After that they went their way to the dwelling (grianan) of the women, and Cormac sat him upon the side of the compartment and of the high bed by Grannia; then he said: "Here, O Grannia," said he, "are two of the people of Vindos/Finn Camulogenos coming to ask you as wife and as mate, what answer would you give them?"

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

Grianan. Note of the great French specialist Roger Chauvire on this subject. Seem to have been houses especially directed to capture all the possible sun in this wet country, and where the women liked to stay.

Side. We translate so the Gaelic word colba.

Compartment and high bed. We translate so without too much certainty the Gaelic words iomdad and airdleapata.

Coming to ask you as wife and as mate. The question, of course, is very badly asked. It is very ambiguous. And Grannia therefore will think that it is with one of these two handsome young men that it is wanted to marry her. For her, it is consequently by no means Vindos/Finn. The misunderstanding will be cleared up only too late.

Grannia answered, and what she said was: "If he be a fitting son-in-law for you, why should he not be a fitting husband and mate for me?"

Then they were satisfied with this answer; and after that a feast and banquet was made for them in the apartment (grianan) with Grannia and the women, so that they became exhilarated and mirthful and Cormac made a tryst with them and with Vindos/Finn a fortnight from that night at Tara.

Thereafter Ossian and Diorruing arrived again in the castle of Almu, where they found Vindos/Finn and the Fenians, and they told them their news from beginning to end. Now as everything wears away, so also did that space of time; and then Vindos/Finn collected and assembled the seven battalions of the standing Fenians from every quarter where they were, and they came where Vindos/Finn was, in Almu the great and broad castle of Leinster; and on the last day of that period of time they went forth in great bands, in troops, and in impetuous fierce impenetrable companies, and we are not told how they fared until they reached Tara. Cormac was before them upon the plain with the chiefs and the great nobles of the men of Ireland about him, and they made a gentle welcome for Vindos/Finn and all the Fenians, and after that they went to the king's mirthful house called Tech Midchuarta (Tech Meidreach Miodchuarta). The king of Ireland sat down to enjoy drinking and pleasure, with his wife at his left shoulder, that is, Eitche, the daughter of Atan of Corcaig, and Grannia at her shoulder, Vindos/Finn Camulogenos at the king's right hand; and Cairbre Liffechar the son of Cormac sat at one side of the same royal house, and Ossian the son of Vindos/Finn at the other side, and each one of them sat according to his rank and to his patrimony from that down.

There sat there a druid and a skillful man of knowledge of the people of Vindos/Finn before Grannia the daughter of Cormac; that is, Daire Duanach mac Morna and it was not long before there arose gentle talking and mutual discourse between himself and Grannia. Then Daire Duanach mac Morna arose and stood before her, and sang her the songs and the verses and the sweet poems of her fathers and of her ancestors; and then Grannia spoke and asked the druid :

"What is the reason wherefore Vindos/Finn is come to this place tonight?"

"If you do not know that," said the druid, "it is no wonder that I know it not."

"I desire to learn it of you," said Grannia.

"Well, then," said the druid, "it is to ask you as wife and as mate that Vindos/Finn is come to this place to-night."

"It is a great marvel to me," said Grannia, "that it is not for Ossian that Vindos/Finn asks me, for it were fitter to give me such as he, than a man that is older than my father."

"Say not that for heaven's sake," said the druid, "for were Vindos/Finn to hear you he himself would not have you, neither would Ossian dare to take you."

"Tell me now," said Grannia, "who is that warrior at the right shoulder of Ossian the son of Vindos/Finn?"

"Yonder," said the druid, "is Goll mac Morna, the active, the warlike."

"Who is that warrior at the shoulder of Goll?" said Grannia.

"Oscar the son of Ossian," said the druid.

"Who is that graceful-legged man at the shoulder of Oscar?" said Grannia.

"Caletios/Cailte son of Ronan," said the druid.

"What haughty impetuous warrior is that yonder at the shoulder of Caletios/Cailte?" said Grannia.

"The son of Lugaid of the mighty hand, and that man is a sister's son to Vindos/Finn Camulogenos," said the druid.

"Who is that freckled sweet-worded man, upon whom is the curling dusky-black hair and the two red-ruddy cheeks, upon the left hand of Ossian the son of Vindos/Finn?"

"That man is Diarmat the grandson of Duibne, the white-toothed, of the lightsome countenance; that is, the best lover of women and of maidens that is in the whole world."

"Who is that at the shoulder of Diarmat?" said Grannia.

"Diorruing the son of Dobar Damad O'Baoiscne, that man is a druid and a skillful man of science (draoi agus deag-duinne ealadan)" said Daire Duanach.

"That is a goodly company," said Grannia; and she called her attendant handmaid to her, and told her to bring to her the jeweled golden-chased cup which was in the room (grianan) behind her. The handmaid brought the goblet, and Grannia filled the cup forthwith, it contained the drink of nine times nine men. Then Grannia said :

"Take the cup to Vindos/Finn first, and bade him drink a draft out of it, and disclose to him that it is I that sent it to him."

The handmaid took the cup to Vindos/Finn, and told him everything that Grannia had bidden her say to him. Vindos/Finn took the cup, and no sooner had he drunk a draft out of it than there fell upon him a stupor of sleep and of deep slumber. Cormac took the draft and the same sleep fell upon him, Eitche, the wife of Cormac, took the cup and drank a draft out of it, the same sleep fell upon her as upon all the others. Then Grannia called the attendant handmaid to her, and said to her:

"Take this cup to Cairbre Liffechar and tell him to drink a draft out of it, and give the goblet to those sons of kings by him."

The handmaid took the cup to Cairbre, and he was not well able to give it to him that was next to him, before a stupor of sleep and of deep slumber fell upon him too, and each one that took the cup, one after another, fell into a stupor of sleep and of deep slumber.

When Grannia saw that they were in a state of drunkenness and of trance, she rose fairly and softly from the seat on which she was, and spoke to Ossian, and what she said was:

"I marvel at Vindos/Finn Camulogenos that he should seek such a wife as I, for it were fitter for him to give me my own equal to marry than a man older than my father."

"Say not that, O Grannia," said Ossian, "for if Vindos/Finn were to hear you he would not have you, neither would I dare to take you."

"Will you receive courtship from me, Ossian?" said Grannia.

"I will not," said Ossian, "for whatsoever woman is betrothed to Vindos/Finn, I would not meddle with her."

Then Grannia turned her face to Diarmat O'Duibne, and what she said to him was: "Will you receive courtship from me, O Diarmat O'Duibne, since Ossian received it not from me?"

"I will not," said Diarmat "for whatever woman is betrothed to Ossian I may not take her, even were she not betrothed to Vindos/Finn."

"Then," said Grannia, "I put a curse on you, O Diarmat, that is, a dreadful druidic spell (geasaib droma draoideachta), if you take me not with you out of this household tonight, before Vindos/Finn and the king of Ireland arise out of that sleep."

"Evil bonds are those under which you have laid me, O woman," said Diarmat; "and wherefore have you laid those spells upon me before all the sons of kings and of high princes in the king's mirthful house called Midcuart this night, seeing that there is not of all those men one less worthy to be loved by a woman than myself?"

"By your hand, O Diarmat O'Duibne, it is not without cause that I have set my heart on you, as I will tell you now."

One day when the king of Ireland was presiding over a gathering and muster on the plain of Tara, Vindos/Finn and the seven battalions of the standing Fenians chanced to be there that day; and there arose a great goaling match between Cairbre Liffechar the son of Cormac, and the son of Lugaid, and the men of the plain of Breg, and of Cerna, and the stout champions of Tara arose on the side of Cairbre Liffechar, and the Fenians of Erin on the side of the son of Lugaid; there were none sitting in the gathering that day but the king, Vindos/Finn, and yourself, O Diarmat. But it happened that the game was going against the son of Lugaid, and you did rise and stand, and took his hurling stick from the next man to you, and did throw him to the ground and to the earth, and you went into the game,

and did win the goal three times upon Cairbre Liffechar and upon the warriors of Tara. I was at that time in my sun lounge (grianan) with its far-seeing clear view windows (grianan glan-radaracac gorm-fuinneogac gloinne???) gazing upon, and I turned the light of my eyes and of my sight upon you that day, and I never gave that love to any other man from that time to this, and will not forever.”

“It is a wonder that you should give me that love instead of Vindos/Finn,” said Diarmat, “seeing that there is not in Ireland a man that is fonder of a woman than he; and know you, O Grannia, on the night that Vindos/Finn is in Tara that he it is that has the keys of the stronghold, and that so we cannot leave it?”

“There is a eulugite secret passage to my sun lounge,” said Grannia, “and we will pass out through it.”
“It is a prohibited thing for me to pass through any eulugite backdoor whatsoever,” said Diarmat.

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

They made a gentle welcome for Vindos/Finn and all the Fenians. The great French specialist who is Roger Chauvire inserts here a dialog between Vindos/Finn and Grannia we did not find elsewhere up to now. Notice to our readers.

Tech Midchuarta. It stands out from this description that this tech midchuarta was to be rectangular, with opposite the entrance the smallest side reserved for personalities, the largest lateral sides, longer, being reserved for the other participants. But is it indeed what is found in Tara under this name??? Ancient Celts were also known to eat sat in round.

Druid. The Gaelic text is categorical, it uses the word draoi. Let us not forget nevertheless this legend was written down some centuries after the disappearance of true druidic druids. Draoi often has a very pejorative meaning in the medieval texts (sorcerer) but in fact it means perhaps quite simply “well-read man.”

“For were Vindos/Finn to hear you he himself would not have you, neither would Ossian dare to take you.”

The answer of the druid is rather ambiguous, the feeling it gives is that it means “it is better to marry an old but rich man than no marriage at all.”

Let us be nevertheless very clear. We are not Muslim (yes I know it is not good not to be Muslim, no to be thrilled by Islam) about this subject.

Firstly. Parents can very well dream of such or such marriage for their child, even to consider favorably such or such marriage. It is not immoral and it is quite human. Love is a plastic feeling and marital love that exists.

Secondly. Motivations of a marriage are not always only romantic and it was always thus about that for 100 000 years.

Thirdly. To have love at first sight is well, but to spend 40 or 50 years with somebody is too important a decision not to think lengthily of the choice of the spouse in question.

Fourthly. It is therefore out of the question that there is not in fact freedom in the assent. Parents may, of course, advise their children but marriage must in no way be imposed or forced. It must be really agreed, it must even be so voluntarily agreed that right to divorce (and not repudiation*) is part of it, even if in France the way in which divorces are dealt with by justice is a real scandal (male-female parity that should not be in one way; and as much it is legitimate that a wife who is beyond reproach has a right compensatory allowance, as much it is more debatable to grant her one when she is also wrong, even when it is her who asks for the divorce. To marry then to divorce should not be a trade or a means of growing rich).

Fifthly. So that this “yes” is really voluntarily agreed therefore it is consequently necessary to have a minimum age. Limit is difficult to fix, of course, but it is obvious that the simple age of reason (7 years old) is not enough! It is not when you are 7 years old that you can really know what it is advisable to do with the rest of your life. Not considering that it can also waste that of others.

Twice seven years is perhaps already better. Or three times seven. In any case, of course, not when you are still only a little girl as in Islamic lands even if the 45-year-old man Muhammad married Aisha whereas she was 6 years old and consummated the marriage whereas she was 9 years old.

How this kind of attitude or behavior is called even as?

N.B. That there was a mistake about the age of Aisha (finally it is admitted that hadiths are not Gospel truths) does not change anything to the fact that in some countries the age of the Muslim religious wedding for a girl can precisely be very low (there is no limit) because of this quite unfortunate example.

When do we stop finally to imitate in every respect the life of Muhammad? Muhammad was not an angel, he was only a man, he was not perfect, he made mistakes during his life and he also sinned, undoubtedly more once, because any man is naturally a sinner (quite human weakness illustrated by the Irish legend dealing with the famous debility of Ulaid : Ces Noinden Ulad).

Sixthly, lastly. In any event, what is most important, they are the children born from these unions. They are innocent.

It is therefore excluded that a repudiated woman does not have the means to bring up children decently if she has alone custody of them, excluded that she cannot also take care of them if she would not have the custody of them (except, of course, in the event of danger for them); the ideal being, of course, alternating custody, for example one year out of two, and that each one contributes according to one's financial means (let us remind nevertheless that you should not always take at her word a wife who swears on her honor being completely destitute ; let us not be stupid ladies of the court, such a declaration is still to carefully check, and must always be likely to be revised).

What I said of wives applies, of course, to husbands, mutatis-mutandis.

For the rest, let adults sort things out between them with their fault, on both sides or not. As we have said it, nobody is perfect!

* Considering the very low intellectual level (aurea mediocritas) of French intelligentsia, majority of the journalists responsible for the leading of debates in connection with Islam, following the example of Yves Calvi to mention only him, do not even make the difference between the two when a Muslim guest speaks on this subject.

"That is a goodly company." Roger Chauvire adds a specification here: Grannia just at that time discovers inadvertently the mark of love that Diarmat has on his brow and immediately falls in love with him.

She called her attendant handmaid to her, and told her to bring to her the jeweled golden-chased cup which was in the room (grianan) behind her. This cup episode tends to remind us of that which occurs in the legend of Tristan and Iseult. Not without some significant differences.

On the night that Vindos/Finn is in Tara that he it is that has the keys of the stronghold. If we understand this text well, when some Fenians were in Tara, it was to them the guard of the fortress was entrusted. An unmemorable use perhaps. But it should not be forgotten that Fenians formed elite troops of the king of kings.

Secret passage. We translate by secret passage the Gaelic word dorus which, according to the electronic dictionary of Irish language, is to be distinguished from comla. A postern perhaps?

It is a prohibited thing for me to pass through any backdoor whatsoever... This strange prohibition was one of the taboos (geis) of Diarmat since the Gaelic word used, in fact, is well... geas.

"Howbeit, I hear," said Grannia, "that every warrior and battle champion can pass by the shafts of his javelins and by the staves of his spears, in or out over the rampart of every fort and of every stronghold, I will pass out by the backdoor, and do you follow me so."

Grannia went her way out, and Diarmat spoke to his people, what he said was: "Ossian, son of Vindos/Finn, what shall I do with this curse that has been laid on me?"

"You are not guilty of the jinx which has been laid upon you," said Ossian, "and I tell you to follow Grannia, and keep yourself well against the wiles of Vindos/Finn."

"Oscar, son of Ossian, what is good for me to do as to those bonds which have been laid upon me?"

"I tell you to follow Grannia," said Oscar, "for he is a sorry wretch that fails to keep his magic injunctions."

"What counsel do you give me, O Caletios/Cailte?" said Diarmat.
 "I say," said Caletios/Cailte, "that I have a fitting wife, and yet I had rather than the wealth of the world that it had been to me that Grannia gave that love."
 "What counsel give you me, O Diorruing?"
 "I tell you to follow Grannia, though your death will come of it, and I grieve for it."
 "Is that the counsel of you all to me?" said Diarmat.
 "It is," said Ossian, and said all the others together.

Diarmat arose and stood, and stretched forth his mighty warrior hand over his war weapons, and took leave and farewell of Ossian and of the chiefs of the Fenians; and not bigger is a smooth-crimson whortleberry than was each tear that Diarmat shed from his eyes at parting with his people. He went to the top of the stronghold, and put the shafts of his two javelins under him, then rose with an airy, very light, exceeding high, birdlike leap, until he attained the breadth of his two soles of the beautiful grass-green earth on the plain without, and Grannia met him. Then Diarmat spoke, and what he said was: "I believe, O Grannia, that this is an evil course upon which you are come; for it were better for you have Vindos/Finn Camulogenos for a lover than myself, seeing that I do not know what nook or corner, or remote part of Ireland I can take you to now, and return home, without Vindos/Finn's learning what you have done."

"It is certain that I will not go back," said Grannia, "and that I will not part from you until death part me from you."

"Then go forward, O Grannia," said Diarmat.

Diarmat and Grannia went their way after that, and they had not gone beyond a mile from Tara (two kilometers) when Grannia said: "I indeed am wearying, O'Duibne."

"It is a good time to weary, O Grannia," said Diarmat, "and return now to your own household again, for I plight the word of a true warrior that I will never carry you, nor any other woman, to all eternity."

"So need you not do," said Grannia, "for my father's horses are in a fenced meadow by themselves, and they have wagons; and return you to them, and yoke two horses of them to a wagon, I will wait for you on this spot till you overtake me again."

Diarmat returned to the horses, and he yoked two horses of them to a wagon. It is not told how Diarmat and Grannia fared until they reached the ford of the Shannon called Atha Luain.

There Diarmat spoke to Grannia, and said: "It is all the easier for Vindos/Finn to follow our track, O Grannia, that we have the horses."

"Then," said Grannia, "leave the horses upon this spot, and I will journey on foot by you henceforth."

Diarmat got down at the edge of the ford, and took a horse with him over across the ford, and thus left one of them upon each side of the stream, then he and Grannia went a mile (two kilometers) with the stream westwards they reached land at the side of the province of Connaught. It is not told how they fared until they arrived at the wood of the two huts (Doire da both), in the midst of Clan Ricard; and Diarmat cut down the grove around him, then made to it seven doors of wattles, and he settled a bed of soft rushes and of the tops of the birch under Grannia in the very midst of that wood.

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

Wagon. We translate the Gaelic word carbad (old Celtic carbanton, which produced "carpenter" because a carpenter was at the beginning a manufacturer of chariots) by wagon because it does not seem to us that it is a war chariot in fact.

Roger Chauvire found in variants of the story that in all places where they passed Diarmat left behind them a bread not broken in order to show that their "marriage" had not been consummated.

Diarmat cut down the grove. To shelter in a wood which one blocks the accesses by accumulating branches or by forming a hedge even a kind of palisade between largest trees of its periphery is a technique of campaign fortification signaled among Belgians and Bretons by Caesar (B.G. II, 17; V, 9).

As for Vindos/Finn Camulogenos, I will tell his tidings clearly. All that were in Tara rose at early morn on the morrow, and they found Diarmat and Grannia wanting from among them, and a burning jealousy and rage seized upon Vindos/Finn. He found his trackers before him on the plain, that is the Clan Neamuin, and he bade them follow Diarmat and Grannia. They carried the track as far as the ford of Atha Luain, and Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland followed them; but they could not follow the track over across the ford, so that Vindo/Finn pledged his word that if they did not follow the track out speedily, he would hang them on either side of the ford.

Then the Clan Neamuin went up to the stream, and found a horse on either side of the stream; they went a mile (two kilometers) with the stream westwards, and found the track by the side of the province of Connaught, Vindos/ Finn and the Fenians of Ireland followed them. Then spoke Vindos/Finn, and what he said was: "Well, I know where Diarmat and Grannia shall be found now, that is in the wood of the two huts (Doire da both)."

Ossian, Oscar, Caletios/Cailte, and Diorruing son of Dobar Damad O'Baoiscne, were listening to Vindos/Finn speaking these words, and Ossian spoke them, and what he said was: "We are in danger lest Diarmat and Grannia be yonder, and we must needs send him some warning. Look where Bran is, that is, the hound of Vindos/Finn Camulogenos, that we may send her to him, for Vindos/Finn himself is not dearer to her than Diarmat is; and, O Oscar, tell Bran to go with a warning to Diarmat, who is in the wood of the two huts." Oscar told that to Bran. Bran understood that with knowledge and wisdom, and went back to the hinder part of the host where Vindos/Finn might not see her, then she followed Diarmat and Grannia by their track until she reached the wood of the two huts, and thrust her head into Diarmat's bosom, and she was asleep.

Diarmat sprang out of his sleep, and awoke Grannia also, and said to her: "There is Bran, the hound of Vindos/Finn Camulogenos, coming with a warning to us before Vindos/Finn himself."

"Take that warning," said Grannia, "and fly."

"I will not take it," said Diarmat, "for I would not that Vindos/Finn caught me at any other time rather than now, since I cannot escape from him." When Grannia heard this, dread and great fear seized her; and Bran departed from them.

Ossian the son of Vindos/Finn spoke and said: "We are in danger lest Bran have not gotten opportunity to go to Diarmat, and we must needs give him some other warning; look for Feargoir the henchman of Caletios/Cailte."

"He is with me," said Caletios/Cailte. Now Feargoir was so that every shout he gave used to be heard in the three nearest districts (tri trichaib) to him. Then they made him give three shouts, in order that Diarmat might hear him. Diarmat heard Feargoir, and awoke Grannia out of her sleep, and what he said was: "I hear the henchman of Caletios/Cailte son of Ronan, and it is with Caletios/Cailte he is, and it is with Vindos/Finn that Caletios/Cailte is, and this is a warning they are sending me."

"Take that warning," said Grannia.

"I will not," said Diarmat, "for we shall not leave this wood until Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland overtake us"; and fear and great dread seized Grannia when she heard that.

As for Vindos/Finn, I will tell his tidings clearly. He did not abandon the chase until he reached the wood of the two huts, and he sent the tribe of Neamuin to search out the wood. They saw Diarmat and a woman by him. They returned where Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland were. Vindos/Finn asked of them whether Diarmat or Grannia were in the wood. "Diarmat is there," they said, "and there is some woman by him; but who she is we do not know for we know Diarmat, and we know not Grannia."

"Foul fall the friends of Diarmat O'Duibne for his sake," said Vindos/Finn, "he shall not leave the wood until he gives me satisfaction for everything he has done to me."

"It is a great token of jealousy in you, O Vindos/Finn," said Ossian, "to think that Diarmat would stay upon the plain of Maen, seeing that there is there no stronghold but the wood of the two huts, and you too awaiting him."

"That shall profit you nothing, Ossian," said Vindos/Finn, "because I knew well the three shouts that Caletios/Cailte's servant gave, that it was you that sent them as a warning to Diarmat; and that it was you that sent my own hound, that is, Bran, with another warning to him: but it shall profit you nothing to have sent him any of those warnings; for he shall not leave the wood of the two huts until he gives me compensation for everything that he hath done to me, and for every slight that he has put on me."

"Great foolishness it is for you, O Vindos/Finn," said Oscar the son of Ossian, "to suppose that Diarmat would stay in the midst of this plain, and you waiting to take his head from him."

"Who else cut the wood thus, and made a strong fortified enclosure thereof, with seven tight slender-narrow doors to it? With which of us, O Diarmat, is the truth, with myself or with Oscar?" said Vindos/Finn.

"You did never err in your good judgment, O Vindos/Finn," said Diarmat, "I indeed and Grannia are here." Then Vindos/Finn bade the Fenians of Ireland come round Diarmat and take him for himself. Thereupon Diarmat rose up and gave Grannia three kisses in the presence of Vindos/Finn and of the Fenians, so that a burning of jealousy and rage seized Vindos/Finn upon seeing that, and he said that Diarmat should give his head for those kisses.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug, the oide fog-lamta (guardian tutor professor) of Diarmat O'Duibne, who was precisely in the Brug upon the Boinne, he saw the extremity in which his foster son, Diarmat, then was; and he proceeded to accompany the pure-cold wind, and he did not halt till he reached the wood of the two huts. Then he went unknown to Vindos/Finn or to the Fenians of Ireland to the place wherein were Diarmat and Grannia, then he greeted Diarmat, and what he said was: "What is this thing that you have done, O'Duibne?"

"This it is," said Diarmat; "the daughter of the king of Ireland has fled secretly with me from her father and from Vindos/Finn, but it is not of my will that she has come with me."

"Then put each one your head under either border of my mantle," said Mabon/Maponos/Oengus, "and I will take you out of the place where you are without the knowledge of Vindos/Finn or of the Fenians of Ireland."

"Take you Grannia with you," said Diarmat, "but as for me, I will never go with you; but if I survive I will join you, and if I do not, do you send Grannia to her father, and let him treat her well or ill."

After that Mabon/Maponos/Oengus put Grannia under the border of his mantle, and went his way without knowledge of Vindos/Finn or of the Fenians of Ireland, and no tale is told of them until they reached the wood of the two willows which is now called Luimneach.

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

Bosom. The great French specialist who is Roger Chauvire wrongly understood "lap." The Gaelic word uct means well also lap but to be precise it is to the bosom.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus. Some words on his symbolism. What he is or what he is not!

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is the anthropomorphic particularization, of something primordial.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is the personification of the appearance principle of what is latent.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is everywhere, it is a dynamic.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is an opening out of potentialities.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is the power which the world needs to set off.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus, contrary to the force which divides, is the force which joins together

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is present from the beginning in the world, as a force which pushes to be projected out of oneself.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is the movement which leads to go out of oneself to produce some other one, this other one being necessarily, at the beginning, only a modulation of oneself. It is in fact the very movement of the desire, which does that we do not remain in the deadly comfort of our identity.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is not a constituent principle but is located at another level: that of action, he is the force which pushes to begetting.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus is not only positive power, he is the desire which drives out of oneself, a movement therefore, a dynamic which preexists to the very union process.

But desire, love and conflict are closely dependent as the legend shows it us.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus in his very essence, therefore bears in him this tension.

Conclusion: there is therefore no god of love but a god of lovers, in the Celtic-druidic Pantheon. It is Mabon/Maponos/Oengus. It is a little the St. Valentine of Celts.

Irish bards allocate to him as residence and in a rather arbitrary way the sidh of the Boinne river called "Brug" and as a means of transport the northern wind, but he goes without saying as a god of love and lovers he is universal, his true residence being the heart of the men and women on this planet.

After Mabon/Maponos/Oengus and Grannia had departed from Diarmat, he arose as a straight pillar and stood upright, girded his cross-belt and his armor and his various sharp weapons about him. After that he drew near to one of the seven wattled doors that there were in the enclosure, and asked who was at it. "No foe to you is any man who is at it," said they who were without, "for here are Ossian the son of Vindos/Finn, Oscar the son of Ossian, and the chieftains of the Clan Baoiscne together with us; come out to us, and none will dare to do you harm, hurt, or damage."

"I will not go to you," said Diarmat, "until I see at which door Vindos/Finn himself is."

He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was at it.

"Caletios/Cailte the son of Crannacar mac Ronan, and the Clan Ronan together with him; come out to us, we will fight and die for your sake."

"I will not go to you," said Diarmat, "for I will not cause Vindos/Finn to be angry with you for doing well to myself."

He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was at it.

"Here are Conan the son of Finn of Liathluacra, and the Clan Morna together with him; we are enemies to Vindos/Finn, and you are far dearer to us than he, for that reason come out to us, and none will dare meddle with you."

"Surely I will not go," said Diarmat, "for Vindos/Finn had rather the death of every man of you should come to pass, than that I should be let out."

He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was there.

"A friend and a dear comrade of you is here, that is, Finn the son of Cuadan son of Murchada, the royal chief of the Fenians of Munster, and the Munster Fenians together with him; we are of one land and one country with you, O Diarmat, and we will give our bodies and our lives for you and for your sake."

"I will not go out to you," said Diarmat, "for I will not cause Vindos/Finn to be displeased with you for doing well to myself." He drew near to another wattled door and asked who was at it.

"It is Finn the son of Glor, the royal chief of the Fenians of Ulster, and the Ulster Fenians along with him; come out to us, and none will dare cut or wound you."

"I will not go out to you," said Diarmat, "for you are a friend to me, and your father also; I would not that he should bear the enmity of Vindos/Finn for my sake."

He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was at it.

"No friend to you is any that is here," said they, "for here are Aed Beg of the Neamuin, Aed Fada of the Neamuin, Caol Croda of the Neamuin, Goineach of the Neamuin, Gothan Gilmeurach of the Neamuin, Aife the daughter of Gothan Gilmeurach of the Neamuin, and Cuadan Lorgaire of the Neamuin, we bear you no love, and if you would come out to us we would wound you till you should be like a stone, without respite."

"Evil the company that is there," said Diarmat, "O you of the lie, and of the informing (lorgaireachta ???), of the one brogue ????? (leatbroide ?) ; and it is not the fear of your hand that is upon me, but from enmity to you I will not go out to you."

He drew near to another wattled door, and asked who was at it.

"Here are Vindos/Finn son of Camulos, son of Aft, son of Trenmor O'Baoiscne, and four hundred hirelings with him; we bear you no love, and if you should come out to us we would cleave your bones asunder."

"I pledge my word," said Diarmat, "that the door at which you are, O Vindos/Finn, is the very door by which I will pass of all the doors."

Thereupon Vindos/Finn charged his battalions on pain of death and instant destruction not to let Diarmat pass them without their knowledge. Diarmat having heard that arose with an airy, high, exceeding light bound, by the shafts of his javelins and by the staves of his spears, and went a great way out beyond Vindos/Finn and beyond his people without their knowledge or perception. He looked back upon them and proclaimed to them that he had passed them. He slung his shield upon the broad arched expanse of his back, and so went straight westwards; he was not long in going out of sight of Vindos/Finn and of the Fenians.

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

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus put Grannia under the border of his mantle. It is to be an invisibility mantle somewhat similar to the tarnkappe of Siegfried among our German friends. Reserved a long time for the field of science fiction, this technique, however, seems from now on in sight, if we can say, under the name of invisibility cloak. It is because a character or an object reflects the light that our eye perceives it. It is therefore enough to do so the light rays are not reflected by the person but circumvent him. This result can be gotten by using metamaterials (former druids having worked out all these myths about gods were only 3000 years ahead).

Aed Beg of the Neamuin. The text has "Eamuin." Is this a copy mistake?

Diarmat arose with an airy, high, exceeding light bound, by the shafts of his javelins and by the staves of his spears. It is therefore here a feat resulting from a long training and not from magic powers of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus.

Then when he saw that they followed him not, Diarmat turned back where he had seen Mabon/Maponos/Oengus and Grannia departing out of the wood, and he followed them by their track, holding a straight course, until he reached the wood of the two willows. He found Mabon/Maponos/Oengus and Grannia there in a warm well-lighted hut, and a great wide-flaming fire kindled before them, with half a wild boar upon spits. Diarmat greeted them, and the very life of Grannia all but fled out through her mouth with joy at meeting him. Diarmat told them his tidings from beginning to end; and they ate their meal that night, then Diarmat and Grannia went to sleep together until the day came with its full light on the morrow. Mabon/Maponos/Oengus arose early, and what he said to Diarmat was:

"I will now depart, O Diarmat, and this counsel I leave you; in flying before Vindos/Finn not to go into a tree having but one trunk; and not to go into a cave of the earth to which there shall be but the one door; and not to go on to an island of the sea with but one means of access ???? . And in whatever place you will cook your meal, there eat it not; and in whatever place you will eat, there sleep not; and in whatever place you will sleep, there rise not on the morrow ?????"

He took leave and farewell of them, and went his way after that. Then Diarmat and Grannia journeyed with the Shannon on their right hand (laim deis ris an Sionainn) westwards until they reached the Torrent of the Fenians, which is now called Leaman. Diarmat killed a salmon on the bank of the Leaman, and put it on a spit to broil. Then he himself and Grannia went over across the stream to eat it, as Mabon/Maponos/Oengus had told them; and they went thence westwards to sleep. Diarmat and Grannia rose early on the morrow, and journeyed straight westwards until they reached the marshy moor of Finnliath, there they met a youth upon the moor, and the feature and form of that youth were good, but he had not fitting arms nor armor. Diarmat greeted that youth, and asked tidings of him. "I am a young warrior seeking a lord," said he, "and Muadan is my name."

"What will you do for me, sonny ?" said Diarmat.

"I will do your service by day, and I will watch you by night," said Muadan.

"I tell you to retain that youth," said Grannia, "for you cannot always remain without followers." Then they agreed on this companionship (Rigneadas snadmanna cuir agus ceangail re ceile), and journeyed forth westwards until they reached the Carrthach; and when they had reached the stream, Muadan asked them to go upon his back so that he might bear them across over the stream. "That were a great burden for you," said Grannia. He then nevertheless took Diarmat and Grannia upon his back and bore them over across the stream. They journeyed forth westwards until they reached the Beith, and when they had reached the stream Muadan did likewise with them, and they went into a cave of the earth ar leat taoib Churraig cinn admuid, os cionn Tuine Toime. Muadan dressed a bed of soft rushes and of birch tops for Diarmat and Grannia in the further part of that cave. He himself went into the next wood to him, and plucked in it a straight long rod (slat) of a quicken tree; he put a hair and a hook upon the rod, and put a holly berry upon the hook, then he went and stood over the stream, and caught a fish that cast. He put on a second berry, and caught a second fish; he put up a third berry, and caught a third fish. He then put the hook and the hair under his girdle, and the rod into the earth, and took his three fish with him to where Diarmat and Grannia were, and put the fish upon spits. When they were broiled Muadan said: "I give the dividing of these fish to you, Diarmat."

"I had rather that you should divide them yourself," said Diarmat.
 "Then," said Muadan, "I give the dividing of these fish to you, O Grannia."
 "It suffices me that you divide them," said Grannia.
 "Now have you divided the fish, O Diarmat," said Muadan, "you would have given the largest share to Grannia; and had it been Grannia that divided them, it is to you she would have given the largest share; but since it is I that am dividing it, have you the largest fish, Diarmat, let Grannia have the second largest fish, and let me have the smallest fish."

Know, O reader, that Diarmat kept himself from Grannia, and that he left a spit of flesh uncooked in the wood of the two huts as a token to Vindos/Finn and to the Fenians that he had not sinned with Grannia, and also know that he left the second time seven salmon uncooked upon the bank of the Leaman, wherefore it was that Vindos/Finn hastened eagerly after him.

They ate their meal that night, and Diarmat and Grannia went to sleep in the further part of the cave, Muadan kept watch and ward for them until the day arose with its full light on the morrow. Diarmat arose early, and made Grannia sit up; then told her to keep watch for Muadan, and that he himself would go to reconnoiter the country. Diarmat went his way, and went upon the top of the nearest hill to him, and he stood gazing upon the four quarters around him; that is, eastward and westwards, southward and northward. He had not been a long time there before he saw a great swift fleet, and a fearful company of ships, coming towards the land straight from the west. And the course that the people of the fleet took in coming to land was to the foot of the hill upon which was Diarmat. Nine times nine of the chieftains of that fleet came ashore, and Diarmat went to ask tidings of them; he greeted them and inquired of them news, of what land or what country they were.

"We are the three royal chiefs of Mara n-locht," said they, "and Vindos/Finn Camulogenos sent for us because of a forest marauder, and a rebellious enemy of his that he has outlawed, who is called Diarmat O'Duibne; to curb him are we now come. We have three savage hounds, and we will loose them upon his track, it will be but a short time before we get tidings of him; fire burns them not, water drowns them not, and weapons do not wound them; we ourselves number twenty hundreds of stout stalwart men, and each man of us is a man commanding a hundred. Now, tell us who you yourself are, or have you any word of the tidings of O'Duibne?"

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

Once again the so frequent topic in our legend of the foreign invasion. The French have Germanic Prussian or German invasions by land way, the Irishmen have the Fomorian or Viking invasions come from north and west by the sea. It should also be said that all this is quite practical for the storytellers lacking in absolute villains. Today in Hollywood they are Nazis and Communists (more rarely is true) who play this part. If they had not existed there would have had to be invented, if not, how many movies or books less.

The estimate of their manpower is, of course, disproportionate, because it makes us a total of 200.000 men for this army. We find there the same exaggerations as in connection with the gigantic anguipedic wyvern creatures called Andernas on the Continent, Fomors in Irish language. Ditto in the Bible (the number of the captive Hebrews in Egypt *) even in the Quran or in the hadiths (the number of angels having helped Muslims at the time of the battle of Badr in 624, the number of fighters on the Byzantine side at the time of the battle of Yarmouk in 636. I was beside the first to make correct, with this in mind, the notice of Wikipedia dealing with it, hence quite a lot of agonizing indecision thereafter, but the main part of my first intervention (the research of probability, my only religion being that of truth) remained.

*The number of Hebrew captives in Egypt was then to bordera few tens. As for the angels having intervened on the side of the Muslims at the time of the battle of Badr it goes without saying the estimate of it that Muslim tradition provides us has only two explanations:

- The promises of Muhammad before or during the battle, his comments after.
- The undeniable fact that there was on this day an important victory for first Muslims, at least from the psychological point of view.

N.B. Since I saw the very bad movie entitled "kingdom of heaven," where it is obvious that Ridley Scott attributes to his hero in a very anachronistic way anti-racist pacifist globalist, etc. ideas...in short an open-mindedness, which could not be those of Balian at the time, and caricatures a little too much the Templar Reynald de Chatillon (if his project to capture Mecca could succeed, the face of the earth had been changed, quickly, and for the better), I wonder how a (realistic and so on) gentleman can succeed without lying to encourage his, sufficiently so that they manage to reverse an apparently without solutions and desperate situation???

It goes without saying nevertheless that to take all these figures and all these miracles literally is only obscurantism as the Irish high druid who was John Toland showed it very well in his "Christianity not mysterious".

"I saw him yesterday," said Diarmat, "I myself am but a warrior who am walking the world and earns his living by the strength of my hand and the temper of my sword but I vow that you will have to deal with no ordinary man if Diarmat meets you."

"Well, no one has been found yet," said they.

"What are you called yourselves?" said Diarmat.

"Black-Foot, White-Foot, and Strong-Foot are our names," said they.

"Is there wine in your ships?" asked Diarmat.

"There is," they said.

"If you were pleased to bring out a tun of wine," said Diarmat, "I would perform a feat for you." Certain men were sent to seek the tun, and when it was come Diarmat raised it between his two arms and drank a draft out of it, and the others drank the rest of it. After that Diarmat lifted the tun and took it to the top of the hill, and he himself mounted upon it, and rolled it down the steep of the hill until it reached the lower part of it, then he rolled the tun up the hill again, and he did that feat three times in the presence of the strangers, and remained himself upon the tun as it both came and went.

They said that he was one that had never seen a good feat, seeing that he called that a feat; and with that one of them got upon the tun. Diarmat gave the tun a kick, and the stranger fell to the ground before ever the tun began to roll; and the tun rolled over that young warrior, so that it caused his bowels and his entrails to come out about his feet. Thereupon Diarmat followed the tun and brought it up again, a second man mounted upon it. When Diarmat saw that, he gave it a kick, and the first man had not been more speedily slain than was the second. Diarmat urged the tun up again, a third man mounted upon it and he therefore was slain like the others. Thus were slain fifty of their people by Diarmat's trick that day, and as many as were not slain of them went to their ships that night. Diarmat went to his own people, Muadan put his hair and his hook upon his rod, and caught three salmons. He stuck the rod into the ground, and the hair under his girdle, and took the fish to Diarmat and Grannia. They ate their meal that night; Muadan dressed a bed under them in the further part of the cave, and he went himself to the door of the cave to keep watch and ward for them until the clear bright day arose on the morrow.

Diarmat arose at early day and beaming dawn on the morrow, he roused Grannia, and told her to watch while Muadan slept. He went himself to the top of the same hill, and he had not been there long before the three chiefs came towards him, and he inquired of them whether they would like to see him performing any more feats. They said that they had rather find tidings of Diarmat O'Duibne. "I have seen a man who saw him to-day," said Diarmat; and thereupon he put from him his weapons and his armor, everything but the shirt that was next his skin, and he stuck his javelin, the Crann Buide of Belin/Belen/Barinthus Lerogenos (Manannan), upright with its point uppermost. Then Diarmat leaped above it with a birdlike bound but while lightly touching it just in a split second before coming down cunningly off it, having neither wound nor cut upon him.

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

Black-Foot. The name of these invaders evokes a little the deformity characteristic of Fomors, namely that they had only one foot.

Wine. It was to come from France at the time, and even more precisely from the area of Bordeaux. Transported in barrels loaded onto merchant ships. Various indications tend to prove that the merchant fleet engaged in this trade with Ireland was to be rather numerous, a true bridge on the sea . From where the image of the flotilla.

The whole cleverness of this feat apparently consists in jumping while lightly touching one moment the point of the spear WITHOUT MAKING ALL HIS WEIGHT RESTING ON IT. In other words, you do not jump really on the point of the lance, you jump behind, but while touching it only a split second.

A young warrior of the people of the foreigners said : "You are one that never have seen a good feat since you would call that a feat"; and with that he put his weapons and his armor from him, and he rose in like manner lightly over the javelin, but descended upon its point full heavily and helplessly, so that the point of the javelin went up through his heart and he fell down dead to the earth. Diarmat drew the javelin out and placed it standing for the second time. A second man of them arose to do the feat, and he too was slain like the other. Likewise, fifty of the people of the foreigners fell by Diarmat's feat on that day; therefore they bade him take away the javelin, saying that he should slay no more of their people with that feat. And they went to their ships.

Diarmat went to Muadan and Grannia, and Muadan brought them the fish of that night, then Diarmat and Grannia slept by each other that night and Muadan kept watch and ward for them until morning. Diarmat rose on the morrow, and took with him to the aforesaid hill two forked poles out of the next wood, and placed them upright; and the Moralltach, that is, the sword of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug, between the two forked poles upon its edge. Then he himself rose exceeding lightly over it, and thrice measured the sword by paces from the hilt to its point, and he came down and asked if there was a man of them who could perform that feat.

"That is a bad question," said a man of them, "for there was never done in Ireland any feat which some one of us would not do." He then rose and went over the sword, but as he was descending from above it happened to him one of his legs slipped down on either side of the sword, so that there was made of him two halves to the crown of his head. Then a second man rose, and as he descended from above he chanced to fall crossways upon the sword, so that there were two portions made of him. In like manner, there had not fallen more of the people of the foreigners from Mara n-locht , on the two days before that, than there fell upon that day. Then they told him to take away his sword, saying that already too many of their people had fallen by him and they asked him whether he had gotten any word of the tidings of Diarmat O'Duibne. "I have seen him that saw him today," said Diarmat, "and I will go to seek tidings tonight."

Diarmat went where were Grannia and Muadan, the latter caught three fish for them that night; so they ate their meal, and Diarmat and Grannia went to sleep in the hinder part of the cave, Muadan kept watch and ward for them.

Diarmat rose at early dawn of the morning, and girded about him his suit of battle and of conflict; under which, through which, or over which, it was not possible to wound him; and he took the Moralltach, that is, the sword of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug, at his left side; which sword left no stroke nor blow unfinished at the first trial. He took likewise his two thick-shafted javelins of battle, that is, the Yellow Javelin and the Red Javelin, from which none recovered, or man or woman, that had ever been wounded by them. After that Diarmat roused Grannia, and bade her keep watch and ward for Muadan, saying that he himself would go to view the four quarters around him. When Grannia beheld Diarmat, brave and daring, clothed in his suit of anger and of battle, fear and great dread seized her, for she knew that it was for a combat and an encounter that he was so equipped and she asked him what he intended to do. "You see me thus for fear lest my foes should meet me." That soothed Grannia, and then Diarmat went in that array to meet the foreigners.

They came to land forthwith, and inquired of him tidings of O'Duibne.

"I saw him not long ago," said Diarmat.

"Then show us where he is," said they, "that we may take his head before Vindos/Finn Camulogenos."

"I should be keeping him but ill," said Diarmat, "if I did as you say; for the body and the life of Diarmat are under the protection of my prowess and of my valor, and therefore I will do him no treachery."

"Is that true?" said they.

"It is true, indeed," said Diarmat.

"Then will you yourself not quit this spot," said they, "and we will take your head before Vindos/Finn, since you are a foe to him."

"I should doubtless be bound," said Diarmat, "should I let my head go with you"; and as he thus spoke, he drew the sword Moralltach from its sheath, and dealt a furious stroke of destruction at the head of him that was next to him, so that he made two halves of it. Then he drew near to the host of the foreigners, and began to slaughter and to attack them heroically and with swift valor. He rushed under them, through them, and over them, as a hawk would go through small birds, or a wolf through a large flock of small sheep; even thus it was that Diarmat hewed crossways the glittering very beautiful mail of his opponents, so that there did not go from that spot a man to tell tidings or to boast of great deeds, without having the grievousness of death and the final end of life executed upon him, except the three chiefs and a small number of their people that fled to their ship.

Diarmat returned having no cut nor wound, and went his way till he reached Muadan and Grannia.

They gave him welcome, and Grannia asked him whether he had received any word of the tidings of Vindos/Finn Camulogenos and of the Fenians of Ireland. He said that he had not, and they ate their food and their meat that night.

Diarmat rose at early day and beaming dawn on the morrow, and did not halt until he had reached the aforesaid hill, having gotten there he struck his shield mightily and soundingly, so that he caused the shore to tremble with the noise around him. Then said the chief foreign Black-Foot that he would himself go to fight with Diarmat, and straightway went ashore. Then he and Diarmat rushed upon one another like wrestlers, making mighty and ferocious efforts, straining their arms and their swollen sinews, as it were two aurochs, or two frenzied bulls, or two raging lions, or two fearless hawks on the edge of a cliff. This is the form and fashion of the hot, sore, fearful strife that took place betwixt them.

They both threw their weapons out of their hands, and ran to encounter each other, then they locked their knotty hands across one another's backs. Each gave the other a violent mighty twist; but Diarmat heaved Black-Foot upon his shoulder, and hurled his body to the earth, then bound him firm and fast upon the spot. Afterwards came White-Foot and Tren-Cosach to combat with him, one after the other; and he bound them with the same binding, and said that he would take their heads from them, were it not that he had rather leave them in those bonds to increase their torments: "For none can loosen you," said he and he left them there weary and in heavy grief.

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

Moralltach. According to Roger Chauvire, a teacher at the National University of Ireland, this name means "the great fierce." "The great wild" according to the electronic dictionary of Irish language.

All that looks a little "battle of Yarmouk 636" seen from the pious Muslim side. How is it possible to be as credulous and as racist (scorning) with respect to his adversaries? All that is incredible and if it is certain that Fenians really historically existed, all this story, on the other hand, is invented. It does not contain nevertheless here and there gems of greatest interest. Whence its resumption here.

Aurochs. We translate so for want of something better, the Gaelic word dam (French daim) the meaning of which is a little vague (ox, stag, champion...).

The Gaelic word used can't have ambiguity, the two adversaries fight like corramail. It is therefore Celtic wrestling.
On the Celtic wrestling, see the lesson devoted to this subject.

As for Diarmat, he went to look for Muadan and for Grannia; and they ate their meal and their meat that night, and Diarmat and Grannia went to sleep, and Muadan kept watch and ward for them until morning.

Diarmat rose and told Grannia that their enemies were near them; he told her the tale of the strangers from beginning to end, how three fifties of their people had fallen three days one after the other by his feats, how fifteen hundred of their host had fallen on the fourth day by the fury of his hand, and how he had bound the three chiefs on the fifth day. "But they have three deadly hounds by a chain to do me evil," said he, "and no weapon can wound them."

"Have you taken their heads from those three chiefs?" said Grannia.

"I have not," said Diarmat, "for I had rather give them long torment than short; for it is not in the power of any warrior nor hero in Ireland to loose the binding with which they are bound, but only four; that is, Ossian the son of Vindos/Finn, Oscar the son of Ossian, Lugaid of the Mighty Hand, and Conan mac Morna but I know that none of those four will loose them. Nevertheless Vindos/Finn will shortly get tidings of them, and that will sting his heart in his bosom; so we must depart out of this cave lest Vindos/Finn and the deadly hounds overtake us."

After this, Diarmat Grannia and Muadan came forth out of the cave, and went their way westwards until they reached the moor of Finnliath. Grannia began to weary then, and Muadan took her upon his back until they reached the great mountain of Luachra. Then Diarmat sat him down on the brink of the stream which wound through the heart of the mountain; and Grannia was washing her hands, and she asked Diarmat for his dagger to cut her nails.

As for the strangers, as many of them as were alive, they came upon the hill where the three chiefs were bound and thought to loose them speedily, but those bonds were such that they only drew the tighter upon them.

They had not been long thus before they saw the woman messenger of Vindos/Finn Camulogenos coming with the speed of a swallow, or weasel, or like a blast of a sharp pure-swift wind, over the top of every high hill and bare mountain towards them; and she inquired of them who it was that had made that great, fearful, destroying slaughter of them.

"Who are you that ask?" said they.

"I am the female messenger of Vindos/Finn Camulogenos," said she; "and Deirdre of the Black Mountain is my name, it is to look for you that Vindos/Finn has sent me."

"Well, then, we know not who he was," said they, "but we will inform you of his appearance; that is, he was a warrior having curling dusky-black hair, and two red-ruddy cheeks, he it is that has made this great slaughter of us; and we are yet more sorely grieved that our three chiefs are bound, and that we cannot loose them; he was likewise three days one after the other fighting with us."

"Which way went that man from you?" said Deirdre.

"He parted from us late last night," said they; "therefore we cannot tell."

"I swear," said Deirdre, "that it was Diarmat O'Duibne himself that was there, do you bring your hounds with you and loose them on his track, or I will send Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland to you."

Then they brought their hounds with them out of their ship, and loosed them upon the track of Diarmat but they left a druid attending upon the three chiefs that were bound. As for them, they followed the hounds upon the track of Diarmat until they reached the door of the cave, and they went into the hinder part of the cave, and found the bed of Diarmat and Grannia there. Afterwards they went their way towards the west till they reached the Carrthach, and thence to the moor of Finnliath, then to the torrent of the Fenians, which is called Leaman now, and to the fair plain of Choncan, and to the vast and high mountain of Luachra.

Howbeit, Diarmat did not perceive them coming after him in that pursuit until he beheld the banners of silk, and the threatening standards, and three mighty warriors in the forefront of the hosts, full fierce, and bold, and dauntless, having their three deadly hounds by three chains in their hands. When Diarmat saw them coming towards him in that manner, he became filled with hatred and great abhorrence of them. And there was a green well-dyed mantle upon him that was in the forefront of the company, and he was out far beyond the others: then Grannia reached the dagger to Diarmat, and Diarmat thrust it upon his thigh, and said: "I suspect you bear the youth of the green mantle no love, Grannia."

"Truly I do not," said Grannia, "I would I never to this day had borne love to any." Diarmat took his dagger and thrust it into its sheath then he went his way after that. Muadan put Grannia upon his back and carried her a mile up the mountain.

It was not long before one of the three deadly hounds was loosed after Diarmat, and Muadan told him to follow Grannia, saying that he would ward off the hound from him. Muadan went back and took a hound's whelp from beneath his girdle, then set him upon his palm. When the whelp saw the hound rushing towards him, having his jaws and throat open, he rose from Muadan's palm and sprang into the gullet of the big hound, so that he reached the heart, he rent it out through his side; and then he sprang back again upon Muadan's palm, leaving the big hound dead after him.

Muadan departed after Diarmat and Grannia, and took up Grannia again, he bore her another mile (two kilometers) up the mountain. Then was loosed the second hound after them, and Diarmat spoke to Muadan, what he said was: "I indeed hear that there can no spells be laid upon magic weapons, nor upon the throat of any beast whatever, will you stand until I put the Red javelin through the body, the chest, and the heart of yonder hound?" Muadan and Grannia stood to see that cast. Diarmat aimed a cast at the hound, and put the javelin through his navel, so that he let out his bowels and his entrails, and having drawn out the javelin he followed his own companions.

They had not been long after that before the third hound was loosed upon them; Grannia spoke, and what she said was: "That is the fiercest of them, and I greatly fear him, keep yourself well against him, O Diarmat." It was not long before the hound reached them, the place where he overtook them was the slab of Dubhan in the mountain of Luachra. He rose with an airy light bound over Diarmat, and would fain have seized Grannia, but Diarmat caught his two hind legs, and struck a blow of his carcass against the nearest rock, so that he let out his brains through the openings of his head and of his ears. Thereupon Diarmat took his arms and his armor, and put his tapering finger (meur barrcaol) into the silken string of the Red Javelin, and aimed a triumphant cast at the youth of the green mantle that was in the forefront of the host, so that he slew him with that cast; he also made a second cast at the second man, and slew him and the third man he slew likewise.

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

When he beheld the banners of silk and their standards... The foreigners who were destroyed in theory little time before therefore always seem so numerous. This story is a fairy tale similar to the two Goliaths in the Bible ((1 Samuel, 17 ; 2 Samuel 21, 19), not a historical report. But nothing prevents us from meditating on it and to see well for example the true love story is between Vindos/Finn and Grannia and not between Diarmat and Grannia. And that our heroine plays there quite a strange part at the beginning (she puts a curse on Diarmat) before ending up in a gentrified missus after being gone through a long period of simple figuration or of literary foil with all the stereotypes that it implies. But let us repeat it once again, the madly in love, and he becomes tragic because of that, it is the old Vindos/Finn and not the young Diarmat. This love story is therefore not that of which it is thought.

Meur barrcaol. Certain Celtic warriors apparently did not use a casting stick or a spear thrower, like those of the Paleolithic hunters, out of wood or bones, which were preserved to us; but a leather strap, fixed at the shaft of the javelin, with a loop where the fingers were put, and which therefore played the part of the thrower of prehistory to increase the range. Moreover, rolled up with one or one and a half turn, around the weapon, it gave him a spinning keeping better the axis of the missile on its trajectory. It was therefore to be a question of a method of casting spear or javelin, comparable with that of the amentum of Roman legionaries. Amentum was a small leather strap in which you put the finger of the middle or even the first two fingers, what was used to cast javelin and doubled its range, as tests proved it well. This technique consequently clearly improved the power as well as the range of the javelin, for a moderate bulk, and through a small preparation before the fight, but which nevertheless required more know-how.

As we have just said it, it seems that you put your fingers between the ends of the strap, and that you thus made the dart spin by a fast movement before casting it. But there is no known work of Antiquity where such a launch is represented, we are therefore reduced to assumptions on the subject.

Then, since it is not usual for defense to be made after the fall of chiefs, when the strangers saw that their chiefs and their lords were fallen, they suffered defeat, and betook themselves to utter flight; Diarmat pursued them, violently scattering them and slaughtering them, so that unless someone fled over the tops of the forests, or under the green earth, or under the water, there did not escape even a messenger nor a man to tell tidings. The gloom of death and of instant destruction was executed upon every one of them except Deirdre of the Black Moutain, that is, the woman messenger of Vindos/Finn Camulogenos, who went wheeling and hovering around whilst Diarmat was making slaughter of the strangers.

As for Vindos/Finn, when he heard the tidings of the foreigners being bound by Diarmat, he loudly summoned the Fenians of Ireland and they went forth by the shortest ways and by the straightest paths until they reached the hill where the three chiefs were bound. That was a torment of heart to Vindos/Finn when he saw them. Then he spoke and what he said was: "Ossian, loose the three chiefs for me."

"I will not," said Ossian, "for Diarmat made me swear not to loose any warrior whom he should bind."
"Oscar, loose them," said Vindos/Finn.

"Nay," said Oscar, "I vow that I would fain put more bonds upon them." Then Lugaid and Conan refused likewise to loose them. Howbeit, they had not been long at this discourse before the three chiefs died of the hard bonds that were on them. Then Vindos/Finn caused to be dug three wide-sodded graves for them; and a tombstone was put over their graves, and their names were written in ogamic runes, their burial ceremony was performed, and weary and heavy in heart was Vindos/Finn after that.

At that very time and hour Vindos/Finn saw coming towards him Deirdre of the Black Moutain, with her legs failing, and her tongue raving, and her eyes dropping out from her head; when Vindos/Finn saw her come towards him in that plight, he asked tidings of her. "I have great and evil tidings to tell you, and I feel to be gan tigearna mé ??? (at a loss ???)"; then she told him the tale from first to last of all the slaughter that Diarmat had made, and how the three deadly hounds had fallen by him. "Hardly have I escaped myself," said she. "Whither went Diarmat O'Duibne?" said Vindos/Finn. "That I know not," said she. Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland departed, and no tidings are told of them until they reached Almu in Leinster.

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

Oghams. Let us point out here that the earliest inscriptions in oghamic runes date back to about the fourth century but James Carney believes its invention is rather dating back to the first century before the common era. Although the use of "classical" ogham in stone inscriptions seems to have flowered in the fifth–sixth centuries around the Irish Sea, from the phonological evidence it is clear that the alphabet in question predates the fifth century. A period of writing on wood or other perishable material previous to the preserved monumental inscriptions needs to be assumed, sufficient for the loss of the phonemes represented by úath (H) and straif (Z), as well as the velar nasal, gétal, all of which are obviously part of the system, but are unattested in inscriptions. It appears that the ogham alphabet was modeled on another script.

With her legs failing, and her tongue raving, and her eyes dropping out from her head. The storyteller makes fun here obviously with the goddess-or-demoness of the war called Cathubodua (what he does not do while speaking to us about Mabon/Maponos/Oengus). What proves this legend which is not a myth although it contains many mythical elements, was written at a time when the old religion was already no longer taken completely seriously. Even was no longer understood. We are there exactly at the same point as in the Welsh mabinogion in which gods and goddesses are only novel heroes or heroines, some characters of pure fiction (at least in the mind of the author), more or less tragic, more or less ridiculous. In any event no sacred text must be taken literally so... and it is necessary to agree to distance oneself about the anthropomorphism to which we are reduced in order to speak about

divinity. That can be done by means of humor. God or Nature equipped us with a brain, we must use it. If not what is the use to have one?

Touching Diarmat and Grannia, a further tale is told. They went their way eastward to the mountain of Luachra, and through the territory of the Ui Conaill Gabra, and thence with their left hand to the Shannon (Iaim cli ris an Sionain) eastward to the wood of the two willows, which is called Luimneach now, and Diarmat killed for them that night a wild deer; they ate and drank their fill of flesh and pure water, and slept till the morn on the morrow. Muadan rose early and spoke to Diarmat, he said that he would now depart. "You should not do so," said Diarmat, "for all that I promised you has been fulfilled without dispute." Muadan did not suffer Diarma to hinder him, and took leave and farewell of them, then he left them on the spot. Gloomy and grieved were Diarmat and Grannia after Muadan.

After that they journeyed on straight northward towards the mountain of Echtghe, and thence to the district of Ui Fiachrach, and as they passed through that district Grannia wearied; but when she considered that she had no man to carry her but Diarmat, seeing that Muadan had departed, she took heart and began to walk by Diarmat's side boldly. When they were come into the forest, Diarmat made a hunting booth in the very midst of the wood, and slew a wild deer that night; so that he and Grannia ate and drank their fill of flesh and pure water. Diarmat rose early and went to Searban the Norwegian (Lochlannach), and made bonds of covenant and compact with him, and got from him license to hunt and to chase provided that he would never meddle with his rowan berries.

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

They went their way eastward, etc. We nevertheless feel a little that Diarmat and Grannia walk round or go a path already traveled but on the other side of the river this time. The Gaelic text is too confused for us. Notice to specialists (what we are not!)

A deer. We translate so the Gaelic words *fiad allta* without too much certainty.

Searban. Name meaning "dark welcome" according to the great French specialist on the subject who was Roger Chauvire. Who inserts at this place the account explaining his presence like that of the magic rowan tree in this forest? For serb the electronic dictionary of Irish language indicates more simply: "disagreeable."

Such a situation resembles furiously that which is mentioned in the Mabinogion of the red book of Hergest (Owain, or, the Lady of the Fountain).

Page 9. "A large sheltered glade with a mound in the center. And you will see a black man of great stature on the top of the mound. He is not smaller than two of the men of this world. He has but one foot; and one eye in the middle of his forehead. He has a club of iron.... he is not a comely man, but on the contrary he is exceedingly ill-favored. He is the warden of that wood. You will see a thousand wild animals grazing around him."

Page 10. "I asked him what power he held over those animals. 'I will show you, little man,' said he.

And he took his club in his hand, and with it he struck a stag a great blow so that he brayed vehemently, and at his braying the animals came together, as numerous as the stars in the sky, so that it was difficult for me to find room in the glade to stand among them. There were serpents, and dragons, and divers sorts of animals. He looked at them, and bade them go and feed; they bowed their heads, and did him homage as vassals to their lord.

Then the black man said to me, 'See you now, little man, what power I hold over these animals...'

This Searban is therefore apparently a kind of god-or-demon of wood or mountains, similar to those known by the names Vosegos or Arduinna on the Continent. And Diarmat must get his assent in order to hunt game from them. In Ireland this creature of the other world is represented as an anguipedic wyvern (named Andernas on the Continent, Fomors in Gaelic language), wearing a gigantic iron belt at his waist.

As for Vindos/Finn and the Fenians, having reached Almu, they were not long there before they saw fifty warriors coming towards them, and two that were tall, heroic, valiant, and that exceeded the others for bulk and beauty in the very front of that company and troop. Vindos/ Finn inquired of the fenians whether they knew them.

"We know them not," they said, "but can you tell who they are, O Vindos/Finn?"

"I cannot," said Vindos/Finn; "but I think they are enemies to me."

That company of warriors came before Vindos/Finn during this discourse, and they greeted him.

Vindos/Finn answered them and asked tidings of them, from what land or region they were. They told him that they were indeed enemies to him, that their fathers had been at the slaying of Camulos the son of Trenmor O'Baoiscne at the battle of Cnucha. They added : " our fathers themselves died for that deed; and it is to ask peace of you we are now come."

"Where were you yourselves when your fathers were slain?" said Vindos/Finn.

"In our mothers' wombs," said they, "and our mothers were two women of the people of the goddess Danu (bia) [Tuathaib Dé Danann], and we think it is time to get our fathers' place and station among the Fenian."

"I will grant you that," said Vindos/Finn, "but you must give me before a compensation for the death of my father."

"We have no gold, nor silver, nor riches, nor various wealth, kine nor cattle-herds, which we might give you, O Vindos/Finn."

"Ask of them no compensation (éiric), O Vindos/Finn," said Ossian, "beyond the fall of their fathers as a compensation for your father."

"Methinks," said Vindos/Finn, "were one to kill me that it would be an easy matter to satisfy you in my compensation, Ossian; and none shall come among the Fenians but he that shall give me a compensation (éiric) for the death of my father."

"What compensation ask you?" said Oengus the son of Art Oc, son of Morna.

"I ask but the head of a warrior, or a fistful of the berries of the rowan tree of Dubros."

"I will give you good counsel, O children of Morna," said Ossian:

"Return to where you were reared, and do not ask for peace of Vindos/Finn as long as you shall live. It is no light matter for you to bring to Vindos/Finn anything he asks of you, for know you what head that is which Vindos/Finn asks you to bring him as a compensation for the death of his father ?"

"We know not," said they.

"The head of Diarmat O'Duibne is the head that Vindos/Finn asks of you, and were you as many in number as twenty hundred men of full strength, he would not let that head go with you, that is, his own head."

"And what rowan berries are they that Vindos/Finn asks of us?" said they.

"Nothing is more difficult for you to get than that," said Ossian, "as I will explain to you now. There arose a dispute between two women of the people of the Goddess Danu (bia) [Tuatha Dé Danann], that is, Aife the daughter of Belin/Belen/Barinthus Lerogenos [= Manannan the son of Lir], and Aine the other daughter of Belin/Belen/Barinthus. Aife had become enamored of the son of Lugaid, that is, sister's son to Vindos/Finn Camulogenos, and Aine had become enamored of the son of Lir of the sidh of Finnachad, so that each woman of them said that her own man was a better hurling player than the other; and the fruit of that dispute was that a great goaling match was arranged between the people of the Goddess Danu (bia) and the Fenians of Ireland, and the place where that goal was played was upon a fair plain by the Linnfiachlach Lake Lein.

"The Fenians of Ireland and the people of the Goddess Danu (bia) came to that tryst, and these are the noblest and proudest of the people of the Goddess Danu (bia) that came there.... a long list of man's names follows of which we leave the study of them to specialists and in which float the following theonyms :

Donn of the island...the five sons of Finn of the sidh of Cairn Cain, Illbreac the son of Belin/Belen/Barinthus, Neamanach the son of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus, Dergos Boduos (Bodb Derg) the son of the Suqellus Dagodevos Gurgunt, Belin/Belen/Barinthus Lerogenos himself, etc.

"We, the Fenians of Ireland, were for the space of three days and three nights playing hurling from the torrent of the Fenians, which is called Leaman, to the Crooked valley of the Fenians, which is called Fleisce now; and neither of us won a goal. Now the whole of the people of Goddess Danu (bia) were all that time without our knowledge on either side of the Lake Lein, and they understood that if we, the Fenians, were united, all the men of Ireland could not win from us. And the counsel which they took was to depart back again and not to play out that goal with us. The provisions that the children of the Goddess Danu (Tuatha Dé Danann) had brought from the Promised land were these: crimson nuts, apples of ? (ubla caitne) and fragrant rowan berries; and as they passed through the district of Ui Fiacrach by the Muaid, one of the rowan berries fell from them, and a rowan tree grew out of that berry. That rowan tree and its berries have many virtues; for no disease or sickness seizes any one that eats three berries of them, they who eat feel the exhilaration of wine and the satisfying of old mead; and were it at the age of a century, he that tasted them would return again to be thirty years old....."

[Editor's note: the teacher at the National University of Ireland that was still Roger Chauvire in 1947 adds here a passage that we nowhere find elsewhere but perhaps have we not sought enough. Also let us add that we do not always understand very well his French but we readily confess not to have had the diplomas attesting of an as great control as him as regards the language of Molière and Voltaire (he was a doctor in French letters)].

"When the Children of the Goddess Danu heard that those virtues belonged to the rowan tree, they sent from them a guard over it, Searban the Norwegian, a youth of their own people, that is, a thick-boned, large-nosed, crooked-tusked, red-eyed, swart-bodied giant of the children of wicked Cam the son of Noah; whom neither weapon wounds, nor fire burns, nor water drowns, so great is his magic (draoideachta). He has but one eye only in the fair middle of his black forehead, and there is a thick belt of iron, round that giant's body. He is fated not to die until there be struck upon him three strokes of the iron club that he has. He sleeps in the top of that rowan tree by night, and he remains at its foot by day to watch it; those, O children of Morna, are the berries which Vindos/Finn asks of you," said Ossian. "Howbeit, it is not easy for you to meddle with them by any means; for that Searban the Norwegian has made a wilderness of the districts around him, so that Vindos/Finn and the Fenians dare not chase or hunt there for the dread of that terrible one."

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

There arose a dispute....on several occasions we referred to the pearls or the gems of pure mythology these tales or these legends, however, largely Christianized, could contain (composed and written down by intellectuals officially and sincerely Christians) and well here is another example: the account which follows is an anecdote concerning people of the great goddess Danu (bia).

The son of Lir of the sidh of Finnachad. The Gaelic text is categorical, it is marked "mac Lir shite Fhionncaid." Let us point out for the record that the sidhs are a little as the cells of the gigantic hive which is the other world of the gods, constantly engaged in intervening in human affairs. Because the gods, it should be said, exist only for men, without human beings it would be no god, men designed the gods in their image. To say that, is almost a tautology. And the god of Abraham of Isaac and of Muhammad does not escape this rule in spite of some tirades going well in the opposite direction here and there, it is true.

Promised land. We translate so one of the many Gaelic designations of the next world of the gods and of the deceased into Gaelic language: *tir tairngire*.

Rowan tree. Latin *Sorbus aucuparia*. Its therapeutic virtues are proved, a piece of evidence for example, the sorbitol for diabetes, but there is undoubtedly here an effect of what we could call "poetic

exaggeration," a literary process that we also find in the Bible the Mahabharata the Quran the life of Buddha the tales from the thousand and one nights, etc.

The fruits of the rowan tree are edible only when they are quite ripe, overripe, and on the condition of being cooked. Sometimes they are used to prepare jams, and also to make , by distillation, an alcoholic drink of kirsch type. They have laxative and diuretic properties.

A youth of their own people. The indication "Norwegian" or "Scandinavian" in the medieval Irish legends is in general attributed to evil creatures. It is either a memory of a time when good and evil were not systematically opposed in a dualistic way (because from an evil can emerge a good, from death emerges life , to see the quotation of Caesar about Dispatet) all the supernatural entities being in fact ambivalent; or an additional piece of evidence the legend was made up at a time when men confused under the same name (Tuatha Dé Danann) two categories of superhuman entities in principle as different as the Aesir and the Vanir of the Germanic mythology: the gigantic anguipedic wyvern called Fomors and the handsome or luminous Tuatha Dé Danann, gods or children of the goddess Danu. At the time when this tale was recorded in a written way, it was already a long time ago that Irishmen, become Christian, had begun to mix both in their mind.

The account therefore shows to us this member of the clan of the goddess-or-demoness, or fairy, Danu (bia) , as resembling the gigantic anguipedic wyverns rather (called Andernas on the Continent, Fomors in Gaelic language).

And yet all the difficulty of true druidism consists in differentiating them without opposing them as stupidly as angels or demons.

Cham son of Noah. This primary Christian racism has nothing Celtic druidic, it is an interpolation due to the Christian underculture of the time.

Aod the son of Andala mac Morna spoke, and what he said was, that he had rather perish in seeking those rowan berries than go back again to his mother's country; and he bade Ossian keep his people until they returned; and should he and his brother fall in that adventure, to restore his people to the Promised land ??????. Then the two good warriors took leave and farewell of Ossian and of the chiefs of the Fenians, and went their way; nor is it told how they fared until they reached the wood of the two willows, which is called Luimneach now, and it is not told how they were entertained that night. They rose early on the morrow, nor halted until they reached the black Wood of the Ui Fiachrach, and as they went towards the forest they found the track of Diarmat and Grannia there; therefore they followed the track to the door of the hunting booth in which were Diarmat and Grannia. Diarmat heard them coming to the booth, and stretched his warrior's hand over his broad weapons, then asked who they were that were at the door. "We are of the Clan Morna," said they.

"Which of the Clan Morna are you?" said Diarmat.

"Aod the son of Andala son of Morna, and Oengus the son of Art Oc son of Morna," said they.

"Wherefore are you come to this forest?" said Diarmat.

"Vindos/Finn Camulogenos has sent us to seek your head if you be Diarmat O'Duibne."

"I am he, indeed," said Diarmat.

"Well, then," said they, "Vindos/Finn will not choose but get your head, or the full of his fist of the berries of the rowan tree of the Black Wood from us as a fine for the death of his father."

"It is no easy matter for you to get either of those things," said Diarmat, "and woe to him that may fall under the power of that man. I also know that he it was that slew your fathers, and surely that should suffice him as recompense from you."

"What berries are those that Vindos/Finn requires," asked Grannia, "that they cannot be got for him?"

"They are special berries," said Diarmat. "The people of the Goddess Danu (bia) left a rowan tree in the district of Ui Fiachrach, and in all berries that grow upon that tree there are many virtues, that is, there is in every berry of them the exhilaration of wine and the satisfying of old mead; and whoever should eat three berries of that tree, had he completed a hundred years he would return to the age of thirty years. But there is a giant, hideous and foul to behold, keeping that rowan tree; every day he is at the foot of it, and every night he sleeps at the top. Moreover, he has made a desert of the district round about him, and he cannot be slain until three terrible strokes be struck upon him with an iron club that he has, and that club is thus; it has a thick ring of iron through its end, and the ring is fixed at

a belt around the giant's body; he has, moreover, forced an agreement with Vindos/Finn and with the Fenians of Ireland not to hunt in that district, but when Vindos/Finn outlawed me and became my enemy, I got of him leave to hunt, provided that I should never meddle with the rowan berries. And now, O children of Morna," said Diarmat, "choose you between combat with me for my head, and going to seek the rowan berries from the giant."

"I swear by the rank of my tribe among the Fenians," said each of the children of Morna, "that I will rather do battle with you."

Thereupon those good warriors, that is, the children of Morna and Diarmat, harnessed their comely bodies in their array of weapons of valor and battle, and the combat that they resolved upon was to fight hand to hand (comrac croib-neartman do deunam)

The outcome of the contest was that Diarmat vanquished and bound them both upon that spot. "You have fought that strife well," said Grannia, "and I vow that even if the children of Morna go not to seek those rowan berries, I will never lie in your bed unless I get a portion of them, although that is no fit thing for a woman to do being pregnant; and I indeed am now heavy and pregnant, and I shall not live if I do not taste those berries."

"Force me not to break peace with Searban the Norwegian," said Diarmat, "for he would not the more readily let me take them."

"Loose these bonds from us," said the children of Morna, "and we will go with you, we will give ourselves for your sake."

"You will not come with me," said Diarmat, "for were you to see one glimpse of the giant, you would more likely to die than live after it."

"Then do us the grace," said they, "to slacken the bonds on us, and to let us go with you privately that we may see your battle with the giant before you hew the heads from our bodies"; and Diarmat did so. Then he went his way to Searban the Scandinavian, and the giant chanced to be asleep before him. Diarmat dealt him a stroke of his foot, so that the giant raised his head and gazed up at Diarmat, and what he said was: "Do you wish to break peace, O'Duibne?"

"It is not that," said Diarmat, "but that Grannia the daughter of Cormac is heavy and pregnant, and she has conceived a craving for those berries which you have, it is to ask the full of a fist of those rowan berries from you that I am now come."

"I swear," said the giant, "were it even that you should have no children except that birth now in her womb, were there but Grannia of the line of descent of Cormac the son of Art, and were I sure that she should perish in bearing that child, that she will taste one rowan of those rowan berries over my dead body."

"I may not deceive you," said Diarmat; "therefore I now tell you it is to seek them by fair means or foul that I am come."

The giant, having heard that, rose up and stood, and put his club over his shoulder, then dealt Diarmat three mighty strokes, so that he worked him some little hurt in spite of the shelter of his shield. But when Diarmat marked the giant off his guard he cast his weapons upon the ground, and made an eager exceeding strong spring upon the giant, so that he was able with his two hands in passing ?? to grasp the club. Then he hove the giant from the earth ????? and hurled him round him, and the iron belt that was about the giant's body and through the end of the iron club stretched ????? and when the club was sufficiently stretched Diarmat struck three mighty strokes upon the giant, so that he dashed his brains out through the openings of his head and of his ears, and left him dead without life ?????. Those two of the Clan Morna were looking at Diarmat as he fought that strife.

When they saw the giant fall they too came forth, and Diarmat sat him down weary and spent after that combat, and bade the children of Morna bury the giant under the brushwood of the forest, so that Grannia might not see him, "and after that go you to seek her also, and bring her." The children of Morna drew the giant forth into the wood, and put him underground, then they went after Grannia and brought her to Diarmat. "There, O Grannia," said Diarmat, "are the rowan berries you did ask for, do you yourself pluck of them whatever pleases you."

"I swear," said Grannia, "that I will not taste a single rowan of them but the rowan that your hand shall pluck, O Diarmat."

Thereupon Diarmat rose and stood, and plucked the rowan berries for Grannia and for the children of Morna, so that they ate their fill of them.

When they were filled Diarmat spoke, and said: "O children of Morna, take as many as you can of these rowan berries, and tell Vindos/Finn that it was you yourselves that slew Searban the Scandinavian."

"We swear," said they, "that we grudge what we shall take to Vindos/Finn of them" and Diarmat plucked them a load of the rowan berries. Then the children of Morna spoke their gratitude and thanks to Diarmat after the gifts they had received from him, and went their way to where Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland were. Now Diarmat and Grannia went into the top of the rowan tree, and laid them in the bed of Searban the Norwegian, and the rowan berries below were but bitter rowan berries compared to the rowan berries that were upon the top of the tree.

The children of Morna reached Vindos/Finn, and the latter asked their news of them from first to last.

"We have slain Searban of Scandinavia," said they, "and have brought the rowan berries of the Black Wood as a fine for your father's death, so perchance we may get peace for them."

Then they gave the rowan berries into the hand of Vindos/Finn, he knew the berries, and put them under his nose, then said to the children of Morna: "It was Diarmat O'Duibne that gathered these rowan berries, for I know the smell of O'Duibne's skin on them, and full sure I am that he it was that slew Searban of Norwegia; I will go to learn whether he is alive at the rowan tree. It shall profit you nothing to have brought the berries to me, and you shall not get your fathers' place among the Fenians until you give me a compensation for my father's death."

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

Black wood. We translate so the Gaelic name Dubros.

I shall not live if I do not taste those berries. If we understand well, Grannia has or pretends to have, a pregnant woman craving. A vast subject on which we will not venture but from which our heroine hardly leaves with increased stature in our humble opinion. It is true that our hero hardly seems to be worried about her. The true love story finally it will be between Vindos/Finn and Grannia, not between Diarmat and Grannia.

And made an eager exceeding strong spring...Let us recognize that in this episode Diarmat looks a little superhero of cartoons or movies because very few normal men are capable of a feat so difficult to understand.

I will not taste a single rowan of them but the rowan that your hand shall pluck. Grannia continues her whims of snooty.

I know the smell of O'Duibne's skin on them. The sense of smell of Vindos/Finn is really extraordinary. It resembles more that of animals than that of a normal man.

After that he caused the seven battalions of the standing Fenians to assemble in one place, then he went his way to the Black Wood of Ui Fiachrach; and followed Diarmat's track to the foot of the rowan tree. He found the rowan berries without any watch upon them, so that they all ate their fill of them. The great heat of the noon day then overtook them, and Vindos/Finn said that he would stay at the foot of the quicken tree till that heat should be past: "For I know that Diarmat is in the top of the tree." "It is a great sign of envy in you, O Vindos/Finn, to suppose that Diarmat would abide in the top of the rowan tree, and he knowing that you are intent on slaying him," said Ossian. After this Vindos/Finn asked for a tablut set to play, and he said to Ossian, "I would play a game with you." They sat down at either side of the chessboard; namely, Ossian Oscar the son of Lugaid and Diorruing the son of Dobar O'Baoiscne on one side, Vindos/Finn upon the other side. Thus they were playing that game of tablut with skill and exceeding cunning, and Vindos/Finn so played the game against Ossian that he had but one move alone to make, therefore he said: "One move there is to win you the game, Ossian, but I am not there to teach you that move."

"It is worse for you that you are yourself," said Grannia, "in the nest of Searban the Scandinavian, in the top of the rowan tree, with the seven battalions of the standing Fenian round about you intent upon your destruction, than that Ossian should lack that move."

Then Diarmat plucked one of the rowan berries, and aimed at the pawn that should be moved; Ossian moved that pawn and thus turned the game against Vindos/Finn. They began to play again and Ossian was again worsted. When Diarmat beheld that, he cast a second berry upon the pawn that should be moved; Ossian moved it and turned the game against Vindos/Finn as before. Vindos/Finn was about to win the game against Ossian the third time, Diarmat struck a third rowan upon the pawn that would give Ossian the game, and the Fenians raised a mighty shout at that game. Vindos/Finn spoke, and what he said was: "I marvel not at you winning that game, Ossian, seeing that Oscar is doing his best for you, that you hast with you the zeal of Diorruing, the skilled knowledge of the son of Lugaid, and the prompting of Diarmat."

"It shows great envy in you, O Vindos/Finn," said Oscar, "to think that Diarmat O'Duibne would stay in the top of this tree with you in wait for him."

"With which of us is the truth, O'Duibne," said Vindos/Finn, "with me or with Oscar?"

"You did never err in your judgment, O Vindos/Finn," said Diarmat, "and I indeed and Grannia are here in the nest of Searban of Norwegia." Then Diarmat caught Grannia, and gave her three kisses in the presence of Vindos/Finn and the Fenians.

"It grieves me more that the seven battalions of the standing Fenian and all the men of Ireland should have witnessed you the night you did take Grannia from Tara, seeing that you were my guard that night, than that these that are here should witness you; but you will give your head for those kisses," said Vindos/Finn.

Thereupon Vindos/Finn arose with the four hundred hirelings that he had on wages and on salary, with intent to kill Diarmat; and he put their hands into each other's bands round about that rowan tree, he warned them on pain of losing their heads, as they would preserve their life, not to let Diarmat pass out by them. Moreover, he promised them that to whatever man of the Fenians of Erin should go up and bring him the head of Diarmat, he would give his arms and his armor, with his father's or his grandfather's rank among the Fenian freely. Garb of the mountain of Cua answered, and what he said was, that it was Diarmat's father, Donn O'Donncuda, who had slain his father; and to requite that he would go to avenge him upon Diarmat, and he went his way up. Now it was shown to Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug, Diarmat's foster father, what a strait Diarmat was in, and he came to succor him without knowledge of the Fenian; and when Garb of the mountain of Cua had gotten up into the top of the rowan tree, Diarmat gave him a stroke of his foot and flung him down into the midst of the Fenians, so that Vindos/Finn's hirelings took off his head, FOR MABON/MAPONOS/OENGUS HAD PUT THE FORM OF DIARMAT UPON HIM. After he was slain his own shape came upon him again, and Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland knew him, they said that it was Garb that was fallen.

Then said Garb of the mountain of Croc that he would go to avenge his father also upon Diarmat, and he went up the tree, and Mabon/Maponos/Oengus ??? gave him a kick, so that he flung him down in the midst of the Fenian with the form of Diarmat upon him, and Vindos/Finn's people took off his head; but Vindos/ Finn said that that was not Diarmat but Garb, for the latter assumed his own form again.

Garb of the mountain of Guaire said that he too would go, that it was Donn O'Donncuda that had slain his father, and that therefore he would go to avenge him upon O'Duibne, then he climbed into the top of the rowan tree. Diarmat gave him also a kick, so that he flung him down, and Mabon/Maponos/Oengus put the form of Diarmat upon him, so that the Fenians slew him too. The nine Garbs of the Fenians were thus slain under a false appearance by the people of Vindos/Finn. As for the latter, after the fall of the nine Garbs, he was full of anguish and of faintheartedness and of grief.

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug then said to Diarmat that he would take Grannia with him. "Take her," said Diarmat, "and if I be alive at evening I will follow you; but if Vindos/Finn kills me, whatever child Grannia may have rear and bring him up well, and send Grannia to her own father to Tara."

Mabon/Maponos/Oengus took leave and farewell of Diarmat, then he flung his magic mantle about Grannia and about himself, and they departed, without knowledge of the Fenians, and no tidings are told of them until they reached the Brug upon the Boinne.

Then Diarmat spoke, and what he said was: "I will go down to you, O Vindos/Finn, and to the Fenians; and I will deal slaughter and discomfiture upon you and upon your people, seeing that I am certain your wish is to allow me no deliverance, but to work my death in some place; moreover, it is not mine to escape from this danger which is before me, I have no friend nor companion in the far regions of the great world under whose safeguard or protection I may go, because full often have I worked the warriors of the world death and desolation for love of you. For there never came upon you battle nor combat, strait nor extremity in my time, but I would adventure myself into it for your sake and for the sake of the Fenians. Moreover I used to do battle before you and after you. I swear O Vindos/Finn, that I shall well avenge myself in advance, and that you will not get me for nothing."

"Therein Diarmat speaks truth," said Oscar, "give him mercy and forgiveness."

"I will not," said Vindos/Finn, "to all eternity; he shall not get peace nor rest forever till he gives me satisfaction for every slight that he has put upon me."

"It is a foul shame and sign of jealousy in you to say that," said Oscar; "and I pledge the word of a true warrior," said he, "that unless the firmament fall down upon me, or the earth open beneath my feet, I shall not suffer you nor the Fenian of Ireland to give him cut nor wound; I take his body and his life under the protection of my bravery and my valor, vowing that I will save him in spite of the men of Erin. And now, Diarmat, come down out of the tree, since Vindos/Finn will not grant you mercy; I take you, pledging my body and my life that no evil shall be done you today."

Then Diarmat rose and stood upon a high bough of the tree, then he rose up with an airy bound, light, bird-like, by the shafts of his spears, so that he got the breadth of his two soles of the grass-green earth, and he passed out far beyond Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland.

After that Oscar and Diarmat proceeded onwards, neither one or other of them being cut nor wounded, and no tidings are told of them until they reached the castle upon the Boinne. Grannia and Mabon/Maponos/Oengus met them with joy and pleasure. Then Diarmat told them his tidings from first to last, and it lacked but little of Grannia's falling into the numb stupor of instant death through the fear and the horror of that story.

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

"One move there is to win you the game." If we understand well, transposed in terms of chess game, Ossian therefore seemed "stalemate." A simple remark. We were only an average + player in what concerns this play.

Now it was shown to Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug, Diarmat's foster father, what a strait Diarmat was in, and he came to succor him. Once again Mabon/Maponos/Oengus appears well here as a guard of young people and of people in love (lovantucarus).

The Brug upon the Boinne. The term brug means domain castle or abode in Gaelic language. It is the alveolus of the divine hive traditionally allocated to Mabon/Maponos/Oengus, at least for the Irishmen who consider it, wrongly besides, tantamount to the monumental mound at Newgrange.

He passed out far beyond Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland. Logically enough Roger Chauvire takes up here a passage of the legend showing us Oscar massacring a large number of the men of Vindos/Finn. Poetic exaggeration, of course, just like the boarding of thousand men aboard the personal ship of Vindos/Finn. This story is a fairy tale mixed with dramatic elements, do not forget it.

It lacked but little of Grannia's falling into the numb stupor of instant death. The least we can say is that Grannia does not have the disposition of a warrior and that she complies completely with the stereotypes concerning the fair sex.

After the departure of Diarmat and of Oscar, Vindos/Finn found nine chieftains and ten hundred warriors in a mangled bloody mass, he sent everyone that was curable where he might be healed, caused to be dug a broad-sodded grave, and put into it every one that was dead. Heavy, weary, and mournful was Vindos/Finn after that time, and he swore and vowed that he would take no rest until he should have avenged upon Diarmat all that he had done to him. Then he told his trusty people to equip his ship, and to put a store of meat and drink into her. Thus did they and, the ship being ready, he himself and a thousand warriors of his people together with him went on board. They weighed her anchors forthwith, and urged the ship forward with exceeding strong rowing, so that they launched her forth the space of nine waves into the blue-streamed ocean, and they caught the wind in the bosom of the sails of the mast, but it is not told how they fared until they took haven and harbor in the north of Scotland.

They made fast the ship to the mooring posts of the harbor, and Vindos/Finn with five of his people went to the castle of the king of Scotland. Vindos/Finn struck the knocker upon the door and the usher asked who was there; it was told him that Vindos/Finn Camulogenos was there. "Let him be admitted," said the king. Vindos/Finn was thereupon admitted, and he himself and his people went before the king. A kindly welcome was given to them by the king, and he caused Vindos/Finn to sit down in his own seat. Thereafter were given to them mead mild and pleasant to drink, and strong fermented liquors, and the king sent to fetch the rest of the people of Vindos/Finn, and he made them welcome in the stronghold. Then Vindos/Finn told the king the cause and matter for which he was come from beginning to end, and that it was to seek counsel and aid against Diarmat O'Duibne that he was then come. "And truly you ought to give me an army, for Diarmat it was that slew your father and your two brothers and many of your chiefs likewise."

"That is true," said the king, "and I will give you my own two sons and a host of a thousand about each man of them." Joyful was Vindos/Finn at the soldiers that the king of Alba had given him, and he with his people took leave and farewell of the king and of his household, and left them good wishes for life and health. The king sent the same with the Fenians. Vindos/Finn and his company went their way, and no tidings are told of them until they reached the Brug upon the Boinne, and he and his people went ashore. After that Vindos/Finn sent messengers to the castle of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug to proclaim battle against Diarmat.

"What shall I do about this, Oscar?" said Diarmat.

"We will both of us give them battle, and destroy them, and rend their flesh, and not suffer a servant to escape alive of them, but we will slay them all," said Oscar.

The next morning Diarmat and Oscar rose, and harnessed their fair bodies in their suits of arms of valor and battle, those two mighty heroes went their way to the place of that combat, and woe to those, either many or few, who might meet those two good warriors when in fury (feirg). Then Diarmat and Oscar bound the rims of their shields together that they might not separate from one another in the fight. After that they proclaimed battle against Vindos/Finn, and then the soldiers of the king of Scotland said that they and their people would go to strive with them first. They came ashore forthwith, and rushed to meet and to encounter them, but Diarmat passed under them, through them, and over them, as a hawk would go through small birds, or a whale through small fish, or a wolf through a large flock of sheep; and such was the dispersion and terror and scattering that those good warriors worked upon the strangers, that not a man to tell tidings or to boast of great deeds escaped of them, but all of them fell by Diarmat and by Oscar before the night came, and they themselves were smooth and free from hurt, having neither cut nor wound. When Vindos/Finn saw that great slaughter, he and his people returned out to sea, and no tidings are told of them until they reached the promised land, where Vindos/Finn's nurse was. Vindos/Finn came to her, and the nurse received him joyfully. Vindos/Finn told the cause of his travel and of his journey to the hag (cailleach) from first to last, and the reason of his strife with Diarmat, and he told her that it was to seek counsel from her that he was then come; also that no strength of a host or of a multitude could conquer Diarmat, if perchance magic alone might not conquer him. "I will go with you," said the hag, "and I will practice magic (draoideacht) against him." Vindos/Finn was joyful there, and he remained with the hag that night and they resolved to depart on the morrow.

Now it is not told how they fared until they reached the castle upon the Boinne, and the hag threw a druidic spell (briocht draoideacht) about Vindos/Finn and the Fenians, so that they became invisible. It was the day before that Oscar and Diarmat had taken leave one of the others and that Diarmat had chanced to be hunting and chasing ????? This was revealed to the hag, and she caused herself to fly by magic (draoideacht) upon the leaf of a water lily, having a hole in the middle of it, in the fashion of the quern-stone of a mill, so that she rose with the blast of the pure-cold wind and came over Diarmat. She began to aim at and strike him through the hole with deadly darts, so that she worked

the hero great hurt in the midst of his weapons and armor, and that he was unable to escape, so greatly was he oppressed; and every evil that had ever come upon him was little compared to that evil. What he thought in his own mind was that unless he might strike the hag through the hole that was in the leaf she would cause his death upon the spot. Diarmat laid him upon his back having the Red Spear in his hand, and made a triumphant cast of exceeding courage with the javelin, so that he reached the hag through the hole, and she fell dead upon the spot. Diarmat beheaded her there and then and took her head with him to Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug.

Diarmat rose early on the morrow, and Mabon/Maponos/Oengus also. He went where Vindos/Finn was, and asked him whether he would make peace with Diarmat. Vindos/Finn said that he would, in whatever way Diarmat would make peace. Then Mabon/Maponos/Oengus went where the king of Ireland was to ask peace for Diarmat, and Cormac said that he would grant him that. Again Angus went where Diarmat and Grannia were, and asked therefore Diarmat whether he would make peace with Cormac and with Vindos/Finn. Diarmat said that he would if he obtained the conditions which he should ask of them. "What are those conditions?" said Mabon/Maponos/Oengus.

"The fief," said Diarmat, "which my father had, that is, the barony of the O'Duibne, Vindos/Finn will not hunt nor chase therein, and it must be free of charges or tribute (can cios ina cain) to the king of Ireland ; also the barony of Benn Damuis, that is, Dubcarn in Leinster as a gift for myself from Vindos/Finn, for it is the best fief in Ireland: and the territory of Ces Corann from the king of Ireland as a dowry with his daughter; those are the conditions upon which I would make peace with them." "Would you make peace on those conditions if you were to get them?" asked Mabon/Maponos/Oengus.

"I could better bear to make peace by getting those conditions," said Diarmat. Then Mabon/Maponos/Oengus went with those tidings to where the king of Ireland and Vindos/Finn were, and he got those conditions from him everyone, they forgave Diarmat all he had done as long as he had been outlawed, namely for the space of sixteen years; and Cormac gave his other daughter for wife and mate to Vindos/Finn, that he might let Diarmat be. So they made peace with each other; and the place that Diarmat and Grannia settled was the place called today Fortress of Grannia in the district of Ces Corann, far from Vindos/Finn and from Cormac. Then Grannia bore Diarmat four sons and one daughter; namely, Donn cad, Eochaid, Connla, Selbsercach, and Druime. He gave the fief of Benn Damuis, that is, Dubcarn in Leinster, to the daughter, and he sent attendants to serve her there. They abode a long time fulfilling the terms of the peace with each other, and people used to say that there was not living at the same time with him a man richer in gold and silver, in kine and cattle herds and sheep, and who made more successful raids, than Diarmat.

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

Usher. We translate by usher the Gaelic word *doirseoir*, old Celtic *dorosarios*, because this member of the staff of a castle was not only a simple doorkeeper or a private responsible for watching a door, it was also an intellectual knowing many things and people since he was to be able to announce to the king who appeared at the door of his castle. In former druidism it was besides a function reserved for a druid.

Strong fermented liquors. Not whiskey anyway!

Promised land. We translate thus the Gaelic formula *tir tairngire*. It is one of the many names of the Celtic-druidic other world in Ireland after Christianization.

Magic. Considering the late date of this story, we translate so the Gaelic word *draoideacht* but it goes without saying that formerly this term meant "druidism » quite simply.

Fief and barony. We translate so the Gaelic words triuca ceud which means thirty hundred literally and designate a troop of 3000 men or a territorial division being able to provide such a draft (a barony).

Dowry. We translate by dowry the Gaelic word spre which by no means designates a real estate in the beginning but a herd or personal property, like those that a woman could have.

But Grannia spoke to Diarmat upon a certain day, and what she said was, that it was a shame for them, seeing the number of their people and the greatness of their household, and that their expenditure was untold, that the two best men in Ireland had never been in their house, that is, Cormac the High-King of Ireland, and Vindos/Finn Camulogenos. "Wherefore say you so, O Grannia," said Diarmat, "when they are enemies to me?"

"I would fain," said Grannia, "give them a feast that so you might win their love."

"I permit that," said Diarmat.

"Then," said Grannia, "send word and messengers to your daughter to bid her to prepare another feast, so that we may take the king of Ireland and Vindos/Finn Camulogenos to her castle; and how do we know but that there she might get a fitting husband?" Thereupon two great feasts were prepared by Grannia and by her daughter for the length of a year, and at the end of that space and season word and messengers were sent for the king of Ireland, and for Vindos/Finn Camulogenos, and for the seven battalions of the standing Fenians, and for the chiefs of Ireland likewise. They were for a year and a day enjoying that feast.

Now on the last day of the year Diarmat was in the castle of Grannia asleep; and he heard the voice of a hound in his sleep in the night, and that caused Diarmat to start out of his sleep, so that Grannia caught him and threw her two arms about him, and asked him what he had seen. "It is the voice of a hound I have heard," said Diarmat, "and I marvel to hear it in the night."

"May you be kept safely," said Grannia, "for it is the people of the Goddess Danu (bia) that are doing that to you to spite Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug, and lay you down on your bed again." Nevertheless no slumber or sleep fell upon Diarmat then, but again the voice of the hound roused him, and he was fain to go to seek him. Grannia caught him and laid him down for the second time, and told him it was not meet for him to go look for a hound because of hearing its voice in the night. Diarmat laid him upon his couch, and a heaviness of slumber and of sweet sleep fell upon him, but the third time the voice of the hound awoke him.

The day came then with its full light, and Diarmat said, "I will go to seek the hound whose voice I have heard, since it is day."

"Well, then," said Grannia, "take with you the Moralltach, that is, the sword of Belin/Belen/Barinthus, and the red javelin."

"I will not," said Diarmat, "but I will take the Begalltach and the yellow spear with me in my hand, and my hound Mac an Cuil (son of the hazel tree) by a chain in my other hand."

Then Diarmat went forth from the fortress of Grannia, and made no halt nor stopping until he reached the summit of the hill of Gulban, and he found Vindos/Finn before him there without anyone with him or in his company. Diarmat gave him no greeting, but asked him whether it was he that was holding that chase. Vindos/Finn said that it was not he, but that a company of the Fenians had risen out after midnight. "And one of our hounds, being loose by our side, came across the track of a wild pig, but they have not hitherto been able to overtake him. Now it is the wild boar of the hill of Gulban that the hound has met, and the Fenians do but foolishly in following him; for oftentimes before now he has escaped them, and thirty warriors of the Fenians were slain by him this morning. He is even now coming up against the mountain towards us, with the Fenians fleeing before him, and let us leave this hill to him." Diarmat said that he would not leave the hill through fear of him.

"It is not meet for you to do thus," said Vindos/Finn, "for you are under taboos (geasa) never to hunt a pig."

"Wherefore were those curses put on me?" said Diarmat.

"That I will tell you," said Vindos/Finn.

"On a certain day I chanced to be in the castle of Almu in Leinster, with the seven battalions of the standing Fenians about me, Bran Beg O'Buidcain came in and asked me whether I did not remember

that it was one of my taboos not to be ten nights one after the other in Almu without being out of it for a single night; now those taboos had not been laid upon any man of the Fenians but upon myself alone.

The Fenians went into the great hall that night, and no man stayed by me but your father and a small number of the poets and learned men of the Fenians, with our hounds. Then I asked of them that were with me where we should go to be entertained that night. Your father, that is, Donn O'Donnacuda, said that he would give me entertainment for that night, 'for if you remember, O Vindos/Finn,' said Donn, 'when I was outlawed and banished by you and from the Fenians, Crocnuit the daughter of Currac of Life became pregnant by me, and bore a beautiful man-child of that heavy pregnancy but Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug took that son from me to foster him. Crocnuit bore another son after that to Roc mac Dicain, and Roc asked me to take that son to foster him, seeing that Mabon/Maponos/Oengus had my son, and he said that he would provide a sufficient meal for nine men at the house of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus every evening. I said that I thought it not fitting to take the commoner's son, and I sent to Mabon/Maponos/Oengus praying him to receive that boy to foster him. Mabon/Maponos/Oengus received the commoner's son, and there was not a time thenceforth that Roc did not send a nine men's meal to the castle of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus for me. Howbeit, I have not seen him for a year, so we will, as many as there are here of us, get entertainment for this night there.'

"Donn and I went our way after that," said Vindos/Finn, "to the house of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug. You were there that night, O Diarmat, and Mabon/Maponos/Oengus showed you great fondness. The son of Roc the steward was your companion, but not greater was the fondness that Mabon/Maponos/Oengus showed you than the fondness that the people of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus showed the son of the steward, and your father suffered great derision for that. It was no long time after that there arose a quarrel between two of my hounds about some broken meat that was thrown them, and the women and the lesser people of the place fled before them, the others rose to separate them.

The son of the steward went between your father's knees, flying before the hounds, but he gave the child a mighty, powerful, strong squeeze of his two knees, so that he slew him upon the spot, and he cast him under the feet of the hounds. The steward came and found his son dead, and he uttered a long very pitiful cry. Then he came before me, and what he said was: 'There is not in this house to-night a man that has got out of this uproar worse than myself, for I had no children but one son only, and he has been slain; how shall I get compensation from you, O Vindos/Finn?'

I told him to examine his son, and if he found the trace of a hound's tooth upon him that I would myself give him a compensation for him. The child was examined, and no trace of a hound's tooth was found on him. Then the steward threatened me with a fearful perilous druidic curse (aidmillte droma draoideachta) in order that I should show him who had slain his son. I asked for a tablutboard (fitcioll) and water to be brought to me, then I washed my hands and put my thumb under my wisdom tooth, so that true and exact divination was shown me, namely, that your father had slain the son of the steward between his two knees. I offered a financial compensation myself when that was shown me, but the steward refused that; so that I was forced to tell him that it was your father that had slain his son. The steward said that there was not in the house a man for whom it was easier to give compensation than your father, for that he himself had a son therein, and that he would not take any compensation whatever except that you should be placed between his two legs and his two knees, and that he would forgive the death of his son if he that if he gave you to him??? Mabon/Maponos/Oengus became angry with the steward at that speech, and your father ought to take off his head until I separated them. Then came the steward again with a druidic magic wand (slat doilbte draoideachta), and struck his son with that wand so that he made of him a cropped gray pig, having neither ears nor tail, and he said: 'the fate (geasaib) which will be yours will be to have the same length of life as Diarmat O'Duibne, and that it be by you that he will fall.' Then the wild boar rose and stood, and rushed out by the open door. When Mabon/Maponos/Oengus heard those spells laid upon you, he conjured you never to hunt a swine; and that wild boar is the wild boar of the hill of Gulban, and it is not meet for you to await him upon this hill."

"I did not know of those curses hitherto," said Diarmat "now will I leave this hill through fear of him before he comes to me, and do you leave me your hound Bran beside mac an Cuil (beside the Son of the Hazel tree)."

"I will not," said Vindos/Finn, "for oftentimes this wild boar has escaped him before." Vindos/Finn went his way after that, and left Diarmat alone and solitary upon the summit of the hill.

"By my word," said Diarmat, "it is to slay me that you have made this hunt, O Vindos/Finn; and if it be here I am fated to die, I have no power now to shun it."

The wild boar then came up the face of the hill with the Fenians after him. Diarmat slipped Mac an Cuill (the son of the hazel tree) from his leash against him, and that profited him nothing, for he did not await the wild boar but fled before him. Diarmat said, "Woe to him that heeds not the counsel of a good wife, for Grannia bade me at early morn today take with me the Moralltach (the sword of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus) and the Red javelin." Then Diarmat put his small white-colored ruddy-nailed finger into the silken string of the yellow javelin , and made a careful cast at the pig, so that he smote him in the fair middle of his face and of his forehead; nevertheless he did not cut a single bristle upon him, nor did he give him wound or scratch.

Diarmat's courage was lessened at that, but thereupon he drew the Begalltach (his second sword) from the sheath in which it was kept, and struck a heavy stroke thereof upon the wild boar's back stoutly and bravely, yet he cut not a single bristle upon him, but made two pieces of his sword. Then the wild boar made a fearless spring upon Diarmat, so that he tripped him and made him fall headlong. When he rose up again, it happened that one of his legs was on either side of the wild boar, and his face looking backward towards the hinder part of the wild boar.

The wild boar fled down the fall of the hill and was unable to put off Diarmat during that space. After that he fled away until he reached the Red Waterfall of Mac Badairn, and having reached the red stream he gave three nimble leaps across the fall hither and thither, yet he could not put off Diarmat during that space and he came back by the same path, until he reached up to the height of the hill again. And when he had reached the top of the mountain, he put Diarmat from his back; and when he was fallen to the earth, the wild boar made an eager exceeding mighty spring upon him, and ripped out his bowels and his entrails so that they fell about his legs. Howbeit, as the boar was leaving the hill, Diarmat made a triumphant cast of the hilt of the sword that chanced to be still in his hand, so that he dashed out the boar's brains and left him dead without life. Therefore fortress of the wonder (Rath na h-Amrann) is the name of the place that is on the top of the mountain from that time to this.

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

Begalltach. As its name indicates it is a little the contrary of the Moralltach, it is the small one

Geasa geasaib. Once again let us repeat it, many dramas of Irish literature are explained only by the preliminary existence of these curses or gessa which complicates much the life of our heroes and which are therefore true auxiliaries of Fate. This episode of the legend is an extraordinary illustration of that: it is a true display of gessa following on the ones with the others and their successive violation explains everything. The geis was the way of explaining the course of events among ancient druids. Judaeo-Islamic-Christians explain everything by the whims of their God, ancient Celts explained the twists of fate by failure to comply with these injunctions or constraining prohibitions. We will reconsider that in our reflection about Celtic mythology (theology). A coincidence in Gaelic language, it is translated in a way by the term "geis."

Magic wand. We translate so the Gaelic formula slat doilbte draoideachta in which, of course, we find our poor druidism relegated to the status of common sorcery in this text by the "journalists" of the time. It would be enough that it becomes again a religion as widespread on Earth as Catholicism so that crosses and aspergillums are in the same way reduced to the state of dangerous fetishes.

Gray. We translate so the Gaelic term glas of which the electronic dictionary of Irish language specifies that it is a word indicating various shades of green and blue, ranging from grass-green to gray, distinguished, on the one hand, from the green (uaine) and on the other from the blue (gorm).

With one of his legs on either side of the wild boar. We cannot help here, of course, but think of the continental goddess-or-demoness, or fairy if this word is preferred, Arduinna, riding the famous wild boar of Ardennes.

It was no long time after that when Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland came up, and the agonies of death and of instant dissolution were then coming upon Diarmat. "It likes me well to see you in that plight, O Diarmat," said Vindos/Finn; "and I grieve that all the women of Ireland are not now gazing upon you: for your excellent beauty is turned to ugliness, and your choice form to deformity."

"Nevertheless it is in your power to heal me, O Vindos/Finn," said Diarmat, "if it were your pleasure to do so."

"How should I heal you?" said Vindos/Finn.

"Easily," said Diarmat; "for when you did get the noble precious gift of divining at the Boinne, it was granted you that to whomsoever you should give a drink from the palms of your hands he should after that be young, fresh, and sound from any sickness he might have at that time."

"You have not deserved of me that I should give you that drink," said Vindos/Finn.

"That is not true," said Diarmat, "well have I deserved it of you; for when you went to the house of Derc the son of Donnartad, and the chiefs and great nobles of Ireland with you, to enjoy a banquet and feast, Cairbre Liffechar son of Cormac son of Art and the men of the plain of Breg, of Mide, of Cerna, and the stout mighty battle pillars of Tara came around the stronghold against you, and uttered three war shouts about you, and threw fire and firebrands into it. Thereupon you did rise and stand, and would fain have gone out; but I bade you stay within enjoying drinking and pleasure, and that I would myself go out to avenge it upon them. Then I went out and quenched the flames, and made three deadly courses about the stronghold, so that I slew fifty at each course, and came in having no cut nor wound after them. You were cheerful, joyous, and of good courage before me that night, O Vindos/Finn," said Diarmat; "and had it been that night that I asked you for a drink, you would have given it to me, and you would not have done so more justly that night than now."

"That is not true," said Vindos/Finn; "you have ill deserved of me that I should give you a drink or do you any good thing; for the night that you went with me to Tara you did bear away Grannia from me in the presence of all the men of Ireland when you were yourself my guard over her in Tara that night."

"The guilt of that was not mine, O Vindos/Finn," said Diarmat, "but Grannia had threatened to put a curse upon me, and I would not have failed to keep my bonds for the gold of the world, therefore nothing, O Vindos/Finn, is true of all that you say, for you would own that I have well deserved of you that you should give me a drink, if you did remember the night that Midach son of Colgan made you the feast of the castle of the Quicken Tree. He had a stronghold upon land, and a stronghold upon wave, and he brought the king of the World and the three kings of Thule Island to the stronghold that he had upon the wave, with intent to take your head from you. The feast was being given in the castle that he had on land, and he sent and bade you and the seven battalions of the standing Fenian to go and enjoy the feast in his castle of the rowan tree. Now you went and certain of the chiefs of the Fenians together with you to enjoy that feast, and Midach caused some of the mold of the island of Thule to be placed under you, so that your feet and your hands cleaved to the ground; and when the king of the World heard that you were thus bound down, he sent a chief of a hundred to seek your head. But you did put your thumb under your tooth of wisdom, and knowledge and enlightenment were shown you. At that very time, I came after you to the castle of the rowan tree, and you did know me as I came, then you did make known to me that the king of the World and the three kings of the island of Thule were in the stronghold of the island upon the Shannon, and that it would not be long before someone would come from them to seek your head and take it to the king of the World. When I heard that, I took the protection of your body and of your life upon me till the dawning of the day on the morrow, and I went to the ford which was by the castle to defend it.

"I had not been long by the ford before there came a chief of a hundred to me of the people of the king of the World, and we fought together; I took his head from him, and made slaughter of his people, then I brought the head even to the stronghold of the island where the king of the World was enjoying drinking and pleasure with the three kings of the island of Thule by him. I took their heads from them, and put them in the hollow of my shield, and brought in my left hand the jeweled golden-chased goblet, full of old mead, pleasant to drink, which was before the king. Then I worked sharply with my sword around me, and came by virtue of my fortune and of my valor to the castle of the rowan tree, and brought those heads with me. I gave you the goblet in token of victory, and rubbed the blood of those three kings on you and on the Fenians, as many of them as were bound, so that I restored to you your power over your hands and the motion of your feet; and had I asked for a drink of you that night, O Vindos/Finn, I would have got it! Many is the strait, moreover, that has overtaken you and the Fenians of Ireland from the first day that I came among you, in which I have periled my body and my life for your sake; and therefore you should not do me this foul treachery. Moreover, many a brave warrior

and valiant hero of great prowess has fallen by you, nor is there an end of them yet and shortly there will come a dire disaster upon the Fenian which will not leave them many descendants. Nor is it for you that I grieve, O Vindos/Finn; but for Ossian, and for Oscar, and for the rest of my faithful, fond comrades. And as for you, Ossian, you will be left to lament after the Fenians, and you will sorely lack me yet, O Vindos/Finn."

Then said Oscar, "O Vindos/Finn, though I am more nearly akin to you than to Diarmat O'Duibne, I will not allow you to withhold the drink from him; and I swear, moreover, that were any other prince in the world to do Diarmat O'Duibne such treachery, there should only escape whichever of us should have the strongest hand, and bring him a drink without delay."

"I know no well whatever upon this mountain," said Vindos/Finn.

"That is not true," said Diarmat; "for but nine paces from you is the best well of pure water in the world."

After that Vindos/Finn went to the well, and raised the full of his two hands of the water; but he had not reached more than halfway to Diarmat when he let the water run down through his hands, and he said he could not bring the water. "I swear," said Diarmat, "that of your own will you did let it from you."

Vindos/Finn went for the water the second time, and he had not come more than the same distance when he let it through his hands, having thought upon Grannia. Then Diarmat heaved a piteous sigh of anguish when he saw that. "I swear upon my arms," said Oscar, "that if you bring not the water speedily, O Vindos/Finn, there shall not leave this hill but either you or I." Vindos/Finn returned to the well the third time because of that speech which Oscar had made to him, and brought the water to Diarmat, and as he came up the soul parted from the body of Diarmat.

Then that company of the Fenian that were present raised three great exceeding loud shouts, wailing for Diarmat, and Oscar looked fiercely and wrathfully upon Vindos/Finn and said, "that it was a greater pity that Diarmat should be dead than it would have been had Vindos/Finn perished, and that the Fenians had lost their mainstay in battle by means of him."

Vindos/Finn then said, "Let us leave this hill, for fear that Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of the Brug and the children of the goddess Danu (bia) [Tuatha De Danann] might catch us; though we have no part in the slaying of Diarmat, he would none the more readily believe."

"I swear," said Oscar, "had I known that it was with intent to kill Diarmat that you made the hunt on the hill of Gulban, that you would never have made it." Then Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland went their way from the hill, Vindos/Finn holding Diarmat's hound, that is Mac an Cuill (the son of the hazel tree), but Ossian, Oscar, and Caletios/Cailte, and the son of Lugaid returned, and threw their four mantles about Diarmat, after that they went their way after Vindos/Finn.

It is not told how they fared until they reached the castle of Grannia. Grannia was before them out upon the ramparts of the stronghold, and she saw Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland coming to her. Then said she, "that if Diarmat were alive it was not by Vindos/Finn that Mac an Cuill would be held coming to this place." Now Grannia was at that time heavy and pregnant, she fell out over the ramparts of the stronghold, and brought forth three dead sons upon the spot. When Ossian saw Grannia in that plight, he sent away Vindos/Finn and the Fenians; and as Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland were leaving the place Grannia lifted up her head and asked Vindos/Finn to leave her Mac an Cuill (the son of the hazel tree). He said that he would not give him to her, and that he ought it not too much that he himself should inherit so much of Diarmat; but when Ossian heard that he took the hound from the hand of Vindos/Finn, gave him to Grannia, and then followed his people.

Then Grannia felt sure of the death of Diarmat, and she uttered a long exceedingly piteous cry, so that it was heard in the distant parts of the stronghold; and her women and the rest of her people came to her, and asked her what had thrown her into that excessive grief. Grannia told them how Diarmat had perished by the wild boar of the hill of Gulban, by means of the hunt that Vindos/Finn Cumulogenos had made. "Truly my very heart is grieved," said Grannia, "that I am not myself able to fight with Vindos/Finn, for were I so I would not have suffered him to leave this place in safety." Having heard of the death of Diarmat, they too uttered three loud, fearful, vehement cries together with Grannia, so that those loud shouts were heard in the clouds of heaven, and in the wastes of the firmament; then Grannia bade the five hundred that she had for a household to go to the hill of Gulban, and to bring her the body of Diarmat.

At that very time and season, it was shown to Mabon/Maponos/Oengus that Diarmat was dead upon Gulban's mountain, for he had had no watch over him the night before, and he proceeded, on the wings of the pure-cold wind, so that he reached the hill of Gulban at the same time with the people of Grannia; and when they recognized Mabon/Maponos/Oengus they held out the hollow inside of their shields in token of peace, and Mabon/Maponos/Oengus knew them. Then when they were met

together upon the mountain of Gulban, they and the people of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus raised three exceeding great terrible cries over the body of Diarmat, so that they were heard in the clouds of heaven, and in the wastes of the firmament of the air, as well as in the provinces of Green Erin likewise.

Then Mabon/Maponos/Oengus spoke, and what he said was: "I have never been for one night, since I took you with me to the Castle of the Boinne, at the age of nine months, that I did not watch you and carefully keep you against your foes, until last night, O Diarmat! and, alas, for the treachery that Vindos/Finn has done you, for all that you were at peace with him."

And he sang the following lay:

Woe (truag) , O Diarmat O'Duibne,
O you of the white teeth, you bright and fair one;
Alas for your own blood upon your spear,
The blood of your body has been shed.

Alas for the deadly flashing (tuirinn) tusk of the boar,
You have been sharply, sorely, violently lopped off;
Through the malicious, baneful, treacherous one.

Numbing venom hath entered his wounds,
At Rath Finn ??? he met his death;
The Boar of the mountain of Gulban with fierceness,
Has laid low Diarmat the bright-faced.

Raise you fairy (sighe ????) shouts without gainsaying,
Let Diarmat of the bright weapons be lifted by you;
To the smooth Brug of the everlasting rocks—
Surely it is we that feel great pity.
Alas !

After that lay Mabon/Maponos/Oengus asked the household of Grannia wherefore they were come to that spot. They said Grannia had sent them for the body of Diarmat to bring it to her to Rath Grainne. Mabon/Maponos/Oengus said that he would not let them take Diarmat's body, but that he would himself bear it to the castle upon the Boinne; "and since I cannot restore him to life I will send a soul into him, so that he may talk to me each day (cuirfead anam ann ar cor go m-biaid ag labairt liom gac la ????????) ." After that Mabon/Maponos/Oengus caused the body to be borne upon a gilded bier, with his javelins over him pointed upwards, and he went to the Castle of the Boinne.

As for Grannia's household, they returned to the castle, and they told how Manon/Maponos/Oengus would not let them bring the body of Diarmat, but that he himself had taken it to the castle upon the Boinne and Grannia said that she had no power over him.

THE END.

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

The soul parted from the body of Diarmat. We translate so the Gaelic word anam because it is clear that in this sentence it is not a question of the life but well of the soul distinguished from the body when man breathes his last.

The end. Here versions differ.

According to some, Grannia died of a broken heart a little time after that. But there are others, much less glorious for Grannia, in which Vindos/Finn appears still also mad about her. Here is one (it is that of our manuscript besides).

Afterwards Grannia sent word and messengers for her children to the district of Corca O'Duibne, where they were being reared and protected; now those children of Diarmat had sons of warriors and of wealthy chieftains serving them, and each son of them owned a fief. Now Donnchad the son of Diarmat O'Duibne was the eldest son of them, and to him the other sons were subject; that is, Eochaid, Connla, Selbsercach, and Ollann the long-bearded, the son of Diarmat and of the daughter of the king of Leinster; Grannia bore greater love and affection to none of her own children than to Ollann. Those messengers thereupon went to the place where those youths were, and they told them the cause of their journey and of their coming from first to last; and as the youths were setting out with the full number of their household and of their gathering, their people of trust asked them what they should do without protection since their lords were now going to encounter war and perilous adventure against Vindos/Finn mac Cumail/Camulos and the Fenians of Ireland. Donnchad the son of Diarmat bade them abide in their own places, and that if they made peace with Vindos/Finn they need fear nothing; and if not, to choose which lord they would have, that is, to ride with Vindos/Finn or to adhere to their own chiefs as they pleased.

And no tidings are told of them until they reached the castle of Grannia, where the latter gave them a gentle welcome, and gave a kiss and a welcome to the son of the daughter of the king of Leinster: then they entered together into the castle of Grannia, and sat along the walls of the throne room according to their rank, and their patrimony, and according to the age of each one of them. There were given them mead mild and pleasant to drink, well-prepared sweet ale, and strong fermented drafts in fair chased drinking horns, so that they became exhilarated and mirthful. And then Grannia spoke with an exceeding loud and clear voice, and what she said was: "dear children, your father has been slain by Vindos/Finn Camulogenos against his bonds and covenants of peace with him; now you are bound to avenge that upon him well; and there is your portion of the inheritance of your father, that is, his arms, and his armor, and his various sharp weapons, and his feats of valor and of bravery likewise. I will myself portion them out among you, and may their getting bring you success in battle. And I myself will have the goblets, and the drinking horns, and the beautiful golden-chased cups, and the kine and the cattle-herds undivided." And she sang this lay as follows:

Arise you, O children of Diarmat,
Go forth and learn ???? feicim ????
May your adventure be prosperous to you;
The tidings of a good man have come to you.

The sword for Donnchad,
The best son that Diarmat had;
And let Eochaid have the red spear;
They lead to every advantage.

Give his armor from me to Ollann,
Safe everybody upon which it may be put;
And his shield to Connla,
To him that keeps the battalions firm.

The goblets and the drinking horns,
The cups and the bowls;
They are treasures for a woman become widowed (buide ????)
I alone shall have them all.

Slay you women and children,
Through hatred to your foes;
Do no guile nor treachery,
Hasten you and depart.

After that lay Grannia bade them depart, and learn carefully martial arts and art of war till they should have reached their full strength. And they were to spend a portion of their time with Vulcan, the smith of hell.

Then those good youths betook them to their journey, and they took farewell of Grannia and of her household, and left them wishes for life and health, Grannia and her people sent the same with them:

and they did not leave a warrior, a hero, nor a woman-warrior (ban-gaisgideac) in the distant regions of the world, with whom they did not spend a portion of their time, learning from them until they become masters ; they were even three years with Vulcan.

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

Ollann the long-bearded, the son of Diarmat and of the daughter of the king of Leinster. Therefore stepfamilies existed already at the time since Diarmat in our text is said to have had a child with another woman. Before his marriage to Grannia or after??? Grannia was apparently not jealous. But is this quite probable? The things always occur better and in a more imposing way in movies (in tales) than in true everyday life. In any case the society described in this paragraph is, of course, a feudal society with law of primogeniture, younger without inheritance, etc., etc. What is not completely impossible since ancient Celtic society was precisely a PRE-FEUDAL society.

Throne room. We translate so the Gaelic term riogbruigne.

Slay you women and children, through hatred to your foes. All this passage, lines of verses included, is rather incredible, above all the last quatrain which is not of a great moral stature. The revenge which consists in directly making a murderer pay for his crime, in his own flesh, is comprehensible; that amounts taking the law into his own hands, but to take it out on innocent persons can in no way be justified, on the other hand. The need to be avenged is basic in mankind as the entitled "Justice and Vengeance pursuing Crime" picture of the Louvre Museum, shows it well. In December 2000, Saudi newspaper Al Riyadh reported that a group of hamadryas baboons has waited in ambush on the roadside for three days in order to stone a motorist, who had previously crushed one of the members of the monkeys group. So the oldest legal texts describe a kind of lex talionis, with the aim of defining an answer proportioned to the wounds caused by the attacker. The Jew lex talionis is indeed a first attempt of the society to restrict this need for revenge often destroying but which can also establish or strengthen a community, united by this common desire.

Accordingly the Jewish lex talionis is therefore well progress.

Revenge is the attack of the first participant against the second one, moved by a former action of the second one, perceived as negative (competition or aggression) by the first one. It can be a question of persons, legal entities, family or ethnic groups, institutions, particularly for the second participant. This behavior is not exclusively human, but it is among human beings that revenge is most frequent.

Revenge is an act of emotional origin (that can be or not due to passion) which man cannot shirk. Justice must be initially repairing and then only corrective then dissuasive but if it does not take into account the cathartic dimension of revenge, it loses much of its effectiveness, because revenge has a cathartic virtue that justice could not ignore without consequence for its ability to bring back civil peace.

All good justice must therefore meet in a way or another the emotion the victims can feel.

Vulcan. An umpteenth example of the demonization, by Christian monks, of the gods of Antiquity, even Greek.

When Vindos/Finn was informed that those children of Diarmat had departed upon that journey, he was filled with hatred and great fear of them; and forthwith called a muster of the seven battalions of the standing Fenians from every quarter where they were, and when they were come to one place Vindos/Finn told them in a loud, clear voice the story of that journey of the children of Diarmat from first to last, and asked what he should do. "For it is with intent to rebel against me," said he, "that they are gone upon that journey."

Ossian spoke, and what he said was: "The guilt of that is no man's but your's, and we will not go to make up for the deed that we have not done. Foul is the treachery that you did show towards Diarmat, though at peace with him, with Cormac also would have given you his other daughter, in order that you might bear Diarmat no enmity nor malice. According as you have planted the oak so bend it yourself." Vindos/Finn was grieved at those words of Ossian; nevertheless he could do nothing against him.

When Vindos/Finn saw that Ossian, and Oscar, and all the Clan Baoiscne had abandoned him, he considered within his own mind that he would be unable to crush that danger if he did not win over Grannia; and he went therefore to her castle without the knowledge of the Fenians of Ireland and without bidding them farewell. He greeted her craftily, and cunningly, and with sweet words. Grannia neither heeded nor hearkened to him, but told him to leave her sight, and straightway assailed him with her keen, sharp-pointed tongue. However, Vindos/Finn left not plying her with sweet words and with gentle loving discourse until he brought her to his own will and he had the desire of his heart and soul of her. After that Vindos/Finn and Grannia went their ways, and no tidings are told of them until they reached the Fenians of Ireland. When the Fenians saw Vindos/Finn and Grannia coming towards them in that manner, they gave one shout of derision and mockery at her, so that Grannia bowed her head through shame. "We think, O Vindos/Finn," said Ossian, "that you will keep Grannia well from henceforth."

As for the children of Diarmat, after having spent seven years in learning all that beseems a warrior, they came out of the far regions of the great world, and it is not told how they fared until they reached the castle of Grannia. When they had heard how Grannia had fled with Vindos/Finn Camulogenos without taking leave of them or of the king of Ireland, they said that they could do nothing. But after that they went to Almu of Leinster to seek Vindos/Finn and the Fenians, and they proclaimed battle against Vindos/Finn. "Rise, O Diorruing, and ask them how many they require," said Vindos/Finn.

Diorruing went and asked them. "We require a hundred men against each of us, or single combat," said they. Vindos/Finn sent a hundred to fight with them, and when they had reached the battle field those youths rushed under them, through them, and over them, and made three heaps of them, namely, a heap of their heads, a heap of their bodies, and a heap of their arms and armor. "Our hosts will not last," said Vindos/Finn, "if a hundred be slain each day. What shall we do concerning those youths, O Grannia?"

"I will go to them," said Grannia, "to try whether I may be able to make peace between you."

"I should be well pleased at that," said Vindos/Finn, "and I would give them and their posterity freedom forever, their father's place among the Fenians, and bonds and securities for the fulfillment thereof to them forever and ever."

Grannia went to meet them, gave them a welcome, and made them those offers. At last Grannia made peace between them, and the bonds and securities were given to them, they got their father's place among the Fenians of Vindos/Finn Camulogenos. After that a banquet and feast was prepared for them, so that they became exhilarated and mirthful. And Vindos/Finn and Grannia stayed by one another until they died.

Thus, then, the Pursuit of Diarmat and Grannia.

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

The version of which we have reported substance is probably a rather late addition to the original story. Nevertheless it is still interesting, because if the character of Grannia is somewhat dented there, that of Vindos/Finn, on the other hand, stands out of it passably increased in stature. His pursuit of the ill-fated Diarmat seems as a result of that, retrospectively, more driven by his desire to win back Grannia, than by the need to avenge his honor.

Finn commits all kinds of base acts to take again the woman of whom he is mad, and finally he succeeds in it.

The jokes of Ossian and of the Fenians about the age and the somewhat faded beauty of Grannia are, on the other hand, a little clumsy.

N.B. The edition of this in a way rather dramatic fairy tale, produced by Standish Hayes O'Grady on behalf of the Society for the preservation of Irish language is more complete.

To refer to it to have more details.

See also as regards the style of the Irish literature in general (volubility prolixity imagination or epithet redundancies due to alliterations, etc.,etc.) the considerations he develops in his introductions and particularly his analysis of the nature, in fact, ambivalent, of Vindos/Finn.

THE BATTLE OF VENTRY.

A narrative of the 15th century taking over older elements. Primarily two manuscripts: one preserved in the Bodleian Library (Rawlinson B. 487) and one in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin (manuscript number 29).

THE BATTLE OF VENTRY HERE BELOW I.E. THE TRAGIC DEATH OF VINDOS/FINN WITH THE FENIANS OF IRELAND AND THE DEATH OF DUIRE DONN THE KING OF THE GREAT WORLD.

Cath Finntragha ann so sios .i. Oighe Finn le fianaihbh Eirionn 7 bas Duiri Duin rig an domhain moir.

A king assumed sovereignty and possession of the whole great world entirely, namely Duire Donn the Brown, the son of Losgenn Lomglunech of the Bare Knees. Now, the hosts gathered and assembled unto this King. There came Vulcan, the king of France, and Margaret, the king of Greece, Fagartach, the king of India..... a long list of titles more whimsical than the next, followsand three kings from the sunrise in the east, namely Dubcertan, the son of Firmas, Muillenn, the son of Firlut, and Cuillenn the son of Faeburglas.

And now, when this weighty host had come where the high-king of the world was, they all fixed upon one plan, namely, to go and to take Green Erinn by fair means or foul. And this was the cause thereof. Once Vindos/Finn the son of Camulos/Cumall had been expelled from Ireland into the great world, and he was in the east for one year doing (military) service with Vulcan the king of France, but the wife and the daughter of the king of the Frenchmen eloped with him, having both bestowed equal love upon him. And therefore those hosts and multitudes assembled to go and take revenge for it on the Irishmen. For those brave ones did not think it honorable nor seemly that contempt and contumely should come upon them by an Irishman.

It was then the king of the world asked: 'Who is there that can be my guide in the harbor stead of Green Erinn?'

'I shall guide you true,' said Glas the son of Dreman. 'For I am myself expelled by Vindos/Finn the son of Camulos/Cumall, therefore I shall guide you about the smooth very broad harbors of Erinn.'

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

Vulcan king of France. There never was a king of France having this name, of course! At least not as far as we know. But the young Frenchmen of our district in Aubervilliers (93), whom we questioned on this subject, were unable to confirm us the thing.

King of the Frenchmen. We translate by the king of the Frenchmen the Gaelic expression Rig Frange considering the date of drafting of the manuscript. According to the theoretical date of the event, Franks would have been more relevant, but the legend having been written down in the 15th century, in the mind of its last writer it was well of Frenchmen in the modern sense of the word. But it does not matter in the same way that Frenchmen of the 20th century were already no longer some Celts (even if the Greeks call still this country Gallia), it will be hardly relevant to continue to call Frenchmen the inhabitants of the hexagon of the 21st century. There will have been a substitution of the population and that because of the deep-rooted natiopathy of its self-proclaimed elites (an old national tradition in a way, since the collaboration of the Aeduan or Burgundian parties with the foreigner or the Roman occupiers). At least let us say that there will be as much difference between an inhabitant of the hexagon of the 21st century and a Frenchman of the 20th century that between a New Yorker of today and an inhabitant of Manhattan in the 14th century (our Indian brothers would have been more advised to band together in order to reject immediately at sea Christopher Columbus and his men, just like the Bretons would have been better advised to immediately reject at sea the Saxons instead of doing like Vortigern but here, they too had their party of foreigners).

.....
.....
Then the two battle soldiers bared their blue, iron-smooth, gold-ornamented swords, and attacked each other vehemently, fiercely, closely, madly, and with great blows, actively, strongly, and powerfully, hardily : the two high kings fought a wonderful combat. For they would strike the hearts and heavy clods out of the sides and out of the ribs of each other, not small was that with which the thunder feats of those two may be compared, as if it was the rough- breezed gust of a winter night's wind which, having separated itself equally, would come from east and west against each other, or as if it was the Red Sea fully and equally divided into two sides, striking against each other, or as if it were two days of judgment of fierce deeds, each fighting vehemently for the possession of the earth against the other.

Then he that was never wont to be wounded before that was greatly weakened in the combat, to wit, the king of the world. For weapons had never been reddened upon him until then. Now, those two soldiers at the heart of the action lifted at the same time their two fearful terrible hands with the blows, and the sword of the king of the world hit the shield of Vindos/Finn, took the upper third out of it, ripped open the hauberk from its girdle downward, and took the breadth of a warrior's hand of flesh and of white skin of his thigh with it to the earth.

But the sword of Vindos/Finn hit the upper angle of the shield of the king of the world, so that it split the shield, and broke his sword, and the same blow struck the left foot of the king, so that it went into the earth through it. Then he gave him a side-stroke, so that he separated the head and the breast from each other. But Vindos/Finn himself felt faint and fell in swoon (taimnellaibh), and a large number of injuries and cuts and mortal wounds were on him.

Then Finnachta Fiaclach, to wit, the chief henchman of the king of the world, seized the tiara (minn) of the king, and ran with it to where Conmael, the son of the king of the world, was, and he put the tiara (minn) of his father on his head.

'May this be to you luck of battle and many triumphs, O son,' said Finnachta. And the weapons of the king of the world were given to him, then he went through the midst of the battle to seek Vindos/Finn. And one hundred and fifty warriors of the Fenians fell by him from that onslaught. Then Goll Garb the Fierce, the son of the king of Scotland, saw him and attacked him, and they fought a combat ; furious, angry, powerful, close, bold, insupportable, courageous, yelling, groanful, sighing, shaft red. Then a blow from the son of the king of Scotland hit that son of the king of the world under the shelter of his shield on his left side, so that it made two equal portions of him.

Finnachta Fiaclach saw that, and again made a rush at the royal tiara (minn) then took it with him to where Ogarmach, the daughter of the king of Greece, was. 'Put on the royal diadem,' said he, 'Ogarmach, as it is the destiny of the world to be got by a woman, and no nobler woman could get it than you.' And the king's cry was raised for her on high.

'How am I the better for it?' said Ogarmach,'as there remain not of the Fenians of Ireland any on which I might avenge the death of the king of the world.'

And she went to seek Vindos/Finn in the battle, Fergus Finnbel saw her and went where Vindos/Finn was. 'O king of the Fenians,' said he, 'remember the good fighting you did against the king of the world just now, and remember your great and many victories before till this, and great is the need that is coming to you now, to wit, Ogarmach the daughter of the king of Greece.'

At that the warrior woman came towards him. 'O Vindos/Finn,' said she,'you are a bad compensation to me for the kings and lords that have fallen by you and by your people, and though that is so,' said she, 'you have no better compensation for it than your own self and what remains of your sons.' 'That is not true,' said Vindos/Finn, 'and I will lay your head in its bed of blood like everyone's else.' Those two encountered each other like two angry lions, or as if there had arisen to smother each other the bank-overflowing white-foaming curled waves of Clidna, and the long-sided steady wave of Tuaege, and the great wave of Rugraide in full foaming. Such like was the cutting and the thrusting which those two inflicted on each other, and that was the progress of the combat, and though the foolish fighting of the warrior woman was long, a blow from Vindos/Finn reached her, and cut through the royal tiara, so that the brollach na lui ridhe ??? withstood the sword. And he gave a second blow and separated her head and the body from each other. And he fell himself in his pool of blood ????? 7 ba marb he asa aithli acht ge dho eirig aris and was dead thereafter, but that he rose again ???????

Now, the hosts of the world and the Fenians of Ireland had fallen side by side there, and none were standing of both armies but the son of Crimthann of the Harbors, to wit, a foster son of Vindos/Finn's, and the chief henchman of the king of the world, to wit, Finnachta Fiaclach. Finnachta Fiaclach went among the slaughter and lifted the body of the king of the world with him to his ship, and said: 'You Fenians of Ireland, though this battle was bad for the hosts of the great world, it was worse for you; for I shall take possession of the great world in the east . . . whereas you have fallen side by side.' Now, Vindos/Finn heard this, as he lay on his deathbed (chosair cro) , and the nobles of the Clan Baiscne round about him, and he said: 'I am sad that I did not find death, before I heard the foreigner saying these words, while going back into the great world alive to tell tidings. And nothing avails any deed or feat or victory that I myself or any of the Fenians of Ireland have accomplished, since a man to tell tidings escapes alive of the foreigners. And is there any man alive near me?' 'I am,' said Fergus Finnbel. '

What is the state or slaughter of the battle now?' said Vindos/Finn.

'Woeful is that, O Vindos/Finn,' said Fergus, 'I pledge my word that since the armies have mixed in the rout today with each other, no foreigner or man of Ireland has taken a step backward before the other, until they have all fallen sole against sole. And I pledge my faith,' said Fergus, 'not visible for the length of sight are the grains of sand or grass on this strand below, owing to the bodies of the heroes and of the battle soldiers lying low there. And again I pledge my word,' said Fergus, 'there is nobody of the armies that is not in that pool of blood except the chief henchman of the king of the world and your own foster son, to wit, Cael the son of Crimthann of the Ports.'

'Rise to seek him, O Fergus,' said Vindos/Finn.

Fergus went where Cael was, and asked him how he was. 'Sad is that, O Fergus,' said Cael. 'I pledge my word that if my hauberk and my helmet were taken off me and all my armor, there would not be a particle of me that would not fall from the other, but I swear, that I am more grieved that yon warrior of the foreigners whom I see should escape alive than that I myself am as I am. And I leave my blessing with you, O Fergus,' said Cael, 'and take me on your back towards the sea, that I may swim after the foreigner, he will not know the truth, that I am not one of his own people, and I would rejoice if the foreigner fell by me before my soul would depart from my body.'

Fergus lifted him and took him with him to the sea, and set him swimming after the foreigner. The foreigner waited for him that he might reach the ship, for he thought that he was of his own people.

Then Cael raised himself as he swam alongside the ship. The foreigner stretched out his hand towards him. Cael grasped it at the slender wrist, and clasped the firm-clenching inseparable fingers round it, and gave a manly truly valiant pull at him, so that he drew him out overboard. Then they locked their elegant heroes' arms across one another's bodies and went together to the sand and gravel of the bottom of the sea, and neither of them was ever seen from that time forth.

Then came the ladies and gentlewomen, the minstrels and troubadours and skilled men of the Fenians of Ireland to search for and to bury the kings and princes of the Fenians, every one of them that was curable was carried where he might be healed. Gelges, the daughter of Mac Lugach, to wit, the wife of Cael, the son of Crimthann of the Ports, came and the truly woeful sobs that she uttered aloud in seeking her fair mate among the slaughter, were heard over the border of all the land. And as she was there, she saw a heron and her two young birds, and the wily beast that is called the fox, a-watching of her birds, and when she covered one of the young birds to save him, he made a rush at the other bird, so that the heron had to stretch itself out between them both, and so that she would rather have found and suffered death by the wild beast, than that her young birds should be killed by him.

And Gelges mused on this greatly, and said: 'I do not wonder that I so love my fair beloved, since the insignificant bird is in that distress about his young birds.' Then she heard a stag on the ridge of Ruiglenn above the harbor, and it was bewailing the hind vehemently from one pass to the other. For they had been nine years together and had dwelt in the wood, that was beside the harbor, to wit, Fid Leis, and the hind had been killed by Vindos/Finn, the stag was nineteen days without tasting grass, or water, mourning her. 'It is no shame for me,' said Gelges, 'to find death from grief for Cael, as the stag is shortening his life for grief of the hind.'

Fergus met her in the midst of the slaughter. 'Have you tidings of Cael for me, O Fergus?' said she.

'I have,' said Fergus, 'for he and the chief henchman of the king of the world, to wit, Finnachta Fiaclach, have drowned each other.'

'Small is the want for me,' said she, 'to bewail Cael and the Clan Baiscne, for the birds and the waves bewail them strongly.' And then she made the following lay:

A few tens of lines follow then developing the same idea but where she announces her intention to commit suicide ?

Then Gelges' soul departed from her body for grief at the loss of Cael, the son of Crimthann. And her grave was dug above Ventry, and a stone was raised over her tomb, and her funeral game was celebrated there.

So this is the Battle of Ventry to here, without addition, without omission. Finit. The end.

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

Thunder feat. We translate so the Gaelic expression *torannchleasa*. It is to be an artful thrust or a technique of fencing.

Red Sea. It is the proof that Hollywood movies on the subject are not exactly new . Let us point out again that this very bad movie (from a historical point of view because as regards the spectacle and the play of actors it is formidable) with Charlton Heston in the part of Moses (the ten commandments), contains very little true history (there was no exodus from Egypt nor with all the more reason crossing of the Red Sea, since the Hebrews were never massively set up in Egypt, see rather the excellent book by Israel Finkelstein, *the Bible unearthed*, on the subject).

Also let us note that slavery did not exist in Egypt, what existed it was the system of the *corvees* (unpaid labor) as it was used in Europe during the Middle Ages, and that the men working at the building of the pyramids were very skilled free workers therefore treated well. This invention is only a racist message of hatred dating from the reign of King Josiah (- 640 -609) intended to politically unite the inhabitants of Jerusalem area against the kingdom of Egypt. It is indeed during his reign that the high priest Hilkiah would have found a mysterious 'Book of the Law' in the House of the Lord (sic). N.B. It is nevertheless annoying that all these religions of love (Judaism Christianity Islam) claiming to reveal us the truth on such fundamental things, have their starting point in so many lies. Because how to believe religions based on so many untruths? How to believe religions piling up untruth on untruth, adding lies or mistakes to other lies or mistake? A good and healthy design of the Divinity can it really coming from that?? Our religion to us being really a religion of the search for the truth, as for it, leaving to the human being more than a great freedom of choice, a total freedom of choice, in his personal quest for the holy grail , it was necessary that thing is said.

Side-stroke. We translate so for want of anything better the Gaelic word *tathbheim*, word designating a blow of the sword which, in the hands of Cuchulainn does nothing but knocking.

Mortal wounds. We translate so the Gaelic word *croslighib*.

* Hence the very pagan notion of different truth levels, and of more or less fast evolution from the one to the other.

The warrior woman . A good example of equality man woman. It is a little pity that it is reserved for obviously devilish forces. At least in the mind of the narrator.

In full foaming. We translate so the Gaelic expression *reacht aigeantach*. If one of our readers has better...

Pool of blood, deathbed. We try to convey in this way the Gaelic word *cro*, which leaves us rather perplexed.

Heron. We translate so the Gaelic expression choir lena.

Beside. We translate so the Gaelic word cois.

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

Choisair cró 7 ba marb he asa aithli acht ge dho eirig aris. Facing such an assertion of our text it suits here to remind what the death of the body is from a scientific point of view.

Death is a progressive entropic process (not a state) : explosion of cells and tissues, liquefaction, rotting with emission of methane and of nauseous odors, flesh which is detached from the bones * which can go through stages which make that you are more and more dead because life is only the whole of the functions which resist death.

In terms of entropy (level of disorganization), it is a question for the organization of locally sustaining a low entropy. However the entropy of a closed system can only be stable or increase according to the principles of thermodynamics. The organism must therefore draw from its environment (from where the need for breathing, etc.). Death happens when the organism can no longer draw and sustain its entropy low.

Biological death results from the permanent disability of an organism to resist the changes imposed by its environment. This definition makes it possible to give also a mirroring definition of what life (in its broadest definition) is, the ability to sustain its fulness in spite of the pressure of the environment (homeostasis) **.

What separates life from death is not a very clear wall but rather a thick fog with a whole range of intermediate states, composed of the various coma stages, from the light coma to the very severe coma, of vegetative states and brain death (= encephalic death).

The state of a person who seems to sleep is called vegetative states. The brain preserved the "basic" functions; the heart continues to beat alone, breathing is spontaneous. In the same way, the other organs such as intestines, kidneys, function in an autonomous way. The brain itself seems to communicate with the rest of the body. The examination of the nervous system of the person shows reflexes which show a certain level of functioning of the brain and of the nerves. As soon as the person is fed (by means of a small pipe in the stomach), as water is brought to her and that she profits from hygiene care and from a safeguarding joints and muscles, she continues to live in this state.

The only problem is the person does not awake. However, she could theoretically but unfortunately generally, she dies because of a complication related to the permanent lying position (infection, embolism, etc.).

The conductor or the host computer of this life or vital resistance facing the dying process is the brain. What the ancient druids considering the importance they granted to heads, and Apollonius of Tyana according to the various cases of resurrection his official biographer Philostratus ascribes to him, had already well understood.

Let us note on this subject that the passage about the appearance to the saint women of Jesus resurrected from the dead, in oldest of the Gospels, that of Mark, is absent from the oldest known manuscripts of the four Gospels.

Such as it appears in the codex vaticanus and in the codex sinaiticus, the text of the Christians stops there indeed with the passage reporting the escape of the women in front of the empty tomb (Mark 16,8).

As regards the druidic religion, there is the death of the individual when the pair formed by the metamorphic union of his mind and of his soul leaves the body to be reincarnated in a better other world. But this is another story (the mind blossoms in it and evaporates in it little by little, followed by the soul itself).

* This entropic process does not always happen, see the case of the non-decaying bodies, of the myroblytes saints, of the sweet-scented corpses, etc.

** But former druids, excellent observers of nature and of natural cycles (spring summer autumn winter), had also well understood since a very long time this process of dying contributes to giving birth to other lives or at least to feed other lives, hence their famous remark to Caesar about Dispatier.

THE BATTLE OF GABHRA.

It seems well that it was a true historical battle. The powers of the Fenians having become a little too exorbitant, the king of the kings of Ireland therefore would have decided to get rid of them. The battle would have taken place in the year 284 somewhere in Ireland and will have all the aspects of a civil war, a part of the Fenians fighting on the side of the high king of Ireland and some Irishmen taking part in the conflict on the side of the Fenians. N.B. It is not certain that Vindos/Finn was killed there. The prose version is recorded in a handwritten text dating from the 15th or 16th century.

Cairbre, the son of Art, the son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, had a fair, mild-eyed, dignified, and modest daughter. Sgeimhsholas, was her name, and Maolsheachlainn O'Faolain, son of the king or lord of the Decies, came to seek her as his wife. When Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland heard of this, they despatched messengers to Cairbre, to remind him to pay the tribute, viz. twenty ounces (or ingots) of gold, or the right of cohabiting with the princess the night previous to her marriage. Cairbre became very indignant upon hearing this message, and declared he would never submit to either of these conditions. Vindos/Finn thereupon sent him word that he should pay either, or that the head of the princess only should satisfy the violation of the privilege. Upon hearing this, Cairbre became exceedingly enraged, and lost no time in despatching heralds to Conall Cionnbagair, king of the province of Ulster; to Criomthan Culbuidhe, king of Leinster; and to Fiacha Muilleathan, king of Munster. They all assembled in one place, and Cairbre explained to them the nature of his difficulty, and the thralldom under which he and his people were held by Vindos/Finn and the Fenians of Ireland, by virtue of certain conditions and regulations as galling as those by which they then were bound by the Scandinavians, being such as they could no longer bear, especially since they were imposed on them by people inferior to themselves; and that there was not a king, prince, lord, or chief, of the line of descent of Conn then in Ireland, who was not oppressed with the slavish yoke of the clan of Cumhall. The kings and nobles of Ireland, thereupon became exceedingly enraged, and came to the conclusion not to endure or tolerate such slavery any longer. They all returned to their own provinces, and having held a council with their people, came to the resolution of expelling the Fenians from Ireland, instead of submitting to them. Cairbre then sent to inform the Fenians that he would never pay them tribute or submit to their exactions or to those of any other individual in Ireland any longer. Vindos/Finn and all the Fenians became exceedingly enraged at this announcement; and Vindos/Finn sent heralds to Cairbre, proclaiming war against him. Cairbre despatched messengers to summon every king and chief in Ireland: they all assembled to the number of fifty battalions. He also collected the men of Connaught, and the brave men of Teabhtha.

Domhnall O'Faolain, king of the Decies, also led a powerful body of men to the contest, and numerous hosts accompanied Fiacha Muilleathan, king of Munster, while those of Ulster with Conall Ceannbagair, and Criomthan Culbuidhe, with one thousand valiant warriors of Leinster also attended. When Fionn and the Fenians of Ireland learned that the forces of Ireland mustered with the view of defeating them, Vindos/Finn sounded the horn called Trumpet of Victory, and the Fenians assembled from all the places where they had been stationed, namely, Vindos/Finn, Ossian, Oscar, Fiacha, Daolchiabh, Curadh Ceadghoineach, Aodh Beag, sons of Vindos/Finn, and the nobility of the Clan Baoisgne, with Diarmat O'Duibhne, Fearcaibh O'Duibhne, Siansan O'Duibhne, Cosgarthach O'Duibhne, Goll the one-eyed son of Morna, Siansan, son of Duanan son of Morna, Eadaoin son of Morna, and Modhcorb son of Morna.

When the seven standing battalions of the Fenians assembled in one place, they sounded their musical horn, the Trumpet of Victory, and all their musical instruments, and then marched forth in properly arranged ranks and dense columns of brave heroes, strong and powerful in their might, to the mountain of Gabhra.

Cairbre too came forward with a force of the warriors of Ireland, consisting of ten and twenty times as many heroes as the Fenians. The two great opposing forces attacked each other, and then was fought the battle of Gabhra, the greatest that was ever fought in Ireland.

Decies. Or Deisi. A tribe of the County Waterford.

The right of cohabiting with the princess the night previous to her marriage. A kind of *droit du seigneur* (*jus primae noctis* in Latin language) if we understand well. Privilege reserved for the king in theory. You can doubt the thing, but what the narrator wants to say it is that the Fenians started to become a little invasive and ought they can do what they liked.

Lochlonnaib are Vikings. It is obviously an anachronism, the Viking invasions will occur only a few centuries later. The sentence is rather clumsy and awkward besides (there is a repetition).

Diarmat O'Duibhne. If I remember correctly, he is supposed to have been killed before by the wild boar of Beinn Gulbain following an unfair maneuver of Vindos/Finn. Yes, it is so, our texts are not very scientific. They come more under the myth than under history. Let us say that it is history but crammed with many non-historical elements . As for the sons of Vindos/Finn apart from Oscar, they are to be children born from his first marriage. On the other hand, the presence on this list of the Morna clan is more surprising, considering the continuation.

And indeed little of the day was spent until the war cries of great heroes, the groans of warriors, the cutting asunder of shields, the cleaving of heads, the augmentation of wounds, the mangling of flesh to atoms, pouring blood being spilled in torrents and flowing in the cavities of the earth, became truly pitiable, innumerable were the exertions of the warriors passing through the field, because of the bodies heaped dead on the plain through the valor of the arm of Oscar.

It was then that Goll the invincible, son of Morna, and Fiacha Muilleathan, king of Munster, marched against each other ; and then ensued a continuous battle, a mortal contention, a detestable unceasing blows, and a deadly-mad struggle: sparks of fire flying from the clashing of their warlike weapons. Goll found opportunity of making a dangerous pass at the king of Munster, at which time he hewed the arm from his shoulder, and by the next stroke cleaved his head in twain.

He and the clans of Morna attacked the people of Munster, and vanquished them, so that not one of them survived the carnage. Ossian, son of Vindos/Finn, and Domhnall O'Faolain, king of the Decies, engaged against each other, and performed a hideous mortal combat. When Fiachra, son of Vindos/Finn , saw Ossian in mortal danger in the combat with Domhnall, he hastened to relieve him. He and Domhnall engaged in a great and hard-contested conflict, until at length Fiachra gave the king of the Decies a fatal stroke on the neck, by which he cut off his head. He then proceeded to attack the hosts of the Decies, and totally dispersed them. Diarmat O'Duibhne, and Criomthan Culbhuidhe, king of Leinster, attacked each other; and that was the strong-nerved and bloody combat, and the detestable dangerous contention to such an extent, that they scattered sparks of fire from their armor, and struck showers of blood from the bodies of one another. With every well-dealt blow Diarmat gave, he cleaved the flesh and bones in large pieces, while he himself continued in the enjoyment of activity, strength, and vigor, without intermission of action, until at length he dealt a full stroke of his keen, hard-tempered sword on the king's head, by which he cleaved his skull, and, by a second stroke, swept his head off his huge body.

At this time Oscar was engaged in hewing and dispersing the Ulaid ; he was mangling them in pieces, furious as the straining of a great ship upon her anchors, with the blast of a mighty gale; like a furious madly raging lion attacking a deer; like a falcon dealing destruction on a flock of smaller birds; or like a route of wolves incited by canine ferocity among a flock of sheep; so that he caused rapid torrents of blood to flow over the plain, while it was painful to listen to the cries of the young men, the groans of the heroes, the shouts of the warriors, and the sound of the strokes. It was difficult for the heroes to pass over the plain in consequence of the impediments opposed to them by the numerous human bodies slain by the powerful hand of Oscar; and gaping groaning mouths, broken legs, cleaved skulls, mangled bodies, rent hearts, disabled hands, and headless trunks were then scattered over it.....

When Ossian, son of Vindos/Finn, saw his father in such imminent danger, he hastened to relieve him: he and Cosgarthach fought very boldly and valiantly, neither evincing the least weakness, fear, or disparagement. At the same time Vindos/Finn and Daolchiabh were mangling the heads and bodies of one another; and that same was the truly wonderful contest, the deadly-armed struggle, the fierce frequent-stroked beating, and the ever-telling breach of death they made on the bodies of one another; for Vindos/Finn was aged and Daolchiabh youthful. At length Vindos/Finn dealt a dangerous blow between the breast and the belly of Daolchiabh, by which he cut him across the middle, his entrails fell to the ground, when he instantly dropped dead on the plain.

Conan Maol thereupon exclaimed, "What shame, Ossian, to have Cosgarthach so long in hands! redouble your blows." Upon the remonstrance of Conan, Ossian grew ashamed, and gave him (his antagonist) a fair blow on the crown, by which he cleaved his skull to the nose. Then he himself was covered with wounds and clotted blood. After the dreadful conflict he did not rest, but marched forward to attack the assembled hosts, to hew down, behead, and mangle them. Cairbre and Cuire Ceadghoineach then met in conflict, and performed a powerful, bloody, accursed, truly valiant, hard-fought combat, without any cessation from full-beating and hard blows, accompanied with vigor and loud report upon the bodies of one another, until Cairbre dealt a full blow on the top of Cuire Ceadghoineach's shoulder by which he severed the arm from his shoulder; he cleaved his head with the next blow; he (Cuire Ceadghoineach) instantly dropped down dead.

.....

At the same time, Oscar was after having dealt complete destruction upon the Ulaid; he then attacked the Connaught-men, while he kept a sharp look out for Cairbre; for he felt convinced that if he laid his eyes upon him the men of Ireland would be unable to rescue him unslain.

The two sons of Cairbre, namely, Conn and Art, met him, and he engaged in a valorous wonderful combat with both. He dealt heavy-pointed venomous strokes upon them, while each of them returned heavy, hot blows. In a short time, however, it was pitiful to hear the roars of the youths caused by the heavy blows of Oscar. At this time the son of the king of the Ulaid, namely, Breacht, son of Brian, was driven to the last extremity by Caletios/Cailte Mac Ronain, and soon after was beheaded. Cairbre, at the same time, was after having slain the six sons of Caletios/Cailte; and numerous were the roars, soothing addresses, sorrowful tears, and cries that thus resounded over the site of that great battle! This was during the time the two sons of Cairbre and Oscar had been engaged. At length Oscar severed off the head of one of them, namely Conn, and soon after cut off the other man's head. He then proceeded to the battlefield in search of Cairbre: he met a brave leader of Cairbre's men, and they immediately engaged one another. It was a piteous sight to see Caletios/Cailte son of Ronan weeping over his six sons. When Cairbre heard his two sons had been slain by Oscar, he hastened to engage him in combat. Cairbre made a cast of his spear at him, which pierced him in the back, under the shoulder, and wounded his heart; he fell down on the spot, but exclaimed : "Oh, it is the spear of Cairbre which pierces my body, by which it has been foretold I should fall!" Ossian sick and heart-scalded came over him, and soon afterwards Vindos/Finn, who shed tears for the fall of Oscar. Vindos/Finn never before shed tears for the loss of any one Fenian. All of the Fenians who survived came over Oscar, and none remained on the battlefield, but all assembled to weep for the loss of Oscar.

The above is an account of the fall of Oscar, since which time the Fenians never fought a single battle.

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

Goll the one-eyed and his Fenians attack the allied of Vindos/Finn if we understand well.

Daolchiabh. Is it the same character as Fiacha Daolchiabh referred to above??? It would be then an inconsistency more, in this account which contains many of them.

Cosgarthach. Same question. In any event this account of the battle is very confused. Perhaps because the battle itself was very confused. As often in this moving and nostalgic literature, the texts are not always very clear. The death of Vindos/Finn is not explicitly mentioned there. An episode of the battle of Ventry (cath Finntraga) shows him to us swooning into a kind of coma, but the sentence in Gaelic language “Choisair cró 7 ba marb he asa aithli acht ge dho eirig aris” is quite difficult to understand. Some people therefore think that following the example of the Breton King Arthur he did not die but is on watch while waiting for the day of his return. In the account entitled Aided Finn, he is killed by a warrior named Aichlech Mac Dubdrenn, in Ath Brea (at the ford of Brea). In other versions he is killed by five men in Garristown.

REMINDER.

Look out, look out please! The following texts are not a complete nor exhaustive synthesis of all the Irish or Welsh legends on the subject. For the simple reason that such a synthesis would be impossible, seeing the countless variants or contradictions which can be discovered in it. Only a synthesis of the broad outlines of these accounts can be envisaged.

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

They have one goal, to give our readers enough preliminary notions or glimpses on the subject to want knowing more.

The following texts therefore do not exempt referring ultimately to original texts themselves.

LAY OF OSSIAN ON THE LAND OF THE YOUNG.

Laoi Oisin ar Tir na nOg.

This splendid poem completely comparable with that of Brian Merriman, humor in less, is perhaps due to the hand of Michael Comyn about 1750. Michael Comyn was a poet living in County Clare during the 18th century (1688-1760) He therefore composed a long poem in Gaelic language about Ossian's journey into the Other World and his return to Ireland; but let us also remember that the first important work in Yeats' career was the Wanderings of Oisín, whose impact may have been badly evaluated. Ossian, as an archetype, or as a traveler from hereafter, can he be part of a contemporary prospect? This poem is one of the most beautiful descriptions of the Celtic heaven, which is quite worth that of Islam with its houris.

Some remarks on this subject, however.

We are not forced to be as lenient or understanding, even obsequious, with St. Patrick of Rome, as Michael Comyn (it is a former top in the catechism who says it).

This heaven is definitely more carnal more physical than the heaven of Christians.

The example even of Niamh shows that the women play there a more active part than that of well-earned rest, allocated to the houris in the Muslim heaven.

It is, of course, a description made for the male human beings of a warlike disposition.

To have the descriptions of the Celtic heaven made for the male human beings of a more reflected and more intellectual disposition, see the mysterious islands in the Ocean described by Plutarch.

It was, of course, to exist descriptions of heaven made for the male human beings, members of the producing of wealth function (farmers craftsmen) but they did not arrive to us considering the devastation performed by Christianization.

Descriptions of the heaven made for the women are in the same case.

Let us note finally that the druids knew well that this heaven they described thus by adapting it to their audience, in order to help their fellow citizens to better live and die, was not a place but a state of being.

N.B. Gaelic is not an easy language. We will therefore separate on certain points from the translation of John O'Daly. But the poetic force of this text written in almost modern Gaelic language, of course, suffered a blow.

THE LAY OF OSSIAN ON THE LAND OF THE YOUNG, As he narrated it to Holy Patrick.

Edition by the Society for the preservation of the Irish language Dublin 1880.

1. Patrick.

O noble Ossian ! O son of the king !
The best in exploit, prowess, and strife,
Narrate to us now without grief
How you did survive after [the end of] the Fenians.

2. Ossian

I shall tell that to you, O new-come Patrick (nuaid) !
Though rather sad seems to me, its mentioning aloud.
After the cruel battle of Gabhra,
In which was slain, alas ! the valiant Oscar.

3. A day of those on which we were all met, we the Fenians;
Generous Vindos/Finn and those who lived of us came,
Though it was only sad and melancholy our story,
After our heroes being slain.

4. We were in chase on a beautiful misty morning,
At the border shores of Lake Lein,
There were fragrant trees most sweet of blossom
In them birds were singing melodiously relentlessly.

5. We aroused the hornless deer (hind),
Which was the best ever seen in spring, course and nimbleness
Our hounds and our hunting dogs were all together
Close after in full chase.

6. It was not long till we saw from the west
A rider coming towards us—
A gentle maiden most fair of countenance,
On a white slender steed most sprightly in nimbleness.

7. We all desisted from the chase
On beholding the form of the queenly woman,
Wonder seized Vindos/Finn and the Fenians
Seeing that they never beheld a woman so fair.

8. There was a royal crown on her head,
And a brown mantle of the precious silk
Studded with stars of red gold,
Covering her shoes down to the grass.

9. There was a ring of gold hanging down
From each yellow curl of her hair like gold ;
Her blue eyes were clear without a cloud,
Like drops of dew on the top of the grass.

10. Her cheek was redder than the rose,
And her complexion was fairer than the swan on the wave,
More sweet yet was the taste of the balsam of her lips
Than honey which would be mixed through red wine.

11. There was a wide, long, smooth garment
Covering the white steed,
A carved saddle of red gold ;
And she had a bridle with a bit of gold in her right hand.

12. There were four shapely shoes under him
Of the yellow gold of most clear brightness,
A wreath of silver at the back of his head,
And there was not in the world a steed which was better.

13. She came to the presence of Vindos/Finn
Spoke with a voice sweet and gentle ,
And she said, " O king of the Fenians,
It is long and distant now my journey."

14. Vindos/Finn.
" Who are you yourself O young queen ?
Most excellent in form, beauty, and countenance,
Narrate to us the cause of your long journey,
Your own name and your country."

15. Niamh.
" Niamh of the golden hair is my name,
Clever Vindos/Finn of the great hosts;

Above the women of the world, I received a calling
I am the fair daughter of the king of the young."

16.Vindos/Finn.

" Narrate to us, O clement queen,
What was the cause of your coming across the sea afar.
Whether is it your companion who went from you,
Or what is the trouble that is upon yourself ?"

17.Niamh.

"It is not my companion who went from me
And as yet I was not betrothed with any man,
O king of the Fenians of highest repute,
But affection and love I gave to your son !"

18.Vindos/Finn.

" Which of my children, O blooming virgin
Is he in whom you gave love, or yet affection,
Conceal not from us now the cause
And narrate to us your case, O woman!"

19.Niamh.

" I shall say that to you, O Vindos/Finn,
Your noble son of the well-tempered arms,
Magnanimous Ossian of the strong hands,
He is the hero, I am now speaking of."

20.Vindos/Finn.

" What is the cause that you gave love,
O fair virgin of the free-flowing hair,
To my own son beyond all,
And in spite of the number of high princes who are under the sun ?"

21.Niamh.

" Not without reason, O king of the Fenians,
I came from afar for him,
But because of an account which I had got of his prowess,
Of the goodness of his person, and of his mind ."

22."It is many a king's son and high prince,
Gave me affection and lasting love,
But I never consented to any man,
Until I gave love to the valiant Ossian !"

23.Ossian.

By that hand on you [?] O Patrick
though it was not shameful to me as a story!
There was not a limb of me which was not in love immediately,
With the lovely virgin of the free-flowing hair.

24. I took her hand in my grasp,
.And said in sweet-voiced speech —
" A true gentle welcome before you
To the country O young queen.

25. 'Tis you who art the brightest and fairest in form,
'Tis you whom I would prefer as a wife,
You are my choice beyond the women of the world,
O gentle star, most fair of countenance."

26. Niamh.

«O generous Ossian, I challenge you,
Obligation (gaesa) which true heroes do not suffer to refuse
To come with myself now on my steed,
Till we reach back to the Land of the young.

27. It is the most pleasant country to be found,
Greatest in repute now under the sun,
There are trees bending with fruit and blossom,
And foliage growing on the tops of the branches.

28. Plentiful in it are honey and wine,
And all things of what eye has beheld,
Decline shall not come on you during your existence
Death or decay you shall not see.

29. You will get unlimited feasts, play and drinking,
You will get sweet music on strings,
You will get silver and gold,
You will also get many jewels.

30. You will get a hundred swords without deceit,
You will get a hundred satin garments of costly silk,
You will get a hundred steeds most active in tumult.
And you will get a hundred with them of keen hounds.

31. You will get the royal coronet of the "king of the young."
Which he never yet gave to anyone under the sun,
It will protect you both night and day,
In battle, in strife, and in rough conflict.

32. You will get a fitting armor of defense,
And a gold-headed sword most active for stroke,
From which never escaped anyone alive,
Who beheld yet the sharp blade.

33. "You will get a hundred suits of mail, and shirts of satin.
You will get a hundred cows; and yet a hundred calves,
You will get a hundred sheep with their fleeces of gold,
You will get a hundred jewels which are not in the world.

34. You will get a hundred maidens merry and young,
Radiant, shining like the sun,
Most excellent in shape, form and visage,
And sweeter of mouth than the music of the birds.

35. You will get a hundred heroes most brave in strife,
Also most active in exercises of agility ;
Armed, equipped, in your presence,
In the Land of the young, if you come with me.

35a. "You will get everything of what I have said to you
And all the delights, also, which I may not mention;
You will get beauty, strength and vigor,
And I myself will be with you as a wife."

36. Ossian.

" Any refusal I shall not give from me.
O charming queen of the ringlets of gold,
You are my choice beyond the women of the world,

And I will go with pleasure to the Land of the Young."

37. On the back of the steed we went both,
In front of me the virgin sat,
She said : " Ossian, let us go slowly
Till we reach the mouth of the great sea."

38. Then the steed went with speed
When we reached to the border of the strand,
He shook himself then for traveling,
And let three neighs out of him aloud.

39. When Vindos/Finn and the Fenians saw
The steed hastily in the journey,
Turning his face on the mighty sea
They let three shouts of weeping and grief.

40. Vindos/Finn.
" Ossian," said Vindos/Finn slowly, weakly,
" Woe it is to me that you are going from me .
I do not have a hope that you will ever again come back,
Back to me in full victory. "

41. Ossian.
His form and his beauty changed,
And showers of tears dropped down,
Till they wet his breast and his bright countenance,
And he said, "My woe are you, Ossian, going from me."

42. O Patrick sorrowful was the story,
Our separating from each other there,
The separation of the father with his own son
'Tis mournful, weak and faint to be telling it.

43. I kissed my father gently and kindly,
And the same mark of affection I received from him,
I bade farewell all to the Fenians
And the tears dropped down my cheeks.

44. 'Tis many a happy day I was Vindos / Finn and myself,
And the Fenians in our company in full power,
Playing tablut (chess) and drinking,
Or hearing music, we the host which was valiant.

45. Hunting in smooth-sloped valleys,
And our hunting dogs of merry mouth with us there,
Another while, however, in rough conflict
Felling heroes full boldly.

45a. O vain Ossian, desist for a while,
From narrating your great bravery of the Fenians,
[Tell us] how you went to the land of the young
And continue for us without deceit your story.

46. Ossian.
We turned our back to the land,
And our face directly due west,
The smooth sea ebbd before us,
And filled in its billows in our track.

47. We saw wonders in our travel,
Cities, courts and castles,
White-limed mansions and fortresses,
Brilliant royal seats and palaces.

48. We also saw by our side
A hornless deer (hind) leaping nimble,
And a red-eared white hunting dog
Barking boldly in the chase.

49. We also beheld without deceit,
A young woman on a brown steed,
An apple of gold in her right hand,
And she a-going on the top of the waves.

50. We also saw in her wake,
A young rider on a white steed,
Under a purple-red cloak of satin
And a gold-headed sword in his right hand.

51. " Who are they, the pair yonder, whom I see,
O gentle queen, tell me the reason,
That woman most beautiful of countenance,
And the sleek rider of the white steed " ?

52. Niamh.
" Heed not what you will see,
O gentle Ossian, nor what you saw yet,
There is not in them all but nothing
Till we reach the land of the King of the young" .

53. Ossian.
We saw from us afar
A sunny palace of polished front,
Its form and appearance were the most beautiful
That were to be found in the world.

54. " What is the royal fortress exceeding fair,
And also the loveliest of what human eye has seen—
Towards which we are proceeding in its meeting
And who is high-king there?"

55. Niamh.
" The daughter of the king of the Land of the living,
Is queen in the fortress,
Whom gigantic anguipedic wyvern (Fomor) called Builleach of Dromloghach took
By violence of arms and maneuvers.

56. " She threatened the warrior with a spell (geasa)
If ever he makes a wife of her
Till she should find a champion or a true hero
Who would stand in strife with him hand to hand."

57. Ossian.
" Take success and blessing, O Niamh of the golden hair
I never heard anything of music better
Than the gentle melodious voice of your sweet mouth,
And great is the sorrow we feel for a woman of her condition.

58. " Let us go now to make her acquaintance to the fortress,

And it may be possible that for us it is in destiny
That mighty hero to fall by me
In feats of activity as was the custom with me."

59. We went then to the fortress,
And came unto us the young queen,
It was equal the radiance to her and to the sun,
And she expressed a hundred welcomes before us,

60. There was raiment of yellow silk
On the queen who was most beautiful in aspect,
Her white skin like the swan on the wave,
And her two cheeks were of the color of the rose.

61. The color of the gold was her hair,
And her clear blue eyes were without a cloud.
Her small mouth of honey was the color of the berries,
And her slender brow of chiseled mold.

62. We sat then down,
Each one of us on a chair of gold,
Was laid down unto us much food,
And drinking horns which were filled with beer.

63. When we had taken our sufficiency of food,
And many of sweet wines for drinking,
Spoke the gentle, young queen,
And thus said she : " Hearken to me a while."

64. She told us the knowledge and cause of her grief,
And the tears dropped down by her cheek,
She said that there was not a return for her to her own country,
Whilst the mighty giant to be living.

65. Ossian.
" Be in your silence, O young queen,
Cease from your grief and be not weeping,
I give to you my hand,
The giant of slaughter he will fall by us."

66. The Queen.
" There is not a hero now to be found
Though bravest in repute under the sun,
Who would give single fight, hand to hand,
To the bold giant of the hard strokes."

67. Ossian.
" I tell you, O kind queen
That it is not fearful in my estimation his coming in my meeting
And if he will not fall from the vigor of my arms,
That I myself shall fall for your protection."

68. It was not long till we saw coming,
The powerful giant who was greatest in hideousness
A tunic (beart) of skins (croicnib) was on him,
And a mace (fearsaid) of iron in his hand.

69. He saluted not and bowed not to us,
But looked in the countenance of the young woman,
Proclaimed battle or mercilessly single fight

And I went myself in his meeting,

70. For the space of three nights and three days
We were in the vigorous contest,
And though powerful was the valiant giant,
I took off his head without delay.

71. When the two young women saw
The great giant lying dead on the ground
They let forth three shouts of exultation
With great boasting and gladness.

72. We went then to the fortress,
I was bruised, weak and faint,
Dropping of blood full freshly
Coming closely out of my wounds.

73. The daughter of the King of the living came
Truly to relieve myself,
She put balm and balsam in my wounds,
And I was hale after that.

74. We consumed our meal pleasantly,
And it was merry for us the time then after it,
There were prepared for us in the fortress
Warm beds of down of the birds.

75. We put the big man
In a grave sod deep, wide and level,
I raised his flag-stone over his monument.
And I wrote his name in an ogham branch.

76. On the morrow on sight of day,
We awoke out of our slumber,
"It is time for us," said the daughter of the king,
To proceed without rest to our own country."

77. We prepared us without stay,
And we took our leave of the virgin,
Sad and sorrowful were we after her,
And it was not less so for the refulgent woman after us.

78. There is not knowledge to me, O mild Patrick !
What happened to the young queen
From the day we both parted with her
Or whether she returned to the Land of the living.

78a. Patrick.
You told not to us, O pleasant Ossian,
What the country was in which you were yourself ;
Show to us now its name
And follow again the course of your story.

78b. Ossian.
The Land of Victories is that country,
And indeed no lie is the name,
If there is glory in Heaven such as was there,
To God, with good will, I would give praise.

79. We turned our back to the fortress,
And our horse under us in full course,
The white steed was swifter
Than the wind of March on the ridge of a mountain.

80. It was not long till the sky darkened,
And till wind rose in every point,
The great sea shone strongly
But there was not a sight of the sun to be found.

81. A while for us, was passed beholding the clouds,
And the stars which were under mist,
The storm abated, and the wind,
And Phoebus shone over our heads.

82. We saw by our side,
A most delightful country in full bloom,
And plains, beautiful, level fine
And a royal fortress which was exceeding fair.

83. There was not a hue which you have seen,
Of fresh blue, of green and white,
Of purple, crimson, and of yellow,
That was not in this royal mansion I am speaking of.

84. There were on the other side of the fortress
Radiant royal seats and palaces ;
Made all of precious stones,
By the hands of sages and clever artists.

85. It was not long till we saw coming unto us,
Proceeding from the fortress in our meeting
Three fifties of champions who were best in activity,
Elegance, fame and highest in repute.

86. Ossian.
"What is the beautiful country yonder,
O meek daughter of the ringlets of gold,
Fairest of aspect of what you have seen
Or whether is it the Land of the young ?"

87. Niamh.
"It is indeed, O generous Ossian,
And I told not to you a lie concerning it
There is not a thing of what I promised to yourself
That is not manifest to you perpetually."

88. Ossian.
There came unto us in their wake after that
A hundred young women most beautiful in comeliness,
Attired in garments of silk filled with gold,
Welcoming before us to their own country.

89. We saw again coming
A multitude of glittering bright hosts
And a noble, powerful, brave king
Most excellent in grace, form, and countenance.

90. There was a yellow shirt of silk of satin,

And a bright golden garment over it
There was a sparkling crown of old,
Brightly glittering on his head.

91. We saw coming after him,
The young queen highest in repute;
And fifty ladies sweet and good
Who were fairest of form in her company.

92. On coming of them all on one spot
Spoke mildly the King of the young,
And said, " This is Ossian son of Vindos/Finn
The gentle spouse of Niamh of the golden hair."

93. He took me then by the hand,
And said aloud for the host,
King —" O brave Ossian ! O son of the King !
A hundred thousand welcomes before you!

94. " This country into which you came,
I shall not conceal its tidings on you, without deceit;
Long and lasting is your life,
And you yourself will be ever young.

95. " There is not a delight on which the heart meditated.
That is not in this country in your presence,
O noble Ossian, believe from me truly,
For I am the king of the Land of the young —

96. "Here is the kind queen,
My own daughter Golden-haired Niamh,
Who went beyond the smooth sea for you to be
As a spouse to her forever."

97. Ossian.
I gave many thanks unto the king,
And I bowed down to the gentle queen,
Nor stayed we there, but proceeded soon
Till we reached the mansion of the King of the young.

98. There came the nobles of the fine City
Both man and woman in our meeting
There was a banquet and feast there continually
During ten nights and ten days.

99. then I was married to Niamh of the golden hair,
O, Patrick from Rome of the white croziers,
That is how I went to the Land of the young
Though sad and sorrowful, it seems to me to treat of.

99a. Patrick.
Continue for us further your tale,
O noble Ossian of the many treasures arms and casualties,
How did you leave the Land of the young
It is your long it seems to me till you disclose the cause.

99b. Tell to us now with great pleasure
Whether there were any children to you by Niamh,
And whether long the time you were in the Land of the young,
Narrate without sorrow to us your story.

100. Ossian.

There were to me by Niamh of the golden hair,
Some children who were excellent in grace and elegance.
Best in form, shape and countenance,
Two young sons and a gentle daughter.

100a. Patrice.

O pleasant Ossian follow your story,
And tell to us where your children are,
Give to us, without delay, their name
And the country in which they are there.

101. Ossian.—

There was with Niamh for them,
In the Land of the Young, of the Living, and of the Victories,
A wreath and crown of the kingly gold
And many other jewels of which I do not make mention,

102. Niamh gave to me two sons,
The name of my father and of my good son
Illustrious Vindos/Finn, head of the hosts,
And Oscar of the treasures and of the red arms.

103. I myself gave to my gentle daughter,
With consent of Niamh of the golden hair,
From virtue of her beauty and her loving countenance,
The sweet name, Plur-na-mban.

104. I spent a period long protracted,
Three hundred years and more
Till I thought that it would be my desire
Vindos/Finn and the Fenians to see alive.

105. I myself asked leave of the king,
And of my gentle spouse, golden-haired Niamh,
To go to Ireland back again,
To see Vindos/Finn and his great host.

106. Niamh.

«You will get leave from me" said the gentle daughter
" Though sad be the story to me you to be to saying it
For fear that you might not be able to come,
To my own country after that, O victorious Ossian."

107. Ossian.

«What is the fear to us, O blooming queen,
The white steed will be under my will,
He will teach the way to me with ease,
And I will return safe back unto yourself."

108. Niamh.

" Remember, Ossian, what I am saying,
If you lay foot on level ground,
That there is not a coming for you again forever,
To this beautiful country in which I am myself.

109. "I say to you again, without deceit,
If you even descend off the white steed,
That you will never more come to the Land of the young
Ossian of the many treasures and of the valiant arms.

110. " I say to you for the third time
If you come off the steed,
That you will be an old man, withered, and blind
Without nimbleness, without merriment, without speed, without lightness.

111. " It is a woe to me, O loving Ossian,
That you want to come back to Green Erin
She is not now as she was,
And you will never see Vindos/Finn of the vast hosts.

112." There is not now in all Erin,
But a father of orders and hosts of saints,
O loving Ossian, here is my kiss
You shall never return to the Land of the young."

113. Ossian.
I looked up in her countenance with pity,
And there dropped from my eyes floods of tears,
O Patrick ! You also would have pitied seeing her
Tearing thus the hair of his golden head.

114. She put me under magical obligations (geasa),
To go and come without touching the land
And said to me by virtue of their own power,
If I should break them, that I would not return safe.

115. I promised to her each thing without a lie,
That I would myself fulfill what she said to me,
And I went on the back of the white steed
Then I bade farewell to the people of the fortress.

116. I kissed my gentle spouse,
Sorrowful was I in parting from her,
My two sons and my young daughter,
Were in sorrow shedding tears,

117. Then I prepared for traveling,
And I turned my back to the Land of the Young,
The steed ran swiftly
As he did before with me and golden-haired Niamh.

118. There is nothing related of our adventures ,
Of everything of what occurred to me,
Until I came again back
To Green Erin of the many jewels.

119. O Patrick, of the monks orders and of the saints
I never told a lie to you yet,
There is to you the cause of my story
And how I left the Land of the young.

120. If I should be myself, O Patrick !
As I was that day itself
I would put your clergy altogether to death,
And a head on a neck there would not be after me.

121. If I got a sufficiency of the bread,
As I used to get every time from Vindos/Finn,
I would pray unto the king of the graces,
You to be dispenser of it (slan or a cionn ????).

121a. Patrick.

You will get bread and drink
Without any fault now from myself,
Melodious to myself is the voice of your mouth,
Follow for us still your story.

122. Ossian.

On coming of myself then to the country
I looked round in every direction,
I ought then truly
That the tidings of Vindos/Finn were not to be found.

123. It was not long for me and it was not distant,
Till I saw from the west coming towards me
A great cavalcade both men and women,
They came to my own presence,

124. They saluted me gently and mildly,
And wonder seized each one of there
On seeing the size of my own person,
My form, my appearance, and my countenance.

125. I inquired myself then of them there
Whether they heard if Vindos/Finn was living?
Or whether lived any other of the Fenians,
Or what it was the calamity which happened to them ?

126. The troop.

We heard tell of Vindos/Finn,
For strength, for activity, and for bravery,
That there was not ever his like there,
In person, in fame, and in mind.

127. "There is many a book written down
By sweet melodious sages of the Gael.
But in truth, we are unable to relate to you ,
On the deeds of Vindos/Finn, and on the Fenians.

128. "We have heard that Vindos/Finn had
A son of brightest beauty and form
That a young woman came for his sake,
And that he went with her to the Land of the young."

129. Ossian.

When I heard myself that discourse
That Vindos/Finn did not live, or any of the Fenians
I was seized with weariness and great sorrow,
And I was full of melancholy after them!

130. I did not stop on my course,
Quick and smart, without any delay,
Till I set my face straightforward
To the renowned broad Almhuin in Leinster.

131. Great was my wonder there,
That I did not see the court of Vindos/Finn of the hosts,
There was not in its place there, truly,
But weeds, chick-weeds, and nettles.

132. Alas, O Patrick ! and alas, my woe !
A miserable journey it was to me
Without tidings of Vindos/Finn or of the Fenians,
Which left me under pain during my life.

133. Patrick.
O noble Ossian I cease now from your grief,
Shed your tears for the God of mercy,
Vindos/Finn and the Fenians are weak enough,
And there is no helping them forever.

134. Ossian.
It were great the pity O Patrick,
That Vindos/Finn for ever to be in pain,
Or what the pursuing party which took victory on him,
Considering the number of hardy heroes that fell by himself.

135. Patrick.
It is God who gained victory on Vindos/Finn,
And not strength of enemies or of valiant hands,
And on the Fenians all like him
In hell condemned to their eternal tormenting.

136. Ossian.
O Patrick! direct me to the place
In which Vindos/Finn is captive and the Fenians,
And there is not a hell or a heaven,
Which would put them under subjection.

137. If it is there that Oscar my own son is,
The hero who was bravest in heavy conflict,
There was not made in hell, or in the Heaven of God,
A host of what size soever that he would not overcome.

138. Patrick.
Let us desist from our controversy on each side,
And follow your story, O valiant Ossian!
"What happened to you afterwards,
After the Fenians were on the ground.

139. Ossian.
I myself shall tell that to you, O Patrick !
After I had left Almhuin of Leinster,
There was not one habitation in which the Fenians had been
That I did not search eagerly without any delay,
140. On my going through the dale of the thrushes (Gleann-an-Smoil),
I saw a great gathering there,
Three hundred men and more
Were before me in the valley.
141. A man of the crowd spoke,
And he said of a voice, aloud :
The man . "Come to our assistance O kingly hero,
And deliver us from the hardship."

142. Ossian.
I came then in their presence immediately,
There was a large flag of marble with the host
The weight of the flag was down upon them,
They were unable to put it off them upwards.

143. The portion of them which was under the flag below,
They were being oppressed weakly,
With the weight of the great load,
Many of them lost their senses.

144. The man.
A man of the stewards spoke,
And said : " O kingly young champion,
Forthwith relieve my companions,
Or a man of them will not be alive " !

145. Ossian.
It is shameful the deed now to say,
Considering the number of men which is there,
It was not possible for the strength of the host
This flag to lift full vigorously ?

146. If Oscar son of Ossian could live,
He would catch on this flag in his right hand,
He would put it in a cast over the host,
Not a lie is becoming for me now to say.

147. I lay on my right side,
And I hold the flag in my hand.
By the strength and by the activity of my arms
I put it seven perches (peirse) from its place!

148. Through the pressure of the very large flag,
The girth of gold of the white steed broke,
And I came down full fastly
Bonn mo da cos air an m-ban
On the sole of my two feet on the lea ??.

149. No sooner came I down
Than the white steed took fright
He went then to depart
And I disabled, weakly and faint.

150. I lost the sight of my eyes,
My form, my countenance, and my brightness,
I was an old man, poor and blind,
Without vigor, without memory, without regard.

151. O Patrick, there is to you my story,
As happened to me without deceit,
My going and my detailed journeying,
Then my coming back from the Land of the young.

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

Hunting dogs. We translate so the Gaelic word gadan. Between the "coin" and the "gadain" it was undoubtedly to exist some differences in specializations. On the techniques of fox or deer hunting see Arrian.

Rider. We translate the Gaelic word marcac by riders quite simply but it is in the beginning a warrior on horseback.

Journey. We translate so the Gaelic word sceoil.

Obligation. We translate so the Gaelic word geasa which so frequently appears in these stories as an auxiliary of fate.

Builleach of Dromloghac. It is in theory a personification of negative forces (Fomor in Ireland, Andernas on the Continent). What is really astonishing with Comyn indeed is to see at which point he continues the Celtic tradition of Ireland as regards the descriptions of heaven (the word appears besides thrice written in full in the body of the poem in the form flaiteas, a Celtic word which means originally "sovereignty" besides) ; in spite of the rather late date of his poem. The only possible explanation. He had access to now disappeared sources. Comyn seems to have fed himself before its drafting of an abundant documentation on the subject or then of still extant oral traditions in his time.

Ogham branch. We translate so the Gaelic compound word ogam-craob. Perhaps a kind of stele out of wooden.

Plur-na-mban. This name means "flower of women" in Gaelic language. Plur is a name which comes from Old French.

Eirinn glais. Green Erin. The green color is often associated with Ireland. It is true that it is a qualifier which fits very well to this beautiful and proud country. What Niamh wants to say it is that Ireland at this time is no longer the country that Ossian knew during his childhood. The country of his childhood has in a way disappeared, it was replaced by another one and its people has also disappeared, replaced by another in which he has no longer his place, his whole place. The country of his childhood is a forever sunk continent, sunk under denigration spittle and disavowal or systematic denial ; and this from the own incompetence of its elites become natiopaths. He will be as exiled or foreigner in his own country, the country of his ancestor since generations and generations nevertheless, because everything will have changed in it (new religion, new language, etc.) without it is happier for as much.

We translate the Irish word ban by land but this word indicates more precisely what rightly characterizes Green Erin: meadows pastures or meadows.

There is no helping them forever. If it is an allusion to the eternity of hell, let us point out for your information that according to Lucan's scholiasts the druids did not believe in it! It is true that they did not claim to be a religion of love but a religion of truth as well as of common sense.

Eternal tormenting of hell....where are you in all that forgiving and merciful God???

Seven perches : roughly 45 meters.

O Patrick, there is to you my story. It goes without saying just like in the case of the four Gospels it is by no means a faithful and genuine relation of the memories of Ossian but a carefully composed literary work. Michel Comyn has

- either studied much all these ancient legends of his country
- or was fed or rocked by them during his childhood.

In enough surprising way one of the best comments of this poem by Comyn describing this state of being, that is designated under the name of heaven, is due to the hand of a French by the name Guy VINCENT.

Before giving him the floor (he is rather severe with respect to the character of this poem called Ossian) let us point out that there also existed descriptions of heaven which were not intended for human beings of a warlike disposition but for the human beings of a more intellectual disposition (let us say less men of action) of which there are traces in the accounts by Plutarch about mysterious islands in the Ocean, which do a little think of the pure lands of the Buddha called Amitabha (buddhakshetra) we find at the other end of the Indo-European world.

We can also suppose without too much temerity it was well to exist descriptions of heaven adapted to an audience more especially composed of members of the wealth-producing function (farmers, craftsmen, etc.).

Even some accounts intended for a more female audience, of course.

All differing in detail but in agreement on the main thing.

The final mishap of Ossian shows well nevertheless that this heaven is a state of being and not a place since Ossian, does not become a poor wretch old man immediately after being returned to Ireland, only after having dismounted (involuntarily besides) after a while.

As long as he does not have touched the ground, his body remains in the glorious and heavenly splendor which was his in the Land of Youth (Old Celtic *lovanu*). Decrepitude affects him only after he dismounted . His magic horse no longer being used for him then as a protective shield between him and the earth.

EXEGESIS.

Who is Ossian? It is a hero whose name spelled Oisín, Uisneen, or Ucheen, can refer to a deity of the Indo-European Pantheon. Zimmer, at the end of 19th, proposed to bring it closer to the name of the divine Hindu twins, Asvins. Was this an etymological assumption or comparative comments? One does not know too much, because science had not progressed enough in these fields at the time.

What we can affirm nowadays, on the other hand, it is that Asvins are god-or-demons of the third function, that which is rather turned towards farming, wealth, fruitfulness; that which is fuller and more confused compared to the two others, which are more definite (legal-religious and warlike).

First of all, the relationship with Ossian seems weak, but in the case of his journey towards the sid, some features could tally: Niamh, as the daughter of the sun, accompanies him; their magic horse splits the sea; according to their progression, the universe lights up, becomes covered with wealth and happiness; lastly, the final fall of Ossian is not without reminding of the Greek legend, another misadventure of the same topic, that of the Dioscuri, where one of the two twins is mortal.

Remain, however, the major difficulty, it is that Ossian is alone, and that the Asvins are two. That compels to imagine a process in which the myth was lost, where the god-or-demon became a hero being unaware of his destiny, inhabited by two tendencies in him, one towards the hereafter, the other towards this world. Whereas in the beginning, two different characters represented that.

The assumption is gratuitous and in any event, it is not by thus tackling the problem that we will define its possible modernity.

Can Ossian be a new archetype? The character revived by Macpherson, and that more individual who reaches the Land of Youth. The legend itself gives rise to this ambivalence, of the warlike hero obeying at Vindos/Finn, his king and natural father, and of the traveler of beyond the world joining the beautiful Niamh.

These two aspects of Ossian concern the hereafter, in a very nostalgic way, and will influence thoroughly Irish literature.

In the beginning, Ossian belongs to a cycle of legends where the epic nature disappears to the benefit of the fiction, called "cycle of Leinster" which gathers many pieces dating back to the 8th to the 18th century, that is to say a total of approximately 80.000 verses. To this permanence and this importance, is added the depiction of an ideal golden age; around a king representing all qualities we can imagine for the time of the medieval knighthood, as soon as the daydream overrides the human possibility.

King Vindos/Finn is brave, but also cultured, generally straight and honest (except in the case of the story of Grannia and Diarmat, unhappy lovers, like Tristan and Yseult, of whom they are perhaps the prototypes).

A whole court of valiant knight surrounds him, of whom most glorious are Ossian, his son, Oscar his grandson, his herald Caletios/Cailte, his buffoon Conan. Their life is spent hunting, fighting battles (his troop lends and hires its services), feasting, at one time when Christianity is still unknown in Ireland.

In the set of pieces making up this cycle, it would be difficult not to note some differences in inspiration, but a certain atmosphere of regret or sadness, emerges from it. And this, well before the forger James Macpherson had seized it. Because strangest lies in this often pointed out fact: the work of Macpherson, though literary hoax, aroused the interest towards the Irish legends, of which those of the Leinster's Cycle obviously. Scholarly works, popularizations, translations and imitations, inspired works, will multiply, will enjoy the favors of an audience at last become numerous. Ossianism had been born, it extended to all Europe from 1760 to approximately 1860, where it sinks into oblivion.

In a multiple form, it conveys the idea that formerly was a time of extreme and powerful feelings, of forgotten greatness tragic destinies. That an irremediable break occurred with this time, and that it remains only to regret or to lament these moments. Unless, driven by the same pains as these great heroes of formerly, we find again this original force. There was therefore an artistic movement which succeeds in propelling towards mythical times what a hereafter juxtaposed or to come was. How that could it occur? The European 18th century is marked by the need to return to a "state of nature". In an ideal primary state which would give back to Man his genuine feelings, before the conditioning worked out by civilization. And which would make him comply with a moral and political uprightness essential to the overthrow of tyrannies. Either you are a classical or an upholder of the Enlightenments that

results literarily in a non-European or of a noble antiquity, documents search ("Savages "in America or in the Pacific Ocean) . The classical critic will seek in it a proof that artistic rules are instinctively observed, are found everywhere, even if you are not a reader of Aristotle and of his Poetics for example; the modern people will see there the indication of an original purity of, a primary truth, and will enjoy the antiquated and exotic features as majestic underlying causes of edifying new beauties. In this context, it will be understood that James Macpherson, Scotsman in search of fortune and glory, simple tutor by profession, subjected to the pressure of men of letters from whom he expected everything; whereas he had bragged about knowing something from epic texts of former Scotland; was constrained to manufacture himself some stories in order not to retract. Or to make his compositions looking translations of originals. And, in front of their success, to refuse to confess his hoax and to prefer to multiply defenses. Becoming more and more intransigent and scorning with regard to his detractors, he will finish his career in stock exchange businesses with Indies from which he drew profitable benefit. But Macpherson had not invented : he was based on Scottish Gaelic ballades, had sources often difficult to determine, oral traditions for the majority. His great gift was to adapt them to the taste of the time, to the characteristics expected from an ancient epic literature, to manufacture forgeries which sounded true, because their audience had this idea of the primary truth. Van Tieghen, who studied the influence of Ossian so much, even came to suppose that James Macpherson had had to take as a starting point an account in Gaelic language already composed by his cousin Laclan and himself. What would explain the speed of composition of his English Ossian. But in addition to this Celtic collection, as this critic notices it, it is necessary to observe in Macpherson, a remarkable knowledge of Homeric processes (he undertakes even in 1773, a translation of the Iliad in the same style as Ossian) and of biblical processes (Scottish Reformation is found there). To measure the success of his poems on Ossian would show the extraordinary reception of the work by minds as eminent as Matthew Arnold, Napoleon, Goethe, etc., to whom Macpherson bequeaths the key word of romanticism, i.e. "melancholy ". Because he is, undoubtedly, the provider of a new form, of a new style, in the service of very emphatic feelings. Ossianism is not the form of a timeless Celtism, but that the literature of the Celtic countries chose to take at one time of its history, at the pre-romantic and romantic times.

Beyond the imitations that Irish authors made, of the work of Macpherson, most important of this hoax was the interest suddenly shown by the audience towards Irish legends. Far from being Scottish, Ossian takes roots in the Irish world, this extorted forgotten inheritance, is in this way revalued, thus requiring rehabilitation, studies, collections of traditions, etc.

Desmond Ryan, about the consequences of Ossianism in Irish land, thinks that Irishmen have excellent reasons to feel gratitude towards Macpherson. It is him, indeed, who, first, contributed to bringing back Gaelic tradition in European literature. Moreover, in spite of his hoaxes, of his mix-up between the first or the third century, he had an authentic spark of poetic fire. A whole generation of scholars, poets and artists, discovered the sunken treasure of an Ossianic tradition at the same time when Europe, wearied by French revolutionary ideas dedicated to the worship of Reason, cultivated a resourcing in the ancient national stories. Ireland brought her share in the development of romanticism in love with History, weird and dream. The Ossian fashion provided her the first stone of a national literary revival, which was to affirm her identity as regards England.

As in all nationalist movements, the first effort of awareness was formed around a past that people try to recover, to find, or to defend. Ossian, as a work, takes part in this process, as the flick which makes an audience possible and that nothing could consequently stop.

These historical reminds on the evolution of ideas move us away from our notion of "hereafter ". But the work done is the following one: the legend of King Vindos/Finn and of his hero called Ossian, at the origin, takes after a fictionalized epic, in which is rather well preserved the pagan way of life ; it is already imbued with a feeling of the inevitable end of a world, but in front of a fading historical context, the behavior of the great heroes is to harden with pride in a threatened present. Their "hereafter "remains that of the sidhe, of the magicians and of the spells, the gessa or prohibitions that no one should break. Vindos/Finn and his companions are not yet ripe to become robots followers of Christianity; they feel vaguely that historically they are condemned, but the authors of these stories by no means aim at reconciling them with Christian tradition; there will not be symbiosis like in the case of the mythological texts or of other epic texts. What is the result of Macphersonian evocation? Sharing the prejudices of his time, Macpherson deprives his heroes of any religious feeling, of any reference of this kind; according to a clearly stated atheism. It is obvious that we would seek in vain in this case a religious "hereafter ". In the same way, the space where these verbal sparring matches take place,

these heroic wailing, these long pains, it is impossible to be more neutral, deprived of all recognizable local details, of particular characteristics as of precise material details. It has only a small level of existence apart from these desolate, windblown, moors, spiked with heavy rocks or scattered with funeral hillocks. It is discovered then that this infinite, indefinite, nowhere located, space, where human beings are pure soul/minds or anaon (of course, unhappy), hardly enlightened except by the light of stars or a hasty moon; has all the specificities of a place for "hereafter". What was perceived, as harbor after death, or enchanting island for the living, and formed the druidic hereafter, was transferred to the framework of the poems from Ossian. This is why there cannot be a hereafter of the hereafter. Moreover, Macpherson designed the same project of dull making of the historical features, of destruction of Time, as it should be for the hereafter. That happens formerly, without a date is proposed, while the life of the characters is made only of eternal torments, of endless sadness, of unconsidered abandon, of brooded over memories, etc. Let us regard a while his work as the rather orthodox depiction of the conventional hereafter, where time no longer exists, where the place has no longer edge; and we will understand the success of this creation which proposed, but also renewed, a traditional image, culturally implanted, humanly worrying, in a pre-revolutionary Europe. But, in our eyes, the importance of Macpherson is due to this laicization of the hereafter that he works out by returning it in the past. It is no longer necessary to hope to reach it through an exemplary life, to be lucky to be brought into it; there remains only the nostalgia of its evocation, a quite as tasty feeling making it possible lyric effusions, historical reconstructions, national challenges, collective fervor for a way of life which respected freedom as well as many other virtues.

The non-religious and historical myth of Ossian has too strong emotive power so that it is forgotten, even if its period of glory is limited (approximately a century). It will be noticed, however, that the "hereafter" is in the center, as a concept, of a revival of Irish literature. Our only reservation would come from the fact that nothing carries out for as much its modernity, in spite of its distance from the religious sphere and of its service for History (especially nationalist). This hereafter arisen from trickery, resists by no means the historical study of which it promoted the movement; it is focused on itself, crossed with egocentric, excessive, feelings, dedicated to the suffering, and to the worship of the departed beings. Such a self-referent centering, being celebrated with lyricism, if it became apparently detached of everything, without sense or absolute immanent, could be modern but it sets itself as an origin myth (that of Mankind devoted to the only truth of its feelings and victim of fatalities proper to their effusion). Its more beautiful jewel is in this common fashion, Ossianism, that Europe shares, and which causes a renewed interest in the old, popular, and on the fringe, literature. In fact, since in spite of a laicization which puts it in vogue, the hereafter is little in line with the mark of modernity, which could be defined by the accepted or celebrated absence; it is advisable to study in what Ossian, this time regarded as a traveler of the "sid" has the traits of the modern hero. Inside the Ossianic corpus, there are texts in which, like Bran the navigator, Ossian travel towards the hereafter, stays in it and comes back. Like Nechtan, the companion of Bran, who went down on the shore and fell in dust, after a stay in the blessed island which had lasted for centuries without he realizes that; Ossian comes back to Ireland, dismounts from his horse, and feels the weight of the years falling down on his shoulders. That enables him to have a very critical judgment with regard to this new time and to meet holy Patrick of whom he approves hardly the work of evangelization. Nevertheless his national hero "Ossian" does not seem the bearer of a mythical power worthy of a Robinson. Or it would remain us to dream that he is the new Percival whose poet waits for the coming. T.S. Eliot, in "the Waste Land" expressed the true myth of the modern culture, namely that this desolate land represents the reality of the dried-up charm, with substances on the run, a "fulfilled or achieved reality". As the poet supposes it, we may fear that this disenchantment harms Man and chokes him. So the Percival of an awareness to come who is in us would no longer have to wonder what the things or the beings are. But why they are in this place that we consider as ours, and what obscure answer they give to our voice. He would have to be astonished by the chance which makes them appear, he would suddenly have to see them. It is for a "Grail procession" that the poet hero is invited, naming objects, transmuting what is achieved into possible, memory into expectation, deserted space in progression, because our whole hope is at stake here. A new residence, a true place, wait for us in this finally open reality. That would mean that after a time, when modernity defined itself as a clean slate, a destruction, it could launch a new interrogation of the world. Not to restore it as it was, but to give back a presence to it, the permanent announcement of an inland, near and elusive, or to define it as proper to help us in front of the sudden appearance of the unexpected one.

As a new Percival, is Ossian more likely of surpassing the conflict of classicism and modernism, to found a "super modernity"?

Michael Comyn takes over quite a particular aspect of Ossianic legend – of which Macpherson is unaware because of the higher expressed reasons -. That in which the hero abandons his king to join a very beautiful woman, daughter of the king of the other world, who invites him out of love to marry her, over there, in her kingdom.

The topic would resemble extremely a fairy tale if there were not a stranger end: Ossian wishes to return home would be only a brief moment but his come back is accompanied by a sudden ageing and by a meeting with St. Patrick. Time passed irremediably. The poem of Comyn comprises 159 quatrains of nine syllables verses in Gaelic language; its first translation in English language is made in 1859 by O'Luanagh, then taken up without apparent date at the beginning of this century by O'Daly. We could not forget therefore this other side of the character of Ossian! In addition to the mythical or Macphersonian warrior, there is this image of the loved though unlucky navigator. And the link between both seems to be established in the awareness on the level of a heroic type disappeared but immortal, so that an explanation for the "exit" of the warrior out of the historical scene, is based on a stay in the Blessed Islands. It is a mechanism observable elsewhere where such Portuguese king beaten by Moors takes refuge according to the legend, on the Island of the Seven Cities in the Atlantic, where King Arthur himself disappears to rule over an invisible country, etc.

Each one of these heroes being able to come back one day in order to restore a new golden age. Ossian too by returning therefore follows a common mythical pattern, though everything is the opposite of the normal process; nobody awaits him ; people hardly remember him; the warlike values he embodies are in a process of extinction; the hero is alone, without anybody to admire him, scorned in his morals, devoted to Hell if he does not convert... In short, a without glory return which is accompanied by a double loss the poem by Comyn conveys well; he can no longer come back to the Land of the young where his wife and her two children live (it is a forever closed or inaccessible world); he cannot either live like formerly, glorious and powerful, at the court of his dead and buried king. This unhappy destiny where the idea of collapse prevails, has what to charm a modern, relativistic or nostalgic awareness. But obviously, it attracted little the creators (apart from Yeats) as if this aspect was not sufficient. Would this be because of his conflict with St. Patrick , which takes after a gratuitous opposition, a rhetoric or a not renewed design of hereafter, a non-easily tenable belief in its existence? Nevertheless, between the stereotyped image given by Macpherson, and the image expected for a modern taste, this manner of viewing Ossian does not lack interest. Indeed, Macpherson recreates a mythical center (non-religious, historicized) which attracts and influences artists and audiences, what the characteristic of every "hereafter " designed as objectivity suggested to our awarenesses, is. On the other hand, the negation of all center leads each work to fill this created gap, to try to make some sense for a world which is deprived of it, according to modern criticism. So that each work is a tried and factitious, "hereafter." But it is possible to maintain that the step of Ossian is affected by another originality. His distress comes from the transition from a mythical center which no longer exists , into another which appears, from a world which is no longer meaningful into a daydream in the progress of which he bewares somewhat. Comyn provides us there what to understand what could attract a great poet like Yeats with regard to Ossian, and this, in spite of Macpherson could we say.

It is not certain that Yeats read Comyn or his translator before composing the Wanderings of Oisín, this long poem divided into three parts, in which he put the beginning of a still beginner and not recognized art. But, like Comyn, Yeats appears to scan an inner "hereafter " made of dreams and desires, in his description of the islands of the Youth, a hereafter to which we can attribute the, this time very modern, value of unconscious. But there still, the Irish hereafter slips not easily in this new form of contemporary objectivity. Let us point out that in the mythological texts, it hardly revealed the theories about the soul or the mind of the high knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht); that in Ossianism, it was not very reliable or at least questionable. However, its permanence, within Irish Humanities , is obvious, not through an influence which would result in imitations, transpositions, continuations or other additional genres, but through its resurgence at the critical tension times: time of Christianization, remote missions, national revolt. Critical moments in the literal sense of the word, when a new judgment must be built facing contrary facts and opposite tendencies.

The work of Yeats affirms the traits of Ossian that the poem of Comyn announced. He highlights in them the share of the dream and the final refusal of all conversion, but these two aspects are not put on an equal footing by criticism. The older criticism is, the more Ossian's loyalty to paganism is pointed out, as the pledge of the research of primary purity carried out by the poet.

Neither the exhortations, nor the threats of St. Patrick, the great evangelist of Ireland, divert Ossian, become aged, from his loyalty to the pagan order. In spite of the most dreadful picture of hell and of the tortures which wait for him, he gives up the heaven that the saint promises to him. Since he will find there neither Vindos/Finn, his father, neither Oscar, his beloved son, neither Caletios/Cailte, neither Conan, nor the beautiful greyhounds Bran, Sgeolan, and Lomair. The richness of the rhymes and the verbal splendor are here in the service of an exuberance of imagination, which sometimes gallops on the milky seas, is sometimes delayed in the Islands of Eternal Youth; following the legendary data closely, but adding a sumptuous delicacy of details to them, embroidering around them thousand exquisite inventions.

In addition to this last sentence, which deserves to be quoted for its accuracy concerning the verbal invention of Yeats, the portrait of Ossian become in the case of a (more antiquated) Usheen "retrograde" or "uncooperative" little inclined to like his time, in short reactionary, remains. If it were necessary to stop there, we would say that the hero of the hereafter, very far from being at the intersection of the problems of one time, takes refuge elsewhere; what would condemn our thesis, which supposes and hopes that the notion of hereafter is the beginning of a third solution, of an invention producing a solution out of the dialectical ruts.

Fortunately, the relation that Ossian or Usheen keeps up with Niamh, fairylike princess of a universe in which water prevails as a primary symbolic element, tempted more than one author for a psychoanalytical interpretation. At the same time lover, inspiring lady and mother, Niamh represents a danger for Usheen, according to the interpretation of C. Joseph we will use as an example. It is for "a plunging into subjective depths" that we are invited. Thanks to the topic of the water of which plasticity, sphericity (major including), change in forms and repulsion it exerts, are very similar to a description of the exotic and glorious desires; of the daydreams, of the concerns of the teenager in front of the woman. Ossian has for "hereafter" the immediate projection of his unconscious, some broken taboos as well as natural impulses seeking to be exteriorized. More current still is the figure of the hero which takes shape at the end of the adventures. The search of the hero therefore ends in failure and, moreover, in a decline, concretized besides through his physical condition... Each attempt by Usheen to find happiness with the immortals ended in a greater disillusion - in the etymological sense of the term - without any compensation, because the remind of earthly reality was fled as soon as perceived. Usheen tried at no time to look further into the meaning of them. In all circumstances, he remained passive. This absence of will, this abdication in front of reality, this female side according to our critic, makes him close to the so-called type of "anti-hero" shunted by events. Though a last point is missing in Usheen to complete the portrait, i.e., a complete immersion in the daily life he refuses. It emerges that the conflict between Christianity and paganism grows blurred in the eyes of the critic and of the contemporary reader; so that other problems based on the role and the importance of unconscious, about the room we must leave for it, arise. In order to make a correct success of one's life or to avoid some frustrations and difficult to solve complexes. It is exact that in the work of Yeats, the "Father" is completely absent.

But this interpretation, possible in itself, embarrasses in this an external system is applied to an internal process. What's the use to mobilize a legendary hero to illustrate a theory that many other mythical characters serve already? The symbolism of Yeats is too marked or conscious so that his poem is completely on the side of dreams and of unconscious. The symbolic system is a very worked out part of imagination, and takes after the hierarchically arranged or progressive order. So that the original and rambling look of the dream, even bearing sexual symbols, could not be compared with this formal work that we could define as "imaginal"; because of a codified even universal structuring (within the order of the perception through mind).

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THE COLLOQUY OR DIALOG OF THE OLD MEN. Acallam Na Senorach.

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

Compilation containing some hundreds of stories or of poems (lays) on the origin of place names in Ireland; preserved in a manuscript dating back to the 16th century, but probably composed circa the end of the 12th . Some of these lays besides date back undoubtedly to even further in time.

Each time he arrives in front of a castle, a road, a forest, or a river, of which St. Patrick is completely unaware, Cailte/Caletios tells him the feats of his former companions having occurred at this place. Battles, hunting and banquets, even travels in the other world. They are the two priests of St. Patrick, being used by him as scribes, which are supposed to have recorded all these adventures.

The meeting with Patrick could never occur, Vindos/Finn, Ossian and Cailte/Caletios, having lived in the third century and Patrick in the fifth century.

Just as for the lay of Ossian in the Land of Youth (Iovantu in Old Celtic) to use St. Patrick in all that is therefore only a literary process. Moreover striking ! St. Patrick begins by moving back in front of the evocation of all these pagan legends, but two angels appear to him one evening and ask him to record them nevertheless.

The fact even this text is framed, and by a prologue and by an epilogue, proves, of course, that it is a carefully worked literary work (see for example the considerations about the height of Fenians), in spite of its poignant nostalgia! Hence where its success in the 18th Europe, from Macpherson to Napoleon! And not of a simple collection of various weddings and funerals.

The epilogue was not preserved to entirely, but considering the length of what remains of it, it is possible to suppose the missing part was not to be very important.

N.B. This account hardly agrees with that which is previous with regard to the end of Ossian (the lay of Ossian in the Land of Youth) but it does not matter, unlike Jews Christians Muslims we uns Celtic minded pagans or neo-druids we never claimed that all that was history; on the contrary we always claimed that it was a myth, that is to say something to think about as John Toland could have said. In we want not to die idiotic.

PROLOGUE.

When the battle of Comar, the battle of Gabra, and the battle of Ollarba, had been fought, and after that the Fenians for the most part were extinguished, the residue of them in small bands and in companies had dispersed throughout all Ireland, until at the point of time which concerns us there remained not any but two good warriors only of the last of the Fenians: Ossian son of Vindos/Finn, and Caletios/Cailte son of Crunnchu son of Ronan (whose lusty vigor and power of spear throwing were now dwindled) and so many fighting men as with themselves made twice nine. These twice nine came out of the flowery-soiled bosky borders of Fuat's mountain and into the Lughbarta Bana, at this present called Lughmagh where, at the falling of the evening clouds that night, they were melancholy, dispirited.

Caletios/Cailte said to Ossian then: "Good now, Ossian, before the day's end what path shall we take in quest of entertainment for the night?"

Ossian answered: "I know not, seeing that of the ancients of the Fenians and of Vindos/Finn's people formerly but three survive: I and yourself, Caletios/Cailte, with Lady Camha the she-custodian that, from the time when he was a boy until the day in which he died, kept Vindos/Finn son of Camulos/Cumall safe."

Caletios/Cailte said: "we are entitled to this night's lodging and provision from her; for it is not possible to rehearse nor to show the quantity which Vindos/Finn, captain of the Fenians, bestowed on her, of

precious things and of treasures, including the third-best thing of price that Vindos/Finn ever acquired: the Anghalach namely, the drinking horn which Moriath daughter of the king of Greece gave to Vindos/Finn, and Vindos/Finn to Camha.

With Camha therefore they got hospitality for that night; their names, she inquired of them and at their sound wept vehement showers of tears; then she and they, each of the other, sought to have tidings. Next, they entered into the chamber disposed for them, and Lady Camha prescribed their refecton: that the freshest of all kinds of meat and the oldest of all sorts of drinks are given them, for she knew in what fashion such as they used to be fed. She also knew how much it was that many a time before the present had constituted a sufficiency for Ossian and for Caletios/Cailte. Languidly and feebly she arose and held forth on the Fenians and on Vindos/Finn son of Camulos/Cumall; of Ossian's son Oscar too she deliberated, of the son of Lugach, of the battle of Gabra with other matters; and by reason of this in the end a great silence settled on them all.

Then Caletios/Cailte said: "such matters we hold now not to be more painful than the way in which the twice nine that we are of the remnant of that great and goodly fellowship must perforce part, and diverge from each other."

Ossian answered that: "dar mo bhréithir ámh, ní fhuil indum-sa níth ná nertt ina n-deaghaid-sin," "they being gone in me by my word, and verily, is no more fight nor strength."

Valiant as were these warrior men, here nevertheless with Lady Camha, they wept in gloom, in sadness, and dejectedly. Their adequate allowance of meat and of drink was given them; they tarried there for three days and three nights, then bade Camha farewell, and Ossian said:

"Camha today is sorrowful:

She is come to the point where she must creep ???;

Camha without either son or grandson:

It is befallen her to be old and blighted."

Forth of the house they came now, and out upon the green; there they took resolve, which was this: to separate, and this parting of theirs was a sundering of soul and body. Even so they did: for Ossian went to the sidh of Ucht Cleitigh, where his mother: Blai daughter of Derc the eloquent, was, while Caletios/Cailte took his way to the estuary of Bec the Exiled [which at present is called Mainistir Droichid Atha i.e., the Monastery of Drogheda] thus named from the fact that Beg son of Arist that was drowned in it: the king of the Romans' son namely, who came to invade Ireland but a tidal wave drowned him there in this estuary. He went on to Linn Féic, i.e., on the banks of Fiac's Pool, alongside the bright-streaming Boinne; southwards over the Old Plain of Bregia, and to the fortress of Drumderg where Patrick, son of Calpurnius, was.

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

Lady Camha. We translate by "Lady" the Gaelic word "bhanfhlaithe".

To creep. We translate in this way the Gaelic term *snamha* which literally means "to swim."

Blai. Ossian's mother has a different name in the other episodes: *Sadv*.

Bec the Exiled. There was perhaps aborted attempts of Roman or allied with the Romans, landing , in Ireland, but this Arist king of the Romans, we never heard of him. It is, of course, an invention made possible by the Christian underculture of the time. Our religion to us being only a religion of truth, it was necessary that is said.

Chapter I.

Just then Patrick chanted the canon of the mass, lauded the Creator, and pronounced benediction on the castle in which Vindos/ Finn mac Cumall/Camulos had been [buried ?] namely the fortress of Drumderg. The clerics saw Caletios/Cailte and his band draw near them; and fear fell on them before the tall men with their huge wolf dogs that accompanied them, for they were not people of one epoch or of one time, with the clergy.

Then Heaven's distinguished one, that pillar of dignity and angel on earth: Calpurnius's son Patrick, apostle of the Gael, rose and took the aspergillum to sprinkle holy water on the great men; floating over whom until that day there had been a thousand legions of demons. Into the hills and rocky clefts, into the outer borders of the region and of the country, the demons forthwith departed in all directions; after which the enormous men sat down.

"Good now," Patrick said to Caeilte, "what name have you?"

"I am Caletios/Cailte son of Crunnchu son of Ronan."

For a long while the clergy marveled greatly as they gazed on them; for their largest man reached but to the waist, or else to the shoulder of any given one of the others and they sitting.

Patrick said again: "Caletios/Cailte, I am fain to beg a boon of you."

He answered: "If I have but that much strength or power, it shall be had; at all events, enunciate me what you wish."

"To have in our vicinity here a well of pure water, from which we might baptize the people of Bregia, of Midhé, and of Usnach."

"Noble and righteous one," said Caeilte, "I have that for you," and they crossing the rath's circumvallation they came out; in his hand he took Patrick's and right in front of them they saw a bursting well, sparkling and translucent. The size and thickness of the cress and of the brooklime? (fhochluchta), that grew on it was wonderment to them; then Caletios/Cailte began to tell its fame and qualities, while singing the following lay:

"O well of Traigh da bhan (of two women's strand),
Beautiful your cresses luxurious-branching, are!
Since your produce is neglected on you,
Your fothlacht is not suffered to grow.
Forth from your banks your trouts are to be seen,
Your wild swine in your wilderness;
The deer of your fair hunting on the crags,
Your dappled and red-chested fawns!
Your mast all hanging on the branches of your trees;
Your fish in the estuary of your river;
Lovely the color of your cuckoo- pint
O you that yourself are azure-hued, and again green
From you the Fenians set out
When generous Coinchenn was slain,
When Vindos/Finn band was slaughtered
In the morning above Maelglenn.
From you also went one day Fothad of the feasting
A warrior who suffered sorrow
He found a grave in the east
When slain at the battle of Clarach.
Blai came to the head of the spring
The daughter of Derg the eloquent
With wailing cry and lament
After the battle of Confaite.
After the slaughter of dogs and men,
After the wounding of shining warriors,
Garad's cry was heard at night beside the spring."

"It is well," Patrick said: "Have our dinner and our provisions reached us yet?"

"It has so," answered Bishop Sechnall.

"Then distribute them," said Patrick, "and one half give to yon nine tall warriors of the survivors of the Fenians."

Then his bishops, and his priests, and his psalmodists arose and blessed the meat; and of both meat and liquor they consumed their full sufficiency, yet so as to serve their soul's weal.

Patrick said then: "was not he a good lord with whom you were; Vindos/Finn mac Cumall/Camulos that is to say?"

Upon which Caletios/Cailte uttered this little tribute of praise:

"Were but the brown dead leaf which the wood sheds out of gold
Were but the white billow silver, Vindos/Finn would have given it all away."

"Who or what was it that maintained you so in your life?" Patrick inquired; and Caletios/Cailte answered: " Fírinde inár croidhedhaibh & nerth inár lámhaibh, & comall inár tengthaibh " "truth in our hearts, strength in our arms, and fulfillment in our speech."

..... Many pages of various anecdotes follow after that.....

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

Thousands legions of demons. Eternal and stupid racism of Judeo-Christianity. As soon as you do not share their worship you inevitably "demonic." On the other hand, what a vile toadying with regard to the person even of St. Patrick who was, however, only a man and not of the best ones, according to his own confession.

Rocky clefts. We translate so the Gaelic word scalpaibh.

Band. We translate so here the Gaelic term fian.

Arms. We translate lámhaibh by "arms " but the meaning "hands "is also possible.

Speech. We translate so the Gaelic word tengtha but it also means quite simply "tongue." As for the fulfillment of speech, we refer to the famous "et argute loqui" of Cato, about Celts. Even if some critics, being based on the authority of Polybius, prefer to read there, "et agriculturam."

EPILOGUE.

Then Caletios/Cailte and Ossian went to Tara; before the men of Ireland, and ollams (doctors) recorded all that they said.

"Victory and blessings attend you, noble lords," the men of Ireland said. "Though in all the country should be knowledge and instruction no more than that which even now you have bequeathed to them, yet were it meets that alive men of green Erin should gather themselves together in one place to have it."

Then Cascorach rose and said: " My very dear Caletios/Cailte, my soul, henceforth it is time for me to go; the benison that is due from every pupil (dalta) be upon you then." "And on you rest the blessing due from every tutor that has had a charge," Caletios/Cailte answered, "for of all that ever I have heard you the most do excel in the art." Dermot the king added: "All Ireland's supreme doctorate (ollamnacht) I confer on you for so long as I rule over her."

That was the hour and time in which thrice nine of the remnants of the Fenians that had accompanied Caletios/Cailte came out of the west to Tara. They took heed and were diligent to mark that, they now lacking their vigor, their pith and their full force, there was not paid them attention or regard so much as that one should even speak with them. Upon the hillside therefore they laid their lips to the earth

and there died; under the earth there they were laid, and 'Hill of the nines' is that hill's name after them."

«A miserable thing indeed is this," said Ossian: "that was the last surviving residue of the great and gallant band which Vindos/Finn had, and ourselves."

That day the ancient men were grieved and wretched after those nines, seeing that of the Fenians three battalions there had endured none but Caletios/Cailte and Ossian and the aforesaid. The men of Ireland all were hushed, not a man of them speaking to his fellow, so greatly oppressed they were with the sorrow which the seniors testified after their Fenians and own very people. Then Ossian uttered

"Is there here one that could tell (and were he unlearned, of a low estate)
The place in which Vindos/Finn's cup was left all by itself in the crooked valley (Cromglenn)?"

"Except this day," said Caletios/Cailte, "never was there one in which I found it not easy to speak with you, Ossian"; and he said:

"Here is one that could declare where it was that Vindos/Finn turned right-handwise;
The spot which is in the green valley nothing but a magic veil (feth fithnais) has hidden."

Ossian cecinit.

"Is there here one that could tell (and were he unlearned, of a low estate)
who it was that set the head of Currach the fair upon the hill over the strand of Bodamar?"

"It was you that did take off his head," said Caletios/Cailte, "and your father that first wounded him, and me that closed in the hill over him ."

Caletios/Cailte dixit.

"After the beheading I brought the head to the hill that stands over the strand of Bodamar;
there it is from that time to this, and lies at rest within the hill."

Ossian said: "remember you too, my very dear Caletios/Cailte, who it was that over Gabhra's pass of a morning made a cast at Goll the one-eyed son of Morna?"

"It was I," Caletios/Cailte answered, "that sent the spear at him; it struck off the golden helmet on his head, and of his flesh carried away from him a fragment as thick as its own shaft."

"But proudly taken by him that was," said Ossian: "great as the hurt was, again he donned the helmet and took his weapons in his hand, and to his brothers called out that he felt no whit embarrassed (raibe ?) "

Then Ossian uttered:

"Is there here one that could tell (and were he unlearned, of a low estate)

Who struck down Goll at Gabhra's Pass ?"

Caletios/Cailte answered : "I hurled the javelin, Ossian fair,
The decisive (mor-cruaid ?) cast at Morna's son."

The king of Ireland inquired of them now: "who was it that in the battle of Gabhra slew Cairpre Lifechar son of Cormac?"

"Ossian's son, Oscar, it was that killed him," said Caletios/Cailte.

"The exact truth of the matter it is that's best," said Ossian.

"Who then was it that he destroyed?" asked Dermot.

"Orlamh king of the Fotharta in the south: a beloved warrior whom I had, and my father before me."

"And Oscar," pursued the king: "who slew him?"

"It was a single cast by Cormac's son Cairbre Lifechair that did it."

And Ossian recited the following lines :

"Orlamh, the king of Fotharta's son, not a gentle man

brother of Bronach, Cairpre Lifechar's bane."

"And the son of Lughach: who killed him in the same battle?"

"Bresal son of Eirge, son of the Foreign-Gaels' king who had come here, that was the chief of the king of Ireland's household."

Now this night was the last one of Tara's Feast, and they passed it in banqueting and pleasure; on the morrow the whole host rose.

Then the men of Ireland broke up to their various provinces, each into his own borders and ancestral seat. The king of Ireland likewise drew off, and came to the stone of the druids north-easterly from Tara. Bebhionn daughter of Alasc son of Angus, king of Scotland, was his wife; to whom he spoke, and what he said was this: "I desire to proceed upon the grand visitation of Ireland, and my wish is that you be in Tara ministering to the ancients so that from the men of Ireland neither disgrace nor reproach reach me."

The queen answered: "as you will ordain and themselves will pronounce, even so will their pleasure be executed."

Together then the king and queen entered into the house in which the seniors, Ossian and Caletios/Cailte, were, and the king told them [what he had decided to do]. But the manner of Ossian was that he was the most modest man in Ireland, and he said: "not so will it be done, noble sir and king: but be your wife along with yourself; and as for us, commit us to the chief steward." "Well, then," said the king, "have the steward brought to us." Himself and his wife were produced, and the king said to them: "here is the fashion in which I prescribe to you to feed the ancients here: put seven score cows into a fenced grass field, the same nightly to be milked for them; rations also for ten hundred to be provided them by the men of Ireland; that they have liquor and milk in Tara too, be bathed every second day, and in their beds have a layer of fresh rushes strewed. This too: that the last of their liquor be not drunk out when they will have the new ready to their hand. And you, steward," the king ended, "has seven sons: the which, and yourself along with them, I shall have killed should the seniors want any item of all this."

Ossian said: "The dwarf's lair in Tara was not stranger, all the men of Ireland were coming to see it, when our being were entrusted to Maelmuirir son of Dubhan, Tara's chief steward, and to Cuarnait the daughter of Becan the noble stock owner, his wife." ?????????

"Who was that dwarf, my very dear Ossian?" questioned the king.

"A treasure trove that Conn of the Hundred Battles got: a dwarf three fists of Conn of the Hundred battles height and the best tablut player and brandub player even chess player that was in Ireland. If all ailments in the world were concentrated in one individual, he had but to lay his hand on him and he would relieve him; and though all Irishmen had stood arrayed against each other on the battlefield, he would have made peace between them.

Now a stone that was here in Tara," Ossian went on, "it was upon that his bed was, the properties of which bed were extraordinary: the biggest one of the men of Ireland got his exact fit in the mannikin's bed, while in the same the tiniest babe that could be found had but his own sufficient room. This stone then, and the stone of destiny (lia fail) that was there, were the two wonders of Tara."

"What that was out of the way attached to the stone of destiny?" Dermot inquired; to which Ossian made answer: "any one of all Ireland who was accused, was set upon that stone: and then if the truth were in him he would turn pink and white; but if otherwise, it was a black spot that in some conspicuous place would appear on him. Farther: when Ireland's monarch stepped on to it the stone would cry out under him, and the three arch-waves of Ireland answered it: as the wave of Clidna, the wave of Tuaeide, and the wave of Rudraige; when a provincial king went on it, the flag would rumble under him; when a barren woman trod it, it was a dew of dusky blood that broke out on it; when one that would bear children tried it, it was many-colored drops that it sweated."

Dermot son of Cerbhall sought now: "And who was it that lifted that flag, or that carried it away out of Ireland?"

It was a warrior of a great spirit that ruled over....

Our text stops brutally here and therefore the end is missing. The text was to probably tackle here the question of the origins of this famous stone, called Lia Fail (stone of destiny).

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

And their own very people. We translate so the Gaelic word muintire (old Celtic manutera?) who strictly speaking designates the family or the household of a chief, then by extension an unspecified community.

Mor-Cruaid = very hard. These few verses seem to be in any event the awkward duplicate of the previous ones. A mistake of copyists undoubtedly.

The stone of the druids. Let us remind by the way that they are neither the Celts nor the druids who built the megalithic monuments like Stonehenge or Carnac but that Celts and former druids SOMETIMES RE-USED THESE MONUMENTS WHICH IMPRESSED THEM MUCH WHEN THEY ARRIVED IN THESE AREAS OF DISTANT WEST (cf. legends relating to Mag Tured or Saint Cornelly's legions in Carnac, etc.).

Brandub. Literally black raven. It is to be a variety of Celtic tablut (fidchell).

REMIND.

Nothing replaces personal meditation, including about the obscure or incomprehensible lays in certain texts, because all were not inserted, intentionally, in order to force you to reflect how find your own way (individual quest for the grail). These leaves therefore are not dogmas to be followed blindly nor literally. As you know it perhaps, it is necessary to avoid the letter like the plague. Letter kills, only spirit gives life!

"They are said there to learn by heart a great number of verses; accordingly some remain in the course of training twenty years. Nor do they regard it lawful to commit these to writing, though in almost all other matters, in their public and private transactions, they use Greek characters. That practice they seem to me to have adopted for ...
Concerning those who learn among them, to devote themselves the less to the efforts of memory, relying on writing; since it generally occurs to most men, that, in their dependence on writing, they relax their diligence in learning thoroughly, and their employment of memory (Caesar. B.G. VI, XIV). Nothing replaces either personal experience, because it is by following the walking one that we find the path. Therefore rely only on your own forces for this quest for the Grail. What matters it is to determine the best way to deal with the situations in one's life, and not the details of the dogma.

SECOND PART: GENERAL ANALYZES AND CONCLUSIONS.

FIGHT TACTICS OF ANTIQUITY.

By the research group CLADIO, group bringing together archeologists, students, a blacksmith, specialists in ancient metallurgy, well-informed amateurs, professionals of the handling of cutting weapons; as well as the persons in charge of the Schwab Museum in Bienne, or of the Iron Museum in Vallorbe, even metallurgical craftsmen and researchers at the University of Lausanne in Switzerland. The reflections which follow are the result of discussions with J. Fantys and Michael Müller-Hewer, fencing masters, and J. - M. Corona, blacksmith, whom we cordially thank for their collaboration.

In spite of the frequency of mentions, few sources describe in a detailed way the fighting Celtic techniques of the path of the Setanta or Vindos Camulogenos. Some descriptions of battles let us foresee the general organization of the army in phalanxes, the combats of chariots, and the organization of the cavalry.

The chariot.

Until the second century before our era, Celtic cavalry did not have Mediterranean "tall horse" but a kind of pony (being 13 hands high). Excellent pullers of chariots, the Celtic horses of this race, domesticated since the Bronze Age, could not be ridden.

On several occasions ancient historians mention the use of chariots, essential component of the military organization, between the fifth and third century before our era. Two-wheeled chariots are attested in aristocratic graves. The Romans were very impressed by the effectiveness of Celtic chariots during the battles.

Here therefore what Diodorus says to us in connection with the raid of Brennus on Delphi, in 279-278 before our era:

"In their journeys and when they go into battle the Galatians use chariots drawn by two horses, which carry the charioteer and the warrior. When they encounter cavalry in the fighting, they first hurl their javelins at the enemy and then step down from their chariots and join battle with their swords".

Each chariot, harnessed with very impetuous horses, carried several men armed with various projectiles, who sometimes fought from the chariot, sometimes leaped in the middle of the melee to fight there on foot; thus adding to the firmness of the infantryman the swiftness of the rider [Caesar, B.G. IV, 33]. Did the danger become urging, they took refuge in their chariots, and went at full speed to another point. The Romans admired the dexterity of the Celtic warrior in launching his chariot, in stopping it on fastest slopes, to make this heavy machine doing all the evolutions required by the movements of the battle; they saw him running on the shaft, standing firmly on the yoke, being rejected behind, getting down, getting on; the whole with lightning speed. In short, these Celts combine the mobility of cavalry with the solidity of infantry.

Even on a steep slope, they are able to control their horses launched in full gallop, to stop them and make U-turn at once.

The chariot was, however, not unknown in Europe. Representations of them are found in Swedish graves of the 10th century before our era, and Myceneans knew it well, but in the hands of the Celts of the third and second centuries, it became a frightening weapon. The chariot driven by an unkempt Celt is one of the most frequent patterns, appearing on the reverse of Celtic coins. Bronze or iron chariot spares are found in funerary chambers and votive deposits (like in Llyn Cerrig Bach in Wales). All these elements enable us to have a precise idea of the Celtic chariot: two-wheeled, lightened as much as possible, in expert hands it was a fatal weapon.

In the middle of the first century nevertheless, at the time when Caesar attacked Celtica, some new fighting methods had already replaced it, following the familiarization of Celts with the classical world. The Romans met facing them only infantrymen and cavalrymen. It is only while setting foot in Britain (in Great Britain) that the Romans will experiment these meetings with war chariots painfully. Chariots intervened indeed in all the great battles which opposed the Bretons to the Romans. Caesar describes us thus their tactic.

"The horse and charioteers of the enemy contended vigorously in a skirmish with our cavalry on the march...but the enemy, after some time had elapsed, when our men were off their guard, and occupied in the fortification of the camp, rushed out of the woods, and making an attack upon those

who were placed on duty before the camp, fought in a determined manner; and two cohorts being sent by Caesar to their relief, and these severally the first of two legions, when these had taken up their position at a very small distance from each other, as our men were disconcerted by the unusual mode of battle, the enemy broke through the middle of them most courageously, and retreated thence in safety. That day, Q. Laberius Durus, a tribune of the soldiers, was slain. The enemy, since more cohorts were sent against them, were repulsed.

In the whole of this method of fighting since the engagement took place under the eyes of all and before the camp, it was perceived that our men, on account of the weight of their arms, inasmuch as they could neither pursue [the enemy when] retreating, nor dare quit their standards, were little suited to this kind of enemy; that the horse also

fought with great danger, because the Britons generally retreated even designedly, and, when they had drawn off our men a short distance from the legions, leaped from their chariots and fought on foot in unequal battle. But the system of cavalry engagement is wont to produce equal danger, and indeed the same, both to those who retreat and those who pursue. To this was added, that they never fought in close order, but in small parties and at great distances, and had detachments placed [in different parts], and then the one relieved the other, and the vigorous and fresh succeeded the wearied.

The following day the enemy halted on the hills, a distance from our camp, and presented themselves in small parties, and began to challenge our horse to battle with less spirit than the day before. But at noon, when Caesar had sent three legions, and all the cavalry with C. Trebonius, the lieutenant, for the purpose of foraging, they flew upon the foragers suddenly from all quarters...

Cassivellaunus, as we have stated above, all hope rising out of battle being laid aside, the greater part of his forces being dismissed, and about 4000 charioteers only being left, used to observe our marches and retire a little from the road, and conceal himself in intricate and woody places, and in those neighborhoods in which he had discovered we

were about to march, he used to drive the cattle and the inhabitants from the fields into the woods; and, when our cavalry, for the sake of plundering and ravaging the more freely, scattered themselves among the fields, he used to send out charioteers from the woods by all the well-known roads and paths, and, to the great danger of our horse, engage with them; and this source of fear hindered them from straggling very extensively".

When you know that Cassivellaunus, chief of Breton's resistance, had four thousand chariots, you understand better the difficulties encountered by the Romans.

When in 84, Agricola battles in the north of Scotland, we still find accounts evoking this crash of war chariots which maneuver between the two armies. But the legions of Agricola ended up putting them in rout. Other documents confirm accounts.

The organization of the cavalry, described many times, also shows fighting methods very destabilizing for the Mediterranean peoples. According to Pausanias "... to each horseman were attached two servants, who were themselves skilled riders and, like their masters, had a horse. When the Galatian horsemen were engaged, the servants remained behind the ranks and proved useful in the following way. Should a horseman or his horse fall, the squire [Greek *doulos*] brought him a horse to mount; if the rider was killed, the squire [Greek *doulos*] mounted the horse in his master's place; if both rider and horse were killed; there was a mounted man ready. When a rider was wounded, one squire [Greek *doulos*] brought back to camp the wounded man, while the other took his vacant place in the ranks [...]. This organization is called in their native speech *trimarkisia*."

Wenceslas Kruta supposes that the two cavalrymen in question were some ambacts, i.e., vassals closely related to a master, the cavalryman in the case being a warlike aristocrat. Several authors mentioned that with the death of the master, killed in action, the vassals committed suicide or ran to the front line hoping to be killed fighting. This stereotype has a meaning, if it is considered that the vassal, without his master, was nothing. The forcing attachment to the master, gave them a role in a society where they could not aspire to a better status, if not by the will of their owner.

Still according to Kruta, until the end of the third century, cavalrymen were only mounted infantrymen, what the absence of specific equipment of riders but also the description by Polybius of the battle of Cannae suggest.

"As soon as the Iberian and Celtic cavalry got at the Romans, the battle began in earnest, and in the true barbaric fashion: for there was none of the usual formal advance and retreat; but when they once got to close quarters, they grappled man to man, and, dismounting from their horses, fought on foot".

Let us remark, however, that the choice of the type of fight, at the time of the battle of Cannae, was motivated by the circumstances and a strategy of Hannibal, which undoubtedly differed much from the usual combat technique.

The place of the cavalry will tend to become more and more apparent and will form a noticeable specificity of the fight during the Gallic War. Its superiority over the Roman cavalry will be commonplace. Practically all the bodies of cavalry of Caesar will be formed by Celtic auxiliary troops. Strabo will write in the first century before our era:

“ Although they are all fighters by nature, they are better as cavalrymen than as infantrymen; the best cavalry force the Romans have, comes from these people... “.

Website Historum.com.

Ann Hyland, in *Equus: The Horse in the Roman World* (1990), deals with the recruitment of auxiliary cavalry during the Flavian Dynasty. She claims that 33% of all recruits hailed from Lugdunensis, 9% from Belgica, 4% from [Great] Brittanica, and 2.5% from Gallia Narbonensis. 11.5% of recruits came from Thrace, 10% from Pannonia, and 2.5% from Moesia.

In other words, in the Flavian period 48,5 % of all cavalrymen were recruited in exclusive Celtic-speaking provinces, and 24% of all auxiliary cavalrymen came from provinces that were under large degrees of Celtic cultural, linguistic, and military influence.

Editor's note. Let's add for the record that at least 25% of all personal names recorded from the Roman garrisons of the Dacia (Romania Moldova) are clearly Celtic. Another 29% are Italic, but could very easily still indicate Celtic origins – Celts attempting to move up in Roman society tended to use a formal Latin name, but a private Celtic name. At least according to the website «Journal of Celtic Studies in Eastern Europe and Asia-Minor » (Balkan Celts).

Article entitled «Hounds of the Empire » Celtic Roman Legions on the Balkans.

The first confrontations.

The battle of the Allia (- 387).

“The whole country in front and around was now swarming with the enemy, who, being as a nation given to wild outbreaks; had by their hideous howls and discordant clamor filled everything with dreadful noise. The military tribunes [.....] extended their line on either wing to prevent their being outflanked by the enemy, but even so they could not make their front equal to the adversary's, whilst by thus thinning their line they weakened the center, so that it could hardly keep in touch with their wings. On their right was a small eminence which they decided to hold with reserves, and this disposition, though it was the beginning of the panic and flight, proved to be the only means of safety to the fugitives. For Brennus, the Celtic chieftain, fearing some ruse in the scanty numbers of the enemy, and thinking that the rising ground was occupied in order that the reserves might attack the flank and rear, while their front was engaged with the legions, directed his attack upon the reserves; feeling quite certain that, if he drove them from their position, his overwhelming numbers would give him an easy victory on the level ground. So, not only Fortune, but tactics also, were on the side of the barbarians [...] in the rest of the army, no sooner was the battle shout of the Celts heard on their flank by those nearest to the reserves, and then in their rear by those at the other end of the line than they fled” (Livy).

The description of the rout of the Roman army follows. Soldiers kill each other while escaping, are massacred or drown while trying to swim across the Tiber. The survivors take refuge in the neighbor town of Veii.

The battle of the Allia is a pitched battle between two armies face to face and having a qualitatively equivalent armament. In classical sources, most of the events of this type almost systematically end in the victory of “Civilization “ in spite of the numerical superiority of enemies, which is, in , impossible for us to quantify. A significant defeat as that of the Allia, not very glorious for Rome, had to leave a deep wound, in spite of the keen defense of the Romans on the Capitoline Hill.

Livy shows the victory of the Celts as resulting from the tactic of Brennus, whereas usually in our sources, a barbarian victory can be explained only by the multitude or by the unfavorable conditions due to the sacrosanct goddess Fortuna. In all the cases; whatever the passably astonishing dimension of this assertion, and the influence the accounts of the "Gallic War" by Caesar could have on the young Titus Livius; the fact is that he recognizes to a barbarian chief qualities of a strategist. What strongly contrasts with usual stereotyped descriptions, what is more for the first confrontation between Rome and the Celts.

The battle of Sentinum (- 295).
Titus-Livius, Roman History, X, 27.

After crossing the Apennines, the consuls descended into the district of Sentinum and fixed their camp about four miles' distance from the enemy. The four nations consulted together as to their plan of action, and it was decided that they should not all be mixed up in one camp, nor go into battle at the same time: the Celts were linked with the Samnites, the Umbrians with the Etrurians. They fixed upon the day of battle, the brunt of the fighting was to be reserved for the Celts and Samnites, in the midst of the struggle the Etruscans and Umbrians were to attack the Roman camp. These arrangements were upset by three deserters, who came in the secrecy of the night to Fabius, and disclosed the enemy's plans.

These men were rewarded for their information and dismissed among the enemy with instructions to find out and report whatever fresh decision was arrived at. The consuls sent written instructions to Fulvius and Postumius to bring their armies up to Clusium, and ravage the enemy's country on their march, as far as they possibly could. Now that they had got them out of the way, the consuls tried hard to bring on an engagement. For two days they sought to provoke the enemy to fight, but during those two days nothing took place worth mentioning; a few fell on both sides and enough exasperation was produced to make them desire a regular battle without, however, wishing to hazard everything on a decisive conflict. On the third day, the whole force on both sides marched down into the plain. Whilst the two armies were standing ready to engage, a hind driven by a wolf from the mountains ran down, into the open space between the two lines, with the wolf in pursuit. Here they each took a different direction; the hind ran to the Celts, the wolf to the Romans. A way was made for the wolf between the ranks; the Celts speared the hind (1). On this a soldier of the front lines exclaimed: "In that place where you see the creature sacred to Diana lying dead, flight and carnage will begin; here the wolf, a creature sacred to Mars, whole and unhurt, reminds us of our Founder and that we too are of the race of Mars." The Celts were stationed on the right, the Samnites on the left. Quintus Fabius posted the first and third legions on the right wing, facing the Samnites; to oppose the Celts, Decius had the fifth and sixth legions, which formed the Roman left. The second and fourth legions were engaged in Samnium with Lucius Volumnius the proconsul. When the armies first met, they were so evenly matched that had the Etruscans and Umbrians been present, whether taking part in the battle or attacking the camp, the Romans must have been defeated.

But although neither side was gaining any advantage and Fortune had not yet indicated in any way to whom she would grant the victory, the fighting on the right wing was very different from that on the left. The Romans under Fabius were acting more on the defensive and were protracting the contest as long as possible. Their commander knew that it was the habitual practice of both the Celts and the Samnites to make a furious attack to begin with, and if that were successfully resisted, it was enough.

The courage of the Samnites gradually sank as the battle went on, whilst the Celts, utterly unable to stand heat or exertion, found their physical strength melting away. In their first efforts they were more than men, in the end they were weaker than women. Knowing this, he kept the strength of his men unimpaired against the time when the enemy usually began to show signs of defeat. Decius as a younger man, possessing more vigor of mind, showed more dash; he made use of all the strength he possessed in opening the attack, and as the infantry battle developed too slowly for him, he called on the cavalry. Putting himself at the head of a squadron of exceptionally gallant troopers, he appealed to them as the pick of his soldiers to follow him in charging the enemy, for a twofold glory would be theirs if victory began on the left wing and, in that wing, with the cavalry. Twice they swept aside the Celtic horse; but making a third charge, they were carried too far, and whilst they were now fighting desperately in the midst of the enemy's cavalry, they were thrown into consternation by a new style of warfare. Armed men mounted on chariots and baggage wagons came on with a thunderous noise of

horses and wheels, the horses of the Roman cavalry, unaccustomed to that kind of uproar, became uncontrollable through fright. The cavalry, after their victorious charges, were now scattered in frantic terror; horses and men alike were overthrown in their blind flight. Even the standards of the legionaries were thrown into confusion, and many of the front-rank men were crushed by the weight of the horses and vehicles dashing through the lines.

When the Celts saw their enemy thus demoralized, they did not give them a moment's breathing space in which to recover themselves, but followed up at once with a fierce attack. Decius shouted to his men and asked them whither they were fleeing, what hope they had in flight; he tried to stop those who were retreating and recall the scattered units. Finding himself unable, do what he would, to check the demoralization, he invoked the name of his father, Publius Decius, and cried: "Why do I any longer delay the destined fate of my family? This is the privilege granted to our house that we should be an expiatory sacrifice to avert dangers from the State.

Now will I offer the legions of the enemy together with myself as a sacrifice to Tellus and the Manes." When he had uttered these words he ordered the pontiff, M. Livius, whom he had kept by his side all through the battle, to recite the prescribed form in which he was to devote "himself and the legions of the enemy on behalf of the army of the Roman Quirites people." He was accordingly devoted in the same words and wearing the same garb as his father, P. Decius, at the battle of Veseris, in the Latin war.

After the usual prayers had been recited he uttered the following curse: "I will infect the standards, the armor, the weapons, of the enemy with dire and manifold death, the place of my destruction shall also witness that of the Celts and Samnites." After uttering this imprecation on himself and on the enemy he spurred his horse against that part of the Celtic line, where they were most densely massed, and leaping into it was slain by their missiles 2).

From this moment the battle could hardly have appeared to any man to be dependent on human strength alone. After losing their leader, a thing which generally demoralizes an army, the Romans arrested their flight and recommenced the struggle. The Celts, especially those who were crowded round the consul's body, were discharging their missiles aimlessly and harmlessly as though bereft of their senses; some seemed paralyzed, incapable of either fight or flight.

But, in the other army, the pontiff Livius, to whom Decius had transferred his lictors and whom he had commissioned to act as *propraetor*, announced in loud tones that the consul's death had freed the Romans from all danger and given them the victory, the Celts and Samnites were made over to Tellus the Mother [Tellus] and the Manes, Decius was summoning and dragging down to himself the army which he had devoted together with himself, there was terror everywhere among the enemy, and the Furies were lashing them into madness. Whilst the battle was thus being restored, Lucius Cornelius Scipio and Caius Marcius were ordered by Fabius, to bring up the reserves from the rear to the support of his colleague.

There they learned the fate of Publius Decius, and it was a powerful encouragement to them to dare everything for the Republic. The Celts were standing in close order covered by their shields, and a hand-to-hand fight seemed no easy matter, but the general officers (*legates*) gave orders for the javelins which were lying on the ground between the two armies to be gathered up and hurled at the enemy's shield wall. Although most of them stuck in their shields and only a few penetrated their bodies, the closely massed ranks went down, most of them falling without having received a wound, just as though they had been struck by lightning.

Such was the change that Fortune had brought about in the Roman left wing. On the right [...] the Samnites could not face the onslaught and fled precipitately past the Celts to their camp, leaving their allies to fight as best they could. The Celts were still standing in close order behind their shield wall. Fabius, on hearing of his colleague's death, ordered a squadron of Campanian horse, about 500 strong, to go out of action and ride round to take the Celts in the rear [...] 25,000 of the enemy were killed in that day's fighting and 8000 made prisoners. The victory was by no means a bloodless one, for P. Decius lost 7000 killed and Fabius 1700.

1. The Celtic warriors too interpreted this sign as favorable harbinger, the hind having turned towards the left to escape the wolf. A similar fact was used by Queen Boudicca in her war against the Romans in Great Britain. The hare fleeing on the left was a good omen, the hare fleeing on the right would have been a bad one.

2. Roman religious rite. The general devotes himself and sacrifices himself to oblige the god-or-demons to grant him the victory. *Do ut des*. It is what is called in Latin a "evocatio". Nevertheless allow us in this talk, to strongly doubt the objective reality of what the text of Livy describes us: "From this moment the battle could hardly have appeared to any man to be dependent on human strength alone" etc.

It is only the very subjective estimate of this author, probably not mentioning other markedly more prosaic explanations.

The battle of Telamon (- 225)

The account of the battle of Telamon by Polybius is more detailed. It is a *caterva* i.e., in mass attack (Aristotle gives the name of Celtic audacity to this intrepidity which makes that you rush towards the enemy while making light of death). See also later the famous *furia francese*. Gilbert Cousin gives as the origin of this Italian expression the remark made by Livy, Caesar and some other historians, that "the Celts fought fiercely at the outset of an engagement, but only needed to be withstood; when a struggle was prolonged.....who could least of all men put up with heat and labor, ebbed away, and, whereas in the early stages of their battles they were more than men, they ended with being less than women."

The care of detail of Polybius brings us, of course, inevitable commonplaces about the *tumultus gallicus*, the nakedness of the fighters, the torcs out of gold, or the quality of weapons. The veracity of these details, sometimes called into question, is confirmed by archeological discoveries.

Let us involve in the middle of the action by Polybius and let us focus on this key time of European history. It is indeed this victory over the Cisalpine peoples, in Telamon, which for Rome paved the way towards the Alps.

"Accordingly the two most extensive tribes, the Insubres and Boii, joined in the dispatch of messengers to the tribes living about the Alps and on the Rhone, who from a word which means "serving for pay," are called Gaesatae [.....]

They themselves, with their main army, consisting of fifty thousand foot, and twenty thousand horse and chariots [....] and started on their march, which was to be through Etruria, in high spirits [....]

Accordingly, when at daybreak the Romans saw that the cavalry were alone, they believed that the Celts had fled, and hastened in pursuit of the retreating horse; but when they approached the spot where the enemy was stationed, the Celts suddenly left their position and fell upon them. The struggle was at first maintained with fury on both sides, but the courage and superior numbers of the Celts eventually gave them the victory. No less than six thousand Romans fell, while the rest fled, but most of whom made their way to a certain strongly fortified height, and there remained [.....]

The Celts continue their march, but they are taken in a pincer movement between the two armies of the Consuls Atilius and Aemilius [....] having shortly afterwards learned the truth about the presence of Gaius Atilius from a prisoner who was brought in, they hurriedly got their infantry into position, and drew them up so as to face two opposite ways, some, that is, to the front and others to the rear. For they knew that one army was following on their rear; and they expected from the intelligence which had reached them, and from what they saw actually occurring, that they would have to meet another on their front [.....] The Celts had stationed the Alpine tribe of the Gaesatae to face their enemies on the rear, and behind them the Insubres; on their front they had placed the Taurisci, and the Cispadane tribe of the Boii, facing the legions of Gaius Atilius. Their wagons and chariots they placed on the extremity of either wing, while the booty they massed upon one of the hills that skirted the road, under the protection of a guard. The army of the Celts was thus double-faced, and their mode of marshaling their forces was effective as well as calculated to inspire terror. The Insubres and Boii were clothed in their breeches (Greek *anaxyrides*) and light sagums (Greek *sagon*); but the Gaesatae from vanity and bravado threw these garments away, and fell in front of the army naked, with nothing but their arms; believing that, as the ground was in parts encumbered with brambles, which might possibly catch in their clothes and impede the use of their weapons, they would be more effective in this state [....] In the midst of it the consul Gaius Atilius fell, fighting with reckless bravery in the thick of the battle, and his head was brought to the king of the Celts. The Roman cavalry, however, continued the struggle with spirit, and finally won the position and overpowered their opponents. Then the foot also came to close quarters."

A digression of Polybius follows as for the respective advantages and disadvantages of the positions of the two armies.

“The Romans, on the other hand, while encouraged by having got their enemy between two of their own armies, were at the same time dismayed by the ornaments and clamor of the Celtic host. For there were among them such innumerable horns and trumpets, which were being blown simultaneously and in all parts of their army, their cries were so loud and piercing that the noise seemed not to come merely from trumpets and human voices, but from the whole countryside at once. Not less terrifying was the appearance and rapid movement of the naked warriors in the van, which indicated men in the prime of their strength and beauty. All the warriors in the front ranks were richly adorned with gold necklaces and bracelets [....]

When the men who were armed with the pilum advanced in front of the legions, in accordance with the regular method of Roman warfare, and hurled their javelins in rapid and effective volleys, the inner ranks of the Celts found their cloaks (sagon) and breeches (anaxyrides) of great service; but to the naked men in the front ranks this unexpected mode of attack caused great distress and discomfiture. For the Celtic shields not being big enough to cover the man, the larger the naked body the more certainty was there of the pilum hitting [.....] some of them, in the extremity of their distress and helplessness, threw themselves with desperate courage and reckless violence upon the enemy, and thus met a voluntary death; while others gave ground step by step towards their own comrades-in-arms [.....] Insubres, Boii, and Taurisci, received the attack, and maintained a desperate hand-to-hand fight. Though almost cut to pieces, they held their ground with unabated courage, in spite of the fact that man for man, as well as collectively; they were inferior to the Romans in point of arms. The shields and swords of the latter were proved to be manifestly superior for defense and attack, for the Celtic sword can only deliver an edge cut [in Greek: *tên de Galaticên cataphoran echin mōnon*], but cannot trust. And when, besides the Roman horse charged down from the high ground on their flank, and attacked them vigorously, the infantry of the Celts were cut to pieces on the field, while their horse turned and fled” (Polybius II, 2, 22-31).

ANALYSIS.

Troops having taken part in the battle.

The Romans and their allies, the day before the battle of Telamon, have 150.000 armed soldiers, and have the ability to levy approximately 700.000 more men among their allies. It is therefore probable that at the time of this battle the Roman army was to have about twice more soldiers than that of the Celtic host. Of course, in this case...

The tumultus gallicus.

The instruments mentioned by Polybius (horns and trumpets) were to be some *carnyx*, instruments then undoubtedly unusual, and with a sound unbearable for the ears of the Romans. The caused tumult was to exceed that of the other armies. The *carnyx* is a war trumpet of which the bell, assembled on a tube, could be up three meters long, but which was generally of the size of a man. Until the discovery made in September 2004 in Tintignac, we had only fragments of them. Those which were discovered are provided, for four of them, with heads of wild boars, stylized but recognizable with their snout and their tusks. The wild boars of these *carnyx* were endowed with disproportionate ears out of bronze sheets. The fifth seems rather to represent a snake. We find representations of these trumpets on coins, on monuments, and on the cauldron of Gundestrup discovered in Denmark. Played in an ensemble of three instruments at least, they terrorized the adversaries “in the tumult of the battle “and are part of the magic (psychological) war previous to the attack itself.

Warlike fury.

“Some of them, in the extremity of their distress and helplessness, threw themselves with desperate courage and reckless violence upon the enemy, and thus met a voluntary death; while others gave ground step by step towards their own comrades-in-arms [.....] Insubres, Boii, and Taurisci, received

the attack, and maintained a desperate hand-to-hand fight. Though almost cut to pieces, they held their ground with unabated courage, in spite of the fact that man for man, as well as collectively; they were inferior to the Romans in point of arms. The shields and swords of the latter were proved to be manifestly superior for defense and attack, for the Gallic sword can only deliver a cut, but cannot trust ”.

This kind of warlike excitation or madness (*vergio/ferg*) is characterized by a kind of aura which is called *lon laith* or *luan laith* in Ireland, and which is suggested by a species of pole (outgoing from the back of the head) on certain Armorican coins.

Gaesatae.

These fighters, about whom Polybius says to us that they came from the Alps and from the Rhone Valley, were enlisted as mercenary soldiers. It is a body of elite infantrymen, undoubtedly equipped with lances, light shields, even perhaps with a sword. Placed in the first line, they must, thanks to their lightness, be able to break the first enemy line by a whole series of quick attacks. This design of the combat (the attack in *caterva* become *furia francese*) is reported on several occasions by ancient authors. This attitude facing the dangers of the fight, of course, is related to their idea of death, considered as a simple passage. There is therefore no reason to fear it. On the other hand, to face it during the combat by exposing yourself to blows and strokes is the best means of showing to the enemy that you will fight until the end, and therefore to destabilize it.

Insubres and Boians, on the contrary, armed with their solid experience got through several decades of engagements against Rome, knew what to expect. Whence from them a more careful approach, a heavier equipment, and a more effective engagement. Polybius, in his description of their equipment, mentions neither armors, nor specific equipment. The *sagos* (Latin *sagum*) is only a woolen coat, a traditional dress of soldiers in the campaign, but perhaps of more general use. The Insubrian and Boian infantrymen are countryside men, of whom war is not the trade, supposed to come back to agricultural works as of the end of the campaign.

Cisalpine peoples and Punic Wars.

Best example of the use of Celts as mercenary soldiers in Italy is the doing of Hannibal during the battle of Cannae. Aware that Celts could win the battle with the first shock by spreading a true panic in the enemy lines; but that if the combat continued, they would weaken very quickly; Hannibal places their phalanx in the center, in the first line, while keeping his elite bodies on the wings. Celts and the Iberian therefore rush into the attack while making, from the start, a carnage in the first Roman lines. But as of the first surprise over, as envisaged by Hannibal, they move back very quickly in disorder beyond the lines of their Carthaginian allies remained on the wings.

The Romans, filled with enthusiasm by the turning of events and carried by momentum, chase them, and are themselves caught between the two Carthaginian wings, formed of seasoned elite bodies, what is more, still fresh. The battle becomes a massacre. The Numidian, Iberian and Celtic cavalrymen, cut any retreat to the legions having kept a semblance of organization. The fact that Rome had already undergone defeats on the Ticino and perhaps then lost an important part of its armies in these circumstances, had to play. The City had been forced to levy, hastily, troops against Hannibal. The majority of these soldiers had perhaps never fought before. Hannibal's army, on the other hand, was formed with experienced veterans.

Armament.

One of the stereotypes reported by Polybius relates to the weakness of the armament. No other people uses weapons similar to those of the Celts, what implies a technique and an idea of the combat different from the Greek or Roman design. During the Iron Age (- 800 - 50 before our era), each people has a quite specific type of armament indeed.

Polybius, at the time of another battle of the Romans against Insubres, the year after Telamon, mentions that “ Celtic tribes were always most formidable at the first onslaught, before their courage was at all damped by a check; and that the swords with which they were furnished, as I have mentioned before, could only give one downwards cut with any effect, but that after this the edges got so turned, the blade so bent that unless they had time to straighten them with their foot against the ground, they could not deliver a second blow”.

The equipment of the infantryman with his one blow sword therefore arouses problems. How is it possible that the Celts, considered by the Ancient peoples as outstanding blacksmiths, could have an armament of such lower quality?

Would the quality of their blacksmiths be only a phantasm of celtomaniac convinced of the superiority of Celts in the iron craft industry.

The observation of the swords in the Swiss site of La Tene, dating back to the second half of the third century before our era, enables us to put forward assumptions. These light, long, thin, without a guard and with a round end, Latenian swords, are very well adapted to cavalry combats, because they make possible a fast fighting and from a variable distance. For the infantry fight, they make possible also an effective hand-to-hand in duels where you will seek the failure in the defense of your adversary without big blows. In a way, this type of sword can be effective also for the thrusts, on the condition of well striking. Such weapons cannot, on the other hand, being used in too dense a melee, because they require space. Moreover, their thinness and their length very quickly weaken them in the event of repeated shocks on a hard surface, like a shield, a helmet or another more massive offensive weapon (Roman broadsword, lance). These swords not being quenched, their edges blunt quickly.

They are therefore precision weapons, for specific types of combat. We can deduce from it consequently that Celts were particularly fond of individual fight, where space, room for maneuver, and speed, are essential. Each combatant chooses an adversary for a duel to the death, requiring few exchanges of useless strokes. An observation stage is necessary to find the failure in the defense of the enemy, followed by a very fast attack to deal the fatal blow in the first attack. A light shield, that you can hold at arm's length and use as second offensive weapon, forms a decisive contribution in such a design of the fight. The shields which reached us, particularly those of LaTene, seem to have these properties: a handle in the center, but no fastening system for the forearm. A rather massive center with an umbo (boss) out of iron protecting the hand and some thin edges, making it possible to reduce the weight. It is interesting to remark that this design is very close to what we know of the proto-historic fight, such as it is known to us by the Iliad or the Irish epic cycles. After the provocations and the observation stage, fastest of the fighters kills his adversary at the first try.

We can therefore think Celts had remained attached to this "heroic" idea of fight (aristeia and menos of Achilles) become obsolete facing Roman armies more heavily equipped with defensive armament, and whose strategy aimed, initially, to weaken from a distance the strike force of the enemy.

We should not neglect the importance of lances. It is also the basic weapon of Celtic warriors. And the sword is perhaps drawn only to kill the adversary or the last settling of score, when the combat sorted out a little (retreat of the enemy, loss and destruction of the defensive weapons of the adversary). In a battle on line, the sword remains in its sleeve. During the battle of Telamon, the Gaesatae, Celtic elite troop of the first rank, are lance bearers (gaesa = lance). Nobody speaks about their sword.

With regard to the use of swords, it is necessary to take into account then the importance of the shield. In a hand-to-hand, the dissuasive effect of this one has to be important. The fighter is aware that if he hits into the shield up to the point to split it (thin and light shields), he destroys or at least distorts his blade. Things, of course, are different under the hand of the Irish bards.

It was to exist an on-guard position with one's right leg before; i.e., with one's shield covering all the left side and with the spatha "ahead" the point threatening the eyes of the adversary (sources: Vegetius). This position was used to avoid an unfavorable charge.

Horses and riders.

As we have already said it, Celtic horses were in the beginning small horses of the pony type, being especially used to pull chariots. The advantage which it provided was due more to the speed of movement than to a dominant position.

All will change, of course, with the arrival of higher horses, of the Mediterranean type.

The accounts about Celtic mercenary soldiers working for Hannibal in the battle of Cannae show that cavalrymen have an excellent reputation, unlike the rank and file which is "a pilum fodder". The cavalrymen are trained soldiers, aristocrats who have a perfect technical control of the weapons handling. The mercenary soldier on foot is there only to be killed in the melee (brings the excessive numbers in the ranks, but rarely finishes the battle standing). The absence of saddles and stirrups at the time explains the absence of comfort of the position on horseback, to fight. In Cannae, the rider uses the horse to move, to take the enemy in a pincer movement, and then dismounts to fight. We are here in a combat design still very near to that of the Iliad (Trojan War and Bronze Age). At this time, however, there existed already peoples fighting entirely on horseback, from the beginning until the

end. Scythians, Germanics, Parthians or Numidians. They wedge their legs in a rope tightened around the horse belly and are thus stabilized. Let us remark that Parthians and Numidians use a bow and use their sword only to kill the enemy. Little direct contact with the adversary for riders. It will be only at the extreme end of the Latenian period that a Celtic cavalry will really appear fighting on horseback only and using a long sword (1 m) without a point, to cut ; and thus rather of the claymore type (second or first century before our era).

Romans were not good riders, their cavalry was therefore especially made up of allies. As from the time of Augustus, and during the two following centuries, the soldiers of Celtic and Iberian origin formed almost 70% of the manpower of the Roman army in the West.

The Roman conquest of southeastern Europe logically led to the influx of substantial numbers of Roman military units into the region. The presence of Celtic military units in the Roman army on the Balkans are well recorded. For example, in the Roman province of Moesia Superior the Celtic cohorts I Lusitanorum (Celtiberian), III Gallorum, IV Gallorum, V Gallorum, VII Gallorum and VIII Gallorum are for instance mentioned in a diploma from 28 April 75 (RMD I 2); II Gallorum Macedonica, V Gallorum, I Flavia Hispanorum milliaria and V Hispanorum from 16 September 94 (CIL XVI 3, RMD V 335); I Lusitanorum, II Hispanorum, II Brittonum (milliaria) and III Brittonum from 8 May 100 (CIL XVI 46; see Matei-Popescu 2006-2007).

Celtic military units also....the cohorts IV Gallorum equitata stationed at Oescus (near modern Gigen, Pleven region) between 62 and 71 (Boyanov I. 2008), which later formed the garrison at Salsovia on the southern bank of the (St. Gheorghe) arm of the Danube in Tulcea County, Romania (see Haynes et al. 2007), or the auxiliary cavalry unit Gallica I stationed at Ratiaria (near modern Archar, Vidin region) in the 1st c. (Gerov 1980:164), the auxiliary cavalry unit I Gallorum et Bosporanorum (based in Securisca, pres. Cherkovitsa – Nikopol district, Pleven region), the auxiliary cavalry unit I Claudia Gallorum Capitoniana (based in Augustae, pres. Harlets, Vratza region (see S. Maschov 1994), all in former Scordisci territory in northern Bulgaria. Another example is that of the cohorts quarta Gallorum which was stationed at Ulicitra (location unknown; Not. Dign., or. XL 46-49) in the province of Rhodopa, where Rome had experienced intense resistance from the local Celtic tribes in the 2nd / 1st c. BCE.

In northeastern Bulgaria the cohorts II Lucensium was stationed at the former Celtic settlement of Abritu (Abritus, near Razgrad). The cohorts was named after the Lucenses, a Celtic tribe in Spain from which many of its recruits came. This is confirmed in a military diploma from Moesia, dated 78 (CIL, XVI, 22). An inscription from the 2nd c. from Abritus provides evidence of the presence of the Celtiberian cohorts II Lucensium as well the tombstone of Gaius Iulius Maximus – an equestrian attached to this cohorts – G(aius) I(ulius) Maximu(s), eq(ues) coh(ortis) II Luc(ensium), singul(aris), vixit, a(nnis). The cohorts were probably stationed here up to 136 and took part in the Dacian wars of Emperor Trajan. After 136 it was garrisoned at Cabyle near modern Jambol (see Ivanov R. Roman Cities in Bulgaria).

The ethnic statistic * of the 'Roman' names in the peregrini (non-Roman citizens) in Dacia indicates that only 29 % had Italic names, while almost as many (25 %) carried Celtic names (Graph 1). Remarkable is the disproportion existing between the names of the soldiers and the names of other characters from the military environment. The majority of Celtic names come from the category of soldiers' children (Varga 2010), indicating that many Celts took Roman names presumably to enhance their chances of advancement within the imperial military structure. However, this Romanization was obviously superficial, as indicated by the fact that they continued to give their children traditional Celtic names.

The Men With No Names...

One should also note the conspicuous absence of one particular ethnic group in this equation – the so-called Dacians. While all the other major ethnic groups on the Balkans are represented to varying degrees in the general peregrine population of Roman Dacia – Thracian (10 %), Greek (12 %), Celtic (33 %), there is no evidence for a separate 'Dacian' ethnic group. Conversely, the particularly high proportion of the Roman peregrine population (33% according to the study) which consisted of ethnic Celts also partly explains the high frequency of Celtic personal names recorded in Thrace and Dacia during the Roman period.

The Celtic presence in southeastern Europe, already firmly established during the migrations of the 4th / 3rd c. BCE, was therefore strengthened by the influx of large numbers of Celts serving in the Roman legions from the 1st c. BCE onwards, as well as the forced relocation of hundreds of thousands of Celto-Scythians by the emperors Probus (276-82; *Historia Augusta* Probus 18) and Diocletian (284-305; *Eutropius* IX.25) into the territory of today's Romania and Bulgaria. More almost all known equites legionarii are of Celtic origin! At least 72,5 % during the Flavian dynasty according to Ann Hyland (*Equus the horse in the Roman world* 1990).

For more specifications see the excellent website "Journal of Celtic Studies in Eastern Europe and Asia Minor" (Balkan Celts).

The horse was to be directed with the left hand; during the engagements, with legs, feet as well as the change of weight of the rider (a vocal help was perhaps to be also used).

Equipment.

If the equipment of riders but also of horses, had to be identical in the whole army, the quality of this material varied nevertheless according to the status of the rider (legionaries were paid markedly better than their colleagues of the wings and of the mixed cohorts).

The rider wore sandals (*caligae*), leather pants (*bracae*), a short woolen tunic (red), a leather jacket (*subarmalis*) which protected his tunica from armor frictions; and lastly coat of mail (*lorica hamata*) coat of scale (*lorica squamata*) out of bronze or iron.

The helmet of the cavalryman was of a type completely different from that of the infantryman: the cover nape was much smaller and the protection of the brow was absent; on the other hand, a special protection covered ears and the bronze or repoussé iron finishing was particularly carefully worked (it often represented human hair; certain helmets had even a true hair in human hair, hairs of horses or hairs of bears, braided in plaits).

The left side of the rider legionary was protected by his hexagon shaped (Celtic influence) or oval shaped, shield (*clipeus*) probably decorated with usual symbols of the legions, like the wings, the horns, the lightning. As tests show it, this shield was to be attached to a cross-belt, in order to release the left hand which held the reins. In the event of urgency, the rider could release the reins and take in hand quickly and easily his *clipeus*, to protect himself.

The weapons were used right hand: the lance (*hasta*), which was held at arm's length, or the long sword (*spatha*, Celtic influence). The *spatha* was carried in its sleeve or its sheath at the right side of the rider, kept by a belt (*cingulum*); the dagger (*pugio*) hung at the left side. A quiver, containing short javelins (*iaculi*) was often carried on the right side of horses, fixed on the right posterior horn of the saddle.

The Roman saddle is, in fact, an improvement of the Celtic saddle; Celts had designed it at least a hundred years before Caesar. It consists of a wooden saddletree (*sic*), provided with four strengthened with bronze, horns, the whole covered with leather.

There are no stirrups. The rider is maintained in the saddle using the four horns, blocking his thighs or his lower back during the various maneuvers.

A broad leather thin strap encloses the chest of the horse and another its croup, keeping saddle in good position. For esthetics, some *phalerae*, *lunulae* and other decorations out of silver, fixed on the thin straps. The back of the horse is protected from the friction of the saddletree by a sheepskin, under a long and very thick saddle blanket.

This saddle makes it possible to transport, hung to the horns and leather thin straps, various equipment, as the coat (*paenula*), the bowl (*patera*), the ration of supply in its net. The remarks of Arrian show that Roman cavalry was well trained or seasoned, and often took over the Celtic or Iberian attack maneuvers, by keeping even the names used in these languages to designate them (*petrinos*, Cantabrian attack). The bridle was of a type close to our modern simple snaffle, and it was also decorated with small *phalerae*.

The tests carried out confirm the possibilities of the Roman cavalry, and show the need for controlling the horse very well, as his own weight (to which it is necessary to add some 25 kg of equipment!)

Gauthier CLERENS. *Corpus Equitum Legionis X Equestris*. Experimentation in Roman military archeology. It is a question of reconstituting an armed Roman rider, at the beginning of the first century of our era, and his mount, with fight harness. Only England and Germany undertook similar work (Ermine Street Guard/the Troop, Markus Junkelmann and others).

The fast development of the Celtic mercenary trade starting from the fourth century before our era forms an important phenomenon for history and civilization of the Laténian world. The exact interpretation of this phenomenon is a serious problem for research. We do not know how the agreements between Celtic warriors and Greek kings or other foreign powers were concluded. For example, how was paid the pay?

The Celtic mercenaries enlisted by Antigonos Gonatas received a gold coin per man. Was this well paid or not, difficult to say, because the reasons for this payment are not known. It is, however, clear that the introduction of the use of coins among Celts circa the beginning of the third century before our era, must be allocated to the mercenary trade in question. Before that, Celts used kinds of lime shaped standard steel ingots, with various lengths, which were used as currency of exchange.

They surely are not individual fighters, but enlisted troops, regularly followed by women and children, going with their luggage. The reputation of Celtic mercenaries, comparable with that of the Cretan archers or of the Numidian cavalrymen, is explained, on the one hand, by the success of the Celtic invasions against the Mediterranean world; and on the other hand, by the quality of their weapons as by their way of fighting.

The written sources and the Greek and Roman representations seem to confirm the widespread opinion that the Celtic mercenaries generally kept their weapons. It was besides especially the tall "backbone" shield. In the raids around the Mediterranean Sea, the Celts adapted to grouped combat formations. Their impact was frightening in the first attack, and they were therefore used thus by the Hellenistic armies, as auxiliary troops to terrorize the enemy.

This true Celtic industry of the mercenary service; of which one of the most important markets was formed by North Italy, with intense back and forth between Transalpine Celtica and Cisalpine Celtica; most probably explains the etymology suggested by Polybius of the name of Gaesatae: "They are called Gaesatae because they are mercenaries, it is indeed what this word means". It is in reality an erroneous etymology by this author. The Gaesatae are simply men carrying a lance or a spear: the *gaesum*.

We have only very little information on the military tactics of Celts; except the general feeling of a great tumult of warriors, who rush straightly against the enemy, while letting out frightening cries intended to discourage their adversary, and to remove any chance of victory from him; a din amplified by the sound of *carnyx*. In Continental Celtic language, the word "cinges" (warrior) comes from the verbal root *cing-* (to move forwards), it therefore means literally: "the-one-who-walks-forwards".

Livy also puts on record the use of war chariots ("essedon" in Celtic language) to break the Roman lines at the time of the battle of Sentinum, in - 295.

In addition to infantry and cavalry, Celtic army was followed by a long procession of heavy four wheeled wagons ("carros" in Celtic language) which transported the luggage and sometimes the families of warriors. More than wars of conquest, wars of Celts were rather armed migratory waves, sometimes moving whole peoples in search of new lands in which to settle.

The decline of the Celtic mercenary trade starts with the first half of the second century before our era.

In last times of Independence, Celts tried to form professional troops following the example of Mediterranean societies endowed with a State, but this change occurred too late, alas. The attempt at an adaptation of the cavalry to the organized corps of the Roman army appeared insufficient at the time of the war which precipitated the end of the continental Celts.

The relations between Celts and Romans were very early characterized by an awful lot of violence. The accumulation of these shocks generated as many lasting traumatismes, and the rise of a true collective psychosis in view of the enemy raids. The myth of the Celtic danger was invented, with its procession of untruths prevailing over reality.

In order to contain the anguish of the Romans facing the threats, public authorities use the religion. Thus, twice, in - 228 and - 216, they bury alive a couple, in the Forum Boarium (cattle market) This human sacrifice is supposed to prevent the risk of invasion.

Cicero champions this racist theory. Like the majority of his contemporaries, of course, he never got a foothold in Celtic land. However, Celts obsess him. Written between - 81 and - 43, his speeches, his erudite treatises, his letters, are crammed with allusions to Celtica and to its inhabitants. He precisely defines the place of the Romans, higher than the Celts, because of their qualities: "It is not [...] by the force that we exceeded them, it is by our piety as by our religion [...] that we have won ". In opposition to the Roman people, Celts have the status of a tribe, characterized by the otherness but also the hostility. Naturally barbarians, they are described as giants, because of their strength and of their number, or of their bellicose mind. But, in the category "social behavior," Cicero develops about Celts a more original and really Roman thought. Celts are shown as monsters, forces of destruction or of the inversion of the Roman political and social order. Two main charges. They are impious, wage war against all the gods and all the sanctuaries, and practice human sacrifices.

"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." In addition they are disloyal and do not keep their word. Cicero invents for them an expression, "barbari ac immanes ": "barbari "refers to natural rusticity, "immanes " to the absence of civilization. Nothing astonishing since, while defending the interests of the Roman business men, he speaks to the conservative fringe of senators.

The apprehension of a still possible Celtic threat is illustrated by the iconography of victories, on the spot where they were won as in Rome itself. The frieze of the temple in Civitalba, for example, represents irreligious people routed by Apollo and Artemis, after having plundered a temple. As in the presentation that Polybius gives : " Not less terrifying was the appearance and rapid movement of the naked warriors in the van, which indicated men in the prime of their strength and beauty. All the warriors in the front ranks were richly adorned with gold necklaces and bracelets".

The warriors of Civitalba are scary. Similar episodes are represented on everyday objects, such as the drinking cups made at Cales in South Italy. It is therefore a representation type, an image of the hereditary enemy, that Rome delivers when it is a question of the Celts, until the celebration of the triumph in - 46.

On this occasion, Caesar also gives dazzling games, particularly gladiatorial combats. In these shows, the Celtic weapons are often in the spotlight. It is that the Romans very early used the quarrelsome fondness of Celts in arenas. The representations of battles given by the *essedarii* (one of the four Celtic specialities) fighting from chariots were to cause curiosity, but to also start strong collective emotions.

Present on the coins, archetypal instrument of publicity, issued by Saserna in - 48; or on the sarcophagi which are on the edge of roads at the exit of cities; the topic of the Celtic chariotry is an allusion to the long tradition of wars to which Caesar put an end. The coins of Saserna and Caesar show warriors naked, captive, with their s tied in their back, and at the foot of a trophy made of shields or *carnyx*, characteristic of the Celtic armament. Caesar also introduces women into this military environment, thus meaning the submission of the whole population. Saserna's coins deliver digests of Celtic barbarity: an unkempt head of man in front of a shield, or the head of a woman, with disordered hair, in front of a *carnyx*. The Celtic woman is therefore combined with the warlike activities, unlike the Roman woman, whose hair is carefully put into a chignon and who devotes herself only to domestic activities.

NADINE ROBERT. Librarian at the Practical School of high studies in religious sciences and researcher at the NCSR (nothing to do with the wife of the mayor of Saint-Denis in the Reunion Island).

*Legally forbidden in France

THE DIVODORUM (PATH) OF THE HIGH-KNOWERS (or Plutarch's islands druidic surgeons, etc.)...

This chapter is missing.

THE DIVODORON OF THE CELTIC WARRIOR

(path of warriors called Bushidon in Japanese language)
illustrated by the hesus Cuchulainn or path of the Setanta, even
of the vindos camulogenos).

Gaelic proverb Gaelic (and motto of the Cateran Society): Am fear has thug buaidh air fhein, thug e buaidh air namhaid. He who conquers himself, conquers an enemy.

The sunartiu is a preternatural and psychosomatic strength kind placebo, a little similar to the famous mana of Polynesians, the sunartiu entered the weapons or the beings devoted to the god-or-demons, and therefore ultimately more or less the warriors themselves (vergio/ferg). The sunartiu resulted in general in a spectacular lon laith or luan laith. From where the kind of pole engraved on certain Armorican coins to represent it.

ARRAS OR VARIOUS EXERCISES .

Meditation in activity is a hundred times better than meditation at rest (Bodhidharma, Shaolin School).

The noble ones, and later, the citizens (toutiois) that they are of plebeian or aristocratic origin, were likely to be mobilized constantly if there were danger for the people.

Strabo. Geography IV, IV, 6. Ephorus signals an interesting trait: " They endeavor not to grow fat or pot-bellied, and any young man who exceeds the standard measure of a certain girdle, is punished" but we do not find again this characteristic among Celts of later ages.

The reason for this paradox is in our opinion rather simple. Ephorus did not speak of Celts in general, but only of a very tiny minority among them, an elite, the Celtic berserker called vercingets or gaesati. Such legislation on the bodily condition in any case involves the existence of exercises of maintenance of the fitness and health, gymnastics, warlike training, hunting, etc., and this since a rather early date because Ephorus wrote about the middle of the fourth century before our era.

THE PROBLEM OF IRISH ORDEALS.

N.B. Ordeal is the term used by Whitley Stokes to translate the Gaelic word "fir" (truth) but it is not very good, we will take again it here, for want of anything better.

Whitley Stokes evokes in his "translation" of the adventures of Cormac various more or less credible tests, more or less whimsical, of which some seem to show with regard to fire or heat a certain placebo effect. It is that we will speak now.

Foreword. Regarding the reality, or the conditions, the miraculous or on the contrary completely natural, nature, of these placebo effects, see the various phenomena of fakirism, like fire walking.

Walk on fire, contrary to others alleged "powers "of the mind like psychokinesis or clairvoyance , cannot be denied under the pretext of a simple subjectivity. For several centuries, thousands of people have unquestionably gone barefoot on a long ember and charcoals bed several hundred degrees hot. Many people think, or suppose, that such a feat remains impossible under normal conditions. They maintain that only mysterious powers, or a supernatural force, would make possible reaching a state such as every burn would be avoided. However, such references are not necessary. Some scientific and physical principles (like the transfer of energy or the nature of the fire walking itself) are enough to explain this "feat ".

Fire walking is not a new phenomenon, this tradition belongs to the human culture since a very long time. Already mentioned in the Bible (Proverbs 6,28), and abundantly practiced in the Reunion Island (Indian Ocean). It forms part and parcel of magical and religious rituals in many cultures. Modern Hindus, Tibetan Buddhists and other mystics or esotericists like to practice it.

We can deduce from this account of Cormac's adventures in the promised land that, in addition to the placebo effect, to stimulate the endorphin production in one's body was perhaps one of the goals sought by many exercises (arrea) of the ancient warlike druidism, of which descriptions appearing in this legend are only a caricature.

All these antiquated psychosomatic techniques, apart from the last perhaps, therefore had in common the fact of being based on the fire use. The whole problem, of course, was to have with oneself the required divine force (the sunartiu) WITHOUT BEING IN A STATE OF VERGIO (Irish ferg) to leave this ordeal unscathed. But if the person subjected to this litmus test had well with her risunartiu or mana (divine force...) then that did not hurt her.

Nevertheless let us point it out once again, Irish medieval ordeals, such as they are described in the quoted documents (Whitley Stokes. *Irische Text III*, pages 191-192) are only approximate adaptations, to Christian ideas (of the justice, etc.) of psychosomatic techniques, MUCH OLDER AND COMPLETELY UNFAMILIAR AT THE ORIGIN TO CHRISTIAN MENTALITY, SIMPLY INTENDED TO KNOW IF SOMEBODY HAD WITH HIM, YES OR NO, THE RISUNARTIU (MANA OR DIVINE FORCE IN POLYNESIA).

Celtic Christendoms seized these arrea to change them in penances i.e., to purify or to put again in a state of grace the sinner having failed, but in the beginning it was a question for the warlike druids of acting...

- Preventively, in order to strengthen the mindset of their pupils, and their control on every inch of their body.
- Not a posteriori to correct.

The almost hysterical outburst of the strengths of the Celtic berserker of vercinget type was such that it sometimes required a whole equipment to hold him.

Ferais tromsnechta in n-aidchi sin corbo chlárfind nó corbo clárenech 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."

These trances seem to have been always accompanied by an intense production of heat.

"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."

Explanation perhaps of the fire control these arra brought.

There was to be, of course, an exaggeration from the bards having spread these legends during centuries and centuries. To leave unscathed from these ordeals was in any case possible only thanks to the risunartiu making it possible to transcend what appeared to be the inescapable tide of events: to be seriously burned, even completely consumed.

They were nevertheless more or less true miracles, because the massive production of endorphins in the body cannot be enough to explain everything.

Moreover, let us remark it once again, these results could be reached only under certain conditions and while having a certain lifestyle.

At this stage, there was little room for grace or hope, because only the practical application without fail of mental exercises necessary could lead to such results.

The bodily deprivations and the mental tension trained the will, thus making it possible for the warrior to exceed the normal limitations of his body existence, and to develop supra human powers, of perception and of action. If he succeeded, in the kindling of his will, to burn the bonds of his body, the Celtic *vercinget* or berserker then transformed the latter into a power, the power to achieve extraordinary things, to heal, and so on (see for example the case of the healing by the Hesus = Cuchulainn, of the Morrighu/Morgan La Fey, during the Rustling of the cows of Cualnge).

TRAINING AND MORTIFICATIONS.

An ancient text shows us Celts training to overcome pain. Warriors wounded by arrows widen their wounds and Livy says clearly that they want through that getting glory.

"Open wounds, however, do not trouble them much! Sometimes, where it is a surface bruise rather than a deep wound, they cut the skin, and even think that in this way they win greater glory in battle" (book XXXVIII, chapter XXI).

With regard to physical education, hardening against temperature variations, walk, vigils, the accounts come to us are, on the other hand, contradictory (certain people seem to have reproached other their "limpness"). But here is one which is rather clear: "The men of every age are equally inclined to war, the old man and the man in the prime of life answer with equal zeal the call to arms, and their bodies being hardened by their cold weather and by constant exercise; so that they are all inclined to despise dangers and terrors. Nor has any one of this nation ever mutilated his thumb from fear of the toils of war, as men have done in Italy, whom in their district are called unfit for service [Latin *murcus* plural *murci*]" (Timagenes. Quoted by Ammianus Marcellinus XV, 12).

W. Ridgeway showed that the armament and the clothing described in the Irish cycle of Ulster match exactly the type of civilization known as LaTene.

The Celts, such as the Ancients make them known, especially Strabo and Diodorus, have in common with the Irish Ulaid several habits: the fight of two famous warriors in the presence of both enemy armies; the best piece of meat that is served, after competition, to bravest of the assembly; they use hounds of war; they fight in two wheeled chariots, occupied by two men; they throw stones by means of a sling, but their ordinary weapon is the javelin; they cut the heads of overcome enemies and preserve them in their houses in memory of their bravery.

Being given therefore the resemblance between both civilizations (that of Ulaid and that of ancient Celts), it is not without interest to also look at the Irish martial arts generally associated with the Hesus = Cuchulainn or other well-known heroes, of this type (for example Vindos Camulogenos and the Fenians). In order to have a better idea of the way in which they were probably presented, 2000 or 3.000 years ago, on the Continent.

As we could see it, it existed then two great methods of druidiacion (in the broadest sense of the term, from Catubatuos/Cathbad to Scathache).

a) Meditation, sitting in the manner of Hornunnos beneath an oak (sitting as a tailor).

b) Focus at the time of physical exercises developed to this end.

- Positions and movements.

- Breathing.

- Control of feelings and particularly of pain.

It is this last category which will be studied here, but the first (meditation in the manner of Hornunnos, sitting cross-legged under an oak) should not be neglected for as much, do not forget it!

The various exploits of Diarmat, in the tragic account of the unhappy love affairs of the beautiful and bewitching Grannia, are pieces of evidence of the existence of a sporty or warlike training, rather frightening, among the Fenians in Ireland. Jump over the head of a lance, exercise with barrels descending a slope, exercises on the sharp edge (of a sword) pole vaulting. Many allusions also elsewhere. For example, in the story where it is known that Mongan was a son of Camulos/Cumall and that he was the cause of the death of Fothad Airgdech. Caletios/Cailté jumps over the triple squared enclosure of the fortress by using a shaft of lance as a pole.

And also in the account of the rustling of the cows of Cualnge.

“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 Scathache nor Uathache nor Aife, but he invented them himself to oppose the Hesus Cuchulainn” (Tain bo Cualnge). Best of the warriors were trained to do everything with only one hand, while closing an eye, and balancing on one leg. Case of Lug and Cuchulainn. It is certain that such training was to give the one who was devoted to it, a great dexterity. Also was added to it the fact of juggling (with nine apples for example in the case of Cuchulainn).

The art of juggling is besides oldest of the circus disciplines. But its origin dates back to much older times, and still today, primitive cultures of all the continents carry on this practice. In the East, shamans and priests used juggling to predict, explore the unknown, draw aside the danger. Frescos of ancient Egypt sometimes represent female jugglers, for example at the time of religious ceremonies dedicated to Pharaohs. The Aztecs worked sculptures representing some characters juggling with their hands, but also with their feet (antipodists).

One of the reasons for the importance of juggling certainly lies in the fact that to juggle, it is also to learn how to control one's body, to focus while thus enabling to make one's mind free of any concern or contrariety; one hour of training is amounts largely a meditation session.

BREATHING.

“H-o rancatar ierum Domnall, forcetai leis aill for liic dercain & fosetiud cetharbolc foithi. When they had arrived at Domnall's, they were taught by him to...” This feat apparently consisted in lying down on a flagstone, where a small hole was bored, and in blowing in this hole so as to inflate four leather bellows and they were to do it until their soles were black or livid.

In the Middle Ages the ferdord, from fer “man” and dord “song, complaints, buzz” was still among the Fenians a kind of song or chorus, being sometimes accompanied by the shock of their lance shaft on the shield. In the account of the Longes Mac nUislenn, the word anchored, on the other hand, seems to designate the song of a tenor voice.

JUMP AND LEAP OR POLE VAULTING.

Another of the basic techniques was perhaps to be that of the jump (lingmen. From where the name of Lingones. They were to be specialists in jump). Hesus = Cuchulainn too was a champion in this field, according to the following sentence : it: “He jumped thrice into the air, and left while leaping towards the south of Lûachair”.

To train her pupils, the mythical Queen Scathache used machinery driven by strong springs or solid strapping lads behind levers. Its principle was rather simple. It was a wooden bridge or runway, and it was necessary to stand balancing on it, while avoiding all its traps: boards which disappeared, blades of swords cutting like razors, etc. “When one leaped above, it narrowed then became as thin as a hair, as cutting as a blade, as slipping as the tail of an eel; sometimes also it was raised at one blow and became then as high as a pole”. This machine could even appear rather dangerous apparently.

Our texts seem to distinguish several kinds of jumps: the salmon leap, the jump in the air and others still...

The pole vaulting.

Some texts evoke the possibility to pole vault while using for that the shaft of a lance (Diarmat in the Ossianic cycle). Many allusions also elsewhere. For example, in the story where it is said that Mongan was a son of Camulos/Cumall and that he was the cause of the death of Fothad Airgdech.

Caletios/Cailte pole vaults over the triple squared enclosure of a fortress by using a lance shaft.

Towards the second century of our era, soldiers in the North of England and Scotland use long lances prepared for crossing various obstacles.

In old Ireland the pole vaulting was indeed used to cross brooks, to cross a hedge or to escape wild beasts using long unbending pieces of wood. This practice was in addition used as a military element of tactics during the siege of castles as we saw it or in order to run a maximum of distance within a minimum of time. The pole vaulting (as a competition of long jump) was a part of Tailteann games * (Talantio today perhaps Teltown) around 550 before our era.

However, between the modern pole vaulting and that which consists in crossing over a river, there exist noticeable differences. First of all, the pole being unbending, the impulse was not to be directed forward because of the risk of breaking it, then the jump was not to be very high, the landing on the ground being not easy.

The current pole vaulting is an athletic event which is a part of the jumps. It consists, after having performed a run up about fifty meters long, in using a flexible pole to cross without making it fall a horizontal bar placed several meters high. It is the eighth event of the decathlon.

The high performance pole vaulting requires four qualities of the athletics: speed on the run up, strength to press on the pole, flexibility to perform the movements in the air and foot quality at the time of the impulse.

Here below how the salmon leap was still performed in Aranmor, about 1900, according to John M. Synge (Aran Islands). The dance champion of the island rose at the end of one moment, and he performed the salmon leap : "laid flat on one's stomach then leaping above the ground up to a surprising height."

The fact that it is a champion of dance across all categories , which could succeed in the salmon leap, shows enough that it was the result of a long training.

The Tailteann games were a sporting and cultural event which took place in Ireland in the honor of the (Gaulish Fir Bolg) princess Tailtiu/Talantio. According to the rather whimsical chronology of the book of conquests, the first games would have been organized by the god Lug in 1829 before our era. But we find surer traces only starting from - 554. They lasted until the Norman invasion of 1167-1169. They lasted thirty days.

Including the most various games of skill : to juggle with apples for example (with nine apples). The game of the rope is more enigmatic. Was it only a question of being trained individually, a little like the current boxers, while skipping, or of a competition between teams pulling up the same rope in order to see which is strongest?

"One also taught to them in this place [at the court of King Domnall] another feat , with a lance on the point of which they were to climb then to stand balancing or to fall ".

Editor's note. That resembles completely the famous bed of nails of the Indian fakirs, the poetic exaggeration in addition : there were perhaps in reality several points of lance and not only one.

Or then it was a question, like in the case of the exercises practiced in the castle of Scathache, to go up or go down stair-stepping on the lance heads and not on their point.

RIASTRADES OR CONTORTIONS.

The word riastrade means in the beginning, "distortion of the body under the effect of mental in the grip of a total exaltation ".

The riastrades in the manner of Cuchulainn are indeed a very particular form of physical exercises. This practice is very old, and there are traces of them in several other civilizations. We find for example representations of them in the sculptures of the Borobudur temple in Indonesia (10th century). Contortion is besides an acrobatic discipline still practiced today in circuses as well in gymnastics, and based on exercises of suppleness performed by artists.

They distinguish front bending from back-bending .

The front bending is based on exercises of flexibility, with a movement of one's back towards the inside, for example, to put one's head behind one's legs. The exercises are often characterized as being "frog " poses.

The less “natural “ back bending is based on exercises with a movement of the back towards outside: for example, the figure of the “box “or of the “scorpion “ where the artist puts his feet in front of his head.

The distortion is practiced much in the Asian circuses. In Mongolia, these exercises were performed in temples in order to get the control of one’s body.

The contortionists are remarkable acrobats through the extreme flexibility of their body: forward bending or backward bending dislocated ones, or both at the same time (they are called then rubber men or women).

This work, when it is not esthetic, is not always well perceived by the audience.

Formerly, dislocated people performed especially in the fairs, they were then regarded more as phenomena than as artists.

The contortionists fascinate (especially if they are women) by their superhuman feats. Dora , one of the most popular contortionists of the post-war period, was able to fold her one meter and a half and her 47,5 kg in a cube of 43 side centimeters!

Today, some artists use a plexiglass case for better doing their splendid work of athletes admired; Others perform dislocations quite as incredible on a six height meters pedestal.

In addition to contortionists who put themselves in a box, there are those who change into puppets and let themselves handled by their partners as if they were dolls.

There are as also contortionists without other accessory props than a base: resting on the hands, their legs above the arms and their feet seeming hung to the shoulders.

There was also even stronger. According to RIA Dictionary, people called saebbgblès or saebchless (old Celtic soibo-slectu) the feat of Cuchulainn consisting in doing his body perform a full rotation inside his skin remained motionless.

A paragraph of the Togail Bruidne da Derga or Destruction of Da Derga's hostel made it nevertheless rather a kind of distortion in the traditional and less supernatural meaning of the word.

“ Now from the vehement ardor and the greatness of the contest which Conaire had fought, his great drought of thirst attacked him, and he perished of a consuming fever, for he did not get his drink. So when the king died those three sally out of the Hostel, and deliver a wily stroke of robbing on the robbers, and fare forth , wounded, broken and maimed“.

Saebchless in this case is only a “magic of distortion “.

CLESSA (singular cliss).

The purpose of ancient Celtic martial arts was to teach to the second social function, that of the kings and of the warriors, to rage the formidable energy being able to lie in a human body (let one think a little of the strength that a hysteric person in crisis can have) in order to overcome all the obstacles of physiological origin against which a fighter can run up. Because the weakness which regularly affects the master race (the Ulaid) can hit us also, one day or the other. It is only the human weakness itself. The vergio or ferg (sacred fury or state of lon laith/luan laith) being equivalent to an ecstasy; made the vercingets, the elite fighters like the Gaesatae or the Celtic berserker , able to release the power resulting from a more or less metamorphic union between the body and the soul or the mind; with the cosmic infiniteness , the higher Energy of Tokad, etc.

However one does not see why authentic mystical experiment should a priori exclude or avoid any contact with the forces of human nature, or of Cosmos, like the Judeo-Islamic-Christians who demonize everything would want it. Muhammad was also a great warrior. The vergio/ferg, or the state of lon laith/luan laith symbolized by a pole outgoing from the skull on the Armorican coins, was one of the steps of the great science (ambividtu) which sets ablaze as a sun (versionnions)!

There was also, of course, consequently and even especially training in the handling of weapons. See the example of most famous of their representatives, the Hesus = Hound of Culann = Hound of the smith.

“ Then Aemer spoke and made answer:
 Fitting for me, meseems, to speak as the wife of a hero
 Who combines in natural union graces of mind and of body,
 Since ever his teaching was finished and learning to him came easy.
 both over-breath-feat,
 apple-feat,
 ghost- (or sprite-) feat,
 screw-feat (or Cuar-feat?),
 cat-feat,
 valiant-champion’s whirling bending-feat,
 gae bulg (lightning-spear),
 quickness-feat,
 the blow of sword which causes only a bruise,
 the heros’ war cry,
 wheel-feat,
 sword-edge-feat,
 the valiant champion who mounts on a spear and straighten his body on its point... feat.

None will be found who will equal his age, his growth, and his splendor:
 He speaks with grace and with order;
 A brave and a valiant hero, like a fury he fights in the tumult,
 Dexterous of aim and so agile, and quick and sure at the hunting.”

The ancient Celtic warriors also fought with slings, bows, javelins, or some orclach (kind of discs with a cutting edge , similar to the chakra of the kalaripayattu, or to the ninja shaken). Ocharchliss was for example one of the specialties of Hesus = Cuchulainn.

“Dachuatarbar a n-airigthib gascid. Ra gabsatar dá sciath chliss chómdathacha forro & an-ochtn-ocharchliss “.

- The orclach was a weapon appearing in the aspect of an iron disc of which the external edge had a very sharp edge, beveled. In technical terms, it was a round-shaped knife or more simply a kind of disc. The orclach cut like a razor; warriors used it by casting it and by making it whirl, to split, to slice, to cut.

We know their terrifying effects according to the epic texts preserved at the other end of the Aryan world. Kali and Vishnu use it in the engagements to cut the heads of their enemies “which remains during one moment on the shoulders of their victim before falling “.
 Held in full hand, in spite of its sharp edge, the orclach could even be cast like a flat stone to make bounces on water.

- The broadsword (later the claymore). Men learned how to hit with the edge and also the tip , but this first way of using one’s weapon seems to have been most common in Ireland, because it often returns in the texts under the name of feat of the edge (of the sword : faeborhless).

- The sling. This weapon was used by the shepherds of Antiquity to defend their herds against the wolves and other predatory animals of this kind. The oldest slings attested by archeology are those, braided in flax that we found in the grave of Tutankhamun, died circa - 1325.

In Celtic mythology, Lug, kills his maternal grandfather Balor with a sling, in accordance with an ancient prophecy.

In the story entitled Aided Óenfir Aífe (the death of the only son of Aífe), Conall Cernach is ridiculed by Conla, the son of Cuchulainn, only seven years old. Whereas the child lands in Ireland coming from Scotland, Conall leaves to his meeting to require of him to introduce himself but he receives a sling stone which makes him fall over and finds himself with his hands tied.

The armies of Mediterranean antiquity had battalions of slingers. It was the case of the Greeks, of the Romans (some slingers are represented, for example, on Trajan’s column); the inhabitants of the

Balearic Islands, at the time of Carthage, provided particularly famous battalions of them. There exists a debate as for the exact use of these slingers.

The weapon, itself, hardly underwent modifications. But the specialists, who are often mercenaries originating in Rhodos and the Balearic Islands, are carrying, in general, three slings with an increasing length (the two which are not used are rolled up around their head). This can match some forms of cast going from the relatively precise throw, but a short distance away, to the long-range cast, for remote harassing.

If the precision of the cast of ancient archers is often underestimated, on the other hand, that of the slingers is obviously exaggerated. The texts of Antiquity give a report on direct hits more than 100 m away, and even at a stade - approximately 170 m - away, but the man hit was, of course, not in this case the one who had been targeted. Some modern authors went as far as to speak of 100 m/s initial speeds ... It is to forget that the centrifugal force on the whirling projectile would then have been considerable: it would have been necessary that the slinger has an almost powerful colossal arm and a wrist, and that he has his legs as concreted in the ground. With already 35 m/s and for a sling of 1,10 m long, this centrifugal force is 33 kg, which, at arm's length, requires a strong strapping lad (and eliminates any reality to the casts 1 stade away).

The Hesus = Culann's hound was a true champion of it nevertheless, according to some texts relating to him: "The Hesus Cuchulainn advanced towards them with his chariot, while performing his three thunder feats, the thunder of one hundred, the thunder of two hundred and the thunder of three times nine in order to sweep them from the plain of Muirthemne. Then he rushed against the enemy while brandishing his weapons and plied his spear as well as his shield or his sword on them, all his feats were performed".

- The bow. The simple long bow (i.e., not compound and with a simple curve) had been up to that point obtained starting from a branch, cut then polished. From now on it is made starting from cutting rests of split trunks. The inside (the hollow located on the side of the archer during the shooting) will be made with "heartwood" more resistant to compression, and the outside (the "back" of the bow) of sapwood "more elasticized". Modern experiments showed that this simple change increases the range - or the penetration power, one and the other being proportional to the square of the initial speed - of 20 to 30%.

The warrior who practiced archery was therefore before anything else to learn how to know the various tree species being able to provide best bows and best arrows, to learn how to estimate distances. Then he worked or practiced the various meditation techniques suitable for bow shooting. The body positions the pupil was to learn were numerous. At the other end of the Aryan world, the Agni Purana enumerates ten of them.

Practice of meditation, to succeed in transferring energy and its force in a single point, formed part and parcel of the teaching of warlike druids. To cultivate the single point of focusing, it was to cultivate body and soul/mind (anaon) so that together they are only one eye; it was to cultivate one's deep nature, and lastly to cultivate one's ego.

Such an approach leads indeed to a state of inner peace precisely described with accuracy in the Indian Agni Purana, see the chapter entitled Dhanur Veda, science of archers. The one who had made the vision of one's eye, at the same time mental and physical, can overcome even the god-or-demon of death. To overcome the god-or-demon of death means first to overcome oneself. Having then focused one's mind on the target to hit, with one's head well firm on one's motionless neck, one's chest thrust out, one's shoulders back, the whole chest forming a triangle, the archer shot his arrow.

Spear (gaison). The favorite weapon of Gaesati.

The spear-lightning or gae bolga. One loses oneself in conjecture about the true nature of this weapon, another speciality of Lug and of the Hesus = Cuchulainn. The casting technique of the spear-lightning or gae bolga required in any case, if one believes about it the epic of the Hesus = Cuchulainn; see his fight against Ferdiad during the rustling of the cows of Cooley; a total control of the muscles of the foot but also of the toes. This weapon, it was there its characteristic, was indeed to be first thrown in water, then cast with toes.

Arrian. On tactics. (Book where it is especially spoken of the exercise OF CAVALRYMEN.)

Petrinos.

In making a complete about-turn, the rider must perform what is called petrinos in Celtic language, which is the most difficult of all. For he must turn right round, as far as the tender nature of his sides will allow, to face the horse's tail in order to throw his spear backwards as accurately as possible.

Xunema.

The rider must hurl the third lance as his horse veers to the right, aiming at another target which on the emperor's instructions they set up for this very purpose, namely to receive the third lance. This is the most difficult throw of all, since it is made at the very moment that the horse is turning and before it has completed the turn. A throw made in this way goes by the name of xunema (in the Celtic language). The man who is successful in this has performed the feat called xunema in the Celtic language, and this is not easy even with any iron head to the lance.

Stolutedegon.

Others, as if acting against another enemy, wheel their horses round and swing their shields over their heads so that they are behind them and maneuver their spears as though to deal with another enemy's attack. The Celts call their maneuver tolutedegon.

Cateia: "There is also a certain wooden weapon resembling a kind of javelin [grosphoi in Greek]: it is hurled by hand, not by thongs, and ranges even farther than an arrow. They use particularly for the purposes of bird hunting" (Strabo. Geography. Book IV, IV, 3).

Cateia is a word reported by the Latin grammarian Servius (ad Aen 7.741) and translated by "tele gallica reciprocis faciebant". "Rursum redit ad eum" by Isidore (H 1. 839). It was therefore a species of straight boomerang, able to return to its starting point!

Staff.

The handling of the staff was as a speciality of the Fenian warriors, and it should be remarked that the Hesus = Cuchulainn also trains in the throwing of the stick in the episode of the rustling of the cows of Cualnge, when he faces the man by the name Cûr Dà Lôth.

The vercingets or Celtic berserker learned how to use their weapons in every way, including only to knock out.

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

See the example of most mythical of their representatives, the Hesus = Culann's hound.

These initiates in Celtic martial arts were therefore as strong as the fakirs or Indian yogis and they were able to perform astonishing physical prowess: they could inflict to their body most incredible distortions. At least if one believes the rias trades of most extraordinary of the contortionists, the great Hesus = Hound of Culann in person, cf. also Livy (Ab Urbe condita libri, VII, 10).

In short, as we saw it with Ephorus, the members of the Celtic warlike class followed as of their childhood very severe physical and mental drills, that most gifted of them, the Celtic berserker of vercinget type, took it very far.

This sacred fury of the Celts, this vergio or ferg (state known as lon laith or luan laith in Gaelic) was also a mystical experiment involving an immediate and intuitive feeling of unity with the Infiniteness, or with the energy even of physical cosmos. A union with Nature, Cosmos, with the substance of this world, with the life, with its Tokad, of vitalist instinctual type, of course, and not of contemplative or meditative type, like that of the druids of amarcollanos or aventieticos type. But to recognize an authentic religious experiment only to those who lead a moral life, in the current Christian middle-

class sense of the word, amounts in fact to absolutize, wrongly, a particular form of life (and therefore of death).

The elite warriors of the Celtic world, following the example of the Gaesatae, sometimes formed true fraternities similar to that of the knights of the Round Table of the much later Breton King Arthur (the CINTOVERCINGETES). At least, about them, according to what the old Welsh word cynverching (it means: "first of the super-warriors ") means.

Athletes experienced in all the disciplines of the fight and of the agility, like Scottish dancers, having therefore in no way fear of death, the Celtic vercingets or berserker such Cuchulainn or the Fenians in Ireland, are acrobats warriors who can go everywhere; who are only on rare occasions heavily armed; but for whom their drill often makes it possible to get out of a big trouble. They are able to perform all kinds of bodily prowess. To do impressive jumps, to go balancing on ropes or on any other support as so little practical as the shaft of a chariot or as a sword, to squeeze in narrow and very exiguous places, to release oneself from most effective bonds; or to dodge all kinds of projectiles. A little as experts in dance in the highlands of Scotland we have said.

As we have could also see, their best-known ancient School was that of the Gaesatae, some kinds of warlike yogis followers of integral nudism at the time of the engagements, also specialist in the art to handle staff.

Another School of this time was that of the Andabatae besides. They were warriors who trained themselves to fight blindly in order to develop all their other senses (hearing and sense of smell, whence their devotion to Ogmios besides... Romans made them, alas, mercenary gladiators).

WAR PAINT, HAIR, WEAPONS, TORCS AND OTHER VARIOUS MAGIC OBJECTS.

The status of armed men conferred on the one who was invested with it, a sacredness that only the Latin adjective sacer (sacred, taboo, dangerous) makes it possible to characterize today.

A tonsure of the before of the skull from an ear to the other, but letting a half-crown of hair remain on the top of the forehead and all the rest behind (with or without a ponytail falling on the neck. See for example the cauldron of Gundestrup) was the mark of this sacredness among some ancient Celtic druids or warriors.

But there were others.

" For they are always washing their hair in lime-water, and they pull it back from the forehead to the top of the head and back to the nape, with the result that their appearance is like that of Satyrs and Pans, since the treatment of their hair makes it so heavy and coarse that it differs in no respect from the mane of horses... " (Diodorus of Sicily, V, 28,2-3).

In the absence of helmet such a type of hair «in the manner of a hedgehog » made it possible to better protect the head by opposing a greater resistance to the blows. The chariot driven by an unkempt Celt is in any event one of the most frequent patterns on the reverse of the Celtic coins.

The hesus Cuchulainn too seems to be endowed with such a hair, according to the Irish ancient saga entitled "the rustling of the cows of Cualnge.

"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."

PICTS, PICTONES, PICTAVI or PICTAUII.

“ All the [Great] British, indeed, dye themselves with woad, which occasions a bluish color, and thereby have a more terrible appearance in fight. They wear their hair long, and ...“(Caesar B.G. Book V, 14).

Picts would be “ the Tatooned people “considering their practice to paint or to tattoo their body to frighten enemies. What in this field thus differentiated them somewhat from the Gaesatae. The pre-eminent Pictish harbor was Ratatium and the main hill fort Lemonum. The Pictish nation gathered many “vassal people “(protected peoples), particularly the Anagnutes, Ambiliates and Agessinates. The Pictish nation will join then Santones and they will form together a powerful federation, whose objective was the control of the trade towards British Isles. Santones too used indeed the symbol of the Pictish nation, the hand open, on their coins. Unless the open hand is precisely the symbol of the union of the Picts and of the Santones.

To paint his body in blue was also the practice of the former inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland called Scots.

These Picts terrorized the Romans by going to the fight only clothed with their weapons... and with glasson dye i.e., blue. They used for that an indigenous plant, the woad, also used for the dying of clothing. Their aspect had thus something able to frighten , or at least to worry, but it should be noticed also that woad has remarkable disinfectant and healing virtues, which made it a little the equivalent of our modern Dakin's solution (but in blue as we said it). Picts therefore combined business with pleasure ...

It was also a social mark. A valorous warlike master (lucterios) was to be entitled to a certain amount of war paints on his face, his neck, even his sides.

Now, you know why William Wallace, in Braveheart, wears a spectacular facial paint of glasson color, in other words, blue, as we said it.

The sacredness of the fighter also laid mainly, if not exclusively, in the possession of a weapon which was much more than a simple war instrument. The weapon was neither object of trade, nor occasion of covetousness. See the ad infinitum mythified story of the second battle of the plain of the mounds. At the end of the battle, is mentioned Orna, the famous sword of Tethra. Tethra was a great king of the first family of Celtic god-or-demons, rival of the air god-or-demons: the gigantic anguipedic wyverns whose kingdom stretched in the bottom of oceans, from where their name in Ireland: Tuatha Dé Domnann. The whole from a Christian point of view, of course.

“It is after this battle that Ogmios had Orna, the sword of Tethra, a great king of the wyverns (andernas on the Continent, fomorians in Gaelic language) whose kingdom stretched over the bottom of the oceans. Ogmios unsheathed it carefully and cleaned it. It began then to tell all that it had achieved since its birth, because it was the habit of the swords in this time, when they had been drawn from the sheath, to tell their exploits as well as their high feats. This is why you must always carefully clean them after having unsheathed them. In order to thank them.

The soul/minds used this means to communicate, it is for this reason also that fates could be preserved inside. These swords of the time were so precious that they adored them literally like demons, and that they formed important sureties to give“.

From where besides importance of the blacksmiths' corporation in the ancient Celtic society (they were still feared for their spells at the beginning of the Middle Ages in Ireland, according to a lorica of St. Patrick).

See also the sword of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Extract from the book of Nahuacongbala. Socht had a wonderful sword, with a hilt of gold and a belt of silver: gilded was its guard, diverse-edged its point. It shone at night like a candle. If the end of its blade (rind) were bent back to its hilt, it would stretch back again like a rapier (cholg). It would sever a hair [floating] on water. It would cut off a hair on head, and without touching the skin. It would make two halves of a man, so finely that for a long time one half would not hear or perceive what had befallen the other. Socht said that it was the Hard-headed Steeling, Hesus Cuchulainn's sword. They held this sword through the will of their father and of their grandfather.

See again Caladbolg (Caletobulcos), the sword of Fergus, in the legend of the rustling of the cows of Cualnge.

Because the sword of Fergus, which had belonged before him to Leite of the country of the gods or demons, had this special characteristic that when you wanted to lunge in the distance with, it became as large then as a rainbow.

Caladbolg (Caletobulcos) perhaps matches the non-less legendary sword of Arthur, Excalibur (Excalibulcos).

See also the famous sword of Diarmat, the ex-companion of Vindos/Finn, which was called Moralltach, and had also been given to him by a god-or-demon (Mabon/Maponos/Oengus. But the latter held it himself from Belinos Barinthus Manannan).

Nevertheless, for the high knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht) the sunartiu (mana in Polynesia) was symbolized rather, and even more than symbolized, by the Celtic ornament necklace shaped called torc. The torc was a sign of the almost divine state of the warrior, it physically represented the god-or-demon who was at his sides or, better, who had taken possession of his body to express his quarrelsome frenzy. In the case of the warrior overcome by the Roman named Manlius Torquatus (see Titus-Livius, *Ab Urbe condita libri*, VII, 10), the sunartiu was on a par with a torc. The torc out of gold, like the fetish bird, embodied the religious power, beneficial and necessary to victory.

The French historian Michel Rouche is right on another point. There existed well several methods to reconcile the divine force, some methods intended to increase the production of adrenalin or endorphin in the body, and that all young people learned as of their childhood. The warlike dance of the Highlands (in Scotland= was one of them. It was a true technique of divine possession.

As we have just seen it, the mental and bodily state which the warrior entered then had a name in old Celtic. This warlike fury (in other words this ecstasy) possessed whole battalions of Celts and it was the main spring of their expansion in Europe during the third century. It spread a terror which often dispersed the enemy before even any fight, or then which rooted it to the spot. Such a "divine possession appears to us today not easily imaginable. These states of enthusiasm, in the first meaning of the term, were, however, common in Antiquity, the Greeks, in spite of their wisdom, also left to us impressive examples of them: aristeia, maenadism, orgiastic worships ...

It was not enough, of course, that this state of lon laith/luan laith or of sacred fury (vergio/ferg), being equivalent more or less to an ecstasy, is a frame of mind supported by the beliefs of that time and by some rituals.

It was necessary also that enemy can see by far the tangible signs of this vergio/ferg or state of lon laith/luan laith equivalent to an ecstasy. Celts used for that two different means.

The first, most spectacular, was the nudism practiced by certain fighters.

This practice was pre-eminently the work of warriors called "Gaesatae" as we saw, what does not appear to be a name of people but rather that of a specialization: the bearers of spears of gaison type. It was mercenary soldiers who enlisted for long expeditions being able to last for several years in which

Polybius reported several accounts of these gigantic battles Gaesatae intervened a little as beings come from another world [...] and particularly at Telamon, in - 225 (II, 28,8 and 9).

"The Romans, on the other hand, while encouraged by having got their enemy between two of their own armies, were at the same time dismayed by the ornaments and clamor of the Celtic host. For there were among them such innumerable horns and trumpets, which were being blown simultaneously and in all parts of their army, their cries were so loud and piercing that the noise seemed not to come merely from trumpets and human voices, but from the whole countryside at once.

Not less terrifying was the appearance and rapid movement of the naked warriors in the van, which indicated men in the prime of their strength and beauty. All the warriors in the front ranks were richly adorned with gold necklaces and bracelets. These sights, of course, dismayed the Romans; still the hope they gave, of a profitable victory, redoubled their eagerness for the battle."

Titus-Livius XXXVIII, 17. " Their tall stature, their long red hair, their huge shields, their extraordinarily long swords; still more, their songs as they enter into battle, their war whoops and dances [ululatus et tripudia], and the horrible clash of arms as they shake their shields in the way their fathers did before them-all these things are intended to terrify and appall."

Celts had therefore knowingly sought this effect, by shrouding their troops in a magic aura not leaving a side any usable means; wind instruments, cries, song (bardit), glowing ornaments, indecent nakedness, bodies endowed with an unusual tall and strength in the first line, etc. Most alarming warriors were indeed always placed by them in the front line, so, of course, they are seen first, but so that it is imagined those who were behind were similar.

Editor's note. It remains besides traces of these spiritualistic naturist or ecologist (before the word exists) , ideas, in Irish mythology particularly during the fight of the Fir Bolg Gauls against the gods (the Tuatha dé Danann).

One of the characteristics of the bocanaig, of the bananaig and of the spirits of valleys, of these texts, is indeed to give the feeling to hear around oneself cries or whispers.

Transposed in half-Christian mode that gave us:

"The Furies, the monsters and the hags of doom, then cried aloud, so that their howls were heard resounding in the rocks, the waterfalls and the caves. It was like the fearful agonizing cry on the dreadful day of the last judgment, when the human race will part from all in this world."

These surrounding places which appear to give voice are therefore undoubtedly accordingly this quite Irish (Christian and medieval) design, some elementals ("magic is also part of the sovereignty, that of the innumerable natural or supernatural forces, it is important to transcend, to tame, to control ").

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn son of Sualtam mounted his chariot, the blow-dealing, feat-performing, battle-winning, red-sworded hero, and around him bánanaig & bocánaig & 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.

But let us return to Polybius and the battle of Telamon, considering the importance of the testimony. As we have had already the opportunity to see it, the Insubres and Boii were clothed in their breeches (Greek anaxyrides) and light sagums (Greek sagon); as the Gaesatae from vanity and bravado threw these garments away, and fell in front of the army naked, with nothing but their arms; believing that, as the ground was in parts encumbered with brambles, which might possibly catch in their clothes and impede the use of their weapons, they would be more effective in this state [...]

The Romans, on the other hand, while encouraged by having got their enemy between two of their own armies, were at the same time dismayed by the ornaments and clamor of the Celtic host. For there were among them such innumerable horns and trumpets, which were being blown simultaneously and in all parts of their army, their cries were so loud and piercing that the noise seemed not to come merely from trumpets and human voices, but from the whole countryside at once. Not less terrifying was the appearance and rapid movement [warlike dance ?] of the naked warriors in the van, which indicated men in the prime of their strength and beauty. All the warriors in the front ranks were richly adorned with gold necklaces [torcs] and bracelets. These sights, of course, dismayed the Romans ".

Total nudity was, however, a great disadvantage for them since, the Celtic shield not being able to cover the entire man, the part of the body which exceeded was particularly exposed.

Some Etruscan steles in Bologna, dating back to the fourth century, some funeral urns in Chiusi, dating back to the third century, as well as the statues of Galatians in Pergamon, show us also Celtic fighters in this state (nudity). The explanations that Polybius (vanity and bravado of Gaesatae, etc.) gives of that are, of course, false. The warlike nakedness of the vercingets or of the Celtic berserker was a magic rite, but a rite which will be therefore little by little given up.

THE CRY.

The second of the means used by the Celts to impress the enemy was the cry. The Celts, before the battle, shouted indeed abundantly (Arrian. On Tactics. XLIV). You'd think that all these peoples had the gift (spoils taken from the god-or-demons perhaps) of song or war cry, what reduced in nothing their bodily heat.

Plutarch, in the account of the engagements between Marius and the Cimbri or Teutones or Ambrones, he took over from Posidonius, often evokes some as sound as visual scenes.

"...The enemy dividing themselves into two parts, the Cimbri arranged to go against Catulus higher up through the country of the Norici, and to force that passage; the Teutones and Ambrones to march against Marius by the seaside through Liguria. The Cimbri were a considerable time in doing their part; but the Teutones and Ambrones with all expedition passing over the country between them and the Romans, soon came in sight, in numbers beyond belief, of a terrible aspect, and uttering strange cries and shouts. Taking up a large part of the plain with their camp, they challenged Marius to battle....

...Thus he discoursed privately with his captains and officers, but placed the soldiers by turns upon the bulwarks to survey the enemy, and so made them familiar with their shape and voice, which were indeed altogether extravagant and barbarous, and he caused them to observe their arms, and way of using them, so that in a little time what at first appeared terrible to their apprehensions, by often viewing, became familiar...

...Upon hearing the shouts, greater numbers still joining in the fight, it was not a little difficult for Marius to contain his soldiers, who were afraid of losing the camp servants; and the more warlike part of the enemies, who had overthrown Manlius and Caepio, (they were called Ambrones, and were in number, one with another, above thirty thousand) taking the alarm, leaped up and hurried to arms. These, though they had just been gorging themselves with food, and were excited and disordered with drink, nevertheless did not advance with an unruly step, or in mere senseless fury, nor were their shouts mere inarticulate cries; but clashing their arms in concert, and keeping time as they leaped and bounded onward, they continually repeated their own name, "Ambrones! Ambrones!" either to encourage one another, or to strike the greater terror into their enemies...

...After the Romans were retired from the great slaughter of the Ambrones, night came on; but the army was not indulged, as was the custom, with songs of victory, drinking in their tents, and mutual entertainments, and quiet sleep (what is most welcome to soldiers after successful fighting), they passed that night, above all others, in fears and alarm. For their camp was without either rampart or palisade, and there remained thousands upon thousands of their enemies yet unconquered; to whom were joined as many of the Ambrones as escaped. There were heard from these, all through the night, wild wailing, nothing like the sighs and groans of human beings, but a sort of wild beast like howling and roaring, joined with threats and lamentations rising from the vast multitude, and echoed among the neighboring hills and hollow banks of the river. The whole plain was filled with hideous noise, insomuch that the Romans were not a little afraid, and Marius himself was apprehensive of a confused tumultuous night engagement... ..

The greatest part and most valiant of the enemies [the Cimbri] were cut in pieces; for those that fought in the front that they might not break their ranks were fast tied to one another, with long chains put through their belts. But as they pursued those that fled to their camp, they witnessed a most fearful tragedy. The women, standing in black clothes on their wagons, slew all that fled, some their husbands, some their brethren, others their fathers; and strangling their little children with their own

hands, threw them under the wheels, and the feet of the cattle, and then killed themselves. They tell of one who hung herself from the end of the pole of a wagon, with her children tied dangling at her heels. The men, for want of trees, tied themselves, some to the horns of the oxen, others by the neck to their legs, that so pricking them on, by the starting and springing of the beasts, they might be torn and trodden to pieces. Yet for all they thus massacred themselves, above sixty thousand were taken prisoners, and those that were slain were said to be twice as many" (Plutarch, Parallel lives of illustrious men: Marius).

Arrian in his work (on Tactics) also notices that the Roman cavalrymen had ended up being accustomed to these war cries.

The emperor had even imagined in order to train his men with the maneuvers of the Barbarians, like with the cries that each of these nations has.

With the Celtic war cries practiced by the Celtic cavalrymen.

With the Raetian war cries practiced by the Raetians.

Livy does the same thing about the Gallo-Greeks in Asia Minor (XXXVIII, 17 and 21,7).

As it was this enemy, so much dreaded by all the people in that part of the world, that was to be met in war, the consul paraded his soldiers and delivered the following speech to them: "I am quite aware, soldiers, that of all the nations of Asia the Celts have the highest military reputation. This fierce people, after wandering and warring over almost the entire world, have taken up their abode among the gentlest and most peaceable race of men. Their tall stature, their long red hair, their huge shields, their extraordinarily long swords; still more, their songs as they enter into battle, their war whoops and dances [ululatus et tripudia], and the horrible clash of arms as they shake their shields in the way their fathers did before them-all these things are intended to terrify and appall.

!----- !

In Ireland there existed at least three types of ululatus (cry, in Latin) controlled in a perfect way by the Ulaid.

- The war cry of course (see the case of the Hesus = Culann's Hound himself) perhaps also called cry of the hero in certain texts.

He shook his shield brandished his spears and waved his sword, and he uttered a hero's shout from his throat. The báanaig & bocánaig & 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.

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 báanaig & 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 (tlachtdílat) 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).

- The recognition cry . See those who let out Fergus in search of Noisi or Deirdre in the story entitled the exile of the sons of Uisliu.

- The cry of distress and of calls to the assistance or to help set out in the event of unequal fight (see the case of the Hesus = Hound of Culann still, at the time of his attack by the 27 sons of Calatin). Called diaspat egwan in Wales. It was also called diaspat uwch annwryn or cry deeper as the abyss. According to the Gwent code, the diaspat egwan or distress cry could be let out by every person to whom the assistance of the law was refused, in what concerns his inheritance, or by the ninth descendants; in order to protest against a usurpation of property.

BATTLE SONG.

All these cries could also be put together in warlike songs each more astonishing than the next, the famous barditus; a feature also of Germanic peoples (who had borrowed them from the Celts).

* The "barditus" or how to sing to frighten. "...they also have those songs of theirs ("barditus," they call it), by the recital of which they rouse their courage, while from the note they augur the result of the approaching conflict. For, as their line shouts, they inspire or feel alarm. It is not so much a concert of their voices, as a cry of valor. They aim chiefly at a harsh note and a confused roar, putting their shields to their mouth, so that, by reverberation, it may swell into a fuller and deeper sound..." (Tacitus, the origin and the situation of the Germans III).

Germanic peoples borrowed the word (barditus) from the Celts.

This shows us well consequently that the members of the ancient Celtic warlike class learned how to control their voice as well as their breath, both being dependent besides.

WAR DANCES.

Before undertaking fight; the vercingets or the Celtic berserker always started an armed three-step dance (tripudium according to Livy for Galatians); not very different from that the ethnography of Indians in North America (scalp dance) bequeathed us.

But let us return to our "savages" to us: Celts.

Camillus showed the Celts naked to the Romans and said: "These are the creatures who assail you with such terrible shouts in battle, and clash their arms and shake their long swords and toss their hair. Behold their weakness of soul, their slothful and flabby bodies, and gird yourselves to your work. (Appian, Celtic wars. Chapter VIII).

They jumped while following a three-step rhythm while waving their weapons and while striking them to put themselves into a trance, also according to Livy (Ab Urbe condita libri, VII, 10, and XXXVIII, 17 and 21,7).

We are in year 361 before our era. Celts are arrived in front of the gates of Rome, and more precisely even on the banks of the Anio (a small river of the surroundings).

The frontline between the two armies was stabilized: the situation seems blocked on both sides of the bridge crossing the river. A Celtic berserker of vercinget type then proposes to the Romans who are present on the spot a singular combat to make and break the solution of the encounter.

The Tribune Manlius Torquatus agrees to take up the challenge, but what will follow will be more than a duel between two men, it will be the shock of two completely different warlike cultures, that of the Romans and that of the Celts.

And here for example what the later Irish legends say, in connection with a similar case (poetic exaggeration in addition, of course, oh these bards!) that of the Hesus = Cuchulainn, during the rustling of the cows of Cualnge.

"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 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 you 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."

In front of the gates of Rome, there is more than two millennia (in the year 361 before our era very precisely as we saw) here what that produced (according to Titus-Livius, *Ab Urbe condita libri*, VII, 10).

Completely naked, but his weapons in his hand, the warrior rotates while singing and while stamping his foot on the ground in a rhythmic way. He jumps, waves his weapons and, gone into a trance, his chest thrust out with fury, he opens his mouth until making the back of his throat glimpsed, then he sticks out his enormous tongue at his enemy 1). But the Roman creeps under the warrior who holds up in all directions his weapons, and lunges at him with a deathblow.

The drama which was played on this day in a few moments is easy to understand.

The Roman therefore attacked the Celtic berserker of vercinget type, before even he had time to finish his preparations (his warlike dance).

The absolute disloyalty of such a surprise attack dumbfounds the Celts come to attend the combat. There existed indeed among them a chivalrous code of honor before the term has been invented (called *fir fer* later during the Middle Ages in Ireland) regulating duels. And it had not sprung to their mind that somebody cannot respect its laws, by attacking an opponent before he finished preparing.

1) Cicero evokes a shield pertaining to Marius and on whom it was possible to see the counterfeited portrait of a Celt, sticking out his tongue and with sagging cheeks. (Cimbri and Teutones also used similar technique.)

THE VERCINGETS OR CELTIC BERSERKER AND THE PSYCHOLOGICAL WAR.

What is foregoing joins the description of the Germanic berserker by Tacitus in his Origin and situation of the Germans (Germania). "The Harii, besides being superior in strength to the tribes just enumerated, savage as they are, make the most of their natural ferocity by the help of art [of war] and opportunity. Their shields are black, their bodies dyed. They choose dark nights for battle, and, by the dread and gloomy aspect of their deathlike host, strike terror into the foe, who can never confront their strange and almost infernal appearance. For in all battles, it is the eye which is first vanquished" (Tacitus, the origin and the situation of the Germans, III).

Ancient Celts too prepared for the fight through howls (ululatus in Livy) as through convulsive dances performed in a three-step way (tripudium) as we have just seen, but also through a whole din of weapons struck against their shields, at least, about that, according to the extract of the Celtic wars by Appian of Alexandria (VIII), already referred to, above. Because on the theological level, magic is the lower part of sovereignty, related very often to the Celtic and Indo-European practice of the war, and it should not be separate from it. Cuchulainn contorting himself before the fight, or stopping the army of Ireland by a wooden circle on which he had engraved ogamic runes, acts as a warlike magician. These antiquated and with magical intention rites, that the Romans understood no longer, therefore were previous to the confrontation itself. The warriors moved forward from their lines, to challenge their opponents in a duel, and when an enemy combatant answered their provocations, they start singing an impressive barditus (warlike song), for glorifying the feats of their ancestors and frightening him. The panegyric that the vercinget or Celtic berserker made of his own person then was not always without boastfulness, but there was nevertheless to be also some truth inside, and these macabre details were very destabilizing for an adversary understanding his language. It was also, of course, through magic invocations, comparable with prayers, signs of the cross or exhibition of the holy book (like the Quran of Columba of Iona called Cathach), to break the force of the enemy and increase his. In the Celtic (and Germanic) world, the war is also a magic fight causing and using the fright of the adversary... The magic is on the lower level of the religion, the field of the innumerable natural or supernatural forces, have we already said it by quoting Pausanias precisely.

The goddess-or-demoness of engagements beseeched by Queen Boadicea at the time of her desperate bagauda against the Romans, somewhere in the plain of London in - 61, was Andarta. The state characteristic of the warrior who was entirely dedicated to this goddess-or-demoness of the warlike fury (Andarta) is also that of the king by the name Arthur. It is an artorios (berserkr in Scandinavian language), he is filled with a sacred fury, making him behave as an invincible bear (artos) during this ecstasy.

From where besides all the legends concerning King Arthur and his companions.
(Oh if Arthur and Merlin could come back, our time needs well men of their caliber!)

Kay, the foster brother of Arthur, could remain nine days and nine nights under water, nine days and nine nights without sleeping. He was endowed with another privilege: he could become as high as the highest tree in a forest. Lastly, a characteristic element, when the rain fell thickly, what he held with his hand was dry above and below, at the distance of a palm, so much his natural heat was high.

What is certain in any case it is that the horrible and terrifying look of the warrior, what accounts call, in the case of Cuchulainn, "distortions" (riastrad); is also part of the Celtic magic techniques. The vision generates terror and, fundamentally, it does not matter that it is a reality or an illusion, since only the result is important. That does not mean, even so, that the warrior, in fact here the archetype of the hero, Cuchulainn, is malefic or demonic by definition. He makes the war, nothing more, with all the technical means he has... The distortions of Cuchulainn are described with a great wealth of details in the account of the rustling of the cows of Cooley. It is especially a question of frightening the adversary.

REMINDER : ON MAGIC IN DRUIDISM (La Rochelle 08 14 2009) .

“...The Celtic provinces on the Continent, too, were pervaded by the magic art and that even down to a period within memory; for it was the Emperor Tiberius that put down their druids, and all that mob of false prophets and physicians. But why make further mention of these prohibitions, with reference to an art which has now crossed the very Ocean even, and has penetrated to the void recesses of Nature? At the present day, struck with fascination, [Great] Britain still cultivates this art, and that, with ceremonials so august, that she might almost seem to have been the first to communicate them to the people of Persia...” (Pliny. *Historia Naturalis* XXX, 4).

The origin of the word magic is very discussed. Some people see in it only the Greek root *magia*, others make it go back to the Persians of the Mazdean period , among whom the *magos* was an important personality in the religious system of Zoroastrianism. The word “magic “is used for the first time by Darius the Great in the Behistun inscription, but it is Herodotus who specifies its meaning : the Magoi are the sixth and last of the tribes of the Mede people, the tribe of the Magi. It is about the middle of the fourth century before our era that the word *magéia* (Latin *magia*) will be used by the Greeks to designate a doctrine resulting from Persia. Particular by the means of Zoroaster, who was the inspirer of Pythagoras, Epimenides, Democritus and Plato. Among the Persian magi, or priests of Zoroaster, most famous will be a man by the name Ostanès.

Others connect the phenomenon to shamanism.

We see indeed very early in Greece legendary characters appear who have all the characteristics of shamans: fast, loneliness, bilocation, ecstasy. We can mention initially, among those Erwin Rohde calls ecstatic clairvoyants and purifying priests: Abarix, originating in the country of the Hyperboreans, sent by Apollo. Herodotus speaks about the arrow he carried with him, and of his complete abstinence from food.

This arrow which seems the attribute of Abarix arouses a real problem; it seems indeed that we are there in the presence of two distinct traditions. Here, in a rationalist version, the Father of History (Herodotus) mentions it as an object. Elsewhere it is learned that this arrow is out of gold and is from Apollo.

What will make E. Rohde say that Abarix carried in his hands the golden arrow , signs of his Apollonian nature and of his mission, and traversed the world; drawing aside the diseases by means of sacrifices, predicting the earthquakes and the other disasters of this type.

The arrow is a part of the traditional equipment of the Siberian shaman. Among the Buryats for example, the shaman sits down on a piece of fabric close to the patient who needs his services; surrounded by objects of which an arrow, from the tip of which a red silk thread goes to the birch located outside the yurt. It is thanks to it that the soul/mind of the patient is supposed to return into his body. But another tradition, which was to be taken over by Heraclides Ponticus and later authors, indicates that it is sitting astride this arrow like a witch that Abarix came from the north, the arrow playing then the part of the broom (stick).

Olen was, according to some ones , or Hyperborean too, or Lycian. He was supposed to be the writer of the anthem in honor of the virgins Opis and Arge, companions of Apollo and Diana. He had come, it is said, from Hyperborea or from Lycia, and it is himself who had composed most of the old anthems which were sung on the island of Delos. It is to Olen that some people bring back the invention of epic verses or dactylic hexameters. If this opinion has some base, Olen would be then former even to the Thracian aoidoi; because all the verses which are ascribed to them are precisely hexameters, and therefore prove, authentic or not, it was a metric they had to use. It is him who would have instituted the oracle of Delphi and would have the first fulfilled in it the function of a priest of Apollo, who especially consisted in giving answers to the people come to consult the god-or-demon Apollo.

As regards the Western part, as we have already said, the magic therefore comes, initially, from shamanism. Some of the symbols used by the magicians today are found at the time of the Cavemen, when shamans use rituals and sacrifices to ask the god-or-demons for turning the tide . And the shamanism would have been then spread to the entire planet, in America and Europe.

Let us come now more precisely to our spiritual ancestors, the Celts.

“At a pinch it would be possible to attach to magic most of the rather strange acts the texts report” (Regis Boyer).

Do we have to be astonished by the amazing place that magic holds? It is truly “magic “only in our eyes. It is, in fact, an almost natural reaction of which the strangeness in our eyes, comes from the fact

that it pertains to another way of viewing reality. Let us not be surprised therefore in front of the forms it can take and that our texts deliver to us, in an often ingenuous way.

It is a notion rather close to the concept symbolized by the word *manitou* among the Indians in North America, or by the word *mana* in Polynesia. Among the ancient high knowers of the druidic (druidecht), that was expressed by undifferentiated collective names (elementals) or on the contrary, by a great profusion of words. Elementals form like a kind of collective soul/mind or noosphere (Teilhard de Chardin would have said) wrapping our world. A kind of large psychic tank, invisible but available and that you can solicit. There are places where the spirit blows, it is either caves or heights. This noosphere can appear to a human being through some particular sites, true hot spots for the communication or of the interpenetration between the world of the men and the other world. It can also be solicited or used voluntarily by an individual.

As we don't agree completely with the opinion of the great French celtologist who is C. - J. Guyonvarc'h; or at least as we are a little frightened by what he puts forward, we will make therefore on this subject the following developments.

Men and women of a more scientific mind see mainly in magic what is following.

- Means of acting over the physical universe, which belongs to men, and which have their own spontaneousness or dynamics.

- A process of autosuggestion, even a neurotic symptom, with regard to phenomena meddling with the mind of a person claiming the magic origin of his psychic state.

- A process of somatization in the case of an individual "bodily " affected, but claiming a magic cause for this disease ("bewitchment "...).

- And lastly the ignorance or the negation of identifiable physical causes in the case of physical phenomena, possible, but alleged without a piece of evidence by the individuals who were present here.

This notion of "knowable or unknowable mystery " of creation, such as it was caricatured by Lucan ("To you alone it is given the gods and celestial powers to know or not to know "Pharsalia, Book I) is, however, a decisive concept, which puts a fundamental limit.

Defixio "is a Latin word which designates firstly the hammering a nail, then the magic operation through which people therefore torture a substitute (for example a lead plate) while hoping to cause the same nuisances at the enemy of whom they think. This magic procedure, such as we perceive it in Greece and in Rome, includes writing down , on the tablet, of the name of the concerned enemy. The registered text can be developed besides with the invocation of supernatural powers, supposed to implement this baleful spell, and various specifications relating to the reasons for the sentence , or the various torments which will be used as punishment. It is a magic type of procedure which is attested through all the Mediterranean basin, in Antiquity.

If in certain cases (for example in Chamalières) the high knowers of the druidic (druidecht) thought they must use Celtic language in this intention; it is perhaps because they sent the magic message to Celtic supernatural entities, on Celtic sites.

After that of the gods (who are the first auxiliaries of Fate) the essential force of the magic lies in the soul/mind of the magician, but it is not given to him from the start. Nobody is born magician, one becomes it. The action range of the means this magic implements, extends from the physical phenomena produced in the imagination of the witnesses (near to conjuring) to the particular psychic phenomena (love, rejection, protection, etc.) generated by the only charisma of the magician; which is a true gift (*boudis* *) of the god-or-demons, before being a power of his word.

* *Boudis* is a Celtic term which means "share of spoils" and by extension gifts, favor, or grace, of divine origin. These gifts are precise powers and by no means a vague ability to subjugate one's audience. Examples of these *boudis*: being gifted in mathematics, the gift of languages, premonitions, reading the minds, and so on.

It is useless to insist on the enchanting power of the word of the druids of "warlike "type; various accounts emphasize it, particularly those which are relating to Merlin, which come under hypnosis.

What characterizes the warlike druid, it is this descent in the middle of oneself. Because in man a whole multiplicity of universes and mankind lives, of which he is hardly aware. And of which some fragmentary elements sometimes reappear in his dreams, in his *aislingi* or visions, unless he does not contact them deliberately; what the warlike druids do. For them, the concept of imaginary does not exist, what is imagined is a reality for mind, besides all that man invented, was imagined (turned into pictures) before, and was dreamed.

It is, moreover, in perfect adequacy with the fundamental cosmogonic data of the universal religious culture; isn't creation itself a question of "divine word" (said and implemented in many religious philosophies)?

In white magic, what acts initially, it is the mind of the Man (the «soul» of the magician) his sagacity, his skill, his personal aptitudes and his knowledge of human nature. To ward off evil or neutral forces and to subordinate them to the good, particularly for exorcisms, comes under white magic.

The problem arises when it is no longer a question of rallying the forces of the human soul/mind or the "natural" means specific to the magician; but some external forces, like the animal soul/minds, the soul/minds (*anaon*) of the dead, the genies, the elementals, the *egregores*, the fairies of *matres* type, etc.

The magician gets and develops his power by controlling powers lying in the properties of certain things, or in invisible spiritual entities. He obtains therefore thus the power to influence the physical universe. But in this case, the knowledge and the action of the magician being of external origin, the magic act is only a power "effect". True (real) in its material phenomenal development, but false in its base, in its principle, in its ultimate origin; all the more so it is also usable to do evil.

Magic is based on the theoretical and practical knowledge of some of the forces governing the physical universe. Joined with a particular natural aptitude of the magician, this knowledge is not itself more blameworthy than the basic research or the quantum mechanics. But the practice is risky, even perilous.

In the black magic, the human actor, implements theurgic forces directed towards evil. That requires a technicality and even an aptitude of the soul/mind, which are got only at the cost of a radically perverse compromise of principle. Men and women thus compromising themselves, and thus degrading, their soul/mind, must know that what awaits them will be the reincarnation into *bacuceos* in this old world after their death. Into *bacuceos* or *seibaros*, in other words, into ghosts (Irish *siabair/siabhradh*) directly left from the kingdom of *Tethra*, even of *Donn* (*Donnotegia*). Cf. in Wales all the popular folklore relating to the kingdom of *Andumno* or *Annwn*, and to its two kings, *Arawn* or *Gwynn*.

The universe is peopled with spiritual beings endowed with power, neither beneficial nor baleful but neutral, which place themselves at the disposal of certain men, and act out under the effect of their invocations; some "constraining words" with an uncontested effectiveness we have said. But this belief in the reality or the power of invisible and higher beings, makes impossible an absolute demarcation between rational scientific knowledge and, and religious or mystical knowledge, non-founded on the reason.

Practice of magic is based on the belief the human mind can act over the world which surrounds it, and that a determined ought, well directed, well focused, can be concretized, and influence things and beings. But how this concretization of thought can be possible? According to materialist minds and a majority of scientists, it is precisely a physically impossible phenomenon, having no scientific base.

According to the magi in question, on the other hand, a power or a secret force would be used as an intermediary between the mental world and the level of physical reality.

Magic would be only the use of a power or of a force, to influence a given target (the practitioner himself, a third person, a community of which the magician is a member or not) and events relating to

it. The role of magic practices would be to put in action this famous force or this power, in order to influence the destiny of the target. The connection can be made easier by various accessories.

Psychology makes an intrusion of science possible in the field usually described by magic. Even if it shows there a certain flexibility as for the checking of its assumptions, which makes that some people criticize its belonging to the scientific field. Besides many interferences between magic and psychology are observed.

Anthropology showed that man made traditionally a distinction between two main kinds of practices, according to their goals: white magic and black magic (in the past named in Greek language "theurgy" and "goetia").

The first relates to the use of magic with altruistic or preventive ends when it is practiced for oneself. The second designates magic moved by a desire of revenge, and aiming for the hardship of a victim (or of a community of victims) in a particular field.

The followers of black magic looked like harmful for the society, the balance of which they do their utmost to disturb, while the followers of the white magic are supposed to rectify these disorders, or to prevent them.

Thus, from the societies which grant some credibility to magic practices to the folk imagination, magicians can be on the side of Evil if the use they make of magic is egoistic, and/or causes, in others, suffering, or situations, likely to cause suffering. Or of Good (if they use Magic for altruistic ends, or at least which do not harm others).

Central criterion is therefore relating not to nature, but to the effect of magic acts, either it is cognitive or practical, and to the intention which generates this effect. In the center of this major criterion of magic acts, the beneficial or evil nature of their goal, and therefore the intention to do good or evil in what concerns their recipient, others as well as oneself.

To summarize somewhat and to even schematize the modernized druidic position on this field, a magic act can be regarded as acceptable and not ethically reprehensible, when it does not aim for evil spell, and this, whatever the reality of its effects.

Other views much more modern sought to separate white magic and black magic, by using elements other than "good" and "evil". Morals varying from a society to another, and this notion of good and evil being too often unclear and not very precise, nothing being always all white or all black.

White magic would be then magic used to initially satisfy a will of harmony and perpetuation of the good functioning of the world, independently of the personal and individual will of the magus (and sometimes even requiring a personal sacrifice of the magus).

The black magic would be magic on the contrary seeking to disturb the harmony or the ordinary functioning of the world, in the personal and individual interest of the magus.

It is then no longer question of a demarcation good/evil, but of a demarcation individual interest/collective interest.

The red magic is a subdivision of the magic in the worst sense of the term. There exist indeed two kinds of evil magic.

(Black) magic aiming for destroying or cursing, and bringing anything else to the magus but a sadistic pleasure before the misfortune and the frustration his operations cause (or are supposed to cause) to his victim.

And in addition the (red thus) magic having a more egoistic goal, aiming at getting to the magus material or carnal goods and pleasures (but not necessarily in connection with sexuality).

However, most of the definitions of red magic have a relatively common characteristic, directly associated with sexuality, love, seduction, as well as with carnal or amorous pleasure. The red magic is therefore then primarily relational (it deals with particular relationship between two human beings). There exist, however, two trends among those who use this red love and/or carnal categorization.

Those who consider that the red magic contains primarily the seductive charms and enchantments, like the love potions, or all the magics seeking to seduce and get a seduction power over the charmed individuals. This categorization is often illustrated by witches who are supposed to have obtained the heart of certain already married persons, or socially inaccessible people, through bewitchments, and that (of course), against the liking of the latter.

Others consider that these practices are egoistic manipulations, to classify only in black magic; and place in red magic only practices and rituals aiming, not to manipulate, but to reveal already existing feelings, or to develop them.

In such a concept, white magic comes from a person eager to help the community; black magic benefits from the outside world for the personal needs of the magus and the red magic is based on the voluntary love and exchanges between two persons taking part in this magic. For example, some rituals between lovers being based on their love to make themselves stronger, or to fight against the disease, even a particular affliction.

Pink magic is based on the love and the communion of the persons in love, and the red magic on the seduction and the balance of power between the individuals.

The term blue magic is sometimes used to categorize all the protection magic. Blue magic therefore does not aim actions themselves, but to prevent the bad lots (or more natural misfortunes) from reaching us.

An important part of the specialists in the question considers that magic is one, coming from the very laws of the world, and that it is only its particular use and our intentions which make possible to categorize it in white, black, or red magic. For some authors, this categorization of magic is only used to improve the focusing of its followers, by enabling them to use the force of certain symbols (color or other) for better placing oneself in a more effective mindset. The categorization of magic, in this case, would be then only a useful technique, but would not be dependent on the very nature of magic. Certain techniques usually classified in black magic could consequently be used for the good, and others coming under white magic, for the bad.

A current categorization relates to the magic of death and the soul/minds of the dead (anaon): necromancy. The most famous case is the evocation of the great warrior called Fergus by Senchan Torpeist, and which is at the origin of the writing down of the story of the rustling of the cows of Cualnge, the great archetypal Irish epic, glorifying the hero Cuchulainn.

This category therefore includes, among others, the famous dialogs with the soul/minds (anaon) of the dead, as well as the techniques concerning the living dead, but does not match necessarily the "black" categorization of magic. Death, even if it is often repellent or alarming, not being indeed "bad" by nature. Necromancy therefore can be either good or evil, according to the cases.

There are enough terrifying nevertheless, literary examples of that.

Seathrún Céitinn. *Foras Feasa Eirinn*. Section X.

"It happened at the time a great fleet came from the country of Syria to wage war to the people of the Athenian country. Those of the Athenians who were slain could nevertheless on the morrow be fighting again with these warriors from Syria. That magic was done through the necromancy of the Toutai Deuas who put demons in their bodies for raising them from the dead. When the people of Syria became aware of that, they asked their own shamans what it was necessary to do. The shamans said to them to set a watch on the place of the battle field, and to thrust a spit of rowan through the chest of every dead person who would be rising up against them. If it were demons that caused their bodies to revive, then they would be from that immediately turned into worms. The warriors of Syria come to join battle on the morrow and they were victorious. They thrust some spits of rowan (?) through the chest of the dead, as the shamans had told them, and the bodies changed into worms immediately. When they realized that the troops of Syria prevailed over the Greeks from now on, the Toutai Deuas preferred to flee in the direction of Vindon Loccolandon (Gaelic Fionn Lochlann = white Scandinavia, i.e., in Norway). Where they were well received because of their sciences and of their arts".

It is proof that the vampire topic is not new and does not date back to Bram Stoker. The only problem is that this text teaches us more about phantasms of the very Christian Seathrún Céitinn (Geoffrey Keating, 1580-1644) than about the genuinely druidic practices; about which we will give again here the statement that the most famous of its interpreters, made. "To you alone it is given the gods and celestial powers to know or not to know" (Lucan, *Pharsalia*, Book I).

AMBIVIDTU VERSIONNIONS AND IMBAS FOROSNAI.

Divination is a category of magic aiming for the prediction. It can sometimes border on necromancy or spiritism, when it is a question of implementing the soul/minds, or anaon, of the dead. It comprises a very large variety of practices.

The ambividtu versionnions known in Ireland under the name of imbas forosnai, had been the subject of multiple definitions, that of Cormac's glossary is only one, not most probable besides! Here ours.

There was in the ancient Celtic society, theological unity of the two levels of sovereignty... a consequence at the same time an image or a normal continuation of the primordial lack of differentiation of the first two functions, in the management of the sacredness (in the priesthood). Case for example of Muhammad who was at the same time high priest of a new worship or prophet and warrior. Which proves that spirituality can also be accompanied by a certain art of war.

The undivided state of Celtic Sovereignty is perhaps what our contemporaries have the most difficulty to understand. At least in West, because the Germanic world is more sensitive to that. Precisely because the fact that the high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht) was also possibly a fighter, and that magic was the concern of the warlike function, escapes them. We do not have, like in India, the choice between Indra and Varuna: the god-or-demon Ogmios/Ogme is at the same time the one and the other, champion and magician.

Sacred or warlike fury equals total science (ambividtu) according to the parallel example of the Germanic god-or-demon called Odin (or Wotan) who was the god-or-demon of knowledge, the archetypal magician god-or-demon... Who became voluntarily one-eyed to be magically clairvoyant, and who is the master of the runes, i.e., of magic inscriptions, as by chance engraved in pieces of wood. In the same way that the Irish satirist druids engraved incantations on branches, particularly of hazel or yew trees. Because the Germanic root *wut* has quite a strange phonetic proximity with the Germanic name of the wood (*widuz*) still recognizable in the English word (wood) One of the poems in the Edda describes us Odin hanged on a tree (a shamanic ritual that we find in pagan Ireland) and freeing himself through the power of the runes he causes.

Ogmios.

The classical religion can compare or produce nothing similar or even only analogous; it does not have, indeed, a merry Charon. The curse tablets or defixiones calling upon his intervention bring nothing there. In the Ogmios is seen through a poor copy of religion, sorcery, equated by magic with a powerful demon. Ogmios is the one who leads dead in the universe parallel with ours called Hereafter. To that we will correct nor will add nothing; if it is only that magic is an integral part of religion and that to lead, i.e., also to attract, to hold back "to bind " in a way, is, from a god-or-demon, already magic. If dead follow Ogmios, it is because they are taken in his bonds.

Magic is also the lowest part of sovereignty. That of the innumerable natural or supernatural forces, that it is important to surpass, to overcome, to control; very often linked to the Celtic and Indo-European, practice of war. And it should not be separated from it... The Irish Ogme, doubtless also the continental Ogmios or Celtic Hercules, are magicians because magic comes under warlike function...

It is therefore not paradoxical that the first utility of oghamic script in Ireland is warlike, and that warriors are its users. Magic and war are both inevitable excesses of the normal order of things. And if the high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht) practices magic, or keeps for him its use, it is because magic is not an end, but a means. And that as a druid, he also has access to the techniques of the second (warlik) function....

A Hesus Cuchulainn contorting himself before the fight; or stopping the army of Ireland at the border of Ulster by oghams engraved on a branch fixed around a pillar stone; of which only the high knowers of the druidiaction are able to read the inscription and to explain what it means (see *Tain Bo Cualnge* or *Rustling of the cows of Cooley*) performs a warlike magic. Magic and religion are not two different and opposite "polarities " but two different aspects, which coexist without antagonism, of the same polarity.

Imbas forosnai therefore matches what, at the other end of the Aryan world, Bodhidharma taught to the warlike monks of Shaolin in China; i.e., a discipline aiming for the control and the use of a certain number of mental forces. This discipline has recourse to purifying psychophysical exercises which are considered to lead to supra-normal powers. Even if the search for them is far from being always recommended. This, in a metamorphic way melting body and soul/mind (anaon) can, by the way, to get various extrasensory perceptions (prescience, intuition...).

Here a first example, without any sacrifice, because the one who practices it is not a high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht), but only a warrior endowed with divination. Most remarkable, it is this incantation is well named imbas forosnai, whereas the description which is made of it matches that of a teinm laegda. What would tend to prove that, belatedly, because of Christianization, most elementary distinctions between the two tended to grow blurred. (The names of the incantations or the incantatory formulas were nothing any more but shells emptied of their contents or of their meaning.) The text belongs to the Cycle of Finn and it was published by Kuno Meyer according to the version of the Senchus Mor contained in the H.3.18 manuscript of Dublin.

The Fenians (singular Fian) were foreign mercenaries, Belgian, Breton, or Scot, even Pictish, having started to be used in Ireland circa 500 before our era, and who were more or less vassals of the Gael high kings of Tara. They helped to the collection of the taxes and for this reason received pay from the Gael high kings of Tara, but the greatest part of their resources came from the products of hunting. Kings of Tara would have gotten rid of them in the third century of our era at the time of the battle of Gabhra close to Dublin in the year 285. We hardly know any more than what the Irish historian Seathrún Céitinn known as Geoffrey Keating, wants well to report to us.

In the story of Finn and the Man in the Tree, which is thought to date back to the late eighth or early ninth century, imbas forosnai is practiced by Vindos/Finn on two occasions. According to this story, when the Fenians are on the brink of the Suir, a man by the name Culdub comes out of Sid and steals their food three times in successively as it is being cooked. On the third occasion Vindos/Finn tracks him, catches up with him, and captures him as he goes into the Sid. At this point a woman seems to meet him as she is coming out of the Sid, with a vessel in her hand, having been used to distribute drink, and she slams the door behind her. Vindos/Finn has his finger squeezed between the door of the Sid and the post, and then sticks it into his mouth. When he takes it out again, he begins to chant. The imbas enlightens him and he recites a series of lines of verse.

The finger squeezed between the post and the door of the Sid, means that clairvoyance is a gift of the Other World.

Another example of imbas forosnai identified like such by the text itself which describes its use.

There also exists a story which is also thought to date back to the ninth century, and which relates to Vindos /Finn, Ailill Aulom and MacCon. In this story Vindos/Finn appears as a member of Lugaid Mac Con's Fian. During the hostilities between Ailill and Mac Con, Ailill sends Ferchess, an old Fenian warrior and an aged member of his household, on the track of Mac Con's wandering host. Ultimately Ferchess is slain by Vindos/Finn in vengeance for Mac Con. Vindos/Finn again recites the triasa n-imbas forosnai." The incident suggests that it is by means of this incantation that he has succeeded in tracking Ferchess to his abode. In this story it is clear that our imbas forosnai gives to Vindos/Finn the power of a supernatural vision, and enables him to see the world of spirits.

Concerning the gift of divination of Vindos/Finn, see also Robert D. Scott.

Most interesting and most significant of the examples of a use of the word remains that which is done by Queen Medb at the beginning of her famous dialog with the prophetess Videlmá.

"Cia do chomainmsiu? "ol Médb frisin n-in gin. "Fedelm banfilí, do Chonnachtaib, mo ainmsea "or ind ingen.

"Can dothéig? "or Medb. "hAlbain iar foglaim filidechta "or ind ingen. "In fil imbass forosna lat? "or Medb. "Fil cin "or ind ingen.

"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 veledé's trade, the maiden made answer.
 "Have you the great science which enlightens ?
 "Verily, have I," the maiden said.

Two features are remarkable in this short passage.

- 1) The prophetic incantation, which depends on the gift of divination, is accessible to a maiden.
- 2) The latter went to seek her initiation in Scotland. Unfortunately, she does not say by whom. But Scotland is a favored place, in the north of the world, of all Celtic initiations, priestly, warlike and craft.

The example we have just produced is accompanied by no precise gestural or ritual technique. The magic aspect of the prediction therefore results at the same time from the knowledge and from the priestly initiation (accessible to women for prophecy and prediction, except for the sacrificial techniques; moreover, Videlma carries a sword, which is an additional mark of her membership to the priestly class). It is an unrehearsed divination, made at once, without a ritual nor a preparation of any kind.

All that is more or less contradicted by the meticulousness and the archaism of the ritual described by the Glossary of Cormac.

There existed in the original druidic action (shamanism) two different types of practice, the first being the sitting down meditation in the manner of Hornunnos (Buddha), the second being the meditation in the manner of Vindos Camulos (Bodhidharma) or external and mobile meditation, active, by reference to the standing posture, made up of various ritual or gymnastic activities. From a simple walk during a pilgrimage to the focusing before an attack. Or more exactly there was a form of druidism knowing only the sitting position in the manner of Hornunnos under an oak, and a druidic action resorting to the two types of position, sitting under an oak or standing but also moving. The common denominator was in this case the sitting position in the manner of Hornunnos, from where its importance, of course. These two aspects of our spirituality were considered to be complementary and essential for a long time, and it is only with Christianity that the "active" part disappeared from mysticism, become now only contemplative.

We find nevertheless such a practice of the metamorphic melting of soul/mind (anaon) and body, at the other end of our planet, in a world culturally influenced by that of the Scythians : Japan.

Contrary to racist phantasms in vogue, including among anti-racists, Japanese people indeed seems well result from very diverse interbreeding. About the year 100 of our era a new culture entered Japan, a new culture using mixed bronze and iron and called Yayoi. And this culture which appears therefore without transition, and already mixed since its origin, can only, naturally, it also, be imported. These newcomers, that Chinese will name Wajin, built themselves their culture with the contributions they received from Caucasians of the steppe, and from Chinese. Higgledy-piggledy, they use tools and weapons out of polished stones, wooden, bronze and iron. But they also bring a worked-out culture, with well-irrigated rice or millet or wheat fields; they practice the weaving of a coarse fabric and preserve the worship of nature as well as of the sun, of the Indo-Europeans, who constitute among them the leading caste. The men of Wa or Wajin are some Caucasian or Mongolized Indo-Europeans. Circa 250 of our era, they will be followed by a third and last Indo-European wave, Mongolized too, and which will bring this time on the archipelago horses and sophisticated iron weapons. These last newcomers are of Hunnic or Iranian origin, perhaps partially Mongolized on the Manchu borders of their territories. These warlike cavalymen, but relatively very few, will form the aristocracy incipient in Japan, by being combined with indigenous priests and aristocratic chiefs, mainly of Ainu origin. Professor Atsuhiko Yoshida in 1977, published a long study entitled "Japanese Myth and the Indo-European trifunctional system" in which he states that the Indo-European trifunctional ideology would also apply to the old Japanese religion; as to the structure of the three original kingdoms of Korea or Japan. He notices in the Japanese myths many correspondences with the myths of ancient Greece; and considers these concordances too precise to be only accidental. Taryo Obayashi too, an

ethnologist in the same university, puts forward an almost identical assumption in his study about "the structure of the Pantheon and the concept of sin in ancient Japan".

But let us return more precisely to martial arts.

Iaido, the "Path of the unity of Being" or «the meeting of the two fighters» is the Japanese art of drawing the sword (katana), and of performing several movements in a time less than that which it would be necessary for an adversary, to draw his. From I (being), Ai (harmony) and Do (way), the word Iaido literally means "the way of the harmonious living". It is no longer practiced for warlike reasons, but for its philosophy (Budo). Iaido comes from the great samurai (masters) who practiced Ken Jutsu ("sword technique") and Iai-jutsu ("art of drawing and cutting in a single action") in order to defend oneself on the battle field. Iaido gathered these two schools and became a martial art imbued with philosophy, which lost any violence. The spiritual and moral development took a dominating place, whereas the combative effectiveness disappeared. Those who invented Iaido thought that the sword as well as the art to draw it could be at the origin of a spiritual development of man. The concept of the Seishin Tanren ("forging of the mind") has created a situation where the technical methods necessary to the spiritual blossoming of individuals are not always completely identical to those which are motivated by the only need for combative effectiveness. In Japan, Iaido is regarded as the art to cut his ego. It is practiced alone, facing an imaginary adversary. Based on three inseparable elements: meditation, coordination, etiquette, it is practiced in close connection with Zen.

THE GREAT SCIENCE WHICH SETS ABLAZE LIKE A SUN.

Am fear a thug buaidh air fhein, thug e buaidh air namhaid. He who conquers himself, conquers an enemy. A Gaelic proverb (and motto of the Cateran Society).

By comparing mythologies of the various Indo-European peoples (Celtic, Roman, German, Greek, Baltic, Indo-Iranian...) Dumézil therefore distinguished three different functions.

- Priestly function, linked to sovereignty, sacredness as to magic (Brahmans, druids, flamines).
- Warlike function linked to military engagement and to the defense of the people (knights, warriors, kings, rajahs).
- Producing function, linked to fruitfulness (free farmers, stock breeders, craftsmen, tradesmen; Indian caste of Vaisya).
- Among Celts we can add a fourth category that of atectai, matching Shudras in Hinduism, almost the dhimmi in Islamic lands (Dar al Islam), but without the religious dimensions reserved for druids.

Thoroughly research on iconography and epic texts of the various Indo-European cultures sheds light on the gray area of the oldest periods. They shed new light on the sacredness but also the social dimension of war among the peoples of proto-history. We can suppose there the existence of shamanic practices of possession by animal soul/minds (egregores) like that of bears, for example.

The second function, known as warrior function, is linked to the defense of the people we have said. We can regard it as gathering what WE would call the sword nobility, represented, for example, by the medieval knights, the warriors, the soldiers. We find this function in the second caste in India: the Kshatriyas.

The second warlike function was framed by a whole series of prohibitions (gessa).

The first of the taboos which was imposed on it, of course, was to respect the first function, in other words, the druids.

The second of its ethical requirements was, of course, in its case, the obligation not to fear death, and therefore to show courage.

The third of the ethical series of obligations relating to it was that which consisted in scorning wealth, or at least not in hoarding it: generosity was a duty of their status.

This design of the second functional level has its most complete expression in the set of themes of the warrior's three sins, of which we pointed out importance in all the sectors of the Indo-European world; from India to Celtica, through Ossetia, Greece, Rome, the Germanic world.

Mainly two types of warriors are found.

The first type is a civilized or refined man, handling sophisticated weapons. He is brilliant, intelligent, moral. This type of man is attached to the first function but goes over the second. For example, the kings, the Hesus Cuchulainn or the Fenians.

The second is a kind of human animal, endowed with an almost monstrous physical strength. He fights even hand-to-hand or at a pinch with a club. He is not necessarily intelligent and he is often bad-tempered. He is frequently solitary or individualistic. This type of man forms most of the troops of the second function.

The Gaesatae We know very few things about Gaesatae, and particularly if a man was born Gaesatus or if he became. We know only that they were supposed to fight under the influence of a sacred fury. In practice, their fury made them insensitive to wounds (because of a massive production of endorphins by their body?) and insensitive to fear, what was to confer on them an almost invincibility in hand-to-hand. We can also suppose that a terrible charge from them in the front line was a tactic

making it possible to terrorize adversaries. According to legends, Gaesata could fly into a warlike rage called *ferg* in Gaelic language (*vergio* in old Celtic), during which they felt no longer pains, perhaps under the effect of endorphins, and were no longer able sometimes, to distinguish their allies from their enemies. The Gaesatus resembled then a wolf (*volcos*) or a bear (*artaos/artorius*) when he had therefore flown into the above-mentioned state of trance. Andarta was precisely the name of the warlike goddess or demoness called upon, alas, in vain, by the queen Boadicea in her ultimate desperate bagauda against the Roman occupying forces, in - 61, somewhere in London's plain.

According to the French historian Regis Boyer, the Germanic berserkers too were able to perform prowess as various as to cross fire, to roll upwards their eyes, to bite the edge of their shield. Tacitus (*Germania*, III) mentions it, just as the poetic Edda (*Hávamál*). George Dumézil brings the *aristeia* or the *menos* of the Greek epic, closer to the berserker. Specialists call *aristeia* in Greek Antiquity a series of individual feats performed by a hero in trance, which makes him become a legend and makes his name worthy to be sung. The word comes from the ancient Greek *aristeía*, which means "valiancy, individual superiority" and in the plural "exploits, feats". Dumézil concludes from it that the two phenomena are not of comparable nature: an *aristeia* is not a metamorphosis. The comparison established by Homer between the hero and an animal, Achilles and a lion, or Hector and a wild boar for example, is only a literary image. If Paris puts on the skin of a panther in book III, and Dolon the skin of a wolf as well as the skin of a weasel in book X, this clothing confers on them no animal energy. Unlike the berserker, this ardor does not exclude clearness in the hero: at the time of his *aristeia* in book X, Hector listens to the advice of Polydamas and does not send his chariot against the Achaean wall.

Let us wager that in the case of the *artaos/artorius* or of the Celtic *volcos*, the same applied. We doubt indeed the fact that they were really changed in bears or wolves, even in the time of a fight.

"Berserkr" can mean "bearskin" (of the old Norse *bjorn sárk*: "breast of bear"), but the most probable interpretation would be rather "without protection" (from Norwegian "*bara sárk*" "bare-chested"). According to Regis Boyer, the word berserker can mean indeed that the wild-warrior fought defenseless (without even a shirt), but more probably than he had the strength of a bear of whom he wore the skin as armor (bear shirt). What in this case would make them some Gaesatae.

Berserkers were only a sect of warriors who, under the effect of various drugs, mead and mushrooms, were possessed by an uncontrollable fury. They were clothed with bearskins to frighten the common people who feared wild animals and howled while striking their own shields. These wild warriors too apparently were insensitive to pain until their madness grows blurred. In their rage, they attacked even the rocks or the trees in the forest. Moreover it was frequent that they kill each other.

They are perhaps behind the beliefs in werewolves. See in Ireland the case of the three daughters of Airitech: they were finally killed by a man by the name Cas Corach.

We find the martial behavior of bears in the nickname *artaos* given to the god-or-demon Lug, in the very name even Arthur (*Artorius*) and in the prayers that Queen Boadicea formerly sent to the goddess-or-demoness, or fairy godmother if this term is preferred, Andarta; at the time of her bagauda against the Roman occupying forces in - 61 somewhere in the plain of London, as we have already noticed it.

Among Celts, there are five ways of giving oneself death.

a) Voluntary death.

Celts do not have the same idea of death as Christians. Their attitude facing death can be called a "self-sacrifice" or a "voluntary sacrifice" expression preferable to the word "suicide" which evokes in our civilization an individual decision, rather often perceived in a negative way under the influence of Judeo-Christianity. On the contrary, for the high-knower of the druidic action (*druidecht*), these voluntary sacrifices are not other than religious gestures, of which the purpose is to put again the individual in harmony with the group to which he is a member and with the divine world. For them, death is a

voluntary and meaningful act that they ritualize, i.e., that they regulate in the manner of a rite, of an unchanged habit.

b) Death in action.

Man puts on his attributes of a warrior to enter this other world parallel to ours we call hereafter but with the certainty that the combat that he fights will lead him directly to the Walhalla of heroes. It is this attitude which generally animates the Celts who go to combat. There is an example of it with the Gaesatae, who fight naked. This nakedness conveys their radical contempt of death fear. But why the Celts are happy to leave for the war? Why aren't they afraid therefore by this death that everyone fears today after 2000 years of Christianity? Quite simply because they are persuaded that fight has only two outcomes and that these two outcomes can only be favorable to them.

First outcome: their people overcomes and they are guaranteed to die as a hero, therefore to receive a divine guarantee.

Second outcome: they die during the fight what enables them to take a seat next to their ancestors, under the protection of the god-or-demons. This is why, they never hesitate to fight until they die, or there is no longer enemies around them. The flight or the capture by the enemy is for them the worst of shames and would prevent them from surviving. They would be rejected by society. It is for this reason the Celts give death each other at the end of a battle they have lost. It will be therefore necessary to wait for the first century before our era so that Celts borrow less suicidal attitudes during the battles.

c) Death of the soldurs.

At the time of their never-ending travels when the living conditions are often very hard, the chiefs must be able to rely on a kind of guard which deals with all the material problems. These men are called "soldurs." They form a kind of court for an important character. But on the other hand, they share all the goods of their protector. The devotion of a soldur to his master is total and goes until the death. At the time of a fight, the soldurs protect their master and if by misfortune this one comes to die, they too put immediately an end to their life. During the battle of Telamon, the king named Aneroeestes was surrounded by a group of soldurs which gave death each other at the same time as him (Polybius, book II chapter XXXI). The death of the soldurs is only the consequence of a total devotion, even of a kind of love, for their lord. But they also do it because their living conditions suddenly have just crumbled.

c) Death of Gaesatae.

Gaesatae (Latinized into Gaesatii) are Celts fighting at the ancient time in Italy. It could be professional mercenaries (Orosius, Hist. adv. Paganos, book IV, chapter XIII, 5) armed with a gaesum, an iron javelin, specific to the peoples of the Alps (Caesar, B.G., 3,4,1.). As well as a small shield. Celtic shield did not have a leather strap keeping in place the forearm. It was equipped only with a handle out of steel, thus offering to warriors more freedom of movement. Gaesatae therefore used their shield as well as a defensive weapon as an offensive weapon during their attacks.

Sign of the fraternity of the Gaesata, the warlike nakedness can also be perceived like a stage in a more complex initiatory career, following the example of some ritualized combats of other cultures, like that of Maasai, in Africa. Greeks and Romans often witnessed this warlike practice, and frequently represented it in their statuary; for example, on the low-relief of the arch in Orange, dedicated to Tiberius in 27, in order to commemorate his victory over Sacrovir's revolt.

Lastly, warlike nakedness can even form a ritual protection of warriors, by the presence of body paintings with magic power. These warlike paintings, blue, were produced by a wild plant: the woad or pastel (glasson). These paintings, which frightened the Romans, are the origin of the designation of Picts "the painted men".

e) Death before an audience.

“ And other men in the theater (sic) having received some silver or gold money, and some even for a number of earthen vessels full of wine, having taken pledges that the gifts promised shall really be given, and having distributed them among their nearest companions, have laid themselves down on shields, with their faces upwards, and then allowed some bystander to cut their throats with a sword.” ...

Posidonius (quoted by Athenaeus, Book IV, chapter IX) as usual understood nothing. The explanation of this false suicide is indeed very simple. These Celts were so much persuaded that there was a life after death, that they went with joy in the other world, and that they claim they can then refund there at this time their debtors.

It is not therefore an anecdote, but a rather widespread practice. It is therefore clear that the Celts find some honor to die thus in public: in teatro. A warrior, obviously ruined or sick, and not feeling the strength to die of his disease, sacrifices himself to get gold, money or wine; that he distributes then to his friends, and to his close relations, while promising to give back them in the other world. After what, in teatro, a room of ceremonies even a shrine, in short, in a public place, he gives death to himself, or requires of somebody to cut his neck. The man is lying on his shield, the traditional position of the warrior died after the battle.

Finally, one realizes that, for the high knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht), death is almost more important than life itself. They see in death a means of drawing oneself from difficult situations. Death is a way out , since after death, a new life, better, near the god-or-demons, is promised to them.

“ One of the precepts they teach—obviously to make them better for war—has leaked into common knowledge, namely, that souls/minds [Latin animas] are immortal and that there exists another life at the Manes. Therefore they cremate and bury with the dead things that are suitable for the living. And long ago traders’ accounts and debts registers also accompanied the dead, in order to be balanced or honored in the other world and some individuals happily threw themselves onto the pyres of their loved ones as if they were going to live with them! “ (Pomponius Mela, Chorographia, Book III, chapter II, 19).

The Celts view the elements which force them as a divine sign which urges them upon to die. For them, death is not the result of chance, quite to the contrary, everything is premeditated, even predestined. Even if death is announced by a disease, or a danger, it takes the form of a voluntary decision. The five ways of dying that we have just seen play this part.

For a Celt, it is impossible “to start a new life“ “to start again from scratch“. He does not imagine another life only that he will live in another body in another world. Celts think that if they do not die heroically and therefore will not join the god-or-demons; they will not go into the other world parallel to ours called Heaven (of warriors). That is why death during a fight does not frighten them. By making them hope for a second better life near the god-or-demons, and in another body, death makes life much easier.

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The main notion to retain on the idea of war among Celts is that of the individual combat fought by each warrior, to place in the Indo-European myth of the hero, that we find particularly in the Iliad by Homer. Intrinsic condition of the second class of the Indo-European tripartite society, war is for its members a ritualized act.

The practice of the warlike nakedness of Gaesatae is therefore not an aberration. It emphasizes only a great contempt of death among the warriors who devoted themselves to this practice. For them, heroic death in combat led to a triumphal entry next to the great heroes of the Other World.

Most famous intervention of the Gaesatae took place at the time of the battle of Telamon of which here is the context.

In the third century before our era, Romans start a true ethnic cleansing against the Celts of the province of Picenum. In – 232. The Tribune C. Flaminius asks that the lands conquered over Senones for fifty years are divided between the Romans. Boians, which knew, through the foundation of Ariminum, all that having the Romans for neighbors costs, repented not to have taken the offensive, and wanted to form a league between all the nations living in the North of Italy. But the Veneti refused; the Ligurians as for them were exhausted; the Cenomani secretly sold to the Romans. Boians and Insubres (Bologna and Milan) remained alone were therefore forced to call from beyond the Alps men armed with spears, who readily put themselves in the pay of rich Celtic tribes in Italy. The Romans, informed at once of everything by the Cenomani, were alarmed at this league. The Senate made the sibylline books consulted, and ordered as a human sacrifice for the Roman god-or-demons, that two unhappy Celtic prisoners, a man and a woman, were buried alive in the center even of Rome, in the cattle market. The Celtic chiefs take out of their temples the golden standards they called immovable, and make their men solemnly swearing they would not unfasten their cross-belts before being gone up in the Capitoline Hill in Rome.

In other words, a typical example of *ambicatus* or *ambicatusian ver sacrum*, intended to come to the assistance of a sister nation victim of a pitiless aggression (the Senones in Picenum) bordering on genocide.

Of the three Roman armies, one was to guard the ways of the Apennines which lead to Etruria. But the Celts were already there firmly set up in the middle of this country, and a three-day march of Rome. Fearing to be locked up between the City and the army, the revolted Celts retrace their steps, and are victorious in Clusium after having ambushed the Romans in this place. Six thousand of the legionaries who chased them meet their death there, and the others could have undergone the same fate if the second Roman army had not at once joined the first.

The Roman counterpart is violent, and the consul Lucius Aemilius Papus hurries to intercept the revolted Celts. Those, charged with spoils, want to avoid the combat by going up towards north, in the direction of the cape of Telamon.

But by an unhappy chance, a third Roman army, which was coming back from Sardinia, lands not far from their camp, in Pisa, under the command of Caius Attilius Regulus. The latter surprises Celtic foragers and after having made them tortured therefore learns that the army of the revolted Cisalpinians arrives in his direction, followed by that of Aemilius.

The rebel Celts were thus trapped and had to face on two sides at the same time. Whence the battle of Telamon and the intervention, noticed, of the Gaesatae.

The consul lays out his army in battle order and blocks the way of the Celts. The latter, seeing they are caught in a pincer movement, get ready for the combat near the cape of Telamon in August - 225. Gaesatae and Insubres are opposed to the legionaries of Aemilius, while Taurisci and Boians turn towards the army of Attilius. A violent cavalry fight opposes the Romans commanded by Attilius and the Celtic cavalymen, Attilius is killed in it. During this time, the Roman velites, armed each of seven javelins, riddle their adversaries with projectiles and this action disorganizes the opposite line, more especially as the Gaesatae fight naked and protected only by a small shield.

But when the Roman maniples charge, they meet a strong resistance. Only an outflanking attack of the Roman cavalry will enable them to get victory. The Celtic casualties will be heavy, more than 40.000 men have died and 10.000 are made prisoners.

"To guarantee peace, " in the area, Claudius Marcellus will complete the conquest of the Cisalpine up to the Alps. Boians and Lingones submitted in - 224. Anares follow after the campaign of - 223 during which the Po River is crossed with heavy casualties. The army of Caius Flaminius face Insubres and has its back to the river. In this perilous situation, he proposes a capitulation which is inconsiderately accepted, then withdraws himself with his troops. Later, he comes back through the country of the Cenomani, reinforced by part of their warriors.

Insubres mobilize 50.000 men and attack the Romans. Flaminius, not very trustful in the Cenomani, make them go on the other bank and make the bridges cut, then he puts his legions in battle order. In spite of this risky strategic situation (retreat is cut), the tactical superiority of legionaries offers victory to them. Insubres want peace, but the Senate requires a complete submission.

In - 222, with the assistance of Gaesatae again, Insubres gather 30.000 warriors then face the two consular armies. After many combats, King Viridomar is killed during the fight by the consul Marcus Marcellus, close to Clastidium (in the south of current Pavia). The consul Cnaeus Scipio storms the capital of Insubres, Mediolanum (Milan) and after the storming of Comum (Como) the resistance of these Celtic people will end. The Via Flaminia will be extended to the new fortress of Spoletium (Spoleto) then continued to the sea. New cities will be built on these conquered lands.

The berserker or the artaoios, or the artorius, was not simply a young warrior carried along by the passion of fight, he was as possessed (by an animal soul/mind). By their costume, by their behavior, the members of these fraternities were similar to soul/minds released on earth. To take an animal aspect, thanks to skins of bears, wild boars or wolves, was a way of being identified with another kingdom, in this case with that of animals.

The mask is undoubtedly one of the oldest expressions of human culture. The mask, which makes a person able to radically change his identity, either it is outside or inside, is of everywhere and of always. It is present in the majority of societies, from most antiquated to most worked out, carrying values and uses which remain often difficult to interpret, but which show, however, connections. Several prehistoric sites in the south of France produced human representations of masked "wizards" or "dancers". In France (department of Ariège) in the cave of the Three-Brothers, decorated with painted and engraved images dating back to approximately 15.000 to 8.000 years before our era. The walls are covered with a mass of figurations of bison, ibexes, stags, horses, reindeers in the middle of which there are scattered human figures, of which some masked with animal heads. Most enigmatic is, of course, a painting with engraved circumferences which represents a man who has on his head the horns of Cervidae, a false beard, a tail-of-horse, and whose face evokes the skin of an animal. The cave of Gabillou too revealed the representation of a character, probably male, disguised with a head and a skin of bison.

Same idea therefore among the Breton Iceni with their totemic names of the kind Artomagilos, Matugenos, and their goddess-or-demoness of the war Andarta/Andrasta. The meaning of the theonym is "Great she-bear" and is therefore linked with the name Arthur. We can think besides that the same applied to the tribe of the Volcae, whose name means "wolves". Caesar. B.G. Book VI. 24. "There was formerly a time when the Celts excelled the Germanics in prowess, and waged war on them offensively, and, on account of the great number of their people and the insufficiency of their land, sent colonies over the Rhine. Accordingly the Volcae Tectosages seized on those parts of Germania which are the most fruitful [and lie] around the Hercynian Forest (which, I perceive, was known by report to Eratosthenes and some other Greeks, and which they call Orcynia), and settled there. Which nation to this time retains its position in those settlements, and has a very high character for justice and military merit".

This kind of warlike fury was undoubtedly a kind of thorough hypnotic trance. Such a state contributes to decreasing bodily pains. The possibility that Hindu fakirs have, to pierce their cheeks and their tongue with needles what should normally involve unbearable pains, is thus explained.

During the expedition of Suetonius Paulinus against the high knowers of the druidiaction, in the island of Mona, an event of extreme importance occurred among Iceni, in the south-eastern part of Great Britain, on the North Sea.

Even if Iceni are allies people of Rome, they are nevertheless Bretons, therefore Barbarians, and consequently the Roman Catus Decianus behaves with respect to the inhabitants as in a conquered land.

Quickly, from humiliations to insults, things get heated between the representatives of the two communities, until the queen herself is harassed by the Romans, who whip her and rape her at the same time as her two daughters...

What the great French specialist d'Arbois de Jubainville calls the civilization with a forced march. Comes the final insult, the insult too much, intolerable. The news is spread like wildfire, and revolt sets ablaze the whole country. Giving up their agricultural work, Iceni, joined by a large number of Trinobantes and Catuvellauni,

rush headlong against the positions defended by the Romans and their allies. Everywhere the massacres follow one another, and the rage of revenge stirs to a fatal madness. The victors kill, hang, cut the throat, drown, behead, skin, set fire. The whole country in little time falls victim to fire and flames. The first large attack is directed against the colony of Camulodunum/Colchester. The small Roman garrison, having taken refuge hastily in the temple of Claudius, is submerged then destroyed by a rush of mad Bretons. Colony, fortresses, temple... everything is destroyed and burned. Petilius Cerialis, prefect of the Legio Hispania, in a panic sends the reserves of his legion stationed in Lindum/Lincoln, to help Camulodunum/Colchester. Waste of time and effort! The Bretons, that nothing stops now, massacre simply the infantry of the legion. And it is only with the greatest difficulties that the cavalry, with Petilius himself, manages to avoid the complete disaster: by withdrawing in their basis of Lindum/Lincoln, and while being locked up there.

Suetonius Paulinus, come back in all haste towards Londinium/London, considering the weakness of his forces compared to the mass of Bretons in fury, then understands the hugeness of his error (to have attacked a druidic sanctuary, the island of Mona, by withdrawing troops from his rear). He too therefore decides to give up the place, in spite of the supplications of the terrorized population. In the city, it is the panic. The Iceni and their allies swoop down on from all sides, and the town of Londinium/London in turn to be sacked, plundered, set on fire, then destroyed. The inhabitants who do not have the time or the possibility of fleeing in time are massacred without pity. A large number of them are thrown alive and drowned in the Thames. There is even the detail of women impaled lengthwise through and through and immolated.

Everybody will be put to death, without reference to age nor gender. Men, women, children, old men, fall in turn. The streets are covered with corpses and of dying persons wildly mutilated. The city crackles in the flames and the Thames, which is no longer but a river of blood, doesn't know what to do with these corpses that are thrown in it as to the wolves to satisfy it. Everywhere rise sanguinary howls mixing with the cries of horror, fear and pain, from the victims immolated in the name of Revenge.

Leaving Londinium weighing down under ashes, now that there is no longer somebody for having his throat cut, the Iceni then head towards Verulamium, the capital of the Catuvellauni also hastily evacuated by the Romans. The city too becomes the theater of a true holocaust. Verulamium is set on fire, plundered, destroyed, and its population, not luckier than that of Camulodunum and Londinium, is massacred in turn. The Romans are disabled. The impetuosity of Petilius Cerialis was fatal to the Legio Hispania. Poenius Posthumus, prefect of the Legio Augusta, refuses to leave his position in Isca Dumniuniorum/Exeter, more especially as he seems himself in a difficult position. Only Suetonius Paulinus therefore has still the Legio Gemina and the Legio Valeria at his disposal, and remains able to stand up to the surge of Bretons. But the situation is so serious that in Rome some people consider already the defeat and the definite loss of Britain for the Empire.

In the field, Suetonius Paulinus sees the moment coming when he will be constrained to fight the last combat. Keeping the self-control and the control of his troops, he settles somewhere near Manduessedum/Manchester, or Ratae Coritanorum/Leicester.

The battle which begins at once is of an extreme ferocity, because the stake is significant. Either the Bretons are victorious, and all the Romans and their allies will be definitively overcome, or the Romans will succeed in getting off the hook, and it will be the end of the insurrection or of the Breton independence.

After one day of bloody and merciless combat, the legionaries manage to repel the attacks of the Bretons, then to block them by wedging them against their own war chariots, parked to the rear, what cut any possibility of retreat for them. The Death scythe changes sides. In turn, Iceni and their allies are cut to pieces, are massacred mercilessly, and put in rout.

The final victory remains in the Romans. But what a victory! Learning the news, Poenius Posthumus, prefect of the Legio Augusta, who did not dare to leave his fortress, dishonored, humiliated, commits hara-kiri with his sword. Boudicca, the queen of the Iceni, escapes the dishonor only by committing suicide.

In addition to a destroyed legion, this revolt, according to Tacitus, will have seen nearly seventy thousand Romans and allies, as nearly eighty thousand Bretons, perish.

Bloodthirsty and mad with revenge, Suetonius Paulinus then starts terrible reprisals by putting the country to fire and the sword, and by starving the population.

The punishment of the Breton people is commensurate with the shame and the insult undergone by the governor. So, in order to prevent these exactions cause a new outburst of violence due to despair, Suetonius Paulinus will be relieved of his duties.

All these massacres made with the assistance and the blessing of Andarta irresistibly make us think of the Galatians seen by Pausanias.

“ On they marched against their enemies with the fury and passion of brutes. Slashed with an axe or a sword they kept their frenzy while they still breathed; pierced by arrow or javelin, they did not abate of their passion so long as life remained. Some drew out from their wounds the spears, by which they had been hit, and threw them at the Hellenes or used them in close fighting “. (Pausanias. Description of Greece. Book X. Phocis. XXI).

All that makes also think of another tribe that of the famous druidess or more exactly, priestess, Veleda. The Chatti warriors did not wear armor, but a bearskin, whence their name (berserker). They wandered like hounds or wolves, strong like bears or bulls. They remained famous for their courage and the animal fury which possessed them; they traversed the countryside in a state of ecstasy, as if they had been changed.

MYTHOLOGY OF FORMER SWITZERLAND.

Raymond Christinger and Willy Borgeaud.

The man in trance is not in his usual state, his relation with the world which surrounds him is disturbed, is even prey to neurophysiological disorders. His faculties are really or in an imaginary way increased and this increase appears through actions or behaviors observable from the outside.

The inductive devices can be very variable. The use of musical instruments, recitations of incantations, sacrifices of animals, etc. Dance is frequent in the beginning of the trance and some people wanted to see in it a mechanical, physiological, action.

The soul/mind (anaon) of warriors can then be changed into a bear, into a bull, or into all kinds of other animals, and this new identity confers on him an extraordinary strength : the ferg or vergio (old french vierg). As we have had the opportunity to say it, the account of Pausanias is in this respect exemplary . It is advisable to point it out.

“ On they marched against their enemies with the fury and passion of brutes. Slashed with an axe or a sword they kept their frenzy while they still breathed; pierced by arrow or javelin, they did not abate of their passion so long as life remained. Some drew out from their wounds the spears, by which they had been hit, and threw them at the Hellenes or used them in close fighting “. (Pausanias. Description of Greece. Book X. Phocis. XXI).

Atrácht in lond láith asa etun, co m-ba siithe remithir áirnem n-ocláig. Airdidhithir remithir tailcithir tressithir sithithir séolchrand prímlunghi móre in bunne diriuch dondfola atrácht a fírchleithe a chendmullaig i certairddi, co n-derna dubcháich n-druidechta de amail chiaich de rígbuidin, in tan tic rí dia tenecur hi fescur lathi gemreta.

The lon laith or luan laith is the aura produced by the head of our hero when his soul (anamon) connects during a split second on the Big Whole, even dissolves one moment in the Big Whole (Pariollon).

It is graphically symbolized by a kind of pole outgoing of the skull of some figures on Armorican coins. The small cut heads accompanying it let no doubt remain on this subject.

The history of art shows us that three main forms were once distinguished in this field.

-First of all, it should be noted that the nimbus is not an exclusively Christian attribute. It was already found in antiquity among the Egyptians, Orientals, Greeks and Romans who made it an attribute of deities. Ra, Buddha, Apollo or Diana often wear a nimbus. It is not always reserved for divine figures and represents moral strength as well as religious authority.

-Ireland also seems to have used the comparison with a bird.

-In Iranian iconography and in religions or countries marked by the influence of Parthian and Sassanian Iran, the xvarnah is on the other hand mostly represented under the aspect of radiant lights.

For once, esotericism offers us a more enlightening definition/analysis, so to speak.

The aura is an "English word of Latin origin and referring since the 19th century to an esoteric concept: a colored outline, a kind of halo of light radiating around the body or the head of a living being, manifestation of one or more fields of energy, or of a vital force" (The aura. An Enquiry into the Nature and Functions of the Luminous Mist Seen about Human and Other Bodies).

This vergio/ferg corresponds to the aristeia of Greeks. The subject was already tackled in this study, but it is not useless to return about it.

Characteristics of aristeias. Iliad offers to us the best examples of them. Its descriptions present common features: the hero rushes against a mass of indistinct enemies, whose poet gives some names from time to time. The aristeia reaches its height in one or more duels against important adversaries.

The hero in his aristeia worries no longer what surrounds him: he is obsessed by the only idea of fighting.

The warrior is in trance. He is inhabited by a sacred fury , which makes him shine, in the figurative or in the literal sense , in the battle:

“ He [Achilles] gnashed his teeth, eyes blazing like fire “(XIX, 365-366).

Thus, Hector opposes the beauty of the warrior on the battle field to that of his brother Paris, well clothed and trendy.

During the book V, he is inspired directly by Athena, who hands down to him the ardor of the former great heroes:

"Fear not, Diomedes, to do battle with the Trojans, for I have set in your heart the spirit of your knightly father Tydeus " (V, 124-126).

Pandarus, son of Lycaon, declares while seeing him in the battle that " he has some god by his side who is shrouded in a cloud of darkness, and who turned my arrow aside when it had hit him" (book V verse 185). Aeneas also notes that Diomedes appears as a god " angry with the Trojans about their sacrifices, and has set his hand against them in his displeasure " (book V verses 177-178).

In fact, the strength and the skill of the hero are then multiplied by ten: Diomedes can lift a stone that two men would hardly lift; Achilles is like lifted by wings.

The warrior in his run up is compared with a wild animal (usually a lion) launched against men or domestic animals, he makes them his prey. Achilles for example who: "rushed against him like a lion, a ravening lion that men are fain to slay, even a whole folk that be gathered together; and he at the first recking nothing of them goes his way, but when one of the youths swift in battle hath smitten him with a spear-cast, then he gathers himself open-mouthed, and foam comes forth about his teeth, and in his heart his valiant spirit groans, and with his tail he lashes his ribs and his flanks on this side and on that, and rouses himself to fight, and with glaring eyes he rushes straight on in his fury, whether he slay some man or himself be slain in the foremost throng; even so was Achilles driven by his fury, and his lordly spirit to go forth to face great-hearted Aeneas" (XX, 165-175).

The fighter is also compared with a natural force that nothing can stop. Diomedes for example,

" He stormed across the plain like unto a winter torrent at the full, that with its swift flood sweeps away the embankments; this the close-fenced embankments do not hold back, neither do the walls of the fruitful vineyards stay its sudden coming when the rain of Zeus drives it on; and before it in multitudes, the fair works of men fall in ruin. Even in such wise before Tydeus' son were the thick battalions of the Trojans driven in rout" (V, 87-94).

Thus dehumanized, the warrior can even proceed to threaten the god-or-demons: Apollo chased by Diomedes must remind him that the god-or-demons and the men are two distinct races. (Editor's note . What is not the case in the Celtic world, quite to the contrary). Then Diomedes takes only one step back .

Artisteias are always very deadly: the hero kills there often more than one half-dozen enemies, and wounds several of them. At the time of the aristeia of the book V, Diomedes kills in this way six Trojans and wounds four people, of whom Aeneas as well Aphrodite personally. He withdraws only after having met Hector. Conversely, the great majority of the deaths of the epic occur during an aristeia, and not during ordinary fights.

IN SEARCH OF THE GREAT SCIENCE WHICH SETS ABLAZE LIKE A SUN.

(Notes found by the heirs to Peter DeLaCrau and inserted by them here.)

"There are multiple manners of reaching the Path, but all can be reduced to two types: the access by the principle and the access through the practice. "Exclaims at the other end of the world Bodhidharma, the great master of Chinese martial arts in the monastery of the small forest (Shao-lin).

We will therefore from now on briefly review under this title (a little wrongly perhaps, the Irish word having theoretically a much more limited scope of action) the various techniques mental or physical, bodily or mental; being able to lead the individual to exceed his poor and small human status, and to reach higher states of awareness or of being, higher.

True druidism is basically formed of four main paths.

1. The path of the first function or path of knowledge, which aims for the detachment, through the awareness of the relativity of the things and interrogation about the "who I am? "This is a process which consists in learning how to distinguish what is false from what is true, what is real from what is not so, and what is eternal from what is not so.

Such is perhaps the true meaning of the famous poem by Amorgen (despite all the forgeries, like say our English friends, most suspect, which surrounds it):

" I am Wind on Sea, I am Ocean-wave, I am Roar of Sea, I am Bull of Seven Fights, I am Vulture on Cliff, I am Boar for boldness, I am Salmon in Pool, I am Lake on Plain, I am a Mountain in a Man, I am a Word of Skill, I am the Point of a Weapon (that pours forth combat), I am God who fashions Fire for a Head. Who is he who announces the ages of the Moon and the place where falls the sunset?"

That we could paraphrase as follows...

Who am I?

I was always, I will be still.

Who am I?

I am the infinite Life which is spreading through Everything.

I am the Whole.

I am That.

Who am I?

Now I am free; I am beyond everything.

I left my body and the whole planet.

Who am I?

Around me there remains only infinite space.

And I am like this space: endless.

Now something can no longer affect me.

In short druidism in the common sense of the term. A path of the immanent transcendent knowledge.

2. The royal way, the path of the warriors, way of the setanta or divodorum, the path of divodoron of the second function, that of the strength or more exactly of the total control of one's body in its interaction with the soul and/or the mind. A psychophysical meditation therefore (Rajah Yoga in Hinduism). This psychophysical meditation is carried out by means of various training intended to channel then to convert energy, or to get the union of the opposite energies: heat and cold, male and female, positive and negative. In short the god-or-demon and his consort or shakti (for example Jehovah and Asherah in the Bible).

3. The path of the third function, the way of the selfless action where you do your duty and where you give freely (way of works called Karma Yoga in Hinduism). This third way consists in fulfilling one's

human obligations, without wishing or waiting for a reward. It is a kind of perpetual sacrifice consisting in working for the common good. Including while dedicating oneself to a given profession, or while carrying out, without being concerned with any return or personal profit, all kinds of activities. This way is that of fruitfulness, fertility, prosperity.

4. The way of the fourth function, that of overcome people, of whom it is not required to think, but to honor the gods and to rely on their grace. A way therefore of devotion and worship (Bhakti Yoga in Hinduism).

N.B. The latter merged today with the previous one, that of the common people of free men. Atectai is the technical word designating this category of men or women, atectos/atecta the technical term designating a member of this social category. What the Muslims call dhimmis.

Everything is interdependent in the universe or bitos. The One lives only through and for the Big Whole, and the Whole for the One. In other words, one for all and all for one. The divine One is the absolute immanent union and in unthinkable forms, of the soul and of the matter. More concretely that could often be summarized, according to the technique, into the following alternative.

A) Recitations, postures, sublimation of sexual energy among druids ancestors of the Culdee monks (the others could, even must, to marry).

B) Use one's body, control of breath, and work on mental energy among the vercingets or gaesatae, ancestors of the Irish Fenians, even perhaps of the Germanic berserker.

"Divinis humana licet componere ". " We may compare human things with divine". Ausonius (definition of the word libra). In other words: we can find a way to reach the world of the god-or-demons by seeing clearly in one's own nature. To reach the divine world, it is necessary to return into oneself.

The visualization of one of the deities of the Pantheon or Pleroma makes a thorough work on oneself, through which ordinary emotions are changed into wisdom, possible. When the practitioner understands that his true nature is not different from that of the questioned deity, he already has taken a great step. In this branch of druidism (the warlike druidism, way of the setanta), to succeed in visualizing a deity therefore is very important. But, as we already have had the opportunity to say it, it is not a simple visualization, it is initially a meditation on the relativity of things. It is in this manner indeed that we can enter the hardcore of the practice of martial arts. On one side, we meditate on the nature of the deity, but at the same time we meditate on its ultimate nature.

Druidism therefore makes an inventory, and makes possible, various levels of being or of awareness, and this, thanks to various techniques, sometimes with an outside assistance, often with the assistance of bodily or physiological processes.

Posture in the manner of Hornunnos.

Ecstatic dance (for example in the case of the Gaesatae warriors).

Control feelings and in particular of pains, in the Hesus way.

Focusing: "Nate nate memento beto to devo "shouted to the future saint Symphorian in Autun, his mother (Augusta).

Meditation.

Ecstasy or enlightenment of the auentietici/awenyddion.

Etc., etc.

The basic technique is that of the control of breathing, the breathing and the breathing out, in order to exploit oxygen, or its opposite, the carbon anhydride.

Here approximately two pages are missing according to the heirs to Peter DeLaCrau

POSTURES.

There existed in druidism two different kinds of meditative postures.

The meditation sitting under an oak, i.e., inner or motionless, by reference to the sitting posture in the manner of Hornunnos.

The mental focusing, standing, i.e., external or mobile, active, which was typically that of the warrior in his drill. The *lon laith* or *luan laith* was the aura produced by the head of our hero in the event of *vergio/ferg*, i.e., when his soul (*anamon*) connected a split second on the *Pariollon*. Or dissolved in the *Pariollon* (the Big Whole). On certain Armorican coins, it is symbolized by a kind of pole outgoing from the skull of the warrior represented above. In Ireland by a bird.

In the beginning, and as we have had the opportunity to say it, it was simply a question of differentiating the meditative method "sitting under a tree" such as the *anatiomaros* or great initiate who was Hornunnos, probably practiced it, from various more or less gymnastic forms (muscular exercises, etc.) or, more simply walk. The word "Kinges" means indeed literally at the beginning: "The one who goes ahead". These two aspects were therefore considered to be complementary and essential by the druidism of this time.

MEDITATION IN THE MANNER OF HORNUNNOS (sitting under an oak: dhyana in Hinduism).

Some schools always recommend focusing on breathing, others to meditate on triads or any teaching of the famous master.

Examples.

"To reverence the gods, to abstain from wrongdoing, and to be a man, a true one".

"Truth in our hearts, strength in our hands, and the art of good speech".

"*Firinde inàr croidhedhaibh, 7 neart inàr làmhhaibh, 7 comall inàr tengthaibh*".

Others again recommend learning by heart a large number of sacred texts. Essentially, unfortunately, the poetic forms (in *iarnbelra* or *berla fene* language), forms developed from the triad, remain very difficult to translate and much more to adapt to our mentality... For want of anything better, it will be advisable most of the time to satisfy us with a literary approximation.

The druidic studies cover all the field of conceivable knowledge. Twenty and one year, such is besides still, roughly, the length of the studies in our time, if one adds times of grade school, middle and higher education. It is permissible to think that such a length involved large expenses, limiting recruitment to the easy families of nobility, because free teaching is not an ancient or medieval idea. But a thing is sure: you did not become a high-knower of the druidiaction (*druidecht*) in one moment, through the simple effect of a magic initiation. It was necessary to bother to learn. After the conquest, in spite of the Roman schools, the things did not change very quickly perhaps. Pomponius Mela, who wrote about the middle of the first century of our era, some ninety years after Caesar, repeats information from the proconsul, adding to it only the secrecy in which the teaching is dispensed. Such is the state of druidic teaching at the highest point of its power or, rather, of its effectiveness.

In B.G. VI, 13, Caesar ascribes to the high knowers of the druidiaction (*druidecht*) the knowledge of astronomy and not of astrology, whereas this pseudoscience will be in honor at the time of the Romans. That allows us to deduce from it this teaching had nothing primitive or occult. Astrology is not of Celtic but of Sumerian origin and the high knowers of the druidiaction (*druidecht*) never practiced it such as it is currently designed.

If one asks a follower, and all the more so a master of druidism in the manner of Hornunnos, what is druidism..., it will perhaps answer "to remain sitting under an oak in order to meditate".

Druidism of the type *auentieticos* (or *awenydd*, evolution of the word *auentieticos* whose meaning is "enlightenment"), it is indeed first meditation in the harmony of the bathed with oxygen forest. But the druidism of this type, it is also to dive into oneself and to see clearly in the thorough nature of one's being. It is a technique intended to perform out an awareness likely to make the limits of one's mindset exploding. This tendency of druidism nevertheless always emphasized the progressiveness of the stages and of the means used to get the blossoming of the soul. The soul/mind (*anaon*) is like pure waters. Nobody can see in it his true reflection which is higher God if he did not calm down, before, the least of the streams able to shake it.

Gerald De Barri who left us a description of Cambria or Wales in the 12th century, speaks about a category of characters designated by the name of awenyddion or inspired people. The account of Gerald is at first glance hostile, of course. You feel well through it that he is not far from comparing these men to wizards (we are in the 12th century do not forget it). N.B. Awen is the Welsh name of inspiration, a little like tanzil in Arabic as regards Quran, and the awenydd is the one who is inspired, the poet.

“There are certain persons in Cambria, whom you will find nowhere else, called Awenddyon, or people inspired; when consulted upon any doubtful event, they roar out violently, are rendered beside themselves, and become, as it were, possessed by a spirit. They do not deliver the answer to what is required in a connected manner; but the person who skillfully observes them will find, after many preambles, and many nugatory and incoherent, though ornamented speeches, the desired explanation : they are then roused from their ecstasy, as from a deep sleep, and, as it were, by violence compelled to return to their proper senses. After having answered the questions, they do not recover till violently shaken by other people; nor can they remember the replies they have given. If consulted a second or third time upon the same point, they will make use of expressions totally different; perhaps they speak by means of fanatic and ignorant spirits. These gifts are usually conferred upon them in dreams...but during their prophecies they invoke the true and living God, and the Holy Trinity“ (phew! It was, of course, that the most important for our good monk!) (Marx. Celtic literature. But all that we have had already the opportunity to say it.

Whatever the posture, or the sitting, it is appropriate before everything that it is pleasing... but also balanced. Your back must be straight, your chin slightly tucked, your mouth closed, the point of the tongue touching the palate, your eyes half-closed, deep and fluid breathing resulting from the belly. The position of hands can vary according to the Schools and is characterized by the objects which are held to focus their energy: here a bag furnished with nipples, and there, a torc, or a small cauldron, etc.

It is an attitude, almost a philosophy if not already a religion. It is possible to try to become awenyddion (awenydd) through many means which are as many bases leading, little by little, to a possible enlightenment. Or at least in the search for this one, what is not completely the same thing. To be able to stop the swirl of the lower states of awareness, and to focus on the higher being, it is first necessary to become aware of it in experiments.

These states of awareness are in unlimited number, but we can approximately classify them in two categories.

1. Mistakes and illusions (dreams, hallucinations, mistakes of perception, confusions).
2. The totality of the daily ordinary psychological experiments: what we feel, think, what crosses the mind of the common people, of the one who does not practice the training in question. These swirls come from huge stocks of mental energy lying in the very depths of our mind (the unconscious of the psychoanalysts).

It is a question of becoming aware of these mental states which twist and turn us perpetually, and of getting rid of them concretely by the practice, step by step, thanks to a long series of exercises which require to be carried out successively, without haste, without impatience. This work is a long-term work, during which considerable obstacles are met. Because, even if you succeed in reducing to nothing agitations in the process of your awareness, others come, at once, to replace them.

These unconscious, or subliminal forces, form enormous obstacles on the way leading to the world of the god-or-demons, for two reasons:

1. It is they which feed unceasingly psycho-mental flow twisting and turning awareness, since life is only a continual discharge of these forces in the cauldron which bubbles under our skull. The human existence is only an uninterrupted actualization of unconscious, by means of conscious experiments.

2. These forces, precisely because they are subliminal, have an imperceptible and unverifiable characteristics.

It is only by an intensive practice of what constitutes also the base of Celtic martial arts that these unconscious forces can be recognized, controlled, checked, therefore destroyed. As from the moment when they are recognized, they are burned, but the one who has one day, and in this way, reached the world of the god-or-demons, will be able the following time to reach it more and more quickly (question of training).

This current therefore favors the enlightenment of the moment which transcends time, an enlightenment which is gotten by examination and mental emptiness i.e. by the erasure of a subject filled with passions. One will be therefore able to join the universe of the living one, not according to its appearance, but from the inner. Because the follower of this vision has faith in the Primordial Breath which animates every alive entity: to enter its large rhythmic, it is to enter the in evolution universe or bitos. He is invited to a kind of assent: to join an original state where the promise of an eternal life rises. Whence the observations of Gerald De Barri on their subject in the 12th as we saw it; which show an incredible survival of this type of druidism.

Simple metaphysical knowledge is not the only way being able to lead to the reintegration into the Big Whole (Pariollon). The access to the divine world also can, so to speak, be hard won conquered, by means of a technique being able to lead to a thorough control of the body and of the soul/mind (anaon). The aim of this technique is to replace the normal awareness by another one, qualitatively higher. But this riddance of the ordinary conscientiousness is not easy to get. The secret cannot be handed down from a man to another one, it must be conquered. In addition to the knowledge, that therefore also involves a practice, and a certain form of asceticism or control of the feelings of one's body, particularly of pain. What you will have learned by listening to the words from others, you will forget it quickly. What you will have understood with the wholeness of your body, you will remember it throughout your entire life.

MEDITATION IN THE MANNER OF VINDOS CAMULOGENOS OR OF THE FENIANS (cf. the path of the setanta).

Equivalent at the other end of the Indo-European world : Bodhidharma and Shaolin or the Celtic monks of St. Columba in Bobbio (forest works).

The moving or in activity meditation is a thousand times better than the meditation at rest. The archetypal martial virtues are discipline, humility, restraint, and respect for human life in peace times.

Am fear a thug buaidh air fhein, thug e buaidh air namhaid. He who conquers himself, conquers an enemy. A Gaelic proverb and motto of the Ceteran Society. Ceteran Society is an association founded in 1998, by Christopher Scott Thompson, in order to promote Scottish medieval fencing.

In this type of druidism, culture and education also play a fundamental role. Every Fenian was supposed to know by heart at least 12 books. But implemented pedagogy had nothing to do with the current methods of teaching. They were rather very often very short dialogs between a teacher and his disciple... the first one asks a question, the second answers as he can, and the master gives the solution. They are sentences being used to enlighten the mind, if only for a split second or for an entire life, but first intended to make a little humbler.

Not to forget that the high knowers of Antiquity always thought that Faith and Intelligence were perfectly compatible, or at least that one could not go without the other. Worst of the disasters, worst of the decline for a civilization, it is indeed the blind belief as in Judaism Christianity or Islam. Education and culture are essential. From where not only one but twelve books among the Fenians.

“ The Galatians are terrifying in aspect and their voices are deep and altogether harsh; when they meet together, they converse with few words and in riddles, hinting darkly at things for the most part and using one word when they mean another; and they like to talk in superlatives, to the end that they may extol themselves and depreciate all other men [Greek hyperbolê]. They are also boasters and threatening and are fond of pompous language, and yet they have sharp wits and are not without cleverness at learning. In the conversation, their word is short, enigmatic, proceeding by allusions and insinuations, often hyperbolic “(Diodorus of Sicily V, 31).

Example.

Book of Leinster. The colloquy of the two sages. Imcallam in da Thurad.

Adnae, son of Uthider, of the tribes of Connaught, was the ollam (primate) of Ireland in science and poetry. He had a son, to wit, Néde. Now that son went to learn science in Scotland, unto Eochu Echbél (Eochu Horsemouth) and he stayed along with Eochu until he was skilled in science...

.....

So Néde fared forward, and with him his three brothers, namely, Lugaid, Cairbre, Cruttíne. A bolg bélce (puffball ?) chanced (to meet) them on the path. Said one of them: "Why is it called bolg bélce? (puffball ?)" Since they did not know, they went back to Eochu and remained a month with him. Again they fared on the path. A simind (rush) chanced to meet them. Since they did not know (why it was so called), they went back to their tutor. At the end of another month, they set out (again) from him. A gass sanais (sprig of sanicle?) chanced to meet them. Since they did not know why it was called gass sanais, they return to Eochu and remained another month with him.

Another example.

Cormac's Glossary. Version of the Leabhar Breac. At the word Lethech.

.....

Lethech is also a name for a kneading trough, because the bread is spread on it, as Crutine said on a time that he went to another druid's house, and his disciple with him, i.e., a student with a master pride. Crutine himself remained outside and sent his disciple for hospitality to the druid's house. A hog's belly was prepared for him in a cauldron, and presently the poet began conversing with the student and casting an eye on his intelligence (in preparing the meat). The druid observed the great hubris of the student and the smallness of his intelligence. So when the belly was boiled the druid said in the presence of the student : "dofotha tairr tein ?", i.e., "is it time to take it off the fire," and it was (in the poetical dialect he said this) in order that he might know what answer the student would give him ; because he had heard the druid (Crutine) boasting of the other's wonderful knowledge as if it were himself of whom he spoke, and he did not believe him, it was therefore what the druid said to test the student : Dofotha tairr tein, and he repeated three times dofotha tairr tein. But the disciple remained dumb. Thereafter arose the student and came to the place where Crutine was and related the news to him i.e., the words which the druid spoke : Dofotha tairr tein.

"Good," said Crutine, "when he says (them) again, say you to him : "toe lethaig foen fris oculus fris adaind indliss" i.e., put a kneading trough under it, i.e., the belly and light a candle to see if the belly be boiled.

When the student then had sat within (on his return the druid said the same and answered the student toe lethaig etc.)

"Good" quoth the poet, "it is not a student's mouth that has returned (this answer). He is near who returned it. Crutine is near. Call him from outside. Crutine was then summoned, welcome was given to him, and other food was put into the cauldron. And little was the hubris of the student because the druid jeered at him while he addressed Crutine etc.

This tough need for omniscience juxtaposed with a perpetual humility for the student is characteristic of druidism, and it will be possible therefore to usefully refer what Caesar notes of the science and of the pedagogy of the high knowers of the druidiaction (druidecht). " They likewise discuss and impart to the youth many elements respecting the stars and their motion, respecting the extent of the world and of our earth, respecting the nature of things, respecting the power and the majesty of the immortal gods".

It is therefore a druidic path (having for aim knowledge and enlightenment) consisting in being a disciple under the authority of a high-knower of the druidiaction (druidecht).

The four aspects of this path are the following ones.

- Study of the spiritual doctrines (the famous twelve books of the Fenians in Ireland) with examination of oneself and restraint.
- Practice of meditation according to the received traditional method.
- Service of a druid.
- Life in keeping with the moral (ethical) precepts consciously led in the of truth, generosity, respect of the two (or three) other functions, without forgetting modesty (see the three sins of the warrior).

In a grianon the practice of martial arts always starts with the training of a germ of meditation based on respiratory techniques in sitting position making able to perform the inner exploration of the depths of being. And of the cosmos since, let us point it out, like Ausonius said it very well in his little poem on the scale (libra), each man is a microcosm, a full universe.

"We may compare things human with divine ": "Divinis humana licet componere ".

As we could see it with the meditation "sitting in the manner of Hornunnos under an oak " the original druidism, it was the worship paid to the tree, axis of the world, right in the middle of a clearing. But this primordial clearing with the biliomagos in the center was very early arranged. However for that a whole work was necessary: to clear, cut down, assart, etc.

Besides we have a trace of these practices in what Strabo (Geography IV, 4,6) reports to us. The women of whom he speaks had a habit: each year they threw down the roof of their shrine, and rebuilt it the same day. Strabo does not specify if such a ceremony took place during the change of the year, but we can suppose it.

Meditation was therefore always accompanied by undeniable physical activities, on all the levels besides if we can believe this author.

It was suitable for following a ritual to delimit a sacred space (the women go round the sanctuary while carrying the dismembered body of one of them) and once thus devoted, this space was to be maintained.

Ritual, dedication, and maintenance, were therefore involved in activities as dissimilar as some works of thatching a roof, or a human sacrifice making it possible to delimit a territory.

Meditation in activity is a thousand times better than meditation at rest (St. Columba of Bobbio)...

There existed consequently Druidic Schools practicing various activities of manual work intended to maintain the place of worship, of prayer, or of meditation, either directly (case of the women quoted by Strabo, or indirectly, by the work of some disciples).

For others, the dedication went through a real or symbolic fight, between the two big families of Celtic god-or-demons known then; the chthonic god-or-demons (some gigantic anguipedic wyverns, that which are called Andernas on the Continent, Fomorians in Gaelic languages, or Tuatha Dé Domnan) and the celestial or of air god-or-demons if you want (Ogmios, Lug, and other members of the tribe of goddess-or-demoness, or fairy if this term is preferred, Danu, called Tuatha Dé Danann in Ireland); then through the purification of the sacred space (by sprinkling of the blood of the victim around). Druids; following the example of the famous Divitiacos (who declared that science called physiology by the Greeks was known of him, at least according to Cicero, De divinatione, I, 41); always thought that the research of enlightenment or ambasforosnai in Gaelic language was not to be done to the detriment of the body, but rather by a strengthened union between the body and the soul or the mind. We will take as a piece of evidence of it only this triad reported by Caletios/Cailté to St. Patrick: Firinde inàr croidhedhaibh, 7 neart inàr làmhhaibh, 7 comall tengthaibh. Truth in our hearts, strength in our hands and the art of good speech.

The first vocation of Celtic martial arts relates only indirectly to the fight.

Celtic martial arts are a set of methods and physiological or mental techniques having for finality to harness together faculties as well as energies, of the body and of the soul. A unity which always comprises this double movement of focusing faculties; but also of refusing to follow the natural inclination leading to invest a lot of oneself into the fashionable desires of the common or of the upstart people.

The aim of Celtic martial arts is to connect the anamone or individual soul, with the eternal matter. Its original goal is to unify the various levels, physiological, psychic and spiritual, of a human being, in order to bring it closer to the Big Whole. Celtic martial arts aim for releasing the being from the human status. The purpose of their techniques are therefore to help man to transcend his status, by freeing him from the slavery of his ego.

As we saw , on the mental level, the life of the human being is a constant discharge of various states of awareness, source of mistakes and illusions. A step in the way of the freeing from human limits is gotten by the removal of these states of consciousness, the subject being thus able to find again his genuine substance. There exist various methods linked to the different human dispositions and according to the needs of each one, to arrive at this result. Celtic martial arts try to balance the body and the soul/mind (anaon) by physical exercises, control of breathing, and research for the peace of

one's mind, through relaxation and meditation. The drills of this discipline were originally practiced in order to improve physical health (see the druid Divitiacos). But Celtic martial arts, far from being practiced only in a combative mind, also had in reality the role to encourage the development of the soul/mind (anaon) and of the body.

It was a path (the way of the Setanta or Vindos Camulogenos) having for an aim to reach the enlightenment that the metamorphic melting of the body and of the soul, causes.

"Firinde inàr croidhedhaibh, 7 neart inàr làmhhaibh, 7 comall inàr tengthaibh. "

The discipline and the austerity (the strength in our hands).

The study (the art of good speech).

The contemplation of the Deity (the truth in our hearts).

The man thus freed receives what the divine will brings to him, he became a master of his earthly nature, and conquered his spiritual being. He knows the vital energy and the way in which it is spread in the physical universe.

By the control of his mental, he can slacken his body, let go, and circumscribe his negative emotions, in order to become more effective. He uses his imagination and the power of his inner vision to heighten his perceptions, to change his natural intuition into clairvoyance.

The achievement performed by the lucterios (the warlike druid) gives him not very common powers which, of course, can be required for themselves whence their danger (see the case of Divitiacos precisely).

Of this clairvoyance the glossary of Cormac left us a description, undoubtedly already very changed, censored, altered, in short distorted or caricatured, by the Christian copyist monks.

N.B. This account concerns a druid of the veledé type (file in Gaelic language), but it could be very well the same for druids of the lucterios type (fencing masters responsible for a grianon).

These purification practices were to be, of course, accompanied by the use of particular instruments, globally called today worship instruments by archeologists, but without we know exactly how they could be used or for what they were used precisely.

The druidism of the Celtic warriors is a religion in which the candidate seeks to reach the brutal shock of the inner enlightenment without a particular support (apart from the torc). A vergio/ferg symbolized by the lon laith or "pole " outgoing from the skull of the heads reproduced on certain Armorican coins. One of the tendencies of druidism indeed always emphasized the sudden nature of the beginning of the blossoming of soul, imagined as enlightenment, by the great science which lights (ambas forosnai). Whereas, in the first function druidism, the way making it possible to return into the Big Whole, is that of a purely intellectual knowledge, and very secondarily of meditation; the true druidism of second function too attaches less importance to knowledge, but also much less importance to meditation in the usual meaning of the word. In order to accept, "enjoying the richness of life in the humble gesture to carry water or to cut wood " (St. Columba of Bobbio).

What characterizes the aventieticos druid, it is the Orphic descent in the middle of oneself. But the human great adventure can also be made possible by an experiment lived through an intensive training under the direction of a true master (a lucterios). The whole monitored by a morality or very demanding ethics: the kission. The harder the training is, the more the kission is severe, the more the got experience and the effectiveness will be great.

What taught the warlike druids of Divitiacos kind on the Continent, or of Catubatuos kind in Ireland, it is that the ordeal can form a way towards the other world... shorter than the others.

The historical druids treated or improved, they rectified or purified, bodies and souls, they did not destroy. Their aim was not the suppression or mortification of the very life.

What always preached this type of druidism it was the self-control or the domination of instincts; and not the suppression irrespective of all desires of human beings, including in the same disapproval natural needs as that of eating, drinking or sleeping, even sexuality, as their deviations. This type of druidism does not remove the suffering, it ennobles it, makes it fruitful, makes it the instrument of every progress; because it is also through the sacrifice that we can save even to be saved. But the value of this suffering, of course, depends on the use that you make of it, or on the virtues of which it is the occasion: humility, detachment from oneself... whence the importance of the kission among them (kission = very rigorous ethics, we have said). Otherwise that makes embittered. This is why nobody has the right to ignore the suffering of others (temporary hospitality for example, is, a duty of any Celtic-minded person).

We are there, of course, very close to the chivalrous morals of a king like Arthur and his famous Round Table. Because when the man is ready for the supreme sacrifice (the quest for the holy grail), what can be remaining of his faults or sins?

APPENDIX No. 1.

HINDU GLADIATORS.

Kalaripayattu originates not in the aggression but in the disciplining of the self. Kalaripayattu proceeds from two great principles: the soul/mind (anaon) is in command of the body and the adversary is overcome through turning against him his own strength. Eagle swoops down from the top of the sky, bear swats, snake slithers, crane spreads her wings and pecks. The first masters of kalaripayattu, withdrawn in the loneliness of the mountains to live in harmony with nature and to meditate, studied or observed the movements of various animals, and they drew from them their main attack and defensive positions.

This martial art was practiced especially in the villages, for religious purposes. This form of fight was developed in the tenth century by a caste of Brahmins in the west of India.

The fighters bore their hand a kind of "brass knuckle-duster" like in ancient pankration, and the blows were dealt only to face or chest. It was current that one of the adversaries succumbs to his wounds. Nowadays some ritual fights still take place (for example in Gujarat).

Kalaripayattu itself has a mythical origin. Legends show this martial art as having been brought in Dravidian Kerala by the will of Vishnu and of a valorous Brahmin, sage and warrior at the same time, named Parasurama, in order to protect his country lately created. But in reality it was also strongly influenced by the vajramushti ("thunder fist".)

The palm-leaf manuscripts that some families who practice kalaripayattu for centuries, have, refer to this sage warrior called Parasurama, as a first guru of kalaripayattu. After having made Kerala's land emerge from the ocean, Parasurama taught this martial art to 21 disciples, the gurukkal, in order to keep peace in his kingdom, then he became a hermit. The first of his pupils was Drona, a Brahmin expert in military sciences (a lucterios therefore), hero of the Mahabharata.

There also exists in the mythology of kalaripayattu another sage, especially venerated in the South. It is the maharishi Agasthiar, come from the mountains located in the north of India and sent by the god-or-demons into the South to be opposed to Varuna (sea god-or-demon) at the time of the wedding of Shiva and Parvati (deity of mountains).

A great fighter, this Agasthiar would have taught the martial art in question to 18 disciples, who were charged with handing down the art of the kalaripayattu orally. He seems nevertheless much less prestigious than Parasurama.

It goes without saying they are there only legends or myths as there are in all the religions, Abraham and the crossing of the Red Sea, the resurrection of Lazarus, the miracle of the splitting into two of the moon by Muhammad, without forgetting legends relating to Bodhidharma or Lug, etc., etc. What is certain, on the other hand, it is that the practices of kalaripayattu have their origin in the civilization of Kerala, but they were influenced by the Indo-Aryan magic design of sacrifice: the suspension of breathing matches for example its ritual internalization. What is sure in any case, it is that references to certain techniques of kalaripayattu are found in the texts of the fourth century in the Agni-Purana and in the Natyashastra.

HYGIENE.

Pieces of advice on what concerns hygiene in kalaripayattu are roughly these of Ayurveda we find also in yoga. Refer to it. Below some examples.

Four processes are used to purify the body: stomach cleansing (antar dhauti), cleansing of the oral cavity (danta dhauti), chest cleansing (hrid dhauti) and rectal cleansing (mula shodhana).

Stomach cleaning can be carried out in four different ways.

The cleaning of the oral cavity also includes four different techniques. The cleaning of the base of the teeth, the purification of the base of the tongue, etc.

Purification of the tongue: *jihva shodhan*. The technique is the following one: using the three fingers: forefinger, middle finger and ring finger - that you push in the middle of the throat, you draw the root of the tongue and you scrape it very slowly. That makes it possible to remove the excess of mucous. To lengthily massage the tongue with fresh butter as well as milk, then to gradually evacuate this matter towards the end using a metal instrument. You must do that each day carefully, at sunrise and at sunset.

Ear cleansing: *karna dhauti*. To clean the two canals with the forefinger and the ring finger. By repeating this operation each day, inner sound (*nada*) is heard. Editor's note. Well, let us say that it is better heard.

The cleaning of skull cavities: *kapalarandhra*. While making use of the thumb of your right hand, to massage between frontal sinuses. This repeated exercise protects from headaches and sinus congestion. Thanks to it *nadis* are purified as it is necessary and clairvoyance is gotten. Well, at least theoretically. You must practice it each day, when you wake up, after the meal and in the evening.*

Rectal injections.

The rectal injection with water: *jalabasti*. Squatted in the posture known as "furious" (*utkatasana*) to be immersed in water up to the navel, to contract then to dilate one's anus. This exercise stops urinary disorders, digestive disorders and pains resulting from disorders of the "air element".

The rectal injection in a dry manner, on the ground: *sthala basti*. This dry rectal injection is practiced in the posture known as "intense dorsal stretch" or *pashchimottanasana*. You constrict your abdomen downwards, then you contract and loosen anus by means of the *ashvini mudra*, the gesture of the horse. This practice makes it possible to avoid constipation, to improve bowel motility, and to prevent flatulence.

Nose cleansing from the inside with one's tongue: *neti*. This hygienic practice is supposed to make it possible to get the mystical power called *khecari*, that is to say, "the one who moves through the space". It cures the disorders of mucous membranes and wakens spiritual energies in body.

The abdominal churning: *lauliki* or *laukiki*. To make the muscles of the abdomen whirl by pushing them and giving them fast movement in both directions. That destroyed all the diseases and increases the "element fire" in body.

Coughing: *kapalabhati*. Cleansing of the respiratory system by an acceleration of breathing.

Editor's note. Let us be clear on this subject. It is in no way at least in what concerns us, a question of ritual or moral purity, because true druidic spirituality doesn't care about this kind of detail (*de minimis not curat druids*), it is only a question of hygiene practiced in very particular cases not having to do with the deity. Having nothing to do with one or several gods external to us. In no way ordered by such or such god.

Although granting also much importance to the ritual, druidism never was a religion giving the letter precedence over the spirit, giving the form precedence over the spirit, quite to the contrary. Former druids had been very clear besides about the writing down of their spirituality.

What matters it is therefore the spirit and not the letter, and not external form.

"They are said there to learn by heart a great number of verses [.....] That practice they seem to me to have adopted for two reasons; because they neither desire [.....] nor those who learn among them, to devote themselves the less to the efforts of memory, relying on writing; since it generally occurs to most men, that, in their dependence on writing, they relax their diligence in learning thoroughly, and their employment of memory" (Caesar. B.G. VI, 13).

In short, druidism is not a sphincter religion like Islam of which some hadiths are even worried about the way of answering the call of nature, but, first, spirituality (*de minimis not curat druids*).

It goes without saying also that the medical techniques which precede even which follow, for some of them, are given here only as an indication, and that we could not too much counsel to the "lucterios" or "warrior druids" of today to supplement them or to update them by a strong formation in current, i.e., nontraditional, medicine. In any event they must be in fact only gestures of first aid, or life and food

hygiene, and in no way medicine. We categorically advise to neo-druids of today against any illegal practice of medicine and we also strongly advise them to be satisfied only with medicine of souls. The medicine or surgery of bodies is to be left to our rival brothers the scientists. We live no longer at the time of former druidism.

TRAINING OF THE LUCTERIOS.

The lucterios of a kalari must actually have the double part of a master in martial art and of a healer or doctor.

Long years of experience as a student, training, confidence of his master, and required mind qualities, change a pupil in lucterios able to direct a kalari.

He will have nevertheless for that to also receive the teaching of specialized medicine. At the time of the exercises in the kalari (grianon) indeed, it is not rare to be wounded with one of the various weapons used, or to dislocate an articulation following a frontal shock. One must, of course, then, look after wounds, fractures, and dislocations, on the spot.

This system of treatment specialized for orthopedic wounds is called kalari-chikitsa.

Four hundred thirty-six plants formed already part of the knowledge of ancient Ayurvedic medicine, but this list was enriched by the contribution from old lucterios (masters) of kalaripayattu.

Each school has its recipes and its methods, but the herbs used as ingredients in the formulas are often the same ones.

They are used to ease or relieve the pain and especially to restore an endangered organic balance.

MASSAGES.

In the kalari the massage of fighters goes back to the care given to the warriors formerly. Fight demanded indeed an extremely agile, strong and supple body, which would instantly obey the signals of a lively and sharp mind. According to the former tracts dealing with martial arts, the massage of uzhichil type was one way to get his body ready for it and to sharpen reflexes. The experience of the fighters themselves, enriched by the input of the Ayurvedic doctors, contributed therefore to the training of the masseurs, which remained in the centers of martial arts. The various methods followed are detailed in ancient texts such as the Maipayattu.

All skilled masseurs take into account the age of their patient, his needs and health problems. Different ailments require specific massage techniques, and the masseur selects them having the bodily condition of the patient in mind. The speed, strength, number of massage movements, the kind of oil made from plants, used and the type of massage, will therefore vary depending on the patient's physical strength, age and ailment.

A massage in which the masseur applies varying degrees of strength and weight with his legs, while holding on to ropes which support him, is known as utsadana. When the masseur works just with his hands, it is known as samvahana.

When two masseurs work together at the same time, it is called suparithala kriya.

Uzhichil is a natural technique to prevent and cure diseases. It involves the handling of vital energies in the body. This is possible by applying pressure on the vital points, muscles and nerves using vegetable oils with therapeutic value.

The masseur gives strokes with a sharp slap dealt with the flat of his right palm on the lower part of the spine. It is intended to awaken prana and nerves. In the same way, the slap on the top of the head is intended to awaken senses.

The masseur uses the technique called nadisuthra kriya to apply a certain pressure with his fingers, thumb or the palm of his hand at certain points of the body. These points are areas where there is a high concentration of life energy. Pressure can stimulate blood circulation and the circulation of the aforementioned vital force by relieving congestion in nerve endings and muscles.

The marmani, using varying levels of strength to strike the body at different vital points, can produce astounding results. When used by a skilled fighter, these blows can cause instant death, slow death, paralysis or strong pain. The results vary according to the power and velocity used by the combatant.

A marmani also knows how to get a seriously injured person back on his feet. A quick touch, a slap, the use of specialized massage techniques or a slight blow on another vital point, can save a dying man. This technique is called marukai preyogam. It results in the stimulation of innate human dynamism, and helps in recovery from injury or in the cure of a disease.

The katcha thirummu massage, given to increase body flexibility and physical endurance, is particularly efficacious for those who practice martial arts and classical dance. Combined with yogic postures, it brings suppleness and flexibility.

Editor's note. The few lines which precede are given not as an indication only but as something to think about or as a source of inspiration. Once removed from certain useless or erroneous considerations, these various types of massage can indeed prove to be very useful.

There are two principal styles of kalaripayattu.

Northern kalari payat (Vadakkan kalari) is practiced mainly in North Malabar. It puts more emphasis on weapons than on empty hands.

The northern style is distinguished by its meippayattu - physical training and use of oil massage for the whole body.

The purpose of medicinal oil massage is to increase flexibility, to treat muscle injuries incurred during practice, or when a patient has problems related to bone tissue, muscles, or nerve system.

The word for such massages is thirumal and the massage specifically intended for bodily flexibility chavutti thirumal which literally means "foot massage." The masseurs may use their feet and their body weight to perform the massage.

There are several sub-styles (sampradayam), of which 'thulunadan' is considered as the best. Formerly, students went to thulunadu kalari in order to overcome their defects (kuttam theerkkal). There are schools which teach more than one of these traditions. Some traditional kalari around Kannur for example teach a blend of arappukai, pillatanni, and katadanath substyle.

Phillip Zarrilli refers to southern kalari payat by speaking of varma ati (law of hitting), marma ati (vital spots hitting) or varma kalai (art of vital points).

Southern kalari payat (or adi murai) was practiced mainly in the former kingdom of Travancore including the present Kanyakumari district of Tamil Nadu, mainly by the Nadars caste and the Mukkulathors caste. It emphasizes unarmed techniques.

Medicine associated with the southern style is siddha medicine, what means «perfect» in Sanskrit, and not ayurveda as in the northern style.

The preliminary of the unarmed fight techniques of varma ati are known as adithada (blows and defense). Marma ati refers specifically to the application of these techniques to vital spots. Weapons include bamboo staves, short sticks, long sticks and antelope horns.

The different stages of training are chuvatu (solo forms), jodi (partner training), kurunthadi (short stick), neduvadi (long stick), katthi (knife), katara (dagger), valum parichayum (sword/shield), chuttuval (flexible sword), the two swords, grappling and marma (pressure points).

Education of a student starts at the age of eight with a ritual initiation performed by the gurukkal (old Celtic lucterios). The attending of a kalari (old Celtic grianon, Gaelic grianan) belongs to the daily routine for a student, and each day, he carries out a whole series of symbolic rituals, before and after training, in order to get discipline and focusing. Clothed with a loincloth, his body covered with oil, this student bows in front of divinities (the deity patron saint of the place) as well as in front of the gurukkal, then he begins his exercises.

Kalaripayattu requires a daily drill, rigor, tenacity, patience, and encouragement from the lucterios. Gradually, through stages, the pupil will get over the bodily difficulties and blocking thanks to the gurukkal. This drill leads the practitioner towards fluidity of movements, balance, control of his mind and of his body.

The importance of bodily training is emphasized from the first drill days. When the pupil is initiated with various particular exercises then with series, his progress level is then followed closely by the gurukkal (lucterios), who assesses each progress in various techniques. And it is only when he is satisfied with him that the lucterios will initiate the pupil to the practice of weapons.

The bodily training system of kalaripayattu leads to balance, to control, or to make flexible, his body, and his mind. At the various stages of training, pupils discover the manner of synchronizing the physical movements of series he must learn.

** Old Celtic grianon (or grianan in Gaelic language).

The drill is mainly shared in four stages called Meithari, Kolthari, Ankathari et Verumkai.

I. MEITHARI.

Meithari is the stage beginning with rigorous body sequences involving stretching, postures and jumps or complex circular movements. Twelve exercises for neuro-muscular coordination, balance and flexibility follow the learning of basic postures. Training therefore begins with the learning of bodily discipline and mental balance. This is besides important for any person and not necessarily only for somebody who wants to become a master in this martial art. This first stage of training consists of body exercises to develop strength, flexibility, balance and endurance. It includes jumping, low postures on the floor, circular sequences, kicks, etc. An attempt is made to understand and control each separate organ of the body.

II. KOLTHARI.

Once the student has become physically competent, he is initiated to the art of fighting with wooden weapons. The first weapon handling taught is the staff (kettukari), which is usually five feet (1.5 m) long, or from ground level up to the forehead of the student. The second weapon taught is the cheruvadi or muchan, a wooden stick about two and a half feet or 75 cm long. The third weapon taught is the otta, a wooden stick curved to resemble the trunk of an elephant. The tip is rounded and is used to strike the vital spots on the opponent's body. Otta is considered the principal weapon, and is the fundamental tool used to develop endurance, agility, power, and skill.

III. ANKATHARI.

Once the player has become proficient with all the wooden weapons, he moves up to Ankathari (literally "war training") starting with bladed weapons, which require a higher focusing due to their lethal nature. The first bladed weapon taught is the kadhara, a dagger with a curved blade. Are taught next the sword (val) and shield (paricha). Subsequent weapons include spear (kuntham), trident

(trisool) and axe (venmazhu). Usually the last weapon taught is the flexible sword (urumi or chuttuval), an extremely dangerous weapon taught to only most skillful students. Historically speaking, after the completion of this cycle, this student specialized in a weapon of his choice, to become an expert swordsman or a master in quarterstaff handling, for example.

N.B. There also exist some marapidicha kuntham sessions, a kind of duel between a man armed with a sword, on the one hand, and a man armed with a spear, on the other hand, which requires a skill distinct according to the weapon held by each one.

The kathiyum thalayum, or technique of the piece of cloth against a knife, is a technique even more spectacular. It is a fight between two adversaries, one armed with a dagger and the other only equipped with the fabric the Keralans have on their shoulder in order to mop sweat.

IV. VERUMKAI.

The player of this martial art learns to defend himself with bare-handed techniques only after he is become a master in the handling of all these weapon forms. These include arm locks, grappling, and strikes to the pressure points (marma). This is considered the most advanced stage of this martial art so it is why the lucterios or gurukkal teaches science of marma only to very few trusted students.

V. THROWING WEAPONS : discuses (chakra) and bows.

Medieval soldiers of Kerala also fought with chakra and bow, very little used nowadays, except in some kalari in the East.

Chakra is a throwing weapon, quoted in the Mahabharata and the Agni-Purana. It is classified in the Panimukta category, and it is defined as similar to a razor; the warrior uses it by launching it and making it whirl, in order to split, slice, cut. This weapon appears in the shape of an iron discus whose outer rim has a very sharp beveled edge.

Their terrifying effects are known by epic texts. Kali, Vishnu, and other divine characters, used it in the fighting to cut off the heads of their enemies, which, because of the clear and sudden cut, remain during one moment on the shoulders of their victims before falling.

Held with a firm hold, in spite of its sharp-edged rim a chakra can even be launched like a flat stone to make rebounds on water.

Our reader will notice an astonishing similarity with some throwing weapons (discuses) used by Cuchulainn in Ireland, and particularly the orclach (Cuchulainn had 8 of them, see his famous fight against Ferdiad).

N.B. Same thing for the Ninja warriors and their shakens.

Today the orclach or chakras are used little in the kalaripayattu, even if some lucterios close to Madras continue to teach its handling.

Pupil practicing archery must initially learn how to stand in the different positions which will enable him to reach the most various targets. He must also know the various families of bows and arrows, to learn how to estimate distances. Then he will work and practice the meditation techniques peculiar to archery.

The positions of body the pupil must learn are numerous: the Agni-Purana enumerates ten of them.

Practice of meditation, to succeed in transferring energy and its force at one point, is an integral part of kalaripayattu teaching.

After many exercises and a long inner work, certain archers even claim that they can reach a target without seeing it. The Mahabharata quotes for example the case of an archer who launched successively seven arrows in the mouth of a dog he did not see, but that he heard to bark.

VI. PSYCHOLOGICAL OR MENTAL WEAPONS (warlike magic).

It is necessary to work fear in its spiritual zone, to use fear as a stimulant of potential energy.

There exists in kalaripayattu specific sequences intended to control fear and to fight against it.

Fear is, of course, necessary to the fighter, but it is necessary it is controlled. The best means of overcoming one's fear is still to attack or never to think of oneself.

Kalaripayattu follower does not move back and looks at his adversary in his eyes to anticipate his next movement. It is necessary to know how to seize the opportunity, the moment when the adversary is most vulnerable. It is always necessary to observe his eyes in order to know the intentions of his adversary, while preserving an enveloping glance in order to follow his gestures and his movements. It is necessary to learn how to decipher glances. If anger is controlled in an inner way and if the fighter is self-confident, his eyes are closed slightly, while with fear, they dilate. It is therefore necessary to know how to discover the imperceptible movement of eyelids which announces an action of your adversary and to decipher his glance.

When the fighter practices kalaripayattu for a long time, he is able to envisage the attack of his adversary only by looking at his eyes: just before an attack, eyes move in an imperceptible way on the side from where you precisely will attack. It is necessary to know how to seize this moment, but a man has chances to succeed only with much practice.

Curiously enough, we find the same thing at the other end of the Indo-European world in Far-East, among Roman gladiators. Hermes, Martial tells us in connection with an exceptional gladiator "is schooled in all weapons; Hermes, gladiator and trainer both (note the difference); Hermes, the confusion and terror of his own school; Hermes, skilled to vanquish without slaying; Hermes, himself his own substitute". (Martial, epigrams, book V XXIV.)

The expression "to vanquish without slaying" means total control of martial art. Although it is difficult to define with precision this type of fight; we can suppose Hermes was able to kill a man without having recourse to his weapons that he was able to disarm an adversary with his bare hands, and to overcome him by his fight techniques...

CONCLUSION.

Kalaripayattu is also an ethic as this anecdote reported by a karate magazine shows it.

Handling swords and shields without least hesitation, the two fencers show a skill due to a long practice. The noise of the metal which clang together gives rhythm to their martial ballet, such a death music. Suddenly, one of the men slips and loses his balance; his adversary holds up his sword to deal him a fatal blow. But a guttural cry stops him dead in his dash: a mature man has just pushed his way through the crowd. All move aside respectfully in front of him. It is the lucterios, the master, the one who taught them this lethal art. In the eyes of the two warriors, hatred makes way for embarrassment. The lucterios snubs them sharply. How they, two Nair (or Nayar) warriors, noblest caste in the South of India, can they fight in this way? The gurukkal is moved: didn't he teach them that kalaripayattu, the martial art of Kerala, is initially a source of life? What a shame! Two pupils of the same kalari, who train themselves in the same room, should not confront one another thus!

[Editor's note. There we cannot help thinking of the training of the Hesus = Cuchulainn and of his friend Ferdiad in the castle of Queen Scathache in Scotland].

The two men bow down at the foot of their guru, beseeching his forgiveness. With a gesture, the lucterios (gurukall) invites them to get up again; then all three go back to the kalari.

Further information on the kalaripayattu is to be asked at the following address:

Indian school of martial arts
(or C.V. NR. Kalari)
Trivandrum
Kerala
India.

APPENDIX No. 2.

Is and-sin cét-riastarda im Choinculaind, co n-derna úathbásach n-ilrechtach n-ingantach n-anachnid de. Crithnaigset 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 talmain. 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 orcní & a escata, co m-batar riam remi. Tancatar tullféthi a orcan co m-batar for tul a lurggan, co m-ba meitithir 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 dib-ide.

And-sin doringni cuach cera dia gnúis & da agaid fair. Imsloic indara súil dó ina chend, issed 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 metithir moltcraccand teora m-bliadan cech slamsruam teined doniged ina bél asa brágit.

Ro clos bloscbeimnech a chride re chliáb imar glimnaig árchon i fotha, no mar leoman ic techta fo mathgamnaib. Atchessa na caindle (?) 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-dercsciath im bernaid athálta. Ce ro craiteá rígaball fo ríghthorud 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 áirnem n-ocláig. Airddithir remithir tailcithir tressithir sithithir séolchrand prímlunghi móre in bunne diriuch dondfola atrácht a fírchleithe a chendmullaig i certairdi, co n-derna dubcháich n-druidechta de amail chiaich de ríghbuidin, in tan tic rí dia tenecur hi fescur lathi gemreta.

Iarsin riasrad sin riastarda im Choinculaind, iss andsin dorroeblaing ind err gaiscid ina chathcharpat serda cona erraib íarnaidib, cona faebraib tanaidib, cona baccanaib & cona birchruidib, cona thairbirib níath, cona glés aursloicthi, cona tharngib gaithe bítis ar fertsib & iallaib & fithisib & folomnaib dun charput sin.

Is and-sin focheirt torandchless ceit & torandchles dá cet & torandchless tri cét & torandchless cethri cet & tarasair aice for torandchless cóic cet, úair nír bo furail leis in comlín sin do thuitim leis ina chétchumscli & ina chétchomlinhg catha for cethri choicedaib hErend, & dothaet ass fon cumma sin do innsaiged a námat & dobreth a charpat morthimchell cethri n-ollchóiced n-hErend amraig anechtair.

Ocus dos-bert séol trom for a charpat. Dollotar rotha iarnaidi in carpait hi talmain, cor bo leór do dún & do daingen, feib dollotar rotha iarnaide in carpait i talmain, uair is cumma atraachtatar cluid & coirthe & carrge & táthlecca & murgrian in talman aird i n-aird frisna rothaib iarnaidib súas sell sechtair. Is airi focheird in circl m-bodba sin morthimchell chethri n-ollchoiced n-hErend amraig anechtair, ar na teichtis úad & ar ná scáiltís immi, co tórsed re tenta fritharggain na macraide forro, & dothaét issin cath innond ar medón & falgis falbaigi móra de chollaib a bidbad morthimchell in t-slóig amraig anechtair.

Ocus dobert fobairt bidbad fo bidbadaib forro, co torcratar bond fri bond & meide fri meide, ba sé tiget a colla. Dos-rimchel aridisi fathrí in chruth sin, co farggaib cossair sessir impu fa morthimchell.i. bonn tríir fri meide tríir fóchuairt timchell immon dunad.

Deich rígh ar sé fichtib rig ro bí Cuchulaind issin Bresslig móir Maige Murthemne. Díríme immorro archena di chonaib & echaib & mnáib & maccaib & mindoenib & drabarslóg, ar nír érna in tres fer do feraib hErend cen chnáim leissi no lethchind no lethsúil do brissiud, no cen bithanim tria bithu betha.

"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 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 yowl 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 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 to the smoke from a king's hostel what time the king comes to be ministered to at nightfall of a winter's day.

After the distortions of this going into a trance the Hesus Cuchulainn sprang into his war chariot, 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.

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 fort and fortress, 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, sole of foot to sole of foot nape against 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 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 team 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 team 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."

APPENDIX Nr. 3.

NOTE ON THE FULACHT FIA.

As we have just seen, Fenians were known to be great hunters and to live on venison primarily cooked at the top of hills.

It is therefore important to take stock of the situation on this question.

Specialists call Fulacht Fia in Ireland some kinds of pits having been allegedly used for the cooking of Fenians. Used by hunters of the Bronze Age until the 17th century.

It is in fact some holes, rectangular or reinforced by a wood lining on the sides and filled with water. Hot stones were then thrown inside to make the contents boiling. The pieces of venison or of any other meat were put to cook inside.

But it is only one assumption among others.

On this subject best perhaps is to refer to the history of Irish cuisine by John Linnane.

PRODUCTS USED.

Milk, cheese, meat, cereals and some fruits and vegetables formed the main part of the food.

Before the eighth century people farmed few vegetables and they rather used those collected in nature.

Onions, wild leeks, sorrel, nettles, watercress.

Some fruits could be gathered during the summer, sloes, wild cherry, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, rowan, whortleberries, crab apples and elderberries, hazel nuts.

Hazel nuts were eaten raw or used in flour for cakes but apple tree seems to have been the only fruit tree really cultivated (cf. Brehon laws).

Edible mushrooms were gathered, eaten fresh or dried during the winter.

Watercress was eaten as a salad or added in stews like some water plant roots, which were also used as vegetables.

Wild garlic (old Celtic cremo) was used in most dishes and as a vegetable.

The dandelion leaf and a certain number of edible flowers were also used as salad vegetables.

The literature of the period from 800 to 1160 mentions the kitchen garden or lubgort.

A vegetable called cainenn, possibly a member of the onion family, was widely cultivated there, bulbs and stems were eaten raw or in a stew.

Celery (immus) was grown intensively.

Foltchep (a kind of leek or of onion or of chive) too

Meacan and cербacan perhaps carrots and parsnips were also farmed.

Curly kale as well as a kind of wild cabbage too.

Dairy products.

Milk, of course, was an important foodstuff and could be eaten fresh, sour, even as curds, or in the form of various kinds of cheese (the use of rennet was known) like in the shape of salted or fresh butter. Butter could also be consumed rancid.

Milk could be boiled with some seaweed (cairigin) and then thickened by mixing with honey. It was in this case taken as a dessert. Two other edible seaweed were used besides to get the same result (dilisc and steamhchan).

Eggs.

Eggs were eaten in large quantities, particularly those of ducks or wild birds (especially sea birds).

Goose eggs were regarded as a delicacy and were used at the time of certain festivals. They were cooked by frying them on hot stones with butter or then boiled even poached in water brought to the boil, with salt and fermented fruit juices.

Meats.

Beef, pork, stag (roe deer) and mutton were the meats most consumed until the eighth century.

Cattle were especially reared for milk because most of the bones found at Dun Ailinne were those of calves less than six months old or elderly cows (lack of pasture during winter caused that in autumn many of these animals were culled).

Sheep were reared in open country and on the hills (like today) and were used for production of wool. Pigs were very common and pork seems to have been the main meat eaten in great houses, no feast being considered to be complete without a roasted pig, although venison cattle goats and salmons were also part of the food. Pigs were herded in the oak forests where they were fed on acorns or on the other products of the woodland (wild cherries, beechnuts, chestnuts ...). It seems that horses and dogs were also eaten, but the extent of this food practice remains to us unknown.

Danaher (1992) also mentions the meat of a hedgehog, of a badger (regarded as a delicacy), of a seal and porpoises. The inhabitants of coastal areas preferred their meat to that of pigs.

Poorest people also consumed wild goat wild boar and river fish other than salmon.

Trout, pike, perch, roach, and river or lake fish were in common use and eel weirs existed in certain rivers.

Sea fish was also eaten namely cod, hake, whiting, mackerel, herring, skate. Some fish such as herring mackerel and cod were salted dried then stored for the winter.

Seafood.

Coastal populations collected or fished various seafood (cockles, clams, oysters, limpets, periwinkles, patellas, mussels, prawns and crabs).

COOKING METHODS.

Cooking was done then using a cauldron hung permanently on fire from where the development of many soups potages broths or stews.

Meat, which was generally difficult to cook, simmered in cauldrons during many hours.

There existed nevertheless other cooking methods. Hot stones thrown in containers including out of wood, filled with water thus brought to boil. Some pits or troughs for cooking had a capacity of 500 liters. This water could be brought to boil within thirty minutes. Once water had started to boil, there remains no longer something to do but to add other stones at regular intervals to keep up temperature. You could thus make a leg of sheep cooked within two or three hours.

Fresh meat and that of young animals could also be spit roasted or grilled by being put on a hot stone and by being covered with a heap of other small hot stones. Besides fat running from the meat and which ignited also contributed to cooking. Veal was generally spit roasted.

Bread could also be baked on a flagstone in the hearth or in front of it, even under the cauldron put upside down over still hot embers. One of the ways of baking bread consisted in placing the dough in an oiled or buttered pot and in letting the whole bake thus overnight.

N.B. Archeologists did not find remains of ovens in their excavations and it is therefore supposed that the cauldron put upside down was to be used instead of it.

VARIOUS KINDS OF BREAD.

Bread does not seem to be eaten in large quantities, but eight types of cereals were used to make it. Here and there bread made from flour of peas beans or acorns mixed with cereals are signaled. Most common bread, the maslin bread, was made starting from flour of corn but also of rye.

Oat bread was made of flour coarsely ground and cooked on hot stones laid out in the hearth, it was usually eaten with meat or stew sauce. People also put it in blanquettes or stews of beef even of mutton in order to thicken them.

White bread was regarded as a delicacy or a dessert and wheat flour with eggs and honey was used to make various cakes we find mentioned in the Brehon laws (baigin banfuine ferfuine indriud: what shows intervention of the State in this field is not new).

Scones were also made with wheat flour and burned seaweed, sour milk and juice of certain acid fruits, pieces of this dough were then wrapped in wild cabbage leaves and baked under a cauldron put upside down over hot coals or stones.

RECIPES.

In great houses, cooks were generally males. Brehon laws specify that the cook cannot be held responsible for, if somebody is scalded at the time of the food service after having been warned loudly and clearly.

Our author (John Linnane) signals nevertheless that an Irish text probably of ecclesiastical origin was worried already by fight against the wasting of food since it states: "if somebody gives something in which there is a dead mouse or a dead weasel; he will have to fast three times; if it is in any other dry food, in porridge or in thickened milk, the part around is thrown away but the rest is eaten. Porridge could be consumed hot or cold. Very thick it was used as a morning meal, very liquid it could be eaten at night. Oatmeal was prepared in many various ways, for example in porridge, boiled as grains in gruel or ground and boiled in fresh or sour, flavored with honey and seeds, salt or herbs, milk. Oats and barley were also used as a thickening agent in most soups and stews.

Irish had a strong sense of family and when the parents of young children died they were placed in other families. Very strict laws protected them by particularly taking care they are well fed.

N.B. We refer to these two passages of the book by Laurence Ginnell about the Brehon Laws not to justify such an inequality of treatment that children could in any case understand but to have an idea of the various ways of preparing porridge.

"Some stirabout must be given to each one of them but in a various way supplemented. Salt butter for the children of inferior classes, fresh butter for the children of chieftains and honey for the children of kings."

"Stirabout made of oatmeal or buttermilk or water will be given to the children of the class of simple Feini, in just sufficient quantity, supplemented with salt butter. Stirabout made on new milk will be given to the children of the chieftain with fresh butter to flavor it, in fully sufficient quantity, with barley meal upon it. Stirabout made of oat meal with new milk will be given to the children of kings, with wheaten meal upon it and honey for supplementing it."

N.B. Comment on what is preceding. In my humble opinion, food mortifications can or must take place only once the growth of individual perfectly finished; in other words, around twenty years. Before this age young people must be deprived of nothing (of what is necessary to their physical development), except perhaps of dessert. Between some of the excesses in the text which precedes and some other excesses in the text which follows (the fierce fight to have best meat pieces), a happy medium is therefore to find.

Fowl and feathered game or hedgehogs were baked after being covered with clay without being neither plucked nor cleaned out. When clay had become as hard as stone, the whole was broken open and feathers or skin came away with the clay.

Hare was also frequently eaten, sometimes boiled in a stock made of 80% rancid butter and 20% water.

Spit or stone roasted meats were seasoned with salt or basted with honey poured above.

Spit roasted fish was also basted with honey.

The (river and lake) fish was cooked over an open fire. The most prized fish (salmon, as well as pike or trout) were cooked on a fire of apple-tree branches.

In addition to wood-fire cooking, fish could also be prepared in stew with all fish available added in the cauldron and cooked with vegetables, seaweed and herbs.

Cockles, clams, oysters, periwinkles, limpets, mussels, prawns and crabs to which seaweed herbs and vegetables were added simmered for hours to make a soup or a stew eaten with oat bread.

Game or meats besides were also prepared in this way.

Lower classes salted their pork and ate of it throughout the year. The blood which was collected at the time when the pig was killed was also used to make puddings.

Healthy cattle in the same way were bled to collect their blood but without killing or harming these animals, the blood was then mixed with meal, and changed into a black pudding, salted or dried, used over the winter as a protein source.

DRINKS OTHER THAN WATER AND MILK.

A great deal of the farmed corn could be changed into ale flavored with herbs plants, honey, etc. This ale was drunk hot or cold.

Mead was made starting from honey fermented in water added with herbs and again with honey to sweeten it.

Metheglin was a common mead made starting from honey, flavored with thyme, rosemary or sweet briar, and used in some dishes.

Sloe wine was made starting from sloes having boiled and fermented in water added with honey then strained or filtered through straw.

Grape wine. As Louis Pasteur said, "Taken in moderation wine is the most healthful and most hygienic of beverages." Thanks to tannins it contains, we could add.

Ireland therefore exchanged furs, hides, and salted meat for a long time for Bordeaux wine but moderation was not her strong point even if many of the agents of this profitable trade were among the first Irish Christians even before the arrival of Palladius or Patrick.

The wine consumption must indeed remain moderate, medicine considers that a 70 kg adult having an average activity can drink in 2 or 3 meals a total quantity of 0.5 liter 10° wine. This concept is to be relativized by taking into account the particular health of the person and the nature of food (vitamins, carbohydrates and lipids support the digestion of the wine).

In other words, 3-4 glasses of 125 ml for a man and 2-3 glasses of 125 ml for a woman during the evening meal, or better, to distribute on lunch and evening meals.

N.B. This moderation in consumption applies to all, whether they are strong alcohols or the rest.

Prohibition not! Moderation yes! What is condemnable it is not using but excess!

As the author (John Linnane) makes us notice, the Brehon laws encourage in no way excesses as regards food because they categorically disapproved the kilos in excess and the potbellies, what the Greek Ephorus signaled already in his time: "The following, also, is a thing peculiar to them: they endeavor not to grow fat or pot-bellied, and any young man who exceeds the standard measure of a certain girdle, is punished."

SERVING FOOD.

Once prepared food was served quite simply, perhaps in a bowl or a common dish. Drinking containers and bowls were generally made out of wood rather than out of metal.

Wicker baskets were also used to present or preserve food.

TEMPORARY HOSPITALITY (centerpiece of kission level ethics).

According to John Linnane and his history of Irish cuisine, the Irish of formerly seems to have had a friendly and generous nature. Strangers were given drinking and eating before they were asked about what they came to do. Any man who had failed to do this duty would have been dishonored. Everything was a pretext for festivals and feasts, whether it is the return of a hero or a victory. Even ordinary evenings were often spent eating or drinking while listening to singers and storytellers.

Feast was an opportunity for great celebrations and great rejoicings, even if that could just as easily end in bloodshed (if our hero felt not to be treated with all the consideration that was due to him). Men and women usually sat down along the walls of the banquet hall with their back against the wall, by taking a place according to their rank and an etiquette granting the seat of honor to the most influential or important man. The bard or the storyteller was responsible for the seats awarding. The champion was given the best cut of meat, and some fights often decided who was to receive it. Certain cuts of roast were indeed reserved for precise individuals at the time of a feast, for example the leg of a pig for kings, the haunch for queens, the head for charioteers.

The layout of the tables in the royal banquet hall at Tara was such that nobody had his back to somebody thus disrespecting him. The guests sat on cushions on the floor or on hay bales according to their rank and their meal was served on wooden tables raised slightly above the ground ...

According to classical authors, it fell to the kings to provide largely for the needs of their men. Banquets it seems were generally rather intimate, and took place inside residences. Feast was the center of the social life of former Celts. The community nature of these gatherings was emphasized by the practice of drinking in the same cup.

The use of common cups or goblets (a cup per table for example) had as a result the guests could only drink a little each time, generally a sip, but the cup circulated unceasingly and therefore passed again more once during the meal.

A banquet or a feast was especially the opportunity for members of a community to meet and affirm their unity. They could thus show their loyalty and benefit together from the generosity of the chief. Feast also provided to the community opportunities to evoke memories, its history, the feats of its heroes but also to make plans. The bards sang poems and the legends of the clan. According to Athenaeus, they then pronounced the praise of the very whole audience then of each chief, one after the other. Banquets therefore formed an essential mechanism of control of the Celtic society, a vital institution for the maintenance of law and order within the community. This rite formed, moreover, one of the ways of getting and showing one's social status.

Feast was accompanied indeed by a whole ceremonial. The layout of the places had a great importance. When the guests were numerous, they were placed in a circle, and the most important character placed himself in the center. The food was varied, but the fresh or salted pork, according to Strabo, was the main used meat, which is confirmed by the discovery of pieces of pork, and even of whole pigs, in burials. According to Athenaeus, the choice cuts were given to bravest of the clan. If no challenging was raised, his rank was confirmed in the eyes of everybody. If another one had the same ambition, he could fight with him for this portion. A pretended fight decided between them.

"The Celts sometimes have single combats at their entertainments. For being collected in arms, they go through the exercise, and make feints at, and sometimes they even go so far as to wound one another. And being irritated by this, if the bystanders do not stop them, they will proceed even to kill one another. But in olden times," he continues, "there was a custom that a hind quarter of pork was put on the table, the bravest man took it; but if anyone else laid claim to it, then the two rose up to fight, till one of them was slain " ... (Posidonius of Apameia or of Rhodes, histories, XXIII.)

" The Celts place food before their guests, putting grass for their seats, and they serve it up on wooden tables raised a very little above the ground; and their food consists of a few loaves, and a good deal of meat brought up floating in water, and roasted on the coals or on spits. They eat their meat in a clean manner enough, but like lions, taking up whole joints in both their hands and gnawing them...Those who live near the rivers eat fish also, and so do those who live near the Mediterranean

Sea, or near the Atlantic Ocean... they use no oil, on account of its scarcity; and because they are not used to it, it seems disagreeable to them..... those who act as cupbearers and bring round the wine, bring it round in jars made either of earthenware or of silver....their platters on which they serve up the meat are also made of the same material; but some have brazen platters, and some have wooden or plaited baskets. And the liquor which is drunk is, among the rich, wine brought from Italy or from the country about Marseilles...among the poorer classes what is drunk is a beer made of wheat prepared with honey, and oftener still without any honey; they call it korma" (Posidonius, histories XXIII).

* Antonym airgart.

APPENDIX No. 4.

THE RULE OF CULDEES AS GIVEN BY SAINT MAELRUAIN OF TALLAGHT.

1. The Beatitudes of the refectory is sung standing, and thereafter the Magnificat and Ego vero and other canticles.
2. It is usual to make a brew of thick milk, with honey added on the eve of the chief festivals, namely, Christmas and the two Easters ((Easter and following Sunday)). It is not lawful to make a feast or drink beer on these nights, because of going to communion the next day.
3. On the Sundays of Great Lent a draft of milk is allowed to those undergoing strict penance. A half-measure (selann) at night is, however, not forbidden on these Sundays. Penitents get no butter, but only on Saint Patrick's Day, and further, when this feast falls on a Friday or Wednesday, a draft of milk is what is taken on it. On a Sunday, or on a festal day if it falls otherwise than on a fast day, a half-measure (selann) is taken. Of bread the Culdees allow no increase, even on the festivals, but only of drink and of condiment and other things.
4. If there chance to be any kale, the quantum of bread is not diminished, because they regard kale as a condiment, and it is dressed with milk, not butter. As for a piece of fish, or a little beestings or cheese, or a hard-boiled egg or apples, none of these things diminish the quantum of bread, so long as not more than a little of any of them is eaten, nor all of them together. Of apples, five or six along with the bread are enough if they are large; while if they are small, twelve are sufficient.
5. Three or four heads of leeks are allowed. Curds and medg (whey) are not eaten by them, but are used to make cheese. Flummery is made for them, and is not forbidden, provided that no rennet is put into it. The reason why it is not forbidden may be that it counts as bread. Whey (medg) of curds is not drunk alone, but is mixed with small curds as well.
6. The relaxation at Easter permits eggs and lard and the flesh of deer and wild swine.
7. It is usual to lay additional penance on cooks and milkers and scullions on account of spilling the produce, both milk and corn.
8. You may have flesh meats in Great Lent , when other things are scarce, yet unless lives are in danger, it is better to keep the fast.
9. On principal feast days which fall on a Thursday or Tuesday outside Lent a quarter of measure is allowed, with a small amount (bochtan) of beer or medg water (whey water). If, however, a sip of medg water (whey water) or a goblet of beer is not to be had, then a small mess of gruel is made instead, that is, a quarter ration. When there chances to be a goblet of beer, it is not drunk at a draft, though they may be thirsty, but in sips, because these quench thirst, and you hast not less sense of pleasure from them in your drink.
10. No half-measure of butter is made, but instead of them a draft of medg water (whey water) is taken on the evening of a Monday or Wednesday or Friday or Saturday, even outside of Lent , or on a principal feast day; but the feast day which comes on a Monday is transferred to Tuesday, on which comes on Wednesday is transferred to Thursday, and one which comes on a Friday is transferred to the Tuesday following.
11. To a draft of new milk, if there be no other milk [mixed with it], a fourth part of water is added.

APPENDIX Nr. 5.

THE RULE OF THE MONKS OF COLUMBAN OF BOBBIO. REGULA MONACHORUM.

III. OF FOOD AND DRINK.

Let the monks' food be poor and taken in the evening, such as to avoid repletion, and their drink such as to avoid intoxication, so that it may both maintain life and not harm; vegetables, beans, flour mixed with water, together with the small bread weighing a paximatis (200 grams???) lest the stomach be burdened and the mind confused. For indeed those who desire eternal rewards must only consider usefulness and use. Use of life must be moderated just as toil must be moderated, since this is true discretion, that the possibility of spiritual progress may be kept with a temperance that punishes the flesh. For if temperance exceeds measure, it will be a vice and not a virtue; for virtue maintains and retains many goods. Therefore we must fast daily, just as we must feed daily; and while we must eat daily, we must gratify the body more poorly and sparingly; since we must eat daily for the reason that we must go forward daily, pray daily, toil daily, and daily read.

IMPORTANT REMARK.

It goes without saying nobody is forced to keep to the above expounded diet, for 3 reasons.

First one is that there is no per se impure food (this concept did not exist in former druidism). There exist only inedible indigestible or toxic foods.

Second one is that in the event of need it is allowed to resort to cannibalism as Critognatus pointed it out (at least according to Caesar).

The third one finally is that there's no accounting for taste.

On the other hand, there exist occasions where it is positively prescribed (ada *) to eat such or such dish in order to commemorate something.

This brief account about food is therefore there only to suggest ideas of menu to those who would like to eat a little more "organic." At times.

APPENDIX Nr. 6.

RULE OF SAINT BENEDICT OF NURSIA FOR CLOTHING.

Chapter 55.

Let clothing be given to the brethren¹⁾ according to the nature of the place in which they dwell and its climate; for in cold regions more will be needed, and in warm regions less. This is to be taken into consideration, therefore, by the Abbot.

We believe, however, that in ordinary places the following dress is sufficient for each monk, a cowl ²⁾ thick and woolly for winter, thin or worn for summer, a tunic ³⁾, a scapular ⁴⁾ for work, stockings and sandals to cover feet.

The monks should not complain about the color or coarseness of any of these things, but be content with what can be found in the district where they live and can be purchased cheaply. The Abbot shall see to the size of the garments that they be not too short for those who wear them, but of the proper fit. Let those who receive new clothes always give back the old ones at once, to be put away in the wardrobe for the poor.

For it is sufficient if a monk has two tunics and two cowls, to allow for night wear and for the washing of these garments. More than that is a superfluity and should be taken away. Let them return their stockings also and anything else that is old when they receive new ones.

Those who are sent on a journey shall receive boxer shorts ⁵⁾ from the wardrobe, which they shall wash and restore on their return. And let their cowls and tunics be somewhat better than what they usually wear.

These they shall receive from the wardrobe when they set out on a journey, and restore when they return.

For bedding let this suffice: a mattress, a sheet, a woolen blanket and a pillow.....

In order that the vice of private ownership may be cut out by the roots, the Abbot should provide all the necessary articles: cowls, tunics, stockings, sandals, belts, knives, stylus, needles, handkerchiefs, writing tablets; that all pretext of need may be taken away.

1) What the primitive Benedictine costume could well resemble? Everything considered, it seems that it hardly differed from that of the farmers of the time.

2) The cowl was the outerwear: it consisted, it seems, in a coat equipped with a big hood. Let us remark on this subject that the traditional costume of the Christian cenobitic monks of the Egyptian Thebaid was probably inspired by the caracalla or hooded tunic imposed by the emperor Antoninus, son of Severus, in a form lengthened down to heels it is true, and this caracalla antoniniana or major, thus forms another of the possible origins of the traditional monastic habit.

3) The tunic, or underwear, was worn in Rome for a long time by everyone; at the time of St. Benedict, it had lengthened and had handles. It was tight at the waist by a belt, which was also used to hike the tunic up, in order to work, or to walk. It was therefore in fact a kind of shirt.

4) The scapular was an additional clothing which they wear only to make work easier. It was to consist of a kind of strip which, slipped around their neck and crossed on their chest as well as their back, tightened their more or less floating tunic.

5) The wearing of boxer shorts on a journey is explained by a worry about decency, the travelers being accustomed to hike very high their dress at certain times (crossing of a river, etc.).

6) At that time a stylus with which letters were traced on tablets (tabulae) coated with wax was generally used for writing.

Reform of saint Benedict of Aniane at the council of Aachen in July 817.

Decisions are promulgated in the form of a capitulary, the *Capitulare monasticum* of July 10th, 817. This text imposes on all the monasteries the rule of saint Benedict re-examined and re-actualized by Benedict of Aniane because indeed it is the latter who codified it. In the future, monks will have all to follow the same rule - *una regula* - as well as the same interpretation of this rule (that of Benedict of Aniane of course), materialized in the capitulary of 817 by a common habit - *una consuetudo* - i.e., by a set of practical measures relating to daily life: poverty of clothing and food, regulation of the fasts, of the tonsure, of the schedule and of the prayers contents.

In his *Concordia regularum* St. Benedict of Aniane also supplements the primitive Benedictine rule by adding precise details in his comment on St. Benedict of Nursia.

Length of the cowls two cubits or 90 centimeters that is covering knees
Etc.etc.

APPENDIX No. 7.

ABBNEY OF BANGOR.

THE MONKS AND THEIR ABBOT.

Benchuir bona regula.

recta atque diuina.

stricta sancta sedula.

summa iusta ac mira.

A "Rule by Comgall of Bangor" (Ríagail Comhgaill Bendchair) has come down to us

THE RULE OF COMGAL OF BANGOR HERE BELOW.

John Strachan thinks that none of the stanzas in this poem are of the period (599), but rather date from the end of the eighth century, which is why the Belgian historian Nathalie Stalmans has found it necessary to reconstruct it with the help of other known rules.

The best of the copies is undoubtedly the one made by Michel O'Clery around 1630 and preserved in Brussels (Royal Library).

Some passages are rather obscure.

3 Continuance in penitence — wonderful the road — keenness, persistence therein ; heed of death everyday ; good will to every man.

Variants.

3a A hundred prostrations to Him at the Beati morning and evening, if it be accomplished, the reward which he will have therefor in the Kingdom of Heaven will not be paltry.

3b Every morning at the time let him bow down promptly thrice. Over his breast, over his face, let him put the sign of Christ's cross.

5 Make not a fire of fern ; then its extinction is nigh. Be not a sedge against a stream, that thy devotion may be lasting.

13 To sing the three fifties from tierce to tierce, if it be possible, by the ordinances of the ancients, there will be a day that it will be a help.

Variants.

13a Three hundred prostrations every day, and three at every canonical hour, thy soul will not be at the judgment of the King on the Day of Doom

13b Two hundred prostrations every day to the Lord with a diligent booklet, they shall be performed without any defect always save on the Lord's day.

13c Two hundred blows on the hands in every Lent, it will be a help. From every pride that they shall be guilty of they sain (?) every guilt upon them.

19 Go not thyself to solicit ; let no one go from thee to beg. Remain at home in prayer ; ever endure thy poverty.

20 Be not hard and niggardly. Be not deaf to prayer to thee. Refuse not, solicit not. Love not a man's wealth

27 If thou practise repentance, if thy heart is meek, this way is straight to the King of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Variants.

27a A hundred blows on thy hands, in every Lent it will be a help. For every pride that they [the hands] have practised, miss not a single time..

28 If it be thy desire that thy soul be as white as the swan, no other can strive after aught for thy soul in thy stead.

And several Lives of Saints include direct or indirect references to the rule in force at Bangor: the Lives of Lugaïd of Clonfertmulloe, Munnu of Taghmon and Cainnech of Aghaboe .

Nathalie Stalmans writing for *Corona Monastica* (an excellent book published in 2004 by the Presses universitaires de Rennes and which we recommend reading as soon as it is available again)

points out that the Irish rule emphasizes the need for a spiritual guide or *anamchara* ("even if you think your strength is great, do not stay without a guide").

The monk must show his love for God and be gentle to others. He must be patient, humble, obedient to Christ, and he cannot lament. The dominant idea of the rule is to avoid an excess of piety because "a fern fire goes out quickly." On the contrary, it is necessary to "persevere in holiness." Likewise, repentance requires a step-by-step progression; it must not be practiced "in the manner of a charioteer" (latin *auriga*).

Finally, the rule, echoing Cassian, mentions the "eight principal vices" which are gluttony, fornication, avarice, laziness, anger, discouragement, vanity and hubris. In today's media and political circles, it is also hubris, which explains the blindness of intellectuals and journalists who are unable to account for the reality of situations.

The main characteristics of the monk must be found in the abbot. He must be gentle and love his monks. Surprisingly, the hagiographer of Munnu of Taghmon staged a dialogue between the saint and an angel, the latter explaining to Munnu that he prefers Lugaïd:

....

Quia facies alicuius hominis ante Lugaïdum non erubuit, et non pauciores erunt monachi ipsius

"Because the face of every man does not blush before Lugaïd, and his monks will not be less numerous in heaven than yours. But you correct your monks with shame ".

The hagiographer of Munnu, evoking the punishment of the founder, wants Munnu will be punished and will have leprosy until the end of his life, that is for twenty-four years, to be forgiven about the rigor of his discipline (Life of Munnu , § 28). In a late Comgall's Life, this founder kept his reputation for severity. At the moment of his death he is, like Munnu, tormented by various diseases; it would be a divine punishment for the harshness of his rule towards monks. Conversely, the other pupil of Comgall, Lugaïd, never gets angry but he corrects his monks by gentleness and reasoning (§ 36).

Lugaïd has the other characteristic of the good abbot as it is defined in the rule: wisdom. While being still a student at Bangor, he asks God to receive intelligence; Comgall is astonished at this demand (*sua prudentia causa ruine illis fuit*, "intelligence has ruined many"). The future founder of Clonfertmulloe replies that wisdom will allow him not to offend God and not be trapped by the devil (§ 24).

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE COMMUNITY.

According to Lugaïd's hagiographer, the schedule of the day is divided into three stages: prayer, manual work and study (or reading) (§ 64).

Let's review what we know about these times of prayer, work, and study.

In Bangor, the most important services are matins and vespers. They are accompanied by one hundred genuflections (or prostrations) and the recitation of Psalm 118 (*Beati immaculati*) probably in stanzas and not in its entirety because of its length. In the morning, you must add a sign of the cross on your chest and face. A total of two hundred genuflections (or prostrations) are expected every day from the monk, except Sunday (according to another version, it is about three hundred prostration every day plus three at every canonical hour). The complete psalter is recited daily ("The Three Fifties to Sing from terce to terce").

Manual labor occupies an important place in the lives of Lugaïd and Munnu. The latter himself works in the forest (§ 19) and a prince who receives his education works in the fields (§ 24). Lugaïd's hagiographer evokes the case of a certain Cónán, a poet of the monastery, who had never worked with his hands. Lugaïd takes him into the forest and asks him to cut a tree every day until this clearing forms the *via Conani* "the way of Cónán" (§ 38). Lugaïd explains to the monks that they must work with their hands to be fulfilled and to remain stable (§ 62). This work must be painful. While he had been offered beautiful fields, the founder chose an arid and mountainous place (§ 33). An angel comes to offer him to move the mountain and to do the land of the monastery becomes fertile, but Lugaïd refuses in order to protect the brethren from all hubris (§ 61).

The life of Cainnech of Aghaboe also shows that monastic work is important in Bangor. While Cainnech, Columba of Iona and Comgall of Bangor are together in the rain, only Cainnech is not wet: himself thought of the heavenly joys while Columba thought of his monks at risk on the sea and Comgall at the manual work of his monks (Life of Cainnech, § 20).

Lugaid and Munnu often study, according to their respective hagiographers (Life of Lugaid, § 29, 47, 48). The intellectual formation of Munnu is particularly detailed: the saint, when he was a child, argues with his father to let him go to study with a servant of God rather than having to keep cattle (§ 3); he decides to follow Comgall of Bangor to study there (§ 4); in Iona he learns the divine writing and Columba predicts that he will be "a spiritual master and an excellent doctor" (§ 5); finally, Munnu remains nineteen years at Devenish studying the Holy Scriptures among "the wisest man in all Ireland and Britain" (§ 6).

Books are the main wealth of a monastery. When Munnu has to leave an abbey he founded, he asks monks to take only the books, the chrisam and the clothes (§ 13); when he travels in search of a new site to found a monastery, he needs a chariot drawn by two oxen just for the transport of the books (§ 13, 14).

Note by Peter DeLaCrau. These monks therefore were not men of a single book.

So far we have discussed the time of day and the importance of each activity, prayer, manual work, study. It remains to tackle some particular points of the daily life of monks: practice of confession, punishments, food.

Confession must be daily (Lugaid's Life, § 37).

This is also the case in Benedictine rule (chapter 4).

The period of Lent is the moment of systematic bodily punishment: one hundred or two hundred strokes are then administered on the hands of all the monks. This type of stroke is also required to punish the hubris of monks.

N.B. Strokes are very common in the rule by Columba of Bobbio as we shall see.

Regarding food, Lugaid's Life mentions the main meal at the time of none (3 p.m.). The ordinary drink seems to have been some milk. "What are we doing today to get milk as calves go to cows? The steward asks Lugaid, and the saint changes water into milk (Life of Lugaid, § 46 and see § 21). This same saint, during a journey, asks to drink. He expects to receive milk, but it must be turned into butter; Lugaid curses the place (§ 59).

Wine is served to guests in Clonfertmulloe. For guests indeed, Lugaid changes water not into milk but into wine (§ 56) or transforms bad liquor into good wine (§ 50).

The penitents drink water mixed with a little milk (Munnu's life, § 22). In a special case, that of a monk who travels, Munnu recommends him to drink only water (Life of Munnu, § 23, the saint, however, changes this water into the best wine). Drinking water seems to have been the exception. The monk drinks beer, curd or hot milk, says the rule of Ailbe (§ 34, O'Neill).

In a rather amusing way, the hagiographers praise in the wine its "drunkenness capacity!" When Lugaid changes bad liquor into good wine, the hagiographer gives as evidence the "drunkenness" of this wine (§ 50). In the same way, the water that the saint changes into milk has the "drunkenness capacity" of wine (§ 21, 46). Finally, cows drinking water from a fountain blessed by Lugaid make an alcoholic milk (§ 46). Once in the Life, there is a description of a king who, quite drunk, has a heavenly vision (§ 10). Beyond the use of alcohol, drunkenness seems to have been considered positively in some cases, perhaps as a superior state allowing access to the divinity.

The food is also dispensed in sufficient quantity. Let everyone receive a "fair portion" says the rule of Comgall (RCB, § 4). At Lugaid's monastery, you eat veal and fish (Lugaid's Life, § 43).

Only once, in Bangor, the discipline regarding meals is shown to be rigorous. Munnu, still a child, travels with Comgall of Bangor. While he asks Comgall from terce to allow him to drink a little water, the founder of Bangor gives him permission to drink and delivers him a meal only at vespers (Life of Munnu, § 23).

Sunday is a day of total fasting according to Lugaid's Life: the king of Leinster who arrives on such a day at Clonfertmulloe must wait until the following day to feed himself (§ 51). This is an amazing prescription.

... ..On the one hand, because Sunday is normally the day of a festive meal; according to the Penitentials, Sunday is always a day of celebration and fasting (see, for example, "Pæniential quod dicitur Bigotianum," § I.9, Bieler, The Irish Penitentials, 218). The rule of Carthach states that such a day should not be fasted, which shows the existence of the reverse use (§ H.9, Mac Eclaise [ed.], "The Rule of St. Carthach," 512)

..... ..On the other hand, because fasting is usually slackened when a guest arrives. On the other hand, according to another text, there would have been in Bangor only one day of total fast, and this on Wednesday before Easter ("Tallaght Monastery," § 68).

COMMUNITY AND SOCIETY.

Becoming a monk amounts to totally withdrawing from society. "If you have a son," says the rule of Comgall, "a family from which you are separate, you will not look for them, you will not think of them more than if you were already in the ground." The monk cannot buy anything, sell anything, solicit anything ("refuse nothing, ask nothing, do not like riches," "stay at home to pray, endure poverty"). The rule of Ailbe also defends begging.

When it comes to giving to the poor, he is still not allowed to buy something but he can seek the help of a king "Do not let somebody leave you to go begging somewhere else," the Rule continues. "Do not be hard and petty. Do not be deaf to the prayer that is made to you. "You will not keep anything; what you do not need, you will give to the poor ."

When the Monastery of Clonfertmulloe is inaugurated Lugaid comes to visit the site.

"Where is the abbot's house?" he asks. As the workers show him, Lugaid explains to them:

"Our abbot is Christ. Install the guest house here."

If the monk lives withdrawn from the world, his only contact being the Celtic hospitality that he is bound to supply, there is a social category that he seeks particularly to avoid: women.

Note by Peter DeLaCrau. Typically Judeo-Islamic-Christian obsession.

The hagiographers of Lugaid and Munnu cast an extremely negative glance on them.

Lugaid, in search of a place to found his monastery, flees from a place where there are women who look at him "as if he wanted to avoid a fire" (§ 28 and see § 27). Elsewhere, he says, "I will not go to such a place. For where the sheep are, there will be a woman, and where the woman will be, will be the sin, where the sin will be, will be the devil, and where the devil will be, hell will be" (§ 32).

Munnu eagerly refuses to take care of a dying woman ("Do you want me to exorcise women?" he says to his steward who comes to announce the arrival of the patient, § 27). His mother and sister (a virgin) come to visit him; it displeases him and he orders them never to come again (§ 11).

It is interesting to note that only these two hagiographies develop such a position relating to women in the hagiographic corpus preserved for this period and that the two quotations from Lugaid's Life do not appear in a later version of the same Life. This way of looking at women seems to have been the hallmark of Bangor in the ninth century.

Some similarities emerge therefore from the Irish rules preserved: importance for a monk of the idea of persevering; a schedule of the day divided into three main activities (prayer, work, study); the fact that the main meal is taken at none (3 p.m.), that meat is permitted and that the ordinary drink is milk. If we compare Bangor's rule with that of Benedict, we find a community of mind in many general points (value of cenobitism, importance of obedience, humility, perseverance, time of day, the importance of the recitation of Psalm 118, daily confession, importance of giving to the poor and welcoming the guest, distant echo of the former Indo-European code of honor ...). The differences between the rules relate to concrete points: permission to eat quadruped meat; type of ordinary drink; corporal punishment.

AFTERWORD IN THE WAY OF JOHN TOLAND.

Pseudo-druids with fabulous initiatory derivation (the famous and indescribable or hilarious perennial tradition) having multiplied since some time; it appeared us necessary to put at the disposal of each and everyone, these few notes, hastily written, one evening of November, in order to give our readers the desire to know more about true druidism.

This work claims to be honest but in no way neutral. It was given itself for an aim to defend or clear the cluto (fame) of this admirable ancient religion.

Nothing replaces personal meditation, including about obscure or incomprehensible lays strewn these books, and which have been inserted intentionally, in order to force you to reflect, to find your own way. These books are not dogmas to be followed blindly and literally. As you know, we must beware as it was the plague, of the letter. The letter kills, only spirit vivifies.

Nothing replaces either personal experience, and it's by following the way that we find the way. Therefore rely only on your own strength in this Search for the Grail. What matters is the attitude to be adopted in life and not the details of the dogma. Druidism is less important than druidiaction (John-P. MARTIN).

These few leaves scribbled in a hurry are nevertheless in no way THE BOOKS TO READ ON THIS MATTER, they are only a faint gleam of them.

The only druidic library worthy of the name is not in fact composed of only 12 (or 27) books, but of several hundred books.

The few booklets forming this mini-library are not themselves an increase of knowledge on the subject, and are only some handbooks intended for the schoolchildren of druidism.

These simplified summaries intended for the elementary courses of druidism will be replaced by courses of a somewhat higher level, for those who really want to study it in a more relevant way.

This small library is consequently a first attempt to adapt (intended for young adults) the various reflections about the druidic knowledge and truth, to which the last results of the new secularism, positive and open-minded, worldwide, being established, have led.

Unlike Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, which swarm, concerning the higher Being, with childish anthropomorphism taken literally (fundamentalism known as integrism in the Catholic world); our druidism too, on the other hand, will use only very little of them, and will stick in this field, to the absolute minimum.

But in order to talk about God or the Devil we shall be quite also obliged to use a basic language, and therefore a more or less important amount of this anthropomorphism. Or then it would be necessary to completely give up discussing it.

This first shelf of our future library consecrated to the subject, aims to show precisely the harmonious authenticity of the neo-druidic will and knowledge. To show at which point its current major theses have deep roots because the reflection about Mythologies, it's our Bible to us. The adaptations of this brief talk required by the differences of culture, age, spiritual maturity, social status, etc. will be to do with the concerned druids (veledae and others?)

Note, however. Important! What these few notes, hastily thrown on paper during a too short life, are not (higgledy-piggledy).

A divine revelation. A (still also divine) law. A (non-religious or secular) law. A (scientific) law. A dogma. An order.

What I search most to share is a state of mind, nothing more. As our old master had very well said one day : "OUR CIVILIZATION HAS NO CHOICE: IT WILL BE CELTISM OR IT WILL BE DEATH" (Peter Lance).

What these few notes, hastily thrown on paper during a too short life, are.

Some dream. An adventure. A journey. An escape. A revolt cry against the moral and physical ugliness of this society. An attempt to reach the universal by starting from the individual. A challenge. An obstacle fecund to overcome . An incentive to think. A guide for action. A map. A plan. A compass. A pole star or morning star up there in the mountain. A fire overnight in a glade?

What the man who had collected the core of this library, Peter DeLaCrau, is not.

- A god.
- A half god.
- A quarter of God.
- A saint.
- A philosopher (recognized, official, and authorized or licensed, as those who talk a lot in television. Except, of course, by taking the word in its original meaning, which is that of amateur searching wisdom and knowledge.

What he is: a man, and nothing of what is human therefore is unknown to him. Peter DeLaCrau has no superhuman or exceptional power. Nothing of what he said wrote or did could have timeless value. At the best he hopes that his extreme clearness about our society and its dominant ideology (see its official philosophers, its journalists, its mass media and the politically correct of its right-thinking people, at least about what is considered to be the main thing); as well his non-conformism, and his outspokenness, combined with a solid contrariness (which also earned to him for that matter a lot of troubles or affronts); can be useful.

The present small library for beginners “contains the dose of humanity required by the current state of civilization” (Henry Lizeray). However it’s only a gathering of materials waiting for the ad hoc architect or mason.

A whole series of booklets increasing our knowledge of these basic elements will be published soon. This different presentation of the druidic knowledge will preserve nevertheless the unity as well as the harmony which can exist between these various statements of the same philosophical and well-considered paganism : spirituality worthy of our day, spirituality for our days.

Case of translations into foreign languages (Spanish, German, Italian, Polish, etc.)

The misspellings, the grammatical mistakes, the inadequacies of style, as well as in the writing of the proper nouns perhaps and, of course, the Gallicisms due to forty years of life in France, may be corrected. Any other improvement of the text may also be brought if necessary (by adding, deleting, or changing, details); Peter DeLaCrau having always regretted not being able to reach perfection in this field. But on condition that neither alteration nor betrayal, in a way or another, is brought to the thought of the author of this reasoned compilation. Every illustration without a caption can be changed. New illustrations can be brought.

But illustrations having a caption must be only improved (by the substitution of a good photograph to a bad sketch, for example?)

It goes without saying that the coordinator of this rapid and summary reasoned compilation , Peter DeLaCrau, does not maintain to have invented (or discovered) himself, all what is previous; that he does not claim in any way that it is the result of his personal researches (on the ground or in libraries). What s previous is indeed essentially resulting from the excellent works or websites referenced in bibliography and whose direct consultation is strongly recommended.

We will never insist enough on our will not be the men of one book (the Book), but from at least twelve, like Ireland’s Fenians, for obvious reasons of open-mindedness, truth being our only religion.

Once again, let us repeat; the coordinator of the writing down of these few notes hastily thrown on paper, by no means claims to have spent his life in the dust of libraries; or in the field, in the mud of the rescue archaeology excavations; in order to unearth unpublished pieces of evidence about the past of Ireland (or of Wales or of East Indies or of China).

THEREFORE PETER DELACRAU DOES NOT WANT TO BE CONSIDERED, IN ANY WAY, AS THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING TEXTS.

HE TRIES BY NO MEANS TO ASCRIBE HIMSELF THE CREDIT OF THEM. He is only the editor or the compiler of them. They are, for the most part, documents broadcast on the web, with a few exceptions.

ON THE OTHER HAND, HE DEMANDS ALL THEIR FAULTS AND ALL THEIR INSUFFICIENCIES. Peter DeLaCrau claims only one thing, the mistakes, errors, or various imperfections, of this book. He alone is to be blamed in this case. But he trusts his contemporaries (human nature being what it is) for vigorously pointing out to him.

Note found by the heirs to Peter DeLaCrau and inserted by them into this place.

I immediately confess in order to make the work of my judges easier that men like me were Christian in Rome under Nero, pagan in Jerusalem, sorcerers in Salem, English heretics, Irish Catholics, and today racist, sexist, homophobic, Islamophobic, person, while waiting to be tomorrow kufar or again Christian the beastliest antichrist of all the apocalypses, etc. In short as you will have understood it, I am for nothingness death disease suffering

By respect for Mankind , in order to save time, and not to make it waste time, I will make easier the work of those who make absolutely a point of being on the right side of the fence while fighting (heroically of course) in order to save the world of my claws (my ideas or my inclinations, my tendencies).

To these courageous and implacable detractors, of whom the profundity of reflection worthy of that of a marquis of Vauvenargues equals only the extent of the general knowledge, worthy of Pico della Mirandola I say...

Now take a sheet of paper, a word processing if you prefer, put by order of importance 20 characteristics which seem to you most serious, most odious, most hateful, in the history of Mankind, since the prehistoric men and Nebuchadnezzar, according to you....AND CONSIDER THAT I AM THE COMPLETE OPPOSITE OF YOU BECAUSE I HAVE THEM ALL!

Scapegoats are always needed! A heretic in the Middle Ages, a witch in Salem in the 17th century, a racist in the 20th century, an alien lizard in the 21st century, I am the man you will like to hate in order to feel a better person (a smart and nice person).

I am, as you will and in the order of importance you want: an atheist, a satanist, a stupid person, with Down's syndrome, brutish, homosexual, deviant, homophobic, communist, Nazi, sexist, a philatelist, a pathological liar, robber, smug, psychopath, a falsely modest monster of hubris, and what do I still know, it is up to you to see according to the current fashion.

Here, I cannot better do (in helping you to save the world).

[Unlike my despisers who are all good persons, the salt of the earth, i.e., young or modern and dynamic, courageous, positive, kind, intelligent, educated, or at least who know; showing much hindsight in their thoroughgoing meditation on the trends of History; and on the moral or ethical level: generous, altruistic, but poor of course (it is their only vice) because giving all to others; moreover deeply respectful of the will of God and of the Constitution ...

As for me I am a stiff old reactionary, sheepish, disconnected from his time, paranoid, schizophrenic, incoherent, capricious, never satisfied, a villain, stupid, having never studied or at least being unaware of everything about the subject in question; accustomed to rash judgments based on prejudices without any reflection; selfish and wealthy; a fiend of the Devil, inherently Nazi-Bolshevist or Stalinist-Hitlerian. Hitlerian Trotskyist they said when I was young. In short a psychopathic murderer as soon as the breakfast... what enables me therefore to think what I want, my critics also besides, and to try to make everybody know it even no-one in particular].

Signed: the coordinator of the works, Peter DeLaCrau known as Hesunertus, a researcher in druidism. A man to whom nothing human was foreign. An unemployed worker, post office worker, divorcee, homeless person, vagrant, taxpayer, citizen, and a cuckolded elector... In short one of the 9 billion human beings having been in transit aboard this spaceship therefore. Born on planet Earth, January 13, 1952.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE BROAD OUTLINES.

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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.