

**DRUIDISM BIBLE  
(HISTORY OF THE PEACE WITH THE GODS).  
Volume IV.**

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### NOTICE TO THE READER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# 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.

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Payment by check payable to Peter DeLaCrau.

Correspondence is to be sent to: DRUIDISM c/o Peter DeLaCrau.

\* Do ratath tra do Mael Milscothach iartain cech ní dobrethaigsid suide sin etir ecnaide 7 fileda 7 brithemna la taeb ogaic 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.

# THE STORY SO FAR.

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

Annotations on Lucan, civil war. I 445: Esus, Mars sic dictus a Gallis.

According to an idea, pointed out in the 19th century by the French d'Arbois de Jubainville, Cuchulainn would have been a warrior native of the Continent, Gaul or Galicia, arrived with one of the waves of conquerors immigrants landing on the island of Ireland. His name of Setanta - late Gaelic form - would be explained by a former Sentons = "walking along," word for word: "the wandering one". There would have been there too, therefore, a pun with the ethnic name of Setantios taken by Breton clans (the Setantioi in current Lancashire).

We can break up the development of his character as a demigod or half demon into three quite distinct stages.

First stage: a traditional euhemerization. In any event indeed, this overabundance of epic poetry, where the Hesus Cuchulainn has the appearance of a central figure, cannot have emerged in connection with a purely imaginary character. It should therefore honestly be admitted that it was implanted in some historicity, with the feats of a real character of the past, of course, magnified until the unlikelihood at times. As for his real parent each one is free to forge his own assumption, as Irish druidic mythology leaves us the choice besides.

Second phase. A true myth is worked out from all that and loses little by little contact with historical reality having been used as original support. Religious process perhaps completed before the separation between Gaelic and Brythonic languages and perhaps even former to the fifth century before our era.

Third stage. Irishmen historicize the myth - a process exactly opposite to that of start - and make again, in a way, this "god-or-demon" - "siriti siabairti or little demon" our texts stipulate sometimes - a man, a warrior, by adapting him to the historical context of their country.

To see more clearly there, we should analyze two apparently divergent Celtic traditions.

- The continental tradition.
- And the Gaelic tradition in Ireland.

Irish Gaelic tradition.

The Irish apocryphal documents speaking about him consist especially of a dozen Irish medieval manuscripts - with in addition some versions differing somewhat - and transcribing initially oral traditions.

1. Compert Con Culaind. The Birth of Cuchulainn.
2. Macgnimrada Con Culaind. Boyhood deeds of Cuchulainn.
3. Tochmarc Emire. The Wooing of Aemer.
4. Fled Bricrend. The Feast of Bricriu.
5. Loinges mhic nDuil Dermait. The Exile of the sons of Doel Dermait.
6. Tain Bo Regamna. The cattle raid of Regama.
7. Tain Bo Cualnge. The cattle raid of Cualnge.
8. Serglige Con Culaind. The sickbed of Cuchulainn.
9. Aided Oenfir Aoife. The Death of Aoife's Only Son.
10. Aided Conroi maic Daire. The death of Curoi.
11. Aided Con Culaind. The Death of Cuchulainn.
12. Siaburcharpat Con Culaind. The phantom chariot of Cuchulainn. A recollection of the continental design of the chariot graves included in the Lebor Na hUidre of the twelfth century (the Book of the dun cow) and repeating various adventures of the Tain Bo Cualnge. By adding an edifying invention on behalf of Christians: St Patrick making Setanta Cuchulainn coming back from Hell to tell his pitiful condition of damned (the purpose being to convince King Laoghaire to convert).

This Irish apocryphal document is only the distortion of the connection kept up by the Hesus Cuchulainn with the notion of non-existence of Hell, an always central conviction of druids, according to the Bernese Scholia commenting on Lucan's Pharsalia.

Verse 454.

COMMENTA BERNENSIA AD LUCANUM.

Manes esse non dicunt.

They do not say that manes exist.

ADNOTATIONES SUPER LUCANUM.

Hoc enim disputant animas ad inferos non ire, sed in alio orbe nasci.

They dispute indeed the fact that the souls can go down to hell, because they think they are born after in another world.

GLOSULE SUPER LUCANUM.

Id est sicut uos dicitis anime ad inferos non descendunt, sed in orbe alterius hemispherii incorporantur iterum uel in aliqua parte orbis a uobis remota.

i.e., according to you the souls do not go down into the hell, but will again be incorporated in a part of the world located in the other hemisphere or in any part of a world unknown to you.

Point No. 25 of the small list appended to the council at Leptines in 743, under the Latin title of *indiculus superstitionum et paganiarum* (of course, it is a question of condemning or of denigrating all that) is besides clearly in harmony with that idea. It evokes the fact of imagining that every late is a saint. And in 851, John Scot Eriugena also noted in his "On divine predestination": God envisages neither punishment nor sins: they are fictions (quotation from memory, in any event it was in Latin). For Eriugena also, therefore, hell does not exist, or then he calls it the remorse.

As in the case of Etain's legend (see its Christianized version, the text entitled "the nurture of the houses of the two milk pails"), the monks, Irish in fact, have probably simply distorted from its initial context; for example, by inserting St Patrick and company there; an already existing pagan tradition showing to us our hero as having triumphed over the Hells.

With the dual use, the poetic redundancy, the endless speeches, the indigestible lengths - all typical features of this literature - the integral transcription of this saga can require 2.000 pages at least.

Even after having expurgated these apocryphal documents of all the fabulous things which are there, and of all its exaggerations, particularly as regards his distortions (*rixtustrctiones* > "riastrade"); Setanta Cuchulainn appears nevertheless as one of the most outstanding chivalrous figures we can know.

His death lived as a true sacrifice fits well what we know of the ancient Celtic mentality educated by druidism.

Continental tradition.

In their taking in account of the popular beliefs, ancient druids of the polytheistic option admitted, of course, his history as being an allegory of the omnipotence of Fate or Tocad (or Tocade if you want to feminize this word at all cost, or let us put Tokad, in the neutral; in any case see Middle Welsh *tyngned*, Breton *tonket*, intended, old Irish *tocad*, destiny, *toicthech* "fortunatus," *tonquedec* in Breton. The *labarum* is its word some people add).

And therefore integrated him in the myth evoking human destiny. As the French J.J. Hatt saw it very well, who had got the conviction that the druids had been capable of directing or systematizing the ideas as well as the religious tendencies of the Celtic community.

Hesus therefore appeared in a good place in the Western-European druidic pantheon or *pleroma*. Here, the greatest contribution is archeological, secondarily, some mentions of old authors, questionable, and also some glosses, like those on some verses of Lucan, which are therefore only some comments on comments about ancient druidism, it should be admitted well.

In continental mythology, Hesus appears on an equal footing with Taranis and the Teutates, a status corroborated by the figurations on the cauldron of Gundestrup and on the pillar of the boatmen in Lutecia (Paris)

Hesus seems there at the same time as the child protected by Toutatis (the god-or-demon of the tribe) and the counterpart of Hornunnos: "Hornunnos stripped of his antlers".

Beside this myth, Hesus also had another aspect that of a god-or-demon sacrificing himself voluntarily, such a shaman continuing his ascetic practice beyond his vital limits, and dying at the end of this embodiment. He is hung by a foot in a forked tree, dies, and become a rotten corpse (in Ireland he sacrifices himself by agreeing to go towards an almost certain death, crucified against a standing stone or against a stone pillar in Muirthemne).

It is the allegory of the tree with a hanged man , or of the tree with putrid flesh, which is an oak, of course, the subject of a detailed analysis published in the Review of Celtic Studies.

"Gwydion came under the tree, and looked what it might be that the sow was feeding on. And he saw that she was eating putrid flesh and vermin. Then looked he up to the top of the tree, and as he looked he beheld on the top of the tree an eagle, and when the eagle shook itself, there fell vermin and putrid flesh from off it, and these the sow devoured. And it seemed to him that the eagle was Llew, and he sang the following englyn:

Oak that grows between the two banks;  
Darkened is the sky and hill!  
Shall I not tell him by his wounds,  
That this is Llew?"

Upon this the eagle came down until he reached the center of the tree. And Gwydion sang another englyn:

Oak that grows in upland ground,  
The rain can no longer wet?  
Which endured nine scores tempests?  
It bears in its branches Llew Llaw Gyffes!"

Then the eagle came down until he was on the lowest branch of the tree, and thereupon this third englyn did Gwydion sing:

Oak that grows beneath the steep;  
Stately and majestic is its aspect!  
Shall I not speak it  
That Llew will come to my lap" (Fourth portion of the mabinogi, math son of Mathowy).

Editor's note: that resembles much a shamanic initiatory test we could not advise to beginners, even while taking into account the exaggeration inherent in any encryption or coding.

Mention of this episode is therefore also made in the glosses about Lucan's Pharsalia, known as Bernese Scolia. Their author mentions in them human sacrifices consecrated to Hesus by hangings in trees, to death, and until the body of the victims breaks up by emaciation (until the flesh fall from themselves).

Hesus was so one of the figures of this mythology and was considered for a major deity by the continental druids.

As Garrett S. Olmsted writes it, speculations on the nature of this deity were intense, and he quotes authors who attended to define this nature rather "than the etymology of his name ".

The name Esus and its multiple derivations are found a little everywhere on the Celtic area (Celtica litavia). As a theonym, it is attested in Danubian Celtica and in Great Britain, through inscriptions, either Celtic or Latin. In this last language, it is besides preceded in about half of the cases by an H: Haesus, Hesus, etc.

This name, resulting from the old Indo-European background, seems a variant of Aisus, Celtic form parallel to the generic names as (plural asar) of the Germanic gods - with in addition, among the Italic people, aisos among Sabines, aisusis among Osci, as well as the adjective aisunos = divine among Umbrians -. See also the Asa of the Aryans.

It meant "god" quite simply , not as a light god (deuos), but with the meaning of spirit god or breath god. Seeing their well-known propensity to puns aiming to a diverting plurality of meaning, Celts were also to understand it as "good "(esu), "cheerful"(uesos), "knowing "(uesos) or even as "best "(uesos).

Continental images also showed him as a three-headed deity having as consubstantial god-or-demons Taranis and the Teutates, a little like the Hindus depicting the "trimurti "Brahma-Vishnu-Shiva.

The latter associated Brahma, the Brahmanic higher principle God with Vishnu, initially a minor Vedic god-or-demon, as with Shiva, a god-or-demon unfamiliar to Aryan Pantheon, to make them the three following principles: creation, preservation, and destruction.

Hesus Mars or Cuchulainn, or more exactly his legend, incontestably represents a decisive event in the spiritual history of the Celtic people. Cuchulainn is so to speak the ideal man personified, an irreducible figure, which we cannot simply deduce from the past, but who, in a completely unexpected way (he had not been announced by prophecies, as for him, at least to our knowledge) through his myth, established new standards.

Hesus Mars or Cuchulainn did not order coding nor even writing down his teaching, and as regards this so much mythified character, it was in any event only exemplarity. We can nevertheless extrapolate from what we know of the Laténian time Celts that he knew how to read \*, but that he mistrusted writing; and use it only in the cases falling within an elementary diplomatic need (see the case of the runes of Lepontic script).

Besides Druidism preferred rather to appeal to the reason and to the ability of knowledge of human beings. Not through accounts or talks dealing systematically with a subject, but through simple maxims, comprehensible by everybody. Expressions of which it remains obviously some traces in the legends about him in Ireland.

Example: it is not honorable to take the horses or garments or arms from the bodies of those you have killed in a duel (Dáig ní bá miad nó ní ba maiss leiss echrad nó fuidb nó airm do brith óna corpaib no marbad).

Short stories, comparisons resulting from the most ordinary everyday life, accessible to each one, without being attached to dogmas, expressions, mysteries, as our hero could do it sometimes (with an exception, as we have had the opportunity to see it, during his famous dialog with his bride Aemer: the obscurity of the metaphors is voluntarily cultivated there by him, considering the context). Note. The wife of our hero is called rather oddly Eithne Inguba and not Aemer in the first part of the original Gaelic manuscript dealing with the sickness of the Hesus Cuchulainn. A contradiction due to the difficulties of the oral tradition perhaps.

Through his exemplarity which crossed over centuries, and not by a purely theoretical preaching - it was not his way - he seems as an original path worthy to be followed FROM AFAR, which showed the path of a self-freeing from the human weaknesses (symbolized by the famous nine-day period of the Ulaid, in Gaelic language Ces Noinden Ulad) . Instead of calling for a renunciation in God of the human will (Islam or blissful Christianity), that formed on the contrary an appeal of the will of the human being at the hand of the Divinity (of the Fate = Tokad) .

\* At least as much as Muhammad his counterpart in the East. Because if Muhammad considering the Muslim dogma of isma, must be regarded as a perfect example or the best model to imitate, in the East ; in our latitudes the Hesus Cuchulainn too, is all the more an exemplary model to follow, that he was not always perfect personally and that he did not die in his bed like Muhammad (it is undeniable) but tied to a standing stone or to a stone pillar erected on the plain of Muirthemne, after having fought a heroic combat he knew lost in advance against a coalition of everybody could be coward and harmful in his own people (Queen Maeve), well, if we can consider that he was Irish.

To return to Muhammad we have the near certainty he was not illiterate but that he could read and write, at least his name. It is indeed undoubtedly erroneous or untrue to interpret as meaning illiterate the adjective ummi (plural ummiyyun) which sometimes calls him in Quran; the adjective means simply "who does not have Scriptures, who is not a member of the people of the book").

Nabi ummi therefore does not mean "an unlearned prophet" "illiterate" but "prophet of the Gentiles" and the epithet derived from the Arabic word umma, doubtless comes from the Hebrew expression ummot ha-olam (nations of the world, Gentiles) that the Jews of Yathreb/Medina were to use.

In a trade center like Mecca, many were to be those who could hold a reed pen (reed stem, etc.). In the cities, the man who could handle a reed and decipher writing enjoyed some consideration. Thus,



according to Baladhuri we know that Umar, Uthman, Ali, Abu-Sufyan and his son Muawiyah as well as some members of the two Arab tribes of Yathreb/Medina knew Arabic script, among whom we find the future secretaries of Muhammad, Zayd son of Thabit and Ubayyi son of Ka'b.

Muhammad who managed the businesses of his future wife could only know to count but also to read (at least what was necessary to the drafting of the contracts).

Besides Quran admits implicitly twice that Muhammad could well write.

In chapter 29 verse 48 God or more exactly the archangel Gabriel says to him than he did not write any book of his own hand before.

In chapter 25 verse 5 no longer ambiguity, he is accused having written himself some passages of the Quran called then stories or legends from the elders (what was true, of course, to collect stories and legends is not besides dishonoring, on the other hand, much more debatable is to present them let us say as "words from God," technically speaking in this precise case some words engraved on a celestial book consubstantial with God and broadcast by archangel Gabriel. For those who would not know it "consubstantial" means "of the same nature as" just like Christ for example is of the same nature as God the Father being his son in our eyes of poor humans. Phew!)

Last piece of evidence finally, and not the least, the Muslim tradition itself: the incident of the treaty of Hudaibiyyah.

Muhammad as the Meccan ambassador Suhayl decides to sign a pact of non-aggression (a treaty, a truce). Muhammad makes a scribe come and starts to dictate a preliminary formula. But Suhayl stops him dead and said to him: "Write! As you wrote [formerly]: "In the name of God! "

It is obvious that here Suhayl referred to some writing by the hand of Muhammad before his departure from Mecca and perhaps even former to his preaching.

In the same way, a whole series of traditions show us Muhammad, at death's door, claiming the shoulder blade of a camel (or a parchment according to others) with an inkstand, in order to write his political legacy. Nobody is astonished by the requirement and if it is not satisfied here, it is simply because the faction of Abu Bakr and of Aisha opposes to it in order to check the faction of Ali. But that's another story, the death of our hero to us spirit minded Celts is in any case much more glorious.

Finally, in short, as regards our Good Model to us, less mix-up, it is loud and clear, he could read and therefore to write, it is enough to attentively read the story of the rustling of the cattle of Cualnge.

# THE BATTLE OF RUIS NA RIOGH.

In Gaelic language Cath ruis na rig, a manuscript being part of the book of Leinster (Lebor Laignech in Gaelic language) formerly known as the Book of Noughaval (Lebor Na Nuachongbála) and now preserved at the Trinity College in Dublin. It dates back to the twelfth century.

In relative chronology it is a battle fought by Cunocavaros/Conchobar after the saga of the rustling of the cattle of Cualnge.

It is more difficult to insert it in the biography of our hero. We choose to make it happen at this time of his life. If somebody has better to propose, let him express!

!----- !

## INCIPIT CATH RUIS NA RIG.

Once upon a time Cunocavaros/Conchobar was in smooth-bright Emania Macha, after the giving of the battle of the Táin by him, so that there was not food that pleased him, that he slept not easily, but that he confessed not to any of the Ulaid what made him so, for the time of three fortnights. And that thing was nevertheless told to the Ulaid, that is, Cunocavaros/Conchobar to be in decline and in strange long sickness, that there was not food that pleased him, and that he did not sleep easily, and that he confessed not to any one of the Ulaid what made him so.

Then a gathering or an assembling of the Ulaid was made in the smooth-bright Emania Macha. Ten of them were allowed to discover what the wound which had wounded the king of the Ulaid was, and what this so powerful disease was which brought him to death and made him so pale since more than three fortnights, so that there was not food that pleased him, but that he confessed not to any one of the Ulaid what made him so. And it was therefore that all said to the person who had formerly reared him and brought him up, namely Catubatuos/Cathbad the great (degamra) druid.

So on went Catubatuos/Cathbad, the great druid (degamra), to the place in which Cunocavaros/Conchobar was, and cíís déra folcmara forruada fola corbo fliuch blae & brunni, he wept flood like deep-red tears of blood, so that his breast was completely wet. Cunocavaros/Conchobar took pity on the tear of Catubatuos/Cathbad.

Good, indeed, then, my master Catubatuos/Cathbad, said Conchobar, what makes you sad, sorrowful, dispirited?

I have indeed great-reason for that, replied Catubatuos/Cathbad, I do not know what wound has wounded you, and what sickness has deadened you, and paled you for the time of three fortnights. Great-reason indeed have I too for it, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, for four great-provinces of Ireland have come to me, and with them were brought their men of music, of amusement, and of eulogy, that the more conspicuous might be the ravages, and that the greater might be the devastation; our fortresses and our fine dwellings were burned, so that they were no higher than their bases, and their outhouses. And Ailill and Maeve gained a battle too against me, and the calf of my own cow was taken from me out of his cattle shed by brute force. And it is thus he was saying it, and below the words he uttered.

There is to my mind a cause of grief,  
if you would know everything, precise Catubatuos/Cathbad,  
the Ulaid all, vastness of brave deeds,  
it was not a sufficient protection for one cow.

Maeve assembled her troops from the west  
And the daughter of Eochu in her wild career (of horses)  
Carried off cattle and raiment  
Gold and silver.

Maeve marched easily  
Unto Dare's fortress in our good old land,  
Unto Sescind castle, at least what there is of it,  
Unto the ancient fort of Sobairge.

She did not leave in our fair province  
Wall or stead without ravage,  
Nor fort in which they did not boast triumph,  
Nor wall without fiercely burning it.

My bull the brown termagant of Dare,  
About which the warriors will give forth much shouting,  
There was not ever a cow's calf  
About which more of misery is worked.

That a bull or a cow is missing  
To us in the province of Emania  
Matters less than the loss of the heroes, she cut down  
After having bathed them in their blood. Here what there is!

Good now, my very dear Catubatuos/ Cathbad, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, what is your counsel to us? And it is thus that he was saying it, and he said the following words.

O Catubatuos/Cathbad, a counsel for us;  
Faintness has worked an evil design on us;  
[that] Maeve escaped from the famous battle,  
And it is this truly that has dismayed us.

It was not right for Maeve from the Plain [of Ae]  
To muster a whole army to come for my bull:  
Even if it is a bull with two horns of gold,  
That I deserved well to have, it was not too much.

Though it were her bull that were the greater,  
The calf of her cow was not too much for her;  
The calf of our own cow, reason for so much fury  
It was not right to require him from us.

Since it is on us for our cow's calf  
That Eochu's daughter has brought hardship,  
Time for us to go and avenge it  
On her, on Maeve, on the great queen (morrigan).

You have already avenged it sternly,  
O red-sworded Conchobar  
By the winning of a battle, I remember,  
Over the four provinces of Ireland.

It is no battle, in which a tall king does not fall at least  
In a hard fight, in the sound and the fury;  
An army should not escape from a true battle!  
A king must fall there if both are valiant.

It is almost this that makes me dead:  
My bull at the fight of the two bulls,  
But not duel between me ????  
And the son of Mata of Murisca.

Unless Ailill should fall and Maeve  
By me in this encounter assuredly  
I say it to you, they and a host of champions  
My heart will break, O Catubatuos/Cathbad.

O [Catubatuos/Cathbad, a counsel, etc.]

This is my counsel to you, replied Catubatuos/Cathbad, to stay for the present. For the winds are rough, and the roads are soaked, the rivers and the waters are great, warriors' hands are occupied with making fortifications and strongholds in the territories of strangers. So wait for us until the summer weather comes to us, until every grassy sod is a soft pillow, till our old horses are spirited, till our colts are strong, till our men are whole of their wounds and hurts after the battle of the cattle raid of Cualnge, till the nights are short, to watch and to ward and to guard in the lands of enemies and in the territories of strangers. It is thus he was advising it, and he uttered the following words.

Spring is not the time for an invasion.  
Every windy ford is cold.  
Many of Elga will shout,  
All red with wounds ????  
The herds of cows are still in the cattle sheds in February???  
Weak are the animals of March.  
Strong are all cattle of April.  
Muster of the warriors maimthi?  
...Difficult march.  
Spring is not the time for an invasion.

So stay with us now, said Catubatuos/Cathbad, there is no disgrace to your honor therein. For it is a foal who helped her to flee and to escape from your claws right in the middle of the battle field of the men of Ireland away westwards. And if there were no vengeance, it will be measure for measure for that.

Let there be sent tidings and messages from you forthwith to your friends away, [namely, to Conall the stern, the triumphant, the exultant, the victorious, the red-sworded, to the place where he is, raising his tax and his tribute in the territories of Leodus, in the territory of Cadd, and in the islands of Orc, as well as in the territories of Scythia and Dacia and Gothia and Northmannia, voyaging in the Ictian Sea and the Tyrrhenian Sea, plundering and slaughtering by the way the Saxons.

And let there be sent tidings and messages from you to your friends away, Gallecda co Gallíathaib na nGall, to the Gallic lands, to the foreign lands of the foreigners, namely to Amlaib Olaib grandson of Inscoa [Big Shoes ?] king of Norway; to Findmor son of Rofir, the king of the seventh part of Norway; to Bare of the Scigger, to the fortress of the Piscarcarla ? to Brodor Roth and to Brodor FiUit, and to Siugraid Soga, King of Sudiam; to Sortadbud Sort, the king of the Orkney Islands; to the seven sons of Romra, to Cet son of Romra, to Celg son of Romra, to Mod son of Herling, to Conchobar ??? the victorious, son of Artur, son of Bruide, son of Dungal, to the son of the King of Scotland, and Clothra, daughter of Conchobar, his mother.

Who should go on that embassy? said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.  
Who should go upon it, said Catubatuos/Cathbad, but for example Findchad, your own son yonder, Aed the Handsome, son of Conall the Victorious, Oengus, son of Oenlam Gaba, and Cano the Foreigner ( ?), to teach the way over the surface of the sea and of the ocean to them.  
It is then that these went forward over the surface of the sea and of the ocean to the place where Conall the Victorious was on the island of Leodus, and they manifested then the tidings that they had to Conall. He made welcome to Findchad, son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, put his hands about his neck and gave him three kisses. It is then too that they conveyed to him that the cattle raid of Cualnge was taken from the Ulaid.

The vigorous and impetuous heart of Conall started to jump from the mid-upper part of his chest like the noise of a sea-blue wave against the earth.

I woe indeed, said Conall that if I had been in the territory of the Ulaid, then that spoil would not have been taken without a vengeance which would be measure for measure for it !

It is this, then, Conall was: feasts and festivities having been made by him there, ba gléire descad & ba aibbgetus a hóla and sin, a great choice of drinks and drink in profusion???

Conall treated the nobles of the Ulaid too. And there were sent then envoys or messengers from him to his friends who were away, through the Gallic lands and to the foreign lands. It was then that there was made a gathering and muster by them too ; and their stores were prepared by them also, and their ships as their vessels were fitted out as it was necessary, then they came to the place in which Conall was.

It was then that Conall sent envoys and messengers from him to the kingdom of Ulidia , that the Ulaid might not be in much concern for preparation against their foes their enemies and the foreigners. It is then that council was held by the Ulaid, and feasts and festivities were held by them too.

I will make a banquet, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, in wait and in honor of Cunocavaros/Conchobar at the bright-faced castle of Delgga.

I will make another splendid vast banquet, said Celtchar, son of Uthechar, in wait and in honor of Conall the Victorious, son of Amargen, in my aerie (carraic) of Murbulg.

I too will make another splendid and gigantic banquet,said Loegaire, at Inber Seimne in the north.

The huge strongly armed fleet set out as we have already said it, under Conall the Victorious son of Amairgin, under Findchad son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, under Aed the Handsome , son of Conall the Victorious, as well as under the nobles of Norway, and they came forward out on the current of the cape of Kintyre?

A sudden surge of the tremendous green sea carried their ships, a róin & a rossail & a chorrcind & a chenandáin & ilríana, seals walsruses swordfishes? small white heads?? ?? and ??? of the tremendous sea also. The strength of the storm that swept them out to sea was such that the fleet was parted in three. A third under Conall the victorious son of Amairgen came to the aerie of Murbulg. Another third under the sons of Romna came to Seimne's estuary. The other third under Alaib, grandson of Inscoa, king of Norway, under Bare of the Faroe Islands,from the fortress of Piscacarla; reached the strand of Baile son of Buan, in Luachann's estuary.

It is at that time that Cunocavaros/Conchobar came on the spot with nine hundred and sixty-five men to the mouth of Luachann. A village hall with many drinks and high merriment was prepared by him in the bright-faced castle of Delga. It was not long for Cunocavaros/Conchobar, when he was there, till appeared at the horizon na corrgabla siúil & na longa luchtlethna, the sails of ships overflowing with warriors, with bright-scarlet pavilions , with beautiful many-colored flags, with machines of battle with síblanga (some lances?) of a bright and with other weapons of war.

Maith and sina degáes dána sa thís. Tabraid curu & tenta & trebairi damsa. Good, then, you expert on the matter and other men skilled in the art ????? give necessary commitments bonds and guarantees to me.

Hey my chief and good lord, said Sencha son of Ailill, what is there ?

Because of the greatness of your duty and of your obligations to me, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and because of my bestowal in jewels, treasures and other wealth , the least of the things than I could expect it is well it happens with me nothing annoying from one end of the year to the other, with regard to what you committed yourselves to bring or to provide for me , no????

Because I do not know indeed, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, if they be the Gauls of Leinster, the Munstermen of great Muma, or the province of Connaught that have arrived; but in any case the estuary of Luachann and the strand of Baile son of Buan are full.

I give my word indeed, said Sencha son of Ailill, that there is not in Ireland only one warrior of the household of a lord who is not known to me. And if they be Irishmen that are there, I will ask for a truce of battle from them till the distant end of a fortnight in addition to a month. But if they be your friends who come from Gallic lands or from elsewhere abroad, that will please you better, however. If it is not the case, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, you will be definitively dishonored.

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

Tears of blood? Whereas it is not him who is sick but the king??? Isn't a little exaggerated on behalf of the storyteller?

My very dear. We convey the Gaelic expression *ám a m'anam* which means literally, "my soul, my life!"

A bull with two horns of gold. The traditional image (that of the Continent) it is rather a bull endowed with three horns. Would it be an influence of Christianity??? The scribe replaced the Gaelic expression he understood no longer by an allusion to the worship of the golden calf. This anecdote was from time immemorial used to justify religious intolerance. Indeed, true God ordered under these conditions to Moses of killing all these apostates, and Moses accurately transmitted this order to those who, among his people, had remained faithful to him. Exodus 32, 26.

Moses stood in the gate of the camp and said : "Who is on the Lord's side? Come to me." And all the sons of Levi gathered around him. And he said to them, "Thus says the Lord God of Israel, 'Put your sword on your side each of you, and go to and fro from gate to gate throughout the camp, each of you kill his brother and his companion and his neighbor.'" And the sons of Levi did according to the word of Moses. That day about three thousand men fell.

(I know, it is like for Islam, it is not criminal fanaticism nor religious intolerance since it is the true Love God who ordered it, like in the case of the sacrifice of Isaac by his father Abraham besides, but that resembles it very much, no ?)

There remained nevertheless a long time traces of this heretic worship in the religion of Israel in the shape of horned altars i.e., of which four angles went up like horns (Exodus 27,2; 38,2).

Fury. We translate so the Gaelic word *amne* without too much certainty.

The great queen. In Irish *mórrígain*. Is it Queen Maeve or the Mara Rígu/Morrígu/Morgan Le Fay ?The subject being suitable for that, small clarification on this subject.

The meaning of the name of the most famous Irish war goddess or demoness has caused a lot of ink to flow among the scholars, for its spelling differs from one text to another: *Mórrígain* / *Mórrígu* or *Morrígain* / *Morrígu*.

The second element of her name is unambiguous. In Old Irish, *rígain* means 'queen,' like the Welsh *rhain*, which originally meant 'queen' but has today the meaning of 'young lady, maiden, virgin.' They are both derived from an old Celtic word *rigani* / *rigana* meaning 'queen,' equivalent to the Latin *regena*. The ending in 'u' is due to an analogy with other feminine words which have a genitive ending in 'an,' as *Mórrígain* does (genitive singular *Mórrígan*).

As for the first element of her name, it is problematic, for it is sometimes written with a short vowel, i.e., *mor* meaning 'phantom' or 'nightmare,' and sometimes with an accented vowel, i.e., *mór* meaning 'great.' This difference in spelling changes the meaning of the goddess or demoness name. Especially as "muir" also means sea in old Irish.

Generally, the form *Morrígain*, that is 'Phantom Queen,' is taken to be the earliest and primary form. And yet, one is inclined to think that the form *Mórrígain*, that is 'Great Queen,' is the correct spelling, given that the adjective *mór* is often used to call land goddesses in Irish tradition, for instance *Mór Muman* ('Great Nurtress') who is the mother goddess of Munster. What means her name perhaps quite simply besides. Furthermore, it seems that the appellation 'Great Queen' is more suitable for a goddess than the designation 'Phantom,' although this latter designation could refer to her link to death. Her association with the carnage and her function as a harbinger of death would be therefore of a later date than her attributes of land goddess, and this is the reason why some authors chose to spell her name *Mórrígain* rather than *Morrígain*.

Without eliminating the assumption completely, it is also a queen of the sea or born from the sea, let us recognize that in this case everything would be explained: her function would not be only death and massacre but it would also be, and primarily perhaps, a mother goddess or a fertility goddess, in short one of the many avatars of the earth mother in Ireland, a kind of Irish Rosemartha. All Irish specificity (let us not speak about heresy) would have been under the influence of Christianity perhaps, to develop a little too much, her dark side, related to death, even to make her a war goddess, whereas

she also has an infinitely nicer and more luminous side. This last one would have been forgotten or upstaged but it continues to level nevertheless here or there since the goddess of war and massacres in Ireland can also appear to men sometimes, under infinitely more tempting exterior: those of a fairy. But thus let us return to her aspect “Kâli” or “goddess of destruction.”

Just as the Irish Cath-Badhbh is similar to the Continental Celtic goddess Cathubodua, the Mórrígain is etymologically linked to the goddess epithet or name Rigani, which is attested in Latin form by three Roman inscriptions discovered in Great Britain and Germany. The dedication found in Worringen (Germany), in the territory of the Ubii, reads: *In h(onorem) d(omus) d(ivinae) deae Regin(ae) vicani ...* ‘In honor of the Divine House and of the goddess Regina, the inhabitants...’. The one discovered before 1732 in Lanchester, located in the north-east of Great Britain, is engraved on an altar, which has a wild boar on the left side: *Reginae votum Misio v(otum) l(ibens) s(olvit)*, ‘To the Queen-Goddess, Misio willingly fulfilled his vow.’ The most interesting monument is the relief from Lemington, a town situated a few kilometers north of Lanchester, because it offers an inscription combined with a depiction of the goddess: *DEA RIIGINA*. The goddess is represented with a dress reaching down her knee. In her left hand she holds a spear standing down, and her right hand rests on a cylindrical object resembling the lower part of a temple twisted column. These attributes symbolize perhaps her sovereignty and power.

In addition to being mentioned in Irish mythology and Romano-British epigraphy, the goddess termed Rigani also appear in the Welsh medieval literature. One of the most important female mythological characters of the *Mabinogi* has the name Rhiannon, which comes from an old Celtic word, *Rigantona*, meaning the ‘Great Queen.’

Catubatos/Cathbad. The opinion of the druid Catubatuos/Cathbad can therefore be summarized so: Firstly: there was already enough dead like that.

Secondly: well now if you really want to go on the offensive, wait spring!

Nothing transcendent but some good advice to Cunocavaros/Conchobar could also have been to stop a little all that, to forget, to change the subject. Cunocavaros/Conchobar was apparently somebody who dreamed only of wounds and bumps.

Sound and fury. It is, of course, a nod to Shakespeare on behalf of the translator.

Mata of Murisca. Or Mata Murisca. It is the mother of Ailill.

Leodus. There is in the character Cunocavaros/Conchobar much of non-historical elements. And it is perhaps in his case as in that of the Hesus Cuchulainn some euhemerism in the wrong way (some myth changed into history) because in particular of the Christian monks having transcribed all these legends. It is possible nevertheless that all these geographical details are the memory of the ancient prerogatives of the Ulaid over the islands located in the north of Ireland and Scotland. Leodus is perhaps the Isle of Lewis, Cadd the county of Caithness and Orc the Orkneys. After all, historically speaking, there was well the kingdom of Dal Riata/Dal Riada. N.B. The country of the men of Catt was already mentioned in the chapter dealing with the training in martial arts of the Hesus Cuchulainn if I remember correctly. The rest of this geography is, of course, completely whimsical and is there only to show the power of the Ulaid (what we had already understood). Unfortunate Irish men in Connaught, how much they can be mocked or ridiculed in all these stories!

Gaul and foreign sovereigns. The name Gaul to designate France is, of course, due to the persistence of the intellectual traditions of Roman culture. France besides is still called Gaul (Gallia) in Greek. As for the Gallic language, it seems to have been still spoken about the time of Gregory of Tours at the end of the sixth century who speaks about Gallic language in the present, in the countryside of the area of Tours, even still spoken in Switzerland in the seventh century (replaced directly by Germanic dialects in German-speaking Switzerland) according to certain linguists experts in toponymy. N.B. The life of Saint Euthymius written by Cyril of Scythopolis (today Bet Shean in Israel) besides mentions still a monk contemporary of the saint, therefore living in the 6th century, named Procopius, native of Galatia, and who sometimes still spoke in Galatian. This is the paragraph LV (page 77 of the edition of Eduard Schwartz, Kyrillos von Skythopolis, Leipzig, 1939).

The exact phrase is "His language was bound, he could no longer speak to us. If he was forced to do so, he spoke in the language of the Galatians."

Bilingualism consequently had to be a reality until the fifth century over what today the territory of the French republic is (not forgetting the special case of Brittany because it is certain that Armorica was not deserted when immigrants from the other side of the channel began to arrive: cf. the stele of Plumergat).

It is certain also that the contribution of Gallic language in the formation of the French language has generally completely been underestimated for a very simple reason: the majority of the linguists of the 19th century knew all very well at least Greek and Latin, but very little for example knew Irish language. They therefore made the connection to be made only with what they knew, what is logical (hence their agreement on 150 words of Gallic origin in French only whereas there is, of course, more). Professor Jacques Lacroix puts forward the figure of 1000 (thousand words) in his book entitled the irreducibles ones published by the Editions Lemme in Chamalières. Duly noted. That having been said, on the other hand, it should be admitted well that the master of French druidism; the "Russian" Henry Lizeray, has completely wandered on the subject (some pure and simple Celtomaniac madness, nice but madness nevertheless).

The exchanges between what is called today Ireland and what is called today France were still sustained and undoubtedly continued in spite of the fall of the Roman Empire: it was well necessary to make wine come from somewhere to quench the made thirsty Irish throats. The wine then it was something, people did not joke with that!

Hence undoubtedly an early establishment of Christianity in certain districts of south Ireland. In doing so the notion of Gaul and of Gallic people became the very synonym of foreigners.

We will take for pieces of evidence of that only these two extracts of books devoted to vaster subjects.

"From medieval days down to the close of the eighteenth century Bordeaux was one of those great continental towns which had many and varied associations with Ireland. There are indeed traditions, a little vague but sometimes resting on authentic fact, which suggest still earlier associations. As far back as the fifth century, for example, when Gaul was overrun by barbarian hordes, little groups of scholars fled from that country to Ireland, bringing the new [for Irishmen] learning of Greece and Rome. At the time the chief university center of Gaul was Bordeaux, then known as Burdigala, and the place name (no longer extant) of Bordgal in Westmeath and other Irish counties indicates the establishment there of a school of learning which, as Kuno Meyer states (Learning in Ireland in the fifth century and the transmission of letters), was so called after their last home by the fugitive scholars from beyond the seas. At that early period, too, there is evidence that Bordeaux sent the wine of its rich countryside to the western and southern Irish shores" (Irish links with Bordeaux. Richard Hayes).

"Kuno Meyer (Learning in Ireland in the fifth century and the transmission of letters) following up an interesting suggestion made by Professor Zimmer, ascribes the revived intellectual impulse visible in Ireland from the sixth century onward to the arrival from Gaul of a body of learned men flying in the fifth century before the irruption of the Goths and Huns, and he relies for this explanation on a passage in the writing of a Gaulish grammarian named Virgilius Maro, who lived in the fifth century, near the time of the exodus of which he speaks, and whose works were read in Ireland. This Virgilius says that "the depopulation of the entire Empire commenced ... and owing to their devastation all the learned men on this side of the sea fled away, and in transmarine parts, i.e., in Hiberia and wherever they betook themselves, they brought about a very great advance of learning to the inhabitants of those regions." Zimmer and Meyer would read Hibernia for Hiberia or Spain, which would not be called a transmarine district or be reached across the sea (History of Ireland. Eleanor Hull).

Rofir. A great man.

Sciggire. Perhaps Faroe Islands.

Brodor Roth and Brodor Fiuit. Perhaps two Viking kings, Roth and Fiuit being two words coming from the old Norse and meaning Red or White according to Stokes.

Sudiam. Sweden or one of the Faroe islands. On Vikings and Celts read the excellent book of the great French specialist who is Jean Renaud devoted to this subject.



Romra. Firth of Solway ? The continuation of this list seems a little to mix everything. It has nevertheless the virtue of emphasizing one of the functions of the former druids: that of ambassadors or ministers of foreign affairs for the kings. Because druids were indeed in a way the intellectuals of the Celtic society of the time. We have an excellent example of that with the Haeduan great druid Diviciacus who, alas, will finish in the shoes of a traitor (but at the time he was yet only an imprudent patriot). In 60 before our era, he went to Rome in order to ask some assistance against the Germanics of Ariovistus.

"When neighboring nations, envying that new prize of brotherhood with Rome, and stirred by hatred to the point of destroying themselves, had called upon the Germanics to assist them as their masters, the chief of the Aedui came to the Senate, informed it of the situation, and when invited to sit with it, claimed less for himself than was conceded and gave his whole speech leaning on his shield" (speech of thanks to Constantine Augustus. In the name of the inhabitants of Flavia. By Eumenius of Autun in 312).

Let us specify in order to avoid any ambiguity that Diviciacus, in spite of what Eumenius writes a few centuries later, was not at the time Head of the Haeduan State (vergobret = president) but simple druid. And although being himself armed apparently he should not have gone alone in Rome but accompanied by a whole escort of strong strapping lads armed to the teeth.

Neo-druids of today, do not mix especially politics and spirituality. Do not order the good, do it around you, yourself, personally, set an example. That must be enough even if we are entitled to remain skeptical in relation to the Maharishi effect. NB. Maharishi effect. Some sociologists indeed noted that the Maharishi effect was felt from the threshold of 1% (in the case of the Transcendental Meditation) or from the square root of 1% (in the case of the program of TM-Sidhi). How it would be liked that it would be true!

Do not commit especially the fatal error to do like the Muslim Mu'tazilites: thinking of doing good (to fight against ignorance obscurantism superstition) they ended up establishing the first of the great inquisitions in history, the Mihna (God knows, however, that caliph Al-Ma'mun was a rational mind and a cultivated man! Was he really deceived by the Sabians of Harran ?\*) And in any event De minimis not curat druids! No druidic law on the way of brushing one's teeth for example (sincerely, you see yourselves preaching urine as toothpaste to do as the Celtiberians quoted by Strabo (Book II. Chapter IV).

16.... They live on a low moral plane, that is, they have regard, not for rational living, but rather for satisfying their physical needs and bestial instincts, unless someone thinks those men have regard for rational living who wash using urine which they have aged in cisterns, and brush their teeth with it, both they and their wives, as the Cantabrians and the neighboring peoples are said to do. But both this custom and that of sleeping on the ground the Iberians share with the Celts. Some say the Callaicans have no god, but the Celtiberians and their neighbors on the north offer sacrifices to a nameless god at the seasons of the full moon, by night, in front of the doors of their houses, and whole households dance in chorus and keep it up all night.

\* In every case the ploy will succeed and a brilliant two centuries period opened for Harranism (Arabic harraniya). Most famous of the Sabians of Harran was Thabit ibn Qurra, a mathematician and astronomer, who translated into Arabic very many Greek scientific texts.

It matters therefore, the neo-druids, as the Fenians, not being some men of only one book but of several, in order to seek truth to the other end of the world if necessary (principle of the search for the Holy Grail); but being deeply pagan and of a well-understood genuine paganism of course (i.e., open to the others and not ethnocentric, not racists) to say some words of them.

There were two kinds of pagan people in the area of Harran (formerly Carrhes, today the south-east of Turkey) in the time of Caliph Al-Ma'mun: the final successors of the last philosophers of Athens driven out by the Christians, and the farmers of the surrounding countryside, still sensitive to what had become the religion of their country before the advent of Christianity. Moreover, of course, there were those who found themselves a little in both.

With regard to the Neo-Platonist philosophical School of Harran here what we can say.

Byzantine Emperor Justinian (483-565), in order to carry out the hegemony of his empire, what supposed in his eyes, the religious unity within Christianity, persecuted Jews pagans and heretics, according to him, ah religion of love, after it is enough to have confessed to be forgiven. All were excluded from military service, public jobs and teaching. It is therefore in this context that an edict signed in 529 prohibited from teaching philosophy, to explain the laws, and to play dice (sic). Christian

State therefore made the schools of Athens closed, it was the last asylum of letters and of philosophy, and confiscated all their possessions. Besides it is thought generally that no philosophical activity could de facto resume in the Greek capital after these steps of prohibition.

The reappearing strength of the Neoplatonist School under the impulse of Damascius was perhaps besides a cause of the persecution launched by Justinian against philosophers, who incarnated the last true resistance to Christianity. Damascius had indeed undertaken a whole reorganization of the Neoplatonist School, fallen in decline after the death of Proclus (485).

Damascius as well as a certain number of his colleagues (Simplicius and five other men less known) and accompanied by some pupils or disciples perhaps, left then to Persia and reached the court of the Sassanid philosopher king Kawat, to whom his son Khosro (Chosroes in Greek) 1st succeeded who took them under his protection, and made of them even one of the conditions of the signature of the peace treaty in 532.

The whole question is to know where the latter of the philosophers were established after the signature of this "peace" which envisaged their protection. Some authors affirm that they set out again for Athens. We can doubt it. They undoubtedly preferred, of course, to get closer to the Byzantine empire, but while remaining well in territory placed under the direct authority of the Sassanid King Khosro their guard.

The city of Carrhae or Harran which was in a way a frontier city was the one which gathered all these conditions as well as possible. More especially as Damascius kept in mind a precedent having what to make somebody reflect, the Syriac Nestorian Christian School of Nisibis, driven out of Edessa by persecutions from official Christians in 489, and which, since its opening at Nisibis in Persian territory, enjoyed a considerable freedom of thought.

The remarks of Al-Masudi (Kitab muruj al-dahab or book of meadows of gold as well as kitab Al-tanbih wa-l-ashraf, in connection with one of the groups of Sabians in Harran), make them indeed indisputably Platonists lost in the middle of the 10th century (Al-Masudi visited Harran in 943).

On the knocker of the main door of their meeting room Al-Masudi saw indeed an inscription in Syriac characters, drawn from Plato: "Who knows oneself in truth becomes God." At least such is the meaning of this transcription into Syriac of the quotation of Plato.

In the kitab Al-tanbih, the sentence is combined with another one: "Who knows oneself knows everything." This combination belongs to a line of argument typically Neoplatonist.

The Arabic word Yunaniyyun (literally the Ionians) does not designate only ancient Greeks (Hellenes), but also more precisely the pagan Greeks in opposition to the Christian Byzantines (= "Romans"), and not only the pagan Greeks besides, but more precisely the pagan Greek philosophers, even the Platonist ones precisely.

Neither Yunan neither yunaniyya nor yunaniyyun in any case designates Christian Greeks who are called "Rum" i.e. "Romans."

Arab intellectual Al-Farabi (875-950) also mentions in his book about music that he held some of his information on music from "pure Greeks" or "pure Hellenes" (yunaniyyun hullas), carefully distinguished from Byzantine "Romans" or Christians. Furthermore, he distinguishes these "pure Greeks," who were his contemporaries and came from the vicinity (giwar) of the Arabic empire (mamlakaal-arab), from the "Elder among the Greeks" (Al-qudam' min Al-yunaniyyin), name which designates in the context former philosophers and theorists of music. The mention "pure Greek," close to the Arabic empire or come to settle there, indicates there still some Hellenes dwelling in the Diyar mudar (the district of Harran) or come to reside there because they could be able to find a center of pagan culture then. It is indeed more than probable these pagans were intellectuals since Al Farabi therefore apparently learned with them something in addition to what he withdrew from treatises about musical theory. It cannot therefore be a group of itinerant musicians, simple traveling acrobats. The epithet "pure" that ascribe themselves these Yunaniyyun or "Hellenes" can be brought closer to the calling that some Harranians reserved to themselves apparently, namely hunafa (singular hanif), to claim themselves to be the last heirs to the ancient paganism.

Considering the meaning that the word hanif had in Quranic Arabic language (true original monotheism, that of Abraham for example) this claim of hunafism could therefore only cause some mix-up in the mind of the Muslims of the time, a mix-up which, as we have had the opportunity to say it

in the beginning , will therefore end up profiting for these last heirs to the persecuted by the Christians philosophers, and being advantageous for them, since they will disappear from History only in 1251 (with the Mongol invasion which will destroy the city).

Seimne. If it is the estuary of the Shannon, north seems a rather absurd location. This is why Edmund Hogan chooses the south-east of Larne (county Antrim).

Banquets banquets. If Ulaid spend more time having fun with festivals than to be ready militarily speaking, it should come as no surprise if after that they escape disaster by a hair.

The king of Norway. All that resembles much and it is undoubtedly not really a chance (oral tradition), a raid of Vikings against the Irish coasts (they began in 795 : Inismurray, Inisbofin). The author adapts his account while drawing from the topicality or the recent past lived by his contemporaries. But that also undoubtedly evokes the six mythical invasions having contributed to the peopling of Ireland according to the Lebor Gabala Erenn.

The Gauls of Leinster. This province in Ireland had indeed a reputation to have been founded by continental Celts as the legends in connection with the king of kings in Ireland, Lowry/Labraid Loingseach, show it. Two theses clash about him. The first: he was an invader who carved out a kingdom for himself in Ireland using Continental mercenary warriors. The second: it is the euhemerization with the wrong way of an ancient deity of the inhabitants of Munster. Both theses not being completely irreconcilable besides.

Muma. Without any doubt the ancient mother goddess in Munster.

Dishonored. The druid Sencha is indeed supposed to know everyone and to inform the king consequently. The great French specialist in druidism who is Christian-Joseph Guyonvarc'h very precisely notes he plays the same role as the Latin nomenclator but on an infinitely higher level since in Rome the nomenclator was a slave. Guyonvarc'h quotes beside the legendary case of the druids Crom Deroil and Crom Darail whose heavy professional shortage in this field (the trade of dorsaide), according to the story entitled "the intoxication of the Ulaid," will almost end up in disaster for their side. But as there are two different versions of the story, it is difficult for us to say more on this subject.

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Sencha son of Ailill went consequently to the place where that great armada was, and he asked them: "who goes here?"

What they answered it is that they were foreign friends of Cunocavaros/Conchobar who were there. Sencha then went to meet Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

This is good, my very dear Cunocavaros/Conchobar, they are your foreign friends who are there, come from Gaules and other countries.

Cunocavaros/Cavaros held a grudge against whole Ireland because of his impetuosity, because he was hotheaded, even his fierceness. & ro mebaid loim cráo & fola dara bél sell sechtair. & in cháep chró & fola ro boí fora chride is sí ro sceastar ra halt na huairesin. A foam of gore and blood burst through his mouth a little out and his heart was ebullient with anger ????

Well, O Hesus Cuchulainn, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, let the horses of the plain of Muirthemne be caught by you; let four-wheeled chariots be then harnessed to them. And bring the nobles of Norway in these four-wheeled cars in the bright-faced castle of Delga. So that the kings of Norway can use the drink and the enjoyment hall which was prepared for me.

Then the horses of the plain of Muirthemne were caught and the chariots as well as the other four-wheeled cars yoked to them. They left to meet the kings of Norway and the latter were brought back in the bright-faced castle of Delga and Cunocavaros/Conchobar vacated the mansion. So that it seemed it was for the kings of Norway it was prepared after that.

Thereupon carvers (rannair) to cut out the meat and cupbearers (dalemain) to serve drinks appeared. That banquet began to be served to the nobles of Norway and they all were quickly drunk and right

merry. When ale had begun to take effect , while appearing more powerful than men, and that it was only a conversation of every pair and of every three of them , ba comrád cacha dessi & cach thrír dib ???? they were put in their apartments and in their couches, and in their sleeping rooms.

Tunes and amusing songs and pleasant eulogies were sung for them, and they tarried there till the clear time of rising on the morrow.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar rose early on the morrow, and the Hesus Cuchulain was brought to him. That is well, little hound of Culann, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Give the rest of the banquet to the nobles of Norway, that they may be fully satisfied. And let intelligencers and messengers be sent from you through the land of the Ulaid to muster the warriors of the kingdom. Let their friends from the foreign lands or from beyond be ministered unto by them also, while I go to the mouth of the water of Luachann, and a position and camp is taken by me there. Say for me too to the three fifties elders and old champions that are in their repose of age under Irgalach son of Macclách son of Congal son of Rudraige, having laid aside their exercise of arms and their weapon, say for me to them to come with me on this campaign and on the hosting, so that I will have their help and their advice. Let them go to it if they have a mind, said the Hesus Cuchulain but it is not I that will go and ask it of them.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar went on consequently himself in the great royal house in which were the veterans and the old champions. They raised their heads out of their assa n-atib & assa n-imdadaib out of their places to see the large-eyed majestic king and they could not contain their excitation. They almost leaped with joy in the mansion.

Good, our good lord and chief, said they, what has made you travel and moved you towards us today? Have you not heard, answered them Cunocavaros/Conchobar, of this expedition on which came the four provinces of Ireland to us, and with which were brought their men of music, of amusement, and of eulogy, that the more conspicuous might be the ravages, and that the greater might be the devastation; our fortresses and our fine dwellings were burned, so that they were no higher than their bases , and their outhouses. And so I should like an expedition intended to avenge us, and that it be your direction and by your counsel that the military campaign and the march may proceed.

Let our steeds be caught by you and let our chariots be yoked by you, till we go on this campaign and this expedition with you, they said.

Then their old chargers were caught by them and their old chariots were yoked and they came on to the mouth of the Water of Luachann that night.

And this was told to the four great provinces of Eriu. And the three waves of green Erin made the land trembling Eriu before this that night, namely the wave of Clidna, the wave of Rudraige, and the wave of Tuage Inbir. It is then that Eochu son of Luchta went on with the native clans of dorecartachaib Dedad ? to Temair Luachra from the north-west. It is then that Ailill and Maeve [went] to their fortress of Cruachan in the Connaugh. It is then that Find son of Ros king of the Gauls [in Leinster] went with the clans of Derg about him to Dinn Rig over the clear-bright river Barrow. It is then that Carpre Nia Fer went with the Laginians of Temair about him to Temair (Leinster).

Eochu son of Luchta and the Dedad clan agreed upon the following resolution: everything would have its payment and every payment would match something, refit of his territory and of his land to Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach, namely a palisade in the place of every palisade, a solarium in the place of every solarium (grianan), a house in the place of every house, a cow in the place of every cow, a bull in the place of every bull, and the dun Termagant of Cualnge over and above, plus the price of his honor in red gold for Cunocavaros/Conchobar, on the other hand, no hostility from him towards the Irishmen.

This agreement, as well as envoys or messengers, were dispatched by Eochu son of Luchta to the castle of Ailill and Maeve with the detail of the proposal, and all was related to Maeve and Ailill.

Maeve answered : It is a maneuver from him with those who advise us that. For so long as there is among us one to whom it will be possible to take the hilt of a sword and the shield strap of a shield about his neck [to have the shield on his back], that proposal will not go to him.

We have not urged on you that counsel, you bad woman , said Ailill. For not greater is our share of that compensation than the share of every man of the four great provinces of Ireland who was on the expedition intended to seize the cattle of Cualnge.

Perhaps finally you are right said Maeve????

Who should go on that embassy? said Ailill.

Who ? said Maeve, but Dorn Ibair, grandson of the anvil of the smith , and Fadb Darach, grandson of Omna?

His chuckle of laughter broke out on Fergus.

What causes your loud mirth? said Ailill.

I have good reason for that, said Fergus, the man that is the greatest enemy to the Ulaid in the world to be sent by Maeve to go to them! For had he not done any wrong before or after to them, except to wound mortally Mend son of Salcholcu on the Boinne river, it would be enough of wrong for him. And though it be so, said Fergus, he need not fear for this time, and let him go thither. For the assemblies of that people are not treacherous.

It is then that these proceeded to Temair.

Finn son of Ross ? king of the red-handed province of Lagen (Leinster), went with the clans of Derg about him to Temair northwards, to the place where his brother Carpre Nia Fer was. And those offers were made known to them. It was debated by them, who should go with that message. It is this that they decided finally, that it was Fidach the fury of the wood of Gaible, for he was a wise, modest, truly prudent man. It is then that these proceeded northwards to the place in which Cunocavaros/Conchobar was; and they told him therefore of those proposals, namely "Every living [thing] for its payment, and every payment for its living [thing]. Reparation of his territory and of his land to Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna; and a wall in the place of every wall, and a solarium (grianán) in the place of every solarium (grianán), a house in the place of every house, a cow in the place of every cow, a bull in the place of every bull, and the dun Termagant of Cualnge over and above; in addition the equal breadth of his face of red gold to Cunocavaros/Conchobar; on the other hand, no expedition of hostility against the men of Eriu for this time."

Thus was Cunocavaros/Conchobar addressing them, and he spoke the words below.

Whence the envoys have come

And why hither from afar?

Say me everything!

Is it to tell me your adventures?

Is it to do me homage and to swear me loyalty?

We have come from the valorous city of Cruachan

Which is not little in fame,

To see you in all friendship, O Cunocavaros/Conchobar

In view of your valor;

We have come to move a proposal to you,

O great king of the Ulaid!

From Maeve and from noble Ailill,

Calma a crí , the personified courage ?

Name to me your noble request

You whose fame is not small,

You most sprightly handsome warriors band

whence soever it be.

Whence, etc.

I give you my word, indeed, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, that I will not take terms from you, till there has been the place of my pavilion in every province in Ireland, as they have set up their tents, their booths, and their huts in my kingdom.

Good, O Cunocavaros/Conchobar, said they, where may you take a halt and encampments tonight? In Ros na Ríg above the clear-bright Boinne River, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. For Cunocavaros/Conchobar concealed not ever from his worst enemy the place in which he would take a station or camp, that they might not say that it was fear or dread that caused him not to say it.

They set out again then southwards in the direction of Tara to the place where Carpre Nia Fer and Finn son of Ross were and these tidings were announced to them.

Good, then, said Carpre Nia Fer, if it is towards us that Cunocavaros/Conchobar and the Ulaid will first turn their face, let Ailill and Maeve come to our aid and to our help. If they go first in fact into the beautiful and pleasing (cendfind) ? province of Connaught, we will come to their aid and we will help them.

Envoys therefore left to the place where Ailill and Maeve were in order to prevent them and when they arrived Maeve began to ask tidings from them.

She spoke to them by making the following speech.

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

Excitation. Reaction which is explained by the mentality of then.

They are human beings, members of a social class convinced it is better to die armed and by fighting to reach Heaven than in a bodily and mental state of decline.

Valerius Maximus. Book II. Chapter VI.

10. When someone has left the walls of Massilia [Marseilles] behind they run into the old custom of the Celts. Tradition has it that the Celts will lend you money, but you will have to pay back the loan in the Other World. They do this because they are convinced that human souls are immortal. I would call them fools if these men in their breeches did not have the same belief as Pythagoras in his Greek cloak...They jump for joy when they are at war, because they will leave this life in a glorious and happy way, but they lament them when they are sick, because they will die in a disgusting and miserable way. The Celtiberians even think it is a disgrace to survive a battle when their leader dies since they promised to protect him with their lives. You would have to praise the resoluteness of both these peoples, because the Cimbrians and Celtiberians believe that they must bravely uphold the security of their country and the spirit of loyalty among fellow soldiers.

Editor's note. Cimbrians and Teutones were the last of the Celtic peoples, at the very least engaged in a process of Celtization. And the language of Celtiberians was a Celtic language. What Valerius Maximus writes on the greed of the Celts in the area of Marseilles is very surprising because that contradicted all that we can know of them (the soldurii and so on...). Could it be that Valerius Maximus is quite simply an anti-Celt racist?

We can, of course, mock such beliefs but all other things being equal we find exactly the same ones in Islam.

Quran indeed promises Heaven very explicitly to those who die in action.

Chapter 8 verse 67: "It is not for any prophet to have captives until he has made slaughter in the land. You desire the lure of this world and God desires (for you) the Paradise , God is Mighty and Wise."

Chapter 9 verse 111: " Lo! Allah hath bought from the believers their lives and their wealth because the Garden will be theirs: they shall fight in the way of God and shall slay and be slain. It is a promise which is binding on Him in the Torah and the Gospel and the Quran. Who fulfills His covenant better than Allah ?"

Chapter 4 verse 74 : "Let those fight in the way of Allah who sells the life of this world for the other. Whosoever fight in the way of God, be he slain or be he victorious, on him we shall bestow a vast reward."

Chapter 2 verse 216: "Warfare to the death is ordained for you, though it is hateful unto you; but it may happen that you hate a thing which is good for you, and it may happen that you love a thing which is bad for you."

Chapter 8 verse 17: "You slew them not, but God slew them. And you threw not when you did throw, but God, that He might test the believers by a fair test from him. God is hearer and knower."

Chapter 5 verse 33: "The only reward of those who make war upon God and His messenger and strive after corruption in the land will be that they will be killed or crucified, or will be expelled out of the land. Such will be their degradation in the world, and in the Hereafter theirs will be an awful doom (the hell)".

Chapter 8 verse 39: "And fight them until religious confrontations (civil war, trouble) are no more, and religion is all for God. But if they cease, then God is seer of what they do."

Chapter 9 verse 5: "When the months of sacred truce have passed, slay the non-believers wherever you find them, and take them (captive), and besiege them, and prepare for them each ambush. But if they repent and establish worship and pay the religious tax, then leave their way free. Lo! God is Forgiving and Merciful."

Chapter 9 verse 29: "Fight against such of those who have been given the Scripture as do not believe in God nor the Last Day [end of the world and day doom], and do not forbid that which God hath forbidden by his messenger, and do not follow the religion of truth ( ? ), until they pay in person the tribute [of the dhimmis] readily, being brought low."

Chapter 9 verse 123: "O you who believe! Fight those of the non-believers who are near to you, and let them find harshness in you, and know that God is with those who keep their duty (unto Him)."

Chapter 47 verse 4: "Now when you meet in battle those who disbelieve, then it is smiting of the necks until, when you have routed them, then making fast of bonds."

Chapter 47 verse 35: "So do not falter and cry out for peace when you will be the uppermost, and God is with you, and he will not grudge the reward of your actions."

These "divine" sentences will constantly be taken over during the centuries by the commentators and the theologists of Islam. Examples:

Sahih Bukhari (4,52,73 and 4,52,210).

God's Apostle said, "Know that Paradise is under the shades of swords." (See also Sahih Muslim, 20,4681).

Sahih Muslim (20,4678).

It has been reported on the authority of Jabir that a man said: Messenger of God, where shall I be if I am killed? He replied: In Paradise. The man threw away the dates he had in his hand and fought until he was killed (i.e., he did not wait until he could finish the dates).

Editor's note : WITH THIS BASIC DIFFERENCE NEVERTHELESS THAT (minded) ANCIENT CELTS DID NOT FIGHT SOMEBODY FOR QUESTIONS OF TRUE OR FALSE RELIGION OR WORSHIP TO PAY BACK TO SUCH OR SUCH GOD BUT GENERALLY FOR QUESTIONS OF FREEDOM. See the speeches of Critognatus and Boudicca (in England) and Calgacus (in Scotland).

"Whenever I consider the origin of this war and the necessities of our position, I have a sure confidence that this day, and this union of yours, will be the beginning of freedom to the whole of Britain. To all of us slavery is a thing unknown; there are no lands beyond us, and even the sea is not safe, menaced as we are by a Roman fleet. And thus in war and battle, in which the brave find glory,

even the coward will find safety. Former contests, in which, with varying fortune, the Romans were resisted, still left in us a last hope of succor, inasmuch as being the most renowned nation of Britain, dwelling in the very heart of its sanctuary, and out of sight of the shores of the slavery, we could keep even our eyes unpolluted by the contagion of tyranny. To us who dwell on the uttermost confines of the earth and of freedom, this remote sanctuary of Britain's glory has up to this time been a defense. Now, however, the furthest limits of Britain are thrown open, and the unknown always passes for the marvelous. But there are no tribes beyond us (to receive us ?), nothing indeed but waves and rocks, and in front of us there are Romans, from whose hubris escape is vainly sought by obedience and submission. Robbers of the world, having by their universal plunder exhausted the land, they rifle the deep. If their enemy be rich, they are rapacious; if he be poor, they lust for dominion; neither the east nor the west has been able to satisfy them. Alone among men they covet with equal eagerness the riches and the lean possessions of the poor people. To robbery, slaughter, plunder, they give the name of rule; they make solitude and call it peace (Tacitus, Agricola, 30).

Waves. Undoubtedly recollections of druidic cosmogony. It is not a question, of course, in this case of three true waves surrounding Ireland but of three waves surrounding ..... the land (from where the image of the snake in other mythical cosmologies). The definitely incorrigible Irish bards couldn't help nevertheless locating them or seeing them at work at such place rather at such other.

Temair Luachra. Does not have to be confused with the Tara or Temair of the Leginians or Laigin ascribed later to the Irish kings of the kings. It must be another site.

Dedad are a former population of pre-Gaelic Ireland, perhaps related to the Erainn having given their name to the country (Ireland). Some specialists think the famous Ferdiad who fought lengthily with the Hesus Cuchulainn during the cattle raid of Cualnge, was perhaps a member of this tribe (Fer Dedad).

Leginians or Laigin. According to the legendary cycle concerning the high king Labraid Loingsech, they would be descendants of Gallic invaders. Very old genealogical poems distinguish three groups among them, Leginians proper, Gauls and Dumnoneans (Dumnonii of England).

The dun Termagant of Cualnge. Eochu seems to be unaware that he died after having triumphed over the White-horned.

The price of his honor. Literally the price of his face. Cf. the expression "to lose face."

The anvil of the smith. In Gaelic Cipp goband. Undoubtedly a name intended to make people laugh or smile.

He need not fear. Fergus wants to say through this way that as an ambassador his person will be inviolable. He will profit from the diplomatic immunity.

He did not conceal ever from his worst enemy the place in which he would take camp...fortunately that in the history it never lacked Celtic war leaders capable of a little more strategy. As both Brennos (the one of Rome and the one of Delphi), and even Vercingetorix whose plan (to crush Roman legions between the walls of Alesia and an immense relief army) was even almost successful (but there had been treason from Aedui so .....). To lie to the enemy, to mislead him or to keep him unaware, are nevertheless attitudes that everyone (or almost) finds normal in the event of war or of conflict. The ulamas [scholars of Islam] consider that fraud in time of war is legitimate (...) fraud is a form of the art of war."

According to Mukaram, this fraud is called takkiya: "the takkiya being used to deceive the enemy is allowed."



Ibn Al 'Arabi even declares: "In the hadiths [quotations and actions of Muhammad], the lie in time of war is well attested. In fact, the lie is even more emphasized than the obligation of courage."

What is not completely the case in certain cases of using takkiya, by Muslims, where the lie is used while at the same time there is a peace or a truce since a long time with the ex-enemy.

Verse 28 of chapter 3 in Quran (Do not Let the believers [Muslims] take disbelievers [non-Muslims] for their friends in preference to believers) is indeed thus commented on by Muhammad ibn Jarir At-Tabari (deceased in 923), author of a traditional comment of Quran which is an authority.

If you [Muslims] are under their rule and that you fear for yourselves, behave honestly with them in words while keeping in your heart animosity against them... [know that] God prohibited to the believers, friendship or intimacy with the disbelievers rather than with other believers, except when disbelievers are placed above them [in terms of rule]. If it were the case, that they act in a friendly way towards them while preserving their religion

Abu Ja'far Muhammad At-Tabari, Jami' Al-Bayanan ta' wil ayi' l-Qur'an Al-Ma'ruf: Tafsir At-Tabari. Vol. 3, p. 267.

On this same verse of the Quran, Ibn Kathir (deceased in 1373), another leading authority, wrote: "Whoever, in every place and time that it is, fears... it is harmed to him [by non-Muslims] has the right to protect himself by his external behavior." In support of this interpretation, he quotes a close companion of Muhammad, Abu Darda, who said: "Let us smile to the face of some people whereas our heart curses them."

Imad ad-Din Isma'il Ibn Kathir, Tafsir al-Quran al-Karim. Vol. 1, p. 350.

Other major authors, as Abu Abdullah Al-Qurtubi (1214-73) and Muhyi' d-Din ibn Al-Arabi (1165-1240), extended takkiya to actions. In other words, Muslims have the right to behave like disbelievers and even worse - for example while prostrating themselves before idols or crosses and while worshipping them, while doing false witnesses and even while revealing the disbelieving enemy the weaknesses of their Muslim brethren, as long as they do not go to the point of really killing a Muslim: "takkiya, even practiced out of any duress, does not lead to a state of disbelieving - even if it leads to a sin worthy of the hellfire." Isn't God merciful and forgiving?

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Maeve.

Whence come the envoys?

Tell me of your journey

To Conchobar of Carn;

Waits he in Emania,

The chief of the banquets?

Or is it that he comes for strife

Because of the rustling of their bull?

The Ulaid wait not

It was not relevant or reasonable [to think]

That they are satisfied to watch Breg

The plunder will not be slight

Until they reach the sea

Until they work ravages

On the territory of Carpre Nia Fer.

Maeve.

They will be running before us while fleeing,

And their heads will be separated from their bodies

If he comes from home.

I shall be here in my homesteads,

Without fault and without reproach

For I think Laginians [from Leinster] enough

Against the man.

If the sons of Magach should come

The bold, warlike band,

Their shooting will be gory-red  
In the battle of Ros na Ríg.

Maeve.  
If the king of Macha comes,  
His colors will be turned back,  
His makeshift vessels (ratha) will be overcome,  
His might will be lowered.

If these bands arrive  
Then a muster will be made by us,  
And our army will be as one man  
For the real combats.

Whence, etc.

To return to Cunocavaros/Conchobar, he came on with the whole multitude of his great army to Accal Breg and to Sligid Breg ? There Ailill, the lord of the country, met him then.  
Good then, Cunocavaros/Conchobar, said Ailill, what is the vast number of a great army that is behind you and where is it your pleasure to go?  
To Ros na Ríg above the clear-bright Boinne river here, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.  
That place is not secured for you, replied Ailill, but it is insecure. For the Gauls and the Leginians of Temair are there before you.  
It is a geis to me to go my way, replied Cunocavaros/Conchobar. And it is another geis to me to go into the battle of every number.  
Let a position and encampment be taken by us here for the present, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. Let our stations be pitched here, and let our tents be erected. Let our booths and our tents be constructed. Let preparation of food and drink be made. Let dinner and victuals be made. Let tunes and merry songs and eulogies be sung by us here.

Then were their positions fixed here and their pavilions were pitched, their huts and their tents were made. Their fires were kindled, cooking of food and drink was made; baths of clean-bathing were made by them, and their hair was smooth-combed; their persons were minutely cleansed, supper and victuals were eaten by them; and tunes and merry songs and eulogies were sung by them.

Good then, Ulaid, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, do we find among you one who will go to estimate and to reconnoiter the army?  
I will go, said Féic, son of Folloman, son of Fachtna Fathach.  
Féic, son of Folloman, son of Fachtna Fathach, went on till he reached the fortified hill of the clear-bright Boinne. Thereupon he began measuring and reconnoitering the army. But his spirit chafed greatly about them. I will go northwards now, said Féic, to the place in which the Ulaid are, and I will tell them that the army is driving me away. The Ulaid will come from the north. Each of them will take up his station of battle and conflict and combat. The glory and the honor and the distinction of the fighting will be no greater for me afterwards than for every single private of the Ulaid. So what is there for me that I should not engage my combat at once straight away?  
And he went on over across the waters of the Boinne but was lost while wanting to skirt around them.

Their van closed on their rear, their right-wing joined their left, and the whole army shouted at once around him. It was not dared by him to be against the huge army, but he wanted came on towards the river over which he had come across. And there three times, alas, for him, it is not that it was leaped by him at all, but he leaped a false leap into the clear-bright Boinne.  
Where was the water that was deeper than elsewhere, he leaped a false leap there, so that a wave laughed over him, and he was drowned in that pool without life at all. Lasting and long-lived after him was the memorial of it, for Féic's Pool was the name of the place in which he drowned.

It seemed truly long to Cunocavaros/Conchobar that the man was absent.

Good, truly, Ulaid, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, do I find among you one who will go to estimate and to reconnoiter the army?

I will go, said Daigi son of Dega of the Ulaid.

And he went forward to the same hill dominating the brink of the clear-bright Boine River.

He began measuring and reconnoitering the opposite army. And his spirit and his nature and his mind chafed about them in the same way, and he was saying the same things. I will go northwards indeed and I will tell the Ulaid that the armies are pursuing me yonder. The Ulaid will arrive from the north.

Each of them will take up his station of battle of conflict and of combat; and the glory and the honor and the distinction of the fighting will be no greater for me than for every single private of them. So I will go rather against the army, that I may put my combat before.

He went over the Boinne River across, and he rushed rashly on the opposite army. The hosts came at once around him on both sides also, and a wound of lances was made of him, so that he fell by them.

It seemed long indeed to Cunocavaros/Conchobar that these two men were absent.

Good indeed, Irgalach, son of Macclach, son of Congal, son of Rudraige, say though who is proper to go to estimate and to reconnoiter the army?

Who should go there, replied Irgalach, but Iriel, good at arms, great kneed, son of Conall the Victorious. He is a Conall for havoc, he is a Hesus Cuhulainn for dexterity of feats. He is a Catubatuos/Cathbad, the right-wonderful druid, for intelligence and for counsel, he is a Sencha son of Ailill for peace and for good speech, he is a Celtchar son of Uthechar for valor, he is a Cunocavaros/Conchobar son of Fachtna Fathach for kingliness and for wide-eyedness, for giving of treasures and of wealth and of riches. Who should go except it be Iriel?

I will go there, said Iriel.

It is then that Iriel went forward to the same dominating hill, over the brink of the clear-bright river Boinne. He began measuring and reconnoitering the opposite army. His spirit, or his mind, or his thoughts did not chafe. Then he brings their description with him to the place in which Cunocavaos/Conchobar was.

How, my very dear Iriel? said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

I give my word truly, said the latter, it seemed to me that there is not ford on a river, nor stone on a hill, nor highways nor road in the territory of Breg or Mide, that is not full of their horse teams and of their squires. It seemed to me that their apparel and their gear and their garments are the blaze of a royal house in the plain.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar said:

Is it true, what the men declare,  
O valorous white-kneed Iriel,  
Three battalions on the plain to the left  
Before us in waiting?

They are in ambush before you  
In the wood that the Boine goes round (ross)  
Three battalions of Derg clan  
They blaze like fire across the plain.

The warriors that went from us  
To ascertain what strength the army is  
Will not come back hither because of their hubris (miad nar lac)  
It is the truth of it; here all what one can declare!

Is it true, etc.

Good, O Ulaid, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, what is your advice to us about this battle of ours?

Our advice is, said the Ulaid, to wait till the bulk of our army our champions and our leaders and our commanders and our supporters of battle come.

Not long was their waiting and not great was the stay, till they saw three chariot warriors approaching them, and a band of twelve hundred men along with each charioteer. It is these that were there, three men skilled in the art of the Ulaid, namely Catubatuos/Cathbad the right-wonderful druid, Aithern the Importunate, and Amorgen another man skilled in the art.

Good, O warriors,said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, what is your advice to us?  
Our advice is,said they, to wait until the bulk of our army our champions our leaders our lords and our supporters of battle come.  
It is then they waited.

Not great was the waiting and not long was the delay, till they saw three other chariot warriors approaching them, and a band of thirteen men hundreds along with each charioteer. It is they that came then, Eogan son of Durthacht, Gaine son of Daurthacht, and Carpre son of Daurthacht.

What is your advice to us, O warriors? said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.  
Our advice is, said they, to wait till our strong men and our leaders and our lords and our supporters of battle come. They waited.

Not great was the waiting, and not long was the delay, till they saw three other chariot fighters approaching them. It is they that came then, the three sons of Connad the Yellow, son of Iliach, namely Loegaire the Victorious, and Cairell the Havoc-worker, and Aed of the mighty deeds. A band of fourteen hundred along with each charioteer of them.

What is your advice to us, O warriors? said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.  
Our advice is,said they, to wait until the bulk of our army our champions our leaders our lords and our supporters of battle come.

We have not prepared that for you, O warriors. For there is a third of the army of the Ulaid here, and there is not but a third of the army of the Irishmen yonder, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. What is there for us that we should not give the battle?

It is then that Cunocavaros/Conchobar rose and took his fight gear and his battle dress and they went over the river across and the other armies arose to them on going over the water of the Boinne across. Each of them took to hacking and to cutting down the other, and destroying and to wounding till there was no similitude of the Ulaid at that juncture of time, except it were a huge sturdy oak wood in the middle of a plain, and a great army were to go close to it; and the slender and the small of the wood were cut off, and its huge sturdy oaks were left behind. It is this that their young and novice squires and their young auxiliaries were cut off, so that there were none but their champions and their most experienced and their great heroes of valor behind them. But being no longer borne nor supported by their young novice squires a kingly brilliant clash burst through the battle field northwards.

Innochain, Cunocavaros/Conchobar's shield was battered and it moaned;so that the Three Waves of Green Erin moaned, namely, the Wave of Clidna the Wave of Rudraige and the Wave of Tuag Inbir; so that the shields of the Ulaid all moaned at that hour, every one of them that was on their shoulders and in their chariots.

Young Ulaid began to retreat. And Conall then appeared on the battle field before the troops in escape. As it had been necessary to fly to be swifter than Conall's horses this day, none of the Ulaid dared to bring the front of his horses or his chariots beyond the place where he was????????? The young warriors (glasláth ) of Ulaid saw Conall standing up in front of them each time and stopped fleeing because they waited only to halt????????? As a bush of shelter, a wreath of laurel or a protective hand was then Conall to them. They knew indeed that there was no more no possibility for them of fleeing where appeared the face of Conall?????????????

They went then through the wood that was nearest them, cut branches of quite green oak then put them in the hand of every man, they pruned them in the purpose to be able to handle them, then raised those staves of oak in front of them and came along with Conall in order to take again their place in the battle.

It is then it happened that by the king of the Ulaid were taken three steps of retreat out of the battle northwards. Cunocavros/Conchobar looked and scanned behind him and saw the face of Conall approaching him.

Good, O Conall, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, the battle depends henceforth on you, on your favor and on your protection!" "

I give my word truly, said Conall, that it would be easier to give the battle by myself by far than to stay the rout now. And it is nevertheless disaster for the king of any province in the world, to be alone in a rout and in a stampede in front of the final assault [of his enemies].

And it is thus that Conall behaved then while saying the following words.

Man's discomfiture ???

Rout debacle??????

The defeat on the face??????

Young people??????????????

Auxiliaries without weapons

Warlike ardor

Massacre

Negligence of veledé (féile = file = soothsayer?)

Escape headlong???

Distress cry

Discomfiture of everybody.

Man's discomfiture, etc.

Conall drew his sharp long sword out of its sheath of war, and played the small music of his sword on the enemy troops. The ring (rucht) of Conall's sword was heard throughout the battalions on both sides at that moment of time. As soon as they heard the music of Conall's sword, their hearts quaked, their eyes fluttered, their faces whitened, and each of them withdrew back into his place of battle and reoccupied his position in the free-for-all.

At this point in time while glancing behind him Conall saw approaching him Mes Dead son of Amorgen. Good O my very dear Mes Dead, exclaimed Conall, the battle depends from now on you, on your favor and on your protection.

To do anything under these circumstances is tantamount to almost face the floods with only his breast, replied Mes dead.

At this point in time while glancing and scanning behind him Mes Dead son of Amorgen saw approaching him Anruth the tall son of Amorgen.

The battle depends henceforth on you, on your favor and on your protection, O Anruth the tall son of Amorgen, said Mes Dead, until I cast all my warlike fury in an ultimate assault??? on the enemy troops. To do anything under those circumstances is tantamount to shoot an arrow against a rock, replied Anruth the tall son of Amorgen.

Anruth the Tall, son of Amorgen, looked behind him, and saw Feithen the Tall, son of Amorgen.

Good O Feithen the Tall, son of Amorgen, the battle depends henceforth on you, on your favor and on your protection; until I cast all my warlike fury in an ultimate assault??? on the enemy troops.

The tall Feithen, son of Amorgen, glanced behind him. He saw approaching him the small Feithen son of Amorgen. The battle will depend on you, on your favor and on your protection, O small Feithen, son of Amorgen, said the tall Feithen, until I cast all my warlike fury in an ultimate assault??? on the enemy troops.

It is the striking of a head against walls or cliffs, indeed, the actions of anyone under the circumstances, replied the small Feithen.

The small Feithen looked behind him. He saw Aithirne the Importunate approaching him. The battle depends on you, O Aithirne the Importunate, said the small Feithen, till I spend all my warlike fury in an ultimate assault??? on the enemy troops. That were indeed a right of my possession [replied Aithirne] a privilege over the possession of any others whomsoever.

It is then Aithirne the Importunate saw the Hesus Cuchulainn approaching him. This battle depends now only on you, O Hesus Cuchulainn, said Aithirne the Importunate. It is well there a task that were a part for me, replied the Hesus Cuchulainn. That is therefore the same as to require of me ??? But I give my word for it, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, no Ultonian will be able to have me opposite him apart out of this battle field without I smite him as strongly as I strike Irishmen. Then the Hesus Cuchulainn gave on the armies a blow of his staff (lorgfertaís) which leveled their forces while thus restoring balance between them???

The performances of Conall here now. He came among the armies and played the small music of his sword on them, till ten hundred armed men fell by him. Carpre Nia Fer heard that, the music of Conall's sword, and that was not endured by Carpre Nia Fer by any means, and he advanced to the place in which Conall the Victorious was, he brought shield against shield, hand against hand, and face against face, each of them began smiting and striking the other, till there was heard a strong stroke of Carpre Nia Fer's shield under the blade of Conall's sword.

The three veledae of the king of Temair arrived to aid him and to help him, namely Eochaid the learned, Diarmat the Songful and Forgall the Just, and they kept up the combat against Conall. Conall looked at them and said.

I give my word truly, were you not veledae and persons skilled in the art (filid & áes dána) you should have already received death and met your fate by me long ago, but since it is for your chief and your lord you bring your strife, what reason is there for me that I should not to punish it as it is appropriate now? And he gave a great blow with the quarterstaff that was in his hand at them, so violent that he cut their three heads of them.

It is then that a band of fifteen hundred of the Leginians of Temair arrived who came between Conall and Carpre Nia Fer and they carried him with them [under security] in the very middle of their own battalion. Conall began smiting the army fiercely and furiously, fearfully and madly, so that he drove them from him in broken bands, and in divided fractions. Ten hundred fell by him in the middle of the battle.

The king of Temair heard that, and he could not bear to be listening to the sound of Conall's sword; so he advanced to the middle of the battle, and eight hundred full-brave heroes fell by him; he reached the place in which Cunocavaros/Conchobar was, and he brought shield against shield hand against hand and face against face to him. He struck his shield on Cunocavaros/Conchobar i.e. the Ochain, the shield of Cunocavaros/Conchobar. And as the latter moaned, the shields of all the Ulaid moaned together.

Good truly, Ulaid," [said Cunocavaros/Conchobar] I did not know till today whether the Gauls of the Leinster or the Lúaigni of Temair were braver than you are.

Loegaire the Victorious, son of Connad the Yellow, son of Iliach, came with a band of three hundred warriors, so that he upheld his combat against Carpre Nia Fer. And Fintan, son of Niall of the great deeds went with a band of a hundred warriors, so that he maintained his fight against Carpre Nia Fer, It is then that thirty hundred of Gauls and of the Leginians of Temair came, by them was carried off Carpre Nia Fer [under security] in the middle of their own battalion.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn sought for the enemy troops and for Carpre Nia Fer. He went against him and brought shield against shield, hand against hand and face against face.

Caipre Nia Fer plied his strength upon the Hesus Cuchulainn by clasping his two hands about his weapon outside and by launching it????? flying in the air over the battalion of Gauls. But the Hesus Cuchulainn went through them out without bleeding, without wounding on him ?????

Loeg son of Riagabair met him, with in his hand the infernal arms of the Hesus Cuchulainn, namely the hard-headed Cruadfin and Duaibsech the terrifying, that is his own spear. The Hesus Cuchulainn waved and brandished it behind, adjusted it, and then he launched it with a throw of it from him towards Carpre Nia Fer: the spear pitched in his bosom and in his breast, pierced his heart behind the ribs, and even cleft his back in two. His body had not reached ground when the Hesus Cuchulainn made a spring towards it and cut his head off him. Then he shook the aforementioned head towards enemy troops.

Sencha son of Ailil rose finally and shook his craib sída (magic wand??? olive tree branch??? branch of peace), the Ulaid stood still at once. As for Gauls they went under Finn son of Ross and protected their rear. But Iriel the good at arms, the great-kneed, son of Conall the Victorious, pursued them. And he began smiting and cutting down the army southwards in every direction. It is then that Fidach the fury of the wood of Gaible turned upon him and faced him while giving battle and combat to him on a ford.

This raid that Ulaid make towards us goes really far, said the army of Laginians. From where the name since of this river: Rigi Lagen arinn abainsin (River Rye).

Then the Ulaid went on to Temair that night, they remained there till the end of the seven days of the week. And at the end of a week therefore they heard the roll of the chariots, the hoof strike of the horses, the squeaking of the suspensions? (tetimnech na tét) the glorious rattling of the swords (glondbéininech na claideb), the noble hubbub or uproar (muadmuirn) of a vast army, towards the place. It is he that was there indeed Erc son of Carpre but also of Fedelm the nine times beautiful, daughter of Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

Well, my son, told him Cunocavaros/Conchobar, take my blessing and be obedient to me. It is thus he spoke to him and on this occasion he pronounced the following words.

Take my blessing, and be obedient to me,  
Do not yourself make opposition to us.  
If you oppose the strength against the strength in what concerns us  
I am certain that you will fall by us.  
War not with unsurpassable (cless) hound of Culann.  
Inflict not strife on the race of your ancestors,  
In order not to find you cut down as regards territory  
As was Carpre Niafer.  
It is there one of the gessa (magic prohibitions) of the king of Temair in the east  
Since the reign of Cermna, without partiality  
His sad story is spread through all  
Therefore never never not to fight against us howsoever it be.

Take, etc.

Peace was made between Erc, [grand] son of Carpre, and the Hesus Cuchulainn; Fínscoth, Hesus Cuchulainn's daughter, was given to him for a wife. They came at the end of a week to behold the place where Carpre died, on the bank of the Boinne River.

We were here on a day, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and it was a sad affair for him who was here, namely, for Carpre Nia Fer, it was at the beginning a vain struggle against him, if it had not been Conall, it is we that should have been defeated. And he spoke the following words.

When we were a beautiful day  
In the country of Temair south of the Boinne  
There was a contention above the fortified hill  
On our chiefs was terror.  
Were it not the cross-eyed Conall the Victorious  
We would have been defeated.  
On the plain on this side

It is on it that he took position.  
It was vain to contend with him  
Or to repel Carpre do chlár fiss?  
Many were those he defeated  
Until that day that slew him.

When we were, etc.

They came on to Temair again.  
Godly indeed was he that was here with his brethren. Ireland was theirs. And he said what follows.

The three sons of Ross Ruad the king  
Held awhile the land by their battalions  
Finn in his fortress??? of Alenn, Ailill in Cruachan,  
Carpre in north in Temair Breg  
Together they used to perform their deed of arms  
The three brothers, in every strife,  
Together they used to give their battle  
Ba crithail óen mucci leo?????????  
They were three invaluable pillars of every battle  
On their hill always strongly defended  
There is now a great gap in their warlike gathering  
Since the third son has fallen.

The three sons, etc.

Therefrom the expedition and the battle of Findchora, the great sea voyage of the people of  
Connaught, and the Battle of the Youths.

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

The plunder will not be slight. It seems well that plundering was an activity very much prized by ancient Celts like by many other peoples besides. The first Muslims having taken refuge in Yathrib/Medina devoted themselves to that, for very good reasons at the beginning (in 622). The small community settled in Yathrib/Medina was poor at this time (since having had to leave all its real goods in Mecca. And the solidarity of their sympathizers or allies living in Yathrib/Medina was not inexhaustible. The first plunder raids were very modest besides and even for some of them rejected by Muhammad himself initially.

Saraya (singular siriya) at the beginning indeed were by no means jihads, and were not intended to fight in the name of God. They matched purely economic needs, and only aimed at getting resources to the detriment of Meccan people, by intercepting their caravans. These commandos were formed each one of a handful of men very little armed. It was Hamza, the uncle of Muhammad, who was in charge, with 30 cavalymen, to perform these first operations between Yathrib/Medina and Mecca. They left in the direction of the coast and in Saif Al Bahr met a detachment of 300 Bedouin or Meccan cavalymen, led by Amr ibn Hisham ("Abu Jahl"), bivouacking. A person by the name of Majdi ibn Amr Al-Juhani avoided by a hair's breadth the confrontation, and the Muslims, led by Hamza, withdrew. Muhammad made a new attempt with his uncle or cousin Sad Ibn Abi Waqqas, without much more success. A little booty taken over the enemy, but no caravan.

Muhammad then undertook to negotiate with certain tribes, in order to have what to live while setting up a kind of economic blockade against Mecca: the Ghaffar, a tribe having a reputation for attacking a little too often caravans, the Banu Damrah and the Banu Mudlij. The Banu Madlidj only accepted taking part in plundering of the Quraysh caravans, and in any way for religious reasons. For the



Ghaffar people, on the other hand, it was perhaps different, considering the role that a person by the name Abu Dharr played there. Abu Dharr believed in the oneness of the Higher Being and refused to worship other gods before even the advent of Islam (at least according to the authors we read, but he was perhaps simply Henotheist, or more or less Christian like many Meccan people such Waraka ibn Nawfal a cousin of Khadija ). After his joining Muhammad, the latter had renamed him Abdullah then had required of him to go back to his tribe in order to preach his message there, and he had succeeded in convincing as well his family as his tribe and its chief. The first Muslim collective prayer (Salat al-jamaa) was perhaps besides recited among them. When Muhammad had settled in Yathrib/Medina, Abu Dharr had then left his house and his tribe to follow him.

Everything changed nevertheless when a siriyah led by Abdullah ibn Jahsh, at the end of the month of Rajab, one of the sacred months during which it was forbidden to fight, finished in a clash, at Nakhlah, a small valley located between Mecca and Taif.

December 623 therefore, in Nakhlah, twelve Muslims attack a caravan of Mecca. They kill a man with an arrow, make two prisoners, and bring back consistent spoils, of which they give a fifth to Muhammad.

The affair caused a big uproar in Yathrib/Medina even in the whole area, because this attack had taken place during a period of sacred truce.

Muhammad disapproves his disciples initially. They are dismayed... but a divine revelation will come extremely opportunely to comfort them (chapter 2, verse 217). This chapter specifies that it is, of course, reprehensible to fight during periods of religious truce, but that it is worse to stand outside the right path of God, like the "polytheistic people" of Mecca.

Let us notice by the way that what is really astonishing in the Quran it is to see how starting from Yathrib/Madina divine interventions meet very precisely the immediate material concerns of the first Muslim community, and primarily of its prophet. Whereas it was not so obviously and so frequently the case at the time of the Meccan period.

In what concerns us, we uns, high knowers of this century, we say that it is better that each people is able to manage to be self-sufficient with regard to vital products. Each people is to be able to live or survive upon the products of his land, growing naturally on his land or with a minimum of efforts, and it is against ecology to make basic even exotic food when that exceeds certain limits, come from the other end of the world. It is necessary to produce and consume local (to be locavorous) and fruits of the season! It is absurd for example to export frozen chickens in Africa whereas there are excellent ones on the spot. The huge advantage of such an economic philosophy (that of the locavorous people) is that it effectively contributes to fight against global warming and that it strengthens the independence of the peoples which can thus in the event of crisis hold out many months even years. And if to think such a thing is to be against globalization then we are against globalization. To think that certain countries certain peoples would have only noble tasks like the trades of engineering or tourism and that others will be satisfied readily with being the factory of the world...is stupid because as long as the value of manual work will not really have been reasserted just like intellectual work, so every country, every people, will extremely legitimately aspire to have only noble tasks conferring a choice place in the society. I will add to finish that to believe only one moment that these peoples will never succeed in any event to have intellectuals in a sufficient number is a typically racist stupidity. These peoples too are, of course, able to have engineers comparable with ours, the only brakes being able to be in this case of a cultural (or religious) nature. It is obvious for example that a civilization unaware of writing or of the use of zero, etc. would be handicapped today compared with civilizations having integrated these Indian or Mesopotamian inventions. So we say no to the stupidly massive globalization, yes to a quiet globalization, with small amount, and selective (an osmosis in a way and not a brutal and massive invasive phenomenon). As that was always the case besides until the 19th century (the spreading of the use of the wheel and of the domestication of fire are quite first examples of globalization, no? And what the Crusaders brought back from the East during the Middle Ages also, no?)

NB. Sugar, eggplant, rice, saffron, apricot trees, pomegranate... the listing is long !

To Accal Breg and to Sligid Breg? He crossed the mountain of Breg which was used as a border??

The geis (plural gessa) is an obligation or a prohibition of supernatural nature, a kind of fate. It is very difficult, even dangerous to break because it is a part of poetic justice or to the many secondary causes usually gathered under the name of Destiny: Tocad (or Tocade if you want to put it in the feminine because there is, of course, no reason to regard Destiny as being male rather than female. We leave this kind of childish anthropomorphism to the Jewish Christian or Muslim monolatres). We will return on the subject because it seems well these gessa are the last avatars of a huge undertaking of increasing moral standard of the society. Nevertheless it is possible in fact that Cunocavaros/Conchobar quite simply told bullshit.

Eulogies. It is not a question, of course, of praises in the glory of God but of poems sung by the bards and in which it is said that Cunocavaros/Conchobar is the most beautiful, strongest, greatest, etc. The opposite is called a "satire." Wandering bards thus played a very large part in the establishment or the ruin of the reputation of one or other as the anecdote dealing with the great Arvernian King Luernius (a kind of continental Cunocavaros/Conchobar) proves it.

Athenaeus. Deipnosophists. Book IV. Chapter XXXVII.

And Poseidonius continuing, and relating the riches of Luernius the father of Bituitus, who was subdued by the Romans, says: "he, aiming at becoming a leader of the populace, used to drive in a chariot over the plains, and scatter gold and silver among the myriads of Celts who followed him; and that he enclosed a fenced space of twelve stades square, in which he erected casks, and filled them with expensive liquors; and that he prepared so vast a quantity of eatables that for very many days anyone who chose was at liberty to go and enjoy what was there prepared, being waited on without interruption or cessation. And once, when he had issued beforehand invitations to a banquet, some poet from some barbarian tribe came too late and met him on the way, sung a hymn in which he extolled his magnificence, and bewailed his own misfortune in having come too late. Luernius was pleased with his ode, and called for a bag of gold, and threw it to him as he was running by the side of his chariot. He picked it up, and then went on singing, saying that his very chariot prints upon the earth over which he drove produced benefits to men." Those now are the accounts of the Celts given by Poseidonius in the twenty-third book of his history.

Derg clan. Probably some Laginians of Leinster.

Catubatuos/Cathbad. Regarding the participation of druids in some (not all) fights of their people, see our previous counter-lays. They acted thus by patriotism and by no means for religious reasons, apart from exception (*ver sacrum*). It was not a jihad as in lands of Islam (Dar al Islam).

N.B. The four Sunni schools of jurisprudence indeed agree to consider that "Jihad, it is when Muslims make the war with the infidels, after they invited them to embrace Islam or at least to pay the tribute [jizya] and to live under a protectorate, and that they refused."

Holy Quran chapter 8 verse 39: "Fight them until there is no more religious confrontations (civil war, disorder) and that it does not have there other religion only that of God. If they cease God will see."

Holy Quran chapter 9 verse 29: "Fight those who, although having received the Holy Scriptures do not believe in God, last day [end of the world and last judgment], who do not regard as illicit what God and his messenger declared illicit, and do not practice the religion of the truth (?), until they pay, humiliated, with their own hands, the tribute [of the dhimmis]".

Peace with non-Muslim nations (Dar al harb) is therefore only a provisional situation; only the chance of circumstances can justify it temporarily."

An oak wood. The image is that of a great primeval or dense forest changed in timber forest by loggers having cut down all the coppices and all the young trees (tillers). The situation is therefore very clear: the Ultonian army is cut to pieces. It is the debacle, the rout and Ulaid flee in all directions.

The three waves Ochainn and the shields. To answer the question asked on this subject by the Jesuitic Father Edmund Hogan in 1892, let us indicate that in our opinion this is a remote recollection of the ancient druidic idea according to which the earth was similar to a curved shield floating on a primordial ocean: three or nine waves (whence the image of the gigantic horned ram-headed snake enclosing the earth of his rings). What affects the waves (the ram-headed snake) affects the earth (the curved shield). Then by a shift in meaning "affects all the Ultonian shields." An image undoubtedly used to suggest an extraordinary disaster.

You will perhaps object to this assumption that Irish druids have always considered that the earth was round as the use of the word *cruind* (*crundnios*) to designate the earth and the very title of the book by Dicuil devoted to this subject circa 825: *De mensura orbis terrae*, evidences it.

Perhaps! But wouldn't this be a little too good to be true? It is true that the discovery of the Antikythera mechanism in 1900 shows well that certain pagan circles of Antiquity had arrived at an amazing level of knowledge before the Dark Ages of medieval Christianity fall down over the West.

They cut oak branches... It is a question this time to use quarterstaves in order to continue the fight.

Anruth. One of the ranks of the druidic order. That which comes immediately after the doctor (Ollam). At least in the organization chart such as we can reconstruct it below.

Students, pupils, disciples: *dalta*. Ground zero. The symbolization: 1 apple.

Comrunos (Irish *oblaire*, old Celtic *aballarios*). The first learned lesson, the first degree, a knowledge being equivalent to seven texts. The symbolization: 2 apples.

SIMPLE VATES VELEDAE OR GUTUATRES (FEMININE GUTUMATRES), NON-DRUID (DOERBARD).

Taman, the second learned lesson, the second degree, a knowledge being equivalent to ten texts. Three apples.

Drisac, the third learned lesson, the third degree, a knowledge being equivalent to twenty texts. One bronze bar.

Fochloc (trainee), the fourth learned lesson, fourth degree, a knowledge being equivalent to thirty texts. Two bronze bars.

VATES VELEDAE OR GUTUATRES/GUTUMATRES... FREE, BUT NOT ALLOWED TO HAVE STUDENTS (SOERBARD).

Mac Fuirmid (son of the trainee: in fact *criss*), the fifth learned lesson, the fifth degree, a knowledge being equivalent to forty texts. 3 bronze bars.

Doss (shrub), the sixth learned lesson, the sixth degree, a knowledge being equivalent to fifty texts. Two bronze bars one silver bar.

Canan, the seventh learned lesson, the seventh degree, a knowledge being equivalent to sixty texts. One bronze bar two silver bars.

Ekes \*, the eighth lesson known, the eighth degree, a knowledge being equivalent to seventy texts. Three silver bars.

Clitos (beam) inquirer, the ninth known lesson, the ninth rank, a knowledge being equivalent to eighty texts. Two silver bars 1 gold bar.

Anderatacos, enlightener (Irish *anrad*, *anruth*) the tenth known lesson, the tenth rank, a knowledge being equivalent to a hundred and seventy-five texts. One silver bar 2 gold bars.

Ollamos, doctor, the eleventh known lesson, the eleventh rank, a knowledge being equivalent to three hundred and fifty texts. Three gold bars.

THE DRUIDS DRUIDS... FREE AND ALLOWED TO HAVE STUDENTS OF THE BEGINNING OF A CYCLE.

Sui: Sui or more exactly *sui druidecht* of course, high-wise, the twelfth known lesson, the twelfth rank, a knowledge being equivalent to seven hundred texts. Senior and without a precise function. Three hazel or red-hazel tree wands/bars.

N.B. "Over all these druids one presides, who possesses supreme authority among them. Upon his death, if any individual among the rest is pre-eminent in dignity, he succeeds; but, if there are many equal, the election is made by the suffrages of the druids; sometimes they even contend for the primacy with arms" (Caesar. B.G. Book VI, 13-14).

\* Ekes ("poet") i.e., ecmacht-ces ("who does not encounter difficulties"), the one whom no difficulty or impossibility can stop; or also the one for whom nothing is difficult. From where his name: nemces ("without difficulty") or ecmachtces ("who does not encounter difficulties"). At least in Ireland. But it is a little dithyrambic.

Lorgfertais is a Gaelic word designating a quarterstaff or a chariot element (a shaft, an axle?) used as a weapon.

The three veledae. Therefore once again some members of the druidic order could also fight armed, a little like chaplains who would not hesitate to shoot to release their captain encircled in a desperate combat.

Temair. As already announced higher it is the Tara of the Leginians but it seems well that there were several Tara, whence our caution.

Gauls Leginians Loegaire Fintan... It is much less obvious than in the case of the battle of Waterloo (which was the greatest of the victories of Napoleon apart from the last fifteen minutes).

The least which one can say it is that all that is a little confused because of the attempt of the authors of this text to mask the bitter defeat undergone by the Ulaid on that day, probably because of the insane imprudence of their leader.

We will not reconsider the question of the nationality of the Leginians and of the people in Leinster but we will point out here that ancient Celts knew the concept of crack troops ready to everything in order to rescue their leader even to die with him. Caesar calls them soldurs (Book III, chapter XXII).

"And while the attention of our men is engaged in that matter, in another part Adcantuannus/Adiatuanos, who held the general command, with 600 devoted followers whom they call soldurii (the conditions of whose association are these : they enjoy all the conveniences of life with those to whose friendship they have devoted themselves. If anything calamitous happens to them, either they endure the same destiny together with them, or commit suicide. Nor hitherto, in the memory of men, has there been found anyone who, upon his being slain to whose friendship he had devoted himself, refused to die).

And besides Celtiberians made in the same way according to the testimony of Plutarch. Parallel lives of illustrious men. 41 Sertorius.

".....There being a custom in Spain, that when a commander was slain in battle, those who attended his person fought it out till they all died with him, which the inhabitants of those countries considered as an offering or libation; there were few commanders that had any considerable guard or number of attendants; but Sertorius was followed by many thousands who offered themselves, and vowed to spend their blood with his. And it is told that when his army was defeated near a city in Spain, and the enemy pressed hard upon them, the Spaniards, with no care for themselves, but being totally solicitous to save Sertorius, took him up on their shoulders and passed him from one to another, till they carried him into the city, and only when they had thus placed their general in safety, provided afterwards each man for his own security..."

Sénta. We thus convey the Gaelic word sénta which can mean something like "diabolic, cursed, hellish." Besides let us point out on this subject that for ancient druids the underground other-world....was frozen, that it was for them hell made of ice and not of fire.

Duaibsech is perhaps another name for the famous spear lightning or gae-bolga of our hero, but always associated with a connotation of evil magic.

Sencha rose.... There the great druid Sencha plays finally truly his part of druid by calming the people down. Because such was well the true role of ancient druids according to Diodorus (Library of History, book V, chapter XXXI).

"Nor is it only in the exigencies of peace, but in their wars as well, that they obey, before all others, these men and their chanting poets, and such obedience is observed not only by their friends but also by their enemies; many times, for instance, when two armies approach each other in battle with swords drawn and spears thrust forward, these men step forth between them and cause them to cease, as though having cast a spell over certain kinds of wild beasts. In this way, even among the wildest barbarians, does passion give place before wisdom, and Ares stands in awe of the Muses."

Let us notice nevertheless that in the case of this text Sencha intervenes really a little late. But the original account was perhaps appreciably different and a little less for the benefit of Ulaid. In which case Sencha would have really played the part of intermediary or ambassador negotiator bringing back peace at least succeeding to establish a very fragile truce.

The seven days of the week....obvious Christianization of the original account, a week for ancient druids it was a quarter of lunar month, in other words, about eight days approximately. See Coligny calendar. This calendar is of a lunisolar type: the lustrum comprises three ordinary years of 12 months with 29 or 30 days and two years of 13 months (the two additional months being thirty days).

The five-year period (called a "lustrum" therefore) given by the Coligny calendar indicates to us that ancient druids calculated per 30 years century, that is to say 6 lustra of 5 years, a period at the end of which the shift accumulated during the 30 years was corrected by removing one 30-day month to arrive at one intermediate duration of 365,2 days for the year.

The year is divided into two six-month periods and each month is divided into two fortnights (15 days favorable and 15 days unfavorable) separated by the word "ATENOVX." Days are numbered from I to XV until ATENOVX, and from I to XIII or XV after. Celts counted the days starting from nightfall. No denomination of weeks or seasons appears. The year was to begin in November.

The 62 months are divided into sixteen columns, we notice only 14 months names : the 12 months names which appear 5 times, the two remaining names appear only once. Here the twelve months names: X... (1st intercalary month), SAMON, DUMAN, RIUROS, ANAGANTIO, OGRON, CUTIOS, CIALLOS B.IS (2nd intercalary month), GIAMONI, SIMIVIS, EQUOS, ELEMBIU, AEDRINI and CANTLOS. You will notice that the 29-day months all are noted "anmatu" and that the 30-day months are noted "matu," except that of Equos. But in the calendar of Coligny, we found only three of its occurrences (on five), from where the assumption put forward in 1924 by Éoin MacNeill that it can have comprised 28 days (on the two missing months): this comput would have the advantage of giving an 1831 days lustrum, very near to the 62 lunations of 1830,89 days.

The daughter of Hesus Cuchulainn. Aha! First news! Our good master would therefore have had apparently a daughter. After all why not, he was well legally married. We will not play again the trick of our Catholic brothers who still maintain and obstinately that their hero to them, the Nazarene high Rabbi Jesus, was an only son and that his mother did not have any other children, whereas many testimonies prove the opposite. The bad faith of Catholics in this field resembles much the taqiyya of Muslims (and James the brother of the lord, first Christian person in charge of Jerusalem; now, what do you do with him?)

Do chlár fiss... however the whole story is at the very least strange, and not very clear (boasts of the wandering bards, authors of this legend?) Perhaps it summarizes in one account different wars , because the whole is not easily coherent. Let us also notice that the Hesus Cuchulainn appears there only shortly.

Find and Alend???. Dun Ailline (today Knockaulin) was, of course, a site of first importance for the kings of Leinster. But it was undoubtedly not their capital nor even one of their permanent fortresses. It was in a way their Stonehenge to them, and they met there periodically to follow various religious ceremonies on the spot. We can nevertheless wonder whether there were not influence of the mythology dealing with Vindos Camulogenos known as Finn Mac Cumhaill and his magic residence on the hill of Almu (Allen). The poem was undoubtedly appropriated from elsewhere by the bard having composed this story.

Findchora, etc. Father Edmund Hogan announces not to have found these stories in the catalog drawn up by d'Arbois de Jubainville, and we also, of course. When it is said to you that Christian monks also made many manuscripts disappear. That was perhaps a true massacre in this respect.

# THE SICKBED OF THE HESUS CUCHULAINN.

Seirglige Conculaind inso sis 7 oenet Emire.

A story of the 10th and 11th centuries preserved by the Lebor Na hUidre or Book of the dun cow and which combines apparently two older versions. The majority of experts consider this legend is to be classed in the category of the echtraí (singular echtra) i.e., in Ireland the adventures showing us a mere mortal going into the world of the gods to come back from it some time later carrying treasures or at least completely changed. Under the hand of the Christian authors these echtraí will become visions of hell swarming with hideous demons terrorizing the soul mislaid in these places. Man has the other world he can. Greeks and Romans for example viewed this universe as a dark and icy kingdom peopled with lugubrious spectra: the Manes. Some examples of echtraí in the Christian manner now: the aislingi of Adomnan, Drythelm, saint Fursey, Tnúgdal, Laisrén, the St Patrick's Purgatory and the Elucidarium by Honorius Augustodunensis. Phew, hold your horses, stop it, that's enough !

It is always necessary, of course, to carefully distinguish the world of the dead, the world where the souls/minds of the late go after the death of the body, from the heavenly or divine world, that of the gods. According to traditions, they are more or less close or more or less separate. Greek and Latin classical tradition makes the pale kingdom of the dead a universe almost opposite to the world of the gods. Christian tradition is more contradictory or more divided on this subject. One of the universes where the souls of the late are after the death of their body is opposite to the divine world (the hell) but another one, the heaven, is located in its immediate vicinity since its inhabitants in it can enjoy permanently the perpetual contemplation of God.

The solution adopted by ancient druids seems to have been intermediate. The gods and the souls/minds of the late occupy different universes but nevertheless very close and capable of being interconnected inside the more general framework of a parallel next world. Let us say that gods and souls or minds of late occupy different circles inside the same Paradise, with the possibility of going from the one to the other.

We will not say any more on the subject, refer to our next booklets devoted to mythology and theology in order to know more.

!----- !

The Ultonians had a custom of holding a fair every year, which lasted the three days before Samon (ios) the day of Samon (ios) itself, and the three days that followed it. That was the period of time which the Ultonians devoted to the holding of the Fair of Samon in the plain of Muirthemne every year ; and nothing whatever was done by them during that time but games and races, pleasure and amusement, and eating and feasting and it is from this circumstance that the rituals of Samon (ios) are still observed throughout green Erin.

On one occasion a fair was held by the Ultonians in the Plain of Muirthemne, and the reason for holding the fair was, because everyone exhibited his trophies of war and valor always at Samon (ios). It was a custom with them, now, after the trophies, to hold the festival. [The trophies in question were] the top of the tongue of every man they slew [in duels] to bring it with them in their pouches ; they even used to bring the tongues of cattle to multiply the trophies ; and every man then exhibited his trophies, but it was each in his turn [that they flaunted them] ; and the manner in which they did this was, to have their swords lying across their thighs during that, because their swords would turn against themselves if they held forth a false trophy. The reason for this was, because demons were accustomed to manifest themselves to them from their arms; and it was hence that their arms were sacred (comarchi).

All the Ultonians came to the fair on this occasion, except two alone, namely Conall the Victorious and Fergus son of Roech.

Let the fair be commenced, said the Ultonians. It shall not be commenced, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, until Conall and Fergus have arrived (for Fergus was his [military] tutor :aiti, and Conall was his fellow student :comalta).

Sencha said then : Let us play tablut (chess )for the present, and let poems be sung for us, and let games be arranged. This was then done.

But whilst they were thus engaged, a flock of birds alighted on the lake in their presence, and in green Erinn there were not birds more beautiful.

The women present were desirous to have the birds which moved on it . They all began to contend with one another about the possession of the birds.

Eithne Aitenchaithrech, King Cunocavaros/Conchobar's wife, said : "I must have a bird of these birds on each of my two shoulders."

"We must all have the same," said the other women. "If anyone is to get them, it is I that must first get them", said Eithne Inguba, Cuchulainn's mistress.

"What shall we do?" said the women.

"Ni ansa ! It is not difficult," said Leborcham, the daughter of Oa and Adarc, "I will go from you to the Hesus Cuchulainn to ask him."

She went then to the Hesus Cuchulainn, and said: "Women desire to get these birds from you."

He threatened to strike her with his sword, and said : "The whores of Ulidia will have nothing less than to send us a bird-catching today !"

It is not proper for you, indeed, said Leborcham, to be angry with them, because it is through you the Ultonian women have one of their three blemishes, namely, to be deformed, to be half blind, or to stammer. For, the three blemishes of the women of Ulidia were, stooping, stammering, and half-blindness. Every woman who loved Conall the Victorious became bent ; every woman who loved Cuscraid the stammerer , the son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, got too an impediment in her speech ; lastly, in the same way every woman who loved the Hesus Cuchulainn became blind of an eyou, like the Hesus Cuchulainn himself, from the intensity of her love for him ; because it was his practice, when he was gone into a [warlike] trance , to draw one of his eyes back, so that a crane [endowed with a long nozzle] could not reach it in his head ; the other he would press out so that it would be as large as a cauldron for [cooking] oxen.

Yoke for us the chariot, Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Loeg yoked the chariot, the Hesus Cuchulainn went into in, and dealt the birds a stroke with the flat of his sword, so that their feet and their wings clove to the water.

They caught them all then, and carried them away, and distributed them among the women, so that there was not a woman among them who did not receive two birds, but Ethne Inghuba alone. He came at last to his own wife. "Your spirits appear to be bad," said the Hesus Cuchulainn to her. They are not bad," said she. "Because (said he) it is by me the birds have been distributed among them."

"Good reason you have," said she, "because there is not among them a woman who would not share her love and friendship with you ; whilst as regards me, no other person shares my love, but you alone."

"Let not your spirits be low, therefore," said the Hesus Cuchulainn, "for should birds come into the Plain of Muirthemne, or upon the Boinne, you shall have the two most beautiful birds among them."

It was not long after until they saw two birds on the lake, linked together by a chain of red gold. They chaunted a low melody which brought sleep upon the assembly. The Hesus Cuchulainn went towards them.

If you would listen to our advice, said Loeg and said Eithne, you would not approach them ; or there is something strange in these birds ; let birds be got for me besides them.

Is it possible that you question my word? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Put a stone into that sling, Loeg.

Loeg then took a stone and placed it in the sling. The Hesus Cuchulainn let the stone fly at them. It was an erring cast. Too short. Woe and alas, said our hero. He took another stone, let it fly at them, but it passed them. I am a wretch, said he ; since I have first taken arms, I have not made an erring throw until this day.

He then threw his heavy spear, and it passed through the flying wing of one of the birds. They plunged under the water.

The Hesus Cuchulainn went away then in bad spirits, and put his back to a standing stone [ a stone pillar] , where sleep soon fell upon him. And he saw [through his sleep] two women coming towards him.

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

Rituals. We translate so the Gaelic word trenae which means literally "triads" "three" (three days).

Pouches. We translate so the Gaelic word bossan which means literally, purse , wallet, according to the edil . It is a question in no case of pants pockets, of course (a very useful but later invention).

Sacred. We translate so the Gaelic word comarchi which means literally sanctuary, protection, security, refuge, guarantors, protectors.

Tongues. A similar habit is attested on the Continent but with skulls instead of tongues because continental druids considered apparently that the seat of soul/mind was the brain and not the heart. Strabo. Book IV, chapter IV.

"...Again, in addition to their witlessness, there is also that custom, barbarous and exotic, which attends most of the northern tribes. I mean the fact that when they depart from the battle they hang the heads of their enemies from the necks of their horses, and, when they have brought them home, nail the spectacle to the propylaea (entrances) of their homes. At any rate, Poseidonius says that he himself saw this spectacle in many places, and that, although at first he loathed it, afterwards, through his familiarity with it, he could bear it calmly. The heads of enemies of high repute, however, they used to embalm in cedar oil and exhibit to strangers but they would not deign to give them back even for a ransom of an equal weight of gold. But the Romans put a stop to these customs, as well as to all those connected with the sacrifices and divinations, that are opposed to our usages."

Demons. We translate so the Gaelic word demna , but it is obvious that it is an inopportune intrusion of the most racist Christianity: for them indeed, the superhuman entities which exist but are not part of their repertory are automatically labeled demons, whereas in the beginning they were simply non-Manichean entities (Mani who was Christian in the beginning let us not forget it) and therefore ambivalent, beyond the good and of the evil Nietzsche could have said. More positively what teaches us this passage from the legend it is that certain objects particularly swords therefore, after they have come out of the hands of the blacksmith were magic or regarded as endowed with a kind of particular life, a kind of truck or thingummy would have said Levi-Strauss called in other cultures mana, wakan, orenda...

Below an example of what the "journalists" of the time (the Christian fanatic militant or parabolan called Tertullian) could say

AD NATIONES.

Book II.



I. The heathen gods from heathen authorities. Varro has written a work on the subject. His threefold classification.

...I have taken and abridged the works of Varro; for he in his treatise Concerning Divine Things, collected out of ancient digests, has shown himself a serviceable guide for us. Now, if I inquire of him who were the subtle inventors of the gods, he points to either the philosophers, the peoples, or the poets. For he has made a threefold distinction in classifying the gods: one being the physical class, of which the philosophers treat; another the mythic class, which is the constant burden of the poets; the third, the gentile class, which the nations have adopted each one for itself. When, therefore, the philosophers have ingeniously composed their physical (theology) out of their own conjectures, when the poets have drawn their mythical from fables, and the (several) nations have forged their gentile (polytheism) according to their own will, where in the world must truth be placed? In the conjectures?

Semantic notices in order to leave oneself from the sophism in which Tertullian wants to trap us. Varro distinguished three kinds of gods indeed.

Gods of nature, studied by scientists physicists or philosophers (druids in far or extreme west).

The gods such as they appear in the myths and the legends, exclusive domain of the bards.

The gods who are former divinized heroes to whom the tribe or the State dedicates true worship.

Truth, dear Tertullian, to parody a famous television series of our time it is out there. It is perhaps in these three categories of gods at the same time, or nowhere perhaps, who knows (it is besides the interrogation of Pontius Pilate in the Gospel according to John : what is truth \*). There exist indeed several levels of non-factual truth, to find his own is always a true search for the Holy Grail , from where the word conjectures perhaps.

\* Pontius Pilate is regarded as a saint by the Coptic as Orthodox as Catholic churches as well as by the Ethiopian churches. The Orthodox Church honors only his wife who would be Claudia Procula.

NB. The notion of mana raises again the whole problem of the translations because a bad translation can indeed involve not only the creation of non-existent entities, but also big analytical problems. Because of mistranslations, theologists often invented pseudo-problems.

The most succeeded explanation of this concept of mana is that of Keesing: he gives three uses of it: A stative verb meaning "to be effective, powerful, achieved," used in a stereotyped way to describe the effectiveness or the luck.

A verb used in prayers and invocations: "bless, support, make effective..."

A substantive: "effectiveness, achievement, power..."

It is therefore because probably of beliefs of this type that one swore an oath on his sword, as it is also attested as regards continental Celts.

Because their swords would turn against themselves. Obvious trace of a fetishistic component in former druidism.

Father Hogan remarks that the custom of swearing an oath by his sword was still used in Ireland at the end of the sixteenth century, and that was credited to the sword driven into the soil a kind of divine nature since then it resembled a cross. Such a ritual was a guarantee of success.

The sword of a warrior, in the eyes of the Celts as of the Germanics, has something divine indeed; it is it which seals the fate of the warriors in a trial by single combat (comrac iar curaib bel) , like in war; it was regarded by the Celts and the Germanics as most important appearance of the power of the terrible god the warriors called upon before going to war (the Quads, a Germanic people, having to conclude a treaty, draw their swords, Ammianus Marcellinus says, and swear on them, because they regard them as gods).

Below some names of "magic" swords.

Cruaidin Coidit-cheann. Hard-headed Steeling. The "magic" sword of the Hesus Cuchulainn. 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 the 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. Now neither battle nor combat was ever gained against that sword and against him who held it in his hand.

Caladbolg/Calacholg, magic sword of Fergus Mac Roich in the Irish Celtic mythology. Its name means "Hard edge." It is a sword which inflicts fatal wounds on his enemies, it is why it is also called Claiomh Solais, which means "sword of light" in Gaelic language. It was brought by the Tuatha Dé Danann, the people of the goddess Danu (bia) and forms one of their treasures with Fragarach. The presence of Caladbolg in several legends explains why it has as many different names. It is also called Caledfoulch or Kaledfoulc'h, which means "hard flash," and will take the name of Kaletfwlch, in Welsh then will become Excalibur in the Arthurian legend.

Excalibur. The name of Excalibur is an erudite distortion of linguistic elements resulting from the Brittonic language. Geoffrey of Monmouth will be the first author to name this sword in another language than the Welsh. In his *Historia Regum Britanniae*, he Latinizes the name into Caliburnus. The word is taken over by the French poets a little later and the form evolves in "Escalibor" then "Excalibur."

This mythical sword had the characteristic to be unbreakable, like the Durandal of the nephew of Charlemagne, that the blacksmith Munifican spent three years manufacturing, but able to cut every matter.

Dyrnwyn, the sword of Rhydderch Hael, guard of St Kentigern.

The sword of Galahad, the sword forged by Solomon for the "Good Knight." While waiting for his arrival, it was placed in Solomon's ship.

The sword of Joan of Arc. Joan would have broken this sword on the back of a prostitute in Saint-Denis, what strongly dissatisfied the king who believed in the magic power of this sword.

The sword of Nodons/Nodens/Nuada/Llud.

Fragarach. It is the sword of Belin/Belen/Barinthus/Manannan. No enemy cannot survive his bites. It was one of the treasures of the Tuatha Dé Danann, the people of the great goddess Danu (bia) with Caladbolg.

Galatine . The sword of Gawain, one of the knights of the Round Table in the Arthurian legend.

Joyouse. The sword of Charlemagne.

Leochain, one of the magic swords of Fergus Mac Roich in the Irish Celtic mythology.

Moralltach. This name means "great fury." It is the sword which Belin/Belen/Barinthus/Manannan gave to Diarmat (cf. Finn's cycle).

Orna, the sword of Tethra, one of the Fomorian chiefs, that is to say of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns in Ireland and the very archetype of the "talking swords," in the Irish Celtic mythology. In the *Lebor Gabála Éirenn* (the Book of the Conquests of Ireland), it is stolen by Ogmios/Ogma, one of the Tuatha Dé Danann, the people of the goddess-or-demoness (or fairy) Danu (bia), just after the second battle of Mag Tured (Cath Maighe Tuireadh).

Ethne Aitencaithrech. A name which means "having furze-like hair." This Ethne Aitencaithrech can only be another name for Mugain, the wife of Cunocavaros/Conchobar.

Ethne Inguba can only be another name for Aemer the wife (the lawful wife and not a mistress as Eugene O'Curry, misled by the difference in names, translates it) of the Hesus Cuchulainn whose best-known name appears in the second part of the story, a second part having probably formed a distinct episode in the beginning, before being joined together under the same heading by we do not know what bard or copyist monk. What is important it is the main lines of the story, not its details. That king Cunocavaros/Conchobar and his nephew our legendary hero the Hesus Cuchulainn, had mistresses, is not a mortal sin among us, at most a fault, even if the continuation of the story precisely shows us that it is perhaps better to prevent such "faults" (because in this story, it should we'll be admitted, the Hesus Cuchulainn was rather pathetic).

In any case such a variation of names is less serious than those concerning the name of God in the Bible or his various names in the Quran.

We find indeed in the Bible, alphabetically, because chronologically appears initially the plural Elohim :

Adonai, El, Eloah, Elohim, El Elyon, El Shaddai, El Olam, El Hai, El Roi, El Elohe Israel, El Guibor, Sabbaoth, Yah, Yhwh.,

All these differences in names attest to a plurality of gods or different designs of God, synthesized later or melted in one name, the Tetragrammaton ; what gave rise, of course, to a god endowed with a multiple personality, rather composite even contradictory.

As for Islam it is even simpler, an official list of 99 names of God exists, majority being, of course, only attributes, but others raise more problems because they seem well to designate an entity appreciably different of Allah.

In the beginning, Rabb is the lord of a place: the power which dominates a place and makes it a sanctuary. This name is also given to priests in South Arabia, what confirms the anthropomorphic origin of the expression. However rabb is the word Muhammad uses at the beginning of the Quran , much more than the "Allah" of the continuation. From where all the series of the "raab" below.

Rabba Al hadhal bayt: lord of the house.

Rabb al Ka'ba : lord of the Ka'ba.

Rabb Al falaqi: lord of the dawn.

Rabb al alamin : lord of the worlds

Etc.,etc.

And lastly the Rahman worshipped by another prophet, competitor of Muhammad, Musaylima, died in obscure circumstances (he gave up the fortress where he was in safety to take refuge in his kaaba to him, the hadiqa ar-Rahman). He defended with conviction a kind of warlike Monophysite Christianity in the whole central Arabia (Najd).

Musaylima was a contemporary of Muhammad . His name indicates that he was a member of the tribal confederation of the Bani Hanifa who were more or less Christianized, or at least sensitive to the Christian influences. He was called by his many faithful, "the merciful of the Yamama."

His Mecca to him was a haram or sacred enclave in the Yamama, called the Ar-Rahman enclosure (hadiqa ar-rahman) that he had taken before the conquest of Mecca by Muhammad . What therefore enabled him to control a huge zone of the east of Arabia, larger than that held by Muhammad at the time besides.

Musaylima did not deny the prophetic mission of Muhammad, he regarded him as the great prophet of the tribal confederation of the Quraysh in Mecca , but only wished to come with him to a kind of sharing of the roles, Muhammad dealing with the areas of Mecca and Yathreb/Medina, himself dealing with the center and the east of Arabia.

In 633 the Muslims eager to stop his pre-Nicean Monophysite Christianity which was opposed to their extension towards the east, crusaded or moonaded or jihaded against it and besieged its stronghold in the Yamama (the haram of Ar-Rahman ) and Musaylima died armed in his kaaba to him at the time of the last combat (yes, it is there he had preferred to withdraw himself in order to protect the sanctuary rather than in his fortress located not far, a mistake which was fatal for him apparently).

All the faithful of Musaylimah did not become at once "good" Muslims. Ten or twenty years later the man who had carried his message to Muhammad as some others besides were denounced as being still his disciples and therefore killed.

NB. Our Muslim brothers will forgive, I hope, that we hardly substantiate the wagonload of insults they heap on the unhappy defeated one (it is the B-A BA of the trade of the objective historian) and that we make an effort on the contrary to rectifying all partial or skewed information of which he was the victim since his defeat (woe to the vanquished), our only religion not being that of the single god but that of truth, at least factual. What there is in the heart of men his creatures, God alone knows , in our opinion, and we leave it to him besides.

Let us wager that if Musaylima had won, the number of the hadiths in the glory of his person would equalize that of the hadiths idolizing Muhammad (isma), hadiths showing Muhammad as a poor jealous liar ready for anything in order to establish his supremacy would not be missing, and that his kaaba to him (his hadiqa ar-Rahman would not have become an enclosure of the death (hadiqa Al-mawt) but on the contrary a great center of pilgrimage still alive.

What strikes us nevertheless and at first sight it is the resemblance of the careers of the two prophets as well as the large number of common points in their religious practices ... the reception of the revelation via the archangel Gabriel, the possession of miraculous powers, the cure of patients, and especially the use of the saj' language (rhymed Arabic prose always used by the soothsayers and other sacred characters of Arabia, in order to express the revelations received in a supernatural way).

Let us remark lastly in addition that Al Rahman, God of Musaylima, became one of the most used names to designate God in the Quran. What a strange revenge from the overcome ! What brings back us to our starting point.

Whores. We translate so the Gaelic word merdrecha.

Crane. We translate so the Gaelic word corr which can also mean heron indeed.

A stroke with the flat of his sword. We translate so the Gaelic word táithbéim.

He threatened to strike her with his sword, and said : "The whores of Ulidia... ". Let us admit that in this episode of his legend our hero has a behavior nevertheless rather odious and that what will follow will be perhaps a right punishment of that (through this very poetic notion of poetic justice precisely). Let us point out nevertheless that they are two different stories bent together by an anonymous compiler. From where the small streak somewhat rambling of all that. Something is to be missing . A little as in the episode of the Gospels where we see Jesus getting angry against the merchants of the Temple and expelling them through whiplash. This account (Matthew 21,12-13, Mark 11,15-17, Luke 19,45-6, John 2,13-25) is indeed not very clear and seems to be what remains from the report of something much more serious. A raid or an attempt from the Zealot circles intended to seize the Temple of Jerusalem??

NB. Pope has again recently on this subject stressed that there is nothing, in the four current Gospels, indicating that the political authorities of then violently repressed this attempt. Our Christian friends will forgive I hope that we hardly substantiate texts which many times were manipulated or expurgated or worked over again as by a lawyer pleading (it is the B-A BA of the trade of the objective historian) and that we make an effort on the contrary to rectifying all the partial or skewed information concerning this curious episode, our only religion not being that of the single god but that of truth, at least factual. What there is in the heart of men his creatures, God alone knows it in our opinion, and we leave it to him besides.

At the time of the man Jesus, there was a religious and political resistance movement, Zealotism (from the Greek *zelos*, zeal). Jealous Guards of the Law, and even fanatics, they expect the reign of God in an imminent future. Among them, the Zealots strictly speaking have a plan of radical reformation of worship and priesthood. As for the Sicarii (hired killers) they have a rather political program, directed towards the expulsion of the Romans and the establishment of the kingdom of Israel.

However there exists in the life and the work of the man Jesus undeniable zealot characteristics. His announce of the kingdom of God (Mark 1,15; cf. Acts of the apostles 1,1-11); the fact of denouncing social injustice (Luke 6,24); his critical position concerning Herod (Luke 13,32) and concerning the powerful ones , who exercise authority and call themselves Benefactors, certain sentences on the fact of bearing the sword (Luke 22,36); the life and activity of Jesus whom people want to make a king (John 6,15); among the twelve there is one (Simon), called the "Zealot" (Luke 6,15 and Acts 1,13; in Mark 3,19 and Matthew 10,4, he is called "the Cananean," from the stem *quana*, zeal, in Hebrew language); another, Judas Iscariot, has a nickname which seems a distortion of "sicariot"; and there is Simon Peter, who bears a sword; zeal for the temple which is soiled and which needs to be purified (John 2,17); the fact that Romans condemned Jesus as a Zealot agitator , according to what is written on the notice (in Latin *titulus*) of the cross (John 19,19)

In short, it is the same process as that which affects our legend, but reversed. In the case of the gospels the tampering with the texts embellished the image of the man Jesus incontestably, in the case of Setanta Cuchulainn the tampering with our texts made the behavior of our hero incomprehensible.

This first part of the story in any case has the virtue of providing to the unhappy Ethne Inguba the opportunity of a beautiful and noble reaction, and of quite a beautiful answer, which calms somewhat our hero who nevertheless will start a whole series of disasters while wanting to make amends.

There is something strange in these birds. We convey so the Gaelic word *cumachta*. The wife of the Hesus Cuchulainn is apparently more perceptive than him who is a big oaf and thinks all that "fishy."

Below what we can say about that.

FOREWORD: WE WILL DO NOT SPEAK HERE ABOUT CHANGES OF HUMAN BEINGS, FOR EXAMPLE INTO A WOLF, BUT ABOUT FORMS THAT CAN TAKE IN THE EYES OF THE MEN SOME ENTITIES COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD THAN THEIRS, IN ORDER TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM.

An angel is a heavenly creature in many traditions, in particular in Avesta and the three monolatrous religions. This word designates an envoy from the higher Being , i.e., an intermediary between the higher Being kind Ahura Mazda and men. Sometimes he hands down a divine message, sometimes he acts himself but always according to the will of Ahura Mazda or of a higher Being of that kind who needs intermediaries.

As we said it, therefore, Zoroastrianism admits that the higher being Ahura Mazda is accompanied by Amesha Spentas, Yazatas and Fravashis.

Yazatas are “angels,” some spiritual beings honored by Persians, they personify abstract ideas and virtues, guardians of human morals. They protect us from evil.

Two other spiritual beings are not classified: Thwasha: personification of the infinite space, Zurvan Akarana: personification of the unlimited time.

In the Zoroastrian angelology lastly, the fravashi or fravaši is the guardian angel of an individual, who sends the urvan (generally translated by “soul”) in the material world to take part in the battle of the good against the evil. The morning of the fourth day after death, the urvan comes back to its fravashi, which collects its experience of the material world. There is a little the same idea in the Italic world with the individual genii and junones even with the double individual genii and the double individual junones (good genius/spirit and evil genius/spirit, good junō and bad junō).

The Hebrews who borrowed this notion of angels from civilizations even Eastern than them at the time of their exile in Babylon therefore handed down this idea of intermediate beings to Jews, and Christians, just like Muslims, believe therefore also in angels (Muslims, moreover, believe in jinns what is perhaps not the best evidence of the intelligence of their collective mentality but well). Here some of their characteristics, according to them.

The Hebrew word seraphim is a plural name derived from the verb saraph, which means “to burn.” The Hebrew term seraphim means therefore literally “the burning ones.” Other possible meanings of the word saraf can be “poisonous,” “which causes inflammation” and “snake.” The majority of the historians consider that the biblical seraphim are derived from the Egyptian uraei, these cobras endowed with wings symbolizing the protective function. Besides the first translations of the Hebraic Bible in Greek conveyed the word with “snakes.” But, gradually, a reference to the snakes was concealed, we wonder well why. Seraphs have six wings with which they cover themselves.

The word cherubim comes from the church Latin cherub (plural cherubin), transcription of the Hebrew kerub plural kerubim. But the term would be of Assyrian origin. In this language “kerub” or “karibu” indeed means “the one who prays” or “the one who communicates.” In Assyria, the winged bull or “kerub” was often placed at the threshold of temples and palaces.

The appearance of biblical cherubim, some hybrid beings combining human and animal characteristics, is undoubtedly therefore influenced by the iconography of the ancient Middle East (particularly winged sphinges or winged bulls with a human head in Mesopotamia).

Cherubim have a sword with a blazing blade (with which they keep the Garden of Eden).

Angels can fight against human beings, example Jacob (Genesis 32,22-32)

Lastly, but not the least, they can make children with the daughters of men (Genesis 6,1-8).

Why now will say you to me not to imagine that the envoys of God can still appear in the eyes of the human beings, in our latitudes, and particularly in Celtic lands, in the shape of flying snakes or flying slugs??? Yuk but why not indeed ? Snakes (according to certain gnostic persons the snake of the Garden of Eden who tempted Eve was a spirit who truly had good intentions towards men, as for him),

some aliens endowed with quirky shapes ..... This was already tried as we could see it with the first seraphs or cherubim in the Bible (God has some strange ideas at times, wow...) and it is still the case anyway, particularly in the movies! Nothing more beautiful than a he-toad for a she-toad indeed Voltaire said already.

But apparently it was not what seemed most beautiful or most normal in the eyes of our ancestors. What can we do there? Divine envoys in the form of flying snakes or of flying bulls like the biblical seraphs or cherubim, not for them, splendid young women or swans, well, well there, yes!

Let us admit indeed that it is logical to think that in the eyes of a human being there is nothing more beautiful than human forms, and even, I do not know why, I leave to the hair-splitter specialists the care to find, than the body of a woman. Perhaps that I am also a member of the race of poets so much disparaged by some theologians (like Varro Tertullian, etc.).

It was besides already one of the great arguments of the pagan intellectuals of Antiquity since we find it in the *De Natura Deorum* of Cicero.

Reminder. We do not speak here about the higher being by definition, kind Ahura Mazda, but about the intermediate beings kind fravashis between men and him. With regard to the higher being it goes without saying that we can design him differently than in a human form: a circle a point an equation or whatnot. But there we speak about the intermediate beings particularly in their relationship with men.

Cicero, on the nature of the gods, book I.

On the subject of the nature of the Gods, he falls into the same mistakes. While he would avoid the concretion of individual bodies, lest death and dissolution should be the consequence, he denies that the Gods have a body, but says they have something like a body; says they have no blood, but something like blood, etc.

XXVI. It seems an unaccountable thing how one soothsayer can refrain from laughing when he sees another. It is yet a greater wonder that you can refrain from laughing among yourselves [Epicureans]. It is not a body, but something like a body! I could understand this if it were applied to statues made of wax or clay; but in regard to the Deity, I am not able to discover what is meant by a quasi-body or quasi-blood ...

XXVII. This, I perceive, is what you contend for, that the Gods have a certain figure that has nothing concrete, nothing solid, nothing of express substance, nothing prominent in it; but that it is pure, smooth, and transparent. Let us suppose the same with the Venus of Cos, which is not a body, but the representation of a body; nor is the red, which is drawn there and mixed with the white, real blood, but a certain resemblance of blood; so in Epicurus's Deity there is no real substance, but the resemblance of substance.

Let me take for granted that which is perfectly unintelligible; then tell me what the lineaments and figures of these sketched-out Deities are. Here you have plenty of arguments by which you would show the Gods to be in human form. The first is that our minds are so conditioned and predisposed, that whenever we think of a deity the human shape occurs to us. The next is that as the divine nature excels all things [by definition], so it ought to be of the most beautiful form, and there is no form more beautiful than the human and the third is, that reason cannot reside in any other shape.

First, let us consider each argument separately. You seem to me to assume a principle, despotically I may say, that has no manner of probability in it. Who was ever so blind, in contemplating these subjects, as not to see that the Gods were represented in human form, either by the particular advice of wise men, who thought by those means the more easily to turn the minds of the ignorant from a depravity of manners to the worship of the Gods; or through superstition, which was the cause of their believing that when they were paying adoration to these images they were approaching the Gods themselves. These conceits were not a little improved by the poets, painters, and sculptors; for it would not have been very easy to represent the Gods planning and executing any work in another

form, and perhaps this opinion arose from the idea which mankind have of their own beauty. But do not you, who are so great an adept in physics, see what a sort of flatterer procuress, nature is to herself? Do you think there is any creature on the land or in the sea that is not highly delighted with its own form? If it were not so, why would not a bull become enamored of a mare, or a horse of a cow? Do you believe an eagle, a lion, or a dolphin prefers any shape to its own? If nature, therefore, has instructed us in the same manner, that nothing is more beautiful than man, what wonder is it that we, for that reason, should imagine the Gods are of the human form? Do you suppose if beasts were endowed with reason that everyone would not give the prize of beauty to his own species?

XXVIII. Yet, by Hercules (I speak as I think)! though I am fond enough of myself, I dare not say that I excel in beauty that bull which carried Europa. For the question here is not concerning our genius and elocution, but our appearance and figure. If we could make and assume to ourselves any form, would you be unwilling to resemble the sea triton as he is painted to us swimming, partly human and ended with the body of a sea monster? Here I touch on a difficult point; for so great is the force of nature that there is no man who would not choose to be like a man, nor, indeed, any ant that would not be like an ant. But like what man? For how few can pretend to beauty! When I was at Athens, the whole flock of youths afforded scarcely one. You laugh, I see; but what I tell you is the truth. Nay, to us who, after the examples of ancient philosophers, delight in boys, defects are often pleasing. Alcaeus was charmed with a wart on a boy's knuckle; but a wart is a blemish on the body; yet it seemed a beauty to him. Q. Catulus, my friend and colleague's father, was enamored with your fellow-citizen Roscius, on whom he wrote these verses:

As once I stood to hail the rising day,  
Roscius appearing on the left I spied  
Forgive me, Gods, if I presume to say  
The mortal's beauty with the immortal vied.

Roscius more beautiful than a God! Yet he was then, as he now is, squint-eyed. But what signifies that if his defects were beauties to Catulus.

Brrr! Let us return therefore to our angels and our goddesses to us Celtic minded people ! As intermediate beings between the men and the higher god that Zoroaster calls Ahura Mazda.

Neo-druidic comments on this talk of the crooked lawyer who was Cicero.

a) True druids never claimed that gods were completely immortal, they died, but have a life infinitely longer than that of human beings, since it will end only with this cosmic cycle which is ours. They will thus disappear too with the end of the cycle. But to perhaps reappear with other names in the following cycle since they match certain really eternal elements forming the being, of the universe (Bitos).

b) Lastly, the solution adopted by the imaginary Epicurean of Cicero is that the gods have a body... but a little like the glorious body of Christ according to the Christians or the ethereal bodies of the spiritists of the "heretic" (let us say deviating compared to the main lines of the reference druidism) Druidic School, of Allan Kardec.

c) More unimportant, the beauty spots well located (near lips for example) can emphasize the beauty, piece of evidence the patches the elegant women stuck on their face.

d) We can, of course, get off from this kind of theoretical difficulties while doing like Jews Christians or Muslims, by answering that there are mysteries by definition and that we should not seek to understand but to be believers. The neo-druids that we are will admit more honestly than it is there one of the few aporias remaining in druidism.

Druids themselves were nevertheless more logical than the authors of the Bible and of the Quran , they had some difficulties to imagine bodies of men really provided with wings, two wings four wings six wings and therefore in a way as mixed or hybrid as the horrible tritons mentioned above by the character staged in Cicero or the hideous seraphs of the Bible.

They found simpler to think than the beings come from the Other World to communicate with men WERE ENTIRELY COVERED, AS REGARDS OUTSIDE, AS FOR THE SHAPE, BUT TEMPORARILY, WITH A BIRD'S BODY THAT EVERYONE AGREED THEN TO FIND SPLENDID, BEFORE TAKING AGAIN A COMPLETE HUMAN APPEARANCE AT THE TIME TO START DIALOG. A "very hard" dialog besides in fact, as in the case of the angel who faces Jacob in the Bible. Except that in this case, druids being either more realistic either having less hubris, it is not Jacob who wins.

What could be more natural indeed?

See winged men appearing in the sky and alighting on the ground to speak to you in the best case, even to fight against you as in the case of Jacob's fight against the angel?

Or

to see non-ordinary birds in the sky and, a few minutes later to see unknown people as out of nowhere to move in your direction in order to come into contact with you?

You I do not know but the second scenario would seem to me less contrary to the natural laws than the first one.

In any event druids having composed the initial mythical account were careful to make so that it is an appearance in a dream. IT IS A DREAM!

Another point to notice.

If in the Bible and the Quran angels are primarily of an absolutely undeniable male gender (since they are able to make children with the daughters of men, unless, of course, it is only an umpteenth nonsense of these holy books which did so much evil to Mankind\*) among Celts they are very mainly of the female gender. It is like that, perhaps that women go more readily than men to research others and foreigners, or that men are more stay-at-home, who knows ?

We will skip, on the other hand, the small streak a little SM of this "dialog" between the angels and the Hesus Cuchulainn. It is true that this story of horsewhip lashes is at the very least strange but it is one of the consequences perhaps there due to the fact that the text was shortened or combined rather artificially to another one.

And then in any case does not all that occur....in a dream?

\* Intellectual and moral progress of Mankind was stopped dead by the extension of this type of religious mentality during the fourth century (Renaissance was necessary so that Mankind takes again its take-off). To return to the Quran (and to the hadiths or to the isma of Muhammad) as well as to the Bible taken literally without critical thought ..... is therefore to regress, an intellectual decline that I consider disastrous for the history of men, in my opinion ; and I do not understand why intellectuals and people of media in France support the opposite, at least do not say it (loud and clear also), even imply by their coward and guilty silence that Islam is progress compared to the Jewish or Christian religious ideologies, which themselves, of course, are unsurpassable masterpieces of the human thought (of the human stupidity, yes ! ) , going without saying and raising no problem, etc., etc. Such is my opinion! All the question is: do I have the right to have it, have I the right to express it, have I the right to make it shared?? Still? It is true that when a wise man points at the moon with his finger, French intellectuals look at the finger.



One woman had a green cloak, the other had a five-folded crimson cloak on.  
 The woman with the green cloak went up to him, and smiled at him, and she gave him a stroke of a horse crop. The other went up to him then and smiled at him with horse crop lashes, and struck him in the same manner ; and they continued for a long time to do this, that is, each of them in turn striking, until he was nearly dead. They went away from him then.  
 All the Ultonians perceived what had happened, and they asked if they would awaken him.  
 No, said Fergus, do not move him before night.  
 The Hesus Cuchulainn stood up afterwards through his sleep.  
 Who has thus used you ? said the Ultonians to him.  
 He was not, however, able to converse with them.

Let me be brought, said he afterwards, to my bed of decline, namely, to Teti Brecc, not to the castle of Imrith, nor to the castle of Delca.

Let him be brought rather to [his wife] Aemer, to the castle of Delca, said Loeg.  
 No, said he, let me be brought to Teti Brecc. He was then carried there, and he continued to the end of a year in that place without speaking to anyone.

Lathi n-and resint shamfhuin aile cind blíadna, a m-báatar Ulaid imbi isin taig .i. Fergus etir & fhraigid, Conall Cernach etir & chrand, Lugaid Réoderg etir & adart, Ethne Ingubai fria chossa...

One day before Samon (ios) at the end of the year, the Ultonians were around him in the house, namely Fergus, between him and the wall, and Conall the Victorious between him and the door ; Lugaidh with red stripes between him and his pillow [holding him up ?] and Ethne Inguba at his feet.

As they happened, now, to be thus situated [ looking over him ] a man came into the house to them, and sat on the front rail of the bed in which the Hesus Cuchulainn lay.

What has brought you there? said Conall the victorious.  
 I will tell, said he : if the man who is here were in health, he would be a protection against all the Ultonians ; and in the great illness and debility in which he now is, he is the more a protection against them ???????? I fear nothing, said he, because it is to converse with him I have come.  
 You are welcome, you need fear nothing, said the Ultonians.  
 He then stood up and sang for them these verses :

O Hesus Cuchulainn ! in your illness,  
 Your stay should not be long ;  
 If they were with you in order to cure you  
 The daughters of Aed Abrat.

Li Ban, in the plain of Cruach, has said  
 She who sits at the right of Labraid the quick,  
 That it would give heartfelt joy to Wanda/Fand  
 To be espoused to the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Happy that day, of a truth,  
 On which the Hesus Cuchulainn would reach my land ;  
 He should have silver and gold,  
 He should have abundance of wine to drink.

If my friend on this day should be  
 The Hesus Cuchulainn, son of Sualtam,  
 All that he has seen in his sleep  
 Will he obtain without his army.

In the plain of Murthemne, here in the south,  
 On the night of Samon, and for your greater own good ,  
 From me will be sent Li Ban,  
 O Hesus Cuchulainn, to heal your disease.

O Hesus Cuchulainn !

Who are you? said they.

I am Mabon/Maponos/Oengus, the son of Aed Abrat, said he. The man then departed from them, and they knew not whence he came, nor where he went to.

The Hesus Cuchulainn then sat up and spoke.

It is time, indeed, said the Ultonians ; relate to us what has been done.

I saw, said he, a vision about this time last year. He told them then all that he had seen.

What will be done now, my lord, Cunocavaros/Conchobar? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

This will be done, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar; you will go now until you reach the same standing stone.

The Hesus Cuchulainn went forth then until he reached the same standing stone when he saw the woman with the green cloak coming towards him.

That is well, Hesus Cuchulainn, said she.

It is not well, indeed; what was the object of your visit to us last year? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

It was not to injure you, indeed, said she, that we came, but it was to seek your love. I have come now to speak to you, said the woman, from Wanda/Fand, the daughter of Aed Abrat, who has been abandoned by Belin/Belen/Barinthus son of Lir, the mannish, and she has conceived an affection for you. Liban, indeed, is my own name. I have a message for you, too, from my husband, Labraid "of the quick hand at sword." He will give you the woman on your giving him one day's aid in battle against Senach the demonic one , and against Eochaidh n-lul, and against Eogan of the river's mouth.

I am not well enough, indeed, said he, to make battle against men today.

Short is the time that that will be the case, said Li Ban; you will be healed, and what has been lost of your strength will be restored to you ; and you ought to do this for Labraid, because he is the noblest of the champions of the world.

In what place is he? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

He is on the plain of Mag Mell, said she.

I had better be going elsewhere, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Let Loeg go along with you in order to examine the land from which you have come.

Let him come then, said Liban.

They went forward then until they reached the place in which Wanda/Fand was. Liban then went up to Loeg and caught him by the shoulder. "You shall not escape, O Loeg this day," said Li Ban [erroneously Wanda/Fand in our text], "unless you are protected by a woman."

That is not what we were most accustomed to hitherto, said Loeg, woman protection.

Alas, and eternal alas ! that it is not the Hesus Cuchulainn that is in your place now, said Liban.

I would be glad that it were he that were there, said Loeg.

They went away then until they arrived opposite the island. They saw the little bronze ship upon the lake before them. They then went into the ship, and they went into the island, and they went to the door of a house. They saw a man coming towards them, and Li Ban said unto him :

Where is Labraid "of the quick hand at sword"

Leader of victorious troops ;

Triumphant in the body of a strong chariot.

In the middle of bloody spears ?

The man answered her then, and said to her:

Labraid is activating himself in this place??

He does not remain without anything to do, always in his bed ???

Because he prepares to fight battle, blood will run,  
Of which the plain of Fidga will be filled.

They went then into the house ; and they saw three times fifty rooms in the house; with three times fifty women in them. They all bid welcome to Loeg. This was what they all said to him: "You are welcome, Loeg, on account of the person with whom you have come, from whom you have come, and on your own account."

What will you do now, O Loeg ? said Liban; will you go to talk to Wanda/Fand at once?  
I will, if I but know the place that she is in.  
I will tell you : she is in a separate chamber, said Li Ban. They went then to converse with her and she bade them welcome after the same manner.

Wanda/Fand, now, was the daughter of Aed Abrat, i. áed tene. Is h-é tene na súla in mac imlesen, i.e., aed is fire, the fire of the eye is the pupil. Fand, then, is the name of the tear which passes over it. It was for her purity she was so named, and for her beauty ; for there was no woman in life with which she could be compared besides it.

As they were thus there, they heard the rolling of Labraid's chariot coming to the island.  
Labraid's spirit is bad today, said Liban ; let us go to salute him.  
They then went out, and Liban bade him welcome, and said :

Welcome, Labraid of the quick hand at sword ;  
The representative of a whole army ;  
The shooter of light spears ;  
The cleaver of shields ;  
The scatterer of heavy spears ;  
The wounder of bodies ;  
The slayer of warlike nobles ;  
The seeker of slaughters ;  
Fair scatterer of entrails ;  
Destroyer of hosts ;  
The ripper;  
Welcome,  
Welcome, Labraid ! "

Labraid did not yet speak, and the maid said again :

Welcome, Labraid of the quick hand at battle-sword;  
Ready his stipend ;  
Munificent to all ;  
Eager for battle ;  
Wounded his side;  
Faithful his word;  
Rigorous his justice;  
Benign his sovereignty ;  
Strong his right arm ;  
Vengeful his deed ;  
Destroyer of warriors

Labraid, welcome ; welcome, Labraid !

Labraid still did not answer, canaid-si laíd n-ailli affridissi, she spoke another lay again :

Welcome, Labraid, of the swift hand at sword;  
Most valiant of warriors ;  
Haughtiest of chiefs ;  
Destroyer of strength ;  
Fighter of battle ;

Exterminator of champions ;  
Elevator of the weak ;  
Subjugator of the strong ;

Welcome, Labraid ; welcome, Labraid !

What you say is not just, O wife ! said finally Labraid, and then he said :

It is not haughtiness nor hubris, O wife,  
Nor a high spirit of happiness, that confuses our senses :  
A battle approaches which will be decisive,  
With dangerous plying of red swords upon the fists of right hands ;  
Against the numerous and eager troops of Eochaid Iul.  
We cannot have any haughtiness.  
It is not haughtiness, it is not hubris in me, O wife !

Your spirits will be good indeed, said the wife, said Liban, to him, Loeg, Hesus Cuchulainn's charioteer, is here, and has a message for you from him to say that he will join you in your expedition.

Labraid then bade him welcome, and said :

You are welcome, O Loeg, for the sake of the woman with whom you have come, and the man from whom you have come. Return you to your home, O Loeg, said Labraid, and Liban will go after you. Loeg came away then to Emania, and he told his story to the Hesus Cuchulainn and to all besides. Hesus Cuchulainn then rose up, and he passed his hand over his face, and he pleasantly conversed with Loeg, because he felt that the stories which the squire related to him were a strengthening to his spirits.

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

A horse crop. We translate the Gaelic word *echfhleisc* by riding crop but we point out that at the beginning it was a kind of goad for horses. The small SM streak that this detail confers on our story is fortuitous. Let us notice that if everything happened in a dream, and that in any case Ulaid seem to have seen nothing, since they ask him who does that to him, the physical effects on the health state of the Hesus Cuchulainn seem to have been quite visible. Perhaps was it an epileptic fit?

Psychosomatic is a field still quite mysterious but real (placebo effect, etc.).

The word psychosomatic (from the former Greek: *psykhe* the mind and *soma*, the body) indicates an appearance of a mental health disorder on the level of physical health without another cause can be established. More generally, this term indicates all that relates to the effects of the mind on the human or even animal body. It is thus a question of somatization to designate the process through which a psychic disorder appears in the form of an organic disorder, as for example paralysis observed in a conversion hysteria without the nerves being touched. This variety of hysteria gathers certain neurological appearances occurring in a permanent way (paralysis, anesthesia, change in visual perceptions, etc.). This type of hysteria would occur following psycho affective upheavals about which the interested party, for Charcot, would express only a "beautiful disinterest."

It is known that certain legends show us the Hesus Cuchulainn as having triumphed over hell (by having left it safe and sound). We can wonder whether this legend strictly speaking (what it is necessary to read on the subject) was not risen from a similar episode.

Fergus. We saw that at the beginning of the story Fergus is said to be absent. We can suppose that it was Cunocavaros/Conchobar but it does not matter. We will not do like Judeo-Islamic-Christians, namely to invent or say anything to justify this inconsistency. This inconsistency of our text comes from its composite nature, two stories, even three, bent together. What is more annoying it is the relative chronology. When to place this adventure in the short life of the Hesus Cuchulainn in this case?

It is much less serious than the absence of the account of the appearances to various witnesses of the alleged risen from the dead in the known oldest manuscript of the four Gospels, that of Mark (in the Vaticanus codex indeed the chapter XVI, 9-20 of the Gospel according to Mark is missing, what is

nevertheless annoying since this Gospel is perhaps oldest of the four). It is true that according to the doctors of the Muslim Law Jesus did not die crucified. Then whom to believe???

Aemer. Same thing! Appears well here in the story: Emiri do Dún Delca. Almost entire sections of the original account are to be missing.

Téti Brecc, not the castle of Imrith nor that of Delca. We acknowledge not to understand the why of this preference. Téti Brecc or the "multicolored palace" seems to have been one of the three royal residences in Emania Macha, the two others being the Royal Branch (Craebh ruadh) and the Red Branch (Craebh Dherg). The castle of Delca, ancestral home of the Hesus Cuchulainn, was considered like having been built by a Gallic or Fir Bolg prince. Would this be the piece of evidence that our hero was of Bolg origin?

A man came into the house to them... Genesis XVIII. One hot summer afternoon Abraham was sitting by the entrance to his tent near the sacred oaks of Mamre, when three men appeared to him. Abraham looked up and saw three men standing nearby.....One of the guests said him, I'll come back about this time next year, and when I do, Sarah will already have a son.

Aed Abrat. Aedh Abrath. One of the many deities of the druidic Panth-eon, or then one of the many names of one of the deities of the druidic Panth-eon. He is the father of Oengus, Fand and Li Ban (the latter is ascribed Eochaid as her father). He particularly quoted in the Seirglige ConCulaind & oenet Emire (The sickbed of Cú Chulainn and the only jealousy of Emer) as being the father of the "bird women" (Fand and Li Ban), only able to cure the Hesus Cuchulainn. His name literally means "fire in the eyou". As Túatha de Danann, and especially the father of Wanda/Fand and Oengus, there is no doubt about the divine nature of this character.

Labraid the quick . Ditto. Apparently in this episode it is one of the kings of the Other world , married with Li Ban. He had therefore sent the latter to ask some assistance to the Hesus Cuchulainn against one of his enemies, by promising to him in exchange therefore the hand of his sister-in-law Wanda/Fand . Who was already married nevertheless. So what conclude about the Christian morality of the ones and of the others ? Perhaps it was a temporary marriage or a trial marriage. We find there in any case the topic of the "far away loves" dear to the troubadours in south Europe like the prince de Blayou (Jaufre Rudel) but from a woman.

The best known Labraid is the one who is called in Gaelic language Loingsech (the exiled, the ultramarine one). It is a priori a historical character, high king of Ireland , ancestor of the Laginians of Leinster. Perhaps an adventurer who came to settle there with a powerful troop of warriors come from the Continent, and more precisely of Armorica according to T.F. O'Rahilly.

Láithe gaile Galián

gabsit inna lamaib laigne

Lagin de sin

slóg Galain glonnach.

Nothing of all that would relate to our subject if certain Irish documents did not present to us this "historical" Labraid as a god ruling over the men and the gods.

Ór ós gréin glemair

gabais for doine domnaib sceo déib

dia oín as Moín

macc Áine oen-ríg.

Labraid being an adjective meaning something like eloquent or talkative, that is to be an epithet designating a god better known through another name and there was recycling in the biography of the historical Labraid of details drawn by the bards in the mythology or the worship of this divine character. One of the lays which will follow for example resembles extremely the kind of prayers which we could send at such a deity at the same time god of eloquence and of war like Ogma in Ireland Ogmios on the Continent. Except that the detail of the chariot matches more Taran/Toran/Tuireann than Ogmios.

Wanda/Fand. The name of this unhappy woman is usually explained by that of the tear (fand) or of the peewit and of the swallow (fannal) in Gaelic language. It is perhaps necessary to go further and to go back to a Indo-European stem wen- that we also find in Venus's name. Wanda/Fand would be

therefore a kind of Venus but for Celts. Some experts make her a prototype of the character called Laudine in the Round Table romances.

Li Ban. Name literally meaning "pearl of women, most beautiful of the women."

As usual considering the dislocation which followed Christianization, genealogies lost any logic and got mixed up. In this account therefore Aed Abrat is the father of Wanda/Fand and of Li Ban. But in other legends Li Ban has as father Eochaid. We will not say that all that is of no importance because we regret on the contrary that it is so difficult now to find one's way in them. Finally, fortunately the soul or the spirit of all these stories remains.

As for the male character called Oengus, is it the Mabon/Maponos/Oengus of our basic accounts or another one??? Difficult to say. See our booklets about druidic Pantheon and mythology. In any event Bible is quite so muddled, well... Once again what is to make the difference it is the frame of mind presiding over these accounts: there exists a world parallel to ours peopled with beings living a hundred bent above us. There does not exist an impassable barrier between the two worlds. Inhabitants of the other world can appear in ours and reciprocally human beings can land in the other. Favored moment for the appearances of this phenomenon turn around the festival of Samon (November 1st).

There also exist places more favorable than others for these contacts.

It goes without saying that what we call a parallel world we uns, poor humans in all good logic is perhaps to be put in the plural, best of the images in this case being that of the mille-feuilles (the existing being or universe is like a napoleon of which we would occupy only a very little part).

Apart from that we are quite unable to say something more. It is up to each one to see!

The mannish (from the Isle of Man) . It is very exactly what the Gaelic word Manannan means. It was one of the powerful masters of the parallel other world of the gods, particularly venerated in the Isle of Man. Perhaps an avatar

- either of Taran/Toran/Tuireann

- either of Lug

- either lastly precisely, what matches best his personality, of Belin /Belen called thereafter Barinthus or saint Barrind/Barri in Christian documentation (the voyage of saint Brendan). The mention "son of Lir" is perhaps in fact used only to emphasize the narrowly insular character of this avatar of the great deity in question. A kind of equivalent of our modern "St Michael's Mount in danger from the sea The story is not very clear (had she really been abandoned by her husband???) because finally Belin/Belen/Barinthus will be well anyway the only support to which the unfortunate woman will be able to cling to. It just goes to show marriage is not always what we believe.

Senach the demonic one. We convey with demonic the Gaelic adjective siaborthe which refers likely to the notion of siabra or serriti. See counter-lays in the previous book. But this calling is, of course, due to heinous and racist manipulations of a Christian monk having tried to demonize him because this character appears in the most sympathetic light possible (it is a question of granting a long life) in a prayer in Gaelic language which begins as follows: Admuiniur Senach sechtamserach: I invoke Senach of the seven periods of time (or the Elder of the seven periods of time).....etc.

Eogan of the rivers' mouth. Another character difficult to identify. Apparently therefore still a resident of the other world of the gods.

Mag Mel. What literally means "plain of happiness, plain of pleasant to attend people." Name of one of the tribes in the south of Paris besides, the Meldi (Meaux). One of the many names of the druidic heaven. This state of being (because it is not a material place, of course, as will think it Saint Brendan) has as many different names than the god of the Bible or of the Quran, that's saying a lot.

They went away then until they arrived opposite the island. They saw the little bronze ship upon the lake before them. This sentence is not very clear. It seems, at first sight, that they have just arrived on

the bank of a lake and that Labraid's island is therefore just in the middle of the aforementioned lake. But it is obviously a question, after, of the sea or of the Ocean so....

And in any event it is not a question of a true boat, of course, but of a symbolic or magic boat, making able to cross instantaneously or almost incommensurable distances. The Gaelic word matching is *lunga*. Nowadays in movies like Stars Wars we would speak about jumping to hyperspace.

Our ancestors were more modest and imagined only bronze boats similar to that found in the sanctuary of the goddess Sequana and today property of the city Paris.

The boat 40 centimeters long is surrounded with a bulwark bored with many holes (to put oars in them?)

The figurehead represents a duck? holding a round fruit in its nozzle. Apparently therefore and in spite of its modesty the spring of the Sequana River was regarded as a possible door of connection with the other world, and in the two directions, since many wooden *ex voto*, pieces of evidence that it was there formerly a known place of pilgrimage, were found there.

The clothes of the goddess are neither Celtic nor Roman: she is clothed with a *chiton* (fine Greek tunic), fastened using round fibulas on the arms and held back by a belt tied under the chest. The face shows a full oval, with regular and fine features. The hair, separated by a median line, is done in thin wicks cut short on the nape; on the front, these wicks are puffed out in a headband on the forehead and fall in a long loop brought back in front of the shoulder. A broad diadem, decorated with six pearls of which three are missing, crowns the head.

But let us leave all these followers of the love god only true single and so on to their bleak visions of a universe peopled with hideous and stinking demons who attack them, each one his style, and let us return rather what it is usual to call a better world, traditionally peopled with charming princes and princesses, resounding with a divine music and abounding in inexhaustible succulent food or with a lot of brawls, which always end well, for the boys who want some of them.

What is more logical besides since ancient druids did not believe in the existence of a universe of hellish type as many glosses on a verse of Lucan having caused a lot of ink to flow on the subject, show it.

Comments on line of verse 454.

*Manes esse non dicunt.*

They do not say that the manes exist.

*Hoc enim disputant animas ad inferos non ire, sed in alio orbe nasci.*

They dispute indeed the fact that the souls can go down into hell, because they think they are born after in another world.

*Id est sicut uos dicitis anime ad inferos non descendunt, sed in orbe alterius hemispherii incorporantur iterum uel in aliqua parte orbis a uobis remota.*

I.e. according to you the souls do not go down into the hell, but will again be incorporated in a part of the world located in the other hemisphere or in any part of a world unknown to you.

Were our ancestors wrong not to believe in the existence of hell? It is up to each one to see, in what concerns us we make a point of announcing a phenomenon which appears more than obvious in our investigation.

Ancient druids had had the perceptiveness to suppose the existence of other worlds different because adapted to the personalities of each one. What Christians do also besides but hence more coarsely by considering a heaven a purgatory and a hell comprising several circles moreover (Father's house has many rooms, no?) As we have emphasized it, for the ancient druids it was not a hell divided into several different fields but a heaven divided into several different fields.

A circle of heaven matching the third function, that of the producers of riches or of the craftsmen.

A circle of heaven matching the first function, that of druids.

A circle of heaven lastly matching the class of the warriors.

Let us wager that the heaven for the druids and for the individuals of the druid type was to be very different.

But the fact that they are the stories which stage or illustrate the circle of heaven which corresponds to the individuals of the warrior type, which arrived to us in greater number, for obvious reasons: they had an audience at the same time sufficiently numerous and sufficiently wealthy so that it is well paying (for the bards spreading these kinds of stories). Christian bowdlerization was perhaps also

practiced more savagely on the stories staging therefore circles of heaven rather intended for the individuals of "druid" type.

Let us note nevertheless that it is a poetic symbol and that it is obvious that all these circles of heaven to call them thus are connected. What we have just noticed was undoubtedly only a schematization on behalf of the various druids as arbitrary as the classification in various genres (cattle raids, courtship of a woman, adventure in the other world, tragic deaths or battles and so on...) of the Gaelic legends, by the bards themselves.

Let us insist lastly on the fact it is there some conventions intended to try to make conceivable by a human mind what is in reality a state of being uneasy to imagine, a state of being and not a place, let us repeat it! It is only by poetic convention that we can reach these states of being by means of a vessel sailing on the seas at the speed of light or thanks to a boat going up the current of a spring back to the depths of the Earth.

Aed is fire, the fire of the eye is the pupil. Fand, then, is the name of the tear which passes over it. I. áed tene. Is h-é tene na súla in mac imlesen.

It is, of course, a gloss, i.e. an explanation initially noted in the margin by any copyist monk but which ended up being inserted in the body even of the text, without being announced like such in a way or in another. This phenomenon also exists in the Bible with the result that people have a long time taken for the word of God or at the very least for a divine word, a simple human word commenting on or explaining such or such word such or such sentence, and appearing initially in the margin of the text then ending up being found inserted within the supposed being holy and divine words. What, in other words, is called a para-text, generally presented as titles or prologues.

Some examples: the Book of Proverbs opens with a verse ("Proverbs of Solomon, son of David, king of Israel"), which contains indications of title and author; it continues with some verses likely to be identified as a foreword; with chapters 10, 25, 30 and 31 are again given title indications. The Gospel of Luke too, begins with a group of verses which form a prologue. Lastly, the first verse of Mathew is usually regarded as its title. In these cases, the para-text is therefore registered in the canonically accepted text whereas it does not form a divine word at all but is only a simple human word.

There exist undeniable para-texts of this nature in the Quran, i.e., words which could not have been pronounced by archangel Gabriel.

Let us leave aside the very discussed story of the gharaniq verses renamed "satanic" and on which we already expressed ourselves.

Let us speak rather about the case of the chapters of Quran beginning with letters having no meaning in Arabic language, for example, alif lâ mî m. There are indeed letters or groups of letters starting certain chapters of the Quran. 29 chapters in all. Some chapters begin only with one letter, chapter 68 for example, which begins with the letter "nun." Some have four like chapter 13 (alif lâ mî m ra). There exists even a chapter of the Quran beginning with five letters meaning nothing, the chapter 16 devoted to the Blessed Virgin (Mary). Which begins with the letters kaf ha ya ain sad.

If it is not some para-text that, so what, well, it is there that archangel Gabriel had had to drink a little too much on that day and that he had somewhat mixed his notes or his papers.

An archangel Gabriel who, let us point it out, appears only little and rather tardily in all this story, before in Mecca malicious people said rather than Muhammad was only a man possessed by a jinn. There also exists in the paper Quran we have in our hands other expressions which could not appear in uncreated heavenly Quran as consubstantial with God as was Jesus.

According to Muslims the Quran would be an uncreated divine word directly come from the heaven and there would be in it no word of the man Muhammad. However this assertion does not resist the following facts.

Let us take for example chapter 11, verse 2.

Which begins as we have already said it, with traces of a former arrangement or classification of papers or notes, namely the letters "alif lâ mî ra."

Verse 2 is stated as follows: " "You will not worship except God. I come to you from him as a warner, as well as a bearer of good news."

If it were really archangel Gabriel who had spoken, he would have said : " You will not worship except God. Muhammad comes to you from him as a warner, etc."



There exists in the Quran many other examples of this type. Here is another one (this time they are angels who speak), chapter 19 about the Blessed Virgin which starts as we have already said it by traces or vestiges of quite a former classification, the letters kaf ha ya ain and sad. Verse 64: "We descend not but by command of your lord, etc." it is obvious in this case that in fact there angels who speak, and not God nor even Gabriel.

Is denying it categorically the evidence of intelligence?? Absolutely not! The Muslim who denies that does not show his intelligence, does not express his intelligence, does not make his brain function, he does not make the noblest conquest of Man function, that which distinguishes him from the animal, but shows the intensity of his faith which, as each one knows, has nothing to do with reason. To make the Quran be learned by heart is therefore a gigantic undertaking of brain washing and, of course, not an exercise of critical thought. Islam without hindsight and critical thought is an extinguisher of human thought.

We can also consider as para-text besides all the remarks which are put in the mouth of the opponents or adversaries of Muhammad as well as the remarks a little too much of circumstances, being used only to justify the behavior of the prophet but not having much to do with the theology or the highest spirituality (all that relates to the number of wives that he could have himself and not the other Muslims, i.e., the chapter 33, verse 50.

"O Prophet! We have made lawful to you the wives to whom you have paid their dowers, those whom your right hand possesses out of the prisoners of war whom God has assigned to you; daughters of your paternal uncles and aunts, and daughters of your maternal uncles and aunts, who migrated with you; and any believing woman who dedicates her soul to the Prophet if the Prophet wishes to wed her. It is only for you and not for the believers."  
Therefore between 9 and 15 in all.

Definitely the god of Muslims has much time to lose in the details at the very least passably egoistic, much too human in any case to be really divine. Or let us say that he is really forgiving and merciful, at the very least really flexible (for his prophet especially, less for the others. One is there opposite of the "blessed are you the poor..." of the sermon on the Mount, reported in the Gospels of Matthew (5, 3-12) and of Luke (6, 20-23).

We understand the situation well. Following this sorry story of adultery or sleeping around with the wife of his foster son, Muhammad was ashamed, he was ashamed and put to shame, therefore the supreme being or Ahura Mazda of this society (that of Yathreb/Medina), in other words, God, our God, was to intervene in order to support him.

That is nevertheless many human words mixed with divine words all that. Many words of men within divine words!

These verses marking an exception in favor of Muhammad as regards the number of wives seem really still and all slag polluting the issued spiritual message. Fortunately for Christianity it does not have to trail this kind of burden (these heavy and painful quibbles), the hero of its metaphysical novel having more wisely preferred to rather devote all his physical energy to the distribution of the message of his father than to have a whole herd of women as cattle, what he could have done obviously if he had wanted it.

In short, to conclude, we have ourselves also para-text in our legends, the whole question, is to know for example in fact if this ERRONEOUS etymology of the name of Wanda/Fand could influence the image which people could have of her later on. Because in what concerns us and just like in the case of the prophet Muhammad we have about her role in all this affair a value judgment much less forgiving and merciful for the concerned person than the god of Abraham and Muhammad.

Nothing proves that Wanda/Fand is a beaten (hard and frequently) woman and she especially seems a marriage-wrecker capricious and deeply unjust towards her husband. All that made a little divorce in the French way with only women as judges of the case.

This Labraid on his chariot resembles Taran/Torann/Tuireann completely. Could it be that the poem which Li Ban sings to him is in fact an ancient prayer intended for the king of the gods??? Considering the very heterogeneous nature of our text, made of odds and ends, why not ? Representative of a whole army. We translate so the Gaelic expression Comarbae buidne. Beautiful scatterer of entrails. To those who would wonder well what idea of beauty comes to do in this picture, we will answer that it is perhaps what the old Celtic theonym Belatucadros means (beautiful killer???).

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There was, now, a meeting of the four great provinces of green Erin held at this time, to see if they could find a person whom they would select, to whom they would give the sovereignty of Ireland ; because they deemed it an evil that the Hill of Supremacy and Lordship of Erin, that is Tara, should be without the rule of a king upon it and they deemed it an evil that the tribes should be without a king's government to judge their houses. For the men of Erin had been without the government of a king over them during a period of seven years, after the death of Conaire, at Bruden Da Derga, until this great meeting of the four provinces of green Erin, at Tara of the Kings, in the house of Erc son of Carpre Niafer.

These, now, were the kings who were in that meeting, namely, Maeve and Ailill, Curoi, Tigernach Tetbannach, son of Luchta, and Finn Mac Rossa. These men, now, would not hold counsel for [the election of] a king with the Ultonians, because these men were of one accord opposed to them.

There was then prepared a bull feast by them there, in order that they should discover out of it to whom they would give the sovereignty over the country.

Thus was that bull feast prepared, namely, a white bull was killed, and one man eat enough of his flesh, and of his broth and he slept under that meal . A prayer was chanted on him by four druids and he saw in a dream the shape of the man who should be made king there, and his form, and his description, and the sort of work that he was engaged in. The man screamed out of his sleep and described what he saw to the kings, namely, a young, noble, using good force (sonairt) with two red stripes (chris) around him, and he sitting over the pillow of a man in a decline in Emania Macha. A message was then sent with this description to Emania.

The Ultonians at the time were assembled around Cunocavaros/Conchobar in Emania, and the Hesus Cuchulainn in his decline there. The courier related his message to Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and to the nobles of Ulidia also.

There is with us a free and nobly descended youth of that description, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, namely, Lugaid with red stripes, the son of the three fair (find ?) of Emania ; the pupil of the Hesus Cuchulainn ; over whose pillow he sits in his bed within by himself solacing his tutor ; that is the Hesus Cuchulainn, who is in his bed of decline."

Editor's note. Follows then what is called in Gaelic language a Teagasc an Riogh or more generally a tecosc. N.B. One of the most famous examples of this literature after that one is the text entitled Tecosca Cormaic.

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

Conaire. The death of Conaire is reported in the Gaelic text entitled Togail Bruidne da Derga: The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel. But it is, of course, an umpteenth attempt at a historicization of the initial pan-Celtic myth which was at the origin like any myth timeless and not precisely localizable. Although this text, the togail bruidne da Derga is everything apart from a credible history.

Erc. This Erc will be later the one who will dare to behead our hero strongly tied to his menhir or to his standing stone in Muirthemné. It just goes to show you that each time can have its Judas. N.B. We use the comparison in the usual sense of the term in our latitudes. Another reading can be made of his

action (Judas would have considered that Jesus betrayed the movement and voluntarily ruined the attempt at rebellion against Rome...)

Noble. We translate so the Gaelic word *saer* which means in fact "free man." Apparently in this case every free man was regarded as noble.

Bull feast. This episode seems to have no logical link with the rest of the story. It brings us nevertheless two important components; the bull sacrifice and a code of behavior for the powers that be. We will not insist on the deontological code intended for the politicians because we will devote a whole booklet to it but, on the other hand, we will allow ourselves some comments on the bull sacrifice. The principle is simple, a bull was sacrificed, somebody satisfied himself with his broth and meat, and then the following day when he wakes some specialists questioned him to deduce from the answers he made to their question indications relating to the identity of the future king.

Some remarks of horse sense.

It goes without saying nobody refused such an honor and therefore there was no need to postulate to be selected.

All was to depend consequently on the dreams carried out as well as on the questions and interpretations given.

In other words, let us dare to say it, and let us not react like a pious Muslim in front of the "mysteries" of the holy Quran or of the life of Muhammad, or like Catholics in front of the mysteries of the election of a pope, it was these five men who ultimately chose the future king, by the means of an analysis of the dreams, not from the candidate, as we have pointed it out, but from someone else. These five men were at the very least to be connoisseurs in political matters to make the right choice and perhaps they had already agreed on a name. The future king was therefore "elected" by only five people but unanimous inevitably.

N.B. We strongly advise to today druids against involving themselves openly in the political spars, when you see and when you hear what is said here you are nauseous. There is no longer great idea, no longer great ideal, only some repeated lies in order to emphasize one's masters or to dirty despicably one's pseudo-adversaries (who are often indeed very close, in any case considered by far). Our politicians dishonor themselves daily in comedies or remarks completely disconnected from the true reality of the situations or of their adversaries, they fight in an unscrupulous way: they do not have the nobility of the Hesus Cuchulainn in this field even if they have sometimes his ferocity. On the other hand, nothing on this subject prohibits to them to have their opinion and, at the proper time, to slip into the ballot box as an ordinary citizen the voting paper which seems them to correspond best to the situation.

We will reconsider the case of the bull sacrifice which was amply described by Pliny without it is known if it was the same ritual or a different ritual but still with the same victim.

The osteological analysis of the osseous remainders found in the Celtic-druidic shrines indicates in the order the following consumption: ovines, bovines, pigs, equines, dogs?

Ovine are young and seem well to be entirely consumed (cf. therefore paschal lamb or Eid al Adha even Eid al Kebir in Islamic lands).

Bovine are generally very old and their meat does not seem to be much eaten. In our text it is, however, mentioned that yes! Hence the importance of the broth perhaps. Practices were to vary according to peoples.

The procedure seems to have been the following one: the animal was brought at the edge of the pit having to receive its body, having to shelter its carcass, and something to drink or eat was offered to it in order to make it duck its head. As soon as it was done a great blow of a butcher's axe crashed to pieces its nape and the animal fell thus struck down.

Sacrificial team: a druid (at least) chairs the ritual (the ceremony), a vate kills the animal, *veledae* and *gutuaters* or *gutumaters* chant prayers or deliver a sermon.

Some of our readers perhaps will laugh at such an ability to determine a political future from dreams. It shall we'll be admitted nevertheless that analysis of the dreams of a true candidate for the throne, on the other hand, is always learning. We saw it very well in the year 312 somewhere at the borders of Belgium and Upper Germany (in Grand), the sacrifice of the bull in less, since druidic rituals had been prohibited (even though, it is well necessary to eat something to live, and nothing prohibits "beef," but if killed in a ritual way then very discretely). On the other hand, local high-knowers knew without too much difficulty to determine the potential of the candidate for the throne of the emperor in question and to direct his dreams consequently or at least undoubtedly to interpret his dreams consequently.

Here the text of this "bull sacrifice" without a bull at least apparently but nevertheless "having worked " beyond all "expectations" (since it will end up in total victory " in hoc signo vince" indeed, of the mixture of Judaism and paganism called Christianity).

"For on the day after that news had been received and you had undertaken the labor of double stages on your journey, you learned that all the waves had subsided, and that the all-pervading calm which you had left behind had been restored.

Fortune herself so ordered this matter that the happy outcome of your affairs prompted you to convey to the immortal gods what you had vowed at the very spot where you had turned aside towards the most beautiful temple in the whole world, or rather, to the deity made manifest, as you saw. For you saw, I believe, O Constantine, your Apollo [Grannus], accompanied by the goddess Victory, offering you laurel wreaths, each one of which carries a portent of thirty years. For this is the number of human ages which are owed to you without fail-beyond the old age of a Nestor. And now why do I say, "I believe?" You saw, and recognized yourself in the likeness of him to whom the divine songs of the vates [in Latin vatum carmina divina] had prophesied that rule over the whole world was due. And this I think has now happened, since you are, Augustus Emperor, like him, youthful, joyful, a bringer of health and very handsome. Rightly, therefore, etc." (Panegyric of Constantine Augustus, by Eumenius (260-311).

N.B. Labarum, on the other hand, seems to have no relationship with Labraid if it is not perhaps a common etymology.

Prayer. In accordance with our usual "jurisprudence" on the matter (Celts of the time were not more stupid than the average Christian of today) we convey by a non-disparaging non-pejorative term the Gaelic word chantain which nevertheless has well in common with the term incantation the same verbal stem evoking the concept of song.

Red stripes. We thus translate the Gaelic word chris which also means "belts." It is Lugaid, the foster son (or pupil or foster brother according to the meaning of the word dalta) of the Hesus Cuchulainn (yes, a part of the myth relating to him is obviously missing here). He had therefore three different fathers according to this story and his body was consequently made up of three different parts (for each one of his fathers) separated by a red stripe. To those who would be astonished let us remind nevertheless of the fact there exist individuals with differently colored eyes i.e., endowed with the eyes of a different color, one brown and the other blue for example (heterochromia iridis) is the indication that, one day, there were to be such genetic accidents. But for the case which occupies us today, simplest nevertheless is to see here only an imagination of poets.

---

Atraig Cú Chulainn andaide, & gebid for tecosc a daltaí conid and asbert:  
Bríathartheosc Con Culainn inso.

The Hesus Cuchulainn rose up then and began to instruct his pupil, upon which he said.  
Verbal Instruction of the Hesus Cuchulainn below.

You will not be a cause (taerracht) of vehement and fierce quarrels ?  
You will not be arrogant (discir), inaccessible, haughty.  
You will not be intractable, experiencing hubris, precipitate, impulsive.  
You will not be bent down by the intoxication of having much wealth.  
You will not be an ale-polluting flea in the house of a provincial king.  
You will not make too many feasts to foreigners.  
You will not visit disreputable people, incapable of entertaining you as a king.  
You will not let prescription close over illegal possession.

Let witnesses be examined, of who is the heir of land.  
Let the scholars (senchaid) combine in truthful action in your presence.

Let the lands of the brothers be ascertained in their lifetime, peacefully.  
 Let genealogical lists be updated when generations multiply in branches,  
 Let the living be called up ; let them be revived on oath.  
 The place that the dead have resided in.  
 Let the heir be preserved in his lawful possession.  
 Let the strangers, on the other hand, be driven off the patrimony, by force if necessary.  
 You will not relate garrulously.  
 You will not discourse noisily.  
 You will not mock,  
 you will not insult,  
 you will not deride old people.  
 You will not be ill opinioned [you will not suppose ill] of anyone.  
 You will not make difficult demands (geis).  
 You will not turn away anybody.  
 You will be obedient to the teaching of the wise.  
 Caín-ois. Caín-era. Caín-airlice.  
 Grant as it is necessary to do it. Refuse as it is necessary to do it . Advise as it is necessary to do it.  
 You will be remembering of the instructions of the old.  
 You will be a follower of the rules of your fathers.  
 You will not be cold-hearted to friends.  
 You will be strong to your foes.  
 You will not be a stakeholder in the brawls or the quarrels???  
 Nírbat scélach athchossánach.  
 You will not speak ill of others  
 You will extort nothing.  
 You will not hoard [like an avaricious];  
 Consecha do chúrsachad i n-gnímaib antechtai.  
 You will reject and blame unbecoming deeds.  
 You will not sacrifice truthfulness to the will of certain men.  
 You will not reap ???? (tathboingid) that you be not repentant.  
 You will not show hubris in your triumph, that you be not obnoxious.  
 You will not be lazy, that you be not like dead.  
 You will not be too precipitate that you be not vulgar.

Do you consent to follow these words, my son?"

Then Lugaid spoke as here below to the Hesus Cuchulainn :

As long as it is well, they will be all kept,  
 For everyone will know  
 That nothing will be deficient of it ;  
 It will be verified if practicable.

Lugaidh then repaired, along with the messengers, to Tara, and he was proclaimed as king ; and he slept in Tara that night ; then after that, all returned to their homes.

---

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

Peacefully. We convey so the Gaelic word "brethamain" which perhaps means: with the approval of judges, being consolidated by the decisions of the judges, etc.

You will not turn away anybody. It is not the case with certain administrations in France (justice taxes) which a little too often take the liberty not to answer the letters sent to them.

You will be strong to your foes. And not will be strong to the weak and weak to the strong , what some bloggers reproached the journalist Pascale Clark (Superno, Marianne Monday, March 12, 2012).

Consecha do chúrsachad i n-gnímaib antechtai. You will reject and blame unbecoming deeds. Let us note that our hero is not a god but a demigod profiting from no particular isma unlike Muhammad that this expression is nevertheless less constraining than the famous " You were the best of communities brought forth unto man, you forbid what is wrong and you order what is good " of Muslims (chapter 3 verse 110 of the holy Quran) and that, moreover, it applies only to the civil life (therefore can be summarized like this: "condemn what is obviously illegal). The only problem is that ancient druids considered as being equivalent justice and truth. It was right what was true or conversely was true what was right. To reject what is evil, it is already much and even can be sufficient, but to order what is good....now then there it is the door open to all totalitarianism. Quran chapter 3 verse 19 : " Verily, the true religion in God's sight is submission or Islam."

The principle "what is not prohibited is by contrast authorized" is more compatible with our idea of human freedom. To order the good!!! Brrr!!! This opens the door to all the dictatorships by definition especially when it is believed that, contrary to the Bible, the Quran is not a human account of the divine message (as attested by the scholars and wise of the Synagog or of the Church) but is the "original text" of the divine revelation \*. At the very time of the divine revelation, these words were memorized then written (by the companions of the prophet) in a single collection while using very rigorous method of cross-checking of sources (sic, end of the quotation).

\* The theory of the uncreated Quran. My god but how is it possible to believe that ?? Each has its small blind surface known as Mariotte's spot. We are well obliged to admit that some of our human fellows have a brain unfortunately also equipped with an intellectual equivalent of Mariotte's blind spot. Arrived at certain places of the road (in curves or hills) their brain comes in neutral, it functions no longer . Their faith has nothing to do with reason.

It remains, of course, the assumption according to which the Quran would be a demonic or diabolic word since some verses admit explicitly that Satan can mislead even the greatest prophets: "Never did we send a prophet or an apostle before you, but, when he framed a desire, Satan threw some vanity into his desire " (chapter 22 verse 52).

In what concerns us, we also object to this assumption nevertheless because the Quran is well a human word and even with its claim to be only a divine word it is precisely human, too human, terribly human.

And we do respect consequently Islam and Muslims only in the exact measure they respect us, what we call reciprocity, it is one of the principles of any life in society. On a negative level that produces the law of retaliation theorized by the Hebrews in the Bible, that produces the need for sanctioning all ill deeds in ancient druidism, as St Patrick himself admits it in the Senchus Mor, there is strengthening of social cohesion (in the case of pagan societies in any case) when an ill deed does not remain unpunished (Intud i ngeindtleacht gnim olc mad indechur ).

On a more positive level that produces, well, the greatest respect precisely: I should not treat others in a way in which I would not like to be treated. (Golden rule.) Then small question now, you who believe in a God (in the idea of God which is designated by the name Allah), do you respect me, I who am neither Jewish neither Christian neither Muslim nor Parsi but whose ideas hesitate according to the subjects or my mood between pantheism (whole is God) agnosticism (I am not sure of the worship way which must be followed by everyone) even atheism?

Do you consent to follow these words, my son?

In other words, and in other terms, it sounds like the anti description of certain French presidents of our knowledge as regards the beginning (living illustration, moreover, of the old proverb about people who live in glass houses and nevertheless throw stones, until you are nauseous) but after at the end that becomes the Identikit of a "republican" candidate during elections. The political program of Lugaid is indeed especially conservative what is hardly astonishing for a responsible head of State, of course, and attaches much importance to the defense of the property rights, we would say therefore it matches rather our modern republicans in the traditional meaning of the term consequently, if it were not the monarch fiat.

Do not have a behavior suitable to cause quarrels.

Do not be arrogant nor haughty.

Do not show hubris, do not be bad-tempered or impulsive.

Do not be perverted by the thirsty of having much wealth.

Do not drink not too during formal visits or official receptions.

Do not organize too many feasts for people whom you do not know.  
 Do not impose too heavy expenses on those who could not discharge them.  
 Make so that justice is effective and fast as regards robbery or breaches in the enjoying of his possessions.  
 Make those who know asked before deciding who is a legitimate heir to a land.  
 Be surrounded by scholars (senchaid) in order they collaborate with you in the research of the truth  
 Make so that brothers? can enjoy their estates peacefully in their lifetime.  
 Make so that the identity as well as the marital status of each one are clearly established.  
 Let the living be called upon so that on the basis of their oath they were again given  
 The places in which their dead lived before them.  
 Make so that heirs are kept in their legitimate rights  
 On the other hand make the foreigners who occupy their inheritance illegitimately be expelled, by force if it is necessary .  
 etc.

It was found a continental equivalent of this text in Lezoux in 1970.  
 It is a kind of letter but in this case written on the bottom of a plate (Chateaubleau's tile bears well a marriage contract or a proposal for a marriage).

Here is the text.

ne regv na[...  
 gandobe inte novio[...  
 extincon papi coriosed exa o[...  
 mesamobi molatvs certioqnv sveticon[...  
 pape bovdi macarni papon mar[...  
 nane devorbvetid loncate[...  
 nv gnate ne dama gvssov n[...  
 vero ne cvrri ne papi cos[...  
 pape ambito papi bovdi ne tetv[...  
 batoron veia svebreto sv[...  
 citbio ledgamo berto[...

We will see in a later study that there was well a demanding druidic ethical code, viewed at the time as many deontological codes . But it is nevertheless not easily maintainable to affirm at first glance that there is no Christian influence in this kind of literature, the tecosc or Teagasc an Riogh.

If practicable. The answer of Lugaid is already that of a true professional of politics: very careful.

He was proclaimed king. Everybody will have therefore noticed well that it is not the Hesus Cuchulainn who is proclaimed king but his even not biological son.

---

The story of the adventures of the Hesus Cuchulainn is what is told here now.

You are to go from me, O Loeg, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, to where Aemer is, and tell her that it was women of the Sid (mna sidi) that came to me and injured me, but tell her that I am getting better and better, and to come and reside with me.

Then the charioteer said, to strengthen the Hesus Cuchulainn, what follows below:

It does not fit heroes lying?????  
 On sickbed in a sickly sleep to dream ????????  
 When his sickness is the work of demonesses (of genaiti.i .mná)  
 Aesa a Tenmag Trogaigi.i. a Maig Mell,  
 Women who live in the fire plain of the unhappy one i.e., Mag Mell??????  
 Condot rodbsat,  
 Condot chachtsat,  
 Condot ellat,  
 Eter bríga banespa.

They subjugated you  
They keep you captive  
They divert you from your way thanks to their vain powers (briga) of women??????

Arise! no more be sickly!  
Shake off the curse sent by those women of the Sid:  
So that it disappears quickly from you  
Show your strength of chariot-chief ?????  
Join the rank of the warriors?????  
You crouch in this bed like a youth????  
Were you really tiny room to the impotence?  
Did they make the prowess and the deeds you showed for the war disappear?

Yet Labraid's power has sent his message plain ????  
Rise, you that crouches in this bed and be great again.

It does not fit, etc. [Editor's note : the first word of the poem is repeated in order to well show where this text ends, a current practice among the copyist monks].

The charioteer went then to where Aemer was, and told her how the Hesus Cuchulainn was.

Bad of you, squire, said she, since it is you that frequents the Sid, that the means of curing your master are not procured by you. It is a pity for the Ultonians, said she, not to seek his perfect cure. Had it been Cunocavaros/Conchobar that was in bonds, or Fergus that could not sleep, or Conall the Victorious who had received wounds, it is the Hesus Cuchulainn that would relieve them.

She then sang a lay after this manner :

O Son of Rianganbra, alas !  
Though often you visit the Sid,  
Not early have you hither brought  
The cure of the beautiful son of Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire.

What a pity for the Ultonians, of boundless valor,  
Both in tutors and in foster brothers,  
Not to have searched the world's expanse  
For a cure for their friend the Hesus Cuchulainn.

If it were Fergus that could not sleep,  
And that any druid's skill could heal him,  
Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire's son at home would not sleep  
Until he had found a druid to perform it.

If it were Conall, in like manner.  
That suffered from wounds and sores,  
The Hound of Culann would search the worldwide,  
Till he had procured a doctor (liaig) to cure him.

If upon Loegaire the Triumphant .  
There had come battle wounds intolerable.  
He would have searched all Erin's land  
To cure the son of Connaid, son of Iliach.

If it had been upon the crafty Celtchar,  
There fell sleep and permanent coma  
Both night and day should see the journeys,  
In the Sid Country , of Setanta [Cuchulainn].

Had it been Furbaide, of the elite warriors,  
That lay in his bed of tedious illness,



He would have searched the dry lands  
Until he had found what would save him.

The host of the Sid of Trim (Shíde Truim) has almost killed him,  
They have parted him from his great valor,  
The Hound of Culann does not excel hounds,  
Since he caught the sleep of the Sid of Brugh(Síthbroga).

Alas, with sickness I am seized,  
For the Hound of Culann, Cunocavaros/Conchobar's smith  
It shall be to me a mysterious sickness of the heart and of the body,  
Should I not succeed in effecting his cure.

Alas, it bleeds my heart,  
That illness should rest on the rider of the plain.  
That he could not have hither come  
To the Fair of the Assembly on the plain of Muirthemne.

The reason why from Emania he does not come, is  
Because of the enchanting apparition with which he has parted :  
It is weak and dead my voice is,  
Because that he is in a bad condition.

A month, three months a year  
Without sleep, it is my daily fixed rule,  
And no person whose words were sweet,  
Have I heard, O son of Rianganabara.

O son of Rianganabara, etc.  
Aemer then went forward after this to Emania to attend on the Hesus Cuchulainn ; she sat in the bed  
in which he was, and she said : "It is a disgrace to you, to lie down for a woman's love; because  
constant lying down will bring illness to you ! " and she continued to converse with him, and she sang  
the following lay:

Arise, O champion of Ultonians.  
May you awake from your sleep in health and happiness ;  
Behold the king of Macha of great form,  
He will not allow you great sleep.

Behold his shoulder full of crystal,  
Behold his drinking horns with trophies.  
Behold his chariots which sweep the valleys,  
Behold the movements of his tablut-warriors.

Behold his champions in their might,  
Behold his noble, polished dames.  
Behold his kings of valorous career,  
Behold their exceedingly noble queens.

Behold the beginning of clear winter.  
Behold all its wonders in their turn.  
Behold you that which it produces.  
Its cold, its length,all its grays (amli) ?

To sleep too much, it is inertness, it is not good.  
It is adding enervation to incapacity for combat.  
Long sleep is the same as drinking beyond a surfeit.  
Debility is only second to death.

Awake you from the mysterious sleep you have drunk

Cast it off with great ardor.  
I spoke much but it is love which inspired me  
Arise, O champion of the Ultonians.

Arise, etc.

---

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

Tenmag Trogai is undoubtedly an addition made by the monk having copied this account. Which in any case was obviously warped by him (demonization of the angels from the druidic other world...)

A druid to perform it. There are two manners of viewing things. We know that ancient druids also looked after also bodies (there were even surgeon druids and Celtic oculists were famous), against what besides we advise strictly neo-druids of today (I say to them: leave the care of bodies to your become non-religious enemy brothers, of medicine) but it was perhaps also a kind of exorcism if we consider all that from a rather negative angle. Not being ourselves specialists in exorcisms for more details see your usual priest in the Catholic or Lutheran or Reformist Church (if you have not, find one of them in Africa or in Madagascar) . But it is perhaps also the huge field of psychosomatic diseases (placebo effect and so on). All this story seems much Christian or Christianized than Celtic-Druidic. Christians believe indeed wholeheartedly in the existence of cases of demoniacal possessions, their master Jesus the Nazarene having practiced many exorcisms at the time of his short career (Matthew 8, 28-34).

Whereas druids too could take things into consideration and did not ascribe everything to supernatural causes, at least according to Lucan: "To you alone it is given the gods and celestial powers to know or not to know." It is true that cursor was to then be placed differently according to whether we were in Galician country, therefore almost atheistic according to Strabo, or in Ireland (Christianity settled there without the assistance of the Roman empire, there is well a reason for that).

Let us notice nevertheless that it would not be in this case a real possession but rather a kind of long-distance bewitchment . In some countries, bewitchment is indeed the first diagnosis of people when a person suffers from unknown disorders. They refer to traditional medicine before considering a medical consultation. The phenomenon is called "influence syndrome" and gives to the subject the feeling he is dispossessed of himself. It is analyzed as catatonia with processes inherited from the animal and combined with more recent psychic structures.

Most used method in the ancient Celtic world seems to have been the ancestor of the Romano-British curse tablet, namely some barks of trees engraved with any message in Lepontic runes then in letters from the Greek or Latin alphabet when these two scripts began to be known by our ancestors and to play the part Globish plays today in the world. Lastly, in oghamic letters.

The principle of the curse tablet or defixion is simple.

Curse tablets or defixion (Latin defixio, katádesmos in old Greek) form the type of most widespread evidence of the ancient magic which reached us. Indeed, approximately 2.000 specimens are listed at the present time, ranging from the sixth century before our era for the oldest document to the sixth century, and this in the whole of the Greco-Roman world. Attested in literature, the practice literally consists in "nailing," "binding," a person or sometimes an animal. Like F. Graf specifies it: "Usual objective of defixion is therefore to subject another human being to one's will, to make him unable to act according to his own liking ."

In spite of a all in all normal variety considering the large number of examples at the disposal of historians, defixion tablets generally respond to a certain number of requirements and take up

predetermined shapes. So, if it is not the only one to be used, it is, however, the lead which seems to have had the preference of the magicians as a support. But some tablets made of papyrus in Egypt, bronzes, tin, etc., were also discovered, what proves the importance well of the become operative written word more than that of the support in itself.

Wells and springs were also particularly prized for that as the case of Bath emphasizes it besides where tens of tablets were found in the sacred spring as well as the case of the source of the Rocks in Chamalieres where a tablet written in old Celtic language was discovered.

Other objects with characteristics deliberately magic could possibly accompany the sheets made of lead or the bark tablets. Most interesting case is perhaps that of the bewitchment figurines or wooden votive offerings of which many specimens were discovered within the framework of the healing bewitchment and particularly in Chamalieres where the famous defixion tablet written in Celtic language was found. The underlying principle in all these rituals was that of the sympathetic magic (see dictionary) what therefore made these wooden votive offerings some equivalents of our modern voodoo dolls (but in the case of Celts these wooden ex votos ancestors of our modern voodoo dolls seem especially to have had a curative purpose, let us repeat it).

The field of action of the tablets was, as we can suspect it, absolutely huge. It concerned all the fields of human passions. It is, however, possible to distinguish three big families:

The first main category: the defixiones iudicariae, current in Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries before our era, which tried to harm adversaries within the framework of a lawsuit. The study undertaken per G. Ottone, being based among other things on the fact that it is generally the opposing party which is blamed and seldom the judges, suggest that they pertain to the investigation phase and are therefore former to the lawsuit itself.

The lead of Chamalieres, or inscription of Chamalieres, is a lead tablet six centimeters long and four centimeters wide, discovered in 1971 in Chamalieres, at the time of the excavations of the springs of the Rocks. The text is written in Celtic language with Latin cursive letters.

Andedion uedilumi diliuion risun

artiu mapon aruerilatin

lopites snleððdic sos brixia anderon

etc.etc.

I call upon Maponos Arueriatis

By the magic force of the underworld gods

etc.,etc.

The lead of Larzac is a lead tablet in two pieces, discovered at the time of the 1983 excavation of the Gallo-Roman necropolis of l'Hospitalet-du-Larzac, in the French county of Aveyron. It is covered on its two faces with text in Celtic language. It is one of the longest texts which reached us, and it is probably a magic text.

Face 1a.

inside de bnanom bricto[m i- / -n eainom anuana sanander [  
na brictom uidlaid uidlu[ / tigontias so adgagsona seue[r]im  
tertionicnim lidssatim liciatim / eianom uoduiuoderce lunget  
..utonid ponc nitixsintor si[es / duscelinatia ineianon anuan[a  
esi andernados brictom bano[na / flatucias paulla dona politi[us  
iaia duxtir ediagias poti[ta m- / -atir paullias seuera du[xtir  
ualentos dona paullius / adiega matir aias  
potita dona prim[ius / abesias.

Try of translation:

Send this women's charm against the names here below; this (is) a witch charm bewitching witches. O Adsagsona, look twice Severa Tertionigna, their thread witch and their writing witch, let it release the one whom they will have struck with a curse; with a bad spell against their names, make the bewitchment against this group [...]

First defixion of Bregenz known since 1865 and making Ogmios intervening (it is there again a lawsuit, the text is in Latin): adversarii Bruttiae at quisquis adversus ilam loquitur, omnes pereatis... and, on the other face of the lead tablet: omnes qui Mi malum paratis dari. .dm o, Ogmio, absumi morte...

The second main category: the defixiones amatoriae aim as for them to captivate a loved person, generally in a final and immediate way, or to harm a rival. One of most famous is the second curse tablet found in 1930 in Bregenz and referring to Ogmios. The text is in Latin.

de(fig)o AMC ea(m) re(m) i(m)ple(v)id D(is)p(ater)ad Era(m) ; Ogmios salute(m) cur.. talus re[nes] anum genital{ia) ... c. . . auris cesthulam utens(ilia) dav(it) ispiridebus <.spirti- bus> ac ovediu(nt) aei, ne quiat nubere ira de\i\.

Ne quiat nubere: may she not get married because of the anger of the god.

Lastly defixions aiming at a robber or a slanderer.

The case of one of the curse tablets found in Bath.

Solinus to the goddess Sulis Minerva. I give to your divinity and majesty [my] bathing tunic and cloak. Do not allow sleep or health to him who has done me wrong, whether man or woman or whether slave or free unless he reveals himself and brings those goods to your temple.

The case also of one of the defixion tablets found in the temple complex at Lydney Park in the English county of Gloucester.

To the god Nodens/Nodons/Nuada/Nudd/Llud : Silvianus has lost his ring and promises half its value to Nodens/Nodons/Nuada/Nudd/Llud. Among those who are called Senecianus, do not allow health until he brings it to the temple of Nodens/Nodons/Nuada/Nudd/Llud .

It is therefore easy to understand the interest for historians of such documents which inform at the same time about the magic practices, but also about the life of the societies which did not hesitate to resort to it, and that in all the social classes since, according to what Tacitus reports, Cn. Calpurnius Piso was accused having used evil spells against Germanicus, while in the sand of a tomb of the necropolis in Ostia, a lead sheet pierced with five holes bore the names of nine women, all slaves and hairdressers.

What is disconcerting in the case which worries us (the sickness of the Hesus Cuchulainn) it is that the god or demon Mabon/Maponos/Oengus too seems well able to intervene in similar operations, and that he appears precisely in our story, whereas to conclude? That there is strengthening of social cohesion (in the case of pagan societies in any case) when an ill deed does not remain unpunished (Intud i ngeindtleacht gnim olc mad indechur Senchus Mor ).

Is it well the same god or demon besides??

Let us point out nevertheless firmly that it is perhaps quite simply as considered higher a case of psychosomatic disease. A nervous breakdown (too much pressure), his Garden of Gethsemane to him (a hematidrosis or blood sweats like in the four Gospels)?

Comraim. Victories.

Cormaim. Full of ale.

Airbe Rofir. Literally the enclosure of the great man, of the superman. But is this the good translation?

---

Hesus Cuchulainn then arose after that, and he drew his hand over his face, and he put his torpor and his languor off him ; and he got up then, then he went forth afterwards till he stood in a place which he sought .

He saw coming towards him, after that, Li Ban ; the woman spoke to him and she was inviting him to the world of the Sidh.

What place is Labraid in? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Ní h-andsa, it is not difficult, I will tell, said she :

Labraid is now upon a pure lake,  
Whither do resort companies of women.  
You would not feel fatigued by coming to his land,  
If you would but visit Labraid the quick.

In a house which a soft woman orders ????  
A hundred learned men in it that are adepts ???  
Crimson in its most beautiful hue  
Is the likeness of the cheek of Labraid.

He shakes his head of war hound champion of the battles  
Before thin red swords ;  
He crushes the armor of too much bold enemies ???  
He shatters the broad shields of champions.

Delight of the eye he is in the fight,  
At all points he plies his valor feats ;  
The worthiest of men is he,  
A man who has cut down many thousands.

The most valiant of warriors, the most famous in stories also,  
Has reached the land of Eochaidh Iul ;  
Hair on him like rings of gold,  
The smell of precious wine comes with his breath.

The most illustrious of men that seek adventures,  
Whose fierceness is felt even by distant enemies.  
Like the wind glide both boats and steeds  
In the island in which resides Labraid.

A man of many foreign deeds,  
Labraid of the quick hand at sword ,  
Is a vigilant war hound,  
He ensures the repose of the crowd.

Bridles and collars of red gold to his steeds,  
And it is not these alone,  
Columns of silver and of crystal  
Are what sustain the house in which he is.

Labraid is now upon, etc.

I shall not go, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, on the invitation of a woman.  
Let, then, Loeg come thither, said Li Ban, to know everything.  
Let him, then, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Loeg then went along with the woman, and They went past the plain of the racing (Mag Luada), past the sacred tree with trophies ??? (Bilé Buada), past the place where is held Emania's fair , to the place where occurs the fair in the wood ( Fidga) ??? and it was there that they found Aed Abrat and his daughters.

Wanda/Fand bade welcome to Loeg.  
What was it that caused the Hesus Cuchulainn not to come? said she.  
He did not like to come on a woman's invitation, and also until he knew if it was from you that an invitation reached him, said Loeg.  
It was from me, said she, and let him come soon to visit us, for it is this day the battle is to be fought.  
Loeg went back to the place in which the Hesus Cuchulainn was, and Li Ban (or Wanda/Fand ?) along with him.

How is this, O Loeg? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.  
Loeg answered, and said: "It is time to come for the battle is being fought today."  
It was so he was saying it and he spoke the lay below.

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

They went past the plain of the racing (Mag Luada), past the sacred tree with trophies ??? (Bilé Buada), past the place where is held Emania's fair, to the place where occurs the fair in the wood (Fidga) ???

New notes on Sid or Other World of the gods and of the dead according to the former druids.  
The lay that we have just tried to translate is rather obscure. It was perhaps already so for those who copied it. The story seems at times to stammer besides. But here the comments we can make.

St Brendan was coarsely mistaken by seeking these other worlds of the heavenly type physically or materially somewhere in the west of Ireland. It goes without saying we could not locate them so narrowly. The places mentioned in this poem, Mag Luada, Buada Bile, Fidga, seem all close to Emania the historical capital of the Ultonians, but the other world of the gods or of the souls/minds of late in fact is everywhere, under a winter leaf, behind a door which slams or in the darkness of a moonless night in the forest. We are literally immersed in it. At most there are periods or places favored to come into contact with it but these contacts can also take place everywhere and at all times. A Sid is in fact only one of the entrances or exits of the other world of the Buddhas, warlike or not, male or female, and of the Bodhisattvas, of the ancient Celto-druidism gods.

N.B. Buddhas = gods of druidism like Hornunnos, etc. Bodhisattvas = souls/minds of the late. There are of them several tens very known in Ireland but it goes without saying there exists also many others, some thousands even, on the surface of the planet (see Delphi but also the stories and legends of the ancestors among the Amerindians, the Chinese or Japanese, southern American, Dogon, and so on, myths; we are not racist and we uns we do not limit revelations only to Hebrew or Arab people; because it is false to say God appeared to the men in Palestine or in Arabia; and it is more right to say that the ideas regarding Divinity that the Jews or the Arabs of Mecca even elsewhere in Arabia, had worked out for themselves, were imposed on the World following accidents of History which we will reconsider: the policy option of the Roman Emperor Constantine, the policy of conquest by weapons carried out by Muhammad ... Because it is heathenry which is really by definition most widespread therefore universal since it is all that is neither Jewish neither Christian nor Muslim and this according to the most directly concerned persons: they are the Jews who have first made a distinction between them and the goyim or nations, they are the Christians who called "pagani" to ridicule them people of the countryside not sharing their hatred of all that was (their expectation of the end of time, of the imminent return of Christ to punish those who did not follow his precepts and so on...). Only Muslims had the good idea to wonder about Sabians even Mazdeans or Parsis, but that does not go very much far and if there were not a verse of the Quran to say good about them, they too would undoubtedly be doomed to Gehenna.

"Those who believe [true Muslims], those who follow the Jewish (scriptures), the Sabians \*, Christians, Magians \*\*, and Pagans, God will judge between them on the Day of Judgment for God is witness of all things." (Holy Quran, chapter 22, verse 17.) "Grant to the Magians same treatment as that which is reserved for the People of the Book" (hadith).

\* Sabians. Religious sect difficult to identify.

\*\* Magians. It is without any doubt Mazdean or Zoroastrian religion, therefore for example our Parsi brothers, who are very lucky to be tolerated in Islamic land on condition of cringing.

Evidence that we are not systematically critical or negative towards Islam it is that we admit well readily here that as regards women heaven or heavenly other world according to the former druids resembles much that of Islam that is to say it is very sexist, very male chauvinist (ouch !) Let us specify nevertheless immediately that according to certain more recent interpretations of the Quran (cf.

Christoph Luxenberg) *hourī* would not be a word designating wide eyed virgins but some white raisins (Syriac language *hur*). What changes all, of course!

Christophe Luxenberg also affirms that the passage of the chapter 33 verse 40 of the Holy Quran : *Khatam Al-Nabiyyin*, which is usually translated by “seal of prophets” in reality means only “witness of the prophets.”

It stands out from this text that this other world of the dead and of the gods is not one but that it is on the contrary multiple. We already evoked the fact that it was composed of several circles, some rather reserved for the souls/minds of late (Bodhisattvas in the far east) others to the gods of druidism (Buddhas in the Far-East) . It is advisable on this subject to notice that apparently the other world of the gods is not ruled by only one of them but by several. There are several sovereign gods in the other world of our legends just like there are several Buddhas and fields of Buddhas (*buddhakshetras*) according to sutras.

Political life of ancient Celts accustomed us besides to this kind of situation: joint reigns, alternated in turn reigns, division of the territory, the extreme case being Galatia, ruled by twelve tetrarchs. And well as regards the other world of Sid or more exactly of Sids, it was to be the same, this text mentions us for example at least 7 of its sovereigns. Aed Abrat, Labraid, his three rivals, Failbe Find, Belin/Belin/Barinthus the Mannish, son of Ler (Manannan in Gaelic) etc.

In fact, each god or at least each of the twelve great divine tetrarchs must therefore have his favorite field or Sid. Druidic other world is in fact only a republic federating various “States”: the republic of the Sids. A little as in Buddhism besides where there can be various *buddhakshetras*, each Buddha having his.

A few words in connection with a concept very close to the druidic design of the Celtic other-world to begin, that of Buddha-fields.

Traditional Indian Buddhism views the space as being infinite, and it views this infinite space occupied by worlds, by systems of infinite worlds, each system having four continents surrounded by a circle of iron mountains (do not take that too literally, they are poetic images). Each system of worlds also comprises three levels: a level of sensual desire, a level of pure form, and a level without form. Thus each system of worlds is multidimensional. A thousand of these systems of worlds form a small universe. A thousand small universes form a medium-sized universe and a thousand medium-sized universes form a big universe. A field of Buddha matches a big universe or one of its multiples, i.e., that it matches a big universe but that it can also be larger. And it is called “field of Buddha” because it represents the spiritual sphere of influence of a particular Buddha; this Buddha is responsible for the spiritual development of all the living beings of all the systems of worlds contained in this - or these - large universes. Buddhism just like former druidism therefore postulates there exist not only an infinity of worlds, but also an infinity of Buddhas or at least a considerable plurality of Buddhas (of gods, in ancient druidism).

Mahayana tradition makes a distinction between the sphere where a Buddha is known and his sphere of influence. The sphere where a Buddha is known coincides with all the conditioned existence, but his sphere of influence is limited, to speak thus, to a large universe or more. With regard to his supreme awakening, however, a Buddha does not differ from another Buddha. In a way therefore, all the Buddha fields form only one field of Buddha.

By the way, let us notice that the word for field of Buddha in Sanskrit is “*Buddha-kshetra*”; “*kshetra*” means field, and a field, of course, is something which is cultivated, something in which seeds are planted . And the use of the word “*ksetra*” - or field - in this context suggests that the sensitive beings, the inhabitants of the “*Buddha-ksetra*,” are like plants, and the Buddha, so to speak, the great cosmic gardener. In fact, the Mahayana texts often describe Buddhas and Bodhisattvas like “bringing to maturity” or “making the beings maturing” - in other words, leading them gradually, step by step, to spiritual perfection.

We are there opposite of the concept “*Walhalla*” of the other world. In Scandinavian mythology, *Valhöll* (or *Walhalla*), is the place where the valorous warriors are brought. It is the Viking heaven within the kingdom of the gods, “the fortress of *Ásgard*” where Odin rules. It is on the battle fields that warrior

maidens or Valkyries (for the Germanic people), seeks and leads bravest and most valorous men in order to bring them to Ásgard, where Odin awaits them to prepare them for the final battle, Ragnarök.

In Valhöll (the Palace of Odin which has 640 doors, beams made of lances and tiles made of shields), warriors then named Einherjar are happy: the day, they fight, kill themselves, come back to life for again slaying themselves. Then at night they drink milk (mead) coming from the goat named Heidrun, eat the meat of the wild boar called Sæhrímnir and have fun. They are served by Valkyries and youngest of the Norns. Are also present Odin, who does nothing but drink, giving his food to his wolves, and Loki. All wait the day when going out through the six hundred and forty doors of Valhöll in eight hundred lines, they will fight in an ultimate war against Loki, Fenrir the wolf, and many other enemies, at the time of Ragnarök.

NB 1. Contrary to the generally accepted ideas, Scandinavian mythology is far from being oldest or freest of Christian influences, of the European mythologies. It was there too, as in Ireland, written down by Christian scholars or well-read men (except for Tacitus of course). Snorri Sturluson (1179-1241) was, of course, Christian and even more precisely Catholic, and the poetic Edda dates back to the 13th century, therefore as in Ireland this collection was inevitably compiled by a Christian well-read man (considering the dates). As for Saxo Grammaticus, in his *Gesta Danorum* he makes some Christiana, Græca or Romana interpretatio of good old myths he understands generally no longer. Ragnarök resembles Christian Apocalypse, the Valkyries, the angels, Odin, Mercury, Balder, Baal, the wolf Fenrir, Cerberus, and so on.

NB 2. In fact, the druidic design of the Celtic other-world seems to have been between the two or seems to have taken part in both because certain texts of Plutarch evoke an idea of the other world clearly less interested in action and much more in reflection. Therefore very Buddhist minded. Some Buddhism before it is known in our latitudes therefore, in a way.

Far-East theology distinguishes pure field of Buddha and impure field of Buddha. Impure field of Buddha is that in which all the six kingdoms of the sensitive existence are. i.e., the kingdom of the gods, the kingdom of the men, the kingdom of Asuras or anti-gods (of the gigantic anguipedic wyverns one would say in Paris, of Fomorians one would say in Ireland), the kingdom of the starving ghosts? the kingdom of the tormented beings? and the kingdom of animals. In the impure fields of Buddha, it is difficult to get clothing and food. It is difficult to understand one's dharma (one's destiny), difficult to meet Buddhas in them. In short the impure field of Buddha is a land where the conditions, as a whole, are not favorable to the spiritual development, in which it is difficult for the beings to evolve, in which it is difficult for them to follow the way towards the awakening.

A pure field of Buddha like that of Amida (in Japanese) or of Amitabha (in Sanskrit) is, of course, opposite, apart from Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, it contains only gods and men, food and clothing appear spontaneously, without anyone having to work to produce them. It is very easy to understand one's dharma, very easy to meet Buddhas and Bodhisattvas in it, in short pure field of Buddha is that where conditions are largely favorable to the spiritual development, where it is easy for the beings to evolve, easy to follow the way towards the awakening.

Like we have already seen it, best-known example of a pure field of Buddha is, of course, Sukhavati - the "happy land" or the "land of happiness," which is the field of Amitabha Buddha, the Buddha of the infinite light, located it is said, towards the west. It is said to us that all is very beautiful in it, there are long descriptions of it in some texts, certain sutras. Without going into the details, Sukhavati, the happy land, the land of happiness (a kind of Mag Mell?) of Amitabha Buddha is described as abounding in sparkling jewels, light, flowers, music and perfume. You can find more details in the three sutras of the "pure land." Amitabha Buddha, of gilded color, surrounded by his two main Bodhisattvas, sat on a splendid throne in the middle of Sukhavati. Beings are born in Sukhavati - like in the other pure fields - through appearance, i.e., not as the result of a sexual union. Having appeared, they see Amitabha Buddha and his Bodhisattvas, Avalokitesvara and Mahasthamaprapta \*, in front of them,



and they have anything else to do but only listen to the lesson of Amitabha, anything else to do but to grow, anything else to do but to develop.

\* Avalokitesvara and Mahasthamaprapta are therefore in this case, if we want to continue the parallel, the equivalents of the men endowed with an exceptional soul/mind of our first text, or of the spirits and demons of the Celtic-druidic God about whom Plutarch speaks in the second one. But let us leave all these splitting hairs because in what concerns us they would be rather Buddhas of the warlike type like the monk named Bodhidharma inventor of martial arts but lastly there also existed buddhakshetras matching the individuals of more "druidic" type or nature, according to Plutarch on the subject.

Moral Writings (Moralia).

Volume V.

29. On the failure, ceasing, or obsolescence, of oracles.

"...Demetrius said that among the islands lying near Great] Britain were many isolated, having few or no inhabitants. Some of which bore the names of deities or heroes. He himself, by the emperor's order, had made a voyage for inquiry and observation to the nearest of these islands which had only a few inhabitants, holy men who were all held inviolate by the [Great] British. Shortly after his arrival there occurred a great tumult in the air, and many portents; violent winds suddenly swept down and lightning flashes darted to earth. When these abated, the people of the island said that the passing of someone of the mightiest soul/minds [in Greek megalai psychai] had befallen. "For," said they, "as a lamp when it is being lighted has no terrors, but when it goes out is distressing to many, so the great souls/minds [Greek megalai psychai] have a kindling into life that is gentle and inoffensive, but their passing and dissolution often, as at the present moment, fosters tempests and storms, and often infects the air with pestilential properties." Moreover, they said that in this part of the world there is one island where Cronus is confined, guarded while he sleeps by Briareus; for his sleep has been devised as bondage for him, and round about him are many daemons as attendants and servants..."

VOLUME XII.

63. On the face which appears in the orb of the Moon.

"A run of five days off from [Great] Britain as you sail westwards there is also an island. And three other islands equally distant from it and from one another lie out from it in the direction of the summer sunset. In one of these, according to the tale told by the barbarians of the country, Cronos has been confined by Zeus, but that he, having a son [Briareus?] for the jailer, is left sovereign lord of those islands and of the sea, which they call the Gulf of Cronos.... Those who have served the god together for a stint of thirty years are allowed to sail off home, but most of them usually choose to settle in the spot, some out of habit, others because without toil or trouble they have all things in abundance while they constantly employ their time in sacrifices and celebrations or with various discourses and philosophy; for the nature of the island is marvelous as is the softness of the circumambient air. Some when they intend to sail away are even hindered by the deity who presents itself to them as to intimates and friends and not in dreams only or by means of omens, but many also come upon the visions and the voices of spirits [or daemons in Greek] manifest. For Cronos himself sleeps confined in a deep cave of rock that shines like gold — the sleep that Zeus has contrived like a bond for him —, and birds flying in over the summit of the rock bring ambrosia to him, all the island is suffused with fragrance scattered from the rock as from a fountain; and those spirits [or daemons in Greek] mentioned before tend and serve Cronos, having been his comrades [hetaerous in Greek] what time he ruled as king over gods and men. Many things they do foretell of themselves, for they are oracular; but the prophecies that are greatest and of the greatest matters, they come down and report as dreams of Cronos, for all that Zeus premeditates, Cronos sees in his dreams. The titanic affections and motions of his soul make him rigidly tense, until sleep restores his repose once more and the royal and divine element is all by itself, pure and unalloyed. Here then the stranger of whom I received the story was conveyed, and while he served the god became at his leisure acquainted with astronomy, in which he made as much progress as one can by practicing geometry, and with the physics, by dealing with so much of it as is possible for the natural philosopher. ... When I expressed surprise at this and

asked for a clearer account, he said: 'Many assertions about the gods, Sulla, are current among the Greeks, but not all are well told....'

This Celtic other world seems to match the wishes of the individuals of "druid" and not of "warrior" type like the Hesus Cuchulainn but what to say about the other world intended for the individuals of "producer" nature?

We will reconsider the problem raised by the apparent absence of heavenly hereafter of "third function" type.

To return to buddhakshetras themselves, let us notice that Pure Land is the name which designates the Western universe of the Bliss (Sanskrit Sukhâvatî "Happy Land"). Pure land Buddhism is primarily based on the faith, the devotion and the practice of the recitation of the name of Amitâbha Buddha, with as an aim after this life reaching the field of the Buddha (buddhakshetra) of Amitabha, in which light, longevity and happiness are all infinite. Pure Land School, incorrectly known as Amidism, is a very important branch of Mahayana Buddhism.

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Ránacsa rem rebrad rán,  
bale ingnád cíarbo gnád,  
connici in carnd, fichtib drong,  
h-i fúar Labraid lebarmong.

I arrived, what an adventure ????  
In a marvelous country which I knew already  
At the mound with scores of bands ;  
Where I found Labraid of the long flowing hair.

And I found him in the mound,  
Sitting among thousands of weapons ;  
Yellow hair on him of most splendid color.  
An apple shaped hairnet of gold closing it .

And when he recognized me there,  
With his crimson cloak five times folded,  
He said unto me : "will you come with me  
To the house in which is Faelbe Finn ?"

The two kings are in the house,  
Failbe Finn and Labraid,  
Three times fifty [men] around each of them ;  
Such is the number [of men ] composing their household.

Fifty seats on its right side,  
And fifty on their right ;  
Fifty seats on its left side,  
And fifty on their left.

A range of stalls, crimson,  
Green, white, gilded ;  
The candle which is there  
Is a brilliant precious stone.

There are at the western door  
In the place where the sun goes down,  
A stud of steeds with gray-speckled manes,  
And another crimson-brown.

There are at the eastern door  
Three stately trees of crimson crystal ,  
From which sing the birds of perpetual bloom  
For the youth from out of the kingly fortress.

There is a tree at the door of the court ;  
It cannot be matched in harmony ;  
A tree of silver upon which the sun shines.  
Like unto gold is its splendid luster.

Atát and tri fichit crand,  
comraic nat chomraic a m-barr,  
bíatar tri céit do chach crund  
do mes ilarda imlum.

There are there three score of trees,  
Of which the tops come in contact then are no longer in contact  
Three hundred of ? are fed from each tree,  
With fruit varied and ready prepared.

There is a fountain in the noble court.  
With its three times fifty mean wearing speckled cloaks,  
And a brooch of gold, in full luster.  
On each speckled cloak at the height of the shoulder.

There is a vat there of merry mead,  
At the disposal of the household.  
Still it lives, constant the custom.  
So that it is ever full, ever and always.

There is a maiden in the noble house,  
Who excels all the women of Green Erinn ;  
With Yellow hair she comes out,  
And she is beautiful, all accomplished.

The converse which she holds with all,  
It is delightful, it is uncommon ;  
The hearts of all men do break  
For her love and her affection.

The noble maiden said :  
"Who is the squire whom we do not know?  
If you are he come hither a while,  
Charioteer of the man from Muirthemne."

I went up softly, softly,  
I was seized with dread for my honor ;  
She said to me : "Will he come hither,  
The only son of noble Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire ?"

'Tis a pity that he did not go a while ago,  
And everyone soliciting him ;  
That he might see in its actual state  
The great house which I have seen.  
If all Eire had been mine.  
And the sovereignty of Breg the Blonde ,  
I would give it, no trifling deed.

For constant dwelling in the place that I arrived at.

I arrived, what an adventure ????

That is good, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

It is good yes, said Loeg, and it is proper to go to reach it ; because everything in that country is good. And Laegh then said farther to him relating the happiness of the Sid mansion .

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

Mound. Some manuscripts have here the word carnd instead of carn.

With his crimson cloak. Gaelic syntax makes that one cannot know with certainty if the coat in question is worn by Labraid or Loeg. That it is five times folded being a sign of wealth (much fabric) we choose therefore for a cloak worn by Labraid, contrary to the French specialists in the field.

Right side/left side. Let us point out that right side is also synonymous with south and left side synonymous with north among Celts.

Seats. We convey so the Gaelic word lepad which means either bed or cubicle.

Like unto gold is its splendid luster. The trees in question make problems. It is either the mention of genuine trees embellished, of course, growing in what resembles much the pure land of the Buddha named Amitabha (in Japanese Amida): Sukhavati; a place in any case much less warlike or military and infinitely more enthralling consequently than the Walhalla of the Germanic people; either some artificial and especially religious trees, badly distinguished from true ones. Such a cult tree was found besides in Germany in 1984 at the time of the excavations in the hill fort of Manching. It is a trunk covered with a gold sheet, bearing a branch equipped with bronze ivy leaves, to which were added gilded buds and nipples. This cult tree, which can be dated from the third century before our era, is interpreted as being an oak offspring surrounded by ivy. It was preserved in a wooden box also covered with a gold sheet. This worship object was to be used at the time of religious ceremonies or processions. The Celtic hill fort of Manching was the capital of the Vindelici tribe. It was founded in the third century before our era and existed until -50 or -30. At its peak it had a surface of 380 hectares protected by a 7,2 km long rampart, sheltering a population estimated between 5000 and 10.000 inhabitants. NB. It goes without saying we affirm by no means that it is this capital of the Vindelician Celts which inspired the Irish legend. We cannot prevent ourselves from making the bringing together, that's all.

Of which the tops come in contact then are no longer in contact. Under the action of the wind they approach then draw aside from each other, alternatively.

There are there three score of trees. There too I cannot prevent myself from thinking of the famous Welsh poem generally ascribed to Merlin and Affalenau heading :

Afallen peren per ychageu.

Puwaur maur weirrauc enwauc inew.

Sweet apple tree, your branches delight me,

Luxuriantly budding my pride and joy!

There is a fountain. We will not go until saying that it is the famous fountain of Barenton because this fountain looks quite ordinary in our text. On the other hand, the magic cauldron which follows has the same function as in the heaven according to Muslims: to distribute an inexhaustible and delicious drink permanently.

By the way: why alcohols are prohibited in Islam (apart from date must, according to certain theological Schools, if there is not intoxication) whereas in the heaven apparently they are most invaluable of the rewards????

" Therein are rivers of water unpolluted, and rivers of milk whereof the flavor does not change, and rivers of wine delicious to the drinkers, and rivers of clear-run, honey; therein for them is every kind of fruit, with pardon from their Lord." (Quran, chapter 47, verse 15.) " Their thirst will be slaked with pure wine sealed: the seal thereof will be musk...with it will be (given) a mixture of Tasnim : a spring, from the waters whereof drink those nearest to God" (Quran chapter 83, verse 24). God is not very logical. Let us define our position on this subject. Firstly, what it is necessary to avoid it is not alcohol as a such but the EXCESS (OF ALCOHOL). For example, you should not come drunk to the worship ceremonies nor to drive in a state of inebriation. Secondly, it is not because we underline some similarities between the Muslim heaven and Celtic heaven that we affirm that they result both from the same common primordial tradition. The fact that human beings are built about everywhere on the same model (two eyes one nose one mouth one stomach) is enough to explain why they have aspirations or dreams comparable or similar. Not need to therefore resort for that to the crap of the primary tradition.

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I saw a country, bright, noble.  
In which is not spoken falsehood nor guile ;  
In it there is a king of very great hosts,  
Labraid of the quick hand at sword.

As I was passing over the plain of Luada,  
I beheld the trophies tree ;  
I passed the splendid ???? plain  
Where I set foot .

It was then Liban said,  
In the place in which we were,  
"How dear to me would be the miracle.  
If it were the Hesus Cuchulainn that were in your shape."

Beautiful the women, invaluable booty without overcome ,  
The daughters of Aed Abrat ;  
The form of Wanda/Fand of renowned beauty,  
No one could reach but the queens of the kings.

Atbér, úair is lim ro clos,  
sí n-Ádaim cen imarbos,  
delbaid is Fainne rem ré  
ná fil and a l-lethéte.

I will say, for it is I that have heard,  
Among the race of Adam without transgressions,  
The form which is Wanda/Fand's, I shall ever say,  
That there is not among them its like.

I saw champions in splendor,  
With arms at cutting ;  
I saw clothes of beautiful colors,  
They were not the raiments of common men.

I saw beautiful women at feasting,  
I saw all their daughters,  
I saw noble youths  
A-going over the woody hill.

I saw the music masters within,  
Delighting the maiden ;

Were it not for the quickness with which I came out,  
They would have definitively retained me.

I saw the hill which sheltered them,  
A beautiful woman is Eithne Inguba ;  
But the woman who is spoken of here,  
Abstracts the hosts out of their senses !

I saw a country, etc.

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

A country, bright, noble, in which is not spoken falsehood nor guile ....If it is not a description of the pure land (sukhavati) of the Buddha named Amtayaus in Sanskrit (Amida in Japanese language) , or at least of a world better than ours, what it is? And the battle which has to be fought is perhaps only an eschatological battle, between the forces of Good and those of Evil? It is true that we would be there rather in metaphysics of the Zoroastrian type with the Hesus Cuchulainn in the role of the Shaoshyant Messiah but well....

The trophies tree. As it is mentioned here for the second time, again a few words on this subject. Apparently, the custom was to hang trophies of his victories in certain trees wheter they are animal or human trophies (spoils of overcome enemies). Here what one finds in the life of St Amator bishop of Auxerre in Burgundy.

#### Chapter IV.

24. When these things were happening, one Germanus by name (the future master of saint Patrick), born of noble seed, was governing the territory of Auxerre under his own control. He was accustomed to give himself up to usual activities of young people rather than to pay attention to the Christian religion. Therefore, constantly devoted to the chase, he very often used to take a quantity of wild beasts by traps and the activity of his skill. Now there was a pine tree in the middle of the city, of a most pleasing delightfulness. On its branches Germanus used to hang the heads of the beasts caught by him, to win applause for his great hunting.

Amator, the distinguished bishop of the same city, often used to urge him with the following utterances: "I beg you, most illustrious gentleman, stop pursuing this foolishness, which is odious to Christians and worthy of imitation by pagans. This is an act of idolatrous worship, not of dignified Christian tradition." And although the worthy man of God continued unceasingly, nevertheless Germanus was by no means willing to agree or to obey his advice. The man of the Lord again and again exhorted him not only to stop this evil custom which he had taken up, but also to destroy the tree itself, lest it be an object of resentment to Christians. But Germanus was to no degree willing to lend a kindly ear to Amator's advice.

Around the time of this attempt at persuasion, one day the aforementioned Germanus departed from the city to his own estates. Then the blessed Amator, waiting for the opportunity, cut down the accursed tree with its roots. Lest it be used as a reminder for unbelievers, he at once ordered the tree to be burned. What hung down and was used as a reminder of his deeds or of a trophy of his hunt, as it were, he ordered to throw it far from the city walls.

Editor's note: reference of the text: Acta Sanctarum celebrated on May 1st, Vita Sancti Amatoris Episcopi Autissiodorensis (Antwerp 1680). And with the hope that never again religious fanatic, Christian or Muslim, of this kind, will come to waste us our life in this way! It is harassing, and it's even a disorder regarding the law. God preserve the non-believers in all these silly things (the devil and so on...) that we are (the Increduli); from all these holy men or from all these true believers. Long life to secularism!

Without transgressions. We translate so the Gaelic *cen imarbois*. It goes without saying it is a Christian interpolation the character of Adam belonging to the imaginary world of the Middle East for thousands years (Biblical myth borrowed from Sumerians, cf. Enkidu in the epic of Gilgamesh). Scientifically speaking completely inaccurate also since it is the evolution through mutations and inbreeds, over the term, of several individuals at least, and not of only one. The story of Adam, whatever his origin, is based on the idea of a first man and is therefore opposed directly to the evolution theory. Neither mitochondrial Eve, nor Y chromosome Adam (who lived at the same time), are the Adam and Eve of the Bible and they were each one child of two parents of the same species, member of their species and their social group, in which each one was coupled with a member of one's species which had distinct parents.

To return from there to the story of Enkidu, definitely more intelligent than the idiotic story of Adam and Eve, let us notice that in his case sexuality seems a factor of civilization and not of fall. That said one loses oneself in conjectures about the intention which have presided over this manipulation of our text by the Christian on duty. To show by contrast that she wasn't human but a goddess???

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The Hesus Cuchulainn went along with him then to the mysterious country, and took his chariot with him till they reached the island. Labraid bade them welcome, all the women did in the same way and Wanda/Fand bade the Hesus Cuchulainn particular welcome.

What is to be done here on this occasion ? said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Ni ansa ! It is not difficult to say. This, said Labraid, what we will do is, we will go and take a turn round the adverse host.

They went forward then till they reached the mass of the hosts, and till they cast an eye over them, and the hosts appeared innumerable.

Go you away for the present, said the Hesus Cuchulainn to Labraid. Labraid went away then, and the Hesus Cuchulainn remained with the host. Fanócrat in dá fhíach druídechta dogénsat int shlúag. Two demonic ravens croaked. The hosts laughed. It is probable, said the hosts, the contortionist from Erinn is what the ravens predict. And then the hosts drove everybody away.

Eochaid Iul went afterwards to wash his hands in the spring at the early morning. The Hesus Cuchulainn now saw his bare shoulder through the cowl (his hooded cloak). He threw a spear at him, and it passed through him. He slew three and thirty of them with him. He was then attacked by Senach the demonic one, and they fought a great battle, but the Hesus Cuchulainn killed him at the end. Labraid came then and he broke the hosts before him. Labraid prayed him to desist from the slaughter.

We may fear, said Loeg, that the man will ply his rage upon us, since he has not had enough of battle. Let persons go and let therefore three vats of cold water be prepared to extinguish his heat. The first keeve into which he goes boils over ; the second tub, no person could bear for its heat ; the heat of the third vat is supportable.

When the women saw again the Hesus Cuchulainn, it was then Wanda/Fand sang what follows :

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

And took his chariot with him till they reached the island. Perhaps an allusion to the symbol of the chariot graves. The warriors were buried with a chariot in order to more easily reach the other world with it.

A psychopompous god (in old Greek *psykhopompós*, meaning literally "guide of souls") is a driving god of the souls/minds of dead (guide or frontier runner), guiding the souls/minds through the night of death.

Many beliefs and religions have spirits, deities, demons or angels, which have the task to escort the souls/minds recently deceased towards the other world, like Heaven or Hell. They are often associated with animals such as horses, ravens, hounds, owls, or dolphins. Among certain Siberian peoples, a horse sacrificed by the shaman can also be used as psychopomp.

The particular case of the grave in Vix obliges us to think that the funerary chariot does not have only a warlike symbolism; more especially as the "Lady of Vix" was perhaps a priestess. The warlike or not, chariot, seems well to be a vehicle endowed with a strong symbolic content, referring to the myths relating to the fate of the soul/mind after death like the crossing of the boat of the Hell's ferryman or the rise of the team of the winged soul in the Phaedrus by Plato. In this admirable myth, the soul is compared with a winged chariot drawn by two horses of a fundamentally different nature, that of generous passions and that of instinctive passions. A charioteer symbolizing reason tries to make the chariot advance in spite of the tugging caused by the two horses. A passage gives us details concerning this team. The first one of these horses is a white horse with black eyes, beautiful and strong; he likes prudence and moderation. A companion of true opinion, he does not need to be struck to be led, encouraging word is enough for him. The other horse is black; badly built, it is a companion of immoderation and vanity; to lead him, the charioteer must give him whiplash. Soul of the man is drawn by these two horses, between moderation and truth, injustice and disorder. The human soul bears in her the mark of the complexity of humanity.

The grave of Vix formerly contained the mortal remains of a woman about thirty years old lying in a chariot, perhaps covered with a fabric. Many metal elements of the vehicle were found. This princess was undoubtedly adorned with her more beautiful finery. She was covered with not less than 25 objects of ornament.

In addition to the extraordinary gold necklace or torc of 480 grams a krater, and a silver cup, called "phiale" by the specialists were also found.

The cup has a bottom made up of a round and covered with a gold sheet, button. The rest is manufactured out of silver, metal very seldom used at the time.

Who was therefore the princess of Vix to justify such a sumptuous burial? It was, according to any probability, a very important personality. Which "carried in the other world" symbolically speaking, the objects symbolizing her rank in the world of the living. We can suppose that it was a kind of Celtic priestess. The silver cup was perhaps therefore the mark of her power, an object she used at the time of religious ceremonies, a libation for example, during which she spread a liquid in the honor of a deity. Celts were manufacturers of famous chariots; the word chariot comes besides, through the Latin carrum, of the Celtic karros. A score of tombs with chariots were discovered in Great Britain, generally dating from the fifth century before our era to the second century before our era, almost all in Yorkshire (one discovery in Newbridge, 10 km to the west of Edinburgh).

The Celtic chariots are harnessed of two horses, and were about two meters wide on four meters long. Iron rims are probably a Celtic invention. Except the rims and the iron parts of the framework, the chariots were manufactured out of wood or wickerwork. Sometimes iron rings strengthen the straps. Celts bring another innovation, which is the free axle, suspended to the floor by bonds. Celtic chariots were therefore much more comfortable on an irregular ground.

An innumerable host of enemies. From a strictly military point of view and as regards strategy, it is completely useless! It has to be an eschatological battle with the Hesus Cuchulainn in the role of the Shaoshyant of Zoroastrian spirituality.

Shaoshyant is the name of the supreme savior in Iranian mythology. His advent will mark the coming of the last days and of the frashokereti, the ultimate revival. According to this tradition, the length of the world is divided into four ages lasting each one 3000 years.

The beginning of the fourth and last age, which includes the current time, witnessed the appearance of the religious reformer Zoroaster and it will see the advent of the Shaoshyant savior, who will come to renew the world and raise the deceased people from the dead. A molten metal onrush will submerge the planet to purify it, and Angra Mainyu will be definitively overcome. Mankind will be subjected to a burning torrent, which will clean it from its sins and will make it able to live in the company of Ahura Mazda. For all those who will have led an irreproachable life, this burning onrush will not make more effect on them than some "warm milk." The Shaoshyant will sacrifice a bull and will mix its grease with the magic elixir called haoma, to create an immortality beverage which he will give then to each member of the human race.

The problem is that it would be then, to our knowledge, the only example of such a battle in the Irish literature, the battles of Mag Tured not being eschatological battles but founding events, beginning of a cycle. Serglige Con Chulainn is in our opinion the most curious account of the Irish literature.



Demonic. We convey so the Gaelic term druidechta which is generally always used with a negative connotation in the Irish texts. Who were these two ravens, on the other hand?? The goddess of the battles??? Catubodua??? Morgan Le Fay??? The text had to be cut.

Three vats. This kind of operation in a way "of decontamination" was already detailed in one of the previous chapters: at the time of one of the first deeds of our hero.

Contortionist. We convey so the Gaelic word riastartha which literally designates the one who becomes distorted when he is gone into trance.

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Stately the chariot warrior that steps the road,  
If he be beardless, he is young.  
Splendid the career in which he careers over the plain.  
At eve, when coming back from the assembly of Fidga.

Ní céol síde séol fodgain....  
The cover of the chariot which transported him up here does not resound with the music of the Sid???  
It is the deep color of blood that is upon him ;  
The purring which rises above him  
Comes from the wheels of his chariot.

The steeds which are under his powerful and splendid chariot,  
I stand without motion viewing them ;  
Their like of a stud is not known ;  
They are fleet as the wind of spring.

Five times ten apples of gold he plays.  
Above they dance upon his face ;  
There does not exist similar prince  
Among the noble and ignoble.

There is in each of his two cheeks  
A red touch like red blood,  
A green touch, a blue touch,  
A crimson touch of light color.

There are seven lights in his eye,  
It is not a fact to be left unspoken,  
Eyebrows brown, of noblest set,  
Eyelashes of beetle black.

There are upon his head, what a strange man ?  
As has been heard through Erin to her borders,  
Three heads of hair of different color ;  
The young and beardless youth.

A crimsoned sword, which scatters gore  
With its hilt of silver ;  
A shield, with a boss of Yellow gold  
And with a rim of findruine.

He outstrips all men in every slaughter ;  
He traverses the battle to the place of danger ;  
There is not with a high hardy blade  
One like unto the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The hesus Cuchulainn it is that comes hither.

The young champion from Muirthemne ;  
They who have brought him from afar  
Are the daughters of Aed Abrat.

Dripping blood in long red streams.  
To the sides of lofty spears he brings ;  
Haughty, proud, high for valor.  
Woe be him against whom he becomes angered.

Stately the chariot warrior, etc.

Li Ban bade him welcome then also, and there she spoke as follows here :

Welcome to Hesus Cuchulainn ;  
True royal wild boar;  
Great prince of the Plain of Muirthemne ;  
Great his noble mind.  
A victorious champion  
A strong valor stone  
With anger red like blood  
Always ready to fight  
Enemies of Ulaid  
His complexion is beautiful  
It dazzles the eyes of the maidens  
He is welcome.

Welcome to Hesus Cuchulainn, etc.

What have you done as deeds, Hesus Cuchulainn? said Liban to him. It was then the Hesus Cuchulainn said there :

I threw a cast of my spear  
Into the host of Eogan of the Estuary,  
But I do not know, though great fame was won,  
Who my victim had been, or what deed was done.

If my strength was sufficient or not  
co s-se ní tharlus dom chirt ?????  
I am unaware of it?????  
It was perhaps the erroneous throw of a man in the fog  
And perhaps which did not reach a living person.

A host fair, red-complexioned, on backs of steeds  
They pierced me upon all sides ;  
The people of Belin/Belen/Barinthus the Mannish, son of Ler,  
Invoked by Eogan of the Estuary.

I gave wound for wound, in whatever way,  
When my full strength returned ;  
One man against thirty hundreds of men  
Did I bring unto death.

I heard Echaid Iul's groan, as he neared his end,  
The sound came to my ears as from lips of a friend;  
Yet, if truth must be told, it was no valiant deed,  
That cast that I threw if it was thrown indeed.

I threw a cast of my spear, etc.

The Hesus Cuchulainn then retired with the maiden [Wanda/Fand] and remained a month with her ; then he took his leave of her, and Wand/Fand said to him: "Whatever place you desire me to go to meet you at, I shall go there." The place of the assignation was the yew of the end of the shore.

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

Touch. We translate so for want of anything better the Gaelic term *tibri*.

Prince of Muirthemne.... Once again let us repeat that it is here an allusion to the rank which the Hesus Cuchulainn then occupied in the vassalic pyramid, and that princes there were many formerly (the small king of Yvetot in Normandy, the prince of Blayou Jaufré Rudel king of troubadours, etc.) and that it meant in no way king. The monarchy of the Hesus Cuchulainn was not made for this world, and only his foster-son Lugaid will become king as we saw, not he. We therefore advise neo-druids strongly against getting involved in politics, that makes nauseous. At least in France.

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All this was told to Aemer. She had knives made for her to kill the maiden. She came too, and fifty maidservants along with her, to the appointed place of meeting. Here the Hesus Cuchulainn and Loeg were playing *tablut* (chess), and they did not perceive the women approaching them. Then Wanda/Fand perceived them, and she said to Loeg: "Look you, Loeg, at what I see." What is that ? said Loeg. He looked, and then the maiden, that is Wanda/Fand [ or Aemer ??? ] said this.

Look, O Loeg, behind you ; behind you there are proper women of good sense, with gold at their beautifully formed bosom breasts, but with sharp knives in their right hands, and they move in the manner in which champions of valor go through a battle of chariots. Well, does Aemer, the daughter of Forgall, change her manners.

Her jealousy will not take vengeance, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, and she will not reach you at all. Come you into the ornamented chariot with the sunny seat, opposite my own face, for I will defend you from many numerous maidens of Ulidia ; for although Forgall's daughter may threaten, on the strength of her companions, a show of strength, certain it is that it is not against me it will be dared.

The Hesus Cuchulainn said farther [for Aemer this time]:

I shun you, O woman, as everyone shuns his friend; your hard, shaky-handed spear does not indeed wound me ; nor your soft, thin knife ; nor your impotent collected anger ; for it would be truly sad that my strength should be overcome by the strength of a weak woman.

I ask, then, said Aemer, what it was that induced you, O Setanta Cuchulainn, to dishonor me before all the maidens of the province, and before all the maidens of Erin, and before all honorable people in like manner ? For it was under your promises ??? I came with you and on the great strength of your insistence, and although in your hubris you threaten me, it is certain you cannot succeed in establishing any fault from me justifying my repudiation, O youth, though you should attempt it.

I ask, then, O Aemer, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, why not I be allowed my turn in the society of another woman ; of this woman, she is the pure, chaste, fair, ingenious; worthy of a great king; a maiden from over the waves of the full, great seas ; with form and countenance, and nobleness of descent ; with embroidery, and handiness, and hand produce ; with sense, and intelligence, and firmness; with abundance of steeds, and herds of cows ; for there is not under Heaven anything which her comely husband could desire that she would not do, even though she had not promised it. As you, O Aemer, said he, you will not find a comely, wounding, battle-victorious champion of equal worth with me.

The woman with whom you became infatuated is not better than me, but it is true that everything red is beautiful, everything new is attractive, everything come by far is seductive; everything too known is bitter, everything that we are without makes us pining for, everything familiar is also neglected, we are always attracted by unknown. O my friend, it was a time when I was in honor beside you and it would be so again if it were pleasing to you.

Then she was overcome with grief.

By my word, O Aemer, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, I love you still and I would love you throughout my life.

Let me be repudiated, said while crying Wanda/Fand.

It is more proper to repudiate me, said Aemer.

Not so, said Wanda/Fand ; it is I that shall be repudiated in the case, and it is I that have been imperiled of it a long time.

She fell into great grief and lowness of spirit, because she was ashamed at being repudiated and having to go to her marital home forthwith. The great love which she had given to the Hesus Cuchulainn disturbed her; and so she was lamenting, and she made this a lay :

I it is that shall go on the journey;

I give consent with great affliction ;

Though there is a man of equal great fame [awaiting for me at home],

I would prefer to remain.

I would rather be here,

To be with you, without grief,

Than to go, though it may wonder you.

To the sunny grianan of Aed Abrat.

O Aemer ! the man is yours.

And although he took advantage from me,unfortunate woman,

What my arm cannot reach, what but

I am quite forced to wish it only.

Many were the men that were asking for me.

Eter chlithar is díamair:

Both famous and obscure men ???

Never with those did I hold a meeting,

Because I am a respectable woman (irán).

Woe ! to give love to a person,

If he does not take notice of it ;

It is better for a person to be turned away,

Unless he is loved as he loves.

With fifty women have you come hither,

O Aemer of the Yellow hair.

To arrest Wanda/Fand ; shame on you,

And to kill her in her misery.

There are three times fifty,

Women, beautiful and unwedded,

With me in my court together ;

They would not abandon me !

I it is that shall go, etc.

Now, all this was revealed to Belin/Belen/Barinthus the Mannish son of Lero ; namely, Wanda/Fand, the daughter of Aed Abrat, to be engaged in an unequal conflict with the Ultonian women, and that Cuchulainn was putting her away. Belin/Belen/Barinthus then came from the east to seek the maiden ; and he was in their presence, and no one of them perceived him but Wanda/Fand alone ; despair seized her then while seeing him and she composed the following lay.

Behold you the valiant son of Lero,  
From the plains of Eogan of the Estuary,  
From the Isle of Man, lord over the world's fair castles,  
There was a time when he was dear to me.

Mád indíu bá dígrais núall,  
ní charand mo menma múad:  
is éraise in rét int sherc:  
téit a h-éol cen immitecht.

I let out a distress cry today????  
My heart feels love no longer  
Love works in mysterious ways  
To know them is used for nothing!

When I was, and the son of Lero,  
In the sun lounge (grianan) in the castle of the estuary ;  
We then thought, without a doubt,  
That our separation should never be.

When Belin/Belen/Barinthus the great Mannish espoused me,  
I was a spouse of him worthy;  
While taking me he did not suffer  
A great loss in the hazardous chess play of the marriage????

When Belin/Belen/Barinthus the great Mannish espoused me,  
I was a spouse of him worthy;  
He gave to me as the price of my blushes.  
A refined gold wristband I have still.

I had waiting in the heather???  
Fifty maidens of varied beauty ;  
I gave them unto fifty men,  
All were without reproach.

Four times fifty without a mistake,  
It was the household of our house ;  
Twice fifty men, happy and perfect,  
Twice fifty women, fair and healthy.

I see coming over the sea hither,  
Nobody other than me can see him  
The horseman of the foaming wave ;  
He goes without the vessels of the Sid (shithlongaib).

He comes straight to us  
Nobody can see him except a Sid being  
Your spirit distinguishes the least troop  
Even very distant from you.

My misfortune was inevitable  
Because women who like hardly have good sense  
The one I loved so much  
Turned me over to enemies too many for me

I bade you goodbye O my beautiful hound of Culann;  
And we leave you with a serene heart  
Although we do not set out again of my own free will  
Dignity orders me to withdraw.

A departure this which it is time for me to make ;  
There is a person to whom it is grief ;  
It is a great disgrace ,  
O Loeg, O son of Rianganbra.

I shall go with my own spouse.  
Because he will not show me unwillingness .  
That you should not say it is a secret departure,  
If you desire it, behold you.

Behold you valiant, etc.

Then the woman went after Belin/Belen/Barinthus the Mannish (of the Isle of Man) who greeted her while saying to her: "Good, O woman, you stay with the Hesus Cuchulainn or it is with me that you leave?"

By our word, now, said she, there is of you one whom I would rather follow than the other ; but it is along with you I shall go, and I shall not wait on the Hesus Cuchulainn, because he has in fact abandoned me ; and, another thing, my good friend, you do not have a queen worthy of you at your side ; whereas the Hesus Cuchulainn too, has already one.

When the Hesus Cuchulainn saw the woman departing from him to Belin/Belen/Barinthus the Mannish (of the Isle of Man), he said to Loeg: "What is that?"  
This, said Loeg; it is Wanda/Fand that is going to Belin/Belen/Barinthus the Mannish, the son of Lero, because she was not pleasing to you.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn leaped the three high leaps, and the three south leaps of Luachair ; he remained for a long time without drink, without food, among the mountains ; where he slept each night was on the road of Midluachair.

Aemer, in the meantime, went to visit Cunocavaros/Conchobar to Emania and she told him the state that the Hesus Cuchulainn was in.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar sent Ultonian filedu áes dána & drúdi, some veledae, men skilled in the art and druids to visit him, that they might arrest him, and that they might bring him to Emania along with them. He first attempted to kill the professional party. These then pronounced (or recited or sang ?) some side brechta druidechta before him, until they laid hold of his legs and his arms, until he recovered a little of his senses. He then besought them for a drink. The druids gave him a drink (dig) of forgetfulness (dermait). The moment he drank the drink he did not remember Wanda/Fand and all the things that he had done. There were, too, drinks of forgetfulness of her jealousy given to Aemer, for she was in no better condition than him .

Belin/Belen/Barinthus the Mannish (from the Isle of Man) in the meantime shook his cloak between the Hesus/Cuchulainn and Wanda/Fand, to the end that they should never again meet.

Everything was therefore only a vision sent by people of the Sid in order to overpower the Hesus Cuchulainn, because their demoniac (demnach) power (chumachta) was great before the true faith (cretim), such was its greatness that the demons (demna) used to corporeally tempt people, and that they used to show them mysterious great beauties while trying to persuade them that they could live with them in immortality. Here what they used to be believed in. So that it is such phenomena (taidbsib) which ignoramuses (anéolaig) used to apply the names of Sid or People of the Sid.

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

All this was told to Aemer. The compiler without genius author of this account (there is an inconsistency in the names of the female protagonists) therefore use there again obviously another

manuscript, another story. Pathetic enough besides, and nobody leaves there with an increased stature. A very bad B movie. Or then involuntary and not to take at face value, humor.

I ask then, O Aemer ..... The Hesus Cuchulainn answers the situation by a typically male and a little boor or polygamous proposal of the eternal triangle, which will be followed by an astonishing contest of abnegation. "It is I that shall be repudiated in the case, not her," etc.?

O my friend. We convey so the Gaelic expression A gillai.

Repudiation/to repudiate. It is in this way that the Gaelic words léucdsa, léicfidir are generally translated.

The important difference between repudiation and divorce is that, and I quote an old author quite wrongfully forgotten today.

Montesquieu. On the spirit of the laws. Book XV. Of Divorce and repudiation.

"There is this difference between a divorce and a repudiation, that the former is made by mutual consent [...] ; while the latter is formed by the will, and for the advantage of one of the two parties, independently of the will and advantage of the other.

The necessity there is sometimes for women to repudiate, and the difficulty there always is in doing it, render that law very tyrannical which gives this right to men without granting it to women. A husband is the master of the house; he has a thousand ways of confining his wife to her duty, or of bringing her back to it; so that in his hands it seems as if repudiation could be only a fresh abuse of power. But a wife who repudiates only makes use of a dreadful kind of remedy. It is always a great misfortune for her to go in search of a second husband, when she has lost the most part of her attractions with another. One of the advantages attending the charms of youth in the female sex is that in an advanced age the husband is led to complacency and love by the remembrance of past pleasures. It is then a general rule that in all countries where the laws have given to men the power of repudiating, they ought also to grant it to women. Nay, in climates where women live in domestic slavery, one would think that the law ought to favor women with the right of repudiation, and husbands only with that of divorce."

N.B. on this subject that divorce as such exists neither in Judaism nor in Islam and that any person who uses the word divorces in order in fact to speak about these repudiations:

- Either is mistaken although being a journalist specialist ... and so misleads readers and listeners seriously.

- Or if it is done knowingly deceives therefore voluntarily readers and listeners, by beginning by the journalists not having enough intelligence nor cultivation to notice it. What is the case in France where, since Islam is from now on the dominant religion in certain districts of this country (it should be justified not to be already Muslim, not to be won over by Islam) people of media (for whom truth is, of course, only an option among others) do all from now on as if repudiation was an exact synonym of divorce.

Response of the French journalists and intellectual of today to my quotation being:

"What you have to bug us with this Montesquieu that nobody knows in Paris and who, of course, is only a schmuck fascist. Hitler already in 1933 [...] Islam is a religion of peace and love and you, you do nothing but preach the hatred and the contempt of others with such remarks stigmatizing Muslim marriage! A little culture will make you the largest good and will avoid you coming out with such stupid racist things, bloody idiot of ultra-right-wing." Duly noted.

The traditional explanation brought by Jews and Christians to the repudiation as an old sock which is thrown, of the first wife of Moses, is that it was an old bastard woman who opposed the circumcision (Exodus 4,25) although all that is not completely clear (Exodus 18,2).

The traditional explanation brought by Jews and Muslims to the repudiation of Hagar, the jealousy of Sarah and the cowardice of Abraham in front of her (or in front of God?) who would have badly understood this show of altruism from Sarah.

Genesis 21. " Sarah said to Abraham, "Get rid of that slave woman and her son, for that woman's son will never share in the inheritance with my son Isaac."

The matter distressed Abraham greatly because it concerned his son. But God said to him, "Do not be so distressed about the boy and your slave woman ( ? ) Listen to whatever Sarah tells you, because it

is through Isaac that your offspring will be reckoned. But I will make the son of the slave into a nation also, because he is your offspring."

Early the next morning Abraham took some food and a skin of water and gave them to Hagar. He set them on her shoulders and then sent her off with the boy. She went on her way and wandered in the Desert of Beersheba but God, etc. "

It is true that we are not a specialist of the god of love, only true God, of Abraham of Muhammad , and that we humbly acknowledge to be a little lost in all these only true gods of love and mercy, etc. We will therefore be satisfied to point it out here what the position apparently of the Nazarene Jesus on this subject, was.

"Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives: but from the beginning it was not so. And I say unto you, whosoever will put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and will marry another, commits adultery" (Matthew 19, 8-9).

N.B. If we understand the reactions well, of the first Christians (of the disciples of that time) which is mentioned then, they had many difficulties to understand well what such a sentence meant since the rabbis Shammai and Hillel did not say to them at all the same thing . And besides the Christians don't agree on this subject since for the ones, divorce is forbidden in all cases, for others it is authorized if there was adultery. The peoples chosen by the true god have definitely much difficulty to understand simple things. God is definitely not lucky in the choice of his peoples.

Let us add to finish that it goes without saying Arab people are in no way the biological descendants of this mythical Agar, but that Muslims are perfectly free to recognize themselves in this slave woman driven out of the residence of his master and de facto spouse, on order or with the complicity of God. Psychologically that can hardly have good results on the structuring of their collective mentality but well ...

Griaran. Like already noted in our previous counter-lays, a griaran is a height never in the shade in the course of the day and therefore generally well placed to observe.

As we already have had the opportunity to announce it, this character or this protagonist of the myth is the avatar or the mannish incarnation of a more important pan-Celtic god, about whose identity specialists hesitate.

Taran/Toran/Tuireann?

Lug?

Belin/Belen/Barinthus known as the mannish (from the Isle of Man) son of Lero?

And we do not see really what we can reproach him because finally, the only one to behave correctly with Wanda/Fand in this affair (compassion rest of a former great love?) it is him! He acts a little like her guardian angel! We feel being rather in a divorce story in the French way where any wife who even falsely claims to be battered automatically sees herself granted all she wants (allocation to the husband exclusively, of the refunding of the loans for the house, but at the same time his almost immediate expulsion of the marital home, which then makes it possible the wife to make her lover come in it, etc.)

Aemer has a behavior at the same time normal, logical, but also imbued with a certain nobility.

The one definitely to be below anything in this pathetic affair it is the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Lero is a Celtic god of the first or second generation combined with ocean. A druidic kind of Neptune therefore. Strangely enough he is also announced on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

In an account of Strabo and Pliny.

Strabo. Book IV. Chapter I.

10. Lying off these narrow stretches of coast, if we begin at Massilia (Marseilles), are the five Stoechades Islands, three of them of considerable size, but two quite small; they are tilled by Massiliotes. In early times the Massiliotes also had a garrison, which they placed there to meet the onsets of the pirates, whence the islands were well supplied with harbors. Next, after the Stoechades, are the islands of Planasia and Lero, which have colonial settlements. In Lero there is also a hero temple [heroon in Greek], namely, that in honor of Lero; this island lies off Antipolis (Antibes)...

Pliny. Book III. Chapter XI.



...There are also about twenty other small islands in this sea, which is full of shoals. Off the coast, at the mouth of the Rhodanus, there is Metina, and near it the island which is known as Blascon, with the three Stœchades, so called by their neighbors the Massilians [today Marseilles], on account of their alignment; their respective names are: Prote, Mese, also called Pomponiana, and Hypæa. After these come Sturium, Phœnice, Phila, Lero; and, opposite to Antipolis, Lerina, where there is a remembrance of a town called Vergoanum having once existed.

A distress cry. This quatrain is rather difficult to translate. The cry in question is perhaps a legal procedure similar to the Welsh diaspad egwan or the clameur de haro in Norman Custom.

Turned me over to....Wanda/Fand exaggerates! The Hesus Cuchulainn did not turn her but it is true that he behaves in this affair as a stay-at-home husband who moves back in front of the rolling pin of his little housewife.

The Hesus Cuchulainn redeems himself finally! Become mad with grief (he therefore loved the unfortunate Wanda/Fand nevertheless if we understand well) he becomes a kind of Merlin withdrawn in the forest after the battle where he becomes insane (Arfderydd 573). Aemer will be shown less egoistic and will deal with him nevertheless!

Filedú, áes dána & drúdi. Filedú are veledae. At first glance have nothing to do in a purely medical operation since this word, often translated poet, designates druids of rather literary nature. Perhaps they acted as negotiators, like at the time of the capture of a terrorist or of a maniac entrenched somewhere. So that he surrenders. The aes dána are men skilled in the art, but of which art is it a question??? We can think here that there were in fact vates, vates being druids specialized in medicine and in all that relates to the care of the bodies (against what we advise the druids today, let us point it out). As for the druidi, of course, they are druids. i.e., general practitioners or utility men, less specialized than the previous ones, or at least skilled in the two previous fields at the same time.

Pronounced. We thus convey the verb chansat which is, of course, of the same linguistic family as enchanter or enchantment and which is usually translated with "sing."

Side brechta druidechta. The keyword in this expression is the word brechta. Of the old Celtic brictu, Indo-European bhregh, old Norse braghr poetry, Sanskrit brahman, formula. We will hardly be mistaken by saying that all this therefore refers ultimately to the power of the word, of the prayer and so on...

Druidechta refers, of course, to the druid and it is always a word with not very positive connotation in our texts since they were written down in monasteries. Druidecht it is therefore druidry in the evil senses of the term. The racism inherent in the beginnings of Christianity has as a result that first Christians always regarded as condemnable despicable hateful, etc. every spirituality other than theirs or than that come from their spiritual fathers the Jews. As for Sid, of course, it is a word which therefore refers to the notion of Sid in the parallel other world of the dead and of the gods among Celts. Let us notice nevertheless that the decisive action in all that seems to have been to seize by force and physically the unhappy one, to have controlled him while using force, after a first stage made completely and only of good words and negotiations.

A drink of forgetfulness. The medicine men of the time had apparently succeeded in developing quite a practical decoction, which solves many couple problems. As radical as nerve sedatives! Especially combined with a kind of strait jacket (assistants seize his arms and his legs to control him).

His cloak. The coat of Belin/Belen/Barinthus does not have the power to make somebody forget but it is a little like the invisibility cloak of the dwarf Oberon (Alberich in the Niebelungen), it makes Wanda/Fand (like all gods or demons besides), physically invisible in the eyes of human beings (therefore of our hero).

Ignoramuses. To believe in the angels in the saints in the still virgin Blessed Virgin and in the Baby Jesus (Muslims add jinns to the list), in Hell in Heaven in Purgatory as well as in miracles, that, on the other hand, it is not the same thing. Our great master to all the great druid John Toland must be turning in his grave! Racism when you hold us!

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# THE DEATH OF CUROI.

There exist three different versions or recensions of the death of this character of whom experts hesitate to say if it is a former god of initial pan-Celtic mythology or a historical king in the south of primitive Ireland (Munster) chief of the Dedad clan (the character in our accounts is in any case endowed with supernatural powers).

The first one, the oldest, is an account of the 10th century given its style and preserved in the collection of manuscripts called Yellow Book of Lecan (in Gaelic language Leabhar Buidhe Lecain). The second version entitled Adaigh Con Roi appears in the Egerton manuscript 88 of the British Museum. It is a manuscript which given its writing characteristics, dates back to the 16th century. There exists finally a third version of the death of Curoi, entitled in Gaelic language Brinna Ferchertne inso triana Codlud. It is a short poem reporting a vision of the official poet of this mysterious king.

This character (Curoi and Daré are perhaps the same person according to T.F.O'Rahilly) was already mentioned in the Irish saga glorifying the Hesus Cuchulainn as we could see it, but our opinion is what relates to him is not to be involved in the initial pan-Celtic myth which keeps us busy and was used by the creators of the Ulster cycle only to emphasize their own national hero, Setanta known as the Hound of Culann (Setanta Cuchulainn).

N.B. This character forms also part of Welsh literature but marginally and not as a result of the same original handover, and not under an alleged perennial tradition. Besides let us point it out here that the concept of Perennial Tradition is generally an empty and woolly concept (in any case not scientific) justifying worst stupidities (Atlantis and so on....). With regard to Curoi if it appears also marginally in the old Welsh literature, it is as an influence of the Irish classics on medieval Welsh literature and not as a parallel resulting from a common tradition. The text in question is an elegy (marwanat) appearing in the Book of Taliesin (poem number XLII).

This very short poem (Marwnat Corroi m [ab] Dayry) referred briefly to his contentions besides with a certain "Cocholyn," a Welsh name under which everybody will have identified the Hound of Culann or Cuchulainn of the Irish apocryphal texts.

In short, below the version of his death appearing in the Yellow Book of Lecan (Leabhar Buidhe Lecain).

## THE DEATH OF CUROI SON OF DARÉ.

(Aided Conroi Maic Daire.)

Why did Ulaid slay Curoi son of Daré? Easy to say. Because of Blathnat daughter of Mend who was carried off at the time of the siege of Falga, but also because of the three cows of Iuchna and of the three men of Ochain i.e., because of the little birds that used to close to the ears of the cows including those of Iuchna, and of the cauldron which was carried off with the cows and which was as his calf to him???

This cauldron could contain thirty cows, but it was filled to overflowing with the milk of these three cows every time whilst the birds were singing to them. Hence this poem improvised by the Hesus Cuchulainn in his Siaburchapat.

There was a cauldron in the fort  
The calf of three cows  
It could contain thirty cows within its gullet  
That was its capacity (Iuchtlach)

They used to resort much to that cauldron  
Incredible thing to hear  
Ní-téigis úad aitherruch.  
Co-fargbatis lán.  
They never moved away much from it????

Without it being again full to the brim ???

There were much gold and money with it  
It was a goodly find  
I carried off that cauldron  
As well as the daughter of the king.

---

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

Siaburcharpat. It is another of the legends concerning the Hesus Cuchulainn, that which shows him having triumphed over the hell after his death and going to heaven on his chariot. Reviewed and corrected by Christianity, of course.

There was a cauldron... Boí coire in Gaelic. These three quatrains therefore appear well in the Gaelic text entitled Siaburcharpat Con Culainn but with some small differences as we will see it soon. All this resembles extremely the Irish epics of the type "raids in the other world from where one brings back supernatural treasures or objects." Singular echtra plural echtraí.

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Curoi son of Dare went with them then to the siege [of Falga] and they did not recognize him, that is, they called him the man in a gray mantle. Every head that was brought out of the fort, "who slew that man ?" said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. "I and the man in the gray mantle," each answered in turn.

When, however, they were dividing the spoil, they did not give Curoi a share, for justice was not granted him. He ran in among the cows and gathered them before him, collected the birds in his girdle, thrust the woman under one of his armpits, and they went from them, he went with the cauldron on his back. None among the Ulaid was able to get speech with him save the Hesus Cuchulainn alone. Curoi turned upon the latter, and thrusts him into the earth to his armpits ; cropped his hair on him with his sword, and rubbed cow dung into his head, and then came home.

After that the Hesus Cuchulainn was a whole year avoiding the Ulaid.

One day, however, when he was on the peaks of Boirche, he saw a great flock of black birds coming towards him over the sea. He kills one of them forthwith. After that he kills one of the flock in every land [he passed through] until he came to Blackbird's Nose (Srub Broin) in the west of Ireland, that is, at the place where he cut off the head of the last black bird, hence the name of this place after that (Srub Broin). This took place westwards of Curoi's stronghold ; and then the Hesus Cuchulainn understood that it was he who had brought him to shame ; so he held converse with his wife (Blathnat), for he had loved her even before she was brought over the sea [by Curoi] ; she was a daughter of luchna king of the island of Falga that is, it was a "sea-wall" in the islands of the sea. He made a tryst with her again westwards on the night of Samon (ios). Moreover, a host of the men of Green Erin set forth to go with the Hesus Cuchulainn.

That day she gave therefore counsel to Curoi that a splendid fortress should be built by him for his city, of every standing stone standing or lying in Ireland. Clan Dedad set out in one day for the building of the stronghold, so that he was all alone in his castle on that day. This was the token that was between her and the Hesus Cuchulainn, namely, to pour the milk of luchna's cows down the river which flew in the direction of the Ulaid, so that its water might be white when she was washing him (Curoi). So it was done. Some milk was poured to Ulaid, and the river then became the Finnglas River [ the completely white in Gaelic language].

Bui-si didu ac aiscid a chind-seom i ndorus na catrach. She was then searching lice in his head????? in front of the door of the castle.

[Seeing the Hesus Cuchulainn who was coming ] she said to him then: "come back into the stronghold and get bathed before your men return with their burden [of stones and beams].  
But whereas Curoi lifted up his head he saw the host of Ulaid coming towards him along the valley, both foot and horse.

Who are these people yonder, woman? said he.

They are your people, said the woman, with the stones and the oaks [intended to build your new castle].

If they are oaks, they travel really swiftly with them, if they are stones it is really extraordinary.

He raised his head again in order to scan them by far.

But who are these people ? said he.

Herds of kine or cattle said the woman.

If it is cattle, true cattle,

Then it is not a herd of lean cows

There is a man brandishing a sword

On each one of every cow.

Thereupon he goes inside, and the woman washed him, and she bound his hair to the bedposts and rails, took the sword out of its scabbard and threw open the stronghold. He heard nothing, however, until the Ulaid had filled the house on him, and had fallen on him. He rose up straightway against them, and slew a hundred men of them with kicks and blows of his fists. The attendant who was within rose up against them and slew thirty warriors of them. Thereof it was sung :

Yough the attendant of the prince,

He was skilled at the battle game,

He slew thirty armed men,

Then he let himself be slain.

Senfiacail first came at the cry, whereof it was said :

"Senfiacail came ...

He slew a hundred men of the host.

Though great was the might of his combat

He got his death through the hesus Cuchulainn."

Carpre Cuanach came up on them.

Carpre Cuanach came up on them.

He slew a hundred men, a mighty encounter,

He would have grappled with Cunocavaros/Conchobar,

If the monstrosly abounding sea had not drowned him.

Whereas he was contending with Cunocavaros/Conchobar, he saw his castle in flames on the other side of the sea in the north. So he went into the sea in order to try to save it. But his swim was too great for him, and therefore he was drowned there.

The fight of Eochaid son of Daré

From the promontory to the valley.

He slew a hundred men, it was a great achievement

To avenge his good king.

The children of the clan Deda cast from them every standing stone which is standing and lying in Ireland, when they heard the shouting of the combat, and came up to the slaughter around the fortress,whereof it was said :

After that came the clan Deda  
To seek their king in great number ?  
Five score and three hundred.  
Ten hundred and two thousand.

When they were slaying one another by the fortress, and the Hesus Cuchulainn shore off the head [ of Curoi] , and the fortress was put to fire and sword, Ferchertne, Curoi's veledé, was by his horses in the valley, and he said :

Who is the youth [who is glowing ?]  
By the side of Curoi's fortress ?  
If Daré's son were alive  
It would not burn.

Fer Becrach too, however, Curoi's charioteer, had made submission to Carpre son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and he went into his chariot with him. But then he drove the horses off the cliff , and the cliff crushed both horses and men whereof it was said :

Fer Becrach ... ?  
Perchance it was no lie you say  
But the fact is he bore nevertheless Carpre son of Cunocavaros/Conchobar  
Under the bitter sea waves.

Then Ferchertne came.  
Art not you Ferchertne ? said Cuncavaro/Conchobar.  
I am, indeed, said he.  
Was Curoi kind to you ? said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.  
He was kind, indeed, said he.  
Tell us somewhat of his bounty ?????  
I cannot now, said he. My heart is too sad after the slaying of my king, for mine own hand shall slay me if no one else slay me !  
Then he said :

Editor's note: the translation is given without prejudice. It is perhaps, moreover, an addition to the original text.

It is not an easy thing to say for me.  
This woman should never have been on the estate of the noble prince whom you have just killed.  
Curoi gave me ten beautiful estates. Ten maidservants, ten white-headed horses, ten bits for them, ten beautiful clothes with fringes, ten daggers, ten pairs of swords each more beautiful than the one before. Ten blades, ten good hives with their bees, ten herdsmen, ten bitches with silver chains.  
Curoi gave me ten cauldrons. Ten cups, twenty goblets, ten horns made of ox horn, ten wild boars wild, ten oxen able to plow even the stones, ten gold dishes, ten herds of heifers.

Curoi gave me hundred pigs, thousand ewes, ten belts, ten crowns out of gold, ten servants, ten geldings, ten yokes for oxen, ten chains and also tinplate hobble.  
Curoi gave me ten silver dishes, ten bracelets, ten bridles for my horses, ten flints ? (tailliamas) , ten ale vats, ten vessels, ten large barrels, ten tambourines ? (tinnu), ten blankets, ten wool clothing, ten multicolored of thousand colors tents, ten goads worthy of a king.  
Curoi gave me ten gold apples, ten gold buckles ?, ten gold basins, ten other gold basins as well as the spoils of his enemies in Babylon.  
He had given me ten red tunics, ten white shirts, ten sparkling brilliantly checkerboards, ten spear scabbards filled with javelins, thirty reins, and lastly thirty horses.

That was a kingly gift, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar.  
And it was little from him, said Ferchertne. Where is Blathnat here ?"said he then.  
She is here, said the young warriors but it was only by striking off Curoi's head that we obtained her deliverance.

After that she was crushed at the foot of the rock, that is, the promontory of Cenn Bera. For Ferchertne made a rush towards her and caught her between his arms, so strongly that her ribs broke in her back ; then he hurled her down the cliff before them, so that the rock crushed them both. Their grave is on the strand under the rock. Hence it was sung :

Dramatic was the struggle together  
Of Blathnat and Ferchertne,  
Their graves both are  
In the bitter land of Cenn Bera.

Nevertheless the slaughter increased on them every day, from Samon (ios) to the middle of spring. The Ulaid made a count of their own host , going and coming, and a half or a third of their heroes they left behind, as was said below :

Blathnat the daughter of Menn was slain  
In the slaughter above Argat-valley.  
A great deed for a woman to betray her husband.  
Since it is ??????????

Now that was the tragic death of Curoi.

End (in Latin).

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

The man in the gray mantle. It is there, of course, an effect of the supernatural powers of Curoi. The sharing of the spoils is obviously an always important moment after a successful raid. That can also be the object of much rancor as one can see it in Quran (a verse of the holy Quran, the 41 of the chapter entitled Spoils precisely, the chapter 8, is devoted to the share of the spoils MADE IN THIS WORLD: in the order God, Muhammad, his close relations and after the others) like in the biographies of Muhammad (a fifth for him as well as the first choice of the sexual slaves captured IN THIS WORLD like after the storming of the Jewish city of Khaybar, see the sad fate of the unfortunate Safiya). The high Rabbi Jesus the Nazarene having been crucified before seizing the power and driving out Romans of Jerusalem, he did not obviously have to suffer from such problems. Muhammad, yes ! For the Muslims therefore, the Being of beings, the Higher Being, the Tawhid, God eh , of course, is even worried about that: the share of the spoils!

Justice was not granted him. And with good cause, he had acted incognito up to that point. The continuation of the story shows us nevertheless that it is a character really exceptional who makes us think a little of Gurgunt/Gargant in the legends, given the aspect a little comic of all that (cf. Rabelais) , because one of the goals of the Gaelic storytellers was also to make the audience laugh. The result remains that the Hesus Cuchulainn will have been humiliated like never he had been before.

He understood it was he who ... what relationship with the black birds or the ravens ? Almost entire parts of this story must be missing or then certain passages were rewritten.

He had fallen in love with her. In Bricriu's feast Blathnat is already the wife of Curoi. There is a complete contradiction between the two legends. This contradiction between the accounts undoubtedly comes from the fact the legend of Hesus Cuchulainn in Ireland gathers avatars of myths having initially nothing to do the ones with the others. As we already have had the opportunity to say it, the texts which evoke Curoi or Daré his father (it is perhaps the same character) are fragments of myths having no link at the beginning with the myth of Hesus Cuchulainn. They are the bards behind the Ulster cycle who are the cause of this true heresy, which does not remain less typically Celtic. We at least, unlike Muslim or Christian scholars, we have the intellectual honesty as well as the courage, to admit the quite human drifts having affected our reflections (our reflections and not our revelations) on the divinity (on the divinity and not of divine origin). Therefore let us repeat it once again (repetere

= ars docendi) the message of the high knowers of the druidic tradition about the divinity is not resulting from a pseudo-divine revelation but from a philosophical reflection.

Islands of the sea. The exact location (Hebrides or Isle of Man) does not matter, myths being by definition timeless and not precisely locatable. Irish bards made a great mistake undoubtedly due to the Christianization and the ousting of the Irish section of the druidic Ollotouta by euhemerizing all that in the wrong way.

The night of Samon. The night when our world and the other swing over and interpenetrate.

With kicks and blows of his fists. Perhaps an ancestor of boxing wrongly known as "French," a sport in which even the Celtic women excelled according to the account of Ammianus Marcellinus: "A whole troop of foreigners would not be able to withstand a single continental Celt if he called his wife to his assistance, who is usually very strong when she is in a mad rage; especially when, swelling her neck, gnashing her teeth, and brandishing her sallow arms of enormous size, she begins to strike blows mingled with kicks, as if they were so many missiles sent from the string of a catapult" (Roman History. Book XV. Chapter XII. Paragraph 1).

Veleda. Plural veledes or veledae. In the druidic Ollotouta the veleda is rather a literary person and it is besides why he was locally considered tantamount to the bards after the Christianization of Ireland. N.B. There were female veledae according to the example of the famous Velleda daughter of Segenax king of the Celtic-Germanic people of Bructerii (current Netherlands).

A separate people which seems to have truly worshipped Fate, going thus much further than ancient druids in this way, since the latter were satisfied to recognize the reign, beyond the gods, of this law of the worlds, viewed as a complex whole of secondary causes ruling the universe (Tocad or Tocade if the word is feminized. Christians as for them will say divine Providence and Buddhists Dharma). Bructerii amalgamated thereafter with Franks. See also in the famous saga of the cattle raid of Cualnge the "druidess" or more exactly "priestess," who warns Queen Maeve against the dangers of the raid she plans to lead in Ultonian territory (veledae were indeed very listened advisers of kings because knowing how to speak to peoples).

According to Tacitus Velleda would have taken part as an adviser or a right-hand of the Batavian general Civilis to the first attempt at a Gaulish empire (oath pro imperio Galliarum of the commander of the Roman cavalry named Julius Classicus) in the year 70. N.B. The character of Velleda and her tragic destiny inspired the great writer of science fiction novels who was Poul Anderson. The period was apparently rich in female strong personalities since it is also at that time that the famous Eponina wife of Sabinus, also stakeholder in this revolt against Rome, would have lived. But all that let us remind it, relates only to former druidism, we strictly advise neo-druids or neo-priestesses of today against any political involvement whatever it is, as right and generous as it can seem (apart from, of course, the defense of the nation under threat, really under threat, and then including alongside fighters).

Babylon. Obvious interpolation due to the Christian underculture of the Middle Ages. In any event this passably obscure amra depicts us the wages in kind of a royal court bard, since currency at the time did not exist. The text does not specify if all that was given once or progressively. Our opinion is this poem was borrowed from another context, the funeral elegy composed by a professional bard in memory of his prince.

The tragic death of Cu Roi. This account is rather confused, we can even wonder whether there would not have been interference between two or more besides, different stories. It can also seem quite unfair for Blathnat who was, of course, the wife of Cu Roi but under duress. It is true that the abduction of his (future) wife was traditional at the time among the men but even so?

Let us benefit from the opportunity to point out some principles.

Physical union (of the hearts of the possessions of the destinies and so on...) of a man and of a woman, or several men and of several women under conditions to determine (let us not be stupidly middle-class) can be founded only if it is well between agreeing, really agreeing, adults, agreeing of authentic assent (possibility of refusing such a union, etc.).



Because such a union, of course, means a mutual gift of the bodies immediate or almost . To marry that means concretely to be the female of a male or reciprocally, to be the male of a female\*. As well as a pooling of the possessions and efforts, particularly as soon as it is a question of securing the future of the children who will not fail to be born from such a bringing together. What therefore distinguishes us radically from the Muslim marriage which can bring into play as for it, some female human beings not having yet their period. Therefore physically and mentally children (see the case not of the fat but good cooker Sawda, first wife of Muhammad after his widowhood, but that of Aisha his favorite wife as verse 4 of chapter 65 in the holy Quran says it).

The fact that parents engage with respect to other parents in advising their children such or such marriage at the proper time is in a pinch acceptable. But the young boys and girls in question should be neither legally nor even morally, bound by such commitments entered into by their fathers and mothers. Because they are not the children who belong to the parents but to the parents who belong to the children. Parents have only the right to commit themselves speaking with their children in terms favorable or positive of such or such possible spouse for them once the day is come. That's all. Period ! The imperative basic rule remains the free assent between agreeing adults. In any event after, the divorce (divorce and not repudiation) it's there to be used, no, and it could be asked as well by the wife as by the husband on the basis of strictly equal rights in this field (we are not Muslims). Judges will be held to only judge in complete fairness, if need be while being in session with as many men as women, contrary to what currently occurs in France.

N.B. This Irish apocryphal text in any case shows us the Hesus Cuchulainn and the Ulaid attacking , twice (island of Falga and the estate of Curoid) in reality, creatures of the hereafter. What hardly matches the rest of the legend. There is therefore only a thing to remember in this umpteenth story reporting human raids in the Other World: men can fight against the gods-or-demons.

\* The concept of marital rape is to be used with caution. There is incontestably rape only if sexual relations are imposed whereas the spouse is sick or seriously psychically if it is not bodily weakened. If not, being the male of a female or the female of a male has no longer a meaning, especially within the framework of a monogamist marriage (without polyandry nor polygyny).

# THE DEAD OF THE ONLY SON OF THE HESUS CUCHULAINN.

(Aided Oenfir Aife and so.)

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

The text which will follow, entitled in Gaelic language Aided Oenfir Aife, is one of most strange and most archaic of the Irish apocryphal literature (ninth or tenth century) even if the date of writing down is later as usual.

It is at times rather obscure.

How to understand for example the two sentences:

Mo chen, ardot Conall Cernach cobra tar turtheda, ceola, gairi lathlond catha  
and

bad buadre bron la Blai Brigiú béim sechai, ciaso lâech. Daig ni immairic ilar ruice.

The dialog between Condere, one of the warriors of Cunocavaros/Conchobar, and the son of the Hesus Mars called Conlae in Ireland, is at times, full of contradictions. Condere apparently is sent by Cunocavaros/Conchobar to prevent Conlae from a landing, but he claims nevertheless that Cunocavaros/Conchobar will protect him if he comes among Ulaid, and so on. Experts wonder whether there were not inversion between the respective roles of the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Another contradiction: Conlae will be killed to avenge the offended honor of the Ulaid, but the latter will make for him nevertheless, in a way, a kind of state funeral. For those who know what I mean!

That some of our texts are at times incoherent does not have anything astonishing considering the survival conditions of the primitive oral literature in Ireland: a stock of topics for tales and legends of the wandering bards who picked inside to take there what they wanted, in the order they wanted, a little like the first editors of the Quran did besides (Abu Bakr, Othman) what's not saying much! They postponed the authentic visions of the "inspired" Muhammad of the beginnings in Mecca, to the end, finely chopped the large texts which they had used later on, as the Syriac Christian legend of the seven sleepers in Ephesus (chapter 18 verses 9-26) and the Alexander \* romance (chapter 18, verses 83-98).

By dismembering them and distributing them a little everywhere (from where a whole series of repetitions). A purely "diabolic" sabotage (the great idea was to gather the new texts resulting from this tampering not in chronological order nor even in thematic order but in decreasing order...of length!) about which we wonder whether the conscious purpose was not in a way to evade the issue, in order to be able to make it say what was wanted.

The end result was a challenge to the human intelligence or reason, and to learn by heart such a text without an ounce of critical thought, is worse than a waste of time, it is a crime against mankind, detrimental to human dignity. Our German friends had the good idea to republish completely Mein Kampf of Hitler but...annotated. Any edition of the Quran should be designed in the same way by respect for the human rights and for the mental health of mankind: Quran makes people schizoid (the result of the faith which is granted to it is to suspend the human intelligence, the reason, to temporarily put them to the dead center (there is no longer relationship with the facts) but also psychopathic if it is not sociopathic (no empathy for the members of mankind not sharing the main part of the dogmas: they can die like animals, and in this world (many calls for the combat and the struggle to the death against those who do not share its dogmas until the Islam \*\*\* of the 5 true pillars (Quran + hadiths + Sira of Muhammad + Fiqh and Sharia) became the only religion of Mankind, in this world and in the other in a way, the love merciful and forgiving God of the Quran insists indeed much about the hell which awaits many human beings after their death).

Whereas nobody will go into hell after his death neither Stalin neither Muhammad nor even Hitler, let us dare to say it, because hell is already on earth, because hell it is the others in a way, and hell, therefore, could not really exist as had already had a presentiment of it former druids according to the Bernese Scholia commenting on Lucan's Pharsalia.

Verse 454.

COMMENTA BERNENSIA AD LUCANUM.

Manes esse non dicunt.

They do not say that the manes exist.

#### ADNOTATIONES SUPER LUCANUM.

Hoc enim disputant animas ad inferos non ire, sed in alio orbe nasci.

They dispute indeed the fact that the souls can go down to hell, because they think they are born after in another world.

#### GLOSULE SUPER LUCANUM.

Id est sicut uos dicitis anime ad inferos non descendunt, sed in orbe alterius hemispherii incorporantur iterum uel in aliqua parte orbis a uobis remota.

i.e., according to you the souls do not go down into the hell, but will again be incorporated in a part of the world located in the other hemisphere or in any part of a world unknown to you.

And in 851, John Scot Eriugena also noted in his "On divine predestination": God envisages neither punishment nor sins: they are fictions (quotation from memory, in any event it was in Latin). For Eriugena also, therefore, hell does not exist, or then he calls it remorse.

But let us return to our sheep, the death of the only son of the Hesus Cuchulainn. In what concerns us, we consequently tried to rectify all these contradictions of the apocryphal text written in Gaelic, in order to do it something more coherent and more logical, but vainly.

\* The problem it is that Alexander the Great has nothing of a monolatrous prophet, he claimed on the contrary to be the son of Zeus Ammon since his stay in Siwa oasis in Egypt or in Libya (from where the story of the horns). How can you believe in it without to have put your intelligence, that with which nature equipped every normal human being, at the dead center ???

\*\* Holy Quran chapter 6 verse 68 : "When you see those who meddle with our revelations, withdraw from them until they meddle with another topic. And if the devil causes you to forget, sit not to move away, after the remembrance of it...".

\*\* Caesar book VI chapter XIV: "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." Lucan Pharsalia book I: "To you alone it is given the gods and celestial powers to know or not to know."

\*\*\* We think more relevant not to use the word Islam in connection with its nice heresies as those of Sufis (God is everything God is love I am God, see Mansur Al-Hallaj died as a martyr in 922) or Mu'tazili. Pure and simple Islam is a decline of civilization, obscurantism, regression of Mankind, towards the dark ages of its history. The only Islam compatible with progress is that of the "bad" Muslims. By bad Muslims we understand those who do not follow completely far from it all the precepts of the Islam of the five pillars that are Quran hadiths Sira of Muhammad fiqh and sharia (in short the Sufi and Mu'tazili).

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In what circumstances the Hesus Cuchulainn killed his only son ?

Ni ansa. It is not hard to tell. The Hesus Cuchulainn had gone to be taught martial arts by Scathache Uanaind, daughter of Ardgeimm, in the country of Lethe, until he attained complete mastership in the handling of weapons with her. Aife daughter of Ardgeimm went to him. She was pregnant when he left her and he said to her that she would bear a son.

Keep this golden thumb ring, said he, until it fits the boy. When it fits him, let him come to seek me in Ireland. Let no man put him off his road, let him never made himself known to a single man, and finally nor let him refuse combat to any.

That day of his seven years the boy went forth to seek his father. The Ulaid were at a gathering on the strand of Eisi in front of him. They saw the boy coming towards them across the seas, a skiff of bronze under him, gilt oars in his hands. In the skiff there was a heap of stones. He would put a projectile in

his staff sling & dosléiced táthbéim forsna héonu he launched a stunning shot at the birds without killing them? so that he caught them and ????? to blow on them???? then they began again to twitch. Then would he let them up into the air again. He would perform with his hands so quickly this feat of ??? (charpatchles) that the eye could not follow it. Then he would imitate their cries?? and thus bring them down towards him for the second time to catch them, then he revived them once more ?????

Well, now, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar, woe to the land into which yonder lad comes! [if he is driven by hostile intentions]. If grown-up men of the island from which he comes were to come, they would grind us to dust, when a small boy from them makes that practice. Let someone go to meet him! Let him not allow him to come on land at all!"

Who shall go to meet him?

Who should it be, said Conchobar, but Condere son of Eochu !

Why should Condere go? said the others.

Not hard to tell, said Cunocavaros/Conchobar. If it is reason and eloquence he practices, then Condere is the proper person.

I shall go to meet him, said Condere.

So Condere went just as the boy took the beach.

You have come far enough, my good boy, said Condere, for us to know whether you go and whence your family is.

I do not make myself known to any man,said the lad, nor do I avoid any man.

You will not land, said Condere, until you have made yourself known.

I shall go whither I have set out, said the lad.

And he turned away.

Then said Condere to him: return to me my boy, many deeds await for you here, At fola ferdamnai. Ardán errad Ulad cucut. You have the blood of a damnai???? Man. You will be the cup of the Ultonian warriors as regards the battle ???? Ardotchobra Conchobar. Cairptini cleitini a clár clé, conid san erreda Ulad úargabas. Ardotchobra Conchobar dondigis. Clúas duit, dian tóe frim. Cunocavaros/Conchobar will protect you. Turn neither your face nor your javelins (cleitini) on the left side before Ultonian warriors stand up. Cunocavaros Conchobar will protect you if you come. The ear will be given to you if you come with me????????? Turn to Cunocavaros/Conchobar the valiant son of Nessa, towards Sencha the glorious son of Ailill, towards Cethernthe red-bladed son of Fintan, towards the fire which wounds the battalions, towards Amorgen the druid (éices) towards Cumsraid of the numerous hosts. Mo chen, ardot Conall Cernach cobra tar turtheda, ceóla, gáiri láthlond catha. Welcome to the one that Conall the Victorious will protect above rumors songs and clamors of the warriors group????????????

Bad búadre brón Blai Briugaid béim séchai , cíaso laech. Dáig ní immairic ilar ruice. Let Blai Briuga be disturbed or afflicted if you exceed him, so great warrior he is, because shame fits him hardly ?????????????????????????????? to go to meet the young unripe and beardless boy, since Ulaid permit it.

You have well done to meet us ?? said the lad. Thus you will have answers to your question????????????

Gléssiu gotha. Léicsiu úaim erchora  
cen imroll a cairpthinib. Comlaus cáinsreth  
saighthin ar cleitinib cíanaib cen ích n-errad n-aile.  
Bágsu ar mórgnímaib gaiscid nád ragbad nech  
forbais form. Fásaigseo let co hUltu in feraimsea  
for galaib óenfir nó for línaib fer for ndul.  
Soí ass doridaí', ol in gillae, 'air cíá no beth nert  
céit let, nída túalaing mo ergairi.'

Editor's note: below a translation attempt.

I have imitated the cry of the birds, I achieved to perfection the movement of my jaws which it was necessary. I attracted a flock of birds, I struck them with my long-range javelins ?? Without the assistance of anyone stronger, I achieved the greatest deeds so that no one dispute the right to me to

sit me among you. Go to say to Ulaid that I only ask to fight, whether it is with only one man or hundreds. ???

Turn back again!, said the lad, for though you have the strength of a hundred, you are not able to check me.

Well, said Condere, let someone else go to speak to you!

So Condere went to the Ulaid and told them everything.

It shall not be, said Conall the Victorious, that the honor of Ulaid be carried off while I am alive.

Then he went towards the boy.

Your play is pretty, my good boy, began by saying Conall.

It will not be less pretty against you, said the lad.

The lad put a stone in his sling. He sent it into the air, so that its noise and thunder as it went up reached Conall, and threw him on his back. Before he could rise, the lad put the strap of his shield upon his arms.

Someone else against him! said Conall.

In that way the boy made mockery of the whole Ultonian host.

The Hesus Cuchulainn who was present at this game wanted to leave towards the boy, but Forgall's daughter, Aemer, put her arms over his [to retain him].

Do not go down, said she. It is a son of you that is down there. Do not commit a parricide on your only son, do not go beyond the point of no return ??? on an active son and who comes by far. Ní soáig ná soairle coméirge frit mac mórgnímach mór... n-esiut. To rise up against a son already able of great deeds is neither a fair fight nor a good advice mór... n-esiut??? Do not wound the bark of the young tiller (tree), don't forget the teaching of Scathache. Mad Conlae céssad clár clé, comad fortamail taidbecht. If Conlae must really face the left side of your chariot, it is as a brave warrior that he will do it and finish????????? Turn to me! Hear me! My advice is good. Let the Hound of Culann hear it. I know what name he will tell, if the little boy down there is well Conlae, the only son of Aife, said Aemer.

Then said the Hesus Cuchulain : forbear, woman

Ní cosc mná admoiniur mórgnímaib asa coscur glé.

Ní gníther do banchobrae. Bam gnímbúadach.

Buidig ruisic ruirech. Dé fola form chnis crú cuirp

Conlaí. Caín súgfet gaí in cleitine cain.

I do not need advice of a woman. They are acts of which repercussion will cross centuries. One can do nothing with the help of a woman. It will be a memorable feat, celebrated by the kings, a dé fola [a sweat of blood,] for me. The large javelins will overcome the small javelins ???

Even though it were he who is there, woman, said he, I would kill him for the honor of Ulaid.

Then he went down himself.

Delightful, my boy, is the play which you make [with Conall], said he.

Your play, though, is not so, said the little boy, that two of you did not come together , so that I may make myself known to them.

It would have been necessary to bring a small boy along with me if I understand well, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. However, you will die unless you tell me your name.

Let it be so! said the lad.

He fell upon him and they began to exchange sword blows. The lad, by a properly measured stroke with the sword, cropped off Hesus Cuchulainn's hair.

The mockery has come to a head! said the Hesus Cuchulainn. Now let us go to wrestle!

But I cannot even reach your belt, said the kid. He got upon two stones, and thrust the Hesus Cuchulainn thrice between two pillars (of stone), while he did not budge an inch either of his feet until they went into the stones up to his ankles.

The track of the feet of the boy is there still besides. Hence the current name of Strand of the Track in the Ultonian country.

Then they went into the water of the sea to try to drown each other, and twice the kid ducked his head . Thereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn went to him after being left out of water and took him by surprise (after a feint) with the spear lightning (gae bolga) ; for to no man Scathache ever taught the use of the weapon save to the Hesus Cuchulainn alone. He sends it to the boy through the water so that his bowels were spread about his feet.

Now, this is what Scathache never wanted to teach me, cried the child.

Mairg nom chréchnaigis! ol in mac. Is fír, ol Cú Chulainn.

Woe that you have wounded me to death! And it will be right, said the Hesus Cuchulainn. He took the child between his arms nos ucca co tall ass, withdrew the projectile of his body???? and carried him till he lets him down before King Cunocavaro/Conchobar.

Here is my son, dead to satisfy you, O Ulaid!

Alas, what a great woe, said the Ulaid.

And it is true, said the boy, if I were among you to the end of five years, I should vanquish the men of the world before you on every side, and you would hold kingship as far as Rome. Since it is as it is, point out to me the famous men that are on the spot, that I may take leave of them!

Thereupon he puts his arms round the neck of one after another, bade farewell to his father, and forthwith dies. Then his cry of lament was raised, his grave made, his stone set up, and to the end of three days no calf was let to their cows by the men of Ulster, to commemorate him.

END. AMEN

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Editor's Note. Peter DeLaCrau admits humbly that he is lost in conjectures about the exact meaning of the legend which resembles a little the story of Lancelot and his son Galaat with in addition the poignant aspect of the death of Tristan.

Initial myth was to be more detailed but it was chopped, truncated, bowdlerized, what remains us is therefore incomprehensible, it is only a synopsis. A denunciation of the madness of hubris! \* Yous perhaps but the Hesus Cuchulainn does not act for his own account, he acts on behalf of Ulaid. If it is an allegory, then the meaning of it was lost.

\* Just in case and without being really convinced, some words in the manner of Vauvenargues on this subject, as a humble high knower of our time.

Our uses do not distinguish sufficiently hubris from simple and legitimate pride. The main difference between both is due to the reason for these two feelings.

If the reason for the feeling is quite ascribable to one's own merits, one's work, one's efforts, one's sacrifices (not to the haphazardness nor to chances of one's birth) and really of considerable importance, then we can speak of pride.

If the reason for the feeling is not really ascribable to one's own merits, one's work, one's efforts, one's sacrifices (but to the haphazardness or to the chances of one's birth, even to one's serious faults of the personality like lie theft disloyalty) or besides is of negligible importance, then we can speak of hubris (they say today "oversize" or "uninhibited" ego) .

All the difficulty, of course, is to estimate at its true worth the importance of this reason for pride or hubris as well as the merits which are the cause and the origin of it. The hubristic one seldom realizes or then in late, of one's hubris. Pride, on the other hand, is by no means incompatible with clearness. You can be proud of yourself for what you carried out, precisely because you have a sufficient clearness to become aware that you did much to be worthy of it.

Let us begin with pride before coming to its pathological form: oversized or uninhibited or quite simply hubristic ego.

You can be proud to be a member of a clan, of a body of "brave men," such that of firemen, or of a school, a family having built many things, "by one's own efforts," that often comes under a collective spirit, or a temporary ordeal.

Individual pride is a feeling which follows up a success, the supervision of a project, of an action, having required efforts to overcome difficulties. The feeling is legitimated by three criteria: - personal engagement in the action and/or the project to be carried out - presence of ordeals to be surmounted - success.

Legitimate pride is therefore desirable and it is a moral value.

N.B. There can be apparently proud or distant people, but for other more intimate reasons. A shy person often looks proud. That does not have the same impact on oneself and others than hubris.

Hubris is attribution to one's own merits of qualities that one does not have. Hubris is a very advantageous opinion, generally exaggerated, that one has of one's personal value at the expense of the consideration due to others, unlike the pride which has no need to pit one's strength against the other nor to lower the other.

Hubris or oversized ego are diseases, or bulges of mind, of character. Hubris is a species of rather durable cyst, which must be worked in order to be partially or completely destroyed, it chokes who is full of it, even if he does not realize, and bleeds literally the air of the others. To be hubristic or to have an oversized ego is to have the feeling to be more important and more worthy than the others, to have nothing to owe somebody, what results in some contempt for the others.

Opposites of hubris are modesty and clearness even humility (the fact of being humble).

The great disadvantage of the term hubris is that it is often combined because of various linguistics and religious reasons (influence of a certain Christianity and it is not Islam which will settle everything for its dhimmis) with humiliation. The term modesty has at least the advantage of avoiding this ambiguity but it is the only reason why it has our preference as a high knower of today.

Modesty is the quality of the one who sees oneself in a realistic way. It is an awakening of one's status and one's place within the others and the universe. Modesty or humility is therefore opposed to all the distorted view that you can have of yourself (hubris, oversized ego, self-centeredness, narcissism...), views which can be the consequence of a pathology starting from a certain intensity as we have already said it. Modesty (or humility Christians say) consists, without ignoring one's qualities, in nevertheless admitting that one does not have necessarily, personally, a lot to do with all these successes, after all is said and done. Modesty is not an innate quality in a human being, it is generally got through time, personal experiences, and goes hand in hand with some emotional or spiritual maturity.

N.B. Humility is to be distinguished from false modesty. The latter pretends humility in order to sometimes attract even more compliments. Like the famous witticism says it, false modesty it is the desire to be praised twice. But let us recognize that it is sometimes if it is not always, quite difficult to distinguish or disentangle one of the other (that, it is for Vauvenargues).

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

Country of Lethe. We saw in the previous version of the chapter devoted to this training that it had taken place in Alba or Alpa, what is usually translated with Scotland. This text therefore echoes another tradition, the country where he Hesus Cuchulainn would have gone would be the country of Lethe. What is to say????

It is known in addition that the sword of Fergus came from the country of Lethe (Claideb Fergus, claideb Leiti a sídib é) what is perhaps to be brought closer to the fortress (sid) of Bri Leith, the castle

or the fortified hill of the god Medros/Midir: Lethe or Letha is clearly one of the designations of the Other World.

Let us note nevertheless that rather strangely we find such a name in the Celtiberian accounts but it is perhaps then a pun on the Greek river of forgetfulness, Lethe.

Strabo book III, chapter III.

5. Last of all come the Artabrians, who live in the neighborhood of the cape called Nerium, which is the end of both the western and the northern side of Iberia. But the country round about the cape itself is inhabited by Celtic people, kinsmen of those on the Anas; for these people and the Turdulians made an expedition thither and then had a quarrel, it is said, after they had crossed the Limaeas River; and when in addition to the quarrel the Celtic peoples also suffered the loss of their chieftain, they scattered and stayed there; it was from this circumstance that the Limaeas was also called the River of Lethe.

Thumb ring. Yes apparently men of this time had rings or signet ring....around their thumbs. From where the Gaelic word *ordnasc* in which *nasc* means ring and *ord* thumb (cf. French *orteil*=toe). =)

Let him never made himself known to any man....They are three gessa that the Hesus Cuchulainn gives to his own son. And the absolute respect of these three gessa will lead to the drama and will make his woe as we will see it. The first and the third of these gessa seem logical: it is a question of showing courage and pride. The geis consisting in never revealing his name is more mysterious but it should be noticed that it is one of the impulses of the Arthurian romance by Chrétien de Troyes entitled the knight of the cart (Lancelot). Some people therefore see in the short life of the young Conlae, even shorter than that of his father, an amplification of the values which characterized him: pride or courage but also self-sacrifice and obedience to one's destiny. Conlae brought up by his mother Aife it is Lancelot as a child in the house of the lady of the Lake. Initial myth was therefore to be much longer, what remains of it is only a framework.

Staff sling. *Chrandtabaill*. There exist indeed slings with handle using only lengthened propulsion. The two ropes or straps, which retain the pouch, instead of being held by the hand, are fixed on a staff \*. One of the ropes or straps is tied with this handle, the other is finished by a loop, simply threaded on the top of the staff, so as to be able to escape freely. Holding the staff with one or two hands, according to its length, the slinger places it on his shoulder, so that the pouch hangs vertically behind him. He projects then quickly this staff ahead, like striking a blow of it. That of the two cords of the sling ended by a loop is released by itself and the missile goes with an all the more high initial speed as the staff is longer and the impetus given faster.

Scholars of the 12th century borrowed from the Greek and Latin authors its erudite designation, *fustibalus*, putting thus a little sorcery in this staff, which launched so far missiles. But the fighters forsook the word staff sling and preferred to use all kinds of nicknames to designate this weapon. It is called by the most various names in the texts of the Middle Ages.

The drawings of Leonardo da Vinci (*codex Atlanticus*) reproduce two weapons of this type which differ only by their length, *fronzastra* a 1 mano, and *cacciafrusto* a 2 mani. A round hole is pierced in their staff, through which the cord passes, which fixes the sling to the handle, while the end of the other cord is slipped into a notch at the top.

By the simplicity of its directions for use, the staff sling is an instrument more primitive than the cord sling with flexible thin straps. The series of combined movements, that should be carried out to give the missile of this one its initial speed and to then put it on the trajectory which will lead it to the goal, is so much more complicated than the instinctive gesture to strike with a stick.

This natural gesture, man preserved it when he had bound a stone at the end of his club. The binding ends up being worn out and a day came when, while striking, he saw the stone escaping and leaving unto far.

This mishap inspired, of course, to prehistoric men, the idea of staff to throw stones, the *scaglia a una mano*, that Vinci draws first on his board, as a prototype, we could say, of the staff sling.

Many of the mysterious batons of command or bored sticks made with reindeer antlers and found by the paleontologists are perhaps besides only staves intended for this use.



The baton of command (sticks with holes), which experts thought formerly to be only Magdalenian, but which is also found in Aurignacian, are fragments of reindeer antlers, comprising a division, the antler being cut near its starting point. A perforation occupies the junction of the pedicle and of the antler. There can be several perforations. Like the throwers, they are generally decorated. Their use remains very problematic. One of their specialists nevertheless noticed that the wear of the holes on certain pieces appeared "caused rather by the soft slip of a thin strap than by the passing of a hard body."

Most of these reindeer antlers worked to be used as a sling staff were discovered broken, generally at the height of the perforation. The wear work by the friction of the cord tied at the antler, weighed down by the weight of the missile, explains this break easily. Some of these antlers bear above the perforation, a spur or a lengthening, which was used to hang the loop of the other cord of the sling. We can think that the hunters of prehistory also used ordinary wood to suspend the thin straps or ropes of their slings. The staves, that some of them carry on their shoulder in certain engravings, are perhaps the handles of these weapons.

The reindeer hunters therefore could, at a good distance, to knock, or at least to stun their game, or to break their legs. With the staff sling, their strike force was in nothing lower than that of our close ancestors in the Middle Ages.

It finally appears probable that the colored pebbles, that are found in certain caves and in which until now experts saw amulets or talismans, without precise use, were to be stones of a sling, marked like were later in Greece and Italy, the lead olive shaped missiles. These pebbles are river stones, in quartzite or quartz, very hard, with oblong shape and ten centimeters long. They resemble in shape and volume these big as a fist, stones, these hard and horned stones, of which slingers of the Middle Ages made stock before the engagements. Their marks could have the magic nature that one supposed to them, but they were perhaps more simply used to establish the rights of the hunters over the shot-down game.

Conclusion. The use of the hooked thrower and of the sling marked the transformation of the lifestyle of man. Up to that point, he had known only to benefit from his natural strength to hit game or to repel carnivores. Henceforth he had machines, which amplified this strength and concentrated his energy. It was there, of course, one of the elements which supported the rise of the superior civilizations in the paleolithic age.

\* It is not difficult to make a series of throwers. The tests of shooting with the hooked thrower and the ordinary sling, appear always difficult, but the sling with a handle or staff, that each one can make with a handle of garden tools, two nails, some string and a simple piece of fabric, as a pouch, surprises very quickly by its range as well as by its precision.

Charpatchles. I acknowledge that the word leaves me perplexed. Is it a metaphor? Because apparently the young Conlae catches birds alive after having stunned them, and then revives them. We do not claim that this episode is inspired by the infancy gospel of Thomas (or by the Quran which copied this gnostic apocryphal book: chapter 5 verse 110) showing us Jesus as a child modeling birds in clay then insufflating life into them while blowing on them. But it is perhaps the same image, because in all old civilizations breath is life.

Let him not allow him to come on land at all!...Fear is an emotion (fear of losing a close relation, fear of death and so on) but also a survival instinct (to flee a predator, to flee a disaster, etc.) generally felt in presence or in the offing of a threat. Fear is a primary survival mechanism responding to a specific stimulus, such as the pain or a danger. In short, fear is the ability to recognize danger and to flee it or to fight it, also known under the term "fight-or-flight response."

By extension, the word can also indicate the apprehension related to unpleasant situations or feeling reluctant animals. It is then a question of phobia, a word resulting from a Greek root indicating the fear

like, in particular, claustrophobia, Paganophobia, agoraphobia, Christianophobia, acrophobia, Islamophobia, arachnophobia, Judeophobia, etc.

Biologically speaking, fear is a survival instinct which makes the animals able 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 human activities can be \*.

Fear of the unknown is a ethological phenomenon observed among many advanced animals and it is a source of prudence.

In the Man, it can be individual or collective. It appears in front of unknown destinations or unknown awaited circumstances. Fear of death, or darkness, fear of seeing nothing, can be forms of it, just as the fear in front of a change or something new (examples: a new noise or sound, a new animal/insect/person/place, a journey, a foreigner, a job interview, a conference, show, concert or sporting exploit to perform in front of many spectators or of unknown judges, etc., these last situations being defined more commonly under the name of "stage fright," dependent on the fear of not succeeding or of being ridiculous, which besides exists no longer today in politics).

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

Much too intense a fear of unknown, from a group or an individual is a source of insulation or of withdrawal on oneself or on the group. It can cause violence, even to lead to suicide. For example, Japanese civilians in Saipan (1944).

A reasoned and moderated fear of unknown makes able to be more or less open-minded and can become a factor of creativity by contributing to developing curiosity, research and discovery.

Human fears can be classified in two great types: fear with external causes and fears with internal causes.

Fears with external causes are fears which lead individuals to avoid or to escape or to put an end to this kind of situation.

Fears with internal causes are fears related to often negative inner emotions and that it is more difficult to avoid by definition.

Fear can be described according to the emotions felt by an individual. These emotions vary between prudence to an extreme phobia and paranoia. Fear of Fascism of Nazism of Racism or Stalinism, for example.

Some pathologies related to the fear (irrational and persistent fears) can include various types of anxious disorders which are very widespread, and also some serious diseases like the extreme phase of bipolar disorder and some forms of schizophrenia.

Terror is a very marked form of fear. It is the feeling of an imminent danger. It can also be caused at the time of a phobia. Terror can lead a person to irrational choices of which we have had unfortunately a sad counterexample with the treaty of Munich in 1938. The fear of a new world war led great democracies to yield everything or almost to Nazism then in full rise in Europe. What was not, however, enough to avoid the horrors of a new war. See on this subject the famous word of Churchill : "You were given the choice between war and dishonor. You chose dishonor and you will have and the dishonor and the war."

Therefore let us be clear. Some fears can be objectively founded, others not!

First example. You hear noise during the night in your house, you make light, it was a cat (and the animal flees even more frightened than you). This fear was not really objectively founded but how know it ? Therefore you were right to be afraid and to light. Light enabled you to realize which was really the cause of this noise and therefore put an end to the situation, put an end to the fear you felt. Second example. You hear noise during the night in your house, you make light, it is a housebreaker (and he does not flee like a cat more frightened than you).

Then there are two cases, you succeed in doing what it is necessary to defend you and to defend your family like your possessions. It is the happy end. Or then that ends up in a horrible murder, you are, you and your family, all killed.

But in this case there also, you did well to be afraid and to get up, because that gave you an opportunity to save your life and those of your family members, even your possessions. Conclusion : the complete absence of fear of unknown can be a pathological phenomenon and lead to endangerment by carelessness.

On this subject we can therefore only wonder about the level of intelligence of coherence and, in fact, of intellectual honesty, of French elites (98% of people of media, 80% of politicians -98% of those who appear on media 99% of artists, of professional sportsmen, 100% of bishops, etc.) who repeat tirelessly that....

Firstly, there is no reason to be afraid of something.

Secondly, fears you can feel are always unfounded (there is no objective element justifying such fears: even a change of population \*\* for example has positive effects and is something we must wish or hope and pray for.

Thirdly, those who share themselves these fears and propose or try to do so that these fears have no longer reasons to exist, now then according to your choice (delete whichever does not apply) are, some

Satan's henchmen

God is against them

Constitution is against them.

Are members of the people who want to ruin our children (my children)

People who do not know

Some Hitlerian-Trotskyists

etc., etc.

Fourth more or less explicit speech finally of these French intellectuals thus defined:

It is necessary to fear as the brown plague (or the red one) all new Fascistic Nazi Bolshevik or Hitlerian-Trotskyist, totalitarianism ; such a disaster could quickly again happen. We therefore warn everyone against the still possible revival of such a human disaster, because we must be very vigilant on this subject, because we must swing into action so that it never again occur.

\* The initial Islam, insofar as it is designed so that all believers are governed by the same laws ruling their daily life; unlike each great spirituality which can be experienced in an especially inner way, like the paganism of the former high knowers of the druidic, the Christianity or the Buddhism of Pure Land (therefore putting the emphasis on the faith and not on the external forms of the daily life); can be regarded as a predator having conquered through the strength of its sword a huge empire. Islam of Sufis it is, of course, another thing, it only aims at conquering the hearts.

\* \* Politics or political dynamics theorized at the beginning of our century by the circle of French intellectuals of anti-racist humanistic and democratic left wing (also members of the Republican Front of course) called "Terra Nova." Particularly in the famous report in which his president explains why newcomers are always in majority democrats or left-wing or in any case always sympathizer of the French Republican Front and that democratic or of the left-wing or in any case Republican, parties, must therefore rely on them to develop. The anti-racism of the remarks of its president Olivier Ferrand is indeed unambiguous on this subject. "It is necessary to make the aging old white people accept that this country is no longer white, no longer Judeo-Christian, that it must integrate Islam, and to build mosques... things evolve in the good sense, Islam develops in our country and the debate is no longer, as ten years ago, about the headscarf; no longer on the mosques, but on the size of the minarets. We progress. The role of the Republican left wing is not to concur with the people who would reject this evolution, by fear, by tension but to say to it that it is wrong, and to lead it to accept this ineluctable - and even desirable - evolution of its country."

In any case what is undeniable, it is that there has been in this country for a few decades an incredible rise of racism. One can lose in conjectures about the precise reasons of such a phenomenon whereas Hitlerian Nazism was, however, overcome in 1945 after several years of fight under dreadful conditions which marked for life their participants.

I shall go whither I have set out, said the lad....You will say what you will want, we do not find what Condere do after, very logical. To wonder whether there were not a cut in the text. In any case Condere changes radically his behavior in the continuation.

Damnai. We do not dare to imagine what that can mean. This passage as well as the following one are pure rhetoric not easily comprehensible.

Amorgen the druid. Our text actually specifies "éices", which is a high rank of the druidic fraternity as we have had already the opportunity to see it: Ekes, eighth lesson known, eighth degree, knowledge being equivalent to seventy texts. Three silver bars.

In his sling. Sling which is therefore a sling of handle-sling or staff-sling type (fustibalus) as indicated higher.

I know what name he will tell ..... How Aemer can know this little boy is the son of the Hesus Cuchulainn and of Aife??? Women's intuition will you say to me. Admittedly, of course, but she did not have time yet to approach him. There still we feel something is missing. In any case Aemer has a very modern reaction, she behaves as if she were the wife of a divorced man who would have had a child of his first marriage (whereas in fact the child is born from the adultery of our hero). All that comes close to a very modern problem, that of the reconstituted families. On the other hand, it goes without saying that the machismo or sexism just worthy of Islam shown by the Hesus Cuchulainn is characterized by a terrible archaism we could not regret. Besides is this terrifying sexism really original ?? Couldn't it be an umpteenth and unhappy example of the influence of Christian monks in the rewriting of our myths and legends?

Dé-fola. Fola it is blood. Dé vapor drizzle. It is therefore perhaps a case of hematidrosis similar to that lived really or in a fictional way by Jesus in the famous garden of Gethsemane. The hematidrosis (also called "blood sweat") is a very rare pathology of which clinical appearance is the secretion of blood or of a reddish liquid by the sweat glands. It would be caused by an intense anxiety or anguish. We saw that blood drops in the hair was a physiological disorder being able to occur sometimes in the Hesus Cuchulainn particularly at the time of the phenomenon appearing on his body under the Gaelic name of lon laith (several occurrences in the saga of the rustling of the cows of Cualnge). But there would have been, of course, poetic exaggeration (hyperbole) moreover. This stylistic device was very current among Celts according to Diodorus of Sicily.

Below an example;

"Atrácht in lond láith asa etun, co m-ba sithe remithir áirnem n-ocláig. Airdithir 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 ('Champion's Light') stood out of his forehead, so that it was as long and as thick as a warrior's whetstone. As high, as thick, as strong, as steady, as long as the sail tree of some huge prime ship was the straight spout of dark blood which arose right on high from the very ridgepole of his crown, so that a black fog was made thereof like the smoke from a king's hostel what time the king comes to be ministered to at nightfall of a winter's day."

Honor of Ulaid. Reputation affects phenomena of very different scope, from daily life to relations between the nations. It is a highly effective social control mechanism because of its ubiquity and spontaneousness. At the supra-individual level, reputation concerns groups, associations, communities, and abstract social entities (such as enterprises, corporations, organizations, countries, cultures, or even civilizations). Reputation is a fundamental instrument of the social order based on a spontaneous social control. The honor of a group or of a nation is therefore an element mattering for much in its survival over centuries. As the proverb says it, a good name is better than riches. A warlike reputation can even dissuade possible enemies or adversaries from attacking.

The track of the feet in the rock. Topics very common in the folklore of the whole world. They ascribe the hollows or small cavities in certain rocks to exceptional beings like Gargantua in France, Muhammad in Jerusalem (Dome of the rock) Buddha on Adam's Peak (Sri Lanka), St Martin in various places, Abraham in Mecca (Kaaba) etc. our species explained as it could, these attractions of nature or of another time, human imagination being unlimited.

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# THE DEATH OF THE HERO.

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

There exist two main versions of the death of our hero.

Oldest one, version A, is the one appearing in the collection of manuscripts known by the name of Book of Leinster.

Brislech Mór Maige Murthemne 7 Derg-Ruathar Conaill Chernaig.

Pokorny makes the initial core dating back to the middle of the eighth century. This recension has two major faults.

The first of the two is that the beginning of the story is missing.

The second one is that its comprehension is difficult.

Most recent one, the version B, dates back to the 15th century at soonest. There exists of it several manuscripts that of the Egerton collection preserved at the British Library in London and known under number 132, dating back precisely to 1712.

N.B. The first two pages are very damaged. Remain only a quarter of the text approximately.

Since the beginning of the story is missing, the reader will forgive us to compensate somewhat for it.

Our hero having made many enemies during his short career, he will succumb in fact to their coalition led by Queen Maeve (or Maeve). Maeve, eager to be avenged for the humiliation he had made her undergo during her raid intended to capture the brown bull of Cualnge, therefore will hatch against him a sinister plot, by using in particular the three daughters and the three sons of one of his victims of yesteryear, however, killed in an honest way at the time of one of the innumerable duels having marked out the withdrawal of Maeve's host out of the kingdom of Ulidia: Calatin.

Erc the son of Carpre Niafer the king of Tara as Lugaid the son of Curoi, both killed by the Hesus Cuchulainn, will also join them.

The three posthumous sons and daughters of Calatin were voluntarily made one-eyed of the left eye by Queen Maeve. The daughters will learn the sorcery and the craft of poisons. The sons will be sent in the vast world, in Scotland among the Saxons in Babylon and even in hell our text says, in order to study in it demonic craft. There, Vulcan will manufacture to them three maleficent spears especially intended to kill the king of the charioteers the king of the horses and finally the king of the warriors (therefore Loeg the Gray of Macha and our hero himself).

N.B. Besides we will see thereafter in connection with these javelins that the author of the manuscript preserved by the book of Leinster followed another version: it is no longer a question in his text of the spears especially prepared by the children of Calatin to kill the charioteer the horse and our hero, but of his own javelins they manage to recover.

The preparations of this plot will last seven years (one week... of years). Then when they are completely ready they will levy a huge army in order to invade the kingdom of Ulaid while using cowardly their famous annual indisposition. Ulaid learning the thing therefore insist to the Hesus Cuchulainn so that he does not leave their capital, Emania Macha, as long as they are not cured and able to help him in this unequal combat.

Let us not be stupid for as much. It would be ridiculous to bear a grudge against the Irishmen of current Connaught (or Munster or Leinster or Meath) for four reasons.

The first reason is that, supposing that the facts proceeded well in Ireland, the current inhabitants of Connaught (or Munster or Leinster or Meath) have no longer something to do with those who were responsible for the death of our hero at the time. A long time has been spent since, and there even was much interbreeding (with the French of the Humbert army remained on the spot, there were some of them, after the battle of Castlebar on August 27, 1798).

And if the facts occurred somewhere in Central Europe several centuries earlier, it is the same thing. Current Southern Germans, Austrians or Czech, etc., have no longer something to do with the perpetrators of this quite cowardly action it is true. Moreover there was since much interbreeding. Some French people of Lorraine or Alsace settled in the 18th century (from 1716 to 1788) in Hungary or Romania, for example. The bulk of these migrants (several thousands of people) remained fixed on the lands of the Banat. There, where Prince Eugene of Savoy, and later Maria-Theresa and the emperor Joseph II, had invited them to settle. Yes, contrary to the generally accepted ideas repeated

to nausea by those who think to be intelligent and/or educated, and altruistic, of course, \*, France was not always an immigration land.

Second reason is that it is evident the authors of this saga for obvious reasons made a point of endlessly increasing the number of the enemies of the Hesus Cuchulainn determined to cause his ruin and to be avenged for him.

Were enlisted by them in their rows therefore characters who perhaps had nothing to do with him initially. Just like for example Cu-Roi had nothing to do initially with the legend of the Hesus Cuchulainn. In short, considering the well-known inclination of the Celts for hyperboles, the Hesus Cuchulainn victim of an ambush set by some of his enemies quickly became in bardic accounts, Hesus Cuchulainn against multitudes, alone against all, or almost, alone against the whole world or almost. Maeve and the people of Connaught are the prototype of the men and women drunk with power, revenge and jealousy. In short some human beings !

Third reason is that the events of the action of then, lead our hero to infringe all his prohibitions (gessa) one by one, therefore to do, himself, his misfortune.

Last reason finally is that this tragic death (aided) is perhaps an effect of the poetic justice, the Hesus Cuchulainn having himself killed his own son, the only son of Aife, just before. The child had cursed him before dying and the Hesus Cuchulainn had agreed besides in advance to undergo the right punishment of this crime which in Ireland was regarded by the law as being the most unforgivable of the crimes (fin-gal), the archetypal crime we can say ( Mairg nom chréchnaigis!' ol in mac.Is fír, ol Cú Chulainn).

For what regards us, we prefer to read this account in a doubly symbolic way .

Hesus Cuchulainn died because of the faults of this multitude of our fellow human creatures jealous of his exceptional charisma (boudism). Died because of us and of our daily cowardice even of our crimes. Died to give us the example of sacrifice and abnegation. Because only sacrifice and abnegation of some ones can save the multitude. In fact, the kingdom of Ulidia and even the people of Conaught (who have, I am sure, to think out much after that).

And it is also a spectacular illustration of the omnipotence of this set of secondary causes called Fate , supreme suzerain of the universe, including gods (Christians call that divine providence, Buddhists Dharma, we uns we call that Tocad. Tocade if we put it in the feminine in order not to shock anybody).

It should be noticed, however, and with the great difference of Christianity, despite all the value of the sacrifice in the philosophy of ancient druidism, despite all the importance of the sacrifice in the spirituality of ancient druidism (to pacify divine anger) that what saves us, in and with Setanta Cuchulainn or with the Hesus Mars known as the hound of Culann, for the neo-druidism we represent, it is less his sacrifice itself (let us not be as stupid as Christians) but his example: the example that he sets for us. And besides just like the example of Joan of Arc (almost a "fellow village woman" to me, my mother being from Echenay) Cuchulainn's example always played a large part in the fight against the English for the independence of our dear Ireland (at the beginning of the 20th century: many artworks show him, and particularly a statue by Oliver Sheppard in front of the general post office, Ard Oifig, in Dublin).

\* And in addition they are always poor because they give everything to paupers without keeping something for themselves, of course, it is here their only fault!

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The Great Defeat on the Plain of Murthemne.

Brislech Mór Maige Murthemne.  
Egerton Manuscript.

On the morrow's morn Catubatuos/Cathbad and Genann of the bright cheek, with other members of Druidic Ollotouta , were brought before him ; Forgall the wily's daughter Aemer, as well, and Celtchar son of Utechar's daughter Niam, and all the womankind and woman folk.

Of whom Cunocavaros/Conchobar sought to know what ward that day they would keep over the Hesus/Cuchulainn.

We do not know, answered all.

Cunocavaros/Conchobar said : I know, take him this day into the valley of the deaf (so called for the reason that were all Irishmen round about it and loudly uttering their cries of war, yet might none in that valley hear either shout or halloo). Thither, then, to take the Hesus Cuchulainn is your duty ; there let him this day be well and prudently and cunningly and craftily kept by you until the spell be spent, and to his succor Conall come out of Pictland.

Great king, said Niamh, albeit for the fair day's length we interceded with him and besought him, yet not for me nor for the women all yielded he yesterday to enter that same valley. Let His Majesty go to him ; and Genann ; the veledae, and the women and yourself therefore, with Aemer, lead him into the valley in question. There make for him festivals and pleasure, with diverse artifice distracting him ; so will he not to his great perturbation hear Calatin's children with their shouts and cries provocative. I indeed will not go with him, said Aemer ; rather let Niam with our blessing go, for she it is whom to refuse most irks him.

This now being so resolved among them, together come women, maids, druids, veledae, and all various bards that were in the fort, and into the house where the hesus Cuchulainn was they entered. Catubatuos/Cathbad, with Cunocavaro/Conchobar's harper and foster brother, Cobhtach of the sweet strains, making melody and music ; Ferchertne, too, being on the couch beside the Hesus Cuchulainn, guarding and beguiling him. Then Catubatuos/Cathbad, standing over against him, fell to beseech him and to intercede with him, and Niam, going to him upon the couch gave him three kisses, fondly, lovingly.

Dear child, pleaded Catubatuos/Cathbad, come with me this day to share my banquet, and with us will come all the women and the poets. And besides to shun or to decline a feast is a prohibition ( geis) for you.

Alas, for that, Hesus/Cuchulainn cried; now is it not becoming time for me to feast and to make merry : while Green Erin's four great provincial hosts burn and destroy the country, while Ulaid are in the pains, and Conall in foreign parts ; so that the men of Green Erin reviling me the while, and reproaching me, say that I am put to flight. But were it not you and Cunovavaros/Conchobar, Genann and Ferchertne, the women and the bards as well, upon the Irishmen I would fall and sternly execute a massacre of enemies, so that their dead should be more than their living.

Then Aemer and all the women pleaded with him, and his lady addressed herself to him saying :

Little Hound of Culann, never until this hour have I hindered you of an exploit or of an expedition that you might desire. For my sake, then, O my first love and first darling of the earth's men, my only chosen sweetheart, you one favorite of Green Erin's poets, go now with Catubatuos/Cathbad, Genann, Celtchar's daughter Niam and all the poets, to share the feast which for you Catubtuos/Cathbad has prepared.

Discreetly, and with sweet syllables, Niam too entreated him and, they all rising, he sorrowful and heavy bore them company, and so entered into the valley o the deaf.

Alas, for this, the Hesus Cuchulainn said ; I have ever shunned entering into this valley, nor ever have come into a spot that more disliked me and the Irishmen will say that it is to escape from them I now am here.

Into the regal mansion of vast size, by Catubatuos/Cathbad fashioned to receive Cuchulainn, now they repaired ; in the midst of the valley the Gray of Macha and the Black of the Wonderful Valley were unyoked. At the king's side of the mansion sat the hesus Cuchulainn, upon whose one hand were Cathbad, Genann, and the veledae ; upon the other, Niam daughter of Celtchar, with all the women. Opposite were the bards and the musicians, performing for them. Thus with melody and play they betook them to drink and to be merry, making brave and wondrous show of joy and joviality before him there. So far their doings.



Of Calatin's children, we now will tell expressly. His three maimed misshapen daughters, lightly fluttering, swiftly swooping, gained Emania's green, they sought the spot where the day before they had descried the Hesus Cuchulainn. Whom, when they did not find, without avail they searched out all Emania, then marveled whether he might be gone, he not being with Cunocavaros/Conchobar and with his warriors of the Red Branch Hall. Straightway these apparitions knew that from them Catubatuos/Cathbad's powers concealed him. Up then they rose birdlike, airily soaring with the moaning magic wind of their own making, and vehemently borne away to scrutinize the entire province ; so that nor wood nor sloping valley nor dark recess nor path impracticable they left unsearched, until at length they came over the Valley of the deaf, and in the mid-valley saw the Gray of Macha and the Black of the Wonderful Valley, with Rianganbar's son Loeg that tended them.

Then they were aware that the Hesus Cuchulainn must be in the valley ; and they heard the veledae noise and music, as joyously they banqueted with resonant mirth of womankind and woman folk and maidens seeking to cheer Hesus Cuchulainn's heart and soul. Calatin's offspring therefore gathering hooded sharp-spiked thistles, light puffballs and wood withered fluttering leaves, made of them numerous warriors armor-clad, and of fighting-men bearing battle weapons, so that around the glen was no hill nor hillock nor whole district but was filled with battalions, with companies, and with marshaled bands. Up to the clouds of heaven and to the vault of the firmament ascended the cries, loud and wailing, the hoarse bellowing, the hideous chattering laughter, which the three witches uttered round the valley.

Also the land was full of preying, of burning, of women's tears and lamentations, of goblins and all eldritch things that gibbered, of trumpets and of horns that brayed. By which great prodigies of Calatin's descendants, both men and women, both hounds and all other dogs throughout all the region were error-stricken. But when the women heard these continued cries, they answering shouted back ; yet had Hesus Cuchulainn and more readily than they caught besides, the great uproar's sound. Alas ! he said, loud cries I hear from the Irishmen that harry all the province ; now is my triumph's end at hand, no more shall I be as of old esteemed, kingdom of Ulidia lies low forever ! Let that pass, Catubatuos/Cathbad said, these be but idle and fairy noises of fleeting motley hosts, by Calatin's children framed with design to hurt you. Heed them not, but bide here yet a while ; banquet with us, and be merry. Thus did the Hesus Cuchulainn, but still they heard the din of Calatin's children raised about the valley ; answering which the women then would cry aloud, and raise debate, and join in sports around the Hesus Cuchulainn. Calatin's children, perceiving that against Catubatuos/Cathbad's cunning and the womankind these spells of theirs availed them nothing, they wearied in the end.

Here stay you, Calatin's daughter Bodua said to her two sisters, and maintain the fight that I may enter into the valley and, though my death come of it, accost the Hesus Cuchulainn. Then she going forth careered shamelessly and madly to the palace, where she assumed a woman's form of the women of Celtchar's daughter Niam, and beckoned out the queen to speak with her. Out through the palace door, a great company of the women being with her, Niamh came then ; whom everyone the witch by her power and magic wiles led far from the mansion and, having confounded and confused them quite, sent them wandering through the valley, then betwixt them and the palace behind them cast a spell. This done she departed, as knowing that from the Hesus Cuchulainn Niamh had exacted troth that until she should license him, he would not fall on the Irishmen.

Now then she took on her Niam's shape and, being come where the Hesus Cuchulainn was, bade him attack the enemy battalions, saying : My soul, my hero, and my warrior, your castle of Delca is burnt, the plain of Conaille, Muirthemne's plain and the whole province, ravaged ; the whole kingdom of Ulidia will lay to my charge, for that in place of letting you out to avenge the casualties and to check

this army I even have hindered and withheld you. Further, I know that I must die; and that surely 'tis Cunocavaros/Conchobar shall slay me, who suffered you not to avenge the province. Then she pronounced the following lay....

Editor's note: this piece of rhetoric being rather obscure, we will leave it aside. The Gaelic word *ros* (plural *roscanna*) is generally translated by "rhetoric" among us. It is then an obscure text, abounding in puns and intentionally archaizing, voluntarily made up in *berla féne* or *iarn belre* therefore, having more or less the value of a self-fulfilling prophecy. It is a question of calling upon or of conjuring the gods. This kind of vision is frequently found in the Irish prose in Gaelic language where it appears a little as an antiquated core difficult to translate because of the ambiguities specific to any oracle. A better translation would be perhaps the expression "magic formula of single use and ever indefinitely repeated such as it is but always with variants."

The Hesus Cuchulainn said : Alas, after that 'tis hard to trust in a woman ! I thought that for all gold of the globe and for the whole world's wealth never would you have granted me this leave. Yet since 'tis you that suffers me to affront battle and dire combat with all Irishmen , verily I will go to it.

Thereupon the Hesus Cuchulainn, being thus enjoined [by Niam he believed then] wanted to raise presently, but heavy with grief, and as he raised himself to stand upright, his mantle's border chanced under his feet, to be special under his left foot, so that he unwittingly was put sitting. He from that misadventure upspringing rose again, red for shame, but the gold fibula in his mantle flew up to the palace ceiling, then downwards falling, pierced his foot through to the earth. True, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, the fibula is a foe, but the cloak a friend, it warns me.

He came out of the mansion and bade Loeg son of Riagabra to harness the horses and make the chariot ready. Catubatuos/Cathbad, Genann and the womenfolk in general following him, put forth their hands to lay hold on him, but might not stay or stop him of going from the valley. Then he gazed on the host as it lays stretched before them on all sides.

The witch now being departed from them, but loudly and terribly they raised the same cries as before ; which when the Hesus Cuchulainn heard, much that he never yet had seen was shown him. Then was he certified that his prohibitions (his *gessa*) were destroyed, and his endowments perished; but Catubatuos/Cathbad sought to quiet him, saying : my dear child, for this day only abide by my counsel which is that you do not assail Irishmen; and thenceforth from all evil spells of Calatin's children I will save you.

Beloved father, he answered; henceforth there is no more reason to guard my life : my span is ended, my prohibitions done away with, and Niam has licensed me to go meet the Irishmen.

But the true Niam overtook him and she cried : "Alas, my little Hound of Culann, not for the globe's gold, not for the whole world's wealth, had I ever given you that leave ; neither was it I that licensed you, but Calatin's daughter Bodua in my shape taken upon her to deceive you. Abide with me then, my friend, my gentle loving darling !

But he believing nothing of that which she said, commanded Loeg to harness the horses, to prepare the chariot, and to set his fighting gear (*Ilchlesa*) in order.

Loeg went about the task, nor ever at any time had been more loath than now he was to execute the same. As he was wont to do, so now he shook the bridles at the horses, but they fled before him ; the Gray of Macha evading him and showing him obstinacy, with restiveness.

Ah, true it is, said Loeg ; to me 'tis presage of great evil. O my dear Gray seldom indeed before this day would you not come to meet the bridle and to meet myself.

And he proceeded to discourse the Gray of Macha, inditing of his merits and of his fame, and saying to him ...

Rhetoric (*rosc* plural *roscanna*).

Yet even so the horse did not stay for Loeg, who coming to the Hesus Cuchulainn told him that the Gray of Macha stayed not for him. The Hesus Cuchulainn himself rose to catch him, but neither for him stayed he ; while down the Gray of Macha's cheeks coursed tears of dusky blood, large as clenched fist of a warrior.

Loeg coming on the horse's other side said : This day Gray of Macha, above any former day, it is urgent on you to prove that you art the best, and he pronounced the following lay...

Rhetoric (rosc plural roscanna).

Then the Grey of Macha stood for Loeg ; the Black of the Wonderful Valley also he harnessed, and on them both imposed the chariot ; which done, he fell to set in order and array Hesus Cuchulainn's varied implements and edged weapons. About his skin the latter took his battle suit and, all leave-taking omitted, leaped into his chariot ; but from their appointed places when they were set ready to his hand, his weapons in the chariot fell away from him and down beneath his feet : to him a mighty foreshadowing of evil.

He set his face the way he had to go, and reached Emania ; nor far had they progressed when it seemed to him that on Emania's green stood big and strong battalions, the plain he saw as it were filled with men of high ranks and troops of battle, with companies of a hundred men and marshaled lines, with horses arms and armors in great plenty. He deemed, moreover, that he heard shouts more and more terribly increase, saw burning throughout the city spread and extend whilst around Emania nor hill nor hillock but was full of plunderers. It appeared to him that men slew Emer, and out over Emania's rampart tossed her ; that the Red Branch Hall was all aglow, and Emania, as it had been a firebrand, blazing in murky black and crimson-flecked vapor of great smoke.

Catubatuos/Cathbad, he said, alas for this ! though you would hinder me and stay me, how great are these preyings, these burnings, and incursions, throughout the plain of Emania's level land and over the whole province !

Catubatuos/Cathbad answering said, "Dear son, these be but hallucinations or visions which all these shadowy hosts, spineless and empty, these vague and misty crowds all magic-begotten, bring to bear upon you ; for saving only grass and leaves, nought else is there."

But of all this, from Cathbad he believed nothing, rather saying:

Cathbad son of Maelcroch, from the cairn plain....

Rhetoric (rosc plural roscanna).

In the meantime, the womenfolk weeping before them, and behind them wailing, they came to Emania, and he sought the solarium where Aemer lay ; who coming forth to meet them, bade him alight and enter. The Hesus Cuchulainn answered : I will not until I have gone to Muirthemne : there to attack the four great provincial hosts of Ireland, and to avenge the preys, the evils and the wrongs, by them inflicted on me and on Ulaid generally ; for it hath been shown me that this place was filled with hostings and with gatherings of the Irishmen burning it up and scorching it.

Verily, the lady said, these are all but magic phantasms ; heed them not nor regard them.

Woman, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, my word I pledge you that, until I assault the Irishmen camp, from this my task I will never hold back.

At this hearing, the womankind raised piercing cries of lamentation ; but of the queen and of them all he took his leave.

Then Catubatuos/Cathbad and the veledae attending him, the Hesus Cuchulainn went on to Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire's castle, there to bid his mother farewell.

Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire when he came upon the green stepped forth to meet him, the while knowing well that it was to fall upon the Irishmen he was fain to go. Then she proffered him that cup (ballan) from which to take a draft before the journey or expedition undertaken was to him a certitude of victory ; but this time what should be in it but crimson blood alone.

Dexiua, alas ! he said that all else forsake me surely is no wonder, when in this state [ full of blood] you tender me the cup.

A second time she took and filled the cup, then gave it to him ; and a second time it was full of blood.

Thrice she filled up the vat, and that time again it was full of blood.

Anger against the cup seized on the Hesus Cuchulainn now, whereby he hurls it against a rock shattered it ; hence to this day the name of the place, Hill of the Cup (Tulach an bhallain).

Mother 'tis true, you are not in fault ; since 'tis my prohibitions (gessa) that are all destroyed, and that my life's end is near: from my fight with the Irishmen this time I shall not return alive.

Then he said this lay:

O Dechtire, your cup is empty....

Rhetoric (rosc plural roscanna).

Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire and Catubatuos/Cathbad now besought him that he would refrain and await Conall ; but he said, by no means will I wait, for my span and my triumphs are determined ; yet will I not for the world's lying vanities forsake my fame and battle virtues, seeing that from the day when first I took warrior's weapons in my hand I have never shirked fight or fray. Now therefore still less will I do so, for fame will outlive life.

Again he was on Emania's green, where Ulster's chiefs' and chieftains' daughters dolefully waiting for him raised piteous cries of grief. Last of all, Catubatuos/Cathbad alone followed him. Nor as yet were they a great way from the fort when, at the entrance into the ford of Washing on Emania's plain they chanced upon a maiden, slender and white of her body, Yellow of her hair. In grief and tribulation, she on the ford's extreme brink ever washed and wrung crimson bloody spoils.

Little Hound of Culann, Catubatuos/Cathbad asked, see you not yonder sight? She is Bodua's daughter that with woe and mourning washes your gear, because she signifies your fall and your destruction by Maeve's great hosting and by incantations of Calatin's children. Hence it is, my gentle foster son, that you should refrain from going further.

But he answered : My dear old master, it is well, follow me now no farther, for from avenging on the Irishmen this : their coming to burn up my country, to ravage and to consume my stronghold, I may not stay. What though the woman from the kingdom come wash my spoils ! Great spoil of arms, of armor and of gear, is that which by my sword and by my spear shall shortly lie there drenched in blood, in streams and pools of curdled gore. Moreover, loath as you be to dismiss me into danger and against my foes, there to encounter death and dissolution, even so cheerful am I that now go to have my side bored and my body mangled ; neither know you better than I myself know that in this onset I must fall. No more then hinder my path and course ; for whether I stay I am devoted to death, or whether I go my life's span is run out. From me to the Ulaid, to Cunocavaros/Conchobar also and to my wife Aemer, carry my best wishes of long life and health ; to meet whom no more forever I shall go. What a pity that we should part ! A sad and a lamentable rending is our rending away from you ! For as now in gloom and grief, O Loeg, we get us gone from Aemer, even so out of far countries and from foreign tribes many a day in gallant glee we came home to her.

Then he uttered the following lay.....

Rhetoric (rosc plural roscanna).

Herewith. Cuchulainn turned his face to Emania, and gazing on the town hearkened to the lamentation made by the womankind. Then it seemed to him that over rath Sailenn, which today is called Ard Macha (Armagh), he saw the angels in their watches ; he was aware that over the rath from heaven to earth the space was full of splendor and of light, of all things excellent, of organs' music, of canticles and minstrelsy. To this which he beheld he gave his mind intently, and into his heart with the influence of love the melody which he heard sank. These revelations he told Cathbad, saying: "These be not like the wonders which, as I would return to Emania, used to be shown me terrible or hideous. The one Almighty God whom they that are up there adore, Him I do worship, and in the King Supreme that made Heaven and Earth I do believe. Now, henceforth and forevermore welcome Death!" and he took

leave of Catubatuos/Cathbad. So he turned his back on Emania, and in joy and gladness, cheerful and void of care, went on his way ; his weariness also, his delusion and his gloom passed from him.

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

For she it is whom to refuse most irks him. Thus it seems to be there a touch of jealousy, very comprehensible, from Aemer who is the legitimate wife.

To shun or to decline a feast is a prohibition ( geis) for you. We will see a little further this “geis” will precipitate the ruin of our hero by forcing him to eat poisoned butchery dog, prepared by three witches.

Thistles. There exists many species of thistles. But it will have been understood the huge army which emerges from there is therefore only an illusion. This magic or sorcery resembles much in fact hypnosis or pareidolia. Even a collective hallucination. Most famous of the modern time (the dance of the sun) having taken place at Fatima in Portugal on October 13, 1917.

Bodua. The author of this story therefore compares the war goddess or demoness Catubodua of legends to one of the three daughters of Calatin, the elder one perhaps. It is not Shakespeare who wants.

For all gold of the globe. The Gaelic word translated by the word “globe” is “cruinne” (old Celtic crundnios) which means well an idea of roundness. So what deduce from that ??

Up to the ceiling. There was no ceiling at the time in houses, it is therefore the roof tree.

He was certified that all his prohibitions were destroyed. This detail is consistent with a hypnosis. All these appearances worthy of a true Walpurgis Nacht are in fact only the result of a hypnotic trance. Hypnosis undoubtedly explains much of the powers which were ascribed to ancient druids formerly.

Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire. This character is difficult to grasp. What is certain it is that Irish apocryphal texts show us this woman as having conceived our hero without known biological father (and in fact with the god Lug therefore!) then married after with an ordinary man by the name of Sualtam. Various authors emphasizing that the main function of Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire apparently was to drive the horses of her brother Cunocavaros/Conchobar, make her a goddess of horses similar to the goddess Epona on the Continent who is often accompanied by a dog in the Romano-British statuary.

Cup.

The Gaelic word ballan means “container to give beverage” but bol bail boil etc. also means chance prosperity effectiveness, from where a pun perhaps. One loses oneself in conjecture about the exact meaning of such transubstantiation. Ale or wine changed literally into blood (symbolically it is to be the blood of our hero). John Tillotson (archbishop of Canterbury in the 17th century) denounced in his time the “barbarian” nature of such an idea, and regarded as irreligious to think that the believers who take part in communion “eat and drink really flesh and blood.” From the man Jesus in this case.

We do not dare to think of a Christian influence, that would have formed an unthinkable blasphemy at the time! Our stories and legends are chock-full of examples of magic drinks and containers (cauldron, etc.) but there it is a completely different thing, a change of ale or wine into the blood of a demigod. All the question is therefore to know if it is really his blood or a poetic symbol.

The idea of the symbol is, of course, the first which comes to mind but it should not be forgotten that these texts were composed at a time when everyone believed in wonders in the supernatural one in the preternatural one in magic, etc. and this image was perhaps not regarded as a simple metaphor at the time but as a wonder.

Transubstantiation is, literally, the change of a substance into another. The word indicates, for certain Christians (in particular the Catholics), the conversion of the bread and of the wine into the body and the blood of Christ during the Eucharist.

When Jesus says during the Last Supper : "This is my body," what he holds in his hands has the appearance of a bread but, according to the Catholic Roman doctrines, the substance of this bread was changed into the flesh of Christ. It is therefore really his body, even if appearances accessible to senses or scientific studies remain these of bread. Same conversion occurs at the time of each celebration of the Eucharist.

Consubstantiation is the Lutheran Reformist doctrines through which, at the time of the Last Supper, the bread and the wine preserve their own substances with which the substances of the body and of the blood of Christ coexist. This concept, defined by William of Ockham or Duns Scotus, was taken over by Luther.

The members of the druidic Ollouta who have recourse to this ritual of the cup are more pragmatic. They also admit the opinion that the Hesus Mars of Antiquity or the Setanta Cuchulainn of the Middle Ages is not corporally present in the drink of this protection cup at the time of the communion, but present in the heart, the spirit and the life of those who take part in this ritual.

"To you alone it is given the gods and celestial powers to know or not to know" (Lucan, the Pharsalia book I).

Finally, everything is a question of faith, the placebo effect shows it.

They chanced upon a maiden....it is not, of course, haphazardness but an umpteenth premonitory sign. Sometimes, the banshee stands close to a river, where she wails while washing the shroud of the future late. It is particularly the case of the Breton night washerwomen (Kannerezed-noz). Her cry is called keening. The White Lady, more modern myth, seems clearly derived from that of a banshee. In France, certain White Ladies are clearly banshees. The example of the Lady of the palace of the Bourbons who appeared the day before the death of one of the members of their family is particularly known. There is also the White Lady of Lyons who would have haunted the old walls of the city. We will reconsider all these subjects which are phenomena clearly related to the collective or personal unconscious of witnesses.

The notion of fate covers a huge semantic field from the idea of chance to that of predestination. Belief in fate can therefore be conveyed in various ways, from most instinctive feeling to most worked out philosophical systems.

One of the best means of comprehending this notion of fate is therefore still indeed to somewhat study how the individuals who are supposed to have had premonitions or visions of the future (such as the ancient druids) are shown in the early Irish literature, and what are precisely the techniques which are ascribed to them.

Edward John Gwynn published in 1910 a very interesting article on the idea of fate or destiny in Irish literature.

From where it emerges that the fate as a vague, impersonal notion (passive forms to take over the terminology of Gwynn) is present everywhere in oldest Irish literature. This subjacent idea that there exists a predetermined order of the world matched well indeed the religious concepts of the authors of the time, in the sense that it expressed the idea well that things are determined by a supernatural element external to human beings; but while remaining rather vague on the identity or exact outline of the aforementioned factor, what therefore made it possible any Christian to see there in fact behind, the hand of his almighty god, or to believe (like former druids) in the existence of a great cosmic law governing the world of gods and that of men. What some people also call poetic justice and other people Dharma.

The more precise idea of a divine entity external to human beings but intervening, in the process of his life, is more rarely found in Irish texts because it appears especially in fact in the translations or adaptations, in Middle Irish, of texts pertaining to the classical literature, particularly Latin. It takes the well-known allegorical shape of the goddesses Parcae Moirae or Norns spinning human destiny. And then it is often ascribed to pagans but not Irish, as if pre-Christian peoples in Ireland had never had, too, the feeling their life was predetermined by an unspecified cosmic order, was determined by an external and somewhat mysterious supernatural force, ruling even beyond the gods.

N.B. On the same subject to see A.G. Van Hamel, "the conception of fate in early Teutonic and Celtic religions," Tom Sjöblom, early Irish taboos, as well as Jacqueline Borsje: from chaos to enemy, encounters with monsters in early Irish texts (investigations related to the process of Christianization).

The first group of references to the notion of fate is made up of the verbal forms *tocaid* or *cinnid*.

An example of possessive pronoun with the verbal noun of *tocaid* is given to us in the Middle-Irish adaptation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*.

Tallsat muintir Césair a céill annsin do conach catha tire, 7 is i comairle doronsat, a toicthi mara do innsaigid. Caesar's people lost then any hope to win in the engagements on land, and this the plan which they formed to try their luck at sea.

The Latin term thus translated is *Fortuna* but it is necessary to note that the author of this text (In cath catharda) uses the same verbal noun *tocaid* to convey at the same time *Fortuna* and *Fatum* in spite of the difference in meaning. The word *Fortune* is equivalent to the concept of haphazardness (therefore the opposite of a destiny written in advance) whereas with the *Fatum* everything is written in advance on the contrary. At least in Latin.

N.B. It results from a variant of this idea that not only fate can determine what happens to somebody but that gods also have an influence on the process of his life. In a rather curious way, this idea is ascribed to non-Irish pagans, who apparently was therefore regarded by the authors of these texts as more pagan in the bad meaning of the term than Irishmen placed in the same situation i.e., Pre-Christian.

A Danish chief said indeed in the fragmentary annals of Ireland (Middle Irish):

biaidh do berad ar ndee 7 ar dtoicthe duin. We will have what will grant us our gods and our fate.

But there also exist some cases of references to fate in a more active form, with a subject. The fate with an F in capital letter in a way.

In the text in old Irish of the prayer for long life (*Cétnad n-aise*), which dates back to the eighth century, reference is made to the 7 daughters of the sea who spin the life's thread.

N.B. This allegory of fate represented in the form of spinning goddesses has many parallels in the Indo-European world. We find it for example illustrated on the votive stele of Vertault where the three goddesses who deal with the child who has just been born are obviously the three fairies leaning on his cradle. What somewhat moves us away from the three dreadful witches, daughters of Calatin, who will precipitate his ruin, but the principle remains the same one.

Angels and the almighty god that made Heaven and Earth. Obvious Christian interpolation, like will be the entire text known as *Siabur Charpat Con Culainn*.

Let us emphasize that such an interpolation does not come like that and by chance to be added in the text. It is strangely in line with the Celtic pagan design of the life in the Other world according to druids. The copyist monk author of this addition was to know them well. He was not sensitive to the dramatic impulse of this allegory of the omnipotence of Fate (*Tocad/Tocade*), and preferred to substitute it the ancient conception of the other world according to the druids in the opinion of Lucan and some others.

"According to your masters, the shades of dead men  
Seek not the quiet homes of Erebus  
Or death's pale kingdoms;  
But the same soul/mind [Latin *idem spiritus*] governs the limbs  
In another world [in Latin *orbe alio*]  
And the death is only the middle of a long live;  
If you know well what you sing.  
Happy the peoples beneath the Great Bear  
Thanks to their error; because they do not know  
This supreme fear which frightens all others:  
Hence the spirit [Latin *mens*] inclined to throw itself on iron

The strength of character [Latin animate] able to face death,  
And this lack of care put to save a life which must be given back to you.”  
(Lucan, Pharsalia book I).

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## VARIANTS, CONTINUATION AND END.

### Book of Leinster.

Editor's note. Abbreviated. We indeed left aside some passages which did not bring much to the plot nor to the philosophy of the story. Our readers eager to know everything or at least to know more can still refer to the Gaelic text available on-line on the web site [ucc.ie/celt](http://ucc.ie/celt).

I swear by the gods by whom my people swears, said Loeg, though the men of Cunocavaros/Conchobar's province were around the Gray of Macha, they could not bring him to the chariot. Ní erbart frit cosindiu. In menma nom airfited do grés ní hé domriacht. I never saw him thus until today, he who was accustomed to delight me? If you will, come you, and speak with the Gray of Macha himself.

The Hesus Cuchulainn went to him. And thrice did the horse turn his left side to his master. On the night before, the Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan Le Fay had broken the chariot, she did not like Cuchulainn's going to the battle, for she knew that he would not come again (to the castle of Emania Macha). Then Cuchulainn reproached his horse, saying that he was not wont to deal thus with his master.

Níbu gnáth a Leith lithe for clé frim fechuir fíach fonat gaibim gním donothlogmar éc. m thintla mo menma i mmuige mag dianot imredinn ciana éssi derga || imchána eich sceó ruith scarad creta cungai fortche forsa suidmís suide suilig ro don bai Badb i nEmuin Macha.

O Gray of Macha , never  
Up to that point, you had not presented to me  
Thus obstinately your left side.  
Also I will not punish you  
I will forgive you this unusual running out  
I never trembled ? (thintla) on the plain  
While driving you even with the reins reddened of blood  
While pushing back horses and horses.  
By smashing chariot-frame yokes and pads  
Where we sat comfortably  
Never had the Bodua gone for us in this way in Emania Macha.

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

Never had the Bodua gone for us in this way. Contrary to the version of the Egerton manuscript, the variant preserved in the book of Leinster indeed shows us the war goddess or demoness making the chariot of our hero unusable, in order to prevent him from leaving. This deity indeed plays a very ambiguous part in all this by moving successively from hatred to love. But perhaps is it the characteristic of any excessive hatred or love? Everyone knows that hatred and love are both sides of the same coin.

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There the Gray of Macha came and let his big round tears of blood fall on Hesus Cuchulainn's feet.  
And then our hero leaped into the chariot, and drove it suddenly southwards along the road of Midluachar.

Then he saw in front of him a woman who dealt with her child, it was Leborcham, daughter of Aue and Ardac, two slaves of King Cunocavaros/Conchobar, of whom they lived in the palace; she sang the following verses :

Nán fácaib nán fácaib a Chu Chulaind. Fíal do gnúis. gartach do grúad. goirthech caíngnúis do gnúis  
cnedach caín in tocad. ardo díth dubae dia mairgfem. mairrg ar mná. mairg ar maccu. mairg ar súle sir  
do guba muiche cichseo dano céim rigairech don chath ara mbebad airdde die mór Maige Murthemne  
dit éis.

Don't leave us, don't leave us, O Hesus Cuchulainn,  
Noble is your face generous your red cheeks  
Fair is your finely scarred face  
The death which waits to you is a pity  
Which will afflict us all: woe to the women  
Woe to the children, farewell all our hopes!  
Long will be the mourning we will have for you  
You royally will give chase to the enemy in a battle where many great ones will die  
There will be a huge funeral lamentation in the whole plain of Muirthemne  
When you will be gone .

The thrice fifty women who were in Emania Macha repeated the same poem aloud.  
It would be better not to go from there, said Loeg, until today you preserved intact the strength you hold of your maternal descent.

Geib leic Loíg.  
La araid airitiud.  
La errid imdegail.  
La cunnid comairle.  
La firu ferdacht.  
La mná mifre.  
Tair rium don chath.  
Na frithail in n-airchisecht  
Nachit chobradar.

Take leave Loeg .  
It belongs to the charioteer to drive the steeds,  
To the (chariot) warrior to protect,  
To the officers?? to give advice,  
To the men to be virile,  
To the women to cry (?)  
Leave to face the enemy,  
Do not bask in moaning,  
Which will be used for nothing to you.

The chariot turned towards left. While seeing this sign the women let out great clamor made of tears of moaning and beating of hands. They had understood the Hesus Cuchulainn would never again come back to Emania Macha.

He sang.

Women are sorrowful  
And shed floods of tears for our death  
etc., etc.

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

Editor's note : the continuation is a long rather obscure poem, some pure rhetoric, of which the end is obviously from Christian inspiration. We leave to specialists the care to take up this challenge and to propose a good translation. In what concerns us, prudently, we gave up. This text is undoubtedly an interpolation because the manuscript uses again afterwards at the end the same sentence as previously:

“ While seeing this sign the women set out great clamor made of tears of moaning for they had understood the Hesus Cuchulainn would never again come back to Emania Macha.”

We will also omit the visit at his nurse's home which is redundant and worse, with the visit at his mother's home in the version of the Egerton manuscript 132, to come directly to the episode of the three witches.

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He followed the road of Midluachar, and he had gone past the field of Mogna, when he saw something, it was three hags, blind of the left eye, before him on the road. They had cooked on spits of a rowan tree a dog with poisons and spells. And one of the things that the hesus Cuchulainn was bound not to do was going past a cooking hearth without consuming its food. And another of the things that he must not do was eating his namesake's flesh. He sped on, and was about to pass them, for he knew that they were not there for his good.

Then said a hag to him: “Visit us, O Hesus Cuchulainn.”

I will not visit you in sooth, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

The food is only a hound,said she. Were this a great cooking you would have visited us. But because what is here is a very humble cooking heart, you do not come. Ni tualaiṅ mór nad fúlaiṅ no nad geib in mbec . They who cannot endure or accept a little are not capable of much.

Then he drew nigh to her, and the hag gave him half of the hound out of her left hand. And then the Hesus Cuchulainn ate it out of his left hand, but put it [partly] fó sliasait clí ??? under his left thigh [and round the back, like in hiding a piece???] The hand that took it and the thigh under which he put it were seized from trunk to end, so that the normal strength abode not in them.

Then he drove along the Road of Midluachar around Fuat's mountain. When they arrived at south of this mountain, the Hesus Cuchulainn said : “What do we see, Master Loeg ?”

Loeg answered,many miserable men and much spoil !

Fe amae ol Cu Chulaind. Fuaim immairic eich dubderga comrethi clár clé clithi remituit a rae ar mothuittet eich i fochluib. fe. cian adraigsemar messchuriu fer nHerend.

Woe to me, alas, said the Hesus Cuchulainn!

I hear the sound of a brown-bay horse on the left????

Galloping in front of him????

He does not know that he will fall first????

Because horses fall quickly

With poisoned grasses??????

What a misfortune to have to fear the blade

Of a band of Irishmen ????

The Hesus Cuchulainn and Loeg continued to follow the road of Midluachar in the direction of the south, and they arrived in view of the fortified encampment settled in the plain of Muirthemne. Erc, son of Carpre began then to sing:

I see a fair decorated chariot.  
 Made of a frame topped by a green tarpaulin  
 With a large seat to perform feats  
 In this fine chariot, there are the weapons  
 Of a fair-helmeted champion  
 The chariot is pulled by two horses  
 With a beautiful well-proportioned round head  
 Horses with small muzzles which leap  
 With powerful nostrils and powerful eyes also  
 Broad-breasted and broad-bellied  
 Although they go to the same pace  
 This team is not same color  
 One of the horses is splendidly gray  
 He runs while neighing like the thunder  
 By making leaps finely arched.  
 The other horse is jet- black and white headed  
 With black powerful eyebrows  
 They are joined together by two gold yokes  
 In this chariot there is a man  
 With a beautiful flowing buckled hair  
 A cruel and bloody weapon in the hand  
 Enblaith etarluamnach uasa erra oenchairpait.

A beautiful luminous bird flutters  
 Over this chariot warrior ???

The braids of his hair have three colors  
 Dark near the scalp  
 Russet-red like blood in the middle  
 Like the gold of a crown at the end.  
 His hair is magnificently done  
 And forms three braids which surround his head.  
 Like gold cords having been refined  
 Under the hands of a powerful master craftsman  
 Or like the sun shining on ears of wheat  
 A summer day at mid-May  
 Thus shone the remotest part of the hair of this warrior.

Here is coming towards us at top speed the man you expected , Irishmen .

They raised a hillock in turfs under Erc son of Carpre then surrounded it with a rampart made of of shields. Then the Irishmen formed three powerful and frightening battle groups.  
 But how will we be able to now defend us or to resist the martial feats of Hesus Cuchulainn asked the Irishmen? Erc answered them while singing what follows:

Comergid a firu Herend.  
 Rise up, warriors of Ireland;  
 Rise to attack, here is coming the Hesus Cuchulainn  
 A master of victorious combats  
 A bloody sword in the hand!  
 Be ready. Let out your war cry!  
 All the mouths must howl in front of him.  
 One must strike boldly to be feared  
 A crafty maneuver will foil his warlike fury?????????  
 Óenní sin amáin  
 Mac Dé mac duini  
 He is alone he is insulated  
 It is only the son of a god and of a man?????????????  
 Woe to the chiefs woe to the hosts

Woe to the ranks of men-at-arms woe to the commanders  
 It is a prince a marvelous divine prince (nélach)?????????  
 Who goes always divinely (nélach) in instantaneous warlike trances ???????  
 In order to always effectively protect [himself] ??????  
 Therefore try to fight in a manly way like a furious bear of our world?????????  
 He remained hidden nine months  
 In the womb of an ivory virgin what a bright origin?????  
 Machit Macha! That Macha reduces them next to nothing ,  
 As for we let us leave our torpor?????????  
 Woe! Sword blows will make devastation  
 Sword blows will mutilate a prince  
 When the wild Hound of Culann is there  
 Rise up!

What was to be our battle order said the Irish warriors?

Ni handsa. It is not difficult. Here what I advise you, said Erc. You are divided into four provincial army corps; from now on form only the same battle group, tighten your shields, so as to make only one wall all around you, behind you and on each side put three men, out of the three, two will be among strongest and they will fight one against the other; the third will be a spell caster (cainte) doing ... (co culluaise). This spell caster will require of the Hesus Cuchulainn his spear called Fame of the Fames (Blad ar Bladaib) as all the other javelins he will have. Atá i tairngere dia gaiseom rí do marbad de. It was said that spear must kill a king, but if this lance is requested from the Hesus Cuchulainn it will be impossible then that prophecy is carried out at my expense. Then let out cries and clamors, then he will be no longer able to profit from his ardor and that of his horses, and he will not demand to be allowed to fight in a duel against us the ones after the others as during the expedition of Cualnge. It was done in the way Erc had said.

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.

In number like the sands of the sea and stars of heaven  
 Dewdrops of May, flakes of snow in winter,  
 Hailstones, leaves in the forest,  
 Yellow corn ears on the plain of Breg, and grass under the hoofs of horse herds a day in summer,  
 Were the halves of their heads and the halves of their skulls  
 Their split hands and their split feet,  
 And their hacked bloody bones  
 Scattered broadcast throughout the plain of Muirthemne.

It becomes gray with their brains after that fierce and violent onslaught and plying of weapons which the Hesus Cuchulainn dealt unto them.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn saw at one of the ends of the Irish army one of the pairs of warriors contending together without nobody apparently being able to separate them.

Shame on you, Hesus Cuchulainn, exclaimed the wizard, if you do not separate these two men immediately.

The Hesus Cuchulainn leaped at them, and with two well-adjusted blows of his fist made their brain clashing out through their ears and their nose.

Separate them, you did nothing else, they will no longer injure one the other.

They would not have died in this way if you had not insisted that I intervene, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Now give me your spear, O Hesus Cuchulainn, said the spell caster.

Tongimse a tonges mo thúath. I swear what my people swears, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, you need, of course, not more than me this spear; all the warriors of Ireland are upon me here, I therefore have to defend myself.

If you give it not to me, the man (the cainte) retorted, I will put a spell on you (drochthidnacuil).

Not because of my niggardliness (dothchernais) in any case!

And he flung the spear at him with his handle foremost. But with so much strength that it passed through the head of the wizard and also killed nine men behind him.

Hesus Cuchulainn then drove through the Irish host. Lugaid son of Curoi took the spear which was used and was in the hands of the sons of Calatin.

What will fall by this spear, O sons of Calatin? asked Lugaid.

A king will fall by that spear, said the sons of Calatin.

Then Lugaid flung the spear at the Hesus Cuchulainn's chariot, and it reached the charioteer, Loeg son of Riagabra. All his bowels came forth on the cushion of the chariot. Then he sang, Have I been wounded bitterly, etc.

Thereafter the Hesus Cuchulainn drew out the spear, and Loeg bade him farewell. Then said the Hesus Cuchulainn: "Today I shall be therefore a warrior and I shall be a charioteer also."

[Then the Hesus Cuchulainn drove second once through the host in front of him. After being left out of it unscathed], he saw the second pair of duelists contending, and one of them said it was a shame for him not to intervene in order to separate them. The Hesus Cuchulainn sprang upon them and dashed them into pieces against a rock.

Now give me your spear, O Hesus Cuchulainn, said the spell caster.

Tongusa a tonges mo thúath. I swear what my people swears, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, you do not need the spear more than I do; on my hand and my valor and my feats, it rests today to sweep the four provincial hosts of Ireland today from the plain of Muirthemne

Nott aírubsá ! Then I will curse you in writing !

I am not bound to grant more than one request this, I have already sufficiently given to preserve my reputation.

Then it will about the Ulaid I shall speak ill, said the spell caster. And they will be cursed for your default.

Never had yet the Ulaid been blamed for my refusal nor for my niggardliness, and as little of my life remains to me, Ulaid will not be blamed this day.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn cast his spear at him with his handle foremost, it went through his head and killed nine men behind him.

And after that the Hesus Cuchulainn drove through the host in front of him even as he had done before.

Erc son of Carpre took the spear which was just used and which was in the hands of the sons of Calatin.

What shall fall by this spear, O sons of Calatin? said Erc son of Carpre.

Ni handsa. Not hard to say. A king will be mortally reached by that spear, said the sons of Calatin.

But I already heard you say that a king would fall by the spear which Lugaid long since cast.

And that was true, said the sons of Calatin. Thereby fell the king of the charioteers of Ireland, namely Hesus Cuchulainn's charioteer, in other words, Loeg mac Riagabra.

Tongus a tonges mo thúath. Now I swear what my people swears, it is not a king I intend to kill with this spear!

Thereupon Erc cast the spear straightly at Hesus Cuchulainn, but the latter lighted on one of his two horses, the Gray of Macha.

The Hesus Cuchulainn snatched out the spear, then each of them bade the other farewell and the Gray of Macha left him with half the yokes under his neck and went into the Gray's Lake Linn in Fuat's Mountain; it was there the Hesus Cuchulainn had formerly looked for him, it was therefore there he came back to die.

Today Hesus Cuchulainn exclaimed, I will have nothing any more but one chariot with one horse and a half of the yoke.

He put the end of his foot on the broken yoke then once again drove through the very whole host.

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

Dog. We translate so the Gaelic word orce. Dog was also a butchery animal formerly in Celtic lands.

Spells. We translate so the Gaelic word epthaib.

Namesake. i.e., some dog meat since his nickname was "Hound of Culann" in Gaelic language Cu (dog) Cuchulainn (of Culann).

Hair with three different colors. Our hero was therefore a dark-haired who dyed his hair a little in the way of some more or less eccentric elegant women of our time.

Bear. We translate so the Gaelic word art which also means a hero or a god. That can be an allusion to the warlike technique of the berserker or that of Prince Arthur in Britain.

It is only the son of a god and of a man... We would have rather expected something of the kind "It is the son of a god and a mortal," like in the case of Hercules or of Christ, for example. But in fact according to most of the texts our hero was the son of Lug and of Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire, an Irish kind of Epona, queen of coachmen. On the other hand, he was brought up by a simple warrior named Sualtam. Let us point out all that is only some rosc (plural roscanna) in other words some passably obscure rhetoric and therefore henceforth difficult to understand even to translate. What could there be in the head of the Christian who wrote or recopied all that in a style voluntarily archaizing ?? Is the somewhat "Christian" language of this piece of rhetoric an involuntary blasphemy and was our author faithful to the pagan spirit of the original text, or is it on the contrary a voluntary stylistic bringing together "to fit" to the spirit of the time?

It is true that certain texts seem to suggest that Sualtam was also a member of the people of the Other world, and that the character of Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire resembles much the Epona of the Romano-British people.

In other words, is the "Christian" streak of this rosc due to traditional euhemerism (a human being promoted to the rank of the gods by generations not having known him, like in the case of the four Gospels for example) or to euhemerism in the wrong way, an almost complete historicization of former gods whose myths were from now on misunderstood?? Such is the question.

Tairngere. We will reconsider later on the use of the word tairngere to mean fate.

Spell caster or cainte. The texts we study systematically compare the cainte or satirists to spell casters. It is there undoubtedly an interpretation due to Christianity. The cainte is not a wizard in the strictest sense of the word. It is a bard who, instead of singing the praises of somebody, composes a satire about him. In a society like the ancient Celtic world where men really had to the highest degree the sense of honor and of the personal dignity (nothing to do with the political world of today, where remain only despicable act and slavish flattery towards the power, where it is repeated without shame for the attention of citizens that 2 plus 2 equals 3, or 5, when the chief or the powerful one of the day decided thus) such satires were disastrous for the reputation of the great ones of this world because these poems of pamphlets or of short satirical writing circulated. From where then loss of credibility, influence, even of allied people, which could quickly come to a very bad end (a defeat certain during the next armed confrontation for lack of manpower or of sufficient supporters??)

In writing. Either it is indeed an allusion to written satirical poems, or an allusion to a kind of defixio (a spell written down in Lepontic runes, then later, many centuries later in Oghamic runes).

Hesus Cuchulainn then drove through the Irish host. This crossing through the enemy's army by our hero is not without evoking what the cavalymen of Vercingetorix had promised to do at the time of the disastrous battle having led to the locking up in Alesia. The cavalry unanimously shouts out, "That they ought to bind themselves by a most sacred oath, that he should not be received under a roof, nor have access to his children, parents, or wife, who shall not twice have ridden through the enemy's army" (Caesar. B.G. Book VII, 66).

In the hands of the sons of Calatin. The author of this story seems to have forgotten that the sons of Calatin are supposed to have this javelin between their hands as of the beginning and are supposed not to need to recover it thus to be able to poison it in their own way.

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He saw then the third pair of duelists contending with a spell caster near them; he intervened to separate them as he had done before, and the wizard demanded his spear.

Give me your javelin, O Hesus Cuchulainn.

You do not need the spear more than I do, Hesus Cuchulainn said.

Then I will curse you in writing, retorted the wizard.

I have enough paid for my honor today. I am not bound to grant more than one request per day.

Then I will curse the Ulaid for your fault.

I have already also paid for Ulaid's honor, said the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Then I will revile your people (chenel) said the spell caster.

Tidings that I have lost my honor shall never reach a land I have not reached, therefore where I shall not be able to defend it, for little there is of my life remaining.

So the Hesus Cuchulainn flung the spear to him, handle foremost, the javelin went through his head and through thrice nine other men.

It is given with wrath, O Hesus Cuchulainn, said the spell caster while dying.

Then the Hesus Cuchulainn for the last time drove through the enemy's host.

Lugaid son of Curoi took the spear which was used and was in the hands of the sons of Calatin, then said them :

What will fall by this spear, O sons of Calatin?

A king would fall by the spear, said they.

But I already heard you say that a king would fall by the spear that Erc cast this morning !

And that was true, said they, the king of the steeds of Green Erin fell by it, namely the Gray of Macha.

I swear what my people swears, said Lugaid, the blow dealt by Erc did not wound the king that this spear had to kill.

Then Lugaid flung the aforementioned spear and struck the Hesus Cuchulainn, his bowels came forth on the cushion of the chariot, and his last horse, the Black of the Wonderful Valley, fled away, with half the yoke hanging to him ; he went back in the direction of the Black Lake of Muscraige Tire, i.e., in the valley where the Hesus Cuchulainn had formerly captured him. The horse once arrived on the spot made bubble all the water of the lake while precipitating inside.

Hesus Cuchulainn found oneself therefore alone in his chariot in the middle of the battle field.

He said : "I would fain go as far as that lake to drink a drink thereof."

We give you leave, said they provided that you come to us again.

I will bid you come to me, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, if I cannot come myself.

Then he gathered his bowels into his belly, and went forth to the lake while holding them back with a hand.

There he drank his drink, and washed himself in the lake while continuing to compress bowels in his belly with a hand. For this reason the lake in the plain of Muirthemne is called lake of hand help [Lamrath in Gaelic language]. It is also called Lake of water (cuill, in the recess ??).

After having drunk a little and having refreshed himself, the Hesus Cuchulainn moved away while going for a short walk. Then he bade his enemies come for him. Dodechaid iarum crích mór ond log síar. & rucad has rosc airi. He went close to the great boundary stone (ond) which stood in the west of the lake and his eye lit upon it ? He went to lean his back against this pillar stone which is in the plain, and, using his girdle, bound himself to it that he might not die seated nor lying down, but standing up.

The men came all around him, but they dared not go to him, for they thought he was alive.  
"It is a shame for you, said Erc son of Carpre, "not to take that man's head in revenge for my father's head which was taken by him, my father whose head, buried then with the corpse of Echaïd the Hero of the Warriors, was only later joined together with his body, in the Sid of Nenta, behind the water?? (Sid Nenta iar nUsciu.) "

Then came the Gray of Macha to the Hesus Cuchulainn in order to protect him so long as his soul was in him and the hero's light out of his forehead remained.  
He worked three red routs all around him. And fifty fell by his teeth and thirty by each of his hoofs.  
Hence the saying is : "Not keener were the victorious courses of the Gray of Macha after Hesus Cuchulainn's slaughter."

And then came birds and sat on the shoulder of the Hesus Cuchulainn.  
That pillar is not wont to be under birds, said Erc son of Carpre.  
Then Lugaid son of Curoi arranged Hesus Cuchulainn's hair over his shoulder, and cut off his head.  
His sword slipped from Hesus Cuchulainn's hand, and smote off Lugaid's right hand, which fell on the ground. Hesus Cuchulainn's right hand was cut off in revenge for this. Lugaid and the hosts then marched away, carrying with them Hesus Cuchulainn's head and his right hand, and they came to Tara, where the grave of the head and of the right hand of the Hesus Cuchulainn, as the grave of his shield, is.  
Hence this poem of Cennfaelad, son of Ailill in his "deaths of ."

Hesus Cuchulainn fell into the enclosure of Airbe Rofir  
This fair pillar, this Hercules,  
This great champion who made the hosts move back  
For Mac Tri Con for Lugthig  
Of the son of Curoi: of Lugaid??

Many enemies fell in front of him.  
His death was not that of a coward:  
Four times eight warriors, four times ten,  
Four times fifty noble princes.

Four times thirty while counting well  
Four times forty, more frightening exploit still!  
Four times twenty, which figure  
Such is the number of dead due to the son of Sualtam.

In his fury? (athgubu) he killed  
Thirty princes with javelin casts  
Almost seven scores of powerful champions  
Were chopped in small bits by him.

His head was separated from his body  
And as a great warrior in Tara's Hill  
His head was put  
Beside the body of Carpre Niafer.

Beyond water in the sid of Nenta  
There is the head of Eochaid  
And the head of fair king Carpre  
Rest from now on in Tethba close to the body of Eochaid ????

Then the host marched southwards to the river Liffey. At once arrived there, Lugaid said to his charioteer: "My girdle seems to me heavy to carry; I want to bathe me. " He moved away and had a bath. The host carried on its road. A fish came between the legs of Lugaid, Lugaid caught it, drew it out of water, then gave it to his charioteer, who made fire to cook it.



Derg-Ruathar Conaill Chernaig.

After having recovered from its annual indisposition, the host of Ulaid set off from Emania Macha and moved towards Fuat's mountains in the south. However in spite of their competition there was a comrades' covenant between the Hesus Cuchulainn and Conall the Victorious, namely, that whichever of them was first killed should be avenged by the other.

If I be the first killed, Hesus Cuchulainn had said, how soon will you avenge me?"

The day on which you will be slain, said Conall, I will avenge you before that evening. And if I be the first slain, said Conall, how soon will you avenge me? Your blood will not be cold on earth, said the Hesus Cuchulainn, before I avenge you.

Conall was in his chariot, driving in front of the army of Ulaid, he met the Gray of Macha streaming with blood, moving towards the Gray Lake.

Conall sang.

No yoke leads him to the Gray Lake  
He gallops covered with wounds  
With broken shafts on the left side  
Stained blood of man and horse  
Due to the right hand of Lugaid  
Lugaid son of Curoi son of Daré killed  
My foster brother the Hesus Cuchulainn.

Then, Conall the Victorious, guided by the Gray of Macha, left to explore the neighborhoods. Both saw, bound to the pillar-stone, the mutilated body of the Hesus Cuchulainn. The Gray of Macha went and laid his head on the breast of the dead. Conall saw not far a low wall made of dry stones: I swear,"he said, what my people swears, this place will be called from now on the wall of the great man. Let this enclosure, resumed the druid, have the name from now on; one will call from now on this place the wall of the great man [Airbe Rofir].

Then Conall followed the track of the Irish host .

Lugaid was bathing. Keep a lookout over the plain, said he to his charioteer, that no one comes to us without being seen.

The charioteer looked. One horseman is here coming to us, said he, and great are the speed and swiftness with which he comes. You would deem that all the ravens of Ireland were behind him. You would deem that flakes of snow were specking the plain before him.

Unbeloved is the horseman that comes there, said Lugaid. It is Conall the Victorious, mounted on the Dewy-Red. The birds you saw behind him are the sods from that horse's hoofs. The snowflakes you saw specking the plain before him are the foam from that horse's lips and from the curbs of his bridle. Look again, said Lugaid, what road is he coming?

He is coming to the ford, said the charioteer, the path that the hosts have taken.

Let that horse and horseman pass us [without seeing us], said Lugaid. We desire not to fight against him.

When Conall the Victorious reached the middle of the ford, he looked at each side of him.

There is steam from a fish he said in himself.

He looked at one second time. There is steam coming from a charioteer yonder, he said in himself.

He looked again at third once. There is steam from a king yonder . I had better go to see.

He went to them [and recognized Lugaid].

Always welcome is a debtor's face! said Conall. He to whom he owes debts demands them of him. I am your creditor for the slaying of my comrade the Hesus Cuchulainn, and now I am suing you for this.

Your claim is illegal, retorted Lugaid; the success you want to gain against me in singular combat will be valid only if you obtain it in Munster.

I would not ask better, answered Conall, if to go in Munster we could not follow the same road, not to travel in your company nor while conversing together.

Nothing is easy any more said Lugaid; I shall go through Belach-Gabruain, Belach- Smechuin, Gabuir, Mairg-Laigen, and we will encounter in the plain of Argetros.

Lugaid came the first. Conall, arrived the second, threw on him his javelin. Lugaid, who was wounded, had his foot against the high stone which is in the field of Argetros; for this reason, in the field of Argetros, there is from now on the pillar known as Lugaid's Stone.

After this first wound, Lugaid moved back to the place called Lugaid's grave, close to the bridges of Ossory.

Then the two fighters exchanged some words.

I wish, said Lugaid, that you face me with all honesty due to a warrior (fir fer).

What is that? asked Conall the Victorious.

That you should use only one hand against me, for one hand only have I now.

You will have it, said Conall the Victorious.

And Conall's hand was bound to his side with ropes. Then they fought most of the day, and neither of them prevailed over the other.

When Conall the victorious found that he did not prevail, he saw his steed the Dewy-Red by Lugaid. This horse was hound-headed, and he made use of it to kill the men during the fights and the duels. The steed came to Lugaid and tore a piece out of his side, from where spouted out the bowels which fell at Lugaid's feet.

Woe is met, said Lugaid, you did not respect the (armed = fir fer) human rights, O Conall.

I gave it only on my own behalf, said Conall. I gave it not on behalf of savage animals and senseless beasts.

I know now, said Lugaid, that you will not go till you take my head with you, since we took Hesus Cuchulainn's head from him. So take, said he, my head in addition to your own, and add my realm to your realm, as my weapons to your weapons. For I prefer that you should be from now on the best hero in Green Erin.

There Conall the Victorious cut off Lugaid's head and he left carrying the head. He joined the army of Ulaid at Roiriu, in Leinster. Lugaid's head was put there on a stone, and was forgotten there. When the army arrived then at Gris, Conall asked: "Did one of you carry the head?"

No, we did not carry it with us, they answered all.

I swear what my people swears, said Conall, there is not between you half agreement (in Gaelic language midbinne). Hence the place name Midbinne in Roiriu. So they came back to seek the head. O wonder it had dissolved the stone; it was gone through it.

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

Hand help. We translate with help the Gaelic word rath which can just as easily mean "safety" or "rampart."

Soul. We translate so the Gaelic word anim which comes from the old Celtic anamone but influenced by Latin anima. To note: there also existed the old Celtic term menman to designate the mind with the meaning of intelligence or of memory, in short consciousness. Former druids at the same time seem to have distinguished them but also confused them, in the same destiny after death. Some indications nevertheless made us think that for them the menman ended up disappearing and being torn off from the anamone in hereafter, anamone having a much longer lifespan after the death of the body (until the end of the cycle in progress?)

Hero light. In Gaelic language lon laith. Luan = moon (old Celtic leuksna) and laith = hero (old Celtic latis). Rather mysterious phenomenon that it is perhaps not inappropriate to compare with the luminous halo which is supposed to surround the head of certain characters because such a phenomenon seems more mythical than real or objectively observable.

The religion of ancient Persia, Zoroastrianism, speaks about a light of glory, the xvarnah, Old Celtic bellissama/bellissamos, an energy at work since the beginning of time and which will last to the final act of regeneration of the world. This light is the substance even of Ahura Mazda. Iconography represents it as a luminous nimbus, a glorious aura.

Halo in religion is a form of aura frequently represented by a circle or a more or less fuzzy disc, and starting from the Renaissance by an ellipse (a circle seen in perspective).

In the beginning, as the oldest pictorial representations prove it, halo was indeed a disc and not a circle, thus evoking the solar disc Ra in ancient Egypt which appeared particularly above the head of Horus or Hator.

In some religious representations, it can be in square form or in rhombus form. The square was intended for the representations of still alive people whereas the circle was intended for the dead people (Byzantine art). When the body is represented with a nimbus or haloed, we are then very close to the use of the mandorla. The halo is the expression of the solar light and by extension of the spiritual light. The halo is centered on the head of the represented character. The halo or the nimbus expresses the sacred nature or the aura of the represented person.

This conventional use is found in several religions, particularly in Christianity, Buddhism and Islam (Persian miniatures). Its use already exists during the Roman empire (representation of the gods and of the emperors).

In the West, if in the beginning halo is a circle or a perfect disc centered on the face or the head, with the pre-Renaissance, it becomes a disc planing above the head. It is then represented by Italian primitives in perspective in order to give a palpable reality to a concept or a convention of representation of the sacredness. Then according to the vicissitudes of the artistic history, the aureole becomes a luminous halo, a flame, a star.

According to the doctor Bernard Auriol, these representations would match a "psycho-physiological phenomenon" resulting from devotion. So, some emotions (admiration, desire, love, etc.) and some changes of the state of consciousness (states of paradoxical wakefulness) engender a pupillary dilation. When the person, full of admiration, looks at the object of this admiration, one's pupils dilate and make vague the contour of the observed object. It is surrounded by a halo related to this perceptive phenomenon. It is this phenomenon which is the cause of the use of belladonna by the beautiful Italian women: the mydriasis caused by this plant, by increasing their pupils, gave to their glance the fascinating aspect of desire or of admiration. The observed man thus felt unconsciously to be very liked by this woman who became consequently, herself, very attractive. More prosaic origin: the halos could have been at the beginning plates laid out on the head of the statues representing the saints, in order to avoid the birds' droppings or any other projectile which can damage the statue. These plates, in the shape of umbrellas directed backwards, also protected the aforementioned statues against water and other corrosive matters. This protection technique was much used much in church because the statues were numerous there but especially put high up.

Some birds. It is, of course, the Mara Rigu/Morrigu/Morgan Le Fay and her two sisters crow shaped (Bodua).

A dry stone low wall around a standing stone. This place seems well to be a megalithic monument. Perhaps a mound similar to that recreated in Hochdorf North-West of Stuttgart, Germany. N.B. We do not claim, of course, that Cuchulainn was buried in this place even if the place and the times match roughly speaking to the birth of his myth.

Fir fer. The fir fer or rights of the (armed) human being was a kind of honor code or chivalrous code governing the engagements (you do not strike from behind, you do not fight with several against one, etc.). In the case it is a question of not benefitting in a cowardly manner from the physical handicap of an adversary. We will return longer on the subject in our booklet devoted to druidic ethics.

A hound-headed steed. Muhammad has well a mount, with a head of a woman, two wings and a tail of peacock (Pegasus had only wings) then why not? Let us add to finish that the Celtic image of the hound-headed horse is, of course, less absurd than that of the mount of Muhammad with a woman's head and some feathers of peacock. A horse has teeth and can bite. There exist even undoubtedly horses who bite more than the others. Who bite a little as dogs we could say. But bards went quickly so far as to say that there are horses with the head of a dog. This kind of detail (wing, peacock feathers, head of a woman, head of a dog, etc.) proves well that in the beginning all this is only a historicized myth. With this kind of details we are, of course, not in the ordinary world, ours, but in the world of imagination.

# THE LAY OF THE SACRED HEAFOD.

(Laoidh na gCeann.)

Augusta Gregory (1852-1932) thus summarized the events which followed (according to various poems).

!----- !

And by that time Aemer had got word of all that had happened, and that her husband had got his death by the men of Ireland, by the powers of the children of Calatin. And it was Levarcham who brought her the story, for Conall Cearnach had met her on his way, and had bade her go and bring the news to Emania Macha; there she found Aemer, and she was sitting in her room, looking over the plain for some word from the battle.

And all the women came out to meet Levarcham, and when they heard her sad story, they made an outcry of grief and sharp cries, with loud weeping and burning tears; and there were long dismal sounds going through Emania, and the whole country round was filled with crying.

Aemer and her women went to the place where the Hound of Culann's body was, and they gathered round it there, and gave themselves to crying and keening.

Conall came back to the place, he laid the head with the body of the Hound of Culann, and he began to lament along with them.

It is Culann's hound had prosperity on him, a root of valor from the time he was but a soft child; there never fell a better hero than the hero that fell by Lugaid. And there are many are in want of you," he said, "and until all the chief men of Ireland have fallen by me, it is not fitting there should ever be peace.

It is a grief to me, he to have gone into the battle without Conall being at his side; it was a pity for him to go there without my body beside his body. Alas! It is he was my foster son, and now the ravens are drinking his blood; there will not be either laughter or mirth, since the Hound of Culann has gone astray from us."

Let us bury him now, said Aemer.

It is not right to do that, said Conall, until I have avenged him on the Irishmen. It is a great shouting I hear about the plain of Muirthemne, and it is full the country is of crying after the Hesus Cuchulain; and it is good at keeping the country and watching the boundaries the man was that is here before me, a cross-hacked body in a pool of blood.

And it is logical it pleased Lugaid, son of Curoi, to be at the killing of the Hound of Culann, for it was Cuchulain killed the chiefs and the children of Deaguid round Fain, son of Foraoi, and round Curoi, son of Daré himself.

This shouting has taken away my wits and my memory from me," he said, "and it is hard for me, O Hesus Cuchulain not to answer these cries, and I to be without him now; for there is not a champion in Ireland that was not in dread of the sword in his hand. And it is broken into halves my heart is for my brother, and I will bring my revenge through Ireland now, and I will not leave a tribe without wounding, or true blood without spilling, and the whole world will be told of my route to the end of life and time, until the men of Munster and Connaught and Leinster are crying for the plot they made against him. Without the spells of the children of Calatin, the whole of them would not have been able to do him to death.

After that complaint, rage and madness came on Conall, and he went forward in his chariot to follow after the rest of the Irishmen, the same way as he had followed after Lugaid.

Aemer took the head of the Hesus Cuchulain in her hands, and she washed it clean, and put a silk cloth about it, and she held it to her breast and she began to cry heavily over it.

Alas! said she, it is good the beauty of this head was, though it is low this day, and it is many of the kings and princes of the world would be keening it if they knew the way it is now, and the poets and the druids of Ireland and of Scotland.

Many were the goods and the jewels and the rents and the tributes that you brought home to me from the countries of the world, with the courage and the strength of your hands!

Alas, head! Alas, O head of the Hesus Cuchulainn! you gave death to great heroes, to many hundreds; my head will lie in the same grave by your side, the one stone will be made for both of us. Alas, hand! Alas, hand that was once gentle. It is often it was put under my head; it is dear that hand was to me!

And your dear mouth! Alas O chone, kind mouth that was sweet-voiced telling stories; since the time love first came on your face, you never refused either weak or strong!

Dear the man, dear the man, that would kill the whole of a great host; dear his cold bright hair and dear his bright cheeks!

Dear the king, dear the king, that never gave a refusal to any; thirty days it is tonight since my body lay beside your body.

Alas, two spears! Alas, two spears, alas shield! Alas, deadly sword! Let them be given to Conall of the battles; there was never any wage given like that.

I am glad, I am glad, Hound of Culann lord of Murthemne, I never brought red shame on your face, for any unfaithfulness against you. Happy are they, happy are they, who will never hear the cuckoo again forever, now that the Hound of Culann has died from us. I am carried away like a branch on the stream; I will not bind up my hair today. From this day I have nothing to say that is better than regrets!

And then she said: it is long that it was shown to me in a vision of the night, that Hesus Cuchulain would fall by the Irishmen, and it appeared to me Dun Dalgan to be falling to the ground, and his shield to be split from lip to border, and his sword and his spears broken in the middle, and I saw Conall doing deeds of death before me, and myself and yourself in one death. Oh! my love, we were often in one another's company, and it was happy for us; for if the world had been searched from the rising of the sun to sunset, the like would never have been found in one place, of the Black of the Wonderful Valley, the Gray of Macha, Loeg the chariot driver, and myself and Cuchulain. And it is breaking my heart is in my body, to be listening to the pity and the sorrowing of women and men of the country, and the harsh crying of the young Ulaid keening the Hesus Cuchulain, and the whole realm of Ulidia to be in its annual indisposition, and without strength to revenge itself upon the Irishmen.

And after she made that complaint, she brought Hesus Cuchulain's body to Dun Dalgan; they all cried and keened about him until such time as Conall Cernach came back from making his red route through the army of the men of Ireland. For he was not satisfied to make a slaughter of the men of Munster and Connaught, without reddening his hand in the blood of Leinster as well. And when he had done that, he came to Dun Dalgan, and his men along with him, but they made no rejoicing when they went back that time. He brought the heads of the Irishmen along with him in a gad, and he laid them out on the green lawn: the people of the house gave three great triumph shouts when they saw the heads.

Aemer came out, and when she saw Conall Cernach, she said: "My great esteem and my welcome before you, king of heroes, and may your many wounds not be your death; for you have avenged the treachery done on Ulidia, and now what you have to do is to make our grave, and to lay us together in the grave, for I will not live after the Hesus Cuchulain.

But before that tell me, Conall, she said, whose are those heads all around on the lawn, and which of the great men of Ireland did they belong to, for surely you have reddened your arms with them. Tell me the names of the men whose heads are there upon the ground.

Noble daughter of Forgall of the Horses, Aemer of the sweet words, it is in revenge for the Hesus Cuchulainn I brought these heads here from the south.

Whose is the great black head, with the smooth cheek redder than a rose; it is at the far end, on the left side, the head that has not changed its color?

It is the head of the king of Meath, Erc, son of Cairbre of Swift Horses; I brought his head with me from far off, in revenge for my own foster son.

Whose is that head there before me, with soft hair, with smooth eyebrows, its eyes like ice, its teeth like blossoms; that head is more beautiful in shape than the others?

A son of Maeve; a destroyer of harbors, Yellow-haired Maine, man of horses; I left his body without a head; all his people fell by my hand.

O great Conall, who did not fail us, whose head is this you hold in your hand? Since the Hound of Culann is not living, what do you bring in satisfaction for his head?

The head of the son of Fergus of the Horses, a destroyer in every battlefield, my sister's son of the narrow tower ??? I have struck his head from his body with my sword.

Whose is that head to the west, with fair hair, the head that is spoiled with grief? I used to know his voice; I was for a while his friend.

That is he that struck down the Hesus Cuchulainn, Lugaid, son of Curoi . His body was laid out straight and fair, I struck his head off afterwards.

Whose are those two heads farther out, Conall of good judgment? For the sake of your friendship, do not hide the names of the men put down by you.

The heads of Laigaire and Clar Cuilt, two men that fell by my wounds. It was they wounded faithful Hound of Culann ; I made my weapons red in their blood.

Whose are those heads farther to the east, O great Conall of bright deeds? The hair of the two is of one color; their cheeks are redder than a calf's blood.

Brave Cullain and hardy Conlaid, two that were used to overcome in their anger. There Aemer, are their heads; I left their bodies in a red pool.

Whose are those three heads with evil looks I see before me to the north? Their faces blue, their hair black; even hard Conall's eye turns from them.

Three of the enemies of the Hound of Culann, daughters of Calatin, wise in enchantments; they are the three witches killed by me, their weapons in their hands.

O great Conall, father of kings, whose is that head that would overcome in the battle? His bushy hair is gold-Yellow; his headdress is smooth and white like silver.

It is the head of the son of Red-Haired Ross, son of Necht Min, that died by my strength. This, Aemer, is his head; the high king of Leinster of Speckled Swords.

O great Conall, change the story. How many of the men that harmed him fell by your hand that does not fail, in satisfaction for the head of the Hesus Cuchulain?

It is what I say, ten and seven scores of hundreds is the number that fell, back to back, by the anger of my hard sword and of my people.

O Conall, what way are they, the women of Ireland, after the Hound of Culann? Are they mourning the son of Suaitam? Are they showing respect through their grief?

O Aemer, what shall I do without my little Hound of Culann , my fine nurseling, going in and out from me, to-night?

Then lift me to my last resting place O Conall. Raise my stone over the grave of the Hesus Cuchulainn; since it is through grief for him I go to death, to lay my mouth to the mouth of Cuchulain. I am Aemer of the Fair Form; there is no more vengeance for me to find; I have no love for any man. It is sorrowful my stay is after my beloved husband.

And after that therefore Aemer bade Conall to make a wide, very deep grave for the Hesus Cuchulain; then she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade. She put her mouth to his mouth, and she said: "Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many are the women, wed or unwed, who envied me till to-day: and now I will not stay living after you. Then her life went out from her, and she herself and the Hesus Cuchulain were laid in the one grave by Conall. He raised the one stone over them, and he wrote their names in Ogham, then himself and all the Ulaid keened them.

Return to the manuscript of the book of Leinster.

Conall and the Ulaid then returned to Emania Macha. That week they entered it not in triumph. But the soul of the Hesus Cuchulainn appeared there to the thrice fifty queens who had loved him, they saw him floating in his phantom chariot over Emania Macha, and they heard him singing though dead:

Emania O Emania !  
Powerful realm !

Editor's note. A umpteenth faking of the texts on behalf of the Christians having noted all these legends follows. They used a passage of the myth about our hero emphasizing the psychopompous part of the chariot in the ancient Celtic funeral (a score of chariot graves were unearthed, generally dating from the fifth century to the second century before our era, almost all in Yorkshire (only one discovered at Newbridge, 10 km to the west of Edinburgh).

Unless obviously our hero really could predict and prophesy the coming of St Patrick (Succet). As for us we prefer to leave this kind of naivety to Christians.

Tan ré Talcind trebfait iathu Emna. Ticfat de Eoraip Elpae. Di usciu ethar domuin dobním co sluagaib Succet etc. etc. etc.

A time will come when shaven-headed men [some Christian priests] will come to live on the lands of Emania. They will come from the European Alps on board ships between the earth and the skies Patrick and his many companions, etc., etc.

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

I will not live after. Sorry for the ladies but the idea many times expressed by all these stories is that the heroin or the wife should not survive her husband. It is difficult to understand after two thousand years of Christianization to excess, but it seems well that men and women of Celtic Antiquity were so certain of the survival of their soul/mind after death that they did not hesitate, at least according to some testimonies, to throw themselves onto the pyre of their late.

"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 debt registers also accompanied the dead, in order to be balanced or honored in the next 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). Cut off heads. The use to collect the heads as trophies is not universal. Former Egyptians made use rather of the phalli or hands for that. Former druids unlike Greeks or Romans who made much fun of these "barbarians ignoramuses" for that, thought that the seat of life and consciousness of individuals, was in their brain and not in their heart. In order to make sure of the final death of an adversary Celts therefore preferred to cut off his . Diodorus shows us the Celts who captured Rome except the Capitol spending a whole day to cut off the head of the dead according to the habit of their nation. On the Continent this use observed by Posidonius very early disappeared but it persisted for a long time in Ireland apparently. Did it have in the beginning a magic sense, a religious interest? As Albert Bayet in his masterly history of morals points out it, in Polynesia and Malaysia they fixed the heads they could get on the roof of their hut and the enemies of formerly became thus guards and protectors. But nothing says the Celts who nail heads in their residence have an idea of this kind. It is possible that they want to show quite simply the evidences of their valor.

# EPILOG.

## THE ETHEREAL CHARIOT OF THE HESUS CUCHULAINN. SIABURCHARPAT CON CULAINN.

As we have had the opportunity to see it, the manuscript relative to the death of the hero (Aided Con Culainn) in the book of Leinster ends up in an apotheosis i.e., by the rise into heaven in a “glorious” chariot of the soul/mind of the Hesus/Cuchulainn, and this openly and publicly for the fifty queens who had tried before to keep him. Why only women you will say ? There is in our texts a simple answer to this question (what is not the case of the four Gospels in connection with the resurrection of their hero to them): because all men were confined to bed by their cursed annual indisposition called Ces Noinden Ulad.

This fragment of our myth corroborated in archeology by the chariot's graves was therefore taken over by a Christian author who developed it in his way and by therefore changing it into an exit from hell by the Hesus Cuchulainn, called for by St Patrick.

Christians of the Irish Middle Ages were indeed confronted with a paradox. The new faith taught to them that Setanta Cuchulainn could only burn or to stagnate in hell for eternity since he was incontestably pagan but they hardly admitted it.

Following without knowing it, the footsteps of ancient druids, finding again without knowing it the theological solution formerly theorized by former druids (hell does not exist) then they imagined their favorite hero quite simply led a happy life from now on in heaven because he had made only a short stay in hell. Let us note besides that it is perhaps in Ireland during the Middle Ages that the concept of purgatory was little by little developed, what thus makes it possible to get over the alternative: hell or heaven.

The Siaburcharpat Con Culainn is a text probably dating back to the 11th century and therefore pointing out as we could see the very druidic notion of “psychopompous” chariot (carrying in the other world the soul and the mind of dead warriors).

Only the story of the fantastic ride of Cuchulainn is, of course, genuine. All the rest was added by the copyist monks. Because it goes without saying the Hesus Cuchulainn never stooped to beg St Patrick to send him into Heaven or into Purgatory. Let us note by passing the huge hubris of the behavior of this saint, almost idolized by the story. Modesty and humility or cultural relativism are not very practiced Christian virtues, apparently. Some details are nevertheless disconcerting: the idea that an icy wind can go out from the next world, for example.

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Patrick went to Tara to enjoin belief upon the King of Erin, that is, upon Loegaire, son of Niall, who was King of Erin at the time; for he would not believe in the Lord though he had been preached unto him.

Loegaire said to Patrick: by no means shall I believe in you, nor yet in God, until you call up Cuchulainn in all his dignity, as he is recorded in the old stories, that I may see him, and that I may address him in my presence here; after that I shall believe in you.  
Even this thing is possible for God, said Patrick.

Then a messenger came from God to Patrick, and he said that Patrick and Loegaire should remain until the morrow on the rampart of the fortress of Tara, and that Cuchulainn would appear to him there.

After the appearance of Cuchulainn to him in his chariot, Loegaire went to converse with Patrick.  
Patrick said to Loegaire:

Has something indeed appeared to you?

Something has indeed appeared to me, said Loegaire; but I do not have power to relate it, unless you will sign and consecrate my mouth.



I shall not sign your mouth, said Patrick, until I have my demand. I shall, however, make a sign on the air that comes out of your mouth, in order that you may describe the apparition which was shown to you.

As I was going, said Loegaire, over the Slope of the Chariot to the Hill of the Fairy-mound, in the Plateau of the Assembly in the plain of Mac Oc, I saw the cold piercing wind, like a double-barbed spear. It hardly spared to take the hair from our heads, and to go through us to the earth. I asked of Benen the meaning of the wind. Benen said to me: That is the wind of hell after its opening before Cuchulainn.

We saw then a heavy fog which dropped upon us. I also asked of Benen the meaning of the heavy fog. Benen said that the fog was the breath of men and of horses that were traversing the plain before me.

Then we saw a great raven flock above us. The country was full of birds, and in height they reached the clouds of heaven. I asked of Benen about these and he said they were sods thrown up by the hoofs of the horses that were yoked to Cuchulainn's chariot. After that we saw the forms of the two horses through the mist, and of men in the easy chariot; a charioteer on high behind; a swift prince; who rode paths.

I observed after this the two horses; equal in size and beauty were they, and only unlike in form and color; in swiftness, in symmetry, in action, equal. Broad were their hoofs and broad their backs; in color beautiful; in height, in vehemence, remarkable. Their heads were small: large-lipped, bright-eyed. Red of the chest, sleek and well knit, they yielded promptly to the yoke; they attracted attention by the lofty dignity of their movements; their manes and tails hung down in curls.

Behind the pair a wide-spaced chariot. Beneath it, two black solid wheels; above it, two symmetrical, overlapping reins; its shafts firm and straight as swords; the reins adorned and pliant; the goad, white silver with a withe of white bronze; the yoke, firm and made of gold; the hood, purple; the fittings, green.

Within the chariot a warrior was visible. His hair was thick and black, and smooth as though a cow had licked it. In his head his eye gleamed swift and blue-gray. About him was flung a tunic of purple-blue, its borders of white-gold lacing. A white hooded cloak hung about him with a border of flaming red. It was clasped with a brooch of red gold upon his breast; it floated out over each of his two shoulders. A sword with a hilt of gold lying in a rest on his two thighs; and in his hand a broad gray spear on a shaft of wild ash. Beside it lay a sharp venomous dart. Across his shoulders he bore a purple shield surrounded by an even circle of silver; upon it were chased loop animals in gold. Into his mouth a shower of pearls seemed to have been thrown. Blacker than the side of a black cooking-spit each of his two brows, redder than ruby his lips.

Before him in the chariot was the charioteer; a very slender, tall and lank, stooped, very freckled man. Very curly red hair on the top of his head; a band of white bronze on his forehead, which prevented his hair from falling on his face. Above his two ears spheres of gold, into which his hair was gathered. About him was a winged little cloak, with an opening at its two elbows. He held in his hand a small whip of red gold with which he urged on his horses.

It seemed to me that it was Cuchulainn and Loeg, his charioteer, who were within the chariot, and that it was the Black of the Wonderful Valley and the Gray of Macha that were yoked to it.

Do you believe in God henceforth, O Loegaire, said Patrick, since Cuchulainn came to converse with you?

If it were Cuchulainn that I saw, it seems to me that he stayed too short a time conversing with me.

God is powerful, said Patrick. It was indeed Cuchulainn, but he will return and converse with you again.

Now they remained still in the same place, and they perceived the chariot coming across the plain towards them drawn by its two horses. Within rode Cuchulainn garbed as a warrior, and Loeg son of Rianganab as his charioteer. Then in mid-air Cuchulainn performed twenty-seven feats of skill above them.

The Noise-feat of Nine, that is the Feat of Cat, the Feat of Cuar, and the Feat of Daire, the Blind-feat of Birds, the Leap over Poison, the Bed-folding of a Brave Champion, the Bellowing dart, the Stroke with Quickness, the Ardor of Shout, the Hero's Scream, the Wheelfeat, the Edge-feat, the Apple-feat, and the Noise-feat; the Ascent by rope, the Straightening of Body on Spear-point, the Binding of a Noble Champion, the Return-stroke, and the Stroke with Measure.

As for the charioteer, the management of the reins confounds all speech: he was above the evaporation and breathing of the horses.

Then Cuchulainn went to converse with Patrick and saluted him, saying:

I beseech,  
O holy Patrick,  
In your presence that I may be,  
That you would bring me with your faithful ones,  
Into the Land of the Living.

Then he addressed the king thus: Believe in God and in holy Patrick, O Loegaire, that earth's surface may not come over you; for it is not a demon that has come to you: it is Cuchulainn son of Sualtam. A world for every champion is a law of earth, cacha ciuin celur ?????? every hero's is earth, every holy one's is heaven: for of the order of demons is everything you ponder on: it is the world of each in turn that you chariot.

Cuchulainn was silent, and Loegaire did not speak.

Who chariots the Men of Breg, O Loegaire? Who sits their slopes? Who watches their fords? Whom do their wives elope with? Whom do their daughters love?

What is that inquiry to me and to you? asked Loegaire.

There was a time, O Loegaire, when it was I who used to go among them, who used to go around them, who used to keep them together. I was their little champion whom they used to love: whom with high spirits they used to play about.

There was a time, O Loegaire, when it was I who used to go to their great attacks, who used to burst their great contests. I was the battle-victorious, loud-shouting, red-wristed, broad-palmed, brave Cuchulainn, who used to be on the rich plain of Muirthemne. Believe in God and in Patrick, O Loegaire, for it is not a demon that has come to you, but Cuchulainn son of Sualtam.

If it is Cuchulainn that is here present, said Loegaire, he will tell us of his great deeds.

That is true, O Loegaire, said Cuchulainn. I was the destroyer of the habit to give hostages by standing guard over the fords in our territories; I was heavy of hand on heroes and hosts of our enemies. I used to hunt the foreign herds after their rushes, and left their flocks live-dead upon the mountains after the slaying in equal combat of the men who were over them.

If you did indeed those deeds that you recount, the deeds of a hero were with you but they were not the deeds of the hound of Culann.

That is true, O Loegaire, said Cuchulainn.

Nipsa cu-sa gabala lais,  
bam-sa cu-sa gabala uis.  
Nipsa cu-sa cuipp i n-urcuill,  
ba-sa cu-sa comnart do comlund.  
Nimsa cu-sa imlomtha fuidhel  
ba-sa cu-sa tairdbi buiden.  
Nimsa cu-sai ingairc gamna,  
ba-sa cu-sa aurbuidhe Eamnai.

I was not a lap dog intended to run around a house ??????????

I was a hound to hunt stag

I was not a hound ????

I was a strong hound intended for fight

I was not a hound gnawing a bone ????????

I was a hound which attacked whole armies

I was not a hound intended to watch over calves

I was a hound intended to keep the treasures of Emania.

If those deeds are as you recount them, the deeds of a hero were with you.

That is true, O Loegaire, said Cuchulainn: the deeds of a hero were with me.

Ba-sa herr-sa, ba-sa hara.  
Ba-sa hara carpait mair.  
Ba-sa maoth fri maithi,  
Ba-sam imnedach frimm tair.  
Ba-sa nainendach mo namad.  
Nim-sa neimtenga mo crich.  
Ba-sa comrar gacha ruine do ainnrif Ulad.  
Ba-sa mac la macca,  
Ba-sa fer la firiú.  
Ba-sa coscur-sa for ath.  
Ba-sa maith frim air,  
Ba-sa ferr frim molad.

I was a lord, I was a chief  
I was the chief of a great chariot.  
I was gentle with gentle people  
I was benevolent with the little people.  
I was cethreochur in the battle,  
I was cethreochur in the fights,  
I was hard with my enemies.  
I was not the venomous tongue of my country  
I was the grave of every secret of the Ulaid  
I was a child with the children  
I was a man with the men.  
I was victorious on the fords  
I was good in criticism  
I was better still in the compliment .

If it be Cuchulainn that is here, said Loegaire, he will tell us a portion of the great dangers he risked.

That is true, O Loegaire, said Cuchulainn.

I used to hunt their great flocks

With hardy Conchobar:

It was in a foreign territory,

I used to behold each victory.

I played on breaths  
Above the horses' steam:  
Before me on every side  
Great battles were broken.

I broke contests  
On the champions of the tribes:  
I was the sword-red hero  
After the slaying of these hosts.

I broke edge feats  
On the points of their swords:  
I reached their great spoils,  
????????????????

A journey I went,  
When I went into the Land of the shadows:  
A fortress with its locks of iron  
????????

There were seven walls around that fortress  
Horrible fortress  
And for each wall a palisade of irons  
On which there were 9?? heads

Iron doors on each side .....  
.....

Editor's note : to have the continuation of this umpteenth adventure (echtra) of Cuchulainn in this horrible and lugubrious northern kingdom, he kills a giant, etc. refer to the manuscript in Gaelic language. As for us all that we can say, it is the pious Christian author of this edifying story places in the mouth of our hero a quite incredible description of hell (a Christian and Muslim speciality) and a no more credible supplication for Saint Patrick.

What I suffered of woe,  
By sea and land  
Yet more severe was a single night,  
When the demon was wrathful.

My poor body was mutilated  
By Lugaid the victorious:  
Demons carried off my soul  
Into the red charcoal.

I played the little spear on them,  
I plied on them the gae bolga;  
robadhusa a comchetfaid ?????  
fri demon a pein ???  
But I nevertheless had to resolve  
To undergo my punishment with the demon???

Great as was my heroism,

Hard as was my sword,  
The devil crushed me with one finger  
Into the red charcoal!

.....

Though yours were a perpetual life  
On earth, with its beauty,  
Better is a single reward in heaven  
With Christ, Son of the living God.  
I beseech O holy Patrick,  
In your presence, that I may come  
That you would bring me with your faithful ones  
Unto the land which you drive about.

Believe in God and holy Patrick, O Loegaire, that a wave of earth may not come over you. It will come, unless you believe in God and in holy Patrick, for it is not a demon that has come to you: it is Cuchulainn son of Sualtam.

Now, that thing indeed happened: earth came over Loegaire; Heaven was decreed for Cuchulainn. Loegaire believed in Patrick in consequence.

Great was the power of Patrick in awakening Cuchulainn after being nine times fifty years in the grave; that is, from the reign of Conchobar mac Nessa (it is he that was born in co-birth with Christ) to the end of the reign of Loegaire, son of Niall, son of Eochaid Muigmedon, son of Mufredach Tirech, son of Fiachra Roptine, son of Carpre Liffechar, son of Cormac Ulfada, son of Art the single son, son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter, son of Feradach Rechtmar, son of Tuathal Techtmar, son of Feradach Finnfachtnach, son of Crimthann Niadnar, son of Lugaid of the Red Stripes. And he (i.e., Lugaid) was a foster son to Cuchulainn son of Sualtam.

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

Has something indeed appeared to you? When it is well thought of it, this vision by no means proves that the small tribal god of Abraham Isaac and Jacob is the only existing god, almighty, etc. but that the soul/minds survive after the death of the body. What druids have never doubted at least for this remote time precisely (sixth century before our era). Loegaire is well right to sense a swindle from saint Patrick and to be at first glance incredulous: a Christian priest making a pagan hero going out of hell to convert a king??? Besides it seems well that Loegaire was never baptized, only his two daughters would have been or at least would have St Patrick as a tutor. Yes, contrarily to legends, Christianization often went hand in hand with the conversion of leaders (like the Roman Emperor Constantine) or of daughters of chiefs (like Loegaire) that with that of low-ranking, unknown and plebeian people, at least in the countries.

# GENERAL COMMENT.

St Patrick is not the first Christian in Ireland. When St Patrick arrived in Ireland, there were already Christians in the south of Munster for a certain time. Ibar mac Lugna, patron of Beggerin, St Ciaran first bishop of Ossory, Declan mac Eircc of Ardmore, Abbán moccu Corbmaic of Moyarney, etc.

St Patrick made only a Christian community develop for his part.

The first form of organized Christianity we find on the island is not the Christianity of Roman Catholic or diocesan type but a monastic Christianity: monks ruled by an abbot.

We can consider that in Ireland Christianity has won definitively with the battle of Cul Dreimne which took place around 570 (3000 dead) or at the time of the assembly synod or local council of Druim Cetta, which was held a few years later, circa 575.

The battle of Cul Dreimne was indeed fought for a psalter (the Cathach, copied out from another book besides) and was won by the supporters of St Columban of Iona who brandished it in front of them in order to win this battle.

Hence the habit of the O'Donnell clan thereafter to go three times around their army with it, before each battle, in order to secure the victory (can one better mark the final victory of Christianity in the country?).

It is therefore the Irish equivalent of the famous battle of Arthuret when Merlin sunk into madness after the death of his patron and guard the pagan prince Gwenddoleu mab Ceidio, Gwendolieu of Strahclyde, circa 573.

As for the assembly of Druim-Cetta, it was primarily political (a conflict to be resolved between kings of Scotland and kings of Ireland) but it also settled the lot of the veledae remained more or less pagan. St Columban intervened still there personally and a compromise was found. Veledae could continue to practice their activities but on the strict condition of restricting themselves to their only literary vocation. They were therefore considered tantamount to simple poets or simple bards. Hence the fact that in Gaelic language the word file or filid is systematically translated by poets or bards.

## BIRTH OF THE PURGATORY CONCEPT.

Christians are deeply indebted to Cuchulainn, it is indeed perhaps thanks to him that they "discovered" the notion of purgatory, which enables them to thus escape the frightening alternative "either hell or heaven." Christians are deeply indebted to Cuchulainn it is indeed because of him and for him (to save him from the eternal punishment of hell) that their scholars invented the well practical notion of purgatory which enables them to somewhat attenuate the rigors of hell (by putting in it the hope to leave it one day, thanks to the intercession or thanks the prayers of the living. In Christianity the souls of the living remain indeed still interdependent of the souls in purgatory and it is there an idea that Christians undoubtedly have from former druidism. No man is a monad closed on himself. All our existences are thoroughly in communion between themselves, they are connected one to the other by means of multiple interactions. This interaction between the world of the dead and that of the living constantly appeared according to Irish legends but especially at the time of Samon (ios) festival.

The Christian author of this story took over various traditions concerning our hero and particularly the topic of the adventures in the other world (echtra) as that of the ascension in heaven of his soul/mind in an ethereal chariot for the sake of his cause. It was enough for him then to change into infernal stay this account of an adventure in the other world. A frequent phenomenon in the Christian literature of this time, because just as the current Muslims use various means (capital punishment for apostasy blasphemy, etc. to dissuade their faithful ones to convert to another religion, well, then Christians of the time much used the fear of hell in their preaching. But did our hero really need the assistance of St Patrick to leave himself from an echtra or an adventure in the other world even swarming with monsters and horrible giants? We do not believe it! Our author changed a story where Setanta Cuchulainn once more left victorious his fight against innumerable enemies all more or less frightening the ones that than the others, in a long session of tortures inflicted by the demon) .....

Once a soul is in hell, it cannot go out, it is for eternity! The idea even as St Patrick could make Cuchulainn leave an abode of the dead different of Heaven 400 or 500 years after his death proves

that in the mind of the author of this text it was already to be a question of something other, the place or the state of being , called Purgatory today. In no case the hell in the strictest sense of the term.

The basic topic so reused by this pious Christian to thus arrive to the notion of temporary hell (of purgatory) therefore dates back ultimately to the fact (become legendary of course) that an exceptional shaman warrior somewhere in Central Europe during the seventh century before our era (the god Hesus) succeeded in making shared by theirs, his conviction that the hell (or at least the lugubrious domain of Hades such as it was imagined at the time, particularly in Italy or in Rome) did not exist. St Patrick well succeeded making a soul go out of hell 450 years after its death! And to our Christian friends who will object that if St Patrick made a success of this exploit it was in fact due to the omnipotence of God, I shall answer that if Hesus succeeded in triumphing over the hell somewhere in Central Europe around the seventh century before our era it was with the assistance of the god of the gods, the Fate (Tocad /Tocade).

But let us stop there all this rambling. If a deceased rises from the dead, it is that he had not really died! Because what is certain in any case it is that since this time druids by no means believe in the possibility for a soul/mind to go down to hell.

Verse 454.

COMMENTA BERNENSIA AD LUCANUM.

Manes esse non dicunt.

They do not say that manes exist.

ADNOTATIONES SUPER LUCANUM.

Hoc enim disputant animas ad inferos non ire, sed in alio orbe nasci.

They dispute indeed the fact that the souls can go down to hell, because they think they are born after in another world.

GLOSULE SUPER LUCANUM.

Id est sicut uos dicitis anime ad inferos non descendunt, sed in orbe alterius hemispherii incorporantur iterum uel in aliqua parte orbis a uobis remota.

i.e., according to you the souls do not go down into the hell, but will again be incorporated in a part of the world located in the other hemisphere or in any part of a world unknown to you.

Point No. 25 of the small list appended to the council at Leptines in 743, under the Latin title of *indculus superstitionum at paganiarum* of course, it is a question of condemning or of denigrating all that) is clearly consistent with this idea. It evokes the fact of imagining that every deceased is a saint. And in 851, John Scot Eriugena also noted in his " On divine predestination ": God envisages neither punishment nor sins: they are fictions(quotation from memory, in any event it was in Latin).For Eriugena also, therefore, hell does not exist, or then he calls it remorse.

# MORE GENERAL COMMENT.

The Heliand is an epic poem in Old Saxon written in the first half of the 9th century. The title means savior (cf. German and Dutch Heiland meaning "savior"). It is a Biblical paraphrase that recounts the life of Jesus the Nazarene in the alliterative style of a Germanic epic. Heliand is the largest known work of written Old Saxon.

The poem must have been relatively popular because it exists in two manuscript versions and four fragmentary versions. It takes up about 6,000 lines. A preface exists, which could have been commissioned by either Louis the Pious (king from 814–840) or Louis the German (806-876). This preface was first printed by Matthias Flacius Illyricus in 1562, and it is generally deemed to be authentic.

Gilles Quispel, a Dutch theologian, thinks that the Heliand's author used a primitive Diatessaron or Gospel harmony written in 160-175 by Tatian and thus has connections to the Gospel of Thomas by this association. Other scholars, such as Krogmann assert that the Heliand shares a poetic style of the Diatessaron but that the author may not actually have relied on this source and therefore the Heliand would have no association to the Gospel of Thomas.

Many historians think that Luther possessed a copy of the Heliand. He referenced it as an example to encourage translation of Gospels into the vernacular. Additionally, he also favored wording presented in the Heliand to other versions of the Gospels. For example, many scholars believe that Luther favored the angel's greeting to Mary in the Heliand ("You are dear to your Lord" ) because he disliked the notion of referring to a woman as "full of grace."

The Irish Heliand now.

As we have had already the opportunity to see it, there are also quite curious texts or quite disconcerting expressions in the Gaelic legends dealing with the life of our hero to us (the hesus Cuchulainn).

It is only the son of a god and a man... for example!

We would have rather expected something of the kind "It is the son of a god and of a she mortal," like in the case of Hercules or of Christ, for example. But in fact according to most of the texts our hero was the son of Lug and of Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire, an Irish kind of Epona, queen of coachmen. On the other hand, he was brought up by a simple warrior named Sualtam. Let us point out all that is only rosc (plural roscanna) in other words some passably obscure rhetoric and therefore henceforth difficult to understand even to translate. What could be in the head of the Christian who wrote or recopied all that in a style voluntarily archaizing ?? Is the somewhat "Christian" language of this piece of rhetoric an involuntary blasphemy and was our author faithful to the pagan spirit of the original text, or is it on the contrary a voluntary stylistic bringing together "to fit" to the spirit of the time?

It is true that certain texts seem to suggest that Sualtam was also a member of the people of the other world, and that the character of Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire resembles much the Epona of the Romano-British people.

In other words, is the "Christian" streak of this rosc due to traditional euhemerism (a human being promoted to the rank of the gods by the generations not having known him, like in the case of the four Gospels for example) or to euhemerism in the wrong way, an almost completed historicization of former gods whose myths were from now on misunderstood?? Such is the question.

The question is worthy to be asked so we will try here to propose an answer to it, which will undoubtedly be as bold as our attempt at translation of this rosc but finally it will be up to the reader to judge.

Therefore let us resume everything since the beginning.

To those who will object that the character Dechtire is a little too different of the Romano-British or continental Epona I answer that there is very as much difference between Taran/Toran and the Tuireann of Irish legends but it is, however, indeed the same name. The medieval Irish legends such as we know them consequently are the result of a separate evolution (we said separated evolution,



not heresy) from the rest of the Celtic world and particularly of its original center (somewhere in Central Europe thousand years before our era) which lasted during centuries.  
Let us repeat it once again because repetere = ars docendi.

The Irish legends which reached us are only very damaged druidic mythology for several reasons.

a) Centuries and centuries of evolution separate from the rest of the Celtic world and from its great annual councils. The imagination, O how much fertile, of the local bards, joined with the desire to be appealing for their patrons and guards by glorifying concretely their feats or their genealogies, ended up leading to a kind of reversed euhemerism: the god-or demons became men of this world here below.  
b) Influence of the ideas as well as pre-Celtic or Proto-Celtic sensibilities. Particularly by the means of an increase in the Gaelic language which resisted so well to the invaders speaking a P-Celtic language; that it ended up being the only language of the island.

c) Christianization, which had a triple effect.

- Negatively by elimination of whole parts of the druidic reflection on the subject (which, however, would have well helped us to understand all that).
- Positively by the insertion here and there, in our texts, of obvious Christian additions.
- And lastly by the distortion or caricature (demonization) of some of the druidic notions not having been simply eliminated by the Christian bowdlerization.

The expression “lapdog of Dechtire” (forcu Dechtire) which we find in the (not translated) final Christian interpolation of the legend, dealing with the Death of Cuchulainn, is not without making us think of the Romano-British or continental Celtic statuary regarding Epona, in which we often see a puppy frolicking at her sides.

The birth in a stable of the mysterious residence, evoked by the story entitled *Compert Con Culaind*, subtitled “the feast of the house of Becfoltaig”; and from the womb of this Epona (they were several according to some inscriptions where its name is mentioned in the plural) called Dexiua/Duxtir/Dechtire; shows well that the Hesus Cuchulainn was more than a man.

This rather mysterious birth, moreover, shows he was not a simple mortal submissive son of Fate but a metaphor for it; insofar as to know in advance one's destiny is already to agree it, to internalize it, even to use it. Let us point out nevertheless that it seems well he already lived a very long time before, as clairvoyant or soothsayer (Vesus) under the Gaelic name of Morfhesa (on the island of Thule/Falias: see our study of the Celtic Pantheon or divine pleroma).

The reflection about this embodiment mystery in the Celtic way, of this last identifiable avatar of Hesus on the earth, as hypostasis (vyuha in Hinduism) of the Higher Being, forms itself - we will never repeat it enough - a first approach of our paganism, which is philosophical and thought out, and is in no way the result of a revelation.

A thing is to be noticed about his birth: his triple conception. This identifiable sign of the divinity is fundamental. Then parthenogenesis or not? Virginal conception or not? What is certain in any case it is the mystery of his birth, only reported by epic apocryphal documents, alas, is an additional difficulty without which we would have well done but which invites to a careful thought about the true nature of the god-or demons.

In the “*Compert Con Culaind*” it is the god-or-demon Lug which is the divine father of Setanta, but this occurs in a universe parallel to that of human beings, the Sid (Sedodumnon) not subjected to earthly biological laws. Dexiua/Deichtire, herself at the same time of divine and human origin (daughter of Maga, granddaughter of Mabon/Maponos/Oengus) is visiting it.

The decline of the high-level druidism result from the triumph of Christianity having made all these symbolic genealogies such as they were recited by poets, incoherent between them, Irish legend will also record the hearsay of a possible fatherhood of Conchobar, even of Sualtam.

Like Mongan our hero began by being known under another name, in a former life.

The divine character in question was, indeed, known by the primitive Celtic myth under the name of Great Knower (Marovesos in old Celtic, Morfhesa in Gaelic legend, where he appears as a master of Thule, an island called Falias by Gaels).

This Great Hesus thereafter had an avatar, a little Hesus therefore, in opposition to the great one of the initial appearance. This Little Hesus (in opposition to the Great Hesus, Marovesus in Celtic, Morfessa in Gaelic, as we saw) is without any doubt the one who has left the most written traces of his short stay on earth; under the name of Hound of Culann (Cuchulainn in Irish language).

Like in the case of Finn or of Mongan, it is necessary for us therefore to regard these two faces of the same character as a single divine but also human archetype. The little Hesus Cuchulainn about whom we spoke is the archetypal Man, the preternatural man and consequently the one who also represents the Mankind, to come.

The stimulating example of Cuchulainn, as much mythologized it is, is to be mulled over. Having, in the former embodiments of Hesus; faced himself the cycle of bacuceactions - which for some people can be infernal, with innumerable rebirths in this lowly world- the Hesus/Cuchulainn appears to be left victorious from it by his legendary ascension to heaven in a glorious chariot (phantom or fairylike, texts say).

And by commenting on this mythologized ad infinitum example, the druids of the time could declare that there is therefore - after the earthly death - neither eternal hell nor eternal damnation; what means that everyone can succeed in making early or late the "salvation" of one's soul, even if he makes war, gets married, likes eating or drinking, etc.

The broad outlines of the saga of the Lapdog of Dechtire, of the Hound of Culann, of Cuchulainn therefore, forms well a pan-Celtic myth risen somewhere in Central Europe before the year zero of our era. Irishmen did nothing but adapt to their case this narrative structure. There was therefore in this instance a historicization of the broad outlines of the myth, and not an euhemerization. The tree to which the god Hesus was hanged for his supreme initiation was replaced in Irish imagination by a menhir or a stone pillar standing up in the plain of Muithemne (the first Celts arriving in the island indeed were very impressed by its many megalithic monuments).

The druids of the Early Middle Ages understood no longer apparently that Hesus; through his birth, his initiation, his death and his ascension into heaven, on a fairylike chariot, glorious like the body of their Hiesus to them, Hiesus Christus (it is the famous soibrocarpanton, hence Irish siaburcharpat, in the legends); had come "to save" our individual soul/conscientiousness by his example. By proving that it was possible to be identified with one's Destiny or with the supreme Destiny (Tokad), to become as a god (the light of the hero will shine on his face); what was, of course, literally good news (suscetlon) for we uns, poor humans bogged down in our Ultonian diseases to us (ces nonden).

The little Hesus Cuchulainn, avatar of Marovesus, was also a god, in his way, but he did not consider to be useful then to claim for him the right to be treated following the example of these emanations or agents of the Tokad that were then Lug, Bodua, Ogmios, Mabon/Maponos /Oengus and so on.

Throughout his lifetime and until the end he will have preferred to be for us not the king of the country but simply the Good Master or the Good Lord (of Muirthemne\*) , beloved by his men, and who shows the best way to go (Setanta means the walking one) to overcome evil and suffering. Because he will succeed in freeing himself from the congenital weakness due to our animal nature (the famous ces noiden), and of which aftereffects in us are multitudes. But as the poets said it then: ar nibo do Ultaib do.

All these legends therefore bring to us a double answer to the question of the origin of Hesus. Like all the god-or demons, he has a preternatural or superhuman origin and he is a metaphor for Fate. But he also has a human origin: he was born from a woman called Dechtire in the apocryphal Irish texts (Épona?)

\* In accordance therefore in that with the spirit minded feudalism which was especially based on man-to-man relationship (clientship) and possession of cattle instead of a real fiefdom, the land remaining collective ownership of the group.

And since we're talking about feudal systems here, let's return briefly to the problem raised for us the Celticists by the question of our model's title. How can we talk about Setanta, Culann's hound? We've said it before, but we must repeat it, given the importance of the subject.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# NOTES BY PETER DELACRAU.

Regarding the notion of human weakness being able to exist including in the best men (ces noinden ulad) and inserted in this place by his heirs during the publication of his work.

The strange story of the disease of the Ulaid is a cyclic lethargy inspired by that of nature during the winter...

The history of the third Macha is very confused in Ireland. There exist of it at least six versions.

Cès Ulad in the Harleian 5280 manuscript of the British Museum and in the Book of Leinster.

Tochmarc Cruinn ocus Macha in the manuscript H. 3. 18 of Trinity College.

A versified version appears in the metric Dindshenchas, supplemented by a small prose passage.

A last version, finally, rather short, stages this mysterious Macha, but with the name of Fedelm this time. And in connection with a become adult Cuchulainn, what is obviously a moreover aberration or heresy from the Irish tradition.

Here is the text for information.

"Cuchulainn and his charioteer Loeg son of Ríangabra went then on a drive for riches along the Boinne River. In his chariot he had a Celtic chess) and a búanbach ? His ??? was full of deadly (sling-)stones, and in his hand [he held] a gig for killing fish with a cord attached to it; and hardly on that account did he ever grasp the reins of the chariot.

Fedelm Foltcháin and her husband Elcmaire came on the other side of the Boinne River. Elcmaire said to his wife: "An unwelcome visit, Fedelm!"

Fedelm replied: "Stay to guard me until I see whether the man in the lower front seat together with his companion is able to race with another [man] after arraying the two horses along with his Celtic chess (tablut) , his buanbach, and his birds caught at every plain.

Thereupon he took specked salmon on his gig point out of the Boinne River. Elcmaire went unto the ford, and knocked over a four-sided pillar so that the chariot's horses had great fright there.

Cuchulainn cut off his two thumbs and his two big toes.

Fedelm promised to be for a year in his company and to exhibit herself naked to the Ulstermen at her arrival. On that day a year thereafter, she exhibited herself, and this it is that has caused the affliction [to be] upon the Ulaid, et cetera ."

What to think about it therefore in these conditions??

What is certain, it is that the topic of the paralyzing curse followed by the return, to normal life, inspires many stories where we also meet the figure of the predestined hero, victorious of the enchantment.

According to the tale of Lludd and Llewelys, the Welsh people were also overpowered by this strange plague which, there, reached everybody this time:

"The second plague was a shriek which came on every May-eve, over every hearth in the Island of Britain. And this went through people's hearts, and so scared them, that the men lost their hue and their strength, the women their children, the young men and the maidens lost their senses".

Joel-Henry Grisward, a disciple of Dumézil, connects for example the topic of the noinden Ulad to that of the birth of Cuchulainn (in a long article entitled in French "the topic of the sword thrown into the lake: the death of Arthur and the death of Batradz ").

Macha, who is perhaps one of the appearances of the mare-goddess-or-demoness Epona-Rigantona, therefore an avatar of the Mother-goddess-or-demoness, was a triple entity and, like Rigantona – the Rhiannon of the Welshmen - she was related to the most beautiful conquest of Man (the horse). She was, in another of her embodiments, the wife of the Irish Nemed in whom we can recognize the great Hornunnos. She was also the quarrelsome queen of Ireland nicknamed Mongruad.

The prose Edinburgh Dindshenchas packs all these legends thus.

Ard Macha, whence is it? Not hard (to say). Macha, wife of Nemed, son of Agnoman, died there, it was the twelfth plain which was cleared by Nemed, and it was bestowed on his wife that her name might be over it.

Or, Macha, daughter of Aed the Red, son of Badurn: 'tis by her that Emania Macha was marked out, and there she was buried when Rechtaid Red-arm killed her. To lament her Macha's Assembly was held. Whence Mag Macha.

Aliter. Macha, now, wife of Crund, son of Agnoman, came there to run against the horses of King Conchobar. For her husband had declared that his wife was swifter than the horses. Thus then was that woman pregnant: so she asked a respite till her womb had fallen, but this was not granted to her. So then she

ran the race, because she was therefore the swiftest. When she reached the end of the green, she brings forth a boy and a girl (Fír and Fíal were their names) and she said that the Ulaid would abide under pains of childbed each time that would be most awkward for them (eigin). So thence was the indisposition, on the Ulaid for the space of five days and four nights (at a time) from the era of Conchobar to the reign of Mail, son of Rochraide. And 'tis said that she was Grian Banchure (the Sun of Womanfolk) daughter of Medros/Midir of Brí Léith. After this she died and her tomb was raised on Ard Macha, her lamentation was made, then her pillar stone was planted. Whence is Ard Macha (Macha's Height).

In other words. Crunnchu, her husband, having thought it right to boast a little everywhere that she was swifter than the horses of the king, Macha, daughter of Sainrith, son of Inboith, was obliged to face them in the festival of the country; the king having informed Crunnchu he would die if his wife did not agree to accept the challenge.

In order to avoid this disastrous fate to her husband, Macha agreed, although she was pregnant. She arrived nevertheless at the end of the meadow before the horses of the king, proving thus that she was well the swiftest. But just after she was hit by the labor pains and gave birth some twins, a boy and a girl, who were called Emni Magosias, "the Twins of Macha". From where the Gaelic toponym of Emania Macha.

The children shouted and the Ulaid were then without force, or as weak as a woman in labor.

The men who heard this cry are bewitched. They too will undergo from now on every year, during five nights and four days, labor pains.

Note. The other traditions add that this strange disease occurred from now on each year on a fixed date, but the Irish text specifies only eigin. It mentions, on the other hand, without saying why, that this situation ended under the reign of a king by the name of Mael.

This curse affects only male adults and it is made an exception in favor of one of them: our hero, the Hesus Cuchulainn BECAUSE HE IS NOT FROM THE ULAID (ar nibo do Ultaib do).

Let us point out here our assumption. Centuries of excessive Christianization made this druidic mythology lose its whole coherence, and it was already a druidic mythology which had evolved much compared to the original pan-Celtic myth. It remained of it, in Ireland, only fragments become misunderstood and therefore having been used as literary material for the imagination of bards. It is enough to measure the difference separating the continental Taran/Toran of the Irish Tuireann to realize it. There was in Ireland and perhaps before even the Christianization, one or more revolutions (notice well that we do not say heresies) which have turned the whole original pan-Celtic Pantheon and mythology, upside down.

What is certain it is this accident is not for Ulaid an anticipation of Christ's Passion. It means especially the humiliation of the temporary powerless, rather than the suffering.

Let us go even further than this first analysis! The lesson to be learned from this lost and now dislocated allegory can undoubtedly be brought back to this.

The disease in question (the inability at the worst times: éigin) comes from the earth, from our earthly nature. The Epona concerned in this legend, Macha, is not the mother of the little Hesus Cuchulainn, but it is, of course, nevertheless, one of the innumerable particular applications of the concept of Mother-earth. And this inability at the most decisive times of our life (éigin) affects our sovereignty, power, freedom, since it is to this notion that the radical Vlat refers ultimately (flaith cf. the name of the people in which our hero is reincarnated: the Ulaid).

The moral of the story is therefore clear: even the best (the Ulaid) cannot be completely freed from the curse of our Mother-Earth: the human weakness.

# THE SECOND FRAGMENT OF TEXT FOUND IN THE LIBRARY OF PETER DELACRAU.

The fundamental discovery of primordial druids somewhere in Central Europe 3,500 years ago was that of determinism.

Determinism is admitting that events follow one after the other in Nature with the same necessity as the relations of cause and effects in logic. What occurs was to occur and could not be different. All that happens in the universe obeys a strict necessity. Contingency is an illusion due to human ignorance; in reality, the course of events in Nature is strictly determined.

We find again this position among former druids who, without being fatalistic, admit nevertheless the existence of Fate. This slight difference is subtle but important. Fate rules all that occurs in Nature: what comes from externality does not depend on us. What depends on us, it is to take things as they come, with a right attitude we can compare to a kind of love of Fate (amor fati Marcus Aurelius will say). But the acceptance of his destiny is not a resignation for as much, because it is the base of a right decision, based on the principle of reality. What the legend of Hesus Cuchulainn teaches, it is the renouncement to an immature, capricious and whimsical design of freedom. Action is up to us in this world. We must as a good charioteer firmly take up the reins of our will, but while accepting that the course of events is never up to us entirely; since former druids had turned "haphazardness" (sic) into a God-or-Demiurge. At least according to saint Columba of Iona and one of his loricae which speaks about it (to say that he is against):

"Our fortune does not depend on sneezing.  
Nor on a bird on the point of a twig,  
Nor on the trunk of a crooked tree,  
Nor on a sordan ?????  
I am not afraid of the voices of birds,  
Nor of sneezing, nor of any charm ,  
Nor of a child of chance, nor of a woman;  
Na mac, na mana, na mnán,  
My druid is Christ, the Son of God, etc."

\* Sordan = wind noise ? In the branches?

In the perfection or almost of his will (see the episode of his childhood in connection with the prediction which is made to him); our hero could only agree to his destiny. And he did not rebel against the "gessa" which were imposed on him, as an avatar of the first Hesus (the great Hesus called Morfhessa in Gaelic legends) come at the end of his incarnation on this earth.

This second Hesus is therefore, indeed, at the same time really a god or a demon (siríti siabairtí: kind of little demon his uncle Cunocavaros/Conchobar says, in one of our texts) and really a man, all in all a great-great-grandson, made man, of Fate itself. Since the acts of this little Hesus were the acts of the Tokad (of the Fate) on earth, they could not, of course, not being also marked by this hereditary disease of the men, even of worth (the Ulaid).

The little Hesus Cuchulainn lived therefore among the men (of his foster tribe) without letting himself reached by the disease of Ulaid, i.e., without letting himself overcome by the human weakness. This coming of the second Hesus on earth is a message and this message means ultimately: individual erdathe = individual reintegration in the Big Whole, collective or universal erdathe = regeneration of the bitos or universe.

The day of Erdathe or of the Great Regeneration approaches (the come back of the holy grail is close, suggested therefore perhaps thus, by the means of this myth, the medieval heirs to druidism) and there exist neither eternal hell nor eternal damnation.

It is at least what druids always maintained according to the Bernese Scholia commenting on Lucan's *Pharsalia* and other authors.

"Druids deny that the souls can be destroyed

[*Driadae negant interire animas*]

OR GO DOWN INTO HELL"

[*aut contagione inferorum adfici*. Comment of line 451]

"They do not say the Manes exist"

[*manes esse, non dicunt*. Comment of line 454]

"They affirm indeed that the souls do not go down into hell but are born in another world"

[*Hoc enim disputant animas ad inferos non ire, sed in alio orbe nasci*. Annotation brought to line 454].

Point No. 25 of the small list appended to the council of Leptines in 743, under the Latin title of *indiculus superstitionum et paganiarum* (of course, it is a question of condemning or of disparaging all that) is clearly consistent with that besides. It evokes the fact of imagining that every deceased is a saint. And in 851, John Scotus Eriugena also noted in his "on divine predestination ": God envisages neither punishments nor sins: they are fictions. For Eriugena also, therefore, hell does not exist, or then he calls it remorse.

Therefore let us draw all conclusions from this suscetlon (i.e., of this good news) coming from the Celts.

But let us return somewhat to the sequential proceeding got by collating the mythological accounts.

This coming on Earth of the last embodiment of Hesus, Hesus Setanta Cuchulainn (since it is possible as we saw with the duo Finn-Mongan) is clearly later to the previous one. That we can recognize in the person of Marouesos, the Morfhessa of Gaelic legends, who would have done nothing but remain on his island apparently.

As in the case of the Finn-Mongan pair, the demarcation between the two aspects of Hesus is indeed extremely clear.

By winning the battle for the control of the Talantio, the farmed land personified by the goddess-or-demoness, or fairy if you prefer, called Rosemartha on the Continent, the human beings succeeded in driving out the god-or demons from Hyperborea or from Hyperborean times (hypostases available as go-between and intercessors between men and Fate, called *vyuha* in Hinduism) hence two consequences...

- Corruption and decline entered still a little more the inhabited world.

- Human beings were deprived of any possibility of communicating through this go-between with the Tokad, without to have got the means of direct communication.

"Dura Lex sed Lex " Romans would have said. Fate is hard, but it is the Fate!

And it will require much therefore from this avatar of the first Hesus, the one of Thule/Falias. But the latter had well wanted it . And it is in full knowledge of the facts indeed that he had "accepted" its Law (his destiny); since even druids cannot change the course of the Fate or Tokad (middle Welsh *tyngned*, Breton *tonket*, intended, old Irish *tocad*, fate, *toicthech* "fortunatus" the *labarum* is its messenger).

The young Setanta ; who, before being called Cuchulainn, Hound of the smith (Culann) whereas he was yet only five years old, had heard the druid Catubatuos announce, in answer to a pupil, the sign of the fate of the day; that is to say that whoever would take weapons on this day would have a glorious, but very short life; knew it very well.

"These arms are good," said the little Hesus Cuchulainn, "and worthy of me. Fair fall the land and the region which for its king has him whose arms and armor are these."

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

"Ay, indeed!" said the king.

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

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

"Not I, of a surety!"

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

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

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

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

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

However, let us not forget nevertheless that ancient theologian druids, believed that the Fate ( the Tokad) could also appear favorable towards the gdonioi (the chthonians), in other words, the human beings. Although it was so “hard “ towards the archetypal embodied hypostasis (vyuha in Hinduism) in question, and even precisely BECAUSE IT HAD BEEN THEREFORE SO HARD TOWARDS IT.

It is because it was already rather hard like that with the Hesus Mars known as Cuchulainn that the Fate can now be less hard with the other human beings we are. Because it is precisely to end a become rather despairing situation, and to reconcile the mortals with its hypostases (god-or-demons, vyuha in Hinduism) that the Tokad or its druids sent an avatar of Hesus to be embodied once again on earth. A little like in the case of the Finn-Mongan pair in a way! In order that after a life already itself extraordinary, his death is used at the same time as an example and a compensation of the mistakes and crimes (Gaelic language eric, welsh language galanas) committed towards the god-or demons before.

Former druids thought indeed up to that point that the suffering and the death of some humans could calm down the legitimate anger of the god-or demons, towards men.

According to Strabo (IV, 4,5), the former druids crucified the men intended for these sacrifices.

By thus sending to us the last-born child of their big family to end these human sacrifices; or at least to decrease drastically the number of them; the Tokad and its children the gods (in reality some second causes) ratified the pact concluded with men after the last battle of Mag Turetion, the battle for the Talantio. And at the same time the Fate gave us everything since with its last “ grandson” the little Hesus Mars, it gave itself. We must therefore endlessly scan and listen to the message of our good master the hesus Cuchulainn in order to follow his teaching and his example.

What is reported at great length in these legends of Heliand type in any case, it is that Hesus Mars suffered: born in the world in a stable, sleeping in straw between two foals, tortured on the standing stone of Muirthemne (on the Continent it is a tree, like Odin)...

All that happened in the mythical time of the metahistory of the original pan-Celtic myth. In any case, a very long time after the battle for the Talantio (known as Rosemartha on the Continent); but also a long time before the year zero of our era. Hence the strangeness of the Irish apocryphal text in question which places all these events around Christ's death by excessively historicizing this myth (euhemerism in the wrong way).

To end this state of latent civil war with the god-or demons, the atonement (eric in Gaelic language, Welsh galanas) required a sacrifice that of most valued of the victims : a man. By the bloodshed of the Hesus Mars or Cuchulainn, it was got for us the forgetting, gods or demons have forgotten us, they gave up on getting revenge for our offenses; human sacrifices therefore could disappear after that (more or less quickly according to the areas of course).

The sacrifice of the Hesus Mars for the greatest benefit of his, in this case; therefore is a sufficient propitiation for all offenses made towards Macha, but also towards the other god-or demons, all other gods-or-demons (see the way in which the human beings ended up driving them out of their realm). And now there is no longer need for an atonement.



It is at least what druids always maintained according to the Bernese Scholia commenting on Lucan's Pharsalia and other ones. Considering the importance of the thing, we will repeat for the umpteenth time this druidic slogan again.

"Druids deny that soul/minds can be destroyed

[Driadae negant interire animas]

OR GO DOWN INTO HELL"

[aut contagione inferorum adfici. Comment of line 451]

"They do not say the Manes exist"

[manes esse, non dicunt. Comment of line 454]

"They affirm indeed that the soul/minds do not go down into hell but are born again in another world"

[Hoc enim disputant animas ad inferos non ire, sed in alio orbe nasci. Annotation brought to line 454].

And point No. 25 of the small list appended to the council of Leptines in 743, under the Latin title of *indiculus superstitionum et paganiarum* (of course, it is a question of condemning or of disparaging all that) is clearly consistent with this. It evokes the fact of imagining that every deceased is a saint. And in 851, John Scotus Eriugena also noted in his "on divine predestination ": God envisages neither punishments nor sins: they are fictions. For Eriugena also, therefore, hell does not exist, or then he calls it remorse.

Therefore let us draw all conclusions from this suscetlon (i.e. from this good news) coming from Celtic lands (Celticum).

The re-establishment of normal relations between god-or demons and mortals is therefore due, according to the reasoning of this Druidic School, to the value of the sacrifice of Hesus Mars or Cuchulainn. And the Celts (as well as the men who will follow their footsteps) from now on are therefore no longer excluded from the ability to be one with their Destiny.

The great Hesus (Morfhessa) remained on his remote island of Thule/Falias.

Hesus Mars his avatar has submitted himself voluntarily to his destiny (let us think simply of the initial prophecy of his childhood with Catubatuos) so that all the men can get the blossoming of their soul/mind as of this lowly world (moksha in Hinduism); or the access to the world of the god-or demons (their awakening), thanks to the meditation on his head, his hand, his body, in short thanks to the relics of his sacrifice.

But why the Hesus Mars or Cuchulainn did die beheaded against a standing stone and not elsewhere ?

Now precisely it seems well that in the original home of Celts on the Continent the image of the tree and not that of the stone was favored, to symbolize the prop of this sacrifice. The Bernese scholia of Lucan are categorical on this subject.

Hesus Mars sic placatur: Homo in arbore suspenditur usque donec per cruorem membra digesserit.

Hesus-Mars is calmed down in this manner: they hang a man from a tree until his members digesserit ? after his exsanguination.

Let us point out also that megalithic monuments are, of course, not Celtic, but pre-Celtic. On the other hand, it is not less certain that Celts arriving on these territories of Far West , have taken responsibility for them and incorporated this type of monument in their imagination. The very name of Mag Tured which means Plain of the standing stones or mounds is a piece of evidence of that.

N.B. The comparison with the dog is undoubtedly explained by the fact the dog for a long time is regarded rightly or wrongly as the best friend of Man.

In the absence of sure historical data, to have the beginning of an answer, we can hardly but scan the mythical elements of the death of our hero, more or less exactly conveyed by oral legends, then by their written transcription.

Not to understand these symbols, it is to be blind to every light. Only religion of nature can be universal (primordial druids were only men and nothing of what human was, was alien to them).

The crucial question in what concerns us remains "why die in this way therefore the Hesus-Mars?"  
"Does this drama regard only the Irish or the descendants of Irish? "

The word "why" means two things: because of what and of because of whom ?

Because of whom? Our mythical account explains it as follows: because of human beings who cowardly jointed their forces against him (but the Irishmen are only a metaphor of Mankind in this case) to condemn him to the most horrible death. They mutilated him by cutting off his head and his hand after having disemboweled him.

Because of what?

In this field we can see at work simultaneously and treason and lie, some men (Irishmen but also Gauls, alas, etc.), of whom hatred will go until torturing our hero very unnecessarily.

Without going so far as to maintain like Voltaire or the Stoics that nature is well made, and that a harmonious order rules the whole of the beings; let us admit that we react all in a different way facing the same events.

The Greek Chrysippus (third century before our era) had illustrated this paradox in the following way: he distinguished two types of causes: external causes and internal causes.

Let us suppose that I make a cone and a cylinder rolling, my gesture will be the external cause of their movements. But the movement of the cone will be, of course, very different from that of the cylinder, because of an internal cause, that of their shape .....

It is not difficult to act while thinking to be free when we are unaware in advance of what must happen us. But what to do when your destiny was signified to you in a way or another? Such is the challenge to accept in this universe.

But how to know in advance one's destiny??? Because there were oracle signs or prophecy?

Ah these signs of Heaven, how not to be mistaken while interpreting them? And these oracles who speak only through enigmas.

As for the prophecies, when they are not done after the prediction result, they are always affected by the same defect which characterizes oracles: they are never clear and precise.

If the horse of Jacques the fatalist always moves towards the gallows, it is not because Jacques killed stole or raped therefore deserves to be hanged ..... but because this horse had belonged to the executioner of the city and that he was therefore accustomed to this way.

And if the horse bought by a farmer refuses to draw his plow, it is because he was a riding horse or a horse of towns, and not a horse of fields (there Diderot jokes).

Therefore we should not want to free ourselves from events but to compromise with them in order to cultivate the whole life a man can enjoy on this imperfect earth. What the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius called *amor fati*. To love one's destiny in order to live more intensely is perhaps indeed the best solution.

Let us note nevertheless that in the novel by Diderot, as every man Jack the fatalist is full of contradictions, even passably forgetful, what helps him especially to live his life.

Because of his triple conception the Hesus Mars (or Setanta besides in this case, more precisely) has escaped the curse of the Ultonian disease. As a hypostasis avatar of Hesus, of the first Hesus, he also escaped the risk reserved for human beings that of a penalizing reincarnation (the *bacuceaction*). A penalizing reincarnation in *bacuceos* or a just as penalizing half reincarnation in *seibaros*, escaped from the ices of the before paradise (*andumno* or *anwn*). A notion disproportionately enlarged by folklore in Ireland under the name of kingdoms of Donn (*Tech Duinn*) or of Tethra, and in Wales by all the popular legends relating to the kingdoms of Arawn and Gwynn.

It is therefore important to attentively review the way in which the "Hesus" Cuchulainn lived, and what he did during his descent on earth (avatar). Even if he could sometimes injure his contemporaries like Maeve or the "children of Calatin". Because that was inevitable; insofar as the requirements of the poetic justice or Tokad (Middle Welsh *tyngned*, old Irish *tocad*, fate, *toicthech* "fortunatus" *tonquedec* in Breton) are sometimes incompatible with our human weaknesses.

Such is the fundamental discovery that the men of today can again and still succeed in doing.... by leaning somewhat on the life and the work of the Hesus Cuchulainn staged at the time of former Druidism, a very long time after the end of the blessed time of Hyperborea when even animals spoke according to legends (see the case of the horse of our hero the Gray of Macha), a very long time after the final break between the world of the god-or demons and the world of the men, somewhere in Central Europe at the end of the Neolithic era.

And to understand all that is already to convert....to the Man ..... to the preternatural Man who is in us. The fundamental discovery of the primordial druids it is that, in a consubstantial way, the divinity always spoke to the men and to the peoples on this planet, and still speaks to them, will always speak to them, but that the sheet of rag paper covered with scrawls, with dead signs scribbled in every direction which are the Quran the Old Testament and the new one, etc.,etc. are not necessary for that, only the spirit can save indeed, the letter being able to kill.

The divine revelations are as sunstroke: it is necessary to be wary of them (it is necessary to be wary of the hubris of the peoples who bear them : Arabic to speak only of it is not, would not be, a more sacred language....than that of Navajo Indians for example). The divine revelations are only inhuman dictatorships! It is only by deeply digging in the middle of himself, it is only by digging very deep wells, in himself, it is only by seeking his roots that human being can truly reach universality. And the universality is the divinity! God and the gods but also the preternatural Man who is in us (whatever the place of the planet we are).

The allegory of the ascension of the Hesus in a "fairy-like " chariot (soibrocarpanton, hence Irish siaburcharpat) is presented to us in this mythological saga as a vision of the women of Ulster.

" The soul of the Hesus Cuchulainn appeared to the thrice fifty queens who had loved him, they saw him floating in his phantom chariot over Emania Macha, and they heard him singing though dead.... "

We found a little everywhere in Champagne many graves dating back to the fourth century before our era. The war chariot of the deceased had been buried there with the dead, undoubtedly so that the latter can use it in the other world parallel to ours which is generally called Hereafter.

The poem evoking our hero, our king of warriors, rising after his death above Emania Macha in a fairylike chariot (Siaburcharpat/Soibrocarpanton); is therefore only the literary development of this old Celtic idea about the life of the dead in the parallel universe generally designated under the name of Hereafter.

In spite of the reservations, this story of 150 queens brought together in Emania Macha inspires, this one corroborates the druidic conviction well that there is no hell nor damnation, eternal; and that, sooner or later, everyone will end up being "saved " like him. Even if he does not behave constantly as a little saint, and even if he behaves rather as "a fighter" throughout his entire life (wars, slaughters, feasts, intoxication, etc.).

This teaching was well the greatest "good news "(suscetlon) of the time. The piece of evidence is ... [this first fragment ends thus : the continuation is missing].

### THIRD FRAGMENT OF TEXT FOUND IN A BOOK OF PETER DELACRAU.

It is advisable to reconsider this central data of the druidic knowledge, and this more especially as it is far being always well realized or well understood today.

Muslim fatalism has often been badly understood. Now same thing for the Celtic-druidic fatalism. To love Fate, to love one's destiny (latin amor fati), it is not to be fatalistic in the passive or negative meaning of the word. In the countries of "Christian" culture indeed, the notion of fatalism quickly came to designate the defeatism or the pessimism of the one who, feeling to be with no hope of success, lets the Fate follow its course and gives up the combat, or leaves a delicate situation while giving up.

However the Fate according to druids, in the person of its god-or-demons, could be a savior Fate. SINCE IT WAS ITSELF ALSO VIROTUTIS, ANEXTIOMAROS, IOVANTUCAROS, DUNATIS, TOUTATIS, if about that, we believe the multiple divine epithets noticed here and there.

Universal interweaving of causes, the druidic notion of Tocado incorporates two types of causes indeed, "general" causes and "individual" causes.

General causes form the determinism and designate the whole of the extrinsic factors, circumstances and events which affect man: they represent the part of existence due to the Fate, the part of necessity to which he must resign himself. But if these external causes determine the human being to react, they do not determine the nature of his reaction which depends on intrinsic factors. Determinism runs up here against human freedom. The individual escapes the necessity as he reacts to the impulse of Fate according to his own nature. If I can modify nothing of the events which affect me, I remain, however, the master of the way in which I receive them and in which I react. The fate leaves to me the use of the main thing: the good use of my reason. The druidic design of Fate is individualized by the personality of each one. Far from doing violence to men, it supposes their spontaneity: the Tocado does not determine the destiny of men independently of their nature.

The universality of Fate indeed does not exclude human action: it integrates it within its causality.

VIROTUTIS, ANEXTIOMAROS, IOVANTUCAROS, DUNATIS, TOUTATIS, GODS. The men of this time therefore needed to be saved, to be released, but from what exactly?

Now from the fact that Man sooner or later must face the occurrence of suffering even of death. This is the result of the hereditary disease about which we already spoke, the disease of the best people, the disease of the Ulaid; is also the result of the iron law of the bacuceaction or of the partial reincarnation into seibaros (Irish siabair/siabhradh = ghost). Of these two millstones Man cannot release himself alone.

To be well understood on this subject former druids used an image, or an allegory, that of the ability to heal, of the Hesus Cuchulainn (since he has escaped the curse of the Epona called Macha). And this is why the Hesus Cuchulainn, when he heals Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan, saves her at the same time, she may be a war goddess-or-demoness.

The return to the bodily health of the Mara Rigu/Morrighu/Morgan Le Fay is the symbol of the total salvation of the person that the Hesus Mars can bring, even to his worst enemies, and therefore all the more to the man plunged in the anguish of suffering and of death. Salvation according to the druids is always double: body and soul.

The relief of our inborn human weakness (symbolized by the disease of the Ulaid), but also the means of no longer accumulate ourselves karmic bran, since that involves bacuceaction (reincarnation) in this lowly world. See also the case of the partial reincarnations in the form of a seibaros (Irish siabair/siabhradh, phantom). Folklore abundantly staged by all the legends relating to the kingdoms of Donn (Donnotegia) or of Tethra, in Ireland, as by the Welsh tales dealing with the underground kingdoms (andumno = anwn) of Arawn and Gwynn.

Whence the release from the vicious circle of the endless bacuceactions, the relief of the bacuceaction itself, and the liberation of the suffering, which reach us from the interior through the disease of the best people, of the disease of the Ulaid. Disease against which we can do nothing ourselves, or at least so little, since it is a part and a parcel of our human status.

This salvation is a blossoming, Indians call moksha, an awakening to immortal life. But all this, however, will appear in full only with the come back "of the Holy Grail" (Erdathe < Areudengto = great restoration, rebuilding or regeneration). Individual Erdathe = reintegration into the Big Whole; collective or universal erdathe = revival of the bitos or universe.

While waiting for the blessed day of the return of the gods (or demons according to points of view), the individual blossoming of the soul or anamone is announced by the life of Hesus Mars. There is neither eternal hell nor damnation since he triumphed over them with his ethereal chariot (Siabur charpat) . Here is the good news in the literal meaning of the word in Celtic language : suscetlon.

"Druids deny that the souls can be destroyed

[Driadae negant interire animas]

OR GO DOWN INTO HELL"

[aut contagione inferorum adfici. Comment of line 451 of Lucan's Pharsalia]

"They do not say the Manes exist"

[manes esse, non dicunt. Comment of line 454]

"They affirm indeed that the souls do not go down into hell but are born again in another world"

[Hoc enim disputant animas ad inferos non ire, sed in alio orbe nasci. Annotation brought to line 454 of the Pharsalia].

# 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 strewing 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.

As regards the bibliography of details see appendix of the last lesson because, as Henry Lizeray says it so well, traditions that must be interpreted. It is there the whole difference which exists between former druidism and neo-druidism.

-Lebar Gabala or The Book of Invasions. Paris 1884 (William O'Dwyer)

-Base of the druidic Church. The restored druidism. Henry Lizeray, Paris, 1885.

-National traditions rediscovered. Paris 1892.

-Aesus or the secret doctrines of the druids. Paris 1902.

-Ogmios or Orpheus. Paris 1903.

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## BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

1. Quotations from the ancient authors speaking about Celts or druids.
2. Various preliminary general information about Celts.
3. History of the pact with gods volume 1.
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37. Couiro anmenion or small dictionary of druidic theology volume 2.

Peter DeLaCrau. Born on January 13, 1952, in St. Louis (Missouri) from a family of woodsmen or Canadian trappers who had left Prairie du Rocher (or Fort de Chartres in Illinois) in 1765. Peter DeLaCrau is therefore born the same year as the Howard Hawks movie entitled "the Big Sky." Consequently father of French origin, mother of Irish origin: half-Irish, half- French. Married to Mary-Helen ROBERTS on March 12, 1988, in Paris-Aubervilliers (French department of Seine-Saint-Denis). Hence three children. John Wolf born May 11, 1989. Alex born April 10, 1990. Millicent born August 31, 1993. Deceased on September 28, 2012, in La Rochelle (France).

Peter DELACRAU is not a philosopher by profession, except taking this term in its original meaning of amateur searching wisdom and knowledge. And he is neither a god neither a demigod nor the messenger of any god or demigod (and certainly not a messiah).

But he has become in a few years one of the most lucid and of the most critical observers of the French neo-druidic or neo-pagan world.

He was also some time assistant treasurer of a rather traditionalist French druidic group of which he could get archives and texts or publications.

But his constant criticism both domestic and foreign French policy, and his political positions (at the end of his life he had become an admirer of Howard Zinn Paul Krugman Bernie Sanders and Michael Moore); had earned him, moreover, some vexations on behalf of the French authorities which did everything, including in his professional or private life, in the last years of his life, to silence him.

Peter DeLaCrau has apparently completely missed the return to the home land of his distant ancestors. It is true unfortunately that France today is no longer the France of Versailles or of Lafayette or even of Napoleon (who has really been a great nation in those days).

Peter DeLaCrau having spent most of his life (the last one) in France, of which he became one of the best specialists, even one of the rare thoroughgoing observers of the contemporary French society quite simply; his three children, John-Wolf, Alex and Millicent (of Cuers: French Riviera) pray his readers to excuse the countless misspellings or grammatical errors that pepper his writings. At the end of his life, Peter DeLaCrau mixed a little both languages (English but also French).

Those were therefore the notes found on the hard disk of the computer of our father, or in his papers. Our father has certainly left us a considerable work, nobody will say otherwise, but some of the words frequently coming from his pen, now and then are not always very clear. After many consultations between us, at any rate, above what we have been able to understand from them.

Signed: the three children of Peter DeLaCrau: John-Wolf, Alex and Millicent. Of Cuers.